Three Fables- Chunk Chunk Chunky

Edward Garner
Chunk Chunk Chunky

Chunk Chunk Chunky was a groundhog. He crunched around the ground all day long. He wandered in the field by the daisies, going crunch, crunch, crunch. He scurried down the creek bank, looking at the turtles and the ducks. Chunk Chunk Chunky was so, so happy eating roots and shoots and vegetables that grew around the field. Chunk Chunk Chunky had a den he spent the night in. It was like a little house and Chunky built it 'neath the ground. Chunk Chunk Chunky got a lot of sun while he munched on those tender roots that grew around the field. He was fluffy, he was fat, and Chunky liked it like that. One day while Chunk Chunk Chunky was eating on a root, a giant animal spotted him from three-hundred yards away and without so much as walking any closer, the big animal went bang-zip-splat and Chunk Chunk Chunky died just like that.

This is what the big animal said when he walked up to Chunky and saw that he was dead: “damned Varmint.”