

Timmy Mouse and the Grumpy Cloud



Timmy Mouse and his friends live in the Forest of Big Trees.
It is very quiet in their Forest.
It is not only quiet, it is dark as well.
Is it still night?
No, it is daytime, yet it is dark.
Timmy Mouse is at home, in his tree-house.
The lights are on and he has visitors.
Muffy Mole and Mister Rabbit are sitting on the couch.
Next to Timmy are his nephews.
Daddy and Mommy Beaver are sitting on the floor with
their children.
They are waiting for Mr. Owl.
What happened?

They do not look happy at all.
We have never seen Timmy
and his friends this unhappy!
Even the little Beavers argue.
Instead of taking turns
looking at the picture book,
they pull the book out of
each other's hands.
Mommy Beaver waves her
hand and slaps the culprit's
tail. Quarrel in the Forest
of Big Trees? It does not look good!



Finally they hear a knock on the wooden door.
Timmy gets up, slowly walks to the door and sighs deeply.
You can not see any smile on his little snout, not even a tiny one.
He opens the door and growls “Hello, Mr. Owl”.
“Hello, my dear Timmy”, says Mr. Owl and with his large wing
he pats Timmy cheerfully on the shoulder.
Mr. Owl enters, looks around and shakes his head.
“I can feel it, yes, I have arrived just in time.
Let’s go to work!”

All eyes are on Mr. Owl.
Why is he acting so cheerful?
Ugh.....that is really annoying.
There is nothing to laugh about!
What has happened to our friends in the Forest of Big Trees?!
Did they get sick or did something bad happen?

Mr. Owl carries a book under his wing.
He puts the book on the table.
There is a beautiful feather right in the middle of the book.
It is a big book, so Mr. Owl pushes aside all cups on the table.
He opens the book exactly on the page where the feather is.



Everyone is looking at the book and the beautifully decorated letters on each page.

This is not an ordinary book, no, this is a special book.

A book that only a great Wise Owl can possess.

All the stories of the Forest of Big Trees are in it.

Every new little tree that sprouts from the ground is in this book.

All bees and butterflies, worms and frogs, all inhabitants big and small..... they are all in this book.

“Dear friends”, says Mr. Owl. "I found what I was looking for!
Here it is.....!"

He points at two beautiful decorated letters with flowers and leaves.
But the letters are drawn in a dark cloud.

Timmy takes a look and his nose is right above the page.
“It is the letter G and the letter C!”



“A Grumpy Cloud!”, says Mr. Owl seriously and he slowly taps on
the letters in the book.

Everybody looks startled.

“Grumpy Cloud?.....Grumpy Cloud?...”.

They softly repeat the words.

Mr. Owl continues:

“Long ago my Grandfather lived in this forest.

He was the Wise Red Owl, who wrote the story in this book.



He told my father the story and my father told me the story.

Now I am going to tell you the story.

Once before, the same darkness darkened the Forest of Big Trees!

And just like today, all smiles and cheerfulness had vanished
because of the dark Grumpy Cloud.

But,we are going to get your lovely smiles back.

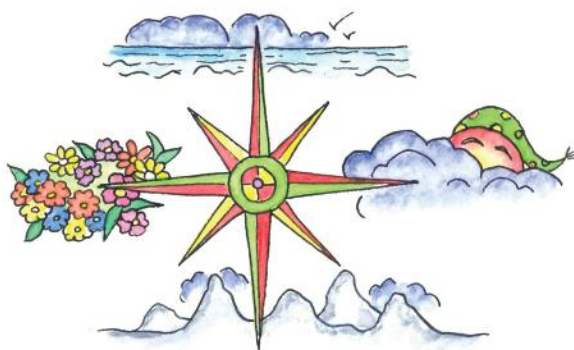
We will do it together!”

Mr. Owl looks at his friends and starts telling the story:
“It was dark and the sun did not want to come out.
Everyone started grumbling and complaining.
The sweetest and happiest mouse turned into the most grumpy mouse of all!
Grandfather Red Owl flew into the woods and realized something bad had happened.”
Mr. Owl proudly points to a picture on the page of the book.
“Look, there is Grandfather Red Owl!”
But nobody is looking and they are angry, because he stopped telling the story.
“Hmm,” says Mr. Owl, he narrows one eye and runs his finger down the page.

“So it had been dark for days,
the sun did not rise.....
The flowers did not open,
the frogs did not move in the reeds
and the birds sat quietly in their nests.
Grandfather Red Owl could not find any cheerfulness.



As you know Owls sleep during the day.
When it is dark and you are fast asleep in your bed, they wake up.
So Grandfather Red Owl had not slept for a long time.
It had been dark, so he stayed awake.
But a Wise Owl has wise thoughts.



Grandfather Red Owl decided to go out,
investigate and find a solution!
And this is why Grandfather Red Owl
began his long journey.
He flew South to the Silver Mountains,
North to the waters of the Wavy Sea.
He flew West to the beautiful Colored
Flower Fields and East to find the very
spot where the Sun is sleeping.



Every morning the Sun wakes up and walks quietly through the sky, giving everyone some light and warmth.” Everyone in the room nods. Yes, that is how it should be!

“Grandfather Red Owl was looking for answers and searched for the Queen Bee, who was hidden with her family in the beehive. He listened to the frogs sitting deep in the reeds.

A Wise Owl can even listen to the whispering voice of the wind.”

“And after a long journey from North to South and from West to East, Grandfather Red Owl finally came home and landed on his branch in the Forest of Big Trees. He had seen and heard a lot of new things.

He was tired, but he could not sleep.

He was even very awake!

No bedtime story for Grandfather Red Owl!

“Oehoehoe....”

Mr. Owl laughs at his own little joke.

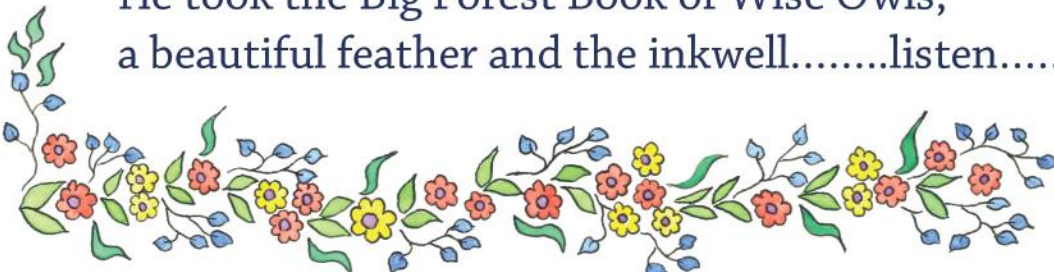
But no one else in the room is laughing.

Instead, Mr. Owl hears deep sighs and quickly he continues:

“Grandfather Red Owl had learned something new. That is very unusual, because a Wise Owl already knows a lot.

But first of all, he had to write down his discovery.

He took the Big Forest Book of Wise Owls, a beautiful feather and the inkwell.....listen.....



Far behind the Silver Mountains, but not as far as the Wavy Sea, Grandfather Red Owl discovered a small patch of greenery. Not just green, no, it was water-glass-grass-green. A bright, shimmering and lively sort of green. It was very small, but because of his sharp eyes he was able to discover this green glint. It only lasted one second, but he did see it! Carefully Grandfather Red Owl ducked down. He flew gentle and quiet, like big Owls can do with their large soft wings. Wooshhhh!



He sat down on a branch and looked around.

It was a beautiful place. Everywhere he looked he could see flowers. Flowers he had never seen before.

They just looked a little sad. All flowers were hanging down a bit.

Suddenly he saw something move under a big orange flower. It was small, it was fast, it was flying, it was a...no, he did not know what it was! Carefully he cleared his throat. "Hmm, hmmm..." The flying creature immediately looked up. It held tight to the flower's stem and flew a little closer into the flower. Ooh, what was that?! It squeezed its eyes a little to have a better view. A second time it heard "Hmm...". There, on the branch, there was a Wise Owl! But it did not have to worry about that. The big I-Know-It-All-Book said that Wise Owls are friends. So the little creature came out from under her flower and waved at Grandfather Red Owl."

It landed on the branch next to Grandfather Red Owl.

“Hello, I am Little Pop!” it said bravely.

Grandfather Red Owl smiled. ‘Little Pop’, that is a funny name.

“Why do they call you Little Pop?” he asked, as he straightened his back.

Little Pop looked up at the beautiful Wise Owl and said:

“My real name is Little Rosie, but I have been naughty and that is why I have this new name.

My family, the Flower Elves, are all in the Family Tree.

I...I...I have to make amends....before I can go back into the Tree.

I really want to, but....I....I really do not know how!”

“Well, start telling me what happened, Little Pop”, said Grandfather Red Owl and he moved a little closer.

She waved her arms around her.

“Look, this happened...all the flowers are sick.

They do not get enough light anymore.

Soon the petals will fall off.

The new seeds are not ripe yet, so that is very, very bad!”

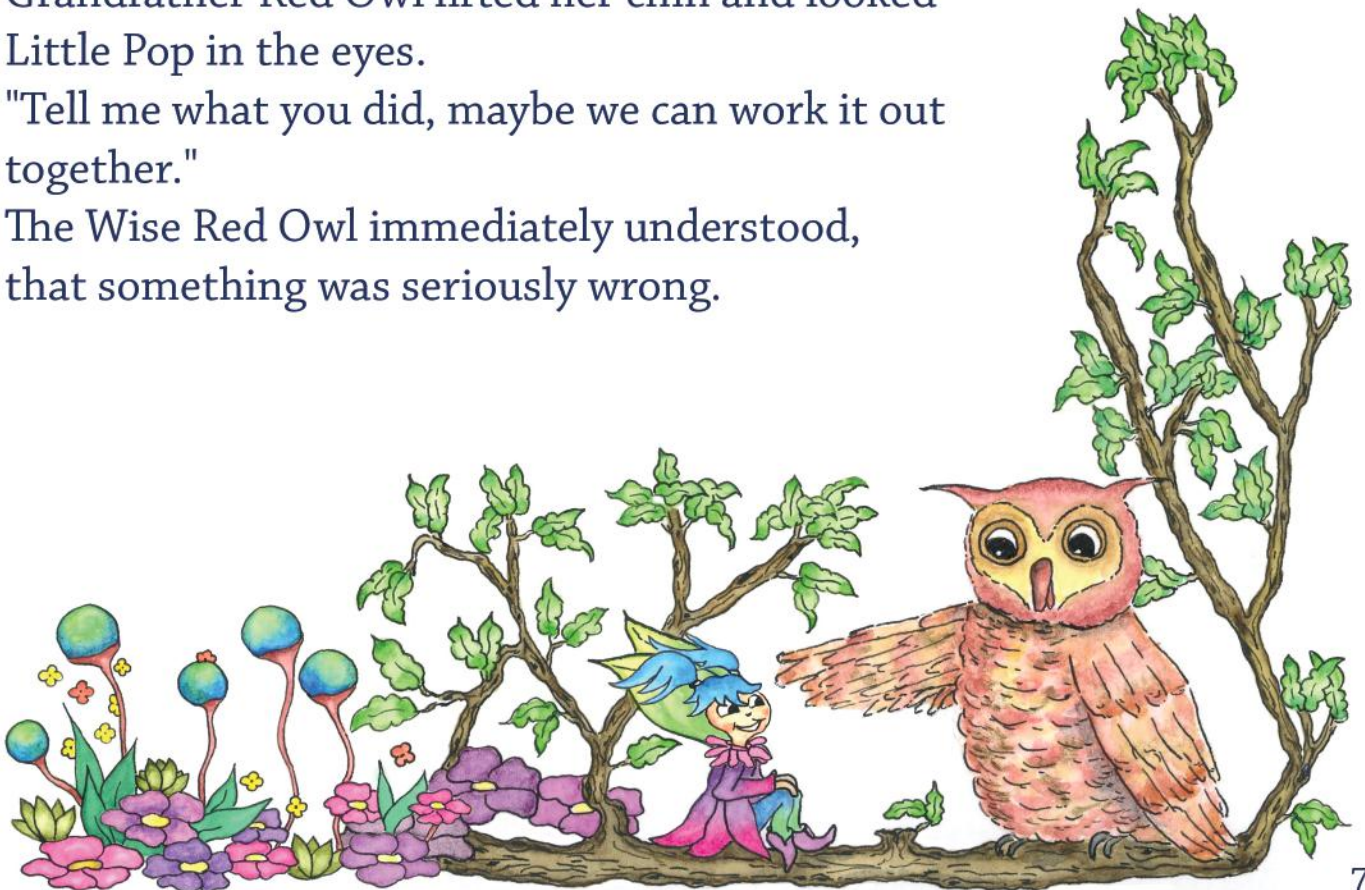
A teardrop fell on the soil beneath the tree.

Grandfather Red Owl lifted her chin and looked

Little Pop in the eyes.

"Tell me what you did, maybe we can work it out together."

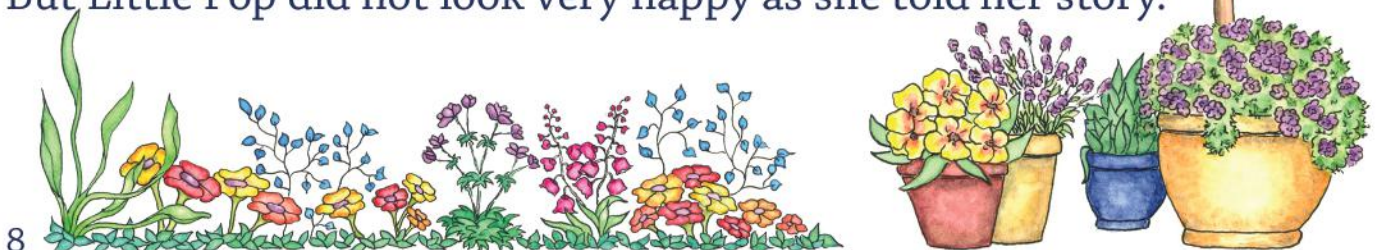
The Wise Red Owl immediately understood, that something was seriously wrong.



Little Pop plucked at her jacket and started to tell her story:
“My family are the Flower Elves.
We all have our own flower to take care of.
But you know, these flowers are not ordinary flowers.
They are special working flowers.
There is a flower that can make you warm, when you are cold.
There is a flower that can make you happy when you are sad.
There is a flower that can make your bellyache disappear when
it aches and there are many more working flowers.



But I did not find a working flower that suited me.
Then I got an idea. I was going to create my own flower,
so I could take care of it!
The Balloon flower has the most beautiful colors,
the Wishing Bell is so nice and fresh,
the Teasing Top has a funny hat and I think
the Popping flower is the most exciting one of all!
I put the seeds of all these flowers together in a
growing bag. In a few weeks I would have a special
flower of my own.....!”
But Little Pop did not look very happy as she told her story.



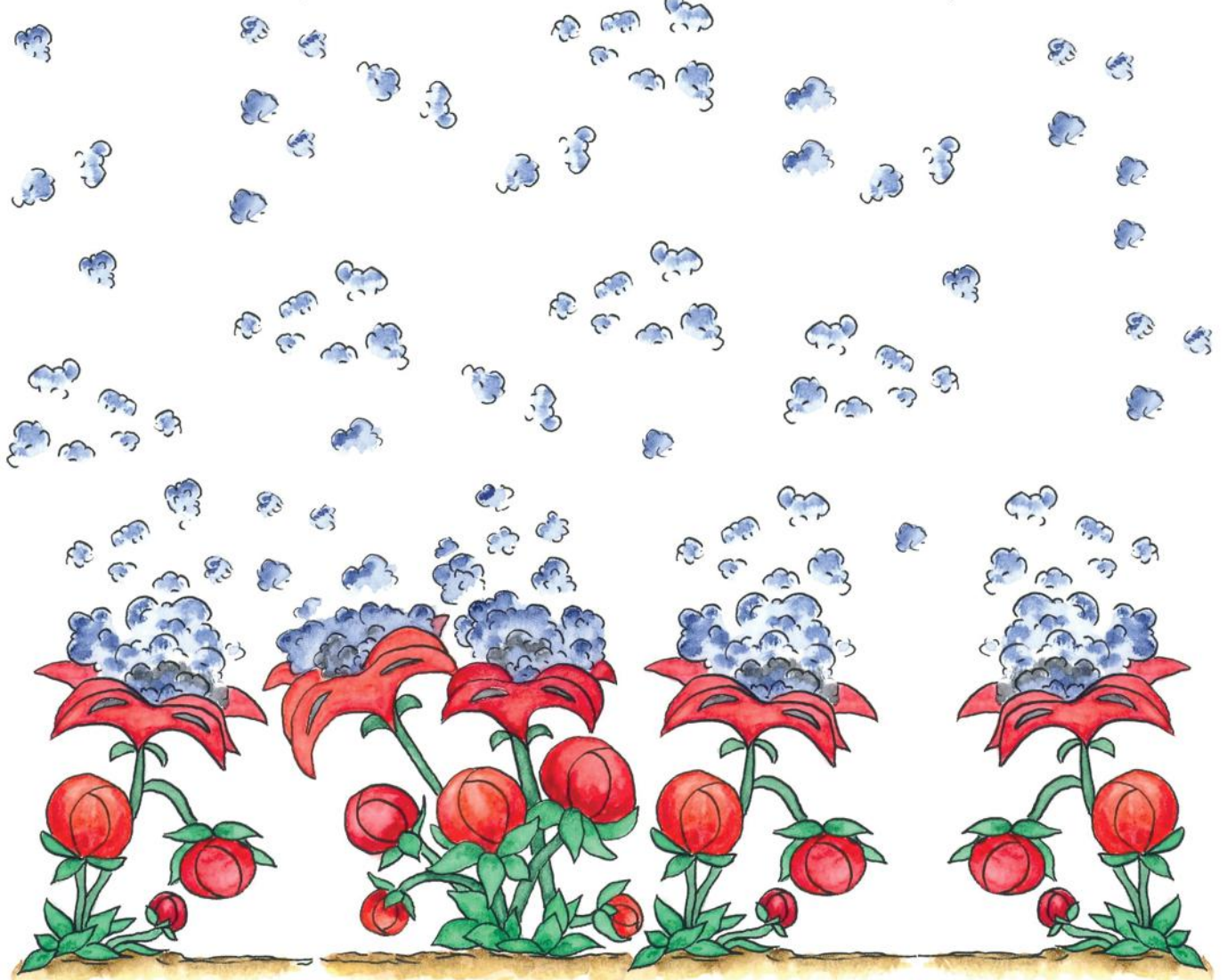
She continued:

“After a week new seeds and tiny cuttings emerged from the growing bag.

I put the little cuttings in my garden and watered them. After two days the first flower bloomed and after four days ten more flowers appeared.”

She looked at Grandfather Red Owl attentively.

“And after ten days.....a hundred flowers bloomed!”



Grandfather Red Owl moved from one paw to the other.

“Hmmm...”

“And then...and then...” said Little Pop red-cheeked,

“then the flowers, which looked like giant buds got bigger and bigger. I could not do anything to stop it.

I told Mommy and Daddy and they called all the Flower Elves into the Family Tree.

When they all were inside, there was a very big ‘BANG’.

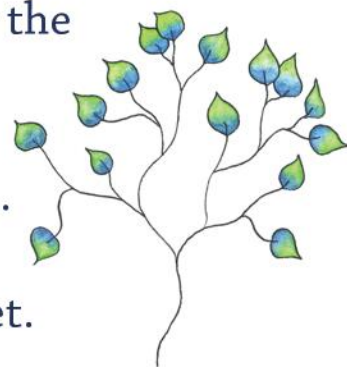
The Family Tree shook from side to side!”

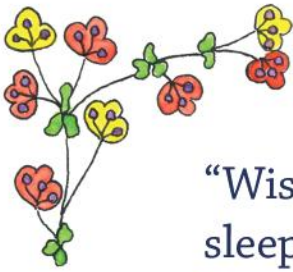
Slowly another tear rolled down Little Pop's cheek.
"It is all my fault! I chased the sun away.....!"
Grandfather Red Owl put his wing around Little Pop's shoulder.
"What happened next?" he asked kindly.
"I went outside.....all buds of my flowers had popped.
I created horrible big blowing exploding flower buds!"
More tears rolled down her cheeks.
They dripped on the petals of the orange flower at the bottom
of the tree. 'Tap..tap...tap'.
"Mommy told me over and over again to be very careful with
the Popping flower, but the 'pops' are so funny.
They scare the birds away when we plant new seeds.



Now I do understand
that a Balloon flower,
a Teasing Top,
a Wishing Bell together
with a Popping Flower
is the most dangerous
combination you can
think of!"
Little Pop blew her nose.

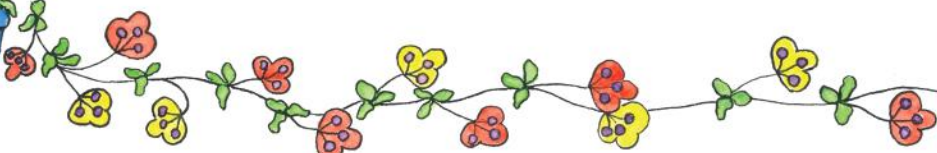
"This new and dangerous flower had grown very large buds.
They were as big as a balloon.
Inside each big bud was a large dark cloud.
Because all the buds popped at once, the wind blew the
dark clouds into the sky.
They joined the other clouds.
It got really dark, the sun did not want to wake up...
....and.....everyone started grumbling...!"
Little Pop was quiet. Grandfather Red Owl was quiet.
He closed his eyes.





“Wise Owl.....Wise Owl.....please do not go to sleep!” Little Pop called out.
Grandfather Red Owl opened his eyes and smiled.
“I am not asleep, I just had an idea:
The Balloon Flower produced clouds.....
The Popping Flower produced a big ‘pop’....
And I understand the Teasing Top can make you grumble!
But tell me, Little Pop, what does the Wishing Bell do?”

Grandfather Red Owl knew the answer.
After all, he was a Wise Owl.
He smiled at Little Pop and waited for an answer.
Would she know too?
She closed her eyes, like the Wise Owl had done.
The Wishing Bell, but of course!
Little Pop had not thought about the Wishing Bell anymore.
She was far too afraid of everything that had happened.
Besides, she could not think properly with a dark cloud hanging over her head.
“The Wishing Bell did not do her job yet!”
Little Pop called out.
She could still make it right.
This was a very nice thought!



Suddenly a small light flashed through the air...'poof'.
Grandfather Red Owl and Little Pop looked up.
Up high in the clouds, a small shiny hole appeared.
That was exactly what the Wishing Bell supposed to do.
Every happy and beautiful thought would sweep away a part of
the dark cloud!
Grandfather Red Owl and Little Pop hugged each other and.....
'flash', 'poof', more shiny holes appeared in the dark cloud!



Suddenly they heard fluttering.
Someone had landed on the branche.
"Mommy!" cried Little Pop. Mother Elf looked angry.
But not for long.
Mother Elf sighed and took Little Pop in her arms.
"My darling, I am so glad to see you"
... 'poof'... 'poof'... 'poof'!
They all looked up.
Bright little lights sparkled through the holes of the dark cloud."

Mr. Owl turns another page of his book.
He looks around.
He stretches and shakes his feathers.
Timmy Mouse and his friends are getting a little restless.
Mommy Beaver takes the hand of Daddy Beaver.
Little Beaver crawls on his mother's lap,
Timmy Mouse whispers something to Muffy Mole and
Mister Rabbit jumps around nervously.
This is exiting!
Popping flowers? Exploding flower buds?
Shiny holes in the clouds?



“Mr. Owl....please, I would like to say something.”
Mr. Owl turns his head: “Yes, my little friend?”
Timmy takes a deep breath.
“It must be true what you say, Mr. Owl.
Yesterday I even had a fight with my best friend Muffy!
I called him an 'earthworm'...a 'thick bulbous earthworm'.”

Timmy looks at his hands on his knees.
He is ashamed.
Muffy takes his hand and shakes hands with Timmy.
“Friends?” he asks. Muffies nose curls up a bit.
He feels a little happier again. Everyone is silent.

“Poof....poof”. You can hear soft pops outside.
Everyone looks at Mr. Owl. They are afraid.
But he is not scared at all.
He quickly gets up and walks to the window.
“Look...! Let's go outside!” he shouts.
They all get up, run to the door and look up at the sky.
“Ohhhh!” they shout simultaneous. “Ohhhh!”
The little Beaver children put their hands in the air.
Two flashes are shooting through the air, making little
holes in the dark cloud.
They all begin to understand what is going on!

Suddenly Mister Rabbit walks
up to Timmy and says:
“Dear Timmy, I am so
sorry I took your socks
off the clothesline!
And.... I nibbled a hole
in your favorite sock.....”



Everyone looks up at the clouds,
will there be another flash?
Nothing happens.
Timmy looks angry and starts shouting:
“You annoying nibbling....”,
Timmy stops and looks at his dear friend Mister Rabbit.
Timmy grumbles.
He is thinking about his favorite socks... but then he shakes
his head.
“No...” Timmy says determined, yet kindly, “it is all right,
you just told me the truth.
Thank you. I was not that kind either. I am sorry too.”
He smiles and his smile gets bigger and bigger.
A few seconds later they hear the sound they were waiting for.
“Poof” “poof” “poof”!



They keep looking up at the sky and see the holes getting lighter and brighter.

Now cousin Tippy is trying to make things right too.

He is standing in front of cousin Tommy.

“Ehhh, cousin Tommy....ehh, I would like to tell you something. I am not going to hide anymore, when Mommy tells us to clean up together.”

He smiles and looks at Mr. Owl.

“Well, that feels good”, Tippy says cheerfully.

One by one, they make up with their friends.

The lights flash in all directions and everyone is pointing at the sky. When the 'pops' do their job, everyone is laughing happily.

Mr. Owl lets them enjoy for a while.

After a few minutes, he calls everyone back inside.

But they do not stop talking.

“Friends! Friends!”

Mr. Owl claps his wings. Slowly it becomes quiet.

“The story is not quite finished yet. So sit down and be still.”

Mommy Beaver has to warn her Beaver children one more time.

Finally it is quiet and Mr. Owl continues:

“Little Pop was very happy to see her mother again. She was even happier when her mother invited them into the Family Tree. Together they flew a little deeper into the woods. Grandfather Red Owl had never seen such a beautiful forest. Of course he loved his Big Trees at home, but here the green was different. Lighter and more shiny, as if everything was made of glass. You could see flowers from the edge of the forest to the horizon. On these fields only the working flowers were growing. It was dark, but Grandfather Red Owl could still see many colors. He also noticed, that these flowers did not look healthy at all! “We quickly have to solve this!” Grandfather Red Owl said to himself.

In the middle of the forest was a giant tree, the Family Tree. This tree was much bigger than all the other trees. Behind each branch was a door to enter the tree. Grandfather Red Owl had to bend down, otherwise he would bump his head. Inside the tree you could hear a buzz, as if there were a hundred soft voices talking at the same time. “Would you like something to drink?” asked Poppy’s mother. Grandfather Red Owl would like that very much. After all, he had been on the road for a very long time.



In the centre of the tree was a very large wooden bench.
One Flower Elf from each family had a seat on this bench.
Grandfather Red Owl finished his lemonade and told his story
and why he was traveling. He looked at Little Pop.

"Well, Little Pop, what happened next."

Little Pop told how she met the Wise Red Owl.

She told about her mischievous plan to make her own working flower.
She told about the flower bulbs that just would not stop growing and
had exploded. She told about the Grumpy Cloud, the flashes of the
Wishing Bell every time someone had a happy thought and eventually
about the sleeping Sun.

Little Pop did no dare to look at anyone.

It was very quiet in the Family Tree.

You could only hear the cracking of the wood.

"Well done Little Pop," Grandfather Red Owl said and he patted her
on the shoulder with his large wing.

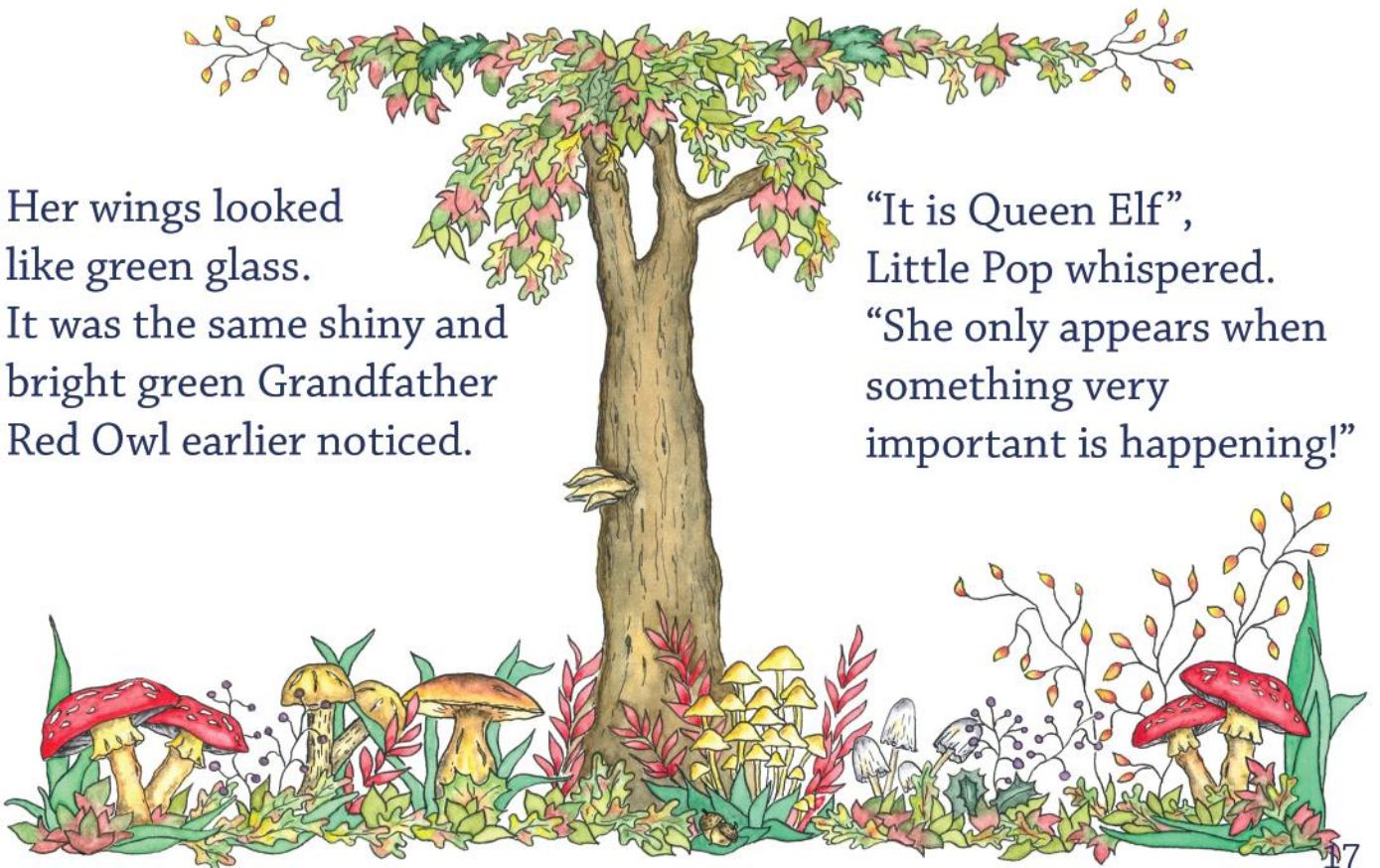
Suddenly a bell was ringing.

All Flower Elves looked up. A very beautiful Flower Elf arrived.

Her dress was made of a thousand tiny petals.

Her wings looked
like green glass.
It was the same shiny and
bright green Grandfather
Red Owl earlier noticed.

"It is Queen Elf",
Little Pop whispered.
"She only appears when
something very
important is happening!"



Queen Elf sat down on a wooden throne.

The throne was carved into the thick Family Tree trunk.

It was standing a little way above the wooden bench, where everyone was sitting.

This way everyone could see and hear Queen Elf.

When her elf-slippers touched the throne, the throne began to shine.

"Dear Flower Elves and very learned Wise Owl!

I have heard everything that is going on, but first I want to welcome Little Pop back to our Family Tree."

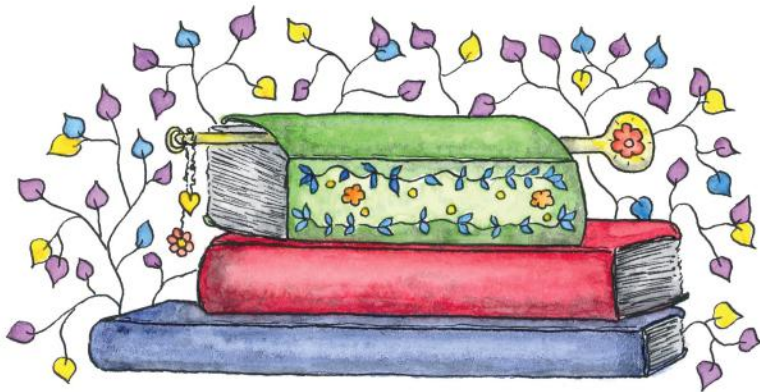
No one in the Family Tree was as happy as Little Pop!

She sat up straight and gratefully looked at Queen Elf.

Queen Elf smiled and continued:

"It won't be long now, before our Sun wakes up again.

But she cannot do it on her own. Who wants to help?"



All hands were in the air!

Everyone wanted to help and Queen Elf had counted on that.

She continued quietly:

"Just as the Wise Owls of the Forest of Big Trees have their Book of important Knowledge, the Queen Elf has a Book of Knowledge too. I have been reading in this Book for a very long time and found something very interesting. It is the solution of our problem!"



We have to search for the Night Herb.
Together with the root of the Sun-Alarm we can
make a 'Wake-Up-Water'.

The flowers of the Night Herbs are called
'Sleeping Hats'.

They look like little parachutes.

We are going to hang the Wake-Up-Water
in little bags under the Sleeping Hats.

Then we will gather 50 Wind-Blast-Flowers and
simultaneous prick open their Wind-buds.

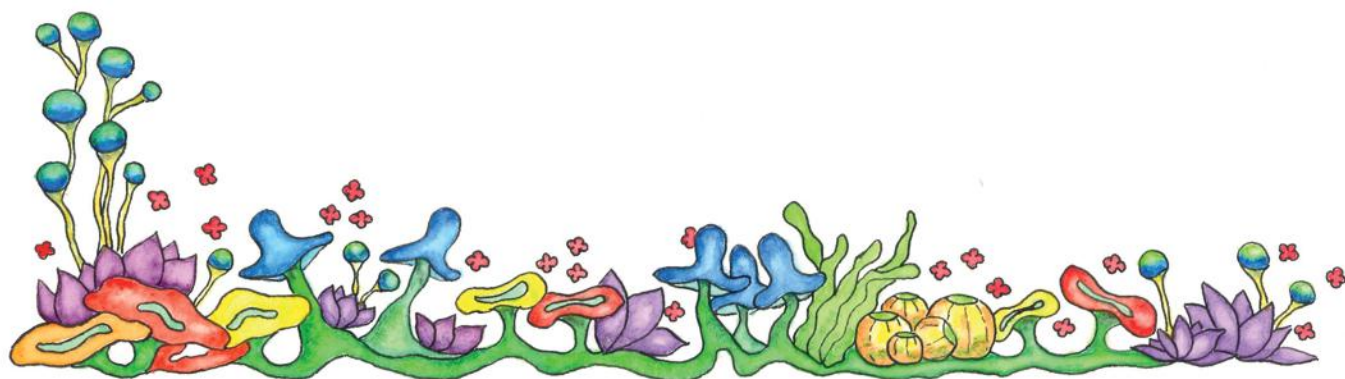
They will blow the Sleeping Hats directly to the Sun.

The bags with the Wake-Up-Water will open when they reach the sun!
But you have to understand, it is a lot of work!

We have to cooperate very well, otherwise we will not succeed."

Silently all heads nodded "yes".

Little Pop was the first to call: "What can I do!"



"I need 4 working groups," Queen Elf said:

"Group 1 can help to find the Night Herb and the root of the
Sun-Alarm.

Group 2 can make the Wake-Up-Water and pick the Sleeping Hats.

Group 3 can hang the Wake-Up-Water underneath the Sleeping Hats.

And finally we need a group of elves with strong muscles!

They will have to pierce the Wind Buds at my sign.

Those who are not in a group may encourage the others!"

Queen Elf raised her arm, counted 1-2-3 and the Flower Elves flew
into all directions. They knew what had to be done.

Together they would certainly succeed!

Back to Timmies tree-house..... .

"Now it is our turn to go to work," says Mr. Owl.

We have now learned how to make the clouds disappear...., isn't that right?"

He looks around to see if everyone actually understands!

They all nod.

Again he looks in the Book of the Forest of Big Trees, turns a page and says:

"Hmm, aha, yes, yes, ohh, yes.....here it is!"

"The Flower Elves have kept some seeds of all the working flowers that helped to wake up the sun.

And, most importantly, Grandfather Red Owl also got a box of seeds from Mother Elf."

Mr. Owl looks up, "yes of course, they must be in that little green box at the top of the old shelf in my attic!"

Every Wise Owl puts something of his wisdom on that very old shelf. I am sure. That is the very place where I will find the seeds!"





Mr. Owl moves his finger further down the page.
His finger stops at a flower-decorated 'P'.

"Dear friends....attention....I am looking at the 'P'
of.... Plan!"

Everybody gets very excited.

Timmy jumps up and pulls Muffy along.

Their noses are on top of the 'P'.

Less than a second later the two little Beavers
jump up.

They pull and push in order to get to the book first.

Daddy Beaver pulls one of them back by his trousers.

"Please....please..." cries Mr. Owl, "quiet, all of you!

I cannot read with all this noise!"

With her flat tail Mommy Beaver hits the wooden
floor a few times.

Bam, bam,... bonk, bonk, bonk!

You had better listen to her when she slaps her
tail like this!

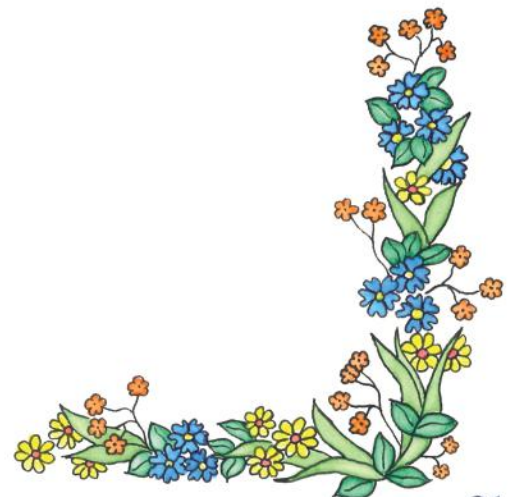
And they all do. It is getting quiet.

Gratefully Mr Owl looks at Mommy Beaver.

"Hmm hmm, I understand that you are eager
to know what the plan is.

But first of all.....

please sit down".





Mr Owl reads on:



"What you should know and never forget:

- *The roots of the Popping flower grow very long and travel far away under the forest ground.
- *Then they go to sleep, nice and warm under the moss.
- *They sleep and sleep up to 50 years.
- *Suddenly they pop out of their sleeping place and their big flowers will grow again.

Surely you understand the danger of it all!

Dear residents of the Forest of Big Trees, let's get to work. And very soon our sun will shine again.

Everyone is participating, if you cannot do it alone, find a friend and do it together! Do not forget to put the seeds of all flowers back in the box, not too few, rather more. Because if Little Pop's flowers will go to sleep, after 50 years, it might happen again!

THE PLAN TO FOLLOW:

Step 1: no more grumbling

Step 2: exactly follow Queen Elf's wake-up-plan

Step 3: use the fast-growing-moss to plant the seeds

Step 4: celebrate and have a party. The Sun has slept long enough and is far from being tired!"

Everyone is laughing.

Yes, they do feel like celebrating!

"I will bake the cookies," says Mommy Beaver.

"And I make a nice carrot drink," shouts Mister Rabbit while he jumps around.

He grabs Mommy Beaver by the hand and together they happily spin around.

Step 1 of the plan has already succeeded.

But now it is time to get down to business.
Mr. Owl goes to get the box of Elf seeds.
Meanwhile Timmy and Muffy are already raking the soil in the garden.
Here the flowers can grow in their bed of moss.
Mister Rabbit has provided a big mountain of fast-growing moss.
It grows near his burrow.

Before long, everyone is at work.
Mr. Owl flies back and forth to make sure all the work is done right.
Mommy Beaver has gone into her kitchen and if you put your nose
in the air, you can smell the first cookies.
If I am not mistaken you can smell Beaver buns with apple!



Nobody has noticed it yet, but if you look carefully, you can see
that it is getting a little bit lighter in the forest.
Everyone is too busy getting everything ready for the big moment:
waking up their sleeping Sun!

The dark Grumpy Cloud grows thinner and thinner, because of all
the happy thoughts and the work they do together.
Plus, you can hear happy songs everywhere.
Mr. Owl is so very proud of his friends.
Big or small, everyone is working.



Mr. Owl sees that it is time to stop.
He has already seen Timmy yawning.
Muffy hangs tiredly over his garden rake.
The Beaver children have been asleep on
the sofa for a while.

Their little heads are lying against
each other on Mister Rabbit's lap.
Mommy Beaver has prepared a plate
of hearty soup for everyone.

"Dear friends," calls Mr. Owl.

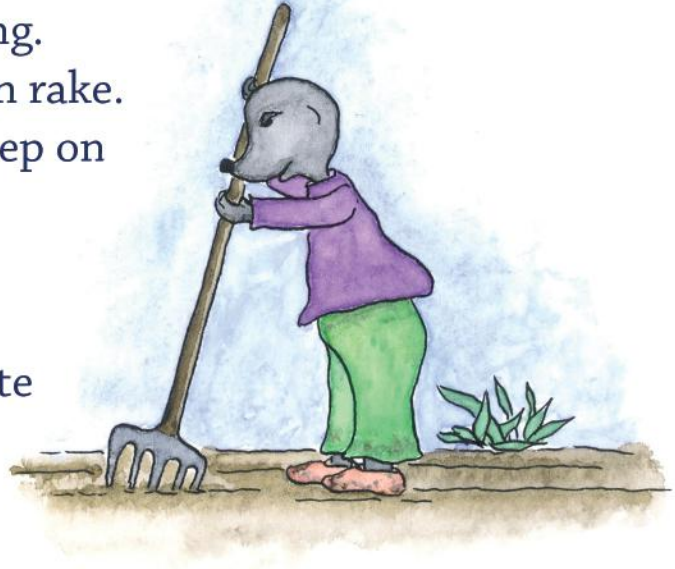
It is time to rest.

All the work is done, we are going to fill our bellies and go to sleep!"

Everyone nods and grabs their plates of soup.

"Thank you, Mommy Beaver," echoes all around.

Mr. Owl looks contentedly at the little garden, tomorrow we will see
if it will work.....



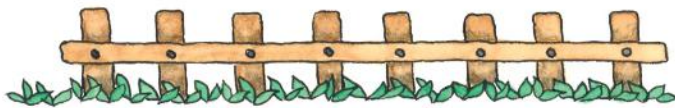
Everybody is fast asleep. All, but one. Who do you think it is....?

He is big, he is smart,of course, it is Mr. Owl.

Every hour he sprays the seeds that are tucked in under the
fast-growing-moss. For the first few hours, nothing happens.

Drop by drop, the water runs between the moss to the seeds.

Below ground, the Family Beetle makes sure that every drop of water
counts.



When Mr. Owl has finished his cup of Forest Tea and checks the
garden again, his eyes open wide.

They are as big as saucers!

In the little gardens, he sees the first green stalks coming up.

Some are already as big as his thumb-feather!



With joy he raises his wings high into the air.
Without any sound coming out of his beak, he "shouts" "Jey!!!"
He does not want to wake the others yet.
But when it is exactly 6 o'clock, he flies through the forest and shouts
"Ughoo, get up, ughooee!"
An hour later everyone is standing by Timmies tree looking at the
gardens. They all talk at the same time.
"Look...", "Unbelievable...", "I've never seen this!"
You can hear "ohhh" and "ahhh" everywhere!
It truly looks beautiful.
The little gardens are full of big, small and funny flowers.
Especially when they see the big Wind-Buds of the
Wind-Blast-Flowers, their little mouths open in amazement.



"To work, dear friends!" shouts Mr. Owl.
Mr. Owl has given everyone an assignment. They now know exactly
what to do. With red cheeks of excitement everyone goes to work.
The flowers are picked, the buds and hats removed.
The beautiful flowers of the Sun-Alarm are also picked.
Mommy Beaver gnaws the stems and puts the flowers in vases,
because only the roots of the Sun-Alarm are used.
Mister Rabbit is the best at digging, so he quickly gets them out of
the ground.
Grandmother and Grandfather Squirrel have been busy looking for
little twigs and are heating up their stove.
Above the stove hangs a large pot to make the Wake-Up-Water and
about 75 bags are waiting to be filled!

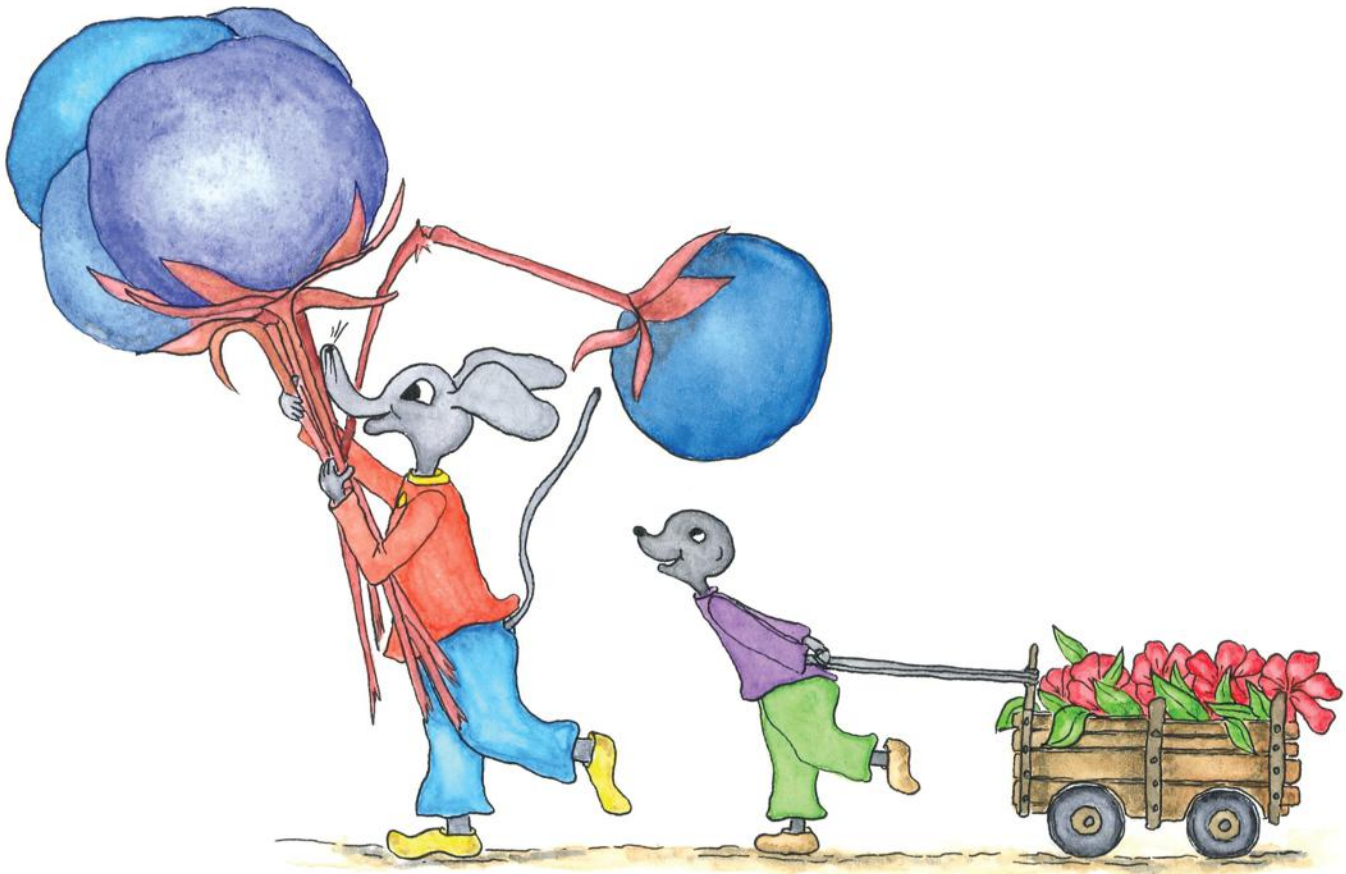


A few hours later it is time.

Grandmother and Grandfather Squirrel's tree has never been so beautifully decorated.

From each branch hang cheerful purple Sleeping Hats.

Underneath each of these funny 'parachutes' hangs a yellow bag with the Wake-Up-Water.



Now the Wind-Buds must be pierced.

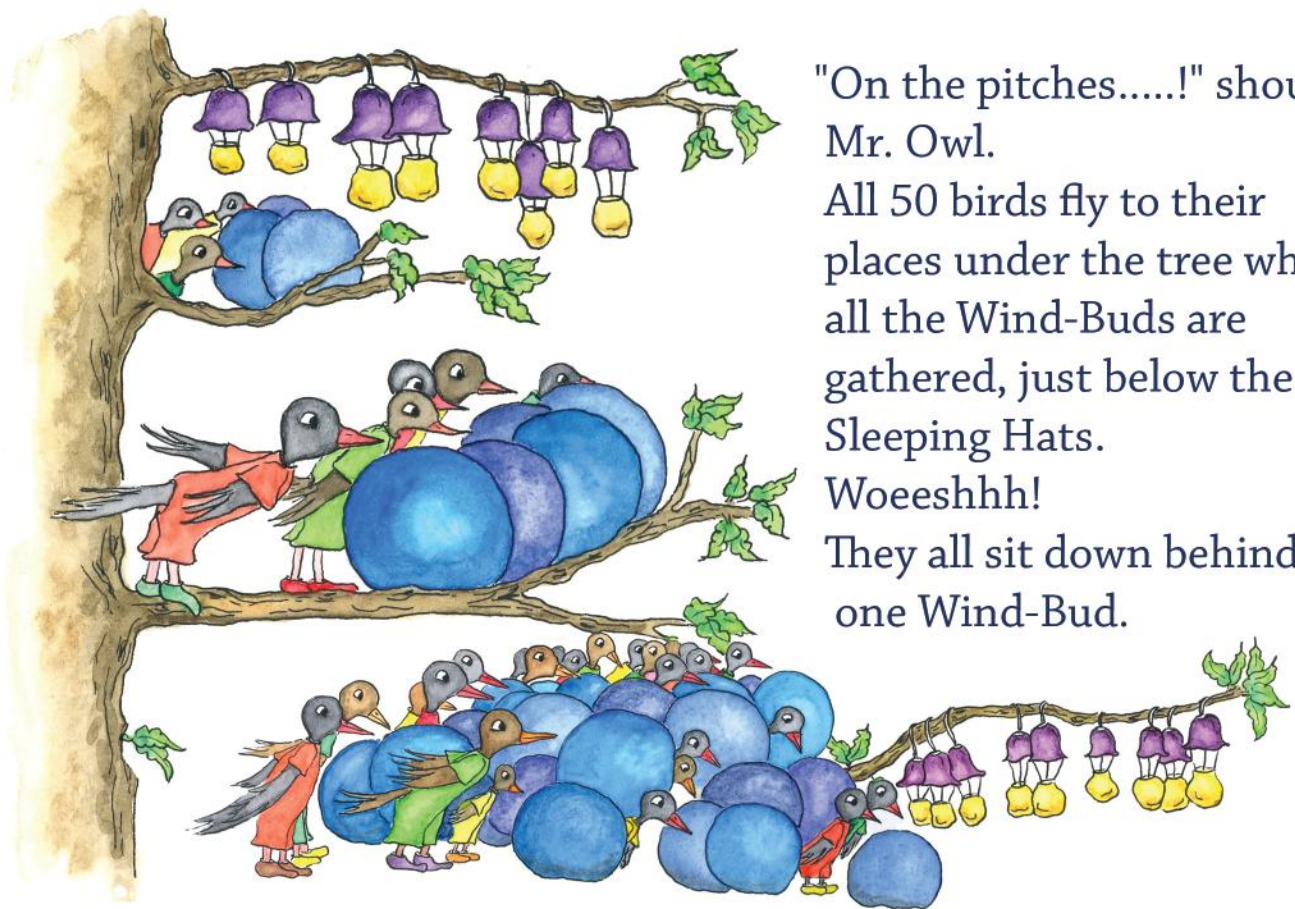
This is not an easy task, because these buds are very strong.

The Elves needed their strongest Elves with muscles.

Mr. Owl has a different idea.

Sometimes it is good to be strong, but sometimes it is even better to be smart.

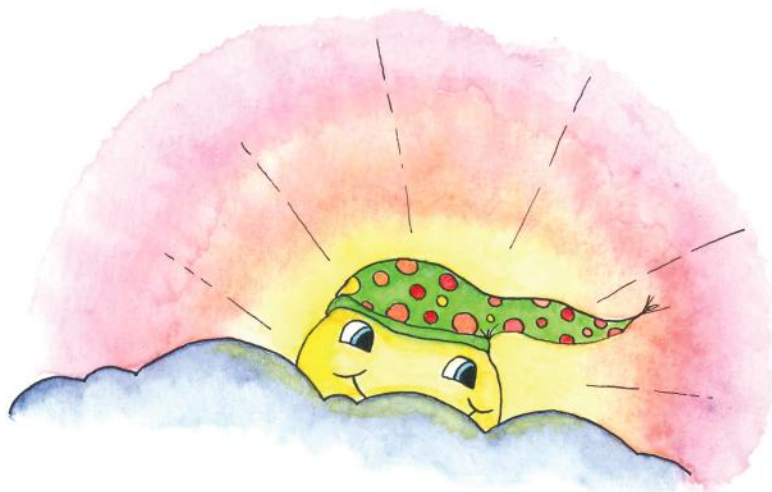
Mr. Owl "oehoe's" three times. "Oehoe, oehoe, oehoeeee!"
There is a sound in the air that gets louder and louder, as if a storm is coming! But it is not a storm. The entire Family Sparrow, Family Tit and Family Starling is flying into the wood!
They sit down on the ground, quietly and close together.
No one can count that fast, but I can tell you that 50 "helpers" have landed. Helpers with strong, pointed beaks!
With their heads up, they are waiting for the big moment.
It has become very quiet.
Everyone is holding their breath and are now looking at Mr. Owl.



"On the pitches.....!" shouts Mr. Owl.
All 50 birds fly to their places under the tree where all the Wind-Buds are gathered, just below the Sleeping Hats.
Woeeshhh!
They all sit down behind one Wind-Bud.

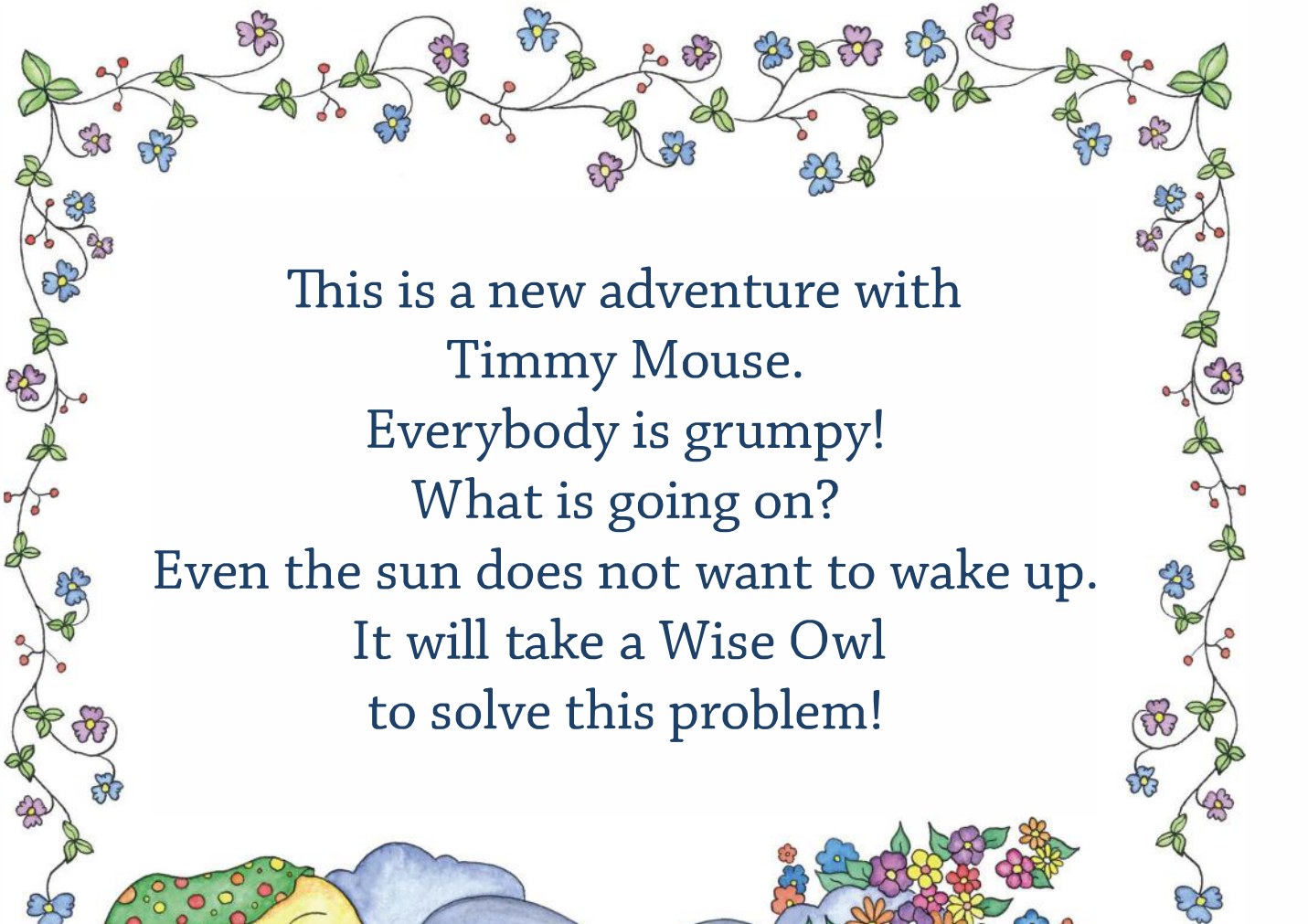
"Beaks ready.... one...two...three...and pierce the Bud!"
Of pure excitement Mr. Owl makes a jump.
POUF! With a big thud, all the Wind Buds are punctured at once.
Everyone's hair and feathers stand on end.
The enormous wind coming from the buds makes them wobble on their little legs.
But then they see something wonderful happen!
The 75 Sleeping Hats go up and float on the wind to the East.....

When the Sleeping Hats have no more wind to float on, they slowly come down. One by one they arrive closer and closer to the sleeping Sun. Plop, plop-plop, plop-plop-plop-plop..... The Sun does not notice anything yet. But after 45 plops on her head and shoulders, she slowly begins to wake up. "Aawwwgg," she yawns and a few rays of sunlight escape. Plop-plop-plop-plop.....the last bags of the Wake-Up-Water splash onto the Sun. Now she is really waking up. Poof, a big ray of sunshine shoots through the sky. The Sun opens her eyes and slowly she gets moving.



"Oh, I am a little stiff, how could that be?" She stretches some more. "That is better," she says. "How equipped I feel.....I could be celebrating!" The Sun laughs at herself. "A party, what a foolish idea! First, let's get to work!" She is in the mood for it. She makes beautiful colors in the sky. From blue to green and soft purple. From orange to soft pink. And then she shows her most beautiful color yellow, bright and light. The Sun has risen!





This is a new adventure with
Timmy Mouse.
Everybody is grumpy!
What is going on?
Even the sun does not want to wake up.
It will take a Wise Owl
to solve this problem!



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