

The Mopsy Rescue

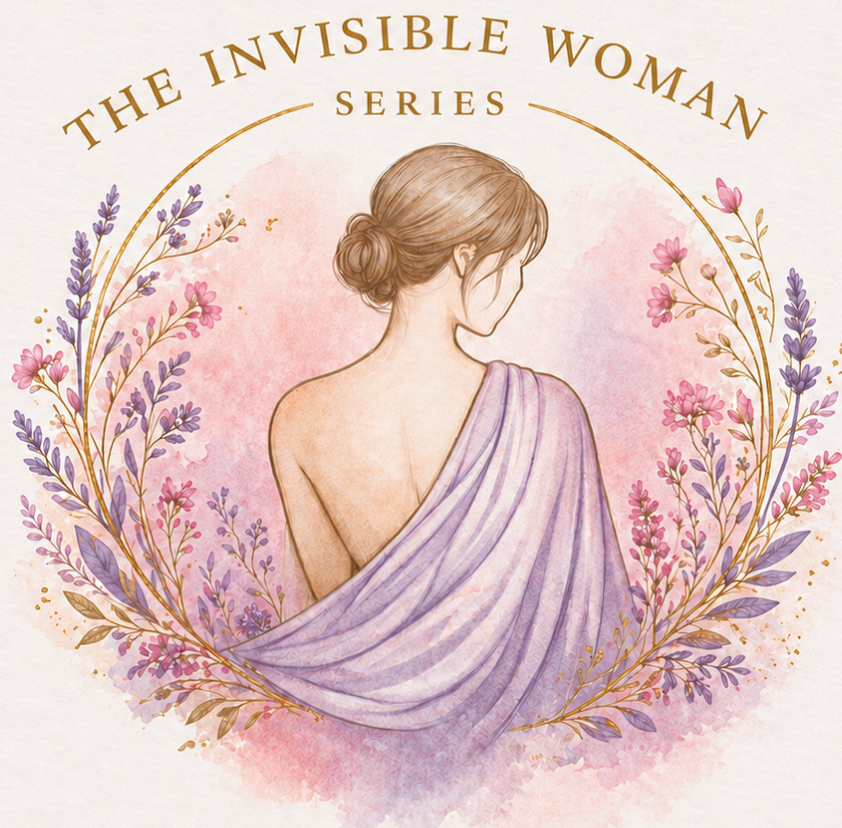
and the Prairie Showdown at Gregory Farm

An Easy Reader for Grade 3



A story about being brave — even when you feel scared.

Reading level: Transitional Reader



© 2026 The Invisible Woman Series



This book is intended for
individual and classroom use.

All content is protected by copyright law.
Unauthorized reproduction, distribution,
or commercial use of this material in any form
is strictly prohibited.

Thank you for respecting the work and supporting
ethical use of this resource.



The prairie wind whispered through the tall, golden wheat as
Flopsy, Big Bertha, Cheeto Puff, and Fluff Butt marched
forward on a very important mission. They were going to
rescue Mopsy! Together, the Midnight Munchers and Crunch &
Thunder stepped out from the safety of home and into the
wide, unknown world.



Cheeto Puff's tummy rumbled. Not a small rumble. A long, dramatic, life-altering rumble! He clutched his round, burrito-shaped belly. "I've never missed a meal in my life," he whispered, his heart sinking right along with his tummy.



But as they made their way toward Gregory Farm, none of them noticed the distant shapes shifting in the wheat. Or the eyes watching from afar. They had escaped Stinky Pete ... but they hadn't rescued Mopsy. Not yet. And at this rate, they might not make it home by suppertime.



Big Bertha led the way like a fearless ninja general. Cheeto Puff was distracted. Staring down at his rumbly belly, he tripped over nearly everything. “We should call you the Marshmallow Ninja — you are far too soft for a real adventure!” said Fluff Butt. “You are such a hypocrite,” whined Cheeto Puff. “I know you are hungry too!” “No,” Fluff Butt lied, turning pink. She had been looking for snacks too. She couldn’t find any. Not one.



Flopsy stayed close behind, her little heart beating just a little faster with every step. Mopsy ... my poor sister, she thought. Then — the wheat shifted. Just a little. Eyes gleamed in the tall grass. And then — “DINNER, eh-hh!?” howled Baron Von Biteyface as the coyote crew burst forward. Flopsy froze. Big Bertha gasped.



Cheeto Puff fell over. “Not again! I want to eat dinner — not BE dinner!” The coyotes circled closer. And closer. And closer.

Now, remember, Juniper Snow’s rabbits were not quite like other rabbits. They were smart, they were tough (even if they didn’t yet know it), and they could hear everything. And right now, they were going to need every bit of that.



But far across the prairie, Mopsy was not waiting to be rescued. Not even a little. She stood beside her new friends ... or rather, rode one of them. Perched proudly, bareback, she sat astride her new steed — Murph: the hockey-loving, Canadian, talking rodeo-goat. He was brave. He was bold. He was hilariously wild.



Murph the Billy Goat stomped the ground with unmistakable confidence. Once. Twice. Dust kicked up beneath his hooves.

And beside him — something was about to happen.



SKRRRT — WHOOSH! Millie rolled forward. On two legs. Like a real hockey-loving hero. Her cobbled-together rollerblades rattled beneath her hooves, but she didn't care. Her hockey helmet sat a little crooked, with two holes cut so her horns could poke through. Her hockey stick — taped and re-taped and definitely loved — rested firmly in her grip. Ready.

Always ready.



Millie tilted her head toward the prairie. “Looks like your friends are in trouble ... eh?” Mopsy didn’t hesitate. Not for a second. She leaned forward slightly, steady and sure. “Then
let’s go.”



Back in the wheat, the coyotes crept closer. Closer ... Closer ...

Until —



THUNDERING HOOVES. "MOVE!" shouted a familiar voice. Flopsy blinked. "MOPSY?!" Mopsy charged in on Murph's back, with Millie racing beside them like a blur. Millie didn't slow down. CRASH! She body-checked a coyote into a rock.



WHACK! Another coyote spun into a hay pile. Millie skidded to a stop, pointing her stick. "You wanna go?!" she shouted.



"I can drop the gloves — eh?!" she shouted. The coyotes watched her closely. Millie was fearless, and she wanted them to know it.



She lifted her helmet slightly. Her horns poked out. The coyotes hesitated. But only for a moment.



Then they spotted something new: LUNCH! The group of cats and rabbits huddled together near some trees. The coyotes grinned. “New plan,” growled Baron Von Biteyface. “Leave these goats, we will eat them instead.” They turned and charged.



But by this point, the cats and rabbits were ready. And remember — Juniper Snow’s rabbits were not like ordinary rabbits. Not even close. “AWE MAN!” moaned Flopsy. “How many times are we going to get eaten in one day?!” “TEAM Crunch & Thunder, LET’S GO,” the cats chanted together. “Ready, Midnight Muncher?” Big Bertha asked Flopsy. “Yeah ... okay! Let’s save ourselves, and then we’ll save Mopsy!” she replied, a little braver this time.



In a flash, the rabbits leapt onto the backs of Cheeto Puff and
Fluff Butt — and up they went. Climbing. Scrambling.
Scratching their way into the trees — quick as two shakes of
a rabbit's tail.



High above the ground, Cheeto Puff and Fluff Butt balanced on thick branches, their bunny friends riding along. Across from them, the cats positioned themselves kitty-corner in neighbouring trees. The rabbits hopped down onto the branches. Then — they turned around. Backsides out. Bent over. What were they up to now? Cheeto Puff locked eyes with Fluff Butt. A serious nod passed between them. “READY!” shouted Cheeto Puff. Carrots went in.



And then — POP! POP! POP! Rabbit beans BLASTED through the air in bright, colourful bursts — like a rabbity, jellybean-shooting machine gun. Cheeto Puff and Fluff Butt aimed straight at the dim-witted coyote gang — and fired. Again.

And again. And again.



One bean zipped straight into Snaggle-Tooth Steve's ear. "Ow! Ow! OW!" he howled, spinning in circles. "TAKE COVER!" yowled the Baron. Bitey Boots opened his big, foolish mouth to yell — and POP! A rabbit bean flew straight in. Gulp. He froze.



He smacked his lips. Licked his chops. "Uh ... guys?" he said slowly. "... that bunny bullet was tasty." The coyotes paused.

Sniffed. Tasted another. And then —



"THESE ARE DELICIOUS!" yelled Bitey Boots. Suddenly, they weren't dodging. They were SNACKING. Gobbling beans mid-air. Scrambling for more. Fighting each other over the tastiest ones. And just like that ... the plan had completely backfired.



Flopsy watched everything. Mopsy was brave. Millie was fearless. Murph was strong. And her friends were trying, even if it was messy. Something inside her shifted. Bravery wasn't about being the biggest. It wasn't about being the loudest. It was about stepping forward ... even when you were scared. Flopsy took a deep breath. Then she ran and JUMPED right out of the tree! She hit a few branches on the way down. OWW! BLAM! OOOOF! She stood, shook her little rabbity ears, and dusted herself off.



“Let’s do this ...” said Mopsy. Murph charged. THUMP! He donkey-kicked a coyote backward. STOMP! Another tripped and tumbled. Millie skated circles around them. “LAST CHANCE, EH?!” she shouted. “YOU WANNA FIGHT OR WHAT?!” The coyotes looked around — at the goats, at the flying beans, at the chaos, at Flopsy, no longer afraid. They panicked. Slipping on jellybeans, crashing into each other, the coyotes ran.



“We’ll be back!” they howled from a distance ... but not very convincingly. The prairie grew quiet again. Millie rolled to a stop. Murph snorted proudly. Cheeto Puff and Fluff Butt were SO HUNGRY that they were eating the leftover carrots.

“Where did all these carrots come from?” asked Cheeto Puff.

“Jellybeans just shot out of our rabbits ... You don’t want to know,” replied Fluff Butt. Cheeto Puff looked at his carrot — then kept eating. He was too hungry to care.



Big Bertha puffed up. “We had that handled,” she said smugly. “Um, guys, can someone get me down, please?”

Everyone stared at her. Then laughed. Flopsy looked at Mopsy. Mopsy smiled. No words were needed. Flopsy had changed. She hadn’t hidden. She hadn’t waited. She had stepped forward. She had been brave. Far beyond Gregory Farm, hidden deep in the wheat, the coyotes gathered again. “Next time ...” growled Baron Von Biteyface, “... we bring

something bigger.” And this time, they weren’t coming for
jellybeans.

Sound Play: Phonemic Awareness

Stretch your sound skills. Say each word aloud as you change and break it apart.

1. Take a sound away: say brave without the /b/ → rave.

Say stick without the /s/ → tick.

2. Substitute: replace the first sound in goat with /b/ → boat; in bean with /l/ → lean.

3. Digraphs and blends: find the two-letter sound in thunder (th), crash (sh), chops (ch).

4. Syllable work: break these apart — ad-ven-ture (3), de-licious (3), con-fi-dence (3).

5. Sort the vowels: long or short? bean, hop, ride, run, brave.

Words to Know

whispered — spoke very softly

mission — an important job or goal

hesitate — to wait or pause because you are unsure

fearless — having no fear

retreat — to move back, away from danger

backfired — had the opposite result from what was planned

courage — the strength to do something that scares you

distracted — not paying attention

Let's Talk About It

Questions to check understanding and spark discussion.

1. What problem do the friends face on their way to Gregory Farm?
2. Mopsy was supposed to be rescued. How is the truth different from what her friends expected?
3. Why does the rabbits' jellybean plan "backfire"?
4. What does Flopsy learn about bravery, and how does she show it?
5. How do the authors use sound words (like CRASH and POP) to make the story exciting?

For Teachers & Families: Alberta Curriculum Tie-In

This reader aligns with the new Alberta Grade 3 English Language Arts and Literature curriculum. It develops Reading comprehension and fluency (using strategies, drawing conclusions, and comparing expectations with reality), Vocabulary in context, and an understanding of Text Forms and Structures and narrative elements (character, setting, problem, solution, and theme). The questions promote critical thinking and interpretation of texts, and the story supports appreciation of literature and reading for enjoyment.

Reference: Alberta Education, English Language Arts and Literature (K–6), new LearnAlberta curriculum (curriculum.learnalberta.ca).