



**WHAT AM I?**  
a collection of short stories



by  
**Marie Rippel**  
and  
**Renée LaTulippe**

  
**ALL ABOUT READING**

Level 2 Vol. 1



**This book belongs to**


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# WHAT AM I?

a collection of short stories



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*To the reader –*

*between these covers  
you will find  
silliness and facts  
of every kind...*

*especially for you*





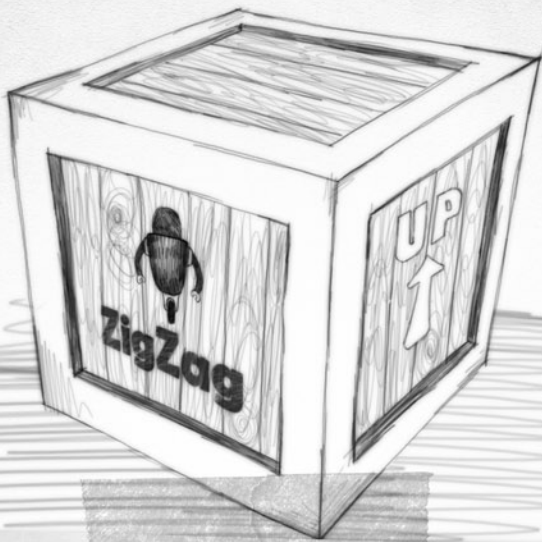
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**Broken Robot**



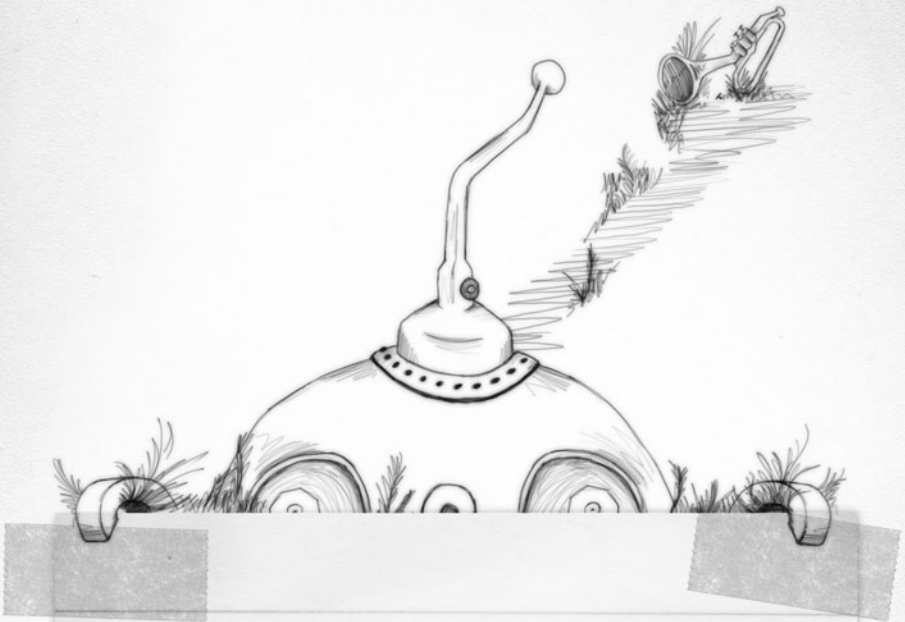
The ZigZag Robot Shop  
Grand Falls, MN 12345

April 1, 2020

To the ZigZag Robot Shop:

I am Tod and I got Rob the Robot from your shop. It was a gift from my mom.

Rob is a swell robot, but I think that his program is a big mess! The problems began the moment we had to open the box.



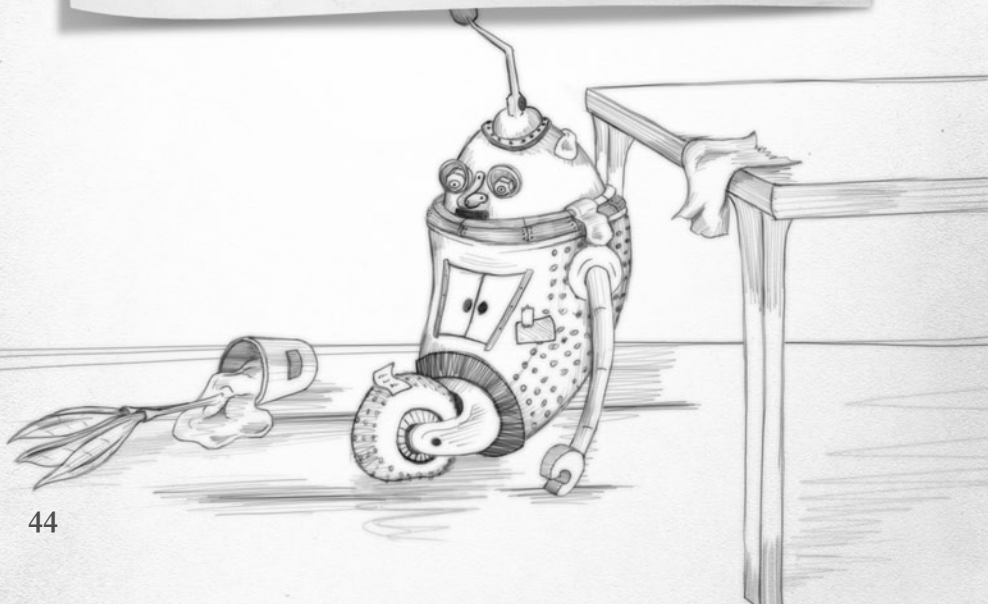
In a flash, Rob fled from the box and began to stomp on my trumpet. All that is left is a lump of brass. Why did he do that?

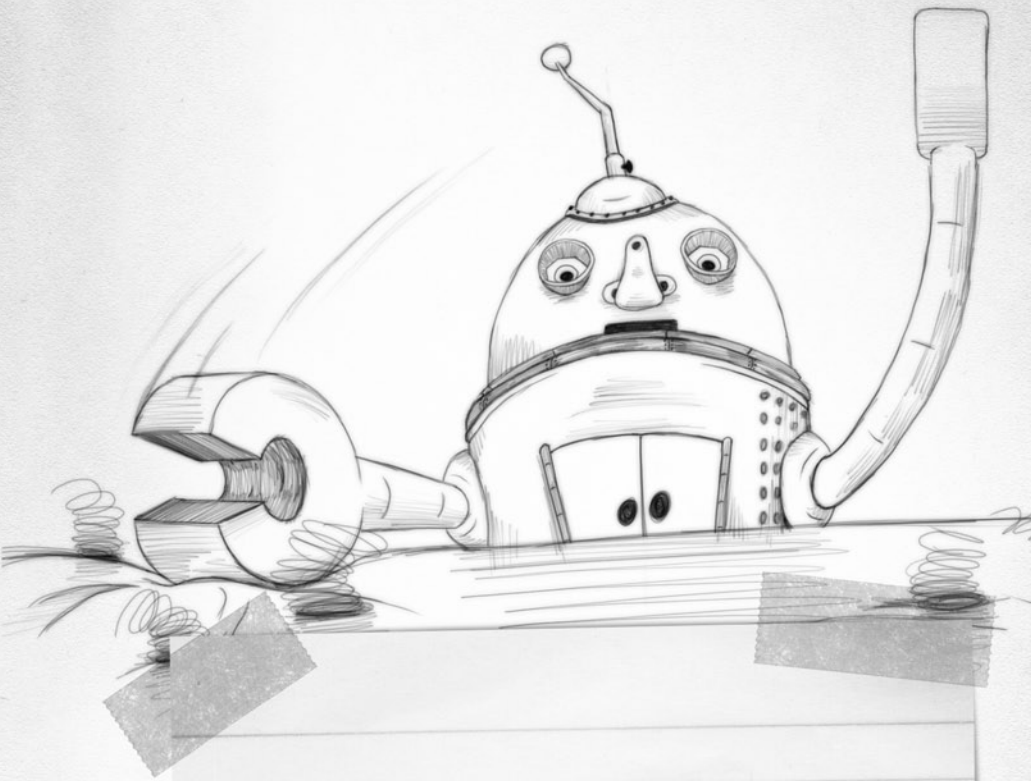
Then he sped into the grass and hid in the shrubs until dusk.

At lunch, he will not let me finish my eggs. He gulps my milk and shreds my napkin. He is as big a pest as an insect at a picnic.



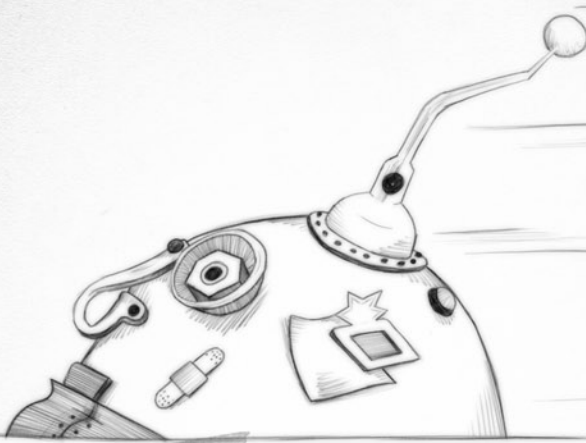
I cannot even discuss why he bumps into the plants and sifts in the trash. Then, if he gets even a tad of muck on him, he will cry until I scrub him off!





We went to a hotel with him. I cannot tell why, but he slung a bunch of pumpkins into the bathtub. Then he began to thump his fists on the bed until the springs went POP!

The hotel staff sent us a bill for the broken objects.



The helmet of Rob the Robot is a magnet, so my things get stuck to it as Rob blasts past. Then Rob thinks my stuff belongs to him, and he will not hand my items back to me!

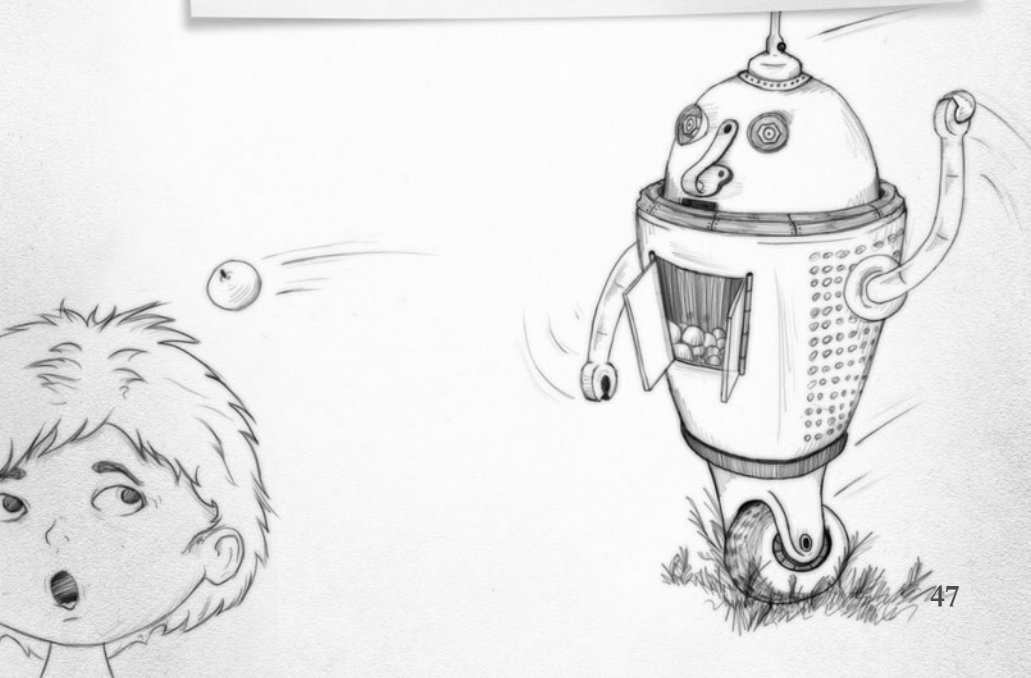
Can I prevent this theft? No!

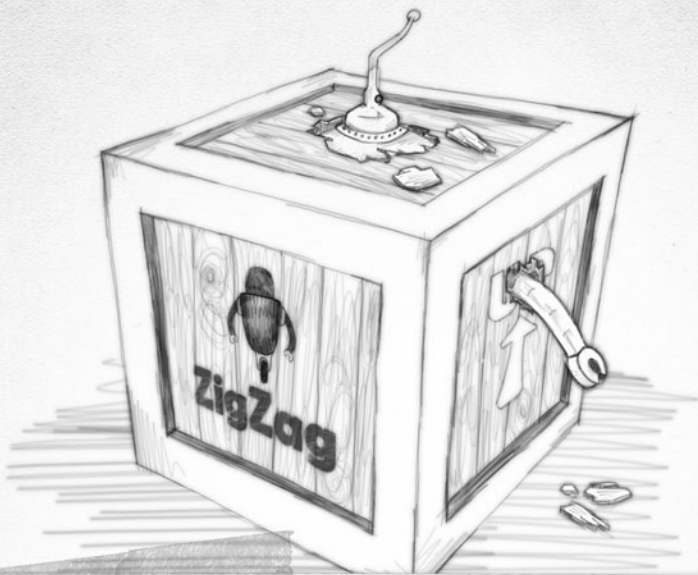


And I cannot omit the grand event  
of seven o'clock...

Silent and swift, Rob will drift up  
behind me, emit a shrill cry, and  
fling figs at me.

Yes, he is a sly robot!





So, ZigZag Robot Shop, the fact is that this robot is broken. I cannot trust him and I cannot depend on him. I must ask you to fix this unit or grant me a refund!

Your sad pal,  
*Tod*

P.S. Rob just broke my pen. I am at my limit with him. Rob the Robot must go!



**The End**





# **Matt the Musk Ox**

It was June and Matt the Musk Ox  
went to the lake for a swim.

He saw Deb the Dog on a dune by  
the shore.

“Hi! My name is Matt. I came to  
take a swim,” said the musk ox.



“This lake is for *dogs* – not for musk oxen. Oxen and mules must use the silt ponds past the hill. Those are the rules,” said Deb.







“And musk oxen smell bad! Yuck!”

She held her nose.

Matt was sad. He began his long  
hike home.

Deb the Dog went for a swim. She  
got stuck in quicksand and  
began to sink.

“Help!” said Deb with a yelp. “I am  
stuck in the muck, and I am  
sinking fast!”



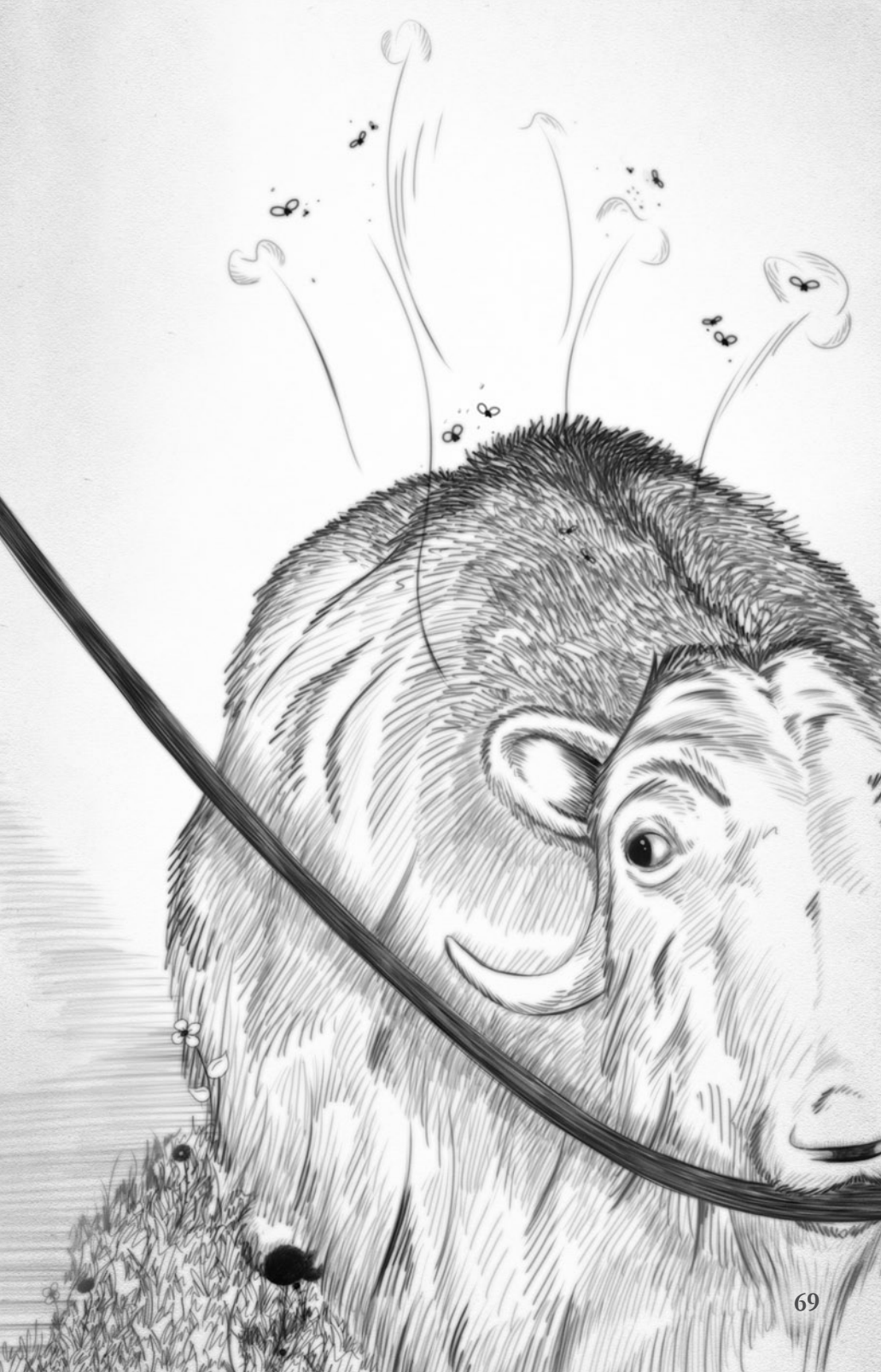




Matt the Musk Ox ran back to the shore. He got a bit of rope.

“Grab this and hang on!” he said.

Matt gave a strong yank, and Deb began to rise from the muck. She made it back to the dune safe!



“Thanks a lot!” said Deb.

“No problem,” said Matt. “I am glad  
I was here to help.”

“And I am glad you chose to swim  
in my lake!” Deb said.

She gave Matt a kiss on his nose to  
thank him.

Matt said, “Did I smell bad to you?”

“A rose smells bad next to my pal,  
Matt the Musk Ox!” said Deb.



## THINK:

A cute dog can be rude,  
and a big ox can stink,  
but those who are wise  
will stop and think.  
They will gaze past such stuff,  
and then they will find –  
even the rude and the smelly  
can be quite kind!

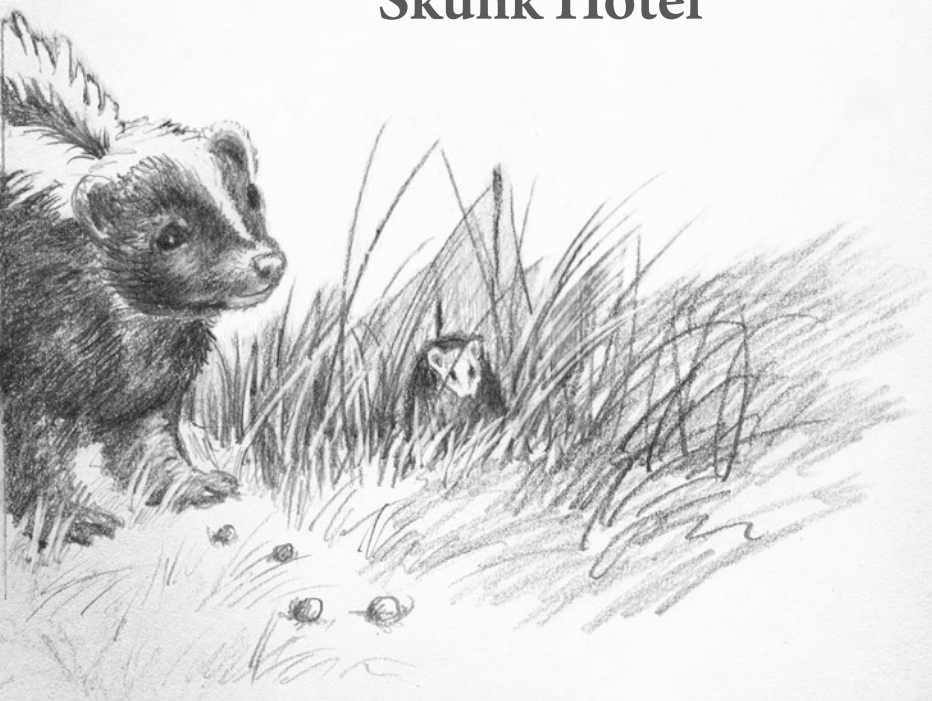






**The End**

## Skunk Hotel



In the pale and silent dusk,  
the skunk crept into the open shed.



It is April, and it is time for the  
skunk to fix up a home for himself.

This broken crate will make a fine nest! The skunk begins his chores.



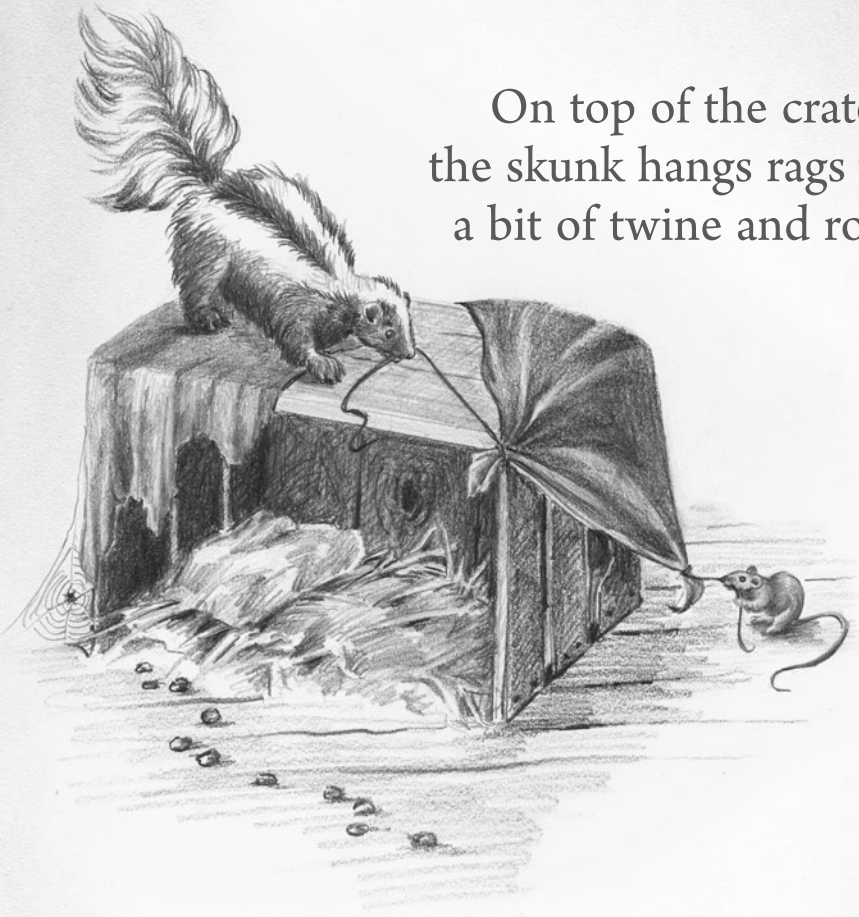
He cuts twigs to size to make a bed frame. A pile of grass will finish the bed and protect it from damp drafts and frost.

The skunk can use these stones to  
pave a wide path to the front of  
his home.



He taps them with his nose.

On top of the crate,  
the skunk hangs rags with  
a bit of twine and rope.



He is content with his safe home.  
Time to doze for a while!





But then...a human opens the shed!  
The skunk and the man stare,  
frozen for just a moment.

“Is this a skunk?” the man asks.  
“It is black with a white stripe on  
its back. Yes, it is a lone skunk  
in a crate!”



“You don’t belong in here.  
My shed is not a skunk  
hotel!” he says.

“But you are so cute!  
Don’t hide behind the crate.”



The skunk makes the man smile.

“I like you,” he tells the skunk.  
“A lone skunk is not a problem.  
You can use this shed  
for a home.”





The skunk is glad  
that the man is not upset.

But the man is not so wise...

for the next time he opens the shed,  
he will find the skunk, five kits, and a wife!



**The End**

## What happens when...



...a boy visits an elf in the Alps?

...a broken robot throws figs?

...a smelly musk ox goes for a swim?

...a family of skunks moves into the shed?

...a bunch of snakes escape their cages?



## Find out inside!



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