



CHERRY

THE LEGENDARY

PART 1:

The Dog

with no Name

Cherry the Legendary
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CHAPTER 1

The Orchard

It all began with a dog who had no name.

He had always lived in a little cherry orchard beneath a canopy of trees, surrounded by thick clouds. That was his favorite hiding spot and really the only thing to do: just stay hidden. This was easy, as the dog was no bigger than a basketball.

He made a tinker sound when he walked from his big, long toenails and also had black markings on his face as if he were wearing a mask, just like a hero. But the dog with no name would never consider himself a hero. Heroes never get scared, and never are hidden. Or so he thought.

He wasn't completely alone. With him was always a tiny cherry seed, which he called Pit. He had Pit by his side since he picked his very first cherry in the orchard.

The orchard was small, though the dog with no name never knew it. He had never been anywhere else. By day, he curled beneath the tree branches. But at night, when everything grew still, he crept out to explore. To the dog with no name, the world always felt safer in the dark.

Until one day, when the orchard looked... different.

It began with the trees. Sap ran down their trunks, as if the trees were crying. The branches blackened and twisted like giant spider legs stretching across the orchard. Then the cherries shriveled, turned green, and gave off a smell so rotten, it made the dog's nose twitch.

Next came the leaves. They turned brown, curled at the edges, and dropped to the ground. Within days, every leaf had fallen, and the dog with no name could barely see his own paws beneath them. A strange shadow had taken over his home.

“How am I supposed to stay hidden when there’s no trees left to hide me?” he asked Pit.

Sometimes, he pretended Pit would answer back. But deep down, he wondered if he was the kind of dog others would ever want as a friend, or if he was simply too good at hiding.

That afternoon, he searched for one last good cherry to eat, when a loud CRACK! echoed through the orchard.

The dog with no name spun around in a panic, turning in circles searching for the sound, as if he were chasing his tail. Then—whoosh! A tree branch came crashing down beside him. He jumped away just in time.

As the dust settled, he noticed something bright red caught in the fallen branches.

“Ah, there’s a juicy cherry,” he thought.

He crept closer and instead saw a nest tangled in the tree limbs. Twisting around the twigs and sticks of the nest was... a shiny red collar.



He sniffed it cautiously as he held it in his paws.

CRACK!

Another branch began to fall. He grabbed the collar in his teeth and dove into a tree trunk for cover.

That night, the dog with no name couldn't sleep. He tried to think of every possible way to stay in the orchard. Every plan he came up with led to one truth: he had to leave. The orchard was sick, and no longer safe for hiding.

He curled tight, licking at his long toenails the way

he always did when he was nervous.

But even that comfort couldn't quiet his fears about the quest waiting for him in the morning.



Hero Reflection:

The dog with no name licked his long toenails to help himself feel better. What's something you do that helps you feel better when you're scared?"



Hero Tip:

Did you know your body can hold on to feelings? Taking slow, deep breaths helps your body and mind calm down.

Practice three deep breaths before doing something hard or scary—or even before bed! Being kind to yourself is just as important as being kind to others.



CHAPTER 2

The Collar

As the sun peeked through a small hole in the tree, the dog packed his last few cherries into a backpack and gently tucked Pit into the bag. Then he picked up the red collar and buckled it around his neck.

Zzzzzoom!

Suddenly, the collar began to spin like a wheel—faster and faster—until a strange vision appeared before his eyes...

He could see his little cherry orchard. But it looked like a tiny speck of dust. In fact, that tiny speck was surrounded by what looked like a whole world beyond the orchard carved on a map. On the map,



he also saw something strange. There winding in and through was a red path that looked similar to the red collar. But, there at the end of the path was a gold medallion. It shined and sparkled and turned three times on the map. And as fast as the vision came, it disappeared.

“What was that?” he whispered.

The dog with no name couldn’t believe what he saw. So he poked his head a little out of the tree. And

there he saw it just like the vision. The puffy clouds that had always covered the skies were gone. And he discovered the orchard was on top of a mountain! And there, winding down the mountain was the red path and the world beyond.

Before he could think more, the ground shook beneath him. Not like the clunk of falling branches—this was much louder. The tree he was hiding in was being pulled from its roots, and the dog with no name felt himself being lifted into the sky!

The dog with no name yelped and dashed back and forth inside the trunk, searching for a way out.

Suddenly, the tree lurched, and tumbled to the ground with a loud thud! Then, with another jolt, the tree began to roll, tossing the dog about inside.

Down.

Down.

Down.

He tumbled inside, crashing against the walls, Pit bouncing beside him. It felt like they were rolling for a whole day.

Finally—slam! The tree hit the bottom of the mountain, leaving the dog dizzy and with a bump on his head bigger than the size of Pit.

Everything was still.

He curled up in a ball, his heart pounding. This wasn't the orchard. This wasn't home.

“This all must be a dream,” he thought. “Maybe if I stay really quiet and just hide like what I do best, I'll wake up in my safe little orchard of cherry trees.”

So the dog with no name curled up tighter in a ball. But, he noticed, there wasn't much silence coming from inside the tree.

Something rustled inside his bag.

“Get me out!” came a squeaky voice.

The dog gasped. His eyes bulged. He swiped the bag to the other side of the trunk with his tail.

“Ow! That hurt!” the voice shouted. “Let me out!”

He crept toward the bag, unstrapped the flap, opened it wide... and darted back.

Out popped a small, round head—red like a cherry.

“Whew! That was quite a tumble!” the little figure said. “You okay?”

The dog stared. “Did you just... talk?”

“Of course!” the cherry-shaped figure said proudly. “It's me, your friend—Pit!”

“Pit?” the dog whispered. “You're... real?”

“I've always been real and with you every day in the orchard! You putting on that red collar—it must have opened your eyes to see me!”

The dog licked his toenail nervously. “This is too weird.”

“No time to figure it out!” Pit shouted. “We need to get out of this tree before we get carried back up into the sky!”

The dog hesitated. “But... It's scary out there. And

I'm just not made for adventures.”

Pit put her tiny twig-like hands on the dog's cheeks.

“What about the path? I think we're supposed to follow it. Maybe it will lead us to a new home?”

CRACK!

They heard another tree being pulled from its roots behind them.

“Run!” Pit yelled.

They waited for just the right timing for there to be a break in the flying trees, then burst out from the trunk and onto the winding path. The two adventurers weaved and dodged and ducked like they were running through an obstacle course.



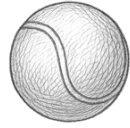
Hero Reflection:

Have you ever had to go somewhere new or try something that felt unknown? What helped you keep going?”



Hero Tip:

Making new friends can feel a little scary, just like the dog felt when leaving the orchard. Start small: smile, say hi, offer a kind word, or ask about something you both enjoy. Sometimes, friendship begins with just a little courage.



CHAPTER 3

A First in the Valley

Finally, everything quieted as they made their way into a valley following the red path and towards a big hole that was filled with giant, yellow rocks.

“The path winds right through these rocks. Let’s jump!” yelled Pit.

The dog with no name felt like he had plenty of adventure for one day. But as he thought of his orchard, he realized there was no home to go back to—only forward.

He reached out his long toenail and gently placed it on the rock. “Squeak!”

“Wait, did that sound just come from the... Or Pit, was that you?”

“No, that certainly was not me jesting a squeak. That was the rock!”

As the dog looked closer, he noticed these were not ordinary rocks. He proceeded to step all four paws on top of it, when, SQUEAK! There it was again!

Pit followed. She jumped onto a rock and squeak! Pit’s round head fell back laughing with joy. She bounced onto another and, squeak!

“These aren’t rocks,” laughed Pit, “they’re squeaky balls!”

The dog with no name followed, bouncing from ball to ball, making little squeaky noises like funny hiccups as they both made their way across the valley.

“Hey! This is actually fun!” And the dog with no name played for the first time in his life.

Almost to the other side, the squeaking made a sudden stop.

“Quiet!” said Pit.

In front of them, a small bird with bright green feathers flapped and struggled to fly. Behind it, a rattlesnake slithered swiftly up, over, and around the rocks, its scales flashing in the sunlight. Its sharp fangs glinted as it gained speed toward the helpless bird.

“Help!” cried the bird. “Help me!”

The dog froze.

“Who me?” he thought. “I’m not brave and certainly no hero.”

But then the collar started to turn around his neck. The vision from the collar zoomed in closely on the bird’s wing. It was hurt. Then the dog saw the snake’s tail rattling like a toy, just like the fun squeaky balls.

The dog’s ears perked up.

He barked. “Bark! Bark! Bark!” This quite surprised him, because the dog had never barked before in his life. Again another first.



The snake turned with a grin. “A two-course meal,” it said, hissing as its tongue flicked in and out.

But the dog didn’t stop. He ran almost hypnotized towards the snake, eager to catch the silly rattling tail. Distracting the snake, he bobbed and weaved, until victory! He grabbed the tail in his teeth, and shook hard!

The snake spun and flew through the air—far, far across the valley of squeaky balls.

The bird sighed in relief.

“Thank you,” it said breathlessly. “You saved me! I

would have been the most delectable appetizer to that slithering scallywag if it weren't for you!"

"Really?"

"Quite REALLY!" said the bird.

Pit also stood clapping with her little stick hands. "My name's Pit!"

"The name is Gersnikit. Now tell me—what would be my hero's name?"

"Uh, uh, oh, I don't have a name."

"Well, dog with no name, where are you off to? My wing is quite detained and I could use some help. Who knows what other snakes might be looking for a sensational meal... if I do say so myself. May I hitch a ride on your back across this squeaky valley?"

The dog hesitated. He had never had a real companion before—let alone two. But he nodded.

"Ok. Only for a little," he said.

And so they walked on—three travelers now—deeper into the strange, wide world.



Hero Reflection:

The dog with no name didn't think he had courage, but he still helped the bird when it was in trouble. Having courage doesn't mean you're never scared. It means you care enough to try anyway. Can you think of a time when you tried something challenging, even when you felt unsure or afraid?



Mission Challenge:

Create an adoption flag featuring a real shelter pet. Add their name or draw their face, and attach it to your backpack, jacket, or notebook. When someone asks about your flag, tell them the pet's story. Keep your flag up until the animal finds their forever home—you'll be sharing hope every day!

Make sure to submit this mission on our website at Mission Headquarters to receive a badge!



CHAPTER 4

The Pools

As the dog walked, Pit and Gersnikit were both snoring in such a way that their snores turned into a strange song, keeping him quite entertained.

Before long, he reached a wide, rushing river that blocked the way ahead.

Stepping up to the river's edge, the dog noticed it wasn't flowing in one direction. The water looked like it was bound in circles, and in each one the water was swirling like a whirlpool. The red path stopped at the water, but the dog could see it on the other side.

The two sleepy companions woke to the rustling of water and noticed the strange swirling motion. Pit

walked over to the edge of the river, plucked a leaf from her cherry stem and threw it into the pools. The leaf swirled down in circles, until it disappeared under the strong current of the water and out of sight.

“How do we get across?” Pit scratched her round head.

Then the dog's collar began to turn. He saw dozens of twigs one by one appearing across the swirling pools.

The dog started gathering branches and sticks, as Pit and Gersnikit followed. As Pit picked up a huge branch two times her size and lifted it over her head, she suddenly shrieked and tumbled over.

“Look!”

There, blinking up with twitchy whiskers, was a young rabbit peeking from a tiny hole, his nose wiggling like it was sniffing out secrets. He was curled up in a ball, which was quite a familiar position the dog knew.

“He must have been left behind! Let's bring him

with us,” said Pit as she ran towards the rabbit.

The rabbit jerked back and hid, if possible, even deeper into the hole, shielding his face from the strangers.

The dog understood. He placed his sticks down and slowly walked backwards towards the rabbit hole so he wouldn't scare him, and sat down at a safe distance. He kept his gaze away from the rabbit and breathed deep and slow. The water crept closer with every splash, but still he waited—still as a statue.

Pit and Gersnikit tried to copy the quiet ritual, twisting into silly poses and freezing like statues.

After a few minutes, the dog then slowly opened his knapsack and pulled out his last two cherries. He placed one right outside the hole. Then he waited.

As they waited by the hole, the pools of water started to spill over, rushing closer to the adventurers. Pit was alarmed.

She wobbled in her statue pose and whispered under her breath, “We have to go, or we'll be stuck



here and never find the path again!”

But the dog knew. Just a few more moments.

And then it happened. The little rabbit stuck its head out of the hole, looked around, and grabbed the cherry! He ducked back in the hole.

The bird's head spun in a complete circle, impressed. “Would you look at that!”

The dog sat again determined. This time he took the second cherry and put it in his paw and set it down in front of the hole.

Then he waited.

It didn't take more than a few seconds and there the rabbit appeared, crawled up to the dog's paw, took the cherry, and said, "Thank y-y-you."

"What's your name?" said the dog.

A-a-aloway. I found myself s-s-stuck here when my family was washed away by the p-p-pools. What's your n-n-name?

I don't have a name. But I do have a plan to cross the pools.

"Would you like to cross with us?" said Pit.

"You can join the others on my back and we'll walk across together," said the dog.

Just at that moment, the water poured onto the shore and into the rabbit hole. The rabbit quickly hopped up and onto the dog's back.

The two others climbed on and quickly started walking across the stick bridge, making it to the other side and stepping back onto the red path.

The path looked as though it was leading them to

another mountain that stretched so high it was beyond the clouds.

"Oh, maybe it has an orchard, just like my old home," thought the dog with no name.

But it was no mountain.

Something far stranger loomed ahead. The adventurers stretched their necks up at the towering form, gathering all the courage they could muster for what was to come.



Hero Tip:

Always ask a grown up if you can pet or touch an animal first.

If you meet a shy dog, don't rush to touch them. Sit down slowly and quietly, and avoid staring. You can offer a treat and let them come to you—or even walk backward toward them. This helps the dog feel safe instead of challenged.

Sometimes, being patient is the kindest, bravest thing you can do.

— THE END OF PART ONE —



The path doesn't end here....

This dog's journey is about to twist, tumble, and shine in ways he never imagined!

Continue the adventure in:

Cherry the Legendary -
PART 2: The Legend Awakes

Click [HERE](#) to continue the story!