

Zoey AND SASSAFRAS

DRAGONS AND MARSHMALLOWS



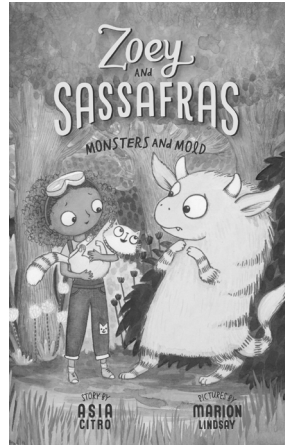
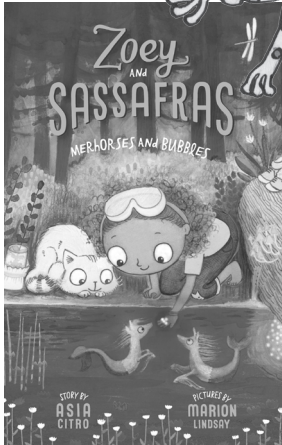
STORY BY
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Zoey
AND
SASSAFRAS
DRAGONS AND MARSHMALLOWS



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1: BUG CIRCUS.....	5
CHAPTER 2: THE MYSTERY PHOTO.....	11
CHAPTER 3: PIP.....	14
CHAPTER 4: THE DOORBELL.....	21
CHAPTER 5: THE BARN.....	28
CHAPTER 6: THE DOORBELL RINGS.....	34
CHAPTER 7: HATCHING SNAKES.....	39
CHAPTER 8: THE FOOD EXPERIMENT.....	45
CHAPTER 9: SASSAFRAS?.....	58
CHAPTER 10: THE CALL.....	65
CHAPTER 11: WHAT SHOULD BABY DRAGONS EAT?.....	70
CHAPTER 12: CARNIVORE? OMNIVORE?.....	73
CHAPTER 13: MOM!.....	79
CHAPTER 14: BIGGER.....	81
CHAPTER 15: LEARNING TO FISH.....	84
CHAPTER 16: SMOKE?.....	92
GLOSSARY.....	95

FOR TIM – ML FOR GOOSE AND BUBS – AC

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CHAPTER 1

BUG CIRCUS

“What is it, Sassafras?” I crouched down and ruffled my cat’s fluffy fur. He was trying to flip over a heavy, mossy rock with his paws. Something good was definitely under there.

I gently tipped the rock over on its side. Yes! I clapped my hands together. This rock *was* hiding a treasure. A billion roly-poly bugs!

OK . . . maybe not a *billion*. But at least twenty.

Sassafras took a step forward. “Meow?”

“No! Don’t eat the bugs! That’s gross.”

My cat loves bugs as much as I do. But we love them for different reasons. I love to play with them. He loves to eat them.

Hmmm. Now I just needed to think of something super amazing to do with the roly-polies. I held one in my hand and its tiny feet tickled as it walked.

Sassafras trotted over to my pile of stuff and pawed at my Thinking Goggles.

“Ooh, good idea,” I said as I put them on my head.

Most scientists wear goggles over their eyes, and I do too when I need to keep my eyes safe. But when I need to think of brilliant ideas, I wear my Thinking Goggles on top of my head. That way they’re closer to my brain.

The roly-poly on my hand walked across a bridge I’d made by touching the tips of my two pointer fingers together.

“I’ve got it! Let’s make a bug circus!”



I bent some thin twigs into hoops for the bugs to crawl through. Then I set up some small, round rocks for them to balance on. Next, I tied some grass on either end of a flat piece of bark to make a swing that I held low to the ground (in case any of my performers fell).

My favorite part was a tightrope I made by balancing a long twig between two flat rocks. One of the biggest roly-polies crawled up to the twig tightrope.

I got down on my elbows in the soft



grass to cheer him on. “Come on, little buggly! You can do it!”

Almost . . . almost. No! He tumbled into the grass. And then another one followed. The bigger roly-polies were having too much trouble. Hmmm. I carefully plucked the smallest of the roly-polies from the ground.

“OK, little guy. You might be the smallest, but I think you can do this. Show me what you’ve got!”



I placed the tiny roly-poly on one end of the twig. As he crawled along, I held my breath and didn't let it out until he was across.

He made it! I jumped up, cheered, and looked around for my mom. Then I remembered she was inside packing. I was so used to her being out here with me.

"Mom is gonna love this. Let's get her, Sassafras. Come on!"

I glanced over my shoulder just in time