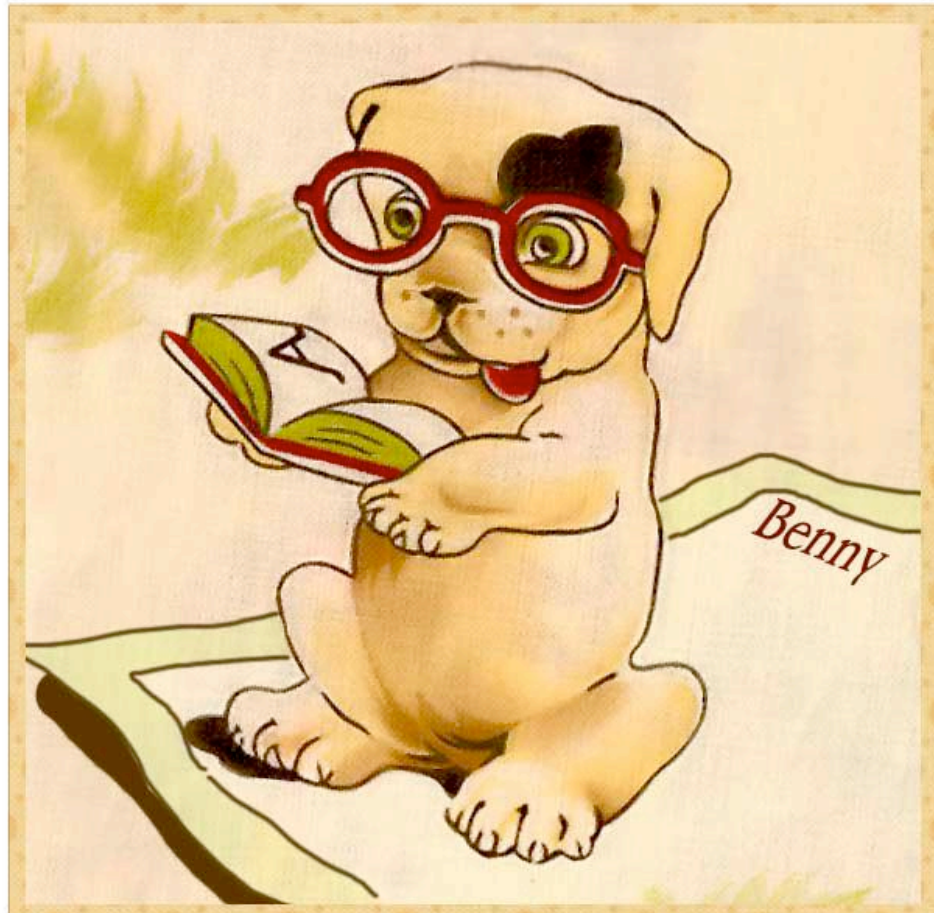


Benny Loses His Blanket



A story based on the illustrations of
Chloe's Closet

Story by
Liz Johnson

Read A Book





Benny was a rough and tumble puppy. He loved to play with everything. From boxing to baseball to books.

But most of all, he loved his blanket. Because it kept him safe and warm.

So the morning he woke up to find his blanket missing was the worst morning of his rough and tumble life.



"I will find my blanket, if it takes me day and night," said Benny.

"I will find my blanket, if it takes me far and wide!"

Benny got out his map and binoculars and scanned the horizon.



He hopped in his sports car and hunted along the highway.



He launched his airplane up and off to search the skies.

But his blanket was no where to be found.

Benny needed help.

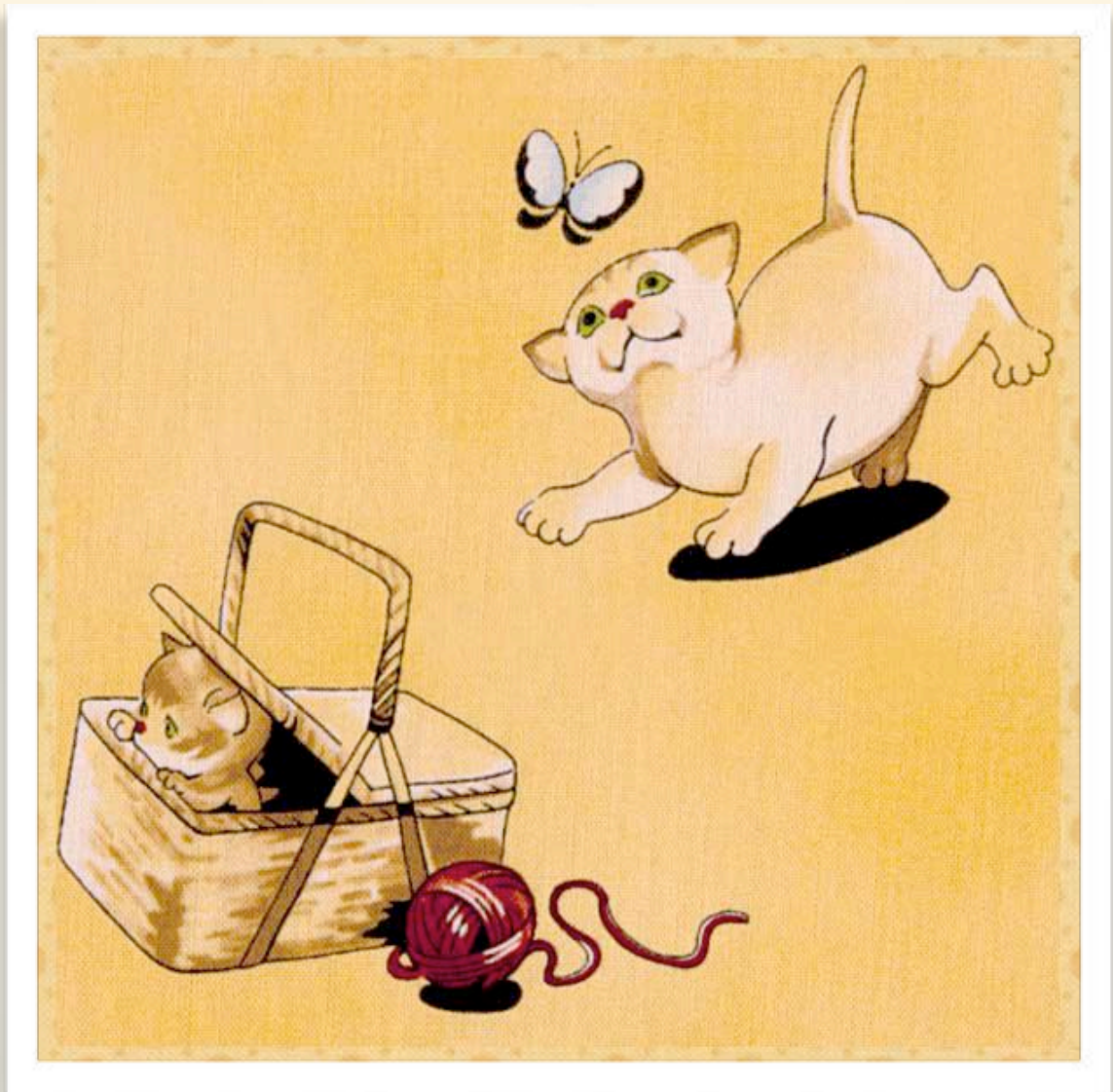


First he visited the mischievous monkeys.

They were very concerned.

Max the Monkey blew his horn to alert all his friends to be on the lookout.

But, the monkeys could not find his blanket.



Then, Benny visited the cuddly kittens.

They were busy playing, but were happy to stop and help.

They pounced and purred and pushed up the lids of their picnic baskets, looking and looking.

But the kittens could not find his blanket.



Next, he visited the courageous cowboys.

"What varmint has stolen your blanket, Lil' Benny?" asked Caleb.

"We'll lasso him and tie him to the nearest tree," said Camilla.

"But, I don't think it's stolen," said Benny. "I think it's lost."

Caleb and Camilla looked under their cowboy hats and inside their boots. But the cowboys could not find his blanket.



Mrs. Rabbit walked up with Baby Rabbit in her stroller.

"What is the matter, Benny?" asked Mrs. Rabbit.

"I've lost my best blanket," said Benny, tears welling up in his eyes. "And no one can find it."

Mrs. Rabbit's and Baby Rabbit's long rabbit ears flew up in alarm.

They promised to keep looking as they strolled across the bridge. But the Rabbits could not find his blanket.



Finally, Benny stopped by the river to see Dandy Duck and his cousin Peter Pelican.

They listened to Benny's sad story.

Then Dandy told all the hopping frogs.

And Peter shared the news with all the swimming fish.

But the birds, the frogs and the fish could not find his blanket.

Benny sighed a rough and tumble sigh, and tears spilled down his cheeks.

He walked slowly home.

He opened his door, stepped inside and sat right down on the floor.

Benny's mother came in and saw the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Lil' Benny!" she said, cuddling him up in her arms.
"Why all the tears?"

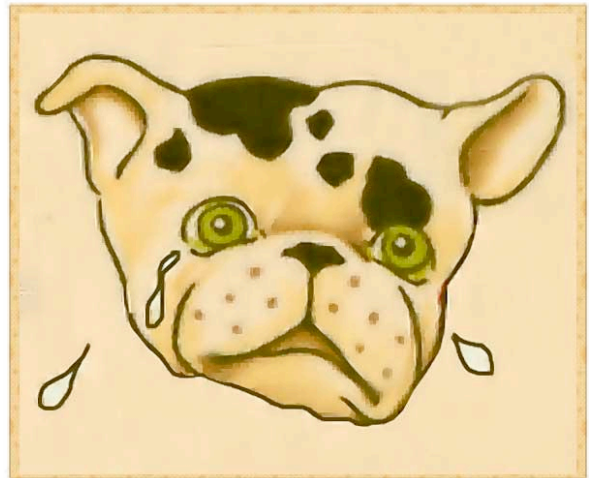
"My blanket is gone," cried Benny.

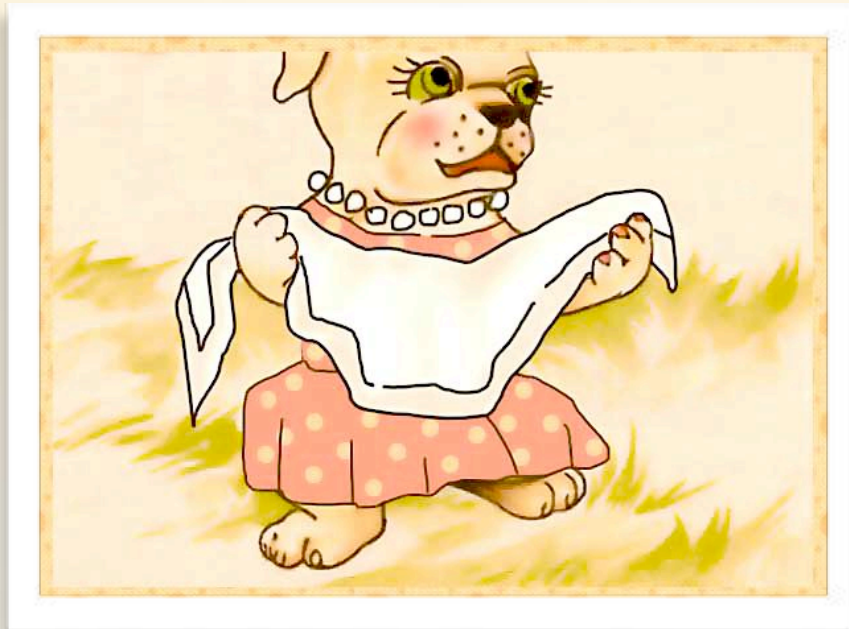
"The monkeys looked. The kitties looked. The cowboys looked. The rabbits, birds, frogs and fish looked. But nobody could find my blanket," said Benny.

"It's the worst day in my rough and tumble life."

"Oh no, Lil' Benny," said his mother. "Have you and your friends been looking day and night and far and wide?"

Lil' Benny nodded through his tears.





His mother got up and left the room, coming back just minutes later with Benny's blanket bundled up in her arms.

"My blanket!" shouted Benny, leaping up. "And it's so warm and cozy."

"Of course," said his mother. "It's fresh and clean from the washer and fluffy from the dryer."

Benny hugged his blanket and his smile spread from cheek to cheek.

"You are very lucky," said his mother.

"Lucky?" asked Benny. "But I was so worried and scared and sad."

"Lucky because you found out how many friends you have and how much they all care about you."



Benny's smile grew wider, now spreading from ear to ear.

"You're right, Mommy," said Benny. "I love my blanket, but I love all my friends even more."

Based on the illustrations from *Lil' Rascals* by Chloe's Closet, a 2011 fabric collection for Moda.