

# Gabby Goose Saves the Day



It was a happy morning at the Moose house. Baby Moose was one day old, and Daddy Moose had just finished giving him a bottle.

“What a big, strong boy!” Daddy Moose said proudly as he laid Baby Moose in his cradle. “He drank the whole bottle!”



Mommy and Daddy Moose gazed at their sweet baby with love.

“He has your eyes!” Mommy Moose said to Daddy Moose.

“He has your nose!” Daddy Moose said to Mommy Moose. Surely there had never been a more perfect baby.



Then Baby Moose did something odd. He scrunched his eyes and crinkled his nose.

“Oh, how cute!” said Daddy Moose. “Do you think he’s making faces?” Daddy moved in closer to see.

And that’s when Baby Moose let out a huge wail. Daddy Moose stepped back, startled. Mommy Moose swept in, scooped up the baby, and rocked him in her arms. He didn’t stop crying.



Daddy Moose put Baby Moose in the stroller and wheeled him from room to room. Baby Moose cried even louder. Mommy and Daddy put him back in his crib with his blanket and rattle. He kept on wailing.

Daddy tickled Baby Moose under the chin, but Baby just squirmed and yelled louder. Daddy made silly faces at him, but Baby squeezed his eyes shut and cried.

Mommy hummed softly to Baby Moose, but he just wailed louder and louder while his face got redder and redder.

The parents stared in shock, at a loss for what to do.

There was a rap at the door. Daddy peered out to see Daisy the Deer Mouse standing on the porch. “Come in!” he said, thankful to see Daisy’s friendly face.

“I’ve come to see your little bundle of joy!” Daisy said. “But why is he wailing like that? What do you think is the matter?”

“We aren’t sure,” said Daddy Moose. “He won’t stop crying! We’ve tried everything!”



“Maybe I can help,” said Daisy. “I have some yummy grasses in my basket. Maybe he’s hungry.”

Daisy offered the grasses to Baby Moose, but he spit them out and yowled. What a noise!



Daisy wasn't sure what else to do. She'd had lots of babies and they were all quiet as church mice. A little food in their tummies was all they ever needed to fall back to sleep.

“I do hope he stops crying soon!” Daisy got a broom and started sweeping the floor. If nothing else, she could help by tidying up.

Mommy sat with Baby in the rocking chair. Daddy paced back and forth.

Then there was a rap on the door. Jimmy Jackrabbit bounded in, fiddle in hand.

“Your furry bundle must be having a bad day! What strong lungs he has!” Jimmy yelled over the ruckus. “Maybe it will help if I play him a tune on my fiddle.”

Jimmy played the fiddle, hopping from one end of the room to the other.



Baby Moose paused for a moment. He hiccuped. Perhaps the fiddle had worked! Everyone was silent, then ...

“WAH! WAH! WAH!”

Jimmy talked loudly over the baby’s cries. “Maybe he has a tooth coming in. Give him a cold carrot to munch on. That will soothe the pain.”

“I think he’s too small to be teething, Jimmy,” said Mommy Moose.

“Well, I’m not an expert on crying babies. I hope he gets in a better mood soon!” said Jimmy.

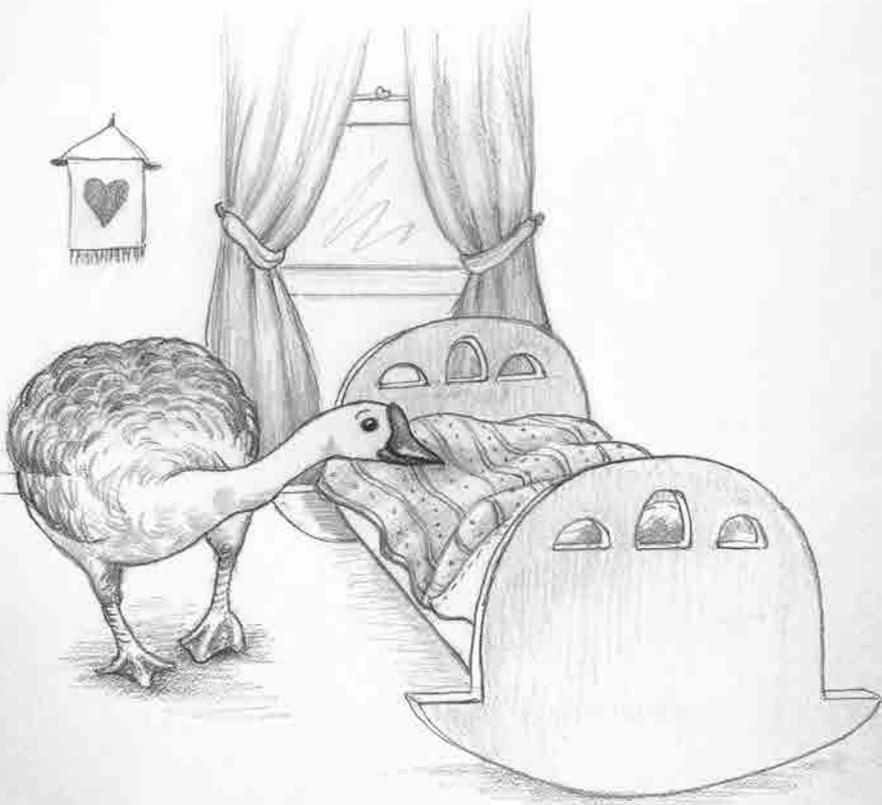


Old Gabby Goose waddled in and set a gift bag on the table. A blue rattle, a baby spoon, baby powder, and a bottle of baby shampoo peeked over the top. Gabby welcomed all the babies to town, bringing comfort with every visit.

“Oh, Gabby, I’m so glad you’re here! I’m at my wits’ end. Maybe you can tell us what to do!” Mommy Moose cried.

“Nobody told me it would be like this!”  
Daddy Moose fretted. “Something must be  
the matter with our sweet baby boy!”

Gabby wasn’t worried. She had cared for  
many babies in her day, and this crying  
wasn’t anything she hadn’t seen before with  
her own noisy brood. She went over her  
mental checklist.



“Is he warm?” Gabby asked.

Mommy felt under his blanket. “He’s toasty warm,” she said.

“Is he dry?” Gabby asked next.

Jimmy peeked. “Nice and dry!” he said.



“Has he been fed?” Gabby asked.

“He gulped down a full bottle of milk,”  
Daddy said.

“And then I offered him grasses, but he spit  
them back out!” said Daisy the Deer Mouse.

“A full bottle of milk? Then all he needs is a little pat on the back.” Gabby gathered up Baby Moose and patted him on the back with her wing.



Everyone stared, waiting to see what would happen. The wailing stopped. Gabby patted.

Baby Moose squirmed. Gabby patted.

Baby Moose's face scrunched up. Gabby patted.

Baby Moose's eyes opened wide, and then ...

Baby Moose BURPED!



Daisy clapped her hand to her chest. “Oh, my!”

“Yahoo!” Jimmy Jackrabbit did a back flip in pretend shock. He rolled on the rug with glee. “That was the best burp ever!” he exclaimed.

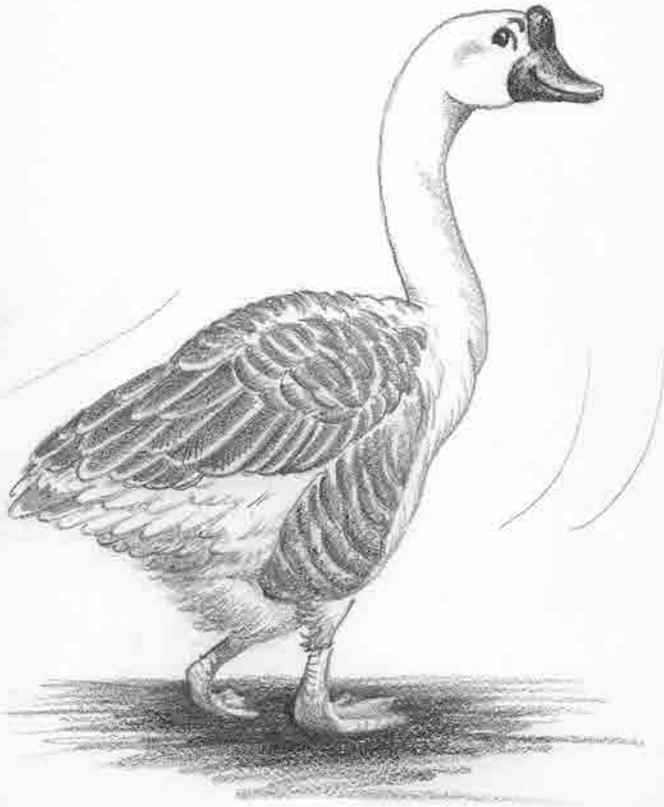
Gabby smiled and put Baby Moose back in his cradle. Her job was done. Baby cooed sweetly and waved his rattle.

“Thank you so much, Gabby! You are a gem!” said Mommy.

“Three cheers for Gabby!” yelled Jimmy Jackrabbit. “The world’s best baby burper!”



“It was nothing,” said Gabby. “Anyone could have done it.” Then Gabby smiled and waddled out of the room.



**The End**

