

# Honeysuckle





"Cock-a-doodle-dooooo!" crows Robert the Rooster.  
"Wake up, sleepyheads! The sun has been up for hours  
and you're still snoring away. It's a beautiful day to play  
outside. Good morning! Cock-a-doodle-dooooo!"  
Campanula the Cat blinks her eyes and smooths her  
whiskers. She stretches long and high and lifts her tail  
straight up in the air.  
"Where's Dibble?" she yawns. "I don't hear or see him.  
Strange... he always barks happily in the morning when  
Robert crows."

"Maybe he didn't hear Robert today?" bleats  
Grumpybuck the Goat.  
"Impossible! Look over there, can you see that dust  
cloud? That's Herbie the Hare – and if he heard it..."  
clucks Robert.  
"Well, let's just go wake him up," grumbles Grumpybuck.  
It's very quiet at Dibble's house. The door is closed, the  
curtains still drawn. Campanula pushes the latch down  
with her paw and pokes her little head inside. She jumps  
in fright.  
Dibble is still curled up in his basket.

"Dibble, Dibble, wake up," whispers Campanula.  
But Dibble doesn't even lift his head.  
She sneaks closer and gives him a gentle nudge. Slowly  
he opens his eyes. He sees Campanula and the others  
standing there and sighs deeply.  
"Are you ill? Have you got a headache?" asks Campanula  
carefully.  
Dibble groans a little and sighs again.  
"You look so sad," says Herbie and he darts to the other  
side of the room.

"Oh," moans Dibble, "those days, when I still lived with  
my siblings and my dear mum ... oh, it was such a nice  
time in my life. We could always play together."  
"Huh?!" mutters Grumpybuck. "Don't you like us  
anymore, Dibble? Don't you want to play with us then?"

"Yes, I do, but it's not the same. Oh, Grumpybuck,  
you should have seen our garden. There were such  
tall, grand trees, their branches reached right up to  
the clouds. And the lovely bushes – perfect for hide  
and seek. And the flowers! Such beautiful colours and  
scents! And the little brook behind our garden... the  
water was crystal clear, you could see the sticklebacks  
swimming, and the ducks paddling along, quacking  
happily. And... oh..."

"This is really strange," bleats Grumpybuck, scratching  
his goatee.  
"Shall I crow you a song?" asks Robert.  
But Dibble turns his back to his friends and pulls the  
blanket completely over his head. He just wants his  
friends to leave him alone!

"Maybe some fresh air and warm sunshine will cheer  
him up? It will tickle his nose and make him laugh again.  
Then he'll be happy!" the animals all shout at the same  
time.

But nothing, nothing helps. Dibble just keeps sighing  
and turning over in his basket. His friends stand around  
looking dumbfounded.  
Herbie can't stand it anymore. He jumps up and rushes  
out of the room, hurried as ever.  
"I'm off then! Have a nice day, everyone!" they barely  
hear him say it.

Through the open window Miss Aurelia flutters into the  
room. She looks at the friends, then carefully steps  
towards Dibble. With her long antennae the butterfly  
touches Dibble's head. She furrows her brows, glances  
thoughtfully at the animals around her, and ponders.  
Finally, she nods:  
"Dibble is homesick. He misses his old home so much  
that it makes him very sad. I know what to do!"  
And just as suddenly as she came, Miss Aurelia is gone  
again.

