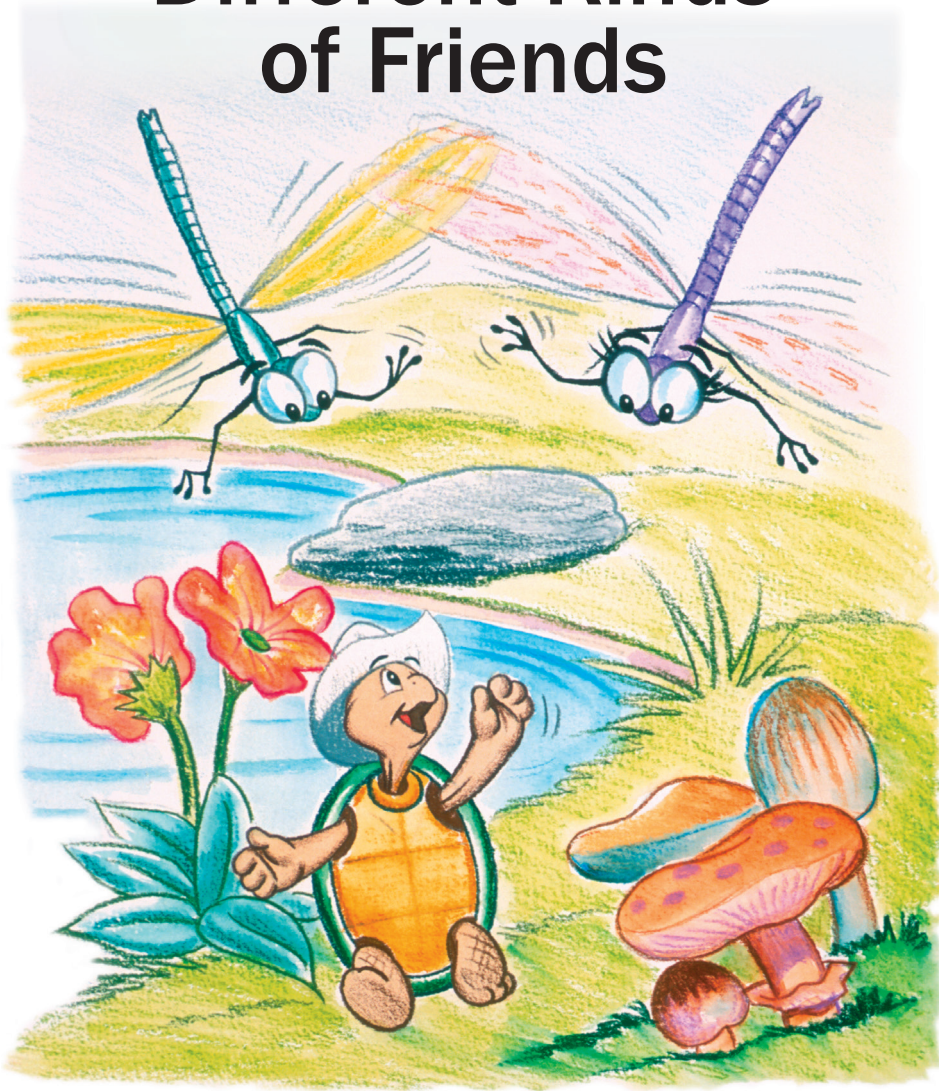
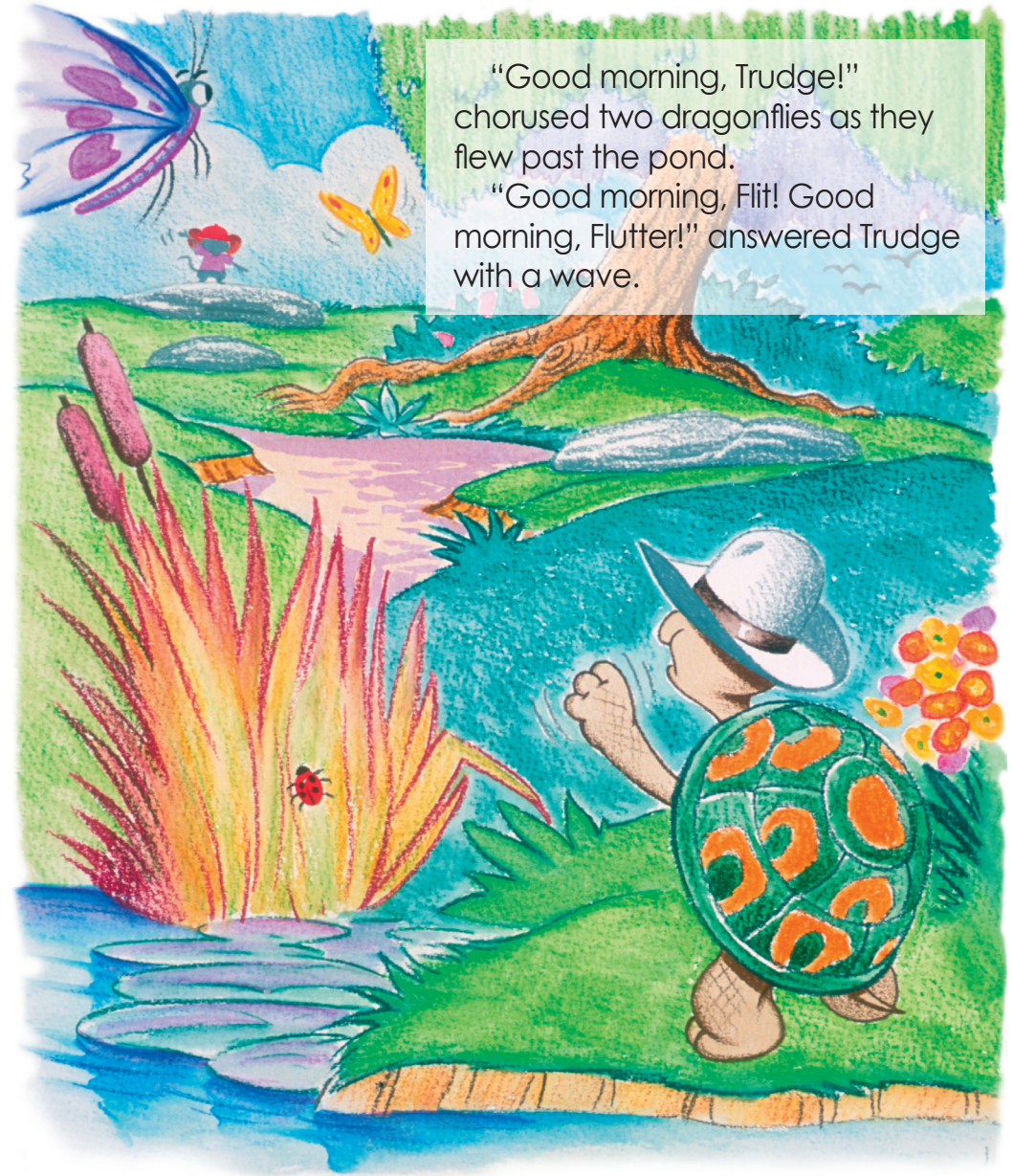


Different Kinds of Friends




It was a beautiful morning. The sky was blue, and a fresh breeze rustled through the leaves and grass. Trudge made his way down to the edge of Bulrush Pond.



"Good morning, Trudge!" chorused two dragonflies as they flew past the pond.
"Good morning, Flit! Good morning, Flutter!" answered Trudge with a wave.

"Trudge, where are you?" a voice called.
It was Zippy, Trudge's best friend, running toward the bank of the pond where Trudge stood.
"Over here," Trudge replied.



Zippy started to run down the embankment toward Trudge, when suddenly his foot caught on a root.

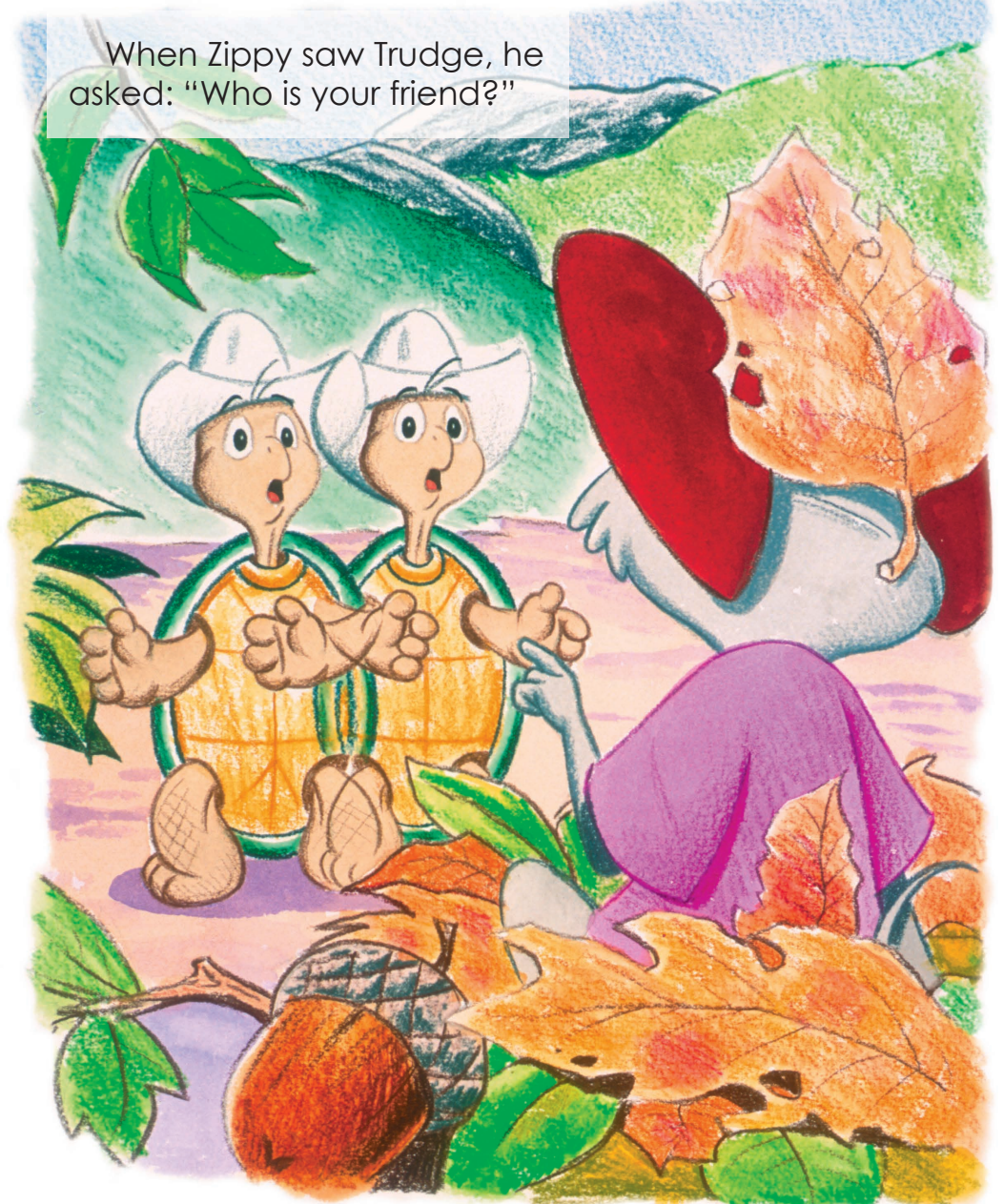
BUMP! BONK! BUMP! Poor Zippy tumbled down the hill.

Zippy landed in a heap, covered in leaves, grass, and dirt.




Trudge hurried over to his friend, who was sitting up but looked rather dazed.

When Zippy saw Trudge, he asked: "Who is your friend?"




"My friend?" Trudge asked curiously. "You?"
"No, the other one that looks just like you."



"There's no one here with me," answered Trudge. "Are you okay, Zippy?"
"Oh, now there's only one of you," said Zippy, as he spit out a mouthful of grass and dirt. "But I was sure I saw two. Where did your friend go?"

"You must have bonked your head when you tumbled down the hill."

"Probably, but I think I'm okay now."



But when Zippy tried to stand up, he wasn't very stable on his feet. And with a KERPLUNK, he landed on the ground again.

"Why were you looking for me?" Trudge asked while he waited for Zippy to get his balance.

"My mom said I could invite you for breakfast. Would you like to come?"

"That'd be nice!" Trudge said. "I'll ask Grandma Tully."



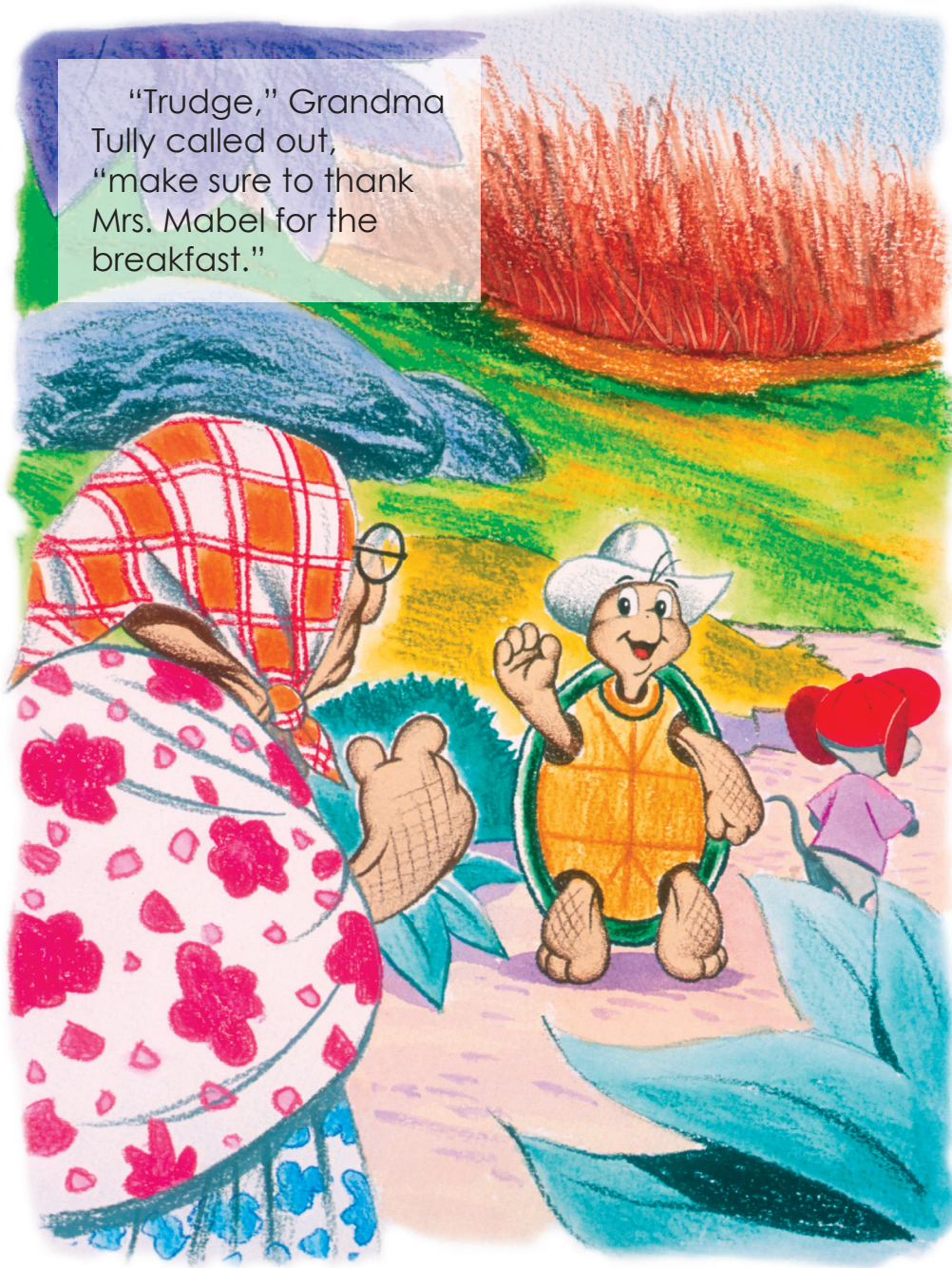
Trudge had lived with his Grandma Tully ever since his younger years. She was kind and caring, and Trudge loved her very much.



"Well, we'd better hurry," said Zippy. "Mom will be waiting for us."
"Not too fast, though," Trudge said, "or we both might end up tumbling down a hill."

The two friends laughed.

"Trudge," Grandma Tully called out, "make sure to thank Mrs. Mabel for the breakfast."



"I will!" answered Trudge.



"Can I ride on your back?" Zippy asked.

"Climb on up."

As Zippy sat on Trudge's back he grabbed a handful of honeysuckle flowers and started to sing.



"Target has been spotted."
"Did you hear that?" Zippy asked.
"Hear what?" said Trudge.
"Man your stations. We're going in!"

"There it is again," Zippy said, frantically looking around.
"I hear a bee!"



Zippy was particularly frightened of bees. He sat low on Trudge's shell, his eyes wide with concern.
Suddenly, out of nowhere ... BZZZZ! A bee whizzed right past Zippy's nose.

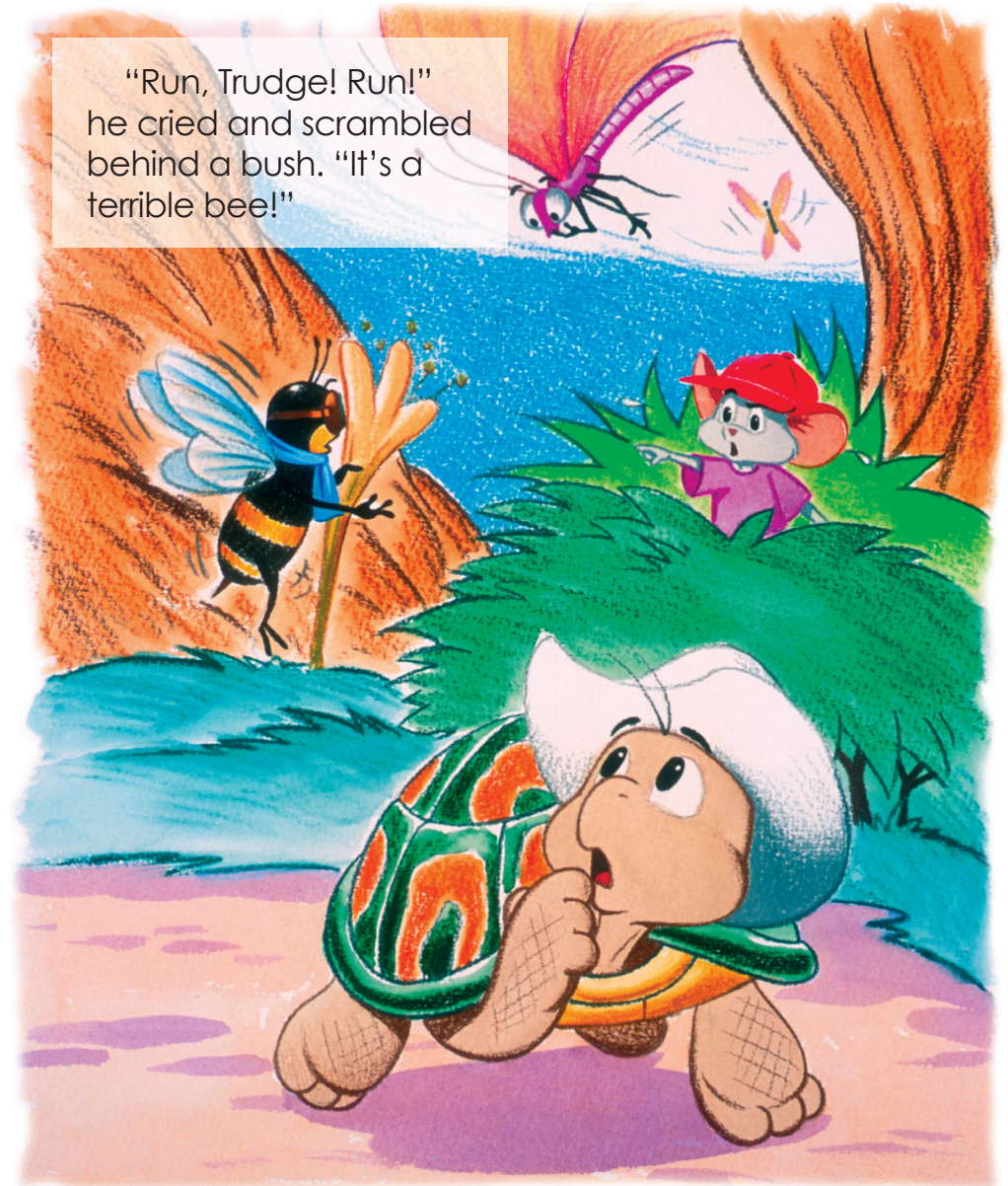
"Ahhh!" shouted Zippy, nearly falling from Trudge.
"Target missed," came the buzzing voice. "We'll go
in a second time."



With that, the bee plummeted again, landing directly on
one of the honeysuckles that Zippy was holding.


Zippy let out a terrible shriek and threw the honeysuckles
in the air.

"Run, Trudge! Run!"
he cried and scrambled
behind a bush. "It's a
terrible bee!"



"Me? A terrible bee?" the bee said, looking hurt. "Why
would you think that?"

Zippy poked his head out of the bushes. "Because you're
trying to sting me!" Zippy said.



"To make honey," answered Pilot. "Bees use the nectar of flowers to make honey."

"Oh," said Zippy, though he still wasn't sure about the bee.

"Why would I want to sting you?" asked the bee.
"B-because," stuttered Zippy, "you already tried to attack me twice."

"Attack you?" The bee laughed. "I was after the honeysuckle. Not you!"

A puzzled look crossed Zippy's face. "Why did you want the honeysuckle?"

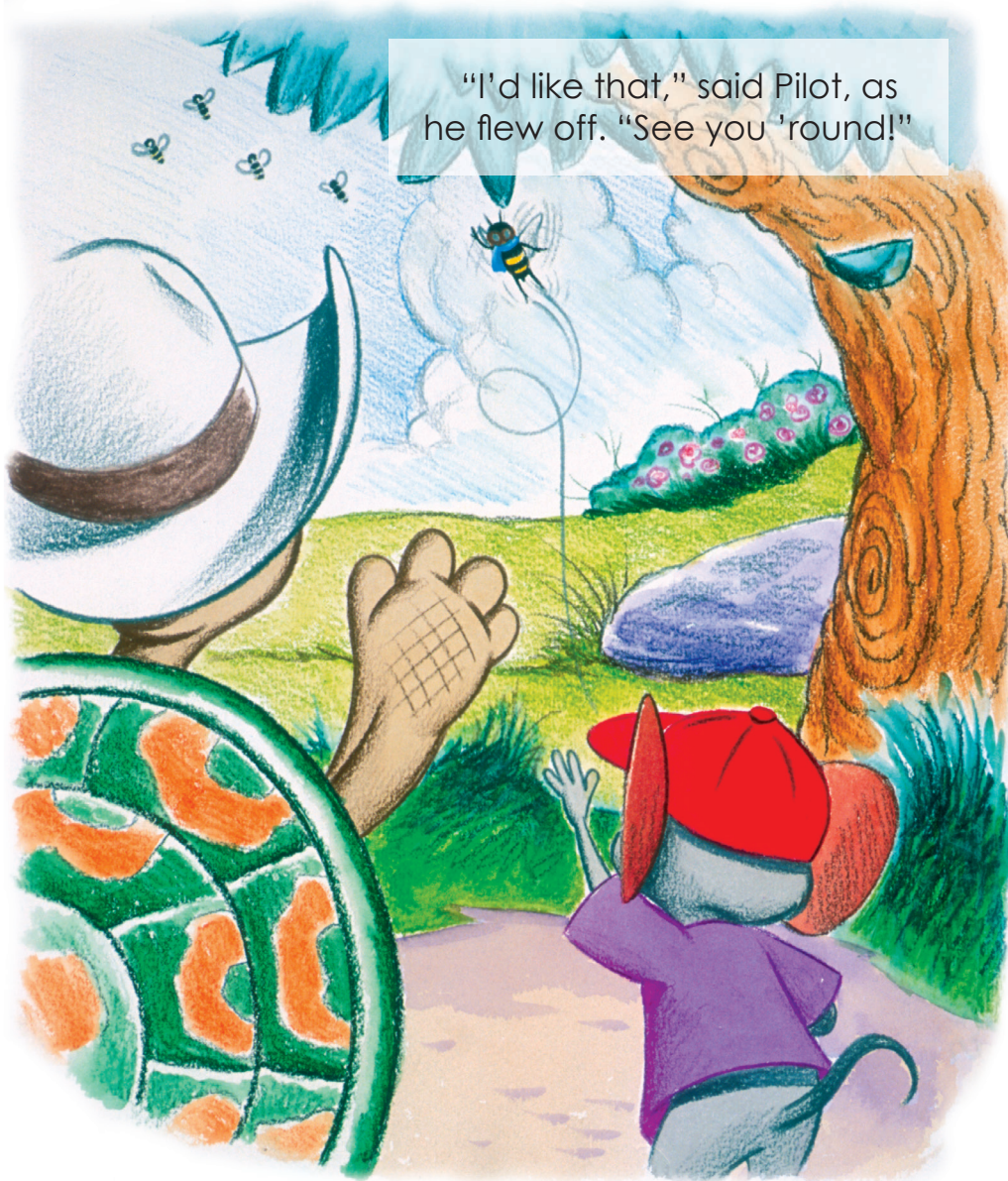
"Look, I'm sorry about scaring you," the bee explained. "My name's Pilot."
"I'm Zippy," he answered as he came out from the bush. "And this is my friend Trudge."
"Hi," Trudge said.

"I'm sorry, too, Pilot," said Zippy. "I shouldn't have called you a terrible bee. I was scared. Actually, you're a very friendly bee."



Pilot chuckled. "That's a great compliment. Who would've ever thought that I'd find new friends on a routine nectar-gathering trip?"

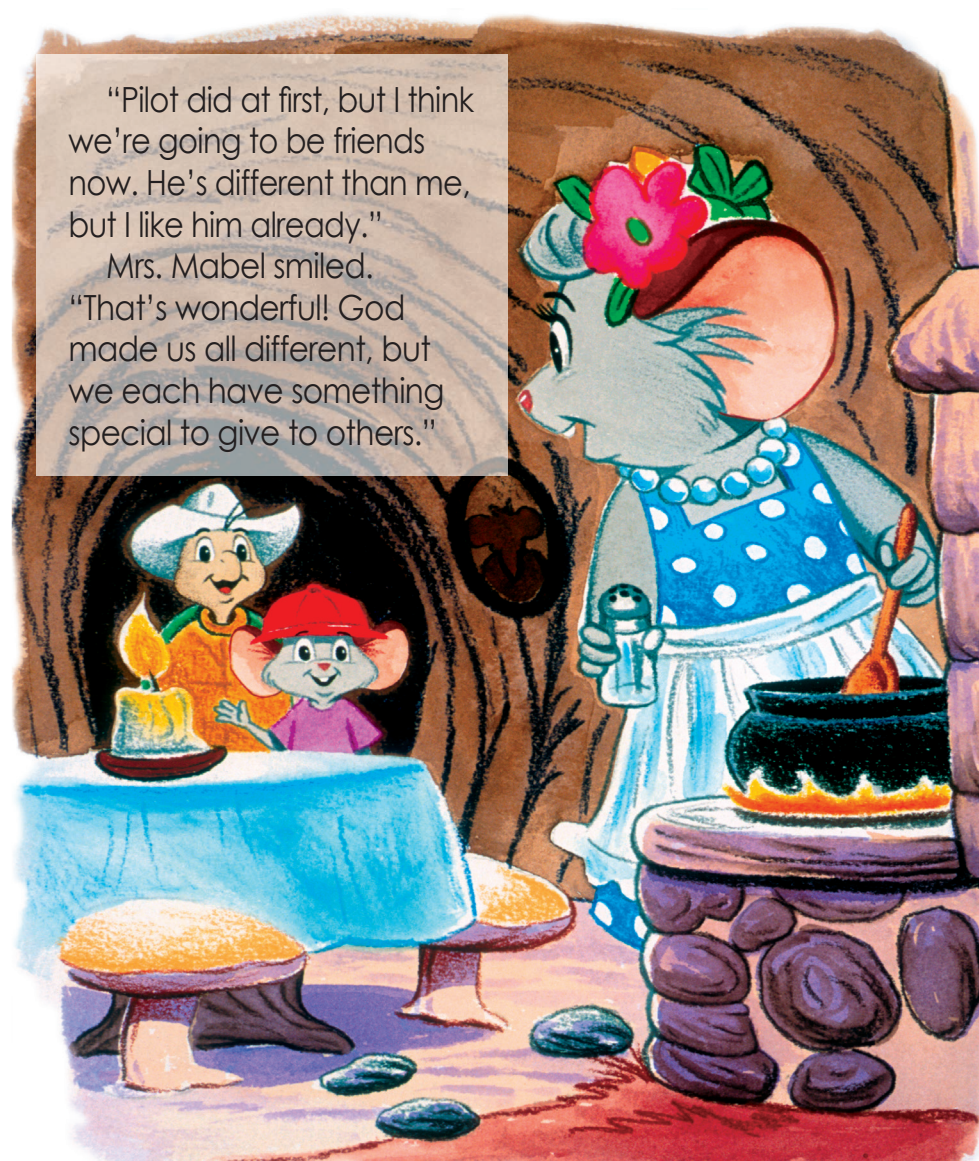
"Mother's waiting for us," Zippy said. "We'd better hurry! Maybe we can see you again sometime soon."



"I'd like that," said Pilot, as he flew off. "See you 'round!"

"I was wondering when you two would arrive," said Mrs. Mabel.
 "Hi, Mother. We met a new friend, Pilot," Zippy explained. "He's a bee."

"Really? I thought bees frightened you."



"Pilot did at first, but I think we're going to be friends now. He's different than me, but I like him already."

Mrs. Mabel smiled.

"That's wonderful! God made us all different, but we each have something special to give to others."

Don't miss the story of "[Trudge and Zippy](#)" and their exciting carnival adventure!

*Authored by Katuscia Giusti. Illustrated by Hugo Westphal. Designed by Roy Evans.
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