



Pam's Grape Clone



Pam had a plot of grape vines by the lane.
The grapes were ripe and fat, and she had
one big hope.



She wanted to pick the whole crop and make jam. But a flock of wrens liked the grapes too.



Each time Pam went home, the flock dove down and stole more. "I do not want to stand here all day to chase them off," Pam said.



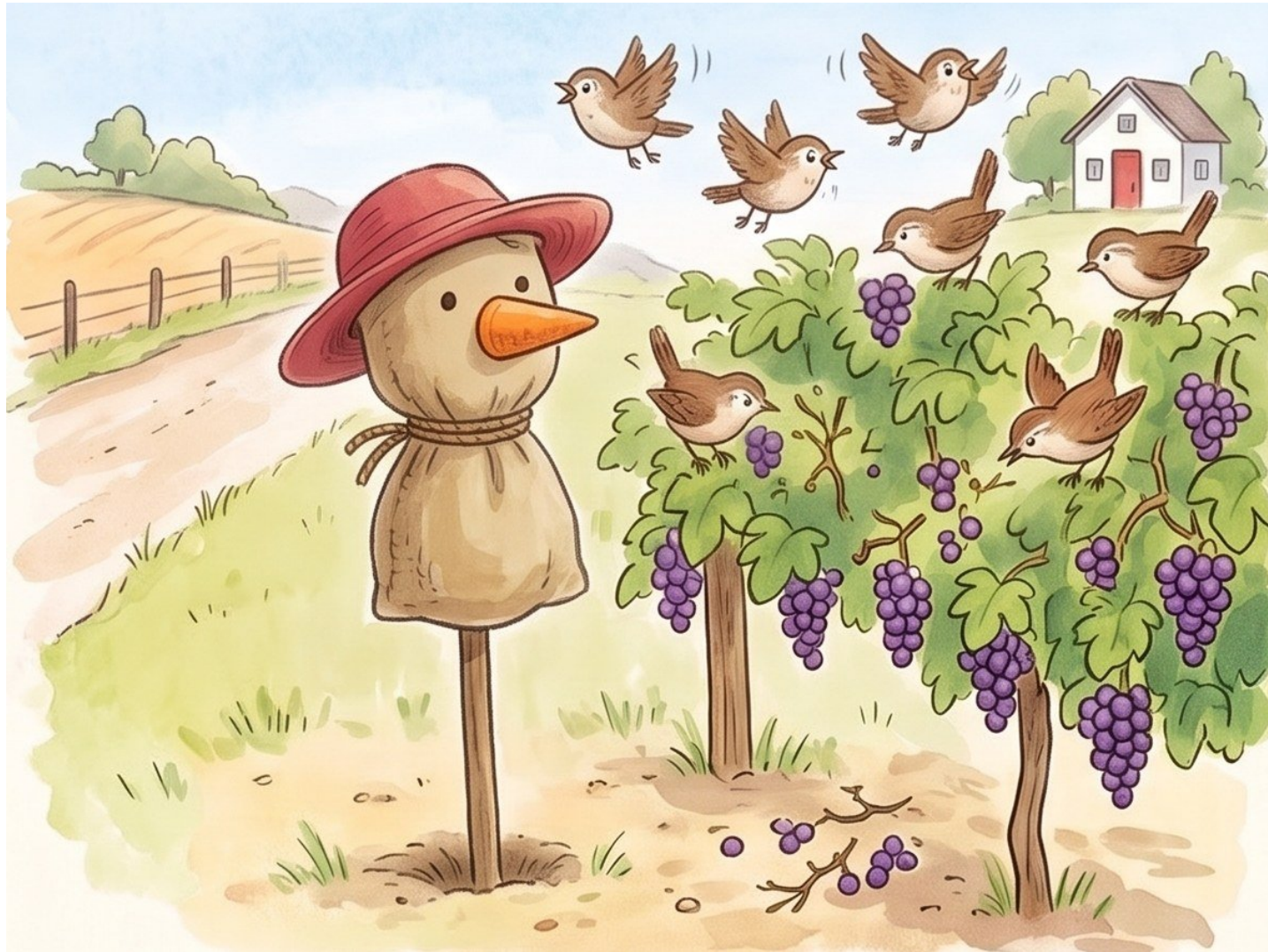
"I want a clone of me!" So Pam dug a hole and stuck a long pole in it.



She filled a cloth sack with grass and used rope to hold it on the pole. She gave it a cone for a nose.



Then she put her own red hat on top. "That is a good pose," she said with a grin. Then Pam went home.



Soon the flock dove back to the vines. The wrens saw the clone and thought it was Pam! They flitted off as fast as they could.



Later, Pam came back and laughed. "My clone is no joke!" she said. Not one grape was gone. Pam picked the whole crop, and it made the best jam.