

Fantastically Fabulous, Almost Famous Fables



Fables by Students of
Adele Harrison Middle School

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Introduction

Once upon a time there lived a creative and imaginative man named Aesop (true, we don't definitely know if he really existed, but roll with us here...). He is the author of more than five hundred fables, none of which are as good as ours, but we have to give him some credit because he was our inspiration.

This year Mrs. Esch loaded twenty-nine sixth graders from Ms. Gruenhagen's Language Arts class up with candy, and we were on a roll. Either alone or in small groups, we thought of a moral that had an important life message. From there, we built a story starring animals of our choice and created puppets to represent them. From glittery, purple jellyfish to brown-haired, scooting bulls, our puppets were a great addition to our fables. The puppets also helped improve our artistic abilities.

Ms. Esch, Ms. Spitzer, Ms. Flint, Ms. Bellach, Ms. Harrison, Ms. Summers and the busy office staff, were our first, patient audiences. They gave us advice and encouragement and soon we took our show on the road. The kinder through fifth graders were pleased (we hope) when we presented our fantastically fabulous, almost famous fables.

We loved writing them and definitely learned a lot. We hope you enjoy them just as much as we did, and learned something from them. Now, I won't keep you waiting. Onward to the fables!

Written by Laila Elkhoury, edited by Hank Portello

Sneaker The Squirrel

by Kaiden Compton, Reina Gibbs & Kate Bolling

One warm September day, a squirrel named Sneaker was gathering acorns for the upcoming winter, but he couldn't find any. Sneaker got very impatient, and after an hour or two he noticed his neighbors, best friends, Willy and Silly. Willy was industrious and determined while Silly was a patient and a hard worker.

"Many nuts they have. They will have enough acorns for the whole winter," Sneaker muttered with a mischievous grin. "I bet they wouldn't mind if I took a few."

Slowly and cautiously, Sneaker crept towards his hard working neighbors. He scanned his surroundings to make sure his friends weren't watching. Once he was sure that he was in the clear, the insensitive squirrel snuck over to the pile of acorns and popped them into his ample cheeks.

"How easy it is to steal these nuts," he mumbled with a smile filled with naughtiness.

He continued to steal his neighbors acorns over the next few weeks of autumn. One day, the mischievous little squirrel forgot to make sure he was in the clear and dashed into his neighbor's house. As he was running, he tripped right under the feet of Willy and Silly.

"What are you doing in our house?" asked Willy with a surprised face. Silly narrowed his eyes. "Are you the one who has been stealing all of our acorns?" Sneaker was surprised that they were at home and tried to pretend that he was coming over to visit.

"Why hello my friends!" He stammered. "I ...um...um...uh..."

Silly yelled, "Well, what did you come here to do, steal more of our acorns!?"

"Whoa, let's not jump to conclusions!" said Willy in a skeptical voice. "But Sneaker, did you steal our acorns?"

Now other squirrels had poked their heads inquisitively in at the sound of shouting (most likely Silly), and Sneaker felt more

intimidated. He tried to flee the scene but was met by angry eyes and knew he had to face the consequences.

With a regretful face he said, “I am sorry, Willy and Silly, for stealing your acorns. It was wrong of me and I won’t do it again.” He finished with a short intake of breath.

That’s okay,” they said after a pause. “But we want our acorns back!

“Done, done, and done,” Sneaker said without moment’s hesitation.

But from that day forward, Sneaker was never trusted with anything again and he had a hard time making friends.

MORAL:
Cheating never pays off.

The Greatest Story Ever!

by Trent Oman, Jacob Kane & Niles Francis

One day a Unicorn named Corny was walking along the streets of his home planet, Dunder Mifflin. On Dunder Mifflin, there were beautiful flowers and a bunch of unicorns along with many other types of animals and wizards. A puppy named Chilly Willy was on the corner of a popular street, looking sad so Corny the unicorn wanted to tell the puppy a joke. Corny asked, "Excuse me. Do you know where the Declaration of Independence was signed?"

"No," acknowledged Chilly Willy, already smiling.

"At THE BOTTOM!" shouted Corny.

"Thanks. You just cheered me up," said the happy puppy.

After Corny told the joke to Chilly Willy, Corny asked, "Do you want to come over and hang out at my house?" Then they talked for a while and eventually became friends. They discussed their dislikes and likes about everything. They even discovered that they both loved baseball.

"You're welcome. Did you like it?" asked Corny.

"Yeah, it was very funny," laughed Willy.

An evil snail named Voldemort overheard this conversation and objected. Voldemort was the most popular snail on the planet because of his extremely cool wizarding powers. Plus, he could speak Parseltongue, a way to converse with snakes. He was the most powerful wizard ever!

"That was the worst joke I have ever heard! You are horrific at telling jokes!" grunted Voldemort. The unicorn went home crying.

The next day Chilly Willy and Voldemort were hanging out. Corny came and said, "Hey." Chilly Willy completely ignored him. He wanted to just be friends with Voldemort.

As the days passed, Chilly Willy began to realize that Voldemort wasn't such a good friend after all. Chilly Willy had to dust and polish all his swords.

"Really!" exclaimed Voldemort. "You are so much better off

being MY friend!

“Ever since you have been hanging out with that evil snail, you have been super mean!” explained Corny.

“You are right. I am sorry. I have been VERY mean,” Chilly Willy apologized.

Corny replied, “It’s alright. But I did not see YOU when you were with the evil snail. I saw a mean puppy, not a nice one,” wailed Corny.

The evil snail then said, “Whatever, I do not need you Willy. I have tons of other friends!” He then strutted away, leaving a trail of slime. Off went Corny and Chilly into the sunset, laughing hysterically at each others’ jokes.

MORAL:

Be your own person.

The Dolphin And His Opinions

by Dylan M. Gruenhagen

There once was a shark and a dolphin who dwelled in the deep of the Pacific Ocean. The shark and the dolphin got into an argument over their opinions about their favorite TV show.

“Teen Titans Go is a way better show than Pokemon because the humor in Teen Titans Go is hilarious,” boasted the shark.

“I think Pokemon is a lot better than Teen Titans Go,” said the dolphin.

“Oh yeah,” replied the shark, but Teen Titans Go is a much better show ‘cuz in Pokemon the plot is always the same. Every time the characters go fight in Pokemon, the bad guys try to steal Pikachu,” said the shark, baring his teeth angrily.

The dolphin started to feel sad as he hung his head unhappily in the water. “Why are you so mean to me? It’s just my opinion. No need to get mad,” said the dolphin as he swam away crying.

Later that day, the shark was swimming by when he saw the dolphin talking to the swordfish.

“My favorite show is SpongeBob because Squidward is funny when he’s being mean to SpongeBob,” babbled the swordfish.

“My favorite show is Pokemon because of Pikachu. But I respect your opinion,” said the dolphin. “Beast Boy is my favorite character because he makes funny jokes.”

“Oh yeah, I respect your opinion too,” said the swordfish. And they kept talking about their favorite shows.

The shark now realized why the dolphin had so many friends. The shark started to cry all by himself. Then the shark thought about how dolphin respected the opinions of other people and had friends. “Maybe if I respect the opinions of others, I would have more friends,” thought the shark.

From that day on, the shark started every discussion about TV shows with, “I respect your opinion but my favorite show is Pokemon.” And he never lacked friend again.

MORAL:

Respect the opinions of others.

The Ugly Pufferfish

by Amara Collins & Trinity Wilkens

One day in the great wide expanse of open sea, in a small, vibrant cove that glowed against the sea of blue lived an ugly Pufferfish. The Pufferfish, a misunderstood ball of spikes and poison, was lonely. He was known as an outcast for being a Pufferfish which are, as everyone knows, the ugliest fish in the sea. One day, all the fish told him he was too ugly to live in the cove.

“The cove is too beautiful to be home to such an ugly creature,” scolded the Bluefish barely acknowledging the Pufferfish.

“I may be ugly, but you are mean and cruel,” sobbed the Pufferfish.

He swam away crying, his tears sinking in the water like drops of sadness.

Just as he thought the day couldn't get any worse, he heard the fearsome sound of the motor boats. They rumbled and left wakes that pushed him deeper, deeper into the water. Then as the wakes receded, the boat came to an a silent halt. The silence circled around the water in an eerie darkness. No one knew what was happening, until the spider-like net dropped into the water and tightened as it carried fish to the surface.

“OH NO!” cried the Pufferfish. “The fisherman are here!” Then totally forgetting about his banishment, he raced to the cove desperate for someone to tell the news to. He wanted to help all the fish. Then he saw the Bluefish and the Clownfish.

“What are you doing here, Ugly?” asked the Bluefish.

”Do we have to banish you again?” chided the Clownfish

Then the Pufferfish exclaimed, “The fisherman will catch you all if you don't hide!

“Why should we believe you!” sneered the Bluefish. “Leave or we will feed you to the sharks!”

“Fine, I'll leave,” cried the Pufferfish. But the Pufferfish's leaving was interrupted by the familiar sound of boats. They were here!

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” screamed the Bluefish as nets and hooks

dropped into the water like an angry exploding bomb. The fish screamed and swam as fast as their fins would take them.

Knowing what he had to do, the Pufferfish swam straight into the net. As it started to raise, he puffed himself up like a balloon. Then – BAM!!!! The net split and all the fish were free! Angry, the fishermen rode away in their monstrous boat. The Pufferfish was a savior and hero!

“I was told my whole life: “you’re fat, you’re ugly, you’re never going to amount to be anything.” Now look! I’m a hero and ‘ugly’ is just a word and a moment in time. But your rudeness will haunt you forever,” the Pufferfish cried to the people of the cove. The other fish realized the harshness of their words and were ashamed of themselves.

“Were sorry!” cried the Bluefish and Clownfish. For as long as he lived he never was made fun of again.

The End.

Note: No fish were harmed in the making of this story.

MORAL:

Don’t judge people based on their appearance.

Taking A Stand

by Laila Elkhoury, Lexi Medeiros,
Mia Lucchetti & Victoria Magnani

Once upon a time, a Cheetah and a Panda were so called “friends.” Panda tagged along behind Cheetah in fear of standing up to the cheetah. Cheetah was an insolent feline, who bullied others to make herself feel good, and Panda was as dainty as a ballet dancer. You may find it surprising these two opposites would get along.

“Look at that helpless bag of fleas!” laughed Cheetah, as she stared at Elephant,

“Yeah, look at her,” mumbled Panda.

“She seriously needs help. I- I - We should go give her some advice.”

“Ya. Okay, sure.”

Cheetah strolled off with Panda nervously trailing behind.

“Hey, what are you doing?” demanded Cheetah.

“What?” jumped Elephant.

“You can’t hear! I would’ve thought you could with those giant ears of yours!” teased Cheetah.

Elephant looked pleadingly at Panda for help as she stated, “I can hear most of the time.”

“I definitely won’t be taking your word for it!” snapped Cheetah as she stalked off.

Panda lingered behind and said shyly, “I’m sorry; I had to. She would have gotten soooo mad.”

The next day Cheetah was just as mean and full of insults as ever. Panda, just as unsure as always, trailed behind.

“You need some lotion. Your skin is as rough as sandpaper!” tormented Cheetah.

“I don’t think it’s that rough,” squeaked Elephant.

“Yeah, it’s not so bad, but a little won’t hurt.” added Panda.

“Whatever.” And with that Elephant stormed away.

As soon as she was out of sight, Cheetah spun around to Panda,

“Did you really just stand up for that giant gray rock!”

“No! I just thought maybe she was a little right...” stuttered Panda.

“Well, that is an awful thought! I would never expect a follower like you to say anything like that.”

Then, right then, something clicked in the Panda’s mind. She watched Cheetah, whose footsteps she had followed for years, the person she had bullied, gossiped and played along with. That, was when Panda knew she would not be Cheetah’s puppet any longer. This was the end, and she was happy about it.

Summoning up all of her courage, Panda replied, “I can’t believe I played along with you for this long. I’m not doing it any longer though.”

“Fine!” snapped Cheetah. ” Go ahead and hang out with the losers. You were always just in the way anyways. Don’t expect that I will let you come crawling back when you realize how wrong you were.”

“We were never true friends anyways. I’m sorry I couldn’t see that before,” confessed Panda.

“I never even needed a friend!”

“Okay, bye,” shrugged Panda as she walked to where Elephant was sitting alone.

“What are you here for this time?” questioned Elephant, “Go ahead yell at me, say whatever you want. I’m not listening to you anymore. Wait.....where’s your little friend?”

“You’re not the only one who made a better decision. I am no longer listening to that brat of a Cheetah either!” announced Panda.

“Wow you really want to stand up against her? That’s pretty brave.”

“Yeah, well I should have done it sooner. Plus, you were the one who never gave into her. I am so so sorry. Can you ever forgive me?”

“Of course I can! We are our own leaders and won’t let Cheetah boss us around anymore.”

The two friends made good on that promise and lived happily ever after.

MORAL:

Don't be a follower, be a leader; and always do what you think is right.

The Leopard and The Cat

by Paalden Sherpa & Sabin Magnani

Leopard was a cruel, cold-hearted animal. One day, Leopard saw Cat, the animal that everyone trusted. Cat, a kind-hearted soul, was building a sand castle by himself. Leopard walked up to Cat's castle and looked at it. "What a pathetic sand castle!" Leopard yelled as he kicked down Cat's sand castle in disgust. Cat began to walk away in tears, and looked back.

Leopard was with his friends. He shouted, "How could somebody make such a pathetic sand castle. Oh wait, that's you, Cat brain!" Then his friends all started to laugh.

Later that night, Cat stopped by the store with his mom and picked up a lottery ticket. Later that evening, as his mom was tucking him in for bed, she uttered warmly, "Cat, do you remember when our neighbors were hungry and had no kibble? You gave them our leftovers even though we were hungry? You are not a bad Cat, nor are you a Cat brain. Don't listen to those punks." The next morning his mom was thrilled and Cat didn't know why. "What's wrong mother?" Cat asked.

"Well son, WE WON THE LOTTERY!" His mother shouted. It turns out, all that kindness payed off.

Later that day, Cat walked out to to the park with his shovel and pail. Leopard walked over to Cat. "Cat, I'm sorry for what I did yesterday, and I now realize that I shouldn't have yelled at you." Leopard had seen Cat on TV for winning the lottery, He thought to himself, I could go for another 50 bucks. So he kissed up to Cat.

"Do you want money, perhaps?" sarcastically asked Cat.

"It never occurred to me," Leopard implored in a sugary, fake voice.

Cat silently walked away then softly voiced, "Kindness is always rewarded."

MORAL

When you are kind, good things come your way.

The Scooter Bulls

by Nicolas Sebastiani & Hank Portello

There was once a tall, mighty bull named Nicolas who thought he was the greatest at scooter tricks. “I am the GREATEST!” shouted Nicolas.

“I bet you can’t do a 360 on a scooter,” contested Hank.

“Wanna bet on it? I’ll prove to you that I can do it right now!” boasted Nicolas.

“You couldn’t even do it if you tried.”

The bulls decided to meet at this very spot on this blacktop the next morning. They decided to play “scoot,” a game where someone would try a trick, and if they succeeded, the other player had to do it. If they failed, they would get a letter. Whoever spells “scoot” first loses. It’s a friendly little game that will decide who is better at scootering.

Both Nicolas and Hank woke up the next morning, and remembered to meet at the same spot on the blacktop at school. They were feeling nervous and competitive. Both came there at 11:30 in the morning, ready to play, but when they were getting ready to compete, it started to rain. But they chose to keep going. “Let the games begin!” shouted the two bulls.

Nicolas’ first attempted a bunny hop, and he successfully landed it. But sadly Hank had failed, and got an “s.”

“Son of a biscuit!” screamed Hank.

“Hahahahahahaha!” laughed Nicolas, confident of his skills.

“That’s just one trick!”

As this game continued, it was a close battle. Hank had “S-c-o-o” and so did Nick. But it was Nick’s turn to do a trick. He was going to do his move he was most famous for, his 360 tailwhip. When he attempted his greatest trick, his arm got caught under the handle bars and frighteningly Nick plummeted to the ground.

“OOWWWW!” screamed Nicolas.

“Ooooo, that must’ve hurt,” Hank stated.

“My arm’s broken!” exclaimed Nicolas.

With a broken arm, the game was immediately stopped. The two bulls had to get to their parents for help.

“Come on, Nicolas!” yelled Hank., “We need to get to our parents.”

“I’m trying to get up. Can you help me?” asked Nicolas.

“Yeah, I’ll help you.

So with the two bulls struggled to get home, Hank supporting Nicolas.

For the next few weeks, Nicolas wore a cast on his right arm, his dominant arm. He was having trouble with school and sports with his arm broken. He realized that he should never be too confident or braggy.

MORAL:

The biggest loudmouth falls the hardest.

Bioluminescent Bubbles

by Sofia Carlsson and Zoe Bolger

It was early morning in the Deep City Ocean colony. This was Bubbles first day of school and he was bouncing off the walls. “Bubbles, are you ready?” his mother called as she packed his lunch.

“Almost, Mother. I’m putting on my brand new prescription glasses,” Bubbles almost screamed with excitement.

Bubbles was quite enamored about meeting new friends and especially showing off his new glasses that he had bought just yesterday with his mother. Bubbles and his mother walked to school and while they were walking, Bubbles realized that he was the only bioluminescent jellyfish in the entire neighborhood.

“Mother, why does everybody else look different?” Bubbles questioned almost insecurely.

“Now Bubbles, there is nothing wrong with being different,” his mother reassured him. By the time Bubbles looked up they were at his new school. And still, nobody looked like him.

“Bye Bubbles. Have a wonderful day!” his mother exclaimed.

“Bye. Love you,” Bubbles mumbled as he walked into the school.

As Bubbles walked through the hallway, he realized that all eyes were on him, but he just tried to ignore it, until a tall mangy beast of a jellyfish walked up to him and announced, “Hey everyone, look at this new kid; he doesn’t look like anything I’ve ever seen!” the beast roared.

Bubbles, one defeated jelly fish, continued to mosey down the hall, until he saw a huge sign that said, “Play tryouts today in Room #786.” He loved theater and was for sure going to try out. After he saw that poster, he had a huge smile on his face, and it stayed there all the way until he made it to his class, eager to escape the hallway. Right as he heaved a sigh of relief, he realized who his desk partner was...the beast! He silently and slowly placed down his stingers in the seat not even daring to look over at him. Until, he heard the

beast start to grumble.

“So, four eyes, have you always looked like Rudolph, or did you fall in a pool of glow sticks?” the beast teased.

“You know, I enjoy not looking like a clone,” Bubbles whispered, too quiet to hear.

“What did you say?” the beast questioned.

“Nothing,” Bubbles quivered.

“That is what I thought!” the beast reassured himself.

“Okay, class, time to meet our brand new student Bubbles, a foreign exchange student all the the way from Deep City,” the teacher announced.

“Bubbles, why don’t you share some things about yourself.”

“Uh, okay I have three pets, my favorite food is kelp, and I moved here just one week ago,” Bubbles said hesitantly.

“Very cool Bubbles; okay class let’s get started...oh actually one more thing if you haven’t already met, Bubbles. That guy right next to you is Barney, your new partner!” Mrs. Shell almost bursted out.

The class went on for what felt like an eternity...until bing, bing, bing, bing, bing, bing...finally school was out. Oh! Bubbles thought, play tryouts! Bubbles rushed through the class until again he was stunned by the beast... “Why you runnin? Afraid of me, are you?” Barney teased loudly.

“No, I am just trying to get to play tryouts,” Bubbles replied.

“Don’t even bother. You’re too weird looking to get any part that involves not covering your entire body,” Barney laughed

“Never hurt to try.” Bubbles slipped by semi-sassily.

As he walked over to room #786, he thought about what Barney had said. Was he really that weird looking? Whatever, he thought. He had a play to try out for.

As Bubbles walked into the room of fellow acting patrons, he realized that no one was looking at him weirdly, and that every single one of them stood out, although obviously not in the way he did. Some of them were super quiet or very hyper, but everyone was...well, different! But, they seemed comfortable with their differentness. He felt, for once in the entire day, that he belonged.

Out came the performing arts teacher; she announced the words that everyone seemed to be waiting for: “Ok, this year’s play is the Broadway production of ‘The Princess and the Frog’! So, everyone grab a script from this box and find out what part you want to try out for. To get a medium or big role, you must sing any song you know and read some of your characters’ lines!” The teacher yelled with excitement.

Bubbles, riled up by the teacher’s words, skipped over to the box of scripts then sashayed over to his seat eager to pick a part. As he scrolled through, he found a perfect part for him: Louie the Firefly! He quickly decided on singing a song from his favorite play the Lion King, “I Just Can’t Wait to be King.” Nervously, Bubbles shuffled toward the table where the teacher was sitting, gathered every bit of courage he could, sang his song, read a short excerpt from the script, and bowed. Then it was a waiting game. Everyone sat around each other chattering and some almost crying from nerves until, at last, he was called over to the table.

“Bubbles, we were very impressed with your voice and your overall look is perfect for this part. You got the part!” she smiled broadly.

“Thank you,” Bubbles said trying to be contained but bursting inside. Later that night Bubbles thought maybe, just maybe, looking like he did wasn’t such a pain after all.

MORAL:

It’s okay to be different.

The Bear and The Bee

by Jocelyn Strand, Gianna Chiotti & Julia Belleville

Once upon a time in a faraway forest, after the bears had all finished hibernating, a starving bear went out to get some food.

“Boy, am I hungry!” exclaimed Bob the bear. In a nearby part of the forest, a busy bee, named Honey, was as busy as could be. Bob ventured off into the forest in search of some food.

“Ooooh, look! There’s a beehive! I could go for some of that honey right about now!”

Bob walked up to the hive. Then a little bee came up to Bob.

“You better stay away from my hive while I go pollinate some flowers,” warned Honey the honey bee. Honey went off on her way to go pollinate some beautiful yellow daisies. “Bzzzzzz!”

Bob was not scared by Honey’s threat. He started to inch toward the beehive. Once he got close enough, he stuck his paw right into the hive to get some honey. Bob heard Honey buzzing back.

“Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!”

Bob tried to take his paw out of the hive and leave with what he had grabbed. But... “Awww, my paw is stuck.”

The bee approached him and yelled, “What are you doing, stealing from my beehive!”

“AYEEEE,” screeched Bob.

The bee had stung Bob right on his left shoulder. “I told you not to steal my honey.”

“I am sorry I stole your honey. I underestimated you by your size. I will never do it again!” cried Bob.

“I forgive you. Just never judge anyone by their size.”

The two became close friends and shared their food and honey. They both lived happily ever after.

MORAL:

Never underestimate someone’s power by his or her size.

Cheese, A Cautionary Tale

by McKenna Finley & Ava Bolger

Once upon a time, there was a small village where cheese was wonderful but scarce. Bobita, the sassy Asian Bearcat, bought all the cheese in town and was preparing to eat it at a grand feast in her mansion where nobody was invited, wanting all the cheese to herself. After all, it was the best food in the world! While she was getting the delicious cheese out of her wheelbarrow, a poor, young, calorie deprived tortoise named Denise staggered by, her stomach rumbling like thunder. Even Bobita could hear it! Denise noticed all the cheese and blurted in her shrill voice,

“WOW! That cheese looks fantastic. Can I have some?”

“Umm.” Bobita responded, obviously annoyed. “No.”

“Why not?” Denise asked, slightly offended. “You seem to have much more than enough.”

“Because I don’t want to,” Bobita snarkily retorted.

“Okay,” she muttered, staring at the ground, and after thinking to herself for a minute, begged, “Please?”

“NO. So stop asking okay?! Jeez.” Bobita was frustrated now.

“FINE! Have it your way but just know, that much cheese will give you very bad stomach ache!” Denise walked away in disgust, her stomach rumbling in protest.

Bobita was so relieved when Denise left that she ate all the cheese in ten minutes! After that, she decided it was such a lovely day that she should go for a walk. But, as she stood up out of her chair, a sharp pain like fire raged throughout her stomach.

“Owwwww!” she whined.

Bobita tried reaching for her phone to call the hospital but the pain was too strong. She stumbled backwards. Then, everything went black...

She woke up in a hospital room and groaned as she sat up in bed. Confused and dazed, she looked around. There were flowers on the table addressed to her and a card that was obviously homemade. She reached over and grabbed it.

Dear Bobita,

You might not remember me but I was the one who wanted some of your cheese. You blacked out last night after you ate all that cheese. I didn't want to say it in person but I'm afraid I was right. You are lactose intolerant! I'll see you someday!

Love,
Denise

MORAL:

What goes around comes around, and sharing is always right.

The Decision

by Alex Groth, Beau Jurasek & Maximilian Campos

One bizarre morning, at Redwater Cove, two friends named Samuel the Alpaca and Barry the Pelican could not decide what to do for the day. Samuel implied, “Let’s take a train to France. France has beautiful sights and amazing food and also...

“Nah, dude,” Barry interrupted in a disapproving voice. “Let’s go surfing by the cove. After all, there are some gnarly waves and surfing is much more rad than taking a train to that boring place, France.”

Throughout the day, Samuel the sad alpaca was not enjoying surfing at all. However, Barry seemed to not notice Sammy’s pessimistic mood.

The next day, the two of them met up for a second time, deciding what to do for the day.

“Let’s go for a bike ride,” noted Barry.

“Of course not. Taking a walk by the lake is much more fun than riding a piece of metal,” answered Samuel.

All throughout the day, Samuel was having a charming stroll beside the lake. But he couldn’t help but notice how bummed out Barry was feeling.

The two of them then met up the next day, but Barry brought another good friend of his along named Moe the Manatee - a charming hippie.

“Let’s go for a sick boat ride,” advised Barry.

“Why don’t we go to the fair!” cried Samuel.

“No way, dude, that’s the lamest idea I’ve heard all day,” said Barry.

“It’s not like you have any better ideas,” said Samuel.

“I do too!” shouted Barry.

“Calm down. Why don’t we just compromise on what to do for the day? After all, we don’t want to waste our time arguing about what to do,” bargained Moe.

The three of them decided they wanted to build a sandcastle.

They had the best time of their lives, building the biggest sandcastle ever for the rest of the day!

MORAL:

Good friendships always depend on compromise.

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