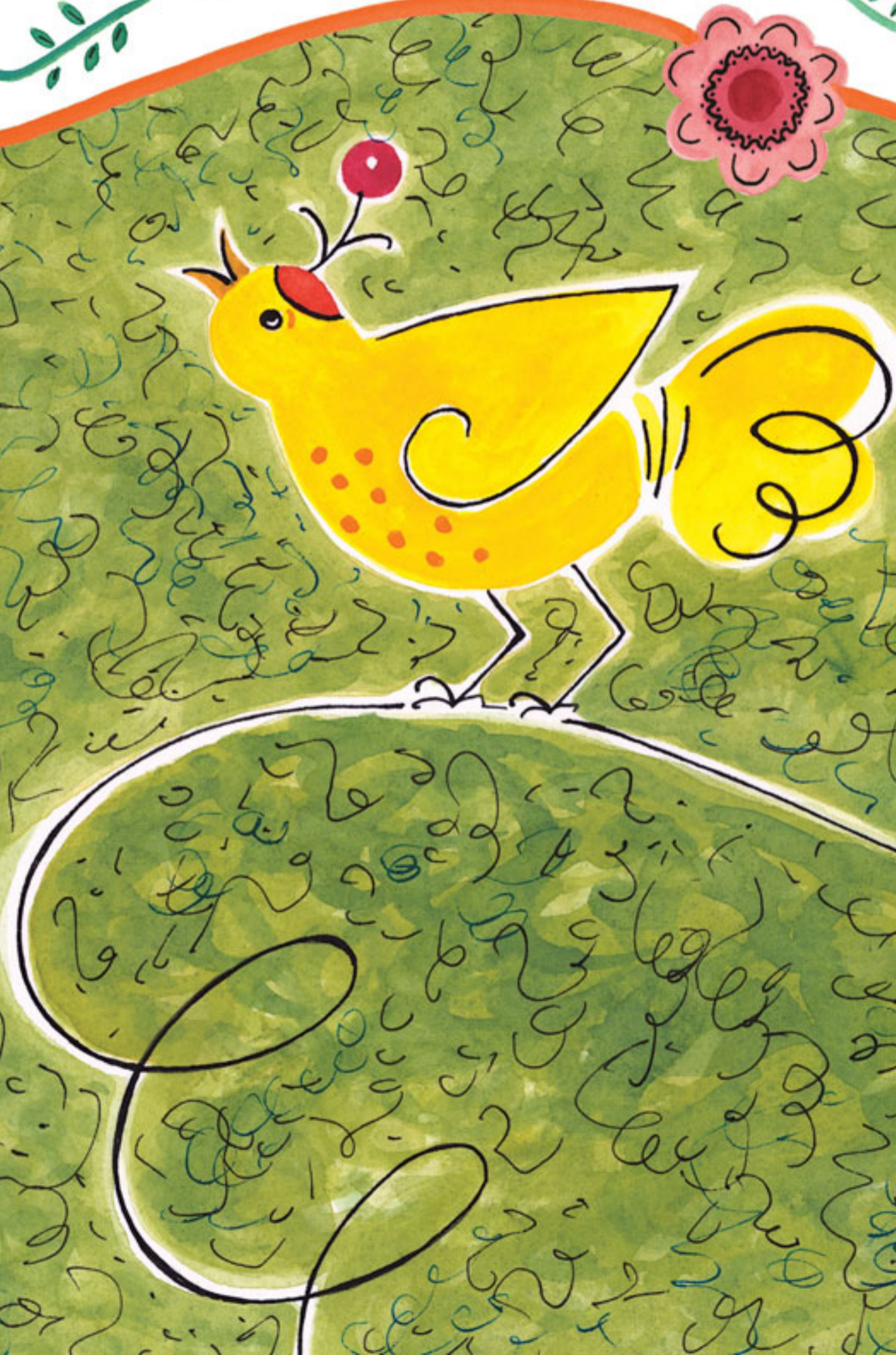


KALINKA AND GRANKLE
JULIE PASCHKIS





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PEACHTREE
ATLANTA



Kalinka was a little yellow bird with a neat cap of red feathers.

“I’m such a good bird,” she said to herself.

“Good as gold, with a cherry on top.”

She lived next door to Grackle. He was a burly beast with bad habits, a bad temper, and bad hair.



One day Kalinka flew through the open window of Grakke's house.

"Tsk-tsk!" she chirped. "This place could use some tidying up."

"Grakk!" said Grakke, stomping his foot. "Grakk! Grakk!"

"No bother at all," trilled Kalinka. "I'm a very good helper."





Grakkle didn't want any help.

He wanted some of his Auntie Grumble's homemade ginger cookies. He wanted to soak his tired, warty feet in a big bucket of pickle juice. But most of all he wanted to take a nap in his favorite comfortable chair.

Kalinka fluttered around and picked up the dirty socks scattered on the floor. She rolled some up and stuffed them in the woodstove. Then she hung some from the rafters.

"Gra-a-akk!" shouted Grakkle.

"You're welcome," said Kalinka.