

SMALL STORIES

HOPPY THE KANGAROO



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HOPPY THE KANGAROO

Once upon a time there was a little kangaroo called Hoppy. Hoppy the Kangaroo liked to sit in his mother's pocket and wander around in the wild.





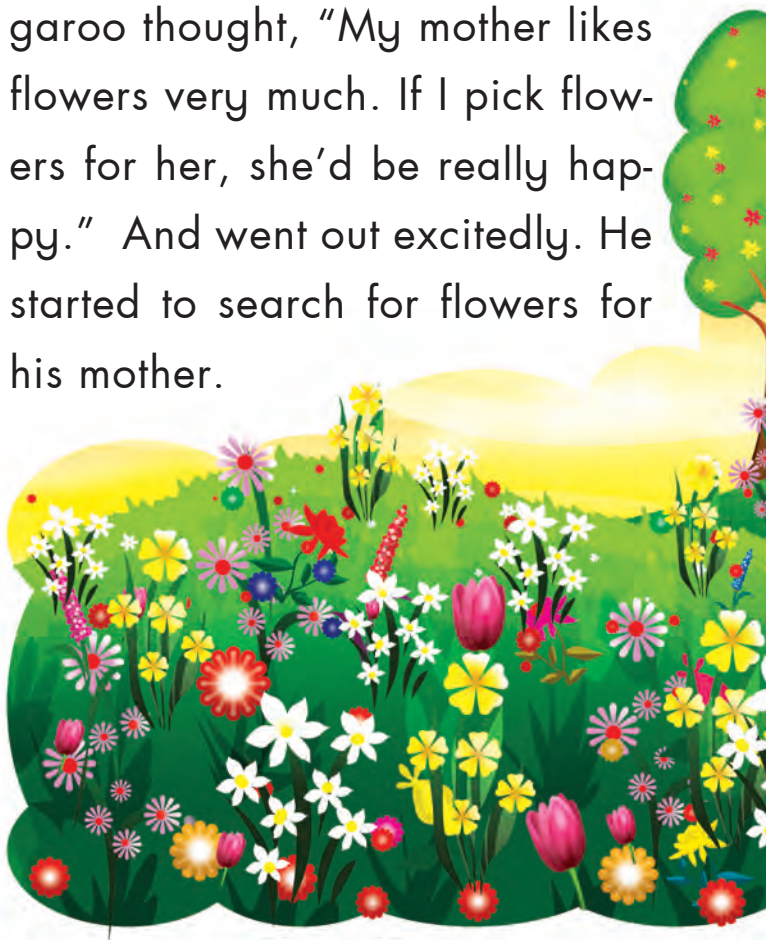
His mother showed him all the
flowers one by one and said,

“How beautiful they are, aren’t
they Hoppy?”





One day, little Hoppy the Kangaroo thought, "My mother likes flowers very much. If I pick flowers for her, she'd be really happy." And went out excitedly. He started to search for flowers for his mother.





Hoppy the Kangaroo was hopping and jumping through the flowers. He wanted to take the most beautiful flowers to his mother. But he couldn't decide which flower to pick: "Red poppies or pink tulips or yellow daisies?"





While he was thinking about this,
a red rose caught Hoppy's atten-
tion. Roses were one of his
mother's favorite flow-

ers. He decided to
pick that. He went
over to the rose.

He was about
to pick it, but a
white butterfly
came out of
the rose. This but-
terfly's name
was Whitney.





"Hey, little kangaroo! What are you doing?" Asked Whitney the butterfly.

The little kangaroo said,
"I am going to take this rose to my mother. She loves roses."

