

THE TOY CHRONICLES TRILOGY

THE TOY CHRONICLES - THE SECRET LIFE OF TOYS™

THE TOY CHRONICLES 2: THE SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH™

THE TOY CHRONICLES 3: THE FORCE™

Spinoffs include: TV episodes for children from the TOY CHRONICLES BOOK™..
Adaptation for a video game for various consoles incl. iPhone®

This proposed movie series is best described as an animated musical toy story comedy with the graphics and character style of Snow White, Madagascar and Toy Story all in one with a little 3D action. The background image description and dialog should be enough to provide the screen writers an image of the scene and the thread of the story so they can do their thing.
It is not written to read like a novel.

Cartunes are the physical toy cars to be sold retail and made by the characters in the movie.

Patent Pending: 8/31/2009 Application # 61/238,278

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For detailed vehicle images see: www.causecars.org

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THE TOY CHRONICLES

THE SECRET LIFE OF TOYS

CHARACTERS

Uncle Joe
Tessa, his wife (sings and plays guitar)
Obarto (OB) their son
Moppet, their English Sheepdog
Bob, the mailman. His horse is Clyde.
Mr. Plumpski, Mayor of New Town

ANIMALS

Bert and Betty (European Starlings) have Cockney accents
Hoot and Gibson (Barn Owls)
Pierre and Henri (French Canadian Woodpeckers) Fiddle/Accordion
Archy and Bodie (Blacksmith Crows) and Freddie, their apprentice.
Zing and Zang (Buddhist Chip-monks)
Ian and Alistair (Scottish Raccoons) Ian has white nose, plays bagpipes, Alistair plays banjo
Chucky (Woodchuck) Harmonica
Shelli and Nuts (Native American squirrels) Twins. Bows and suction cups arrows. Mohawks.
Shelli is always being asked "Are you Nuts?"
Buck, Doe and Fawn (White tailed deer)
Alfonso, Adalina, Adora (Skunk parents and child)
Grunge (Mr. Plumpski's dog)
Swing Sing (Lead Monkey)

Jeremiah (Frog) Marine Squad Sargent

TOYS

Beki the Baker Bear
Zippi the Zebra
Cheeki the Clown Magician
Pia and Peo the Penguins
Arko the Alien
Poli the Pirate Parrot
Mak the Monkey
Purr the Cat

This story is set in a fictional time and place but echoes the problems the children, adults, toys and animals are facing in our polluted and ravaged world.

Opening credit – Words scrolling on a black screen.

Toys are alive to those who wish to see. They tell wonderful tales to those who wish to hear.
They inspire images of worlds into which children can enter and wander at will.

THE TOY CHRONICLES - THE SECRET LIFE OF TOYS™.

Chpt 1:

"Little Skunkette!, get your little mitts out of that honey pot and give me a hand!", calls Bob, the Mailman, as he arrives at the cottage in the woods on Clyde, his trusty horse. Adora, the baby skunk, looks up with big eyes and a guilty look on her face, quickly withdrawing her paw from the pot and licking her fingers. A big cheer and laughter erupts from all the animals emerging into the clearing. "These dang toys sure love you lot," he jests as he heaves a mail pouch from his saddle to the ground. "What d'ya have for me to take back, fellas?" He breaks into song, "Neither snow nor rain" and he pretends to strum a guitar, "nor heat nor gloom" more strumming "will prevent me bringing mail to you" more strumming "but what you gonna give this mailman, who'll ride real soon?" and he pretends to strum as if he were on stage finishing a guitar solo. He dismounts and pats his clothing to remove the coating of dust. His face is dirty and sweaty. Moppet, the dog, is running around Bob, sniffing and wagging his tail while two squirrels swing wildly from his collar. "Yee Ha, ride him cowboy!" shouts Nuts, the squirrel. Moppet stands on his hind legs, his paws against Bob's chest, "Where's the treats, you are killing me, you're hiding the treats?" he pants with his tongue hanging out. "Yes, nice to see you too, Moppet. I haven't forgotten you, big fella". He reaches inside his jacket and pulls out some jerky which Moppet devours in an instant. "Hey, what about us?" shouts Shelli, the other squirrel who, like Nuts, always wears a bow and quiver of arrows with an assortment of brightly colored rubber suction cup tips that bang around on his back. "Alright now, let's not be greedy, fellas! Try these." and Bob pulls his hand out of his pocket holding some peanuts which he hands to them. "Oh, I'm in heaven!" says Nuts as he pops a handful into his mouth,

his eyes rolling as he lets out a big sigh and wipes his brow with his free paw. "You are nuttier than a nut, Mr. Nut" giggles Shelli , his cheeks bulging as well.

"Down Moppet, be nice!" calls Uncle Joe as he walks over to shake Bob's hand. "Hello Bob, it is always a pleasure to see you," calls Uncle Joe's wife, Tessa, getting up from playing with the young animals. "May I get you something to quench your thirst?". "Aye, that would be most kind of you Tessa, but please, none of your raccoon's brew. I'm still on the job". "Oh, I understand," laughs Tessa. Before she has a chance to move, Obarto, her young son emerges from their cottage with a tall glass of cold lemonade and some freshly baked brownies. "Oh my, OB, many thanks! That'll hit the spot". "Well, Bob, we have a dozen more boxes for you as usual" says Uncle Joe. Bob looks at the gathered crowd and smiles. "You sure are doing a mighty fine job here in Hoopie". They all laugh at his joke.

"Will you stay awhile and tell us the news from the city?" asks Uncle Joe. "Sorry, Joe. I should leave. I still have a long way to go". Bob hesitates, "I will tell you, though, that the machines are coming your way a little more every day." Bob looks at those assembled around him, "Have you made plans to move? I don't think they'll stop. Cheap energy, a so-called bright future, jobs, jobs, jobs, the same old line. They gonna clear all of this county and more".

The mood turns somber. They look at each other, then sadly at the slate roofed cottage, the workshop and smithy to one side, the small creek on the other with a small bridge leading to the forest. OB turns to his father, tears in his eyes, "Daddy, I don't want to move!". "Neither do I, son". "But why do they want to take away our home?" "OB, many people do not share our values, they are greedy and inconsiderate". He looks around at all the animals, birds, butterflies, insects and other creatures that call this home. The spirit of the woods is so abundant here and little by little their home had become the last refuge for many of the forest creatures. Everything here is extra alive, the creatures all bright eyed and happy, the colors of the flowers and plants vibrant. "They don't realize they are in paradise".

Chpt 2:

Their cottage and Smithy is a Santa's workshop. Here Uncle Joe and his family and friends make cars for all the toys who dream of owning one so they can travel and see the world. To them, toys are real, living, feeling creatures whose calling in life is to mentor and be companions for all children.

At the end of each day with the completion of another car or two, the workers celebrate. They love a party. It relaxes them and keeps their friendships strong. Gathered around a fire, they would eat together and then the musicians would strike up a song and they would dance. Even the sparks from the fire seem to unite into the shapes of fairy like figures that dance as they rise up and fade into the night. Above them the stars twinkle and the heavens are filled with them, while the moon illuminates the proceedings.

Moppet gets to his feet and walks to the cottage and soon returns with the mail pouch in his jaws. OB withdraws some letters from it and reads aloud the first request for cars from the toys. "This one is from a guy named Ken.

'Dear Uncle Bob and Friends, I would like you to make me a muscle car so that I can impress my girlfriend, Barbie. She's got a mansion, a convertible and everything she wants so I need a ride that'll make her think I'm da Bomb. A flash car with splash! A rockin' sound machine should do the trick, Dog. Are you down with me? Yours very sincerely, Ken.

Archie the Blacksmith crow sings out in his best rapper imitation:

"Barbie, baby, check out my new ride.
There's a velvet seat just for you inside.
With ample space for your fine, fine, figure
And those long, hot legs that make me quiver!
Cordially, Mr. Ken."

Much laughter ensues and Pierre quips: "Jeez, Ken is so lame for that Dame".

When the hilarity dies down it is time to vote to see if Ken's request is approved. Giggling and snorting, the group gives it is a unanimous thumbs down and poor Ken's dreams go up in smoke as his letter is tossed in the fire.

When OB finished reading the last request, he would gather straws which he held while the animals drew one each. The recipient of the longest straw was blindfolded and, to the pounding of deer hooves and the chanting of "Who, who, who? Who, who, who?", would reach into the pot and select the letters of the next toys to receive a custom car. They all would shout for joy as the names were revealed. Tonight it is Bekie the blinged baker bear for her letter went like this:

Dear Uncle Joe and Friends, I am Beki Bear. I am very romantic and I like to tell children sweet tales from the heart. I love bling and my host child has been very kind to me by giving me a gold choker and a large shiny red ruby and diamond ring. I am also a baker, some say the maker of the finest cookies, chocolates and brownies you could eat. The old adage that food is a way to a bear's heart is so true. My child wrote this poem for me and I thought you would enjoy it.

How much bling can Beki the blinged baker wear
If Beki the blinged baker bear could wear bling?
Well bare bears barely wear bling
But for Beki the baker bear, Bling is her thing.

How many brownies can Beki the blinged baker bake,
If Beki the blinged baker could bake?
Well it depends on how many bare bears hearts,
Beki the blinged baker bear needs to remake
For Beki the bear will bake and bake
until every bare bear will no more brownies take.

My dream is to have a mini bus so I can bake for all my friends and the needy and deliver cakes to them. Thank you for considering my plea.
Yours Sincerely
Beki.

The group also chose Mak the Monkey and Zippi the Zebra as recipients; Mak because of his commitment to wildlife and Zippi for his skills at teaching children to read. Then the songs or tunes for creating the next days cars were decided upon. They would deliberately change some of the words, taking turns singing a line or two creating new lyrics as they sang that would have them rolling on the ground laughing until they were crying. They would each offer suggestions for vehicle body designs that they thought the individual toy characters would like. Many ideas were outlandish and even impossible but they laughed anyway as they teased each other on the merits of the ideas. Once the planning was done, it was time for singing and dancing. Tessa played her guitar and the French Canadian Woodpeckers, Pierre and Henri, with their bright red hats, played their fiddle and accordion.

Two raccoons, Ian and Alistair, who love to remind their friends of their Scottish ancestry, played the bagpipes and banjo while the deer tapped the beat with their hooves. Shelli and Nuts knocked the tops of acorns like clappers while the birds would lead the singing with Moppet and Chucky, the woodchuck, singing baritone harmonies. The singing fireflies flew in formation creating spectacular images and the flowers would sway from side to side in time to the music. Glowworms would raise their bodies from the ground along the banks of the stream surrounding the cottage and swing their hips while little insects would dance, making loud chirping sounds as they rubbed their wings together around the slowly dying embers.

Soon, with tired eyes and happy smiles, they would bed down and dream about how they would make tomorrow's cars.

Imbued with the spirit of the forest, the cars glowed faintly at night and were fluorescent in the light of day. Their engines produced pure music and Tessa, Pierre and Henri spent countless hours tuning them to make them just right. They required no weapons or electronics like so many toys of the age, relying instead on charm and the spirit of the forest to safeguard the toys that trusted in them. The colored, transparent sides reveal their mechanics and on their uppermost surface was painted the most intriguing, weird and imaginative scenes one could possibly encounter. At first glance, it looked like beautiful art but closer observation revealed a window to exotic destinations and even far away worlds where creatures of all shape and size go about their daily life. These were painted by two very talented chipmunks using a transparent paint with tiny creatures, lakes, mountains and even planets contained in it. These magical paints create portals to all things imaginable. Zing and Zang, the monks, had been trained in a monastery and their quest in life was teaching the path of awakening through their art and songs. Many of their tunes were played at the evening gatherings. The monks were often chanting in a soft language and when any decisions had to be made they would huddle and meditate. They spent many late nights, after all the others had gone to sleep, in deep, thoughtful discussion with Uncle Joe.

Everyone had a job according to their ability. Woodpeckers Pierre and Henri cut up fallen logs and the squirrels painted the wheels using brightly colored feathers. The material for the car bodies was made by two raccoons, known only by their aliases, Alistair and Ian. Raccoons are born with masks hiding their identities so they never reveal their true names, but like all heroes they can be counted on in times of need. Fortunately, Ian had a white tipped nose for otherwise these two could pass as twins. With a little help from Chucky, they had patched the clay sides and sealed the leaks in the copper pipes of an old abandoned moonshine still. With a steady fire heating the base of the big pot, they distilled endless buckets of fermented grapes. They poured the clear liquid into four-legged pots which simmered gently over a small fire and added spices which the smaller forest creatures collected. Finally, they added a good helping of honey. The bees were always happy to give some of their surplus because the animals respected them and never touched their hives. Alistair and Ian considered honey the magical ingredient which made the cars so sweet. The raccoons claimed that only they knew the perfect blend and only by their constant sipping would they know when their powerful concoction was ready, even if they had a hard time agreeing between themselves. Everyone was happy to leave them to it. They could usually tell how well the distilling was going by the raccoons' walk and the length of their long afternoon siestas.

When ready, Alistair would always be the one to add a dab of spider web solution and Ian would add a good scoop of thick pine tree resin and the coloring from the flowers that were so ample in the woods. The spiders were happy to supply the web solution as only they could while sitting on the edge of an old small jam jar. When

the mixture was just right the raccoons scooped it out with copper ladles and poured the hot liquid into molds that the small insects made from wood. They also poured some on a flat stone and used cookie cutters to make gears.

The three Blacksmith crows: Archey, Bodie and Freddie, their young apprentice, flew far and wide searching with their sharp eyes for old nails, pieces of fencing wire and other bits of metal scrap which they found on distant farms. The old nails they trimmed on a grinder to make the car axles. Archey and Bodie constantly teased each other, showing off for Freddie. They'd argue about who was most qualified for their job, who worked the fastest or who was the strongest, flexing their wings to show their muscles. Uncle Joe, OB and the two skunks Alfonso and Adelina, his wife, also worked with the crows and found their antics quite entertaining. Uncle Joe and OB heated the scrap metal in the fire and pounded it with hammers and other tools and the skunks assembled the parts into the musical engines. Moppet played fetch all day collecting wood around the forest to stoke the fires. The forest creatures worked merrily together, singing and jesting. They ate well and were joyful and Uncle Joe's wife Tessa's guitar playing cast a spell over them, their eyes misting over for they all loved her so dearly. She was the one that they could turn to for an ear to listen or to have some irritating burrs removed from their coats. She would comfort them in their sorrows, whisper words of encouragement in their ears when needed and dress their cuts and scrapes. She would take care of the young while their parents worked and she treated them like her own children, talking and singing with them all day.

Chpt 3: (this scene and others from the sequels that include a lot of action could become different levels in the video game)

The camera draws back from the merriment at the cottage one bright, sunny afternoon. Not far from it, the forest ends and monster tree cutting machines level the majestic oak and maple, chestnut and hickory, cherry and walnut in a blink of an eye while logging trucks haul the old forest wood away. They crush the plentiful berry bushes, wild onion and the prized morel mushrooms without notice. Birds take to the air as their nests are destroyed. The forest creatures run carrying the young chicks and other baby animals to safety as everything is destroyed behind them. Animals flee in all directions, wide eyed and petrified, leaving their homes and burrows at the last minute as the machines crush them. Rabbits and foxes can be seen running side by side, butterflies and insects fill the air as they flee but many of the slower animals like snakes and tortoises that are not rescued by the eagles and hawks who fly countless missions of mercy fall victim to the rapid advance of the machines. The streams are choked full of mud and fish are seen gasping for air as they swim downstream as fast as they can, cascading down beautiful waterfalls and through beautiful ponds that are being filled with debris almost as quickly as they escape. Little frogs and snails are seen clinging to the backs of the fish hanging on for dear life.

Huge black smoke belching machines are shoveling the land into enormous trucks as far as the eye can see and gas drilling rigs are replacing even distant trees. The ground is shuddering from the fracking deep below the surface. Bulldozers tear the earth apart while monster machines strip mine the land. A site office trailer sits in the middle of this barren ground. A large sign reads Messy Energy LLC and under that "A bright future with coal" with a light bulb next to it. The camera zooms in to this hut through a dirt crusted window. Inside is a large, rotund man wearing a white shirt. He is breathing heavily, his balding head sweating profusely. His Hitler mustache is graying and he is biting his lip as he slams his index finger into the middle of the map before him. Hidden Mountain is written within the circular contours that surround his finger. He grinds the tip of his finger into the map as if trying to push a hole through it. He looks up, staring with bloodshot eyes at the six burly foreman who stand in a row at attention. They wear white hats

and company shirts with Messy Energy embroidered on a patch stitched above the chest pocket, muddy steel toed boots and denim trousers. In a voice of command he orders, "Destroy this mountain, coal or no coal. Starting tomorrow all efforts are to be here". He bangs away at the same spot on the map. "Yes Sir!", they shout in Unison. "Go, go, go" he shouts at them and they turn like soldiers and march in unison out the door.

Chpt 4: Uncle Joe's patch of forest had seemed immune to this destruction as if protected by an aura of the concentrated life living in harmony. However the machines of Messy Energy LLC now appear to be making a concentrated effort on them and they could hear the shouts of the machine drivers and smell the diesel fumes. The crashing of falling trees was all around them. The flow of fresh water streams and the creek now ran a dirty rusty color. Some of the forest creatures had already left to reunite with distant family, saying good bye with broken hearts and best wishes, but every creature gone reduced the protective life force shield. Soon, except for the birds, it was going to be impossible to leave as the wasteland around them was too vast. The animals whispered between themselves that they had to do something. But what?

The rumbling of the ground was soon constant and Uncle Joe, realizing they could wait no longer, calls Moppet to summon the animals and creatures for a gathering in front of the cottage. Moppet howls loudly and soon the animals all assemble. They have just finished work for the day and the sun is setting. Before the group, Uncle Joe raises his hand and all is quiet. "Friends, it is evident that we cannot hold out much longer. Most of our water is poisoned and these earth destroyers will soon starve us out." He lets them ponder these facts for awhile. The raccoon, Ian, with his white tipped nose stands up on his hind legs, clears his throat and says in his Scottish brogue, "Well, Laddie, what do you propose we do, assemble a Delta 7 Seal Team? Look around you. Does anyone here see any Seals? " All eyes look at Uncle Joe for an answer. In hushed tones he begins. "All we ever wanted was peace. He pauses and all the animals respond, "Peace". "We just want peace", he proclaims in a louder voice now and the animals raise their voices, "Peace!". He raises his arms and this time he shouts, "We want peace" and they respond by standing on their hind legs and shouting at the top of their voices, "We want peace!"

Turning slowly, he looks around at each of them. "I have talked at length with our wise friends, Zing and Zang. It is time to wield the Skean Dhu". All in attendance sharply inhale in disbelief and look at each other. This legendary weapon is real, not just folklore. Even the trees abruptly sway back as if startled. Before they recover, Uncle Bob turns from them, enters the cottage and stoops in front of the fire place. Reaching up inside the chimney he retrieves a sooty steel box which he wipes with a rag from his back pocket. Returning to the group, he places it on the ground before them. They gather round, all eyes on the box. "Yes, my friends, these are the legendary double tipped weapons created by my Scottish ancestors at the historic King's Creek furnace. They are the royalty of all Scottish knives." Opening the lid, the pulsing dark blue glow of the double tips of four otherwise dull looking knives immediately transfix them. Looking like serpent tongues, the blades are mesmerizing. "They must be kept hidden and secret, for their power can be used for both good and evil. We cannot let these fall into the wrong hands". The scalloped double edge blade is a dark gun metal gray, barely visible merely inches away in poor light. But upon touching the hilt, silver and gold Celtic snake motifs climb the blades and their pulsing blue tongues come alive, moving as if smelling the air and cast a subtle pulsing glow. "The blade edges are mere atoms thick and never sharpened, however the tips are the secret to the knives power. They focus the energy of the forest", Uncle Joe pauses to let his words sink in and carefully lifts one from the box, "This material is so rare because it journeys a long way before falling from the heavens in a fiery streak across the sky. Few Skean Dhu

have ever been crafted. Their deceptively meek appearance often makes ones' enemies drop their guard for they think these are merely toys. These men are often frozen on the spot as if hypnotized into a trance-like state by the blue light".

"We must stop the machines!" continues Uncle Joe raising a Skean Dhu above his head as all before him punch their hands and paws above them repeatedly and chant "Stop them, stop them, stop them". "Volunteers step forward." Everyone moves forward without hesitation. Uncle Joe grins, "No, we can't all go" and he looks at the young animals with their big eager eyes. "Children you must stay behind". They look dejected, lowering their heads and eyes in disappointment. "Don't be sad, you have a big responsibility to guard our home and Tessa and Moppet will stay with you". The wee ones raise their heads and smile, puffing out their chests with pride, happy that their beloved Tessa will be with them. Moppet would rather be in on the raid but he knows he must protect Tessa and the youngsters.

The other animals and birds are assigned their tasks. The large owls, Hoot and Gibson, would be their eyes in the night. OB and the two raccoons, Ian and Alistair, will also bear the Skean Dhuis which he hands to them. This was to be OB's first experience using the Skean Dhu and he is anxious and excited as he holds the weapon in his hands, slowly dueling an imaginative opponent. He murmurs in wonder, "Where did dad get these?". He is only in his teens and it is a great honor to be trusted on such a dangerous mission. Uncle Joe overhears him and says, "You have come of age and wisdom, son". He pauses as OB overcomes his surprise and puffs up with pride. "One day you will be a great leader, you must master the ancient knowledge of the Skean Dhu and their power".

Ian, the raccoon, paints his white nose black even though the night is dark as thick heavy clouds roll in and a gusty wind makes it chilly. Uncle Joe kisses Tessa goodbye, the big 12 point buck nuzzles each of his doe and the other animals high five one another. Tessa stands behind the young animals who all wave as the group departs, wishing them Godspeed and a safe return. Burt and Betty, the European starlings fly to the top of the tallest tree, ready to relay any messages.

Chpt 5:

The workers' camp fire crackles as the flames dance around within the stones that surround it. A security guard seated next to it for warmth, is chewing and spitting tobacco that sizzles in the fire while staring in his can of beer. The night insects have started their cacophony of sound which masks any small noise the group makes. Hoot and Gibson have perched on top of machines parked on the far side of the workers' encampment waiting to give the signal when the men are soundly asleep and snoring.

Gibson hoots. All is clear. The group, including Uncle Joe, OB and the two naturally well camouflaged raccoons, creep towards the nearest machines. The other animals sneak around to the other side of the camp and hide. The owls are quiet for they will only make a sound if there is danger.

The group of four with the Skean Dhuis measures each step as if stalking their prey. Machines tower above them and the smell of diesel fumes is strong. Old grease and oil caked in dust cover the sides of these behemoths and some of their dusty broken windows glint weakly in the campfire's light. They separate after communicating with hand signals, each choosing the nearest machine and slither like snakes under the vehicles looking for any wires they can find. It is dark but the glow of the Skean Dhu tips provides just enough illumination to quickly find wires beneath the oil and caked mud. A brief touch of the twin Skean Dhu tips and a sky blue flame arcs across the points then travels quickly along the wires to a box somewhere

above them. There is a hissing, a crackle and a wisp of smoke as the controlled force of the forest is unleashed on the electronic brains of the vehicles. They each move on to another machine and these are also quickly disabled. Suddenly the shrill ear piercing sound of a bulldozer alarm blasts. "Dang! Wrong wires!!" shouts Ian, the raccoon.

The security guard jumps to his feet spitting chewing tobacco and knocks his beer can to one side yelling, "What the blazes?". There is no need to arouse the men for the noise is so loud that even the plants in the distance startle, swinging back before leaning in their direction as if trying to discern this intolerable racket. The guard rubs his drunken eyes with his hands, trying to focus on the dark shapes he sees around the assembled vehicles. There are loud grunts coming from within the tents as the workers grab their britches and pull on their boots. Hoot, the owl, flies swiftly towards Uncle Joe who throws his Skean Dhu high in the air. Without hesitation, Hoot catches it and swoops towards the tents, slashing the guy ropes. The tents collapse, buying the resistance group precious moments. Several large deer led by Bucky, the largest buck of the forest, charge at the collapsed tents bowling over the occupants, while the squirrels with their small bows and quiver of arrows slung over their backs and the skunks hang on tight to their necks. The squirrels and skunks jump to the ground and quickly fasten the guy ropes tightly around the tent packages while the men inside curse and yell. They remount the running deer in cowboy style. Alfonso and Adelina and their deer swing around and charge back past the tents spraying them with their well known smell. "Oh, they'll remember us" laughs Alfonso. "They probably won't even notice, just look at them" says Adelina as the other men emerge from the remaining tents looking fearsome with bloated bellies, unshaven faces and long raggedy hair. They all have bad teeth from chewing tobacco and some just have stumps where teeth once were. The skunks can smell the men as they ride past, holding a paw over their noses as it is not a pleasant thing.

With yells of anger, the men realize their machines are being vandalized. Grabbing shovels and other camping gear, they attack the animals who flee in all directions, deliberately confusing their attackers. The squirrels fire their bows using two arrows in quick succession as Zing and Zang had carefully instructed them. "We want to hobble them, not harm them. Take no prisoners for they are foul smelling and our wives will not appreciate the stink". The squirrels, Shelli and Nuts, do not appear at first to be the most accurate of archers while bouncing around on the backs of the deer and the arrows fly past the men. However, men stop in mid-stride, cartwheel forward and tumble to the ground, yelping and cursing even louder than before as the thin spider silk connecting the pairs of arrows wrap around their legs as they stick fast to it. Stronger than steel and almost invisible in the poor light the silk does its magic. The squirrels shoot their arrows between the machines, the suction cups holding fast and stretching the silk lines taut between them.

The raccoons, who always look after each other, are surrounded by three men. Alistair wields his Skean Dhu in a big arc and slams it down. His whole body rises in the air as the blade cuts a hydraulic line that controls the bucket arm of a large machine. The raised bucket comes crashing down and oil sprays the men. Ian comments, "Aye, they're so much better looking don't ya think, them black and white stripes". Some animals are throwing stones and the men use their shovels to protect themselves while closing in. Archey, Bodie and apprentice Freddie fly in screeching at the top of their lungs. With their black color and swooping and diving, the men have no idea where the next attack is coming from. Archey yells, "Scarecrows to the rescue". Bodie yells back, "Hair, hair everywhere, all is fair so get your share" and he chuckles at his silly joke. Freddie takes this as an order. "Yee! Hah!," Freddie shouts as he flies off with a clump of hair from an angry worker leaving a

small, shiny patch in his scalp. Fleas can be seen jumping from the hair, parachuting to the ground. The men swing their shovels wildly, shouting and cursing. One swings his shovel at Ian and Alistair who stand back to back in sword fighting pose. They duck, but Ian's Skean Dhu glances off the shovel and with an electric crackle, a brilliant flash of blue flame travels up the shaft and the man is lifted off his feet and somersaulted over and over in the air, landing with a loud thump and groan. Just then the lights of a big bulldozer dazzle everyone and a man shouts from the cab, "Got you now, you little buggers!". The animals freeze in fear yet are astonished to see the monks, Zing and Zang standing on the roof of another machine bathed in the lights as if on stage, their arms raised to the heavens as they chant.

"Betty! Burt! What is going on over there?" calls Tessa. "They have been discovered, Tessa. Big, dangerous looking men are fighting them but we don't know any details," calls Betty from the tree top in her English accent. "Oh my, the sun has come up over there. Gather everyone together in the cottage and bolt the door, Tessa!" calls Burt in his Cockney British accent. "Come quick, everyone. To the cottage!," urges Tessa and they all run inside, closing the windows and bolting the door as the trees creak and groan and Burt and Betty cling tightly to the branches heaving up and down in the growing wind.

Then with a blinding strobe flash of lightning and the mighty crash of thunder, the storm roars through the camp. The rain pours down as the heavens open up, scattering the men as they dive for cover. The resistance party make a hasty retreat to the forest, the monks standing between the antlers of the running Bucky, the greatest buck of them all. The squirrels wave their bows high in the air in triumph as they and the skunks ride the deer. The raccoons are not far behind running upright on their hind legs, swinging their Skean Dhu knives while bringing up the rear. They're feeling very proud of themselves, pretending to stab things as they dance and swagger shouting in unison in their Scottish accents, "Cowards! Sir Wallace strikes!, Sir Wallace strikes!, Long live the Scots!".

Chpt 6:

The next morning all is still and quiet, it is cool and damp but the sky is pure blue. The storm clouds having marched over the horizon. The sun's rays make rain droplets clinging to the lush plants sparkle as if bejeweled. A spiders web sags under the weight of diamond-like beads. The forest is a peaceful oasis standing starkly in this barren ground of broken rock and sand. Everyone wakes up late and relaxes, enjoying a leisurely breakfast together. The animals recall all the events of the night before to those that stayed behind and the tales get more and more exaggerated. The brave Ian and Alistair took on at least a dozen men, parried and thrust, sliced and diced and sent their enemies scurrying, suspenders cut and trousers falling to their knees. How the animals laughed at the images they made up! Archie and Bodie made Freddie out to be a hero who saved the day, the one who got the trophy hair and they laughed because they had not meant it literally when they challenged him to do so. As for the squirrels, they were portrayed as great Indian warriors taking on the cavalry. It was their Battle of the Little Bighorn and Custer's last stand for surely theirs was a great victory and Uncle Joe is their Sitting Bull. Moppet's eyes light up and he blurts out, "I wish I was with you! I could have chewed me some workers. One look at these fangs," he opens his mouth to show gleaming, sharp teeth, "And those guys would've run like their pants were on fire!" Everyone chuckles and Tessa scratches Moppet behind the ears. "You are my hero, Mop, protecting the cottage and the wee ones and me." Moppet responds with a sloppy kiss on Tessa's cheek.

There will be a great feast and celebration of their victory. All the creatures

large and small gather berries and fruit, seeds and grapes and so much bounty from the forest that their bowls overflow. These are brought to the beautiful cottage garden across the little bridge over the stream that flows to the pond that forms the garden boundary. They make and give Tessa a beautiful flower crown and she smiles at them all as the fragrance delights her. The still has been working overtime making their favorite honey grape brew. They gather together that same evening under a full moon before a large fire of old wood. Uncle Joe requests that OB, Alistair, Ian and Hoot the owl kneel before him and they do. Uncle Joe raises his Skean Dhu and pronounces. "By the powers bestowed upon me by our ancestors, we celebrate tonight this historic occasion". He pauses and looks at the faces of the four before him. "The four of you have shown great courage. You have wielded the Skean Dhu knives in battle with bravery. I am honored to bestow upon you the title of Knighthood and you will from this day be entitled to be called Sir". He taps each one three times, once on the left shoulder, once on the right shoulder and finally on the forehead. "Rise, Sir Knights and honorable gentlemen." They rise and take their seats among the others, smiling broadly. "Next, we give thanks to the monks who, in the heat of battle, acted calmly and with great foresight by conjuring up the storm in the nick of time". Everyone applauds the monks as they rise and bow. "Let us not forget all who fought this battle, for all of you are heroes" and a loud whooping and cheer rises from all. Last but not least, let us thank the ones who stayed behind and prepared this feast tonight for they are the loves of our lives and the rock on which we depend. Let us celebrate". Moppet lets out a brief wolf howl looking up at the full moon. At that, everyone cheers and beams with happiness, rising to dance and sing as Tessa plays her guitar, Alastair, his banjo, and the woodpeckers play their fiddle and accordion. The deer, led by Bucky, keep the beat. Chucky, the woodchuck, gives his rendition of a victory march on his harmonica. As a finale, Ian plays his bagpipes and many of the animals flee to the woods, holding their ears in mock pain and laughing. Soon all bed down for the night. It's an occasion to remember.

Slowly the moon crosses the sky and slides below the horizon and the last stragglers are laying on the grass looking up at the heavens. The stars sparkle above them now that the dust from the machines has settled. A meteor streaks across the heavens and shortly after, the first rays of the sun creep across the land. Then a distant rumbling of the earth begins. Alistair turns over in his sleep and moans and holds his stomach "Oh I must have had too much to eat last night". The rumbling grows louder. Ian lying nearby on his back puts his hand to his head and states, "Oh, I had too much to drink for my head is pounding".

"Get up, Get up!" hoot the owls in unison, raising the alarm, their big eyes wide as they scan the distance. Soon Archey, Bodie and Freddie are in the air cawing with dismay. All the animals run for the edge of the woods, trembling with fright and breathing heavily looking to see if the machines are coming to get them.

The monster machines have been repaired and are moving but instead of towards their forest, they retreat for Messey Energy has decided to leave. There is so little forest left it is not worth wasting time trying to catch the vandals and there are many other mountain tops to be laid waste to uncover their prized coal. Moppet runs a little way from the edge of the forest towards the machines, barking as loud as he can, "Come back and fight you cowards! Let me get a piece of you! Toothless forest killers, come back and I'll show you teeth you will never forget!". The big machines form a line and slowly they snake their way over the devastated landscape. The sunlight illuminates a cloud of dust which follows them and the ground rumbles. A shout of triumph erupts from all the animals. They dance for joy, sing and rejoice.

Chpt 7:

All has been quiet and the animals have returned to their passion of making cars

and partying every night. The balmy days of summer have been relaxing and a joy for all.

Then one early morning, Bucky lets out a series of long deep sounding snorts and stamps his front hoofs, a warning quickly returned by the chattering squirrels as they run for the trees. Trucks and hoards of yellow machines are returning like a plague across the landscape. The animals do not understand what is happening, so they spend long hours at the edge of the forest watching. Burt and Betty take flight, traveling in all directions to observe and they report back that long trenches are being dug and pipes large and small are being buried.

As the weeks pass the rough barren terrain takes on an orderly shape as roads are constructed and small square plots of ground are staked out. The ruined earth was being transformed into building lots and soon people are swarming all around. The cacophony of a thousand hammers and the buzzing of swarms of saws go on for weeks. Soon large boxes of wood dot the landscape. The outsides are covered in blue insulation and then bright white siding. The sun reflects like blinding laser beams from endless windows. As if by a miracle, trees big and small are unloaded from trucks to be planted alongside the streets and the worst of the noise abates. However, every Saturday and Sunday the relative peace is shattered by the miserable droning of small machines being pushed endlessly over the acres of beautiful lush grass that the deer have been eying hungrily. "Oh no!", a fawn exclaims, "They are cutting it all down. Why, Mommy? Why are they so inconsiderate?". "Don't worry, dear. Soon we will be feasting on their pretty flowers while they sleep". The fawn looks up at her mommy and giggles and the doe looks down at her daughter and smiles, her big eyes full of love and pride.

A road has been built around the woods and a big parking lot and hotel is constructed very close to the cobble path that leads to the bridge over the cottage boundary stream. Tessa goes into the cottage and comes back out with her guitar. Sitting by the front door she starts to strum and the animals gather round. A Kathy Stewart song...or...something like "Paved Paradise, Put Up a Parking Lot".

Chpt 8:

Very soon an entire city has been built surrounding the woods. In the local police station, the gruff police chief is talking to the beat cops who look rather frightened by his demeanor. "Officers, as you are well aware, there are a number of reports that the deer and co-conspirators from the woods have been wandering our streets at night. They have been eating flowers and vegetables and rolling on lawns. In addition, they have been defecating on the sidewalks. The children seem to delight in this but our home owners are not happy. We need to make these animals understand that we will not tolerate their behavior. I have an old report that when the Messy Energy Company was clearing this land for our beautiful city, these same animals attacked them. Apparently, they were armed with some special weapons. I want those weapons.

A pair of burly police comes marching up the cobblestones to the cottage. "Stop, No trespassing!" barks Moppet loudly while pretending to be the most vicious of dogs. He shows his big teeth proudly and the hairs on his back rise to attention as he flexes his muscles, but he keeps his distance for he knows you cannot trust men with big boots. The squirrels, Shelli and Nuts, giggle while lying on a branch nearby for they know Moppet is really trying very hard to look mean but know he does not have a mean bone in his body. However they quickly realize this is no ordinary visit as the policemen proceed to knock down the Still, shouting at Uncle Joe who has his arm around Tessa's shoulder as she quietly weeps. She is still slender and quite beautiful although her clothes are worn and faded with use. Moppet wants to attack the men but the two squirrels are holding him back shouting, "Hold on, big boy, hold on!". "We should lock you up for illegal brewing. What else

are you hiding, you old hillbillies?" Uncle Joe does not move and says nothing, just gazes at them with an icy cold stare, his chin thrust out and jaw clenched in anger. His frayed, old shirt is open at the front and his thin body appears frail. His trousers are patched and barely held up by a belt pulled to its last notch. His shoes are more like sandals, their leather gone in places and repaired many times. The animals are watching while hiding behind the nearest object they can find. Tessa leans her head on Uncle Joe's shoulder, still sobbing, her arm around his waist. Her long, graying hair covers her face. He reassures her that everything will be alright. The little squirrels are making all sorts of rude finger signs and the raccoons are yelling all sorts of Scottish oaths for there will be no special brew for awhile. The deer all turn and point their bottoms at the police, raising and waving their white tails in salute. Without even noticing, the police trample the wood tooling for the cars and they kick and break the precious bottles of honey and spider web solution. A small beetle is engulfed in this but fortunately Uncle Joe sees it, bends down and pushes his finger into the mess and the beetle grabs on. He pulls it out and the beetle is seen clinging to it and gasping for air. "Thank you Uncle Joe, thank you".

One policeman kicks over the carefully collected pine sap bucket and the thick yellow syrupy mixture ever so slowly starts to pour out. At this, the animals' anger rises and tears start to run down their faces. The wise owl, Gibson, hoots, "Careful friends, hold your emotions for nothing good can come of it." The monks are standing upright holding their front paws in the air, making a gesture of reassurance, blessing, and protection. The elder of the monks, Zing, says "Do not fear, these men are armed and ignorant. They are slaves to their orders". The police take the remains of their still away and a somber mood hangs heavy for their thriving enterprise is lost. This was the forest creatures home, their Noah's Ark and making the cars had united them for years. They have no other place to go so they wonder around a little aimlessly, talking little. They are uninspired and depressed.

The humans still cannot penetrate their small space with machines so they have declared the area a park with a ribbon cutting ceremony.

That night Uncle Joe, Tessa, OB and all the forest creatures gather around the fire near the front of the cottage. It is a cool fall evening and frost will be on everything by morning. Their breaths condense like smoke and they huddle close together. "We cannot give up," Uncle Joe says in a quiet voice and the animals all shake their heads in agreement. "There are many children now who need us". He pauses as the animals ponder this and again shake their heads in agreement. Uncle Joe looks at Tessa reassuringly. Zing and Zang and I have discussed our options at length and there is only one solution, "We must share our home and woods with them, become their friends and tolerate what we must. We must be united otherwise all is lost". The animals hesitate and look at each other for they still remember the destruction of the woods around them. They huddle in discussion and debate for a short while. Ian being the outspoken one pipes up in his typical Scottish humor says, "I can agree but I cringe every time those children come around. For goodness sake, they wear their troosers (accented trousers) so low that their underwear shows. I just don't get it. Why would they want to show the world they have dirty laundry on, what are they thinking?". After a brief chuckle and discussion a consensus emerges. They see the wisdom in Uncle Joe's comments. They turn their heads back towards him and nod in agreement. Uncle Joe raises his hand above his head and they all fall silent. "Friends," he pauses and looks at each of them, "We have lost much but we have made many a toy happy by making cars for them. In turn, we have made many a child happy, for children are much happier when their toys are happy. We have been successful beyond our wildest dreams and ought to be proud of what we have achieved". The animals stand up straighter and puff out their chests.

"We are united and the bond among us cannot be broken." Again he pauses as the squirrels, Shelli and Nuts, jump on the back of a deer and do a quick dance while punching the air with their little bows and all the animals laugh. "We are talented artists; we have skills that the world out there needs". "Aye, aye!" the animals shout and stamp their feet in unison. "We shall turn this cottage into a home for restoring and taking care of wayward toys. May our compassion be a guiding light and a positive influence on all those we encounter, for there is nothing stronger than love". The animals smile and hug each other. Shelli and Nuts, hand in hand now, continue their little dance as the deer turns to them and says, "Hey, go climb a tree! That's my back you're tickling". Burt stands with a wing around Betty. Their confidence returns. Chucky, the groundhog starts to sing in his baritone voice, "We are the world, we are the champions". The chipmunk, Zang, squeals, "We are the ones that make a brighter day, so let's start giving" and Chucky and Moppet reply in perfect harmony " We are the world, we make the toys go around." Everybody laughs at the pun for they do provide the cars that let the toys go around. Gibson, the owl, calls out, "We will make the children happy, we will show them." Laughing, he continues, "Even their parents might hear the toys again!" They dance and sing the songs that they have sung so many times,

Chpt 9:

At first light, Zing and Zang paint the new sign using their magic paint which appears as a window into another world wherever it is brushed. They attach their finished project, "The Toy Clinic", above the cottage door. Quickly the word spreads among the children in the new suburbs. They bring their broken toys and watch through the windows and door with excitement and amazement on their faces as Uncle Joe, his family and the animals scurry around fixing them. They ponder the numerous pictures on the walls showing toys in or next to their cars in exotic places. There are Mickey and Minnie Mouse at the Eiffel Tower in Paris, Goofy at the Leaning Tower of Pizza in Italy. Donald Duck stands next to his car in Maui with his diving mask and snorkel in hand, a smiling Troll with brightly colored hair stands before a large fjord in Norway and Mac the Monkey is seen on Safari in Africa with a camera slung around his neck. Wiley Coyote is racing across the great plains of America and Batman is seen cruising in his Causecar Batmobile in New York City's Times Square. Others have traveled to the Taj Mahal and the Alps. There are photos taken next to the Great Wall of China and among beautiful homes with long white beaches and palm trees. Names and dates are penned under them all.

The cottage becomes a gathering place for young children who love watching Uncle Joe and the animals work their little machines and there is always a crowd. Moppet is very friendly and plays with them doing all the silly tricks they keep begging him to do. He rolls on the grass and fetches frisbees and balls the kids throw for him. He walks on his hind legs, sits and gives a paw when requested. At first he thought it endlessly boring but with gentle persuasion from Zing and Zang, he realized how he made the kids happy and that made him happy too. It is a magical place and all the creatures are happy again, singing while they work. Soon the children are singing along with them and Moppet imitates them much to their delight. He loves to see the excitement and smiles on the faces of the children. Some of the machines are foot powered like old sewing machines, some are connected to belts that wiz around in the ceiling and are now wind driven since the old water wheel out back has not moved since the stream has been reduced to just a trickle. When the wind is not blowing, the kids gleefully push a merry go-around which via a small gear is meshed to the much larger gear which drives the belts. Tessa provides lots of lemonade and brownies and the children go home happy and contented, with chocolate smears on their faces.

Chpt 10:

At the local police precinct, the gruff police chief is talking to his officers.

"Well done, officers. You closed down their illegal moonshine still and intimidated them just enough that they rarely come to our city. But I don't want our kids hanging around these animals singing gibberish and I want those secret weapons. We need to search that cottage." "But Chief, we don't have a warrant and they have a large nasty looking dog! How can we get inside?", asks an officer. "You have just volunteered for the mission. Take this little bottle and wait until Tuesday morning. It is supposed to be very hot and it is recycling collection day. Go mingle with the kids having their toys repaired. When nobody is looking, pour its contents down the well. I assure you, it will do them no harm, just give them a long afternoon siesta. Later that day, you will take a couple of your men and search the place. But be sure to dress the part, you oafs".

Chpt 11:

"Hullo, hullo, hullo, Burt! Look over there at Uncle Joe's place", says Betty the black European Starling in her British accent as the couple fly around together aimlessly enjoying the late afternoon summer thermals. Burt looks over at the old cottage and with a frown on his face says, "What, it looks nice and quiet to me. What's on your mind, Betty?". "Burt, you bird brain, don't you get it? That is exactly what is wrong, there's no smoke coming from the chimney!" "Gosh, you're right" and with that he banks over and heads for the cottage. At the last minute he folds his wings and dives for the chimney. "Yeehaa! I've always wanted to do this". "No," screams Betty, "No!" but it is too late and down he goes. Betty flies for the large open doorway. The other forest creatures appear asleep around the cottage garden. There are strangely no children nearby, all is quiet and no toys are being repaired this afternoon. She flies through the doorway into the cottage a few seconds later. Burt is coughing and wheezing but standing proudly in front of the fire place. He flaps his wings a few times and soot flies in all directions. "Ha! That was fun. What a rush!", and he breaks out laughing.. Betty chastises him, "Men! You are all the same, you look like a Chimney Sweep, oh, and your tail feathers are smoldering.". "Help!!! Water, water quick!" and he jumps over to and sits his tail in Moppet's water bowl. A little steam rises with a hiss. Betty chastises him again, "You're lucky you haven't turned yourself into dinner! Men! Can't live with them and can't live without them".

A sudden crash startles them and they look around. An empty steel pail rolls on the floor and the steel handle slaps its side. The room is softly illuminated from the setting sun pouring through 2 small windows. On the side of the pail is written "For Recycling Use Only"

The room smells somewhat like a barn, old wood mixed with straw and a hint of moss enhanced by the rich odor of animals that have freely wandered in and out over the years.

The Starlings eyes are now getting accustomed to the dim light. Uncle Joe is sitting stooped over on a wood stool at the edge of his desk. Moppet, his beautiful sheepdog, is laying near his feet not the least disturbed by the ruckus, panting, his long tongue hanging out on the floor, his ribs clearly rising and falling. He shows no interest in the breakfast leftovers in an otherwise empty food bowl while flies circle it overhead arguing in faint voices, "It is mine, it is mine, I saw it first!" and "Your eyes are bigger than your belly!" One look at the flies clearly confirms his statement. Another fly retorts, "You old maggot, did your mother never tell you not to eat more than you can fly with". "Oh my" shrieks Betty, "what has happened to you, Uncle Joe? What is going on?" But neither Uncle Joe or Moppet or anyone else in the room replies.

The temperature is 96F on a large wall thermometer and the air conditioner is set on high but makes no sound. Betty says, "By now, someone would have at least turned on a light. This place is a mess." "Seems like everyone took an afternoon siesta and no one has woken up", says Burt. On a window sill above a concrete sink, the munks Zing and Zang are slumped across a miniature chess game seeming to have fallen asleep mid-turn. Zang raises his head and looks at Uncle Joe and then at the most recent intruders through his droopy eyelids. "Quiet" he hisses, "can't you see we are playing chess" and promptly falls asleep again slumped over the chess board. Before them is a miniature game of chess called Tic Tac Chec. Burt glances at Betty, "There's something very strange going on here!"

The small framed pictures covering the walls are hard to see through the fine layer of dust from the day's toy repairs. Next to the blackened stone fireplace and smoldering coals sits a collection of 4 legged cooking pots. There are the usual fire tools hanging on the wall. The floors are large timbered oak, polished by years of wear. There is no ceiling, just the rough hewn roof joists darkened with age and a web of belts, big and small, crisscrossing the space. Tools are carelessly scattered about, not put away as they always are at the end of a days work.

Tessa and OB are not to be seen. Betty remembered that they had left yesterday for the big city where OB had a new job at the big city zoo. Tessa had saved some money from all the toy repairs for the city children and gone looking for new clothes and other items they so desperately needed at the cottage.

Alistair, the raccoon, is reclining in a soft chair, sleepily pressing a button on a remote control and mumbling in his Scottish accent, "Rubbish, rubbish, rubbish!" while channel surfing on an old TV. Ian is lying asleep next to him, snoring loudly. Still half awake, Alistair finds the news channel and turns up the sound. "We begin our news coverage tonight with a groundbreaking announcement. With the national debt now consuming us, more belt tightening regulations are being signed into law today." Betty and Burt shift their gaze to the TV and alarm shows on their faces. "The president has also confirmed that he is considering signing the new Freedom Of All Information Act. Police will no longer be required to get a warrant enabling them to conduct their jobs in a more efficient manner." They are spellbound. The announcer continues, "The Federal sales tax will rise to 25% and ...

Uncle Joe lifts his head and tries unsuccessfully to flick some crumpled paper from his desk into the pail, a coffee pot sits nearby almost empty. He stoops over the pail looking exhausted and pained. The arthritic joints of his hands stand out on his thin fingers. Burt and Betty look aghast at what they see and stand there frozen as if in a slow motion movie. "Where is everyone?" Uncle Joe asks slowly, shaking his head as if trying to clear his thoughts, "Why is everyone still sleeping?" Betty replies, "I don't understand, Uncle Joe. But whatever is happening, it's not good!"

Uncle Joe reaches over to pick up the crumpled paper on the floor to place it in the recycling bucket. Multi-colored tentacles of fog rise from the pail and the world through Uncle Joe's eyes seems to move in a gentle rocking motion as he staggers and then falls to the floor unconscious, his glasses tumbling off his face. Betty is the first to recover and with a flap of her wings she jumps over to

help him. Moppet, looks up, gets to his feet and stumbles to Uncle Joe's side, where he licks his face and whimpers.

Chpt 12:

"Burt, Burt! Don't just stand there, we must do something!" yells Betty. "What?" replies Burt, startled by the urgency in her voice. "Go get help! Goodness gracious, you are a few seeds short for an empty bird feeder!". Burt swings for the door in search of help. Almost immediately he flies straight into the belly of a man in a recycling police uniform, one of two large men walking briskly up the cobbled path towards the cottage. "Yikes!" yells the policeman as he swats at the bird. "We should arrest you for assaulting an officer of the law! ". Burt shrieks with surprise and alarm at the sight of the men. The bigger of the two exclaims, "All the animals around here are weird and the kids seem to have fallen under their spell". They reach the door, banging on it as they enter the Toy Clinic. "Recycling police!", they shout in unison, "It's recycling collection day, Uncle Joe, and your can is not out in the street". On entering they halt, looking for Uncle Joe in the dim light. Then they see and hear Betty the starling jumping up and down squawking her head off near where Uncle Joe is laying. They rush over to help him.

Uncle Joe's mind has taken flight. He is reliving all the nights when things were quiet and visiting toys would tell him wonderful stories. He visualizes his wife, Tessa, in the prime of her life when she was pregnant with OB. She was so beautiful.

Uncle Joe recollects how he had traveled the world via the toy tales and for years he wrote their names and stories in the TOY CHRONICLES journal which carried the secrets of the cars and other closely guarded information, pasting the pictures they had given him with them. He had made copies of many of these pictures and these he had hung on the wall to inspire all who entered. The munks had also recreated the images they had created for the cars on pages of the journal along with the formula for the paint, handed down through the centuries. One day after he was gone, all could be revealed. (The Toy Chronicles is the only text written on the leather cover of this large book which is gathering dust on his old desk. - tv series: Toy Chronicles or Fuzzy Tales. If more scenes are required in the movie for 90 minutes then this is the appropriate time to add scenes of conflict between the local community and the forest dwellers. For example the city people could decide they want to develop the forest into an amusement park which does not amuse the forest inhabitants and many of the kids).

Chpt 13: (This is an example of a possible TV episode aimed at young children, think Thomas the Tank)

Uncle Joe's dream scene: Although they no longer made the Cause Cars collection, the cars had become very popular among toys who organized their own International Cause Cars Collectable Association. They encouraged members to get together for social gatherings to share their insights into the world. The scene shows a big car rally at the cottage and all the toys having a good time together. (This is only one of the many tales recorded in the Toy Chronicles book.)

Uncle Joe recalls. "They are waiting for the arrival of their friend Cheeki the magician. Unfortunately he was broken down with a couple of flat tires, so I was summoned to repair them. While fixing Cheeki's car tires he told me this funny story, well at least I thought it rather amusing but Cheeki certainly didn't."

"First off I must mention that my new friend, Cheeki, thinks he is a magician. He tells me his tiny assistants have grown bored with his same old routine so they set

about to enliven the show. His sidekick bunny who he calls Flops or Alias 004 - Licensed for mischief has a mind of his own and Cheeki and the audiences with his comical stunts like eating the flowers that are supposed to appear magically. You know the ones that Cheeki would normally hide in his sleeve. When Cheeki tries to make Flops appear from his top hat a note appears saying that he has decided to take a vacation. A little embarrassing in front of a room of kids, especially as he appears behind the kids eating chocolate bunnies. The kids are by now laughing. Then Peep the dove steals Cheeki's magic wand and flies around waving it at everyone chanting all sorts of weird things. The rope tricks and other props all take on a mind of their own. Cheeki finds himself in knots, the ropes have come alive and are now more like snakes and the little children laugh themselves hysterically thinking he is more a clown than a magician. Suddenly, his endless silky scarf envelopes the children watching the show. There is a crackling sound and the air is electrified. For just a very small moment in time the room is a blur and all the children seem to disappear. Just as quickly they are back but all seem a little different. They had been transported by Cheeki's magic scarf to strange destinations where time appeared to travel normally but was very fast compared to back here.

One child, known by her nickname Sweetia by friends and family, had a very sweet tooth and loved candy. All she could ever think about was candy. She suddenly found herself in a world of candy flowers and plants. She wanted to eat them all and this is what she proceeded to do. They were very beautiful but she did not pay attention to their beauty. All she could do was stuff her mouth wanting to try them all. After a while, she became thirsty but there was nothing to drink. Not a stream in sight, no water anywhere. Her thirst grew so intense she could eat no more candy. She became desperate, shouting for help. She was shouting that she hated candy and as she ran she kicked at the beautiful flowers. She grabbed bunches of them and desperately threw them in all directions. The birds in the trees just ignored her and carried on singing to themselves. Finally an old owl could not bear to see this strange creature destroying all the flowers and called down from the tree, "What ails you dear girl for you look troubled?" "Oh wise owl, I am dying of thirst, please help me. I cannot find any water." The wise owl beckoned her over. "You have gorged yourself on all the sweet things around you and ignored the most important". "Oh wise owl, forgive me, I will never do it again, please help me". "Kneel down now, be humble and apologize to the flowers for they have done you no harm". Without even a moments thought she bent down and did as she was told. "Now look at the small flowers before you," and he pointed at the little flowers she had been trampling. "Gently place your mouth around the tiny stem in the middle of the flower and drink." She did as ordered and drank and drank until she finally quenched her thirst. Looking up she saw all the beautiful flowers and the little birds and insects watching her. It is though she saw the world in a new light. She no longer thirsted, she no longer craved sugary treats for she could see now as if for the first time all the beauty around her. And just like that her brief stay was over and she was back at the show watching Cheeki. "Wow!" she exclaimed "He really is a magician."

There was a little boy in the group who was booing Cheeki and generally being disruptive. Bruce had arrived on his BMX bike after terrorizing the neighborhood. He always acted without much thought. He and his bike were whisked away to a strange place of traffic intersections. The traffic signals seemed to be broken and yet at that moment there seemed to be no traffic around. The lights were green in all directions or they all changed to red in all directions at the same time. He briefly looked left and then right as was to be expected. With no more thought he pedaled through the intersection while the light was red when all of a sudden he was hit really hard and flew through the air and landed with a thump by the side of the road. He hurt all over and could barely catch his breath. He looked up to see a

large, angry bull standing over him stamping a hoof hard repeatedly next to his head. Snorting and in a deep gruff and angry voice the bull said "Don't you know when to stop young man?" Bruce was terrified. He replied, "But, sir, I didn't see you when I rode through the light" The bull snarled at him, "The light was red and that is when humans know to stop. On the other hand we bulls have always been taught to go on red." At that point the lights turned green and he saw ghost like cars moving into this magic intersection from both directions but strangely passing right through each other. The bull elaborated, "If you had only counted to five, the lights would have turned green and you would have realized your impatience to go through the red light was going to get you hurt. When you are told to stop as with a red light, stop what you are doing and ponder your actions." The lights turned red and now he saw ghostly images of an endless line of bulls passing through the intersection. He was trying to apologize to the bull when he suddenly realized he was back at the show. Remembering the words of the bull, he realized his impatience and anti social behavior was wrong and he vowed he would count to five before blurting out or acting on a decision again.

Sarah, a quiet frail built small girl is whisked off and plopped down on a cloud. She had always dreamed of traveling and running away from the bullies that tormented her at school. In the clouds many brightly colored fish are swimming. She stares in astonishment. Finally she waves at the fish and one of them pauses to see what her trouble is. Sarah asks him, "What are you doing here?" The fish replies, "What are YOU doing here?" "I don't know," she says astonished that the fish could speak. "But I always thought that the clouds were like magic carpets and it would be fun to fly away on them one day". "My dear girl," the fish replied, "This is a fish transport system. How do you think we manage to migrate such a long distance. Surely you don't think we swim? There are too many big and nasty predators in the open ocean. They are too large to be up here among us. Here we are not frightened to be in school, to learn to sing, dance and be happy. We are flying fish and here we are safe to learn many things". At this the fish swam off and she just stared in amazement when suddenly she too was back in the room with Cheeki and the other kids. She was startled and just sat there thinking about the fishes last words. "Did he mean that I should have courage and not be frightened to go to school?. Maybe at school I should rise above the bullies in my mind, to a place they cannot reach me". She just sat there with a puzzled expression on her face while the show continued.

Mayiac was a bully and picked on all the other kids, including Sarah. He was mean. He didn't know why he was mean but his parents were much the same. He was whisked off to the strangest place. There were screw drivers all over the place, walking and working, talking and playing. Little ones and big ones, cross heads, slotted or square. Some were hex headed and others even pentagon shaped. The Phillips heads looked very similar to the cross heads but they never smiled like them. There were many small tribes of Hex heads and others tools with strange names. Like ants, they scurried along working hard. When they knew they could not do a job they called over a screw driver who was more suitable and they always willingly helped out. In the evening they all went home to a large tool box and lived together. It seemed as if they all had their own slots to rest for the night even though they shared a large common blanket. And even though they were always tired at night, they talked with each other and joked a lot, encourage the little screw drivers to keep at it and when they were big like the adults their work would be much easier. They cooperated with each other, the big screwdrivers helping the little ones and the little ones helping the big. There were no bullies around. Suddenly he was back watching the show with all the other kids. Somehow he seemed different, lost in thought, thinking over and over again about what he had just seen. He could not quite understand it, how strange it was.

Chpt 14:

The police call emergency services on a cell phone and while they wait, they wet a rag and cover Uncle Joe's forehead, trying to cool him down. They are unable to wake him from his deep sleep. They are nervous, realizing they might be found responsible for his collapse and hope no one has seen them put the potion in the well. They search the cottage while waiting for the ambulance but see no sign of the Skean Dhu. Just as they are about to give up the search, one policeman elbows the other and clears his throat, "Hmm, look what's on Joe's bookshelf" nodding his head in its direction. There is a hefty leather bound journal. "I think we should let the chief have a look at that". "Well, make sure no one sees you".

Soon the ambulance arrives and Uncle Joe is lifted on a stretcher. The policeman nonchalantly picks up the big leather book from the desk bookshelf and places it on the stretcher, covering it with a towel. Betty, catching sight of this, squawks, "Put that down. That's no business of yours. You're not allowed to take it!" but the police ignore her as she continues to squawk. Betty jumps on the stretcher and continues to squawk, "Help! Thieves! Robbers!" but the ambulance people just wave her off and shut the ambulance door.

Uncle Joe is rushed to the hospital and is placed in a bed in the intensive care unit where he is hooked up to an IV and heart monitor with an oxygen cannula up his nose. The heart monitor is racing and it shows his temperature at 104 degrees. The nurse lightly squeezes the skin on his hand and it stays pinched. "More fluid stat!" she says aloud to herself and she turns up the flow on the IV bag. "Poor man is so dehydrated he is burning up." She continues mumbling to herself as she places an ice bag on the pillow next to his head.

The starlings, Betty and Burt, have searched everywhere in the city and eventually they find Tessa stepping from a shop in a beautiful dress carrying several shopping bags with new clothes. "Tessa, oh Tessa! Uncle Joe is in the hospital, go quickly." Tessa instructs Betty and Burt to fly to the zoo and tell OB the news. Unfortunately he has just started his new job and can't get away so he instructs the two birds to keep him up to date. Tessa rushes to be by Uncle Joe's side. The starlings have not mentioned the missing book for they must not worry her any more right now.

The following day, Uncle Joe is still lying in bed asleep dressed in a hospital gown that has pictures of toys all over it. Tessa is by his side. The heart machine is now steady and he is already looking better, but he is still unconscious. The police officers bring Moppet who has recovered from the sleeping potion and has regained his usual energy. Moppet jumps on the bed and lays down beside Uncle Joe, licking his face. Uncle Joe opens his eyes and smiles and the relief on everyone's face is contagious as they all smile knowing Uncle Joe will be alright.

The police are very nice and polite to Tessa and Uncle Joe and visit them frequently in the hospital. They are still feeling guilty for Uncle Joe's state of health and try to make amends. Betty and Burt squawk by the window and Tessa lets them in, but the nurse hears the noise and chases the two birds around the room with a mop before they flee back out the window. They are relieved however to see things improving so wing their way to deliver the good news. While visiting, the police are terrified when the chief shows up and jump to attention when he walks in. Surprisingly, the police chief looks a little less angry and red faced than normal, however he scowls under his mustache for he resents how popular Uncle Joe is with the young folk of the area. Still he pretends to be nice for the media who have arrived to document how wonderful the police are for saving the life of the popular Uncle Joe from the forest. The police chief nods his head at the officers

and quietly from the corner of his mouth, he thanks them for the book.

Chpt 15:

While Uncle Joe is resting in hospital, people pass his now quiet cottage and leave get well cards and flowers. Uncle Joe and his family, including the animals and toys, have touched many lives. A group gathers holding a vigil with candles and talk in whispers about how they had shown them the way to open their hearts and how the toys had spoken to them. The animals are close by watching from the edge of the surrounding trees. The people use hushed tones with their hands in front of their mouths for this talk is frowned upon. A woman's voice is clearly heard to say, "They don't want to hear the truth, they cannot handle the truth. The truth is that humans are not the only ones to have souls, all living creatures do, even toys". "Shush!", a mans voice pipes up. "Don't shush me!" the woman exclaims. "We woman fought long and hard for our rights, just as the animals and toys do now. I think we should do something!" All the women applaud. Another woman takes the lead, "Ladies, get your brooms and brushs, let's get this place cleaned up". She yells at the men, "don't just stand there, pump some water and dig those flower beds". The men and woman jump into action: pumping water, raking leaves and cutting the grass, trimming the bushes and caring for the flower beds. The watching animals all have smiles on their faces as they emerge from the woods to help. The ladies tackle the house and dust is seen pouring out the windows and door. The Toy Clinic sign above the front door brightens all by its self radiating as if it held the morning sun. Pierre and Henri play their fiddle and accordion and everyone sings as they work. Soon the place is spic and span and a big pot of vegetable stew simmers on the fire. They have baked bread, the beautiful scent wafting like a message through the woods of the park calling all the people and animals to come. The animals have collected bowls of their favorite fruit and berries and it seems that this has now become the gathering place for all the people who can talk with toys and the animals. Betty and Burt return and deliver the good news about Uncle Joe.

News of Uncle Joe's hospitalization and recovery and the action of the people and animals spreads among the toys around the world. Several of the toys arrive at the cottage with their Cause Cars and soon they are enjoying the company of each other. (FILL IN THE CARS AND TOYS) The children are happy and all the animals and adults are having a jolly time. They look forward to Uncle Joe and Tessa's return.

The toys search high and low for the old leather bound book but there is no sign of it. Deo, the dog toy, comments, "The adults must have taken it. What do they know about toys? Their cars and boats and other fancy stuff are their toys. Just status objects to puff up their egos and fill their empty lives". Beki the Baker Bear exclaims, "Don't be so mean, look at what they have done around here". Just then the starlings, Burt and Betty, fly in through the open door returning to the cottage from the hospital. Betty overhears the conversation and pipes up, "I saw it! I saw it! The police put it on the stretcher when Uncle Joe went to the hospital but it is no longer there. I think the police chief has it!".

"We must get The Toy Chronicles book back," said Poli the Pirate Parrot. "I don't want to share our intimate secrets with humans!". "I am sure you don't, Miss Poli Pirate, for yours is a treasure trove of mischief," says Arko the Astronaut imitating a pirate accent and laughing. Beki the Baker exclaims, "I heard it contains the recipe for making our cars". "Trust you to think of recipes," says Zippi the Zebra. "It also describes how to teach humans to talk with toys and and the secrets to making the Skean Dhu weapons. Both truth and tales handed down from Uncle Joe's ancestors and our own." The Munks, Zing and Zang, look very perturbed. They huddle together. Zang says "Zing, I believe the secrets of our paint are in there". "Oh no", gasps Zing, "We must do something for if people learn to read our

paintings then they will know how we communicate". "Yes, they will be able to spy on us as we can spy on them, what a horrible thought. Betty and Burt, you must go to OB and tell him that the Toy Chronicles has fallen into unsafe hands!" says Deo the toy dog.

Chpt 16:

Back at the hospital, Uncle Joe is sitting up in bed with Tessa by his side. She has just returned from the gift shop after purchasing some of Vanessa's Chocolates and the daily newspaper. After a couple of these wonderful truffles, which they eat slowly letting them dissolve in their mouths, they kiss. Uncle Joe licks his lips and says, "Oh, honey! I don't know which is sweeter, your kiss or those chocolates! I can feel the energy coming back into me already." He grins at her. She replies, "Save your strength, sweetheart." He pouts and picks up the paper. "Tessa," he exclaims, "did you read this?" "No, I just saw the headline, something about 'Congress Finds Funds'. I didn't think much about it since it sounds like the same old rhetoric". "Well, listen to this, my dear. 'Today congress has passed legislation mandating that in order to boost revenue, effective immediately, all recycling will be done in government facilities. Following the successful implementation of third party security to Brackish-Water, these facilities will be run by subcontractors". "This is outrageous! Who do they think they are?" he says with anger in his voice. "Tessa, this means that we have to close. Can you believe they say this will be more efficient, good for the economy and increase revenue? What are they thinking?". "We must go home now," says Uncle Joe, "Doctor's release forms or not." "Yes, but we must hurry dear," she says, "We can't let the nurses know that we plan to leave." "Tessa, pull the power plug for these silly machines from the wall so they don't sound any alarms". She did as he asked. "Good, now please hand me some of those nice new clothes, love. We will leave the old ones in the closet so they think I am still around here, that will slow them down for awhile". "I'll get that wheel chair I saw in the hall while you dress" said Tessa as she handed him his things. "Good idea! But be careful, Tess. Make sure no one is looking". While she is out he takes the IV needle from his arm and pulls off the ECG electrodes. Soon she is back with the wheelchair and they make a hasty escape down passages to the emergency stairwell. Uncle Joe is riding on the back wheels clunking rapidly down the stairs while Tessa holds the handles at the back. Once outside, they abandon the wheel chair and slowly walk a few blocks for Uncle Joe is not fully recovered. A cab drives past then suddenly brakes abruptly, its tires squealing as it spins around and pulls up next to them. The driver leans out the window and says, "Hi, Uncle Joe and Tessa, need a lift?" Before they have had a chance he continues, "Jump in, jump in, you look tired so I'm your free ride!" They climb in. "Where are you two going? It's on the house, anywhere you want to go!" He jabbars excitedly about all the fun times he had watching them make toys while he drives hurriedly and crazily back to the woods. Tessa and Uncle Joe can't get a word in so they sit back holding hands and smiling, Tessa acknowledging his comments when required.

Chpt 17:

Times are tough in the world and high tech dominates. There are no mechanical robots in the streets, just robotic people - many of them dressed in Brackish-Water uniforms. The illegal immigration battle stopped with the mechanization of the farms. UAV's prowl the skies and computer controlled cameras and sensors automatically scan the scene. The average citizen finds work in a fast food establishment or security. Everything has become a crime while real crime is out of control. There are homeland police that control the fashion police, garden and house police, transport police, pet police, parental and tv police, food police, parking police and then police police policing the police. And cameras and computers watch the Police police. Everyone is frightened.

With budget constraints, all government buildings are run-down while everyone else, by law, must have their buildings and possessions well taken care of or risk losing them. The government is seizing property they deem unsightly and demolition teams are busy everywhere with bulldozers. The recycling police are prowling the streets looking for broken or discarded objects which they snatch up since they are paid by the pound. Everything they can lay their hands on, even a child's toy left on a porch or swing, is fair game. Some of them even wait for an ice cream truck to come down the road with its annoying jingle and loud speaker voice saying "hell-owl, hell-owl". As soon as the kids drop their toys and run for the truck, the Brackish-Water police would dart out from behind trees and cars and steal their toys. Sadly when an ice cream truck comes by now, which is very seldom, the children just hug their toys to their chests with sad expressions on their faces.

It is a dark gray day, rain is pouring down. A large, dirty looking industrial factory with an over grown yard and broken fences can be seen. In the middle of this building is a courtyard of mud occupied by a lone dog house.

This government seized factory has been converted into the new toy recycling hospital which is administered by lumpy faced toads and staffed by colorful sweaty faced frog nurses. Above the entrance is a sign that reads Children's Toy Hospital. A small sign near the main door states, No Adult Toys Allowed. There is a constant stream of trucks bringing boxes of broken toys for repair, cars with little children who bring theirs and some just helped by friends. Some toys arrive on crutches or on stretchers, some with bandages and patches, some with parts that belong to other toys, even those that look like they are bleeding in all sorts of colors where small children have tried to paint them.

Opposite the entrance from the main door are the admissions cubicles, above the last two a sign states, "Walk-in Toys". Red and green lights above each one indicate when the next cubicle is available. Seated frogs wearing fashion police hats inspect and sort all the toys entering the facility, noting each one in their computers along with a quick I.D. photo. Their clothing is removed, tagged and dumped into a chute where it whizzes away. This has turned out to be much quicker and all around more efficient than the old style pat down and multi lane metal detector unit which is now abandoned against the opposite wall. Many toys don't like being naked and are very bashful, so hospital loin cloths are provided, standard pink for girls and blue ones for boys. Since some toys might be color blind or have lost their eyes, the front is stamped with a diamond within which is written "Boy Toy" or "Girl Toy". They are tagged with bar coded wrist or ankle bracelets and the frogs wave them off to join the crowds riding the conveyor belt to the pre-wash department in the next room.

Arrows are plastered on the walls directing one to pediatrics, orthopedics, x-ray dept. and others, even one that reads Hot Hair for the hospital's hair salon.

A truck with City Zoo Gift Shop written on the side pulls up and a load of monkeys jumps out the back door trying to escape. With hands bound together by magnets, they chatter excitedly in Chinese, since that is where the label indicates they were made. (Translations are sub titled on the screen.) Mr. Plumpski, the boss of this facility, has a dog known as Grunge, who eagerly gives chase and catches the last monkey in his teeth. He drags them all backwards through the electric sliding door. The final monkey in the chain gets caught when the door closes and the stuffing spills out of a tear in his arm. His hand and arm, now deflated, come free and they all tumble about. Grunge barks excitedly, "Another load of recalls!" is subtitled on the screen since Grunge has such a horrible accent no one understands

him. He goes for the injured monkey, shaking him in his teeth. Stuffing flies everywhere. Suddenly he stops, drops the monkey and wheezes desperately trying to breathe. As his eyes bulge and his lips and nostrils turn blue, Mr. Plumpski arrives just in time to give him a kick to the ribs. Grunge coughs up a bunch of stuffing and pants furiously trying to catch his breath. The monkeys led by the oldest one called Swing Sing, flee from the lobby into the factory hospital. An alarm sounds announcing, "This is not a drill, I repeat, this is not a drill, runaway toys on the loose". Mr. Plumpski yells at the frogs, "Do something, you lazy lumps" but they sit there, their eyes bulging and faces sweating looking at each other helplessly. Just then, the toad Marines' security squad arrives in full combat gear with all sorts of weapons and equipment. "Which way did they go" yells Jeremiah the squad leader at the seated frogs. They all point to the swinging doors in unison. The marines run after the monkeys, their silly string guns cocked and gummy nets ready to throw at the runaways.

On arriving at the next room the conveyor abruptly stops and the toys fall onto a slide with water jets on the sides. This is fun for many of the toys and they scream in excitement as the exasperated toads yell at the very wet frogs to keep control and get the young toys to stay in line. Some toys however jump from the end of the slide and run back out the entrance doors, most of them dodging the sentry toad in the middle of the wet passage to jump back on the conveyor to ride and slide again. Just then the monkeys burst through the doors running and chattering as they scurry around the toad. They are followed closely by the marines who slip on the wet floor bowling over the sentry toad as they all go tumbling down.

The monkeys are fast and soon scramble up the columns and scurry along the steel girders of the ceiling, out of the toads' reach. Below them the toys drop from the end of the pre-rinse slide and splash down into a long tub. Sitting on the sides on lily pad seats are the frogs in their white nursing tunics and flip flop shoes scrubbing the toys. The frogs sing and try to make it pleasant for the toys who they treat like babies in a bathtub, ooh-ing and ah-ing and talking baby talk. The grown-up toys find this very annoying but the frogs ignore their complaints and take delight in their work. A group of rubber ducks tries to escape but the frogs catch them with their long elastic tongues.

The toads shoulder their weapons and fire up their jet packs to fly after the monkeys since they cannot climb like frogs. The packs require two hands to control so the monkeys easily swing out of the way as they fly around swooping and turning up and down. The noise startles the frogs from their merry singing and they look up in amazement, frozen in the moment as the toys float past them in the tub.

A giggling baby toy floating along on its back urinates mightily on this department's lead toad who is standing nearby gaping at the unfolding scene. The toad slaps the nearest frog hard across the back as if she was to blame. Just then Sgt. Jeremiah the squad leader's jet pack hiccups, misfires and then dies and the marine spirals directly into the bath tub and lands like a canon ball with a mighty splash directly in front of the lead toad. Water, soap suds and toys fly in all directions and the toad is soaked. He is fuming and the steam rises from him as he glares at the marine before marching off. The frogs haul the marine squad Sgt. from the water, trying their best not to laugh. He berates them, "Wipe those grins from your faces and get back to work". With water dripping from his uniform and his feet making squishing sounds he storms off. The frogs stifle their laughter and resume their work, singing or is that croaking as a group, songs like Jeremiah Was A Bull Frog.

Two toads land on opposite sides of a monkey standing on a steel girder. They fire

their silly string guns as the monkey jumps from and swings under the girder. They miss him but the quick little monkey grabs a length of the silly string and swings to the nearest column and climbs down. The toads activate their jet packs again to chase after him but they only rise a few inches before they both run out of fuel and plop straight back down on the beam. The toads' faces register both astonishment and chagrin as they realize they are stuck.

Swing Sing the monkey, hiding on a girder behind a column, waits for a toad to fly past. With perfect timing the monkey kicks the jet pack and the toad spins out of control, crashing through a window and flying out into the rain. Other jet packs soon run out of fuel and toads are left stranded on girders, on top of machines; some landing on the conveyor belts where they join the toys being processed. One toad loses power half way up a column and just as he starts to fall he manages to grab it and hang on. Looking frightened, he shouts at the frogs for help, his face red with the embarrassment of having them see a soldier like this. Using the magnets in their hands, the monkeys quickly descend the steel columns. One monkey shouts over to his friend coming down the pole in Chinese (subtitled), "Hey what's better than sliding down a steel pole? Sliding down a bananaster". They both roll on the floor, laughing and holding their sides then go off through another sliding door to look for more mischief.

The frogs continue washing the toys in a haphazard, halfhearted way as they watch the antics of the monkeys and marines with quick glances. The semi-clean toys are carried out of the water on a wire mesh conveyor headed for the hurricane wind tunnel to dry. Their faces are contorted, their hair is blown all over and they hang on for dear life. A big, robot terminator-like toy loses his loin cloth and he hangs on to the wire mesh and swings around like crazy while trying to cover himself with one hand. Suddenly he loses his grip and goes flying, crashing against the inside of the tunnel before being blown out the end of the tunnel landing hard against a steel column, where he lies dazed. A monkey scurries over with his loin cloth and hands it to him, holding her hand across her eyes and peeking through her fingers. He perks up immediately. "Thanks, pal", he says, patting the monkey on the back. Subtitled, "No problemo, robo" says Lili Liu coyly in a squeaky voice, but please cover up, there are woman watching! " He quickly does so. "Now, let's get out of here before those toads catch us" yells the terminator over the din of the drying machine as he takes her hand and leads the way. "Ooh, you are so strong Terminator" she says blushing while looking up into his eyes, "You really grab me". Some of the marine toads spot the duo and give chase, under and over the machines. The toads can't run very fast so the monkey and Terminator foil all attempts at capture. The monkeys commanded by Swing Sing lower a length of silly string and the Terminator grabs the end while running. Lili scrambles up the nearest pole while he swings out in a wild arc shouting like Tarzan. Then he swings back, feet first, into a marine who is sent rolling across the floor tripping another marine in hot pursuit of another monkey. The monkeys are now squealing with laughter as they haul the Terminator up to safety. The Terminator recovers his composure quickly up on the joists, glances at Lili with a big grin and yells down, "Run toys! Run! Make a break for it!". The toys in the tub and on the conveyor run in all directions. Once they regroup, a large stuffed dinosaur takes charge and they follow him, although he has a limp for one of his legs is fossilized and moves in a rather jerky manner for his joints are stiff.

The toys that have hung onto the dryer conveyor are exhausted from the experience and are gasping for breath as they exit the tunnel to be dumped onto a new conveyor that continues on to the Nasty Inspection department in the next room. Toys that do not pass the small size test fall through the plastic fish net mesh on the conveyor and the last you hear of them is a scream as they vanish down a chute that is clearly identified with a hazard symbol and the word UNDERSIZED below it. A huge

toad oversees this department. He wears the CPSIA police hat and police uniform. His little eyes, set in a swollen warty looking face, seem to see everything as he constantly surveys the scene. He wears a government issued medal on his big chest with puffed up pride. He takes his job seriously.

The conveyor with the toys travels beneath a big machine marked clearly as the x-ray chemical analyzer with radiation signs on all four sides. It has bells and lights, twirling knobs and waving arms. As the toys travel under, they stop briefly as a bright red cross marks the center of each toy, bells jingle and jangle, a loud buzzing follows and then they are bathed by a bright blue light. Warning lights and a siren above this machine indicate if a toy fails inspection. These are promptly blown off the conveyor by a large automatic blower or if they are really big a couple of machine arms pick up the toy and drop it through one of many trap doors each with a hazard sign on it with words like LEAD, PTHALATES, MAGNETS ETC on them. They don't fall far, but drop into large boxes with the words, "To: 3rd WORLD" printed boldly on the side.

This machine suddenly shrieks like a crazed animal as the siren blares and all the warning lights flash. "Code red, code red", yells the CPSIA toad and another bunch of the burly marine toads wearing their jack boots and security outfits jump from their stools to seize the big Panda bear toy and stretch him out on a flat, metal inspection table. "Found it", calls one of them as he is feeling around in the toy's loin cloth. He pulls out and holds up a slingshot. "Haul him away for remedial treatment, he is not licensed to carry a concealed weapon", shouts the chief toad. Just then Swing Sing and the monkeys barrel through the swing doors followed closely by the escaping toys led by the dinosaur, and then the frogs who have joined them. The doors swing back after them, knocking many of the marines giving chase senseless. Others are bowled over like ten pins. The monkeys see the Panda at the same time he sees them. The monkeys call in Chinese, "Hang on big fella, we're coming!". The Panda, overcome with joy, replies in Chinese "Thank you, good timing!" and he grins from ear to ear revealing his beautiful pearly white teeth. The marines escorting the Panda see the mob coming straight at them, turn and head for the nearest exits, dropping their gummy nets as they run.

Swing Sing and Panda with the Terminator who is holding Lili's hand lead the monkeys in the chase followed by the dinosaur, the toys and then the frogs with the remaining marines from the first encounter bringing up the rear. The monkeys pick up the gummy nets without stopping, with little smiles on their faces as they wink at each other. They enter the pre-op anesthetic room as other toys proceed on the conveyor belt through a glass tunnel machine. The toad operator, who has been observing each toy on the toy heart monitor and is constantly adjusting the levers so each toy gets the correct amount of laughing gas, looks up startled and accidentally pushes the lever forward. All the toys in the machine start giggling then laughing uncontrollably as they are carried on to the next room. The mad crowd runs through his room without a second glance and exit the opposite side through a door marked "SILENCE!". The marines momentarily pause on entering this glass walled auditorium that overlooks rows of operating tables. They look down and see the toad surgeons in surgical gowns at work doing limb, eye and even head replacements, sewing up wounds and calling out constantly to their frog surgical nurse assistants for more tools. Unfortunately, some toys seem not to have received the prescribed amount of anesthetic, for some talk in a state of delirium while others bounce around and have to be tied down.

The marines encounter more signs, ABSOLUTE SILENCE ZONE, DO NOT DISTURB, NO CAMERAS, NO RUNNING. On tip toe with the fingers from one hand in front of their mouths and calling out softly, "Shushhhhhh" they move down the passage alongside

the long windows carefully placing one foot in front of the other. The monkeys and the Panda close behind do the same, followed by the dinosaur and the toys, followed again by the frogs and lastly more marines all carefully following the rules.

As they pass through a door into the next room they hear the laughter of the new toys arriving in the surgery department. It is contagious and they all smile and chuckle. They seem to have forgotten they were chasing each other and all look with fascination through the glass wall into an adjoining room. This department is certainly the largest and most colorful, with rows of beautiful clean and sparkly clothes hanging on racks just waiting to be returned to their toys in the recovery wards that surround it. It is understaffed and the frogs, in their nurses uniforms, jump around like crazy trying to help dress all the recovering toys. The busiest section however is next to the clothes department. It is the Hot Hair Hair Salon. A row of toys line up outside of awaiting a final makeover in this vibrant colorful salon with its ultraviolet lighting effects, spinning and dancing wind chime decorations and blaring modern music.

From a bad hair day to replacing missing hair, to trims, styling and coloring, they do it all.

"Oh darling, how would you like your hair today, permed or straight? Would you like to look at some pictures?" asks a particularly swish sounding frog standing behind a Barbie doll perched in a salon chair.

"Wow!" exclaim the toys and marines with awe. A large marine states with pride, "Soon they will be repackaged and sold as the Nearly New Brand, the government's pre-owned toy line".

Chpt 18: In a back room of the Children's Toy Hospital, five toads are sitting around a table playing cards. The room is dimly lit with a single lamp above the card table. They look like a bunch of thugs; smoking and drinking from what look like beer bottles with labels reading: Mountain Dew, Raging Rapids, Still Meadow and Lightning Fog. The toads' uniforms look disheveled and they are sweating profusely as a fast game of OY! continues. They are throwing cards on the table and often shout OY! to win a round. One toad, who appears in command of the game, seems to call OY! just a little quicker than the others. He has accumulated a sizable winnings pile next to him and is rather proud of himself. He is certainly a quick thinker because this is a game of simple arithmetic and he is slowly but surely winning all the money on the table. The first toad throws his cards on the table and leans back in his chair and shortly after the others follow in resignation. The largest toad grins as he stuffs all the money on the table into his big white lab coat pockets. "Thank you, my friends. I feel much better now." The other toads look rather dejected. He sarcastically tells them, "Don't be sad, lads. The frogs keep telling us their Prince will come to their rescue so maybe you'll get lucky too".

Just then several marines knock and enter the room slightly breathless "Fellow toads," Marine Sgt Jeremiah announces, "We have a situation". He is dripping wet having come directly from his unexpected fall into the toy cleaning soapy bathtub.

The largest toad looks them over and then turns to the other toads, now slouched in their chairs with their feet on the table. "Yes, we sure do", he sneers. "As head amphibian of this facility, it is well known to me that our efficiency and quality of service is in question by the boss." "No, no, sir! That isn't what I meant. There's a riot in our facility that is beyond our control", says the marine, spluttering a little as he wipes his wet face. "This man, Mr. Plumpski, is a nincompoop! He constantly harasses us and belittles us" continues the largest toad paying no attention to the marine. "I've spoken with his dog Grunge and he is depressed, too. He wouldn't talk at first but after I treated a wound on his belly

and gave him a treat, he sang like a canary." The thought of this makes the toad smile. At that the toads all laugh in unison. "Grunge", the largest toad continues pontificating "isn't the sharpest fang in the dog house. We've all seen Grunge do crazy things to impress his master. He still doesn't understand why his master is mean when he does what he thinks is expected of him." In the background, the marine commander is trying to catch the head toad's attention but the toad is still complaining about the boss, "It's impossible to please Mr. Plumpski. His behavior is the cause of constant stress which we can no longer ignore. Our cousin frogs will not talk with us. In their eyes, we are the big bullies. If this continues much longer I fear we or our cousins will lose our legs if not our lives. I'm sure glad that Grunge isn't a French Poodle or we might be already be on crutches".

"Begging your pardon, sir," interrupts the Marine Sgt. loudly. "Those monkeys are still free to roam the place and their dissent has infected the frogs and toys. Half our security team was stranded in the roof girders and only rescued by the fire department toys after we demanded they do so. We need reinforcements!". "Well, call for them, you incompetent fools! Now, get out of my office and round up those toys!" shouts the largest toad waving the marines to the door. The Marines all salute in a military fashion, do an about face and march out. The Large toad slams the door behind them.

"This state of affairs cannot continue so I have come up with a plan. Who's on-board?" the largest toad asks in a loud authoritative voice. The toads look at each other with no idea what the plan entails. The first toad hesitantly raises a hand. Seeing this, the others follow. "Alright then, this is what I propose," and they all lean forward in their chairs in a huddle as he outlines his ideas. "We need a consultant. There is only one person who has experience with toys and who has kept a large group of animals under control. His name is Obarto. OB has become well known at the Big City zoo. His name and picture have been on the front page of the local newspaper several times for his ability to talk with the animals. He can walk into any cage, even those of the lions and snakes, and the animals remain calm. He has quickly become an attraction himself, playing with the animals in front of large crowds of excited children". "Yes, what an excellent idea!", says another toad and they all agree. The largest toad calls the local police chief and requests his assistance in bringing OB to the hospital immediately to deal with this emergency.

Chpt 19:

Marine Sgt. Jeremiah, who has been insulted by the large amphibian, speaks loudly to his troops. "Toads, this nincompoop!" he deliberately uses the term the largest toad has used, "Will do nothing. We'll have to take charge. Listen up, soldiers". He calls all the Marines throughout the hospital on his two way radio, "Marines, halt your assault! I repeat, stop your attack on the monkeys, toys and frogs. We have a change of mission".

Minutes later Mr. Plumpski, the boss, enters the room where all the amphibians and toys are looking at the beautiful clothes and happy repaired toys. He is grumbling and making nasty grunts and noises. He has made life a misery for countless toads, frogs, toys and even his dog, Grunge, while presenting a kind and gentle face to the media and the world. Standing in front of the factory he would give free toys to the children, reassuring them that their broken toys are well cared for. Meanwhile, inside the factory, the highly stressed surgeons would repair and reassemble the toys in weird combinations. The dresser-frogs were so tired they sometimes outfitted the toys in the wrong clothes. A Ken doll is wearing a bikini. Barbie dressed like GI Joe. Barney dyed lime green. And worse! These toys were sometimes passed through inspection by disgruntled frogs and sold. When a child received them, they almost always complained. This would result in a visit from the

quality inspection police who belittled and threatened Mr. Plumpski. He, in turn, took out his frustration by setting his Chihuahua, Grunge, who thinks he's a Mastiff, on the toads and chaos ensued with toy body parts flying all over the place. Grunge is partly blind and wears a patch over his left eye, an injury inflicted by Mr.Plumpski. Mr. Plumpski orders the toads to work unpaid overtime to clean up the mess which just makes the toads angrier. They turn up the heat on the plastic action figures line and their muscular tone all gets soft and saggy with paunchy bellies that are sent off to the automated packaging line and shipped off. They have also changed the packaging from New Age Action Men to New Old Age Action Men.

He is not in the room more than a few moments when he shouts at the Marines to arrest the toys and frogs. The Marines, however, don't move. Jeremiah winks at the toys and suddenly the monkeys throw the gummy nets over Mr. Plumpski and pounce. He is so big, and they are so small but there are many of them.....

Chpt 20:

The police and OB arrive just as all heck is breaking loose. A Marine Cpl. toad wearing a jet pack lies sprawled on the wet grass below a broken window near the approach to the front entrance. Through the windows, they see toy parts flying through the air and there are frogs on the window bars jeering at them. Toy parts bounce off the inside of the windows. The noise of the commotion is very loud. Grunge is barking but the frogs, monkeys and toys are apparently ignoring him.

OB's police escort calls for backup. Police helicopters, armored vehicles and SWAT teams soon arrive and have the place surrounded. Through megaphones they warn the frogs to lay down their weapons, not realizing they have none. They say that they are sending in OB to negotiate, Searchlights light up the place, vehicle sirens and flashing lights are everywhere.

The front doors open and the frogs start to panic as they hear the sound of the loud speakers, helicopters and police sirens outside. A large handsome man stands silhouetted in the front door with the search lights from outside shining on him. A big cheer sweeps across the entire hospital as word spreads that OB has arrived. The nearest frog gets down on one knee and pleads "OB, OB you are here to save us! You are our prince, save us, save us!" OB denies it. "I am not a prince. What makes you say such things?" The frogs believe differently and a voice cries out, "You are from the forest, you can talk with animals, you talk with toys! Only you can be the prince that saves us. Look around you, there is no one else". "Oh,frogs! I don't know what to do. You must surrender to the authorities!" With that OB steps forward and the door closes behind him. The noise from outside greatly diminishes and OB hears the frogs start chanting, "Prince, prince, savior of frogs! Prince, prince, you must kiss us all." OB's cheeks turn bright red.

He does not believe it but he does as the frogs wish. Just then the police crash through the front door wearing masks in full SWAT forces gear, waving tear gas canisters and weapons. But there is the strangest sight before their eyes. The hall in front of them is glowing in magical colors as if the aurora borealis had just entered. It was dancing above all the frogs and spreading down the hospital passages where there are still a few toys walking around, muttering incoherently. The lead officer yells into his loud speaker, "Officers freeze, stand down, I repeat stand down" and instantly the SWAT team halts. The police are transfixed as before their eyes, beautiful woman are appearing looking like princesses. They shoulder their weapons, quickly forgetting their mission for they are all in love. There is no anger or menace in the room just a sweet perfume that entrances them all. OB follows some toys down a corridor and out a door while the frogs become beautiful woman and the SWAT police are still frozen in disbelief.

Chpt 21:

The boss has been tied up and dragged to the central courtyard. In the rain and mud, he is tethered to Grunge's dog house which is much smaller than him, so he cannot escape the elements.

OB arrives escorted by a few toys and he stops near Mr.Plumpski. The rain pours from his waterproof jacket as he pulls out his Skean Dhu. The boss cowers thinking OB is about to slaughter him when the monks, Zing and Zang, arrive on the scene carried on the backs of two large owls accompanied by the starlings of Betty and Burt and the Blacksmith crows Archey and Bodie. They had been alerted by a message from the local birds at the zoo to come quickly. The monks dismount and stand out of the rain just inside the entrance to the dog house. They pull out little sheaths of parchment and record all that transpires. Large numbers of toys with the monkeys, Lili and the Terminator are holding hands and Marines peer through the windows overlooking the courtyard. Accompanying them are many beautiful woman and numerous SWAT police who have regained their composure and hurried to see what all the excitement was about. A hush falls over them all as they see OB raise his Skean Dhu. Many raise their hands to their mouths, biting their nails and inhaling loudly as they gasp in anticipation of the gruesome event they expect any moment.

The boss pleads for mercy and OB stands there listening with the others. Grunge bares his fangs at the boss, his single eye glaring larger than life barely an inch away from the boss's face. Mr.Plumpski continues, "I am sorry for all I have done, I will do anything". OB says, "Louder, so all can hear!" and the boss repeats himself.

Mr.Plumpski crawls over in the mud to OB's feet and clutches OB's shoes, begging "Please, please! Anything you say, I will do." Grunge follows him snarling still inches away from his face. Just a hint of a smile shows on OB's face for he had only pulled the Skean Dhu to cut him loose. The delay in him doing so has given him the biggest blessing he could wish for, And his friends had arrived in the nick of time to witness and record this great occasion. Zing leans out of the dog house and thrusts a piece of parchment into Mr. Plumpski's face. "Sign this". Zing and Zang wink at OB. OB shouts aloud, "Mr. Plumpski has just confirmed his blessing to our toy clinic". OB winks back at Zing and Zang as he tips his Skean Dhu to his friends and nods to Grunge who is watching him out the corner of his one eye. OB states, "I declare this man is recycled" and he cuts him loose. "go free and be happy everyone". A huge cheer and applause explodes from all watching and they start to dance and sing. Grunge performs an amazing break dance on top of his kennel as he is so excited, OB, Zing and Zang stand in the rain watching and smiling at the antics of all as Mr. Plumpski walks away quietly with his head down. Everybody lives happily until the sequel.

Word of their eventual success spreads around the world when the fixed toys get sent off to new kids. This inspires the other toys and leads to the sequel movie in which they search for the Toy Chronicles book fighting more than just injustice in officialdom.

A Toads favorite drink is Hot Croako

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