

THE OODLETHUNKS

OONA FINDS AN EGG



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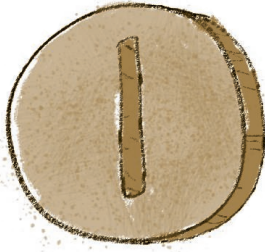
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THIS-A-WOGGLE? THAT-A-WOGGLE?

I, Oona Oodlethunk, need a pet!

Reason number one: I am always getting lost.
Like right now.

Yes, right now I am lost.

I looked up Mount Urp, but I didn't see school. I looked down Mount Urp, but I didn't see home.

If only I had a pet fruitafossor! A fruitafossor would know the way.

But here's the bad news: My little brother, Bonk, is allergic to fruitafossors.

"Bonk!" I called up the trees. "Come down! This game is over!"

No answer.

I dragged my Clonk-It behind me, and I kept my ears open for sounds of danger. There's lots of scary animals where I live: woolly mammoths, wild dogs, and big, hairy bison. I did not want to end up as somebody's dinner.

That's why Bonk and I were supposed to stick together.

"When Oona starts the fun, Bonkster gets it done!" he'd yelled to me after school. Then we'd chased each other around Mount Urp until Bonk climbed a tree and disappeared.

Where was he?

Reason number two I needed a pet? It could sniff out a little brother!

Ahead, I heard the sound of rushing water.

My left ear twitched.

I must be close to No-Name River.

But that wasn't Dragknuckle Bridge ahead. That was a skinny bridge.

A drop of water splashed my nose. I looked up at the sky. Uh-oh. Rain.

No Bonk. Wrong bridge. Now rain.

Bad day!

Whenever I am feeling my feelings, I yell. Sometimes my feelings are worried. Sometimes my feelings are scared. Sometimes my feelings are just plain mad.

But I always need to let them out.

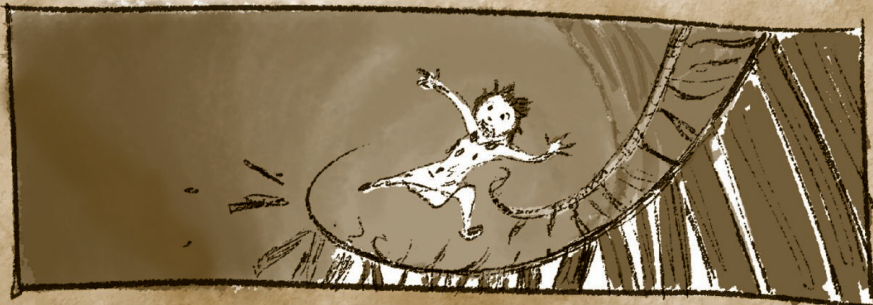
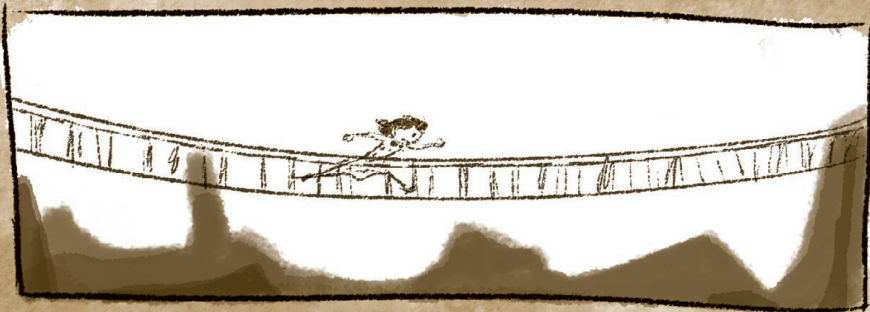
I pictured my fruitafossor guiding my path over this strange, narrow bridge. Then I took a deep breath and let out my best



And I charged that bridge as fast as a mountain rabbit. I'd made it almost all the way across when—

SNAP!

BANG!



The bridge ropes were not holding! It was collapsing—and it was taking *me* down with it!

SWOOSH!

SWISH!

Bumpity-bump-bump I went, skidding sideways along the slippery, rocky riverbank.

Roly-poly bumpity-plop. I bounced to a stop.

Ook. That hurt.

Double ook—was that my shoe bobbing along in the water?

Durrr. It was.

Raindrops were smacking my face as I got my balance.

Reason number three I needed a pet? It could retrieve things! Like shoes!

How would I get my shoe back? I gripped a handful of picketwire that grew along the bank. Then I reached and stretched and poked my bare foot . . .

and . . .

and . . .

Got it! Good work, toes!