



Learn English Through  
Stories

L Series

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## **Contents**

**365 Bedtime Stories:  
February 1 to 7.**

## February 1: Bob's Plan



Bob and Sally scuffed happily through the snow.

"I love snow!" said Sally, with a happy laugh.

"Me, too," said Bob. "But here it is February. It'll be spring before you know it, especially if the groundhog (woodchuck) doesn't see his shadow tomorrow."

"What's the ground hog got to do with snow?" asked Sally.

"If he comes out of his hole on the second day of February, and doesn't see his shadow, he stays out and pretty soon — wish!—the snow's melted and it's spring. If the sun shines and he sees his shadow, he hops back home. Then there'll be six weeks more of winter."



A woodchuck (UK) or groundhog (USA)

"Oh, my word!" said Sally. "What does the paper say about the weather tomorrow? I hope we have more winter."

"Cloudy," said Bob gloomily. "But Sally, I have an idea! We'll make a sun of our own! We'll take our flashlights to that groundhog burrow on the hill; when he comes out, we'll shine the lights on him!"

"Oh, let's do that!" cried Sally.

"But we've got to get up early, remember!"

"I won't even go to sleep!" said Sally. "I won't close my eyes!"

That night, in spite of herself, her eyelids drooped lower and lower, and suddenly Sally was sound asleep.

Morning came. Daddy's alarm clock went off and Sally didn't hear it. Mamma got up and started breakfast, and Sally didn't hear her. Not until Mamma called, "Bob! Sally! Time to get up!" did Sally see that it was eight o'clock.

"Oh, Bob!" wailed Sally. "We forgot to wake up!"

"Doesn't matter!" laughed Bob, coming in. "Look!"

He opened the curtains. The sun was shining brightly.

## February 2: Golly Wakes Up



**Golly Groundhog** stirred and stretched himself awake. "I smell spring," he murmured. His sleepy eyes brightened; he gave himself a shake from his broad flat head to his bushy tail.

"Well!" said Golly. "Maybe it's time to get up!"

He scuttled out of his bedroom, down the sloping hall of his burrow to his front door. There he peeked out cautiously at the outside world. Snow still covered the hillside, but there was a new sweetness in the air that tickled Golly's nose.

"Hmmm," said Golly, "I'll have to see about this!"

Quietly he slid out of his burrow. Nothing else was stirring. Not even a sparrow twittered in the trees above. Golly scampered softly across the snow, his nose twitching, his eyes bright and sharp.

He came out from under the trees. The sunshine was so bright it made him blink. Suddenly behind him a twig dropped with a tiny clatter. Golly whirled to see what enemy was creeping near. He saw something big and black and very close!

"Owoooooooo!" screamed Golly. He leaped for his burrow. The black thing leaped with him.

'Tow-wow-yow!" yelled Golly. He didn't stop for breath till he'd dived into his burrow and run all the way to his bedroom.

"Goodness!" gasped Golly. He flopped on his bed and closed his eyes. Sleepiness crept over him again. "I believe I'll just have a wee and little nap while I'm waiting for that black thing to go away," Golly yawned.

And so Golly went back to sleep for six more weeks because he'd been frightened by his own shadow!

## February 3 : Whose Puppy Is It?



Ever since Timmy had found the lost puppy in his yard, he had worried about somebody coming to claim it. His Daddy put an ad in the paper saying, Found: Small white puppy, but so far nobody had answered it.

Every day Timmy loved the puppy more. He named it Pal. He couldn't bear the thought of someone claiming the puppy.

One afternoon Timmy and Pal were playing in the back yard. Timmy saw a lady and a little boy coming up the walk. They were strangers. Timmy's heart began to go *pound-pound*.

The lady and the boy turned in at Timmy's own walk. Then Timmy was sure they had come for the dog. He grabbed Pal in his arms and scooted behind the garage.

"Shhhh, Pal!" he whispered.

Timmy's mother came to the back door. She called, "Timmy! Where are you?"

Timmy stayed very, very still. He hardly breathed. His mother went back into the house.

"I won't let them have you!" Timmy told the puppy. "I won't! I'd cry and cry if I lost you!"

Maybe the little boy in the house had cried, too, when he lost Pal. Timmy hadn't thought of that. He began to feel very uncomfortable now that he did think of it. At last he picked up Pal and walked slowly into the house, through the kitchen to the living room where his mother sat with the strangers.

"Oh, here you are, Timmy!" his mother said. "Mrs. Lee has come to call on me, and her little son came to call on you!"

Then they hadn't come for the puppy? It wasn't theirs? Timmy's heart leaped with joy. He smiled at the strange boy. "Come on out," he invited, "and we'll play with my puppy!"

## February 4 : A Rusty Rhyme



Ruth stopped on the way home from school to feed a carrot to Rusty, the pony. Rusty nibbled it gently, and then nuzzled Ruth with his cold nose.

"Oh, Rusty, you're so sweet!" Ruth cried, giving him a hug. "There never, never was a nicer pony. I wish I could write a wonderful poem about you, so everybody would know how nice you are! I wonder if I can?"

Ruth ran into the house, sharpened a pencil, and got out her thickest tablet. The pencil was worn down, and the tablet was much thinner, when at last she finished this:

"Poets sing of birds and trees  
And skies and waterfalls and bees;  
Things like that are very pretty,  
But it seems to me a pity  
Poets haven't heard of Rusty.  
I know he's kind of fat and dusty,  
But even so, he's worth a rhyme,  
For Rusty's extra-special fine!  
David says he's very handsome;  
Bob has found him very prance-some!  
But I like best his big brown eyes  
Because they look so kind and wise."

## February 5 : Butch Has a Ride



BUTCH, Paul's collie, was restless. Paul was at school, and Ellen was taking her nap. Butch wandered around looking for a companion. He passed Ellen's rocking horse so closely that he started it rocking.

"Hello!" said Butch, thinking the rocking horse was a pony like Rusty. "Where are you going? Mind if I go along?"

The rocking horse just kept rocking. Butch ran ahead, stopped and waited, and then came back.

"What's the matter?" he asked. There didn't seem to be anything holding the horse. "Come on!" urged Butch, giving him another bump.

The horse rocked harder than ever, but didn't move an inch.

"It's plain that you're stuck," sighed Butch.

He got behind the rocking horse and gave a tremendous push. The rocking horse promptly tipped forward on its nose.

"Now what!" woofed Butch in alarm. He galloped around the horse again. "Can't you even get on your feet, you silly thing?"

Upstairs, Ellen woke and called to her mother.

"Now she'll be coming, and what she'll think of you on your nose, I don't know!" frowned Butch. "You'd better get up."

The rocking horse didn't stir.

"All right, then, I'll get you up!" barked Butch. He sprang to the horse's back. The horse tipped back onto its rockers, and then rocked so hard Butch couldn't jump off. He just hung on, getting dizzy every second.

Ellen came to the door. "Oh, look. Mamma!" she cried. "Horsey's giving Butch a ride! Nice Horsey!"

Butch tumbled off the rocking horse and wobbled away. "Nice horsey—hah!" he snorted. "Next time I'll leave him on his nose."

## February 6 : A Peanut for Paddy



IT WAS a warm day for February. Paddy and Priscilla Squirrel peeked out of their home in the old cottonwood tree on What-a-Jolly Street.

"I believe I'll get out and have some exercise, Paddy" chattered Priscilla. "Maybe I'll find some peanuts."

Paddy stretched and yawned. "Bring me one," he said lazily.

Priscilla ran nimbly up the tree trunk, across a branch, and onto the roof of the Johnson house. Her feet pattered around the eaves trough, and with a light little leap she reached Ted's window. Sure enough, there were peanuts waiting there! Priscilla cracked them one at a time, and nibbled them delightedly. She tucked the last one in her cheek for Paddy, and leaped again to a tree branch. But she didn't go right home. She ran down to the ground first to check up on an acorn she'd put away last fall, and then she remembered a chestnut across the street.

Suddenly there was a big "Woof! Woof!" Butch, the collie, had spied her! Priscilla scooted across the Carter yard—right into Pal, Timmy's puppy, who was snoozing in the sunshine!

'Tap! Yap!' cried Pal, so surprised he didn't know whether he was chasing Priscilla or she was chasing him!

He wasn't any more surprised than Priscilla! She scurried up a tree, and crossed from that to another and another until she reached the old familiar cottonwood again.

She sat there, getting her breath back, while she told Paddy of her adventure.

Paddy said sleepily, "Where's my peanut?"

Priscilla looked startled. "Why, I had one! Did I drop it? Or swallow it? Well, I know one thing, I'm not going back to find out! I've had all the fresh air and exercise I want for one day!"



## February 7 : Visiting at Grandma's



ELLEN climbed on her rocking horse. She carried her doll, Cindy Lou, in her arms. "Want to go to Gramma's," she commanded, rocking back and forth. "Take me to Gramma's, horsey!"

Ellen's grandma lived on a farm. Ellen thought visiting her was the most fun in all the world. There were always baby animals to play with—lambs, kittens, little goats. Last time there had even been a baby pig!

It was the runt pig in its litter, so much smaller than its brothers and sisters that they wouldn't let it eat. They kept pushing it away from the food. So Grandma kept it in a box in the kitchen, and fed it from a bottle just like a real baby! It grew very fat and lively on so much good milk.

Once Grandma let Ellen give the pig its bottle. Ellen started to sit down on the floor, and the pig was so hungry that it climbed right into Ellen's lap trying to find the bottle. It stood on its hind legs and shoved its little pink nose at Ellen's arms and neck and face until Ellen giggled and giggled. She tried to push the little pig down with one hand and give it its food with the other, but it was just like pushing a jack-in-the-box down. The slippery little pig swarmed right up again until Ellen tumbled over backward. Her heels kicked in the air, and she shouted, "Gramma! Gramma!"

The pig promptly found the bottle for itself, and sat on Ellen, drinking away, until Grandma came running and laughing and lifted him off.

Slowly now the rocking horse came to a stop. Ellen climbed down. "Now we're back from Gramma's," she told Cindy Lou.

"Home again!"