

Dew and Sharky start the day with a round of golf which quickly turns into a desperate rescue mission to save Mrs. Fields. With one mission complete, they are called on to perform another rescue - to save the Fire Dragon egg and deliver it to the crowning ceremony on Cole Mountain before midnight. Join Dew and friends on this double rescue adventure and find out why small can be the right size.



A Day in the Life of Dew

Small can be the Right Size

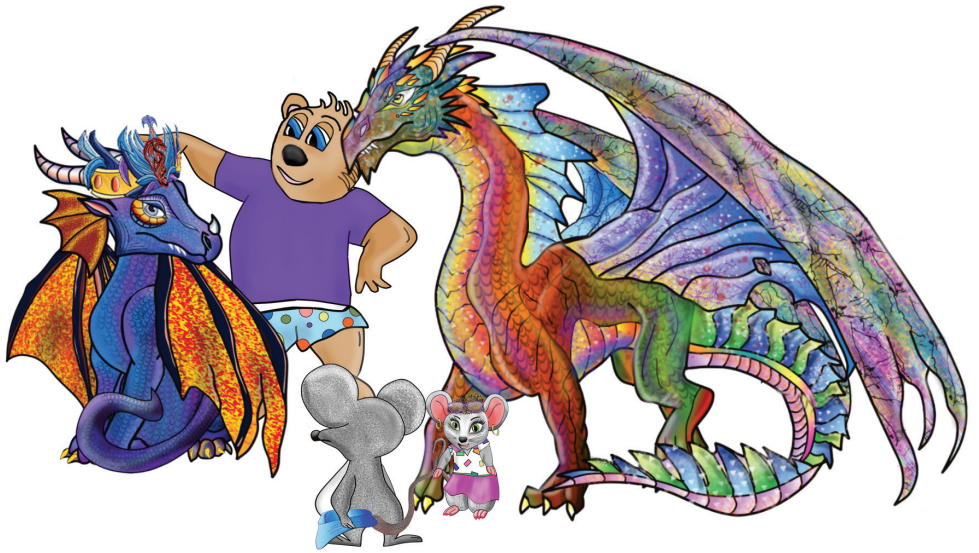
Book 8

A Day in the Life of Dew



Small can be the Right Size

by Deborah Deel Clayton



Thank you for becoming 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 rescue adventure.



Dew Bear

A Day in the Life of Dew



**Small can be
the Right Size**

Book 8

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.

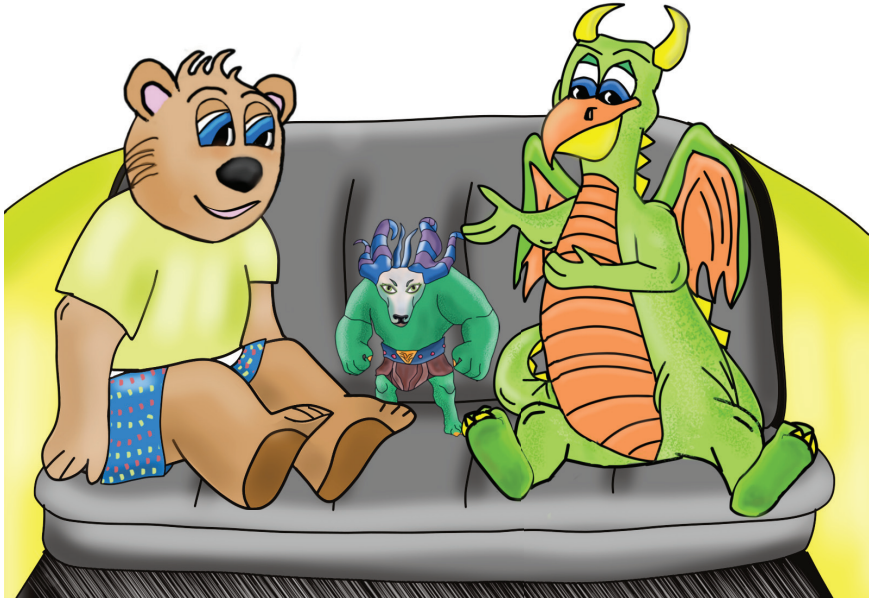
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A Day in the Life of Dew



Small can be the Right Size

Book 8

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

We never know when or where inspiration will occur. I have been privileged to meet so many fantastic children while touring schools and doing the Dew Bear imagination presentation. Many of them have inspired me. Some have even become characters in my books.



It is not important to me that the reader remembers my name, but rather that they fall in love with the characters I create and enjoy the adventures that my words take them on. Life is a journey, full of adventures — my goal is to inspire you, as the reader, to embark on a quest to make your life the best it can be, and to encourage you to use your imagination ... no matter how old you might be. I'm almost 60, and my imagination runs wild every day!

Dedicated to

Mike & Cathy Fields
(Golfers Extraordinaire)

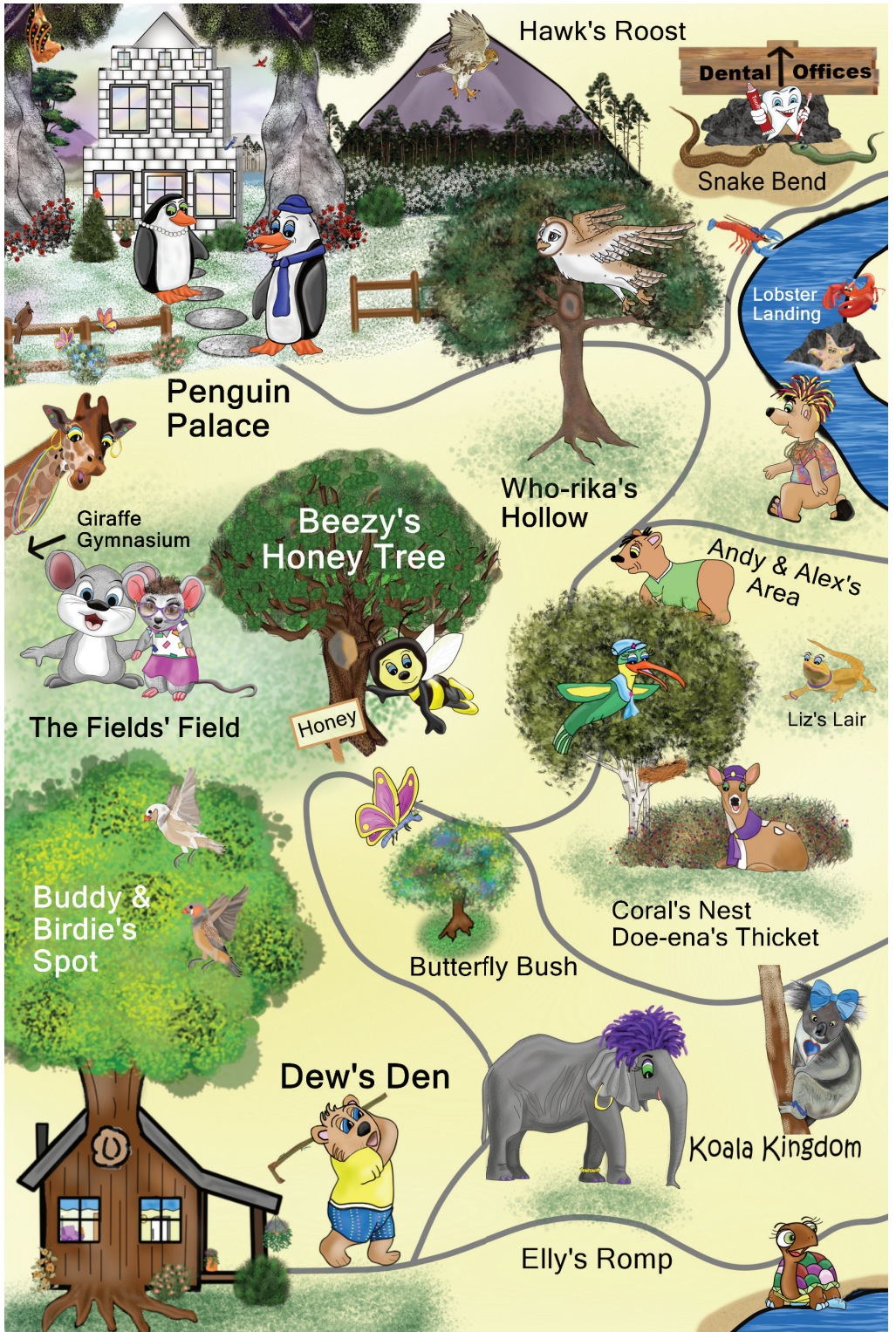
AND

Ms. Emily Fougere's
2018-2019 First Grade Class
at Bakersville Elementary
in Manchester, NH

Abisha, Adiel, Amani, Andrea, Dedan,
Dominick, Duot, Isaac, Kenna, Jason,
Melanie, Misturah, Nickolina, Nyok,
Şavon, and Zahara helped design the
dragon who wants to be king.

A special thanks to Şavon who came up
with the winning dragon name ... Ştriker.

I could not have created such a striking
dragon as Ştriker without the help of the
wonderful imaginations of this group of
amazing students. THANK YOU!!!



Hawk's Roost

Dental Offices

Snake Bend

Lobster Landing

Penguin Palace

Who-rika's Hollow

Andy & Alex's Area

Giraffe Gymnasium

Beezy's Honey Tree

Honey

The Fields' Field

Liz's Lair

Buddy & Birdie's Spot

Coral's Nest
Doe-ena's Thicket

Butterfly Bush

Dew's Den

Koala Kingdom

Elly's Romp



To Garbage Mountain

Ma Troll's Bridge

to Sea of Sadness and the Deep Blue Sea

Hidden Lake

Shadow's Shade

Mucky Muck Sandbar

Weeping Willow

Memory Mountain

Peppermint Patty Park

Fish School

Vulture Valley

Candy Cane Bridge (Troll's Brothers)

Potato Chip Creek

Pickle Fork

Black Brook

Dustin's Dugout

Troll's Bridge

Beaver Dam

Ali-Gator's Garden

Kelly Kat's Kave

Sharky's Soggy Boggy Bay

Deserted Beach

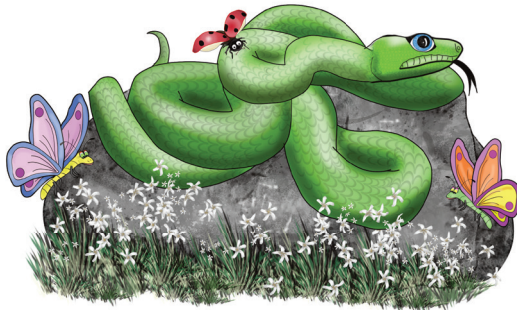
Turtle & Frog Lagoon

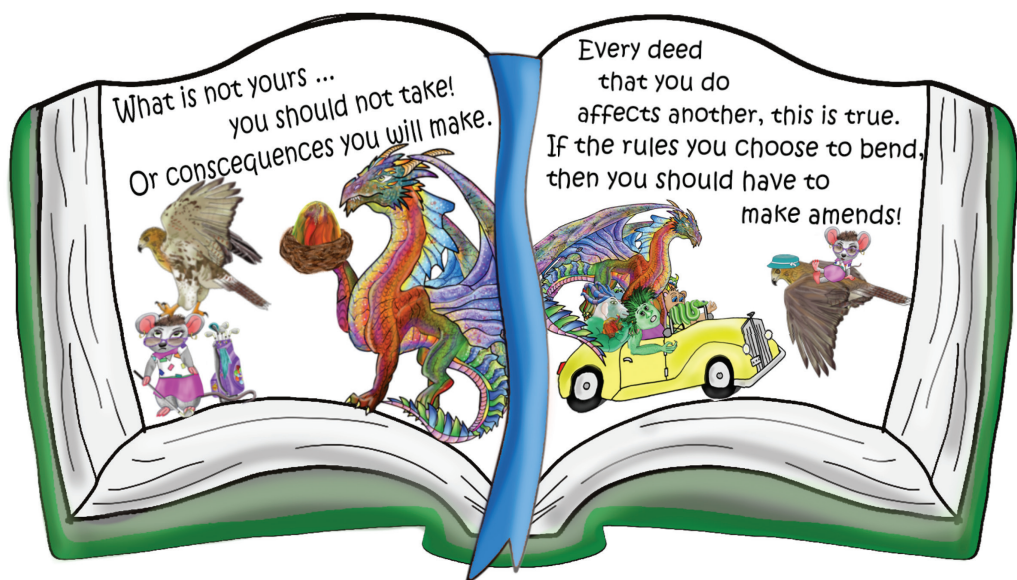
Dragonfly Rock

Crabby Rock

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MAP OF MEMORY FOREST

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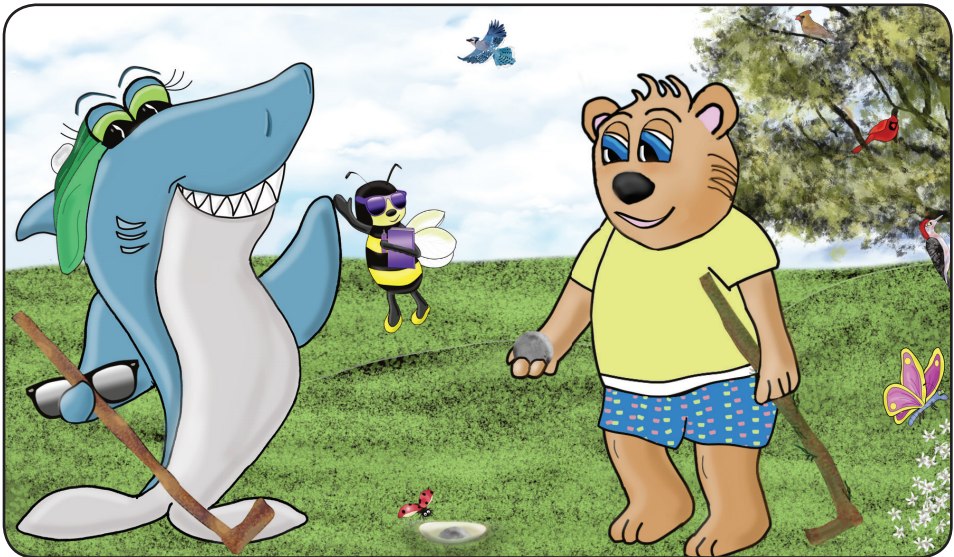


Prelude: The Life of Dew

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.



Golf may seem boring to the untrained eye,
but if you look beyond the ball,
I think that you will find ...
Golf is full of twists and turns
and near impossible feats.
Dog legs to the left and right,
water hazards to be beat.
Sand traps looming by the green,
lost balls in the woods ...
never to be seen.

Golf is a mirror
of the challenges of life.
It's a game you play
against yourself
It's up to you
to play it right.



You can cheat when no one's looking,
shaving strokes off your score.
Or you can be an honest golfer,
and learn to holler "Fore!"

SCORE CARD	
Dew	Sharky
###	





Chapter 1 – A Boring Day

“Fore!” Dew hollered as his rock ball soared through the air high above the sands of Soggy Boggy Bay. It bounced off one tree ... then another before splashing down in Sharky’s glass of lemonade.

“What the heck?” Sharky asked, jumping up from her lounge chair as sticky sweet lemonade splashed all over her.

“Sorry,” Dew said, jogging over the sand dune with his stick club in hand. “I was practicing my golf swing. I was aiming for the water, but I shanked it to the left.”

“That makes perfect sense,” Sharky said. “Because you are a terrible golfer!”

“That’s why I’m practicing. Do you want to play a round with me?”

Dew asked, reaching for Sharky’s glass. He tipped the glass over, and the wet rock ball fell into his paw.



“I can’t,” Sharky said. “I don’t have a club.”

“We can find you one,” Dew said, holding up his club. “I made this one from an old tree branch I found on my way over here. The balls are just rounded rocks, and you have plenty of those right here on the beach.”

“I don’t know,” Sharky said. “Golf is boring. Besides, I’m in the middle of reading a story about a magic pencil to some of my friends.” Sharky looked around. All her friends had scattered when the golf ball came flying.

“Have you ever played golf?” Dew asked, pulling up a chair next to Sharky. He helped himself to a glass of lemonade.

“No, but I don’t like it,” Sharky said.

“How can you know you don’t like something if you don’t try it?” Dew asked.

“Call it a hunch. Hitting a rock with a stick into a tiny hole over and over again just seems stupid to me,” Sharky said, imagining herself trying for a hole-in-one.



“There’s more to it than that,” Dew said.

“How do you know?” Sharky asked.
“Are you a professional golfer now?”

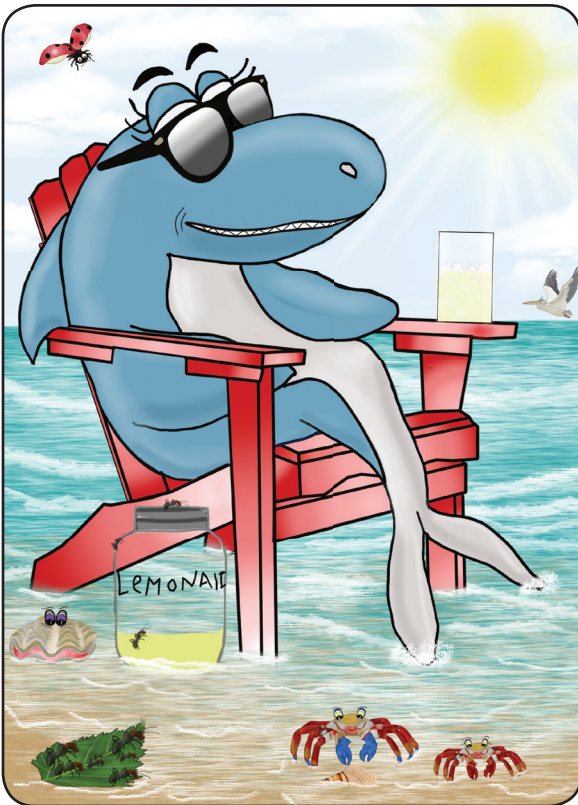
“No, but Grobberjeff taught me to play last week when I went with Fig to visit his family. They have a whole field set up just for golf. They even have water hazards and sand traps ... which is why I thought practicing at Soggy Boggy Bay might work,” Dew said, remembering his first golf lesson.



“There is definitely a lot of water and sand here,” Sharky said, refilling her glass. “But no holes to put the ball in.”

“True,” Dew said. “And you really need some grass if you want to play the game.”

“Luckily, I’m not playing—so sand and water are all I need to get a springtime tan,” Sharky said, leaning back in her chair.



“Would you play if we could make the game fun?” Dew asked.

“I don’t see how you could ever make playing golf fun!” Sharky said.

“We could make up rules,” he said.

“What kind of rules?” Sharky asked.

“For one, you count each time you hit the ball before it goes in the hole. The one with the least amount of strokes wins,” Dew said.

SCORE CARD	
Dew	Sharky
###	

“I would beat you every time,” Sharky said. “What else?”

“If you hit the ball in the woods and can’t find it, we’ll call it out of bounds. You can drop another ball on the grass closest to where it went in the woods ... but it will cost you one penalty stroke,” Dew said.



“Based on your practice shot, I would say that’s going to cost you a lot of strokes!” Sharky laughed.

“And how about if you hit a bad first shot - which is called your tee shot, you can have a do-over ... for free. No penalty stroke added to your score. But you can only do that 3 times during a round,” Dew said.

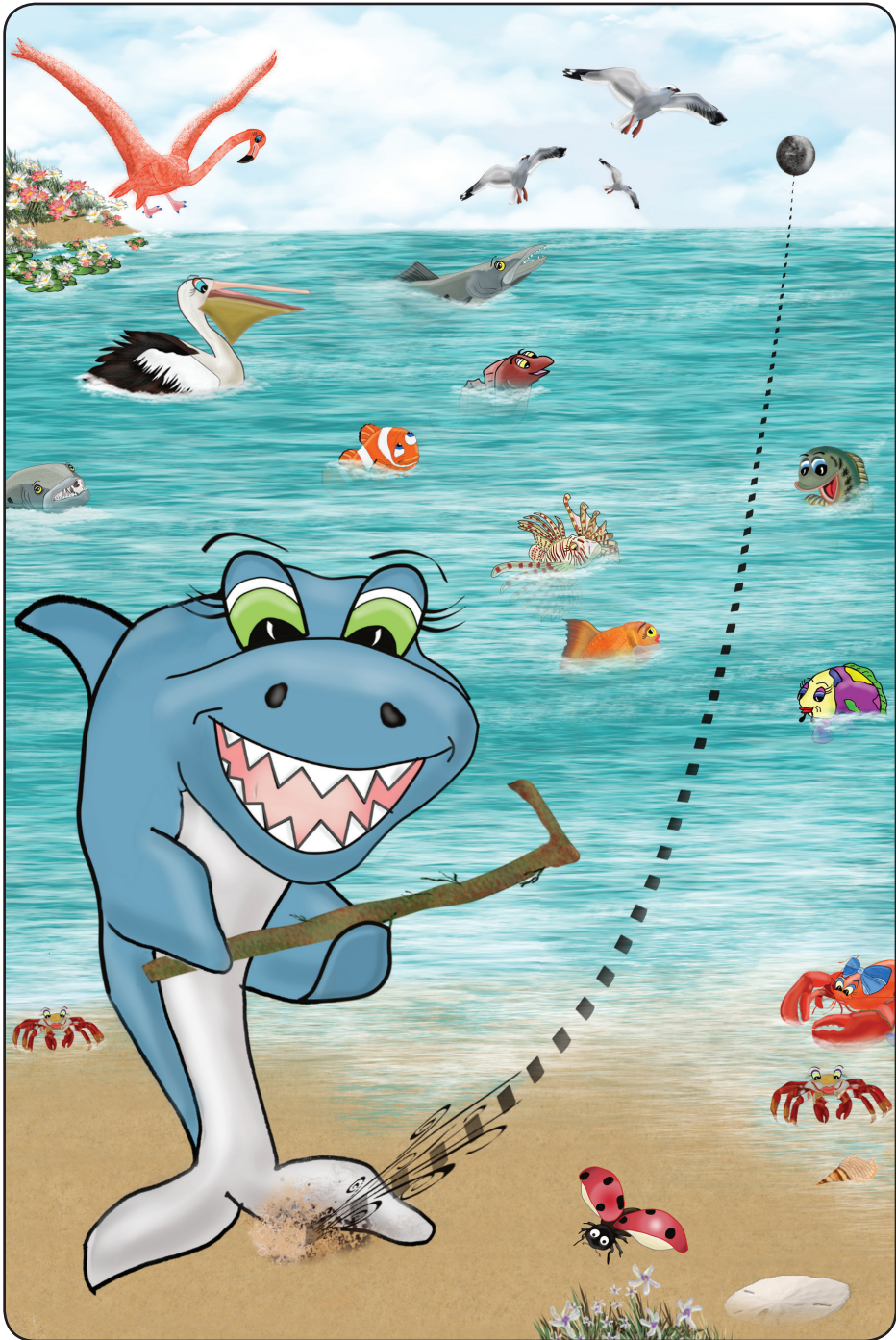
“Aren’t there 18 holes in a round?” Sharky asked.

“Yes,” Dew said.

“Then what are you going to do about your other 15 bad shots off the tee?” Sharky asked, raising an eyebrow at Dew.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DEW



“Do you think you can do better?” Dew asked, playing Sharky right into his hands.

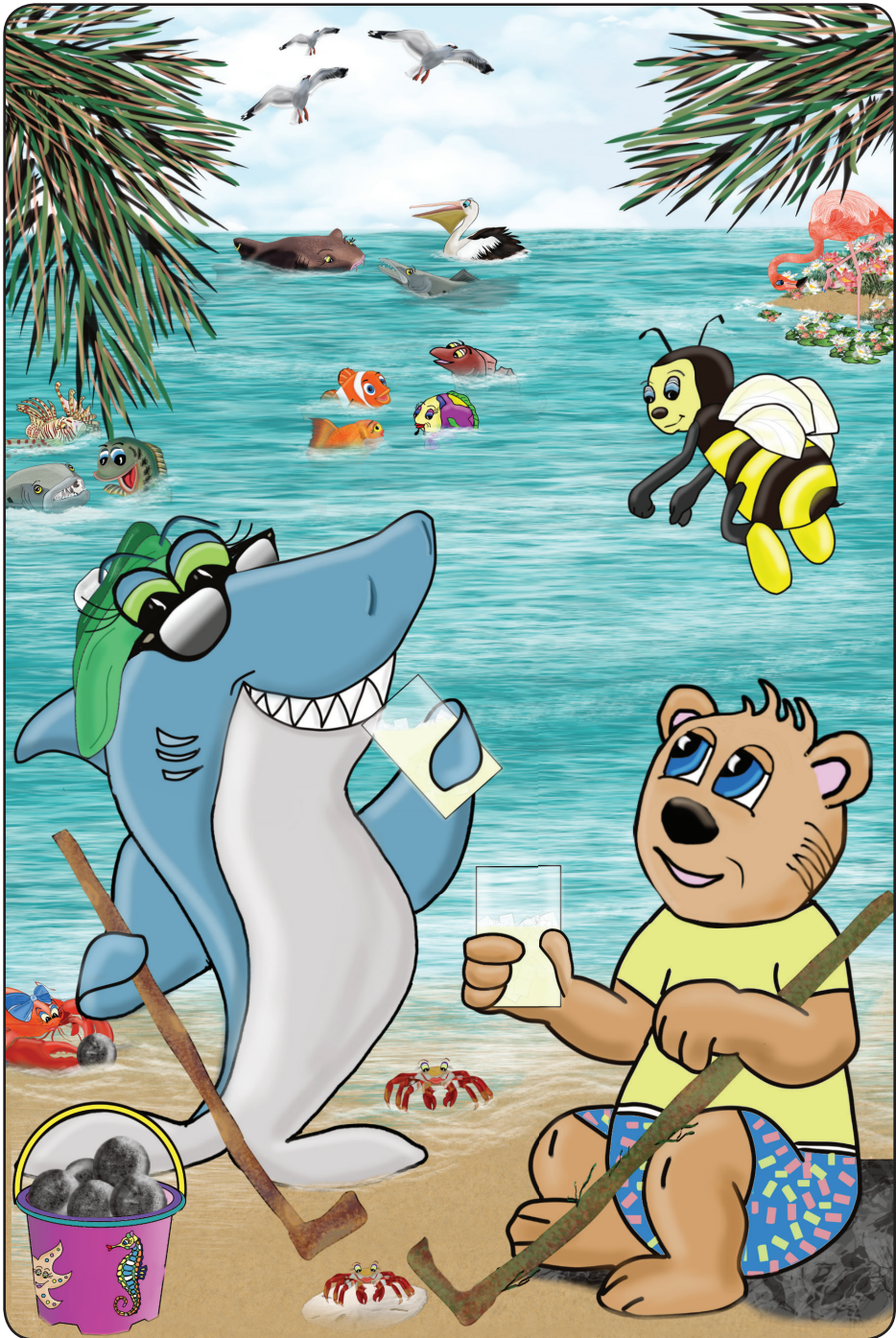
“I know I could. That is ... if I wanted to play!” Sharky said, knowing all too well that Dew was trying to trick her into playing.

“What would it take to get you to play?” Dew asked, his ego deflated.

“One more rule,” Sharky said, getting up from her chair. She picked up Dew’s club, placed one of his rock balls on the sand, and whacked it far out into Soggy Boggy Bay. “If I win, you have to promise to NEVER ask me to play golf again ... EVER!

“Deal,” Dew said, shaking Sharky’s fin. “Now let’s go find you a club and some rock balls.”

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DEW



Chapter 2 – The Game

After finding Sharky a club and a bucket of rock balls, Dew and Sharky returned to the beach for one last sip of lemonade. “Where should we play?” Sharky asked.

“What are you guys doing today?” Beezy asked, flying in for a landing on the rim of Dew’s glass. He took a sip. “Yuck ... that is overly sweet!”

“It’s just the way I like it,” Sharky said.

“We’re getting ready to play golf,” Dew said to Beezy. “We were just wondering where we should play. We need an area that has green grass, lots of holes, and maybe a few water or sandy spots.”

“I know just the place,” Beezy said. “How about the Fields’ field, right next to my honey tree? The field mice have dug quite a few holes, and there’s a small creek for your water hazard. There are some bare spots in the grass that have sand showing. Would that be good enough for sand traps?”



“That’s the perfect place,” Dew said. “Now all we need is a caddy. Do you want to be our caddy, Beezy?”

“Doesn’t a caddy carry the clubs?” Beezy asked. “I’m strong, but not that strong.”

“We’re only playing with one club each,” Dew said, “so we can carry our own clubs. We just need you to keep score.”

“I’m great at math,” Beezy said, beaming with pride. “I’d be honored to keep score.”

Dew and Sharky grabbed their clubs and rock balls and headed toward the Fields’ field. They stopped at Beezy’s tree so he could get a purple marker, notebook, and his sunglasses.



Just a few feet past Beezy’s tree was a small mound. “This looks like a good spot to take our first tee shots,” Dew said. He bowed like a gentleman and pointed toward the tee. “Ladies first.”

Sharky stepped up to the spot Dew pointed out. She placed her rock ball on a tuft of grass and lined up her club so the face of it was right behind the ball. She looked down the field toward one of the mouse holes.

“It dog-legs to the right,” Beezy said. “Aim for that tree on the sideline, and your shot will be perfect.”

Sharky smiled and tilted her head down, keeping a sharp eye on the ball. She slowly brought her club back till it was over her right shoulder. Then with all her might, she swung down and through the ball. **SWOOSH!**



“Where’d it go?” she asked, peering down field, looking every which way for the rock ball.

Dew and Beezy were laughing at her. “What’s so funny? Did you see it land?” she asked.

“Yup,” Dew said, pointing to the spot between Sharky’s tail fins. “I’d call that a Mulligan.”



Sharky followed the path of Dew’s paw. Sure enough her ball was in the same spot it was before she swung the club. “What’s a Mulligan?”

“That’s the golfing term for a do-over,” Dew said. “Remember, you’ve only got three do-overs per game. That’s one down. You only have two left.”

This time the SWOOSH was followed by a loud WHACK as Sharky’s ball flew through the air. It landed just inches from the first hole.

“Lucky shot,” Dew said as Sharky stepped out of his way.

Dew placed his rock ball on the ground and lined up his club. Then he took two steps back from the ball and swung his club three times without coming close to his ball.

“That was great!” Sharky said. “You missed three times, so you used up all your Mulligans!”

“I didn’t miss,” Dew said. “Those were my practice swings. As long as you are away from the ball when you swing, it doesn’t count against your score.”

“Well, keep practicing ‘cause you’re gonna need it!” Sharky said.

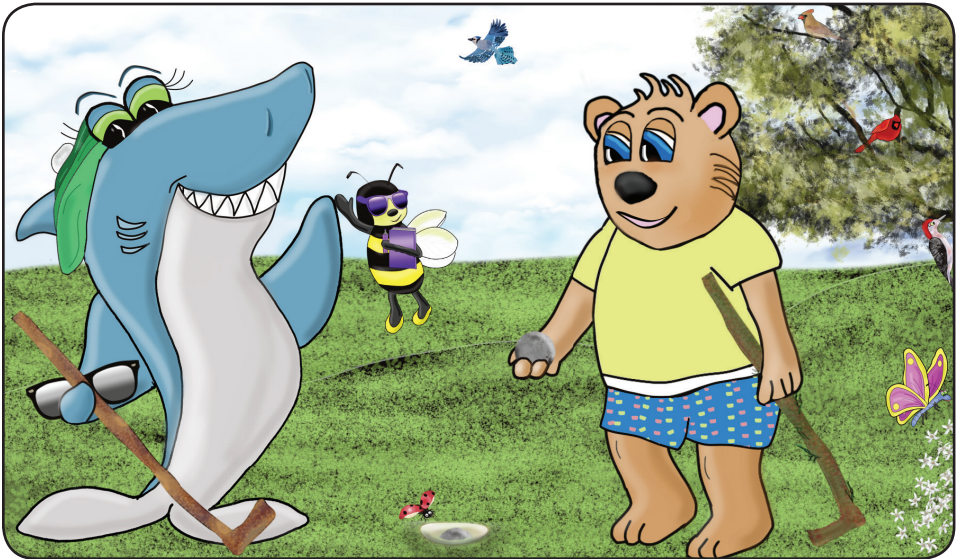
Dew ignored her. He stepped back up to the ball, lined up his club, took one look down the field, and swung. The ball flew through the air straight for the tree. **CRACK!**

The ball got a lucky bounce off a tree limb, bounced twice on the ground and rolled onto a sandy spot. “Well, at least it’s not out of bounds,” Beezy said.

“Ugh!” Dew said, walking to his ball.

They finished up the hole. “Dew three, Sharky two. Sharky wins the hole,” Beezy said, giving Sharky a high five.

“I’ll beat you on the next one,” Dew said, grabbing his rock ball and heading to the next mound.



“I’m playing ‘ready golf,’” Dew hollered at Sharky, placing his ball on the mound.

Dew whacked his ball just as Sharky and Beezy arrived at the mound. “I won that hole, so shouldn’t I have gone first?” Sharky asked.

“In ‘ready golf,’ whoever is ready gets to go,” Dew said. “You were slow getting over here. I was ready, so I hit my ball.”

“You and your rules!” Sharky said, stepping onto the mound. She swung.

“No way!” Dew hollered as Sharky’s ball flew through the air and dropped right in the hole.

“A hole-in-one!” Beezy shouted, flying circles around Sharky’s head. Sharky pumped her club in the air.



“What’s going on out here?” Mr. Fields asked, pushing Sharky’s ball out of his hole.



“Sorry, Mr. Fields,” Dew said. “We’re playing golf and didn’t realize that hole is the door to your home.”

“It was my first hole-in-one,” Sharky added with pride. “Did I do much damage?”

“Enough to get that new kitchen I’ve been wanting,” Mrs. Fields said, pushing Mr. Fields out of her way as she exited the hole.

“You’re not mad at us?” Dew asked.

“Not at all. I’ve been asking for a new kitchen for years. Now I’ll finally get one,” Mrs. Fields said. “Besides, golf is golf. Anything can happen. But a hole-in-one is something to celebrate.”

“We enjoy a good game of golf,” Mr. Fields said. “May we join you?”

“Sure thing,” Dew said. “I’ll be happy to find you a couple of golf sticks and some smaller round rocks.”

“No need,” Mr. Fields said. “We have our own clubs and balls.” He scooted back down the hole. A few minutes later a golf bag full of metal clubs emerged. “Grab the bag, honey.”

Mrs. Fields pulled her purple golf bag from the hole and re-arranged her clubs.



“Wow,” Dew said. “Those are nice.”

“I had them made special last year,” Mr. Fields said, struggling a bit to lift his bag out of the hole. “There’s a golfing gopher over in Grundgy Meadow. He does great work if you ever want a set.”

“Let’s stop jabbering and start playing,” Mrs. Fields said.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DEW



Chapter 3 – Something’s Wrong

“I think we can all agree that Sharky goes first since she had a hole-in-one,” Mrs. Fields said.

Sharky stepped up to the tee area, took aim, and led off the hole with a SWOOSH and a WHACK! Her ball landed about five feet from the hole.

“Great shot,” Mrs. Fields said, taking her place on the tee. Her ball flew straight and landed just inches from the hole.

“Wow,” Dew said. “She’s good.”

“She plays almost every day ... rain or shine,” Mr. Fields said as he set his ball on a tiny wooden peg to give it some height.

“This is called a tee,” he said. “It helps get the ball higher in the air when you hit it.” His ball went so high, they had a hard time seeing it in the glare of the sun. When it came down, it was a little past the hole, near the tree line. “You’re up,” he said to Dew.

As Dew took a practice swing, Mr. Fields asked, “Would you like some advice?”

“Sure,” Dew said.

“Keep your back straight, your knees bent, and your arms relaxed.

When you swing, don’t kill the ball.

Just let your club follow all the

way through—

from shoulder to shoulder,” Mr.

Fields said.

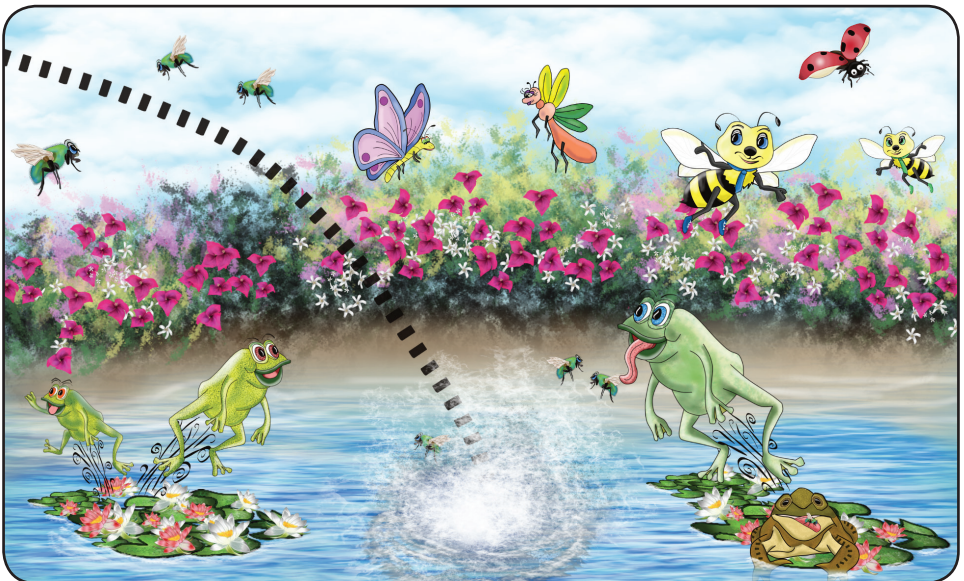


Dew followed Mr. Fields' advice, but his ball went far right and landed in the woods.

“Take a Mulligan,” Mrs. Fields said.
“You’ll do better next time.”

Dew set another rock ball on the grass. His second shot landed in the creek, almost hitting a frog. “Guess you’ll have to take a drop,” Sharky said, trying not to laugh.

“What did I do wrong that time?” Dew asked Mr. Fields.



“You didn’t keep your head down,” he said, walking toward the tree line to hit his next shot.

“I thought golf was simple, but there sure is a lot to learn,” Dew said.

“Yes, but with a little practice, you’ll be playing like a pro in no time,” Mrs. Fields said.

Sharky shouted, “I’m playing ‘ready golf’,” as she tapped her ball in the hole. “Two strokes. I’ll take that!” she said to Beezy.

Mr. Fields putted his ball in the hole and headed for the woods. “I’ll go look for Dew’s lost ball while he hits.”

“I’ll join you,” Sharky said, using her club to whack away some vines and brush.



“Take your time, Dew,” Mrs. Fields said, watching Dew line up for his shot.

A shadow passed overhead. Dew took his eye off the ball and looked up just as his club made impact with the rock ball. The ball went way off track, smacking a tree and dropping in a mud puddle. But Dew didn’t care about his ball right now. “RUN!!!” he hollered to Mrs. Fields.

Mrs. Fields looked up just as the hawk swooped down from the sky. She took off like lightning, but she was no match for the speed of the Hawk’s wings.



Mr. Fields and Sharky ran out of the woods just in time to see the hawk snatch up Mrs. Fields and take to the sky. It was headed toward Hawk's Roost which was high up the mountain that overlooked Penguin Palace.

They swung their clubs in the air and shouted for the hawk to come back.

“Wait,” Beezy hollered after the hawk. Beezy dropped his notebook, marker, and sunglasses and flew as fast as he could to catch up. His tiny wings couldn't keep pace with the hawk. When the hawk became a dot on the horizon, Beezy turned around and headed back to his friends.



Dew picked up Mr. Fields and ran the length of Fields' Field with Sharky behind him. They met Beezy at Icy Creek, the southern border for the winter wonderland of Penguin Palace. "I couldn't save her," Beezy said.

"She'll be okay," Dew said, "but, we need to get to her fast." He placed one paw on the ice ... CRACK, and it went right through. "Brrrr...this ice is too thin to cross. We'll have to go down to the bridge. That's gonna slow us down a bit."



"I'll get help," Beezy said. He hollered to every bird he could find, "Spread the word rescue mission at Penguin Palace!"

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DEW



This is the end of the 1st 3 chapters of Book 8 - Small can be the Right Size. This book is a two-rescue adventure. First, Dew and friends must save Mrs. Fields - but then they have to save the dragon king egg. If you like dragons, you'll love this twisted dragon tail (I mean tale), but you can only read about the dragons by purchasing Book 8 at Amazon or through Barnes & Noble websites, or contact Dew Bear at dewbear@mindspring.com to order a signed copy.

Thanks for your interest in Dew Bear and all the creatures of Memory Forest and beyond.

If you ever have questions or comments, feel free to e-mail me (Debbie Clayton) at dewbear@mindspring.com. I'd love to hear from you.



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

Page 1 - Family



Dew



Pa & Ma Bear



Marzipan



Lankey Bubbly



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" Teacher Cindy



Shayla Bryce Jasper Ribbet & Rebbit



Suzie Julianna Chelly Crystal Gail Liz



Eily Mrs. Hawk Louise Mr. & Mrs. Fields



"A Day in the Life of Dew" - Who's Who? Page 5 - Friends



Katie Jake Jenny



Mary Pete's Pap & Ma



Striker



Lakesha Patricia



Nancy



Chris Clam



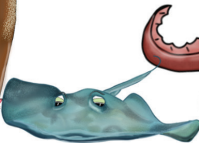
Sammy



Peggy's Mom & Dad



Kris



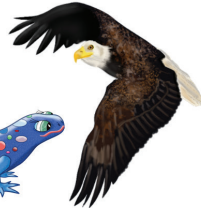
Ray



Ian



Dottie



Bobby
the Balding Eagle



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



Holly



Ross



Ryan



Ricky



Kayla



Maxx & Jaxx



Terry



Alicia



Jocelynn



Derrek



Brandon



Tom



King Brian



Miss Jess



Dragon King



Chase



Shannon Bear



Colton



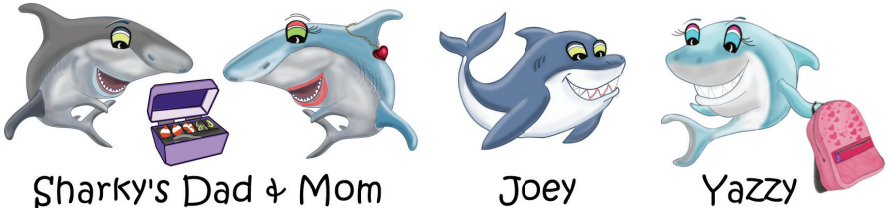
Theo



Mamacita



Red (Woody)



Sharky's Dad & Mom

Joey

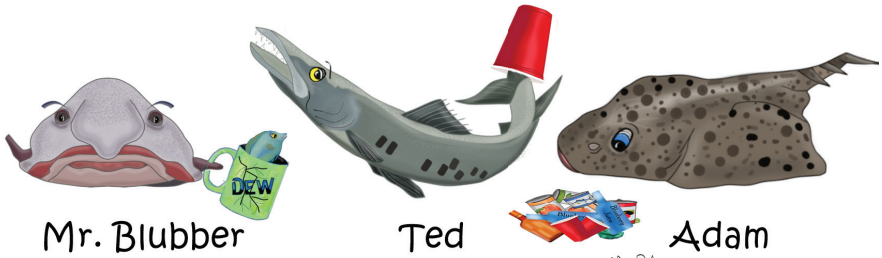
Yazzy



Maddy

Mr. Hammerhead

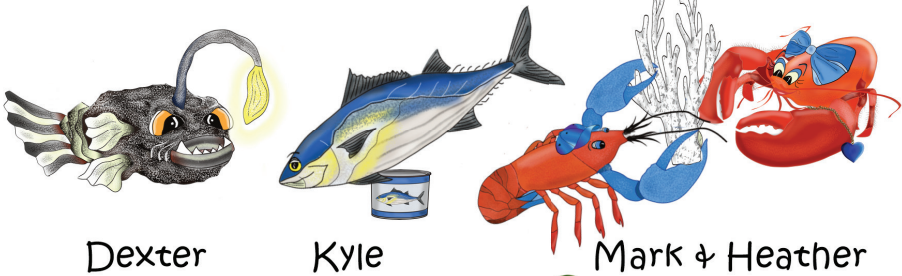
Craigster



Mr. Blubber

Ted

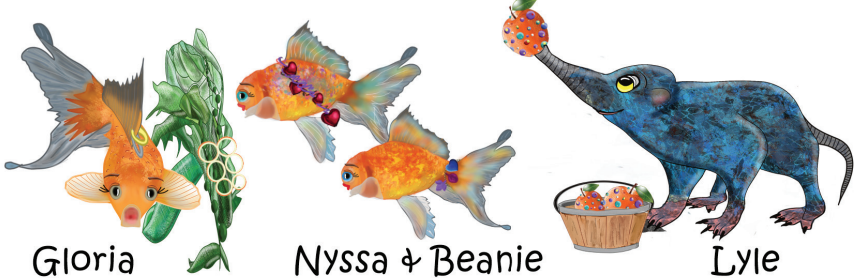
Adam



Dexter

Kyle

Mark & Heather



Gloria

Nyssa & Beanie

Lyle

"A Day in the Life of Dew" - Who's Who? Page 8 - Friends



Helen Pelican



Mr. Wind



Mama Cloud & Jeffrey



Jasmine

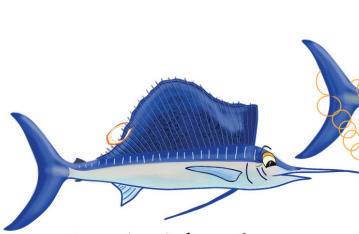
Shelli



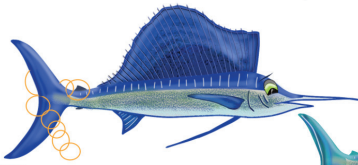
Mr. Sun



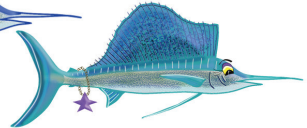
Mr. Moon



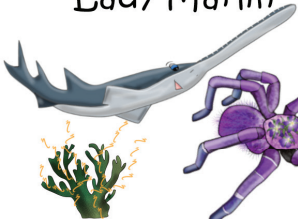
Lady Marlin



Mr. Marlin



Courtney



Scott



Mattie Grace



Ivy



Harper

Timothy



Margaret ("M")



and her 1,500 children

(you can give them names if you want to!)

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

Page 9 - Dentists
& Assistants



Dr. Cleareyes



Dr. Up Hill Down Hill

Dr. Hunter



Dr. Mushroom



Dr. Frick-Frack



Dr. Sing-Sing



Tammy



Nidia



Claudashley



Patracy