

After taking some pictures around the house the last couple of days I got to thinking that I bet a lot of the younger folks had never seen the movie Bambi. So for you folks here is a short version. This is the story about how Bambi came about. Enjoy

# The story of Bambi

By Mike Harkins

Once upon a time way back in the far hills lived a fine doe deer. She was a very pretty and young.



Also in these far hill lived a very charming buck deer named The Great Prince who loved just hanging around smelling the flowers.



But then one day he smelled something in the air. What could that wonderful smell be? It was just so enticing. He had to find out what it was.



Off he went on the search. There was just something about that wonderful smell that he had to find out what it was. It was driving him crazy.



At last he found the source. Oh she was so pretty and the perfume she gave off drove him nuts.  
But she was very coy and shy.



But he kept working his great charm and was very persistent.



There was just something about the fine perfume that made him crazy.



His charm was starting to work on her, she was reaching a point that she just could not resist his charm much longer.





At last his charm was just too much for her. She fell madly in love with him, and they become lovers.



There honey moon was wonderful. All the animals of the hills were thrilled and the happiness they shared.  
(bet you were expecting a different type picture, but remember this is a family show)



But all good things must come to a end, and so the Great prince had to leave home. With his leaving, he did stop to ponder something. It must be great to be a rabbit and fall in love two or three times a year.



And so he wondered off as the sun set, never to be seen again.



And winter came upon the land, and it was long and hard.



But then spring came and the hills were again full of life. And there was a new baby born called Bambi. He made friends with a rabbit called Thumber and they lived happy every after.



In matter of fact, when he grew up, he was really happy when the wonderful perfume would flow off the breeze into his face like happened to his dad.  
THE END.