

The Adventures of Trudge and Zippy

Kizzy, Bugle, and the Honey!



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Kizzy, Bugle, and the Honey!

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Trudge and Zippy were walking through the forest, when two bees came buzzing past.

"I'll get you!" buzzed a bee.

"Stop chasing me!" cried another bee. "I didn't do anything."

"You stole my honey," the first bee said angrily.



"Pilot, is that you?" Zippy asked.

"It's me, but I can't talk now. I have to catch Kizzy. She stole my honey!"



“Did not!” shouted Kizzy as she swerved in and out between the trees and buzzed around Trudge and Zippy.

After a few minutes, Kizzy was growing tired. “Save me!” she said. But neither Trudge nor Zippy knew what to do.



"I've almost got you now!" Pilot said triumphantly.

He flew closer and closer, until he could touch Kizzy. He grabbed ahold of her and flew her down to the ground. Kizzy let out a cry.



When they hit the ground, Pilot struggled with Kizzy. "Tell me where my honey is," he said angrily.

"I don't have it any more," Kizzy answered. She started to cry.

"You ate it all?" Pilot asked.

"No, I just don't have it any more," Kizzy said. "I'm sorry."

But Pilot only got angrier, which made Kizzy cry harder.

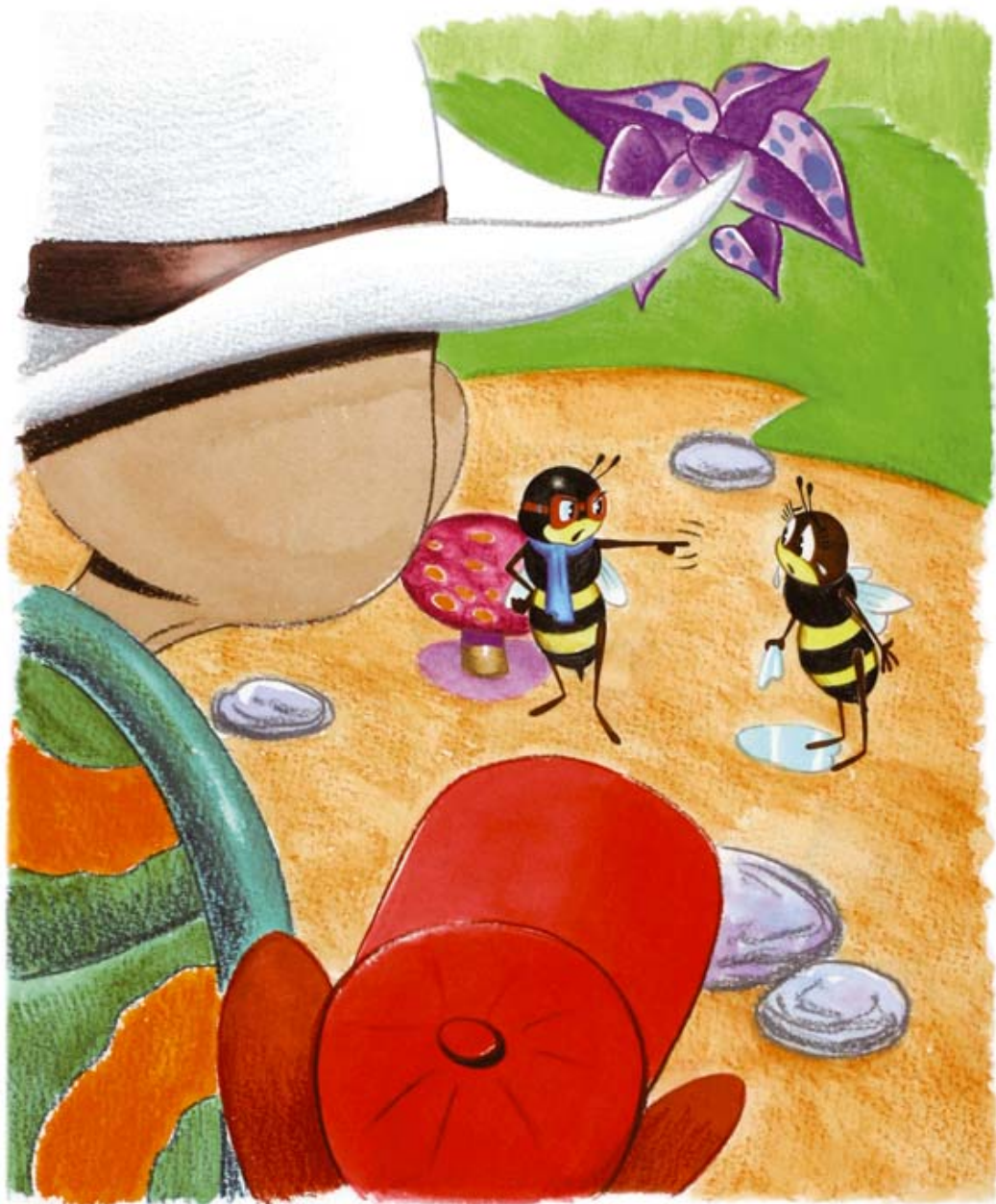


"Pilot, leave her alone!" Trudge said. "She said she was sorry."

"But she still took my honey."

"Well, making her cry isn't going to get your honey back," Zippy said. Pilot huffed and let go of Kizzy.

"I'm still angry at you," he told her.

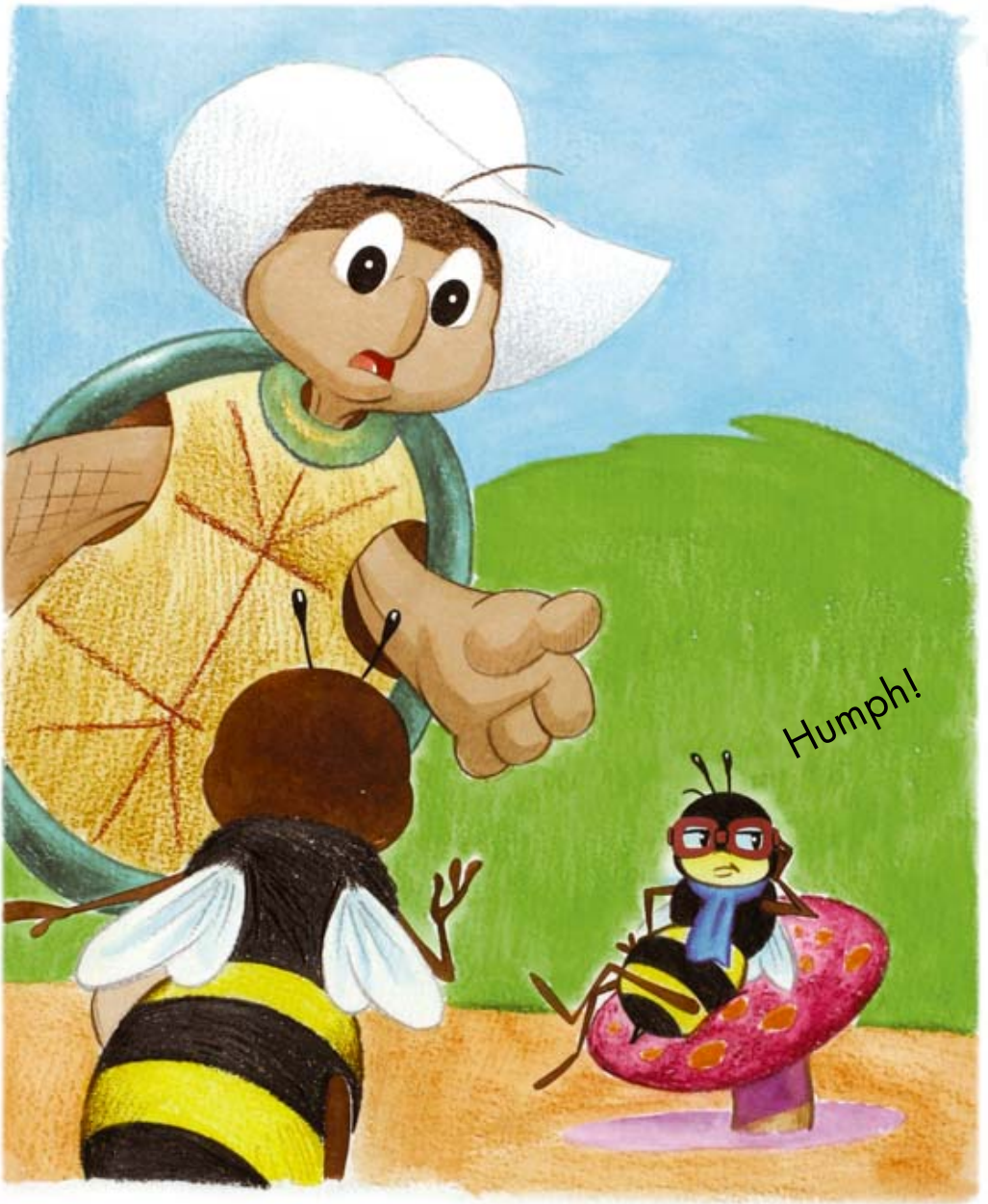


"What happened?" Zippy asked.

Pilot angrily told Trudge and Zippy what had happened

When he was done, Kizzy stuttered between her sobs: "I ... I..."

"You know you did it," Pilot said. "You don't have an excuse."



Humph!

"Pilot, why don't you give Kizzy a chance to explain why she took the honey?" Trudge said.

"Humph, okay," Pilot said.

"Tell us what happened," Trudge said to Kizzy.

"I went to collect nectar this morning..."



It was a perfect day to collect nectar, and Kizzy set out from the hive bright and early. She thanked God for giving her such a beautiful day, and such a happy home, and then buzzed around searching for the nicest-looking blossoms.



A sad moan echoed through the air.

Sounds like a bear, Kizzy thought to herself. I wonder what could be wrong.

Kizzy followed the groan. When she arrived she found a bear cub curled up in the bushes. She flew down to get a closer look.



"What's wrong?" she asked the cub.

"I lost my mommy," he cried. "And I'm very hungry."

"Oh dear. How did that happen?"

"I was playing, and I wasn't staying as close to my mommy as I should have. When I turned around, she was gone."

"I'm sorry."



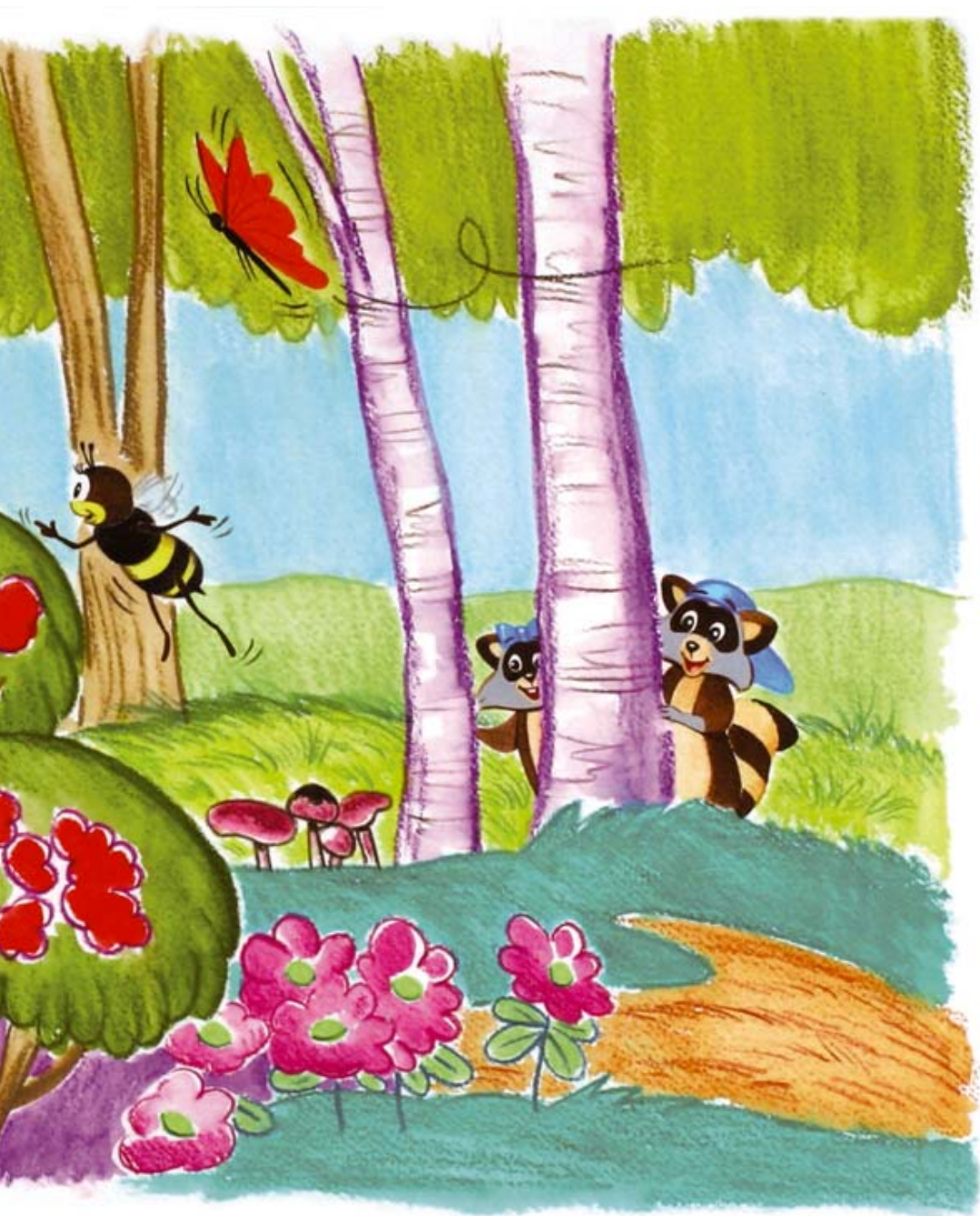
"I tried looking for her, but I can't find her anywhere."

"What's your name?" asked Kizzy.

"Bugle."

"Well, Bugle, maybe I can help you," Kizzy offered.

"How?"



"If you're hungry, maybe I can get you something to eat. Would some honey cheer you up?"

"I love honey!"

"Okay, follow me."



Kizzy led the bear a short distance through the forest. When they came close to the hive, Kizzy told Bugle to sit behind some bushes. "I'll bring you some honey. Wait here till I get back."



Kizzy made little trips back and forth, carrying honey from the hive in little buckets made from leaves. Bugle would lick the honey off the leaves, while Kizzy hurried back to the hive to get more. But before long, all of Kizzy's honey had run out.



"Are you still hungry?" she asked Bugle.

"Yes, a little bit."

Kizzy thought for a minute. *What should I do? Oh, that's an excellent idea!*



Kizzy went back to the hive. "Pilot! Pilot," she called. But no answer came.



I guess he must be out collecting nectar. I'll just borrow a little of his honey and let him know as soon as I see him. I can give him some of mine when I make more. I'm sure he won't mind.



Kizzy scooped up some of Pilot's honey, put it on the leaves, and flew back to Bugle.



"Thank you so much, Kizzy," Bugle said. "I feel a lot better." He yawned and stretched.

"I have an idea. Why don't you take a little nap, while I go see if I can find your mother?"

"You'd do that for me? You're a very kind bee."

"I'm just glad that I can help."



Kizzy flew off while Bugle curled up and went to sleep. Before long, Kizzy returned with Bugle's mother.

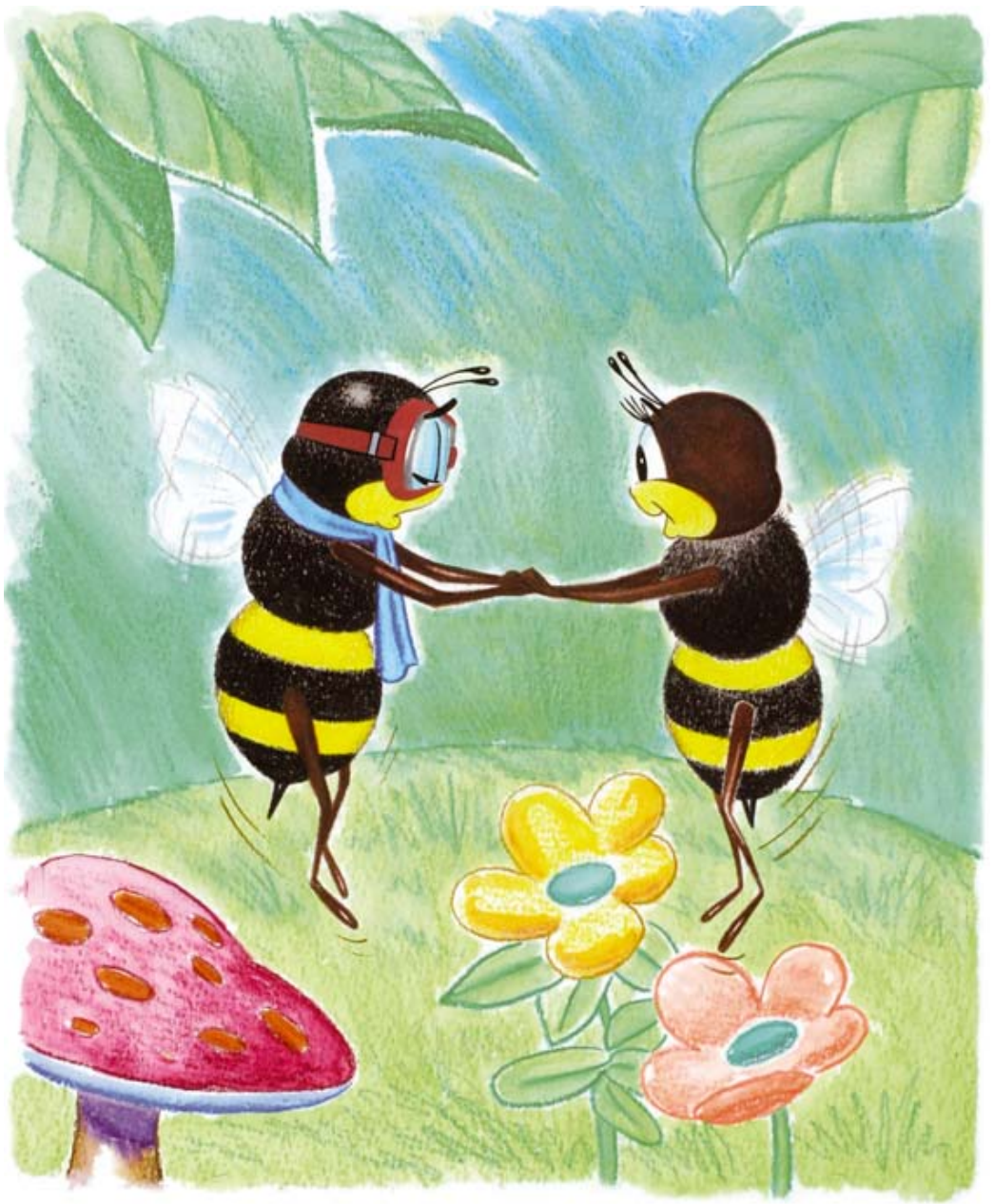
"Thank you for helping my lost Bugle," his mother said to Kizzy.

"You're very welcome. Bye!"



Kizzy set off to search for more nectar. Suddenly she heard Pilot's angry voice calling her name.

Uh-oh, she thought. He doesn't sound very happy.



"I'm sorry, Kizzy," Pilot said. "I was having a bad day. I should've let you explain what happened first."

"That's okay," Kizzy answered. "And I'll be sure to make up all the honey I took from you."

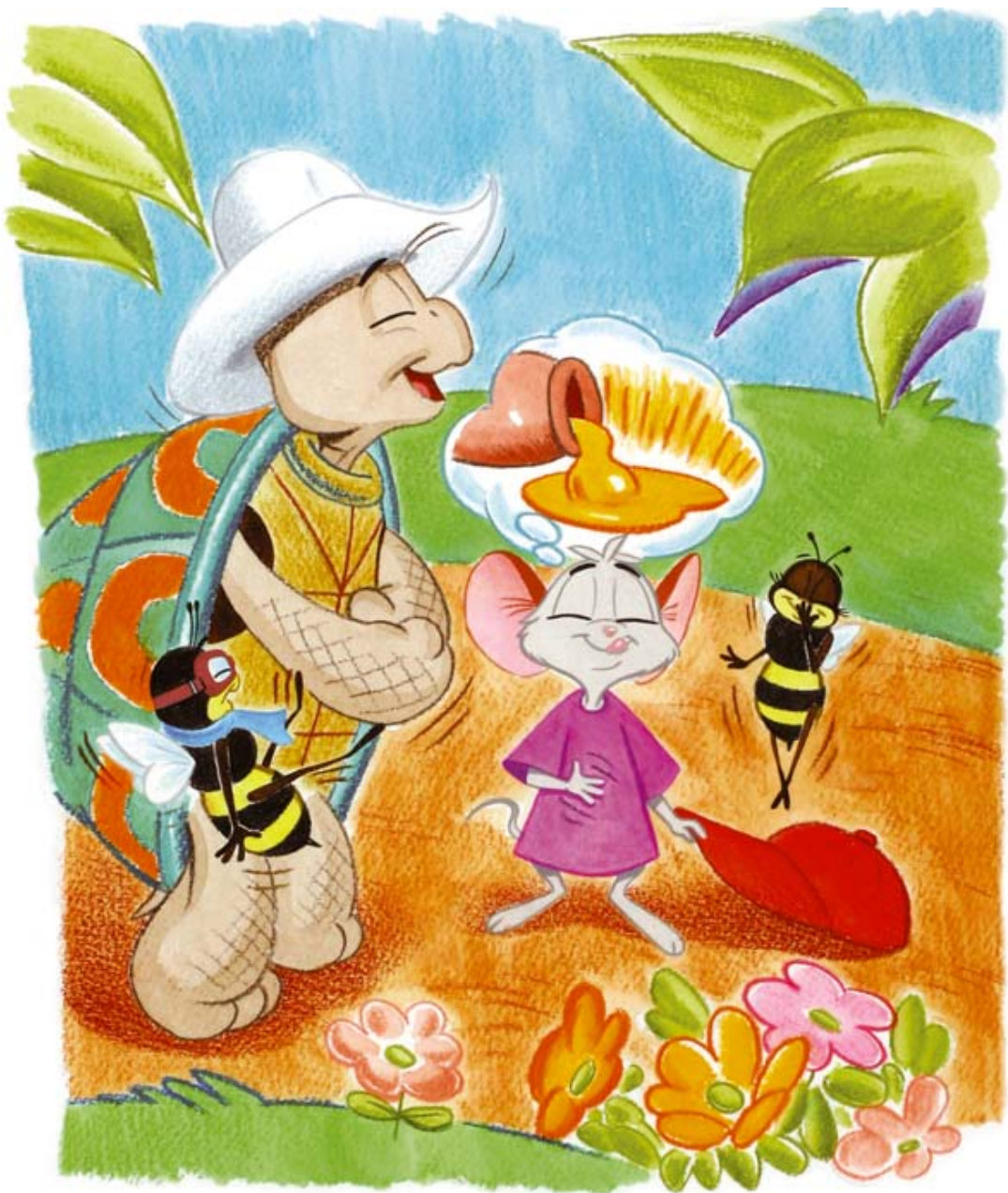


"Don't worry about it. I have enough honey."

"See, it helps to talk things out," Trudge said.



“We all have our misunderstandings, even with our friends,” said Zippy. “It’s always better to talk things out before getting angry, as maybe you don’t understand everything.”



"You're right," Pilot said. "I'll try to remember that for next time."

"You know, all this talk of honey is making me hungry," Zippy said, licking his lips.

The others laughed.

"Well, follow me, friends," Pilot said. "I think I still have some honey to share."



Pilot, the busy bee who Trudge and Zippy have befriended, finds himself in a quarrel with Kizzy, a fellow hive worker who took some of his honey—for a very unusual cause.

In *Kizzy, Bugle, and the Honey*, children see a creative yet relatable example of how to work out differences through communication and sharing rather than arguing and fighting.

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 Katiuscia 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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