

EDITION 3

**D**orothy And

Her Little Flying



**M**onkeys

by Carol Lee Brunk



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**D**orothy picked up a little flying monkey.


“Oh.” “What shall I name you?”  
Dorothy said as she held the little flying monkey with one hand on each side of the little flying monkey’s body.

The monkey, slightly flapped and smiled at Dorothy.

 “ou’re so cute.” “You, I’m

naming you Ted,” she said. “Off you go...,” and she lifted the little monkey slightly and gave him a little toss upward to help him fly.

“Your name is Ted,” she said as she watched the little flying monkey take off towards the trees.


h, another flying little monkey,”

Dorothy said. Another flying little monkey floated to a stop and sat in front of Dorothy on the window ceil.

“What shall I name you?” Dorothy said. Dorothy picked up the little flying monkey and held him out in front of her.

“I shall name you Ned,” Dorothy said and she gave the small flying monkey a slight toss up into the air. The monkey flapped its wings in front of her.

“Your name is Ned,” Dorothy said as she watched the little flying monkey fly off towards the trees.


h, my,” Dorothy said. “Another

small flying monkey.” “I shall call you...” Dorothy smiled as she picked up another little flying monkey that flew in and sat on the window ceil.

She started her conversation with the small flying monkey over again.

“Your name is Mike,” Dorothy said and slightly tossed the little flying monkey into the air. He hovered and flapped in the air.

“Your name is Mike,” Dorothy said. Dorothy watched as the little flying monkey took off towards the trees. As she was about to turn into her kitchen another little flying monkey appeared and sat on the window ceil.


“Oh,” Dorothy said excited.

“Another little flying monkey.” “This is fun.” “I shall name you ummm,” she trailed in thought while she looked into the trees out the window.

She counted ten, twenty, forty, eighty.

Then, with her finger she pointed to count more...one hundred. And she kept counting...

“Oh my,” Dorothy said. “Five hundred little flying monkeys to name.”

“Oh,” Dorothy said as she smiled

and picked up the little flying monkey  
in the window ceil.


“Your name is...Frank,” Dorothy said  
and she lifted up the little flying  
monkey and slightly tossed  
him upward. He flapped his wings and  
Dorothy announced, “Your name is  
Frank.”

She watched as the little flying monkey  
as he flew off into the trees. “So many  
flying little monkeys to name.”


**I**t was the end of the week when all five hundred little flying monkeys were named.

They were all in the berry trees and they hopped up and down. The berry trees shook. Berries flew in all directions from the trees.

“Eeee.” “Aaawww!” “Eeee.” “Eeee.”  
Eee.” “Aaww.” The little flying monkeys chimed as they bounced the limbs of the berry trees.

“Oh!” “Noooo!” Dorothy yelled.

Dorothy opened up the closet door in the kitchen and grabbed a stack of buckets and ran outside.

 “oooh!” “Monkeys!” “Flying

monkeys...help me put all the berries in the buckets,” Dorothy sang.

She sang again and all the little flying monkeys flew down from the branches. They filled the buckets up.

Dorothy went back in and got more buckets. She put them out for the little flying monkeys.


Dorothy ran back into the house with several filled buckets of berries and started to make berry pies.

**T**

he little flying monkeys jumped

up and down in the yard. All the  
buckets were filled.

Dorothy pulled four berry pies out of  
the oven and put them into a pie  
cabinet cooler.

“Oh, that smells so good,”

Dorothy said excited.

The little flying monkeys stopped jumping up and down and flew near the open window of the kitchen.

**O**ooh!" Dorothy said. "Are you  
hungry?"

**T**



hree little flying monkeys

jumped up and down on the window  
ceil hooted and hollered.

**Y**ou are all hungry,” Dorothy

said. “I have some berry pies to share with you,” Dorothy said and she sliced up all four pies into small pieces.

She opened up the kitchen cupboard and filled about fifty plates with small pieces of berry pies.

**O**h, nooooo!” Dorothy said. “I  
have not enough pies.”

**D**orothy served the little flying monkeys and gave them each a plate.

They flew off in the berry trees with their treat.

More, flew in and stopped at the window ceil.

Fifty plates later, Dorothy announced, "I need to make more pies."

**D**orothy happily grabbed more

filled buckets of berries and made more pies.

The little flying monkeys took turns.

Three at a time, little flying monkeys got a pie slice on a plate from Dorothy.

**H**appily, Dorothy made pies and


handed the treat out on plates to all the little flying monkeys.

Dorothy sat in the kitchen tired at the kitchen table and ate one last piece of berry pie.

The plater baking dishes stacked in the sink, counter and kitchen table. Dorothy looked outside the window.

The little flying monkeys were quiet.

The breeze blew through the berry trees and shook the branches. The little flying monkeys chattered and threw their plates into the air.

“Oh!” No!” Dorothy cried. “Look at all those dishes!” “I’ve got to wash five hundred plates.” “Wow!” “What a lot of work.”

**D**orothy yelled from her window

ceil, “Little flying monkeys bring me your plates so I may wash them.”

Dorothy watched five hundred little flying monkeys fly into the air and flutter down to the ground. Each little flying monkey grabbed a plate.

All the plates were flown over to Dorothy’s window and placed on the window ceil.

Dorothy carted pile after pile of dishes into the kitchen from the window ceil.

**W**ow!" Dorothy said, "How am I  
to get all these dishes done?"

**T**

here was a knock at the front  
door.

Dorothy yelled behind her as she ran from the kitchen, "I'll be right back my little flying monkeys."

**H**ello," Dorothy said as she  
opened the front door.

**H**i, we got a delivery for you  
from the town's people," the  
department man said.

**W**hat kind of delivery?" Dorothy  
asked.




“A huge dish washer.” “It’s a gift.” “A thank you,” the department store man said.

**W**hat?" Dorothy asked.

**T**he department store man said,

“It’s a thank you for feeding all the flying little monkeys.” “They stopped throwing bananas at everybody in town.” “I guess they like berry pie.” “The whole town, I think walked by the last couple of days and watched you feed the little flying monkeys.”

 Oh, thank you," Dorothy said.

Dorothy let the department store man  
in the back door.

A new conveyor belt dish washer was  
turned on and Dorothy watched as the  
belt pulled in the dirty dishes and clean  
dried emerged on the opposite side.

**O**h, thank you,” Dorothy said to  
the department man as he left through  
the front door.


**F**lying little monkeys,” Dorothy  
said sweetly, “Here I come back.”

Dorothy ran back into the kitchen.


**I**t was a few weeks later.

A knock at Dorothy's front door was answered by Dorothy.

"Hello," Dorothy said.

**I** “I’ve got a delivery for you.” “It will  
  
fit nice in your kitchen,” the  
department man said.

**B**ut you already delivered the  
dish washer,” Dorothy said.

**I** “It’s not a dish washer, it’s a  
 conveyor oven,” the department man  
said and went around towards the  
back door.

Dorothy ran towards the kitchen.

He knocked on the back door.

Dorothy opened the back door.

**I**’t’s for feeding the little flying monkeys.” “They started throwing bananas at everybody in town again.”

“Please Dorothy, accept the conveyor oven to make berry pies for the little flying monkeys,” the department man said.

**O**h, but I've run out of berries,"

Dorothy said.

**W**e've got a truck bringing you

berries and supplies to make berry  
pies," said the department man.

**O**  
“Oh!” Dorothy said and was very  
excited.

**J**ust contact us at this number if you need anything else,” the department man said and he handed Dorothy a business card.

The department man placed the conveyor oven in the kitchen and turned the conveyor on.

Three little flying monkeys appeared on the window ceil of Dorothy’s kitchen window.

**T**here you are,” Dorothy said.

“The department man gave us a gift from the town.”

The three little flying monkeys jumped up and down chiming “Oooo!” “Oooo!” “Oooo!”

**T**

he department man turned

toward Dorothy and said, "They really don't like bananas..." "I guess."

**D**orothy smiled and said “That’s  
Mike, Ned and Frank.”

She pointed at the three little flying  
monkeys that sat on the kitchen  
window ceil.

**T**hank you,” Dorothy said. “They  
need some tree houses made.” “I  
named all five hundred little flying  
monkeys.”

Dorothy smiled.

**T**hat sounds like a great idea  
Dorothy,” the department man said.

The supply truck entered the backyard.

**C**ome back in an hour and you  
can have berry pie with us,” Dorothy  
said.

**M**ake plenty,” the department

man said. “So, the whole town can enjoy.” “The town’s bringing lunch to you this afternoon.” “We’ll help you make berry pies to feed all the little flying monkeys and make plans to build some tree houses for them.”

**D**orothy smiled and was excited.

**D**orothy,” the department man  
said as he left, “those little flying  
monkeys don’t like bananas for real.”

**D**orothy, the department man and

the whole town had a great lunch. They ate berry pie that Dorothy made with the town and enjoyed it with all five hundred little flying monkeys.

Treehouses were going to be made for all the little flying monkeys.

Dorothy smiled a lot and was very excited.

**T**

he town no longer fed the

imaginary little flying monkeys  
bananas. But they really liked berry  
pie.

And Dorothy picked up every little  
flying monkey every day and called  
each by their name.

“Five hundred little flying monkeys,”  
Dorothy said excited. “I am the  
luckiest town member with unlimited  
berries for berry pies.”

**T**he end,” Dorothy said and  
smiled as she lifted upward and  
released a little flying monkey so he  
would fly.



