

Bruce the Moose

The following story is based on the Parable of the Good Samaritan that Jesus told in Luke 10:25-37

Long ago there lived a moose. He was big. He was tall, but his legs were too long so often he'd fall. And one fine day he fell indeed, and Bruce the Moose got stuck in a spruce—A spruce tree, that is. Oh! His foot was caught in a hole. Oh, what would he do? He feared for himself. He thought he was through.

So he tugged and pulled. He wiggled and wriggled. He moosed and muffed and bucked his head, and to his fear, and to his dread, Bruce the Moose got his head stuck in the spruce—A spruce tree, that is. Oh! His antlers were tangled. His foot was caught. The moose couldn't get loose no matter how much he fought.

"I guess that I'm done for," Bruce said with a pout. "I'm stuck too tight. I can't get out."

Then from the bushes there arose a pitter-patter.

"What," a skunk said to him, "seems to be the matter?"

"I'm Bruce the Moose," he said with a shout. "I'm stuck in this spruce. Can you please help me out?"

"Ha! You're stuck in a tree and you can't get free!" the skunk said. He spoke with glee. "I don't have the time to set you free. I must take a nap. But I hope you get out of that silly old trap."

Then the skunk stopped and raised his tail.

"Wait a minute. What's that I smell?"

Bruce got a whiff of something really bad. It rolled his stomach. It made him mad. He did kick and buck, but still he was stuck, and as the skunk went away he heard him say, "Oh, I can't help but think that you're starting to stink!"

Then he laughed with glee, "A-ha-ha-ha A-he-he-he!"

Bruce the Moose was sad indeed. The skunk could have helped him but left him in need.

"I guess that I'm done for," Bruce said with a pout. "I'm stuck too tight. I can't get out."

Then from the bushes, there arose a great clatter and a deep voice that asked, "Oh, what is the matter?"

"I'm Bruce the Moose," he said with a shout. "I'm stuck in this spruce. Can you please help me out?"

"Oh, well, I'm just a buffalo," the buffalo said real slow. "There's not much that I can do, so I'll be going now. I'm just passing through. I hope you get loose, you silly moose."

“I guess that I’m done for,” Bruce said with a pout. “I’m stuck too tight. I can’t get out.”

Bruce the Moose was sad indeed. The buffalo could have helped him but left him in need.

Then from the bushes there arose a weird sound. Could it be a bear? Could it be a hound?

“Can you help me?” Bruce did plead. “Someone to help me is what I need.”

“Hallo,” he heard something say in a real toothy way.

“Whatses goin’ on, me frein’,” a beaver said to him.

“I’m Bruce the Moose,” he said with a pout. “I’m stuck in this spruce. Can you please help me out?”

“Shoulds I help him?” the beaver said. “Now, let me see. Animals like him don’t have big teeth like me. They say we talk toothy. They laugh when we eat. Animals like that I don’t like to meet.”

“I’m stuck real good. I’m stuck real tight. Please don’t leave me here all night.”

“No needs to pout there, me big moose. Me thinks me can help you and set you loose.”

The beaver came close and started to chew. Then made a weird face and said, “Pe-uw!”

“Oh, yuck! Oh, shoooooo! Something really stinks and me thinks that it’s you!”

But that didn’t stop him. He chewed for an hour. He chewed with strength. He chewed with power. He chewed and he chewed in spite of the smell and kept on chewing until the tree fell.

“The moose is loose,” Bruce cried with joy. “I’m free. I’m free. Oh boy! Oh boy! Thank you. Thank you for helping me out,” he said with gladness—he said with a shout.

“Now lets us takes care of you, me fine frien’,” the beaver said with a toothy grin.

“Let’s find some water. Let’s get you a bath, ‘cause if others smells you, me thinks they might laugh.”

Lessons to Learn

Even though the Beaver was different than the Moose and even though the Moose smelled, it didn’t stop the Beaver from treating him right. We too can treat others right, even when they are different than us—even if they are enemies. To understand more take time to read the Parable of the Good Samaritan that Jesus told in Luke 10:25-37.