

Good Day Vitamin: A Beaver Yarn

Rusty left the house very early that morning with his fishing gear and a determined look on his face. His father had told him the best time for fishing was at sunrise, when everyone was still sleeping and the animals hadn't yet had a chance to disturb the fish.

He went through the woods to the cove where a small stream emptied into a pond and the fish would find plenty of food. As he came to his fishing spot, he saw Silver Beaver sitting quietly by the pond with his eyes closed.

"Keeo, are you all right?" he whispered quietly, afraid his friend was hurt.

Keeo opened his eyes and looked at Rusty. "Good morning, Rusty," he said. "Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Rusty, "but what are you doing by yourself at this time of the morning?"

"I come here often to think good," Keeo replied.

It seemed his beaver friend still had much to learn about speaking human, Rusty thought.

"You mean, you come here to think well," he said.

"No, I come here to think Good," Keeo said. "When things are not going to well or I feel alone and scared, I come here and think of the good things that can happen. And then I feel better."

"I do that in my room when my parents get angry at me," said Rusty. "But what happened this morning to make you upset?"

"Sometimes I just come here to feel good for the day," Keeo replied. "You could call it Good Day Vitamins."

With a big smile, Rusty sat down next to Keeo, took out his fishing pole, and got his own kind of Good Day Vitamins.

*By John Risbon, Gloucester, Ont.,
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