

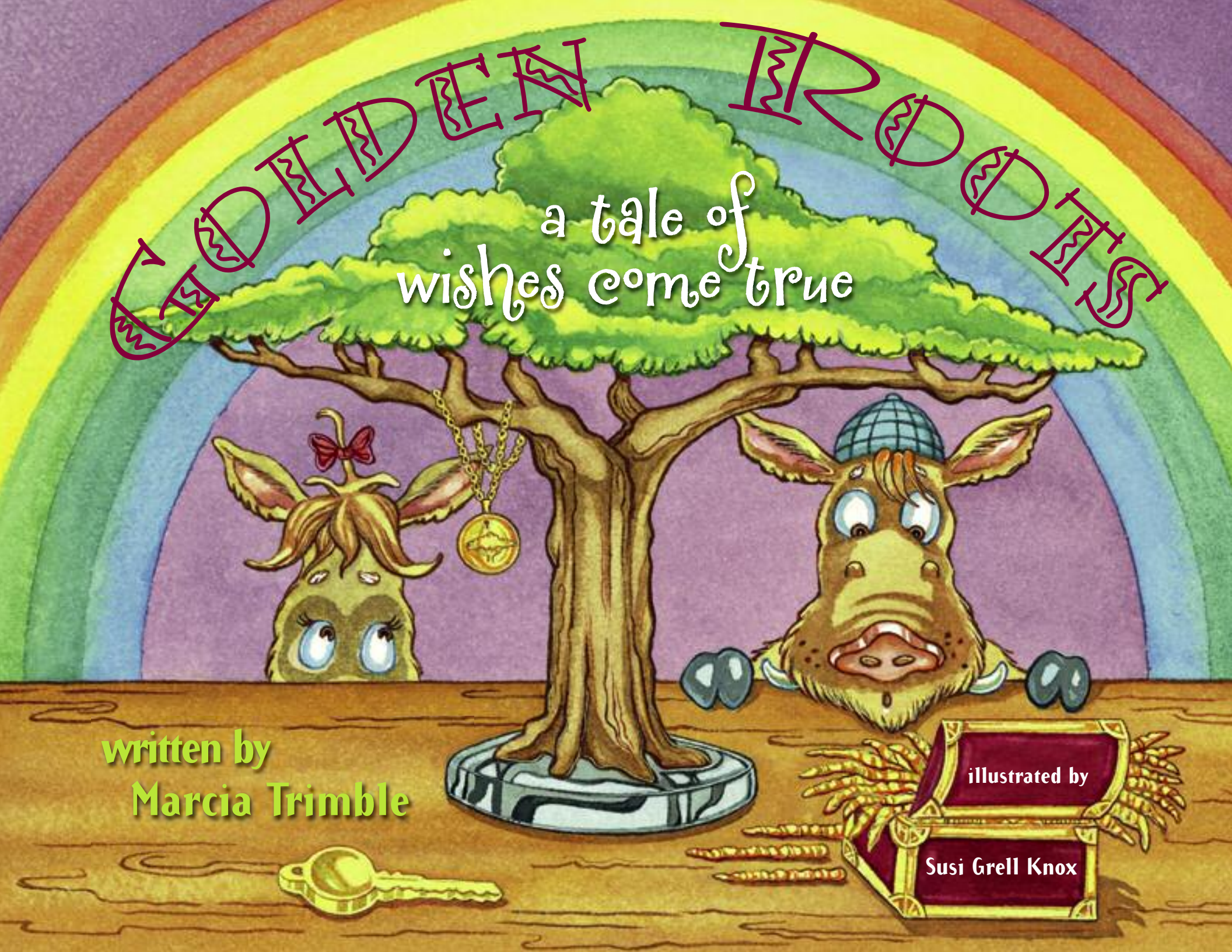
THE WISHING TREE

a tale of
wishes come true

written by
Marcia Trimble

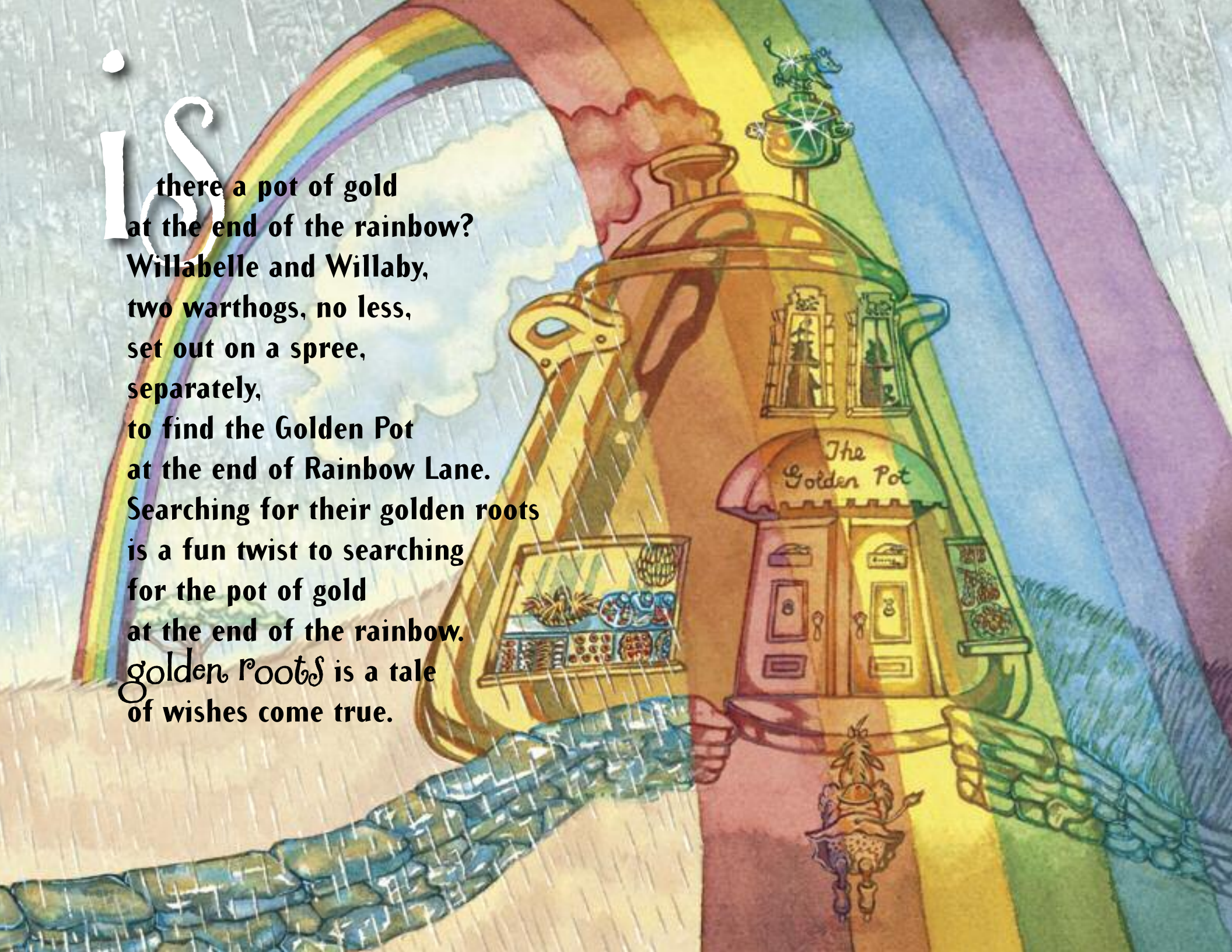
illustrated by

Susi Grell Knox



is

there a pot of gold
at the end of the rainbow?
Willabelle and Willaby,
two warthogs, no less,
set out on a spree,
separately,
to find the Golden Pot
at the end of Rainbow Lane.
Searching for their golden roots
is a fun twist to searching
for the pot of gold
at the end of the rainbow.
golden roots is a tale
of wishes come true.





GOLDEN ROOTS

a tale of
wishes
come true

written by
marcia
trimble
illustrated by
susi grell
knox



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SUMMARY: At the end of Rainbow Lane, Willabelle and Willaby Warthog
find a golden pot full of golden roots and a family tree.

Audience: Ages 4-8.

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to family ties and families united.

– M.T.

to roberta,

the charming resident warthog
at the Toronto Zoo,
who was a true inspiration
with her shy but willing poses.

– S.G.K.





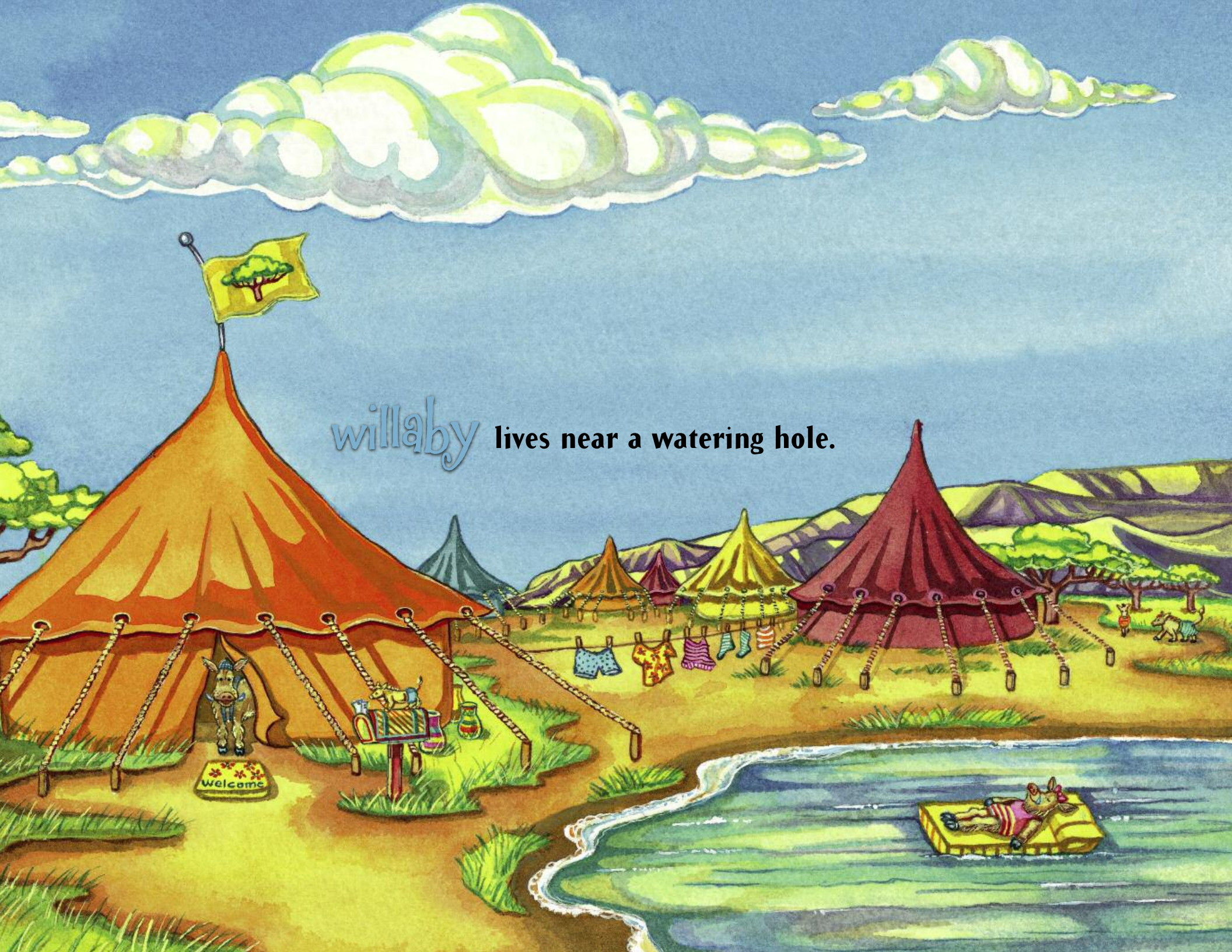
Meet **willabelle**...



and *willaby*...

with tails the likes you never did see
and lockets that dangle without a key.





willaby lives near a watering hole.

willaby spashes in the mud
with a rock 'n a roll...
and swims around.



He digs for roots...
in the ground.

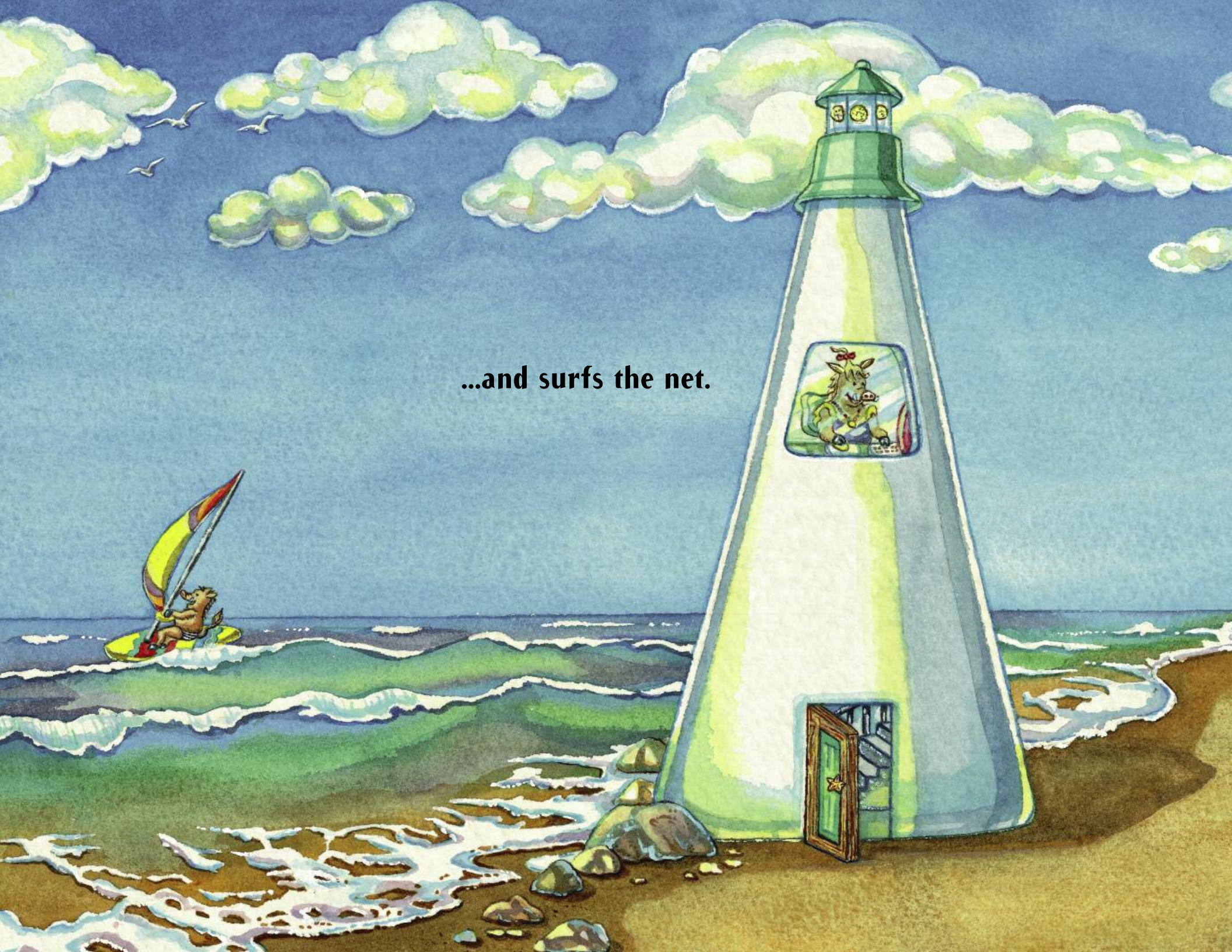
Celebration
- Game and root for warthogs.
- pot luck auction
- prize for highest bid
- A. Roots
- Golden Pot
- End of Rainbow Lane





willabelle lives in a computer lab...with her high-tech pet.
She wears a red ribbon...

...and surfs the net.





One day...
willaby spotted a sign
on the tree.

Celebration

- Come and root for warthogs.
- pot luck auction
- prize for highest bid

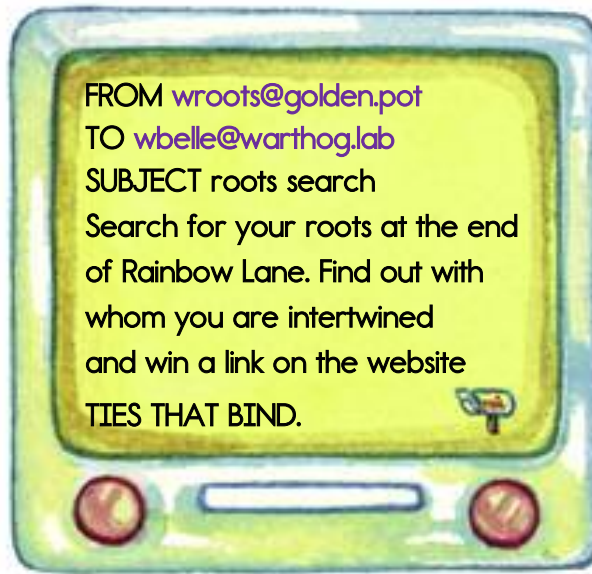


A. Roots
Golden Pot
- End of Rainbow Lane



"I can surprise my family with a basket of golden roots," he thought.
"If only I can find the Golden Pot Catering Shop!"

Meanwhile...
willabelle
received
a message
by eMail...

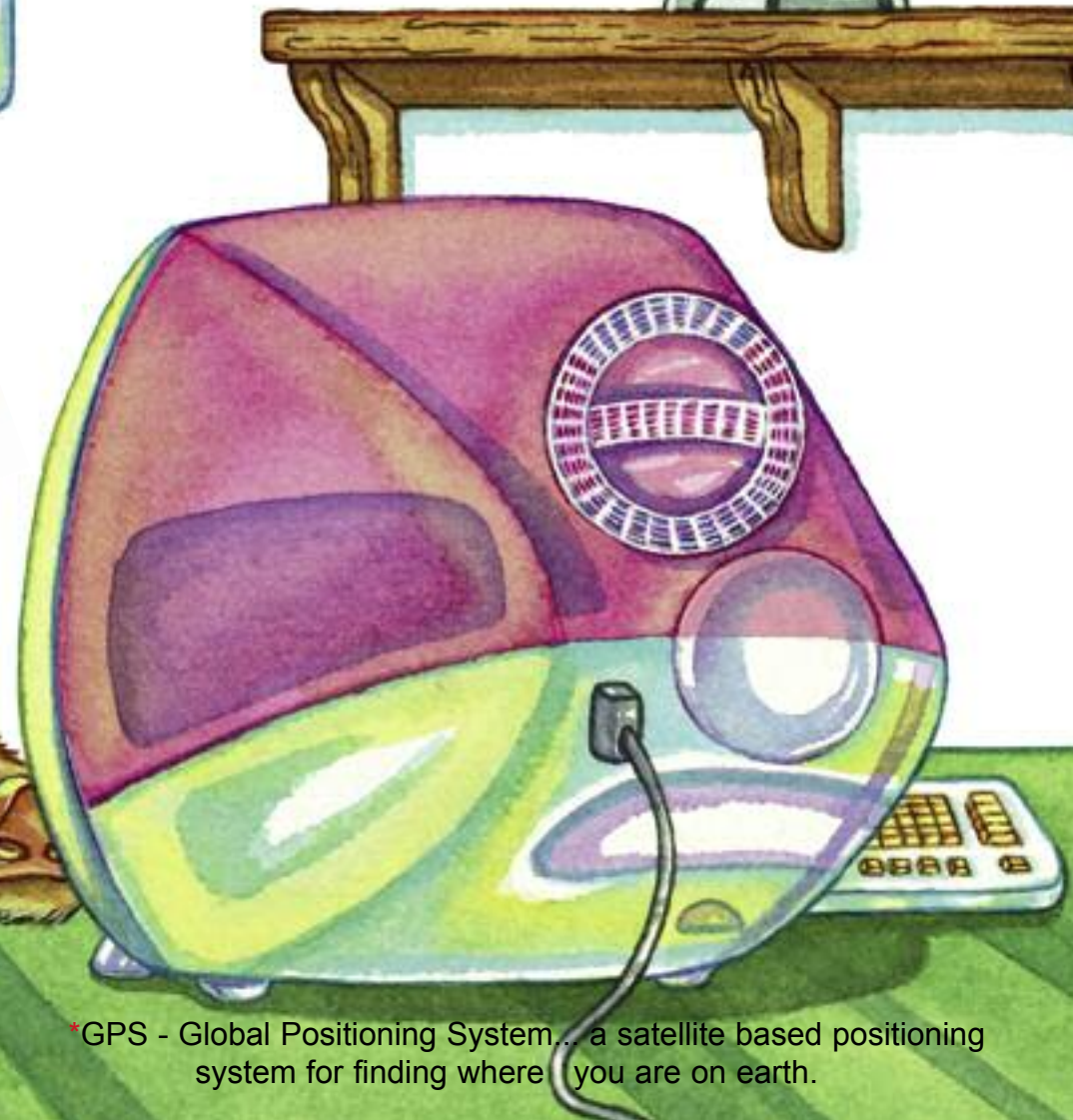


Wishes can
come true.

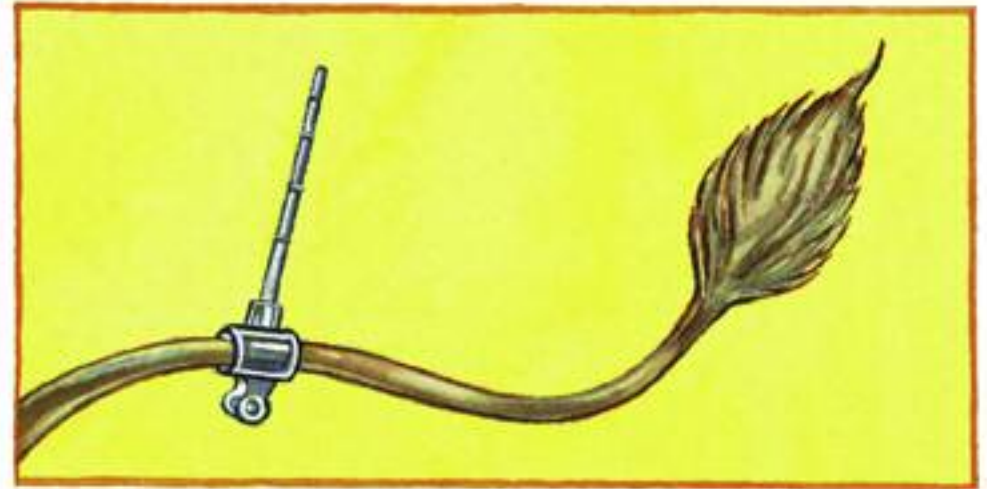
she
thought.



and she made
a secret wish.



*GPS - Global Positioning System... a satellite based positioning system for finding where you are on earth.



willaby

clipped

his

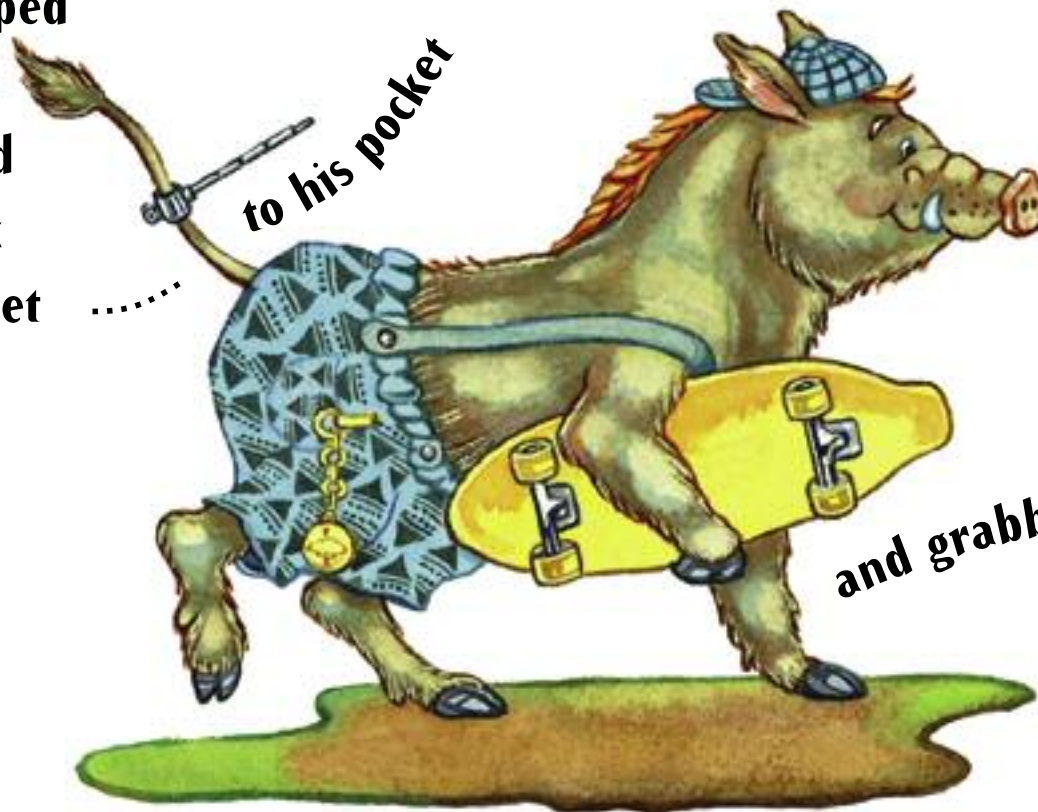
good

luck

locket

to his pocket

and his golden roots detector* to his tail...



and grabbed his skateboard.

* A device that gives a signal when willaby is headed toward a root.



willabelle
 clipped
 her good luck locket
 to her necklace ...downloaded* the map data base**
 covering the area
 between home
 and Rainbow Lane
 into her GPS
 enhanced reality helmet.***
 and packed up
 her rollerblades.



E.T.A. = Estimated Time of Arrival
 DIST. = Distance to destination

*Data is moving from the computer to the helmet.
 The data gives you an image.

**Electronic storage file cabinet

***On her display, willabelle sees a picture
 of the yellow brick road that she must follow.



And...the two warthogs

set off on a spree...

separately...

to search for golden roots
and a family tree.



willaby followed the signals of his golden roots detector
across the savannahs* until the vibrations** stopped.

willabelle

followed the yellow brick road
in her goggle display*** until it guided her
through an opening hidden in the underbrush.

*grassy plains
with few trees

**tremor signals

***glasses that let you
see a ghostly video image
in addition to your view
of the world around you.

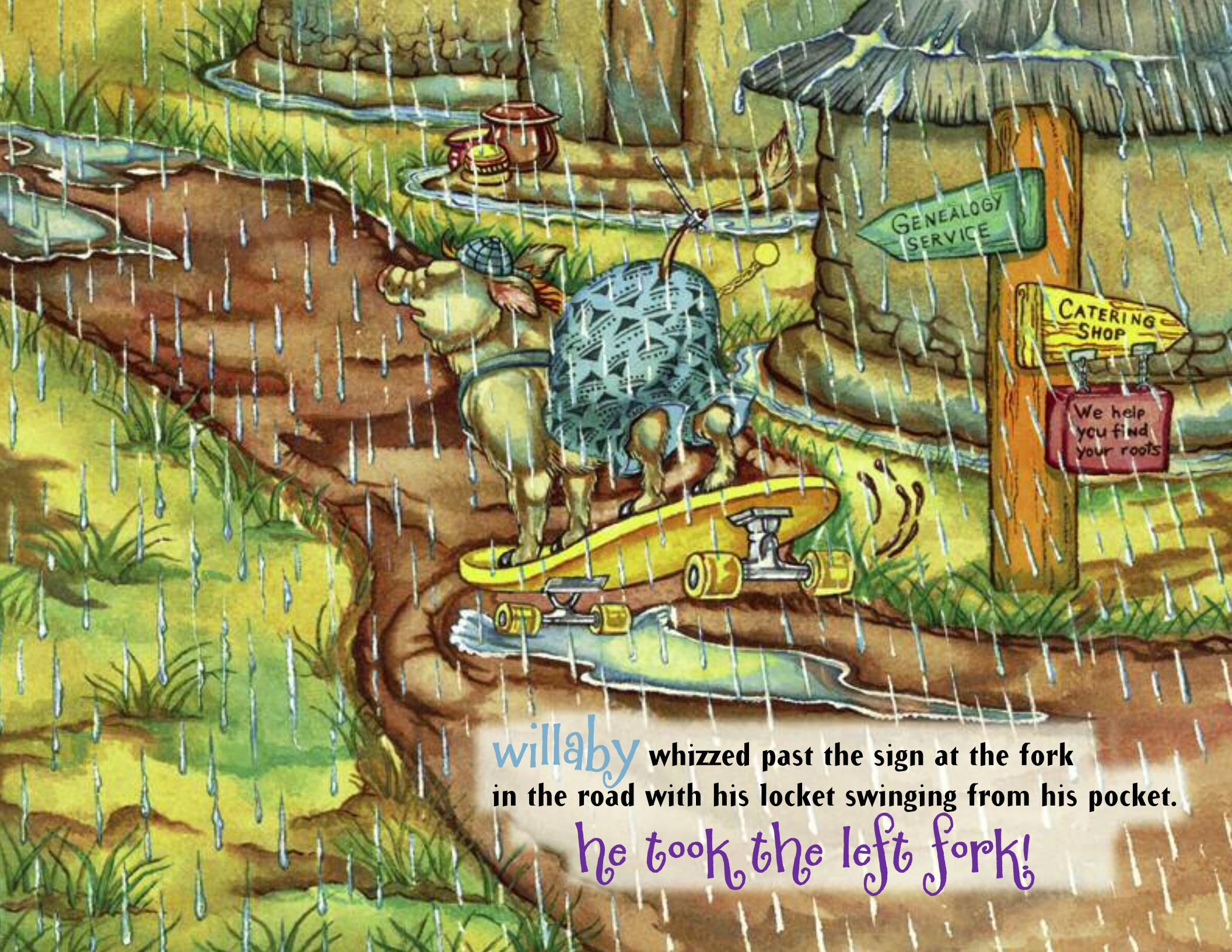




rainbow lane
appeared...



as if by magic.



willaby whizzed past the sign at the fork
in the road with his locket swinging from his pocket.

he took the left fork!



willabelle whizzed past the sign at the fork
in the road with her locket flying like a rocket.
she took the right fork!

all the while...

*the rainbow arched over the Golden Pot
with the two golden doors and steam
pouring from its golden chimney
and lit up the weathervane.*





**Ah! Shadows on the windowpane!
Who could be sheltered from the rain?**



willabelle arrived at door No. 1. She pulled on the knob with all her might.



The door opened and Aggie Roots stepped out.
“I am looking for my golden roots,” said **willabelle**.
“What route did you take to The Golden Pot?” asked Aggie.



“I took the right fork in the road,”
said **willabelle**.

“The right fork is the wrong fork for you.
The left fork is the right fork to take,” said Aggie.

“Oh dear! The right fork
is not the right fork. I mean,
the right fork is not the right route.
The left fork must be the right route,”
said **willabelle**,
all flustered.

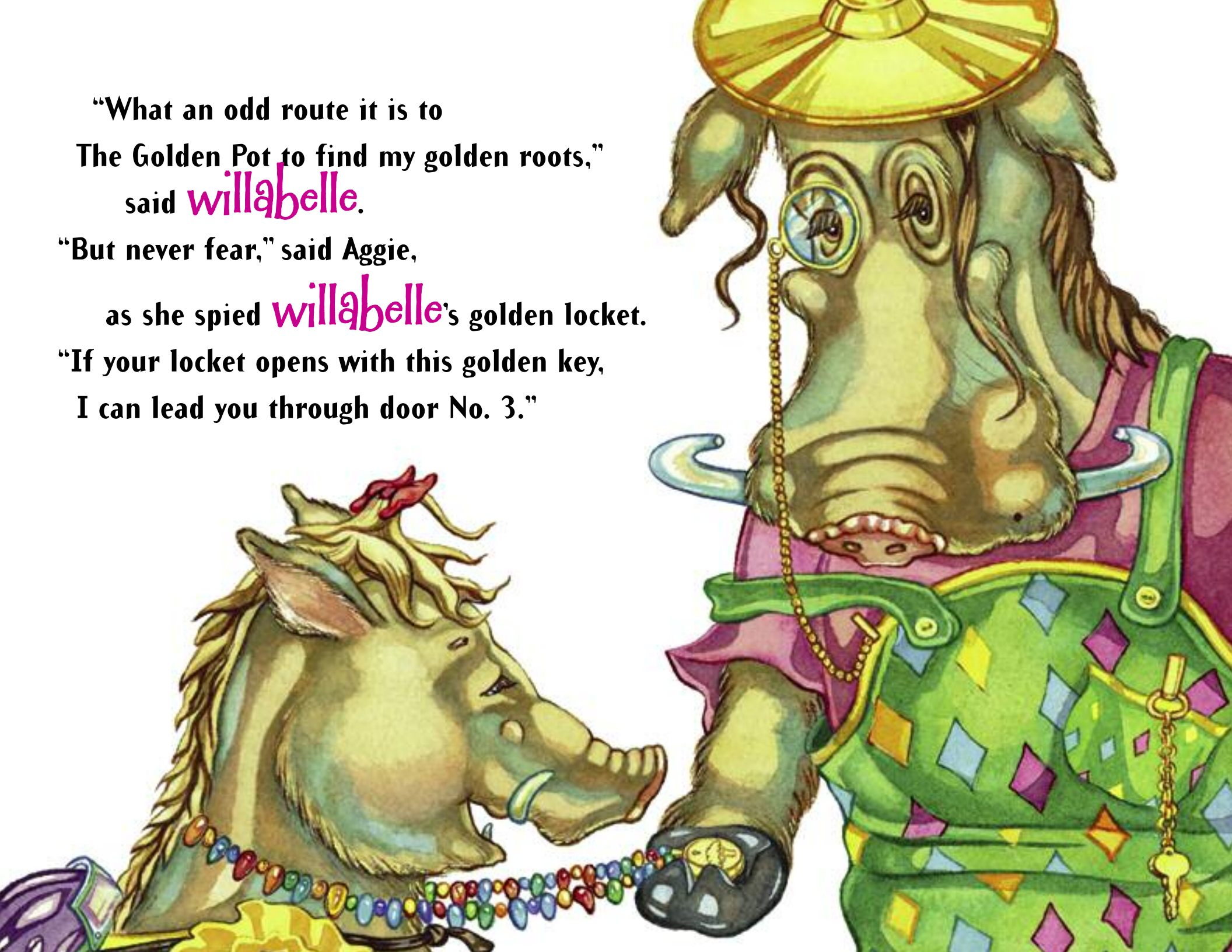


Aggie said, “Yes, my dear, the right fork
is the wrong route. The left fork
is not the right fork but the left fork
is the right route to your golden roots.”



“What an odd route it is to
The Golden Pot to find my golden roots,”
said **willabelle**.

“But never fear,” said Aggie,
as she spied **willabelle**’s golden locket.
“If your locket opens with this golden key,
I can lead you through door No. 3.”

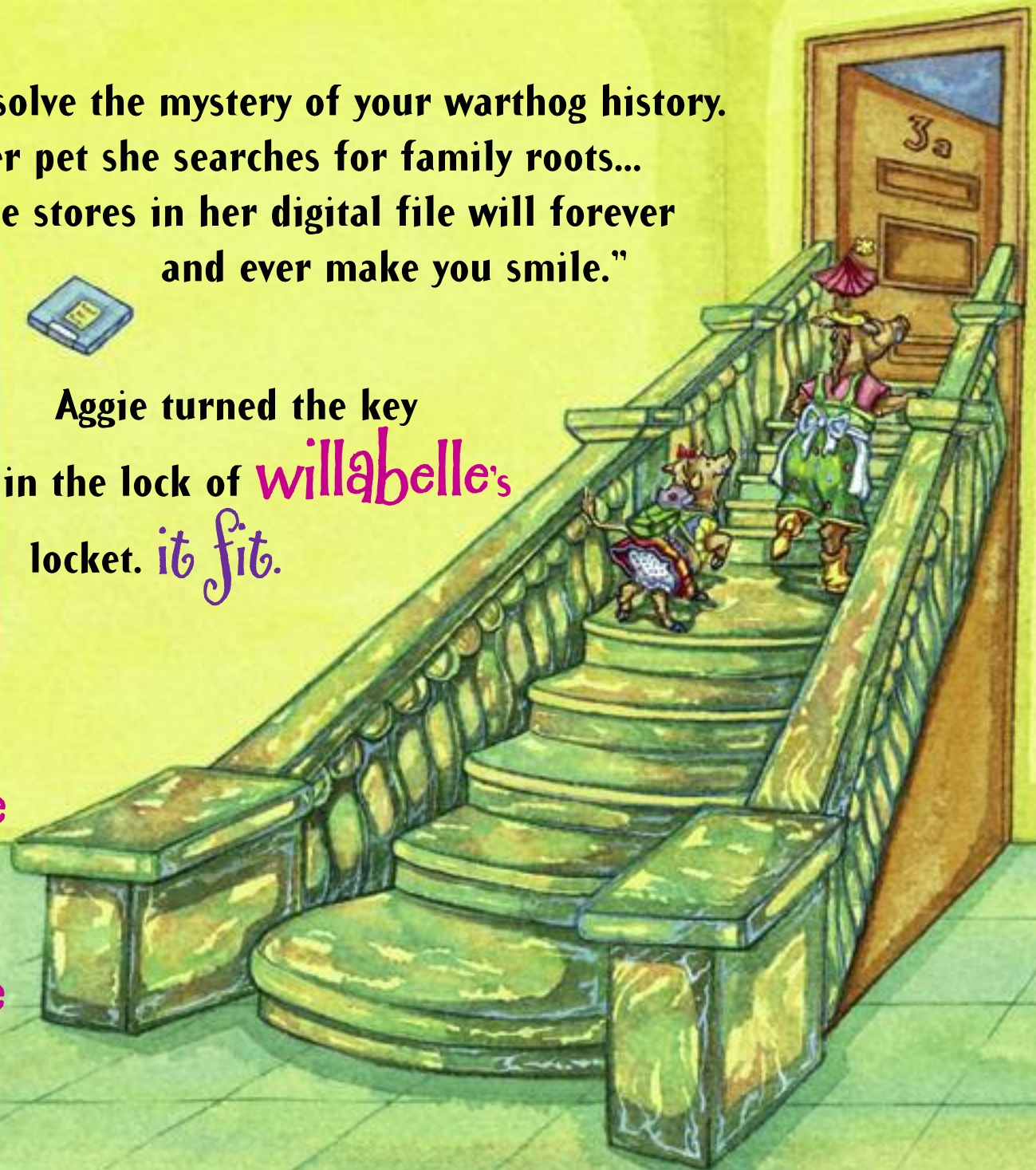


“Wilhemina, so sisterly, will solve the mystery of your warthog history.
With a click of her computer pet she searches for family roots...
on the internet. The data she stores in her digital file will forever
and ever make you smile.”



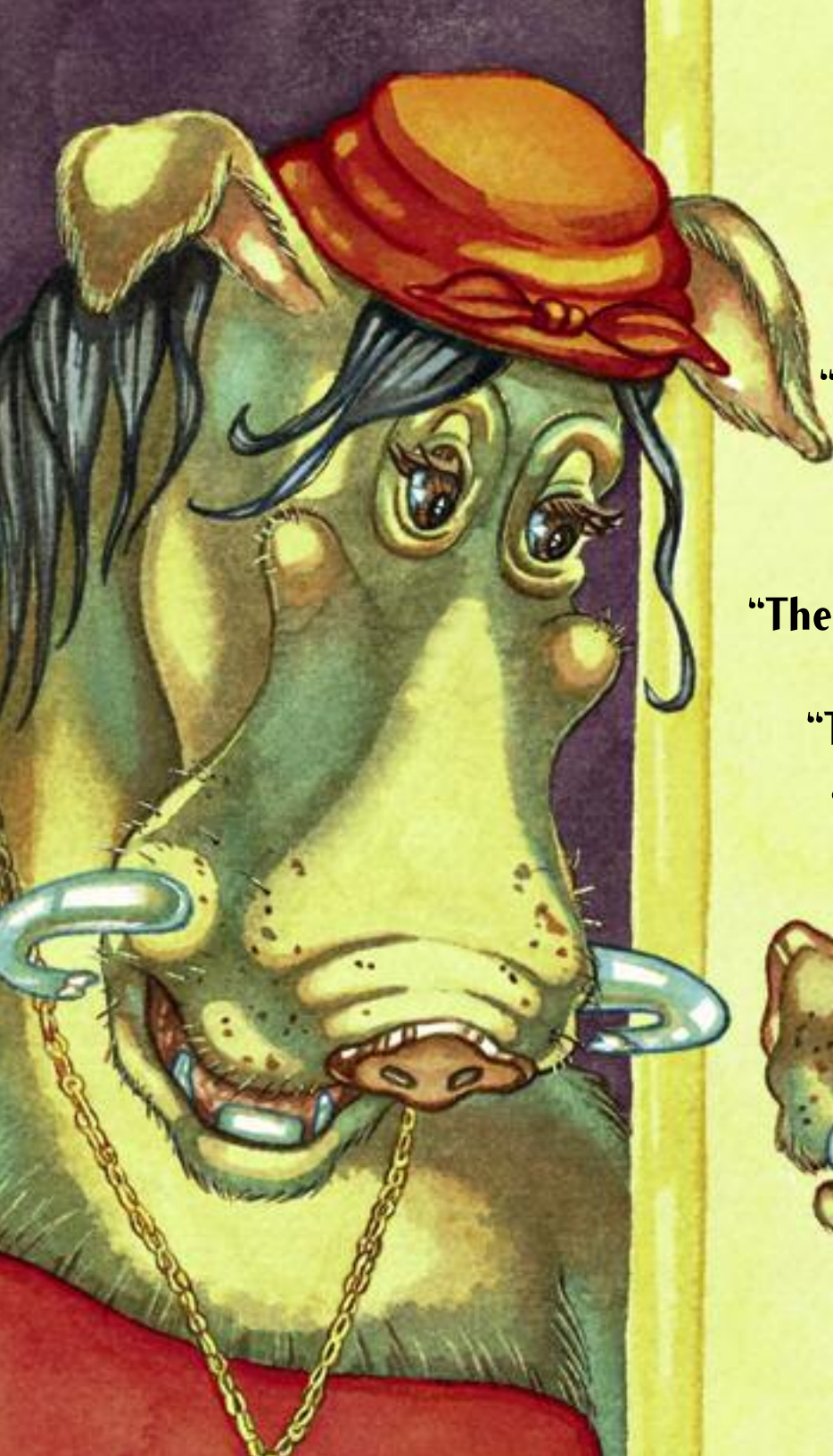
Aggie turned the key
in the lock of *willabelle's*
locket. *it fit.*

The locket opened and
Aggie escorted *willabelle*
up the stairs to door No. 3.
Door No. 3 opened and
Aggie and *willabelle*
soon disappeared inside.





Meanwhile, *willaby* knocked on door No. 2.




the door opened.
willaby found himself



face to face with Wilhemina Roots.

"I am looking for golden roots," said willaby.

"What route did you take to The Golden Pot?" asked Wilhemina Roots,
with her soft warthog eyes.

"I took the  in the road," said willaby.

"The  is the wrong fork for you," said Wilhemina.

"Oh dear!"

"The  is not
and the  is
Wilhemina said,

the  is

The  is



said willaby.
the the right fork
not the right route."

"Yes, my dear,
the wrong route.
the right route
to your golden roots."



“What an odd route is it to The Golden Pot
to find golden roots,” said *willaby*.

“But never fear,”
said Wilhemina...

as she spied
willaby’s
golden locket.

“If your locket
opens with
this golden key,
I can lead you through door No. 3.”
Wilhemina turned the key in the lock
of *willaby*’s locket.

it fit. The locket opened...



...and Wilhemina escorted

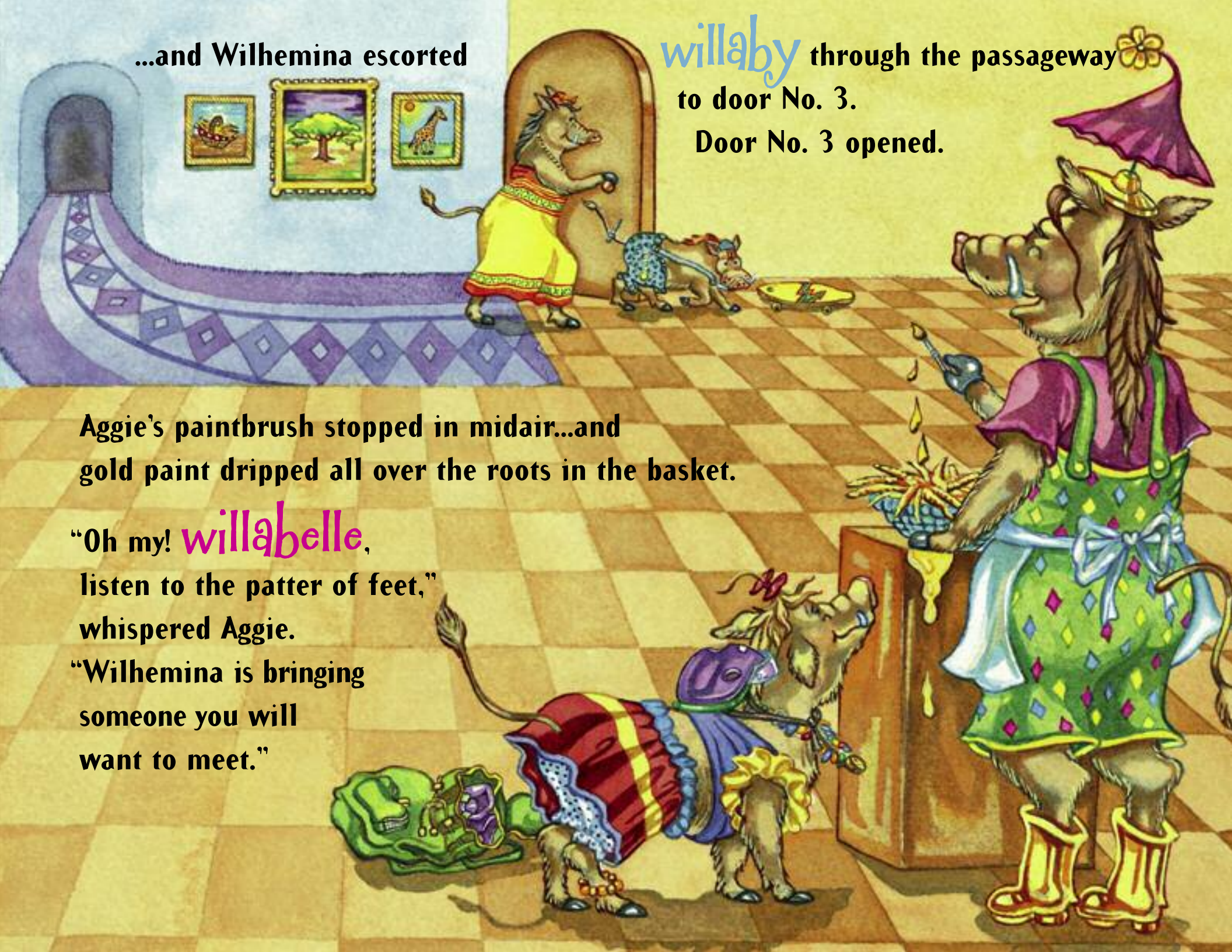
willaby through the passageway
to door No. 3.

Door No. 3 opened.

Aggie's paintbrush stopped in midair...and
gold paint dripped all over the roots in the basket.

"Oh my! *willabelle*,
listen to the patter of feet,"
whispered Aggie.

"Wilhemina is bringing
someone you will
want to meet."





willaby's eyes grew as big as saucers when he saw the treasure chests of golden roots.



willabelle's eyes grew as big as saucers when she saw all the lockets decorating the trees...AND... her eyes nearly popped out when she saw her picture... with the warthog who had just come into Room No. 3. "Warthog wonders!"



exclaimed **willabelle**... as Aggie and Wilhemina, the matchmakers, smiled their warthog smiles.





"The warthog Aggie said I'd want to meet! You're my long lost brother," she cried, hugging **willaby** with a humungous warthog hug.

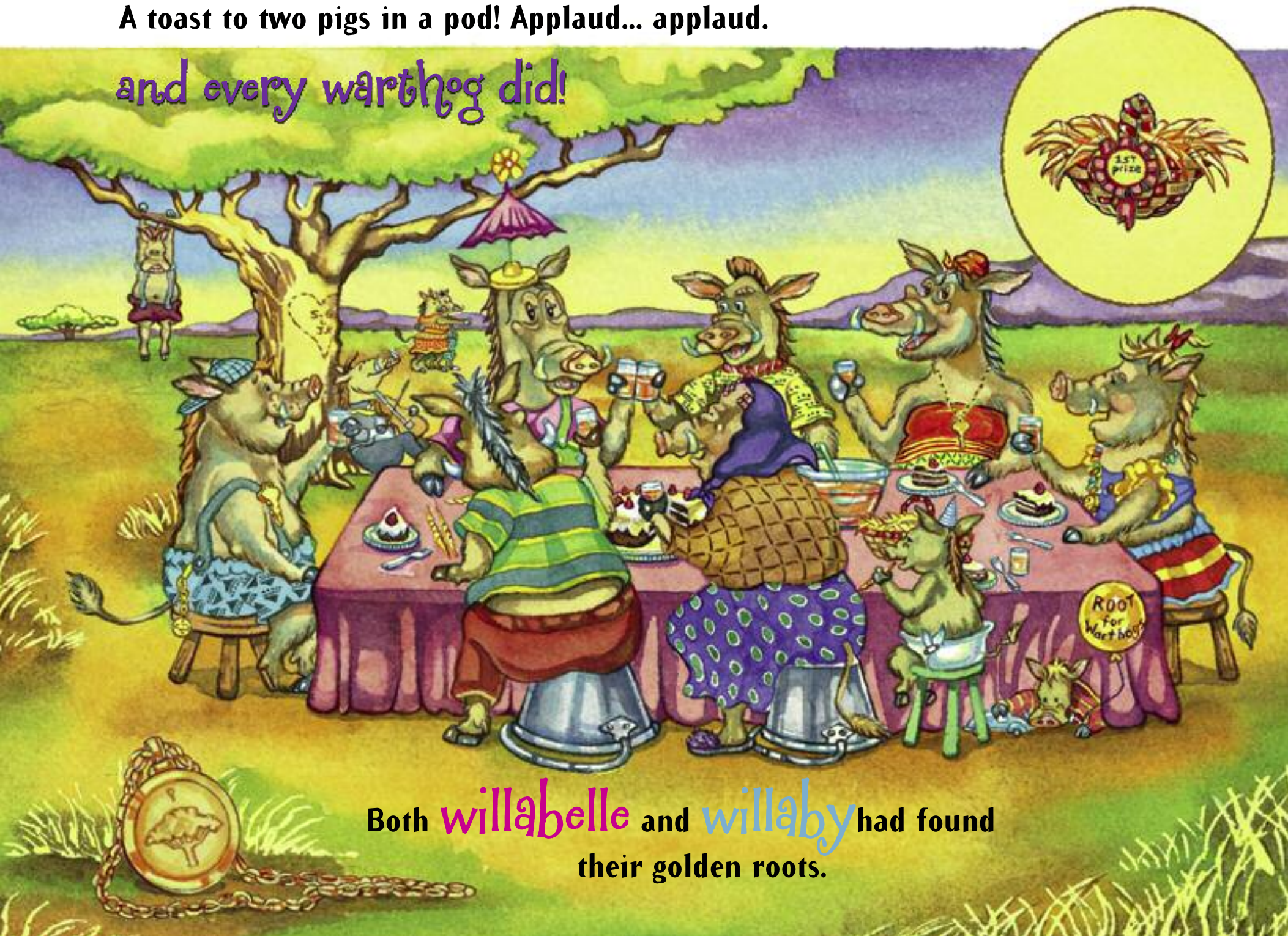
willabelle had found the treasure at The Golden Pot
at the end of Rainbow Lane. She had found the link to her family tree.

Aggie handed *willaby*
a basket of golden roots
to take to the warthog celebration.
willaby grinned.



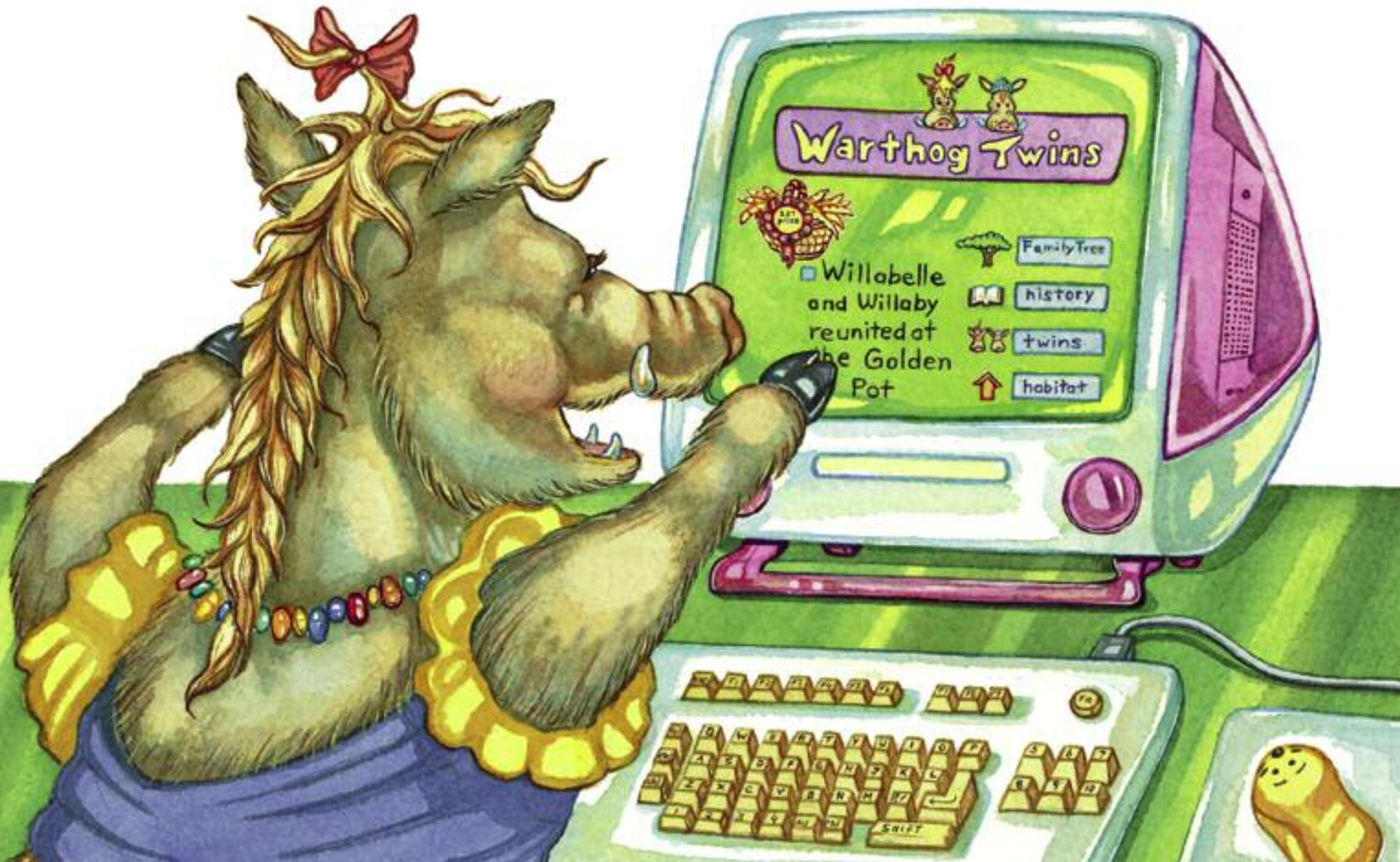
A toast to two pigs in a pod! Applaud... applaud.

and every warthog did!



Both **willabelle** and **willaby** had found
their golden roots.

willabelle won a link on the warthog web site, TIES THAT BIND.



willabelle's eMail reply to Wilhemina.



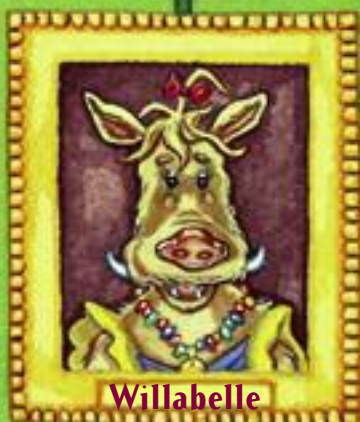
wishes can come true.



Marcia



Susi



Willabelle



Willaby

golden roots family tree



Jacket art © by Susi Grell Knox

 **images press**
for the young at heart