



Chip and the Hoot



Chip and Len set up camp by the brook. The moon was up over the pine tops, and it was cool out.



They sat snug in the tent with a good book and a bag of nuts. Chip wanted to read the whole book before bed.



"Read one more page," said Len. Chip held up the light and read. Then, from out in the gloom, they heard it. "Hoot! Hoot!" Chip shook.



Len pulled his hood down over his face. "What was that?" whispered Len. "I do not know," said Chip, "but we must go and look." Chip took the light.



They stepped out of the tent, one foot at a time.
They looked all around the tent. No one was there.
They looked in the wood pile. It was just wood.



They looked up at the moon. "Hoot! Hoot!" The hoot was very close now. Chip turned the light to an old pine log. There sat Ron, hiding his face from the light.



"It is just me!" said Ron. "I heard you read, and I like that book too. Please do not stop at the best bit!" Len laughed and pushed back his hood.



"Come in, Ron," he said. "There is room for three."
Soon they were all snug in the tent. Chip read, Len
held the light, and Ron ate most of the nuts.