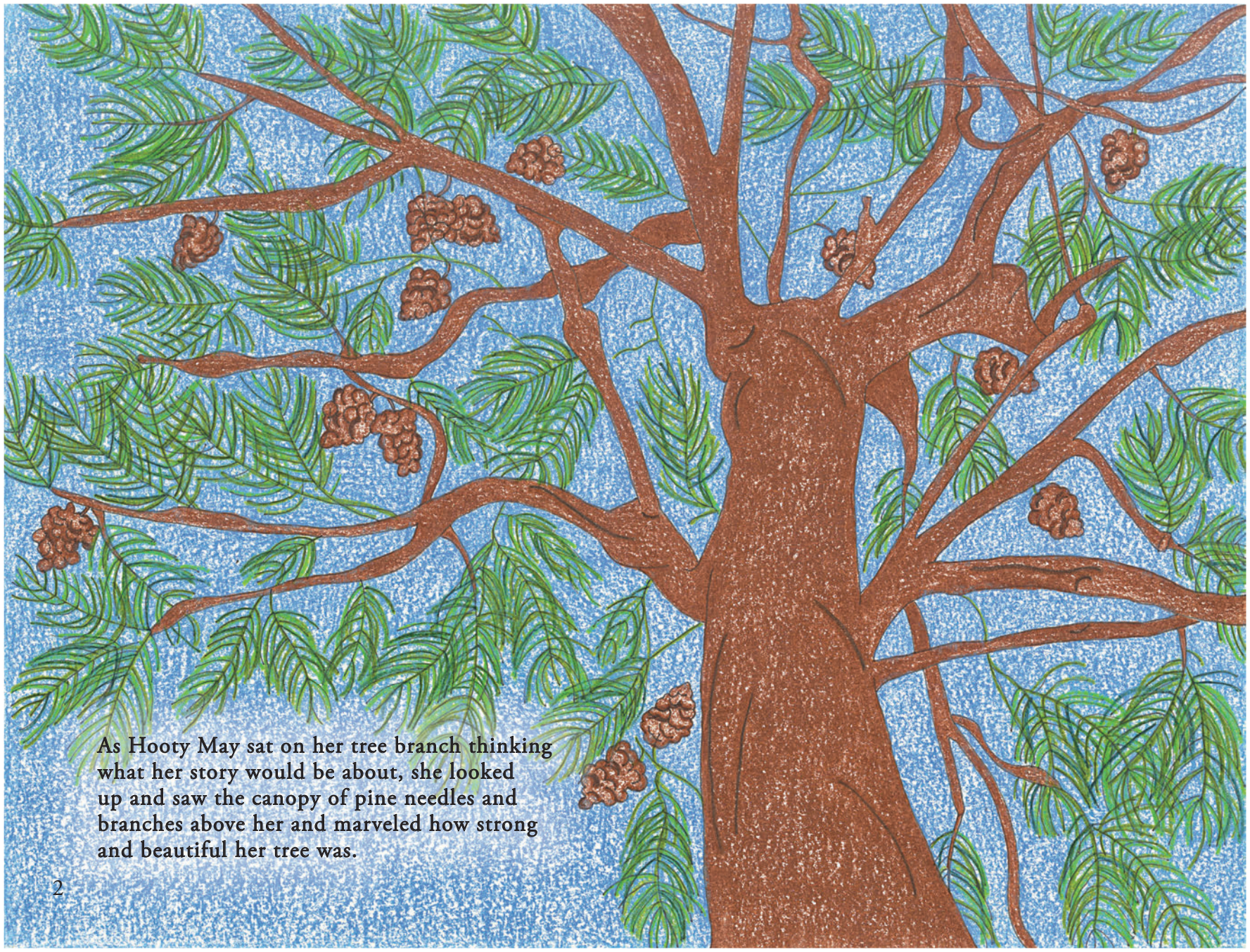




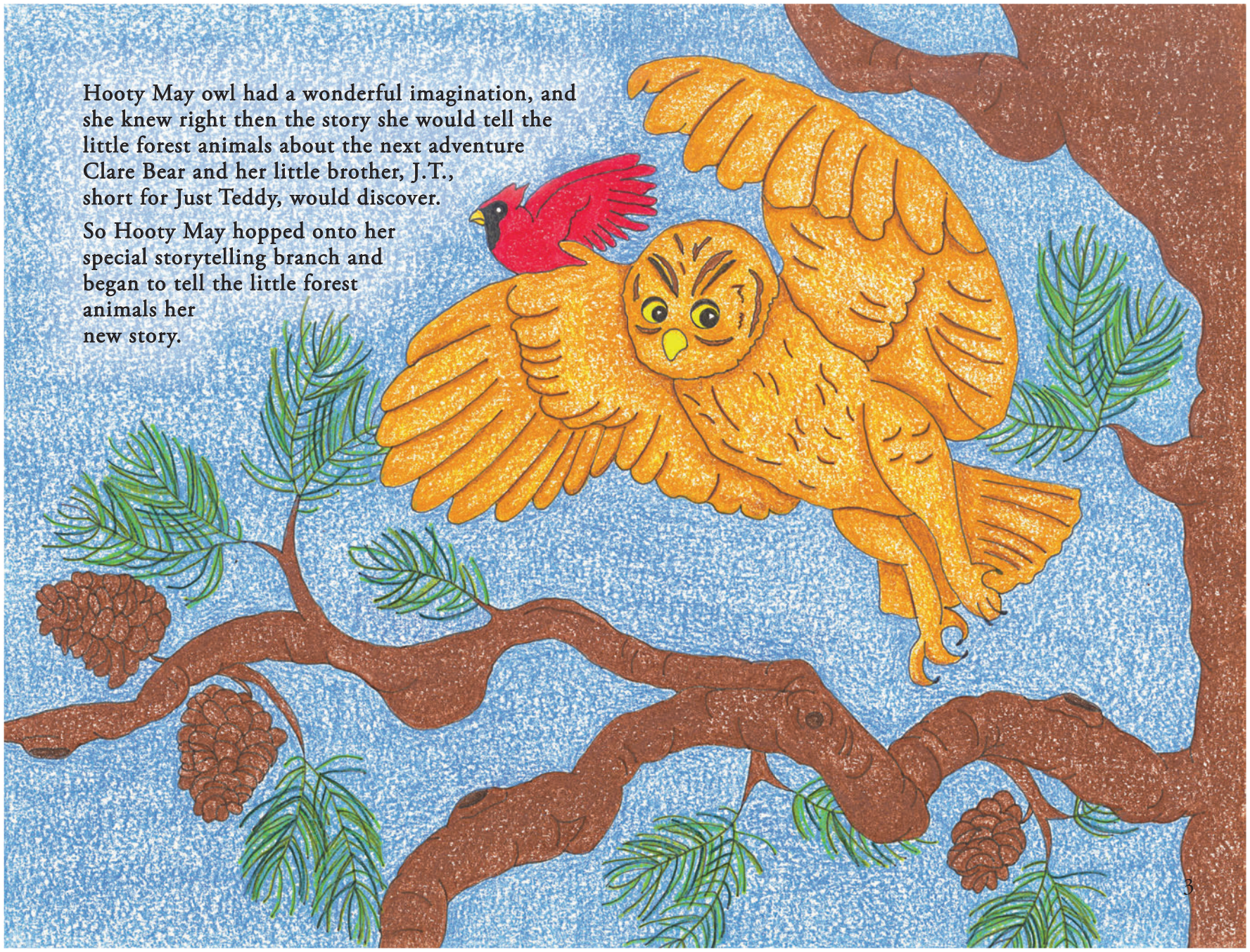
“Oh, my!
Oh my!” Hooty
May owl hooted. “It’s
Thursday, my favorite
day of the week and
storytelling day. I
had better put on my
thinking cap and come
up with a story for my
little forest friends.”



As Hooty May sat on her tree branch thinking what her story would be about, she looked up and saw the canopy of pine needles and branches above her and marveled how strong and beautiful her tree was.

Hooty May owl had a wonderful imagination, and she knew right then the story she would tell the little forest animals about the next adventure Clare Bear and her little brother, J.T., short for Just Teddy, would discover.

So Hooty May hopped onto her special storytelling branch and began to tell the little forest animals her new story.



Early one spring morning, Clare Bear wondered what kind of fun she and her little brother, J.T., could have that day.

Clare sat down by her Mama's patch of beautiful red clover and thought and thought. As she was thinking, she plucked a stem of the red clover and was twirling it around in her paw.



All of a sudden, a big, fat black-and-yellow
bumblebee landed right on the very tip top
of the clover blossom that Clare was holding.
It bent over from the weight of the bee,
and Clare just froze. She wanted to give
out a warning cry but was afraid she
would get stung by the bee.



“Please, Mr. Bumblebee, please don’t sting me,” Clare whimpered.

“Ho! Ho!” the bumblebee chuckled. “Now, why would I do something like that when I can drink the sweet juices from this red clover you are holding?” he asked.

“Oh, please help yourself to my Mama’s patch of clover,” offered Clare.

