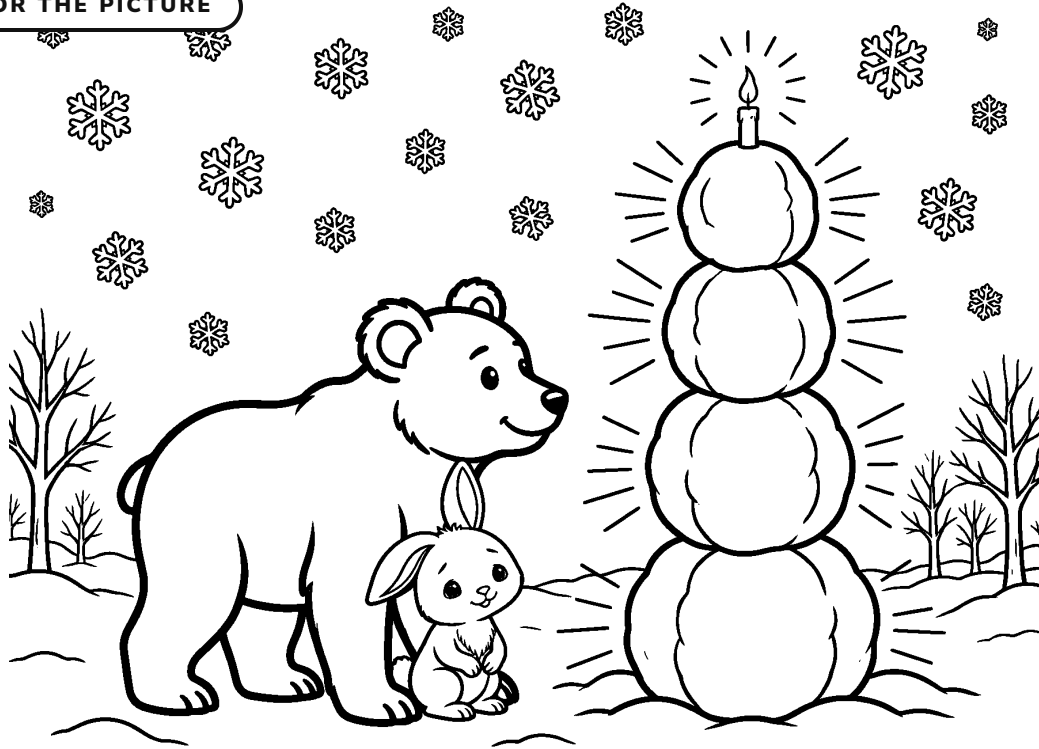


The Loud Peace and the Quiet One



COLOR THE PICTURE



The morning was bright and cold and perfect for snowballs. The snow in Sunny Square was the packing kind, the kind that squeaks when you squeeze it, *squik, squik*, and holds together just right.

So everybody was having a snowball fight.

Snowballs flew everywhere. Mr. Monkey threw them from the Wishing Tree. Sammy threw them from three trees at once, zipping between them. Mr. Moose didn't throw at all. He just held very still, and every snowball that missed somebody else landed on his antlers, until he was wearing a big white snowball crown.

"Mr. Moose," said Mr. Monkey from the tree, "you're catching them with your head!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose, and the crown wobbled.

One of Sammy's snowballs missed everybody and landed, *plop*, right in Daddy Monkey's mug of cocoa, where he was sitting on the Listening Log, watching.

Daddy Monkey looked down into his mug. "Now it's snow-coa," he said, and he drank it anyway.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" went Sammy, already three trees away.

Then a big clump of snow landed right on top of Benji.

Benji sat there in the snow with only his ears sticking out. "Who did that?" he asked in a tiny voice.

"Dottie did!" said Hazel.

"I did NOT!" said Dottie. "Hazel did!"

"I did NOT!" said Hazel. "You did!"

"YOU did!"

And then they were both shouting, and Ricky was shouting about who started it, and Sammy was shouting just because everybody else was shouting, and the snowball fight wasn't fun anymore at all.

Bruno stood up. He was very big. He climbed up onto the biggest stump in Sunny Square. And he took the deepest breath anybody had ever seen.

"PEACE!" roared Bruno.

The roar rolled across Sunny Square. It rolled across the river. It rolled all the way to Lookout Ledge, and hit the rocks, and came bouncing back.

"...PEACE... peace... peace..."

Bruno looked around. "Who said that?"

"...said that... that... that..."

"Stop copying me!" said Bruno.

"...copying me... me... me..."

"I said STOP!"

"...STOP... stop... stop..."

Bruno crossed his arms and glared at Lookout Ledge. Lookout Ledge didn't say anything else.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey, holding on to the tree. "Bruno's fighting with the hill!"

"Haw haw haw," went Bruno, a little embarrassed.

But the shouting had stopped. Everybody was looking at Bruno now. So Bruno made a rule.

"Everybody SIT DOWN," he said, in his biggest voice.

"Nobody throws anything. Nobody says anything. That's peace."

And because Bruno was so big, everybody did it.

Hazel sat on one stump. Dottie sat on another stump, as far away from Hazel as she could get. Ricky sat on a rock with his arms crossed. Sammy sat on a branch with her tail all puffed up. Benji sat alone in the snow, still wet, still not knowing who had done it.

Nobody threw anything. Nobody said anything. Sunny Square was very, very quiet.

"See?" said Bruno proudly. "I made peace."

Mr. Monkey climbed down out of the tree and looked around. It was quiet. But it didn't feel good. It felt like something was still stuck. Hazel wouldn't look at Dottie. Dottie wouldn't look at Hazel. And Benji was all by himself, shivering.

"Mr. Moose," he whispered. "It's quiet. But it doesn't feel like peace."

Mr. Moose shook the snowball crown off his antlers and thought about it. Bruno had made everybody stop. That was true. But stopping wasn't the same as being okay. He thought about the soup supper, two nights ago, when everything had been right. It hadn't been good because everybody was quiet. It had been good because nothing was broken. Here, something was still broken. Nobody even knew what had really happened to Benji.

"Benji," said Mr. Moose gently. "What landed on you?"

Benji's ears twitched. He looked up, slowly, at the big old oak right above where he had been sitting. And he said, very quietly, the quietest thing anybody had said all morning:

"I think it was the tree."

Everybody looked up at the oak. Its branches were heavy with snow. And just as they looked, another big clump slid off a branch and dropped, *FLUMPF*, right on top of Bruno's head.

Bruno stood there with snow all over his face.

"It was the tree," said Bruno.

"Hee hee hee... *SNORT!*" went Hazel.

"Ha! Ha!" barked Dottie.

And they looked at each other. Neither of them had done it. They'd been shouting at each other for nothing.

"Oops," said Hazel.

"Oops," said Dottie, and she wagged.

Mr. Monkey felt the stuck feeling come unstuck, all at once. Bruno's loud peace had made everybody quiet. But Benji's quiet little truth made everybody okay.

"Now let's make something," said Mr. Monkey. "All of us. Together."

"What?" asked Sammy.

Mr. Moose looked up at the cliff, where the little light was shining steady. "A lantern," he said. "Out of snow. A really big one."

Everybody rolled snowballs: big ones, middle ones, little ones. Bruno rolled the biggest ones and set them down

gently, very gently, for the bottom. Hazel and Dottie rolled the middle ones together, side by side. Ricky figured out how to stack them in a circle, leaving little gaps for the light to come through. Sammy carried the littlest snowballs up to the top. And Benji put the very last one on.

It was a snow lantern as tall as Daddy Moose. Mr. Monkey climbed up inside the top with a candle and lit it from the gold candle in the Moose home, and the light came out through all the little gaps between the snowballs, and lit up the snow all around them in a ring of tiny golden stars.

As the sun went down, it started to snow.

It wasn't loud snow. It wasn't windy snow. It was the quietest snow there had ever been, big soft flakes floating straight down, so slowly you could watch each one. It fell on the stumps where everybody had been sitting apart. It fell on all the stomped-up places from the snowball fight, and the holes, and the piles. And little by little, it covered all of them.

By the time it was dark, Sunny Square was smooth and white and new again, as if nobody had ever been angry there at all.

Everybody stood together inside the ring of golden light and watched it fall. Hazel stood next to Dottie. Benji stood next to Bruno, under his big arm, out of the snow.

Then Bruno looked over at Lookout Ledge. He thought about it for a moment. And then he whispered, very softly, "Peace."

Nothing came back. Not even a little echo.

"It didn't copy me," whispered Bruno, surprised.

"Hee hee," went Benji.

That night, by the little green pine, they painted white circles. Mr. Moose left the front of his empty again, and on the back, he painted Sunny Square covered in smooth new snow, and a ring of tiny lights, and all his friends standing together inside it.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "Mr. Moose caught snowballs with his antlers. Hazel and Dottie had a big fight about who hit Benji. Bruno roared 'PEACE' and had a fight with the hill. Then Benji said it was the tree, and the tree dumped snow on Bruno, too. We made a giant snow lantern. And then the quietest snow covered up everything."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang, softly, so they wouldn't wake the snow:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And in the middle of Sunny Square, the giant snow lantern glowed through the falling snow, while far above it, on the top of the highest cliff, a smaller light shone steady back.

Let's Talk

- 1 Bruno made everybody be quiet. Why did it still not feel like peace?
- 2 The quiet snow covered everything and made it new. What else makes you feel peaceful that nobody made?

Your Turn

Make a white ornament for a gift nobody made. Front: what it is. Back: draw it.

FRONT: WHAT IT IS



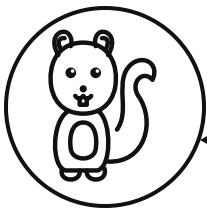
BACK: DRAW IT



This one stays white. When you are done, trace its edge with a gray crayon.

Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both ornaments. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and hang it with your family's ornaments.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What do you call a snowman's puppy?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!



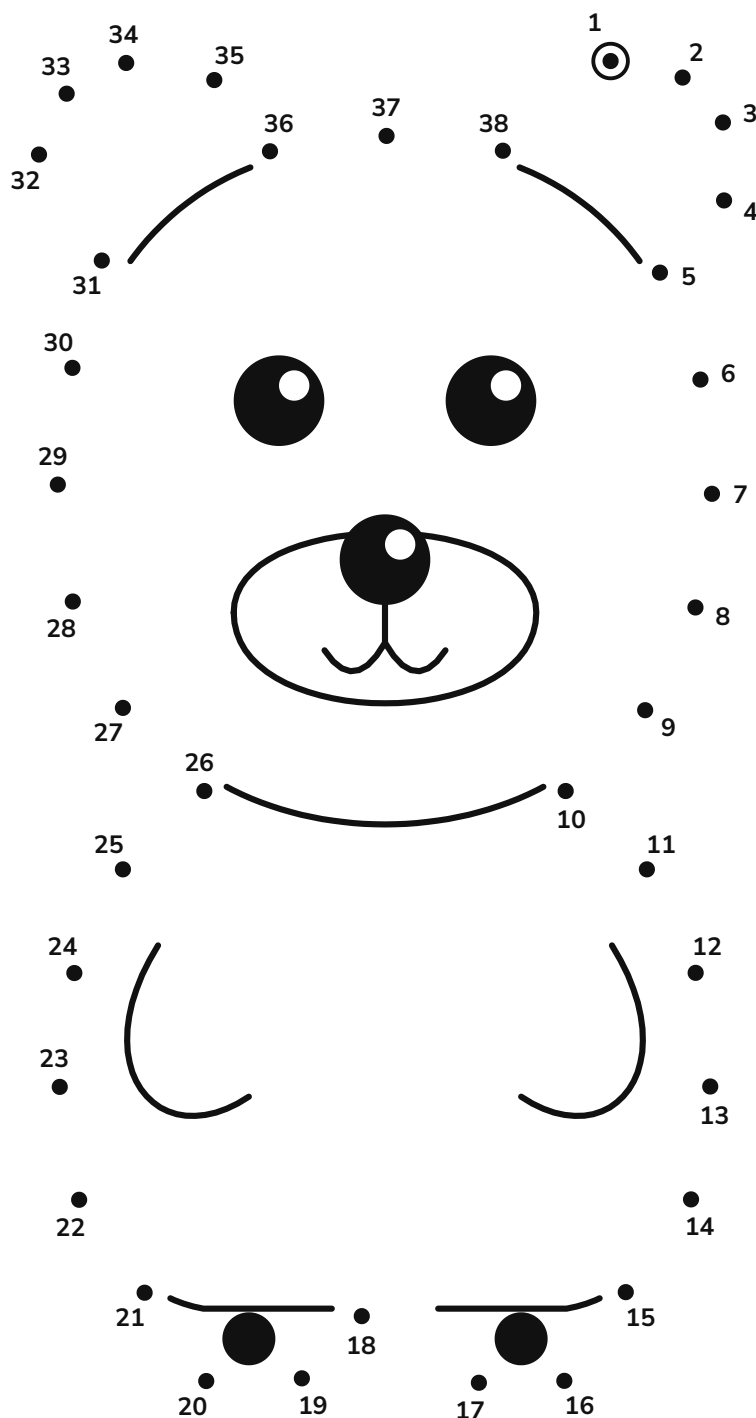
CLUE



A _____ puppy!

Connect the Dots

Connect the dots to find the friend who roared “PEACE!” Start at 1 (the circled dot) and count up to 38. Then join the last dot back to 1, and color it!



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Not , **Not** Flump! A big lump lands on !“ did it!” says . “ did it!” says .“STOP!” yells . “Stop... stop...” says the hill. Ha! looks up. “It was not a pal,” he says.Flump! A big lump lands on ! It fell from up top! and  grin. Not mad, just glad.

PICTURE WORDS



Dottie



Hazel



Benji



Bruno



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

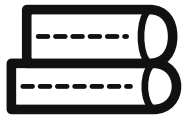
Trace the dark word. Then trace or write the light words. What good gift did nobody make? Write it or draw it on the line.

Nobody made

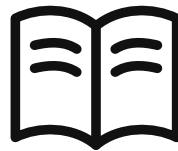
It is a gift

👁 Quiet Hunt

Find these quiet, peaceful things. Check each one!



something soft
and warm

☐

a book to read
slowly

☐

a window to
look out of

☐

a cozy spot to
sit

☐

a quiet sound,
like a clock or
the wind

☐

someone to sit
close to

☐