



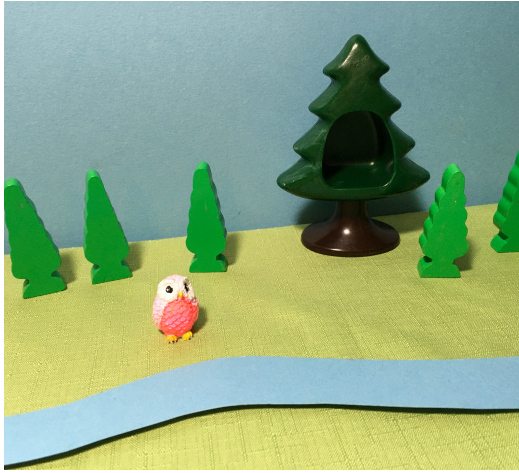
When she opened up her eyes,
there was a cream pie!
Pinka was DELIGHTED.
She cried "Hurray!
Hurray for Magic Trees!
Hurray for crunchy orange carrots.
Hurray for cream pies!"



Along came Grandma Owl.
Pinka was so excited.
She told Grandma Owl about the
owl-sized hole she had discovered.
She told Grandma Owl about the
crunchy orange carrots.
She told Grandma Owl about the
cream pie.



Pinka and the Magic Forest



"The cream pie is big enough to share," said Pinka.

So she shared her cream pie with Grandma Owl.

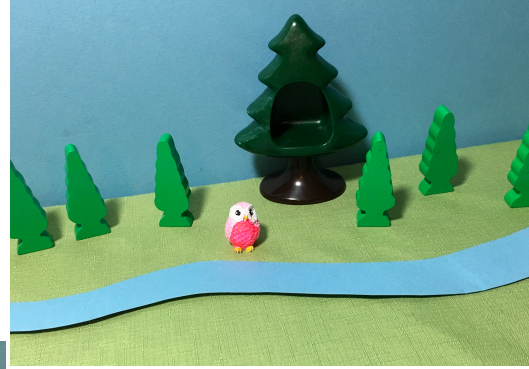
And because Pinka shared, the magic in the forest grew stronger.

What happened next? You will find out in the next story!

THE END



Pinka sat in the tree and wondered.
Could this tree be magic?
Pinka closed her eyes.
She thought of her very
favorite treat:
CREAM PIE!



One fine day, Pinka took a walk in the forest.

She did not know that it was a Magic Forest.

She had never been there before.

Pinka saw a very large tree, with an owl-sized hole.



Pinka flew up and sat in the owl-sized hole.

"This is a very comfortable hole," thought Pinka. "But I wish I had something to eat just now."

And Pinka began to think of carrots. Crispy orange carrots.



Pinka closed her eyes and thought of carrots. Crispy orange carrots.

When she opened her eyes, there, at her feet, were two carrots.

Crispy, orange carrots.

Pinka ate them slowly and neatly. Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.