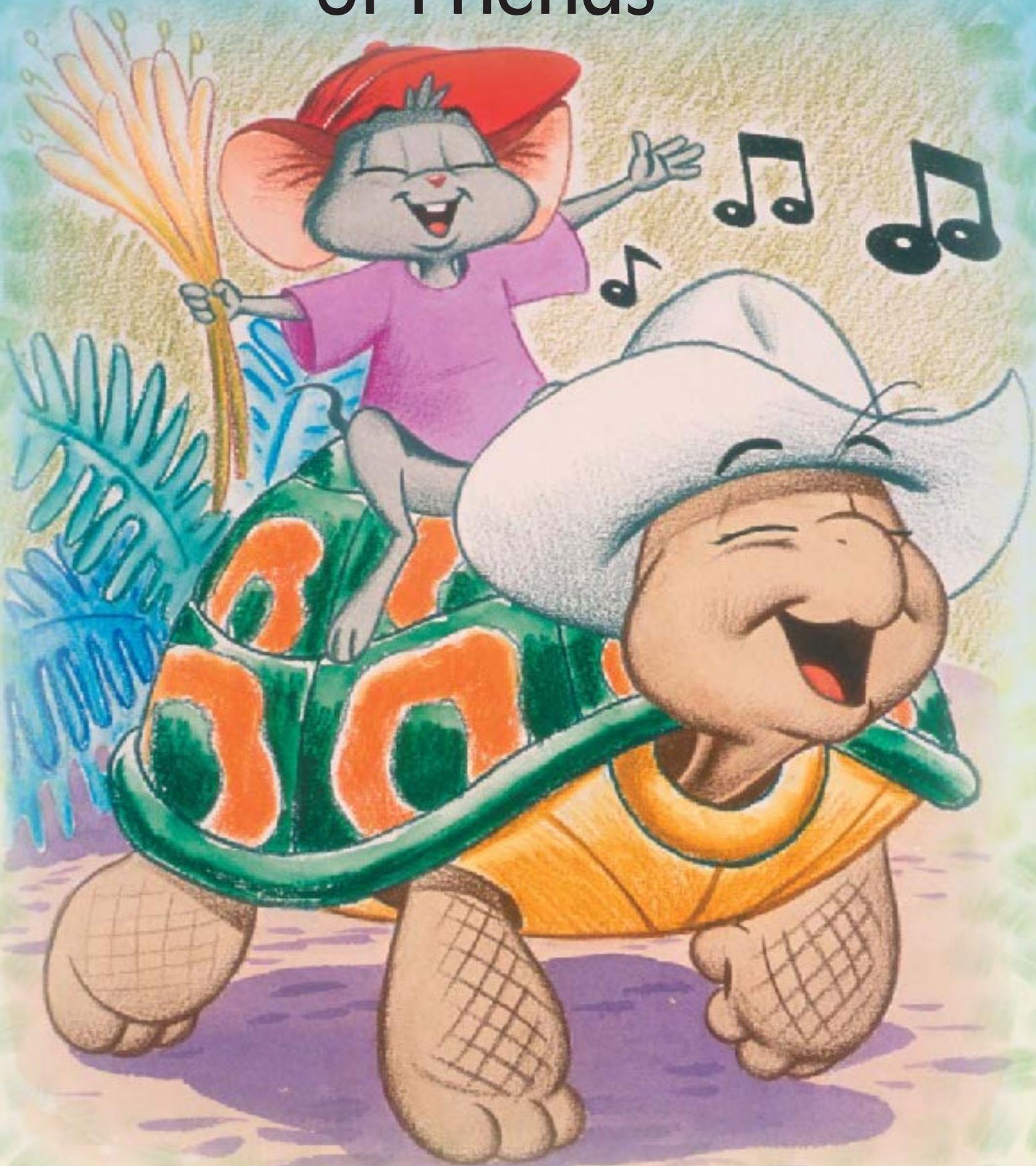


The Adventures of Trudge and Zippy

Different Kinds of Friends



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Different Kinds of Friends

Written by Katuscia Giusti
Illustrations by Hugo Westphal

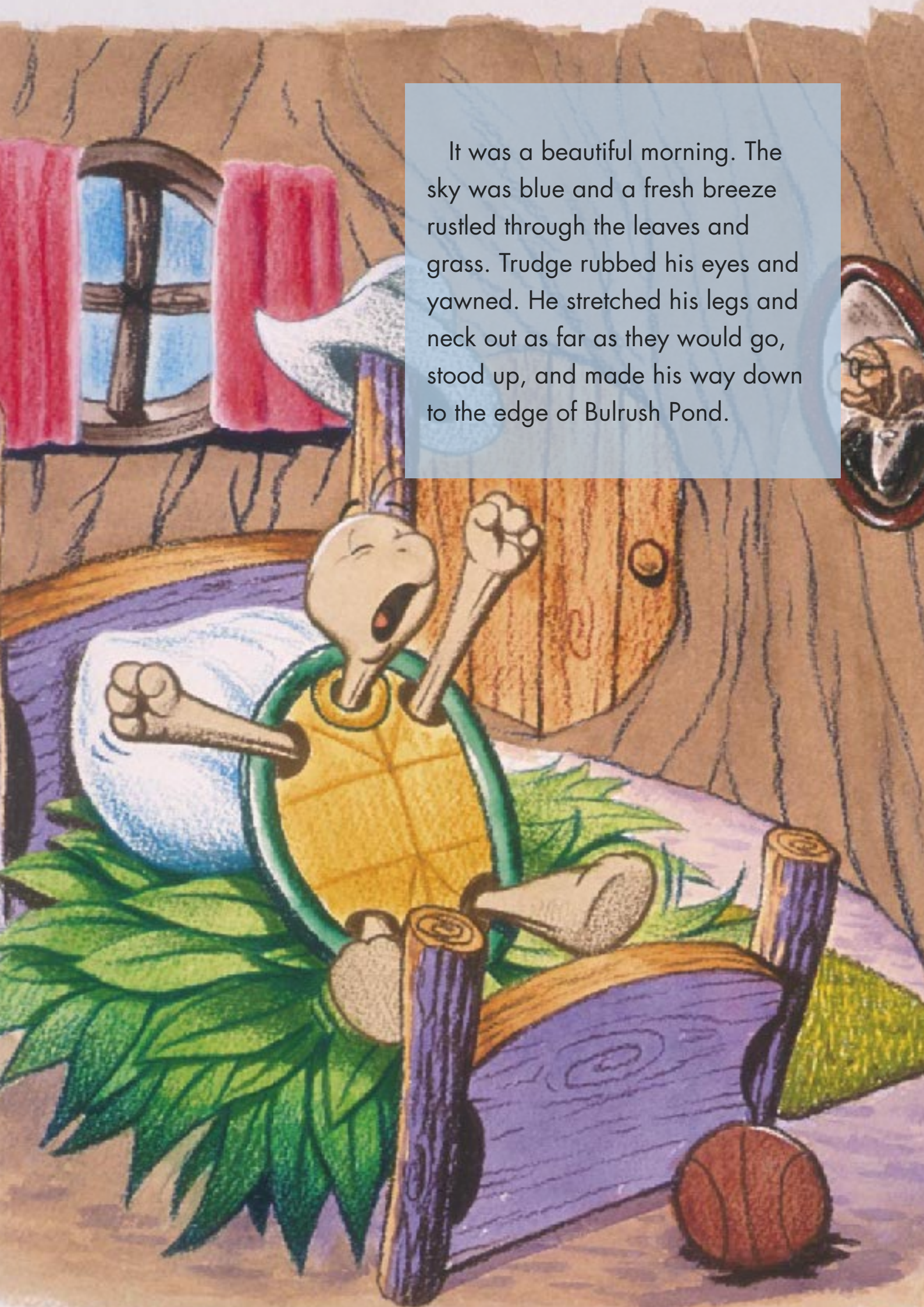
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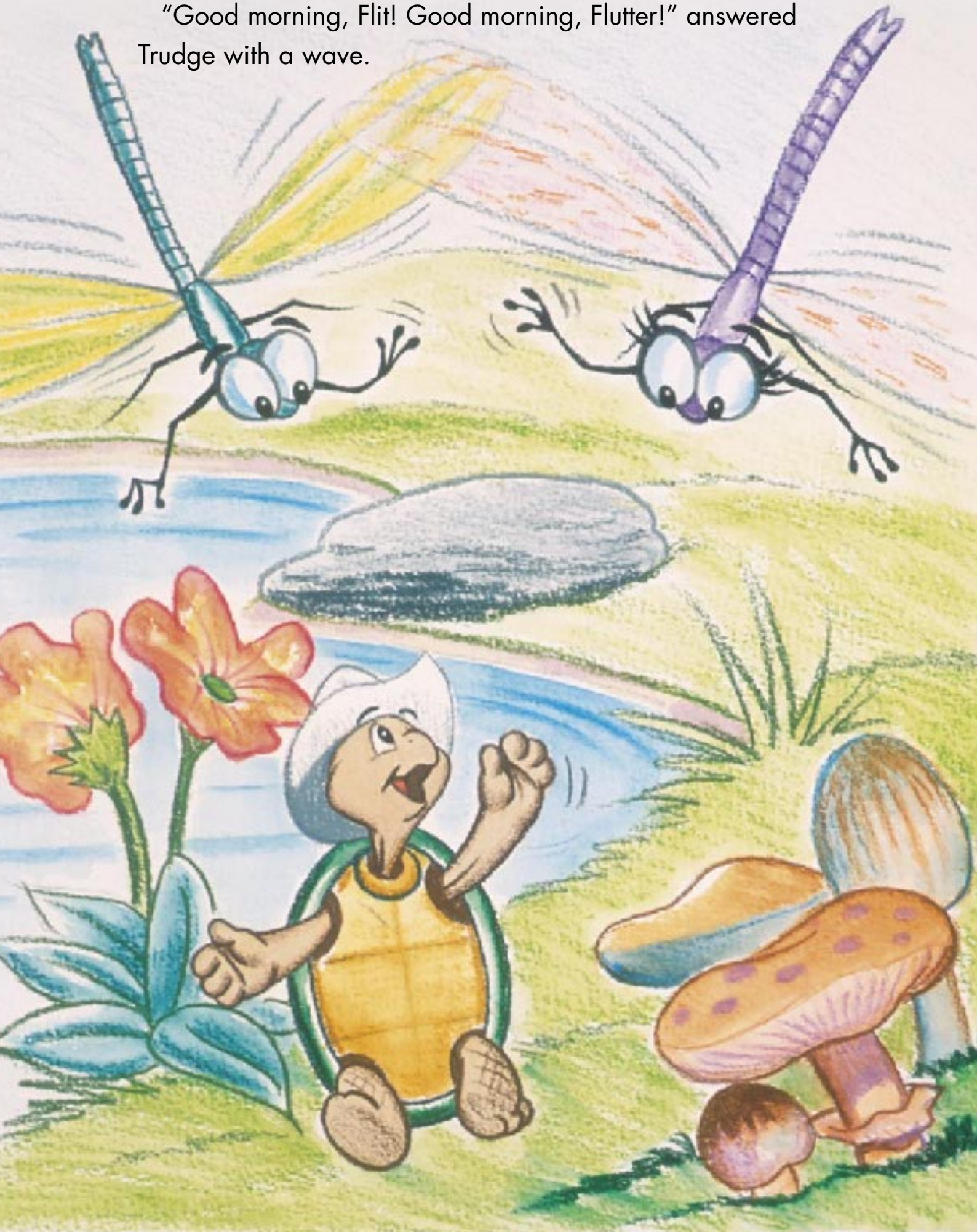
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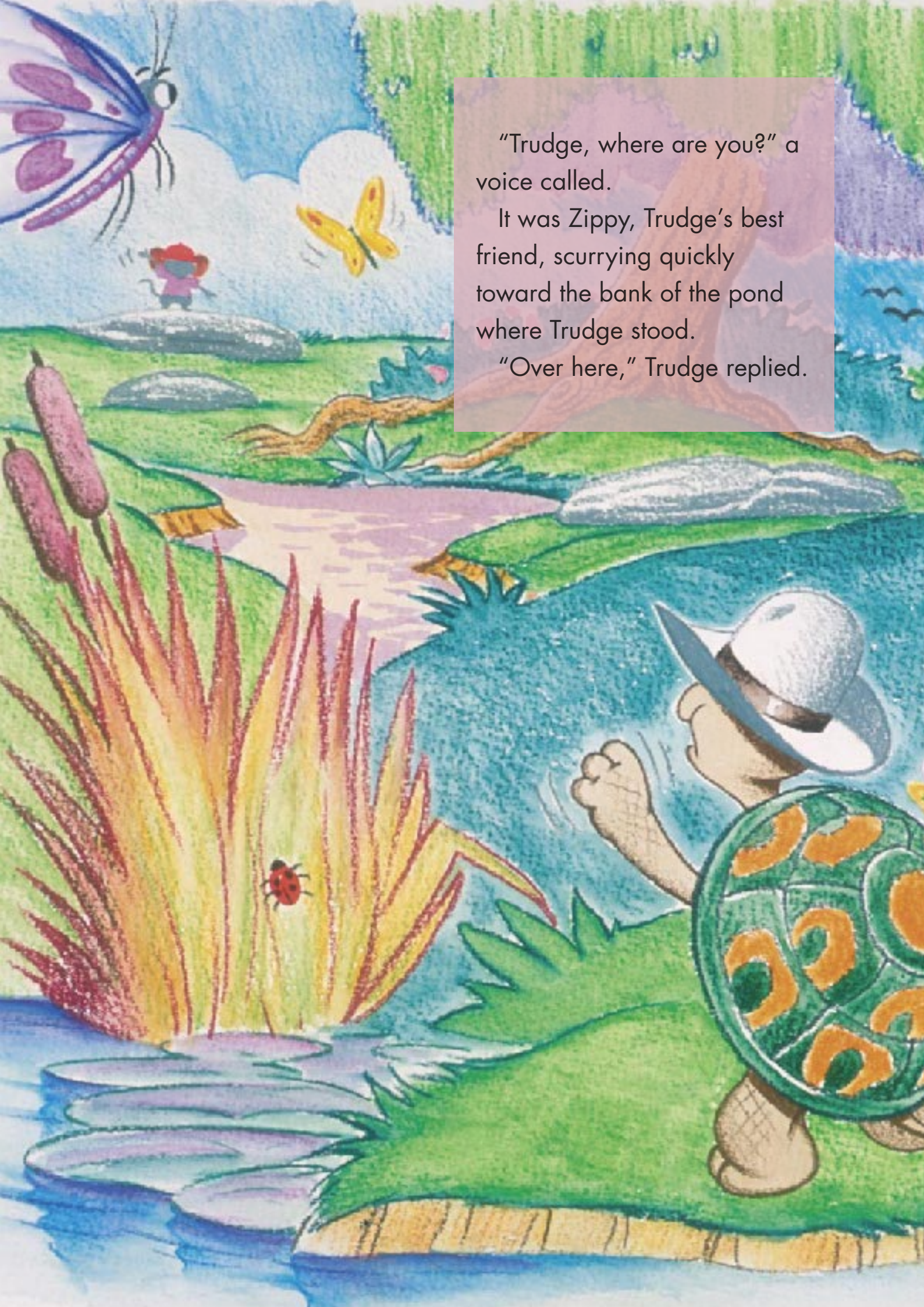
It was a beautiful morning. The sky was blue and a fresh breeze rustled through the leaves and grass. Trudge rubbed his eyes and yawned. He stretched his legs and neck out as far as they would go, stood up, and made his way down to the edge of Bulrush Pond.



"Good morning, Trudge!" chorused two dragonflies as they flew past the pond.

"Good morning, Flit! Good morning, Flutter!" answered Trudge with a wave.

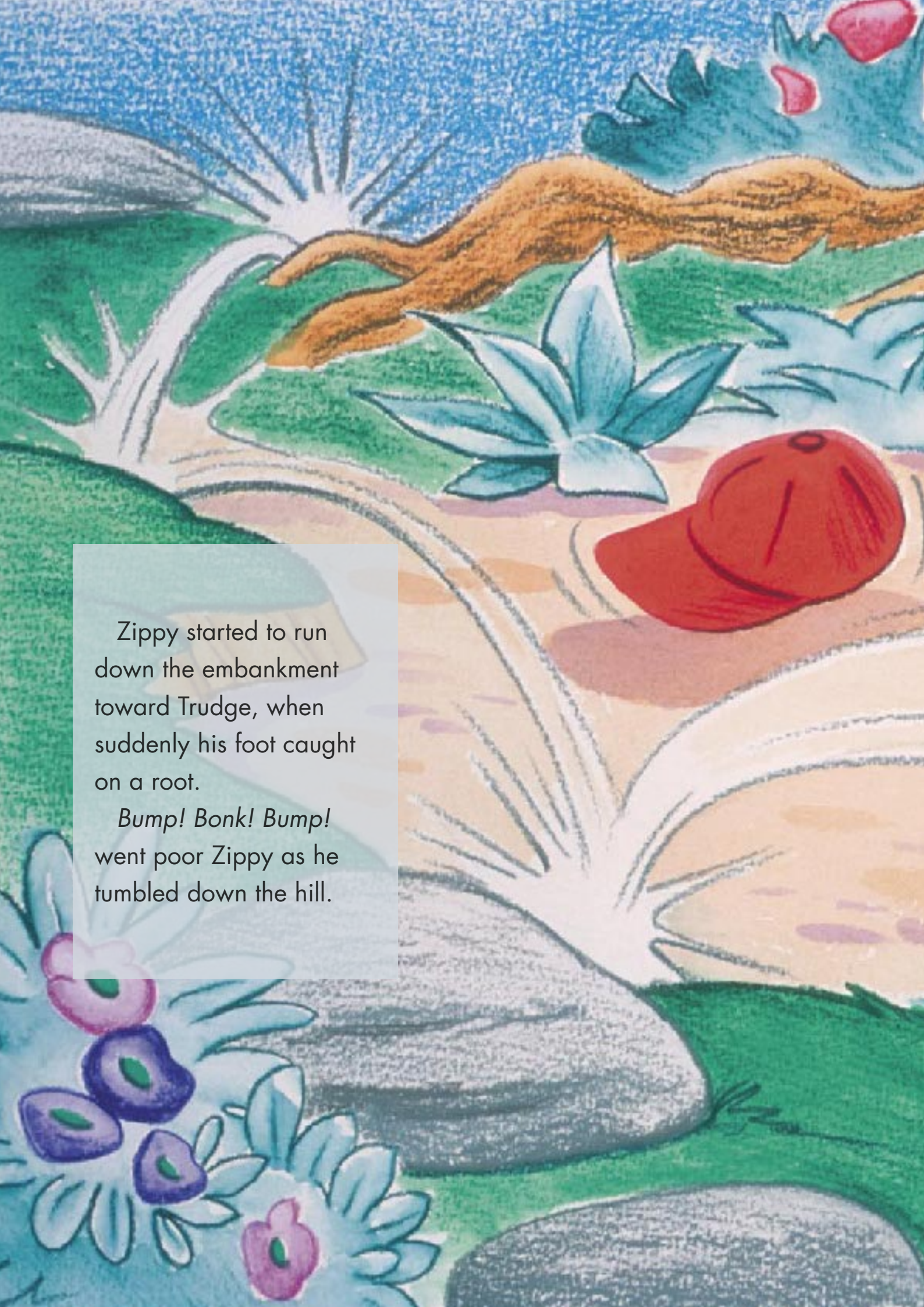




"Trudge, where are you?" a voice called.

It was Zippy, Trudge's best friend, scurrying quickly toward the bank of the pond where Trudge stood.

"Over here," Trudge replied.

A vibrant, stylized illustration of a landscape. In the foreground, a red baseball cap lies on a sandy path. To the left, a stream flows over rocks, with a large, light-colored rock in the immediate foreground. The background features rolling green hills, a large tree with a thick, gnarled brown trunk, and a bright blue sky with a sunburst effect. Various plants, including a large blue flower and a cluster of purple and pink flowers, are scattered throughout the scene.

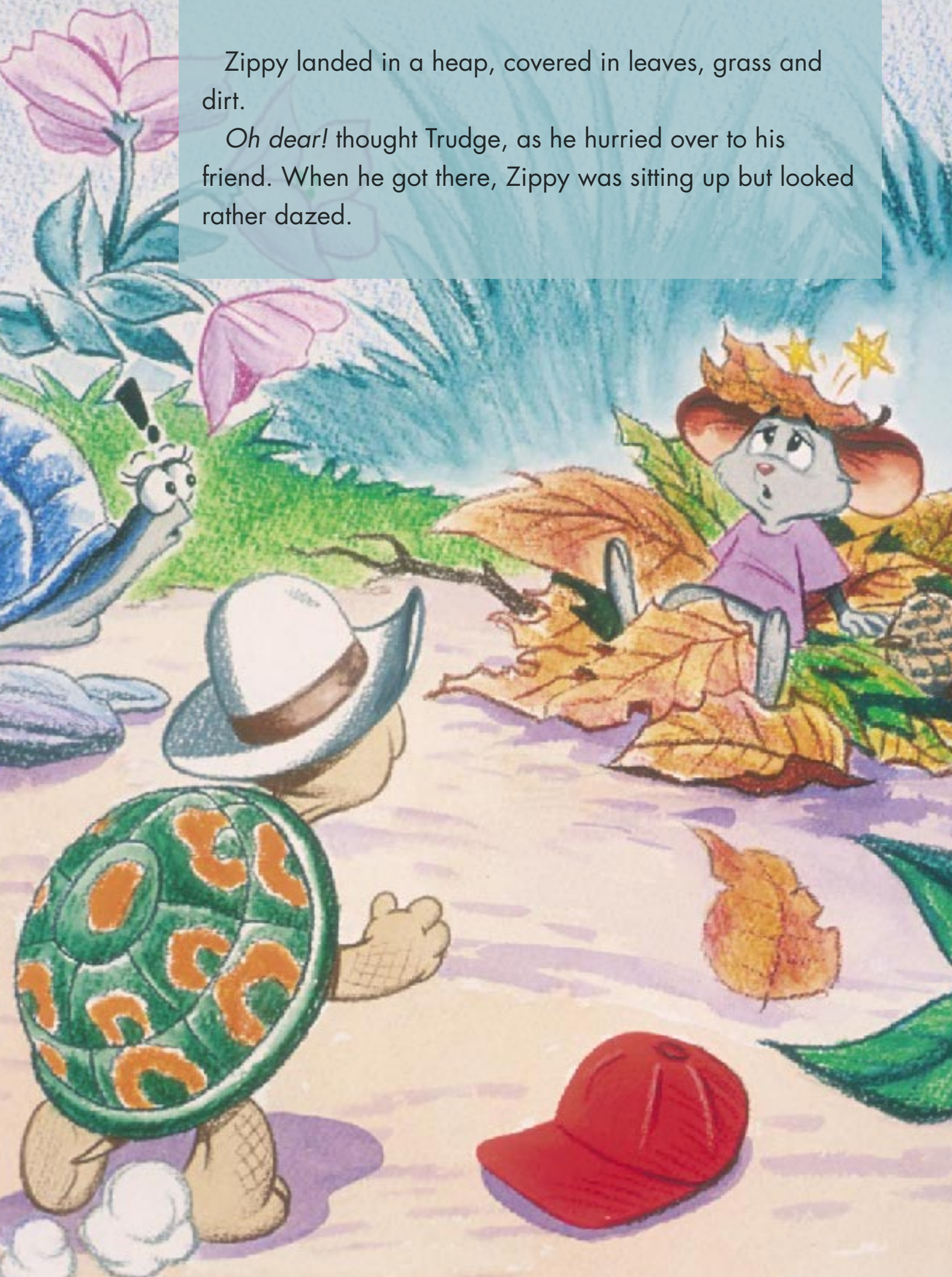
Zippy started to run down the embankment toward Trudge, when suddenly his foot caught on a root.

Bump! Bonk! Bump! went poor Zippy as he tumbled down the hill.



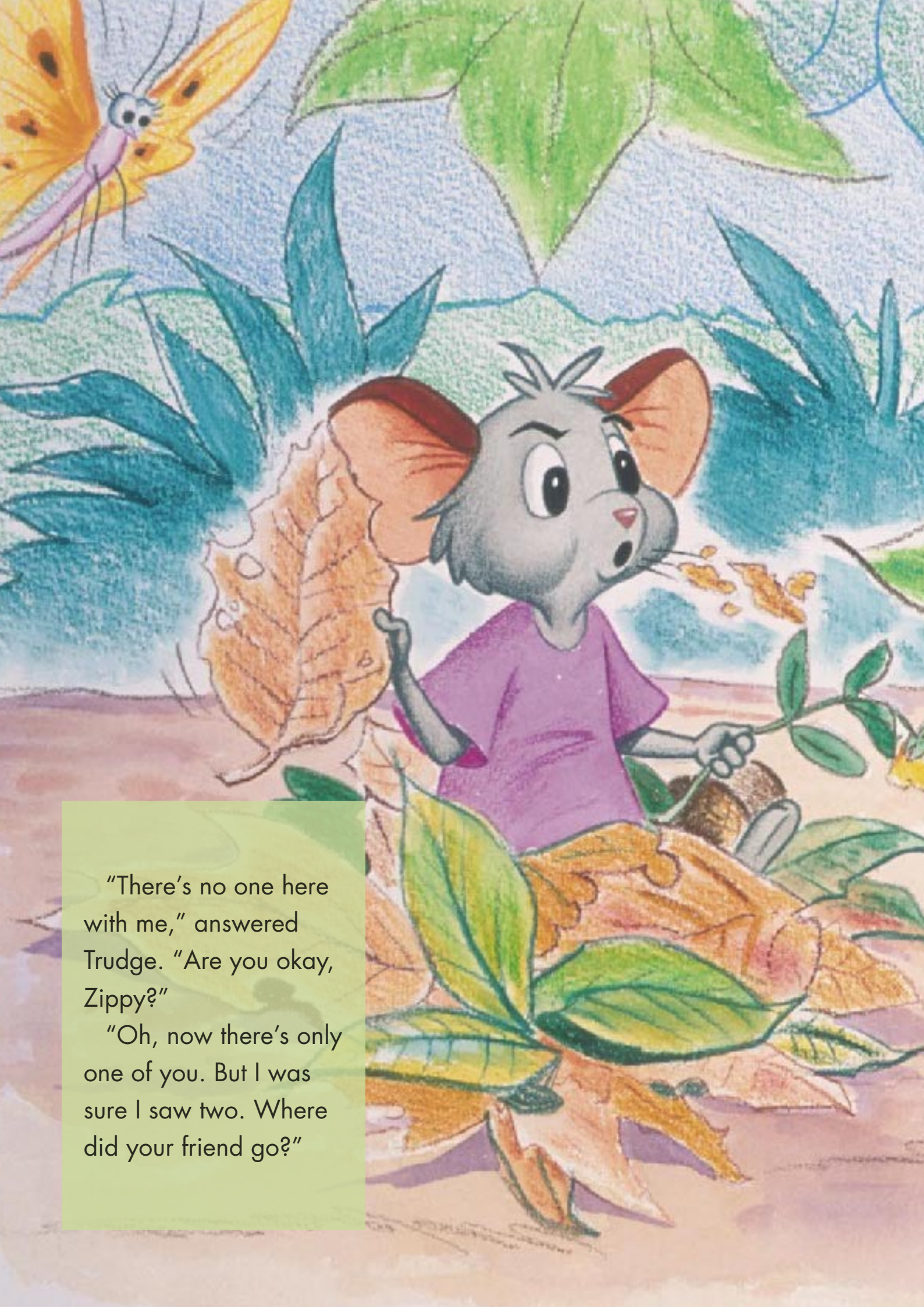
Zippy landed in a heap, covered in leaves, grass and dirt.

Oh dear! thought Trudge, as he hurried over to his friend. When he got there, Zippy was sitting up but looked rather dazed.



When Zippy saw Trudge he asked: "Who is your friend?"
"My friend?" Trudge asked curiously. "You?"
"No, the other one that looks just like you."



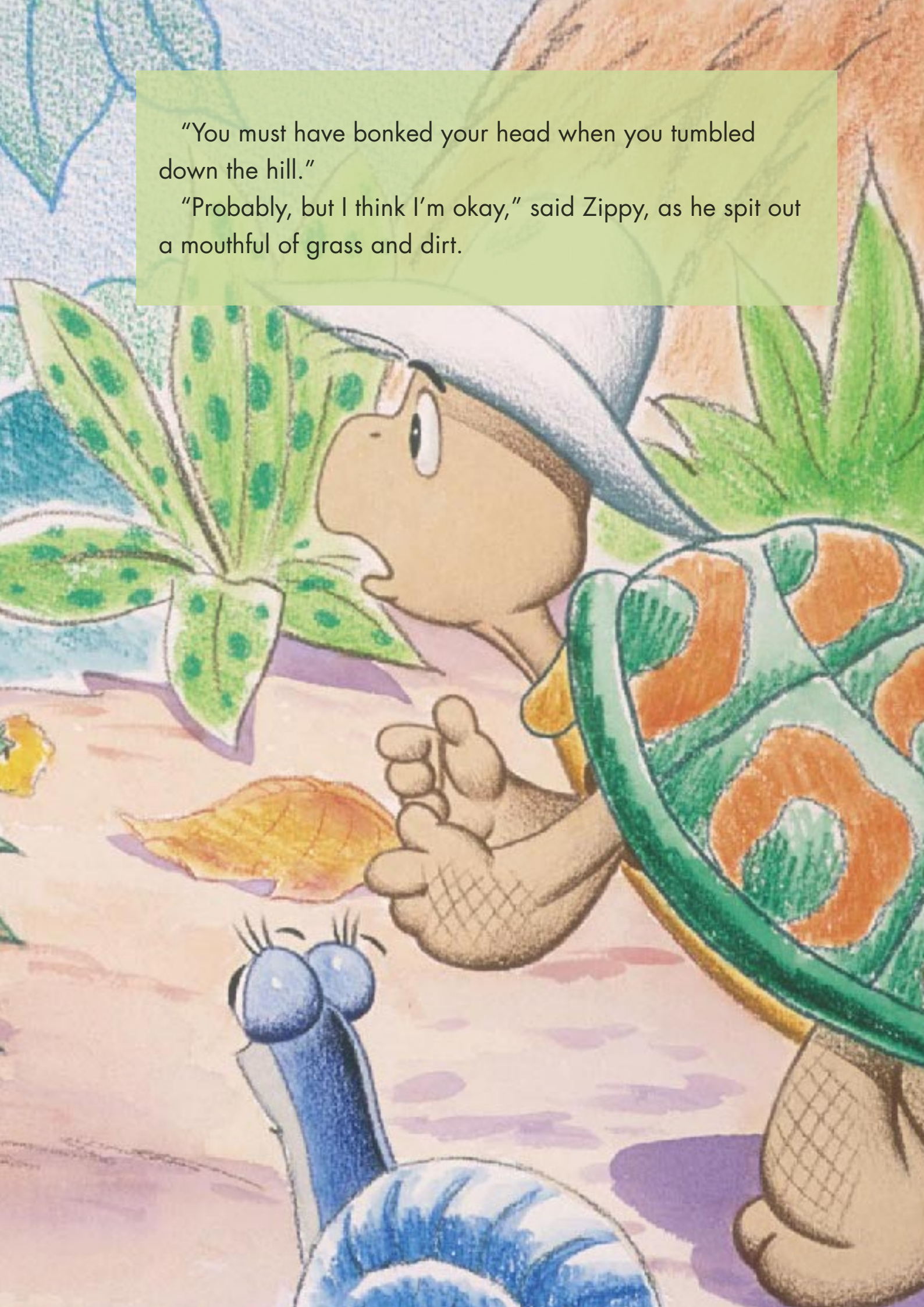


“There’s no one here with me,” answered Trudge. “Are you okay, Zippy?”

“Oh, now there’s only one of you. But I was sure I saw two. Where did your friend go?”

"You must have bonked your head when you tumbled down the hill."

"Probably, but I think I'm okay," said Zippy, as he spit out a mouthful of grass and dirt.

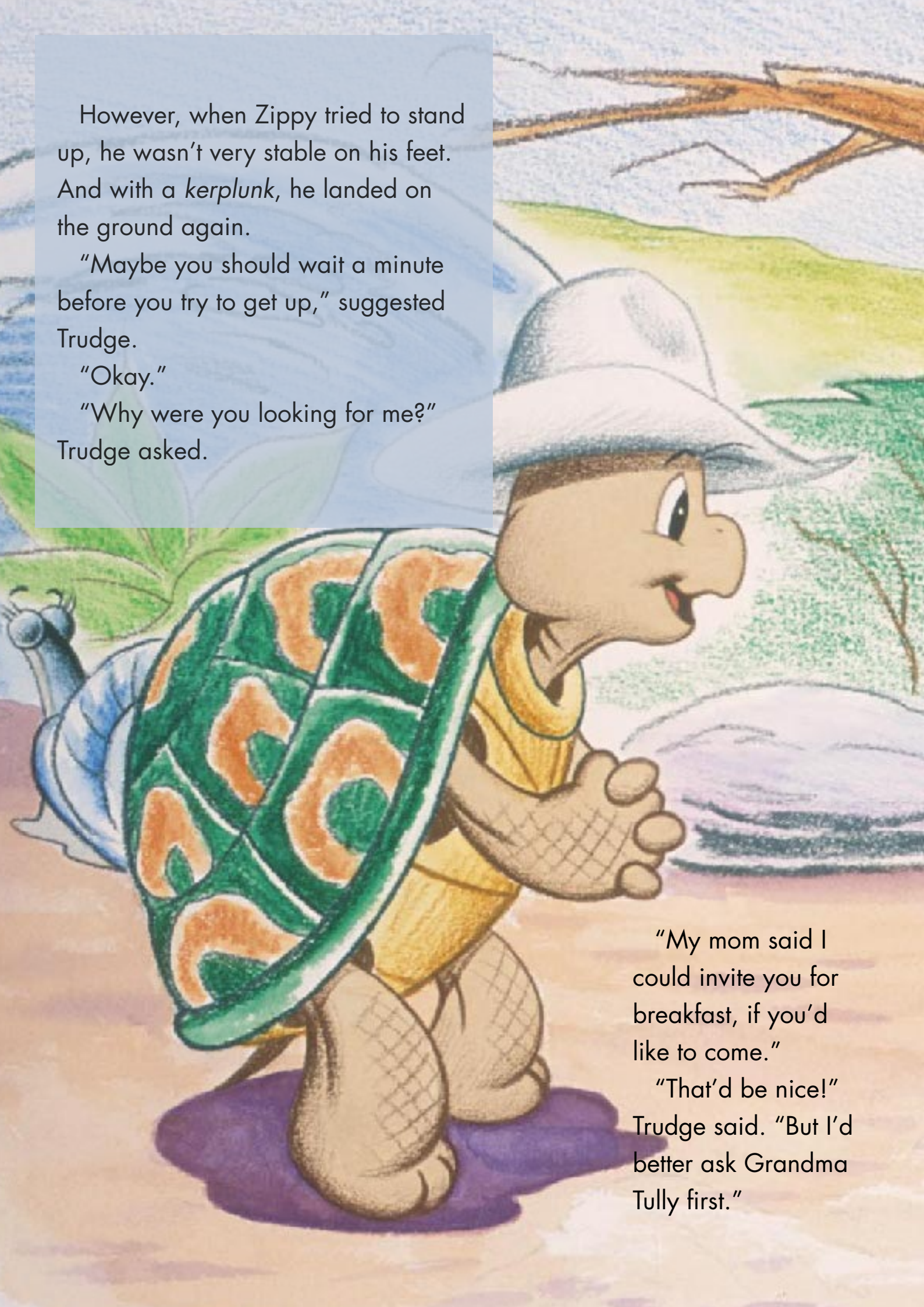


However, when Zippy tried to stand up, he wasn't very stable on his feet. And with a *kerplunk*, he landed on the ground again.

"Maybe you should wait a minute before you try to get up," suggested Trudge.

"Okay."

"Why were you looking for me?" Trudge asked.

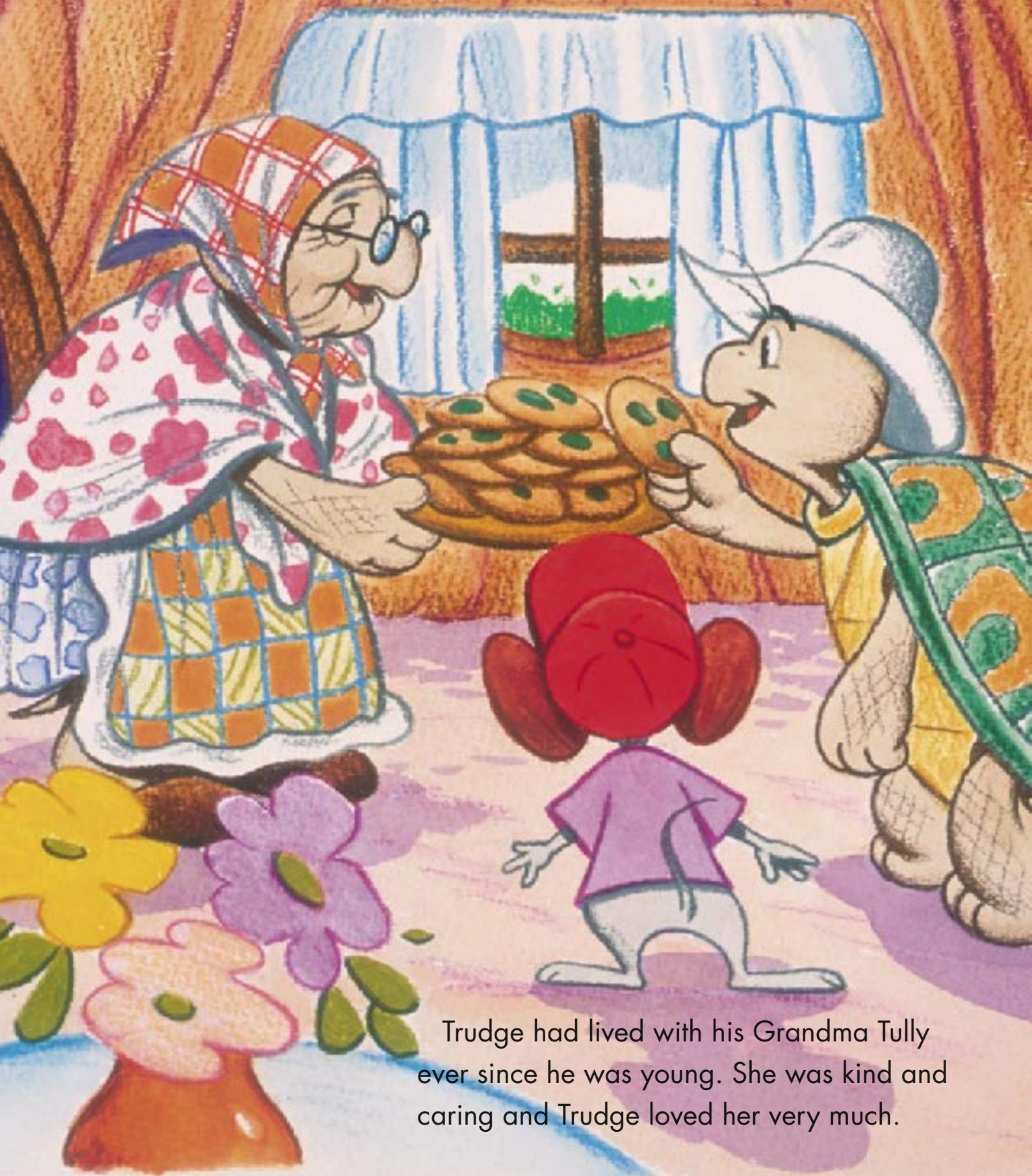


"My mom said I could invite you for breakfast, if you'd like to come."

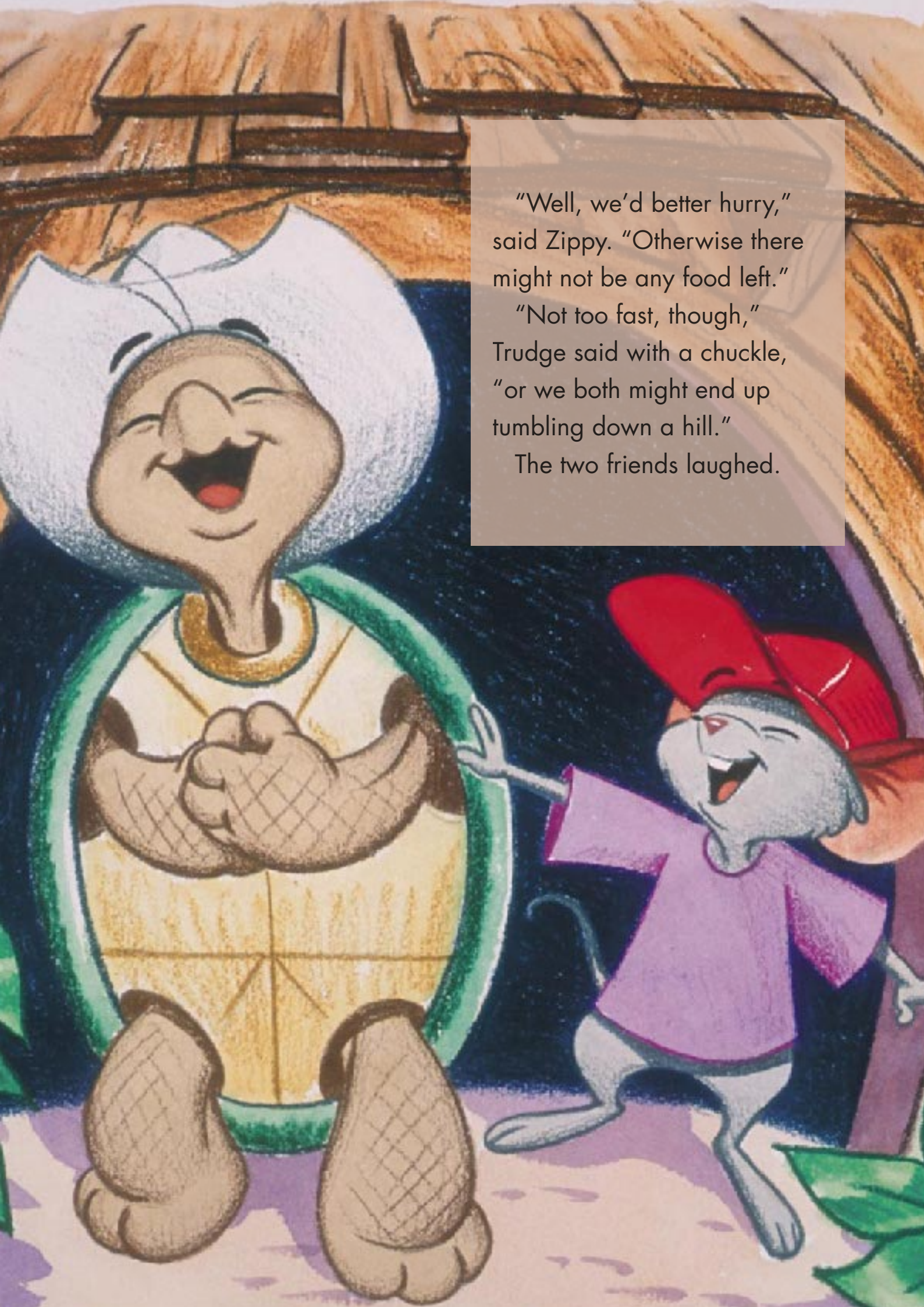
"That'd be nice!" Trudge said. "But I'd better ask Grandma Tully first."



Home Sweet Home



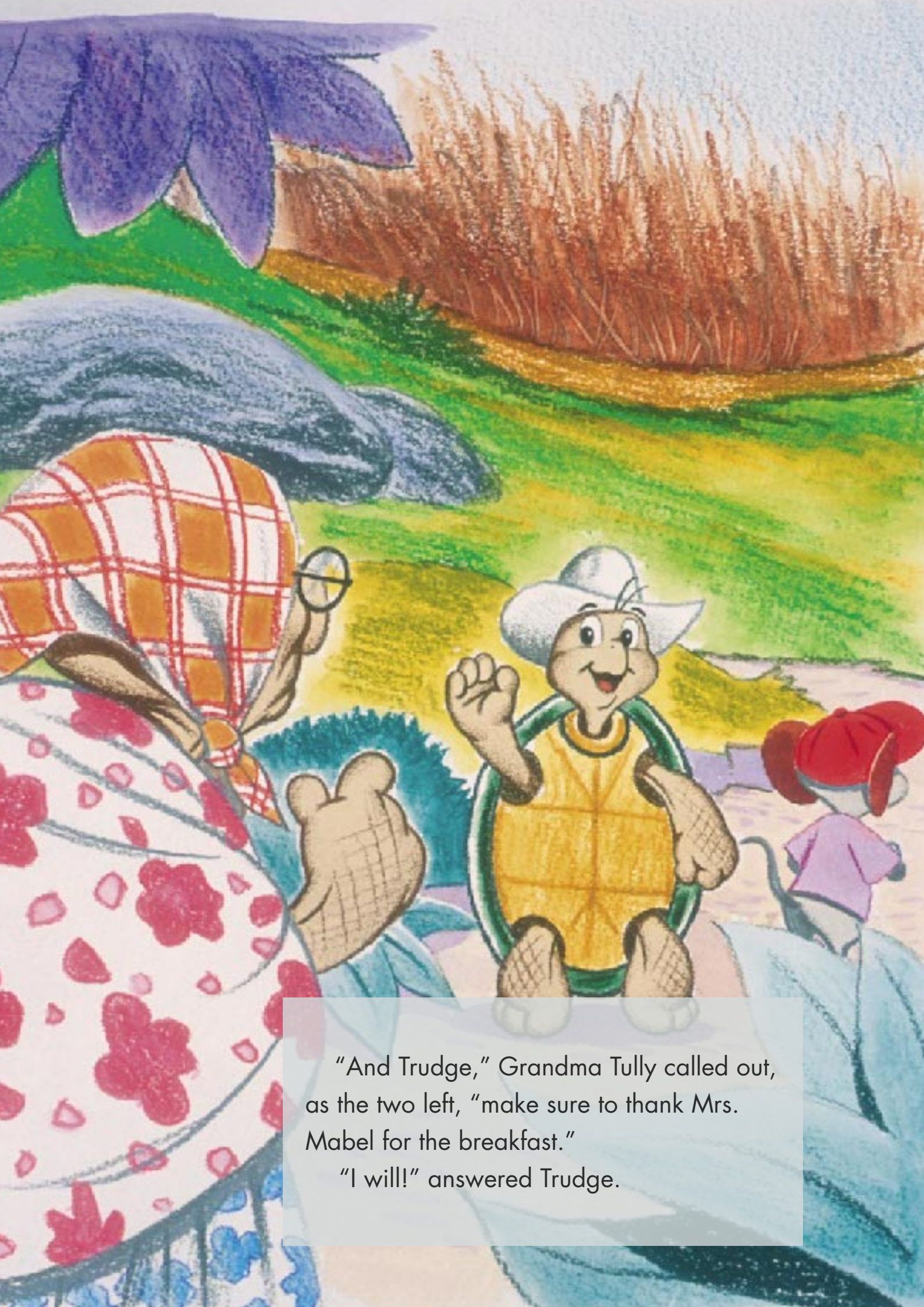
Trudge had lived with his Grandma Tully ever since he was young. She was kind and caring and Trudge loved her very much.



"Well, we'd better hurry,"
said Zippy. "Otherwise there
might not be any food left."

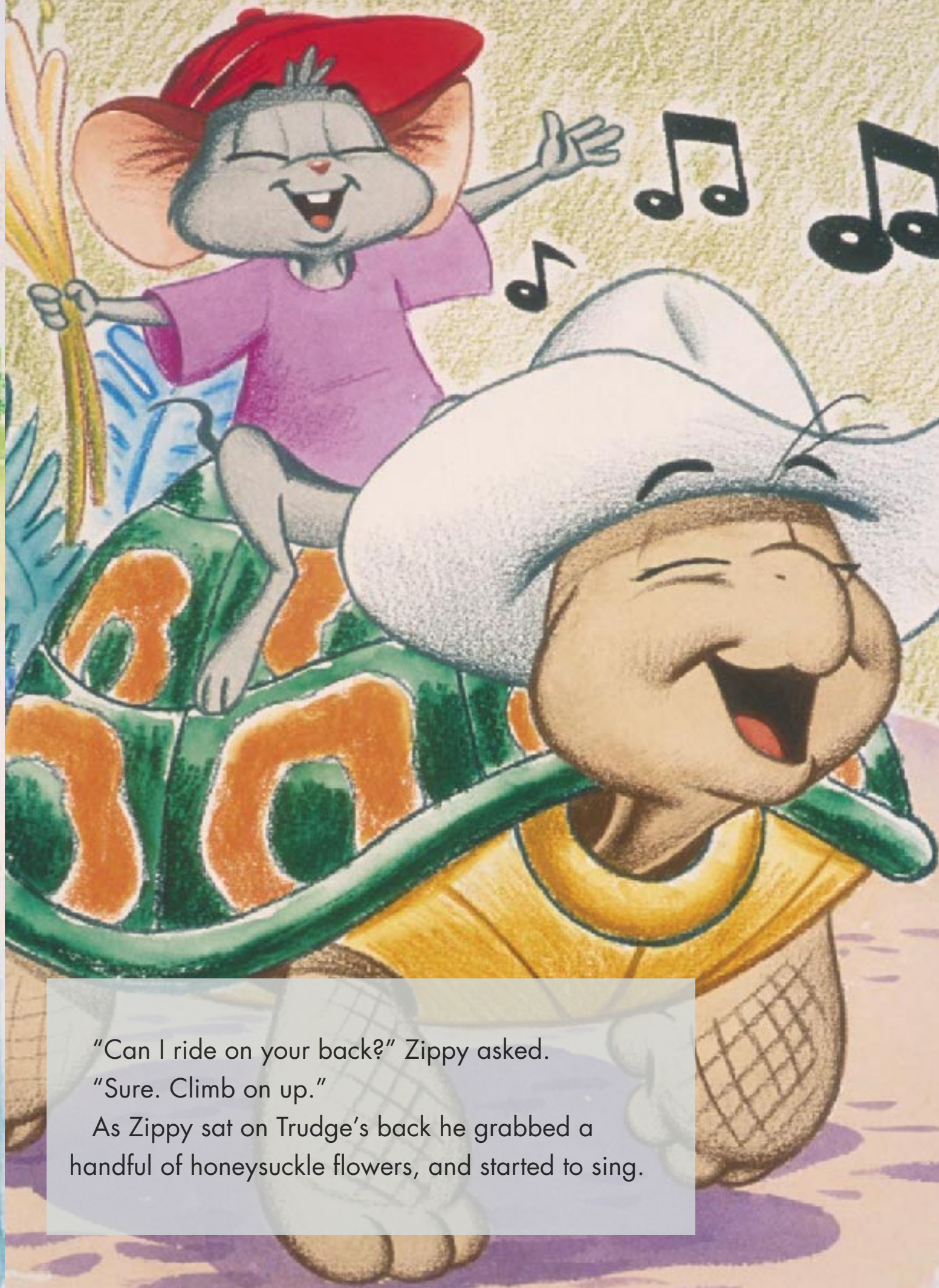
"Not too fast, though,"
Trudge said with a chuckle,
"or we both might end up
tumbling down a hill."

The two friends laughed.



“And Trudge,” Grandma Tully called out, as the two left, “make sure to thank Mrs. Mabel for the breakfast.”

“I will!” answered Trudge.



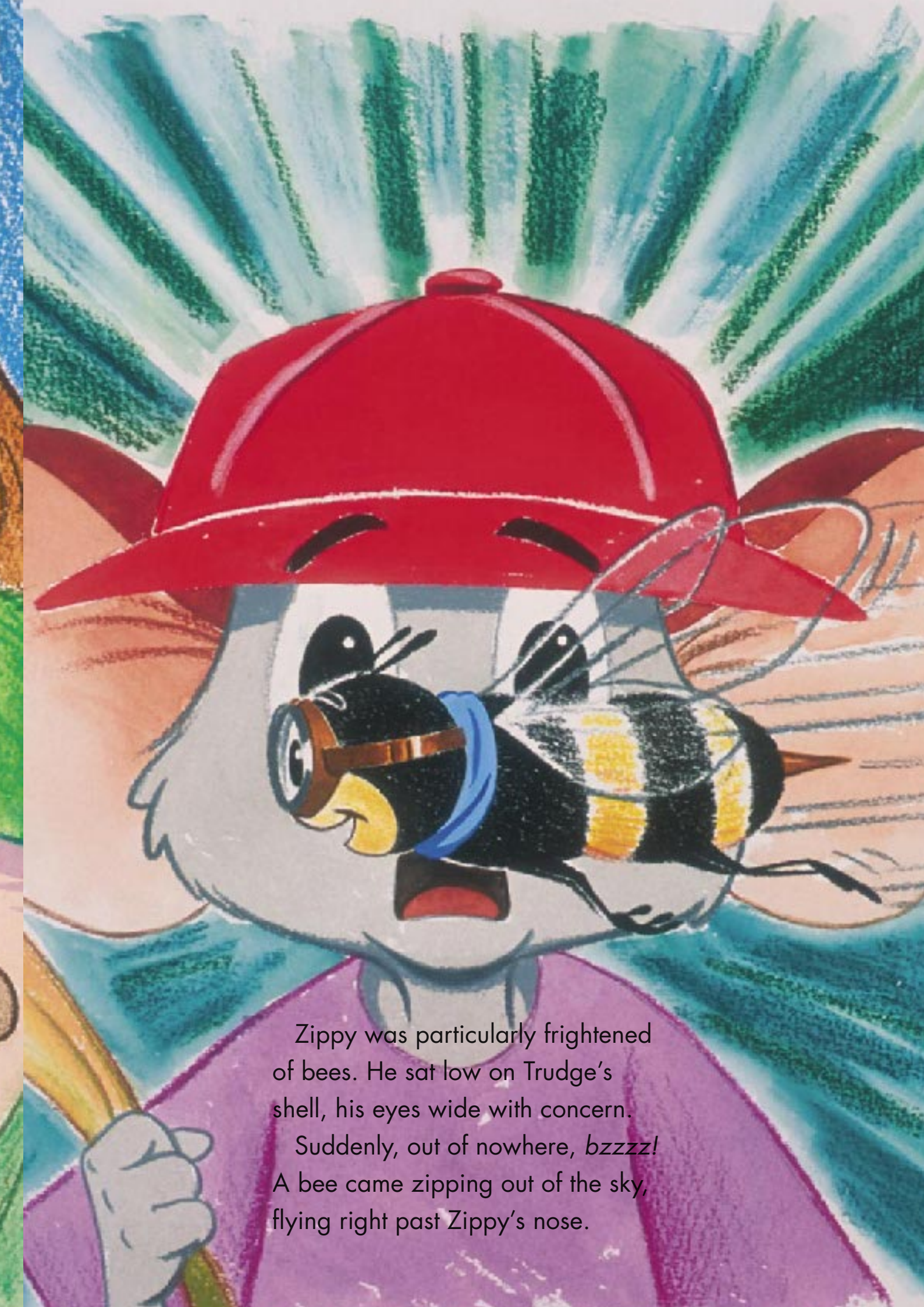
"Can I ride on your back?" Zippy asked.

"Sure. Climb on up."

As Zippy sat on Trudge's back he grabbed a handful of honeysuckle flowers, and started to sing.



"Target has been spotted."
"Did you hear that?" Zippy asked.
"Hear what?" said Trudge.
"Man your stations. We're going in!"
"There it is again," Zippy said,
frantically looking around. "I hear a
bee!"



Zippy was particularly frightened of bees. He sat low on Trudge's shell, his eyes wide with concern.

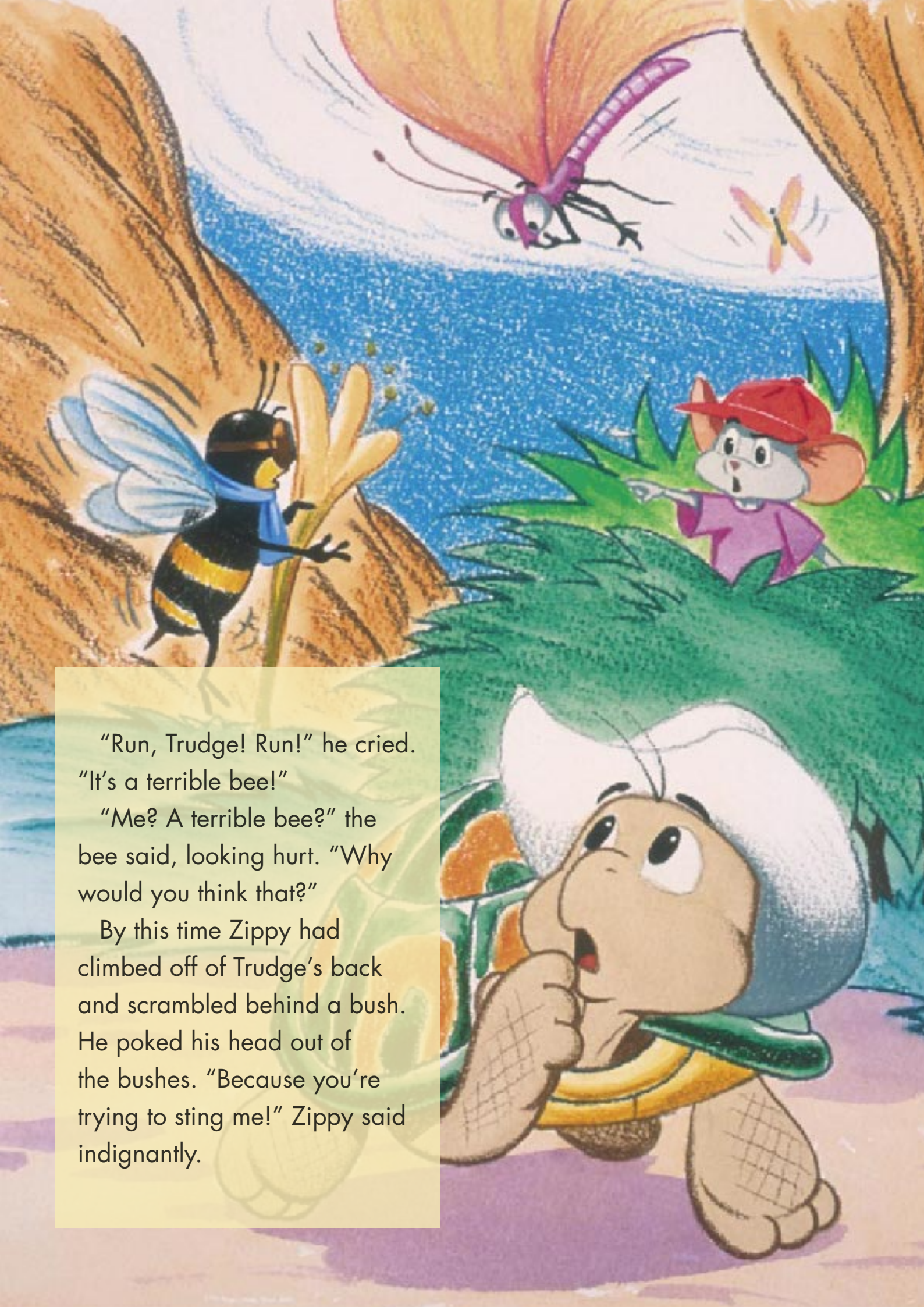
Suddenly, out of nowhere, *bzzzz!* A bee came zipping out of the sky, flying right past Zippy's nose.

"Ahhh!" shouted Zippy, nearly falling off of Trudge.
"Target missed," came the buzzing voice again.
"We'll go in a second time."



With that, the bee plummeted once again, landing directly on one of the honeysuckles that Zippy was holding.

Once again Zippy let out a terrible shriek, and threw the honeysuckles in the air.



“Run, Trudge! Run!” he cried.
“It’s a terrible bee!”

“Me? A terrible bee?” the
bee said, looking hurt. “Why
would you think that?”

By this time Zippy had
climbed off of Trudge’s back
and scrambled behind a bush.
He poked his head out of
the bushes. “Because you’re
trying to sting me!” Zippy said
indignantly.



"And what makes you think I'd want to sting you?" asked the bee.

"B...because," stuttered a worried Zippy, "you already tried to attack me twice."

"Attack you?" The bee laughed. "I was after your honeysuckle," he explained. "Not you!"

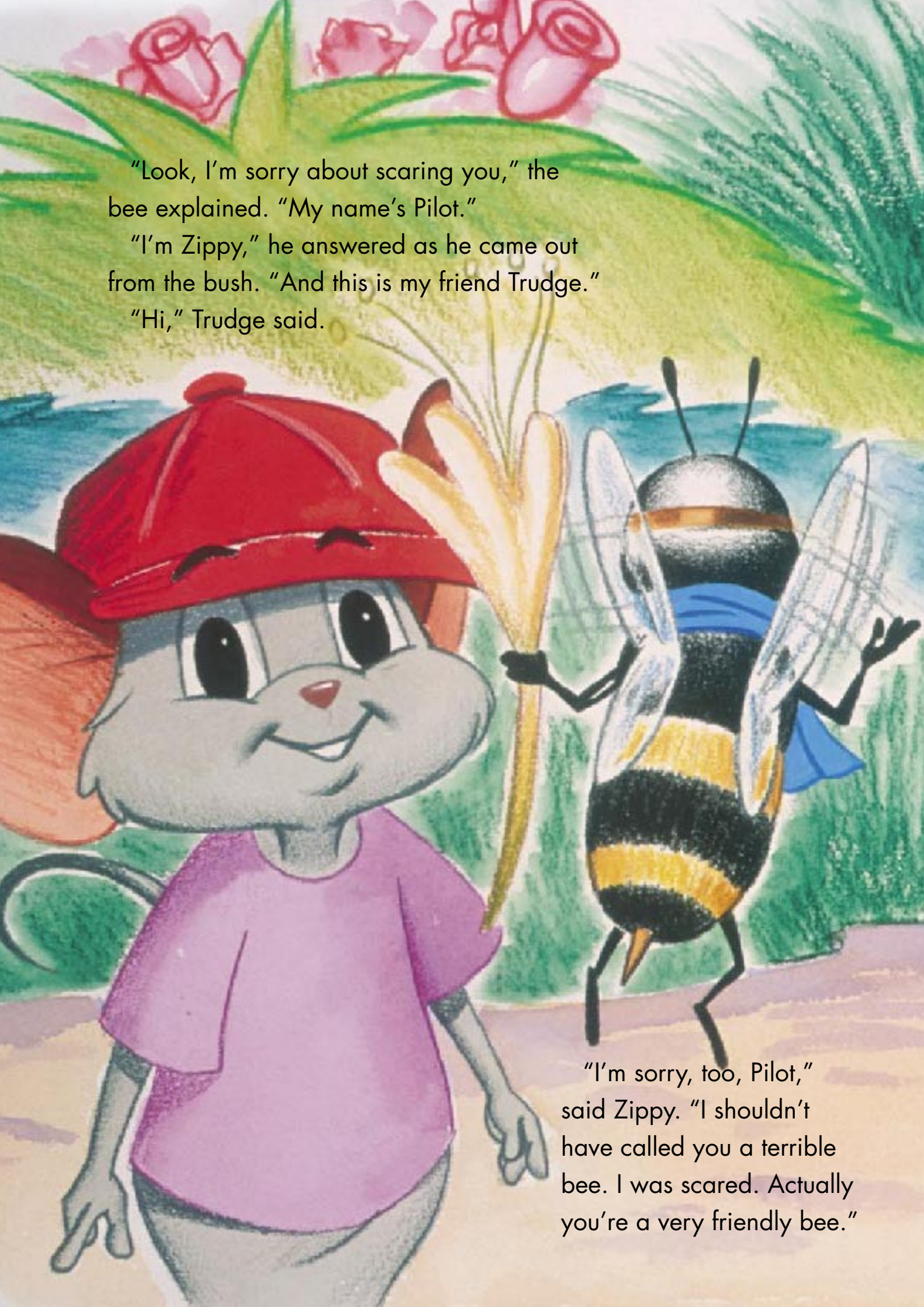


A puzzled look crossed Zippy's face. "What do you want with the honeysuckle?"

"To make honey," answered the bee. "Bees use the nectar of flowers to make honey."

"Oh," said Zippy, though he still wasn't sure about the bee.



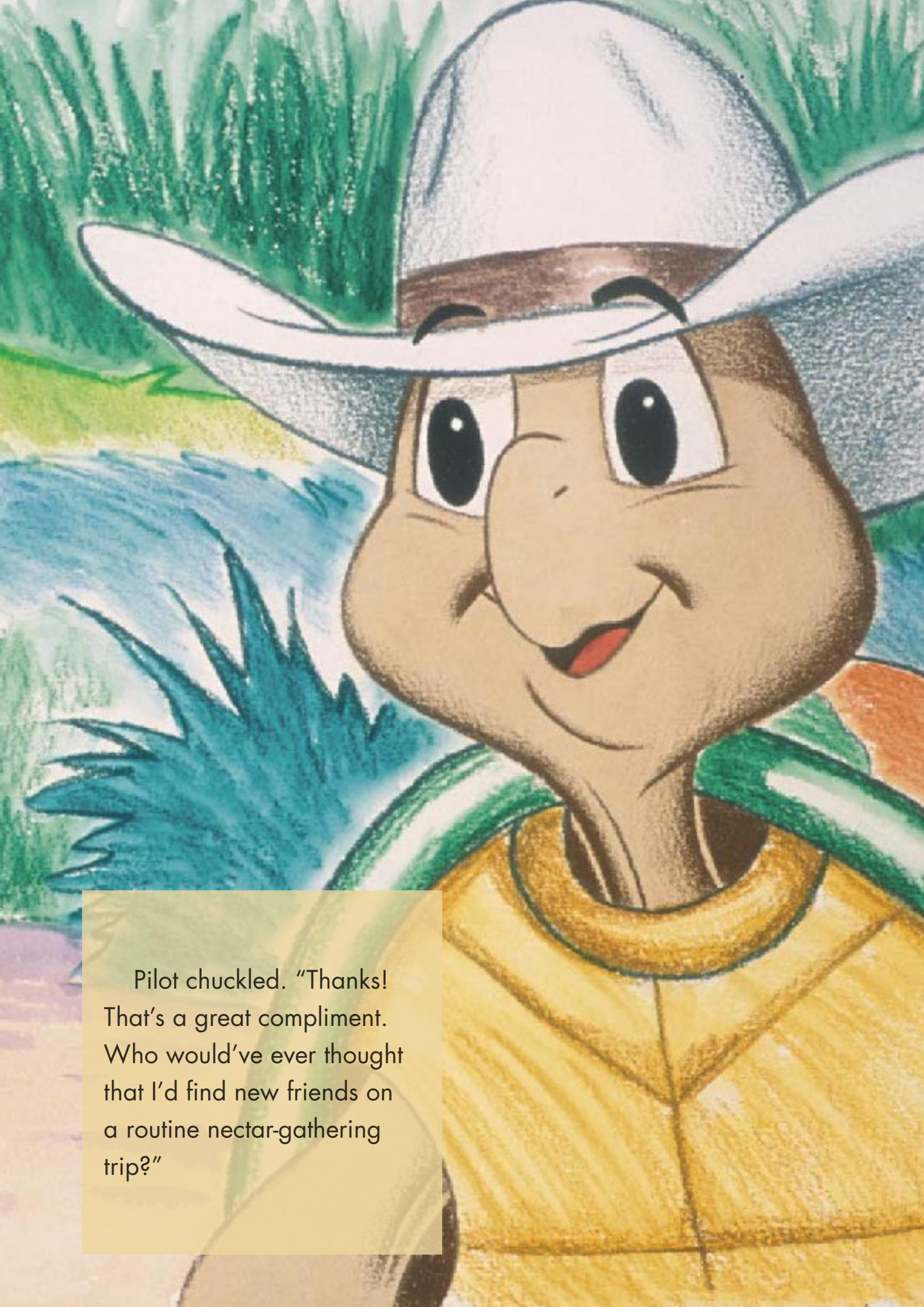


"Look, I'm sorry about scaring you," the bee explained. "My name's Pilot."

"I'm Zippy," he answered as he came out from the bush. "And this is my friend Trudge."

"Hi," Trudge said.

"I'm sorry, too, Pilot," said Zippy. "I shouldn't have called you a terrible bee. I was scared. Actually you're a very friendly bee."



Pilot chuckled. "Thanks! That's a great compliment. Who would've ever thought that I'd find new friends on a routine nectar-gathering trip?"



"Oh dear," Zippy said, putting his hand to his forehead. "Mother's waiting for us. We'd better hurry! Sorry to have to run like this, but maybe we can see you again some time soon."

"That'd be great," said Pilot, as he flew off. "See you 'round!"


"Well, hello," said Mrs. Mabel. "I was wondering when you two would arrive."

"We met a new friend, Pilot," Zippy explained. "He's a bee."

"Really?" Mrs. Mabel questioned. "I thought bees frightened you."

"Pilot did at first, but I think we're going to be friends now."





"He's kind of different," Trudge said with a chuckle. "But I like him already."

Mrs. Mabel smiled thoughtfully. "That's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "God made us all different, but we all have something special to give to others."

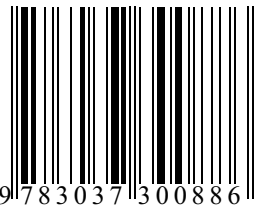


Trudge the turtle and Zippy the mouse are good friends. Despite their differences in character and abilities, they love to hang out and have fun together! But what happens when Zippy appears to be attacked by a bee? Will they be able to understand each other and make new friends?

In *Different Kinds of Friends*, children learn the importance of understanding and accepting the differences between themselves and others, and that friendship has no boundaries.

The Adventures of Trudge and Zippy is a beautifully illustrated and charming set of storybooks designed to help young children learn important character-building values and lessons in a fun and entertaining way. Written by Katuscia Giusti, British-Italian educator and author of *Grandpa Jake's Storybook*, with art by acclaimed American illustrator Hugo Westphal of the *Stories to Grow By* collection and many others. Get the whole collection today!

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