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# Animal Adventures

A Creative Writing  
Roundup of Short Stories  
by Homeschoolers



*The Canadian Schoolhouse*   
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# Lily and the Amazing, Wonderful Day

Once upon a time, there was a lamb named Lily. She lived in a gingerbread house covered in sprinkles.

One day, Lily was bored so she went for a walk and met a skunk. His name was Stripes. Stripes got frightened and squirted her! Lily needed a bath! She went back to her gingerbread house and took a nice bath. After her bath, she decided to cook some casserole. The casserole was delicious! She even shared it with her friend Misty the deer. Lily and Misty invited Stripes over for some cake for dessert.

Next, the friends decided to go for a swim in Great Bear Pond. They swam for two hours and had fun diving for pine cones. Then they were ready for a nap on the sandy shore.

After a fun afternoon at Great Bear Pond, they went to Misty's house, which was a giant sandwich. While they were there, they played a game of checkers. Lily won the game because she did a triple jump. After that, the friends decided to do some colouring. Stripes gave his finished picture to Misty.

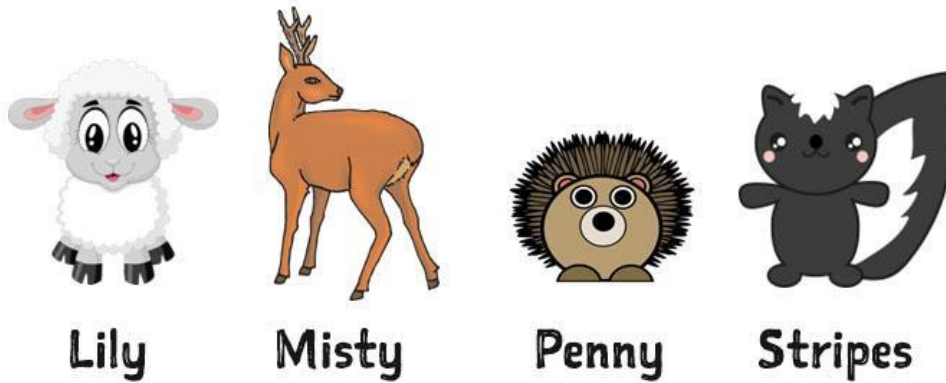
Oh my! Stripes likes Misty!

Lily, Stripes, and Misty decided to make a patchwork quilt for their friend Penny Porcupine's birthday. They gathered old clothing from around Misty's sandwich house, and they also used some leaves. To sew the pieces together, they used a pine needle and some long grass. It looked beautiful when it was finished!

Next, they baked strawberry cupcakes and put them in a straw basket. They brought the cupcakes with them to Penny's birthday party.

At the party, they played Red Light, Green Light and What Time Is It Mr. Wolf. After they finished playing games, they ate the strawberry cupcakes and chatted.

When Lily tucked herself into bed that night in her gingerbread house, she thanked the Lord for a wonderful day and wonderful friends.



**THE END**

*By Hailey Stewart, age 10*

# Mr. Whiskers' Day Out

One day when daddy and I were outside, we went to the backyard with our guinea pigs. My guinea pig Mr. Whiskers went over to the house. I wanted to hold him so I went over to the house to grab him.

*"Should I run away into the woods? Away from my mummy?"* thought Mr. Whiskers. *"I should! I should run into the woods of our backyard where mummy will never find me"* (or this is what I imagined he was thinking anyways).

And then Mr. Whiskers ran *DEEP* into the woods. I quickly ran after him, but he kept going deeper and deeper into the woods. His fur blended in with the woods because it was brown. Then, I crouched down and tried to get him. He scampered under a log. I leaned over the log and tried to grab him out from under. But, OH NO, he tricked me! He stopped so I thought I could get him and then, when I almost had my hands around his waist, he ran away as fast as he could. Thankfully, when he ran away from me, he ran out of the woods, and I was able to grab him.

**What you just read was a true story about me and my guinea pig, but this is what I imagine could have happened if I didn't catch him.**

Mr. Whiskers escaped from his mom into the woods. He ran as fast as his little legs could carry him. He found a little burrow in the ground next to a big tree. But, to his surprise, he found a chipmunk in it named Chippy. Chippy did not want to share his burrow with a roommate. So Mr. Whiskers and Chippy had a fight to see who got to stay in the burrow. But, that didn't work because no one won. They were too evenly matched as they were the same size because Mr. Whiskers is a chonky guinea pig.

And then Mr. Whiskers had an idea that they would have a thumb war. Whoever won the thumb war would get to stay in the burrow, and they would do 9 rounds of the thumb war. Whoever won the most rounds would get to stay in the burrow. One of them won 5 rounds, and one of them won 4 rounds. AND THE WINNER IS Chippy! Which was a surprise to Mr. Whiskers because he always won fights against his little brother, Tiny.

Mr. Whiskers kept journeying on, deeper into the woods. To Mr. Whiskers' surprise, he found another burrow next to a berry bush! This was an even better burrow because he could collect berries! Mr. Whiskers went inside to make sure there were no other critters already living in it. To his excitement, there were no other critters living in it. So he made a comfy spot in that tiny little burrow. Mr. Whiskers decided to go back to the house and see if his little brother, Tiny, wanted to come live with him in the burrow.

Mr. Whiskers said in his little squeaky voice, "Tiny, would you come with me into the woods where we can live in a little burrow next to a bush that grows berries? Then we can pick berries whenever we want berries for dinner, lunch, or breakfast!"

Tiny squeaked, "Of course, I can come. Show me where this little burrow is deep in the woods next to a berry tree."

Then Mr. Whiskers told a story to Tiny about the first burrow and Chippy. A while later, Mr. Whiskers was almost done telling the story, telling how he got back into his mom's house by the mouse door he could fit in. He had struggled to find a way up onto Tiny's cage, but he finally made it. He used his mouth to open the cage door so he could get in and talk to Tiny.



Mr. Whiskers showed Tiny the way to the berry burrow. Mr. Whiskers asked Tiny what they should call the burrow, and Tiny suggested they call it Berry Burrow.

“Why?” Mr. Whiskers said.

“Well, because is it next to a berry bush?” asked Tiny.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Whiskers.

“And is it a burrow?” asked Tiny.

“Yes,” said Mr. Whiskers.

“Then that explains why it is called Berry Burrow! So do you like the name?”

“I guess the name suits our home!” said Mr Whiskers.

All of a sudden, Tiny decided he missed his mommy and asked Mr. Whiskers if they could go home. He was worried his mom would be sad or scared because he wasn’t there. Mr. Whiskers agreed that maybe they should both head home.

They went back home and lived happily ever after with their mommies!

*By Sophie Stewart, age 8*

# Stumbling Upon a Family

Once upon a time, there lived a female robin. Her name was Maple. They called her Maple because since she was young she used her beak to peck maple trees to get the maple syrup. She really wanted a family, but every time she got married her mate died. She prayed and prayed and prayed. She felt she would have to live alone and would never have a family. She was losing hope.

Then one day, she heard chirping. It was crying chirping! She flew as fast as she could to the sound to investigate. She landed on a tree, and the first thing she saw was a broken nest. It seemed to be abandoned. Just at that moment, it seemed all her wishes came true. There were five abandoned baby chicks. They would need someone to adopt them, and she would be just the perfect robin for the job ! You see she always wanted to be a mom. She needed them, and they needed her. She thought she would raise them as her very own chicks. She thought to herself that she would teach them, feed them, protect them, and cuddle with them. But they couldn't continue to live in this broken nest, and she did not know how to build a nest.

I'm sure you are thinking, "What bird doesn't know how to build a nest?" You see, Maple grew up in an orphanage and a very mean one at that. They didn't teach her anything! Not even how to build a nest! She was glad when she was old enough to leave the orphanage, and she had to learn a lot of things on her own. She had a hard and very tough life. She thought to herself, "How will I ever get this nest built?"

She saw a dog nearby that was sitting across a field in front of a spruce tree. Dogs usually hunt birds, and she knew this fact because she had a terrible experience with a dog that had hunted down her family many years ago causing her to become an orphan. The dog saw her from across the field and was coming towards her. She stayed high in the tree and close to the baby chicks. The dog said, "Hello, I hear the baby chicks crying. Are they ok? Can I help you in any way?"



Maple realized the dog just wanted to help because she was a kind dog. Maple explained that she needed to take care of these abandoned chicks, but she didn't know how to build a new nest. This nest was broken, and the chicks were starving, crying, and trying not to fall out of the broken nest. The nest could easily topple over and fall from the tree if the wind blew hard. The dog said, "My name is Shiloh, and it seems you need help with building a nest. Would you like my help?" Maple accepted her help. Shiloh asked her what her name was, and she replied that her name was Maple and she explained how she got the name. Shiloh started helping to fetch hay to build the nest, but Shiloh exclaimed even with the two of us working together we won't get this nest done in time before the wind picks up and blows harder but I know who to call for help. Shiloh called her friend Ner who was a green cheek conure living in a tree near Shiloh's home. They all started building the nest together and making it secure so that the wind could never blow it away. They thought it might have been a predator that came and destroyed the nest and took the baby chicks' mom. Shiloh and Ner decided to help Maple raise these chicks and keep them safe until they are all grown up. Ner stayed with Maple in the same tree, and Shiloh would sit under the tree and keep watch for predators every night.

From that moment when the three of them met and for the rest of their lives, they all became very close friends and all lived happily ever after. Most of all, Maple finally got the family and friends she always wanted but by the most unexpected of ways. She thanked God and realized how amazing He is and how He always answers our prayers, sometimes in and through the most unusual and unexpected circumstances.

Commit your works to the LORD, And your plans will be established. - Proverbs 16:3



*By Anna Neriya Abdulla, age 8*

# Where Is the Raccoon?

It was spring of 2021. The sun was shining and the flowers were blooming so I decided to go play in the backyard. I was expecting a normal day playing in my backyard.

It was not too long after I was running about that I heard a weird sound. It sounded like "bubble, bubble." I followed the sound to the back fence of the yard. I quickly saw there was a baby raccoon stuck at the top of my fence, and it was in the hanging position. Its front legs were caught inside the meshed fence while its back legs were left hanging. I quickly yelled for help. My mom came, and we took down the baby raccoon and placed it on the ground. It was still making the bubbling sound, and it could not walk.

My mom said maybe its legs are cramped from hanging in that position for a long time. We suspected its mom was trying to move her babies, but this one got stuck during the night so it must have been hanging there for a very long time. We tried to give it water and pieces of bread, but it would not eat on its own. It probably needed its mom to nurse it, my mom said. I got very worried because it would not walk at all, and it could not move its back legs at all.

As I thought of it dying, I started to cry and told my mom we have to save it. So my mom called the wildlife centre in Toronto, but they could not take raccoons at this time they said. It was during the Covid lock down, and they were very low on resources so they would not be able to accept any new animals. They suggested to leave it in a box in the back yard and that maybe its mom would come looking for it and take it. So we placed the raccoon in a little box and under a shaded area so it would not get wet in case of rain. We left it outside in the area where we found it for the night hoping its mom would come and take it. I prayed for the mom to come and save him that night.

We woke up the next day, and all went out hopeful. We were quickly disappointed, and I was especially sad because the raccoon was still there crying with its bubbling sound.

My mom called the wildlife centre again, asking what else could be done and if there was anywhere else we could take this raccoon. They told us we could take it to another wildlife location, but that it is 2 hrs. away, outside the city. I begged my mom, and she said OK we will go for the long drive.

We drove 2 hours with the raccoon in the box, in the car. We arrived at a very huge and beautiful home with lots of land and trees and two friendly dogs greeted us.

We spoke to the owner about the raccoon and its situation, and she told us she will take it and nurse it with a bottle and that she has rehabilitated many raccoons before. She even had a few raccoons on her land and our raccoon might be adopted by them in time once it gets better since its back legs were still not moving.

I felt so much better and happy and relieved that this baby raccoon will not die but will be taken care of by someone who knows about raccoons. Most importantly, it could be adopted by another raccoon family so it won't miss its own family so much and will stop crying.

On our two hour drive back home, my heart felt joy for the baby raccoon, and I thanked God for helping the baby raccoon find someone who could look after it until it heals and also for finding it another raccoon family to be adopted by. I realized that sometimes God gives us more than we ask for and how good He is to all of us and even to the animals around us.

A year later, I wonder, where is the raccoon?

It is He who gives an animal its food, And feeds young ravens that cry. - Psalm 147:9



*By Anna Neriya Abdulla, age 8*

# The Race

Once upon a time there lived two rabbits, Joe and Frank, the Lionhead twins of Grand Tails Meadow. The meadow was located in the middle of a grand forest in Canada. The meadow had a nice, beautiful flower bed, a little pond, and a big oak tree.

One day, they were hopping in the meadow when Xavier the cheetah showed up and said, "I bet you can't beat me in a race, Joe."

"What about Frank?" said Joe.

"Only one challenger," replied Xavier.

Joe and Frank talked about it and decided Joe would be the challenger.

"You're on! Meet me at the north side of the meadow at sunset," said Joe.

At sunset, Joe and Xavier were at the starting line. Xavier was doing some stretches.

Joe told Xavier, "Ok, the first to the big oak tree on the south side of the meadow wins."

"And we all know who that will be," boasted Xavier.

"Don't get your hopes up," warned Joe. "Let's race! On your marks. Get ready, set, go!"

They moved like lightning. Xavier galloped with intensity and reached the finish line in good time, but somehow Joe was already there. Xavier was so flabbergasted he didn't know what he should do.

"We are running again," Xavier said. "Ready. Set. Go!"

Off they went and when Xavier got there who else did he see but Joe.

“Well,” said the winning rabbit, “You look tired. Why don’t you give yourself a break and have a rest?”

“No, I don’t!” Xavier said rudely. “We are running again.”

Vroooooom! Xavier went so fast all Joe saw was a blur. They raced 42 times, and Joe seemed to win every time. But Xavier didn’t finish the last race. Storm the badger said she saw him stumble off the track and slip away in the long grass of the meadow.

But the real question is how did Joe win all the races? The smart ones knew exactly how he did it. Frank was waiting at the oak tree pretending to be Joe!

“And that is that!” said Frank.

“Hey, you want to go for a nice little hop across the meadow?” asked Joe.

“Sure, I’d like that. Let’s go then!” Frank smiled. “You know that was a lot of fun.”

“Yes, it was,” Joe replied, “but we should probably check on Xavier to make sure his ego wasn’t hurt too badly.”

“Ya, we probably should,” Frank agreed.

And the Lionhead twins of Grand Tails Meadow hopped away from the big oak tree together.

The End

*By Dominic Morrison, age 11*

# Bunny Business

The bunny barn of The Grasslands sat in a vast expanse of rolling hills and towering trees, parted by a smooth, quiet river. In that barn lives a bunny named Torchie who is a fluffy little bunny who likes grass, kibbles, and long walks on the beach. He wears his little Hay Wain shirt every Tuesday when he opens his shop. His bunny business was born out of his love of nails, and there sure are a lot of them in the bunny barn. He hops around detecting nails of every shape and size, picking each one up off the ground before anyone could even look at them the wrong way.

One rainy Tuesday morning Torchie put on his little shirt with the Hay Wain printed on it. (The Hay Wain is a painting by John Constable, painted in 1821, which depicts a rural scene by a river, which looks very much like Torchie's home.) As he was wiggling out of his cage, he noticed that his daughter Cotton was already at the metal bucket which is the storage complex for his inventory of fine used nails. She made \$900,000.01 after li'l Trev Trev bought one nail.

Now, you may think it is way too much money for one nail, and Cotton agrees with you. She sold it to li'l Trev Trev, but she had a heavy heart when she did it because she thinks it is too much money even in bunny bucks. Cotton wants to change the price to a more affordable amount for the average working bunny. But Torchie will not let her change the prices because Torchie likes putting the long price tags on the products with his automatic tag shooting gun. This pricing gun can shoot the price tag on a speeding bunny 90 yards away (at least that's what was written on the box the pricing gun came in). He also loves to see the flapping tag of those 8-digit numbers go through the air.



Cotton is fed up with Torchie's shenanigans, and she does not want to be a part of the bunny business anymore. Cotton burst into Torchie's office (which is just a cardboard box with a door flap) and told her father that she wants out!

Torchie started to cry and said, "We are going under! We cannot make the bills, and I can't sell nothing without you. You're the head of sales."

Cotton had to remind Torchie that they do not have any bills and that they only sell something to li'l Trev Trev every month, and Cotton was the only one in sales. That reassured Torchie that his little bunny business was still ok, and he stopped crying and said, "You know more about this business than me. You should be the head of this bunny business, not me. All I want to do is put on the price tags. If you let me do that, you can be the owner and change the prices to whatever you want, but I get to put the tags on the products."

Just then, they heard the humans about to bring fresh sweet grass so they shimmied back into their cages to get their fill of grass.

Cotton did change the price to \$900,000, and they got one more customer because it was now an even number. It was just Tiny T - li'l Trev Trev's little brother. Since there are only 9 bunnies in the barn, there are not many customers to come and shop, but that was good for the little barn they loved calling home.

Torchie hopped to the hay pile in an old wagon and ate his fill again. Then he took a hop down to the river for a drink and sat under the big shady tree in the breeze, taking in the picture-perfect view of The Grasslands.

*By Cruz Morrison, age 14*

# The Dangers of the Jungle

With Dirk and Derek





Dirk and his co-worker Derek were rough and rowdy guys. They liked to trip and push each other around for fun. They wanted to go camping in the jungle so they went to the store and picked up supplies for their expedition. After that, they went home to pick up their dogs and headed for the jungle in their trucks.





Dirk's truck is a modified fire engine, equipped with hatchets and a turntable on the flatbed.







Derek has a modified tow truck armed with a machete, a grappling hook, a wrench, two knives, a pistol, and a bundle of dynamite. Both trucks are heavy duty with off-road tires, prepared to cut their way through the rainforest.







The ride through the mud and foliage was rough, much to their liking. After a while, their legs started to feel numb from all the bouncing so they stopped to stretch.

Derek was pushing Dirk around for fun when Dirk tripped over a tree root.





Derek shouted, "Dirk! Quick—get away!"

Dirk jumped away just in time to see a massive King Cobra slithering out from under the tree! He grabbed a hanging vine and swung away, landing beside Derek.





As they stood frozen in fear, Dirk's dog, Sumo, ran down the trail for his life.

As they watched Sumo run, they thought, "We are dead meat!" Heroically, Derek's dog, Vance, attacked the snake.





While the snake and the dog fought, Derek and Dirk were able to get their guns. They heard Vance yelp! Just then, Derek saw his chance. He ran around his pick-up, pulled out his gun, came back, took cool aim, and fired.

It took a couple of shots to kill the snake. Then they gave Vance some anti-venom and drove off to find Sumo.



They found him having a face-off with an alligator! The two animals had their eyes locked, and they were hissing and growling as fiercely as they could. Fortunately, Derek thought of a plan. "Get in the back of the truck, find the big dog treats, and call your dog!"





Dirk climbed in and found the treats.

"Sumo! Here boy!" Sumo could not resist the treats. He forgot all about his anger and the alligator! He booked it into the truck.







The alligator no longer had an enemy so he turned and left. Once Dirk and Sumo were back in their truck, Derek and Vance drove down the path out of the jungle. So, that's how the boys learned that there is a time to be rough and a time to be smart.

The End

*by Reid Unger, age 10*