

ZUZZY AND THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY

"Zuzzy! Buzzy! Muzzy! Where are you?" Mother Squirrel called.

"We must hurry. Old Owl has called all the small creatures for a meeting," Mother Squirrel said when the little squirrels arrived home. Once all the little creatures had arrived, Old Owl spoke. "We've learned about a special happening in the human world. When the sky grows dark, if you come to the clearing and look up, you'll see ... uh, what is it called ... um, oh yes! Hot works! No, uh, that doesn't sound right ... um ... fire sticks! Oh, I've got it now ... fireworks!"



"Fireworks?"
the little creatures
echoed.

"It's a show in
the sky—very big,
very bright, and very
noisy. The humans
consider it to be
most beautiful. There
will be a gathering at
the clearing tonight
to watch. Children
must stay with their
parents, and since
the hour will be very
late, a late afternoon
snooze is highly
recommended. Enjoy
yourselves!"

"Hurray!" Zuzzy
said. "It's going to
be fun tonight!"

Back at home,
Mother told the three
squirrels that if they
wanted to see the
fireworks, they would
need to take a nap.



"The fireworks will take place past your bedtime," Mother explained. "So if you don't nap now, you'll probably fall asleep during the fireworks."

"I'd never fall asleep during something that exciting," Zuzzy argued. "I don't need to nap."

"Zuzzy, you need to lie down and rest, even if you don't fall asleep."

Zuzzy frowned. He scurried up a tree branch, lay down, and pouted. Through the leaves, he could see Buzzy and Muzzy both had fallen asleep.

"I'm big enough to stay awake for the fireworks even if I don't nap," Zuzzy muttered.



Zuzzy rolled over onto his stomach and began to scratch a picture in the bark. Before he knew it, two hours had gone by. He heard Muzzy and Buzzy talking and knew that naptime was over.

It was very dark when all the little creatures arrived at the clearing. When the first firework went up in the air and exploded, shooting its beautiful colors across the sky, every little creature gasped in wonder.

"It's beautiful!" Muzzy exclaimed.

"It's incredible," Zuzzy said as he put his hand over his mouth to catch a yawn.



Zuzzy rubbed his eyes and yawned again. *I'm getting tired! This can't happen to me now!*

Zuzzy struggled to keep his eyes open, but they kept shutting. Soon he was fast asleep.

"Zuzzy! Wake up!" Mother was shaking him. "It's time for breakfast!"

"What? Where are the fireworks?" Zuzzy asked frantically.

"I'm sorry, but it seems you fell asleep during the show. Muzzy tried to wake you, but you were in such a deep sleep."

"I missed the fireworks!" Zuzzy sniffed.

Mother put her arm around Zuzzy and tried to comfort him. "I know. I'm very sorry. But I think there might be a reason why you were so tired, don't you?"





Zuzzy nodded. "Instead of napping I carved a picture on the tree branch," Zuzzy admitted. "I didn't take a nap when you told me to. I'm sorry I didn't obey."

"Son," Father interrupted. "It looks like you're going to get another chance to make up what you missed. A robin just brought word that the fireworks are on again tonight."

"I'll be sure to take a long nap this time," Zuzzy said.

Mother and Father smiled. "That's our boy, Zuzzy!"

That afternoon Zuzzy took a long nap. And when the fireworks showered the sky that night, Zuzzy didn't miss a single one.

From that time on, Zuzzy understood that when his parents asked him to do something, there was a good reason—often for his own benefit.