



The Adventures of Squirrel Fluffytail

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The Adventures of Squirrel Fluffytail



The Adventures of Squirrel Fluffytail

A Picture Story-Book for Children

Story by
Dolores McKenna

Pictures by
Ruth H. Bennett



“Go straight there and come straight home before
dark!”

S.F. 1



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CHAPTER ONE



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ONCE upon a time, on a beautiful island that stood in the center of a great big lake, there lived in the heart of a kindly old oak tree a dear little squirrel family. There were three in all; Father, Mother and Fluffy-tail, and they were just the happiest family one could imagine.

Father Squirrel worked hard all day long gathering nuts to store away so that they would all have enough food in the larder for winter, and when Mother Squirrel was not too busy doing her housework she too helped to gather nuts, which she would tuck away in all sorts of places so that no lazy squirrels could

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find them. She knew that there were some lazy little rascals who would play all summer long and that when the winter came their poor babies would oftentimes cry because they were so hungry.

Not that she would not help any one in need, for she was a good, kind mother, but she knew from experience that those little squirrels who would not work and gather nuts when they were plentiful, would help themselves to other folks' supply if they had a chance to do so.

One day while Mrs. Squirrel was ironing some pretty petties for Fluffy-tail she heard a knock at the door. It was a messenger from Mrs. Squire Squirrel inviting Fluffy-tail to a surprise-party to be given to her little daughter Furrikins. When Fluffy-tail came bouncing in to dinner that day and saw something pink peeping out from under her plate, you

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can just imagine how delighted she was when she pulled it out and found it was an invitation to a party, for parties were few and far between on the Island.

They had to be just after the summer visitors left the place, as it would not be very safe while they were there. With summer visitors there was sure to be a boy with a gun who was always just so hungry for squirrel pot-pie. In the winter it was too cold, and in the spring there was seldom enough food left for regular meals, much less a party. So now the time was just right and Fluffy-tail thought she was never so happy in all her life.

CHAPTER TWO



AFTER lunch, on the day of the party, Mrs. Squirrel washed, brushed and combed Fluffy-tail until it hurt so she thought she would have to squeal once or twice; then dressed her in one of the prettiest little party dresses one ever saw. Fluffy-tail even had new slippers with fluffy pink bows. "You must live up to your name, my dear," her mother said, as she tied her pretty pink bonnet strings, "and too, my dear," as she kissed her for at least the twentieth time, "be very careful of your manners; don't lose your present (the cutest lace trimmed hanky with blue birds in the corners); go straight there and come straight back



"Mrs. Squirrel followed Fluffy down the path."

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home before dark. You know Old Tabby Cat just loves little squirrels for dinner and she wouldn't care even if you did have on your party dress. Cats are such prowling creatures sometimes," she added.



CHAPTER THREE



MRS. SQUIRREL followed Fluffy a little way down the path and at the corner Fluffy turned, waved goodbye with her little fan, and then was gone out of sight. Mrs. Squirrel sighed as she went back into the house, hoping all would be happy for her darling that day.

Fluffy herself was surely happy, and after waving goodbye to her mother, her thoughts were filled with the good time and the good things she knew she would get to eat at the party. Her little brown eyes seemed to just dance whenever she would think of the pleasures in store for her. She had not gone very far along the road when she heard a wee voice crying,

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"Oh, please help me! It hurts so!" and looking around she saw a poor little mouse whose tail was caught between two stones.

"Just a minute," said Fluffy, and after carefully putting down her hanky and fan, she tried to move the stones between which little Timmy Mouse's tail was caught. At first she thought she would not be able to, but at last she got a good sized stick and raised the stone just enough for poor little Tim to get loose. He was so glad to be free, he said, not only because the stone hurt him dreadfully but because he feared that Old Mrs. Tabby Cat was liable to be along any minute. "I can't tell you how much I thank you," he said, "but maybe some day I can do something for you."

"That's all right," said Fluffy, gathering up her things. "Tell your mother to

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put some arnica on your tail and it won't hurt any more," and she was gone out of sight. "I must hurry a little more," she thought, "as I would hate dreadfully to be late for the party."





"Oh, please help me!"

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CHAPTER FOUR



"OH dear me! What a narrow escape!" exclaimed Fluffy, as she stooped down and picked up a tiny little woodpecker that had fallen to the ground. "Your mother must be very careless to let you fall." "No," said the little chap, "Mother has gone for food for us and I played too near the edge of the stump and fell off." Just then the woodpecker's mother returned, and being alarmed that something was happening to her babies, came flying toward Fluffy screaming, "What are you doing here?" "I am not harming your children," said Fluffy. "I was just putting your little baby back in your nest. He had fallen to the ground

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and could not get up himself. It was lucky for him that I saw him when I did, for I almost stepped on him." By this time Mrs. Woodpecker was over her alarm and was very sorry she had spoken so crossly. "Please forgive me," she said, "I was so terribly frightened I hardly knew what I was saying. I thank you a thousand times; should you ever need a friend, let me know and I will do all I can to help you." Fluffy did not wait to talk longer; she knew it was getting nearer party time every minute, so she hurried on.



CHAPTER FIVE



"NOW," thought Fluffy-tail, "I shall not stop again, no matter what happens—I'll just hustle along and not stop until I reach Squire Squirrel's house. Why, it must be time for the party now!" she thought, as she looked at her tiny little wrist watch. While looking at her watch she heard a fluttering and rustling in the leaves along the roadside. "I'll not stop," she thought, "I'll just pretend I don't hear anything." She had only gone a few steps though when she had to turn back to see what was wrong. She was such a tender-hearted little creature, she could not go to a place where she knew she was to have a

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good time and feel that she might by any chance have passed by some suffering little person.

"What is it?" she asked rather impatiently, as she glanced to where the noise seemed to come from. "You needn't be so cross about it!" said a little Bat that was lying alongside the path. "Won't you please pick me up and hang me on that old tree? I guess I must have fallen asleep and loosed my hold on the bark. No! No! Not that way!" he said, as Fluffy was trying to place him on the branch. "Hang me upside down. That's the way I sleep."

"Very well," said Fluffy, "There you are, upside down. Now I hope everything is all right." "Yes, thank you," said Mr. Bat, "I can go to sleep again now, and I'll try to be more careful.



"Fluffy knew it was getting nearer party time every minute."

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Before you go, though," he went on, "I wish you would give me your name and address. I'll put it in my vest pocket and maybe some day I'll be able to be of some use to you for your kindness in helping me out today." Fluffy told him in as few words as possible, her name, where she lived, and where she was going; then bidding him goodbye, she picked up her packages and hurried along faster than ever.

CHAPTER SIX



“OH dear!” she sighed, “I might almost as well go home now. It’s so late. I’m sure the ice cream and cake and all the goodies will be eaten before I get there. I do wish people would not be so careless and make so much work for other people to do. I’m all tired out now and I do hope that I’ve had my last delay.” With this thought she hurried along just as fast as her little feet would go. So excited was poor Fluffy now that she made a turn to the left instead to the right, and she had gone quite a distance before she discovered that there was something wrong. She did not know just what to do and became so dreadfully frightened

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that she sat down and cried as though her little heart would break. How long she had been sitting there she could not tell; she went over the happenings since her dear mother kissed her goodbye, and wondered if she would be able to find her way back home without being caught by that awful Old Tabby Cat.

“If ever I get out of this trouble,” thought she, “I’ll never again stop any place to help anybody. If I had only gone straight to the party and let other folks take care of themselves I would be safe now.” With the thought that she was now the most unhappy creature in the world, she burst into tears again.

“Won’t you please give me those tears?” Fluffy heard a tiny voice ask. “I am



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withering away and must die soon if somebody does not give a me tiny drink." Looking down, Fluffy saw a tiny little Bluebell all wilted, and looking so sad. "The trees are so thick here," it said, "I cannot get the rain or dew, and the fairies are having a big party to-day and have forgotten poor little me." By this time Fluffy's tears were all dried up, seeing some one in distress made her forget her own troubles. "I can't give you my tears," she said, "for they have all dried now, but I can get you some water from the brook," so again putting down her dear little fan and hanky she skipped off to the brook to get the water. She had nothing in which to carry it so she made a cup of her tiny hands and was stepping from one



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stone to another when her little foot slipped and splash into the water it went. "Oh, my dear little shoe!" wailed Fluffy as she looked down and saw the pretty bow all wet and muddy, "I can never go to the party now."

She tried her best to wipe off the mud and fluff up the bow and then got more water which she took back to the little Bluebell who was eagerly waiting for her to return. "There now, raise up your head and be happy," said Fluffy as she poured the water around its tiny roots. "If you want more I shall get it for you, then I must try to find my way home, as

I have lost my way to Furrrikins party." By this time the little Bluebell was refreshed after its hearty drink and told Fluffy the way to reach Furrrikins' home.



CHAPTER SEVEN



THANKING the little flower, she again started out and was just making the last turn when who should she see in her path but Old Tabby Cat. Fluffy looked but for an instant. She knew she must move quickly to escape, so she turned about, yelled for help as loudly as she could, and ran just as fast as her little legs would carry her. She was tired already after her long walk and could not make very good time. Old Tabby was gaining on her rapidly when Mrs. Woodpecker, who had heard Fluffy's first cry for help, flew at once to the rescue. She jumped on Mrs. Tabby's head and began pecking for all she was worth. This

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was such a surprise to Old Tabby that she fell head over heels into a hole by the roadside and it was quite a few minutes before she recovered herself enough to peep out to try to discover just what had attacked her. As she did so a big stone dropped from some place down in the hole beside her, pinning her tail fast. It was some time before little Timmy Mouse (for it was he who had rolled the stone on Old Tabby's tail) dared to look over the edge of the pit to see how well his plans worked. "So it was you?" said Tabby, glaring at Timmy.

One look was enough for little Timmy and he scurried off home as fast as he could go.



CHAPTER EIGHT



BY this time it was quite late and poor little Fluffy was still running thankful to have escaped Old Tabby, but fearful of some new danger at every step.

Suddenly a voice beside her said, "Don't be frightened, follow close to me for I can see quite well in the dark. You did me a good turn once in the daylight and now I can help you in the dark." With these words, Mr. Bat (for it was the same one she had helped that afternoon when he had fallen from the tree) took hold of her hand and led her to Furrykins' home where they were all waiting to greet her. After Mrs. Wood-

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pecker had jumped on Mrs. Tabby, she flew on to tell the little folks at the party all about poor Fluffy's experience, and to ask them to keep the party waiting just a little longer.



CHAPTER NINE



IT was surely a grand party. They had it on their beautiful lawn and the moon had come out so brightly that the little folks played all their games they had arranged for the daytime. There were nuts, apples, candies, and all sorts of goodies to eat, nice games to play, and they danced around in the moonlight till the Whip-poor-will called, which was the curfew for all.

As it was so late when Fluffy arrived at the party, Mrs. Furrykins sent a message to her mother telling her that she would keep her all night and send her home early next morning. So after the party was over and all the little folk



"It was surely a grand party."

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had gone to their homes in the woods, Mrs. Squire Squirrel tucked Fluffy and Furrykins in her daughter's little bed, kissed each of them "goodnight," heard them say their prayers, and went quietly to her own room on the opposite side of the big oak tree.



CHAPTER TEN



FLUFFY was so tired too dream of the many experiences she had had that day and went to sleep quickly. Early next morning, as promised, Mrs. Furryskins saw to it that Fluffy was taken safely home. Her mother was anxiously waiting for her at the door and each was happy to feel the other's arms around her.

Mother Squirrel kissed her little daughter after each adventure was told to her, and wiping the tears from her eyes when Fluffy had finished, she said, "After all, Fluffy dear, you see that one can never lose anything by being kind to others. You are home again safe and

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sound and I'm glad you enjoyed the party."



