A PICTURE BOOK

Pip and the Forest Path

A bedtime story about finding your way

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Pip Wanders Off

A small fox, a big forest



Pip was a small fox with a big bushy tail. Every morning, Pip walked the forest path with Mama Fox.



One sunny day, a blue butterfly fluttered past. Pip forgot all about the path and followed it into the trees.



The butterfly danced over ferns and logs. Pip skipped after it, faster and faster.



Then the butterfly flew away. Pip looked around. The trees were tall, and the path was gone.



New Friends in the Ferns

Being brave means asking for help



Pip sat down on a mossy log. "I am lost," Pip whispered. A little tear rolled down Pip's nose.



"Hello!" said a voice. It was Hedge the hedgehog, peeking out from under a fern.



"I cannot find the path," said Pip. Hedge smiled. "Owl knows every path in this forest. Let us ask Owl."



So Pip and Hedge walked together, past the mushrooms and over the stream, to the oldest tree in the forest.



The Way Home

Home is where someone is waiting



Owl blinked her big round eyes. "Follow the stream until you see the white stone. The path starts right there."



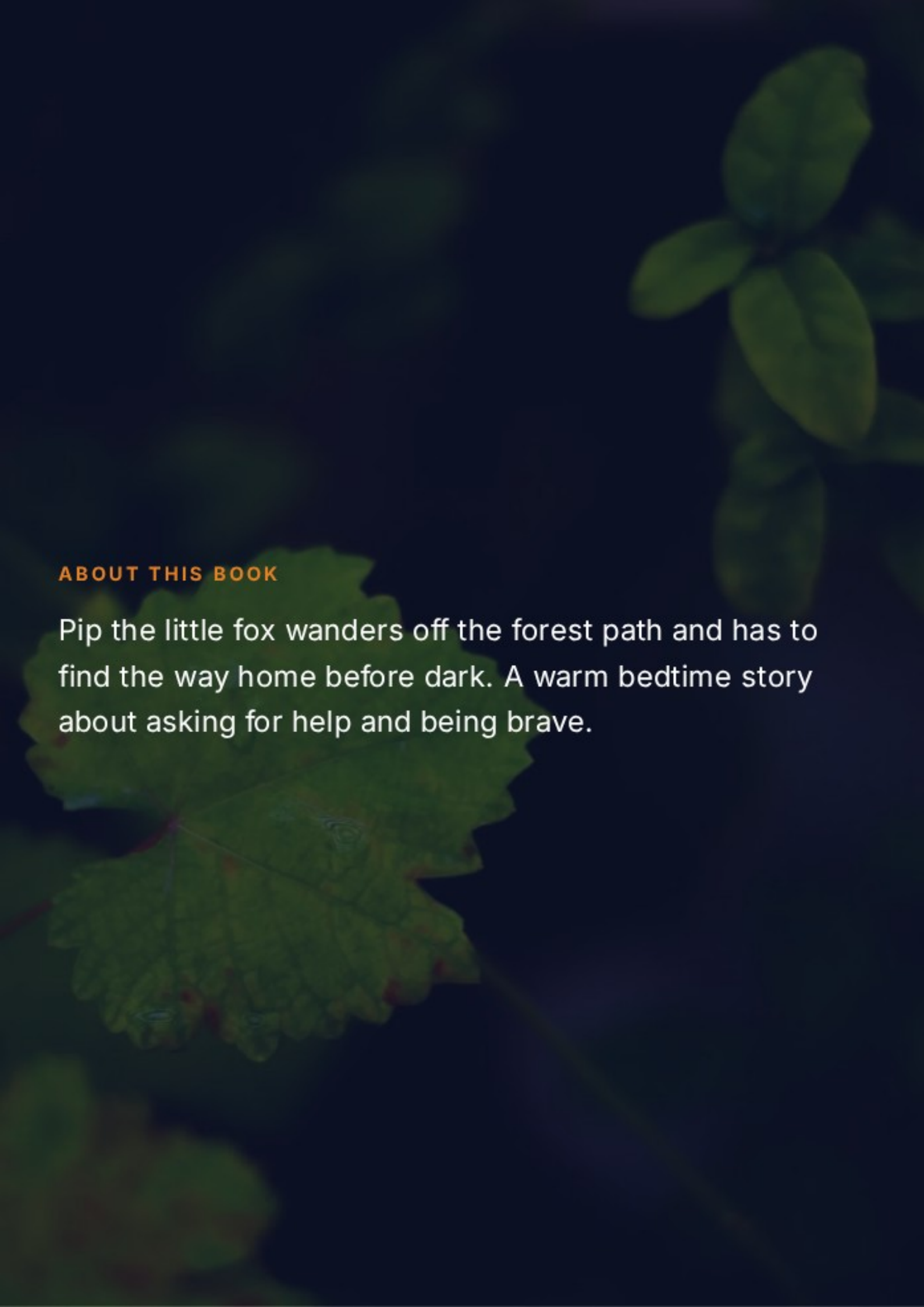
Pip and Hedge followed the stream. The water sang, and the sky turned pink and gold.



There was the white stone, and there was the path! And there was Mama Fox, waiting with a big warm hug.



That night, Pip curled up in bed. "Tomorrow," Pip yawned, "I will bring Hedge to meet you." The end.



ABOUT THIS BOOK

Pip the little fox wanders off the forest path and has to find the way home before dark. A warm bedtime story about asking for help and being brave.