

## Wilfred's Wonderful Moose

Wilfred had a moose. A tall, shaggy moose with antlers as wide as the branches of an ancient oak. Wilfred named him Marcel. Every morning, they strolled through the emerald green valley, with Marcel's hooves clomping softly on the damp earth.

"You are the best moose a boy could have," Wilfred said, patting Marcel's thick, chocolate-brown fur.

One day, as the sun peeked over the misty hills, Wilfred decided to teach Marcel a trick. "Sit, Marcel!" he commanded, waving a plump, juicy apple.

Marcel blinked. Then, without a care, he munched on a mouthful of golden daisies instead.

"Oh, Marcel!" Wilfred giggled. "You're supposed to follow the rules."

Just as Wilfred tried again, an old woman with a crooked walking stick appeared. She pointed at Marcel.

"That's my moose!" she croaked.

Wilfred's eyes widened. "But Marcel is my moose! He follows my rules, sort of."

The woman cackled. "Moose don't follow rules, dear boy. They follow their hearts."

Marcel let out a joyful grunt, then trotted towards the sparkling river, splashing cool water everywhere.

Wilfred laughed, shaking his head.

"Maybe you're right," Wilfred said. "But as long as Marcel's heart leads him back to me, he'll always be my moose."

And with that, Marcel gave a happy snort, sending droplets of water shimmering in the golden sunlight.

Wilfred smiled, knowing that some rules were best left unmade.

230 words

Words used from the Year 3/4 Common Exception List: breath, appear, heart, perhaps, thought.