

Friends of the Forest –



- A Beaver Story

Chapter 1: Meeting New Friends

Big Brown Beaver had a very important announcement to make. Swimming to the middle of the pond, he slapped his tail on the water three times. Smack! Smack! Smack!

Hearing his sharp signal, all the other beavers in the pond wondered, “What do you suppose is happening?”

From all over the pond, beavers, young and old, swam quickly to Big Brown Beaver. He was such a wise animal, and he knew so much about the forest and the pond. All of the other animals and birds in the forest were his friends.

“Big and little beavers,” Big Brown Beaver announced. “Some people have come to live in the clearing along the river bank. Tic Tac, the squirrel, told me they are called the Jones family. They seem very friendly. When I slapped my tail, they all waved to me. If they are to be our friends, we should go and give each of them a forest name.”

There was much excitement amongst the beavers as they swam from the pond down the river to the forest clearing where the Jones family lived.

At first, none of the Jones family saw the beavers who were quietly peeking over the side of the river bank. Then, one of the taller people finally noticed the beavers’ brown heads and whispered, “I think we have some beaver visitors. Don’t turn around too quickly, or we might frighten them away.”

The other five family members slowly looked around and saw the beavers watching them. With a big smile, one of the people said, “Didn’t I tell you that we would meet new friends in the forest? There must be a beaver colony in the pond near the river.”

The beavers watched carefully to see if they could pick a name that would describe each member of the Jones family. Finally, a loud tail smack from Big Brown Beaver signalled that it was time to return to the pond.

Later, as the beavers sat inside their lodge, they began to share everything they had seen at the clearing. They began to suggest their ideas for forest names for the members of the Jones family.

“Beavers, do you remember the tall person who saw us first?” asked Big Brown Beaver. “He must have eyes as sharp as a hawk’s. Let’s call him ‘Hawkeye’.”

“Oh, that’s a splendid name!” chorused all the other beavers.

Chip and Chatter, the beaver twins, remarked, “When we saw the one who was wearing the clothes of many colours, we thought of the beautiful rainbow that arches over the forest after a rainstorm. Why don’t we call her ‘Rainbow’?”

“Wonderful!” cheered the Beavers.

“I saw a person who moved by using a chair with wheels. He seemed very clever to be able to do that,” observed another beaver.

“Then why don’t we call him ‘Ringtail’ since he’s as clever as a racoon,” suggested several beavers.

When the smallest beaver began to talk, everyone became quiet and still so they could better hear each of her words. “One of the people had such sparkling eyes, and when she smiled, her smile made me feel so warm and good inside. Could we name her ‘Sunshine’?”

“Warm as sunshine,” agreed the beavers. “Yes, let’s name her that.”

“And then there was the person having so much fun splashing her feet in the water,” observed one of the beavers. “We could call her ‘Bubbles’.”

“Yes, yes. And don’t forget the one whose hair was the colour of a red fox,” shouted yet another beaver. “He could be called ‘Rusty’.”

And so it was that the pond’s beavers named the people in the Jones family so they could be friends of the forest.

