

So Julia Owl went looking for a strong rope.

She fastened one end to the crate.

She fastened the other end to Pinka's tractor.

Julia Owl started to drive.

"How is this going to help me?" cried Pinka.

Julia Owl did not answer.

She was busy driving.



But no one was there to help. Pinka was the only character in the story. "Do you want me to let another character come into the story now?" asked Grandma. "Yes!" answered Pinka.

Pinka and the Crate

One day, Grandma asked Pinka if she wanted to be in a story. Pinka said, "Yes.... but I want to be the ONLY ONE in the story."

So the story began.

One fine day, Pinka decided to drive to town. Here is Pinka, driving her tractor.



Oh! No! Pinka fell into the crate.

There was a little bit of space above Pinka's head, but side to side, the crate was EXACTLY Pinka-sized. Pinka could not move her wings. "Help!" cried Pinka.

So Julia Owl came into the story.

She saw Pinka IN the crate. She saw the crate. "Are you stuck?" asked Julia Owl. "Yes!" answered Pinka. "Please help me." Julia Owl tried to push the crate-with-Pinka-in-it over. But it was too heavy.



Soon Pinka came to a crate.

It was a big blue crate.

It was right in the middle of the road.

Pinka flew over to take a look at the crate. She stood on the edge of the crate. She bent forward to take a closer look....



“What else did you learn?”
asked Julia Owl.
Pinka chuckled.
“I learned that a story is
always better if you have a
friend in it!”

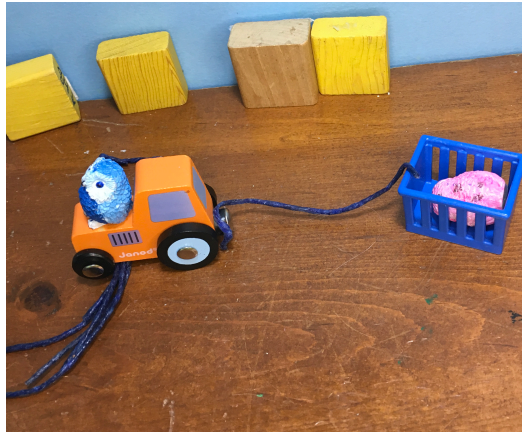


THE END



Julia Owl was aiming at
a BIG bump
in the road.

Over the bump went the
tractor.



“I learned to be very careful
around Pinka-sized crates.”
said Pinka.
“I learned two things today,”

Pinka and Julia Owl
rode off in the tractor.

Pinka was glad to be out
of the crate.

She was glad that she
was NOT the only
character in the story.

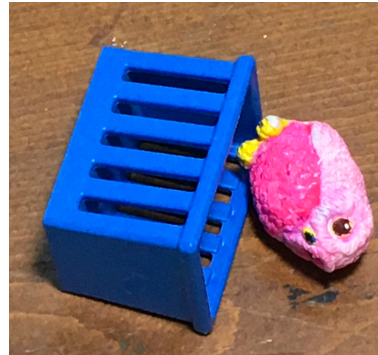
“Thank you for helping
me!” said Pinka to Julia
Owl.

Julia Owl said, “You are
welcome.”

Then over the bump went the
crate-containing-Pinka.

The crate-containing-Pinka
flipped up on one side.

Pinka came rolling
out of the crate.



Pinka stood up.

She shook her pink feathers.

She shook her pink head.

