

Thank you for becoming a friend
of Dew Bear, Sharky, and all the
strange and wonderful creatures
of Memory Forest and beyond.
We can't wait for you to
join us on this adventure.



Dew Bear

A Day in the Life of Dew



Sharky's Special Day

Book 5

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.

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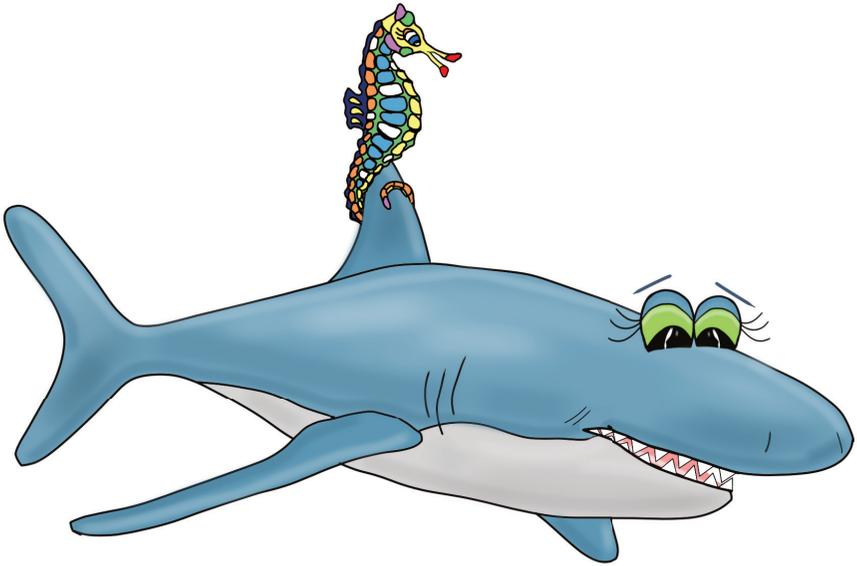
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Deborah Deel Clayton, at dewbear@mindspring.com

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

The donation for Book 5 will go to shark protection groups.

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

A Day in the Life of Dew



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Book 5

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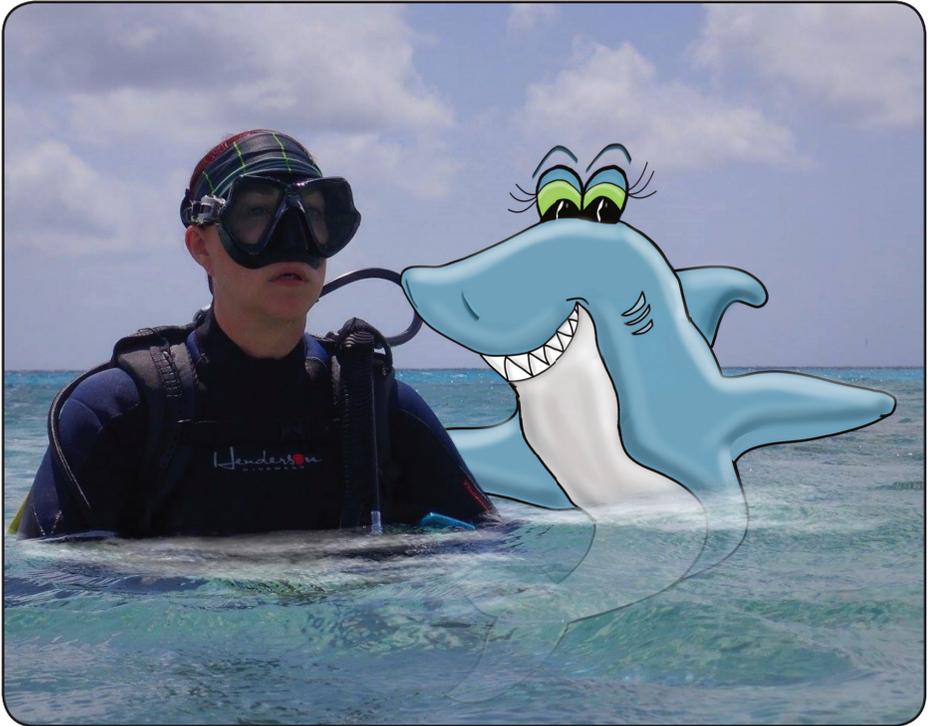


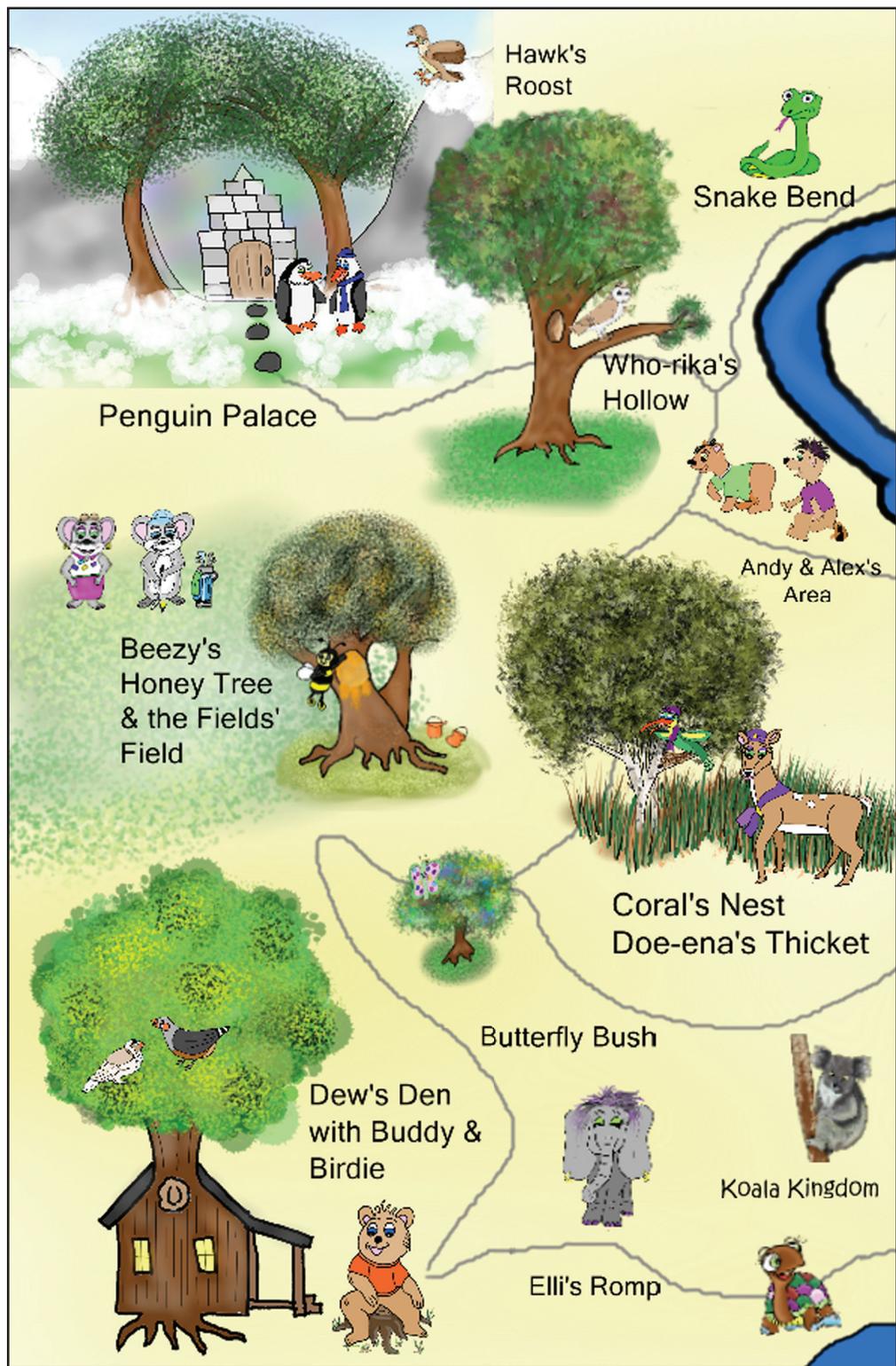
What we may not see ...
does not mean it cannot be!

Dedicated to

Denise Caron

A true lover of Sharks!





Hawk's
Roost

Snake Bend

Penguin Palace

Who-rika's
Hollow

Andy & Alex's
Area

Beezy's
Honey Tree
& the Fields'
Field

Coral's Nest
Doe-ena's Thicket

Butterfly Bush

Dew's Den
with Buddy &
Birdie

Koala Kingdom

Elli's Romp

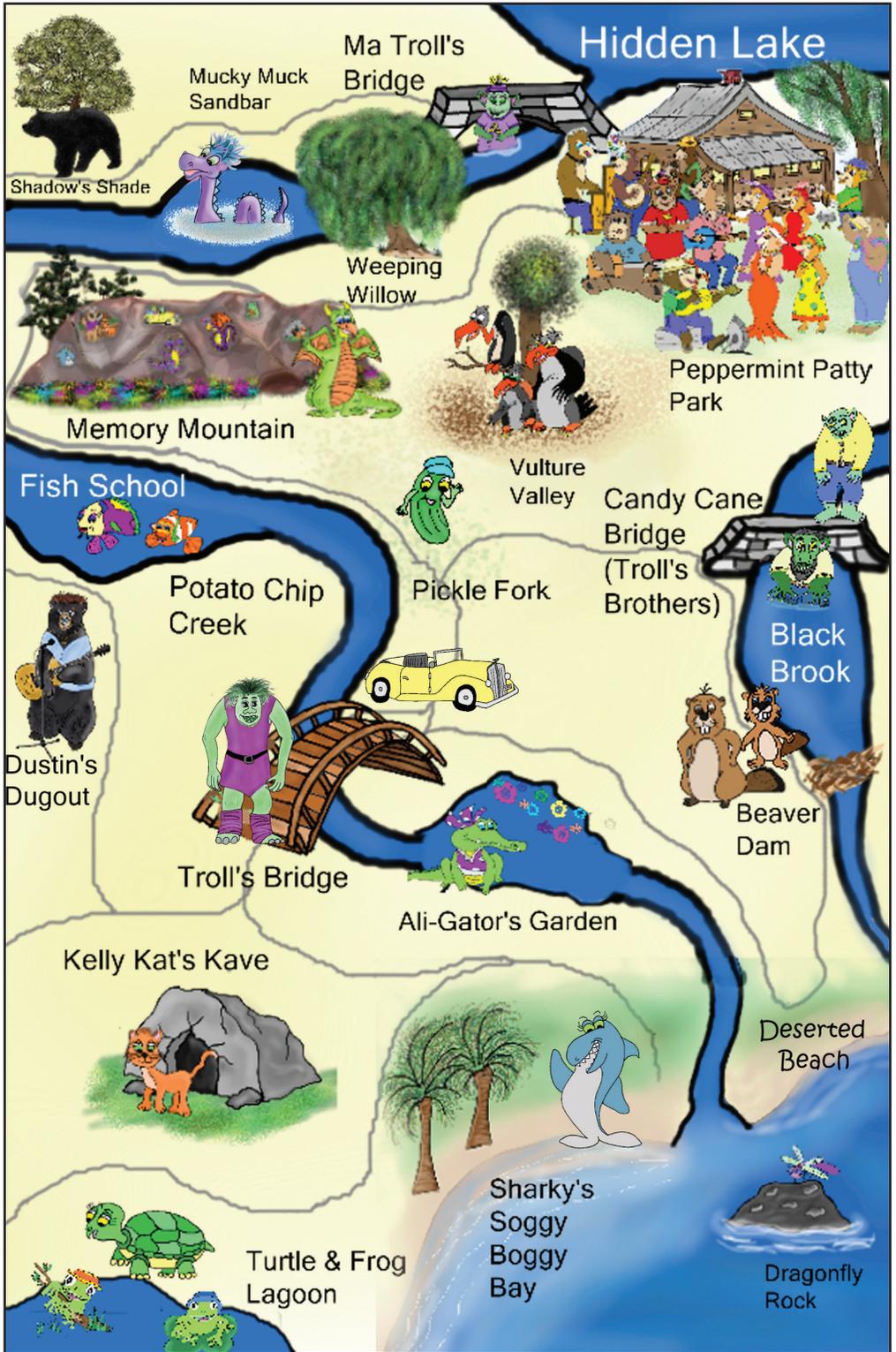
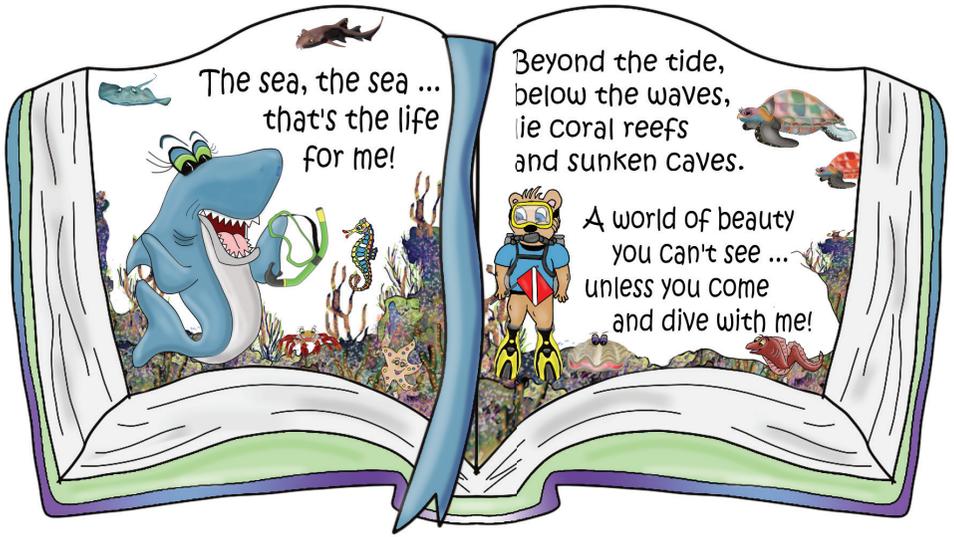


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Prelude: The Life of Dew

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.

As Dew Bear grew,
everyone knew
they could count on him through and through;
For Dew Bear could do,
WHATEVER he put his mind to.



If Dew had gills,
he could live in the sea.
But that's not the way
a bear's supposed to be.
So he fills up his tanks,
puts on his mask,
and spends the day
having a blast!



Chapter 1 – Sunrise Breakfast

One fine morning in the first week of June, Dew, Sharky, Coral, and Doe-ena gathered on the beach at Soggy Boggy Bay for their annual sunrise breakfast.

“By the looks of that sunrise, it’s going to be another perfect day,” Dew said.

“I believe you’re right,” Sharky said. “The air is warm but not too warm, and the water temperature is just right for a swim ... or a bird bath.”

Sharky grinned at Coral, removing the roasted marshmallows from the fork she taped to a stick. She placed one on Coral’s plate and the rest on her sardine covered toast.

“I’ll take your word for it about the water temp,” Coral said, hopping from the back of Dew’s chair to the handle of the whistling tea kettle. She lifted the kettle and placed it on the edge of the fire pit before nibbling on her marshmallow. “I think I’ll pass on the bath. I don’t want to get my new hat and scarf wet.”



“It is beautiful,” Sharky said.

“It was a gift from Doe-ena for my birthday,” Coral said. A slight breeze flipped the scarf around, showing everyone all the colorful polka dots on the bright yellow scarf.

When the breeze stopped, Coral said, “Doe-ena, this is the most beautiful hat and scarf I’ve ever owned.”

“I’m glad you like it,” Doe-ena said. “I asked Norma Jean to knit it for you. She was more than happy to do it—you know how much she loves to knit.”

“Norma Jean is always looking for a knitting project,” Dew said. “Once for my birthday she knitted me a wig.”

“Why did you need a wig?” Sharky asked.



“I didn’t need a wig,” Dew said, “but Norma Jean wanted to make one.”

“How’d it come out?” Coral asked.

“It was pretty funky, full of wild colors. At the time, I thought it was a very funny but impractical gift. But the next Halloween, it made a great rock star costume,” Dew said.



“Do you still have it? I’d like to borrow it this year. I might go as a punk-rocker or maybe a disco queen,” Sharky said.

“Sure, I think I can find it,” Dew said.

“What other presents did you get?” Sharky asked Coral. “I had to leave the party early and didn’t get to see them.”

“Well, let’s see,” Coral said. “I got a bowl of freshly made peach ice cream from Pete and Peggy Penguin—my favorite flavor. Vicky, Dude, and Grandpa Vulture brought me a bouquet of roses. Ma Bear baked the birthday cake—which was chocolate with yellow icing and polka dots to match my hat and scarf.”

Coral hopped onto the arm of Sharky’s chair. “And, of course, the framed picture from you, Dew, and Beezy. I hung it on the limb next to my nest, so I can see you every day.”

“Those sound like great presents,” Sharky said.



“They are,” Coral said, “but the best part of having a birthday is celebrating it with friends. I couldn’t have asked for a better day.”



“I could see where having a party in your honor would be terrific,” Sharky said.

Doe-ena thought for a moment. “You know, Sharky ... I don’t remember ever celebrating your birthday. When is it?”



Sharky got up. She picked up the purple bucket that sat next to her chair, waded into the shallows, and dumped the leftover sardines into the water. She waved goodbye to them as she said in a soft voice, “I don’t have a birthday.”



“What?” Dew asked. “Did you say you don’t have a birthday?”

“Everyone has a birthday,” Coral said. “It’s the day you were born.”

“I was definitely born. I just don’t know what day it was,” Sharky said.

Dew was a little surprised. “I’m sorry I never asked about your birthday before. Why didn’t you say something?”

Sharky refilled her glass of lemonade. She dragged her chair around to be next to Dew’s. As the waves lapped at her lower fins, she said, “It’s fine. Besides, if I never have a birthday, I’ll never grow old.”



“Why don’t you know your birth date?” Dew asked. “Didn’t your parents tell you?”

“I lost my parents,” Sharky said.

“What happened to them?” Dew asked.

“Dew,” Coral said, “perhaps Sharky doesn’t feel comfortable talking about it.”

“It’s okay,” Sharky said. “I’ll tell you my story if you really want to hear it.”

“Of course we do,” Doe-ena said.

Sharky settled back in her chair. She took a sip of lemonade. Staring at the half full glass, she said, “You know, my life is a lot like this glass of lemonade.”

“How so?” Coral asked.

“It starts out bitter, but it ends up sweet,” Sharky said.



Chapter 2 – Sharky's "Birth" Day

“I was born the first of four pups. That’s what baby sharks are called—though we certainly don’t resemble a cute little puppy! Did you know that most creatures are afraid of sharks because our jaws have rows and rows of very sharp teeth?” Sharky flashed a wide smile to show off plenty of pearly whites.

“That’s a lot of teeth,” Dew said.

“Yes, but we need them because we come into the world ready to feed ourselves. When we bite something, we often lose a tooth or two or three. When one falls out, another is ready to take its place,” Sharky said.

“Anyway, I remember Ma saying that we needed to stay close to them for a few days. Though we may be very high on the food chain, baby sharks can become a meal for larger sharks. I certainly didn’t want to be someone’s dinner,” Sharky said, taking a sip of lemonade.

“For the first few hours, my siblings and I had fun exploring the grassy area below us. Some of the reef fish were playing a game of tag, swimming quickly in and out of the swaying grass. We were delighted when they asked us to join them.”

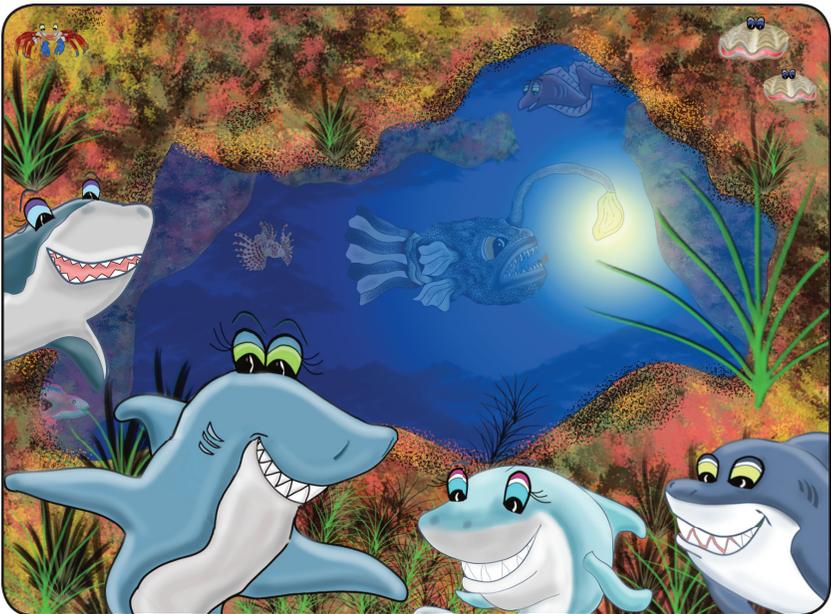
“Little by little, we were getting farther away from Mom and Dad. I kept thinking that as long as we stayed close to the reef, we could easily find our way back home.”

“A short distance down the reef, I found this really cool cave. I could see a flickering light inside, so I swam in. My

siblings followed. There were lots of crazy looking fish in there, but the strangest was a black and white fish. He had a great big mouth with almost as many teeth as a shark. He was zig-zagging all around the cave, chasing a light that he couldn't catch."

"Why couldn't he?" Doe-ena asked.

"Because it was dangling from the top of his head." Sharky closed her eyes and the visions of that day flooded her memory just as clear as if it happened yesterday.



“Who are you? Why are you following me?” the black and white fish grumbled.

“I’m Sharky. This is my brother Joey and my sisters Maddy and Yazyzy. This is our first day, so we’re doing some exploring. We saw your bright light and thought we’d check it out.”

“This here light is a very pesky glow fish,” he said. “I’ve been trying to catch it forever. Every time I get close, it swims just outside my reach.”

“What’s your name?” Sharky asked.



“Dexter,” he said, smiling as best he could with a mouth full of teeth. The movement of his mouth caused the light to jiggle right in front of his nose. “There it goes again, teasing me,” Dexter said, snapping his jaws at the jiggling light but missing it again and again. “It’s nice to meet you, and I’d love to chat, but I’ve got to catch this fish.”



Sharky watched Dexter zig-zag back the way they came, the light dancing in the dark waters of the cave, just inches out of his reach.

“Guess he hasn’t figured out that light is a part of him,” Joey said.

“Guess not,” Sharky said, “but he will if he ever catches it.”

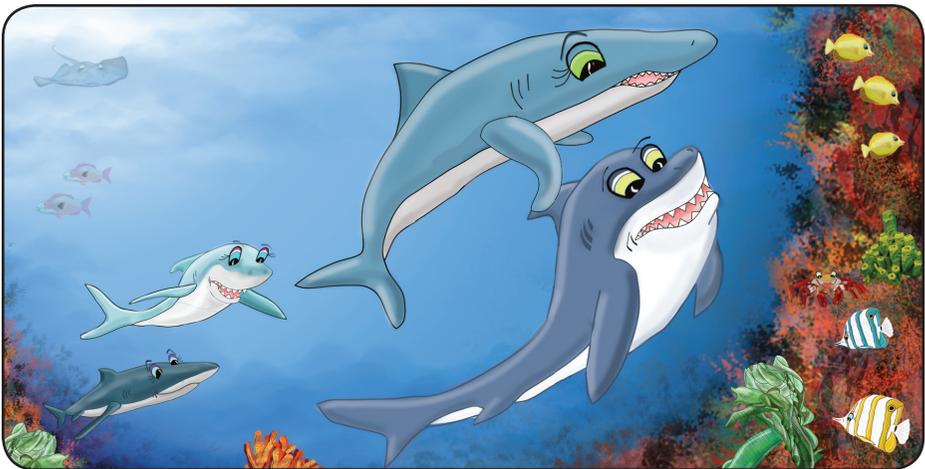
Joey took the lead, heading towards an opening in the reef.

“Hey, this doesn’t look the same as where we entered the cave,” Maddy said.

“We just came out on the opposite side of the reef,” Sharky said. “If we swim over the top, we’ll be right back where we started.”

“You have a good sense of direction,” Joey said, swimming up the side of the reef.

Sharky passed Joey, tapping him on the fin. “You’re it!”

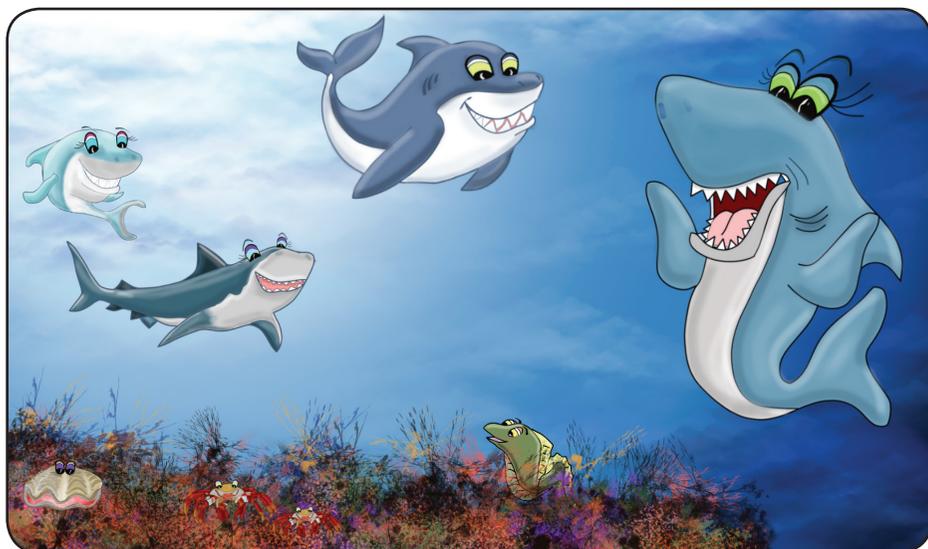


Joey spun around and tagged Yazzy.
“Now you’re it!” He swam away at top speed
before Yazzy could tag him back.

Maddy caught on quick to the new game
and sped past Yazzy, keeping her distance so
Yazzy couldn’t tag her.

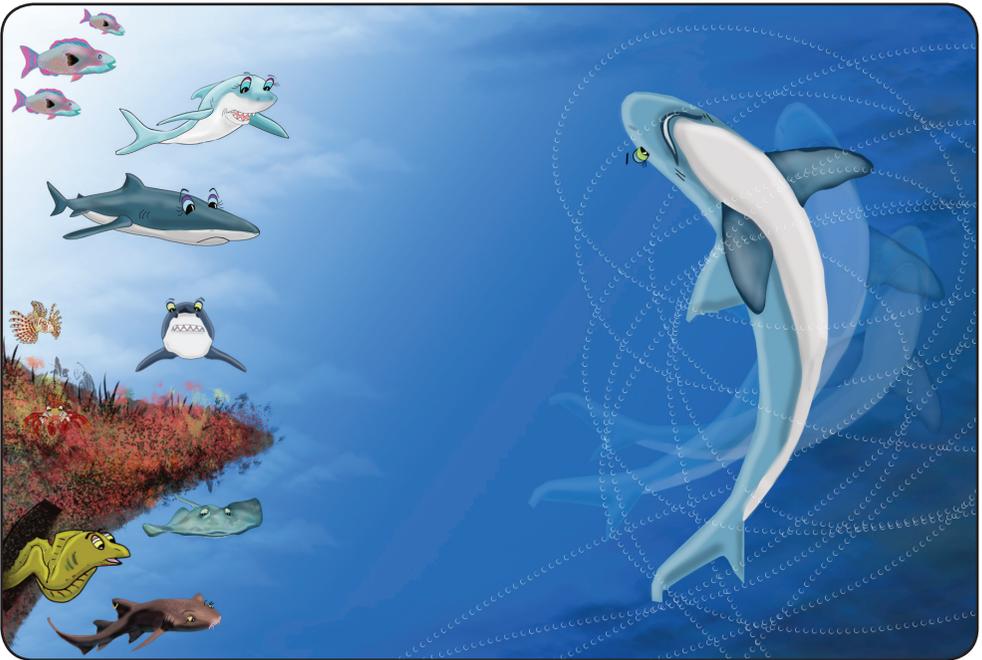
“No fair!” Yazzy hollered, trying hard to
catch up to Maddy.

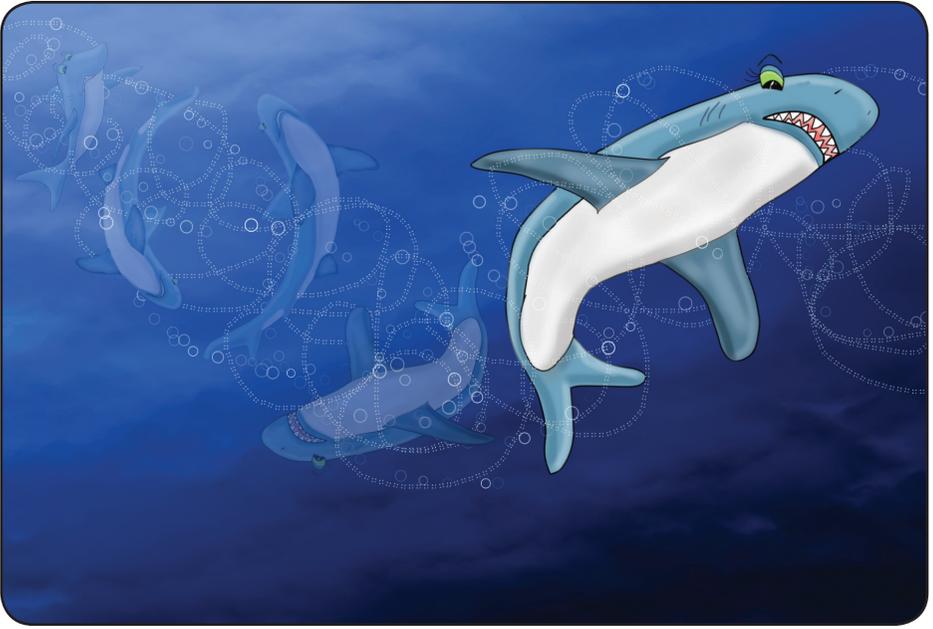
Sharky did a ballet twirl in the water, so
she could face Yazzy. “Come on, Yazzy, you
can do it. Catch Maddy.”



“Watch out!” Joey shouted as Sharky, who was still swimming backward, went over the edge of the reef.

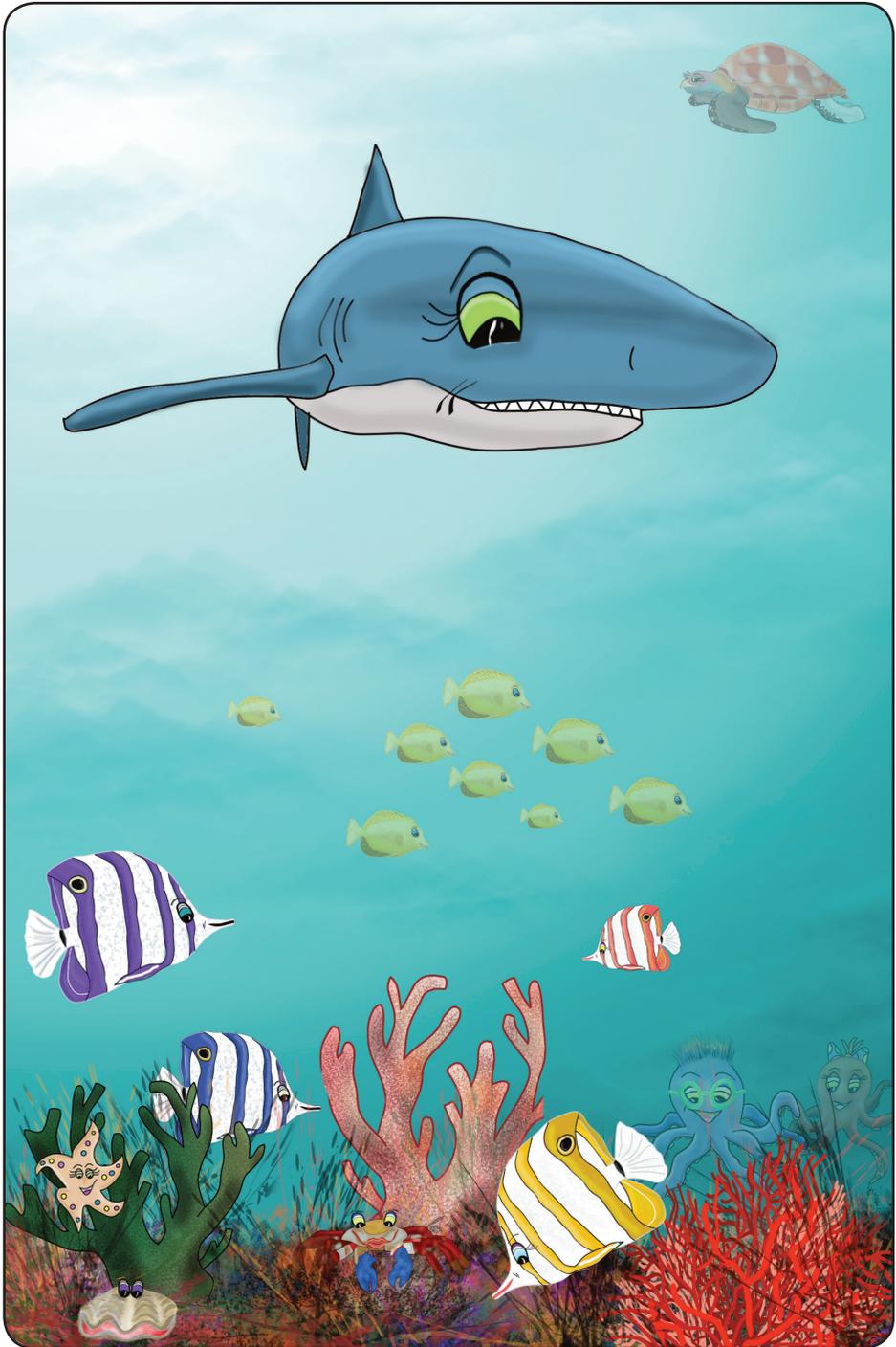
At that precise moment, Sharky felt the impact of the swirling current. The cold water wrapped around her like tentacles, dragging her farther and farther from the reef’s edge. She tried with all her might to break free of the current and swim back to her siblings, but the intense cold zapped her strength.





Spinning round and round, she watched Joey, Yazzy, and Maddy hovering at the edge of the reef. They were yelling for help, but none of the other fish who came were big enough to challenge the current and save her.

The current grew stronger and swirled faster the farther it got from the reef. Sharky closed her eyes as the reef and her family disappeared from sight. She was dizzy, cold, and terrified.



Chapter 3 – Finding the Way Home

After what seemed like hours, the current finally let go—in the deepest part of the sea. Sharky swam for days before she finally came upon a shallow reef. “Hello,” Sharky called out to the colorful fish swimming below her.

“Hello, hello, hello,” the fish called back, darting in and out of the sharp coral branches.

“Can you tell me where I might find the grassy spot by a big reef?” Sharky asked.

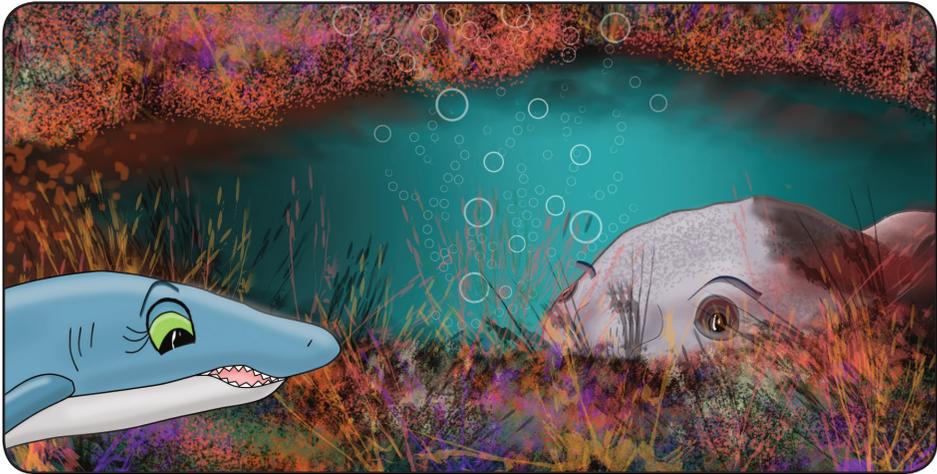
“Nope ... never heard of such a place,” a purple striped fish said, swimming quickly behind a bright red fan coral.

“You might ask Mr. Blubber,” a yellow fish said. “He knows everything.”

“Where can I find Mr. Blubber?” Sharky asked.

“In the cave at the end of the reef,” another yellow fish said.

“Thanks,” Sharky said, swimming towards the drop-off.



“Are you Mr. Blubber?” Sharky asked when she reached the cave and found a blubber fish blowing bubbles.

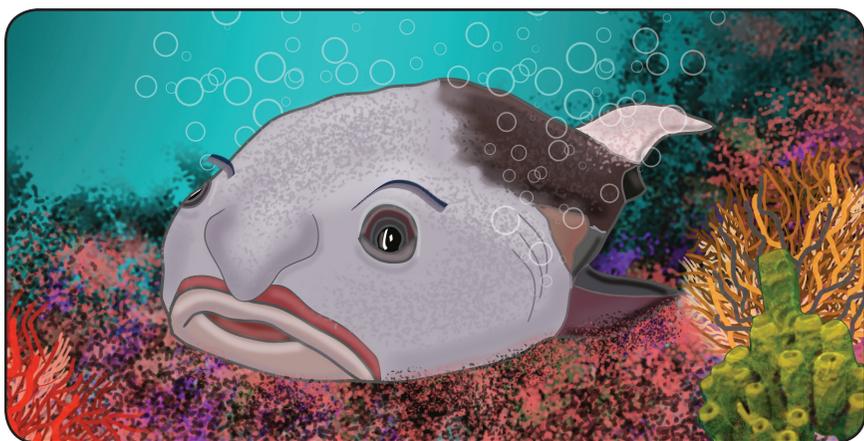
“I am. Who wants to know?” the blubber fish asked between bubble breaths.

“I’m Sharky. I’m trying to find my way back home. The other fish said you might know where to find the grassy spot by a very big reef.”

“Hmmm ...” Mr. Blubber said. “I am wiser than anyone on this reef, and I have traveled far and wide—but I have never seen a grassy spot beside a very big reef.”

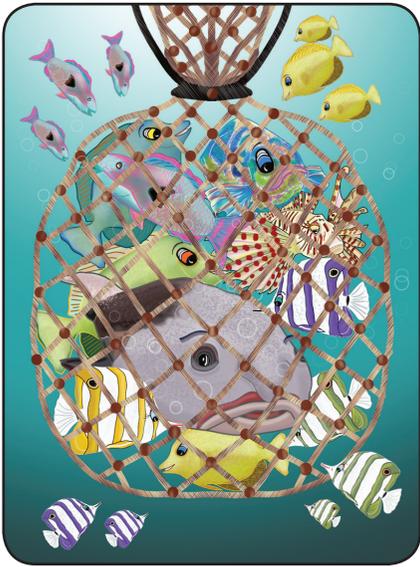
Sharky sadly turned away from Mr. Blubber and headed towards the deeper water. She would have to continue her search.

Mr. Blubber called after her, “I can check with the In-A-Net if you’d like.”



Sharky spun around quickly. “What’s the In-A-Net?”

“Not what, but who,” Mr. Blubber said. “We are a support group for anyone who has been caught in a fishing net but survived to tell about it.”



“Do you really think the In-A-Net can help me?” Sharky asked, hope rising like the air bubbles coming from Mr. Blubber’s gills.

“There’s nothing the In-A-Net doesn’t know about. We come from all over to share our stories. I’m sure someone in the group has heard of this place you seek,” Mr. Blubber said. “You’re in luck because we are holding a breakfast meeting tomorrow morning, right here in my cave.”

“Thank you, Mr. Blubber. I’ll be back in the morning,” Sharky said, swimming out of the cave and back to the top of the reef.



“Good news guys. Mr. Blubber thinks he can help me get back home,” Sharky said.

“How wonderful!” a colorful seahorse said. “I’m Margaret, but everyone calls me M for short. Some fish told me a young shark was lost, so I came to meet you.”

“It’s nice to meet you, M. I’m Sharky.”

“Oh, how original. I’ve never met a shark named Sharky before. Then again, I try to stay away from sharks—don’t want to get eaten!” Margaret said.



“Don’t worry about me eating you,” Sharky said. “I don’t eat my friends ... unless they say it’s okay.”

Margaret’s smile disappeared, her tail straightened, and she lost her grip on the coral. “I’m just kidding,” Sharky said. “I promise not to eat you!” Sharky crossed her heart to seal the promise.

“So where am I?” Sharky asked as M swam past her.

“This is called Coral Reef,” M said. “We’re in the Sea of Sadness.”



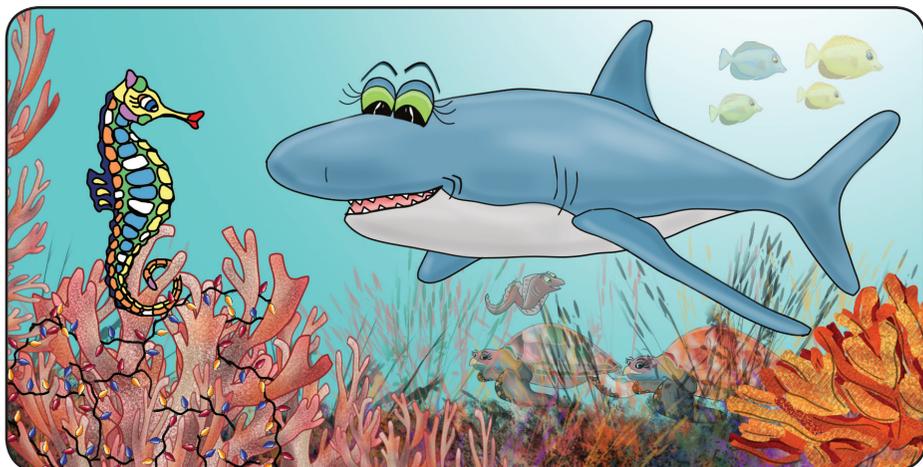
“Well, that fits how I’m feeling,” Sharky said. “I was born a few days ago, and I’ve already lost my family.”

“That is sad. I know how you feel because I’m an orphan too,” M said, drifting. “I hope you can find your family.”

“I guess we’ll see tomorrow after the In-A-Net meeting,” Sharky said.

“I can go with you if you like,” M offered, latching onto a branch of a large pink coral that she called home.

“That would be nice,” Sharky said.



I hope you have enjoyed the 1st three chapters of Book 5 – Sharky's Special Day.

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Debbie Clayton