

# A Day in the Life of Dew



Dew has a M.O.M.  
(MOUNTAIN OF MEMORIES)

Book 1

This book is a work of fiction. Any reference to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Other names, characters, places, and events are products of the author's imagination. Though many character names and/or personalities are based on the author's family and friends, they are used with creative license and are meant to ensure the Deel Family Legacy.

Copyright © 2014, 2015 by Deborah Deel Clayton  
A publication of Dew Bear Enterprises, Inc.

Library of Congress Control Number 2015917585  
ISBN 978-1-942261-00-1 (paperback)  
ISBN 978-1-942261-02-5 (hardback)

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission of the author/publisher, unless permitted by law.

For permission or comments, please e-mail the author,  
Deborah Deel Clayton, at [dewbear@mindspring.com](mailto:dewbear@mindspring.com)

Dew Bear strongly believes in giving back to the community. A portion of the net proceeds from the sale of every Dew Bear book will be donated annually to a specific charity.

*The donation for Book 1 will go to bone cancer research.*

Exact donation amounts will vary depending on associated costs to produce, publish, and sell the books.

# A Day in the Life of Dew



## Dew has a M.O.M. (MOUNTAIN OF MEMORIES)

### Book 1

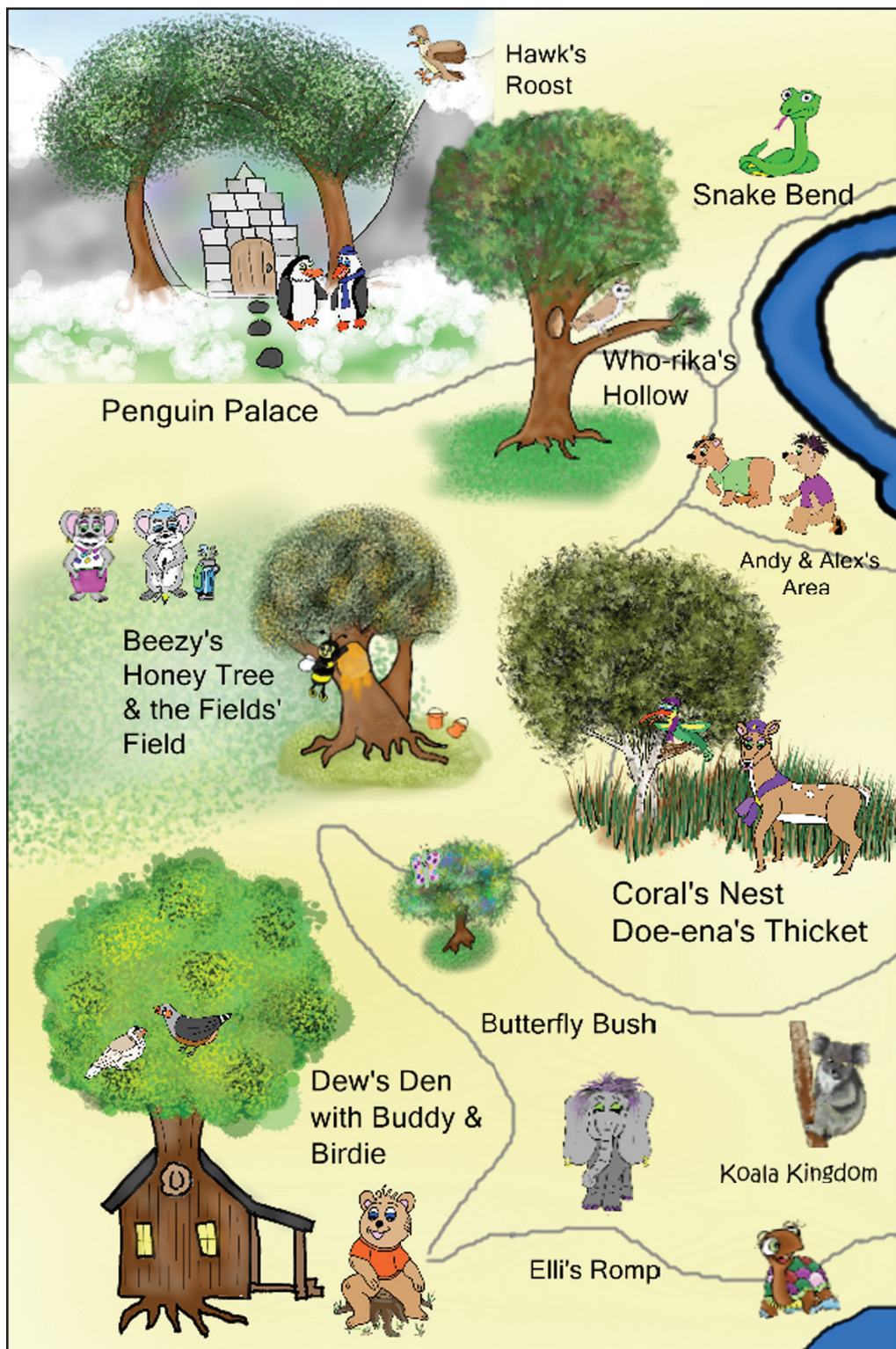
Written and illustrated by Deborah Deel Clayton  
Published by Dew Bear Enterprises, Inc.  
[www.dewbear.com](http://www.dewbear.com)  
email at [dewbear@mindspring.com](mailto:dewbear@mindspring.com)

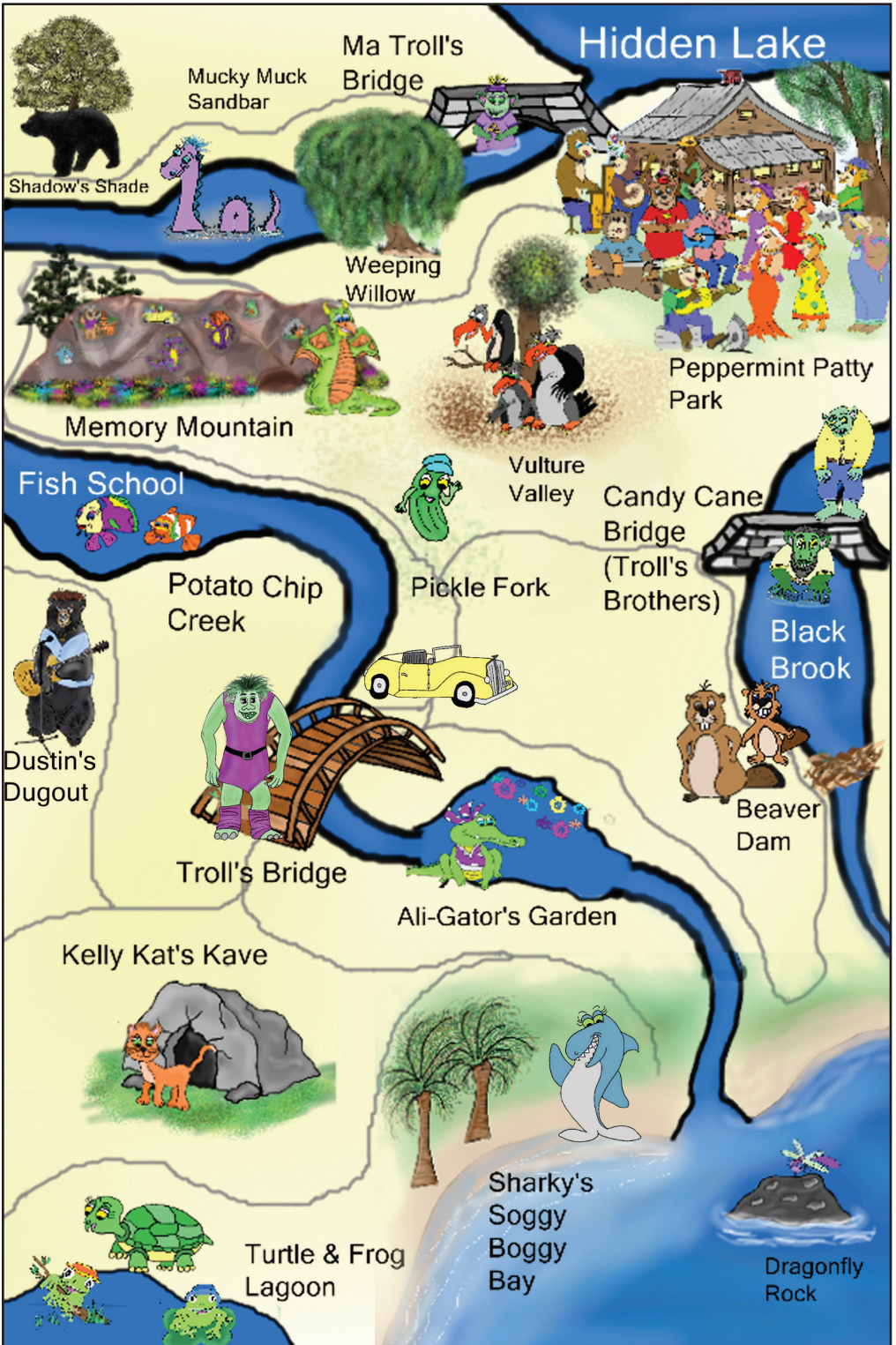
In loving memory of  
**Shirley May Edmunds Deel,**  
my own **Ma Bear,**  
who inspires me every day  
through memories.



Love is a simple thing . . .  
it simply grows when you share it!











MAP OF MEMORY FOREST	(PREVIOUS PAGE)
THE JOURNEY CONTINUES	(PAGE 85)
AUTHOR'S NOTES	(PAGE 86)
WHO'S WHO	(PAGE 88)
INSPIRATION	(PAGE 94)
ACTIVITY PAGES	(PAGE 96)

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

PRELUDE: THE LIFE OF DEW (NEXT PAGE)

1	WAKING UP	(PAGE 1)
2	WINGS	(PAGE 9)
3	IT'S MOTHER'S DAY	(PAGE 17)
4	GREAT IDEAS	(PAGE 25)
5	A FRIEND FOR THE RIDE	(PAGE 33)
6	BORROWING THE CAR	(PAGE 37)
7	THE ROAD TRIP	(PAGE 43)
8	MEMORIES	(PAGE 53)
9	HOME AGAIN	(PAGE 57)
10	LUNCH TIME	(PAGE 65)
11	PARTY TIME	(PAGE 69)
12	THE FINAL SONG	(PAGE 75)
13	BED TIME	(PAGE 81)



## Prelude: The Life of Dew

Dew Bear was born  
on a crisp autumn morn,  
when dew on the grass was real thick.

Ma and Pa Bear  
chose his name with great care,  
'cause they knew  
it was a name that would stick.

He grew to be a smart, gentle bear,  
and to love his family so dear;  
but when he's away  
everything is okay  
for his memories keep them all near.







## Chapter 1 - Waking Up

Dawn was kissing night good-bye, and the sun was barely creeping over the horizon when Dew awoke to the animated chirping of birds outside his window.

He fumbled out of bed and over to the window sill to see what all the commotion was about.





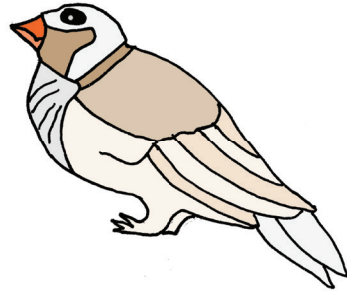
Dew slid the window open, yawned, and said in a sleep filled voice, “Morning Buddy and Birdie. You’re up bright and early.”



“Sorry to wake you, Dew,” Buddy chirped. “We’re just excited because we’re going to visit our mom today.”

“That’s nice,” Dew said, wiping the sleep from his eyes. “Where does she live?”

“On the other side of Memory Forest, just north of Peppermint Patty Park,” Birdie said.



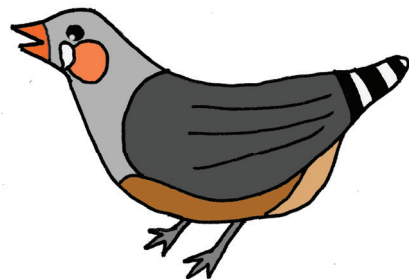
“Wow!” Dew said. He yawned again and stretched, “My mom lives *in* Peppermint



Patty Park. Have you seen the old shack on the bank of Potato Chip Creek?”

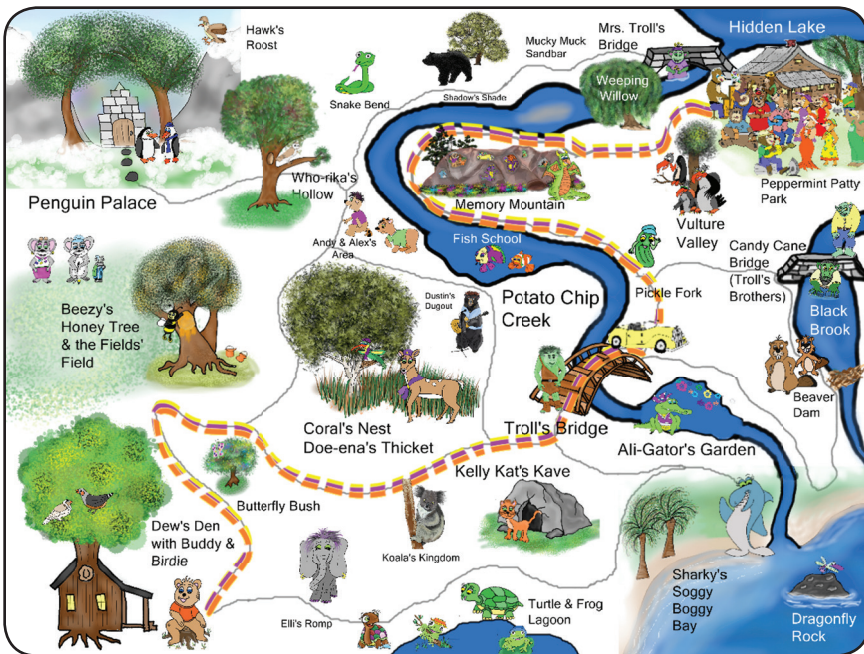
“Sure have,” Buddy tweeted. “Is that where you grew up?”

“Yes,” Dew said. “But it takes me several hours to walk from here to there!”



“It doesn’t take *us* long,” Buddy chirped.  
“We can fly.”

“I guess flying would make the trip  
a lot quicker,” Dew said, straightening the  
night’s wrinkles out of his purple pajamas.  
“When I moved into this tree house, I didn’t  
realize how far away my family would be.”



“Too bad you don’t have wings like  
us,” Buddy chirped, and he flapped his wings  
for Dew to see.

Birdie flew in from the window sill,  
landed on Dew's bed frame, and said, "Then  
you could fly home anytime you want."



Dew tried flapping his arms like a bird,  
but he couldn't get his feet off the ground. "I  
bet I could fly if I could strap some wings on  
my back."

And that got Dew to thinking.





“Perhaps the bees can lend me some wings!” he said, imagining himself flying through the sky with wings like his good friend Beezy.

Dew was now a bear on a mission. He dressed quickly in his favorite purple t-shirt and grabbed a honeypot from the kitchen shelf. He would eat breakfast on his way to Beezy’s.



“Hope you find some wings,” Birdie chirped as she flew back to the window sill.

“Me too,” Dew said. “But if I can’t, I think I’ll still go visit my mom today—even if I have to walk all the way. She’s worth it!” he added with a smile as he shut his bedroom window and headed for the door.





## Chapter 2 – Wings

The sun had climbed a bit higher, painting the sky with pinks and yellows and blues in the few minutes it took Dew to reach Beezy's honey tree.

“Hellooooo!” Dew hollered into the hollow spot that served as Beezy's door.





“Morning, Dew. Are you out of honey?” Beezy asked glancing over his shoulder. He was hard at work collecting fresh made honey.

“Not quite,” Dew said. “I stopped by to ask a favor.”

“Anything for you,” Beezy said, scooping up a spot of honey that was about to drip from the wall. He inspected the sticky-sweet glob and then stirred it into the golden honey froth swirling below him.



“I want to borrow a pair of wings,” Dew said, “so I can fly over to visit my mom today. I promise to bring them back tomorrow.”

Beezy was a bit surprised at this request. He stopped stirring the gooey honey and flew out of the tree to have a talk with his friend.

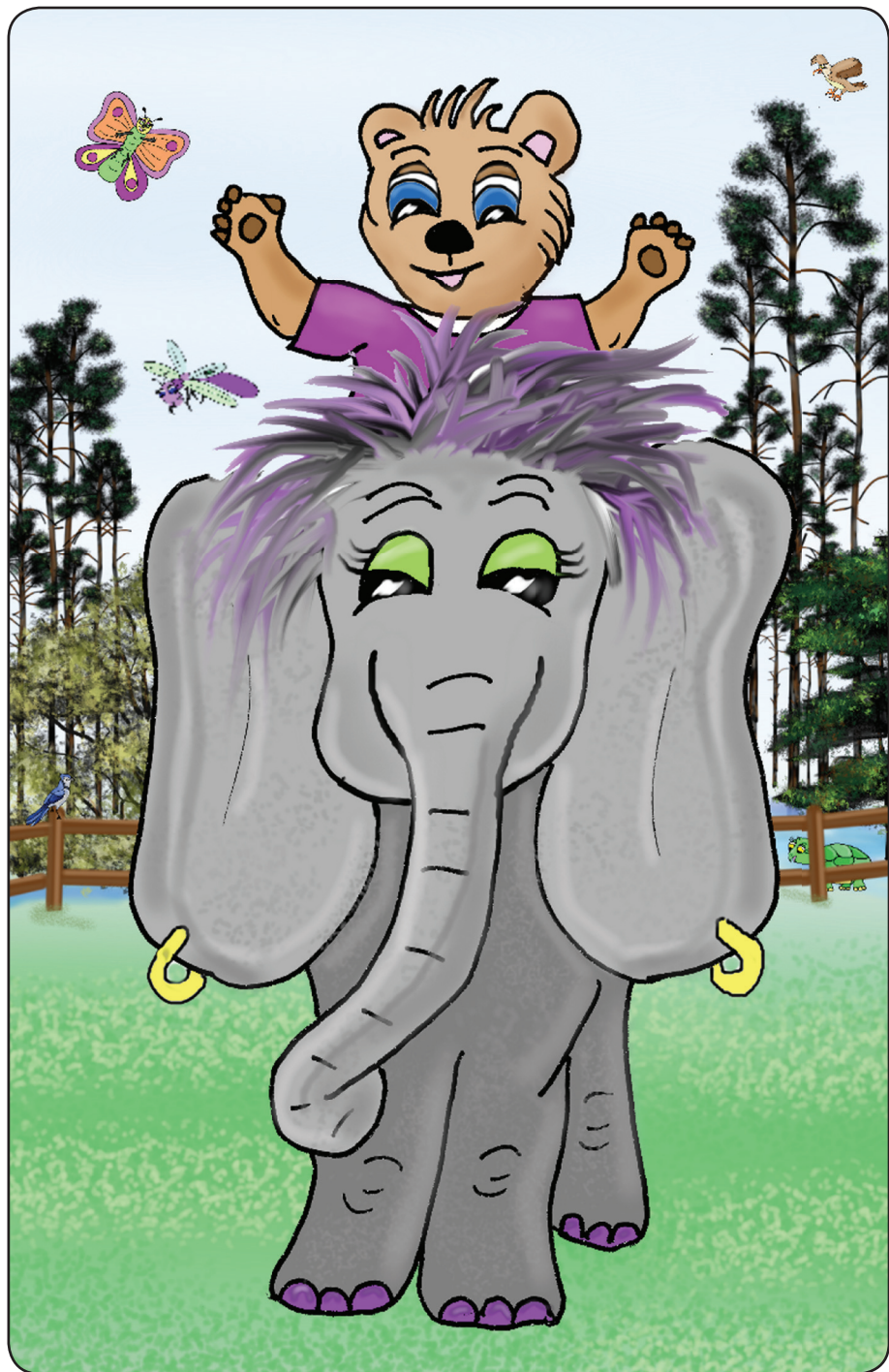
Dew sat down on an old stump, and Beezy landed on his knee. “Dew, I thought you knew that bees are born with wings.”

“Yes, but I was hoping you might have a spare pair I could borrow,” Dew said.



“Sorry, Dew. We only get one pair of wings,” Beezy said.

“Oh well, it was worth a try,” Dew said. “I was hoping I wouldn’t have to walk all the way, but I better get going if I want to make it to my mom’s in time for lunch.”

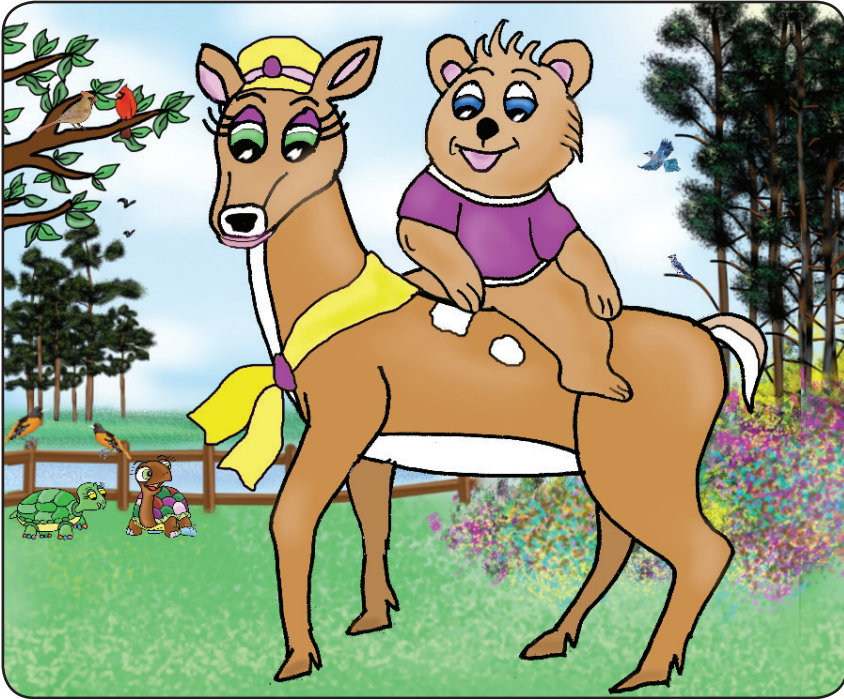


“Wait!” Beezy said as an idea popped in his head. “What if you ask Elly the Elephant for a ride?”

Dew thought about Elly with her thick gray skin, her wild purple hair with matching painted toenails, and big gold hoop earrings dangling from her Dumbo-sized ears. There was always a hint of mischief in her hazel-green eyes. “Though it would be fun to ride way up high on Elly’s broad back,” Dew said, “she is a VERY slow walker. It would take all day to get to Peppermint Patty Park!”



Then Dew's face lit up. "I got it! I'll ask Doe-ena if she can give me a ride. Her long muscular deer legs could get me there much faster than Elly."



"And you know she'll wear one of her colorful hat-and-scarf combos," Beezy said. "You could hang on to the scarf so you don't fall off while she's running."

"Thanks for helping with ideas, Beezy. I'll go ask Doe-ena right now."



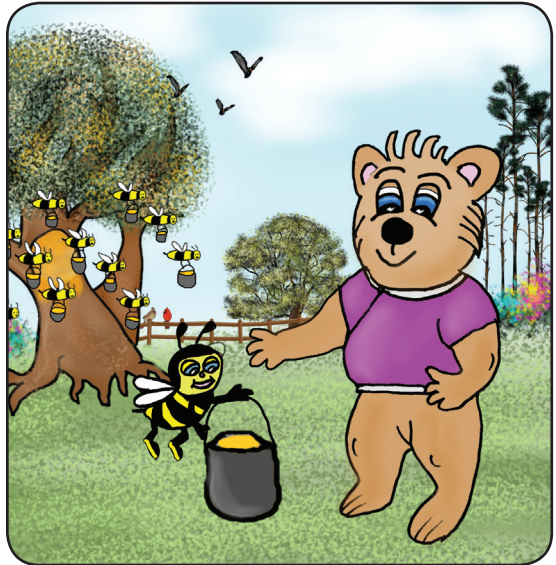
“Would you like me to fill your honeypot before you go?” Beezy asked, spying Dew’s nearly empty pot.

“That would be great,” Dew said. “I could take the honey on my trip so I don’t get hungry along the way.”

Beezy called to his family, and all the bees brought sacks of golden sweet honey until Dew’s pot was overflowing.

By the time Dew waved good-bye and set out for Doe-ena’s, the sun had breached the horizon.

The sky was a perfect shade of Robin’s egg blue with soft speckles of puffy white clouds.







### Chapter 3 – It's Mother's Day

As Dew rounded the bend by Butterfly Bush, where Susie the butterfly lives, something caught his eye. There was a fluffy white caterpillar-like cloud inching across the warm blue sky.

Since Dew was looking up, following the caterpillar on its journey, he didn't see Vicky Vulture's young son, Dude, standing in his path.





## CRASH . . .

Dew collided with the small gray vulture and knocked him over.

Dew helped Dude up and brushed him off. Then, Dew picked up the two bunches of flowers Dude dropped.

“What are you doing way out here?” Dew asked. “This is quite a ways from Vulture Valley.”



“I’m picking butterfly bush flowers for my mom,” Dude said. “They’re her favorite and will be my gift to her.”

“Is today her birthday?” Dew asked.

“No, today is Mother’s Day!” Dude said.

Ohhhh,” Dew said, and he threw up his hands in excitement, “I forgot today is Mother’s Day. Now I REALLY must get to Peppermint Patty Park to visit my mom.”



Then he added, “Your mom’s going to love the flowers.” He imagined Vicky Vulture grinning her vulturous grin as she put the butterfly bush flowers in a pretty green vase.



“What present will you give your mom for Mother’s Day?” Dude asked.

Dew thought of his mom and said, “I think I’ll give her this pot of honey. It’s very special honey, and she’s a very special mom!”

“Why is she so special?” Dude asked.

“Because she had me!” Dew laughed, and he reached over and ruffled the feathers on the top of Dude’s head.

\*\*\*\*\*

Doe-ena’s thicket was on the way to Vulture Valley, so Dew and Dude walked together. On the way, Dew shared some of his favorite memories of his mom.

“My mom told me lots of bedtime stories when I was a cub,” Dew said. “And, she always kissed the top of my head as she tucked me in. Then she would laugh and mess up my fur where she just kissed it.”

“My mom kisses me on the top of my beak,” Dude said with a smile.

“My very favorite thing,” Dew added, “was seeing the love in her eyes as she smiled at me before she turned out the light!”







“I hope when I’m your age, I have as many happy memories of my mom as you have of yours!” Dude said in a dreamy sort of way.

“I’m sure you will,” Dew said. “You have a wonderful mother too!”

End of Demo Pages for  
A Day in the Life of Dew -  
Book 1 - Dew has a M.O.M.  
(Mountain of Memories).



"A Day in the Life of Dew" - Who's Who?

Page 1 - Family



Dew



Ma Bear



Pa Bear



Bubby



Lankey



MarZipan



Dook



Jambo



Big Bob



Dunloper



Connie Sue



Norma Jean



Carolina



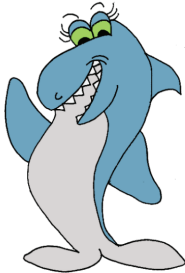
Honey Bear



"A Day in the Life of Dew" - Who's Who? Page 2 - Friends



Beezy



Sharky



Coral



Doe-ena



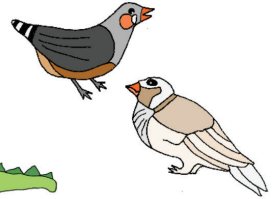
Fig



Who-rika



Ali-Gator



Buddie &  
Birdie



Troll



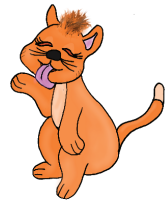
Ma Troll



Mot



Krank



Kelly Kat



Pete & Peggy  
Penguin



Vicky  
Vulture



Dude  
Vulture



Grandpa  
Vulture

"A Day in the Life of Dew" - Who's Who? Page 3 - Friends



Tessa



Brainiac



Triple "T"



Shayla



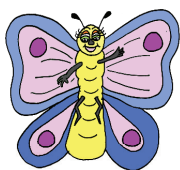
Bryce



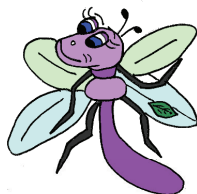
Ribbet



Rebbit



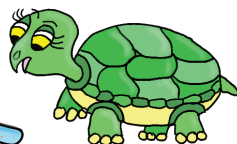
Suzie



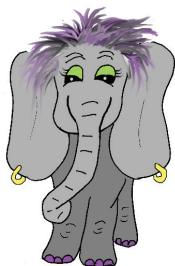
Julianna



Crystal Gail



Chelly



Elli



Mrs. Hawk

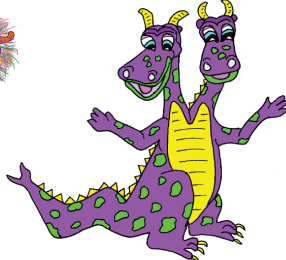


Mr. & Mrs. Fields

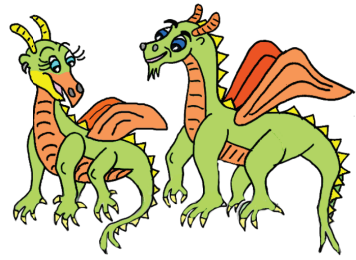
"A Day in the Life of Dew" - Who's Who? Page 4 - Friends



Lissard



Groberjeff



Antoinette & Kiki



Mr. Pickle



Sarah



Margaret



Viper



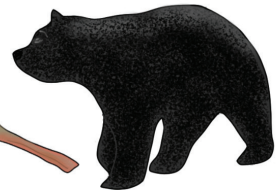
Say



Fred



Shirl



Shadow



Dustin



Andy



Alex



Jay

"A Day in the Life of Dew" - Who's Who?

Page 5 - Friends



Katie



Jake



Jenny



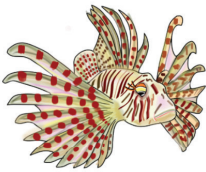
Shelli



Sammy



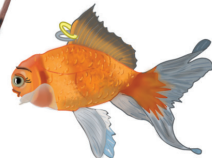
Patricia



Lakesha



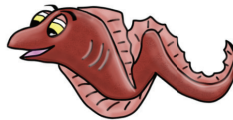
Nancy



Gloria



Ray



Ian



Kris

NOT ALL THESE CHARACTERS ARE IN THIS BOOK –  
SOME ARE IN OTHERS.

AND, SOME ARE MISSING, BECAUSE DEW  
HAS NOT MET THEM YET. BUT, HE IS ALWAYS  
ON THE LOOKOUT FOR NEW FRIENDS  
AS HE EMBARKS ON NEW ADVENTURES!

SO, COLLECT ALL OF DEW BEAR'S ADVENTURES  
AND BECOME FRIENDS WITH ALL THE  
STRANGE AND WONDERFUL CREATURES OF  
MEMORY FOREST AND BEYOND!!!

“LIFE IS JUST A JOURNEY,  
A LONG AND WINDING ROAD;  
AND EVERYONE ALONG THE WAY,  
IS SOMEONE YOU GET TO KNOW!”

DEW BEAR – OCTOBER 2015

