



Mitzi Mink poked her head into Flora Skunk's window. "C'mon, Flora," she said. "Ricky wants to meet at his house. He has an idea to tell us about."

"OK, let's ride our bikes over," said Flora. "Ricky always has good ideas."

When they got to Ricky's house, Bizzie Beaver was already there. He was swinging on Ricky's tire swing.

"We're all here," said Mitzi. "So tell us about your idea, Ricky."

Ricky grinned and pointed to today's date on his calendar. "There will be a full moon tonight," he said.

"What does that have to do with us?" asked Flora.

"Well," Ricky replied, "I was thinking we should go moon camping!"

"You mean camp out under the full moon?" asked Bizzie. "That would be so cool!"

"It would be awesome!" exclaimed Flora.

"It would be double awesome!" chimed in Mitzi.

They all went home to get ready.

That night, the four friends met in a clearing in the woods. They spread out their sleeping bags, and then they sat down to wait.

"When will we see the moon, Ricky?" asked Bizzie.

"Soon, I hope," answered Ricky. Just as he spoke, he noticed a glow in the sky. The moon was just starting to show above the trees!

"There it is!" Ricky said. Everyone looked at the huge, round moon.

"Wow!" exclaimed Flora. "It's beautiful!"

"Sure is," agreed Mitzi. "It looks like a giant, shiny pearl."

"Or a big, white ball that could bounce across the whole sky," said Ricky.

"Actually," said Bizzie, "I think it looks like a cookie covered with vanilla frosting. And that reminds me—I'm kind of hungry."

Everyone laughed, because Bizzie was always hungry.

"Don't worry, Bizzie," said Flora. She pulled a box out of her backpack. "I brought a snack. I made full-moon cookies!" Bizzie's eyes were almost as big as the moon as Flora passed around the cookies.



“And I brought hot chocolate,” said Ricky. Soon everyone was munching cookies and sipping hot chocolate and watching as the moon slowly rose in the sky.

“Hey, guys,” said Mitzi. “I have a joke. What happens when the moon eats too much?”

The others scratched their heads and thought. Then Flora exclaimed, “I know—it’s a full moon!” They all giggled.

Suddenly Bizzie exclaimed, “Hey! Something just flew over us!”

“What was it?” Ricky asked. They all looked around.

“I don’t know,” said Bizzie.

“Maybe it was a bat,” said Mitzi.

Just then, the “something” swooped by again. This time they all saw it in the bright moonlight. They watched as the animal landed on a tree trunk near them.

“It looks like a little squirrel,” said Mitzi.

“It *is* a squirrel!” exclaimed Ricky excitedly. “A flying squirrel. I’ve seen pictures of them in my nature books.”

“I didn’t know squirrels could fly,” said Bizzie.



“Well, they don’t really fly, like birds do,” said Ricky. “They just glide.”

“This one’s so cute!” exclaimed Flora.

As they watched, the little squirrel scampered up the tree trunk. Then it took off above Ricky and his pals. Then it disappeared into the trees.

“I never thought I’d see a real flying squirrel,” said Ricky. “They usually come out at night, when we’re asleep.”

Mitzi gave a big yawn. “Speaking of sleep, I’m getting tired.” She crawled inside her sleeping bag. The others did the same, except for Bizzie. He was helping himself to another cookie.

“Bizzie!” exclaimed Ricky with a grin. “How many more cookies are you going to eat?”

Bizzie took a big chomp out of his cookie. Then he answered with a giggle, “Enough to make me as full as the moon!”

