

Mr. Alabaster Crane,

Mister Gold Fish and



Mr. Wood Pecker
goes to
Grandma Alabaster
Crane's

home

Written
and
illustrated
by
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Description

Promoting a healthy imagination!

Mr. Alabaster Crane , Mister Gold Fish and Mr. Wood Pecker goes to Grandma Alabaster Crane's is about fictional characters of bird origin and one of fish origin. They take on humanistic qualities and become friends in a circle of life situation- in a normal environment the birds are considered carnivorous in a carnivorous situation of a food chain referred to as the circle of life.

Mr. Alabaster Crane has the stuffy wuffy's. Grandma Alabaster Crane is as interesting character that tries to figure out Mister Gold Fish's needs while tending to Mr. Alabaster Crane's stuffy wuffy's and playing host to Mr. Wood Pecker.

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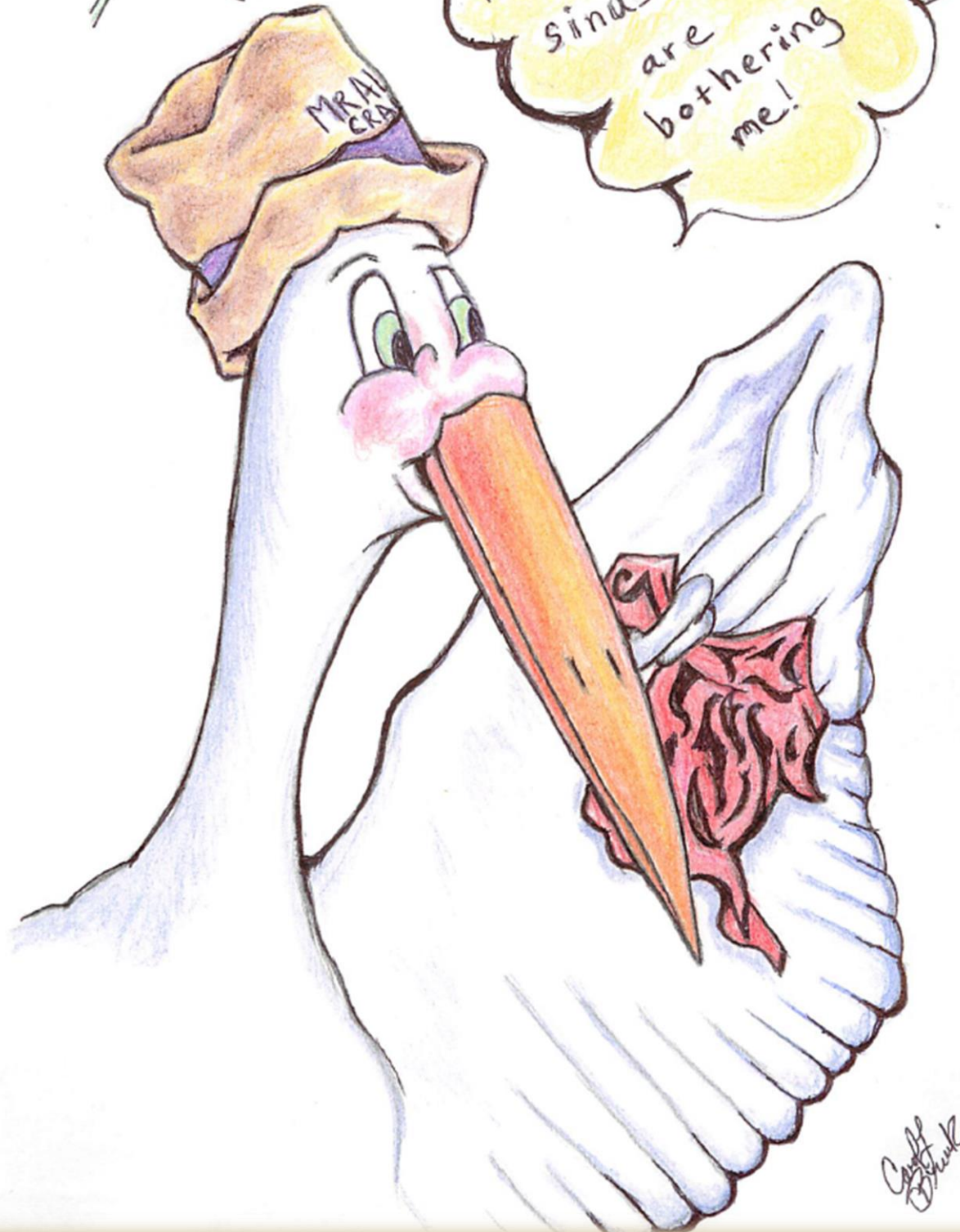
United States

*Written and Illustrated by
Carol Lee Brunk*

Introducing:
Mr. Alabaster Crane
Mr. Wood Pecker
Mister Gold Fish
And
Grandma Alabaster Crane

Mr. Alabaster Crane...

THE
Stuffy
wuffy's



Mr. Alabaster Crane

Mr. Alabaster Crane, Mister Gold Fish and Mr. Wood Pecker goes to Grandma Alabaster Crane's Home

"If the sky wasn't there, where would we be?" Mr. Alabaster Crane asked. He stretched his long neck reaching for the sky. "I'm a little bit nasally today," Mr. Alabaster Crane stated. Mr. Alabaster Crane craned and stretched his neck again toward the sky. "Mister Gold Fish?" "How's your afternoon going?"

Mr. Gold Fish's little message bubble floated up from the small pond. The bubble popped as it hit the surface and said, "Nice today." Another bubble reached the top of the water and popped. This time the voice bubble popped asked, "You on a diet today Mr. Alabaster Crane?" The crane nodded his head up and down in a rapid movement. Mr. Alabaster Crane stretched his neck again toward the sky.

"Mister Gold Fish?" "Mister Gold?" Mr. Alabaster Crane asked looking up toward the sky. Mr. Gold Fish swam in circle looking up.

"Yes!" was the next bubble that voiced at the surface of the pond from Mister Gold Fish.

"My sinuses are bothering me," Mr. Alabaster Crane stated.

Mister Gold Fish swam around in circles and another bubble popped at the surface and voiced, "It might be an all-weather day that got to you, Mr. Alabaster Crane." "Did you wear your sweater that Mr. Wood Pecker tailored for you?" Mister Gold Fish asked.

Mr. Alabaster Crane slumped his shoulders and said sadly, "I might have." "Well, yes, I did." "But, I still have the stuffy wuffy nose drips as Grandma Alabaster Crane calls them."

"Grandma Alabaster Crane got any home get well ideas for the stuffy wuffy nose drips?" asked a bubble voice from Mister Gold Fish that popped at the top of the water's surface.

"The stuffy wuffy's are Grandma Alabaster Crane's special caring." "Grandma Alabaster Crane makes the best hot chocolate for the stuffy wuffy's," stated Mr. Alabaster Crane. Mr. Alabaster Crane bent his neck down toward the ponds water's edge to where Mister Gold Fish was swimming in circles. Mister Gold Fish darted to the left then darted to the right really fast. Mister Gold Fish's bubble popped at the surface of the water again and voiced while swimming rapidly back and forth, "Are you on a diet Mr. Alabaster Crane?"

Mr. Alabaster Crane picked his head up from the water's edge from viewing Mister Gold Fish and nodded his head again up and down in a rapid movement. Mister Gold Fish slowed down and swam at a slower pace.

"Mr. Gold Fish do not worry." "I am still on a diet!" "No more fish for me!" "I don't like to eat fish Mr. Gold Fish." "They stick in my throat." They are just too hard to swallow." "Did you know that Mister Gold Fish?" Mr. Alabaster Crane said to calm down his friend Mister Gold Fish.

Mister Gold Fish turned to his side in the water so he could see his friend Mr. Alabaster Crane standing on the ponds edge. Another bubble at the surface popped and voiced to Mr. Alabaster Crane, "I don't want to be a fish out of water today, Mr. Alabaster Crane."

"Oh, No!" Mr. Alabaster Crane exclaimed then continued, "Mister Gold Fish you are safe with me." Mr. Alabaster Crane stretched his neck toward the sky to try to inhale in fresh air, "I hate the stuffy wuffy's Mister Gold Fish." "It's so hard to breath with the stuffy wuffy's," Mr. Alabaster Crane stated.

Tap! Tap! Tap! A noise from a group of trees sounded.

"Hey, Mr. Alabaster Crane," a voice from above tweeted. Mr. Alabaster Crane stretched neck and his head over to the left toward a group of trees looking into the lower branches.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Oh, Mr. Wood Pecker it's so nice to see you." "How was your flight?" Mr. Alabaster Crane said looking at Mr. Wood Pecker hammering away on the trunk of a tree nearby

Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Sounds like you got the stuffy wuffy's," Mr. Wood Pecker stated as he continued to knock on a tree branch with his beak.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Looking for dinner?" Mr. Alabaster Crane asked.

"Yes," Mr. Wood Pecker stated.

Mister Gold Fish got curious and a small bubble popped at the top of the water's surface," Mr. Wood Pecker, are you on a diet?" Mr. Wood Pecker laughed and said, "No, Mister Gold Fish." "I'm not on a diet." "I eat bugs- not fish."

Mr. Gold Fish swam around in a circle as to stay nearby his friends. Mr. Alabaster Crane tried to breath in but the stuffy wuffy's were really bothering him. A bubble popped and voiced at the top of the water's surface again and asked, "How about some hot chocolate?"

"Hot chocolate?" Mr. Alabaster Crane asked. "Are you treating today, Mister Gold Fish?"

Mister Gold Fish swam to the left and to the right at a slow pace peacefully watching Mr. Alabaster Crane from under the water. Another bubble popped at the surface of the water from Mister Gold Fish, "OH, Mr. Alabaster Crane, I can't cook!" Mister Gold Fish began to dart back and forth rapidly in the water. Another bubble popped and voiced at the surface, "It's not in my nature."

"It's time I take you for a short flight with me," Mr. Wood Pecker said. "I'll get us some hot

chocolate.” “It’ll be good but probable not as good as Grandma Alabaster Crane’s.”

“You going to make me some hot chocolate?” asked Mr. Alabaster Crane.

Another bubble popped at the surface this time splashing in Mr. Alabaster Crane’s face and voiced, “It’s not such a good idea for me to cook, Mr. Alabaster Crane.” Mister Gold Fish swam around in a circle slowly and smiled to himself. Mister Alabaster Crane nodded his head up and down in a rapid movement.

Mr. Alabaster Crane snorted a big huge sloppy snort and shook his head back and forth rapidly. “Oh, I hate the stuffy wuffy’s,” Mr. Alabaster Crane said. “I don’t know if I can fly right now.” “It’s much too hard to breath in with the stuffy wuffy’s.” “Hummm...I wonder if Grandma Alabaster Crane is home?” Mr. Alabaster Crane paused then stated, “Let us go to Grandma Alabaster Crane’s home, Mr. Wood Pecker.”

Mr. Alabaster Crane snorted snuffled his stuffy wuffy nose. Then he tossed his cranny head side to side in a rapid movement.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Mr. Wood Pecker stopped tapping on the nearby tree and responded to Mr. Alabaster Crane, “Ok.” “Let us go get some hot chocolate at Grandma Alabaster’s home.” “Are you ready Mr. Alabaster Crane to go to Grandma Alabaster Crane’s home?”

Mr. Alabaster Crane shook his head up and down rapidly. Then he tossed his head side to side rapidly. “Oh, Mr. Wood Pecker... the stuffy wuffy’s ...I hate the stuffy wuffy’s, Mr. Wood Pecker.” Mr. Alabaster Crane snorted again and stretched his neck toward the sky trying to breath in some fresh air. Then he shook his head to the right then the left rapidly.

Mister Gold Fish was listening from below the water’s surface and continued to swim nearby slowly in a circle. A bubble popped and splashed against Mr. Alabaster Crane’s knee that voiced, “I’m not a hot chocolate drinker kind of gold fish.” “Otherwise, I would accompany you.”

“Grandma, Alabaster Crane lives on the opposite side of the pond.” “You can swim along with us Mister Gold Fish as we walk over to Grandma Alabaster’s home.” “We will stay close to the water’s edge so you can see us while we walk.” Mr. Alabaster Crane said. Mr. Gold Fish started darting back and forth in the water. He jumped out of the water arced himself in the air then splashed right back in.

A bubbled popped at the surface and voiced, “Wow!” “I almost thought I had the stuffy wuffy’s for a moment when I jumped out into the air.” “I’ll follow close behind under water Mr. Alabaster Crane.” “It is a lot easier for me to breath in air in the water because I have gills.”

Mr. Alabaster Crane started to walk toward Grandma Alabaster’s home on the other side of the pond. Mr. Wood Pecker took flight hopping from tree to tree pecking on the way.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Mr. Wood Pecker...



Mr. Wood Pecker

"Mr. Wood Pecker?" asked a bubble that popped and voiced at the surface of the pond from Mister Gold Fish during the walk. Mr. Wood Pecker took flight and flew down toward the water's edge walking then hopping every few steps to keep up with Mister Gold Fish. Mr. Alabaster Crane snorted snuffled and darted his head up and down rapidly as he walked from behind Mr. Wood Pecker that was talking to Mister Gold Fish through the water's surface.

"Yes, Mister Gold Fish?" asked Mr. Wood Pecker peering into the water as he walked by the water's edge.

A bubble floated from the water's surface and popped that voiced, "Mr. Alabaster hates the stuffy wuffy's." "Can you make sure Mr. Alabaster Crane gets some hot chocolate at Grandma Alabaster Crane's home?" "He's not craning his neck out to well today." "I just can't cook!"

Mr. Alabaster Crane kept walking toward Grandma Alabaster Crane's home slowly behind Mr. Wood Pecker and Mister Gold Fish that continued to chat ahead of him.

"Sure, I can do that," said Mr. Wood Pecker and continued on speaking. "He's just not healthy right now," "His stuffy wuffy's will go away with Grandma Alabaster Crane's hot chocolate." "I'm sure of it," Mr. Alabaster Crane could hear Mr. Wood Pecker and Mister Gold Fish talking ahead of him and smiled.

"We are almost to Grandma Alabaster Crane's home Mister Gold Fish and Mr. Wood Pecker," Mr. Alabaster Crane called out to them as they continued to walk ahead and get near Grandma Alabaster Crane's home.

"Just look at how high Grandma Alabaster's cat-tail home grew this year," said Mr. Alabaster Crane to Mister Gold Fish and Mr. Wood Pecker as he pointed his stuffy wuffy craned head over to the cat-tails growing high among the pond's edge just a few steps away where they were standing. "Wow, isn't it big." "I sure hope Grandma Alabaster Crane is home."

"Hey, Mr. Alabaster Crane," a familiar voice chirped out from the cat-tails. A long snooted orangish-red beak poked out from the cat-tails ahead.

"Grandma Alabaster!" A voice bubbled broke at the top of the water's surface in a loud voice.

"Yes," Grandma replied smiling in delight to see Mr. Alabaster Crane, Mr. Wood Pecker and Mister Gold Fish.

"Are you on a diet?" a panic voice bubble popped at the surface from Mister Gold Fish that darted back and forth in a rapid movement.

"Oh, I heard you Mister Gold Fish." Grandma Alabaster Crane calmly stated then continued, "I am today." "Don't worry Mister Gold Fish." "I ate lunch already today." As Grandma Alabaster Crane turned toward them she asked, "Would you care for a hot chocolate with me, Mr. Alabaster Crane and Mr. Wood Pecker?"

Mister Gold Fish darted back and forth rapidly. A voice bubbled in excitement at the top of the water's surface from Mister Gold Fish, "Not today!" "Grandma Alabaster Crane!" "It's not in my

Mister Gold Fish...



Mister Gold Fish

nature." "But, I thank you anyway." Mister Gold Fish then continued, "I came along to make sure my friend Mr. Alabaster Crane feels better soon."

Grandma Alabaster Crane walked out from the cat-tails craning her neck back and forth in a rapid movement. She craned her neck straight out in front of her body looking over at Mr. Alabaster Crane. Slowly she craned her neck up to where Mr. Alabaster's Crane's neck was up in the air. He was trying to breath threw the stuffy wuffy's in his nose. "Uhm..." Grandma Alabaster Crane chirped out and then continued, "You definitely could use a little hot chocolate to clear out those stuffy wuffy's in your nose."

"Grandma Alabaster Crane, can Mister Gold fish stay?" asked Mr. Alabaster Crane. Grandma Alabaster Crane looked over at Mr. Alabaster Crane's beak and eyes. They looked very, very droopy. Mr. Alabaster Crane snorted and sneezed. Then in a rapid movement shook his head back and forth and then up and down.

"Come on into the cat-tail cottage and I'll serve you some hot chocolate." "That should take care of the stuffy wuffy's," Grandma Alabaster Crane stated inviting them in. Grandma slowly walked into the cattails that had grown very tall. Mr. Alabaster Crane walked in behind her followed by Mr. Woodpecker.

"Mr. Wood Pecker go ahead and have a seat in the small guest nest over by the window," Grandma Alabaster Crane said.

"Look Mr. Alabaster Crane, Mister Gold Fish is still out in the pond," Mr. Wood Pecker said while he looked out the window.

"You could take this bucket out to him and see if he'll jump in, Mr. Wood Pecker." "Mister Gold Fish can then join us for a snack," Grandma Alabaster Crane said. Mr. Wood Pecker got down from the guest nest to grab the bucket.

"Oh," Mr. Wood Pecker said," this bucket is much too heavy for me to lift."

Grandma Alabaster Crane smiled and went over and picked up the bucket herself. "I'll go and get Mister Gold Fish, Mr. Wood Pecker." "I'm a lot stronger and bigger than you are." "I'll be able to carry Mister Gold Fish back in in the bucket."

Once at the pond Grandma Alabaster Crane asked," Mister Gold Fish would you like to come in?" "I have a bucket of fresh water here you may jump in and take you inside."

A bubble popped at the top of the surface of the pond's water's edge, "Are you on a diet Grandma Alabaster Crane?" Mister Gold Fish darted back and forth rapidly in the water.

"Yes, Mister Gold Fish, I already ate today." "Come on in and I'll give you a snack while the others enjoy hot chocolate," Grandma Alabaster said smiling.

Mister Gold Fish slowed down inhaled a deep underwater breath, jumps a high jump, and landed with a splash into a bucket of water. A bubble surfaced and popped at the surface top of the bucket that voiced, "Thank you Grandma Alabaster Crane!"

Grandma Alabaster Crane...



Grandma Alabaster Crane

Grandma Alabaster Crane picked up the bucket with Mister Gold Fish. Once inside she placed Mister Gold Fish in the bucket on the floor by Mr. Wood Pecker sitting in the guest nest near the window.

Another bubble surfaced and popped at the top of the bucket water's surface voice saying, "Hello, Mr. Wood Pecker it's really hard to see you through this bucket." "But I wanted you to know I was here."

Mr. Wood Pecker adjusted himself in the nest to peer over into the bucket. "Hi, Mister Gold Fish you have nothing to fear." "Mister Gold Fish, they are both on a diet." "Besides we are getting hot chocolate," Mr. Wood Pecker said excitedly.

A bubble surfaced at the top of the buckets water edge that voiced very loud," NO! HOT CHOCOLATE FOR ME!" "IT'S NOT IN MY NATURE!" Mister Gold Fish swam rapidly around in a circle in the bucket.

"You don't cook?" Mr. Wood Pecker asked peering into the bucket.

"No, I do not cook Mr. Wood Pecker." "It's not in my nature," the voice stated from Mister Gold Fish's bubble that popped at the surface of water's edge in the bucket.

Grandma Alabaster Crane walked over with a very, very, very big round clear vase. "Okay, Mister Gold Fish, I'm pouring you in a clear container so you can be greeted and help keep an eye on Mr. Alabaster Crane."

Grandma Alabaster Crane picked up the bucket then started to pour the bucket with Mister Gold Fish into the very, very, very big round clear vase.

SPLASH! THUNK! SPLASH! BAM! THUNK!

Grandma Alabaster Crane dropped the bucket with Mister Gold Fish. Mister Gold Fish was flopping around on the floor. "OH, NO! "Grandma Alabaster Crane cried. "Alabaster quick help me get Mister Gold Fish in the very, very, very large vase." "Get some water quick!"

Mr. Alabaster Crane jumped up, snuffled his nose, shook his head to the left then to the right then rapidly then up and down as he grabbed the bucket and ran to get water.

"Quick!" "Quick!" "Hurry!" "Hurry, Mr. Alabaster Crane!" "Mister Gold Fish is turning blue!" Grandma Alabaster yelled without thinking and snatched up Mister Gold Fish with her beak. Mr. Alabaster Crane came running back into the room tossing water into the very, very, very large vase.

SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! Water splashed everywhere as he tossed water into the vase.

"GRANDMA ALABASTER CRANE SPIT!" Mr. Alabaster Crane yelled.

Grandma Alabaster Crane spit Mister Gold Fish into the very, very, very large vase.

SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! Mr. Gold Fish swam around.

“Are you ok?” Mr. Alabaster Crane asked.

“Yes, I think I am,” Grandma Alabaster Crane said calmly. Then she continued on saying, “Oh, you mean Mister Gold Fish.” “Mister Gold Fish you don’t look so blue now.” “You’re just a little pale.”

Mister Gold Fish swam around in a rapid circle movement in the very, very, very large vase. Then a voice bubble popped to the surface of the very, very, very large vase that said, “You on a diet Grandma Alabaster Crane?”

“OH! YES! Mister Gold Fish.” “I am so very sorry,” Grandma Alabaster Crane said. “I am on a diet.” “Really, I am.” Grandma Alabaster Crane paused then continued and asked, “How about some hot chocolate Mister Gold Fish?”

“It’s not in my nature Grandma Alabaster Crane,” the voice that popped at the surface commented from Mister Gold Fish. Another voice bubble popped right after that one voiced from Mister Gold Fish, “Mr. Alabaster Crane’s stuffy wuffy’s need a little hot chocolate, Grandma Alabaster Crane.” “I don’t cook.”

Grandma Alabaster Crane stretched her neck out toward the very, very, very large vase to get a good look at Mister Gold Fish. “Look’s like you got all your gold color back Mister Gold Fish,” Grandma Alabaster Crane commented with a smile.

“I’ll make some hot chocolate for Mr. Wood Pecker and Mr. Alabaster Crane.” “Would you like a snack Mister Gold Fish?” Grandma Alabaster Crane asked.

Mister Gold Fish swam rapidly back and forth darting to the left and right. A bubble surfaced at the top of the very, very, very large vase that voiced asking, “You are not cooking today Grandma Alabaster Crane?”

Grandma Alabaster Crane smiled, stretched her neck out to peer in at Mister Gold Fish and winked at him. “No, Mister Gold Fish.” “I am not cooking.”

A bubble surfaced at the top of the very, very, very large vase that voiced, “Snack...that would be ok Grandma Alabaster Crane.” “What kind of a snack?” “It’s not fish, is it?” “I am not a fish eater Grandma Alabaster Crane.” “It’s not in my nature.”

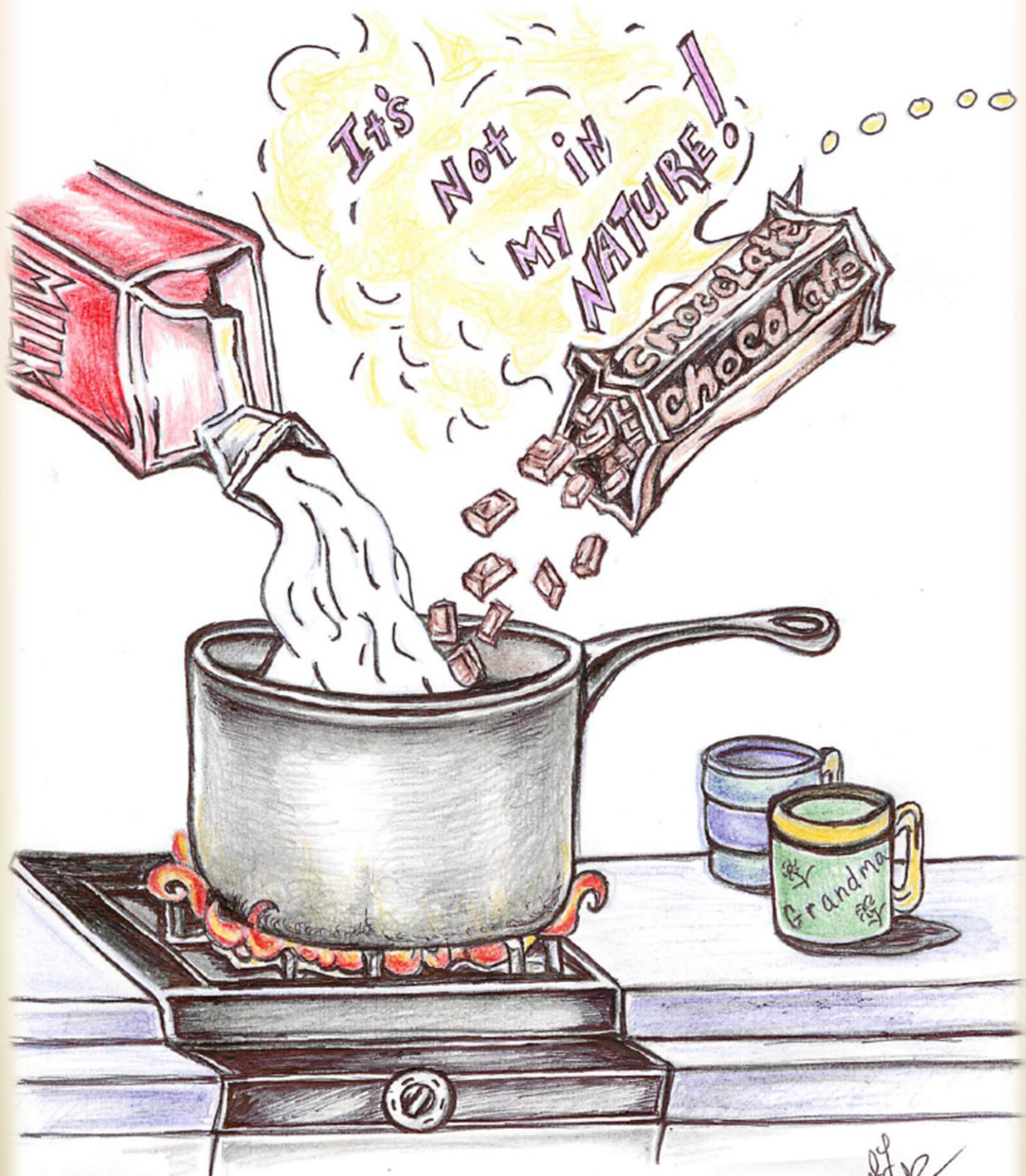
Grandma Alabaster Crane chuckled a little. Grandma Alabaster Crane sat down in front of the very, very, very large vase and peered in at Mister Gold Fish.

“How about dried reed wheat bread?” Grandma Alabaster Crane asked smiling.

Mister Gold Fish swam back and forth slowly in the very, very, very large vase. A voice bubble popped at the top of the water’s surface that asked, “Dried reed wheat bread?” Mister Gold Fish



'It's not in my nature!'



'It's not in my nature!'

continued to swim back and forth slowly then commented in another voice bubble that popped at the surface of the very, very, very large vase, "That does sound good." "Do I still look pale?"

"I'm not cooking today Mister Gold Fish." "You look like gold." "YOU ARE GOLD!" Grandma Alabaster Crane nodded up and down in a rapid movement.

"Whew!" "What a relief!" "I feel really good!" Mister Gold Fish's bubble popped at the top of the very, very, very large vase's water's surface. Mister Gold Fish slowed his pace in the very, very, very large vase then commented in another bubble that popped at the surface, "How's Mr. Alabaster Crane doing?"

Mr. Alabaster Crane sneezed, snuffled and tossed his stuffy wuffy craney nose rapidly to the left then to the right and then up and down. Grandma Alabaster Crane smiled and got up to go give

Mr. Alabaster Crane a tissue for his stuffy wuffy's. Mr. Alabaster Crane blew his stuffy wuffy's nose into a tissue.

"Oh, Grandma Alabaster Crane could you make me some hot chocolate?" "Please remember Grandma Alabaster Crane, Mister Gold Fish does not drink hot chocolate," said Mr. Alabaster Crane.

"I know Mr. Alabaster Crane...It's not in his nature," Grandma Alabaster Crane said.

Mr. Wood Pecker chirped, "Grandma Alabaster Crane dried wheat bread sounds really good." Mr. Wood Pecker hinted to Grandma Alabaster Crane that he was hungry. Grandma stretched out her neck and nodded it up and down in rapid movement. "Yes, that does sound good," Grandma Alabaster Crane smiled.

Grandma Alabaster Crane started to make hot chocolate. Mr. Alabaster Crane sneezed stretched his neck shook his head rapidly to the left then to the right. "I don't feel good Grandma Alabaster Crane," he said.

"It's the stuffy wuffy's Mr. Alabaster Crane." "Here have some hot chocolate," Grandma Alabaster Crane said while handing Mr. Alabaster Crane a mug of hot chocolate. Mr. Wood Pecker received a mug of hot chocolate from Grandma Alabaster Crane at the same time. Then Mr. Wood Pecker thanked Grandma Alabaster Crane for the mug of hot chocolate he was given. "Hummm!" "Yummy!" "Yummy!" "Hot chocolate tasted so good." Mr. Wood Pecker said.

Mr. Wood Pecker asked, "How about you Mister Gold Fish aren't you having hot chocolate?" "Oh, I am sorry Mister Gold Fish." "I remember now- It is not in your nature."

A bubble surfaced from Mister Gold Fish from the very, very, very large vase that voiced loudly, "NO!" "HOT CHOCOLATE FOR ME!" "Thanks for understanding Grandma Alabaster Crane." "It is not in my nature." "But dried reed wheat bread sounds good for a snack for me."

Mr. Wood Pecker laughed, "But is dried reed wheat bread in your nature?"

A bubble popped at the surface from Mister Gold Fish that voiced, "Hummm....good question." "Not a usual snack for me." "It is not in my nature."

Grandma Alabaster Crane looked over at Mr. Alabaster Crane who blew his nose then stretched his neck out shook his head rapidly to the left and then the right then up and down. "I don't feel good Grandma." "But the hot chocolate is good." "That chocolate is helping my stuffy wuffy's." "Hummm...I think some of my stuffy wuffy's might be going away," Mr. Alabaster Crane said to Grandma Alabaster Crane.

Mr. Alabaster Crane sniffled a bit then stretched his neck up to the sky and breathed in. He shook his head to the left then to the right then nodded up and down. He laughed a lot.

"Grandma Alabaster Crane you are wonderful!" "I just got the best inhale of fresh air and my nose is clear." "Please more hot chocolate for me, Grandma Alabaster Crane," said Mr. Alabaster Crane. Grandma smiled and went over and peered in at Mister Gold Fish from the side of the very, very, very large vase. Mister Gold Fish swam rapidly to the left and then to the right in a very very very large vase.

"How about some chocolate cake with chocolate frosting instead?" Grandma Alabaster Crane said peering in at Mister Gold Fish.

"Chocolate cake!" "With chocolate frosting?" voiced Mister Gold Fish's bubble that popped at the top of the very, very, very large vase.

"Chocolate cake sounds soooo good...with chocolate frosting." "Doesn't it?" Grandma Alabaster Crane coaxed as she peered in looking at Mister Gold Fish.

"It's not in my nature Grandma Alabaster Crane," Mister Gold Fish's bubbled popped at the surface of the water from the very, very, very large vase.

"Ooooh," Grandma looked upset. She stretched out her neck, shook her head to the left then to the right and then up and down as she peered into the very very very large vase. "What's in your nature?" Grandma asked curiously.

"Clear clean water," a voice bubble popped at the surface of the very, very, very large vase from Mister Gold Fish. Mister Gold Fish swam back and forth with a silly smile upon his face as a bubble popped again at the surface of the very, very, very large vase that stated "Clear clean water, Grandma Alabaster Crane!"

"Clear clean water?" Grandma Alabaster Crane asked.

"Uhummm...", a voice bubble popped at the surface from Mister Gold Fish in the very, very, very large vase.

"How about bug soup?" Grandma Alabaster Crane asked. "Is that in your nature?"

"Oh!" "I don't cook," Mister Gold Fish's voice bubble popped at the surface of the very, very, very large vase. "What's bug soup got in it?"

"Flies, spiders and snails," Grandma Alabaster Crane said. "Doesn't that sound yummy?"

"That does sound yummy...", "Mister Gold Fish's voice bubble popped at the surface of the very, very, very large vase. Grandma Alabaster Crane walked over and started making bug soup. Mr. Alabaster Crane jumped up and started to shake his head rapidly up and down then rapidly back and forth. "OH!" "NO!" Mr. Alabaster Crane shouted. "IT IS NOT IN HIS NATURE!"

GRANDMA ALABASTER CRANE!" Grandma Alabaster stretched her neck out and looked at him.

"Your stuffy wuffy's?" Grandma Alabaster Crane questioned and smiled. "How are your stuffy wuffy's?"

"Oh, Grandma Alabaster Crane!" "The stuffy wuffy's went away!" "But Mister Gold Fish can not have flies, spiders and snails soup!" "IT'S NOT IN HIS NATURE!"

Mister Gold Fish's voice bubbled popped at the surface from the very, very, very large vase that said, " Bug soup sounds good."

"OH, NO! GRANDMA ALABASTER CRANE AND MISTER GOLD FISH!" "REALLY, IT'S NOT IN MISTER GOLD FISH'S NATURE!" "REMEMBER GRANDMA ALABASTER YOU TOLD MISTER GOLD FISH YOU'RE ON A DIET!" "HE DOES NOT COOK GRANDMA ALABASTER!" Mr. Alabaster Crane yelled.

Grandma Alabaster stopped making bug soup.

"Oh, no!" "That would not be good for you Mister Gold Fish!" "YOU DON'T COOK!" Grandma Alabaster said very upset.

Mister Gold Fish swam rapidly back and forth in the very, very, very large vase. Mr. Wood Pecker jumped out of the guest nest in the window. Chirped then knocked his beak on the floor. Then he knocked his beak on the wall and then the door.

"Umm...." Mr. Wood Pecker chirped, " Sorry, Grandma Alabaster Crane I was hungry." "And you had a few loose bugs that became snacks for me." "Oh," he continued to say, " There's another bug of a snack over there." Mr. Wood Pecker flew over by the windowpane and knocked his beak. "Got another bug," he said.

"That's in our nature!" Grandma Alabaster Crane said laughing at Mr. Wood Pecker. Grandma Alabaster picked up a jar of bugs, snails and spiders and poured a bunch into the very, very, very large vase with Mister Gold Fish.

"NOW, THAT IS IN HIS NATURE!" Grandma Alabaster Crane said.

A voice bubble popped at the surface with laughter and the wood Pecker laughed. Then Mr. Alabaster Crane hugged Grandma Alabaster Crane.

"COLD SOUP!" Grandma laughed. "WITH COMPLIMENTS OF CLEAR CLEAN WATER FOR YOU MISTER GOLD FISH!" "YOU DON'T COOK!" "THAT'S IN YOUR NATURE!"

THE END.



THE END.