

# THE LUMBERJACK'S BEARD



DUNCAN BEEDIE





Every day, he got up and  
did his limbering-up exercises.



(It's very important to limber up  
if you're a lumberjack.)



After a hearty breakfast of pancakes and maple syrup,  
Jim slung his big, trusty axe over his big,  
burly shoulder and headed out into the forest.



**CHOP-CHOPPEY-CHOP** went Jim's axe,

echoing through the valley as he felled tree after tree after tree.



After a long day of swinging, whacking, cleaving and hacking,



Jim headed back to his cabin.



That evening, when he was just about to go to bed,  
he heard a **PECK-PECKITY-PECK** at the door.



Jim looked down to see a small and very cross bird. "I built a lovely  
new nest in my tree," shrieked the bird, "and you chopped it down!"



Jim scratched his big, bristly chin. Then he had an idea.  
"I suppose you could move into my beard," he said.  
"Very well then!" said the bird and in she flew.