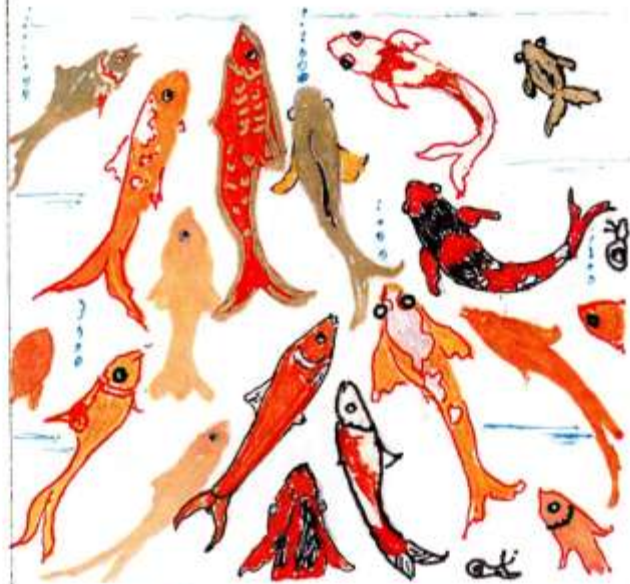




Oro was a beautiful fantailed goldfish who lived in an aquarium in a big store with lots of other fish—

Spotted calicos, black moors and many others, plain and fancy made the aquarium so crowded there was scarcely room to swim.

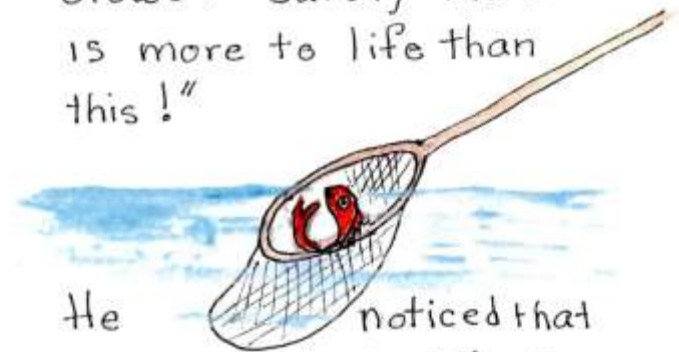
At dinner time Oro had learned that he must dash to the surface for his morsel of food. He had missed more than one meal to another fish whose eye was on the same bite of food, and could swim faster.



Gold fish Sale!

Calicos \$1.25 each
 Black moors \$2.50 each
 Shubunkins \$3.75 each
 Plain Goldfish 3 for \$1.00
 Snails \$1.50 per dozen

"Oh my" thought Oro.
 "must I spend the rest
 of my days with this
 crowd? Surely there
 is more to life than
 this!"



He noticed that
 every once in a while a
 strange looking object would
 appear, dip up one of the
 fish and quickly disappear.
 That fish would not be seen
 again. He watched this
 procedure with great
 curiosity and not a little
 fear.

He had always managed to escape the net when it came his way. This was not an easy task, as Oro was the most beautiful fish in the entire aquarium and much admired.

There had been more than one narrow escape.

One day when Oro was feeling especially sad, having lost his breakfast to a calico shubunkin and bumped his nose against the side of the aquarium while trying to avoid a collision with another fish,



he saw the net coming again. He tried to get away, but alas, it was too late. Up, up he was taken out of the water and dropped-plop! into a little white box with scarcely enough room to turn. Then the lid was closed and it became very dark. Oro was terrified. Slosh, slosh, the box was moving, and he was thrown from one side to the other. "Let me out!" he cried, but of course no one could hear or understand him except another fish. He was alone.

Just as Oro began to think he was doomed to be imprisoned in the little box forever, the lid opened a bit and sunlight came through. Before he could think another thought, he found himself being poured out, water and all, plunging deep into the most beautiful place he could ever have imagined.



He dashed through the clear sunlit water, past roots of blue waterlilies and stately arrowhead plants, around the feet of an alabaster figure that showered shining droplets on the surface of the pond.





Oro swam to the surface of the water for a look around. There, on the edge of the pond, peering down at him with great bulging eyes was a great green bullfrog. He was quite fierce looking and when he spoke "Chugaram" his big booming voice made Oro shudder.

He backed into the shadow of a lily pad, but soon his curiosity got the best of him. Slowly he eased out into the open. "Chug a lug" (welcome) said Mr. Frog. "Thank you" said Oro, deciding Mr. Frog was really quite harmless. "When do we eat around here?" he asked. His recent adventure, not to mention having missed breakfast had made him quite hungry. "About the time the night blooming lily closes up for a nap" said Mr. Frog. The children of the place bring dinner for everyone."

"Everyone, what do you mean, everyone?" Oro asked fearfully. He remembered lunchtime at the aquarium and began to look around, expecting a great stampede of fish. Mr. Frog went on to say "until you arrived, Lady Fish was the only fish in the pool. Of course there is that good-for-nothing salamander,



Mrs. Snail is constantly cleaning up after him. She and her family do a great job of keeping the pool neat. Of course there is baby turtle. Mind your tail and fins when he's around. He is full of mischief and has been known to nibble and run.

Oh yes — and yours truly, Call me "Phineas, or Your Honor," as I am the mayor. He puffed out his throat into a balloon so big Oro was afraid he would burst. Out came a booming sound that sent Oro scurrying back under the lily pad.





As the night blooming lily,
Missouri began to close her
petals, four faces appeared
over the pool's edge.
"Oh look!" exclaimed Morgan to
her sister and brothers. We
have a new fish." Where?
asked Spencer. "I see him" said
Carter. "Under the lily pad"
said Carson. They all knelt
down for a closer look at
Ora. "Isn't he handsome? Lady
fish has a new friend" said
Spencer.



Suddenly from beyond the shadows appeared a graceful creature, fiery orange and white with a long flowing tail. Oro realized this was someone more beautiful than himself. So this is Ladyfish he thought, as the children sprinkled colorful flakes of food on the surface of the pool. "I think I'm going to like it here. I'm going to like it very much indeed."



I do hope my friends back at the old aquarium will find homes as nice as this one, but not here!) he chuckled aloud, sending bubbles to the surface as he swam off to introduce himself to Ladyfish.



Willoughby Wallaby

Written and illustrated
by
Carolyn Sue Hulsey

2008



Willoughby Wallaby
walked with a wiggle.
Watching him wobble,
his classmates would
giggle.

Penelope Wallabe,
Willoughby's mother
Vowed she would stop
this — one way or
another.

Worried that Willoughby's friends
making fun
would hurt and embarrass her
wallaby son,

She fretted and pondered the
answer to find,
When all of a sudden
this thought came to mind:

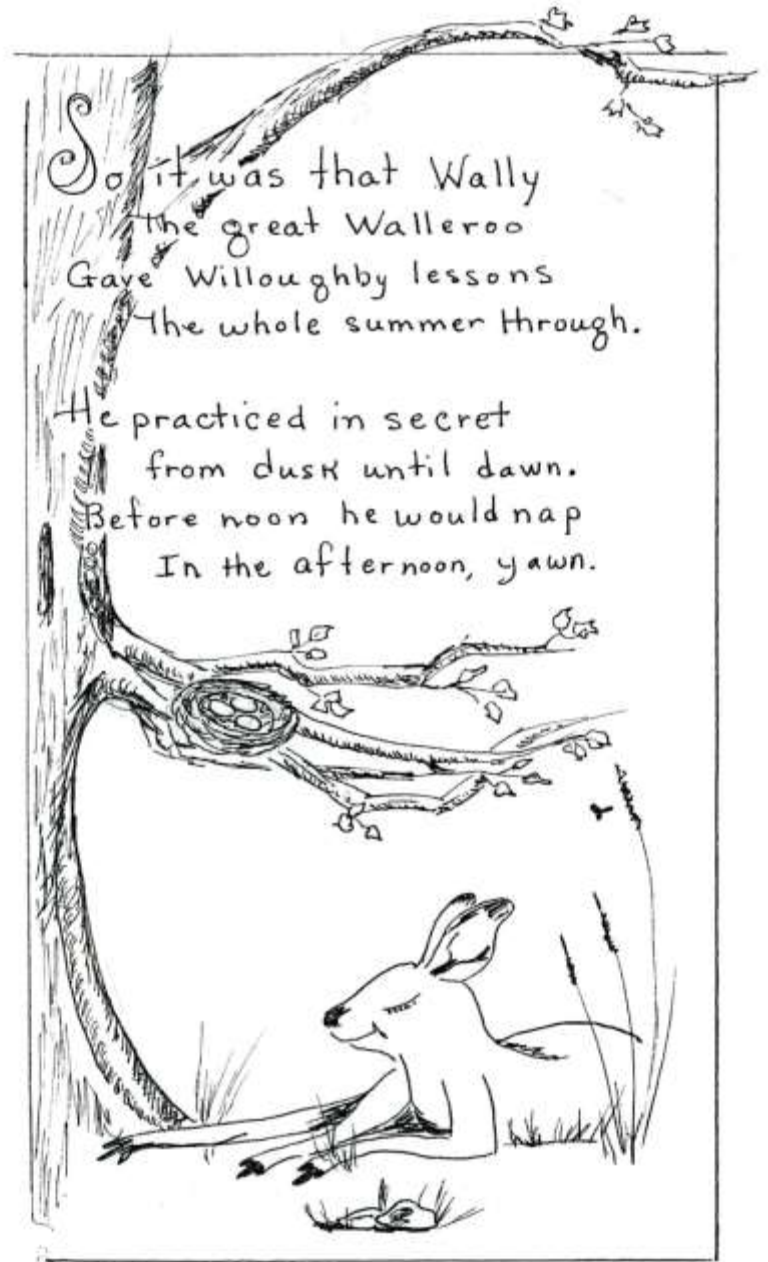
Willoughby's cousin,
The great walleroo
And world famous boxer,
Would know what to do.

An urgent request was
sent on it's way
By magpie express
The very next day.



So it was that Wally
The great Walleroo
Gave Willoughby lessons
The whole summer through.

He practiced in secret
from dusk until dawn.
Before noon he would nap
In the afternoon, yawn.



The first day of school
came at last, in September.
His lunch pail and books
made Willoughby remember---

The taunts and the jeers
from the last day of school
when his wiggly ^{walk} made him
feel like a fool.



He took a deep breath
and stepped into the morning.
When out of nowhere
they appeared without warning

His classmates who waited
for him to walk by
to tease and torment
and perhaps make him cry.



Did he cry?

No, he smiled nicely instead
and to his tormentors
"Good morning" he said.

The group gave a gasp
so great their surprise
at Willoughby's courage
they all blinked their eyes.

Then one with his toe
drew a line in the dust
and Willoughby knew that
cross it he must.

So he did _____
but then, the bulliest
bully of all
stuck out his foot
to make Willoughby fall.



What happend next
was a sight to behold,
For generations the story
was told

Of how Willoughby quietly
put down his books
and his pail, and with
the most determined of looks,

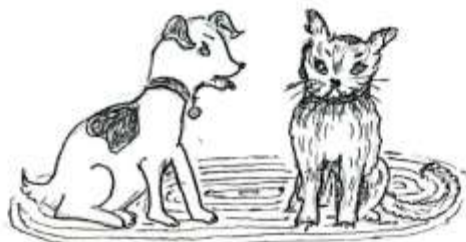
He rolled up his sleeves
and sent that bully flying
To the top of the belfry
(The bully was crying.)



The others all
Scrambled, — the whole
doggone bunch,
To see who could carry
his books — and his lunch.

And never again
would they snicker
or giggle
When Willoughby walked
as before — with a wiggle!

Well, of course
he could no more change
that — than a puppy
could change from a dog
to a cat.



Bullies will always
without hesitation
Do their very worst
to cause irritation.---

*The lesson is this
to each boy^{and} each girl
the sand in the oyster
produces the pearl.*



