



He grabbed a vine and swung high in the air—higher than ever before. Looking down, he saw the beauty of the forest.

“I’m Abraham Lincoln, and I’m not afraid,” he hollered. This time, he meant it.

Now Abe understood that the forest was the home of the critters. Just as he didn’t want critters in his house, they didn’t want him in theirs. Folks needed to respect the critters’ house when they were in the Forest of Little Pigeon Creek.