

Kato Clever and the big trouble

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English

In a small garden in the city, there was a big tree. Many small animals lived together on the big tree.

There also lived a family of squirrels.

Vikki was one little squirrel among them who liked to talk big. His cousin, Kato from Far Forest had come to visit him.



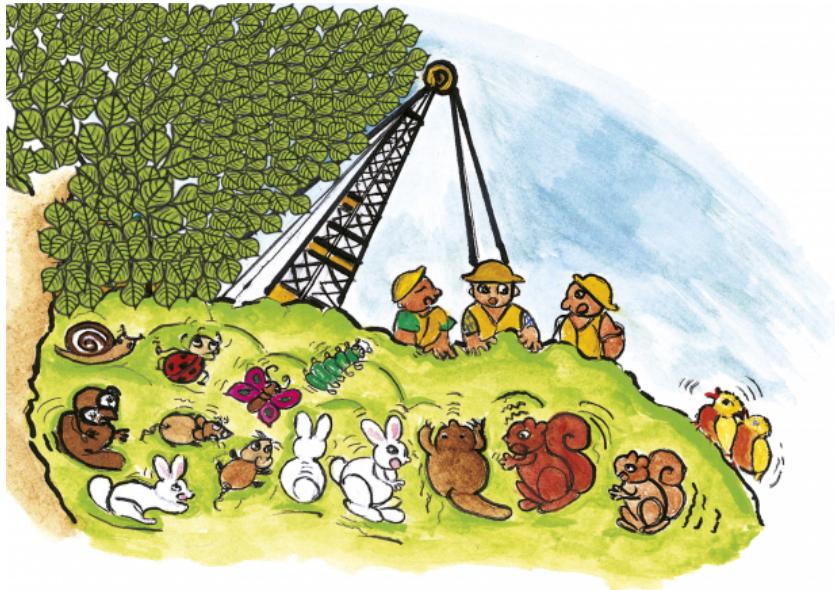


One evening, as all the animals who lived in the little garden were just going to sleep, they heard loud sounds from the park, next to the little garden.

Kato and the other squirrels saw big yellow machines, and men in hard yellow hats, pointing to the little garden and other houses on the street.

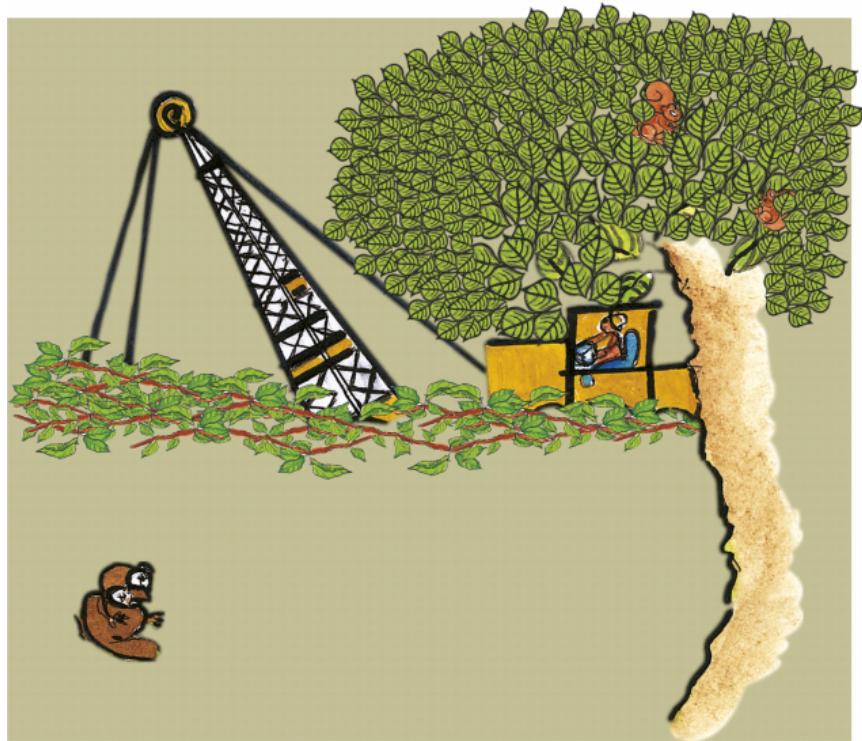
They were going to pull them all down and build a parking lot.





The people who lived there would move to other houses. No one gave a thought to the animals, birds and insects who lived in the little garden.

The machines were first spotted by the mole family. To be more exact, by Mister Popples, the eldest who told Master Mopples, who in turn told the youngest, Little Popples.





When they were young they were
called Pop, Mop and Pip.

Mister Popples told the squirrels, the squirrels told the birds, caterpillars, butterflies, tiny spiders and all those who lived in the little garden.

There was total panic, a lot of running, flying, scurrying and hopping, with no one knowing what to do? Where to go?

The caterpillars said, "Let us look for leaves." The butterflies said, "We want flowers." The mice wanted holes. The squirrels, birds, insects wanted trees, bushes and grass.

All the animals wanted the soft earth, not cement or concrete. "Where will we find all this?" they cried. "We will surely die," they said and wept.



Kato's uncle and aunt were very quiet and all the little squirrels crept close to their mom.

Kato cleared his throat and spoke shyly, "I live in the Far Forest, may be we can all go there?"

There was a buzz of excitement and someone said, "How?"

Kato scratched his head and thought hard, "Well, the Squirrel Express can take the squirrels and the butterflies, spiders caterpillars and all the insects. The birds can either fly or come with us. The moles, mice and the grass snake family can go by the underground Mole Express."





Everyone thought it was a splendid idea.



Mister Popples rushed to ask Mister Grumbles, the driver of the underground express train if he could take them all to the Far Forest. Mister Grumbles fumbled, stumbled, bumbled before he finally mumbled, "Alright."

Now it was Mister Popples' turn to be grand. "Friends, you need not worry, my grandfather's grandson's...third nephew's second niece's family live in the Far Forest.

So, in the early hours of the morning the Squirrel Express and the Mole underground train with all its passengers, chugged their way to the Far Forest with its trees, flowers, ponds and soft earth.



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Language: English



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