

Jace is a magic pencil ... or at least he thought he was until he was thrown in the trash for not drawing a pony the way Addison thought it should be.

With a little help from some friends, Jace avoids ending up in the school dumpster and embarks on a journey, hoping for a second chance to prove his magical abilities.

Join Jace on his adventure, meet all his new friends, and see for yourself what a magic pencil can do.



Magic Pencil



by Deborah Deel Clayton

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**What's in your
imagination?**

Magic Pencil

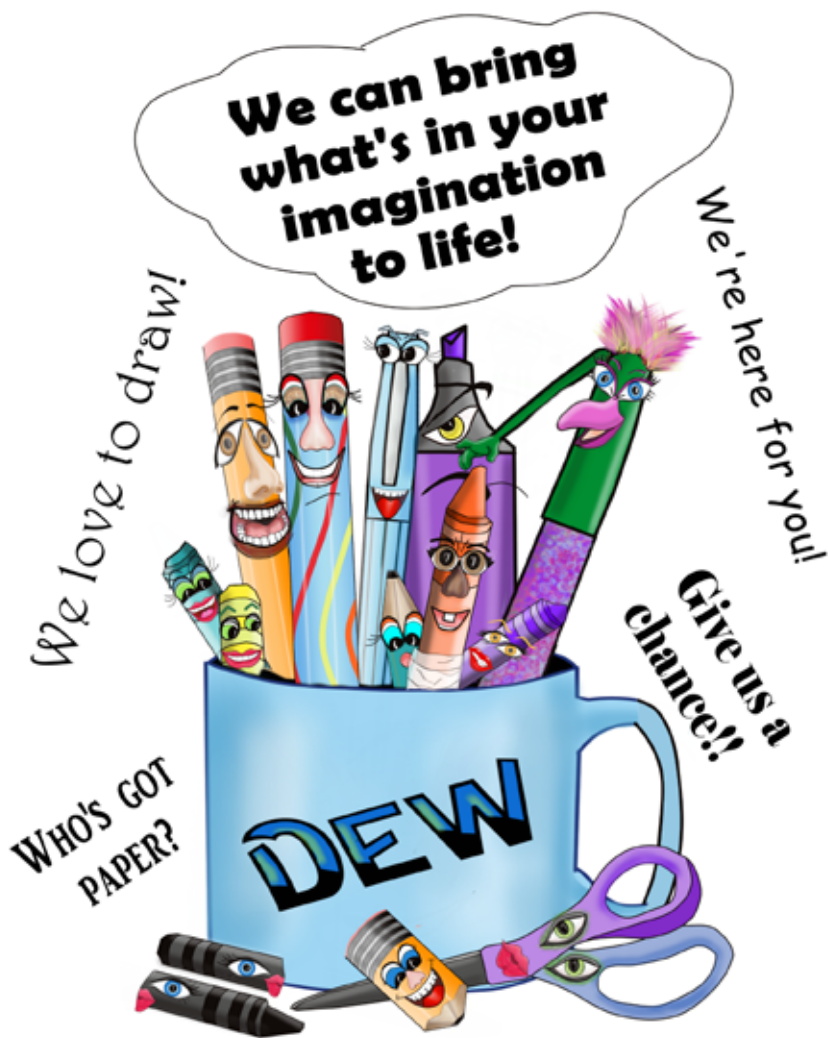
This book is a work of fiction. Any reference to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. All characters, places, and events are products of the author's imagination. Though character names are based on the names of Mrs. Miller's pre-K students at Wilkesboro Elementary (NC) for school year 2018-2019, they are used with creative license and are not intended to be a reflection of that child's attributes or personality.

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Magic Pencil

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A special thanks to all the children who have patiently listened to Dew Bear's Imagination Presentation. It was during a two-day program for pre-K through 3rd Grade at Wilkesboro Elementary School (North Carolina) that **Magic Pencil** came to life. It was because a few children told me their magic pencils didn't work.

Thank you, children, for inspiring me to write this story. And I hope you will always remember that the true magic in pencils, pens, crayons, and markers lies within your imagination—and only with practice can you unleash their full potential.

Take care of your magic pencils for they have feelings too!



Let your imaginations run wild!

The characters in this story are
dedicated to:

Mrs. Miller's

2018-2019 Pre-K Students at
Wilkesboro Elementary School

Addison

Ben

Braxton

Christian

Elijah

Elliana

George

Hank

Ivy

Jace

Julian

Maelee

Makailey

Mattie Grace

Sara Grace

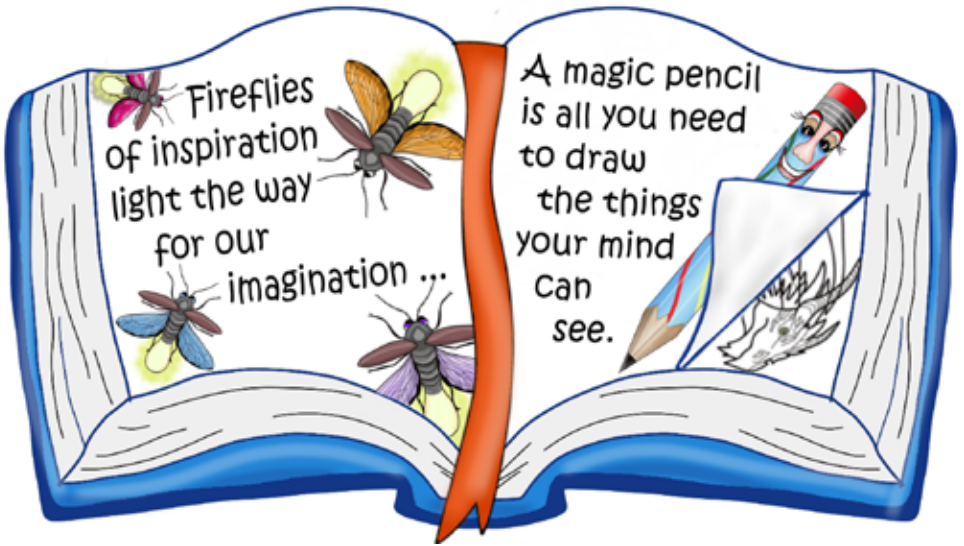
Tanner

and Mrs. Shore, Assistant Teacher

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Chapter 1 – Expectations

“This pencil is not magical!” Addison said, standing in front of Mrs. Miller’s desk, holding up her pencil.

Earlier that day, Mrs. Miller’s pre-K classroom was visited by a lady who was an author and illustrator. She had shared her imagination with the class and gave each of them a pencil. She said the pencil was magical because it can take whatever they imagine and put it on paper ... so they can share their words and drawings with others.

“What seems to be the problem with it?” Mrs. Miller asked, looking up from her papers and giving Addison her full attention.

“I was trying to draw a beautiful pony, but the magic pencil drew this!” Addison held up a picture of a stick pony.



“I think that’s beautiful,” Mrs. Miller said, taking the paper and admiring Addison’s first attempt at drawing a pony.



Mrs. Shore, the assistant teacher, stopped to look. “You’ve done a very good job with the pony’s mane and tail,” she said.

“I like the bow you put on the tail,” Mrs. Miller said.

“That’s not a bow,” Addison said. “It’s supposed to be flowers!”



“Oh, yes, I can see that they are flowers now. I’m sorry I didn’t look close enough to see the petals,” Mrs. Miller said. “This is a very nice drawing, Addison.”



“I totally agree,” Mrs. Shore said.

“But this is not how I pictured the pony in my imagination,” Addison said. “The pony I thought of is purple and has big blue eyes and pink hair—and the flowers are pretty. This doesn’t look anything like what I imagined. This pencil is a dud!”





Addison crumpled up her drawing and dropped it ... and the magic pencil ... in the trash can next to Mrs. Miller's desk.

“I still think your pony is beautiful,” Mrs. Miller said as Addison stomped her feet all the way back to her desk. She got out her coloring book, found a picture of a pony, and colored it with crayons. “I don't like that pencil,” she said.





Chapter 2 – Unwanted

After the teacher and all the children had gone home, Jace, the magic pencil, lay in the trash can under a pile of crumpled papers, a couple of empty juice boxes that were not so empty, a half-eaten apple, and a sticky piece of chewing gum that almost got stuck to his eraser. He was all alone—or so he thought.

“Would you mind rolling over a little?” came a voice from lower in the trash.

Jace rolled over once, then twice. “Who’s there?” he asked.

The papers beneath him wiggled a few times and out popped a nub of a pencil with a worn down to nothing eraser head.

“Tanner’s the name,” the stubby pencil said. “I heard what the little girl said about you earlier today. It’s a shame she doesn’t understand the magic of a pencil.”

“She’s probably right about me,” Jace said. “I don’t feel very magical. Are you a magic pencil?” Jace asked Tanner.

“I used to be,” Tanner said. “I started out the school year the same size you are, and I had a great eraser head on me.”



“What happened to you?” Jace asked.

“I belonged to Hank, and he took me everywhere. He was always writing or drawing something. I wrote on paper, and note cards, and art books. I even wrote on a napkin once ... that was a great drawing until someone used it to wipe up a spill. Hank was not happy about that. Anyway, Hank was

good at keeping my tip sharp which meant a lot of trips to the pencil sharpener. And my eraser came in handy every time he changed his mind and wanted to draw something different.”



Tanner’s eyes gleamed with pride.

“If you were so magical, then why are you in the trash with me?” Jace asked.

“All good things come to an end,” Tanner said. “Today, Hank tried to sharpen me, but I was too small to fit in the pencil sharpener anymore. Without another thought, Hank dropped me in the trash and found a new pencil.”

“Doesn’t that make you sad?” Jace asked Tanner.

“Nah, I had a good run,” Tanner said. “I was lucky to be Hank’s favorite pencil for as long as I was. I’m just glad he found another pencil to take my place. I’m pretty proud of Hank, and I wouldn’t doubt it if he grows up to be an artist one day. That’s gonna keep a lot of magic pencils busy!”



Jace sighed. “I wish I could have been Hank’s new pencil. Addison didn’t want me. I just wasn’t magical enough for her.”

The door to the classroom creaked open. Heavy footsteps echoed across the floor.

“Quick, you gotta listen to me,” Tanner said. “That’s the janitor coming. He’s going to empty this trash into

a big dumpster around the back of the school. If you want a second chance at being someone's magic pencil, then you're gonna need to jump clear of the dumpster when he tips the can upside down."

"How do you know that?" Jace asked.

"Let's just say I've been around a bit. Now roll yourself to the side of the bin. It will give you the best position for jumping," Tanner said.

Jace did what Tanner suggested. "Thank you," he said to Tanner as the janitor lifted the trash bin and set it on his cart. The ride to the dumpster was bumpy, but Jace pressed himself tight against the side of the bin.



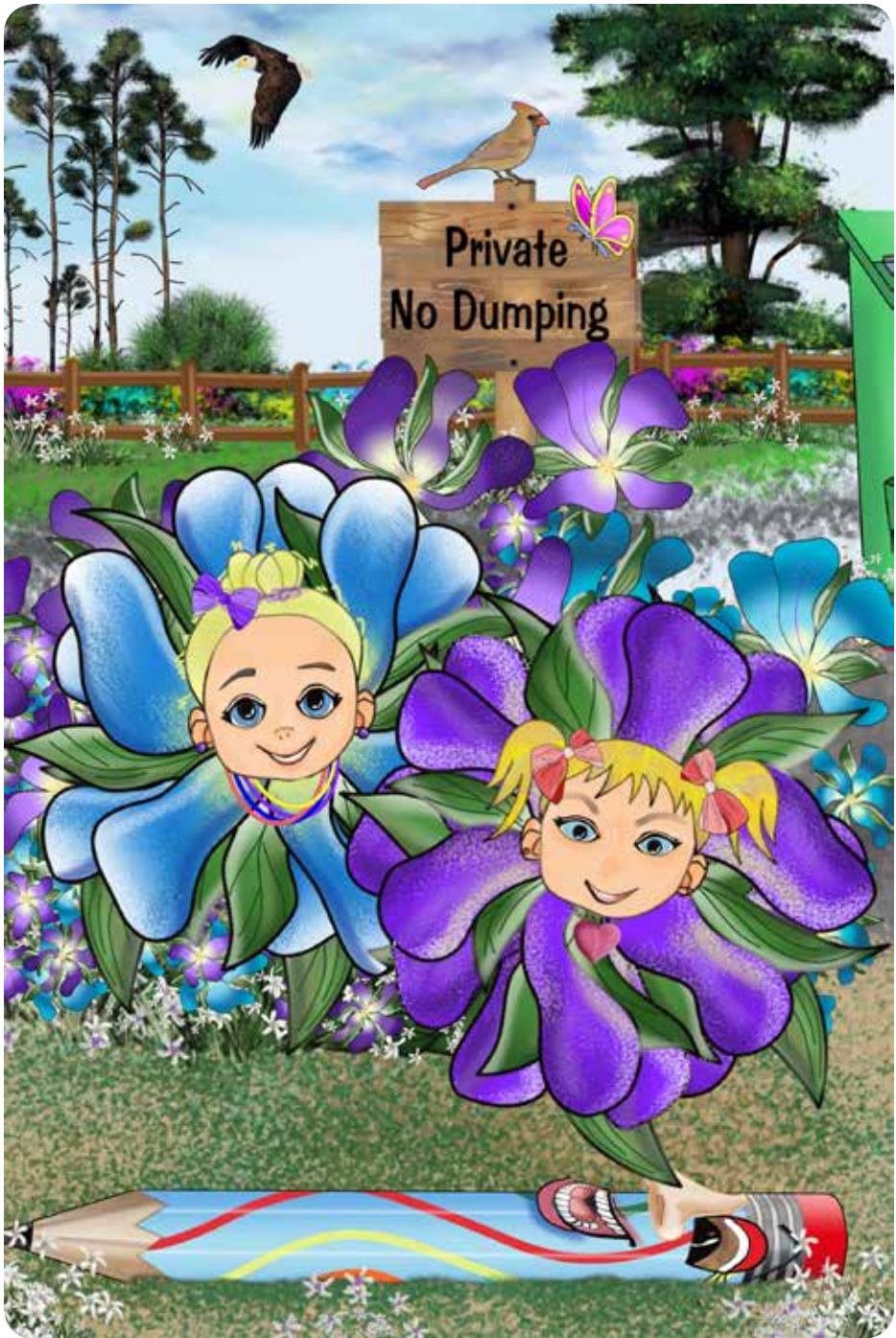
When the cart stopped, big hands grabbed the rim of the bin. The next thing Jace remembered, he was turning over and over in mid-air, heading straight for the inside of the dumpster. “Oh no,” he shouted. “I’m not going to make it!”



“Oh yes you will,” the half-eaten apple yelled as he bumped into Jace just in time. “You’re welcome!” he said, knocking Jace off course.

Jace hit the rim of the dumpster, bounced once on his eraser head, and then flew through the air for several feet, spinning round and round. He landed with a hard thump on a patch of grass at the bottom of a clump of flowers ... he passed out cold.





Chapter 3 - Finding His Way

“Hellllooooo,” a harmony of voices sang out directly above Jace.

Jace opened his eyes. His eraser head hurt, and his vision was spinning out of control. He closed his eyes again and moaned.

“Helllllllloooooooo,” the voices sang out again.

Jace felt something tickle his nose. “What’s your name?” a girl’s voice asked.

Jace opened his eyes again. The spinning stopped, but his eraser head still throbbed. “I’m Jace,” he said to the two flower faces who hovered over him.

“Nice to meet you, Jace. I’m Sara Grace and this is Maelee,” a purple flower said.

Maelee, a blue flower, waved with her leaf arms. “That sure was some trick, jumping out of the trash can before you ended up in the dumpster.



Never seen a pencil do that before,” she said.

“My friend, Tanner, told me to do it. He said it was the only way I’d get a second chance at being a magic pencil,” Jace said.

“What’s so magic about a pencil?” Sara Grace asked.

“Well, a magic pencil is supposed to be able to pull the images out of a child’s imagination and put them on paper,” Jace said.

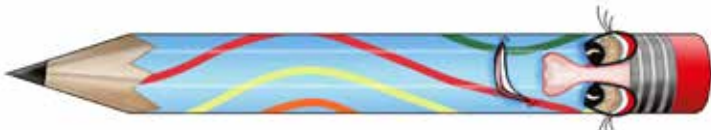
“Wow, that sounds like an exciting job,” Maelee said, “but if you’re magical, why would someone throw you in the trash?”

“I guess I’m not very good at being magical,” Jace said. “I drew a pony for a little girl named Addison, but she didn’t like it much. It was my first time drawing. I wish she had let me try again. I really think I could have gotten better with a little more practice.”

“That’s too bad,” Sara Grace said. “What are you going to do now?”



“I haven’t thought that far ahead,” Jace said. “Keeping out of the dumpster was as far as I got with Tanner. Do you have any ideas about what I should do next?”



Sara Grace and Maelee put their flower heads together. They were whispering, trying to come up with a plan for Jace when Mattie Grace, the green-eyed, purple flower-power spider walked by.

“Hey, girls, what’s up?” Mattie Grace asked Sara Grace and Maelee.

“Oh, hey, Mattie Grace. This is Jace, a magic pencil,” they said together, using their leaf arms to point down to the ground where Jace lay.



“Hello, Jace,” Mattie Grace said. “You look a little long to be an unwanted magic pencil. Most of the ones I’ve seen out here around the dumpster are either broken or short and stubby with all their magic used up. Why’d you get trashed?”

“I’m not sure I’ve got what it takes to be a magic pencil,” Jace said. “Addison, the little girl I was assigned to, didn’t like what I drew. Maybe I should just give up and go to the big trash heap with the rest of the trash.”

“Nonsense!” a rainbow-colored snail said as she slithered slowly past. “I am Ivy, and I never ever give up. No matter how slow the going might be, you just have to keep plugging away until you get to where you are going.”



“But I’m not going anywhere,” Jace said.

“Exactly!” Ivy said. “That’s because you’re giving up.”

“No, I mean I’m not going anywhere ... like you’re going somewhere because you’re slithering on your belly, but I’m just lying here. I’m not sure we’re talking about the same thing,” Jace said.



“Sometimes things that are different are really the same,” Mattie Grace said. “Ivy’s absolutely right. You can’t give up ... whether you are moving forward on your belly or moving forward on your plan—it’s the same thing. You just have to keep trying till you get to where you are going. In other words until you meet your goal. In your case, your goal is to become a magic pencil worthy of a child’s imagination.”

“You two are really smart,” Jace said, feeling good about himself for the first time in several hours.

Ivy tilted her head and wiggled one of her antennae as a gesture of goodbye. She took off again, at a snail’s pace, toward her own goal—a banana peel bathing in the last rays of sunshine just a few feet away.



“Night time’s coming,” Maelee said.
“Maybe things will look brighter in the
morning.”

“They usually do,” Sara Grace said. She
reached for Maelee’s leaf arm, and together
they closed their petals to get ready for sleep.
“Goodnight.”



“Don’t worry,” Mattie Grace said as the moon rose higher in the night sky. “If you really are a magic pencil, then you just need to imagine where you want to be, and someday you’ll be there.”

Jace watched Mattie Grace cast her web into a nearby tree and let the slight breeze carry her away. “If only it were that easy,” Jace said to himself before closing his eyes.



This is the end of Chapter 3. If you liked the story and want to read more about what happens to Jace the Magic Pencil, then please purchase the book on either Amazon or Barnes & Noble websites.

Or, you can order a signed copy by calling or e-mailing me at dewbear@mindspring.com

Thanks,
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Who is Who ?

(In order of Appearance)



Jace
(the Magic
Pencil)



Addison



Mrs. Miller



Mrs. Shore



Tanner



Hank



Sarah Grace



Maelee



Mattie Grace



Ivy



Ben



Braxton



Elliana



Makailey



Julian



Christian



Elijah



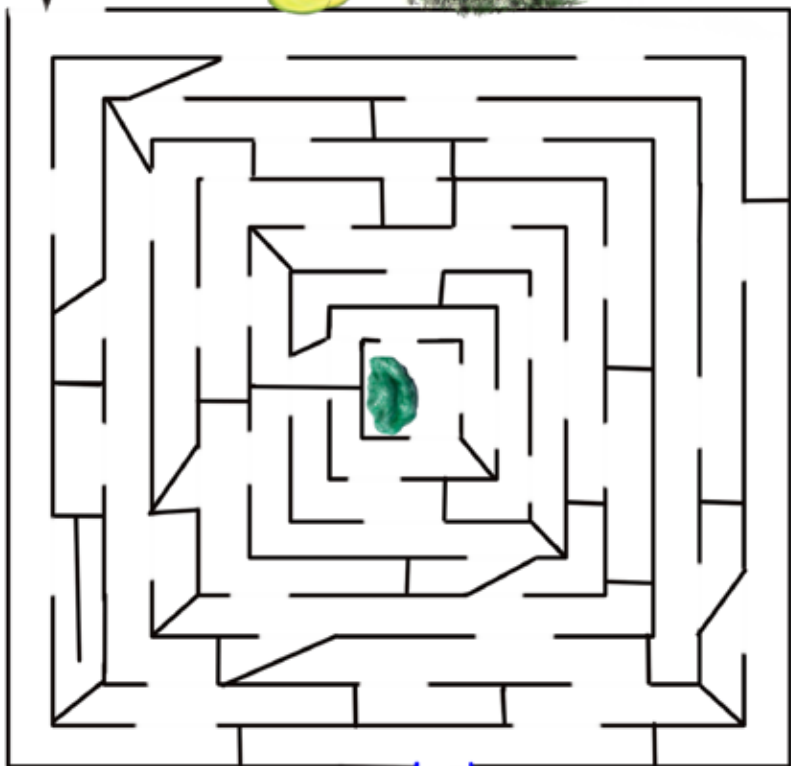
George



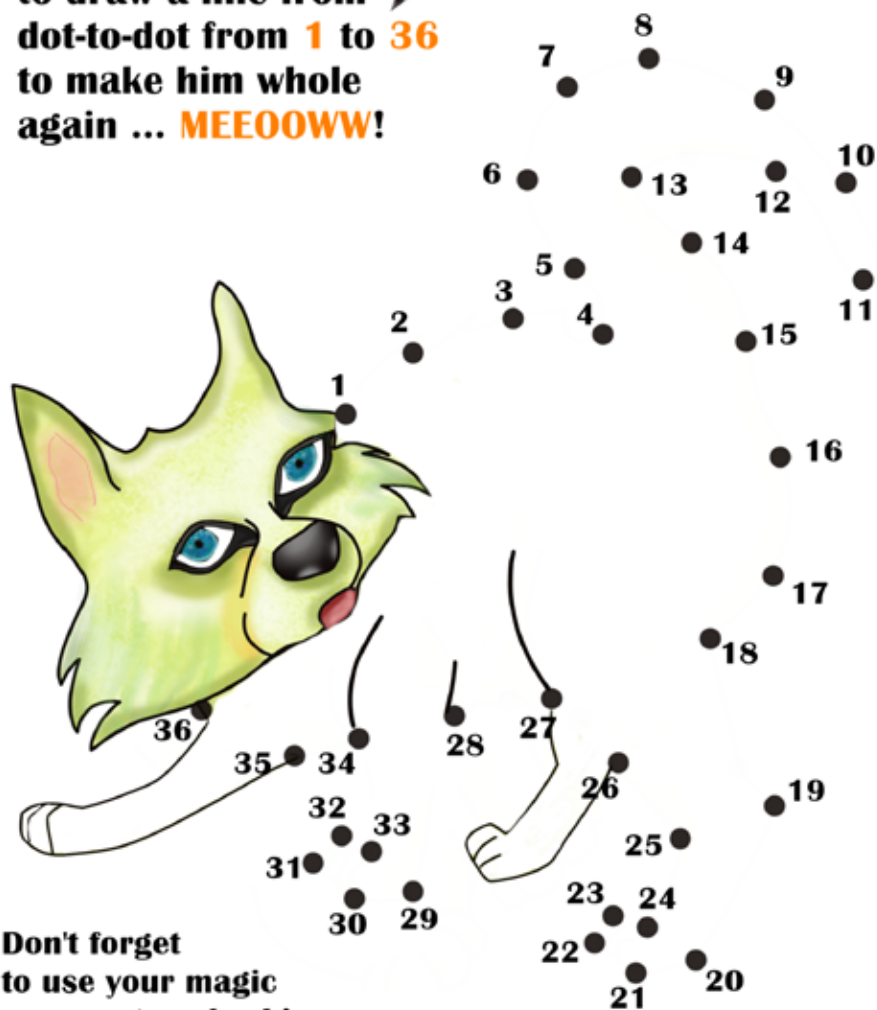
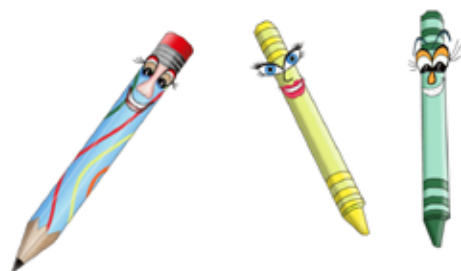
Can you help Jace
get from the dumpster
to his friends in the cup?



Watch out for the sticky
chewing gum in the center!

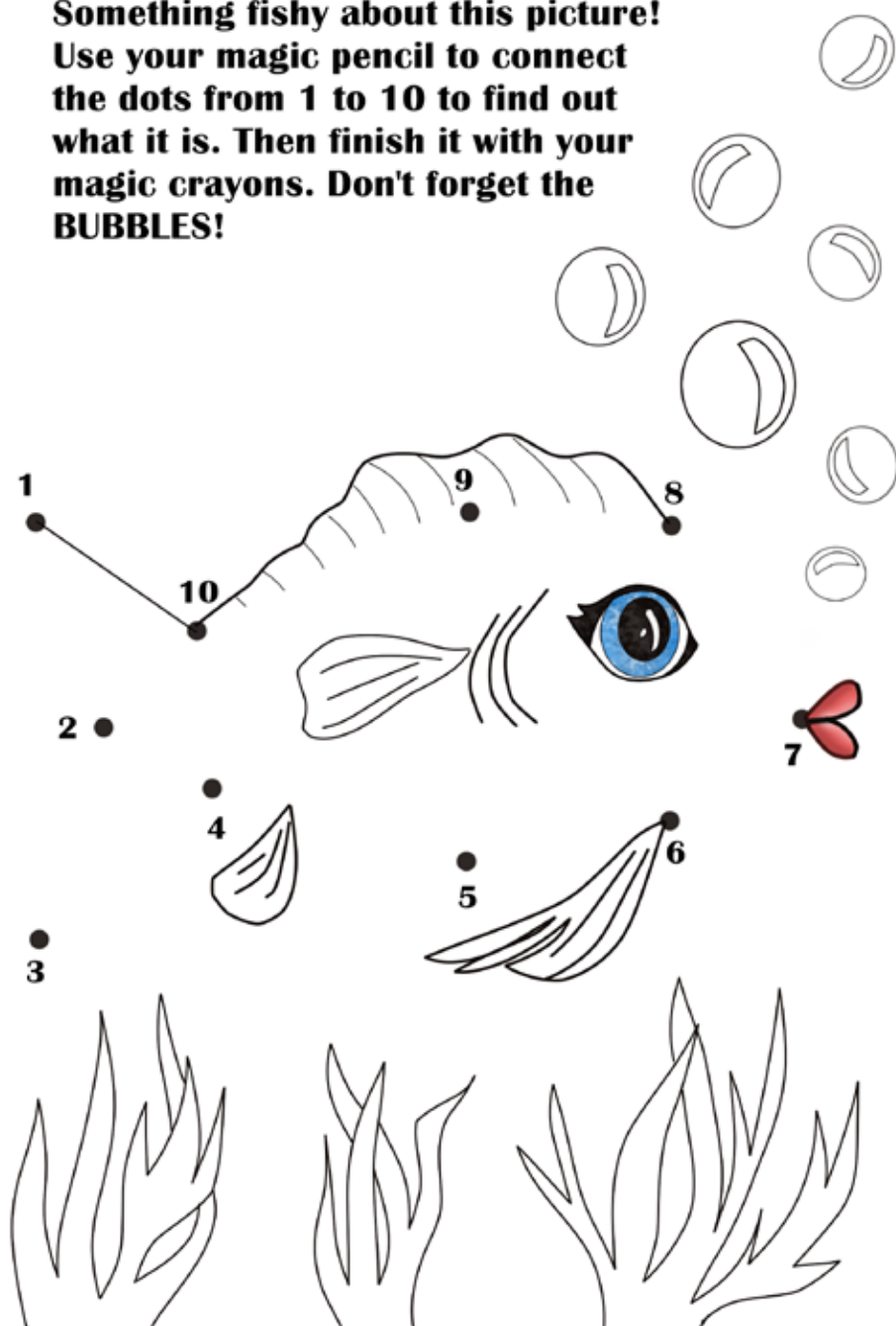


Oh my, Braxton is missing part of his body. Use your magic pencil to draw a line from dot-to-dot from 1 to 36 to make him whole again ... MEEOWW!



Don't forget to use your magic crayons to color him yellow with green highlights!

**Something fishy about this picture!
Use your magic pencil to connect
the dots from 1 to 10 to find out
what it is. Then finish it with your
magic crayons. Don't forget the
BUBBLES!**



The Memory Game!

Do you remember who is who? Use your magic pencil, pen, crayon or marker to draw a line from the **character** to the correct **name**.

(It's fun to use a different colored marker for each name!)



Addison
Ben
Braxton
Christian
Elijah
Elliana
George
Hank
Ivy
Jace
Julian
Maelee
Makailey
Mattie Grace
Sara Grace
Tanner



DEBORAH DEEL CLAYTON was born in 1960 and grew up in Goffstown, New Hampshire. She now lives in Durham, North Carolina with her husband, Mike, and has one awesome daughter, Denise Caron.

Author's Note

As mentioned in the beginning of this book, Magic Pencil is the direct result of a series of Dew Bear Imagination Presentations for Wilkesboro Elementary School. Now you may be asking, "Who is Dew Bear?" and "What is an Imagination Presentation?" I'm glad you asked ...

I write a chapter book series called **A Day in the Life of Dew**. It's all about Dew Bear and his family and friends who live in Memory Forest, where everyday is an adventure. I created an imagination presentation as a way of introducing Dew Bear and his adventures to children in pre-K through third grade.

If you liked the Magic Pencil story, then check out Dew Bear's website at www.dewbear.com and meet Dew Bear and all the strange and wonderful creatures of Memory Forest and beyond. You can read the first three chapters of each book for free. You can also download free activity pages. Enjoy!



