



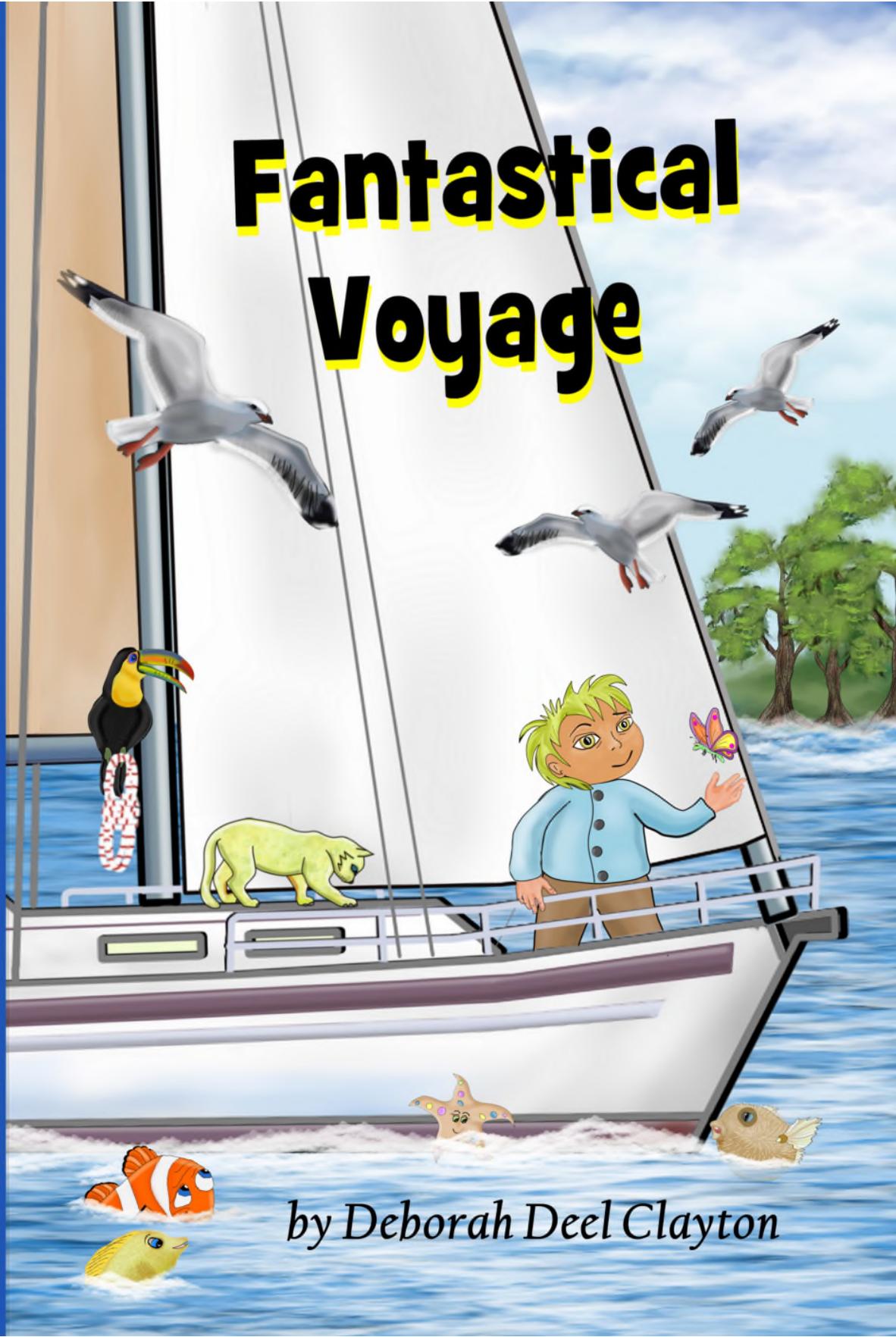
Fred is turning eight today. He makes a birthday wish that leads to a night of adventure aboard a sailboat. Along the way he makes friends ... with a mosquito, a creature from the deep, a mermaid, a squid, sharks, killer whales, and other sea creatures. Join Fred on his fantastical voyage. Is it just his imagination? Or are there mystical things around us? Sometimes, you just have to believe!



Fantastical Voyage

by Deborah Deel Clayton

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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.

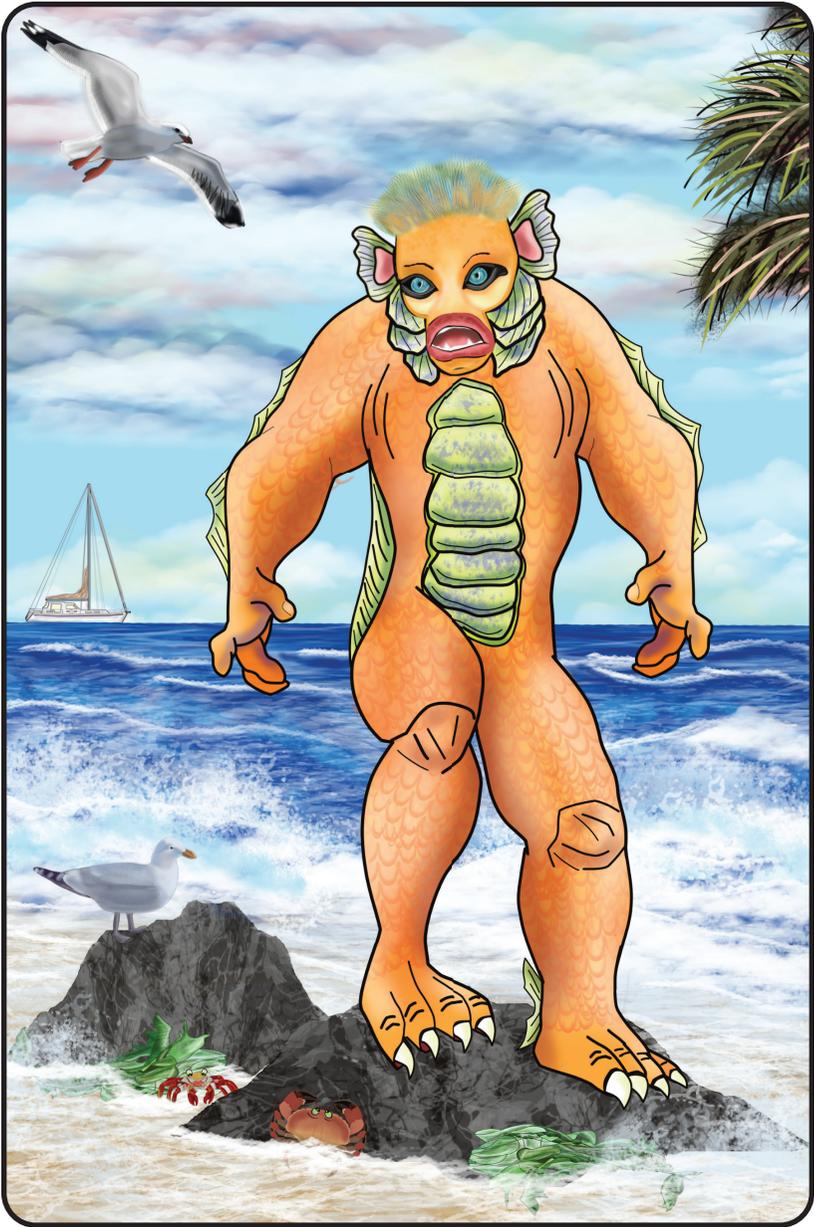
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www.dewbear.com



Fantastical Voyage

Written and illustrated by Deborah Deel Clayton
Published by Dew Bear Enterprises, Inc.

Dedicated to

Fred Emmerson

whose love of sailboats inspired
this story. Thanks for sharing
your sailing adventures and
hanging onto your imagination.



Life is a journey ...
make it an adventure!



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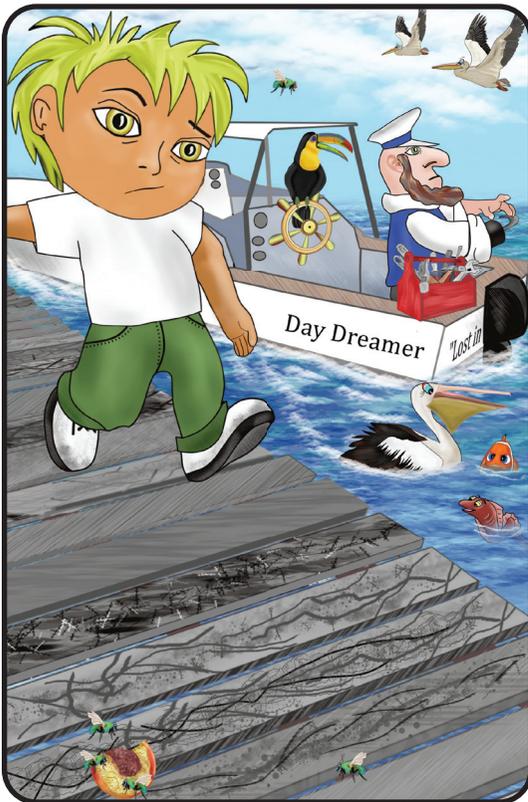


Chapter 1 - The Dock

The weathered gray boards creaked and groaned under Fred's worn-out sneakers as he stepped from the patchy grass onto the dock at Cypress Cove Marina. A few steps later, he started playing a game ... just himself and the boards.

The rules were simple. He couldn't step on a board if it was cracked or splintered, which seemed pretty easy since many of the boards in the old dock were fairly new, replaced after Hurricane Able came through a few years ago. The average board was about seven inches wide. Sometimes there were two cracked boards in a row, but Fred had very little trouble spanning 14 inches. He was a bit tall for his age which gave him long legs.

Fred was feeling pretty good about himself. He made it halfway down one side of the dock, turned a corner, and was now walking in front of the marina building. He crossed a two-board span with inches to spare when he spotted a four-board span just a few feet ahead. “That’s 28 inches, which is more than two feet,” he said to himself, calculating the distance in his head. “I’ll have to jump.”



He hesitated one second too long before leaping. His mother’s hand tugged him forward, throwing him off balance. His heel came down a whole board short of his goal. He lost!

“Stop dilly-dallying,” his mother said, picking up her pace. “We don’t want to be late for your birthday lunch.”

Fred wasn’t dilly-dallying, but there was no sense explaining the game to his mother. Fred learned long ago that his parents don’t have imaginations ... and they fear everything. That’s



the reason his mom had hold of his hand in the first place. He certainly wasn’t holding her hand by choice, but his mother insisted on it whenever they were in crowds ... or unfamiliar places ... or walking close to water. Today, all three things were true.

Today Fred turns eight. And yes, he is very much embarrassed to be seen walking down the dock holding his mother's hand—as any boy of eight would be. But he knew better than to argue with his mother, especially today, for fear he would not get his birthday presents.

Fred glanced up and down the marina property, his stomach growling. “Mom? Where are we meeting Dad for lunch? I don't see any restaurants around here.” They didn't live in this town. They came to visit a family friend, so this area was new for Fred.

“Don't you worry about that,” she said, pinching Fred's cheek. She started walking faster, making it impossible for Fred to avenge his losing score against the boards.



“How can anyone stand this smell?” Fred’s mother asked. She let go of his hand for the briefest moment to retrieve a delicately embroidered handkerchief from her purse. Using one hand, she held it in place over her nose and mouth in an attempt to filter the stench. Her other hand latched back onto Fred’s without missing a beat.



The marina served as a port for many of the local fishermen. Most boats were small and smelled of dead fish, crabs, and lobsters mixed with diesel fuel, grimy oil, and salty air. Fred didn’t mind the smell. He inhaled deeply, letting the rancid odor fill his lungs. He imagined himself working on one of those boats, hauling up a lobster trap, reaching inside with his thick rubber gloves (so he wouldn’t get pinched by the lobster’s strong claws), and

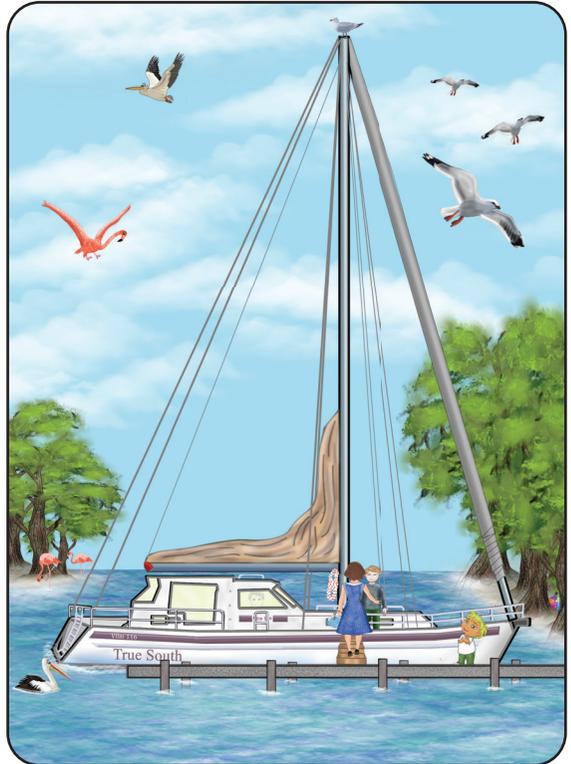
pulling out a three-pounder for his birthday lunch. He was just about to drop the squirming fella into a pot of boiling water when their eyes met. Staring into those sad eyes, Fred just couldn't do it. He was about to throw all the lobsters back in the ocean when his mother's voice shattered the fantasy.



“We’re here,” she said, letting go of Fred’s hand and stepping on the gangplank of a magnificent sailboat.

Fred had been so focused on his thoughts of catching lobsters, he hadn't even noticed the big boat sitting gracefully in the last slip ... but now, he leaned his head back as far as it would go, so he could admire the tall mast pole that stretched to the sky. He was fascinated by how many wires and cables crisscrossed from the sky-scraping mast to scattered anchor-points on the boat. They reminded Fred of the silken threads of a spider's web, thin but super strong.

Fred's imagination got away from him once more. His mind's eye could see the giant-size hairy black spider coming out from beneath the rickety old dock.





The ghostly white full moon cast deep shadows as it peeked in and out of the dark clouds racing across the night sky. The boards beneath Fred's feet shivered and shook as the mammoth spider jumped from the dock onto the silver railing. It skillfully climbed the tall metal mast to the tippy-top. One by one it raised its long thorn-cruled legs and cast out thread upon thread. Throughout the night, it gracefully twisted and turned until the gigantic poles were secure.

As the first rays of morning splintered the sky, the spider slid down the mast, intent on retreating to his dingy hide-away beneath the dock. Eight beady yellow eyes spotted Fred watching from the shadows. Fred stepped back, almost tripping over a warped board.

The spider jumped onto the dock. The fangs of its mouth were mere inches from Fred's face. Fred could smell its foul breath—like the fumes of paint thinner.

“What ‘ya think, Fred?” his dad asked, coming toward him with a paintbrush in hand.

“Now this is a boat!” Fred said. The strong scent of fresh paint erased the last of the spider from his mind. Fred grabbed his dad’s outstretched hand, stepping off the gangplank onto the forward deck.

“Just be careful what you touch, Fred. Paint’s still wet in spots. Don’t want to spend my day re-painting handprints,” his dad chuckled as he messed up Fred’s hair.

From the back of the boat came a deep voice with a German accent. “Happy birthday, Freddie boy.” Wolfgang, a long-time family friend, stuck his head out of the cabin doorway. “Come on in, and I’ll give you the five-cent tour.”

Fred looked to his dad who gave an approving nod. Fred hurried along the edge

of the boat, grabbing the railing only once as the boat tipped a bit on the wake caused by a passing speedboat.

“Be careful!” his mother called after him, gasping as her little boy faltered in his step. “I told you this would be dangerous! He needs a life jacket,” she whispered to Fred’s dad.

“He’ll be fine, Mary. He’s going inside, but we’ll get him a life jacket when he comes back out,” Fred Sr. said, watching his son with pride as Fred Jr. disappeared into the galley.





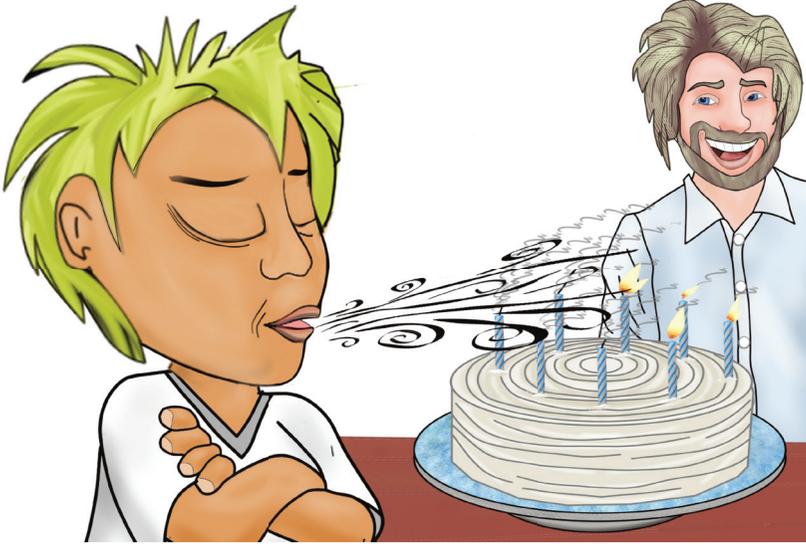
Chapter 2 - The Birthday Surprise

Fred followed Wolfgang into the galley. It took a minute for Fred's eyes to adjust to the dim interior, but once they did, they opened wide at the sight of the birthday cake and two presents set upon the small teak table. "Are those for me?"

"Well, I don't know anyone else on board who's turning eight," Wolfgang said. He lit the eight blue candles on the cake.

"Happy birthday to you," sang out from behind him as his parents walked in.

Fred stepped up to the cake. He closed his eyes, made a wish, and blew out all eight candles in one huff.



“Excellent,” Wolfgang said, patting Fred on the head. He pulled seven candles out of the cake, licking crumbs and icing off the end of each one before setting it on an empty plate. He pulled the eighth candle and handed it to Fred. “This one is for you. It’s good luck to lick it clean.”

Fred savored the crumbs of chocolate cake and vanilla icing with a hint of melted candle wax before placing it on the plate with the other seven.



“Now I definitely need to wash those candles before we use them again,” Mary said, picking up the plate of candles and heading over to the small sink. She returned with a knife and sliced the cake. “Since this is such a special occasion, we’ll have dessert before our lunch,” she said, handing Fred the first piece of cake.

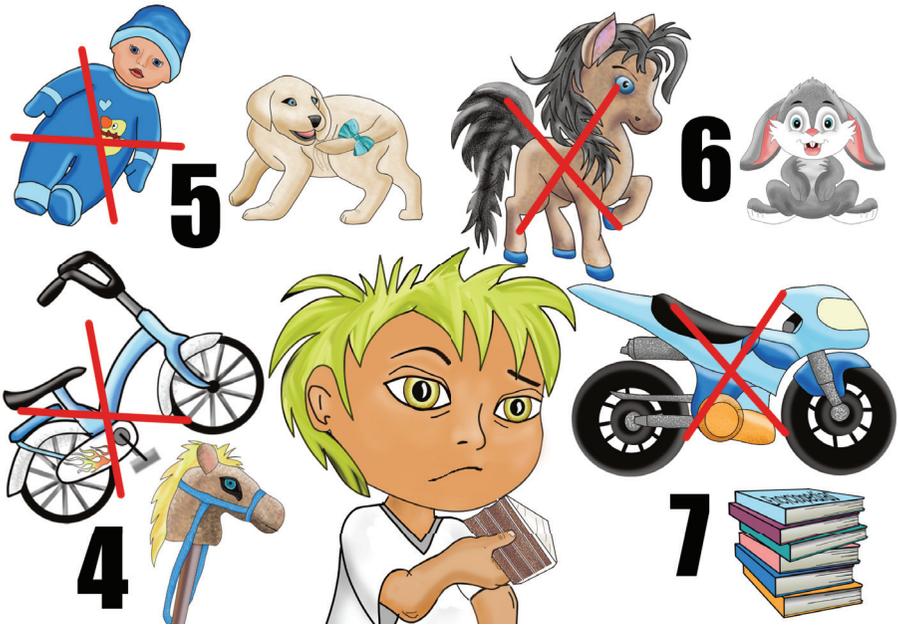
“What’d ya wish for?” Wolfgang asked.

“I can’t tell you, or it won’t come true,” Fred said.

“Nah, that ain’t true,” Wolfgang said. “In my family, it was tradition to tell your wish out loud before you blew out the candles. All my birthday wishes came true.”

Fred thought about this for a minute. He had never told one of his birthday wishes before. But then again, none of his other birthday wishes had ever come true.

When Fred was four, he wished for a bike but got a hobby horse. When he was five, he wished for a baby brother but got a puppy. When he was six, he wished for a horse but got a bunny. Last year he wished for a motorcycle but got a set of encyclopedias. “I wished I could own this boat!” he blurted out.



“Well, see there, your wishes can come true when you speak them out loud,” Wolfgang said.

“Don’t give the boy false hope,” Fred’s dad said to Wolfgang. “He could never afford a boat like this if he saved every penny for the rest of his life.”

“Oh, I’m not joking,” Wolfgang said. He turned to Fred. “How much money you got on you?”

Fred emptied his pockets on the table. He had a small jackknife, six marbles, three bubble gums, a green marker, two seashells, a crumpled-up paper, a quarter, and two dimes. He held the money out to Wolfgang. “Forty-five cents,” he said. “I’ve been saving it to play the arcade games at the campground.”



“I think I might have a better use for that money,” Wolfgang said, accepting the forty-five cents from Fred. “I’d say this is just the right amount to buy into a partnership with me on this boat.”

Fred’s eyes widened. “Really? I’d own this boat?”

“For now, you’d be a part owner with a valued interest of forty-five cents, but I’ll make a deal with you. In ten years, on your 18th birthday, if you still want to own this boat, you can buy me out of the partnership for \$10,000. You think you can raise that much in 10 years?” Wolfgang asked.

“I’ll save every bit of my allowance for doing chores from now on,” Fred said. “And I’ll get a job as soon as I’m old enough.”

“Now hold on,” Fred’s dad said. “You can’t be serious, Wolfgang. This boat is

worth at least 10 times that or maybe even more.”

“You stay out of this negotiation, Big Fred. This is between me and Freddie. I built this boat, so I can set the price at whatever I want it to be. Ten thousand is fair to me. Does that sound fair to you, Freddie?”

Wolfgang asked.

Fred looked to his dad for confirmation, but his dad just shrugged his shoulders, leaving the decision up to Fred.

Wolfgang stuck out his hand. “Do we have a deal?”



“Deal,” Fred said, shaking Wolfgang’s hand.



“Great,” Wolfgang said. He grabbed a napkin and Fred’s green marker and scribbled ... *I, Wolfgang, promise to sell my partnership interest in True South to Fred on his 18th birthday for the sum of \$10,000.* He signed his name and passed the napkin to Fred. “You sign it and then hang on to it until your 18th birthday. Now don’t lose it or the deal’s off,” Wolfgang said.

“I won’t lose it,” Fred said, tucking the signed napkin into his back pocket.

“Now that that’s out of the way, let’s open your presents, so we can clear off the table and have lunch,” Wolfgang said.

Fred picked up the shoebox-sized gift from his parents. He tore through the newspaper wrapping and found a new pair of Carolina blue sneakers. “Just what I wanted,” he said to his parents, setting the sneakers on the floor.



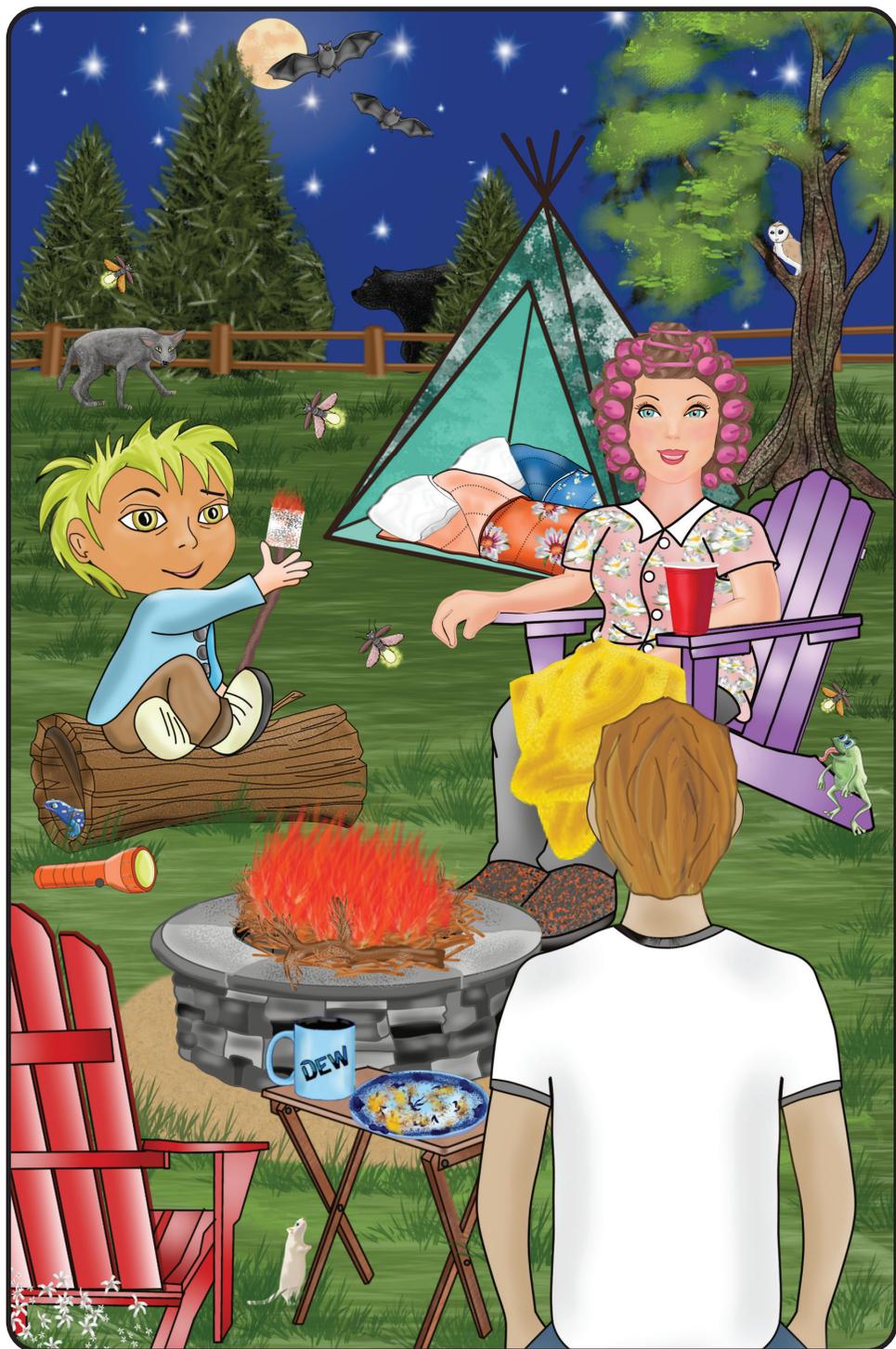
“This one’s from me,” Wolfgang said, handing Fred a flat box wrapped in shiny gold foil.

Fred opened the card first. It was addressed “*For the Future Sailor.*” Inside the card read ... “*To help you navigate the seas of life.*” He gently peeled back the wrapping. Inside was an old wooden box, streaked in saltwater stains. The clasp and hinges were rusty. Fred carefully undid the clasp and lifted the lid. Inside was a white circle under glass full of letters, numbers, colorful markings, and an arrow that moved.

“It’s a whaler’s compass,” Wolfgang said. “It belonged to my great grand-pappy. He was a whaler from long ago. It’s been passed down from generation to generation, but since I have no children of my own, I’d like you to have it, Fred. You’ve always been like a son to me. And now that we’re partners, we’ll be keeping it in the family for sure.”

Fred had never received such a splendid gift as this. His parents didn't have a lot of money, so his gifts were usually something he needed ... like the new sneakers. This was a fantastical gift—and practical too for when Fred learned to sail his new boat. “This is the best birthday ever!” Fred said.





Chapter 3 - Can't Sleep

“Time for bed, Fred,” his mother said, her face aglow from the flickering of the campfire.

“Just a bit longer, please?” Fred begged, before blowing out the flame on his roasted marshmallow. He popped it in his mouth.

“It’s been a long day, Fred. If you want to go sailing with Wolfgang tomorrow, you better do as your mother says and call it a night,” Fred’s dad said.

“Go wash up and be sure to brush your teeth,” Mary said as Fred reluctantly put down his marshmallow stick and headed off to the campground bathroom.

His parents were right. It had been a long day, and it was already an hour past his normal bedtime of 8 pm. The problem was that Fred was not tired yet. He was still thinking about the sailboat, his ownership, the sailing trip he was going on tomorrow, and the three slices of cake he ate—which may be the real reason he was wide awake.

As Fred brushed his teeth, the mirror over the sink wavered and the bathroom light flickered and dimmed. Deep inside the realm of mirror glass, a shadowy shape moved with lightning speed from side to side. At first, Fred thought of the huge black spider from earlier in the day, but this was different ... more like a human shape, but not quite.

Fred stretched on his tiptoes, leaning over the sink so his face touched the mirror. His breath fogged up the glass. He was waiting for the fog to clear when he realized something was staring back at him from

just beyond the thin layer of reflective glass. Something not human. It was orange and scaly and had a mohawk head of hair—well not really hair ... more like close-cropped seaweed. It was scary, but not scary.



Its eyes were watching Fred from the other side of who knows where. Fred blinked. It blinked. Fred smiled. It smiled ... or at least Fred thought it smiled. It was kind of hard to tell because it had sharp fangs for teeth. But Fred decided it was a friendly smile, so that's what it was. Fred placed his hand on the mirror. It raised its claw and placed it in the same spot. Though the glass was between them, Fred felt the cold of the creature's claw seep through to his hand. He pulled away. The creature pulled away.

Fred's toothbrush slipped off the edge of the sink. It fell to the floor with a soft clickity-plop, but it was enough to make the creature jump back a bit from the inside of the mirror.



“It’s okay. It’s just my toothbrush,” Fred said, bending down to pick up the toothbrush and show the creature there was nothing to be afraid of.

“Are you still in there, Fred?” his mother called from outside the bathroom door.

Fred’s eyes shot to the mirror, but the only face staring back at him was his own. “Awe, shucks!” he said under his breath.

“What?” his mom asked.



“Nothing, Mom. I just dropped my toothbrush,” Fred said coming out the door.

“Let’s get you to bed. Your father already put out the campfire, so use the flashlight to get in the car,” she said.

The tent wasn’t big enough for the three of them, so Fred climbed into the makeshift bed in the back seat of the car. He liked sleeping in the car. Sometimes he would pull out his book of maps and pretend he was on a road trip. But not tonight. Tonight, he was thinking about sailing, not driving.



“Goodnight, Freddie. Sweet dreams,” his mother said as she climbed into the tent and zipped it up.

Fred shut off the flashlight and slipped into the sleeping bag. He propped his pillow against the door and rolled down the window. The moon was full, and the stars were bright. The salty night air drifted in on a soft breeze. It called to him, like a whisper in his ear.

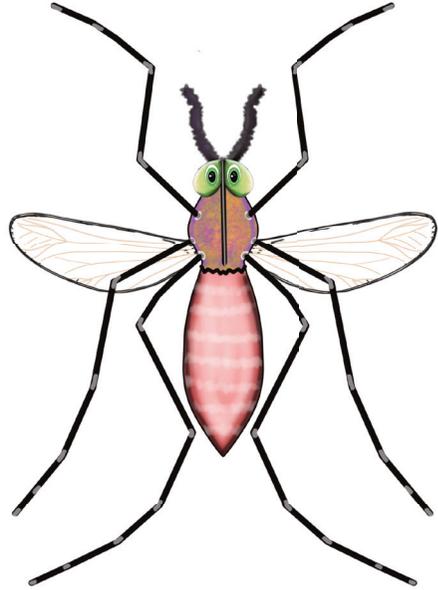
Fred tossed and turned for what seemed like hours. He could not get to sleep. He thought of the creature in the mirror. He thought of the sailboat ... correction, he thought of HIS sailboat.

The lantern in the tent had gone dark a while ago. He could hear his father snoring. The breeze stirred, and a mosquito buzzed around Fred’s head. “Go away you pesky creature.” Fred swatted at it.

“I am not pesky. I’m just hungry,” the girl mosquito replied.

“Go nibble on someone else,” Fred said.

“But there’s no one else around. Everyone else is tucked up safe and sound in their tents and campers. You are the only one with an open window, and you smell so sweet, like fresh meat,” the mosquito said, circling Fred’s head.



“Go away ... or I’ll squash you dead,” Fred said.

“Now that’s no way to treat someone you just met,” the mosquito said.

“We haven’t met,” Fred said. “I don’t know your name or anything about you. You’re not my friend or anything.”

“My name is Sophia, and you’re Freddie,” she said.

“How do you know my name? I didn’t tell it to you,” Fred said.

“I can hear, silly! Your mom said, and I quote, ‘*Goodnight, Freddie. Sweet dreams,*’” Sophia said.

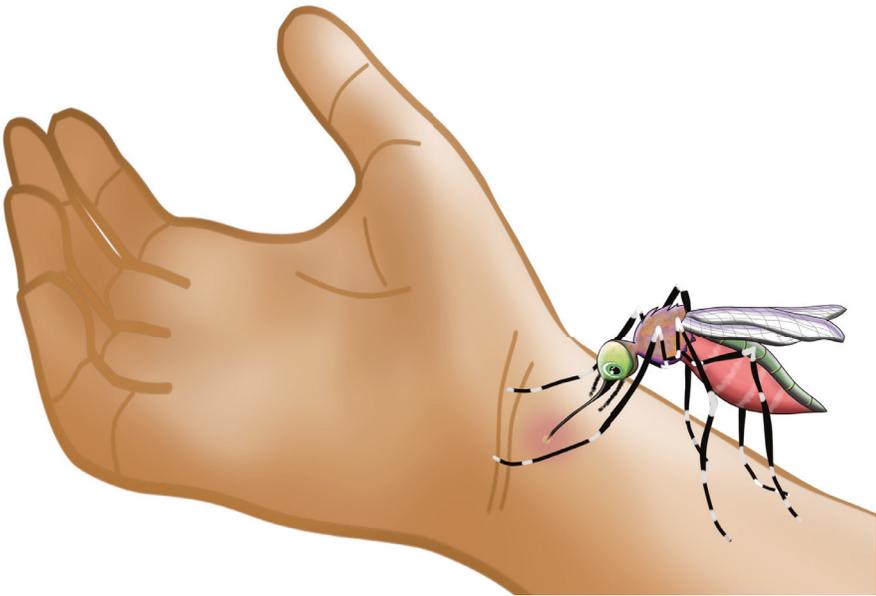
“So, what do you want from me?” Fred asked.

“Friendship would be nice,” Sophia said, “but I’d settle for a midnight snack—it is almost midnight you know.”

“Fine!” Fred said, “But if we are going to be friends, you can’t be a pig and drink all my blood. If you try it, I will squash you.”

Fred pushed up his sleeve, rolling his arm over to expose the soft underside of his wrist.

“It’s a deal,” Sofia said, landing gently on the offered area. “Is this a good spot for you?” she asked.



Fred nodded, and Sofia stuck her six-needle mouth into Fred’s skin. She quickly drew the first drop of blood, then another, and another until her tiny belly was swollen red. Just as Fred started to feel the sting of her bite, she was done and flew off ... circling his head again.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” she asked.

Fred looked at the welt forming where Sophia bit him. It started to itch. “I don’t think I want to be your breakfast.”

Sophia raised her front legs. “I thought you wanted to be friends?”

“I’ll be your friend, but that was the last time I’m feeding you. Besides, my mom is always lathering me in bug spray and saying mosquitoes carry diseases or cooties or something like that.”

Sophia frowned. “My life has four stages ... egg, larva, pupa, and adult. Today is my two-week birthday, and I am now an adult. Only adults drink blood, so I just started feeding today. You are the first person I’ve bitten. If you have cooties, you didn’t get them from me,” Sophia said, shaking one of her front legs at Fred to emphasize her point.

“We may not share cooties, but we do share one thing,” Fred said. “Today was my birthday too. I turned eight years old ... but I won’t be an adult until I’m eighteen, and I’ll never drink blood,” Fred said.

“You are very lucky to have had so many birthdays with more to come,” Sophia said. “My life span as an adult is about three to four weeks ... as long as no one squashes me dead!”



“Then I’m glad you asked to bite me before you did ... it would have been very sad if you died on your two-week birthday,” Fred said.

“Thanks for not squashing me. I’m hoping I get to turn one page of the calendar before I’m gone,” Sophia said. “So, what did you do for your birthday?”

Fred told Sophia all about his birthday celebration. He mentioned the magnificent sailboat.

“I’d love to see it,” Sophia said. “Can you take me to it?”

“That’s a great idea,” Fred said. “I can’t sleep anyway, and this way I can check up on my investment to be sure it’s safe.”

Fred threw on his birthday sneakers, grabbed the flashlight, and opened the car door as slowly and quietly as possible. He gently closed it till the latch clicked, but didn’t push it shut for fear of waking his parents. Fred walked quite a way down the path toward the marina before he turned on the flashlight.

“Hey, what’s going on?” another female mosquito asked, flying circles in the flashlight beam. She was joined by another and another.

“Dinner time!” one of them shouted.



“STOP!” Sophia hollered, flying into the beam of light with her front legs raised. “This is my friend, Fred. Today was his birthday. We’re going to the marina to take a look at his new boat. I’m asking you not to bite him. Otherwise, we’ll have to turn around, so he can go get the bug spray.”

“Well, why didn’t you say so,” one of the mosquitoes said. “We didn’t know he was your friend. We’ll move on.” She whistled to the group. “Come on ... I saw an old man sleeping on a bench over this way.”

“Thanks,” Fred said to Sophia.

“Friends take care of friends,” Sophia said with a smile as she landed on Fred’s shoulder.

This is the end of the first 3 Chapters. If you like the story so far, please order a copy from Dew Bear's website or from Amazon or Barnes & Noble.

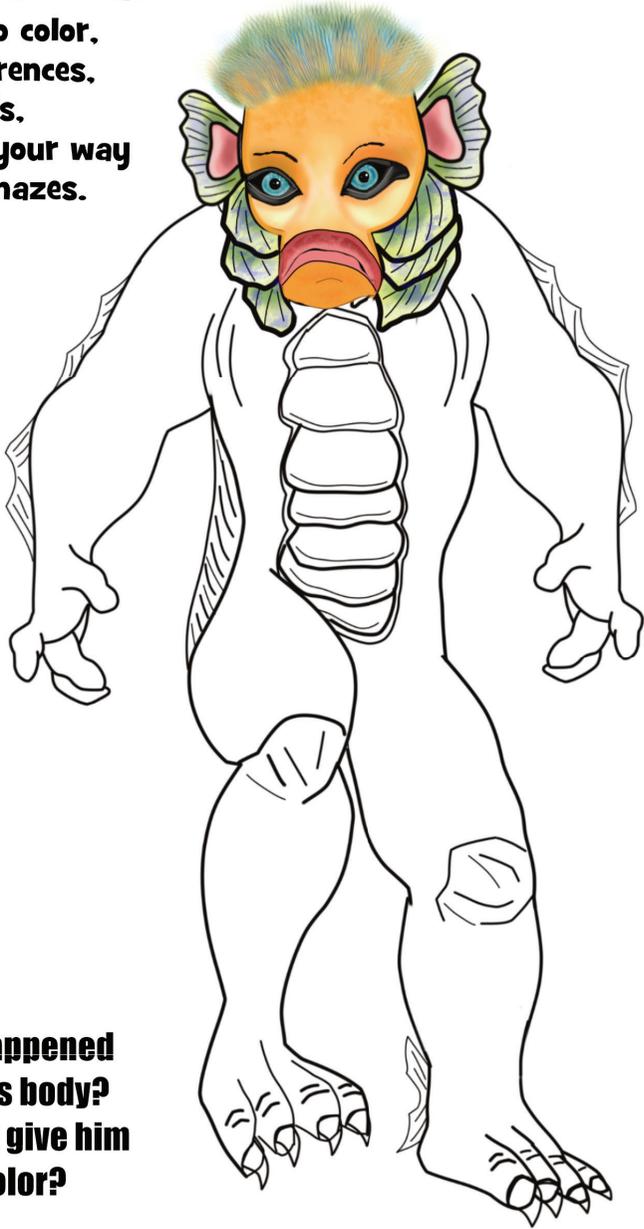
Thanks for your support - Happy Reading.

Deborah Deel Clayton (author and illustrator).

PS - the following pages show the activity pages - feel free to print and play.

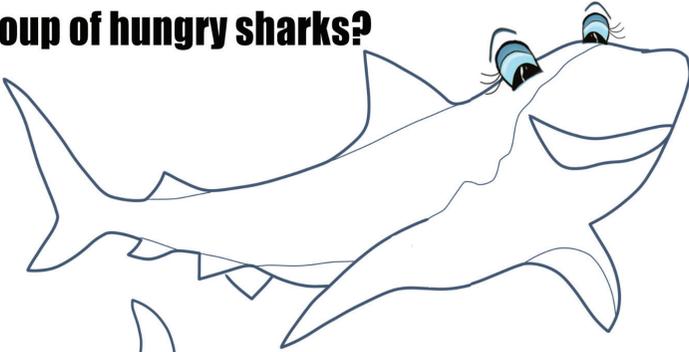
Activity Pages

**For you to color,
find differences,
find words,
and find your way
through mazes.**



**What happened
to Tolly's body?
Can you give him
some color?**

**Do you remember the
group of hungry sharks?**

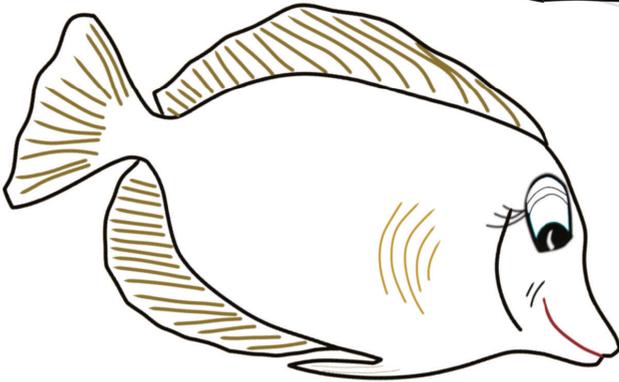
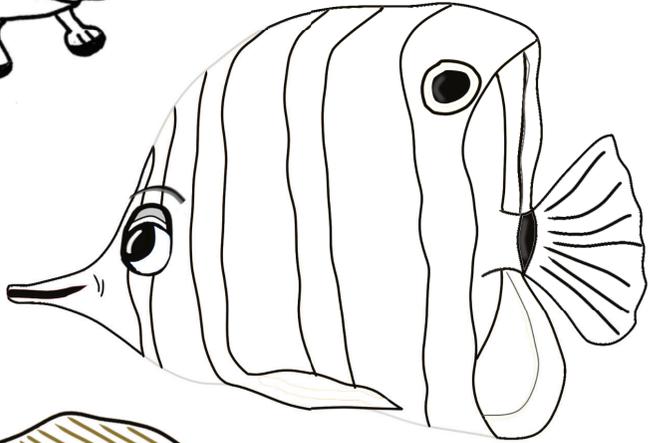
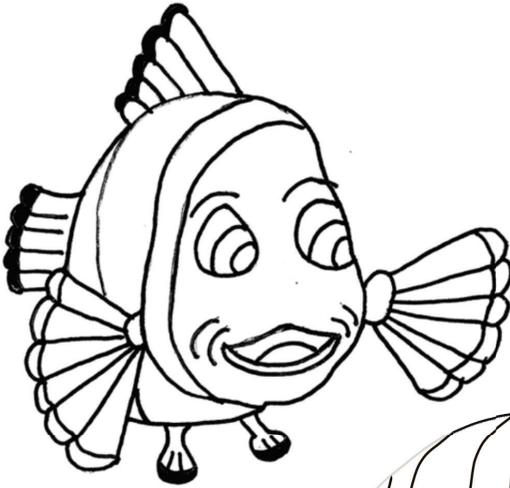


Here they come!

**It's a good
thing Fred
went home.**



**Fish are
Lucy's
Friends**



**Compare these two pictures ...
Can you find 15 differences?**

View #1



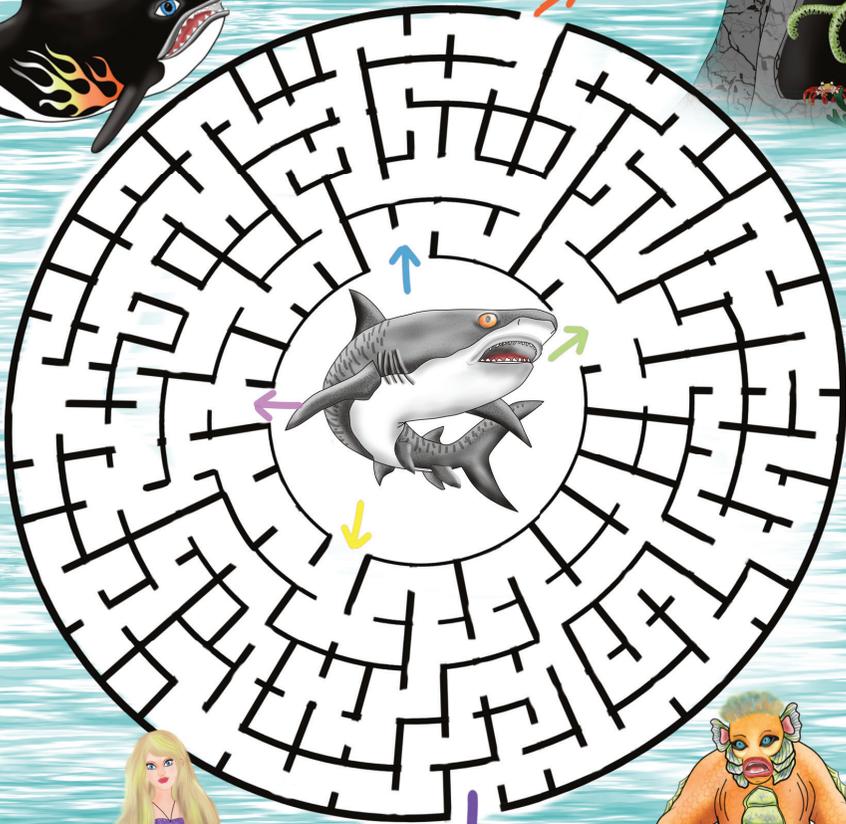
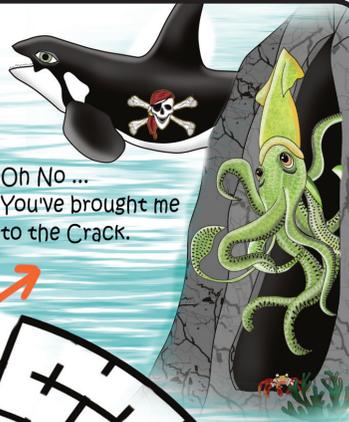
View #2



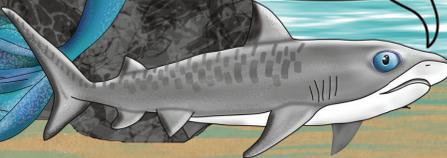
Answers are on the last page.

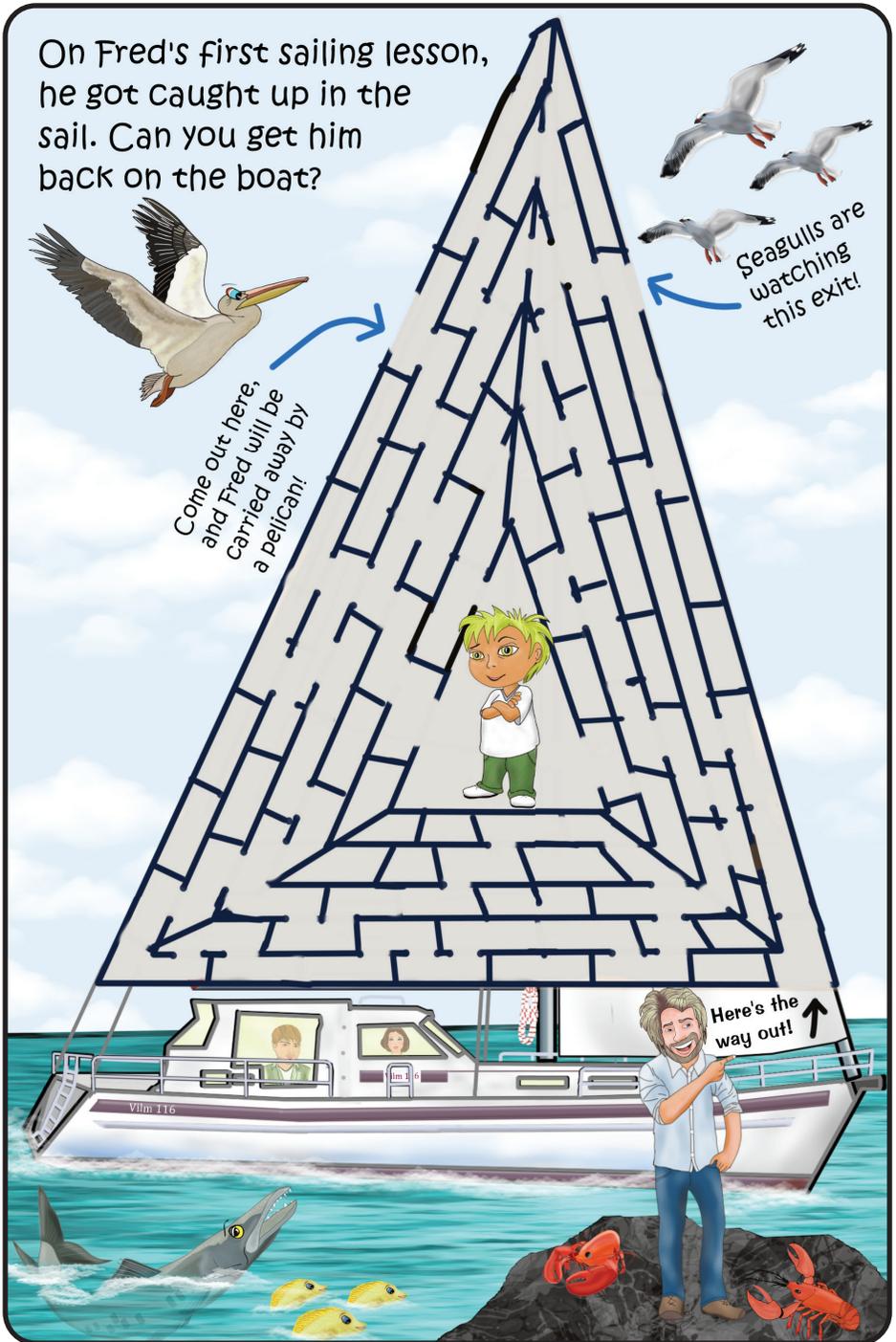
Parker has a hard time seeing.
Which way will get him safely
from Shark Canyon to be with
Tolly, Lucy, and Braxton??
Don't bump into any walls.

Oh No ...
You've brought me
to the Crack.



You can do it, Parker!





WORD SEARCH - Puzzle #1

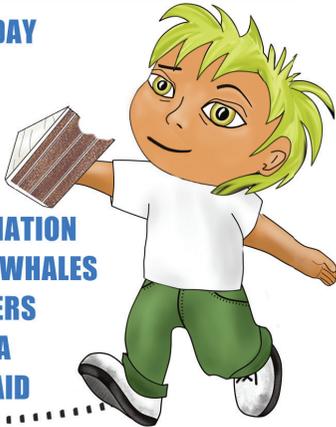
Find and circle the words in the box using the list below.



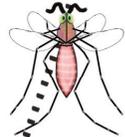
Y	A	D	H	T	R	I	B	K	W	Z	E	L	K	R
U	I	Q	N	E	S	D	O	C	K	S	O	K	I	O
O	I	Q	A	K	O	T	L	O	M	B	G	S	L	R
D	E	M	R	Y	I	L	R	D	S	L	A	C	L	R
T	I	A	A	U	T	O	X	T	E	B	R	I	E	I
A	H	A	Q	G	W	S	E	S	P	I	D	E	R	M
S	V	S	M	X	I	R	A	N	I	R	A	M	W	E
Z	O	K	W	R	S	N	E	I	Q	U	Y	V	H	T
M	E	K	A	C	E	Q	A	V	L	I	R	B	A	N
D	N	S	V	B	Y	M	U	T	A	B	H	X	L	U
W	P	R	E	S	E	N	T	I	I	C	O	L	E	O
B	S	J	S	V	S	C	D	O	D	O	E	A	S	M
E	A	N	F	I	S	H	A	X	V	E	N	Z	T	A
E	R	U	T	A	E	R	C	A	E	S	G	N	L	E
R	W	V	S	J	T	C	X	K	I	D	U	D	N	S



**BIRTHDAY
CAVE
DOCK
EEL
FISH
IMAGINATION
KILLER WHALES
LOBSTERS
MARINA
MERMAID**



**MIRROR
MOSQUITO
PRESENT
SAILBOAT
SEA CREATURE
SEA MOUNT
SHARKS
SPIDER
SQUID
WAVES**



Note: There are no spaces between words in the box above.

The solution can be found on the last page.

WORD SEARCH - Puzzle #2

Find and circle the names in the box using the list below.



J	X	B	N	D	A	G	P	K	N	W	G	V	P	J
G	V	W	Z	I	R	U	Y	V	O	O	V	G	T	A
P	R	K	H	B	T	V	X	R	T	L	N	O	E	S
P	S	P	J	V	O	S	U	P	X	F	N	K	T	O
D	O	A	A	T	T	I	U	R	A	G	U	D	Z	N
S	H	W	R	O	T	S	P	A	R	A	T	G	P	D
F	A	S	T	E	D	D	I	E	B	N	Q	R	J	U
O	M	C	J	C	K	Y	G	L	T	G	Y	G	A	V
G	M	A	R	H	N	R	H	Q	J	O	E	H	P	A
Q	P	D	I	B	K	U	A	X	F	X	L	W	K	M
P	A	Q	L	A	O	E	Z	P	V	R	G	L	L	A
D	T	O	L	L	I	V	E	R	U	G	E	U	Y	R
M	W	L	X	R	O	D	T	U	E	K	C	D	I	S
K	Z	N	K	L	W	Y	P	A	V	Y	D	K	O	T
T	P	C	Q	K	Z	M	O	M	A	I	O	D	I	N



**AUSTIN
BRAXTON
DAD
FAST EDDIE
FRED
JASON
LUCY**



**MOM
PARKER
RAMA
SOPHIA
TOLLIVER
TOLLY
WOLFGANG**

The solution can be found
on the last page.

CHARACTER PAGE



Fred



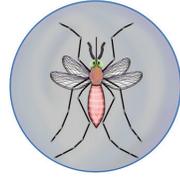
**Mom
(Mary)**



**Dad
(Fred Sr.)**



Wolfgang



**Sophia (#1)
(in her bubble)**



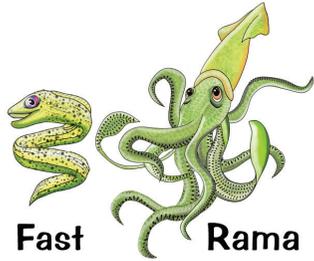
Sophia #120



Tolly / Tolliver



Lucy



**Fast
Eddie**

Rama



Parker



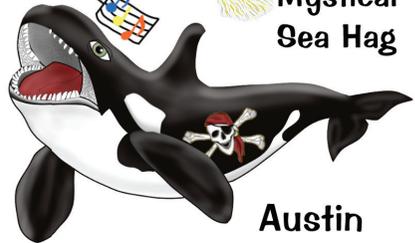
Braxton



**Mystical
Sea Hag**



Jason



Austin

DEBORAH DEEL CLAYTON was born in 1960 and grew up in Goffstown, New Hampshire. At the writing of this book, she lives in Eli Whitney, North Carolina with her husband, Mike, and has one awesome daughter, Denise Caron.

Author's Note

This book was inspired by Fred Emmerson and many character names are based on his family. However, I also dedicate this book to four other children who made an impression on me as a writer.

The first goes to two brothers, Austin and Jason, who upon reading one of my earlier books, Sharky's Special Day (Book 5 of A Day in the Life of Dew), threw a party for Sharky and invited all their stuffed animals (giving them character names from the book). They even baked Sharky a cake and posted pictures on Facebook. This is what writing stories is all about—inspiring children to use their imaginations. In honor of their dedication to Sharky and the Dew Bear books, Austin and Jason have become characters in their own right. They are the inspiration for the killer whales in this book.

There's another boy I know of who loves sharks ... so he became Braxton, one of the tiger sharks.

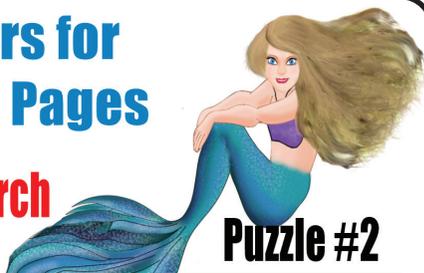
And then there's Sophia—whose real-life personality shines through as a truly awesome character.

Many thanks to all those who inspire me.

Answers for Activity Pages

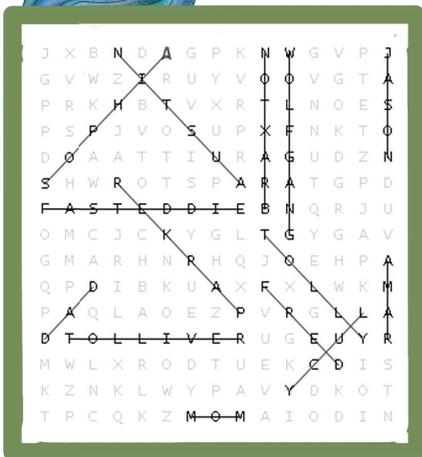
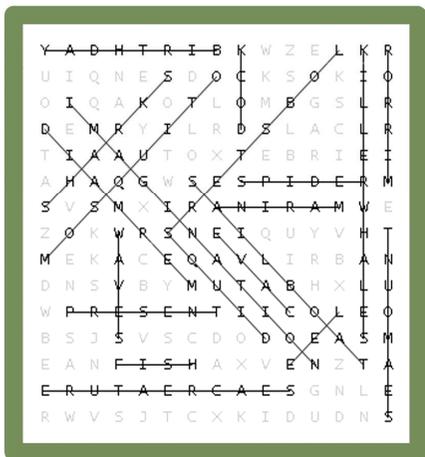


Puzzle #1



Puzzle #2

Word Search



DIFFERENCES

1. Juice box is now red cup
2. Coffee mug is tipped over
3. Fork is now a spoon
4. Apple has not been eaten
5. Tackle box is open
6. Cardinal is now Baltimore Oriole
7. Cypress tree is now Christmas tree
8. Mom's eyes are shut
9. Mom is frowning
10. Butterfly is now dragonfly
11. Fred's pants are blue
12. Fish is on hook
13. Bananas have been eaten
14. Fred ate his eggs and toast
15. Mom is holding spider (no longer on his web).

(No cheating!)

