

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7518 STEREO

# MOVING MAKES ME MAGIC!



M  
1992  
J715  
M935  
1979

MUSIC LP

Yvonne Cheek Johnson, Betty Mosley and Joella Mosley

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7518 STEREO

**SIDE 1**

- Band 1 Work Out! The Dancing Poem 4:04
- 2 Move with the Music 3:03
- 3 The Seed 3:36
- 4 Jumping 0:31
- 5 Regina She Fat and I'm Skinny 0:36
- 6 When Uncle T.C. Comes to Town 0:46
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

# MOVING MAKES ME MAGIC!

with Yvonne Cheek Johnson,  
Betty Mosley and Joella Mosley  
acc. by Tom Bergeron and David Mason

*DESCRIPTION OF RECORD*

- A record with a variety of listening and movement activities that will stimulate listeners to participate intellectually, aesthetically, and physically.*
- A record of stories, songs, dramatizations, folk rhymes, poems, and rhythmic activities.*
- A record for improvised and structured responses.*
- A record for groups and individuals.*
- A record with a creative flare that will excite children and their teachers and parents.*
- A record that has cross-cultural appeal.*
- A record that both children and adults will enjoy.*

Producer: Yvonne Cheek Johnson

Performers: Yvonne Cheek Johnson  
Betty Mosley  
Joella Mosley

Stories and Songs by: Betty Mosley and  
Yvonne Cheek Johnson

Poetry written by: Linda Bragg  
JoAnne McKnight  
Charles T. Craig

Musicians: Tom Bergeron—Clarinet, Oboe, Alto Saxophone, Baritone Saxophone, Flute, Piano and Pennywhistle  
David Mason—Percussion Instruments.  
Assisted by Dana Teske and Paul Teske in  
"The Adventures of Peter Bunting."

Recording Engineer: David Lau, The Brookwood Studio,  
Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Goats: Snicker and Bertha  
Cover Design: Betty Mosley  
Cover Script: Kayode Mosley  
Photography: Jerri King

Recorded in 1978 in Ann Arbor, Michigan

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7518 STEREO

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FC 7518

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by Yvonne Cheek Johnson and Betty Mosley

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**CREDITS**

*Producer:* Yvonne Cheek Johnson

*Performers:* Yvonne Cheek Johnson  
Betty Mosley  
Joella Mosley

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*Yvonne Cheek Johnson in a movement workshop for teachers*

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## PERSONS WHO MADE THIS ALBUM POSSIBLE



*Betty Mosley and daughter Joella Mosley*

**Yvonne Cheek Johnson** is a doctoral candidate in music education at The University of Michigan. She loves teaching and has taught on elementary, junior high, and college levels. Her bachelor's and master's degrees are from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. She is an active workshop clinician for colleges and public schools. She has a special interest in movement and dance for children and is fascinated by their response to such activities. She would like to see psychomotor experiences a germane aspect in the lives of both children and adults.

**Betty Mosley** is a freelance artist and writer. She has worked as a radio producer of children's programs, an art historian, a graphic artist, and a script writer. She lives in rural North Carolina with her two children whom, she says, introduce her to a new reality daily. Her educational background is a B.F.A. from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, an M.F.A. in African Art from Howard University.

**Joella Mosley** is a third grader at South Warren Elementary School, Warren County, North Carolina. She writes poetry, is learning to play the piano, and enjoys singing and dancing with her brother, Kayode.

**Tom Bergeron** is a composer as well as an instrumentalist. His main instrument is the alto saxophone but he also plays baritone saxophone, clarinet, flute, piano, and percussion. He has a bachelor's degree in saxophone and theory/composition from the University of New Hampshire and a master's degree in wind instruments from The University of Michigan where he studied with Donald Sinta. He is the co-founder of Antares, a six piece jazz ensemble. He is interested in improvised as a means of integrating the separated perspectives of composers and performers.

**Dave Mason** is a percussionist and drummer who has played in several jazz, rock and funk bands. He has a bachelor's degree in English literature with a minor in music history from Utica College of Syracuse University. Some of his unusual experiences range from being an archeological assistant, excavating the site of a revolutionary war fort in Rome, New York to doing a lot of practicing in the attic of a haunted house in Greenfield, New Hampshire. He is also a writer and artist.

**Linda Bragg** is a poet, lecturer, and faculty member in English literature and creative writing at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

**JoAnne McKnight** is a poet and playwright from Durham, North Carolina.

**Charles T. Craig** is a music consultant from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

**Dana Teske** is a music teacher in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

**Paul Teske** is a senior high school student at Newberry High School, Newberry, Michigan.

Side 1, Band 1: [4:04]

WORK OUT! THE DANCING POEM  
Performed by Joella Mosley  
Written by Joanne McKnight

1.  
Look at me, I'm young and free  
and I'm as happy as can be:

See my feet?  
See my feet?  
So pretty and neat!  
I LOVE MY FEET!

I'm so glad they're a part of me  
Because my feet belong to me!

NOW WORK OUT FEET, WORK OUT!  
NOW WORK OUT FEET, WORK OUT!

2.  
Look at me, I'm young and free  
and I'm as happy as can be:

See my legs?  
See my legs?  
They're here to stay!  
I LOVE MY LEGS!

I'm so glad they're a part of me  
Because my legs belong to me!

NOW WORK OUT LEGS, WORK OUT!  
NOW WORK OUT LEGS, WORK OUT!

3.  
Look at me, I'm young and free  
and I'm as happy as can be:

See my hips?  
See my hips?  
They help me sit!  
I LOVE MY HIPS!

I'm so glad they're a part of me  
Because my hips belong to me!

NOW WORK OUT HIPS, WORK OUT!  
NOW WORK OUT HIPS, WORK OUT!

4.  
Look at me, I'm young and free  
and I'm as happy as can be:

See my waist?  
See my waist?  
It's right in place!  
I LOVE MY WAIST!

I'm so glad it's a part of me  
Because my waist belongs to me!

NOW WORK OUT WAIST, WORK OUT!  
NOW WORK OUT WAIST, WORK OUT!

5.  
Look at me, I'm young and free  
and I'm as happy as can be:

See my hands?  
See my hands?  
They can make a fan!  
I LOVE MY HANDS!

I'm so glad they're a part of me  
Because my hands belong to me!

NOW WORK OUT HANDS, WORK OUT!  
NOW WORK OUT HANDS, WORK OUT!

6.  
Look at me, I'm young and free  
and I'm as happy as can be:

See my arms?  
See my arms?  
They're long and strong!  
I LOVE MY ARMS!

I'm so glad they're a part of me  
Because my arms belong to me!

NOW WORK OUT ARMS, WORK OUT!  
NOW WORK OUT ARMS, WORK OUT!

7.  
Look at me, I'm young and free  
and I'm as happy as can be:

See my chest?  
See my chest?  
Just like the rest!  
I LOVE MY CHEST!

I'm so glad it's a part of me  
Because my chest belongs to me!

NOW WORK OUT CHEST, WORK OUT!  
NOW WORK OUT CHEST, WORK OUT!

8.  
Look at me, I'm young and free  
and I'm as happy as can be:

See my head?  
See my head?  
My mind is fed!  
I LOVE MY HEAD!

I'm so glad it's a part of me  
Because my head belongs to me!

NOW WORK OUT HEAD, WORK OUT!  
NOW WORK OUT HEAD, WORK OUT!

NOW WORK OUT HEAD, WORK OUT!  
NOW WORK OUT HEAD, WORK OUT!

Side 1, Band 2: [3:03]

MOVE WITH THE MUSIC

Read by Yvonne Cheek Johnson  
Music by Dave Mason

Side 1, Band 3: [3:36]

THE SEED

Written and Performed by Yvonne Cheek Johnson

Once a teeny tiny seed wrapped close and wrinkled  
lay sleeping just under the cold ground.  
She slept so soundly  
she hardly knew how cold it was above her.  
One day she felt the ground growing warm and she began to move.  
Slowly, slowly, slowly she twisted and turned,  
twisted and turned.  
Finally she stuck her head above the ground.  
It was spring!  
The air was warm.  
Birds were singing and the smell of flowers was everywhere.  
She wanted to see more.  
So she stretched, and stretched, and stretched  
until she was standing straight and tall.  
The warm breezes felt so good.  
Everytime the breeze would pass she would bow low to the ground,  
because the little seed had turned into a tall blade of grass  
swaying in the wind.  
She swayed to one side.  
Then she swayed to the other  
and she swayed back again.  
Sometimes she swayed so low she felt her sides would crack.  
One day she felt something fluffy growing on top of her head.  
It made her feel so light she wanted to dance!  
Suddenly a strong breeze passed by.  
And she felt herself pulled out of the ground.  
She whirled and turned and somersaulted through the air  
around and around and around.  
Around and around she was tossed and turned . . . .  
Uh oh!  
The wind stopped blowing.  
Her feet were no longer planted in the earth so she began to dry up.  
First her stem curled up. Then her leaves.  
They curled tighter, and tighter, and tighter  
until all at once she crumpled away.  
And where she had lain she left another seed.  
Just under the ground.  
Wrapped close and sleeping.  
Waiting for the ground to warm again.

Side 1, Band 4: [0:31]

JUMPING

Read by Yvonne Cheek Johnson  
Written by Linda Bragg

Jump rope under my feet  
Blue sky over my head  
Sunshine in my pocket  
Evergreen trees and berries red.

Bright-Brown trees of autumn  
Rib-bon blue of yellow  
Counting to one-hundred  
Missed by only one instead.

Jump rope under my feet  
Pavement coming to meet  
Sneakers fast and bouncy

Rats! Come to dinner, Mama said!

Side 1, Band 5: [0:36]

REGINA SHE FAT AND I'M SKINNY

Read by Betty Mosley  
Written by Linda Bragg

Regina she fat and I'm skinny.  
She can't move so fast  
but she still my best friend.  
I say, hurry up, you gon miss the school bus,  
you ninny!

Regina she fat and I'm skinny.  
She be buyin' chocolate candy  
after school every day.  
And she beg the money off me  
when she don't have but one penny.  
Regina she fat and I'm kind of skinny.

Regina she fat and I'm kind of skinny.  
We called Alfred dumb head,  
he chased us good,  
She ain't had no boyfriends  
and I ain't had many.  
Regina she fat and I'm skinny.

Side 1, Band 6: [0:46]

WHEN UNCLE T.C. COMES TO TOWN

Read by Yvonne Cheek Johnson and Betty Mosley  
Written by Linda Bragg

Sometime my Uncle T.C. come to town.  
He gots a bald head  
and wear those little round glasses, you know.  
He gots a big stomach,  
and his belt, it fall down under his belly.  
Uncle T.C. he my favorite uncle.  
Always say, "Now where we goin this time, to the picture  
show or the park?"  
Uncle T.C., he say, "Hey Jean (that's mama), what you  
got cookin'?"  
And then he eat and eat and eat  
and I gets tired waiting  
But he say, "Little folks gots to wait on the big folks."  
But he the best uncle I got.  
Uncle T.C.? He bad.

Side 1, Band 7: [9:00]

THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF, adaptation by Betty Mosley

Read by Betty Mosley  
Goats: Bertha and Snicker  
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Once upon a time, there were three goats and they were  
all named Gruff. There were Big Daddy Gruff (Baa-a-a), Tom  
Teen Gruff (Baa-a-a), and little bitty Baby Gruff (Baa-a-a).  
They loved to graze on a hill side overlooking a stream  
where the grass was especially green, tender, and sweet.  
One day after they had eaten all their stomachs could hold,  
they noticed in the distance another hill covered with grass.  
And that grass looked even more green, tender, and sweet (as the  
grass on the other side always does). Baby Gruff looked at  
Big Daddy and Tom Teen, turned his little nose up in the air  
and sniffed, "I'm going to the other side." In his opinion,  
Big Daddy and Tom Teen Gruff were terribly slow and he simply  
couldn't wait. So he put on his special super baby goat walk  
and started to the other side.

There was just one problem. Between baby goat and the  
grass on the other side was a bridge. And under that bridge  
lived a wicked old troll. Have you ever seen a troll? Well,  
I haven't either, but I've been told that they have big mouths  
and long teeth and are hungary all the time. And they will  
eat anything. And their favorite snack is baby goat spread.  
Of course, Baby Gruff didn't know this until he put his tiny  
feet upon the bridge.

"Augrrrr!" said the troll. "I'm gonna eat you up!"  
(He didn't even say hello.) "I'm gonna grind you up in my baby goat grinder and make some baby goat spread!"

"Oh!" said Baby Gruff, shocked at the very idea.  
"Please don't eat me. I am just a tiny tot. And baby goat spread made from me would only cover one tiny cracker. Another goat Gruff is going to cross this bridge and he's much bigger than I am. Why don't you wait for him and-- and have goat stew instead?"

Well, trolls spend a lot more time eating than thinking, so he thought this was a good idea.

"G'won!" he said. "Just grow some before you come back."

Baby Goat breathed a sigh of relief (whew!) and crossed over to the other side. But not before the troll took a bit from his little foot! (Slurp!) --Just to sample, he said.

Soon after Tom Teen Gruff decided that he too would rather eat the green grass on the other side. And Big Daddy Gruff was so slow, he didn't really want to be seen walking with him. So down he trotted with his special super teen Tom walk.

Just as he put his foot on the bridge--

"Augrrrr!" The troll leaped out. "I'm gonna eat you up! I've got a taste for Tom Teen Gruff goat stew!"

"Tom Teen looked at that big mouth and those long teeth and he knew that he was in BIG trouble.

"Oh, please!" said Tom Teen. "Don't eat me. I haven't even filled out yet. If you'll just wait, there's another bigger goat Gruff who's going to cross this bridge. Why you could have roast leg-of-goat!"

Well, this troll ate more and thought less than most other trolls so he thought that was a good idea.

"G'won!" he said. "And fill out before you cross this bridge again."

Tom Teen goat breathed a sign of relief (whew!) and crossed over to the other side, but not before the troll bit off his little beard! (Slurp!) --Just to sample.

"Oh, no!" cried Tom Teen. It had taken so long to grow it.

A little later, Big Daddy Gruff looked around and saw that he was all alone. And there on the other side were little Baby Gruff and Tom Teen. He couldn't see that part of baby's foot and Tom Teen's beard were gone.

"I think I'll go over too," he said. And he started toward the bridge. Just as he put his great big foot on the bridge, the troll leaped out.

"Augrrrr!" he yelled. I've been waiting for you! I'm hungry enough to eat a big daddy goat. I want a roast leg-of-goat right now!"

Big Daddy Gruff just grinned. And before that troll's eyes could get big, Big Daddy had stomped on him with his great big feet, butted him with his great big head, and tossed him over the bridge--teeth and all! --Except for one tooth that Big Daddy wanted for a keepsake.

When Tom Teen and Little Baby Goat saw what happened they ran down the hill to the bridge.

"You know what, Big Daddy?" said Tom Teen, "That grass wasn't that green."

"And it wasn't that sweet either," added baby goat.

They crossed the bridge again. This time together. And you know what? They liked it better that way.

Side 2, Band 1: [0:58]

#### HAMBONE

Sung by Yvonne Cheek Johnson

Saxophone: Tom Bergeron

Drums: Dave Mason

Hambone, Hambone, where you been?  
Round the world and I'm goin' again.

Hambone, hambone, have you heard?  
Papa's gonna buy you a mocking bird.

If that mocking bird don't sing,  
Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

If that diamond ring don't shine,  
Papa's gonna take you to the five and dime.

Hambone walk and Hambone talk,  
Hambone eat with a shovel and fork.

Left my Hambone by the fence,  
I ain't seen my Hambone since.  
Hambone!

Side 2, Band 2: [1:11]

#### MARY MACK

Performed by Yvonne Cheek Johnson and Betty Mosley  
with handclaps

Mary Mack dressed in black  
Silver buttons go down her back.  
Drink my coffee drink my tea  
All around the neighborhood talk about me.

Some folk say that people won't steal  
But I caught three in my cornfield.  
One had a bushel, one had a peck,  
One had a roastin' ear tied around his neck.

Here's how it goes  
It goes a one . . . it goes a two . . .  
It goes a three and four.

Oh, I asked my mama for fifteen cents  
To see the elephant jump the fence.  
He jumped so high he touched the sky  
He didn't come back 'til

Old lady Dinah sick in bed  
Sent for the doctor and the doctor said  
Come on Dinah, you ain't sick.  
All you need is a hickory stick.  
Just a hickory stick,  
Just a hickory stick.

Side 2, Band 3: [0:40]

#### MY BODY

Read by Yvonne Cheek Johnson

Written by Charles T. Craig

I can make my body stand so high  
I can make my body touch the sky  
I can make my body bend down low  
I can make my body wrap around so  
I can make my body make a sound  
I can make my body turn around  
I can make my body be somebody  
And that somebody is me!

Side 2, Band 4: [3:34]

THE CATERPILLAR

Written and Performed by Betty Mosley

Once there was a creepy crawly little caterpillar  
Who inched his way slowly across a twig  
He crawled slowly along the twig hoping to find a nice juicy leaf.  
The kind he especially liked.

Suddenly he bumped into something, something smooth and green.  
It smelled like a leaf, it felt like a leaf, it was a leaf.  
He opened his mouth wide, wide, wide, wide, and took a great  
big bite.

He chewed, chewed, and chewed 'till he swallowed it down.  
Now he began to eat faster, faster, faster, faster.

--Every leaf he could reach. Every single one in sight.  
Faster, faster, even faster he gobbled it all down.

OOOOH. What a tummy ache!

The little caterpillar could hardly move.

He lay very still and tried to think what he should do.

"I know what," he said. "I'll spin a cocoon."

He held on to a twig just above his head, and began to spin.

He turned around and around, and around and around, around

and around until he was tightly wrapped from head to toe,  
in a nice warm cocoon.

Then he went to sleep.

After a long, long while he began to wake up.

He started to move slowly.

Then he began to yawn.

That cocoon had gotten awfully small and hard.

He had to get out.

He began to tap softly on the cocoon. Then he stretched just  
a little.

He tapped a little harder. Then he stretched a little more.

Then he gave a great big tap. And a great big stretch.

And CRACK the cocoon split in half.

He was free.

And do you know what?

Instead of little bitty worm feet he had six great long legs  
that he kicked and danced with.

And instead of a fuzzy furry skin he had big beautiful wings  
that he spread as wide as he could.

He flapped them up and down.

Into the air he soared turning, gliding, this way and that.

The creepy crawly little caterpillar was now a butterfly.

Side 2, Band 5: [3:39]

STRANGE WALKS

Read by Yvonne Cheek Johnson

Let's see how many ways you can walk?

- |            |             |            |
|------------|-------------|------------|
| 1. Plod    | 7. Lumber   | 13. Toddle |
| 2. Strut   | 8. Meander  | 14. Lope   |
| 3. Stagger | 9. Schuffle | 15. Trot   |
| 4. Stroll  | 10. Slither | 16. Stalk  |
| 5. Limp    | 11. Prance  | 17. POUNCE |
| 6. Scuttle | 12. Saunter |            |

2.

So when you see me coming won't you  
please bring out your banks.

Search through all your pockets,  
On your parents yank, yank, yank!

'Cause I LOVE money!

Kids, I really do!

Won't you trade your quarter

For this plastic kangaroo?

3.

When I've got your money  
and all the pennies in this land,

I'll put them all together  
for something really grand!

NO candy nuggets

Or a plastic Kangaroo.

Spending money on useless junk

I'd just never do!

Side 2, Band 6: [11:00]

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER BUNTING

Written and Read by Betty Mosley

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One day, Peter Bunting, a little person just about your  
size, decided to go for a walk in the woods. Now, he had never  
been in the woods, so he was just a little bit afraid. And his  
footsteps as he walked away from his house sounded like this:

..... He soon came to the very edge of a forest

where he stood, trying to decide which path to take. Three  
paths led into the woods. One path was very skinny and it seemed  
to have lots of twists and turns and bumps and starts. ....

(Clarinet) ..... A second path was quite broad and straight.

..... (Horn) ..... A third path was neither skinny and  
twisting, nor broad and straight. It seemed to curve pleasantly  
here and there as it sloped gently up and down. ....

(Violin) ..... "Maybe," thought Peter, "the leaves will tell  
me which path to take. After all, they do seem to be everywhere."

"Oh, leaves, leaves, shall I take the twisting, skinny path?"

"Shall I take the broad, straight path?"

"Well, shall I take the curving, sloping  
neatly up and down path?"

He took the  
leaves' advice and started boldly along the third path. He had  
not gone very far when he noticed a little animal peeking out at  
him from under a bush behind a tree. The animal was most unusual.  
It was small and round, about the size of a basketball. It had  
rather long, purple hair, green eyebrows, and a nose like an  
elephant's trunk--only much smaller, of course. "Good morning!"  
said the little boy in his friendliest voice. "My name is Peter  
Bunting and I'm going for a walk by myself in these woods. To  
tell you the truth, I'm a little, uh, nervous. Do you know where  
this path leads?"

The small, very unusual animal said nothing, but stepped  
quietly into the path.

"Well, uh, what's your name?" asked Peter Bunting.

..... replied the small animal. "Gee,  
thought Peter, "that's a very different kind of name."

And then do you know what? That most unusual animal fell  
in step right behind Peter. Every time Peter took one step, the  
small animal would take three. (He was, after all, very small.)  
If Peter walked fast, the animal walked just as fast. If he walked  
slow, the animal walked slowly too.

"My," thought Peter, ..... certainly is  
friendly, . . . I guess." And the leaves said .....



Soon Peter and \_\_\_\_\_ came to a bend in the path. And there under a bigger bush, behind a bigger tree in the bend in the path, Peter spotted another pair of eyes, peeking out at him. "Good morning," said Peter in his friendliest voice. "My name is Peter Bunting and I'm going for a walk by myself in these woods even though I'm a little nervous. Do you know where this path leads?" The animal said nothing, but stepped quietly into the path. He was larger than the first animal and he had long green hair, orange eyebrows, and a nose like an elephant's trunk, only a little smaller, of course. "Well, uh, what's your name?" asked Peter. \_\_\_\_\_, said the animal. "Gee, that's a very unusual name," said Peter. And do you know what happened then? The animal fell in step right behind Peter and the first animal. Every time Peter took one step, and \_\_\_\_\_ took three steps, \_\_\_\_\_ would take two steps. Sometimes they walked very fast and other times they walked slowly. "Golly," thought Peter, "\_\_\_\_\_ sure is friendly, . . . I think." And the leaves answered, "\_\_\_\_\_."

Soon Peter, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_ came to another bend in the path. And there under a BIG bush, behind a BIG tree in the bend in the path, Peter spotted another pair of eyes peeking out at him. "Good morning!" said the little boy in his most friendly voice. "My name is Peter Bunting and I'm going for a walk by myself in these woods. I am really nervous. Uh, do you know where this path leads?"

The animal said nothing, but stepped quietly onto the path. He was even larger than the second animal. In fact, he was the very same size as Peter Bunting and he had long blue hair, red eyebrows and a long nose just the size of an elephant's trunk. "Uh, what's your name?" asked Peter. "\_\_\_\_\_", said the animal. "Gee, that's a very strange name," said Peter. And do you know what happened then? The animal fell in step right behind Peter and the first animal and the second animal. Every time Peter took one step, the first animal took three steps, the second animal took two steps, and the third animal took one step, JUST LIKE PETER.

"Gee," said Peter, "\_\_\_\_\_ sure is friendly, . . . I think." And the leaves said, "\_\_\_\_\_."

Peter, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_ came to a REALLY deep bend in the path. And there under a huge bush, behind a huge tree, Peter spotted another pair of eyes peeking out at him. "Good morning," said Peter in his MOST friendly voice. "My name is Peter Bunting and I'm going for a walk by myself in these woods. I'm very, very nervous. Do you know where this path leads?" The animal said nothing, but stepped quietly onto the path. He was really H U G E. He was much bigger than Peter Bunting and all the other animals. He had long red hair, blue eyebrows and a nose longer than an elephant's trunk all covered with green polka dots.

"Uh, what's your name?" gulped Peter. "\_\_\_\_\_", "blasted the animal. "Gosh," said Peter, "that's a VERY impressive name." And do you know what happened then? The huge animal fell in step right behind Peter, \_\_\_\_\_ the first animal, \_\_\_\_\_ the second animal, and \_\_\_\_\_ the third animal. Every time Peter took one step, \_\_\_\_\_ took three steps, \_\_\_\_\_ took two steps, \_\_\_\_\_ took one step, and \_\_\_\_\_ took half a step. "Gee," thought Peter, "\_\_\_\_\_ is really friendly, . . . I THINK."

but because Peter wasn't sure, he walked faster, and still faster, until he was running as fast as he could!

Then \_\_\_\_\_ lifted his long polka dot trunk, opened his great big mouth, and swallowed \_\_\_\_\_. And then he swallowed \_\_\_\_\_; and then he swallowed \_\_\_\_\_. And then he swallowed PETER!

(Hiccup! "That was good!")

Just then, that really huge animal with the polka dot nose tripped over a rock and fell crashing to the ground. RIGHT on TOP of his full fat stomach. Out popped Peter, straight up into the air, over the trees, over the woods, then he was coming down, coming down, coming down, and he landed right in his mommy's arms in his own back yard.

And do you know what? Peter Bunting never took another walk in the woods by himself ever again.