

the sky at the tall Brazil nut tree just above him and noticed that a large dangling pod was almost ready to drop. He closed his eyes and drooled at the thought of the delicious delicacies inside that pod, and he dreamed of gnawing through that thick, tough shell protecting the savory cluster of nourishment. Ten, fifteen, maybe even twenty Brazil nuts would soon be his! More pods would drop later, but this first one of the season would be special.

When he finally opened his eyes, he was staring right at Ocelot—Agouti’s worst enemy. Agouti knew he was trapped. Escape was impossible. *Or was it? Although Agouti couldn’t outrun Ocelot, could he outsmart*

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plan an escape. Then he felt the Brazil nut still in his paw, and he had an idea.

“Your present is ... is ... *a fumblebuster!*”

“A fumblebuster? I’ve never heard of such a thing. You’re just trying to delay my dinner.”

“Oh, no, Mr. Ocelot. A fumblebuster is a very *special* present. It’s given *only* to the fastest and mightiest creature in the whole forest.”

“Well, let me see it!” Ocelot demanded.

Agouti held up the Brazil nut for Ocelot to see.

“There’s nothing special about that,” said Ocelot.

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remarks. Besides, he knew that he could quickly catch that silly fumblebuster before Agouti could possibly escape.

“OK, I will grant your request—just to show you what a good sport I am and how generous I can be—heh, heh. I will not deprive you of the pleasure of seeing how gracefully I sail through the air. *And then I’ll gobble you up.*”

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Ocelot. On your mark! Get set! Watch for the fumblebuster!”

With amazing precision, Agouti took careful aim and paused the exact number of seconds needed before the toss. He knew the ways of the Brazil nut trees. At just the right

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“Oh, yes there is! When I toss *this* fumblebuster into the air and you run to catch it, then everyone in the forest will admire your speed and strength as you sail through the air in your grand and glorious style. All will be in awe of your magnificent prowess. Every forest creature...”

“Quiet! I won’t fall for such foolish flattery,” growled Ocelot, although he *did* enjoy the thought of all the forest creatures adoring him. “Besides, do you think I’d let a silly thing like that distract me long enough to let you get away? No! I’m hungry and I’m ready for my dinner.”

“You’re right, Mr. Ocelot. You should

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