

The Lemonade Landing Mat



Sammie Squirrelly is looking pretty guilty with that lemonade!

Which Sidewalk path will he choose?

Find out, as he sings the "Stop Think Act" song with Bethany Butterfly, at the Magical ABC Sidewalk, in the adventure of...
The Lemonade Landing Mat!





The Lemonade Landing Mat



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"Today is the day I will fly! You hear me shoes? I won't need you much longer. I'm getting stronger. Fly butterfly! FLY-Y-Y-Y," says a determined Bethany Butterfly. For a perfect moment she flies. Just like a butterfly.



Oh, no, Bethany's butterfly wings flap and flutter with all she can muster. "Look out below, Willow!" she bellows.

Bethany Butterfly crashes with a thud. Her morning flight was a dud. Willow Worm is hurled into the air from her mound in the ground. Just then, there's a squish. Wait, a squish? What did Bethany Butterfly land on? A lemonade-landing mat? Where did that juice box come from? Out here on the lawn! Imagine that!



"Uh-oh, we've got trouble. Looks like we've got ourselves a story.
A SIDEWALK STORY," Bethany Butterfly starts singing with glee. *Sing with me!*

"It's been in your front yard and you didn't know it.
It's just about time and we're gonna have to show it.

It's the Sidewalk Stories.

The life of plants and dogs and everybody talks.
There's a squirrel and a tree and flowers that believe.

In the Sidewalk Stories.

Magical, you will see. Magical, for you and me."



Sidewalk Stories is a special world with a Magical ABC Sidewalk. Here, the Sidewalk family can solve their every-day problems by singing songs and exploring alternate-ending ideas in a place safe from "Uh-Oh Trouble."

Would you like to help our friends along their adventure of the mysterious Lemonade Landing Mat?

In Sidewalk Stories you will meet...



Bethany Butterfly ... the cheerful and dedicated problem solver...
"We can't wait until the whole world can solve problems with us!
I'm teaching myself how to fly. You've gotta believe in yourself!"



Don't be too afraid of cranky, old, **Crispy Cactus...**

"Hey, who you calling Crispy?"

I'm the Great Greenie. And get off ... MY Sidewalk. You bother me!"

Although he's constantly criticizing and disapproving,
inside he longs to be accepted and understood.



We can't forget about our neighborhood recycler,

kind, but scared, **Otis Oaktree**...

"That b-b-big rain storm in 1982 washed away all my courage.
Maybe I still have some. I can't look. I'm too af-f-fraid."



Bethany Butterfly's mischievous, storytelling rascal of a buddy,

Sammie Squirrelly... "What? Wasn't me. Didn't do it!
Call back later! Not home! Gotta bounce. I'm out."



Mopey Willow, the Worm..."Oh my good grief, how many times do I have to tell you? It's **Willow Worm**, not Willow, THE Worm! Okay? Ugh!"

She's unhappy about being a worm but she could become a butterfly, if she learns to accept herself the way she is.



And **Trevor Gribben**... The cool kid that tries to do the right thing and lives in the house in front of the Magical ABC Sidewalk...
“Everybody be cool. We’ll figure it out together. I just know it.”



Bethany Butterfly's Choice Vocabulary Words To Know.

Dilemma - a situation where there is no easy choice or answer.

Recycle - use again by converting it into something new.

Mysterious - difficult to understand, explain, or identify.

Brave - to face something with courage.

Gleam - a faint or brief flash a light.

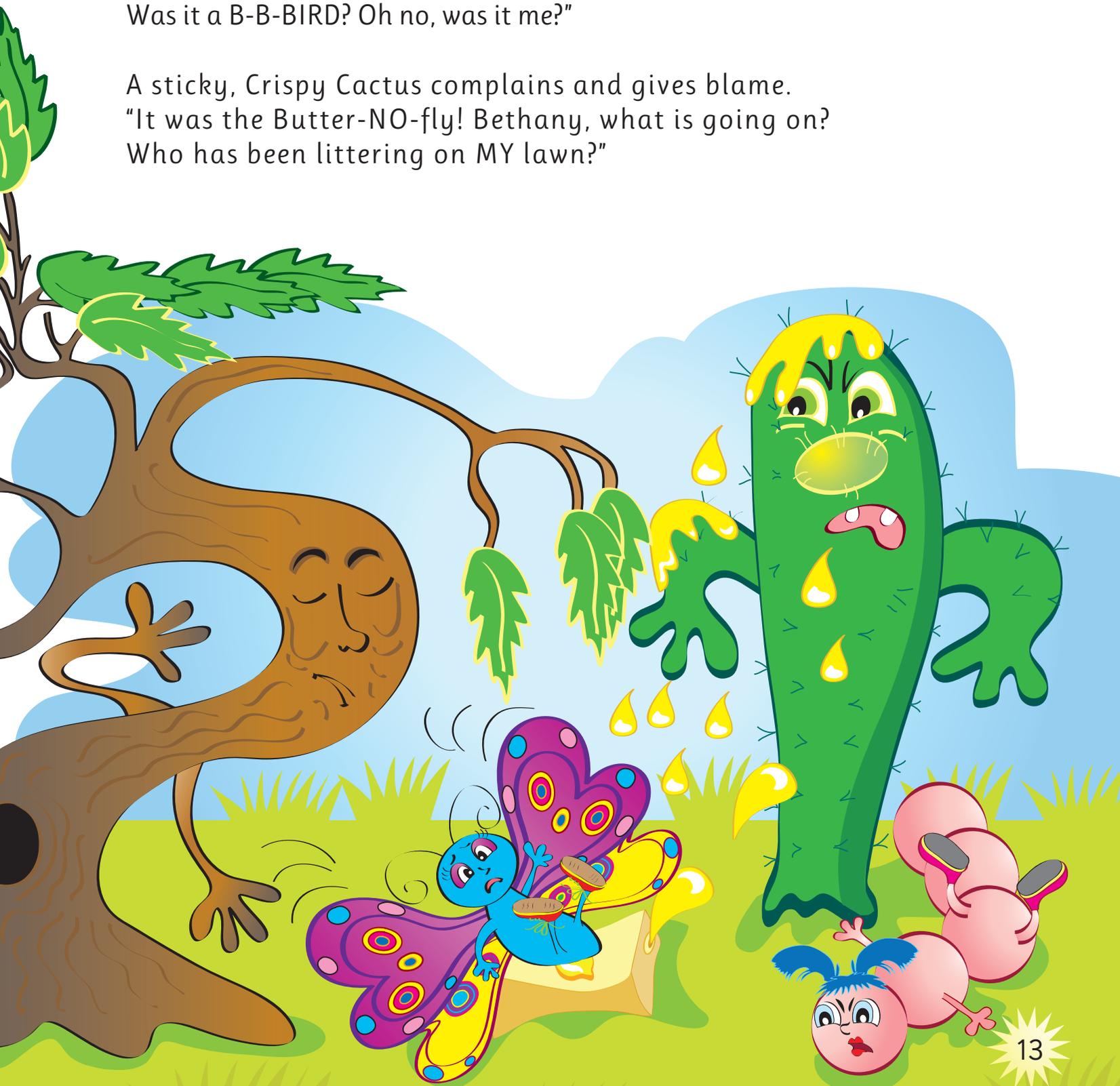


And now the Sidewalk Story of The Lemonade Landing Mat....

Suddenly with an, "Ow!" Willow Worm hits the ground. "Every morning with the butterfly flapping while I'm napping," she growls.

"You pipe down worm! Why am I all sticky?" Demands the mean, green Crispy. Otis Oaktree's eyes are shut tight. He squeaks. "Was it a plane? Was it a B-B-BIRD? Oh no, was it me?"

A sticky, Crispy Cactus complains and gives blame. "It was the Butter-NO-fly! Bethany, what is going on? Who has been littering on MY lawn?"





Otis Oaktree opens his eyes wide and quickly replies,
“Not me, not me! I keep all my recycling in my trunk.”
He points to his collection some would consider junk.

“Look at you **gleam** on top of your juice box like a queen!” Willow Worm pouts.

Bethany looks down
at the **mysterious**
lemonade juice box
that has gotten
everyone so curious.



Trevor cruises in on his skateboard. "No way, Bethany, you found my lemonade?" Bethany looks down and admits, "I just crash landed on it."

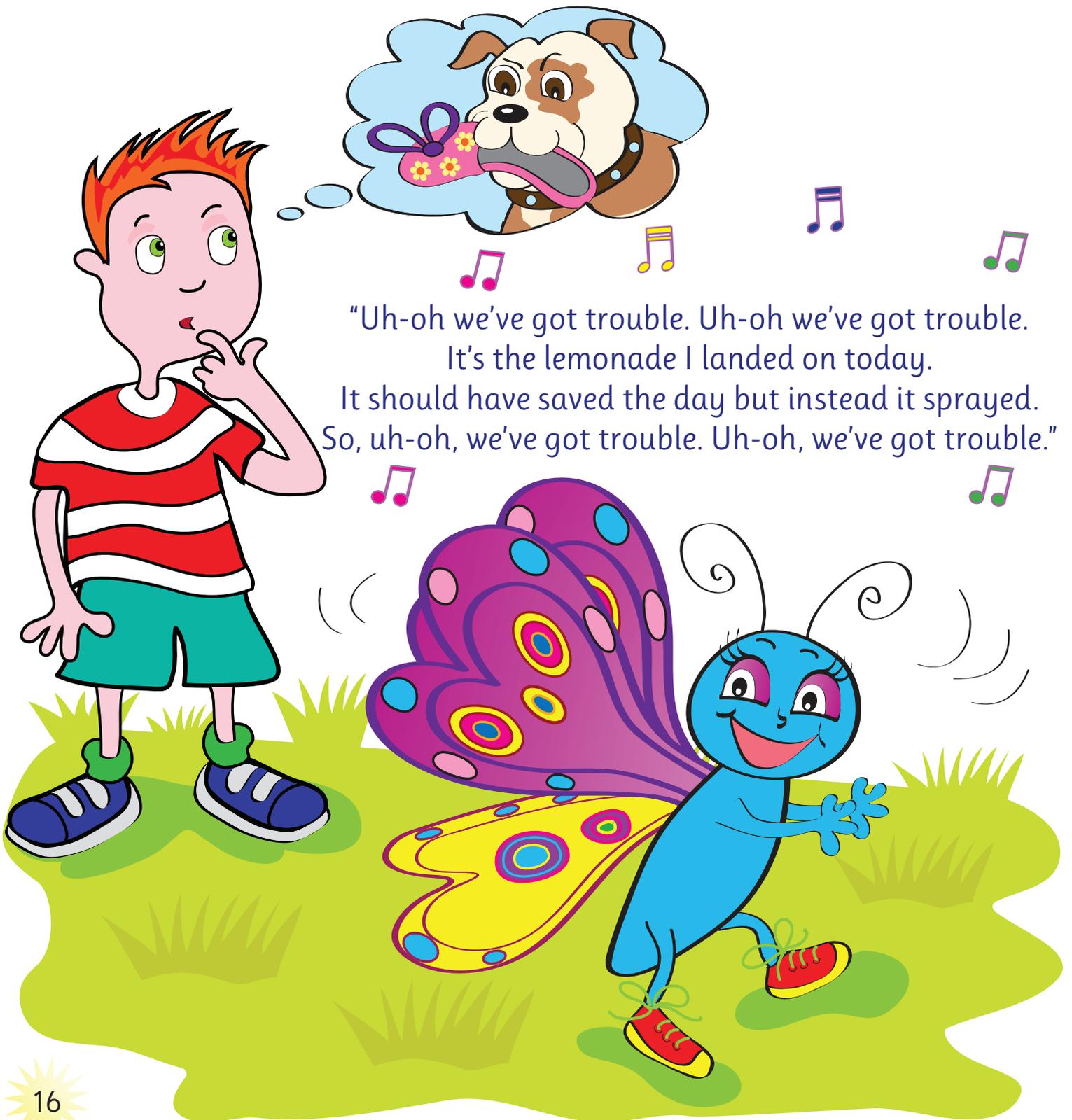
"A lemonade-landing mat?" Trevor asks. "Sweet! Is that why Crispy Cactus is all wet and upset? Hmm, maybe we should find you something else to land on."

Crispy lets out a cough. "Willow Worm is rather soft."
Willow sticks out her pink worm tongue. Worms don't like being made fun.



Trevor thinks out loud, "I hope Moby Mutt didn't drag the lemonade out here. He's already in double-trouble for eating my mom's favorite slipper."

Bethany bursts into song. You at home can sing along!



"Uh-oh we've got trouble. Uh-oh we've got trouble.
It's the lemonade I landed on today.
It should have saved the day but instead it sprayed.
So, uh-oh, we've got trouble. Uh-oh, we've got trouble."

How did Trevor's lemonade box become a flat lemonade-landing mat?
Bethany didn't land on her feet. Crispy got sprayed with the treat.
Willow wants a sip of the sweet and Otis will recycle it to keep the sidewalk neat.
I wonder who it was? Maybe Moby Mutt?
Sammie Squirrelly guzzles another lemonade down—right now.
Uh-oh, we DO have trouble!



Sammie has been sneaking and peeking from behind Otis Oaktree.
Now, he wants to sing! **You can sing too, very quietly all the way through.**



“Uh-oh, did she say trouble? Uh-oh, did she say trouble?
It’s not my lemonade she landed on today.
Maybe I’ll run away or maybe I’ll be brave.
Uh-oh, am I in trouble? Uh-oh, am I in trouble?”



"Hiccup!" hiccups Sammie, slapping his little paws over his mouth. "I knew it was you! Squirrely! That's the sugar-loving fluff-ball sound!" barks Crispy.

Was it Sammie Squirrely who left the lemonade-landing mat out for Bethany?

If so, how did he get Trevor's lemonade? Dilemmas like this one are how mysteries are made.



Sammie is too afraid to come out from behind his own tail, will he be **brave** or will he scamper away and bail? Trevor tries to help out, asking if Moby Mutt gave him the lemonade. Willow Worm just pouts since Sammie didn't share any, no doubt.

Sammie stutters and mutters. "Wasn't me, I don't know anything! I'm not the kind of squirrel that drinks another dog's lemonade. Wait! That doesn't sound right." Sammie wishes he could take flight.

He tosses the lemonade, hoping to sneak away for the rest of the day.



"I think Sammie has gotten himself into a pickle," Trevor points out. Otis Oaktree doesn't like pickles. "Too salty!" he shouts.

An impatient Willow Worm yells, "Not that kind of pickle you basket of bark. A pickle, like - a problem-pickle. Not a pickle-pickle. Why do I have to play the Worm part?" Then, Crispy Cactus snorts in a greedy sort of grumble, "A pickle sounds good to me. I'm hungry."



Before Sammie can make a tricky escape, Trevor Gribben suggests a good idea with weight. "Sammie, let's STOP and go to the Magical ABC Sidewalk and THINK up some ideas to solve this not-too-salty pickle of a problem?"

Sammie jumps up and down and spins around, "Yes please! That's what I need!"

And with that, they starts singing the Stop-Think-Act song.

STOP!

THINK!

ACT!



Soon everyone is singing along. **Would you like to sing this magical song?**



"We're gonna **STOP**. We're gonna **THINK**.
We're gonna think, think, think it through.
STOP and **THINK** before you **ACT**—you'll discover all the facts.
If you stop and think it through—you'll decide what's right to do."



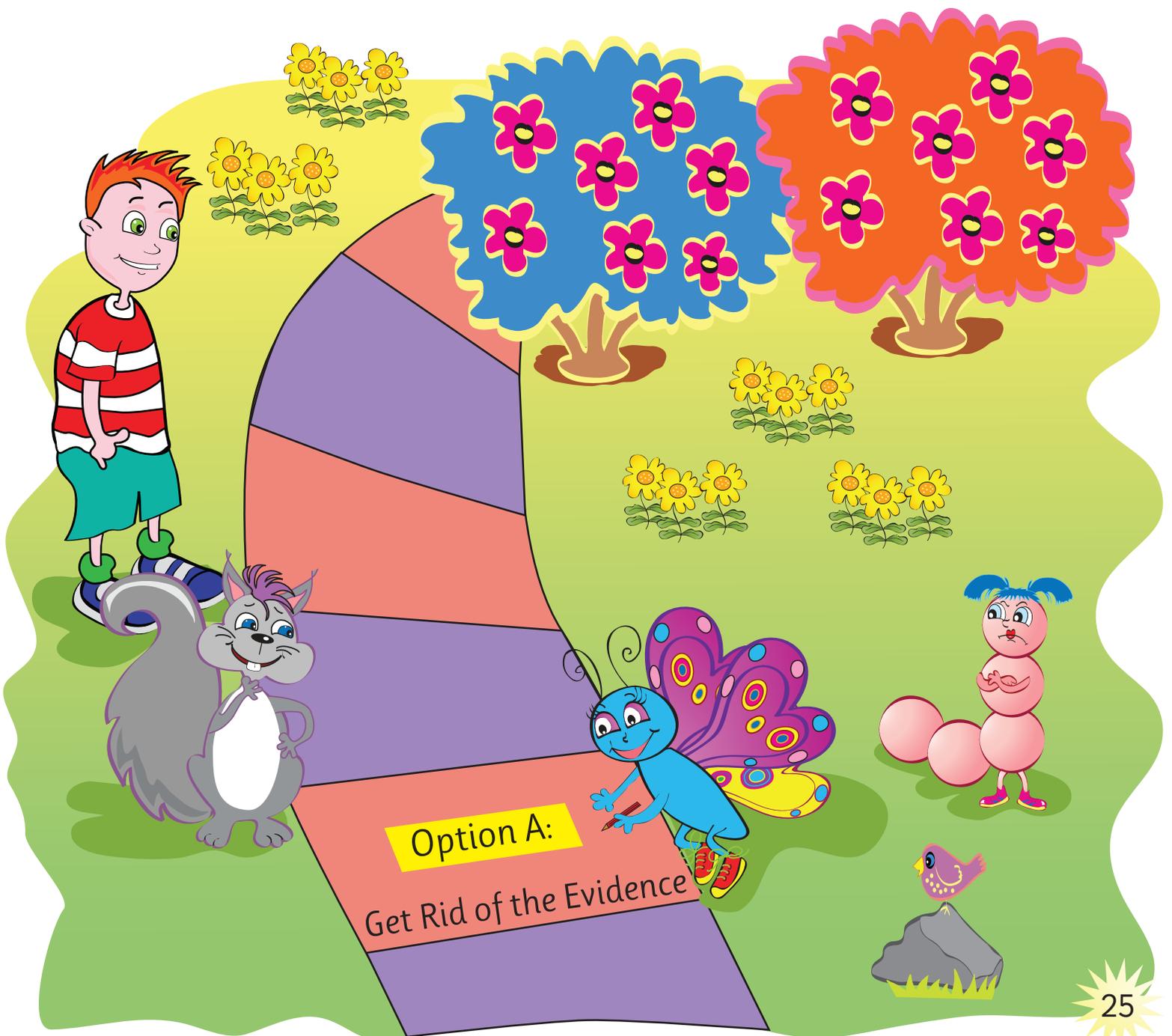
Singing the Stop-Think-Act song transforms the ordinary, grey sidewalk in Trevor's front yard into the Magical ABC Sidewalk! Holding hands, they enter a magical world of "what if" ideas, where they can safely explore solutions. Where their craziest dreams can be seen while they work together as a team.



At the first Magical Sidewalk Bethany asks Sammie, "Do you have any ideas where the lemonade came from? Ideas are like hopes and dreams. No one makes fun of them because everybody has them."

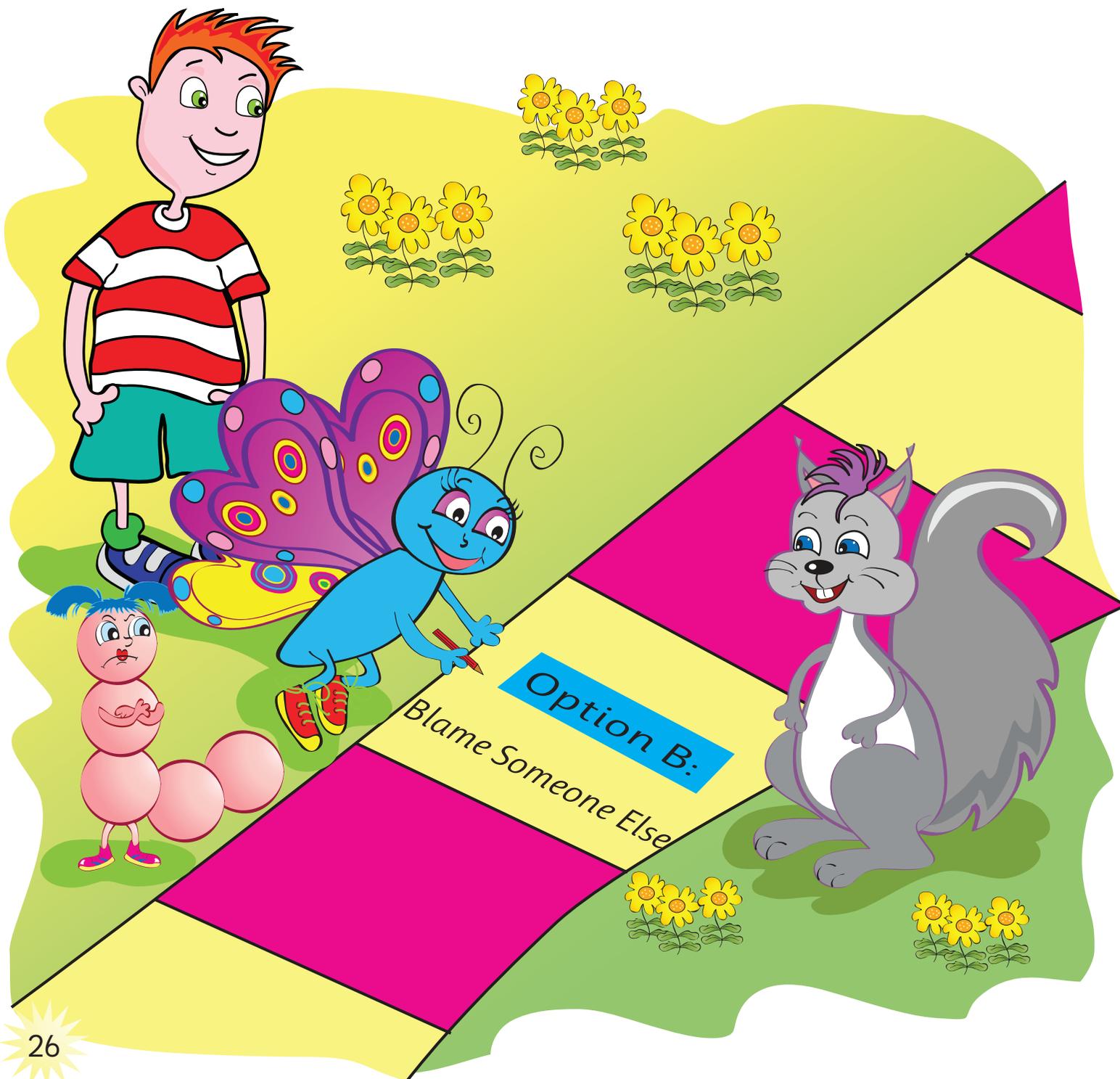
Sammie thinks hard, tries to be still and chill. He says, "How about I just get rid of it and we can forget it? Yes! What? No! See! I forgot about it already."

Bethany writes with chalk on the colorful Sidewalk, 'Option A: Get Rid Of The Evidence.'



"No, no, wait! I've got a better plan. I could tell Trevor that Crispy Cactus took the lemonade can. I mean box. That's a good one. I'm even smarter than a fox!"
Sammie proudly cheers as a second Sidewalk magically appears.

With chalk in her hand, Bethany writes down Sammie's new plan, 'Option B: Blame Someone Else.'

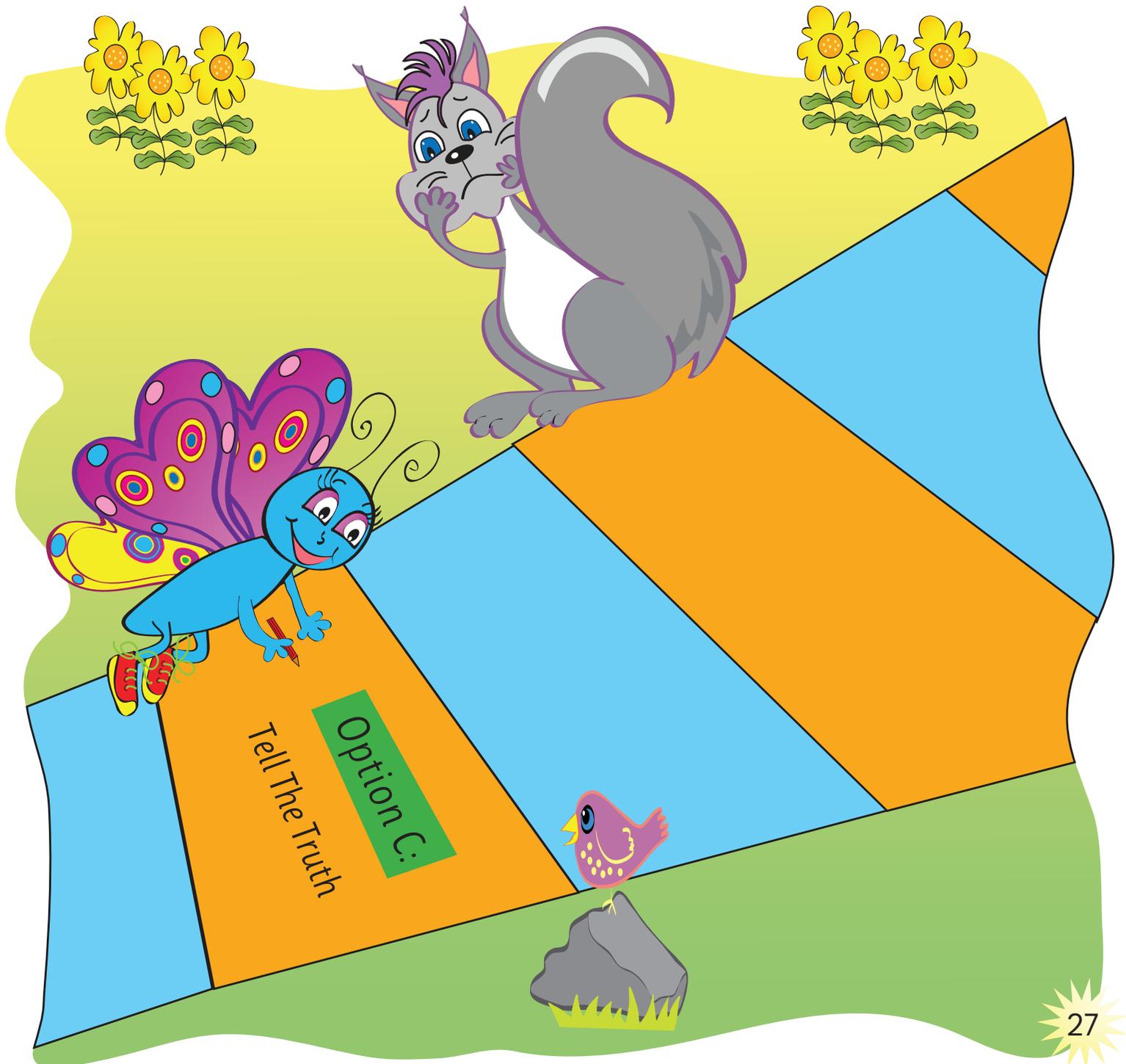


"You got two ideas all on your own Sammie. Good thinking! Can you do any more thinking?" asks Bethany.

His enthusiasm slows to a crawl and curls up in a ball.

"Em, I guess I could just tell the truth. But I don't wanna get in uh-oh trouble."

With her piece of chalk Bethany writes his third idea on another Sidewalk, 'Option C: Tell The Truth'.



The Magical Sidewalks are now floating and glowing before him, with three possible paths to solve Sammie Squirrely's pickle.

Which path will he choose? What will Sammie do?



"Now it's the turn of everybody at home. Sammie can't handle this alone. What do YOU think Sammie Squirrely should do?"

A: Get Rid Of The Evidence?

B: Blame Someone Else?

Or, C: Tell The Truth?"

Bethany is asking. Yes, she's asking you!

"This pickle may not be salty but it sure is a tough one to chew.

Should we act it out and see if we can solve it?"



They wiggle and giggle as they slide down the Magical ABC Sidewalk, hand in hand, preparing for Sammie's first plan.

Option A: Get Rid Of The Evidence.



That was fun! They land and leap with a run. Did the Magical ABC Sidewalk work? Yes! Sammie is now dressed up like a sneaky burglar, with black gloves, an eye-mask and a big, dark hat to cover his face. Now he can tiptoe all over the place.

His accomplice follows behind, lugging his loot of lemonade boxes to hide.



"This outfit looks slammin' on me. I'll just glide across the grass with no one the wiser... open up Otis Oaktree's hollow a little wider... and stash the juice boxes with all the others. I'm a great hider!" Sammie grins mischievously.



Suddenly, a siren blares and a bright searchlight glares!
"I'm b-b-blind! Are my eyes open? Who's t-t-there?"
Otis squeals, "Help! Over here!"
While Sammie and Bethany freeze in fear.



Oh no! He is about to be caught! But it's too late to stop!
In a panic, Sammie shoves the lemonade boxes into his mouth with a loud,
"OOF!" But even his squirrel cheeks can't hide all the lemonade proof.
He blows up like a balloon ready to pop.
"I don't feel so good," he cries, as lemonade boxes drop.
Good thinking! They start over, safe and sound, ready for the next round.



Well, that didn't work out so well, Sammie just about burst!
Maybe his first idea was also the worst.
Let's check out 'Option B: Blame Someone Else'.
Hold on! Down the next Magical Sidewalk they run.



This time, Sammie is sporting a "Free the Squirrel" t-shirt and holding a sign, with an arrow to point at Crispy Cactus first.

Lemonade boxes and trash are scattered all around the lawn. Crispy Cactus wakes with a yawn to find junk dangling from his thorns. What a mess! But it's too late to warn.



Sammie begins his protest, blaming the Cactus and making a ruckus. He marches back and forth chanting. Sammie wants you to chant too. I don't think I would, but you decide what you want to do.



“Hey, hey, ho, ho, Crispy Cactus has to go.
The squirrel goes free, that’s me, that’s me.
CRISPY CACTUS IS GUILTY.
Come on everybody, sing it with me!”



An angry Crispy Cactus growls, "I'm warning you fluff-puff."
But Sammie keeps going with a huff. "It was Crispy Cactus who drank all
the yummy, sweet, sweet, lemonade. And littered. Yeah, sounds like
something he would do. I agree. Very bitter."
Crispy roars and jitters, "I'm not taking the fall for some rodent.
You're gonna feel my spliiiiiiiiinters!"



Uh-oh, we've got trouble! Mean, green Crispy Cactus turns red with rage. Needles shoot off of him faster than rockets. So fast Sammie can't even clock it.

"Look out Trevor, the old man's packin' thorns!" hollers Willow Worm. "Ouch, the old geezer got me! Always the worm. Never the butterfly. Why, oh why?"

Trevor yelps for help too, "Willow's been hit! Sammie do you have another idea? Hurry. Quick!"



Crispy Cactus fires, "This one's got your name on it, hairbrush!
Step aside Butter-No-fly!" They all brace for spikes!
Sammie screams, "Whoa, whoa, this isn't right."

Whew! The thorns stop in mid-air thanks to Sammie's good thinking.
I hope this was worth all the lemonade drinking.



That was a close shave, but Willow was a pin-cushion of thorns. Ouch! Bet she's sore! With one idea left, Sammie points to the third and final Sidewalk,

'Option C: Tell The Truth' written in chalk.

With no costume changes and no signs, no tricks and no crimes, a brave Sammie Squirrelly takes a deep breath to say...



Option C:
Tell The Truth

"It was me, Trevor. I took the lemonade yesterday. Not Moby Mutt. Not Crispy Cactus. I shouldn't have taken things that aren't mine. Next time, I will ask first. And I'm sorry for wasting all this time. I should've just told the truth."

Trevor smiles, picks Sammie up and says, "Sammie Squirrelly, you're the coolest for being honest. How about a hug?" He squishes him with a big hold of love.

"That's... a little... too tight!" Sammie squeaks through Trevor's arms. But really, it was alright.





Wanna jam to Sammie's rap?

"I learned a lot today. I even wrote a rap about it.
It goes like this. Check it.
One-two-three-four.



My name is Sammie Squirrelly and I'm here to say.
I wrote something whirly it's been a crazy day.
Thought I would run. Stayed, it was fun.
The truth is like a rope watch me climb it here I go.
The truth can't hurt you. It's true!



"You did the right thing fur-ball, by not blaming me. Now be off! It's lunch time, you see!" cracks Crispy Cactus.

But Otis Oaktree isn't so mean, "You came up with some s-s-super d-d-duper ideas to solve your yucky p-p-pickle."

Willow Worm mopes, "You almost popped like a water balloon, but I got poked in the rump. Why am I always the chump?"



"Sorry about that, Willow. My Aunt says solving a problem starts with ideas," explains Trevor. "They're not always great ideas, but you gotta start somewhere." Everyone shares some sweet lemonade and the feeling of success. And to think, this morning was such a mess.

Bethany takes a sip and asks. "What did you think of Sammie's ideas today?"



Bethany continues. "Option A: Get Rid Of The Evidence didn't make Sammie's belly feel so good. Otis can hide junk, but he's made of wood.

Option B: Blame Someone Else made Crispy Cactus mad. That wasn't fair. And that made everyone feel bad.

When Sammie STOPPED to THINK things through, he realized he'd made a mistake and decided to tell Trevor the truth and apologize too!

Option C made Sammie feel really good. If you were Sammie Squirrelly, would you have told the truth today? I bet you would!

Turns out, Uh-oh Trouble wasn't so bad after all. Problem solved! They sure are lucky you were involved."



"I love it when a problem gets solved. The most important thing is to keep trying. You know what that means, back to my Butter-FLY-ing lessons," giggles Bethany Butterfly as she winks a special wink just for you!

And that's our Sidewalk Story for today, The Lemonade Landing Mat.

Remember, when you have a problem pickle to solve, it's easy.

Just sing this song...





We're gonna **STOP**. We're gonna **THINK**.
We're gonna think, think, think it through.

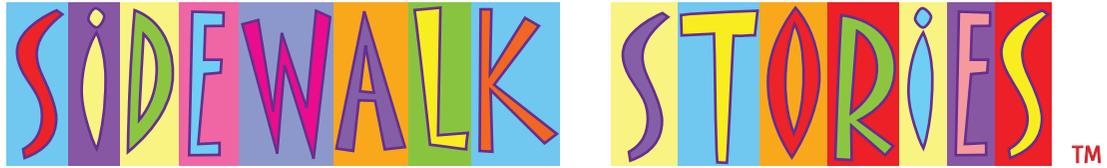


STOP and **THINK** before you **ACT**.....you'll discover all the facts.
If you stop and think it through.....you'll decide what's right to do.



That's what I'm going to do. Me too!





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