

### The Tiny Folk

(A real story of real children for very young children)

Susan was not allowed out to play while there were so many puddles. So Laurie had come over to her house. Susan's little brother, David, had just wakened from his afternoon's nap, and the three children were planning what they would play.

"Play hide," piped up two-year-old David.

"No, I want to play with my dolls," objected Susan. "Let's play house."

"I'd like to play doctor," suggested three-year-old Laurie. "You be the nurse, Susan, and I'll be the doctor."

"All right," agreed Susan. "Just wait until I get all my dolls. But what shall we play?"

"Let's make up our own game," suggested Laurie. "I've got a book of 'Inoculating' very carefully for he was quite pleased with the new word he had learned. 'I was inoculated again and again,' I never cried a little bit. Of course, I couldn't cry when baby Linda was there too. The doctor inoculated her. My Mommy says we get it done so we won't take sore throats or whooping cough. It helps to keep us well."

"I remember when I was done last year," said Susan. "I was very sick. I couldn't go to school next year. Let's do that to our dolls."

"I need a white coat," said Laurie. "I can't be a doctor without a white coat. You need a white dress if you are a nurse."

"Mommy, can you help us?" Susan asked her mother. Mrs. Dale went up to the bedroom and came down with some white things in her hands. "Here is

your Daddy's old white shirt for a coat for Laurie. And this white dress of mine will have to do for you. I'll tie it up."

The children giggled at each other as they put on the clothes. David said nothing but just sat and watched, holding tightly to his big black and white Panda.

"Here are some droppers out of empty cod liver oil bottles," said Susan. "We'll use those for needles."

"I need a white towel," said Laurie. He picked up a clean sheet from the doll carriage, and spread it out on the little table. Then he placed the empty bottles and the old droppers on the towel.

"We are ready now. Bring me the first little girl, nurse. There now, Margie Lou, just hold your arm still. That's a good girl. Now come here, Cuddles, your next."

"Let's do my teddy too," said Susan, as she ran to bring him over from the couch. "I want to do him. Let me have the needle."

Now the family were all done. "They won't get sore throats and have to go to the hospital," said Laurie. "I wish we had more dolls. Let's do David's Panda."

"Oh yes," said Susan, and she put her arms around him and explained what Susan and Laurie were doing. David stopped crying but he wouldn't get down.

"Never mind, David," said Susan. "We are all finished now anyway. I'm sure our family will all be healthy and well for a long time."

Then it was home time for Laurie, so that ended their play for another day.

### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE SIMPLE LIFE

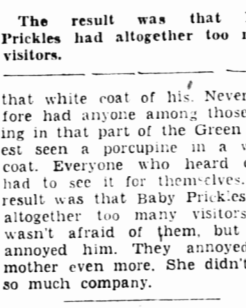
They tranquil live whose wants are few, And who have nothing much to do.

—Old Mother Nature.

Of all the Green Forest folk none lives more simply than do the porcupine folk. Prickly Porky's wants are few, and he really has very little to do. Because he lives largely on the inner bark of several kinds of trees, and on the leaves of some, and in summer on certain green plants easy to obtain, he never goes hungry. And he never really has to work to get his food. Because he is so wonderfully protected by his thousand little spears, called quills, he doesn't have to spend time hiding and constantly watching for enemies. There are folks who would gladly catch him if they dared to, but they have too much respect for those little spears to even touch him.



Most babies of the Green Meadow and the Green Forest folk have much to learn, and they have to learn it in a short time. They have to learn how and where to look for the food they must have. They have to learn to constantly watch for danger, and how to avoid it when it comes. These things Baby Prickles didn't have to learn at all. Food, the kind porcupine like, was all about him. He didn't have to look for it at all. Every tree was a growing food supply. All he had to do was climb a tree, and with his big gnawing teeth get at the inner bark of the trunk and pull in the tender twigs and needles, as the leaves are called. They were one of his favorite foods. He didn't even have to climb a tree, because all he had to do was to grab the bark of the trunk of a young tree for as high as he could reach.



If a stranger whose looks he didn't like came along while he was on the ground, all he had to do was to raise the thousand little spears in his coat and snip his little quill-covered tail from side to side. The stranger simply didn't touch him. So it was that from the very beginning he was almost completely independent, and seldom knew what it was to be really afraid. He lived the simple life. His wants were so simple, merely food and a place in which to sleep when he felt like it, that he didn't have to give them any thought at all. He never wanted

things he didn't have, or couldn't have, and so he was never disappointed. Eating to live, and living to eat, is all that a porcupine ever wants of life. So, of all the people in the Green Forest, none knows quite the contentment of the porcupine folk.

Baby Prickles was an exception to this general rule in that, though no fault of his own, he was bothered by too much attention. It was

that white coat of his. Never before had anyone among those living in that part of the Green Forest seen a porcupine in a white coat. Everyone who heard of it had to see it for themselves. The result was that Baby Prickles had altogether too many visitors. He wasn't afraid of them, but they annoyed his mother even more. She didn't like so much company.

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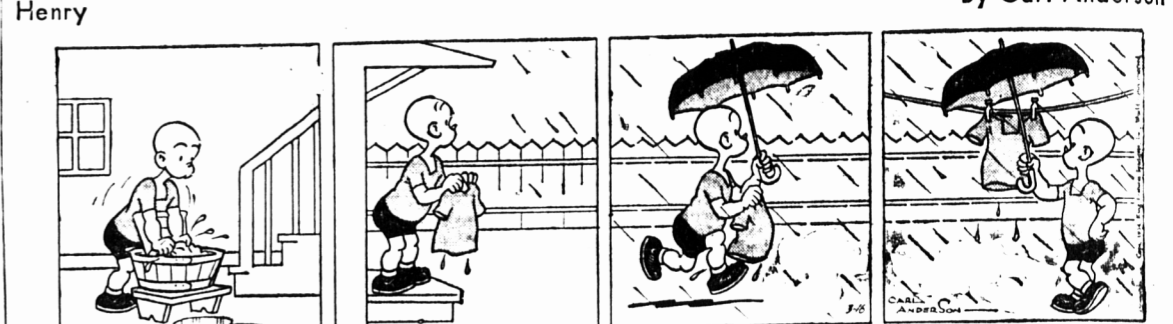
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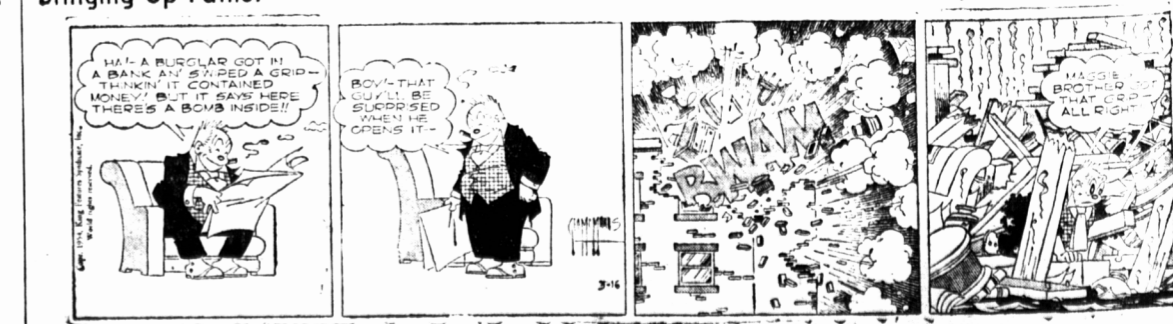
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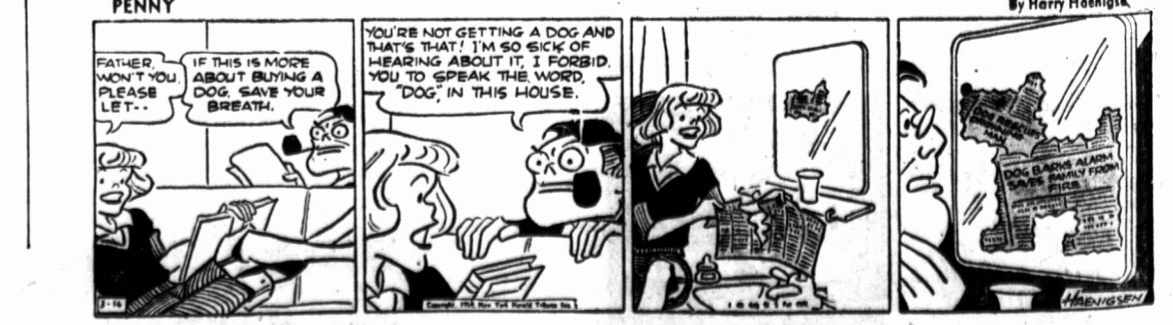
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