

# A

## Milo the Mosquito

Milo was a tiny mosquito. He had tiny wings and a tiny nose. All the other mosquitoes liked to drink blood.

But Milo did **not** like blood.

One day, Teacher Midge said, “Today we try blood for the first time!”

All the little mosquitoes cheered. Milo felt scared.

The class flew to a pretend human arm. Each mosquito took a sip and smiled.

Then Milo tried. He took one tiny sip. . .

“YUCK!” he shouted. “It tastes like old socks!”

The class laughed.

Next, they tried a pretend dog. Milo sipped it.

“BLEH! It tastes like wet fur!”

Everyone laughed again.



Then they tried a pretend cat. Milo tried one more time.

“NO WAY! It tastes like grumpy whiskers!”

Milo sat on a leaf. “I don’t like blood,” he said. “I will fail mosquito school.”

His friend Zippy flew over. “Milo, some mosquitoes drink flower nectar.”

“Nectar?” Milo asked.

Zippy took him to a pink flower. Milo took a tiny sip.

His eyes got big. His wings buzzed fast.

“Mmm! This tastes like sweet sunshine!”

Teacher Midge smiled. “Milo, you are a nectar mosquito.”

Milo felt happy.

From that day on, Milo said, “No thank you” to blood and “Yes please” to flowers.

**B****Leo and the magic bones**

One sunny day, Leo played on the playground. He liked the slide, the swings, and the sandbox.

Leo dug in the sand. His shovel hit something hard. *Clunk!*

He brushed the sand. A big bone came out.

“A dinosaur bone!” Leo said.

Suddenly, the bone moved. Then a whole dinosaur skeleton popped out.

“Hi! I’ m Bongo!” it said.

Leo gasped. “You can talk!”

“Yes! I am a magic fossil,” Bongo said.

Bongo shook his bones. *Clink clank!* Leo laughed.

Leo showed Bongo the slide. Bongo climbed up and whooshed down. “Wheeee!”

Next, they tried the swings. Bongo slipped off. “Oops! No butt!” he giggled.

They tried the monkey bars. Bongo hung on the bars and rattled his bones.

“This place is fun!” he said.

But the sun went down.

“I must go back underground,” Bongo said. “Fossils sleep at night.”

“This place is amazing!” he said. But soon, the sun began to set.

“Will you come back?” Leo asked.

“Dig tomorrow,” Bongo said. “I’ ll be here.”

He sank into the sand. A tiny sparkle stayed.

Now, when Leo digs, he whispers, “Bongo, are you awake?”

And far below, *clink clank* answers him.



# C

## 🦄 The Unicorn Who Lost Her Sparkle

Lulu was a tiny unicorn. She lived in a bright, rainbow meadow. Every morning she said, “Sparkle time!” Her horn shined and glowed.

One day, Lulu woke up and gasped. Her horn was dull. No shine. No sparkle.

“Oh no! My sparkle is gone!” she cried.

Lulu ran to Benny the Bunny. “Benny, have you seen my sparkle?”

Benny shook his head. “No. But I can help you!”

They looked under flowers. They looked behind rocks. They looked in a big mushroom.

No sparkle.

Lulu went to Tilly the Turtle. “Tilly, have you seen my sparkle?”

Tilly blinked. “Maybe it is by the river.”

So, they looked by the river. They looked in the river. They looked across the river.

Still no sparkle.

Lulu felt sad. “Maybe I will never shine again.”

Benny said, “Try smiling.” Lulu smiled. Nothing.

Tilly said, “Try laughing,” Lulu giggled. Still nothing.

“Try a BIG laugh!” Benny said.

Lulu laughed a huge laugh — “HA HA HA HAAA!”

💎 POOF! 💎 Her horn lit up with bright sparkles.

“My sparkle! It’s back!”

Tilly smiled. “Your sparkle was inside your happiness.”

