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The Moonlight Meeting

by

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> Fabled Films Press New York

Chapter 1

The sun had set.

The first stars had begun to shine.

It was nighttime.

But one small, scaly animal was just waking up.



It was Tobin.

Tobin was a pangolin.

"Oh my," Tobin said.

6

"I smell something delicious!"

Tobin yawned and stretched his sleepy body.





Tobin sniffed the air with his long, pointy snout.

Tobin smiled at the big, bright moon.



Tobin was hungry.

Tobin toddled through the moonlit grass.

Tobin sniffed the cool, wet ground.

"0of!"

Tobin's snout bonked into something round and soft.

6

"Oh goodness," Tobin said.

"This is what smells so good.

A pomelo!"

Tobin reached for the greenish-gold fruit.

4

Suddenly, a voice screeched from above.

"Thief!" it cried.

The voice was coming from the tree.

Tobin was not alone.



Chapter 2

"Oh my!" Tobin cried.

~ m

Tobin trembled. Tobin dropped the pomelo.

Tobin let out a stinky poof!

9

Tobin looked up at the tree.

A small, furry creature stared back at him.

It had big, brown eyes.

It had silver, stretchy wings.



The small animal pinched its nose.





The small animal flapped its wings.



Tobin was scared of the small animal.

But he was also curious.

Tobin wanted a friend.

Could this small animal be a friend?



The small animal jumped from the tree.



The small animal landed right in front of Tobin.



"Listen up, thief," the small animal said.

"That is my pomelo.

I saw it first."

The small animal put

his hands on his hips.



The small animal tapped



his little foot.

This animal was small, but his personality was **big**.

"Oh goodness, a thief?" Tobin asked.

He scratched his scaly head.

Was he a thief?

Tobin did not feel like a thief.



"Yes, you are a thief," the small animal said.

"A pomelo-stealing thief. And what am I, you might wonder?"

the small animal asked.

"I am Bismark! Sugar glider spec-tac- u-lar! And the owner of this pomelo."

Bismark put both hands on the fruit.

