

a breakfast serials story

Minnie and Moo

in

The Seven Wonders of the World

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Chapter 1

No So Good News

Moo huffed and puffed up the hill. When she reached the top, she stopped to catch her breath in the shade of the old oak tree.

“Minnie,” she gasped, “I have some not so good news. Mr. Farmer is going to sell the farm. I heard him talking to Mrs. Farmer. What are we going to do?”

Minnie sat in a green lawn chair. She wore a terry-cloth robe. Her head was wrapped in a pink towel, and one hoof was soaking in a tub of hot water.

“Minnie, did you hear me?” asked Moo, pacing nervously back and forth. “Mr. Farmer has no money. He has to sell the farm!”

Minnie looked through a box of chocolates that was sitting on her lap. There were more empty chocolate wrappers than chocolates. “Moo, can’t you see I’m

busy?” she said. Minnie took her foot out of the water and pointed to a bump on her toe. “I have a grunion!” Moo looked at the bump. “That’s called a bunion,” she said. “A grunion is a fish.”

“Bunion, grunion,” said Minnie. “What’s the—” “Minnie! Please listen.”

“Moo, will you relax?” said Minnie. “Mr. Farmer is always talking about selling the farm. He’s always complaining about something—the weather, the price of hay, the mayor, taxes, his back, they don’t make things like they used to, and so on and so forth! He’s just a grumpy old man. Now, sit down. Have a chocolate.”

Minnie handed Moo the box of candy. Moo looked at the empty wrappers. She looked at the few chocolates that were left. They had all been squeezed. “Minnie, all these chocolates have been—”

Minnie sighed. “I was looking for a cream,” she said. “Those are caramel. I don’t mind caramel, but I prefer—”

“Minnie. Please. This is serious,” said Moo. “I heard Mr. Farmer say, ‘sell the farm!’” Moo began pacing again. “I’ve got to think of something,” she muttered.

“Oh, no you don’t!” said Minnie. “We are cows. We’re not supposed to think. I don’t want to hear anything about thinking. Doing is one thing, thinking is another. Everyone knows what happens when you start thinking, Moo. Believe me, I know. Remember the trip to the moon on Mr. Farmer’s tractor?”

Moo shrugged.

“Remember your idea about dressing up and going to Mr. Farmer’s birthday party? We almost ended up as hamburger patties on his barbecue!”

“I know, I know,” said Moo. “But this is different. This is—”

“Moo,” said Minnie gently, “look around you. The grass is growing, soft and green. The fish in the stream are enjoying life under the shade of the willow tree. The sky is clear and blue. The wind is carrying flower seeds all over the world, and the sun is warming the faces of the new kittens behind the barn. All of these wonderful things are happening without thinking. They are just doing.”

“But Minnie,” protested Moo, “I—”

“Tut, tut,” Minnie interrupted. “I’m not finished. Mr. Farmer thinks. He goes to town council meetings and argues with the mayor. He comes home and thinks about what he said and what he should have said. He can’t sleep. In the morning he is even grumpier than usual. And why? Because of thinking!”

Moo sat down in the other lawn chair. She looked at Minnie and sighed. “Minnie,” she said, putting her arm around her best friend, “you’re right.”

“I know,” said Minnie, searching for another chocolate.

“But,” said Moo, sitting back in her chair, “things will certainly be different around here with new farmers.”

Minnie looked at the empty box of chocolates. She looked at Moo. “What do you mean?”

Moo pointed at the empty box on Minnie’s lap. “No more chocolate creams,” she said. “No more chocolate,

period! It will be back to hay three times a day, like the rest of the farms in the world.”

Minnie took her foot out of the tub. She stared at Moo. “No more cream puffs?” she asked.

Moo shook her head. “No more,” she said sadly.

Minnie frowned. “What about my espresso machine?”

“Gone,” said Moo.

“Hot tub?”

“Gone,” repeated Moo.

“Electric hair dryer?”

“Gone.”

“My lipsticks? My skin creams? My bath oils? My favorite red dress with the silver sequins and plunging neckline?”

“Gone, gone, gone,” said Moo.

Minnie grabbed Moo. “MOO! We’ve got to do something!” she cried. “I don’t want to live like an animal!”

Moo stood up and looked at Minnie. “If only we could find a way to earn some money. Some way to help Mr. Farmer, and—” Moo stopped speaking. She bent over and looked closely at the lump on Minnie’s foot. “Wait a minute,” she mumbled. “What’s this?”

“My grunion?” said Minnie.

“Bunion,” said Moo. “Minnie, do you see what I see?”

Minnie looked at the bump on her foot.

“All I see is a sore . . . wait a minute . . . I do see something. I see a face!”

“Yes!” cried Moo. “And not just any face. That is the face that is going to save the farm!”

“Who is it?” Minnie asked.

“George Washington!” said Moo.

Next Week: The Seven Wonders

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