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Meg Finds a Slide



It was a warm autumn day, and Meg the white cub wanted to slide. But it was too warm for ice. She looked out at the lawn.



"I will try to slide on the grass," she said.
Meg ran on the lawn and flopped down, but
the grass was too thick to slide on.



She just dug her claws in and crawled. Then she went to the top of the big hill and gave a big jump. Flop!



She landed on the grass again and just sat there. Bits of grass stuck to her. Then Pip the pig came trotting up the path. "Why are you sad, Meg?" he asked.



"I want to slide, but there is no ice," said Meg.
"I just flop on the grass." "It is not your fault,"
said Pip. "It is the grass. Come with me."



Pip led her down to his pond. The bank was wet black mud, and it was as slick as ice. Meg's jaw dropped. She sat at the top and put her paws out.



Zip! She slid down the bank so fast that she shot right into the pond. Meg swam and swam until all the mud washed off.



"That was the best slide of my life!" she yelled. Pip paused at the top of the bank. He looked at the mud, then at Meg. Then he grinned and slid in after her.