



COLOR THE TITLE!

Introductions

Getting ready for the season

The Thankful Feast is coming, and Ricky has a great big idea!

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

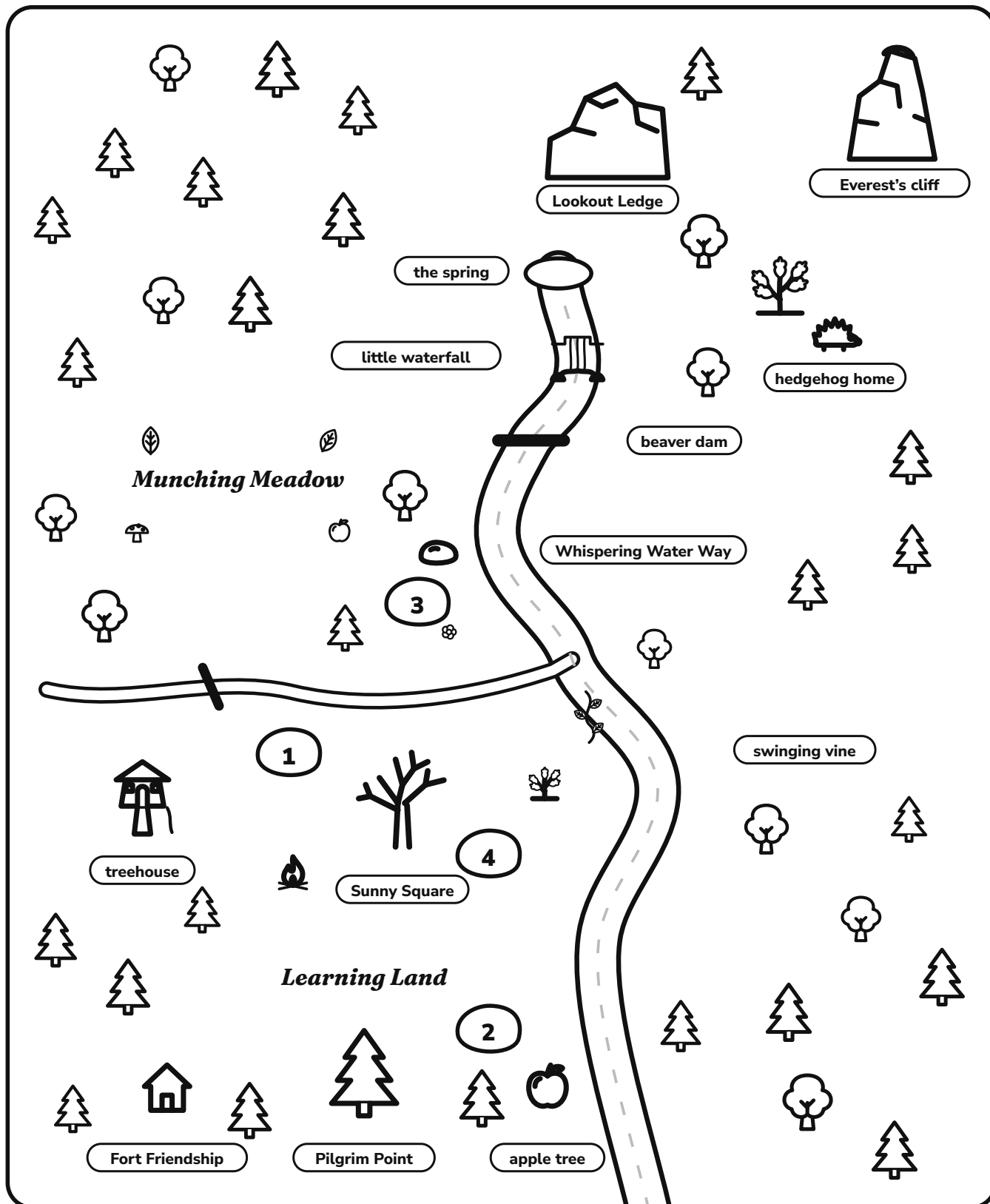
- ① **Thursday:** Ricky's Great Big Idea
- ② **Friday:** Who Are the Apples For?
- ③ **Saturday:** The Golden Treasure
- ④ **Sunday:** The Wishing Tree

THIS WEEK'S THANK-YOU:

Thank you, _____!

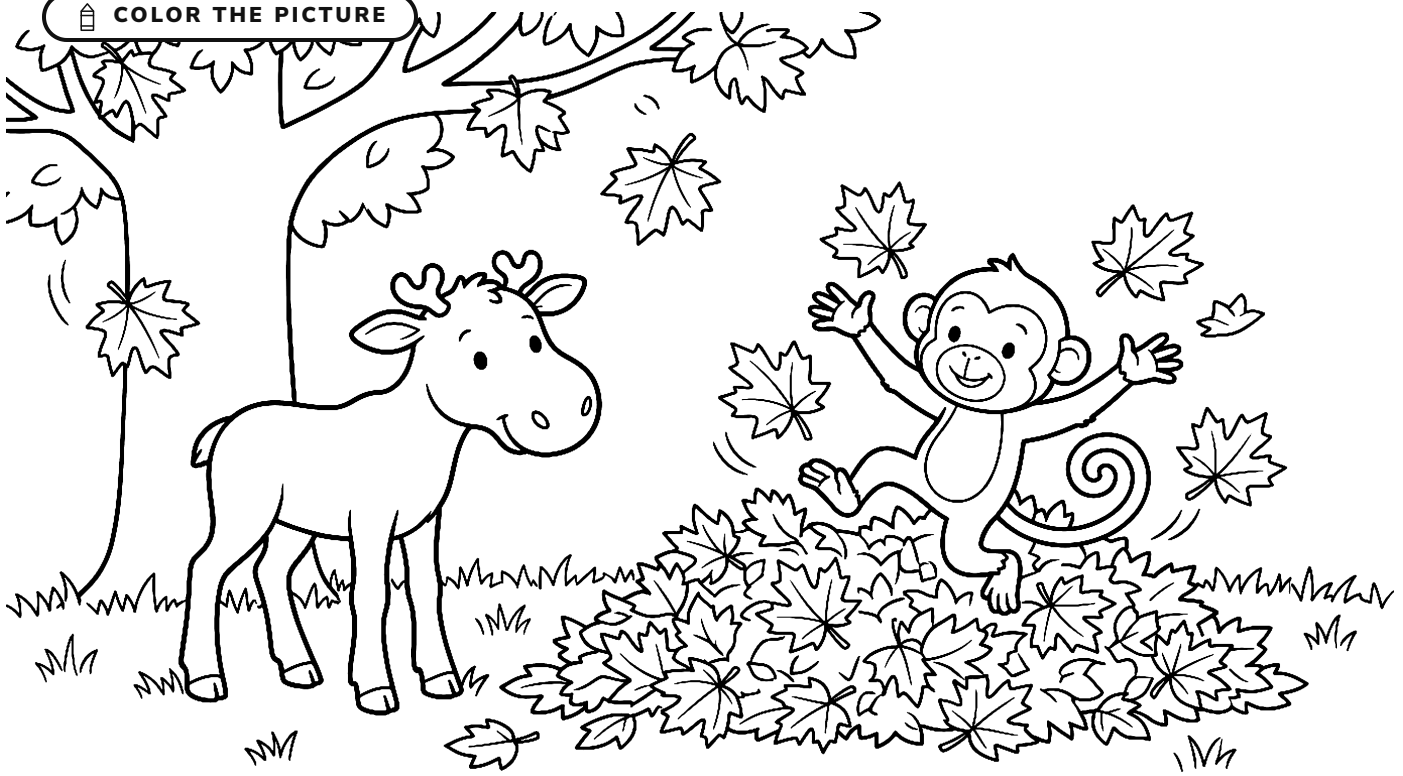
Where We'll Go This Week

Each day, find the stone with that day's number and color it. It shows where the day's story happens!



Ricky's Great Big Idea

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The leaves were falling all over Wonderful Woods. Red ones, orange ones, and yellow ones came twirling down from the big maple tree by Sunny Square, slow and crunchy, like snow that forgot how to be cold.

Under the maple, Mr. Moose was raking. He didn't have a rake. He had antlers. He lowered his head, swished it left, swished it right, and the leaves piled up in front of him, higher and higher, until he had made the biggest leaf pile he had ever seen.

"Mr. Moose!" came a voice from the treetops. "Is that pile for jumping?"

"It might be," said Mr. Moose.

"CANNONBALL!"

Mr. Monkey dropped from the treehouse vines, curled into a ball, and landed in the middle of the pile. *Ka-FLUMPH*. Leaves flew everywhere. Then the pile went still.

"Mr. Monkey?" said Mr. Moose.

The pile wiggled. Out popped Mr. Monkey's head, with one big red leaf stuck flat across his face.

"Mr. Moose?" he said. "Where did everybody go? It got dark."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "You have a leaf face."

Mr. Monkey blew at the leaf. *Fwap*. It flapped up and stuck right back down. He blew harder. *Fwap-fwap-fwap*. The leaf flapped like a little flag, and stayed.

"I'll just be a leaf monkey today," said Mr. Monkey. "Hee hee hee!"

Just then, something came bumping across Sunny Square. It was Ricky Raccoon, dragging a long, curly roll of white birch

bark behind him. He was huffing and puffing, and his clever little paws were covered in berry juice.

"Mr. Moose! Mr. Monkey!" he panted. "I have the best idea in the whole history of ideas."

Mr. Monkey peeled the leaf off his face. "What is it?"

Ricky climbed up on a root and held the bark roll over his head. "You know the Thankful Feast? When the last leaves come down, and everybody in the whole woods eats together right here in Sunny Square?"

"I love the Thankful Feast," said Mr. Moose.

"Well, **THIS** year," said Ricky, "at the Thankful Feast, we are going to have... the **GREAT BIG PRESENT SWAP!**"

Mr. Monkey's tail shot straight up. "What's a Present Swap?"

"Everybody brings a present," said Ricky, "and everybody gets a present."

"Everybody **GETS** a present?" Mr. Monkey hopped up and down so fast that the leaves around him hopped too. "What am I going to get? What am I going to get? Mr. Moose, what are **YOU** going to get?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Moose. He looked at the bark roll. "How does it work?"

"Rules," said Ricky proudly. "I made rules." He unrolled the bark a little. "Rule one. Everybody brings one present. Rule two. All the presents have to be the same size, so it's fair."

"How big?" asked Mr. Moose.

Ricky picked up a pinecone from the grass. "This big."

He unrolled the bark a little more. "Rule three. Everybody makes a wish list, so everybody knows what to bring. Rule four. Nobody gets left out."

He kept unrolling and walking backward, reading as he went. "Rule nine. No presents that are alive. Rule twelve. No presents that are wet. Rule fifteen. No presents that are Bruno."

"Why not Bruno?" asked Mr. Monkey.

"He won't fit in the pile," said Ricky. "Rule sixteen..."

The bark unrolled across the grass, past the maple, and down the little hill toward Rainbow River. Ricky followed it, walking backward and reading. "Rule nineteen. Rule twenty..."

Then Ricky stepped backward right onto the rolled-up part. It rolled.

Ricky's feet went round and round on top of it, like a squirrel on a log. "Whoa-whoa-whoa-WHOA!" He spun his arms. He wobbled. Then the roll shot out from under him, and Ricky landed, *PLOOMF*, flat on his back in Mr. Moose's leaf pile.

And the bark roll kept going. It rolled down the hill, faster and faster, unrolling as it went, and *splish*, slid right into Rainbow River.

Ricky sat up with leaves in his whiskers. "My RULES!"

The roll was floating away down the river, bobbing along like a little white boat.

Mr. Monkey felt his chest go tight. Ricky had worked all morning on those rules. You could tell from the berry juice. He didn't want Ricky to lose them. "We have to get it back!" he said, already running.

Mr. Moose ran too, slower, with his long legs. He watched the roll bob along. He knew this part of the river. "Mr. Monkey," he said, "the river bends right up there, by the big flat rock. It gets slow and shallow. Everything that floats goes around that bend."

"So we beat it there!"

"We beat it there," said Mr. Moose.

They ran along the bank, past the bend, to the big flat rock. Mr. Moose waded into the shallow water, where it was cool and only came up to his knees. He lowered his head and spread his antlers wide, like a net.

Mr. Monkey climbed out onto a low willow branch over the water, wrapped his tail around it, and hung upside down, just in case.

Here came the bark roll, bobbing and turning. It floated right past Mr. Monkey's paws. He stretched. He reached. He missed. "Mr. Moose! It's coming to you!"

The roll bumped into Mr. Moose's antlers and stopped. The bark hung down on both sides of his head, long and dripping, all the way into the water, like the world's biggest, wettest scarf.

"I got it," said Mr. Moose.

Ricky came running down the bank. "You saved my rules!" He looked up at Mr. Moose's antlers, and his eyes went wide. "And I can still read them!"

So Ricky walked around and around Mr. Moose, reading the rules off his antlers. "Rule twenty-two. No peeking. Rule twenty-three..." Mr. Moose turned slowly to help, and Ricky walked faster to keep up, and Mr. Monkey hung from the willow, watching them go around and around.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Mr. Moose, you're a rule tree!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" Mr. Moose laughed so his antlers jiggled, and the rules jiggled with them.

When the bark was dry enough, Ricky rolled it up again, very carefully. "Now I need helpers," he said. "Everybody in the

woods has to sign up by Sunday, so there's time to make the presents. You two can be my Official Sign-Up Helpers."

"Official," whispered Mr. Monkey, very pleased.

They started at the big maple. Daddy Moose was stacking firewood by the door.

"What do you wish for, Daddy Moose?" asked Ricky. "For your present."

Daddy Moose thought for a long, slow time. "Hmm," he said. "I have everything I need."

"You have to want SOMETHING," said Ricky.

Daddy Moose thought some more. "Then I'd like nothing."

Ricky wrote NOTHING on the bark. Then he scratched his head. "How do you wrap nothing?"

He picked up a big yellow leaf, folded it around nothing at all, and tied it with a long piece of grass. He shook it next to his ear. Nothing. He handed it to Daddy Moose. "Here's your nothing. That's just a practice one."

Daddy Moose held it up and looked at it very seriously. "It's just what I wanted."

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey.

Up in the treehouse, Mama Monkey wished for "one whole day with everybody together." Ricky wrote it down with a question mark. Daddy Monkey wished for a new swinging vine, because his old one was getting fuzzy. Ricky was so happy to get a real thing that he wrote it twice.

Then it was Mr. Monkey's turn. "I want a banana," he said. "A banana as big as ME."

He lay down flat on the bark to show how big. Ricky traced all the way around him with a berry, ears and tail and all. When Mr. Monkey stood up, there was a Mr. Monkey-shaped banana on the list.

"And you, Mr. Moose?" asked Ricky.

Mr. Moose looked up past the treetops, past Lookout Ledge, to the high gray cliff where Everest Eagle lived. "I want to see the very top of Everest's cliff," he said. "The highest place in the whole woods."

Ricky looked at the cliff. He looked at his pinecone. "You can't wrap a cliff," he said.

"I know," said Mr. Moose. But it was still his wish.

As the sun went down, they walked back across Sunny Square. Ricky counted the names on his bark. "Seven," he said. "Only the whole rest of the woods to go." He hurried home with his roll under his arm.

Mr. Monkey skipped beside Mr. Moose. "What do you think I'll get? What do you think I'll get?"

Mr. Moose didn't answer right away. He was looking up at the maple, at all the branches that were almost bare.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "I had a leaf face. Ricky's rules rolled into the river, and Mr. Moose caught them on his antlers. Daddy Moose wished for nothing, and he got it! And at the Thankful Feast, there's going to be a Great Big Present Swap!"

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

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

And above Sunny Square, one more red leaf let go of the maple and twirled slowly down into the leaf pile.

Let's Talk

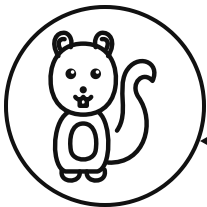
- 1 Daddy Moose wished for nothing. He said, "I have everything I need." What do you think he meant?
- 2 Think of one person you want to thank this week. Who is it?

Your Turn

Draw the person you thought of.

This is _____.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What did the tree say to the wind?

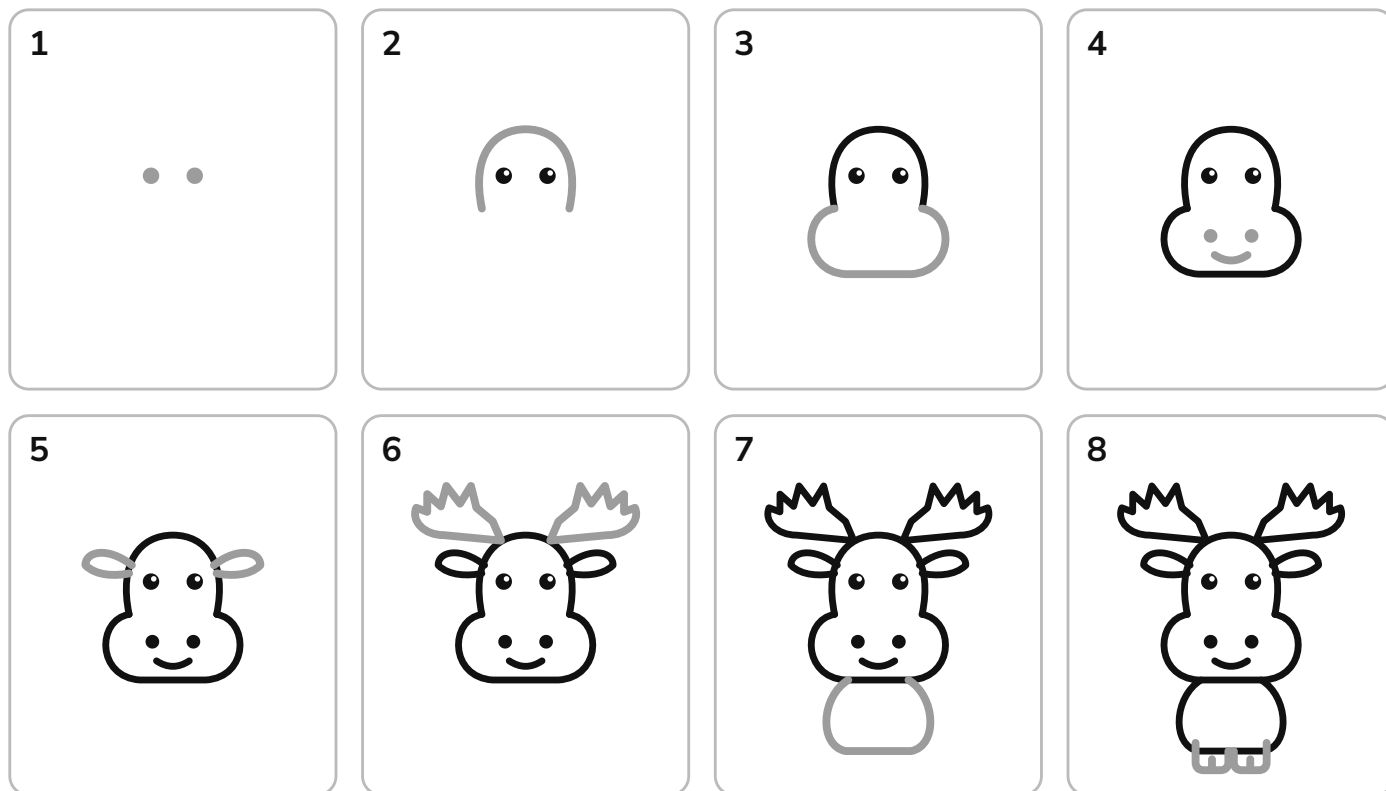
Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

_____ me alone!



 Draw Mr. Moose!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY MR. MOOSE

Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

I Am In!

Is  in?

“I am in!”

Is  in?

“I am in! I am in!”

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Moose  Mr. Monkey

For grown-ups: Sounds in these stories: a, m, s, t, p, f, i, n. New words to learn by heart: I, is.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



jump in a big leaf
pile

OR



swing on a long
vine



wear a leaf on
your face all day

OR



wear a long list
like a scarf



get a banana as
big as you

OR



see the top of
the highest cliff