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Moosling in Winter

by Sharon Fear

illustrated by John Bendall-Brunello



Moosling Series

Moosling in Winter

Author: Sharon Fear

Heinemann

361 Hanover Street
Portsmouth, NH 03801-3912
www.heinemann.com

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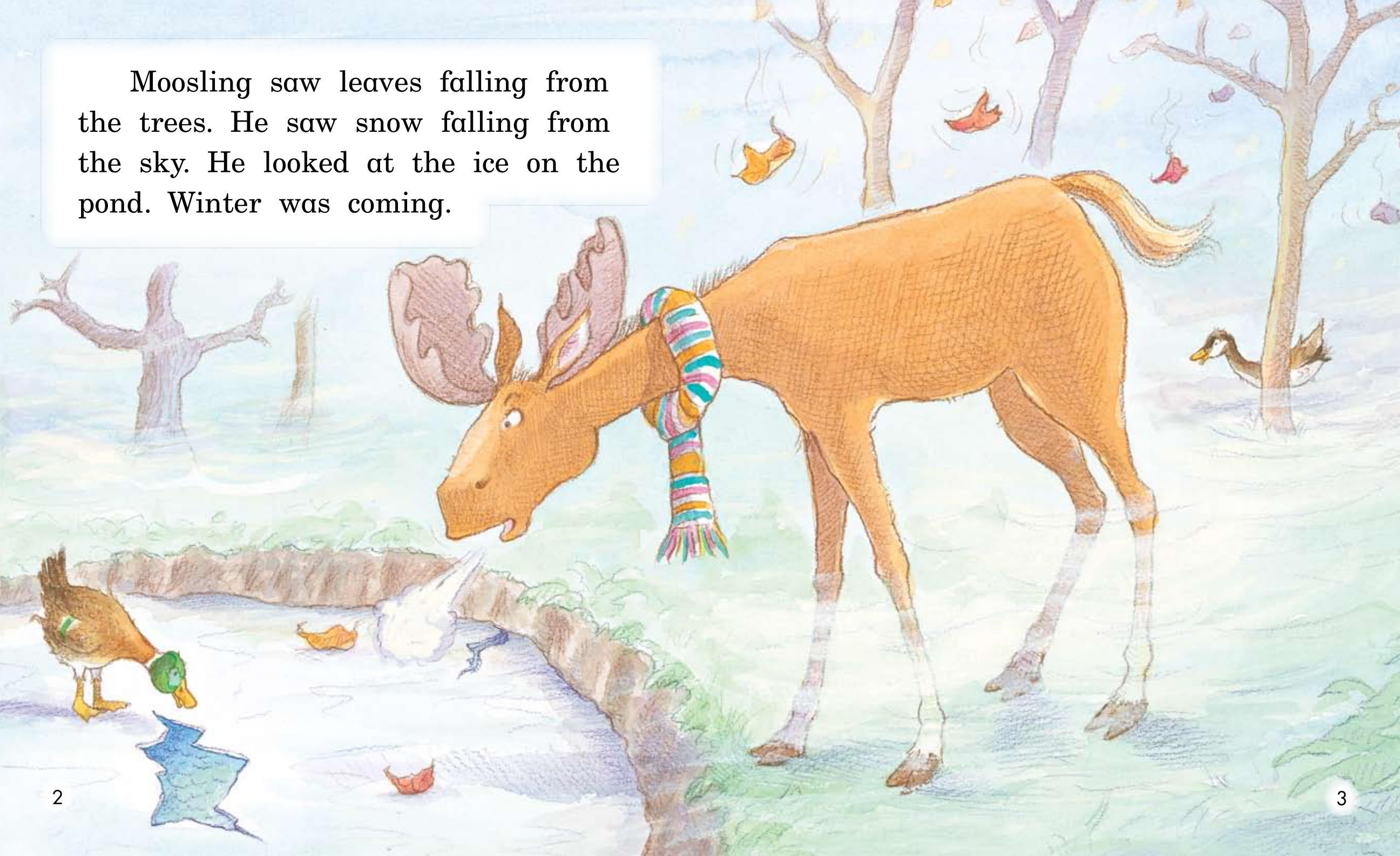
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Moosling

Moosling saw leaves falling from the trees. He saw snow falling from the sky. He looked at the ice on the pond. Winter was coming.



“Good-bye, Moosling,” said Duck.

“Where are you going?”

Moosling asked.

“I’m going to a warm place,” said Duck. “I fly there every winter.”

“So do I,” said Goose.

“So do I,” said Robin.

“We do, too,” said the other birds.



“But I’ll come back as soon as winter is over,” said Duck.

“So will I,” said Goose.

“We will, too,” said the other birds.

Then they flapped their wings and flew away.

The birds were gone. It was quiet in the woods. It was **too** quiet. Moosling went to look for his friends.

“Hello, Frog!” said Moosling.

“Hello, Moosling,” said Frog.

“And good-bye.”

“What?” said Moosling. “Are you flying away, like the birds?”

“I can’t fly. I dig down into the mud,” said Frog. “I’ll sleep there all winter long.”



Then Frog dug down deep into the mud, and she was gone.

First the birds went away, and now Frog was gone. Moosling was beginning to feel sad.

But along came Skunk.

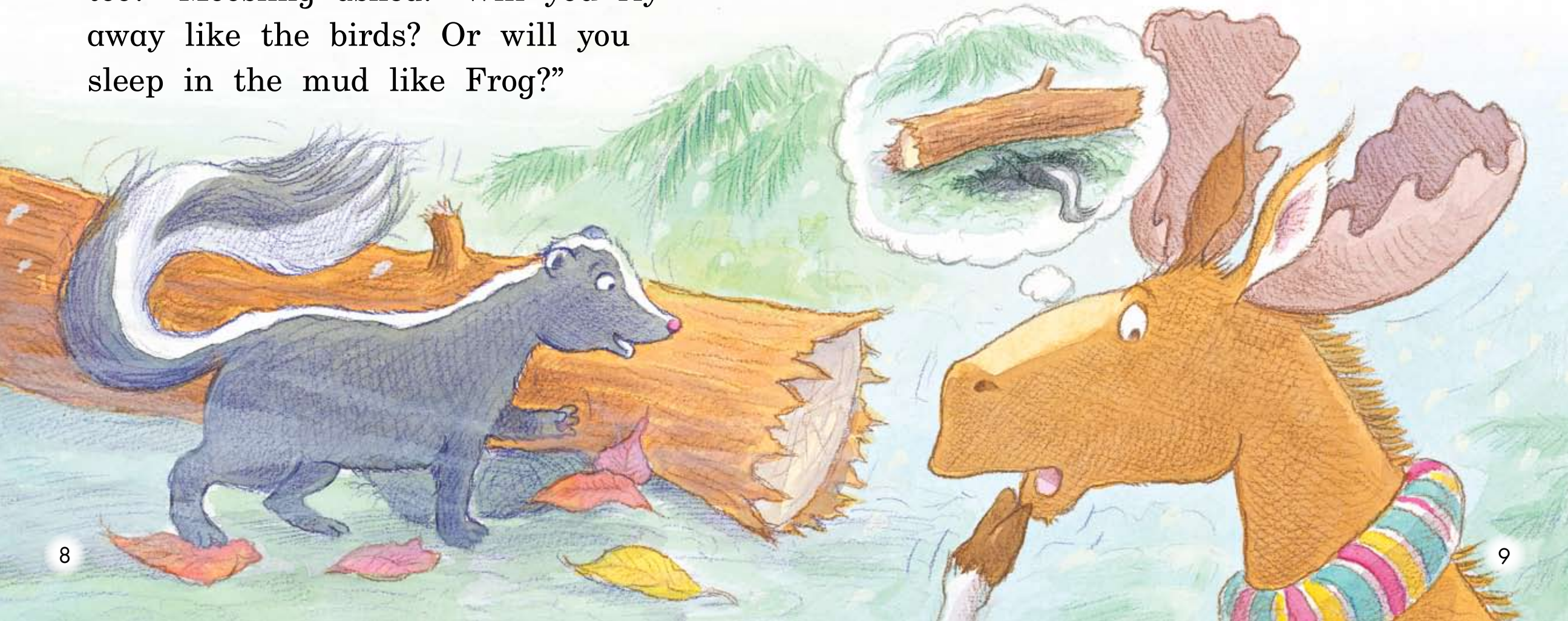
“Hello, Skunk!” shouted Moosling.

“Hi, Moosling,” said Skunk. “I came to say good-bye.”

“Oh, no! Are you going away, too?” Moosling asked. “Will you fly away like the birds? Or will you sleep in the mud like Frog?”

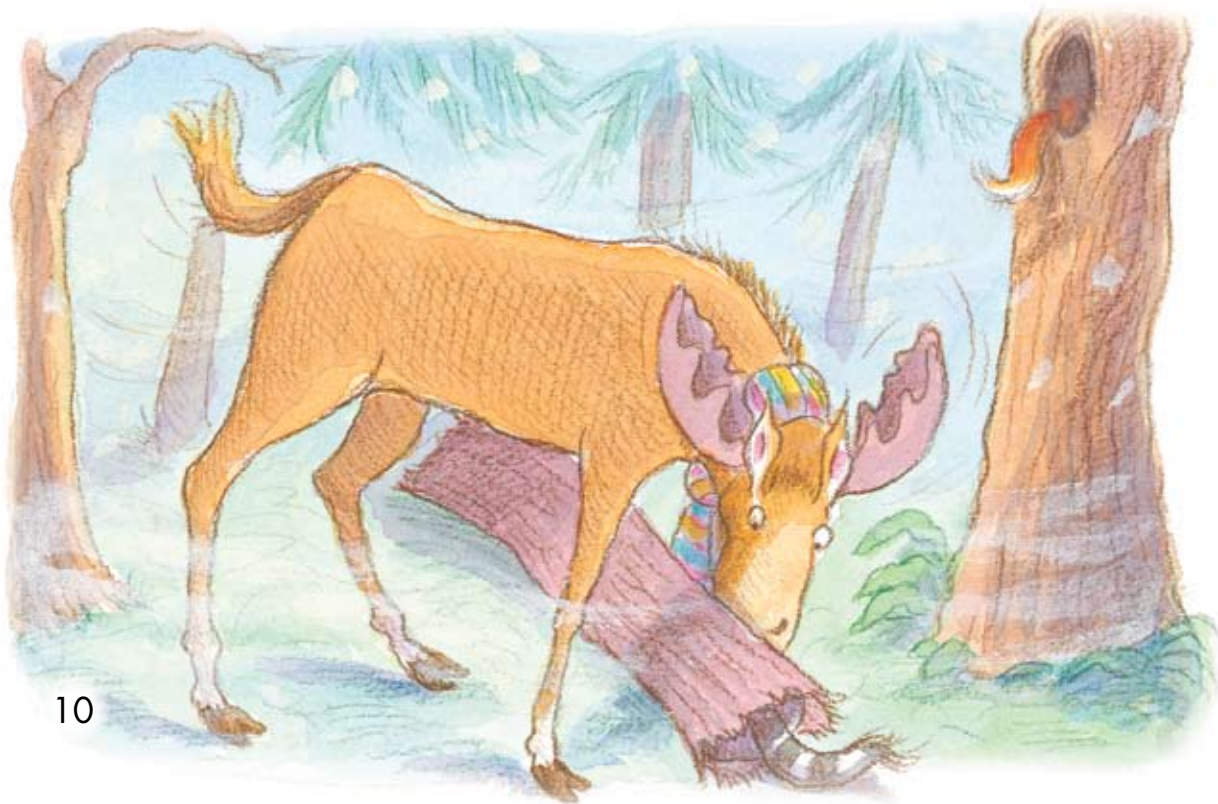
“I don’t fly. And mud is not for me,” said Skunk. “I have a nice little den under a log. I’ll sleep there until it’s warm again.”

Then off he went to his den.



Moosling went to look for his other friends. Raccoon was asleep in a hollow log. Squirrel and her family were asleep in a tree.

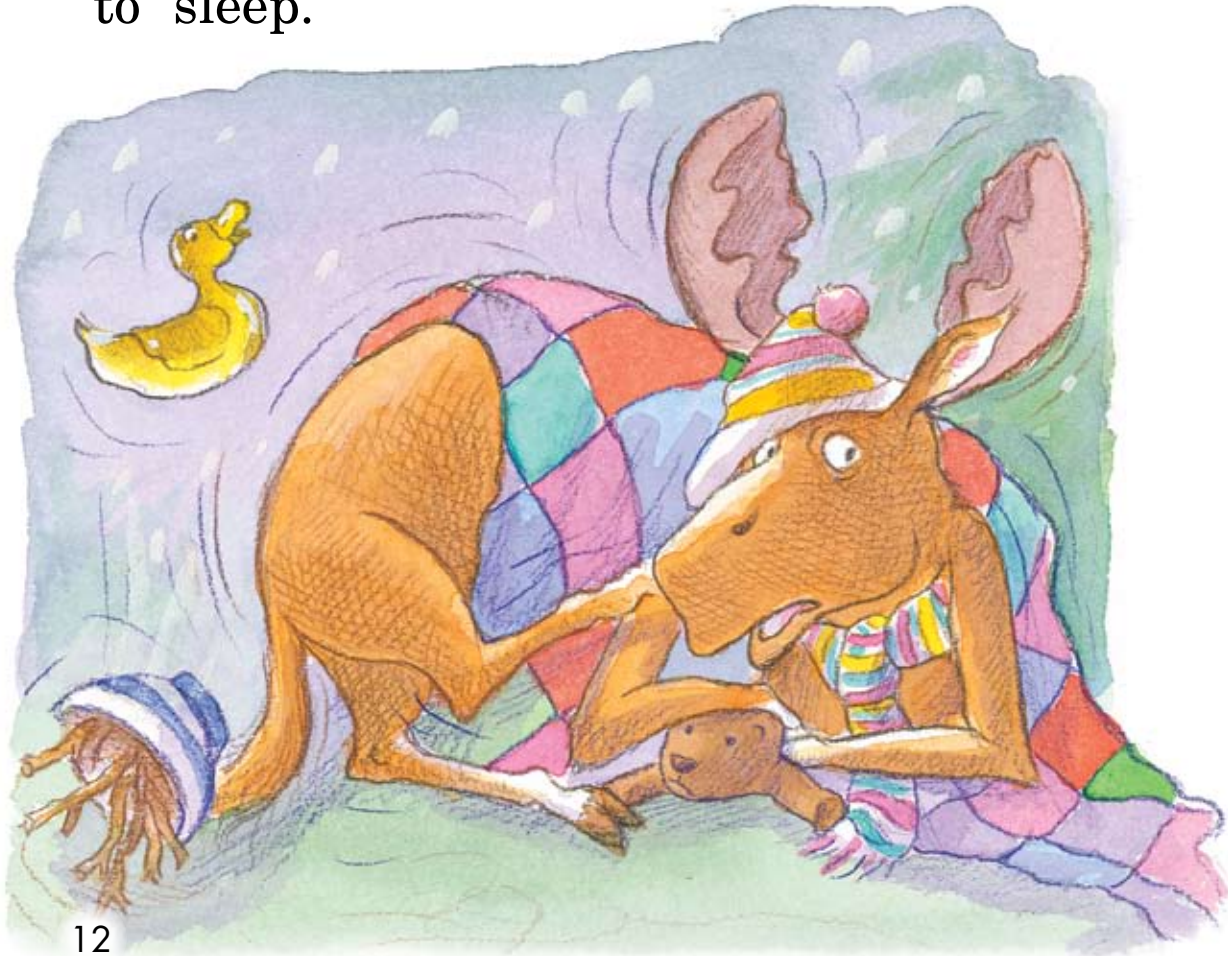
It made Moosling think. Did everyone fly away or go to sleep in winter? It looked like they did. Moosling could not fly. So . . .



. . . he got some of his favorite things. He took them to a nice warm spot.

Moosling tried to sleep. He couldn't. He turned over, and he squeezed his eyes shut.

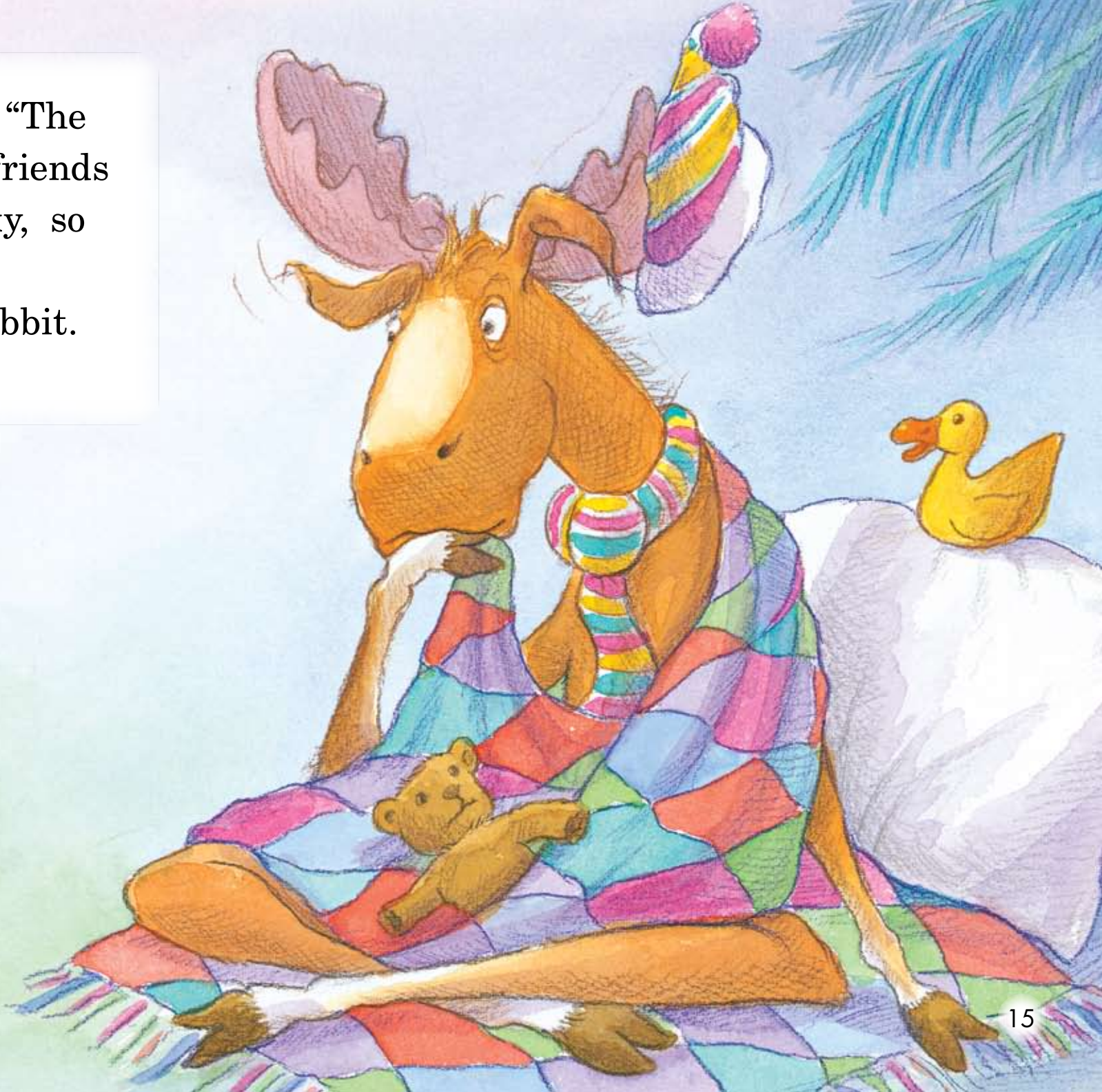
Then he turned over the other way. He tried and he **tried** to go to sleep.



“What’s going on, Moosling?” said Rabbit. “It’s daytime. Why are you in bed?”

“It’s winter,” said Moosling. “The birds are gone, and my other friends are sleeping. I can not fly away, so I am trying to go to sleep.”

“Don’t go to sleep,” said Rabbit. “Come on. I have something to show you.”



“Look!” said Rabbit. “Some of us have **fun** in winter.”

“Hurray!” shouted Moosling. And he ran for the pond.

