

The
Search for

Mud Mountain



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One day on Alphamalisland™ where the Cleanteam™ friends were at play, Henry Hippo spied some mountains on this crystal clear fine day. While Freddy and his other friends played tag and hide-and-seek, Henry dreamed about Mud Mountain and its lovely snow-capped peak.



Henry heard that Mud Mountain was the tallest hill of all,
Filled with pools of mushy mud from a recent warming thaw.
"Let's go," he cried! "Let's find the mountain packed with mud and gush,
I'll gather ropes and strings and things to navigate the squoosh."



The Cleanteam™ members gathered round, the journey sounded fun,
They hopped into beach buggy bathtub, each and everyone.
But Henry lagged behind the group collecting his supplies:
A rope, a stove, a headlamp, and galoshes just his size.



The buggy set off along the shore around the island bend,
Daphne cried, "Hey, not so fast! We've dropped some things, my friends!"
Poor Henry's hat and tools and pack went flying everywhere —
Bits landing in the sea and sand, soap bubbles in the air.



The Cleanteam™ friends stopped to load the litter back into the bath,
While Henry pumped and pushed and tossed to clear the cluttered path.
Some monkeys laughed at all the fuss, they swung from tree to tree
Until a startled skunk went by and sprayed them 1-2-3.



It seems the noise from Henry's tools set off the squirty stink.
The Cleanteam™ was right there to help clean them in a blink.
Billy Bison bubbled up with Molly by his side.
The fragrant friends were quick to scrub and highly qualified.



The expedition traveled on, the bathtub coughed and wheezed,
Across a grassy plain they sped and then they heard a sneeze.
A young giraffe achooed and sniffed, sick and tired and cranky.
“Hold on,” said Henry Hippo. “I’m sure I have a hanky.”



The tissue was a great idea, the Cleanteam™ pals agreed.
The problem was the sneezes came at such enormous speed.
Giraffe never managed to put the kerchief to his nose.
Instead his long thin neck was like a great big germ hose.



The shower wasn't pleasant. The island was awash
In Giraffe's wet, slimy sneezes—my goodness, golly gosh.
Freddy started wiping up and Carley followed suit.
The bathtub filled with bubbles and they soon resumed their route.



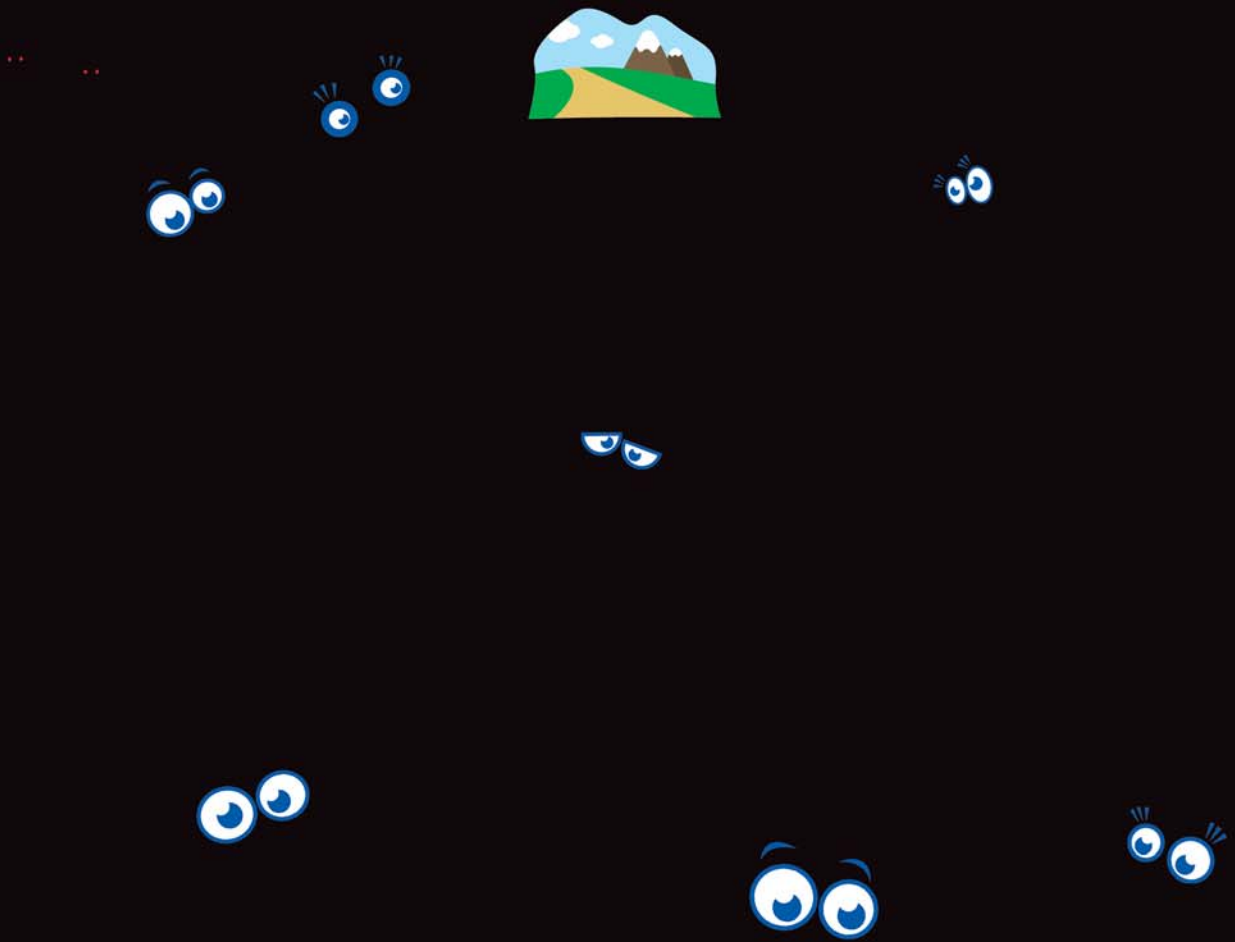
Mud Mountain was in sight by now, they climbed a steep foothill,
When—whoops!—Henry’s ropes and nets snagged a toucan’s bill.
The bird was tied, she could not talk or tweet or yak or yelp.
Henry said, “I’m sorry friend, I was trying to lend some help.”



He searched for scissors in his pack, but couldn't find a thing.
Daphne knew that she could detangle any kind of string.
She loosened up the square knots, untangled every hitch,
The toucan raised her brilliant beak and sang a lovely pitch.



"You're almost at Mud Mountain friends; it's just a few more feet."
The toucan sent them on their way, feeling quite upbeat.
Henry Hippo smelled the mud, Billy smelled a treasure.
He led them down a detour to find some buried pleasure.



The path led into a tunnel, as dark as any cave,
And all at once the Alphamal™ friends needed to be saved.
In the total blackness, they heard bats and squeaks and drips.
Henry sat there nervously, munching on some chips.



"Stop your crunching, Henry! We're lost and need some light."

He flipped a switch upon his head and shined his lamp so bright.

"Hooray for Henry," they exclaimed. "He saved us from our doom."

"Yippee!" thought Henry to himself. "There's mud inside this room."



He dived right in and squished about, he hopped a happy jig.
Brown fountains, pools, and mud pies so gooey, brown, and big.
When Henry's light grew dim from mud, the Cleanteam™ sprang to action
To shine his rescue headlamp to Henry's satisfaction.



He led the group to safety; his light showed them the way.
Though Henry hated leaving, he knew they couldn't stay.
The helicopter tub appeared, the Cleanteam™ friends jumped in.
Then Henry waved and yelled, "Mud Mountain, we'll be back again!"