

Morris the moose raised his long, brown snout

He turned his huge head and looked all about
Green weeds and water dripped from his full mouth
He surveyed Wapiti Pond to the south

His broad shoulders stood as tall as a man
And his antlers looked like gigantic hands
With palms facing heaven way beyond the blue
And fingertips pointing where angels just flew

God gave Morris long, long, looong spindly legs
And his big brown body stood on those pegs
His large nose was as tender as can be
And with it he could sense even a flea!

As he paused from dining and peered around
Morris thought he heard a faint howling sound
The eerie, haunting call was quite far off
Not close enough for his munching to stop!

Morris mosied over to the lily pads
This was a scrumptious dessert to be had!
His slender legs were perfect for wading
After an hour his hunger was fading

Morris didn't want to eat anymore
And with seven long strides he reached the shore
He wandered over to a willow tree
And laid in the shade a minute or three

When he woke he had to top up the tank
So he nibbled shoots and roots by the bank
He also peeled off some yummy soft bark
On that willow trunk Morris left his mark!

It was a beautiful warm summer day
And now Morris really wanted to play
He loved to race fast with those great long stilts
And hurdle old logs at a blazing tilt

He darted and dashed until his lungs hurt
His heart beat so hard he thought it would burst!
There was one last log he started to jump
Then he heard a CRACK! and felt a big WHUMP!

Morris' enormous head whipped right back
'Cause on a low branch he'd caught his bullrack
He flipped right there in the steeplechase track
With his hooves still running hard on his back!

He groaned and moaned and looked up at the sky
There above Morris he saw something fly
And at first he heard ringing in his ears
Then an angry, heated buzzing grew near!

For Morris had smashed a big hornet hive
And a swarm of them raced out from inside
He leaped and sprinted as quick he could
Though he was exhausted, back through the woods

But try as Morris might he couldn't escape
Those pesky hornets kept up to his gait
Finally he glanced up and what did he see
He'd skewered that nest right out of the tree!

Just then his sensitive nose felt a STING!
That hornet bite hurt more than anything!
What possibly can I do? Morris thought
By angry stingers he'd never been sought

He finally stopped the hornets' free ride
And shook his huge head hard from side to side
But the stubborn hive just wouldn't fall down
It was firmly stuck on Morris' crown!

-6-

Now he was dizzy and barely could think
And then he remembered his morning drink
Morris saw Wapiti Pond just ahead
And with his last bit of strength there he fled

He reached it and did a full belly FLOP!
And finally the stinging and buzzing stopped
He swam to the middle and tried a duck dive
Morris was happy just to be alive!

Floating on his front he did the moose stroke
And flipped onto his back just for a joke!
Morris splish-splashed and blew lots of bubbles
He was thankful to be out of trouble!

-7-

Track was definitely done for today
High jump, long jump, sprints and hurdles—no way!
Maybe Morris would just stick to swimming
And eating! though his belly was brimming

Morris was relaxed, just about asleep
Out in the middle where it gets quite deep
When he heard that lone howl just like before
But now it was closer—not to ignore!

Morris was suspicious of all wolf packs
If they were hungry he could be their snack
One or two was not a difficult match
But ten was tough and a moose they could catch

So he silently swam out to an isle
In the middle and laid low for a while
Morris could count nine hungry, gray dogs now
And he prayed they wouldn't see him somehow

Just then there was a ripple on the pond
And a south wind puffed with barely a sound
Morris could smell wolf scent with his keen nose
But his scent blew north and he wasn't exposed

Eventually the pack moved on by
And Morris let out a long, relieved sigh
He was safe and secure for now at least
Even though he was a *GIGANTIC* beast!

Back to Wapiti Pond's shore Morris swam
And he lay down on the soft, grassy land
The soothing, setting sun warmed his wet fur
And it seemed not a single creature stirred

Everything was gold in the evening light
It was truly a most heavenly sight
Wild colors mixed on a palette so grand
Brushing coral paint on the peaceful land

Morris the young moose soon began to snore
Today had been CRAZY busy and more!
Then a thousand crickets started to sing
And he dreamed of what tomorrow would bring

