

The Wood

Chapter IV Getting Out

"So how will we get out?" asked Larry. Bob walked around.

"Gosh, it's so dark," Bob mumbled. Katie helped heave Amos back into his pile of leaves in Terry's bag. Terry stood still.

"Mmm! Mmm! Muoo!" Caroo tried to shout.

"Huh?" Larry asked, "Oh, it's you Caroo! What?" Caroo pointed to the handkerchief as well as he could, then sat down, leaning his back against the cage wall.

"Well," Terry replied, "We're sorry. We can't get through this cage. We're too big." Terry sat down too. Suddenly, he remembered something. He had Caroo's key!

"Hey Caroo," Terry shouted, "I have your key! I have your key! Here it is!" Terry reached inside his bag to where the key was. But it wasn't there! "Amos, where's that key?" He started to ask, but Amos wasn't there either!

"Amos!" Terry called. There was no answer. "Amos, where are you? Amos!" There was still no answer. Terry's friends joined in with the "ant hunt."

Finally, Amos's little voice answered the turtles' worried voices. "Here I am!" he piped. "In your cage!"

"Where were you?" the turtles all asked at once.

"Why should I tell you? Kay, I went somewhere," Amos teased.

"Hey, where did Caroo go?" Katie asked.

"I don't know," Larry replied. Bob shook his head for "no". Amos twirled his antenna around.

"Kay," Amos announced, "I'll tell you where I was." Amos polished his feet by licking them.

"Mmm..." he mumbled, "Yummy...kay. I was helpin' Caroo outa his ol' cage."

"How?" asked Terry, "How could you...without the key? I mean--"

He was cut short by Amos. "I had the key. I took it with my antennas and marched out. I unlocked that ol' cage an' marched right in just like those right o' marching ants taught me. Oh! How I remember those days! Oh, well, sorry. I went right up to oh, that Caroo's nose stood up an' said, `Don't worry! I felt so proud when I unwrapped that ol' handkerchief off his mouth! I ate off that rope an' it came a tumbulin' down! Oh, yeah! I'm so proud! An' Caroo oh that guy walked right out an' is lookin' for your key all right!" Terry sat there, dumfounded. Could his little friend really do all this? He decided to wait and see. Amos flopped down in Terry's bag. He fell asleep. Katie looked through the bars.

"I don't see anyone," he announced. Bob played with his tail.

"You know," Terry announced, "Amos could be right. I mean, the cabin is big." Larry nodded. Amos started snoring. Larry suddenly saw something bushy!

"It's Caroo!" he shouted. All the turtles turned to look.

"Yes!" Bob cried, "You're here!" Caroo quickly unlocked the cage.

"Shh," he whispered. They all tiptoed out of the cage and out the door. They ran away from that cabin.