

Just In Time

A Little Squirts Storybook

Written & Illustrated
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Mitzy and Rosy were waking up to a bright sunny day. Mitzy slept over at Rosy's house. They made popcorn and talked until way past their bedtime.

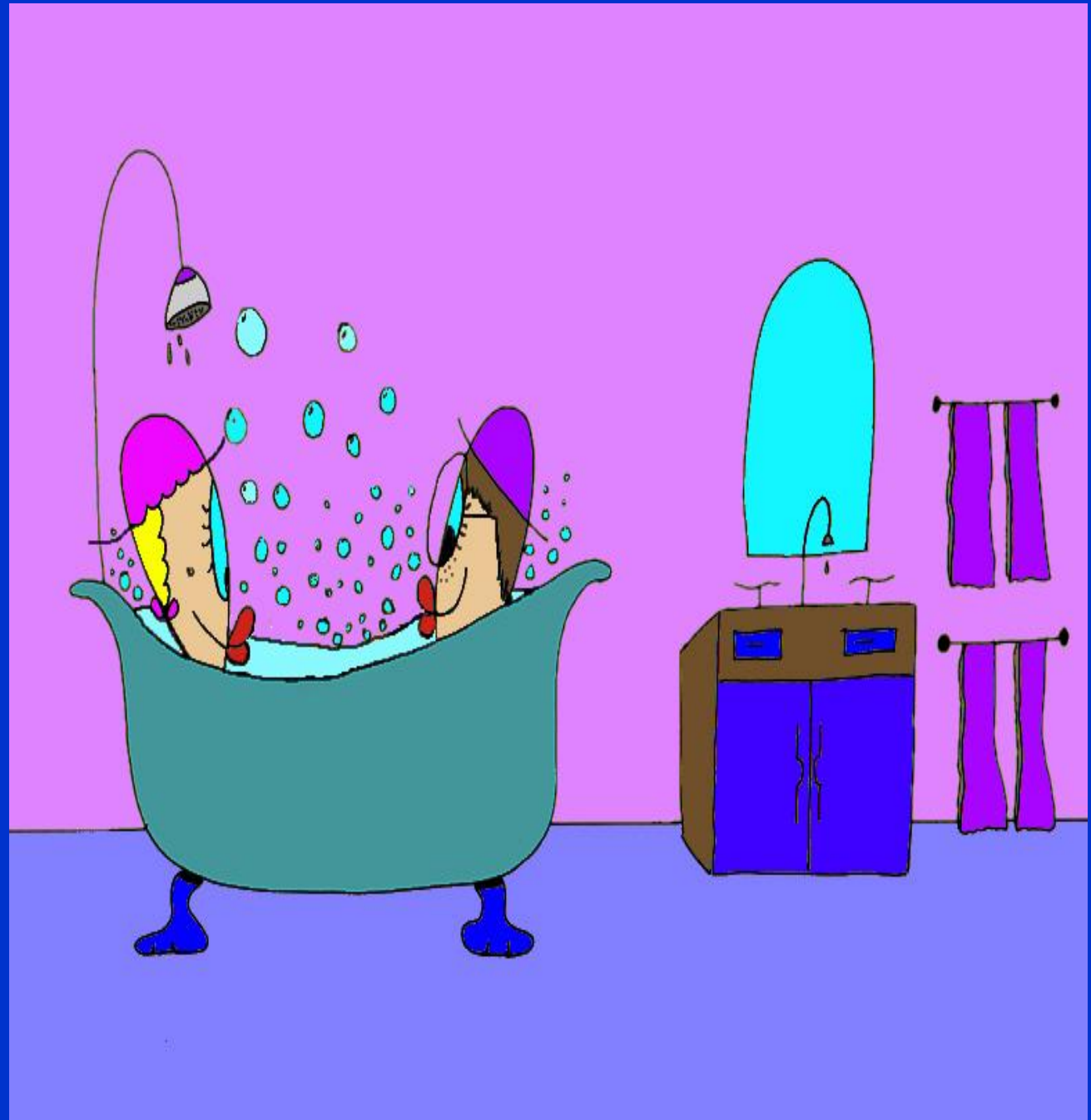
A little bird was singing on the windowsill, as if to say, "wake up you sleepyheads. It's time to get up!"

"It looks like a beautiful day. What do you think we should do Rosy?" asked Mitzy. "Well first of all, how about a bath? After that we'll go downstairs for breakfast," said Rosy.



They jumped in the tub and splashed about, pretending to be submarines and having a great time, until the water got cold.

"Are you two ready for breakfast?"
It was Rosy's mom calling from the kitchen.



They hopped down the stairs, still a little wet from the bath.

"Good morning Mom! Boy, something sure smells good!" said Rosy.

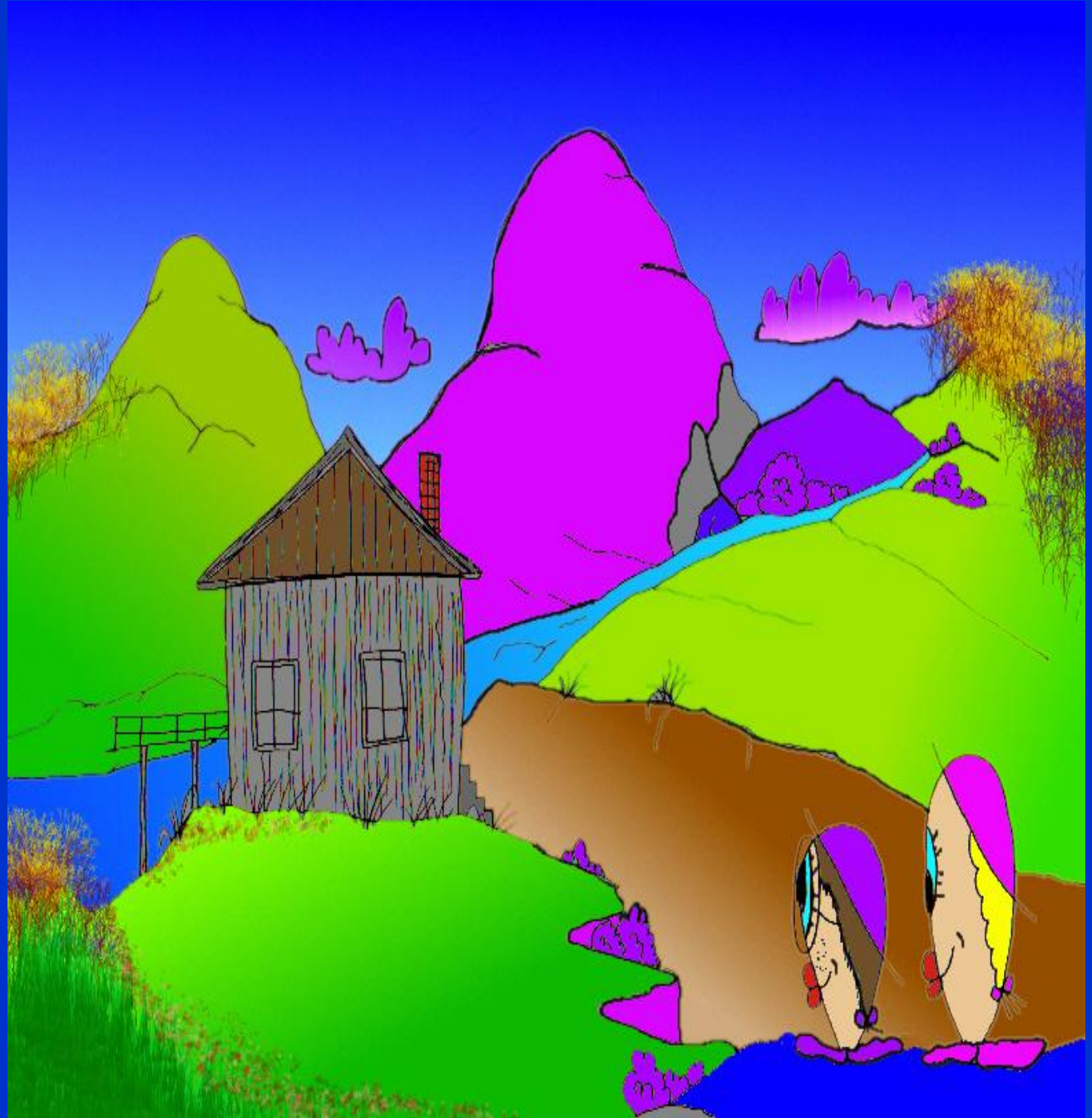
"It sure does. I'm starving," smiled Mitzy.

"Good morning girls," said Rosy's mom. "So what have you two got planned for such a beautiful day?"



"We thought we might take a little walk down to the old shack and watch the ducks and frogs. I hope we see the little squirrel that lives in the tree nearby," said Rosy.

"OK, come back in time for lunch and be careful not to get too close to the water," said her mom with a smile.



Rosy and Mitzy had been spending so much time with the soccular team (circular soccer) that they hadn't been to the old shack in weeks.

Dust had gathered on the table and the flowers they picked the last time had wilted. The squirrel who lived in the tree outside gave them a look as if to say, "Where have you guys been? I missed you!"



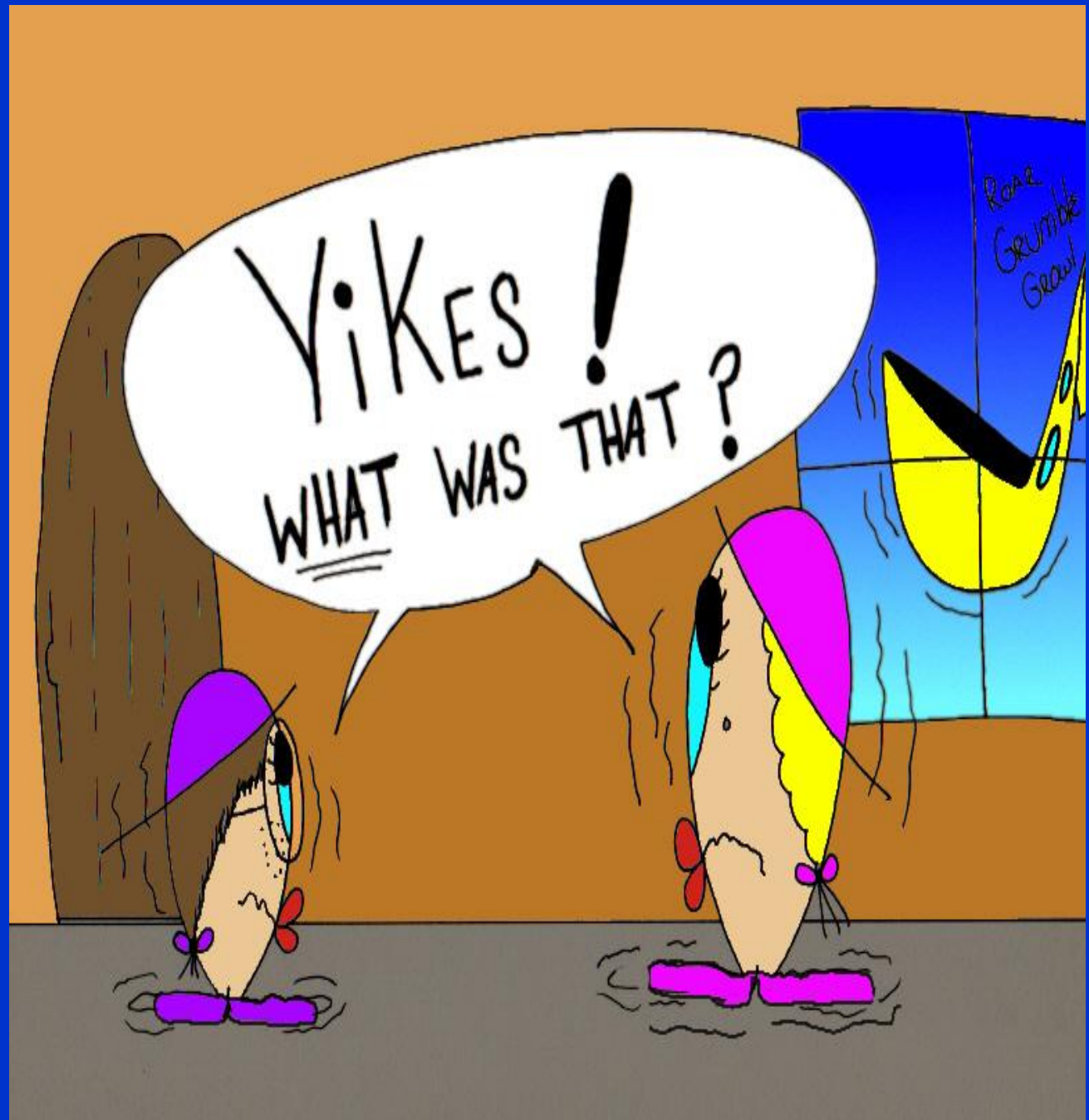
"Let's clean this place up and then we can go out on the porch and look at the ducks," said Rosy.

"Sounds good to me," said Mitzy.

Rosy and Mitzy were busy straightening up the clubhouse when the ground started to shake and a loud noise was coming from the back of the shack.

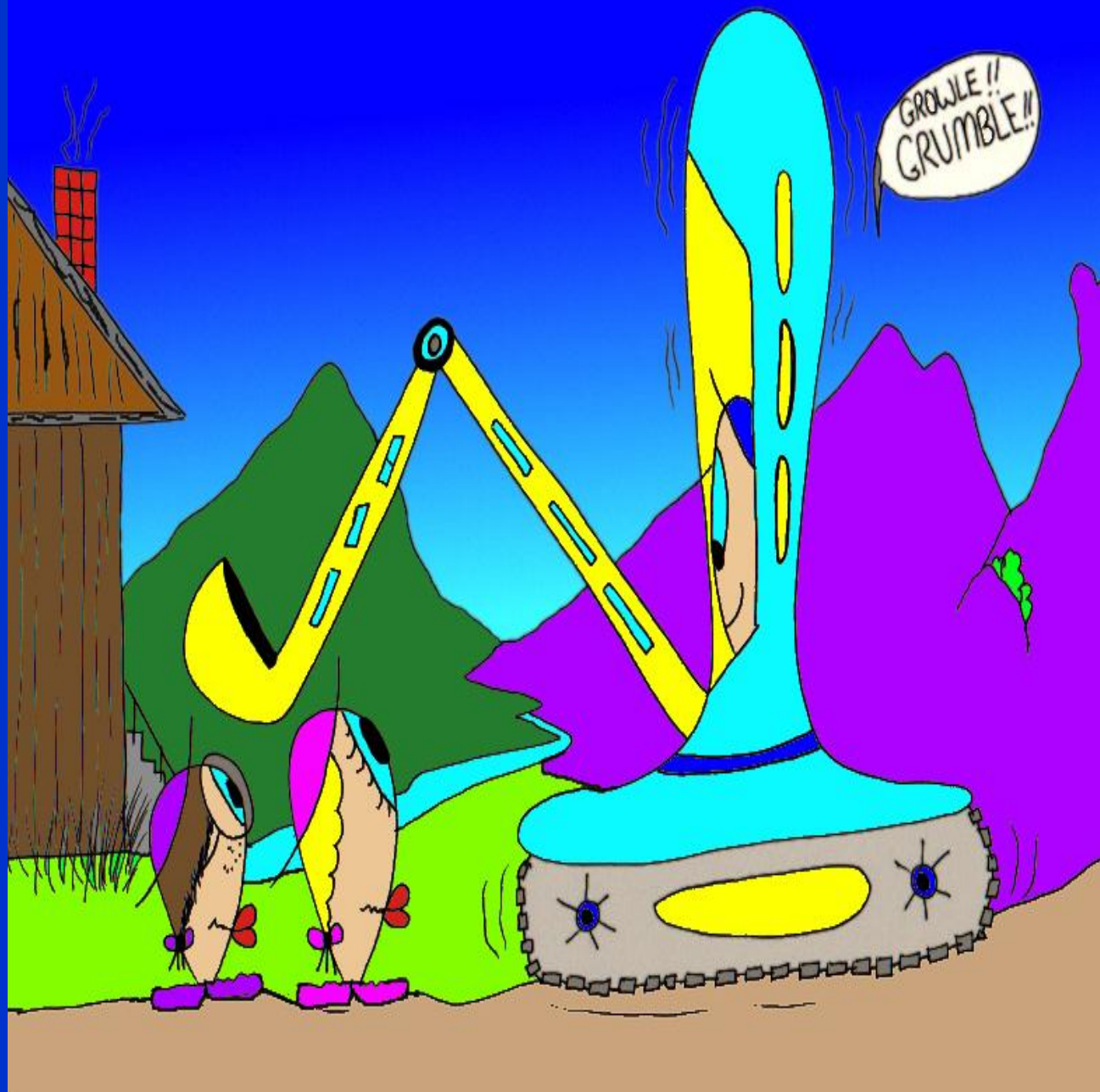
"YIKES!" screamed both girls.

"What was that?"



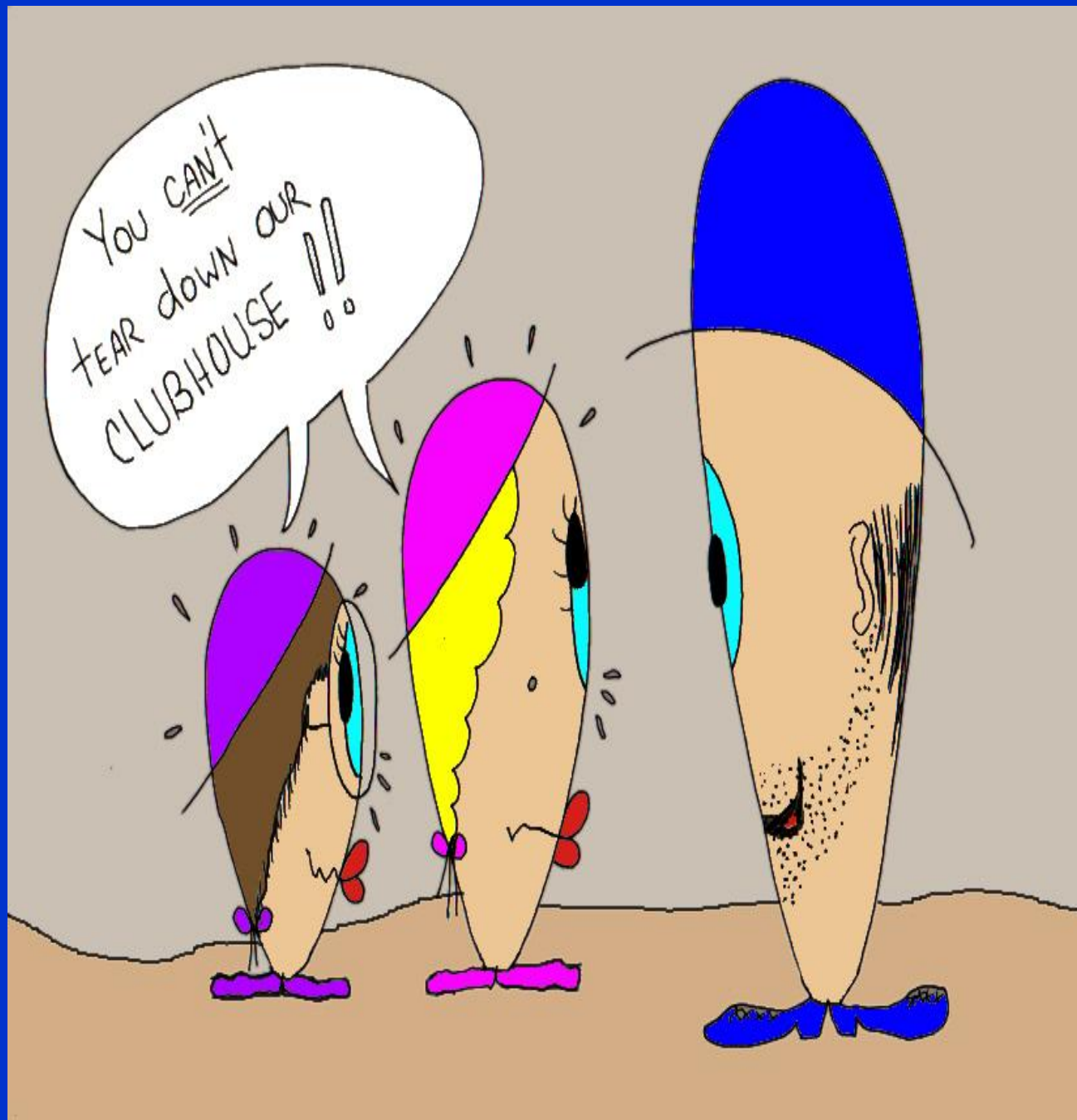
They ran outside, and there, grumbling and growling, was the biggest tractor the girls had ever seen.

"Hey you two better get out of the way! We are about to tear that old shack down," yelled the man driving the huge machine.



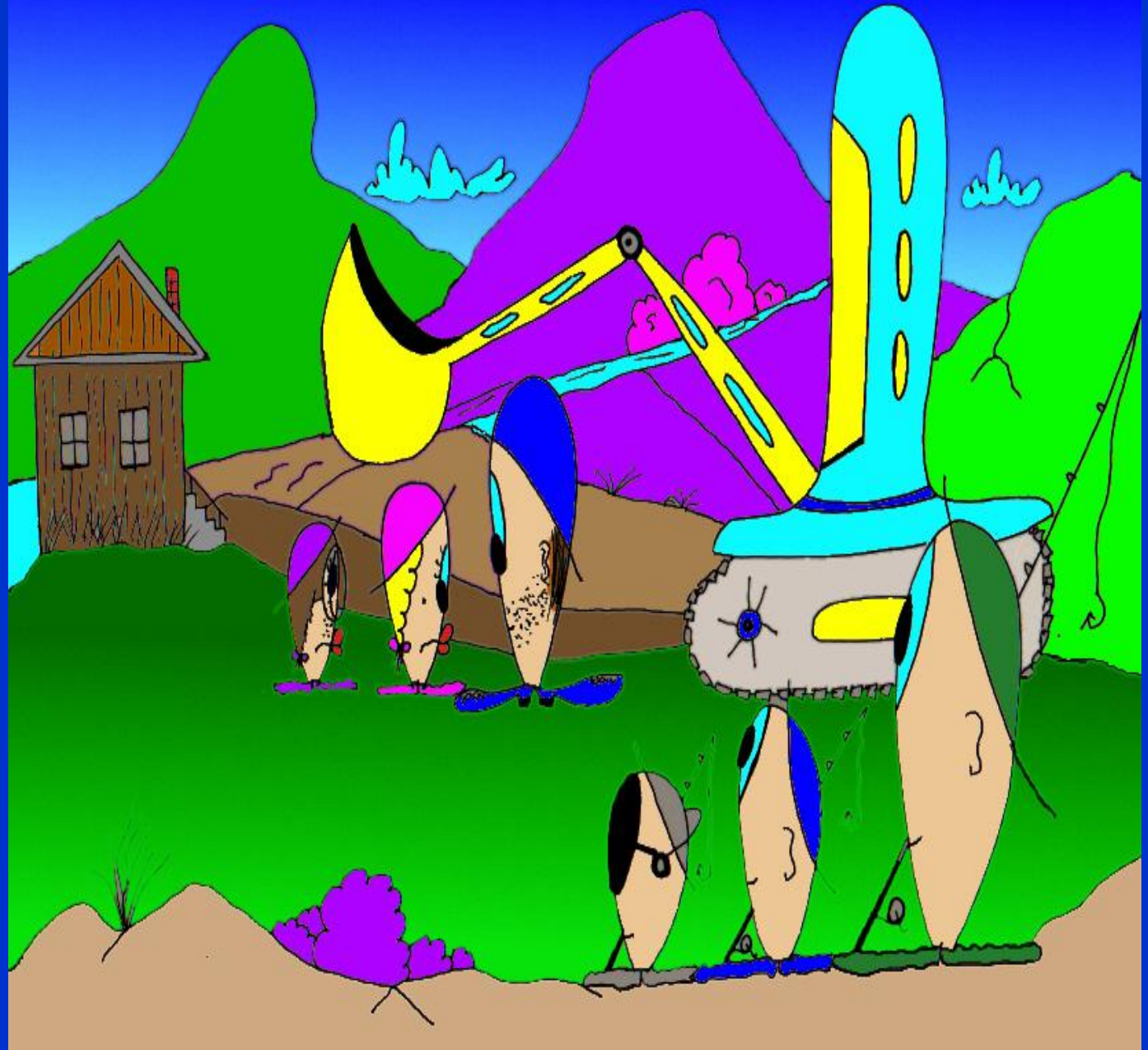
The girls looked at the workman in horror.

"You can't do that! This is our clubhouse!" yelled the girls as they started to cry.



Rocky, George and Bruno were going fishing when they heard all the commotion.

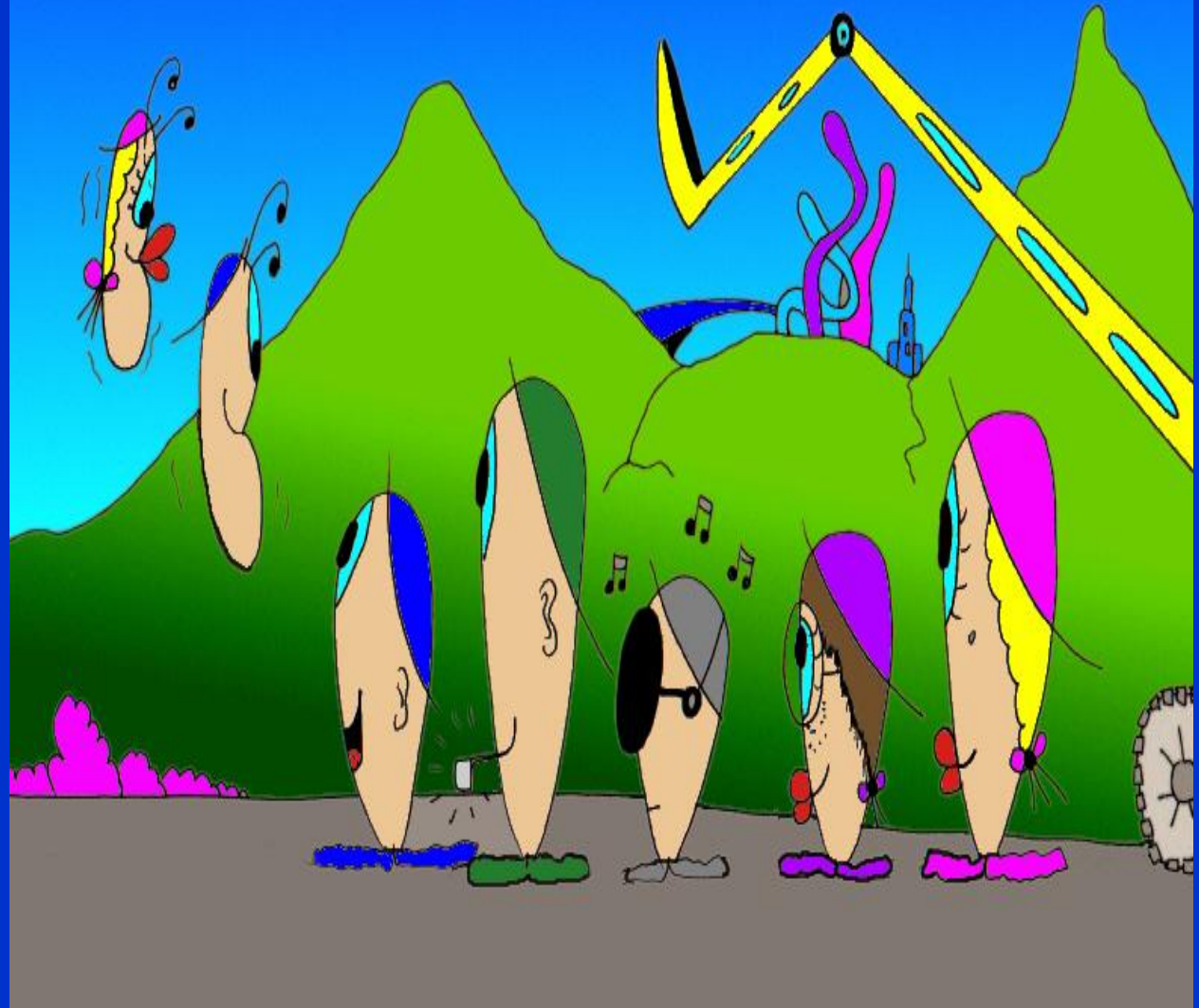
"The girls need our help. Hurry!" yelled Bruno as he took off running.



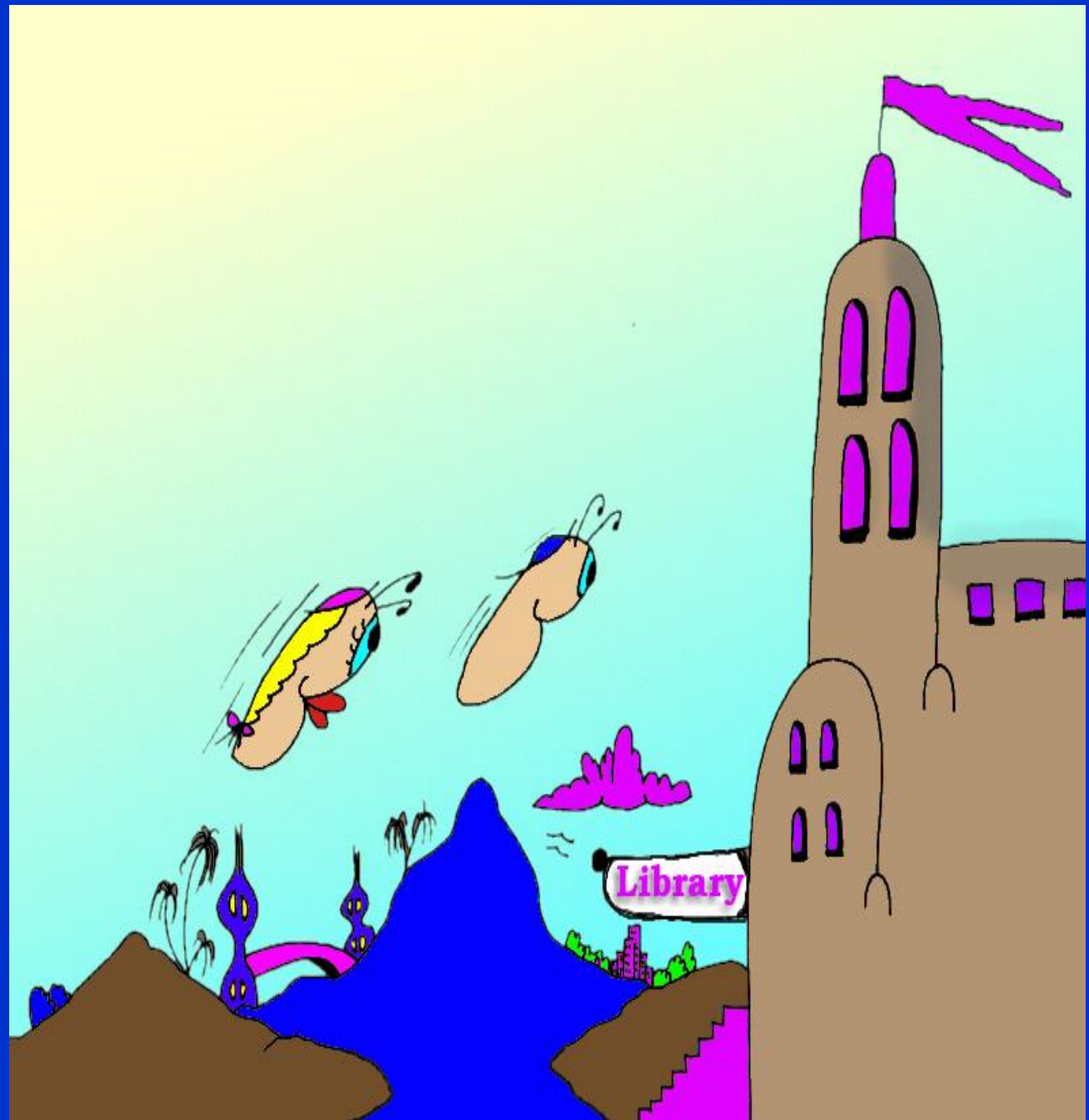
"I'll whistle for Bizby. He'll know what to do."

"I came as soon as I heard the whistle," said Bizby. "What is going on?"

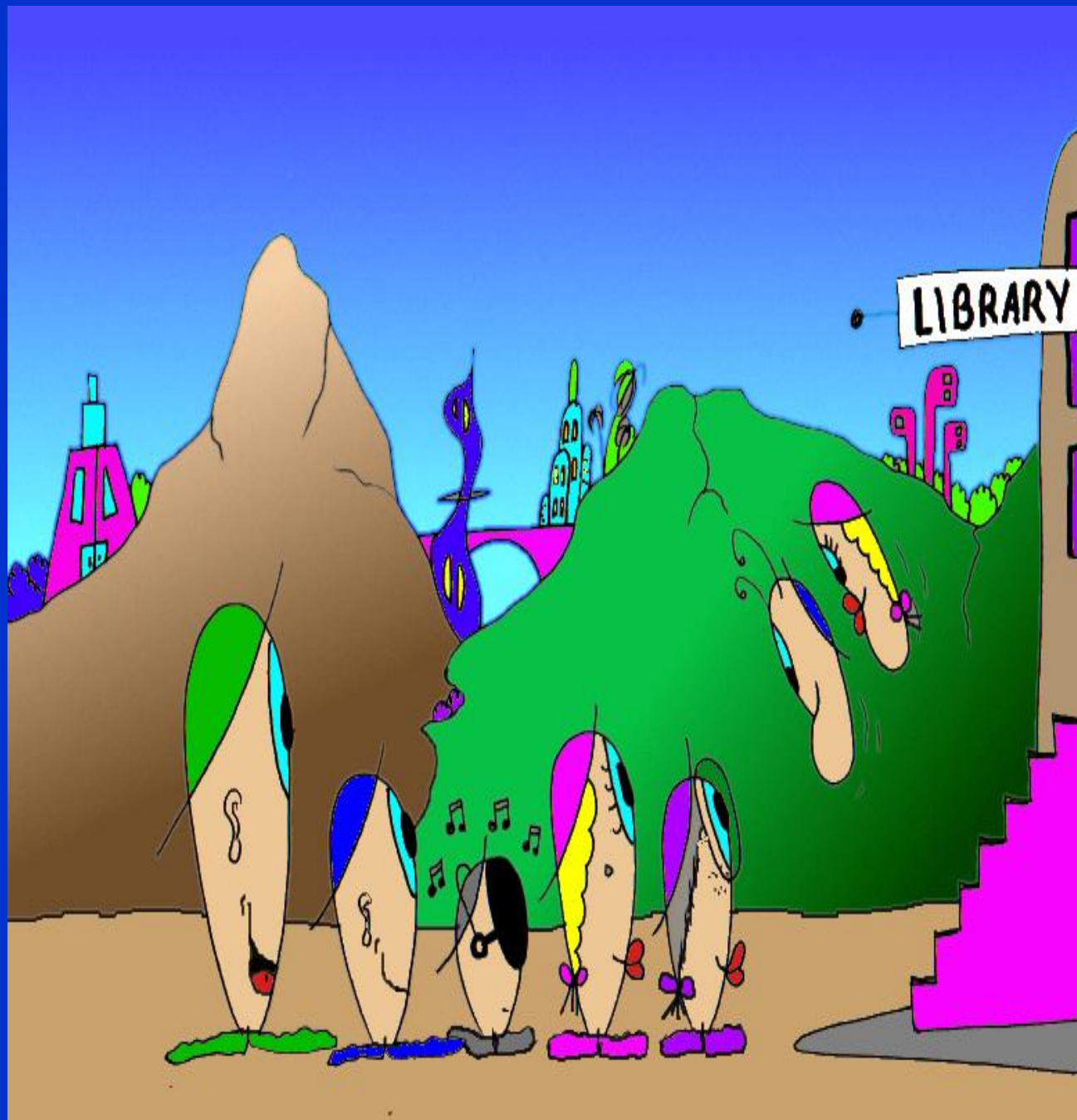
"They want to tear down the old shack. They say it's an eyesore and the city wants it removed," said Bruno.



"It's my lunch time, so you guys have an hour to clear out of here before I bring in the tractor," yelled the workman. "There is no time to lose. Let's head for the library and find out who owns the old shack and see if we can get them to stop tearing it down. I'll fly ahead and get started," said Bizby as he and Slipper flew away.



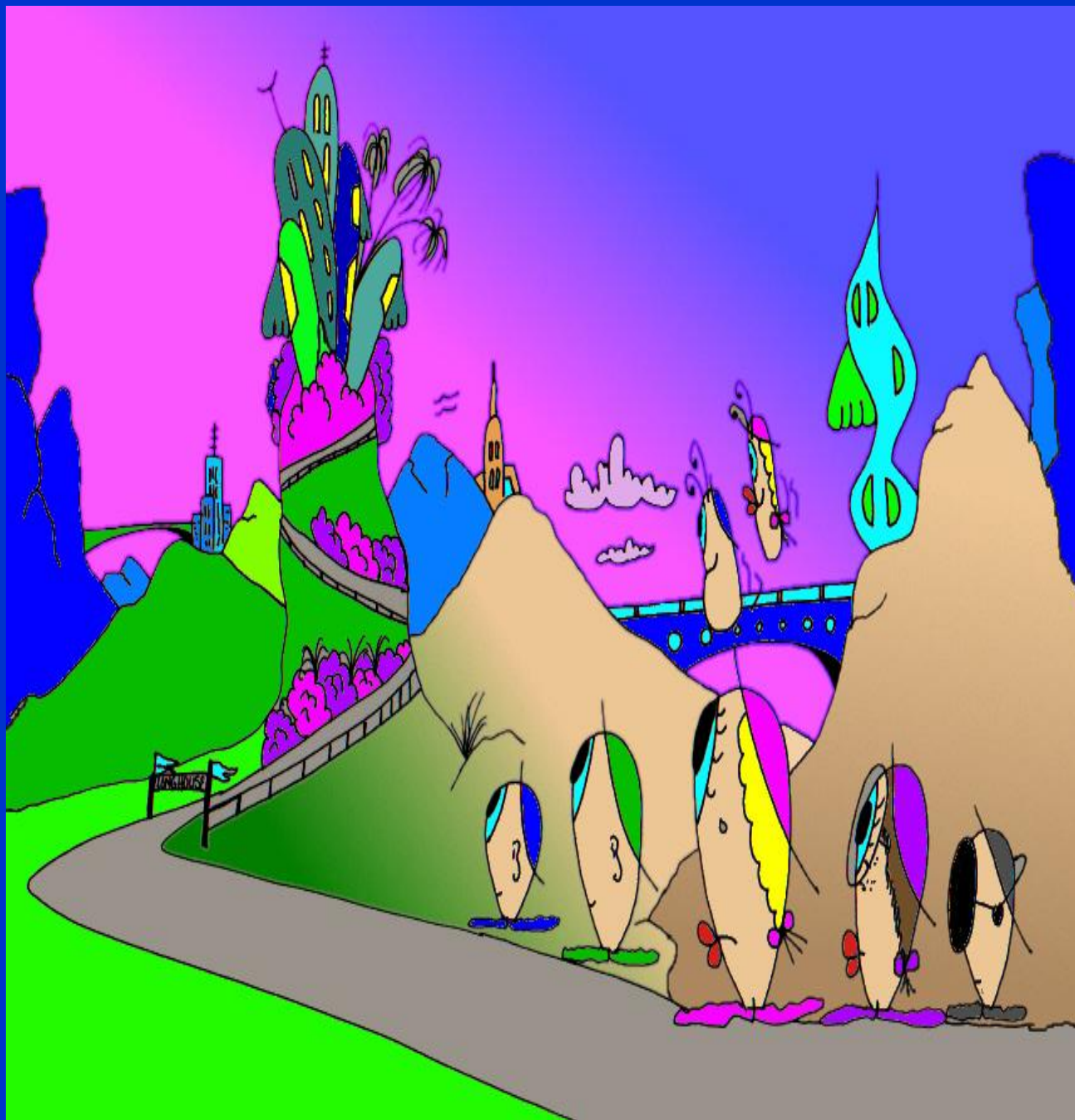
Bizby and Slipper flew to the library and quickly looked up the old shack on the computer. The kids arrived just as the little squirts were coming out the door.



"It belongs to Mr. Longhouse. He's the one who lives up on the hill in the old mansion," yelled Slipper.

"Oh no! Isn't he the mean old man that kicked my dog out of his yard last year and yelled at us for playing near his house?" asked Rosy.

"The very same," said Bizby.



There was no time to get scared. They had already used up fifteen minutes and time was not on their side.

They ran up to the big doors on the old house and stood there shaking not knowing what to do next.



Before they even had time to knock, the door opened and out stepped Mr. Longhouse with a mean look on his face.

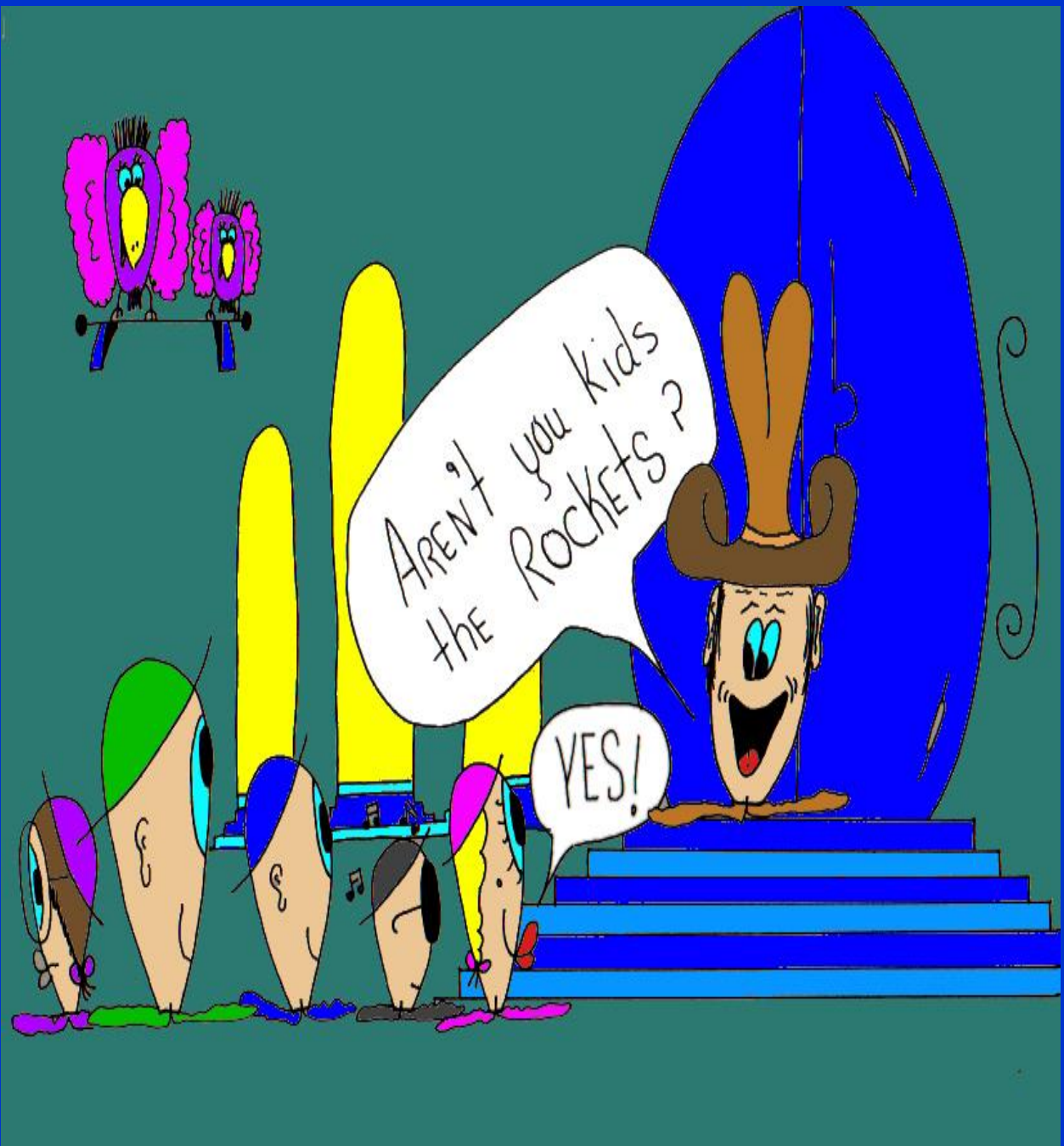
"WHAT DO YOU WANT?" he asked with a frown.



But before they could answer, a big smile came on Mr. Longhouse's face.

"Aren't you kids on the Rockets team?" he asked.

"I've been following your teams' progress on TV. Your guys might even win the soccular championship at the Harvest Festival this year. You kids are really good! What can I do for you?"



They explained the problem to Mr. Longhouse and also told him they only had a few minutes to spare.

"Jump in. We'll all go down and find out what is going on," said Mr. Longhouse as they zoomed off towards the river.

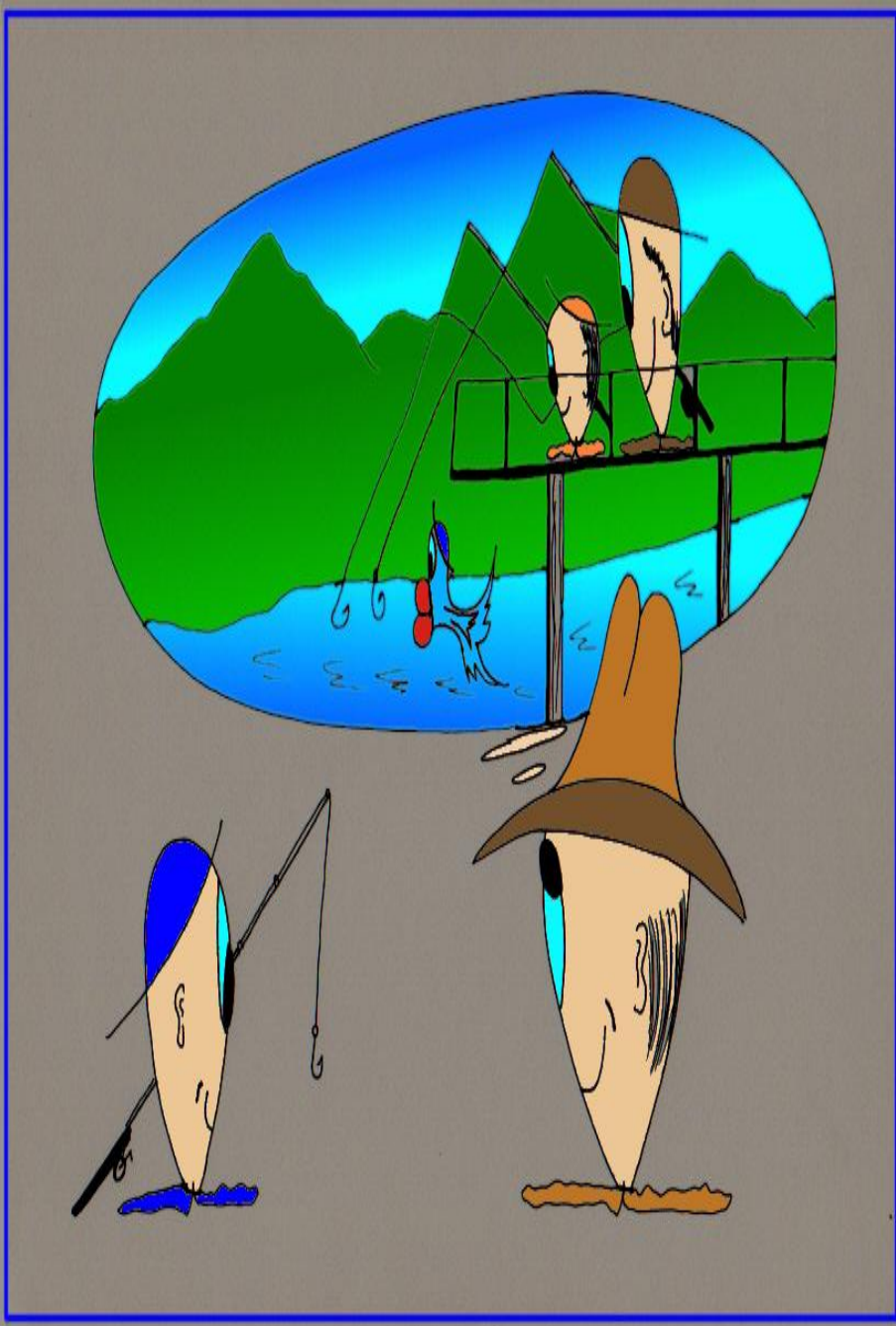


This has been the teams' clubhouse for quite a while and we sure hate to see it torn down," said George.

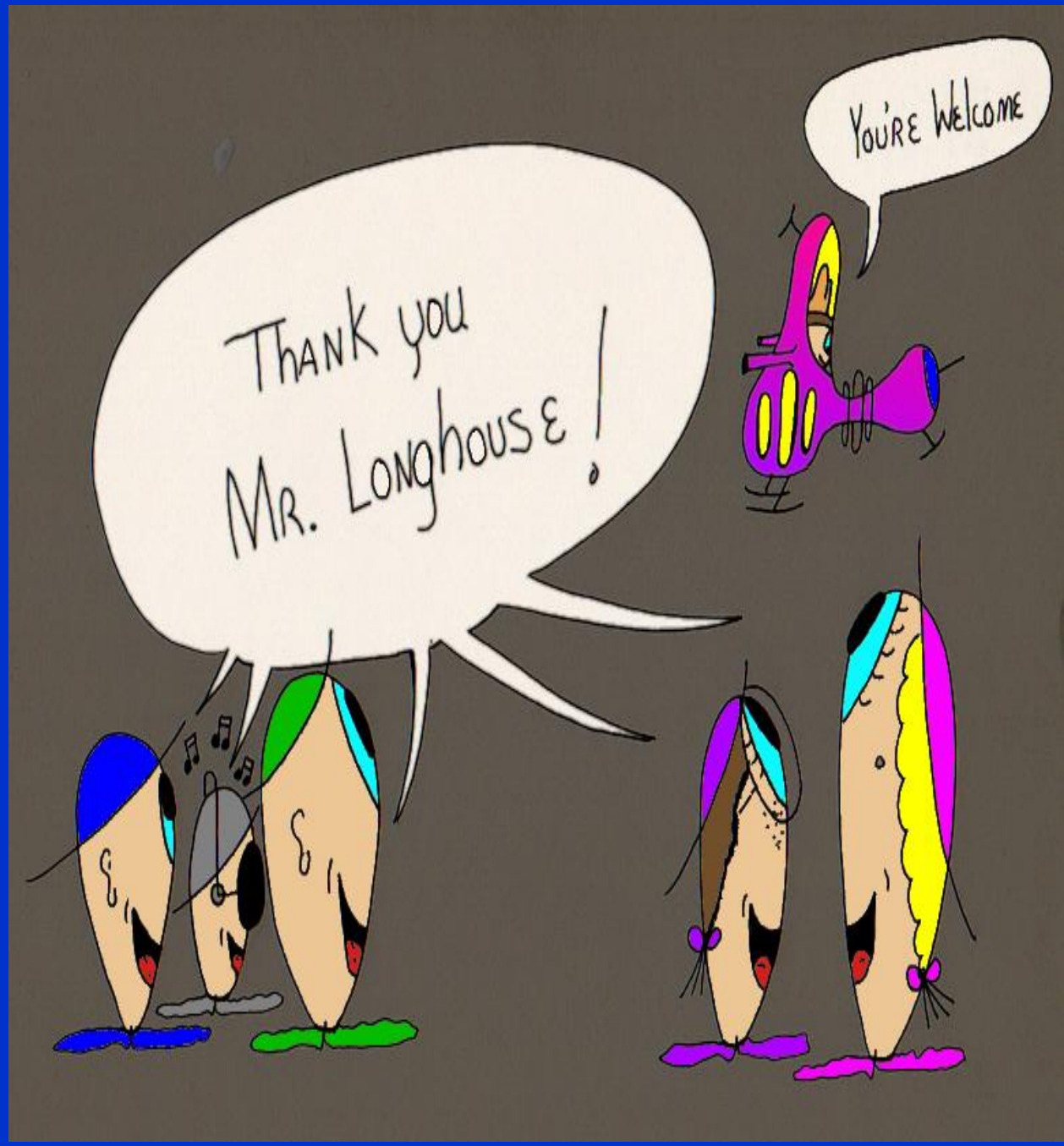
"Well, to tell you the truth, I have a little soft spot in my heart for the old shack myself. I lived in that old shack when I was just a little boy. My dad and I used to catch fish in that swimming hole right over there." said Mr. Longhouse.

"You can use one of our poles if you want," said Bruno.

"I think I'll take you up on that. The river was always a good place to sit and relax. I have been thinking, if you kids will help, we can fix up the old shack. The city will be happy and the clubhouse can be saved. Besides, I was getting kind of lonesome in that big house all by myself. So if I do this for you, you have to promise to come visit."



"Thank you Mr. Longhouse! We'll take good care of the place for you!" laughed the children.
"You are welcome. Come visit anytime," said Mr. Longhouse as he flew away.



The very next day everyone met down at the shack. They painted and scrubbed, planted flowers and pulled weeds. "Wow, it looks great!" said everyone at once.



Even the Mayor was there for the official opening of the new Rockets Clubhouse. "You kids have proven once again that all it takes is determination and a little hard work to make something worthwhile," said the Mayor. "I'll buy the pizza!" "YAHOO!" yelled the kids.

THE END

