

Mariposa READ

(Read, Enjoy, and Discover)

Thursday, December 16, 2021 at 7:30 PM

Sunday, December 19, 2021 at 2:30 PM

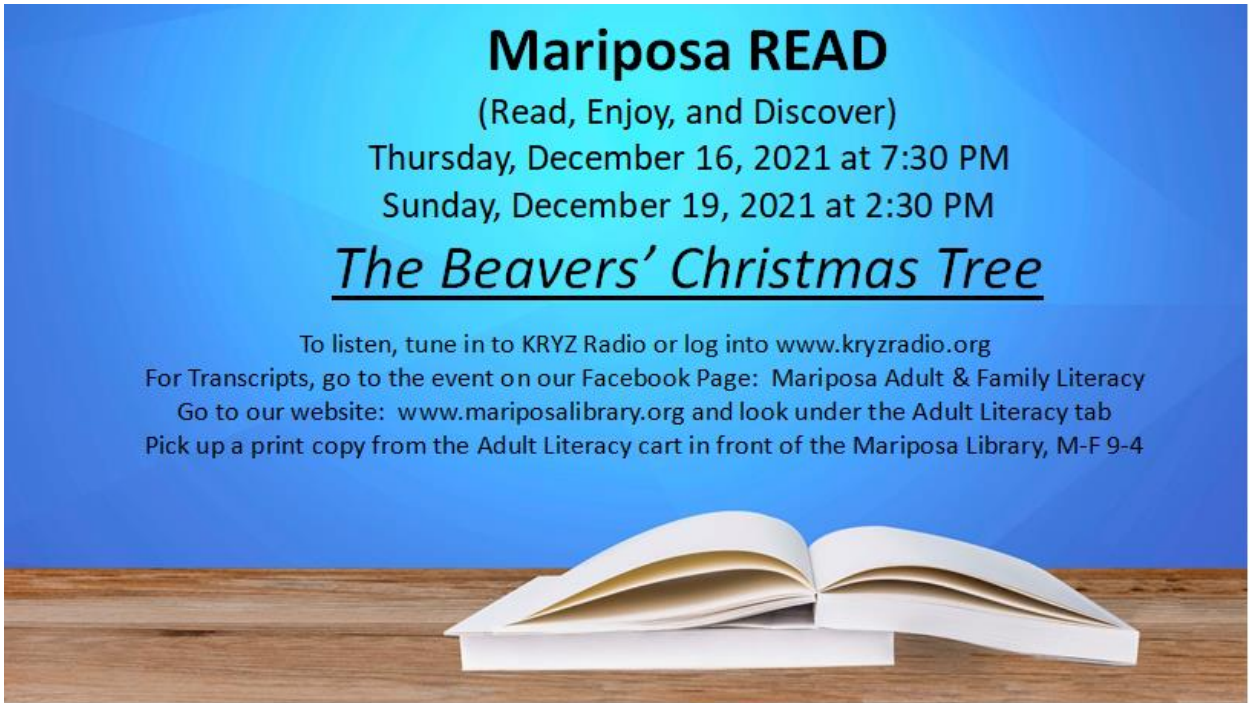
The Beavers' Christmas Tree

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The Beavers' Christmas Tree - Beginning Level

In the Americas when the European discoveries were new and the countries that were being established were still young, there lived an Algonquin family deep in the snowy woods. Christmas was just being recognized as a real festival in Canada. Grey Owl and his wife, Anahareo, decided that they would make good cheer, forget their troubles for a while, and adopt some of the new customs being brought to their homeland, for themselves and their family.

It was the afternoon of December 24th and there was a thick blizzard. Grey Owl had left for town that morning to purchase some items to help them celebrate the festive season. The kindly storekeeper in town had helped him choose his purchases. The storekeeper thought that Grey Owl must be lonesome in the deep woods, but Grey Owl and his small family were happy in their little cabin in the woods.

When he returned home through the storm, he was glad to find his cabin snug and warm. Anahareo had busied herself crocheting bright wool borders on white sugar bags, split open, and freshly laundered. She hung them in the windows as curtains and they gave everything a homey appearance. Anahareo and their two pet beavers, McGinnis and McGinty, greeted Grey Owl as

he came through the door. While Grey Owl was away, McGinnis had spent much time at the door waiting for his return. Grey owl pulled out two sticks of candy that he had purchased for the little beavers, in town. The beavers sat and ate the candy with loud and most unmannerly sounds of satisfaction. Meanwhile, Grey Owl organized his other purchases in preparation for their celebration. He whittled out some boards of cry cedar, painted them with Indian designs, and attached them to the sides of the windows. He and Anahareo painted hanging ornaments with tribal emblems and hung them in places where the light fell on them. They laid two rugs of deerskin, which were immediately seized as play-toys by the two beavers and had to be nailed down. They placed colorful candles around the small cabin and hung a Japanese lantern from the rafter. There was just one thing missing. Anahareo decided that the beavers were to have a Christmas tree. She took an ax and her snowshoes and went out into the starry Christmas night. While she was gone, Grey Owl lit the lantern and candles, put apples, oranges, and nuts in the dishes on the table, and tended the saddle of deer meat that sizzled alongside the factory-made Christmas pudding that was boiling on top of the little stove.

Anahareo had been gone a long time and Grey Owl began to be concerned. He looked out the window and saw her standing in the dark, looking upward. He went outside and asked her what she was doing. She told him to listen. "Do you hear the Christmas bells?", she asked. There was a light breeze flowing and humming in the pine tops far above their heads. It whispered and swelled into a strong wavering note, and then faded again to a whisper. The pine trees were their Christmas bells.

Anahareo had gotten a balsam fir for their Christmas tree. They took the tree inside and wedged it into a crevice in the floor. She put a lit candle on the top of the tree and on the limbs she tied candies, pieces of apple, and small delicacies from the table so that they hung by strings and could be reached. The beavers viewed these preparations with no particular enthusiasm, but before long they were attracted by the odor of the tree. They found the hanging tidbits and sampled them. Soon they were busy pulling down all of the treats and eating them with great gusto. Grey Owl and Anahareo set their own feast upon the table and watched the beavers as they ate. As the beavers consumed all that was on the tree, the couple replaced the treats with more. The little creatures stood up on their hind legs and grabbed and pulled at their presents. The beavers stole choice morsels from each other, pushing and shoving so that one would

sometimes fall. He would then scramble to his feet again, as hastily as possible, for fear everything would be gone before he got up. Grey Owl and Anahareo forgot their own supper and laughed as they watched. The beavers would run to them excitedly and then back to the tree with little noises as if to say, "Look what we found!" When the tree was empty and all of the treats were gone, McGinty, the wise and the thrifty, pulled down the tree and started away with it.

It was the best fun of the evening. Grey Owl and Anahareo had set to make a festival for their little pets, but instead the beavers had made one for them and provided them with the best Christmas entertainment they could have imagined. They were pretty sure that no other home had ever seen such entertainment as this. Anahareo was so happy to see her tree so appreciated, and the beavers were very happy to use it. Grey Owl was happy just to see his entire family enjoying themselves so much. It was a very merry first Christmas for all of them.

The Beavers' Christmas Tree - Intermediate Level

In the Americas when the European discoveries were new and the countries that were being established were still young, there lived an Algonquin family deep in the snowy woods. Christmas was just being recognized as a real festival in Canada. Grey Owl and his wife, Anahareo, decided that they would make good cheer, forget their troubles for a while, and adopt some of the new customs being brought to their homeland, for themselves and their family.

It was the afternoon of December 24th and there was a thick blizzard. Grey Owl had left for town that morning to purchase some items to help his family celebrate the festive season. He was usually too busy hunting to celebrate, but now that he was a family man he wanted to celebrate in style. The kindly storekeeper in town had helped him choose his purchases. The storekeeper thought that Grey Owl must be lonesome in the deep woods, but Grey Owl and his small family were happy in their little cabin in the woods. The storekeeper was happy to know that the celebration of Christmas reached, even into the deep woods.

When Grey Owl returned home through the storm, he was glad to find his cabin snug and warm. Anahareo had busied herself crocheting bright wool borders on white sugar bags, split open, and freshly laundered. She hung them in the windows as curtains and they gave everything a homey appearance. Anahareo and their two pet beavers, McGinnis and McGinty, greeted Grey Owl as he came through the door. She told Grey Owl that while he was away, McGinnis had spent much time at the door, looking up, and waiting for his return. Grey owl pulled out two sticks of candy that he had purchased for the little beavers, in town. The beavers sat and ate the candy with loud and most unmannerly sounds of satisfaction. Meanwhile, Grey Owl organized his other purchases in preparation for their celebration. He whittled out some boards of cry cedar, painted them with Indian designs, and attached them to the sides of the windows. From a distance, they looked like plaques of beadwork. He and Anahareo painted hanging ornaments with tribal emblems and hung them in places where the light fell on them. They laid two rugs of deerskin, which were immediately seized as play-toys by the two beavers and had to be nailed down. They placed colorful candles around the small cabin and hung a Japanese lantern from the rafter. There was just one thing missing. Anahareo decided that the beavers were to have a Christmas tree. She took an ax and her snowshoes and went out into the starry Christmas night. While she was gone, Grey Owl lit the lantern and candles, put apples, oranges, and nuts in the dishes on the table, and tended the saddle of deer meat that sizzled alongside the factory-made Christmas pudding that was boiling on top of the little stove.

Anahareo had been gone a long time and Grey Owl began to be concerned. He looked out the window and saw her standing in the dark, looking upward. He went outside and asked her what she was doing. She pointed upward and told him to listen. "Do you hear the Christmas bells?", she asked. There was a light breeze flowing and humming in the pine tops far above their heads. It sprung up, whispered and swelled louder in low waves of sound, sinking to a murmur, then ascending to a deep, strong wavering note, and then faded again to a whisper. The pine trees were their Christmas bells.

Anahareo had gotten a fine balsam fir for their Christmas tree. They took the tree inside and wedged it into a crevice in the floor. She put a lit candle on the top of the tree and on the limbs she tied candies, pieces of apple, and small delicacies from the table so that they hung by strings and could be reached. The beavers viewed these preparations with no particular enthusiasm, but

before long they were attracted by the odor of the tree. They found the hanging tidbits and sampled them. Soon they were busy pulling down all of the treats, cutting the strings with their teeth, and eating with great gusto. Grey Owl and Anahareo set their own feast upon the table and watched the beavers as they ate. As the beavers consumed all that was on the tree, the couple replaced the treats with more. The little creatures stood up on their hind legs and grabbed and pulled at their presents. The beavers stole choice morsels from each other, pushing and shoving so that one would sometimes fall. He would then scramble to his feet again, as hastily as possible, for fear everything would be gone before he got up. Grey Owl and Anahareo forgot their own supper and laughed as they watched. The beavers would run to them excitedly and then back to the tree with little noises as if to say, "Look what we found!" They screeched and chattered and squealed in their excitement. When they could eat no more, they started to carry away prized tidbits clutched tightly in their arms or sometimes between their teeth. They were, apparently, bent on getting all that could be gotten while it lasted. When the tree was empty and all of the treats were gone, McGinty, the wise and the thrifty, pulled down the tree and started away with it. It was as though he figured on another crop appearing later and had decided to corner the source of supply.

It was the best fun of the evening. Grey Owl and Anahareo had set to make a festival for their little pets, but instead the beavers had made one for them and provided them with the best Christmas entertainment they could have imagined. They were pretty sure that no other home had ever seen such entertainment as this. Anahareo was so happy to see her tree so appreciated, and the beavers were very happy to use it. Grey Owl was happy just to see his entire family enjoying themselves so much. It was a very merry first Christmas for all of them.