

Thank you for being a friend
of Dew Bear 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



Heroes in Memory Forest

Book 6

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 © 2017 by Deborah Deel Clayton
A publication of Dew Bear Enterprises, Inc.
Published in Durham, North Carolina, USA

Library of Congress Control Number 2017909035
ISBN 978-1-942261-17-9 (paperback)
ISBN 978-1-942261-18-6 (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

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 6 will go to various food banks.

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

A Day in the Life of Dew



Heroes in Memory Forest

Book 6

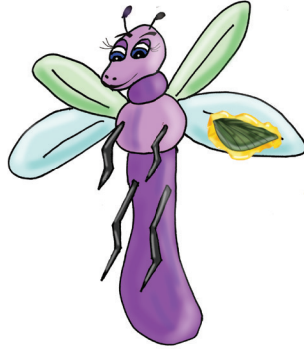
Written and illustrated by Deborah Deel Clayton
Published by Dew Bear Enterprises, Inc.
www.dewbear.com
email at dewbear@mindspring.com

*Sometimes we see the specialness
in creatures we come to know.
It may be in the things they do,
or the feelings that they show.*

*Sometimes the littlest thing
can become the greatest feat;
So look for the specialness
in everyone you meet.*

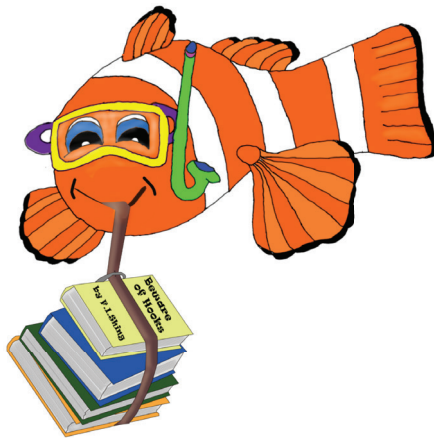


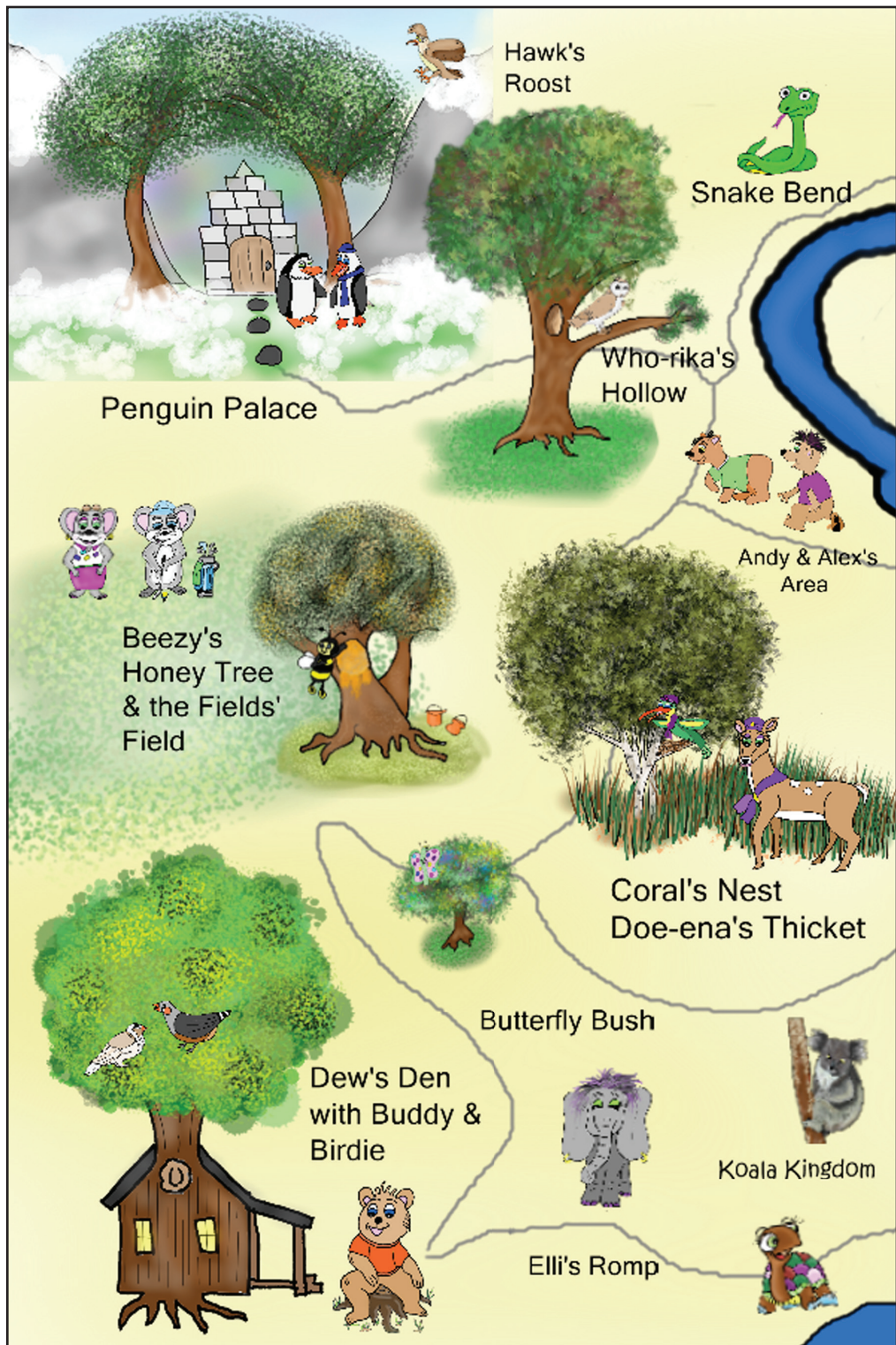
Dedicated to
Julianna Mathis

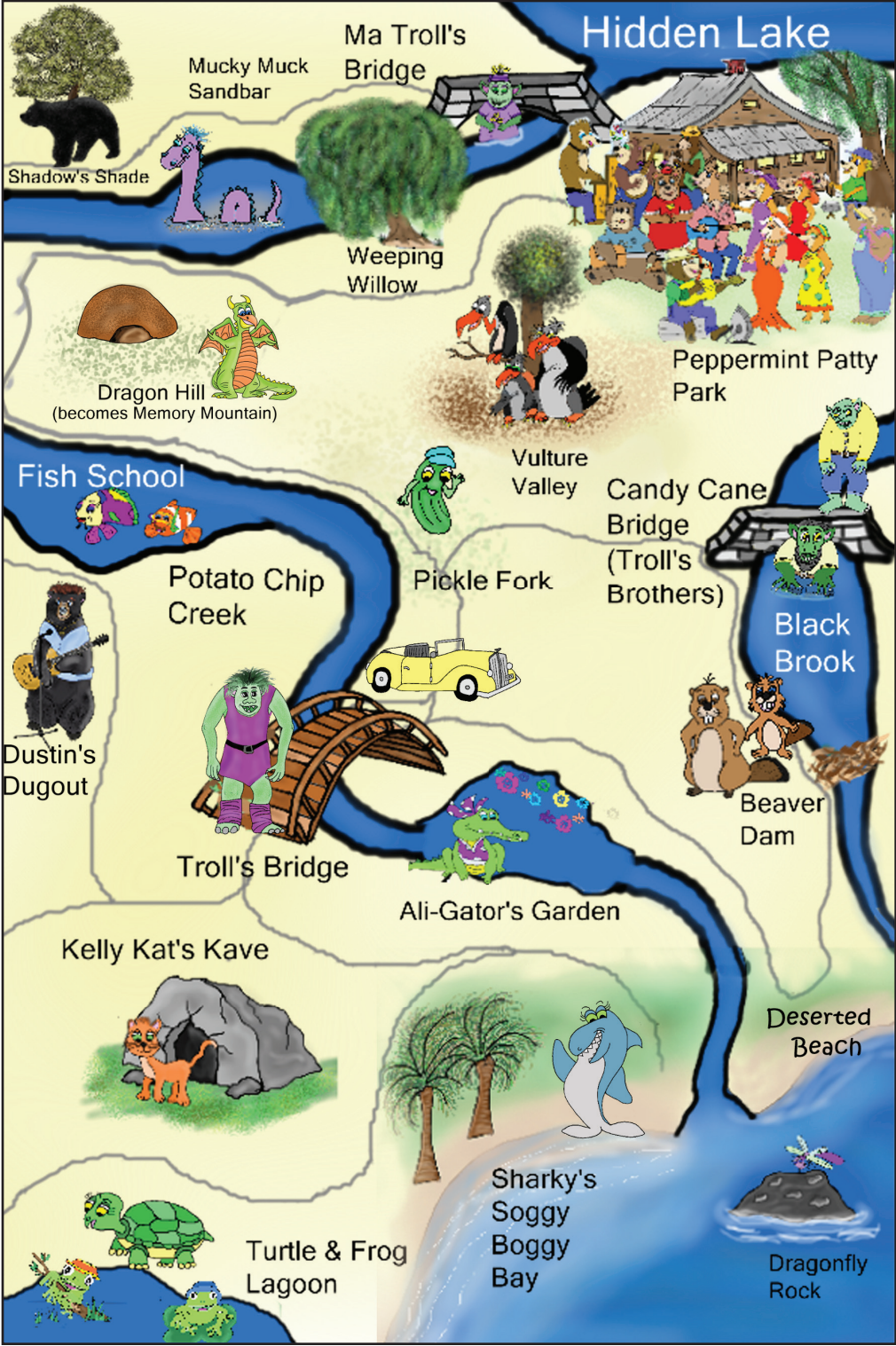


and

Bryce Tower







Hidden Lake

Ma Troll's Bridge

Mucky Muck Sandbar

Shadow's Shade

Weeping Willow

Peppermint Patty Park

Dragon Hill
(becomes Memory Mountain)

Vulture Valley

Candy Cane Bridge
(Troll's Brothers)

Black Brook

Fish School

Potato Chip Creek

Pickle Fork

Beaver Dam

Dustin's Dugout

Troll's Bridge

Ali-Gator's Garden

Kelly Kat's Kave

Deserted Beach

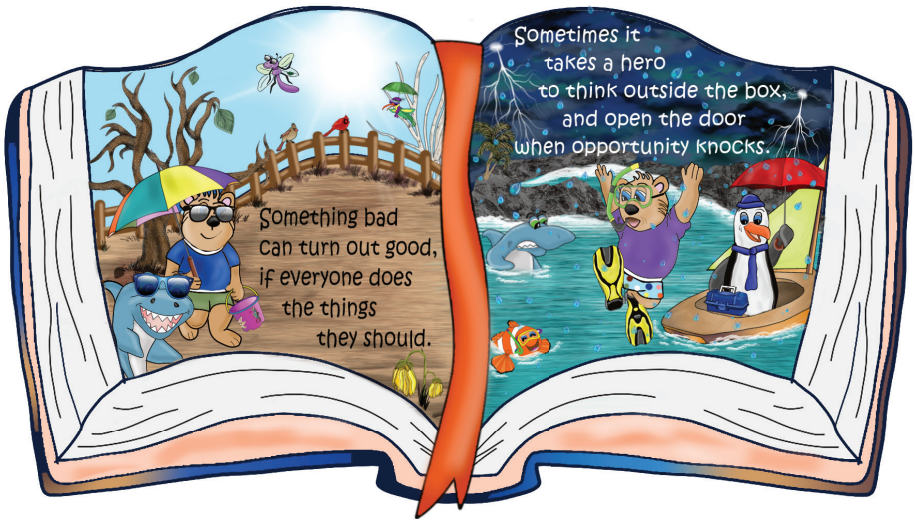
Sharky's Soggy Boggy Bay

Turtle & Frog Lagoon

Dragonfly Rock

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PRELUDE: THE LIFE OF DEW	(NEXT PAGE)
1 THE DAWN	(PAGE 1)
2 A SOUND	(PAGE 7)
3 MELTING	(PAGE 17)
4 STANDING STRONG	(PAGE 31)
5 A BALANCING ACT	(PAGE 37)
6 A HELPING WING	(PAGE 47)
7 THE CONVERSATION	(PAGE 63)
8 RAIN	(PAGE 73)
9 SCHOOL FIELD TRIP	(PAGE 85)
10 SEARCH PARTY	(PAGE 101)
11 GIVING THANKS	(PAGE 109)



MAP OF MEMORY FOREST (PREVIOUS PAGE)

WHAT'S NEXT (PAGE 121)

WHO'S WHO (PAGE 122)

ACTIVITY PAGES (PAGE 131)

UPCOMING STORIES (PAGE 137)

AUTHOR'S NOTE (PAGE 139)

ACTIVITY PAGE ANSWERS (PAGE 140)

This page is intentionally blank for
layout purposes

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.



When things look gloomy,
and the chips are down,
just call out his name,
and Dew will come 'round.

An adventure awaits
to brighten your day.
Read a chapter or two,
and you'll be whisked away!



Chapter 1 - The Dawn

The early morning air carried the smell of damp grass as Dew sat on his porch, staring out into the receding darkness. He rocked softly, waiting patiently for the dawn to reveal the first glimpse of the summer solstice Sun. Today would be the longest day of the year. Dew wanted to capture every moment of it.

As he sipped his honey tea, Dew imagined the burst of colors he would see when the Sun began its journey over the horizon. Like snowflakes, no two sunrises were alike. The colors would depend on the temperature, the cloud formations, and the wind. But Dew liked to think the colors were a reflection of the Sun's mood as it awoke.

As the sky lightened, preparing for the Sun's first rays, the cardinals began their morning song. This morning, their song sounded melancholy to Dew, and he wondered why they seemed so sad. He figured it out as the morning sky turned shades of burnt orange and dusty brown. Evidently, the Sun was not in a good mood today.

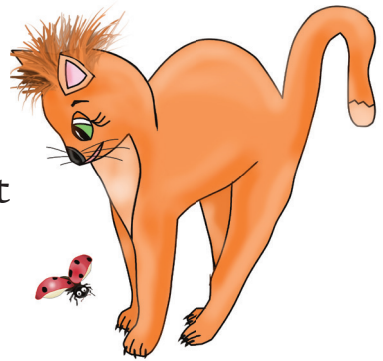


Dew held his breath, hoping the Sun would cheer up as it rose higher. It crept slowly above the bushes across the pond on the other side of the fence. The bushes took on a reddish-orange fiery glow, and the water captured a deep brown reflection, like mud.

Dew sighed, releasing his breath. “It’s going to be a hot one today,” he said to Kelly Kat as she joined him on the porch.

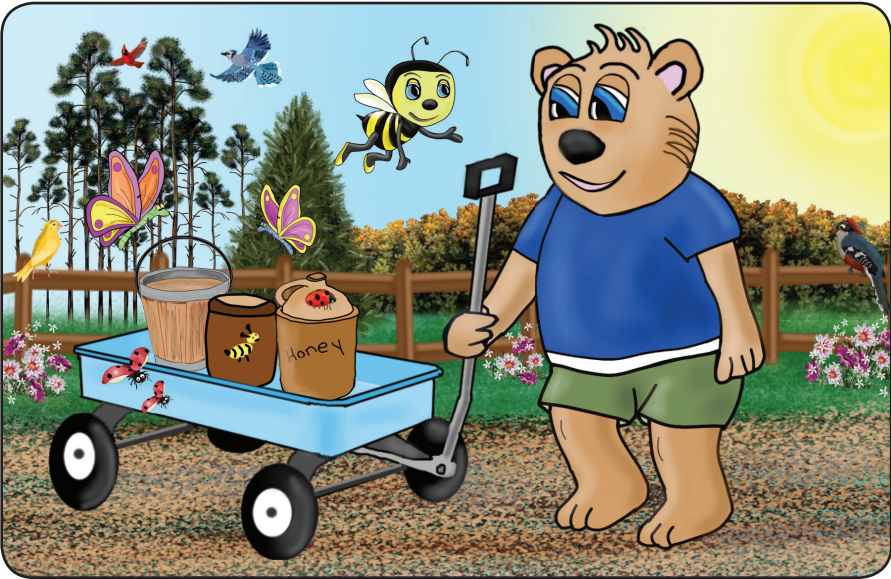
“I’ve never seen the Sun that angry before,” she said.

“Me neither,” Dew said. “Perhaps it’s just upset because it has to shine longer than usual today.”



“You only get one chance to start the day,” Kelly said. “I always start mine with a smile.” She arched her back, jumped off the porch, and headed for home.

“Well, I’ve got chores to do,” Dew said, stepping off the porch and going around back to get his little blue wagon, which was loaded with empty honeypots. He headed down the path to Beezy’s tree.



“Morning, Beezy,” Dew hollered as Beezy’s tree came into sight.

Beezy flew out to meet Dew. “Did you see the Sun rise this morning?” Beezy asked.

“Sure did. What do you make of it?” Dew asked.

“Grandma said she’s only seen one sunrise ever that looked like that. She called it the crazy sun, and it was followed by days of hot, hot weather,” Beezy said.

“It’s already hot,” Dew said.

“Wish I could hang out longer,” Beezy said, “but Grandma says we need to gather all the clover we can find today. It’s the first thing to wilt when the sun goes crazy.”

“Clover honey is my favorite,” Dew said. Beezy’s family filled Dew’s empty honeypots before flying off in search of clover.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DEW



Chapter 2 - A Sound

Dew headed home with his loaded wagon. “I think I’ll drop this honey off and head to Soggy Boggy Bay for a swim,” he said to Susie the butterfly who was fluttering around a bunch of wildflowers.

For a moment, Dew thought Susie answered him in a faint whimper, but Susie went about her business, not even looking at Dew. He heard the sound again. It was coming from the pricker bushes by the old oak tree.

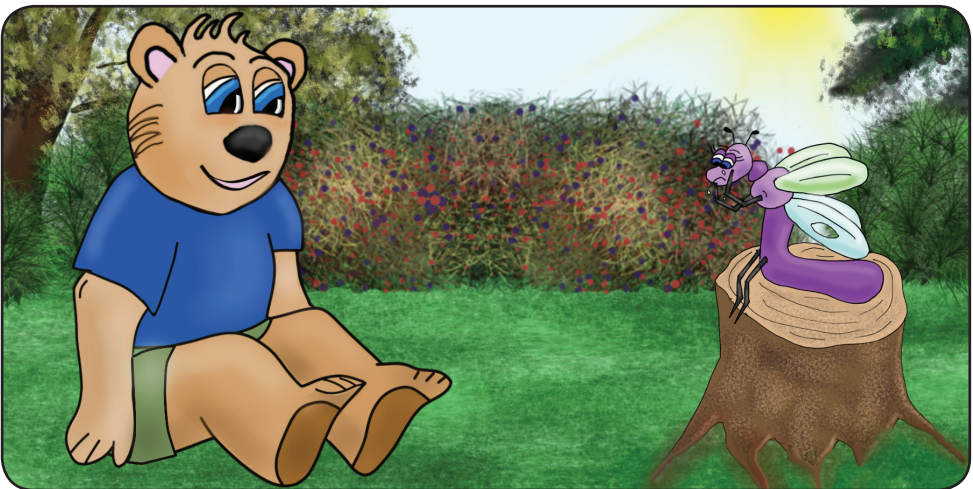
Dew stopped the wagon in front of the gap in the fence. He put a paw to his ear and listened harder. “Oh me,” came a girl’s soft voice, “What will I do now?”

Dew carefully made his way through the bushes, trying not to get pricked by the thorns. “Is anyone in here?”

Through sobs, he heard, “Over here.”

Dew parted the last bush and saw a small purple dragonfly sitting on a rotting tree stump. “What has you so upset, little one?”

The dragonfly wiped the tears from her eyes. “I was looking for berries and got too close to the pricklers. One snagged my wing and tore a hole in it.” She spread her wings, showing Dew the hole in her bottom left wing.



Dew picked a berry from the bush and handed it to her. “My name is Dew. What’s yours?”

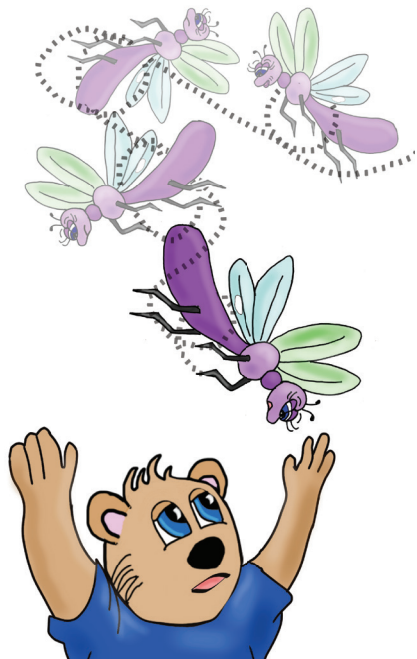
“Julianna,” she said, taking a small bite of the berry.



“It’s nice to meet you, Julianna. Are you hurt anywhere else?”

“No, just my wing,” she said. “But the hole makes me off balance, and I can’t fly.”

Julianna spread her wings and tried to fly, but she zigged when she should have zagged and ended up spiraling toward the ground. Dew caught her in his paws and placed her back on the stump. “How am I going to get home?” she asked.



“Where do you live?” Dew asked.

“My family just moved into Dragonfly Rock,” Julianna said.

“I know that rock well,” Dew said. “In fact, I am on my way to Soggy Boggy Bay as soon as I drop off my honey. I could give you a ride in my wagon.”

“Thank you very much,” Julianna said. “My parents will be so disappointed in me. They told me not to go too far, but I wanted to gather some fresh berries. Chelly the turtle told me where to find these bushes. I should have been more careful.”



“I’m sure your parents will understand your good intentions,” Dew said. “Sometimes accidents just happen.”

“But if I can’t fly, I’ll become a burden to them. They’ll always have to worry about

me and take care of me. I don't want to be a burden," Julianna sobbed.

"Don't cry, Julianna. We'll think of something," Dew said, lifting her gently and carrying her out to his wagon. He set Julianna down on top of the honey jug, which happened to have a drip of honey on it.

"Oh my," Julianna said, pulling hard to free her foot from the gooey glob. "This is pretty sticky stuff."



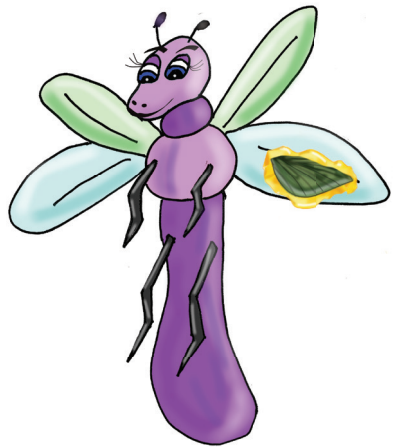
Dew got an idea. “You’re right. Honey is very sticky stuff. It was good at keeping a penny stuck in my pocket a few weeks ago.”

Julianna gave Dew a funny look. “It’s a long story,” he said, remembering his journey with the penny, “but it gives me an idea.”

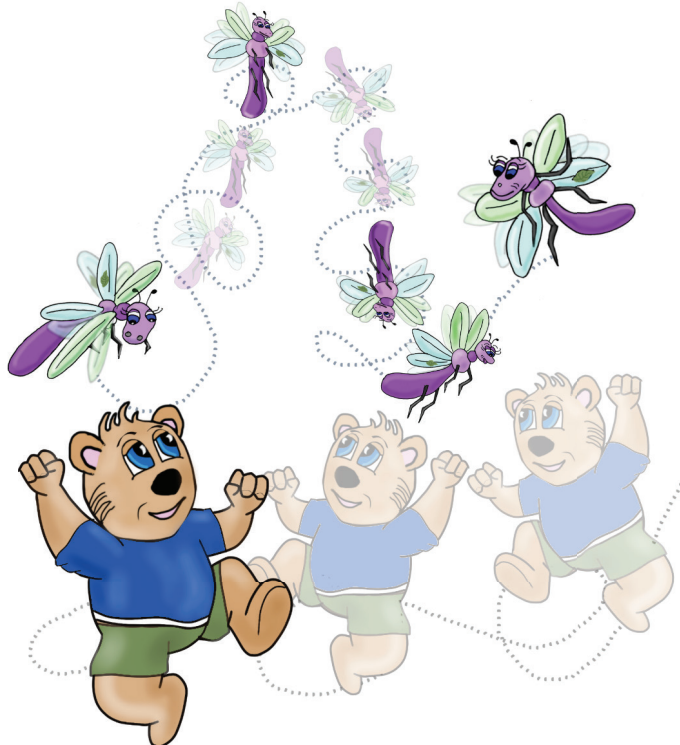


He plucked a leaf from a nearby bush and smothered it in honey. “Spread your wing, Julianna.”

Julianna stretched out her injured wing, and Dew gently placed a small piece of the honey-coated leaf over the hole, wiping off the excess honey with the tip of his paw. “Try that,” he said.

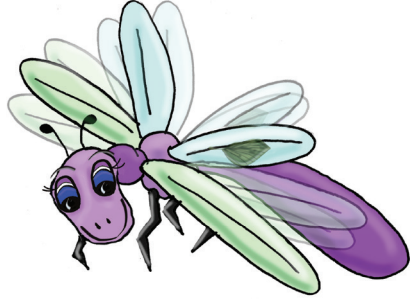


Julianna flapped her wings gently. The leaf stayed stuck. She held her breath and took to the sky. She was a little wobbly at first, but she soon compensated for the weight of the honey-coated leaf and was flying straight as an arrow. She circled Dew’s head as he chased after her, cheering her on. “Look at me!” she giggled with delight. She sky-rocketed and dive-bombed, making sure she could control her spirals before landing on Dew’s wagon.



“That was amazing!” Dew said.

“You are amazing,” Julianna said, grinning ear to ear. “You fixed my broken wing. Now I can fly just like before, and I won’t be a burden to my family. How can I ever repay you, Dew?”



“I’m just glad I was able to help,” Dew said. “Besides, what better payment than to have a new friend for life!”

“You’re my hero,” Julianna said. “I better get home before my parents worry.”

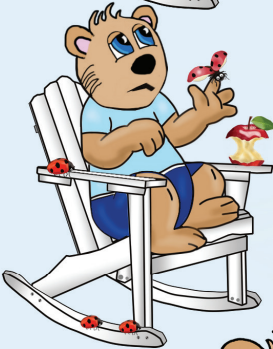
“Wait,” Dew said, reaching into the prickly bushes and plucking a few ripe berries. He pulled a tissue from the pocket in his shorts, tied them up nicely, and gave the bundle to Julianna. “Might as well have something to show for your trouble.”



“Thanks, Dew,” Julianna said, taking the bundle. She flew up and kissed Dew on the cheek before heading off for Dragonfly Rock.

“Safe travels,” Dew hollered after her.

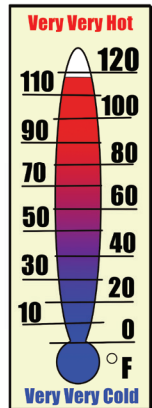
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DEW



Chapter 3 - Melting

Dew watched the Sun rise for the next four mornings. Each morning, the Sun came up unopposed by any clouds as they had learned quickly to get out of the Sun's way.

Even in the early minutes of dawn, the temperature was steadily rising. "I've never seen such high temps," Dew said to Coral as they watched the Sun rise on day five. "My thermometer only goes to 120 degrees. It was close to bursting yesterday."



"I've never seen it this hot in all my years," Coral said, wiping a bead of sweat from her eyes with the tip of her wing.

“Have you seen Soggy Boggy Bay yet?” Coral asked.

“I saw it yesterday,” Dew said. “It’s drying up fast. A few more days of this heat, and it will be just a mud hole. Potato Chip Creek and Black Brook are mere trickles.”

“Hidden Lake is getting low too,” Coral said. “The only reason there’s water there is because it connects to the Sea of Sadness. A little water flows in when the tide rises.”



Beezy flew in quickly. He hovered between Coral and Dew, trying to catch his breath. “I just left Penguin Palace. You’ve got to come quick. The palace is melting!”

Dew jumped to his feet. “Spread the word for everyone to meet at Penguin Palace,” he said to Coral and Beezy. “Tell my family to bring ladders.”

“I’m on it,” Coral said, flying off toward Peppermint Patty Park. She passed the message on to everyone she saw, and those creatures passed it on to others. Soon everyone in Memory Forest was on their way to the palace.

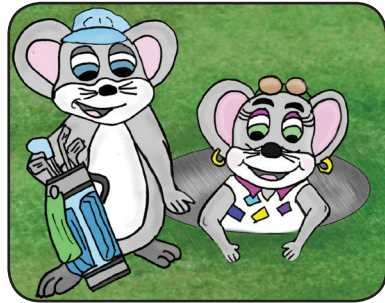


Dew took a shortcut and ran straight across the Fields’ Field. Mr. Fields was practicing his golf swing. “Where are you off to in such a hurry?”

“Penguin Palace is melting!” Dew said.

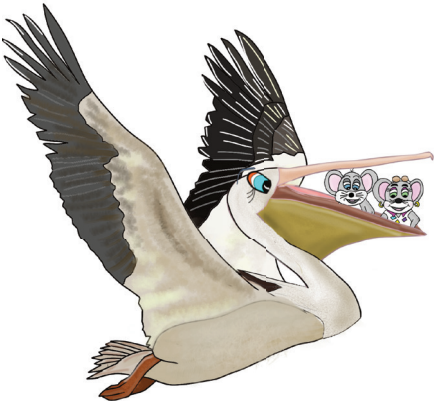
“Let me grab the Mrs, and we’ll be right behind you.”

“Thanks,” Dew said, speeding past the Fields’ hole in the ground just as Mrs. Fields popped her head up.



“I heard you,” she said, grabbing Mr. Fields’ hand as he helped her out of the hole. They started running, but their little legs couldn’t keep up with Dew.

Just as they slowed down, Helen Pelican landed next to them. “Hop in,” she said, opening her beak wide. “I’ll give you a ride.”



“Thanks, Helen,” Mrs. Fields said, climbing into Helen’s pouch-like beak.

Dew arrived just seconds before Helen landed on the stepping stones. Pete Penguin came out the door a minute later, tossing a bucket of water which landed right on Helen, soaking Mr. and Mrs. Fields.



“So sorry,” Pete said, pulling the scarf from around his neck and handing it to Mr. and Mrs. Fields so they could dry off. “I wasn’t expecting anyone to be standing there.”

Helen spread her wings to flip off the excess water. “Not a problem for me. That ice water was actually a bit refreshing.”

Dew picked up the bucket Pete had put down. “How can we help?”

“Peggy’s got buckets, pots, pans, and bowls everywhere trying to catch the drips. They’re filling up too fast for me to empty,” Pete said.

“Others are on the way,” Dew said.
“We’ll take care of it for you.”



“That’s nice and much appreciated,” Pete said, “but another day of this heat, and I’m afraid there won’t be a palace left.”

“We’ve had hot days before. Why didn’t the igloo ice melt then?” Dew asked.

Pete pointed to the trees overhead. “The canopy of leaves are dying. I’ve been raking them up all week. Leaves protect the ice from the intense rays of the Sun. No type of ice could withstand this much sunlight.”



Dew thought for a moment. A horn blared as Troll drove up in the trolley-car, which was full to the brim with Dew's Pa, brothers, and other hitchhiking helpers.



“Heard you need a few extra hands,” Pa Bear said, climbing out of the car.

“The more the better,” Pete said, shaking Pa Bear’s paw.

“I’ll go back for the others,” Troll said, unloading the ladders that were sticking out of the trunk.



“I’ve got an idea,” Dew said. “Troll, ask Ma to bring all the bed sheets she can spare.”

“What in the blazes for?” Pa Bear asked. “Pete and Peggy don’t have enough room for all of us to be sleeping over.”

“We’ll use the sheets to make a canopy ... to take the place of the leaves,” Dew said.

“Well I’ll be jiggered,” Pa said. “Better tell her to bring her needles and thread too!”

Troll drove back to Peppermint Patty Park and picked up Ma Bear and Dew’s sisters, along with several sheets and the sewing kit.



“Think this is big enough to start with?” Ma Bear asked as she climbed out of the car, pulling with her the five sheets the girls had sewn together on the way over.



Dew gave his mom a hug, “You’re the greatest!”

They all went to work. The birds, squirrels, and mice tied some rope between the tree branches. Dew’s brothers climbed the ladders and draped the sheet-tarp over the ropes, securing it with clothespins.



“The last clothespin is in place,” Lankey said, climbing off the ladder. He was dripping with sweat.

“The temperature has dropped twenty degrees already,” Pete said, looking at his thermometer, tapping it to make sure it was working.



“The dripping is stopping,” Dew hollered out the upstairs window.

Norma Jean held out a mop to Dew. “Now you can help clean up the mess.”



Dew rolled his eyes as he took one of the mops and picked up a bucket. When he was done, he joined everyone else out on the lawn.

“We can’t thank you all enough for helping save Penguin Palace,” Pete said. “I wish we had some ice cream to give you, but we haven’t been able to make any since the snow melted away.”

“We’ll take a rain check ... if we ever see rain again,” Lankey said, looking to the west at a cloudless orange sunset.



“I’m hungry,” Marzipan said, handing Ma some wilted flowers.



“Let’s get home. I’ll see what I can fix for dinner. Supplies are low, so it might be twig stew,” Ma said.

“We had twigs for breakfast,” Pa said.

“Be lucky you had that,” Ma said, holding up her flowers. “You can see the plants and bushes are wilting. They can’t produce fruit and nuts when they’re dying.”

“Let’s hope this drought ends soon,” Pa Bear said, “or they won’t be the only things dying.”

Little did they know that the Moon was listening.



We hope you have enjoyed the 1st three chapters of
Book 6 - Heroes in Memory Forest.

If you would like to purchase a copy (or copies), please
e-mail your request to dewbear@mindspring.com.
Include your name, address, e-mail, phone number, type
of book (paperback or hardcover), and quantity of each.
We will send you an invoice by e-mail which you can pay
by check, PayPal, or credit card using Square.

Books are also available on Amazon and Barnes & Noble
websites (just type A Day in the Life of Dew by Deborah
Deel Clayton in the search bar of those sites). We cannot
control the pricing on Amazon, Barnes & Noble, or other
third-party sites which may be different than the
published pricing on the Dew Bear website. Also, any
books purchased from those sites will not be signed
copies as they are sent out directly by the printer.

Thanks for your support of Dew Bear and friends.

Debbie Clayton
dewbear@mindspring.com
919-382-0068