

The Tiny Folk

(A real story of real children for very young children)

Three year old Laurie looked across the field to Susan's house. Susan was his nearest friend, and she and her two year old brother David was his best playmate. Of course there were other children on Playtime Lane, but many of them went to school. Some of the other younger ones lived near the center of the village and just came out to play once in a while.

"Hurry, Mommy," Laurie called to his mother. "The sun is shining out through the clouds now, so we can go out to play. Here is my snowsuit. I want to race Susan this morning."

Quickly he got into his snowsuit with his mother's help. He went to his overshoes. Then he ran to his special sled where he always hung his red mittens, and took them down.

"Come, Frisky," he whistled to his little dog. "Good-bye, Mommy. I'll be a good boy." And out he went.

and crisp snow.

"Hello, Laurie." Susan sang out as she came nearer. "Get down, Frisky. You'll upset me. What shall we do today?"

"Let's dig a big hole in the snowbank for a house," Laurie suggested. "I'll use this shovel. Where is yours?"

"I forgot to take mine in the other night," Susan answered. "and now it is under the snow and I can't find it."

"Just a minute, I'll get my other one. Alan gave me one for Christmas and you may use it." And off Laurie dashed.

Soon the snow was flying as the two children dug into the big soft bank in the corner of the fence. Frisky seemed to think they were digging for something special and he got all excited. He started to bark and dig too.

"Look at Frisky," laughed Susan. "I think he expects to find a bone under this snow."

After a lot of digging, the little snow house was big enough for six year old Susan to crawl into. She squeezed over to make room for Laurie. What fun they had poking out their heads and shouting at Frisky! Then they would jump back again, shouting and giggling, while the little dog dashed about, barking and barking.

Mother came to the door to see what all the fuss was about. When she saw their house, she laughed and said, "That is quite a house you made for yourselves. Now it looks as if you need to make one for Frisky too. Here are two cookies each for you. And here is one for Frisky. He worked as hard barking as you did shovelling."

They all ran for the door, but Frisky was there first. Working hard really makes you hungry, and Frisky wanted everyone to know he had worked hard. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" the cookies all had disappeared and the children were off for more fun in their snow house.

Cape Breton was known as Ile Royale during its French occupation between 1713 and 1758.

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

BEAUTIFUL BUT SAD

In loveliness is sadness found,
And shadows are in sunshine bound.
—Old Mother Nature.

The Great World was very lovely. The Green Forest, the Green Meadows, the Old Pasture, the Smiling Pool, Laughing Brook and the Big River all were pure white. All the world seemed snow-bound. Everywhere it seemed as if tiny diamonds were flashing all the colors of the rainbow as jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun smiled down on the Great World.

There was nothing ugly to be seen anywhere. The snow, the beautiful pure white snow and covered all ugliness. It had even turned ugly things into beautiful things. No one could look over this white world without feeling its loveliness.

Peter Rabbit, looking out from the dear Old Briar-patch, drew a long breath. Never had he seen a lovelier sight. Yet at the same time there was a great sadness in that loveliness, and Peter felt that too. That snow that made even ugliness beautiful was also making hard times for many folk in feathers and fur. While it had covered up ugly things, it had also covered up food. And at this time of year many of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows had hard work to find food enough when there was no snow.

"It is a good thing we can live on bark and twigs right here in the dear Old Briar-patch," said Peter to Mrs. Peter who had joined him. "It is going to be hard on some folk. It is going to be hard to find food, but it is going to be hard to get around to look for it. I'm glad I'm not Reddy Fox."

"Do you think this snow will keep Reddy at home?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"It may not keep him at home, but he certainly won't get around very fast. That fellow is going to go hungry if I know anything about it. My dear, we should be thankful that we can find anything at all to eat. Yet here we have plenty such as it is, right here in the dear Old Briar-patch," said Peter.

"That being so, I hope you have sense enough to stay here in the

dear Old Briar-patch," said Mrs. Peter.

Peter was right about Reddy Fox. Up in the Old Pasture Reddy was what might be called snow-bound. The snow was too soft for him to walk on it. He had to wade if he moved about. The snow was so deep that wading was difficult. So Reddy was staying at home. He saw no beauty in this white world that stretched before him. It might be beautiful to some folk, but it was not beautiful to Reddy Fox. Nor was it



Never had he seen a lovelier sight.

beautiful to some others among the folks in fur, most of whom had been hungry for a long time and knew they were going to be even more hungry now. It was bad enough to be hungry when it was possible to hunt for food, but it was worse to be hungry and not be able to hunt.

So it was that in all his loveliness there was much of sadness, the sadness that comes from suffering and helplessness. No wonder Reddy Fox saw nothing beautiful in this shimmering, shining world of white.

"My dear," said he to Mrs. Reddy. "This is the hardest time this winter."

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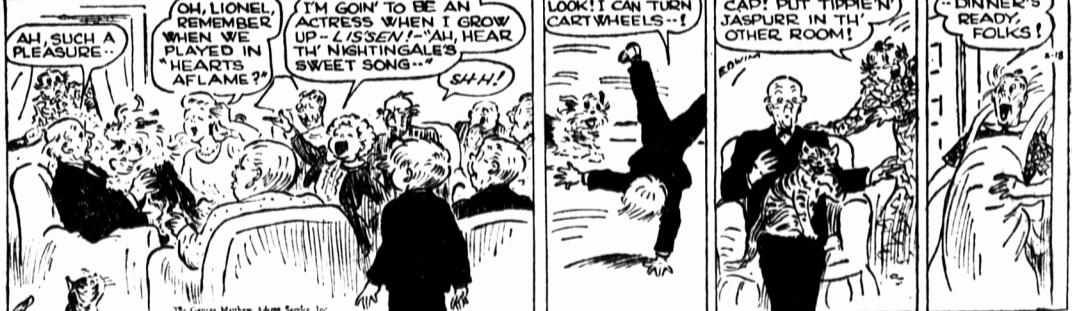
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