

## **Transcript of Story On Podcast: Guardians of the Toast - Wonky Wednesdays**

### **Chapter 1: Opening**

[cheerful whistling theme song plays]

Hey there! Welcome to Story On! I'm Laura, your host.

So today, I want to tell you about a new thing we are doing at Story On called Wonky Wednesdays. The first Wednesday of each month, we will post a silly idea to our instagram and twitter feeds and invite YOU to draw a picture or write a story based on that idea!

Our story today is based on a silly idea from our January Wonky Wednesday post. Here it is: You've heard of burnt toast but have you heard of bird toast!? Huh?

To create my story, I started by thinking about what bird toast could be.

A crunchy flying creature!? Something special that birds eat!?

After I'd figured out what I wanted bird toast to be, I thought about my characters, where they would live and how bird toast could create some kind of problem. Then, I planned out my plot and got to work writing.

Now, I'm ready to share my story with you! Here we go.

It's time for the story.

[fading chime music]

### **Chapter 2: Story**

This is Guardians of the Toast.

"Gahhhhh nest duty is sooooo borrrriiiiiinnnnngggg," Jett complained as he flapped his wings and stomped his pointy talons in frustration. "I don't understand why we have to stay here, up in this tree, guarding this pile of toast while the rest of the flock gets to fly around having fun!"

"Oh tweet tweet. Nobody likes toast duty, Jett, but we all have to take our turn helping out the flock. Bird Toast is the most important part of our diet! Without it, we wouldn't be able to fly!!!" responded Charlie sternly.

He wasn't a fan of toast duty either, but he recognized the importance in every bird taking their turn. "Besides," he added, "we don't want any other animals getting a hold of it. Just imagine what would happen if our predators were suddenly able to fly! We'd be doomed!"

Jett flapped one of his wings in a dramatic swirl, gesturing to the forest around them. "Yeah, just look at all the predators out there, Charlie! Just waiting for a chance to get their paws on our bird toast! Ha, really. So many predators," he chuckled to himself.

There wasn't a creature in sight. It was true. Seeing other animals, let alone predators, was rare for the large flock of birds. They lived a happy and peaceful life, racing around, playing games and occasionally taking turns guarding the magic toast.

But, just because they couldn't see any other animals, didn't mean they weren't nearby. In fact, unknown to the birds, a sly little red fox named Cece was creeping closer.

She had noticed the birds a few days ago. Cece was a clever fox and right away she had seen that the birds were taking turns guarding a nest up in a tree. She had no idea that it held magical toast.

In fact, she thought it contained something entirely different. Eggs. And delicious little bird eggs just happened to be her most favorite treat. Cece also loved a challenge. And getting to a nest that was guarded AND located up in a tree sounded like fun.

"Just the kind of activity I'm looking for," she murmured to herself as she crouched in the grass, still as a statue. The abundance of tall wild grasses and thick bushes made it pretty easy for Cece to continue to creep closer to the unsuspecting birds.

"Mmmm I can almost taste those eggs!" she sang to herself. If Cece could get her paws on those eggs and take them back to her pack, oh the glory she would receive! Maybe then she would earn the respect of her pack and they would trust her to be involved in those special missions they were always leaving her out of.

Oh yes, catching those eggs could mean very good things for Cece. Her tail flicked slowly as a small smile crept across her snout, revealing her razor sharp teeth.

Meanwhile, back in the nest, Charlie and Jett were growing restless. The rest of the flock had discovered a hollowed out tree stump filled with rainwater and were taking turns driving into it.

The guard-birds looked on longingly as they watched the other birds splash and chirp playfully. It looked like they were having the best time. It was very difficult to watch from up in the tree.

Jett noticed that Charlie's wings were flapping and his feet were stomping as if he were splashing in the water. Charlie was so focused on the fun that the other birds were having, he didn't even notice what his body was doing.

"Hey, Charlie, why don't you go play in the pool? I can take care of things up here," suggested Jett with a smile and a little shove of his wing.

Charlie spread his wings to take off and then hesitated. "I don't know, Jett...we're supposed to be on duty. I can't abandon my post..."

(Jett): "Oh you wouldn't be abandoning your post, buddy! I'll be here. Plus, you can keep an eye from the pool. No one will even notice. It'll be fine! I can guard this toast with my eyes closed."

Charlie looked again at the fun the other birds were having. Then, he looked back to Jett.

"Go on! One of us may as well have some fun!" Jett insisted. Charlie nodded and spread his wings.

He leapt out of the nest and soared down to the little stump pool. "Cannon ballllllllll!" He chirped as he tucked in his wings and feet and burst into the pool with a large splash. The other birds cheered loudly and all piled into the pool.

Cece the fox was continuing to get closer. She had seen one of the birds leave the nest. She smiled shrewdly, looking up at the one tiny bird that now stood in the way of those delicious eggs. One little bird was no match for a determined fox.

At the bottom of the tree, Cece paused. Her razor sharp claws shot out of her paws as she leapt onto the tree trunk and began climbing slowly and silently up the tall tree.

Something caught her eye in the sky above her. She laughed when she realized that it was the other little bird from the nest. Cece watched as it zoomed down to the water pool and landed with a splash.

Cece picked up her pace. No birds were currently guarding the nest. If she could get up there without them seeing her, that would be even better. Then she could hide in the bushes and watch their surprise when they returned to the nest to see the eggs were gone. Oh how funny that would be.

"Silly birds. They don't suspect a thing!" she muttered as she stretched a paw out to the branch where the nest was tucked securely amongst the leaves.

It was a bit narrow even for a tiny fox like Cece. She wobbled slightly as she made her way along the branch. It took total focus. First one paw, then the other.

Pausing for a minute to steady herself, Cece glanced into the nest that was just a few steps away. The shock of what she saw almost caused her to topple and fall to the ground.

(Cece): "What the!?! Those aren't eggs! Those are pieces of....toast!?! What would the birds want with a stack of stale toast!?"

Cece was disappointed at first. She had gone to all the trouble of watching the birds for DAYS just waiting for this moment... and now to discover that the birds were guarding a pile of stinkin' toast!?! Cece couldn't believe her luck.

Then, she began to realize...there must be something special about this toast. It was clearly important to the birds if they were guarding it so closely.

(Cece): "Perhaps this toast is even better than regular bird eggs. Perhaps there's more to this toast than meets the eye..." She sniffed the toast. It didn't smell like anything special.

At the very moment that Cece was beginning to examine the toast, the birds began to realize that Charlie and Jett were not at their post. The flock was angry. The birds began fluttering and chirping at Jett and Charlie in frustration. [chirping]

"Oh come on! We just wanted to have a little fun. Besides, the toast is totally fine! Just look at the..." Jett stopped talking.

Because right up in the nest, to his complete and utter dismay, was a little red fox. And its snout was right above the toast!

(Bird #1): "Look what you've done!"

(Bird #2): "This is bad, very bad!"

The other birds began flitting around in a panic. Then, they turned to Charlie and Jett.

(Bird #1): "This is all your fault for leaving your post! You'd better get that fox away from the toast or you're outta this flock!"

(Bird #2): "Yeah! Save the toast or you're...well...toast!"

“No problem, no problem at all.” Jett said, nodding at Charlie, who was looking a bit flustered. After all it was Jett who had convinced Charlie to leave the nest and Jett was supposed to have stayed behind!

The birds knew that they had to act quickly. The fox could take a bite of the toast at any moment!

After a quick chat, Charlie and Jett gathered the rest of the flock and they began flying quickly toward the tree. Their plan was to fly straight into the fox and send her falling down to the ground. Before she got a bite of the toast.

Back in the tree, Cece had no idea that she’d been spotted. She took another big sniff as she balanced precariously on the branch while it blew gently in the breeze. Hearing a strange flapping sound, she turned around.

That’s when she saw the entire flock flying straight at her! Being a clever fox, she knew immediately what they were planning. She gulped as she took a quick peek at the ground far far below her.

“I’d really like to avoid a crash landing” she yelped as she desperately looked around for an escape route. Or some kind of tool. Something, anything! “This mission has taken a serious turn!”

Her eyes fell upon the toast. “Well, if I’m about to go down, I may as well take a bite first. Maybe I’ll at least find out why all the fuss for some flipping toast.” And just then, she took a big bite. [crunch]

The birds came to a sudden halt and hovered in the air.

(Bird #1): “She took a bite!”

(Bird #2): “Now what!?”

(Jett): “Just wait a minute. Let’s see what we’re dealing with.”

The birds continued flapping their wings in mid-air. Maybe the toast wouldn’t work for her. After all, she was a fox. And everybody knows that foxes can’t fly. Maybe it would just give her gas or something.

But just as the birds were starting to feel hopeful, two little red wings burst from Cece’s fur on her back.

“I feel funny,” Cece said slowly. She turned to see the wings flapping. In and out, in and out. “OMG did I just grow wings!?”

She was completely and utterly shocked. No wonder those birds were guarding the toast! It was magic! It's what made them fly! Without hesitation, Cece grabbed the stack of toast, clutching it with her front paws, and leapt into the air.

[circus music]

All at once the birds began scrambling around in every direction. It was complete pandemonium. "We're doomed! Doooooomed!" several were tweeting. "Everyone, spread out! Fly away in all directions!" another chirped.

But Jett remained hovering. There had to be something more that they could do. At least to prevent the fox from taking the toast to the rest of her pack!

Jett puffed out his chest and flew toward the fox, his eyes on the toast. He had to at least try to get it back. It was the least he could do since he felt responsible for the whole mess.

As he got closer, Jett realized that the fox was sinking lower and lower. Her wings were flapping faster and faster but still, she sank.

"Perhaps one little bite of toast wasn't enough for a fox to really fly!" he wondered, his voice hopeful.

Sure enough, Cece began to fall. [cascading sound]

A change for him to redeem himself! Jett whistled loudly to his flock. [loud whistle] That got their attention.

"The fox is going down! All birds stand by. Be ready to grab the toast when she makes contact!" he announced excitedly.

The rest of the flock immediately stopped panicking and began flying toward the ground. Cece let out a loud screech as she zoomed closer and closer to the ground. She landed with a CRASH right into a particularly poky bush. The toast bounced in all directions.

Cece watched sadly as the birds swooped in and grabbed it, then carried it back up into the tree, holding it with their beaks.

Then, the birds gathered around Jett and Charlie and decided to forgive their mistake so long as the two promised to do some extra shifts of toast duty. Jett and Charlie agreed that it was a fair arrangement.

As Cece slowly picked herself up, she pulled the thorns out of her rear and began walking reluctantly towards her pack, her tail dragging sadly on the ground.

She looked back at her useless little wings, “How am I going to explain these to the pack?” she wondered. Cece realized that she’d learned a valuable lesson.

Foxes just weren’t meant to fly. Magic toast or no magic toast.

[cheerful percussive music]

The End

### **Chapter 3: Discussion**

So that’s my story about bird toast! What did you think?

Can you write your own story about bird toast? Or some other kind of magical food that gives an animal special powers?

Will you have a bad guy in your story like Cece the fox? Will your bad guy be more successful than her at stealing the magical food?!

Write your own story and make sure to share it with your friends, your family and me [laura@storyonpodcast.com](mailto:laura@storyonpodcast.com)

If you would like to follow along for more Wonky Wednesday posts with us on instagram or twitter, we’ve included links for your grown ups in the show notes.

[cheerful closing theme music starts]

That’s our show for today. If you’d like to support Story On, you can rate or review the show wherever you get your podcasts.

You can also spread the word by telling your friends about us. Oh, and don’t forget to subscribe so you never miss an episode! Until next time!

[music fades]