

In the meantime baby Grapette darted from bush to barrel to escape notice by the stream, the charcoal cloud, the hawk, the sparrow, the butterfly, and the townspeople. She was having a grand time seeing animals she did not know existed and watching more people than she had ever seen before. She shook her head as she watched them run from here to there as if they were looking for something.

“Can’t they just slow down and walk?” she wondered. She stared in amazement from behind a tall tree at the massive cows and horses and jumped once when a cat crept by to her. She marveled at the many colors in the old brick fences and the weathered stone walls of the town.

