



„СЛЪНЧЕВАТА УЛИЦА”

1.ВИОЛА

2.УКУЛЕЛЕ

3.Г-ЖА МЕЦАНА (ПЕКАРНА)

4.БАБА КОСТЕНУРКА

5.Г-Н ТАРАЛЕЖКО (ИГРАЧКИ)

6.Г-Н КОТАН (БАЛОНИ)

7.ПЛОЩАД

8.ЖП ГАРА

It all started on a lovely winter's day. Ukulele Mouse's birthday was coming up soon and he could hardly wait to invite his best friends and neighbours from Sunshine Street to a party with music and sweets. He wrote beautiful invitations, tied them up with a red ribbon, and dropped them into each mailbox. He didn't manage to drop off Viola Rabbit's invitation. The mailbox's lid had frozen in the cold so Ukulele left the invitation on the door handle. He smiled gladly when he imagined how Viola would open it with excitement.

Ukulele started back home wrapped in his little coat. It was getting windy and he didn't notice the strong gush of wind that lifted the invitation in the air and flung it in the apple tree branches in the mouse's backyard. He reached his house, kicked the snow off his feet, and went inside where it was warm and his thoughts were on the forthcoming celebration.



Viola was excited about Ukulele's birthday too. Every year the friends from Sunshine Street would spend a wonderful day full of joy in honour of the mouse. Besides, Viola had chosen an extraordinary present that was sure to make her friend happy. It was a wonderful sledge which she decorated with a ribbon. Ukulele was going to be delighted and Viola was looking forward to the joyous moment when she would see his excited face.

In the following days, however, these happy thoughts started to give way to anxiety. Viola had not yet received an invitation to Ukulele's birthday and she was beginning to wonder whether she would be welcome there. She felt somehow uneasy about asking him, she didn't want to intrude but at the same time Viola was eager to know why she had not been invited. Was Ukulele cross with her? Had he simply forgotten about her? She didn't know which would be worse. It was also possible that there was not going to be a party that year.



It was finally Ukulele's birthday. Viola woke up, made a cup of tea, and decided not to let any bad thoughts into her head that day. Ukulele was her friend and she wished him all the best. Celebrations are not the most important things, are they? Besides, Viola could now spend a nice day with a book in hand,

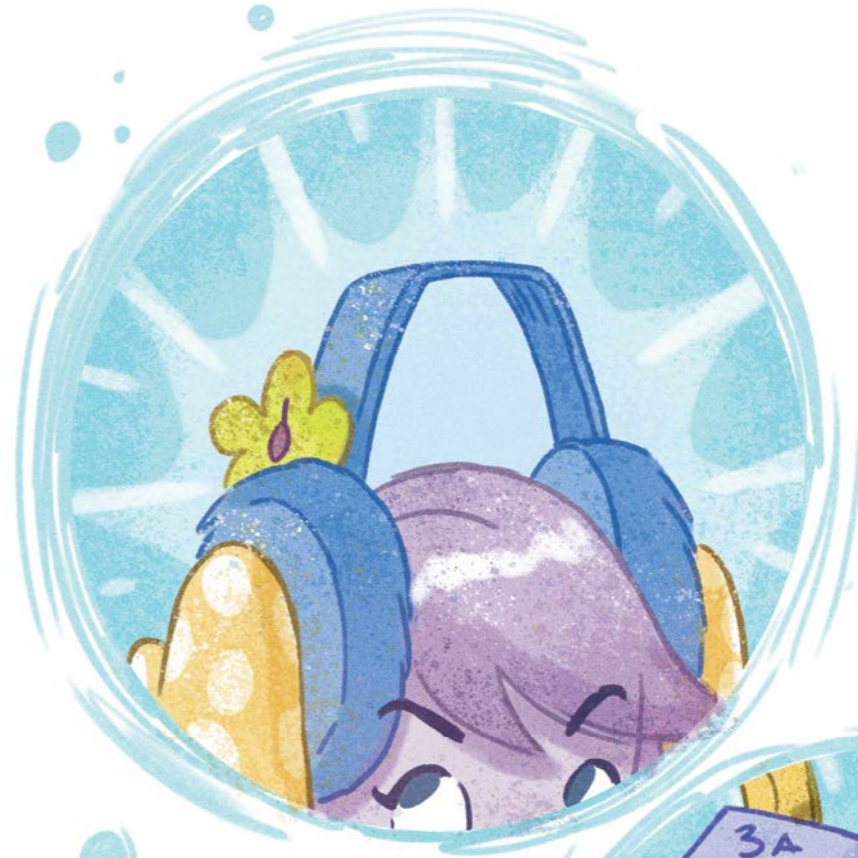
sitting all cosy near the stove. Having that in mind, she sat at the table near the window to drink her tea. She lifted the cup but her eyes suddenly widened with surprise and she slowly put it back down. Mrs. Bear was passing by out in the street. Apparently, she was headed to Ukulele's home because she was carrying a HUGE cake with fruit cream and cherries. - Oh, so there it is! - Viola said disappointedly. There was going to be a party after all.

She reached for her cup of tea once again but she nearly choked: this time it was Mr. Tomcat passing by, walking on the pavement. He was holding balloons in one hand and a guitar in the other.

- There, now. The balloons and the music have arrived! They don't need me there, do they? - Viola uttered a little bit angrier this time. She forgot about tea and simply kept staring out the window. She didn't wait long before she saw Granny Turtle walking on the street with a bunch of flowers under one arm and her knitting under the other. There was Mr Hedgehog with a huge present which pretty much blocked the view so he could barely see where he was walking.



Viola looked down at her cup of tea which was the only company she was about to have that day while everyone else was celebrating. Her heart sank in sorrow. Something glimmered in the corner of the room and Viola looked that way. There, behind the door, was the sledge - beautiful but sad and forgotten, just like her. All of a sudden the bunny stood firm on her feet. She was not going to be low-spirited! If Ukulele had decided not to invite her, let it be so. However, she - Viola, was not going to sit around and shed tears. She quickly put some warm clothes and her earmuffs on, and a minute later she was already pulling the sledge up the hill behind the house - the hill that all children took sledge rides. That was going to be a crazy sledge experience out of spite for all parties she was NOT invited to.



In the meantime the party in Ukulele's house did not start as planned at all. After he welcomed the guests, Mrs. Bear asked: "Ukulele, I see everyone's here except for Viola. Is she busy elsewhere?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Bear. Viola would not miss my birthday for anything in the world!" Ukulele said. "She's probably late. We'll wait for her."

Everyone waited in silence but she was not coming, so the guests got restless. Mrs. Bear dared to speak once again: "I was thinking... we could..." She looked at the others expecting help.

Mr. Tomcat nodded understandingly and went on: "If you think it might be appropriate, we could..."

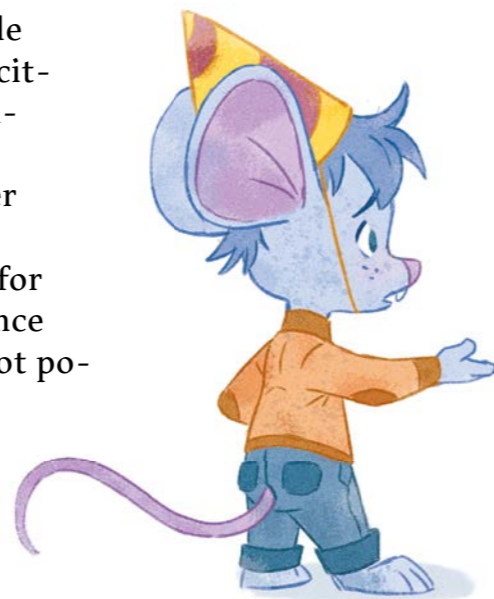
Mr. Hedgehog finished the thought: "... start the celebration without Viola. She will join in when she comes."

Ukulele's eyes opened wide in wonder.

"I don't want Viola to miss even a little bit of the party. She's always more excited than I am. Let's wait a little bit longer."

Granny Turtle grunted, not lifting her eyes from her knitting:

"I stand by Ukulele. We have to wait for Viola but please, let's not wait in silence because I'm getting sleepy and it is not polite to sleep at a party."



СЕСТИТРОНИЦА
ДЕН

"Mr. Tomcat, why don't you play the guitar?"

"What a wonderful idea!" Mr. Tomcat brightened up and everyone stirred with relief.

"I'll put the cake in the fridge," Mrs. Bear decided.

"And I'll go to the backdoor to get some wood for the stove," Ukulele said.





It was just then that Viola reached the hilltop and got ready to sled down the hill. They had told her in the shop that was the fastest sledge, so she adjusted her earmuffs, so as to prevent them from falling off at the fast speed. She sat down on the sledge and dug her feet into the snow. She could see her house and Ukulele's house in the distance. His windows gleamed happily while hers were dark. That thought made her push the sledge so hard that the wind whistled and her ears flapped behind her. She rushed down the hill and the sledge kept speeding up. Everything was blurry and the houses in the distance seemed to jump every time the sledge went through a bump.

"Aaaaaaah!" Viola shrieked but her voice faded as her anxiety grew. She thought it was going to be great fun but it didn't turn out well. The only thing she wanted to do was stop and feel solid ground under her feet. It was just then that the sledge, instead of going further down the slope, unexpectedly strayed and took a different direction. It was going straight to Ukulele's garden at a lightning speed. The bunny tried to stop but the sledge didn't slow down in the least. As she was approaching her friend's house, Viola thought that collision was inevitable. She didn't know what else

to do, so she took a deep breath once again and cried out loud "AAAAA!" Just then, utterly unaware of what was coming, Ukulele, the birthday mouse, came out the backdoor to pick up some wood. He lifted a log and nearly dropped it when he heard the wild cry coming from the snowy slope. It was all happening so fast that he couldn't even focus and



see what was rushing onto him. Next thing he knew, he was swept away by the speeding sledge. A whirlwind of fluffy snow and ice-cold wind enveloped poor Viola and Ukulele. She was clutching the rope of the sledge, her eyes staring, she was terrified. He was sitting in her lap, holding on to the log as if it were the last thing he could count on in this world. Carrying this wonderful load, the sledge barely slowed down before rushing through the open door straight onto Mrs. Bear who was just entering the kitchen with the cake in her hands. She couldn't even utter a cry before the cake went up into the air, turned upside down, and flopped onto Viola, Ukulele and Mrs. Bear herself – she had joined the pile on the sledge.

“AAAAAAAAA!” A three-voice shout came out.

In the meantime, Mr. Tomcat kept playing a cheerful melody on his guitar, so no-one heard the clamour and the approaching danger. Hedgehog was sitting in an armchair with a panoramic view of the door and therefore saw the swooping sledge but the inevitable happened before he could shout out loud. With the sound of strings “Rinnnng” and a muffled echo coming

