

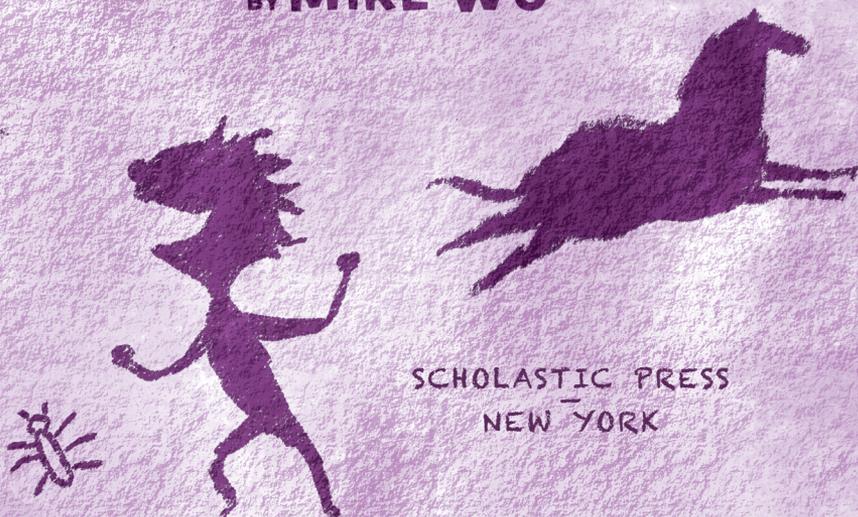
# The OODLETHINKS

Welcome to  
Camp Woggle

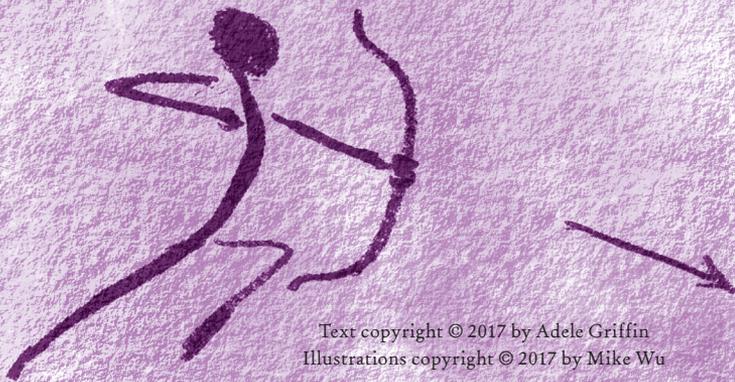


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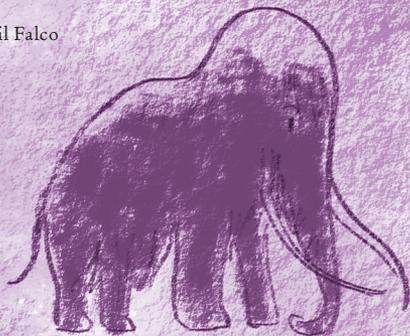
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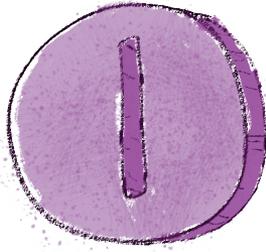
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## SCHOOL'S OUT

“Woooooo-hoooooooooooo!” I yelled. That was my official sound of summer!

“Woooooo-heeeeeeee!” yelled my little brother, Bonk, who liked to copy me.

“Hooooooooo-weeeeeeee!” yelled everyone as we came tearing out of Little Peat School Cave.

Miss Moony, Master Og, and Miss Gog waved us good-bye. “Have a fun summer, kiddos!” They looked happy, too. We *all* needed a break from school—and that’s what summer vacation was about.

Our stegosaurus, Stacy Steg Oodlethunk, was waiting for Bonk and me in the schoolyard.

“Yeeeeee-hawwww!” we yelled as we jumped





all over Stacy, rubbing her chin and behind her ears as she *urrrrmped* with joy.

We were the only kids in West Woggle who had a dinosaur for a pet. Luckily for everyone, we were good sharers. Most kids had smaller pets like Storm, the fruitafossor of my best friend, Erma. And just last week, Erma's little sister, Iggy, got a baby fruitafossor that she named Rain.

Bruce Brute had a goat.

Ezra Droog took care of a family of lizards.

Meadow Stalagmite owned a rock named Keith. (She said she was not ready for an alive pet.)

All the way down and around Mount Urp, we played our favorite game, clonk-bonk-you're-it. Our last game of the school year.

"Everyone is jealous that we get to ride home on Stacy, while they have to walk," said Bonk once the setting sun meant it was time to head home.

"True," I agreed. "But then we have to spend time foraging for Stace's dinner."

“Ugh!” said Bonk. “That’s also true.”

Stacy was part pet but also part wild. Her small mouth worked hard to fill her enormous body. She spent her day rooting for grass and moss. Bonk and I helped. Tonight we gathered armfuls of liverworts, plus we sneaked her some of our own dinner—pine-nut pudding and honey-baked carrots.

“Kids, tonight’s an Oodle-*think* dinner,” announced Mom, scratching her head with both hands. “So use your Neander-noggins. Now that school is done, who do you want to help out this summer? Dad or me?”

