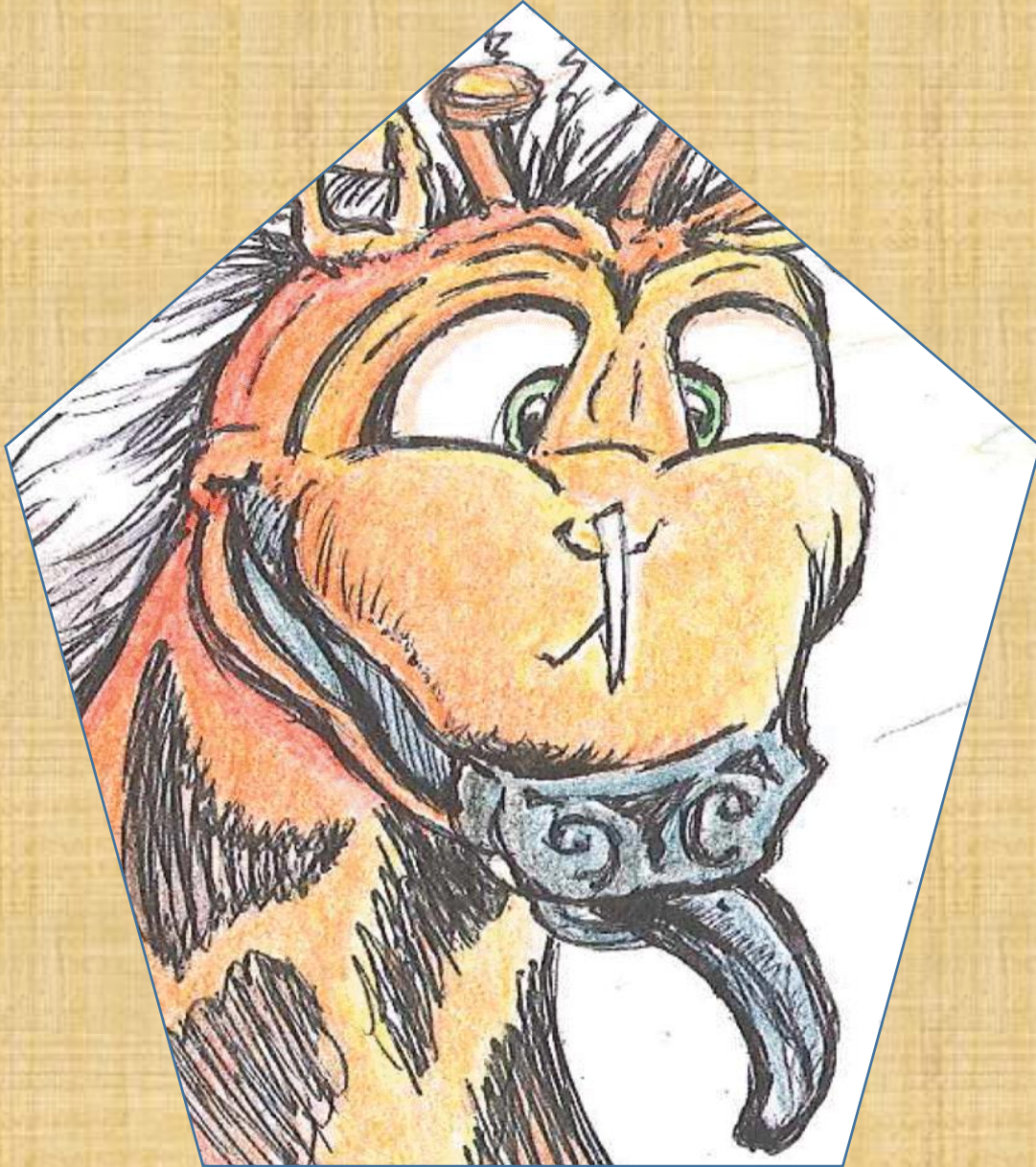


DRAFT
in Progress!
June 2015
NOT
FINISHED!

The Habitat

Mr. Alabaster Crane



Written and Illustrated
by Carol Lee Brunk

This is the third book in the Mr. Alabaster Crane Series.

Description:

It takes on a different view, Mr. Alabaster Crane The Habitat using a philosophical point of view.

Featuring the Walking Stick bug, the Giraffe, grey cat, grey goose and Ratio the vulture and Mr. Alabaster Crane on what is right and the wrong thing to do when it comes to making a decision for themselves and others.

***Those that have read 'Plato', hint look for 'Plato.'
Have they returned to Plato?***

Mr. Alabaster Crane series in order includes:

- 1) Mr. Alabaster Crane, Mister Gold Fish and Mr. Wood Pecker goes to Grandma Alabaster Crane's home.***
- 2) Mr. Alabaster Crane The Dilemma***
- 3) Mr. Alabaster Crane The Habitat***

Mr. Alabaster Crane The Habitat is the third book in the Mr. Alabaster Crane Series.

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The breeze picked up and became a gust pushing the barn door open swirling the loose unbaled hay around.

BANG!

The door opened. It ran fast through the entrance way door opening giving a grand entrance. All he saw from the top toward the ceiling of the stall was grey blur and heard the rush of hay.

THUMP!

The whole stall shook on the one side.

“Hey!” a voice yelled. “Hey!” “Watch where your going that’s my leg!”

“Ooh!” “Ooh!” the grey blue moaned from underneath a pile of hay.

“Hey!” a voice yelled. “That was my leg!” The pile shifted a little. “Cachoo!” The hay flew again from the small pile.

“Your that house cat!” the voice yelled.

“Cachoo!” “Cachoo!” “Cachoo!”

“There’s no train!” “What are you cahooing for!” the voice yelled.

“Your right!” “I’m the house cat!” the grey cat said as he shook his head. Hay fell in front and to the sides of him.

“Fuzzy ball!” “Hey, Fuzzy ball!” “That’s my leg!”

The grey cat looked around blinking then brushed his paw over his head. “Ooops!” he said, “forgot the lick!” He licked the front paw and re-combed his face fluffing up his fur. He took the time to stop wiggle his ears and put his one right paw up over his eye to squint as the bright light of the sun beamed upon his face.

“Didn’t you hear me that’s my leg!”

“You mean this spotted thing?” the cat replied as he paused his paw on top of the black spot in the hay.

“No!” a voice yelled. A hug mammal cow or horse he never saw nudged his face.

SLIMP!!!

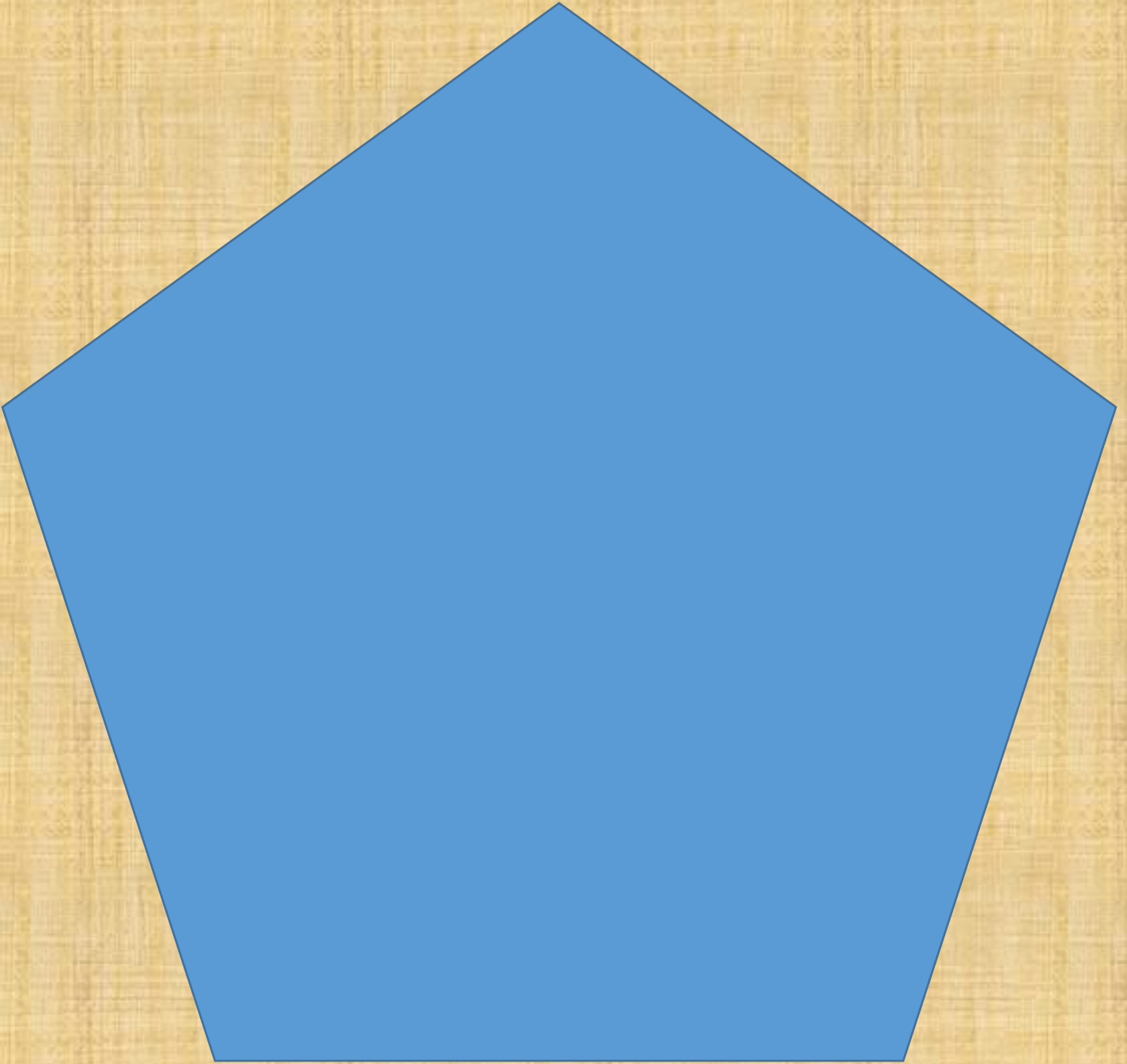
Something long charcoal and sticky wiped across the grey cat’s face.

“Hey!” “That’s my leg!”

The grey cat looked at the cow or horse.

“Horse?” the grey cat asked.

SLIMP!!!!



Something again long charcoal and sticky wiped across his face. The grey cat jumped up, "What was that?"

"Oh, he gave you a kiss that's all."

"What?" the grey cat questioned. Then the grey cat looked directly at the cow/horse and asked, "Horse?"

SLIMP!

Something again long charcoal and sticky wiped across his face.

The grey cat jumped up "What was that for?"

"Oh, he gave you a kiss that's all!"

"What?" the grey cat looked directly at the cow/horse and asked again, "Horse?"

"He's a giraffe!"

"What?" the grey cat looked around.

"Hey!" "That's my leg!" "Will you be more careful?" "I'm right by your ear now!"

The grey cat turned his head and looked around. All there was was hay everywhere. Then movement of one strand of hay near him on the side of the stall wall. The one strand of hay appeared to be walking slowly up the wall of the stall. The grey cat shook his head, rubbed his eyes with his just licked paws.

“Ok...where are you hiding?” the grey cat asked.

“I’m right here,” the voice said

“Right where?” the giraffe asked.

The grey cat looked at the giraffe. “Oops, sorry I touched your leg,” the grey cat said to the giraffe.

“He’s the one that’s complaining.” “Not me..” the giraffe said pointing his head toward the side of the stall in the direction of the one piece of hay that looked as though walking up the stall wall.

“I would not complain but my leg is my body,” it yelled.

“Attached?” the grey cat questioned.

“Attached to what?” the voice yelled.

“Don’t bother him grey cat,” the giraffe commented. “He’s been like that all morning.”

The grey cat watched as the strand of hay appeared to stop and look like it took a seat on the side of the stall wall board a few boards up from the grey cat’s head.

“You can bend?” the grey cat surprised.

“He’s a walking stick bug!” “Sometimes he’s crabie in the morning.”

The grey cat glanced over towards the giraffe and back at the strand of what looked like a bent piece of hay perched upon the board in the stall.

“You’re the walking stick bug?” the grey cat asked.

“Sun’s in your eyes grey cat.” “You ever seen a walking stick bug?”

“Not bent.” “Just taking a rest.” “What you running in here for anyway?” “Didn’t you know it’s early?” the walking stick bug asked. The walking stick bug bent a little farther over pulled out a piece of paper. Unfolded it and began to read. The grey cat shook his head and pawed his ear in disbelief. The walking stick bug continued to bend a little farther over and peer at the cat.

“You look as though your going to snap?” the giraffe commented.

“Where’d you get the paper?” the grey cat asked.

“It’s not a paper,” the walking stick bug pulled it down peered over the top until a little tip of a stick stuck out. “It’s a list.”

“A list,” the walking stick bug said, again. Then he pulled the paper on both sides really fast!

SNAP! SNAP! the paper sounded. He pulled it up so all the grey cat and the giraffe saw was the paper. His head was now hidden from their view.

“What’s on the list?” the grey cat asked.

Before the giraffe could answer for the walking stick bug 'It's none of your business' the walking stick was peering again over the top of the paper.

"Got your attention?" the walking stick bug asked.

"Yeah," the grey cat said.

"He's crabby in the morning," the walking stick bug said looking over at the giraffe.

"Uhhummm...," the giraffe said.

"You could be a little more...less crabby in the morning." The giraffe looked directly at the walking stick bug and put his nose up into the air to rest it on the top of the walking stick's paper.

"I hope I don't sneeze," the giraffe said to the walking stick bug.

"Not good to get blown away this morning," the grey cat commented.

"Not funny," the walking stick bug commented pulling down his paper to look at the giraffe.

"Coffee?" the walking stick bug asked.

"I need some coffee," the walking stick bug commented.

"Sorry, they won't let me take that into the barn," the grey cat said.

“And besides how would you be able to drink coffee?” “You’re a walking stick bug?”

The walking stick bug folded up his paper and folded the paper and folded the paper till it was so small that the grey cat and giraffe thought it disappeared.

“No coffee?” the walking stick bug questioned. Then slumped his short stick bug body but he did not bend.

“You look a little wrinkled,” the giraffe said.

“It’s morning and the coffee for this walking stick bug starts out the day better with a hot cup.” “Wrinkled?” the walking stick bug questioned as he looked over at the giraffe.

“It just looks funny,” the giraffe commented with a pause then continued, “You look like you’re a little wrinkled because your slumping and so small!”

The walking stick bug straightened up. He stood up. From what the giraffe could see it looked like a small straw standing by itself on top of the stall board in the stall barn. “So, what you looking at?” the walking stick bug asked.

“You,” the grey cat commented.

“Me?” the walking stick bug asked.

“It’s just I’ve never had a conversation with a bug before,” the grey cat stated.

“And...”the walking stick bug commented.

“Didn’t mean to upset anything,” the grey cat said.

“”House cat?” the giraffe questioned. “What was the hurry?”

“Oh!” the grey cat meowed. (start page 6 written notes)

“Farmer!” the grey cat yelled.

CRASH! BANG! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

“What was that?” the giraffe asked.

The walking stick bug was hanging on the board.

“Ooops, sorry,” the giraffe said, “Breathed to hard.”

The giraffe watched as the walking stick bug inch itself up and back to the top of the board.

“Thanks, no apology accepted,” the walking stick bug said.

“That noise must be that barn door again,” the walking stick bug said.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

“There it goes again,” the grey cat said.

“I’ll take a peek,” the giraffe said.

“Hey!” there was a pause. “Hey !” there was another pause . “You two!” the walking stick bug yelled. The giraffe leaned back and curved his long neck around the corner of the stall in the barn out into the hall. Eyes got wider as he gazed and a small grey cat peeked his fuzzy little head around the corner almost at the same time. They gazed down at the end of the barn hallway in the same direction.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

“It’s the barn door again,” the grey cat said.

The giraffe smiled. SLIMP! A long charcoal sticky tongue combed over the back of the cat’s head.

“Hey,” the grey cat look back. The giraffe chuckled.

(start pg 7 on written notes)

“My head’s all wet!” the grey cat said licking his paw and combing the back of his head.

The giraffe chuckled.

“Hey, you two!” a voice yelled from inside the stall.

“What?”the grey cat and giraffe said in unison.

“Don’t,” the voice laughed real hard. “Don’t kiss the walking stick bug.”

The cat and giraffe looked at each other and laughed.

“Ok”, the grey cat and giraffe replied in unison. Both smiled.

The walking stick bug sat back down on the board, “Well?” he yelled.

“What?” the grey cat and giraffe replied in unison.

“The walking stick bug got a little impatient and yelled, ”Is it the barn door or not!”

“Barn door,” the grey cat calming replied.

The walking stick bug pulled out something from his side pocket. With a shake of his stick arm and the wind...

SNAP!

The whole huge paper appeared before him bigger than the walking stick bug- it was note book paper size. The walking stick bug pulled it up close in front of himself with only a little bent stick showing out from underneath while he was perched upon the stall wall board- two of his stick feet showed.

“The list,” the walking stick bug said.

SNAP!

SNAP!

The walking stick bug pulled on the sides of the paper.

“Just making sure it’s unfolded completely,” said the voice from behind the paper.

The giraffe look looked over in the direction of the walking stick bu. “Walking stick bug?” the giraffe asked still curled up in the stall on the floor.

