

**Summur Solstiss**

My teecher Bruthur Nubbly has sed I shoold rite this heer, how the Summur Solstiss cam upon us in Jun of this yeer.

Bruthur Gubbly's my name and my spelling is bad, not so good as Nubbly's which is very sad.

He sez I'll get better wen he teeches me more, but heez very busy from six until fore, So I'll rite whot I can if yoo'll excuse my mistooks and when I have stoppd I'll get back to my books.

In Jun there cam by three new frends of ours, on ther way to a gathring which woold last hours and hours.

Woolly Bully there was with his big horns and ring, wolking down from the fields like he was the King.

Wriggly Piggly came too with her tail finely curled and a look in hur eye like she owned oll the world.

And then ther was one, Sleepy Sheepy by name, who trotted and baaed to worn us they're came.

Sistir Stubbly saw them and invited them in and sayd to them oll "Whot nuse do yoo bring?"

"Well," sed the Bull, "There I was looking up hy when I saw that the sun was brite in the sky.

Its the solstiss I says and its time to mak plans, so I went down the rode as if in a trans.

I met this here pigg and says to her Whee, do you want to spend the Summur Solstiss with me?"

"I did," sayd the pig, with her snout in the air, "And off we did went, a prodijus pair. We stroled down the rode and we meeted this sheep and I sayd to her - Hey, are you cuming, Bo-Peep?"

"Sleepy Sheepy, who was truly a simpil lass, she just baaed and left off eating the grass.

"So off we set," said Piggly at last, "And now that weer here weer glad we cam past. "For the suns at its solstiss for Midsummur Day, and we'd like yoo to see it and freek owt and be gay".

Well us turckys ar nuthing if not polite so we gaved them a meal and a bed for the nite.

But that evenin Sister Mibbly red in hur book and saw what a Solstiss was and she was all shook.

For it sed thare the sun woold turn in the sky and we was afrayd we woold all dye. "Whot goods a revolushun," she sed, "If the sun drops out of the sky and burns evrywun?"

We noddid and agreed with whot we had herd: a solstiss was not good for a turcky or byrd.

Bruthur Bobblur he paniked and ran from the barn and stood outside and raised an alarm,

And all the ducks and the hens and even the goose began to run round spredding the nuse.

The night which was quiyt was now foll of panik, the nois was reelly quite manik.

It was then that Stubby spoke up in the fuss "We are turkeys we won't let this happen to us!

"Let us think how to stop this dreadful disaster. Come friends, let us act fast and faster!"

Well these were fine words from Sister Stubby and we all calmed down except Brother Mubby

Who ran round shrieking like he was a hen with his head cut off by some terrible men.

We thought all the night and all the next day, when we waved Woolly Bully and friends on their way

(We didn't tell them we were scared or what, because we were the Turkeys frightened of naught).

And then in the dusk of Midsummer Eve, Mubby she shouts "I have an idea!"

"Ooreeka!" she shouts and all gathered round for Mubby's ideas are usually sound.

Now listen, dear reader, what we did next day for it shows you us turkeys are as bright as they say:

When the sun came up on the Solstiss Day, we turkeys were not bashed by dismay.

We gathered our strength and we flew up and down and gobbled most loudly with a terrible sound,

We flapped all the day from dawn until dusk and the farmyard was choked with the dust,

We flapped at the sun as it climbed the sky and we warned it not to turn round and die,

We flew and we screamed and made such a gobble that the sun stayed up without a wobble.

We did this for hours until the night fell, until it was safe as we could tell,

So Midsummer Day it passed us by and the Solstiss danger was out of the sky.

Now the days are long, it's the month of June so we are preparing for a Solstiss quite soon.

Woolly Bully has passed, Sleepy Sheepy and all, off to where the sun might yet fall.

But us turkeys stay here, ready to fly and keep that sun from falling from the sky.

Brother Mubby says I might yet make a writer, but my spelling needs to be much tighter.

He'll help me he says when he has the time and next week he'll show me how to rhyme.