

Rocky Point

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Ricky Raccoon sat on his floor surrounded by his rock collection. He and Bizzie Beaver had spread the rocks out to look at them. There were all kinds. Some were sparkly. Some were striped. Some were rough, and some were smooth.

“You have a great rock collection, Ricky,” said Bizzie.

“You know what?” said Ricky. “You could start a rock collection of your own.”

“Great idea,” said Bizzie.

“And I know where we can go to start your collection,” said Ricky.

“Rocky Point. I’ve found lots of cool rocks there.”

“Let’s go!” exclaimed Bizzie.

“OK,” said Ricky. “Let’s stop and get Flora Skunk and Mitzi Mink on the way. Maybe they would like to collect rocks, too.”

A little while later, the four friends were headed to Rocky Point. Each had a cloth bag to hold the rocks they picked up.

“Collecting rocks will be so much fun,” said Flora.

The friends walked a little farther. Ricky was slowing down. “*Hmm,*” he said. “I haven’t been up here in a while. I’m not sure which way to go.”

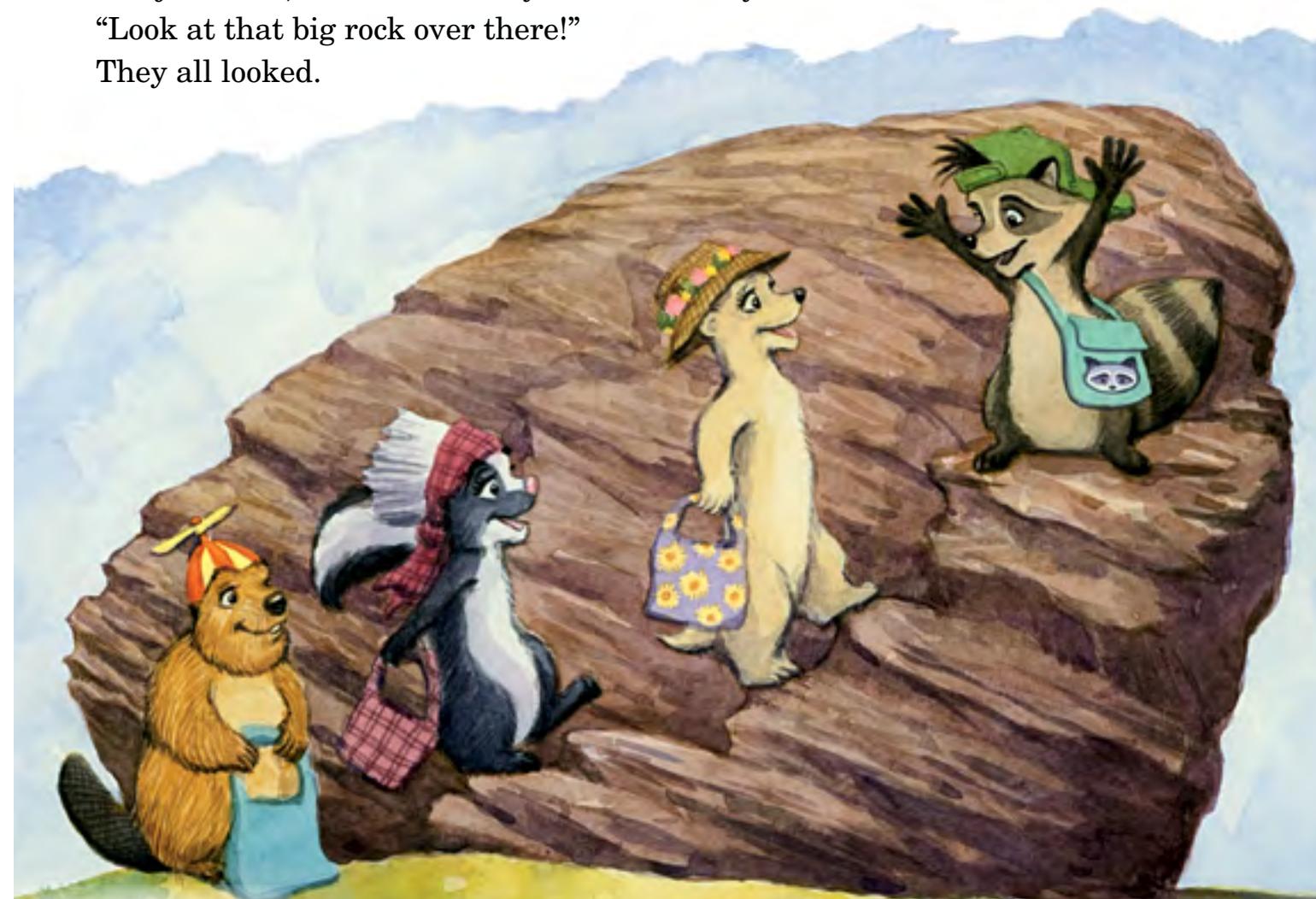
But just then, Bizzie let out a yell. “Look at that big rock over there!” They all looked.

“Oh, that’s Stair Rock,” said Ricky. “Thanks, Bizzie. We pass that on the way to Rocky Point.”

They all ran over to Stair Rock. It had ledges on its side that looked just like stairs! The friends took turns going up and down them.

“Come on,” said Ricky. “This is the way to Rocky Point.”

The land was getting very rocky. Soon they came to a rock wall.



“That rock has lots of layers,” said Mitzi.

“Yup,” said Ricky. “I call that rock the Layer Cake!”

The friends walked along the rock wall until they came to a hill. They climbed it and then continued through the woods. Soon they saw another big rock. It was red.

“There’s Big Red!” exclaimed Ricky.

“We’re almost to Rocky Point. It’s straight up from here.” Everyone huffed and puffed their way to the top.

“We’re here!” Ricky said. All around on the ground were . . .

“Rocks!” yelled Bizzie.

“Look!” exclaimed Mitzi. “I found a shiny black one.”

“Oooh,” said Ricky. “Look at this cool purple one!”

The friends spent a happy afternoon collecting rocks. Then they decided to head back. But after they had walked for a while, Ricky stopped. “I’m not sure which way to go,” he said.

“You mean we’re lost?” asked Bizzie. They all looked at each other with wide eyes.

“Hey, I know how we’ll get back,” said Flora. “We’ll just keep looking for the big rocks we passed on the way here—the ones that Ricky gave names to.”

“Great idea, Flora,” exclaimed Ricky. They all looked around.

“Ricky,” said Bizzie suddenly. “Isn’t that Big Red way over there?”

Ricky looked where Bizzie was pointing. “Yes! We need to go that way,” he said.

When they had reached the big red rock, Mitzi asked, “What did we see before Big Red?”

“It was the Layer Cake!” said Ricky. “It’s down at the bottom of the hill. This way!”

The friends ran until they came to the hill. Then they giggled as they hurried down it to the Layer Cake rock wall.

“We’re doing it!” said Mitzi. “We’re finding our way back. What’s next?”

“Stair Rock!” said Flora. “That’s my favorite. Hey, I see it—way over there.” The friends all ran until they got to Stair Rock.

“We can find our way easily from here,” said Ricky. He ran up the “stairs” on Stair Rock and stood on top.

“What a day,” he said. “We found lots of great rocks. We got lost. And then rocks helped us find our way again!”

