

ROOSTLINGS® Waffle's Birthday Party

Stories by Lars & Luc



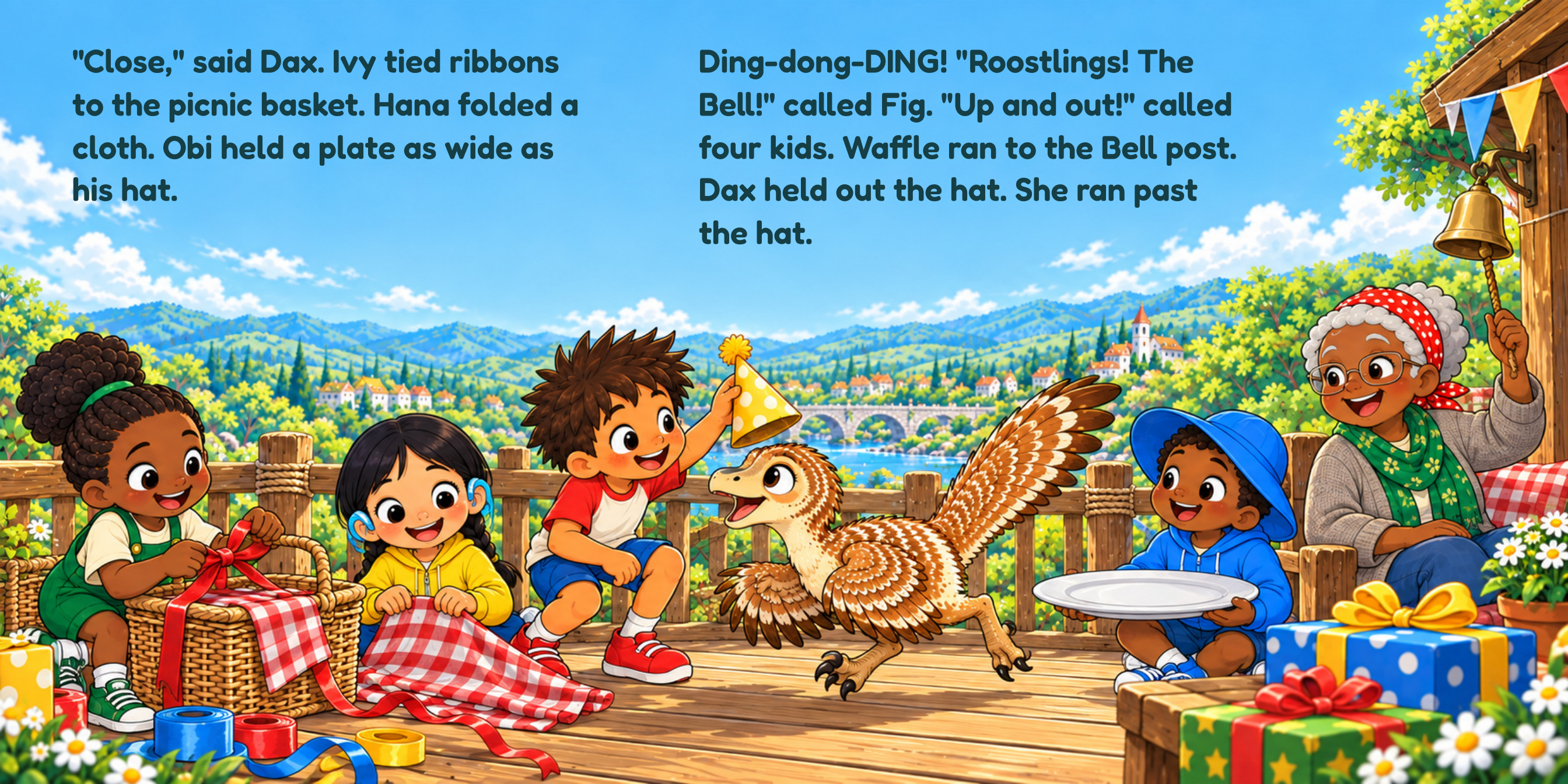
Waffle found her party hat. She put her nose inside it. The hat slid down. Two eyes peeped under the edge.

"On your head," said Dax. He held it up. Waffle ducked beneath it. "That head." Chirrup! Her tail fanned. The hat sat on one feather.



"Close," said Dax. Ivy tied ribbons to the picnic basket. Hana folded a cloth. Obi held a plate as wide as his hat.

Ding-dong-DING! "Roostlings! The Bell!" called Fig. "Up and out!" called four kids. Waffle ran to the Bell post. Dax held out the hat. She ran past the hat.



"The Baker has a cake beside the River," said Fig. "A birthday cake." Dax bent down to Waffle. "For you!" Waffle ran one small circle round his boots.

They sang as Ivy picked up the basket. "Ivy and Pebble, push and pull!" Hrrmph! "Hana and Kite, see and fetch!" Tik-tik! Kite bobbed his head. The ribbons bobbed too.



"Dax and Waffle, run and find!" Chirrup! "Obi and Maple, reach and lift!" Hmmm. "Little ones. Big help!" Dax held the hat. Waffle found the Slide.

"Who's coming to the party?" asked Dax. "All of us," said Ivy. "And the lamb," said Hana. "And the goats," said Obi. Pebble leaned toward the basket.



**"The cake is for sharing," said Dax. He looked up at Maple. "There'll be some for you."
Maple lowered his neck. Obi patted his nose.
"A big bit."**

Down the Slide. Wheee! And go! Waffle went first. Her hat went next. Dax caught the hat at the bottom.



**They followed the path beside the River.
Beyond the grass stood a table. On the table
stood a cake. Dax stopped.**

**The cake had three tiers. Taller than Dax.
Taller than Fig. At the top stood one candle.
Waffle tipped her head back.**



"Room for everyone!" said the Baker. Fig sat by the picnic cloth. The Farmer brought the lamb. Waffle touched noses with it.

Goats came too. The Nibblers peeped round the baskets. Bubble rested beside Pebble. Animals from the Hill joined them. Friends made room for friends.



"Make a wish," said Dax. The Baker had lit the candle. Waffle stood on the grass. She took a breath. Her chest puffed out.

She blew. A crumb moved near Dax's boot. High above them, the candle shone. Waffle tried once more. The crumb rolled over.



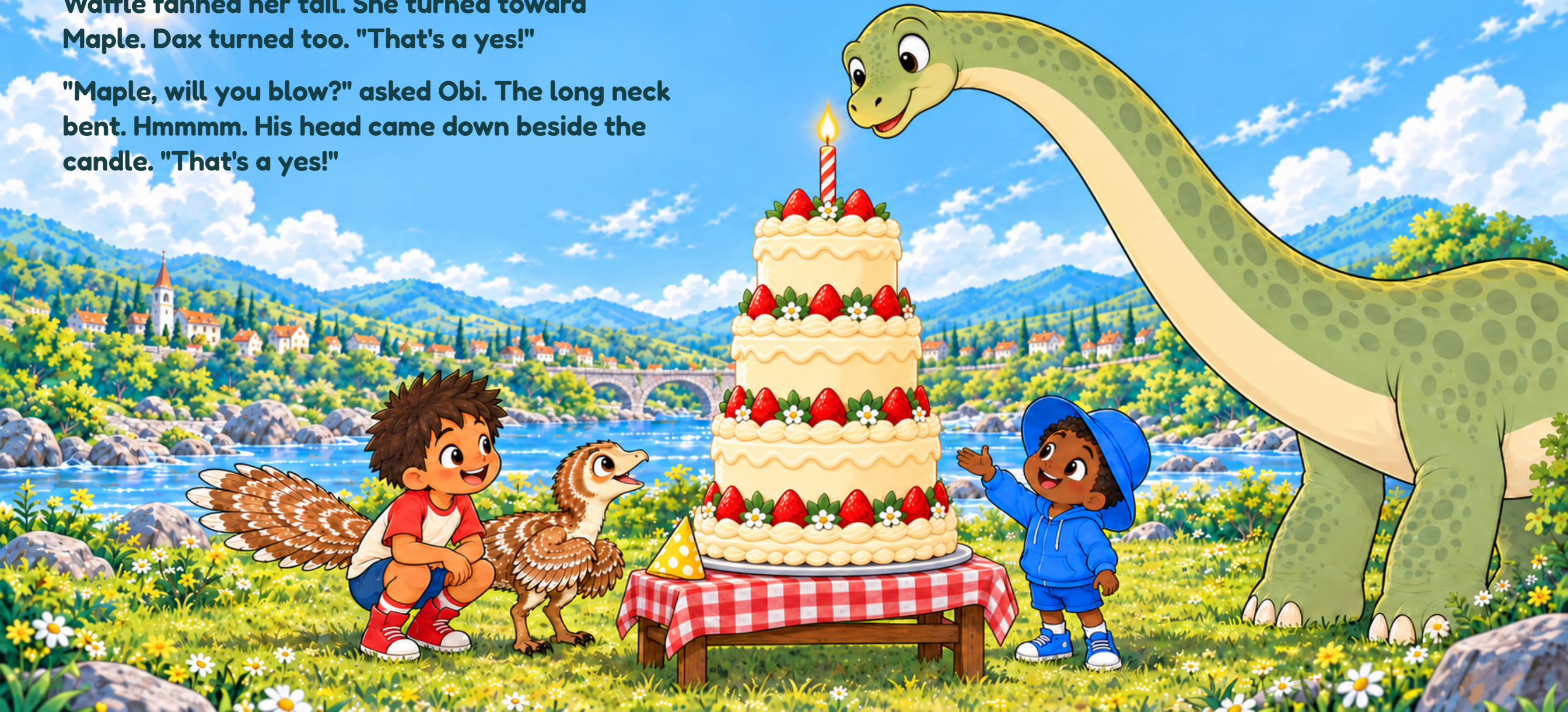
Dax looked from the crumb to the candle.
"We need someone who can reach." Obi
looked up. And up. "Who's the one for a
tall thing?"

"Obi and Maple!" called
the kids. Maple's head
was above the cake. His
feet stayed on the
grass. Obi stood beside
him and waited.



"Waffle, shall we ask Maple?" said Dax. Chirrup! Waffle fanned her tail. She turned toward Maple. Dax turned too. "That's a yes!"

"Maple, will you blow?" asked Obi. The long neck bent. Hmmm. His head came down beside the candle. "That's a yes!"



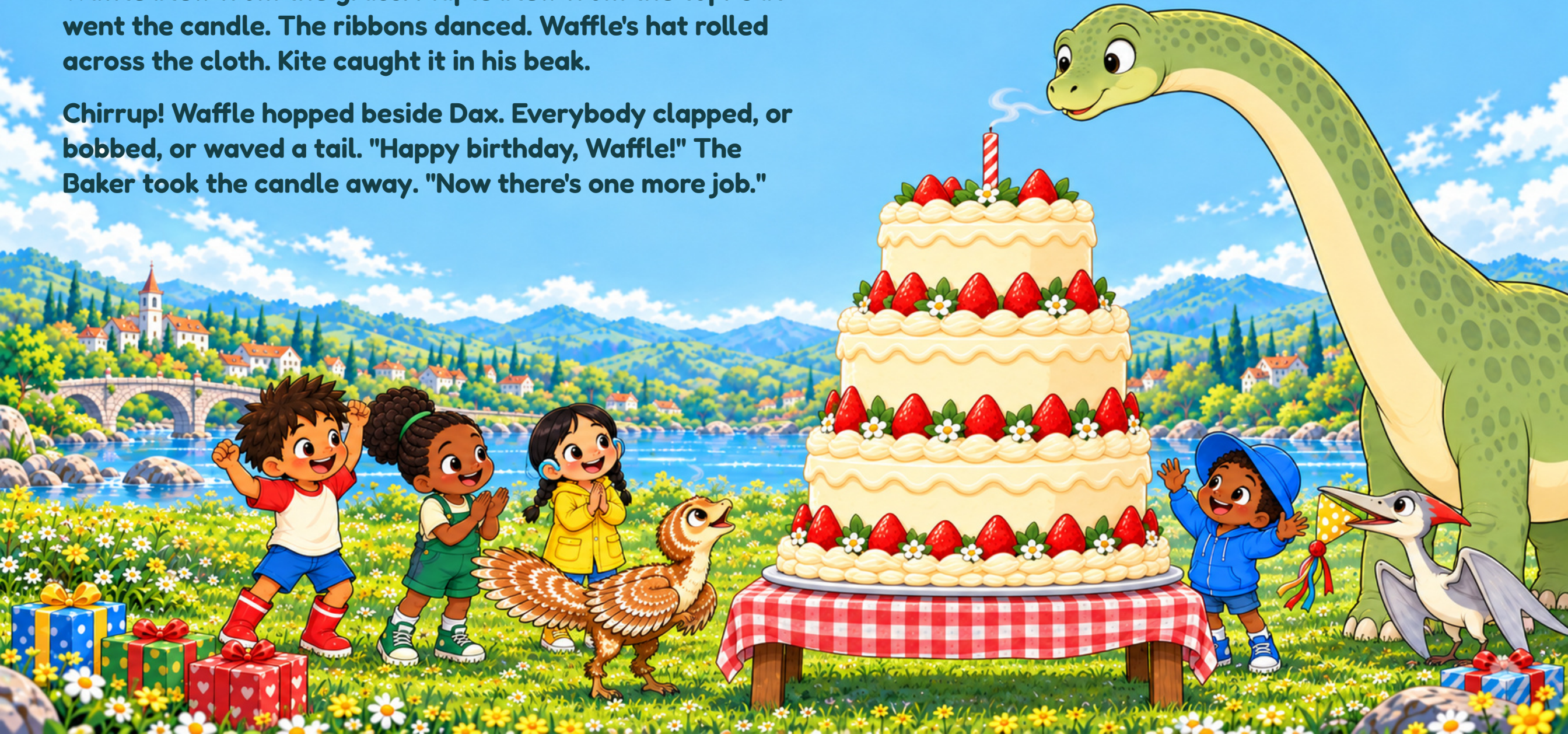
"Wait," said Dax. He crouched beside Waffle. "It's your wish." Waffle shut her eyes. Dax shut his. The lamb shut one eye, then chewed some grass.

"Ready?" said Dax. Waffle opened her eyes. Her tail spread wide. "One," said Ivy. "Two," said Hana. "Three!" called the kids.



Waffle blew from the grass. Maple blew from the top. Out went the candle. The ribbons danced. Waffle's hat rolled across the cloth. Kite caught it in his beak.

Chirrup! Waffle hopped beside Dax. Everybody clapped, or bobbed, or waved a tail. "Happy birthday, Waffle!" The Baker took the candle away. "Now there's one more job."



"The cake!" said Dax. The Baker cut it. Plates passed round. Big slices. Small slices. Waffle's slice had a strawberry. She ate the strawberry first.

Maple ate from a wide dish. The lamb nibbled grass beside Waffle. There was room for every friend, and cake left over.



"Big Book, open." Fig smiled. "What shall we put on Waffle's page?" "A cake," said Ivy. "A very tall cake."

"And one candle," said Hana. "And Maple," said Obi. Dax pointed at Waffle. "And the wish." Fig drew a small star beside the cake.



The Baker packed the last slices. Friends waved. The Farmer took the lamb home. Waffle walked beside Dax, back to the Roost.

Up the Lift. Creak. Clunk. The basket came up too. Pebble and Maple took the trunk-path. Bubble settled by the roots. Waffle curled up beside Dax.



Kite set the hat by her. Dax reached for it.
Waffle tucked her nose inside. This time, Dax
left it there.

"Ivy and Pebble, home. Hana and Kite, home.
Dax and Waffle, home. Obi and Maple, home.
And Fig makes nine. All home."



One big cake. One little wish.

It is Waffle's birthday. All her friends have come to the River. But who can reach the candle?

A Roostlings story about asking, sharing,
and making room for everyone.

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