

Chapter 12

Jack Sprout Finds Honey B

“Sounds interesting, Jack Sprout; but I'm not sure those are good enough reasons to live with you.”

“The truth is,” I said, “I need someone to talk to after my chores are done. Yes, I love your singing; and you are beautiful; but mostly I just like talking to you. Will you come live with me, Honey B?”

“Well, Jack Sprout, that makes more sense. I like talking to you, too. I'm going to have to think about it for a while. You come back to this spot two days from now and I'll give you my answer.”

With that, Honey B flew away deep into the East Woods. I went home jumping and running and rolling around in my meadow grass. I couldn't believe I had just said what I just said!

That night it rained hard with flashes of lightning and roaring thunder. I was worried about Honey B. Was she safe? Did she have a roof over her head?

Two days had passed, so I went back to the very spot on the Trail in the East Woods where we'd first met. I brought along muffins, white millet, honey biscuits and freshly picked flowers from my greenhouse.

Honey B flew in and I was very nervous.

“Hi, Jack Sprout. I see you've brought along some gifts. You're pretty smart.”

“I thought you'd like them,” I answered. “It sure rained hard the other night.”

“It sure did. I thought about what you asked me and I have an answer for you.”

“That's great! What is it?” I asked.