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# Viv and the Vine



When the sun went down, Viv woke up from her nap. It was time to go out and look around.



She had on her new cape. It was pink with white dots, and it made a swirl when she spun.



At the top of the hill stood a tall fir with a long vine that came all the way down to the dirt. Viv gave the vine a firm tug. It held!



She grabbed it and started to twirl. Round and round she whirled, and her cape made a big pink swirl. "Ron, look at me!" she yelled to her pal up in the fir.



Then Viv stopped with a jolt. Her cape was wrapped in the vine, and she was stuck! Ron flew down and gave her a tug. He tugged again, but she only got more stuck.



"Stop, Ron!" said Viv. "That is not helping!" Viv held still and thought. "I spun to the right," she said, "so I must spin back the other way."



She kicked off the trunk and twirled back. Bit by bit, the vine came off. At last her cape slipped out, and Viv dropped into the dirt with a plop. She sat up and laughed.



"Your cape is a mess," said Ron with a smirk. "Yes, but I got myself out!" said Viv. Then the two pals went to the pond, because all that twirling had made Viv very thirsty.