

Short Stories For Kids

By: Arnav Jain

It was Thursday morning, and Mr Mole and his family were in the middle of building a new passage and some new rooms. The Mole family were always doing this, and they had the biggest house in The Hollow. All the family from Mr Mole to the smallest Young Mole helped. The very smallest and youngest mole of all was Maurice. His job was to clear out a new little room which Mrs Mole was going to use as a storeroom.

Maurice was very tiny, and he was quickly tired of his work.

"I wish I could go out," he said to himself. "We've got a big enough house already. Why does Father want to make it bigger?"

"You get on with your work, my lad," said Mrs Mole from the doorway. Maurice did get on with it - he didn't know his mother had heard him.

When she had gone, Maurice sat in the middle of the new storeroom and looked very miserable.

Suddenly lumps of earth began to fall off the ceiling. Maurice jumped up. The whole room began to shake, and then part of the roof fell in altogether.

Maurice dashed through the door. "Help! Help!" he shouted, scurrying away from the storeroom as fast as he could.

"What's all that noise about?" asked Mr Mole, popping out of the kitchen. Maurice almost knocked him down. He had run so fast he was quite out of breath.

"The house is falling down!" said Maurice.

"Oh dear!" said Mr Mole, turning to his wife in the kitchen.

"It's Thursday again. I'd forgotten."

"But Dad, Dad!" said Maurice, who was very excited and could not understand why his father and mother were not rushing to take all the family out before all the house fell down.

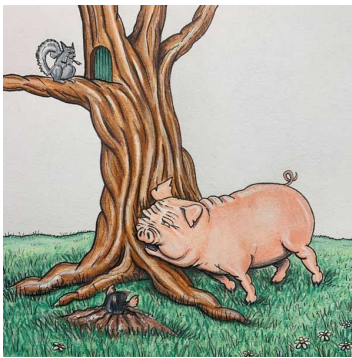
"Be quiet, Maurice," said Mr Mole very sternly. "The house isn't falling down. It's only Piggy."

A little later, Mr and Mrs Squirrel were drinking tea in their kitchen. Mrs Squirrel was just about to pour her husband another cup when the room began to shudder and shake.

He looked around the room. Plates, cups, saucers, saucepans were all dancing about on the shelves, and the knives and forks and spoons were jingling the drawer.

"Someone has got to put a stop to this," he said firmly. He marched out of the kitchen and on to the branch.

"Piggy!" he shouted. "Stop that at once!"



Piggy didn't hear. She was much too busy enjoying a good scratch by rubbing her back against the trunk of the tree.

Piggy was huge. She was the biggest pig Farmer George owned. So big that she had won many prizes at shows.

"Piggy!" shouted Mr Squirrel again, louder this time. "Stop it!"

Piggy stopped. Her great white head moved from side to side as she wondered where the voice had come from.

"It's me, Piggy. Up here!" said Mr Squirrel. "You've done it again, you know, and you promised not too."

Piggy looked up at Mr Squirrel with her very small eyes, and a very large grin lit up her big round face.

"Oh! Hello, Mr Squirrel," Piggy said in a rather squeaky voice and very slowly.

"I said, you have done it again after you promised not too," repeated Mr Squirrel, folding his arms and trying to look stern.

Poor Piggy's grin disappeared, and she looked very ashamed of herself. She looked at the ground and said in a quiet voice.

"I'm sorry, Mr Squirrel," she said. "I didn't mean to, I really didn't. I just forget."

Mr Squirrel could never be angry with Piggy for long. She was such a good-natured animal and would never dream of hurting anyone or anything. Mr Squirrel scampered down the tree.

"Alright, Piggy," he said. "I know you didn't mean it, but you must be careful."

Piggy's big face grinned again. She knew she was forgiven.

"You big clumsy thing," shouted a voice from down the hillside. Mr Mole was coming up and was out of breath.

"You've knocked down my new storeroom," he panted, "and you nearly frightened poor Maurice out of his skin."

At once Piggy looked very sad again, she moved from one foot to another as though she didn't know what to do with herself.

Mr Mole was very annoyed because of all the work he would have to do again, but even he couldn't help feeling sorry for Piggy.

"Oh! I wish I was small, like you," Piggy said. "Then I could go all over the Hollow and not bother anyone."

"Don't worry, Piggy," said Mr Squirrel. "Mr Mole doesn't really mean what he said. Do you?" He gave Mr Mole a very firm look.

"No," said Mr Mole, though he didn't look as though he was quite certain.

"Oh! You're just trying to be kind," said Piggy. "I do try to be good," she said. "But I just forget so quickly. Whenever I get hungry, I simply wander off to look for food. And I forgot about all the damage I might do. Oh! I do try so hard."

Mr Mole was quite on Piggy's side by now. He patted her knee, because that was as high as he could reach, and said, "Don't worry, Piggy, it won't take long to put the storeroom right. Besides, there's nothing I like better than building."

"Come on, Piggy," said Mr Squirrel cheerfully. "I'll lead you into the woods, and you can nose around there for an hour or two. Then I'll come and take you back to the farm."

Piggy beamed happily and almost knocked Mr Mole down as she was eagerly ready to go.

Mr Squirrel often had to do this. Whenever Piggy got out of the farm and wandered up The Hollow, any animal who saw her would lead her safely up to the woods. Mr Squirrel was the one who usually got the job. But it had to be done because of the great harm Piggy could do without knowing it. No one had been hurt or anything. Piggy had once walked over the warren, and her foot had gone right through the roof of Mr Rabbit's kitchen.

That evening after Mr Squirrel had led Piggy back to the farm, some of the animals gathered at Mr Squirrels house. All of them knew Piggy very well, and all of them had had some damage done to their house by her.

"What can we do?" asked Mrs Waterfowl. Her house in the thick reeds by the river had once almost been crushed by Piggy when she had gone to drink in the river. "She's so big."

"It's not Piggy's fault," said Mr Rabbit, thinking of the time when his foot had been crushed. "Farmer George is to blame."

Farmer George was not a very good farmer. A good farmer had to work very hard, and Farmer George was rather lazy. The barn roof leaked, the chicken house windows were broken, one of the wheels on the hay cart was rusting. But Farmer George couldn't be bothered to mend them. Also, some fences were broken, and one of these fences was that of Piggy's pen.

On Thursday mornings very early, Farmer George went to market. He was always in such a hurry before leaving that he never gave Piggy her food for the day. By the middle of the morning, Piggy was very hungry. And she would walk out through the broken fence and up The Hollow looking for something to eat.

"If Farmer George would do his job properly," said Mrs Rhode Island Red, "There wouldn't be any trouble at all."

"Poor Piggy," said Mrs Rabbit, "She only comes up here because she's hungry. Farmer George should be ashamed of himself."

Mr Badger was sitting quietly and listening to the animals talk. He coughed and said: "Well, there's only one thing to be done. If Farmer George won't feed Piggy on Thursdays some of us will have to do it. Then she'll stay where she is."

The animals looked at one another. "Oh! Dear! What a nuisance" said Mrs Waterfowl.

"Mr Badger is quite right," said Mr Rabbit shaking his head. "Can you think of anything?" he asked Mr Squirrel. Mr Squirrel had said nothing at all and looked very puzzled. He shook his head, for once he couldn't think of anything.

The next Thursday morning, Mr Squirrel, Mr Rabbit, and Mr Badger set off. They were carrying large bundles full of dock leaves, carrots, nuts - anything they could find. Farmer George had already left for the market and had taken the dog with him. Mr Badger plodded on with his bundle over his shoulder. Mr Rabbit was dragging his bundle wearily along the ground, and Mr Squirrel was pulling him and looking very thoughtful.

Suddenly Mr Squirrel stopped. A broad smile spread over his face, and his old cunning look came into his eyes. But he went on again and said nothing to his friends.

Piggy was nosing about her empty pen when the three animals arrived at the broken fence.

"Here you are Piggy," said Mr Rabbit. "This should fill you up."

Piggy's round face wore a delighted grin, and she waddled across the pen.

"Just a minute Piggy," said Mr Squirrel. He was looking carefully at the fence around the kitchen garden, and it was crammed full with fine vegetables of all kinds.

The fence was not very strong, **like most other fences on the farm it needed mending.**

"You get up on top," Mr Squirrel said to Mr Rabbit, "and pull when I tell you to. And you Piggy lean against the fence here and push when I say so."

"What are you doing?" asked Mr Rabbit climbing on to the fence.

Mr Squirrel grinned. "Ready," he said. "Now!"

Mr Rabbit pulled for all he was worth, and Piggy pushed hard. The fence crashed down onto the lettuce bed and threw Mr Rabbit into a rhubarb patch.

Piggy's face was a picture of joy. She forgot all about the bundles the animals had brought and rushed across the broken fence into the kitchen garden. Before long Mr George's tidy kitchen garden was in a dreadful state and Piggy was sitting in the middle of the carrots munching steadily.

"Whatever did you do that for?" said Mr Rabbit.

Mr Squirrel twitched his whiskers and winked at his two friends. "You'll see," he said.

By the time Mrs George came into the kitchen garden, Piggy had eaten half of almost everything there was to eat.

"Oh!" screamed Mrs George, quite white. "Go on, get out! Get out!" Piggy went back across the broken fence, looking rather fatter than before. Mrs George was in a terrible temper. When Farmer George came home from the market, she was very angry with him.

"It's all your fault," she said. "If you had mended those fences that pig would never have got out." And before Farmer George had his tea, his wife had sent him out to mend the fences. He mended all the fences, Piggy's too.

Up on the hillside, the three animals laughed and laughed as Farmer George worked on the fences.

"Well," said Mr Badger to Mr Squirrel "You are a clever one. We shan't be bothered by Piggy again."

Mr Squirrel tried to pretend he had done nothing.

"We couldn't have done it without Piggy," he said. "We shall go down to see her every Thursday."

"And take her something to eat," said Mr Rabbit.

When a Bed Became A Boat

Rain thundered against Lucy's window.

It must be something like in one of those old, horror films out there, she thought. The scene played out in her mind, the black sky, the haunted house on the

cliff edge, the leafless trees that looked like weeping old ladies, and the lightning bolt that dramatically forked to the ground.

Lucy shuddered and turned over.

The bright pink lights of her alarm clock stared back at her.

She rolled back over.

She faced a poster of a bright-eyed boy-band.

Lucy sighed dreamily and closed her eyes.

She had almost gotten back to sleep when she heard the hiss of running water. Sitting up, she peered over the end of her bed.

Water was gushing through the gaps in the door. There was already a giant puddle in her room, but as the water kept on rushing in, it quickly became more like a pond, and then a pool.

Lucy hid beneath the covers, just as the bed began to shake.

She clung on to the mattress. The water had risen so high that the bed was beginning to lift off of the ground.

Lucy wrapped herself up in the duvet and shut her eyes tight.

First, one of the legs lifted, then the second leg, then a third, and finally, the bed was afloat.

It went up.

And up.

Until the corner posts hit the ceiling.

The ceiling creaked.

One of the posts made a cracking sound.

Lucy lay as flat as she could, fearing the worst. Then, there was a loud crash!

After a few seconds of heart-pounding panic, she decided to peek out to see which had given way.

It had been the ceiling!

As Lucy rose through a bed-shaped hole in the roof, she thought to herself how she would explain this to her mum in the morning. She would normally blame her older brother when anything bad happened, but this time she realized that might be a little tricky. The entire town was flooded.

Once she was far above the rooftops, the bed stopped rising. It floated through Lucy's village, just **like a boat!**

While the bed gently swayed from side-to-side, Lucy gazed up at the twinkling night's sky. She joined up the stars with her fingers so that they made pictures. First, she made a gerbil, and then she made a cat, then, she got bored and imagined the two fighting.

And while the gerbil danced out of the way of the cat's ferocious swipes, and while the bed bobbed through the sea of chimney pots, Lucy found herself drifting to sleep.

'Lucy!' Her mother screamed. 'You have overslept again!'

The door to her bedroom burst open, and her mother stormed in.

Lucy hesitantly uncovered herself and looked around.

Everything was exactly the way she had left it the night before. She sighed with relief. It had all just been a dream, she thought to herself.

The mother, Shanice, **liked Lilly the best.** But then, no other spoon looked as beautiful. She rested in a plastic bin on the kitchen counter along with the other spoons - big ones used for serving, round soup spoons, and other one-of-a-kinds that the father, Andres, used to stir his morning coffee and scarf down oatmeal.

Lilly's slender silver body is shown brightly after being washed and rubbed dry by Shanice. The father and children, Nia and Deion, seldom got near the kitchen sink, even though Shanice asked them often to help wash the dishes.

Mornings, after the father left for work and the children for school, Shanice and Lilly spent an hour at the kitchen table. Shanice read a book and used Lilly to ever so slowly stir her hot tea. The mother drank green or black teas, depending on her mood, with honey to sweeten. The green stuff didn't stain the teacups as much, nor tarnish Lilly's silver skin. But Shanice **liked the black tea better.**

On a cold winter's morning with frost on the windows, Shanice woke earlier than usual and dressed in a business suit. For breakfast, she drank ginger tea, to "settle my stomach" she told her husband. She chewed on a piece of dry toast, then left the apartment. Andres poured cereal for the children and helped them get ready for school. He fixed his own coffee and oatmeal, using Lilly to stir gritty sugar into his black coffee. Ugh!

Before leaving the apartment, Andres washed the dishes and silverware and left them to dry in the racks and bins on the kitchen counter. He had a rough touch that Lily didn't **like, and he didn't dry her off with the soft towel before dumping her into the bin.** But worst of all, he didn't return her to her family of spoons but wedged her in with the KNIVES AND FORKS! Lilly thought she would die.

"What're you doing' here?" a knife with a dangerous-looking wavy blade asked.

A fork with long prongs chuckled. "Yeah, aren't you afraid you'll get all scratched being with us?"

"You spoons always think you're so hot," the knife said, "so much better than us *stickers* and *slicers*."

Lilly shivered and cowered in a corner of the bin.

Another fork joined in. "There are good reasons why I'm used the most at supper. Sticking sliced carrots is so much easier than chasing them around the plate with a spoon."

Hearing all their criticism, Lilly couldn't stay quiet. "Oh yeah, I've seen you forks trying to spear green peas - what a joke. Can any of you stir coffee or tea the right way and let Shanice or Andres taste a sample? Has Shanice or Andres ever tried eating soup, pudding, or ice cream with a knife or fork?"

The wavy knife laughed. "Actually, I once saw Andres try eating Jello with a fork. Talk about hilarious."

A butter knife with a crooked blade spoke up. "Look, sister, I know how you feel. I cut only the softest things - but I'm good at slicing bananas and spreading peanut butter or mayonnaise. And when Shanice needs to pry open a pickle jar, or even tighten a loose screw, she comes for me."

"You're the one with the screw loose," the wavy knife cracked. "I'm the only one that can cut food into bite-sized chunks. Without me, the whole family would be eating nothing but *tofu*."

A shudder went through everyone in the bin, even Lilly, who had only touched the stuff once. The chatter continued off and on among the silverware until Shanice came home in the afternoon. By that time, Lilly no longer feared the knives and forks.

Shanice seemed nervous and began pacing the kitchen floor, muttering to herself. Lilly had never seen her like that and couldn't tell whether she was happy or sad. Shanice stopped pacing and boiled some water for chamomile tea. She searched the spoon bin for Lilly, but couldn't find her. She looked around the kitchen for the wayward utensil. Finally, she checked the knives and forks bin and rescued her.

"Adios, doll face," the wavy knife called after Lilly. "Stop by again."

"Yes, please do," said the kind butter knife. "We should do a soup and sandwich lunch sometime."

That night the whole family seemed excited. Shanice had found a job in a lawyers' office, working three days a week. Andres ordered take-out food from an Italian restaurant. Shanice set their tiny kitchen table with a white tablecloth and their best plates. She polished each piece of silverware and placed the forks on the left side of the plates next to fancy cloth napkins. Andres took down two wine glasses from a top cabinet along with a dusty bottle of Cabernet. He lit candles and set them in the table's centre.

"Wow, it's been a long time since they've had us all on the table," the wavy knife said. He rested next to Lilly on the right side of the plate.

The butter knife rested on a dish with crunchy Italian bread and a container of margarine. "Yes, this meal should be fun. And we'll all be a part of it."

"Yeah," the long-pronged fork said, "we can all be heroes tonight, each one doing what we do best."

The food disappeared quickly. Lilly worked with the fork to serve long slippery noodles to Shanice. By the end of the meal, tomato sauce spotted the entire table and the children's grinning faces. Their excited voices filled the kitchen but quieted to a dull rumble after Andres served up yummy gelato for dessert.

As they all sat back in their chairs, Shanice picked up her fork and tapped her wine glass. The ringing quieted the children.

"Okay. My new job will help pay the bills, will let us have more fun, and maybe, just maybe go on a vacation."

Nia and Deion clapped their hands.

"But since I'll be working three days a week, you will need to help me take care of the apartment, fix meals and such."

Andres and the kids groaned.

"I know, it means chores for all of you, but I'll ask each of you to do things that I think you can do best."

"I'll help," Nia said. "Me too," said Deion. Andres nodded in agreement.

Afterwards, the kids cleared the table and dumped all of the silverware into the sink. One by one, Deion scrubbed each knife, fork and spoon with a sponge and handed it to Nia who dried it with the soft towel and placed it in the proper bin. Lilly enjoyed their touch and liked it when Nia placed her in the correct bin with the other spoons.

The kitchen lights clicked off. The children went to their room to do homework, then joined their parents to watch TV or play on the computer. All felt right with the silverware, and Lilly rested easy, waiting for the morning and a new meal to feed the family.

Sammy the Seal Wants to Play

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Sammy spent most of his days looking out at the kids playing on the beach and splashing in the shallow waves. It looked like they were having so much fun, he wished he could play with them. Although he had friends, he felt like he was missing out on something.

One day, when Sammy and his mother were lying on rocks, enjoying the warm sunshine, he asked, "Mama, why can't I play with the other kids?" Sammy was young and didn't realize he was different from them.

"What do you mean, dear, you have lots of friends. There are Suzie and Tommy, Zoe and Opal; and what about Belle? You two are best buddies."

"No, mama, I'm talking about the kids, over there, on the sand. I see them tossing red and blue striped beach balls to each other and building sandcastles with bright yellow buckets. They even get to have picnics under big rainbow-colored umbrellas. Oh mama, they look like they're having so much fun!"

Sammy's mother wasn't sure how to answer; she'd often seen him gazing out onto the land, a wistful look on his face. "Well, dear, our species live in the water, and people live on the land."

"But why, mama? They can do both; play on the sand and swim in the ocean!!" Sammy was such a curious little guy and asked many questions.

"Well, we can be out of the water for a short time, like we are now, sunbathing on these rocks. But we don't have legs and feet like humans do, to walk around. We also need the water to keep our skin moist, so it doesn't dry out. Everything we need to survive is in the sea; the food we eat, like squid, flounder, and octopus," she answered.

"And shrimp, mama, that's my most favorite!" Sammy said excitedly.

"Yes, dear, and shrimp," replied Sammy's mother.

Sammy was quiet for a moment, then said, "But can I go play with them for just a little while, please, mama?"

Oh dear, she thought, the questions he asks! She wasn't quite sure what to say; he had such a hopeful look on his face. "I'll tell you what, why don't you swim as close as you can to the beach and watch them play for a while," she responded.

This made Sammy happy, but kind of nervous too. Still, curiosity got the best of him, and he decided to give it a try. He swam to a small formation of rocks near the shore and hid behind them, too shy to get closer. Then slowly, he swam around to the front, bobbing along in the waves until a little girl in a yellow polka-dotted swimsuit noticed him. He knew her name was Sandy; he'd heard her mother call out to her before.

"Hey, look!" she yelled excitedly to her friends, "There's a little seal out there by the rocks, and he's looking at us!"

All of the kids ran into the water, wanting to get a better look, it startled Sammy for a moment, but then he decided to swim closer.

Sandy yelled, "Oh, little seal, do you want to play with us?"

Sammy looked behind him, thinking, is she talking to me? Suddenly a big beach ball came sailing toward him; it bounced off his nose and went flying back to the kids.

They squealed in delight, "Hey, he's playing with us!!" They spent the rest of the afternoon taking turns tossing beach balls back and forth with Sammy. He was having the best time of his life!

When it was time for the kids to leave, he felt a little sad.

Then Sandy called out, "We'll come back and play with you again, little seal!" And this made him very happy.

So, for the rest of the summer, Sammy played with his new friends, he even brought along Suzie and Tommy, and Zoe and Opal. And of course, his best friend, Belle.\

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Story Writer and author of this book: More stories are coming in the same document tomorrow bye!!

HAve A nice Day

