



## CHAPTER I

The Great Brown Beaver had a very important announcement to make. He swam to the middle of the pond and slapped his tail. Smack, smack, smack, on the water, three times. All of the other beavers in the pond heard the signal and hurried over to the beaver dam built by the Brown Beaver, where they knew the meeting would be held.

“What do you suppose can be happening?” asked the little beaver with the sharp front teeth.

“It’s something about the people in the new cottage,” said one of the twin beavers.

“I know it is,” said the other, “because Brown Beaver was swimming down the creek in that direction this morning.”

From all over the pond beavers swam strongly to the meeting place. Brown Beaver was sitting on a log looking very solemn indeed. He was such a wise beaver. He knew so much about the forest and the pond, and all the animals and birds were his friends. He clapped his two front paws for silence. The fifteen beavers who were gathered in the circle around him became very quiet.

“Big and little beavers,” he said, “I have something important to tell you. Down the creek, in the clearing by the lake, four humans are building a cottage. There are two big ones and two little ones and I know you are going to be happy to hear they seem very friendly. The boy saw me and pointed me out to the others. They all waved and when I slapped my tail back they seemed very excited.”

“On my way back up the creek to tell you the news I met Tic Tac, the squirrel. He told me they were called the Jones family and, since they are going to be our friends, big and little beavers, I called this meeting today so we can give them names. All friends of the forest must have names, as you know.”

“How are we going to do that?” asked the beaver with the longest teeth. “We never really see them and we’ll have to see them before we give them names.

“Well then,” said Brown Beaver, “that’s why we’re all going down the creek this afternoon to have a look at the Jones family.”

There was much excitement among all the beavers as they prepared to swim down towards the site where the Joneses were busily building their new summer cottage. At first no one noticed the beavers as they arrived and quietly peeked over the side of the bank.

It was Father Jones who finally said, “Look kids, look Mother, I think we have some company. Don’t turn around too fast or you might frighten them away.

All of the Joneses turned and saw the beavers. They were really pleased about this.



“Didn’t I tell you we’d have lots of friends in the forest?” said Mother.

“I think we must have a beaver colony in the dam up the creek,” said Father.

The beavers looked carefully, each watching the humans to see if they could pick a name that would describe them suitably. The girl had come down close to the bank of the creek and was slowly taking off her shoes. The beavers cautiously moved back a little into deeper water and the girl began to paddle around in the cool water. The boy, mother and father had walked quietly over to the bank and were now watching the beavers swim about. The mother said that she was sure the beavers were looking at them.

“I think,” the boy said, “they’re trying to see if we’re friendly.”

Father said, “It will take a little while but I know they’ll find out.”

Just then a loud smack from the Brown Beaver signalled the others to return. Up the creek they went to hold the meeting to decide their names for the humans. With great wisdom Brown Beaver said, ‘Beavers, the father saw us first, he saw us before we really had turned the bend in the creek. I think we’ll call him Hawkeye.’



“Oh, that’s a splendid name,” said all the beavers.

The twins began to chatter. “Did you see the bright-coloured clothes the mother was wearing? They were really pretty. We’ll have to call her ‘Rainbow’. She had such beautiful colours on,” they said.

“Good for you, twins!” said the other beavers.

“That’s the name we’ll call her — Rainbow!”

“I was the closest beaver to the girl when she came in the water and, you know, she did a lot of splashing about and made such big bubbles with her feet,” said the beaver with the shortest tail. “How about calling her Bubbles?”

“We like that very much,” said several beavers.

“That’s a good name for her to have.”

The Brown Beaver said, “And, the boy, did you see the colour of his hair? We’re going to call him, Rusty.”

“Well, those are the names we’ll give them,” said all the beavers at once, slapping their tails with pleasure. “That’s what we’ll call them and we’ll be friends together.”

And that’s how the Beaver colony named its four new human friends.

## THE STORM

### CHAPTER II

It was the thunder, crashing and rolling in the sky, that woke Rusty. A flash of lightning lit the room and he noticed the time was four o’clock in the morning. It had been raining when the Jones family went to

bed. Out of the window he could see the rain driving down, whipping the window pane. He knew there would be flooding in the morning and worried what would happen at the beaver dam with all this extra water flowing into the pond. As he turned over to try and go to sleep again, he thought he must take a run up in the morning and see how the beavers were doing.

There was to be no sun shining that morning. As the Jones family sat around the breakfast table, Hawkeye voiced the thoughts of them all, "Looks like we'd had a bad night. The creek is flooded quite badly and I am a little worried about that beaver dam. Why don't we take a walk up and see how our friends are doing?"

Clearing away the dishes quickly, Rainbow, Bubbles and Rusty donned their rubber boots and raincoats. Soon they were walking up the trail. The drips from the branches of the trees, running down their necks, made them all very wet. When they arrived at the dam they saw immediately that the torrential rains had been too much. The dam nearest the creek had given way. Water was gushing through, cutting a deep channel in the creek below.

"Look father," said Rusty, "the dam is broken. What can we do to help?"

"I don't think we'll have to do anything to help, Rusty," said Hawkeye. "Let's sit down on the rock over there and watch carefully. The water is still pretty high in the pond. I think, when the water drops to normal level, we'll see our friends come out and begin to repair that dam."

It was perhaps half an hour later, when the water had gone down several inches, that Bubbles noticed the first beaver. Just like a little engineer, the beaver seemed to be exploring the damage, testing here and there. Soon he was joined by several others, all members of the same family. They began to work together. Soon the flow of water out of the pond began to lessen as twig and log seemed to fit into a jigsaw puzzle to bring the dam together again. There was no stopping the beavers. Work was a necessity but also an enjoyment to them.

"I know why they're called 'eager beavers'," said Rusty.

"Yes," laughed Hawkeye, "that's a good way to describe them."

"Look at that little kit over there," said Rainbow.

"What's a kit?" asked Bubbles.

"Why, dear, a kit is what a baby beaver is called, but I think that soon one is going to be called an 'eager beaver'. He is learning how to be really useful."

At last the dam was repaired. Tired but satisfied, the beavers drew a big breath of air and dived to the bottom of the pond where the doorway to their beaver house was located. Up through the tunnel they went until they reached the inside, safe and warm. They knew that deep within their beaver house they were safe from all invaders and intruders and, with the dam repaired, everything was returning to normal.

Back up on the bank of the pond, Rusty was beginning to get an idea.

"Say, Bubbles," he said, "why don't we try and build our own little beaver house? It could be our secret hideaway. We could build it out behind the cottage, beside the big elm tree."

Bubbles said that was a terrific idea.

And, as they started back towards the cottage, the two children began to talk and plan how to make their own beaver house. Sure, it was going to be on land, but they were determined it was going to be strong, sturdy and safe, like a real beaver house should be.



## CHAPTER III

The beaver felt restless. He was by far the biggest beaver in the pond. As he swam back and forth, the waves from his movements lapped up against the side of the pond. Splish, Splash, he just didn't know why he felt the way he did. But he thought it was something to do with the stormy sky. He certainly didn't want any more floods. They had just repaired the dam. He didn't want to have to repair it again. Just then, the rumbling began and a terrific flash of lightning zoomed across the sky.

"Well, we're going to get it," thought Keo, "another storm for sure.

The wind had stopped and it was the silence that was most noticeable. The stillness that suddenly comes before a great storm. The leaves had stopped rustling and the rain hadn't yet begun to fall. There was quietness over the pond and the rest of the forest as all the animals took cover, all except Keo. He sat on the biggest log above the beaver dam. None of the other beavers knew why he was staying there.

"He really should come in," they said. "We don't like to see any of the animals out when there is lightning and maybe trees falling and crashing around."



Later on, all the beavers had a different story to tell. A different way they saw it happen, but they all agreed it was the second bolt of lightning that did it. That was the bolt that seemed to hit the log on which Keo was sitting. As the lightning flashed down, and then away, a strange glow came around the huge beaver. At first, the other beavers thought that the lightning had blinded them all because, as they looked at Keo sitting on the log, he seemed to have a shine about him, almost as if he were silver.

They were worried because they thought he had been badly burnt. But the more they looked, the more they saw what really had happened. He actually had turned completely silver. Keo himself was stunned. He felt so strange. He knew something had changed him. As he looked down at his fur he saw that he had turned completely silver, but that wasn't the strangest thing of all. He was thinking differently. He was thinking thoughts he never had before. He felt the strangest feeling come over him. He knew, with great surprise, and then delight, that he was thinking not only like a beaver, but also like a human being. He could think like the people in the cottage down the creek. He felt very important, and called all the other beavers over to tell them the news.

He told them in beaver language of how he seemed to be able to think like a man. In front of all his friends he even spoke a few words of human talk, to show them that he could, indeed, do it.



“What a great responsibility you have, Keo,” said the beavers. “It will be up to you now to talk on behalf of all the animals of the forest and especially us beavers. You will be able to learn so much from each other,” they all agreed. “We animals can learn from our human friends and they can learn all the important things in nature from us. You Keo, will be the one who will talk for us all.”

Keo wondered if, indeed, he could do it. Such an important job, but he knew that there must have been a reason for him being made to talk like this, and the bolt of lightning turning him into the silver beaver must have been meant to happen. He wondered how the humans at the cottage, their friends the Joneses, would react to his talking to them. It would be a shock for them. Perhaps, he thought, he ought to talk to the young ones first. With that, he slid off the log and headed down the creek to the cottage, to see how, first of all, he would meet and talk to Rusty and Bubbles.

## KEEO, THE TALKING BEAVER

### CHAPTER IV

Keo wasn't just scared, he was terrified. After all, how does a beaver go up to a boy and girl and start talking to them. That's what he wondered as he headed down the creek towards the cottage to visit Bubbles and Rusty. “I mean, what do you talk about,” he wondered to himself. “I suppose the first thing I should do is tell them who I am and then just wait and see what they say.” Determined to do just that, he reached the bend in the creek beyond which lay the cottage. Of course, he knew what to call them, but what he didn't remember was that the names he knew them by were given by the beavers and, actually, the boy and girl had never heard themselves called by these names.

Can you imagine the surprise on the boy's face when he looked up from fixing his fishing tackle, on the bank of the creek, to hear a voice saying, “Hello, Rusty, my name is Keo; I'm the talking Beaver.” It really was the look of surprise that made Keo think fast.

“Oh, excuse me,” he said, “Rusty is what we named you; that is, me and my friends, the other beavers. We've called you Rusty and your sister, Bubbles, and I'm Keo.”

Now it was Rusty's turn to be surprised. After all, what do you say to a silver beaver, who comes up out of the creek and starts to talk to you. “Well,” he said, “I'm surprised to see you, I mean, to hear you; no, to see you and to hear you, I'm surprised! But I'm certainly pleased to meet you.” With that, Rusty stuck out his hand and shook Keo by the front paw. “I must call my sister to meet you,” said Rusty and, with an excited holler, he called Bubbles. Bubbles had been in the kitchen, helping mother make muffins for supper. She ran over to Rusty with two muffins in her hand.

“What are you so excited about?” she asked.

“Well, you are going to be excited, too, when I introduce you to our new friend. Keo, meet my sister; by the way, sis, they are calling you Bubbles.”

“Who is calling me Bubbles?” she asked.

“Why Keo, the silver beaver, and all our friends, the beavers, up the creek.”

With that, Keo spoke up, “I’m very pleased to meet you, Bubbles.”

“Well,” Bubbles said, “I’m certainly very pleased to meet you.” And, really not knowing what to do next, she offered Keo one of the freshly baked muffins.



It was the first muffin he had ever seen in his whole life. He wondered whether every time they met a human being they would be given a muffin. But since he saw Rusty eat his with great satisfaction, he thought he’d better do the same thing. It really tasted very nice. Maybe not as good as a willow root he had this morning, but certainly something new, and quite pleasant.

Bubbles and Rusty sat on the grass, facing Keo. “Keo,” said Rusty, “how about telling us the whole story.” And Keo did just that: how he became a talking, silver beaver. He told them about the names which the friends of the forest had given to the Jones family; and it was soon easy to see that everybody was going to be very good friends. Keo said that, really, this had been so exciting for him, he thought he better get back and tell the other beavers.

“Well, that’s a splendid idea,” said Bubbles, “because we would like to tell Rainbow and Hawkeye the whole story.”

With that they parted the best of friends, agreeing to meet tomorrow afternoon at 4:00 o’clock. This time they were going to meet at the beaver pond because Keo wanted to introduce the other beavers to Rusty and Bubbles.

## SHARING

### CHAPTER V

Tic Tac, the squirrel, just couldn’t believe his eyes. He was sitting on a branch of the great oak tree at the edge of the pond, and down below him the beavers were busy helping each other gather the choicest saplings for their supply of winter food. Happily, they shared their work together, gnawing through the trees and swimming with them to their beaver lodge where they were stored.

“I can’t understand it, I can’t understand it,” he chattered as he ran back and forth along the branch of the tree. “I can’t understand why they’re sharing all this work together. Why don’t they just collect the food for themselves and not bother with each other?”

He felt he should talk to someone about it and he wondered if Malak, the great owl, was awake at the top of the tree. Scampering back and forth, jumping from branch to branch, sometimes running up the trunk, he arrived at the top of the tree and there, with his eyes half opened, sat Malak, the owl.

“Hey there, Malak,” said Tic Tac, wakening him, “why do they do it? Why are they doing that?” he chattered.

“Why are who doing what?” asked Malak, somewhat grumpily, not used to being awakened during the day.

“Well, they’re all sharing the work and they’re all gathering the food together. I don’t see why they do it.”

“What are you talking about, Tic Tac?” asked Malak, now thoroughly awake and rather interested in what excited the squirrel so much.

“Well, when I gather my food for the winter, when I go out and gather all my nuts, I keep them all over the forest in little piles, that only I know about, and so do all the other squirrels. We keep our own supply of food all to ourselves, but not these beavers, they don’t do that at all. They’re working together, sharing the work and, I suppose, they’re going to share all the food later on.”

“Indeed they are,” said Malak. “These busy beavers are very smart. You watch them closely; you’ll see some of them working on the dam; some of them are teaching the other, younger beavers how to swim properly; and look over there, notice Brown Beaver teaching the kits how to gnaw through a sapling so that it falls down where they want it to fall; and then all the others gather the saplings in their beaver lodge. They share their work, they share responsibility of teaching one another; of course, they share their lodge, and then during the winter they have all that food to share together. It’s such a happy way of living, each helping the other.”

“I don’t like it,” said Tic Tac, “I just don’t like it.”

“Well,” said Malak, “of course you don’t, but that’s because you are a squirrel and we all know that squirrels are very independent little animals and that’s the way you do it, so don’t worry about it. But, if you were really smart, all you squirrels would get together and share your supply of nuts. I’m sure you forget where you put half of them.”

“Well,” said Tic Tac, thinking hard, “as a matter of fact I do, I just can’t remember where they all go.”

“You see,” said Malak, “if you were all sharing your supplies, you would have a great supply of nuts that would last all the squirrels throughout the winter.”

Tic Tac said, “That’s a great idea. I’m going to talk to all the other squirrels about ~ And, with that, he ran off chattering. looking for the other squirrels.

Malak, who knew the squirrels pretty well, didn’t think he’d have much success. But, before he dozed off to sleep again, he had one last look at the pond. He smiled as he saw the beavers. “Yes, they’re pretty smart, these fellows are, they know how to work and play and share together. They’ll have a good winter. They’ll have lots of food. Ho hum,” he thought, “if I weren’t an owl I think I might be a beaver!”

## **RUSTY VISITS THE LODGE**

### **CHAPTER VI**

There was so much excitement on the beaver pond that Keeo had to call a meeting to calm down all the beavers.

“Big and little beavers,” he said, “it’s only seven o’clock in the morning and Rusty and Bubbles won’t be up at the pond for another two hours yet. So let’s sit down quietly and make sure everything is ready.”

“Everything is ready,” said one of the twins.

“I’m sure it is,” said Keeo, “but let’s check. Now, let’s see. Number one, is Rusty’s raft ready on the beach?”

“Yes!” chorused the beavers.

“Number two, is the beaver house all cleaned and ready for our visitor?”

“Yes!” chorused the beavers.



“Do we have the apples, so we can offer him something to eat when he visits?”

“Yes!” chorused the beavers.

“Have we made the underwater entrance bigger so that he can get in?”

“Yes!” chorused the beavers.

“Well then, I think we are just about ready. It won’t be long before they both come up the trail.”

It wasn’t just the beavers who were excited. Rusty had got up very early — in fact, so early that he started to make breakfast and, by the time Bubbles, Hawkeye and Rainbow came through the kitchen, the smell of fresh-made coffee and crisp bacon was filling the air.



“What are you so excited about, Rusty?” asked Hawkeye.

“Oh, this is the day that I’m going to the beaver lodge. So right after breakfast I’ve got to check my diving mask and flippers. Just think, I’ll be the first human being ever invited to visit a beaver lodge with the beavers there when I go in.”

“Now Rusty, I do want you to be careful,” said Rainbow. “How deep is that pond?”

“Oh, I’ll be careful,” said Rusty. “Keeo said that it was about 12 feet, so I shouldn’t have too much trouble swimming down to the entrance. And Keeo said that they made it bigger so I could get in easily. Then once inside, of course, there’s lots of air for me to breathe. So, it isn’t really all that dangerous.”

“Just the same,” Rainbow said, “be careful.”

“I wish I was as good a swimmer as Rusty,” said Bubbles, “but I’m going to be able to sit on the raft up above and the twin beavers are going to spend part of the time playing with me. So it won’t be too bad.”

Breakfast was over quickly that morning and, with the sun beginning to rise in a beautiful, clear blue sky, the two trotted up the trail towards the pond. The excitement was terrific when they arrived and, with lots of help from the many eager friends, Rusty and Bubbles pushed the raft off and paddled towards the beaver lodge. Rusty was already in his swimming trunks, so all he had to do was slip on his flippers and diving mask.

“Now,” said Keeo, swimming around the raft, “we’ll all have to stay back a little bit and give Rusty room to dive.”

“Well, I’m not going to dive from the raft with my mask on,” said Rusty, “so I’m just going to slip in the water and take a big breath and then I’ll follow you, Keeo. But don’t be too long in getting me down because I can’t hold my breath as long as you can.”

With that, Rusty slipped into the pond, took a deep breath and dove. With his mask on, ahead of him he could see Keeo, his silver coat shining in the darkness of the water. It really was a very clear pond anyway and, while he couldn’t see exactly where he was going, he knew by following Keeo he’d make it alright. They were diving down and in a very few seconds Keeo swam into the wide opening. Rusty quickly saw that he would be able to make it through the opening with a little room to spare and swam strongly on, knowing that once inside he would be able to breathe normally. A few more strokes and then

he was holding onto the edge of the opening and pulling himself through. Then it was a slight swim upwards and, splash, his head came out in the beaver house. A great beaver cheer went up from the beavers who were there to welcome him. Keeo, on behalf of all the beavers, said how delighted they were to have Rusty visit one of their houses. And Rusty replied how pleased he was to accept their kind invitation. With that, the beavers busied themselves about with their various tasks. One beaver brought an apple over to Rusty.

“Why, thank you,” said Rusty, “what a nice idea!”

“Well,” said Keeo, “we wanted to serve you some food, but we had to bring it down through the water and we figured an apple was the best kind to get. It didn’t matter if it got wet.”

“Well, that’s true,” said Rusty, “I never would have thought of that.”

As he looked around he was surprised at how big the lodge was. He could almost stand up and he certainly could he down in it. It was very clean and as he looked at the inside of the walls he noticed they were very strong. There was, of course, a smell of dampness around the place, and for the first time he could also smell the beavers – a very warm, wet sort of smell.

“Well, thank you again for this invitation, and for this apple, it tastes just delicious. Can you hear the noises of the forest when you’re down here?” asked Rusty.

“No,” said Keeo, “we very rarely hear anything. Although we know when you and Bubbles are swimming in the pond, and the time that Hawkeye and Rainbow came in their canoe we could hear the paddles. Just about any sound in the water we can hear. But we don’t get the sounds of the forest.”

“Well, then it must be very peaceful,” said Rusty.

He’d been in the lodge for about ten minutes and knew that Bubbles, sitting on the raft, would begin to worry if he stayed too long. Thanking them once more, he took a great breath and, following Keeo, swam to the entrance, pulling himself through again and then straight up. He came so straight up that he nearly bumped his head on the raft, arriving just about six inches away from it. He really had a lot to tell Bubbles about what a beaver house looked like. He described it to her as all the beavers swam around the raft, pushing it towards the shore.

“It was pretty neat and pretty clean and really bigger than you could suppose,” he said. “Actually, it’s almost as big as the one we built for ourselves.” They docked the raft on the beach again and, with a last goodbye to Keeo, headed off towards the cottage. “I touched the sides of the house and they felt very strong, and you would really be surprised at how the beavers get dry so quickly in their house. They shake the water off, and when I touched Keeo I was really surprised how dry he was. “You know,” said Rusty proudly, “I must be the first human being ever to have visited a beaver house like that.

“Next time,” said Bubbles, “I’m going. I’m going, too, so you are going to have to teach me how to swim a lot better.”

“That’s a deal,” said Rusty, “if you will make me some ginger cookies this afternoon.”

Laughing together, they raced to the cottage.

## THE HAPPY BEAVERS

### CHAPTER VII

It must have been the warm spring sunshine that made the beavers feel somewhat sleepy. They returned to their lodge early that night. As they lay around thinking of the day's happenings, they hoped that Keo would tell them a story.

One of the young twins looked up and asked Keo, "Are all beaver colonies as happy as we are?"

"Well, young beaver," said Keo, "I really don't know if they are but I do know that they could be if they wanted to. You see, in this colony we have learned what it means truly to share. Together we have discovered and learned. We have grown and we have built. We have explored. We've played and we've helped one another discover how to grow up into being eager beavers. We have also learned how important it is that we all work together as a team. From the very newest beaver to the beaver who has lived in the colony for two years or more, and how important that each of us contribute the very best of our abilities to whatever it is we do. You remember the night of the storm and how the dam was nearly washed away, and the youngest beaver of all placed the log that locked the dam safely against the floods."

"We have learned from one another as I have taught you the ways of the forest and some of the ways of the Jones family. These humans know what sharing is and that is why they are a happy family. There is so much for them to do. Sometimes it is Hawkeye or Rainbow, or Rusty, or Bubbles who has the idea, but together they go off and discover a new part of the world, a new sensation, a new sight, a new smell, a new taste. What makes them happy is that they decide together what it is they like to do to learn about life, and that the whole world is their horizon as they go forth together, each with love in his heart for the other. I think that is part of why we have a happy beaver colony!"

"Again, you know how busy we have been during these last few months. There is just no end to the things we have done together! Really, the only limits to the activities we can do are our own minds; and as we share our ideas in a positive, loving atmosphere, happiness and joy abound within our colony!

Haven't we learned a lot from Hawkeye and Bubbles as they came paddling over our pond in their canoes? They have made suggestions of activities for us, taught us about nature, God, and the world around us. Don't we have a lot to thank Bubbles and Rusty for as they taught us how to play together and care for each other in the kind of games we played, and didn't we learn so much from them as we watched them share many of their activities, helping each other, each getting fun from the satisfaction and joy of the other? All these things, beavers, make us a happy beaver colony!

"If we keep our promise to love God, and help take care of the world; and if we live our law that a beaver has fun, works hard, and helps his family and friends, then we can go on looking forward to many more times of joy, happiness and sharing together!"



## NEW FRONTIERS

### CHAPTER VIII

The twin beavers hardly knew whether to be excited or sad. In fact, they were a little bit of both. They knew they were leaving the colony that afternoon. It had been such a wonderful time being with their friends, so they were a little sad to say goodbye to them, but they were extremely excited about going out into a much bigger and wider world, to learn new things and to meet new friends!

Keeo had talked with them and he had said that they were in for a very wonderful surprise that only happened to those beavers who had become the best of the eager beavers. When they had asked him what it was, he had said, "In time you will find out!" Keeo knew that there was magic in the air that afternoon, and that these two young beavers were going to become part of a different group of friends of the forest. Keeo remembered well the day he had learned to think and talk like a human being, and he knew the same magic was in the air! As the colony gathered to watch the twins swim away, they waved in happiness that their friends were going out into the world.

It was a long swim across the pond. The twins realized that they had not gone often to the other side, and they wanted to get there quickly because they noticed the sky above was getting a little darker and some heavy thunder clouds were gathering. It was just as they started to climb out of the water onto the bank that it happened, and it happened much the same way as it had to Keeo — a bolt of lightning! They saw themselves changing! The first thing they noticed was that their beaver tails had gone, and then their paws had changed! They were becoming different! Indeed, they had changed very quickly — from a beaver to a young wolf cub. It was such a strange feeling at first, and they stood looking at one another, hardly knowing what to say!

They were not to be left alone for very long for, immediately, out of the forest came a pack of wolf cubs,



howling a greeting of welcome. The wisest wolf stepped up and said, "I am Akela, the leader of the Wolf Cub Pack; and you, young Beavers in Beaving, have learned of nature and, through Keeo and the Joneses, have heard of man and God. We now welcome you to join us in the same spirit of friendship, determined to help your fellow Wolf Cubs as they will help you. The world is bigger for you now and as a pack we will roam the forest. As individuals you will learn special skills, some of which we will share as a pack, but some you will learn to do especially well as an individual Wolf Cub."

The twins were not scared. They knew that they were among friends. It was such an exciting feeling to be able to run, to know that there was such a big forest, full of so many friends, and that there was such a big world to be explored!

The pack gathered around them and, with a final grand howl of delight, they took off on the wonderful world of Wolf Cubbing!

