



Chester Raccoon sat in the corner of his tree hollow and frowned. “I’m not moving,” he announced stubbornly. “I’m staying here. I want to stay with my tree, and stay with my friends, and stay where I’ve always lived.”

Mrs. Raccoon patted Chester’s worried, furrowed forehead. “I understand how you feel,” she told him in an understanding, motherly voice, “but I’m afraid we all have to move.”

“But I like it here,” whined Chester. “It’s my home.”

“It’s my home, too,” said Mrs. Raccoon. “And Ronny’s. And I know how scary it is to move to a new place. But sometimes, like when you started school and changed classes, you have to do things that are scary and hard at first. I know—maybe you could think of moving as an adventure.”