

The Playful Chipmunk

Way up high in a Hickory tree lived a chipmunk who liked to play. His best friend was Squirrel, and he lived in the Oak tree beside him. Together they had a lot of fun. They raced up and down the trees, they chased birds, and they told stories.

One day, his friend did not come out to play. He stayed in his tree collecting nuts.

“Come out and play with me,” said Chipmunk.

Squirrel shook his head and kept working. “It’s not time to play. I have to find food,” Squirrel said.

Chipmunk laughed and looked around at all the nuts on the tree and on the ground.

“There is lots of food,” he said.

Squirrel kept working.

Chipmunk watched his friend, but he did no work. He wanted to play. He raced by himself, he chased birds by himself, and he told stories to himself. Chipmunk was sad. Without Squirrel, it was not as fun.

One day, the sun went away. It started to snow. The air was very cold.

Chipmunk couldn’t get out of his home to find food, and he was hungry. He scurried to Squirrel’s home.

When squirrel saw how sad and how hungry he was, he gave him some food.

Chipmunk never forgot how important it was to work and play.