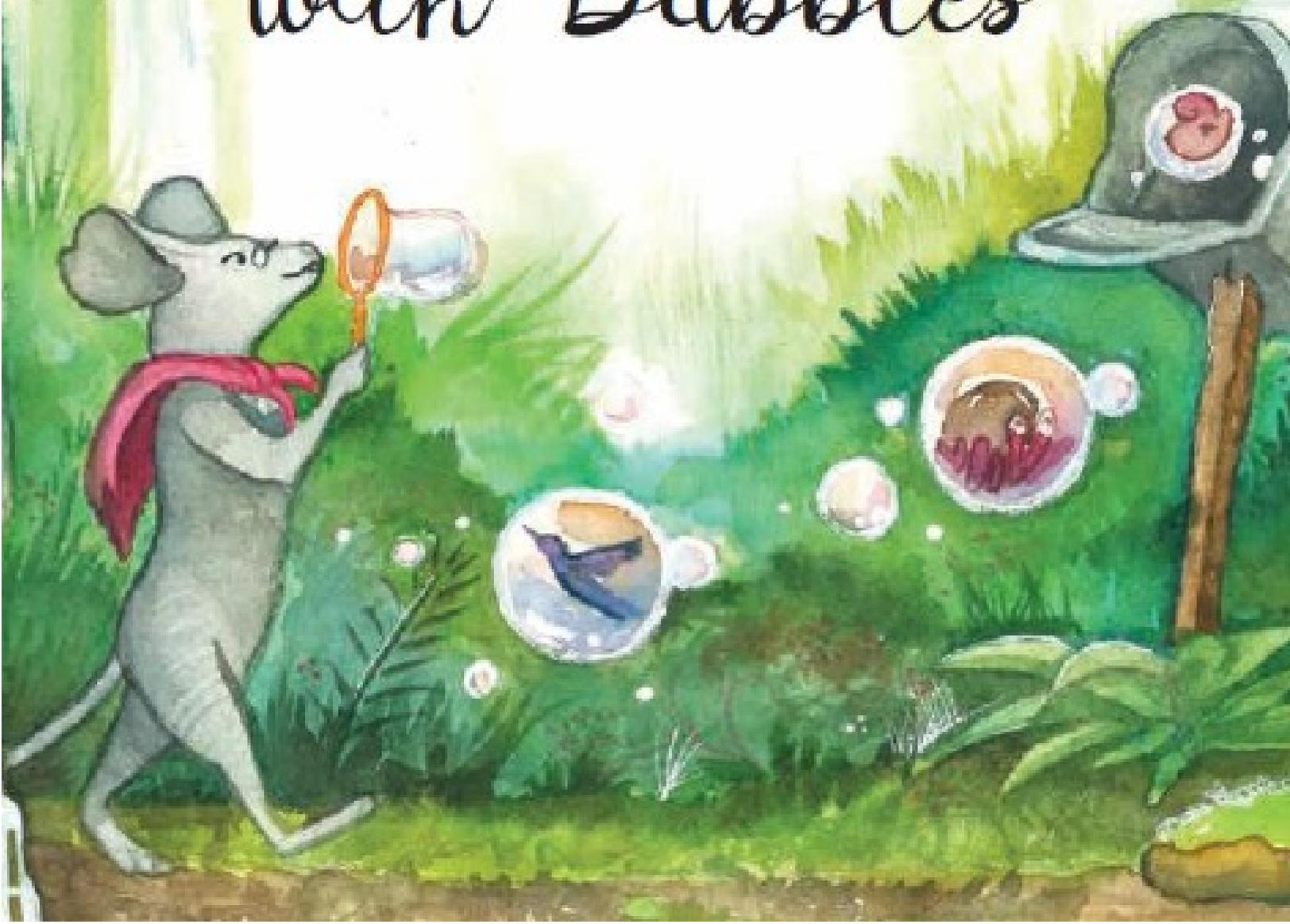


The Trouble with Bubbles





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Shells





*W*HEN **PLAYING AT** the beach if you dig with your hand
You might find me buried in my home in the sand
Or perhaps in a pool where there's rocks all around
Where the tide refills daily and life is abound

My life as a crab is an interesting one
It is not romantic or all that much fun
I spend lots of time just searching to find
The next biggest shell where I can easily hide



One day my life turned in an unusual way
I was not being careful and I started to stray
From rocks that protect me, keep me out of harm's way
Like the home that you live in and sleep every day

Felt a squeeze on my shell, the ground fell from view
Was picked up by a seagull very swiftly we flew
Another one approached, tried to steal me away
Popped out of his beak as they started to play



Falling from the sky, I thought I would crash
But instead all I did was make a small splash
We had flown over homes, in a pool I did land
But a tide pool it wasn't, there was not any sand

In a backyard I dropped at a house by the beach
I knew my real home was well out of reach
There was grass all around and places to hide
But I missed my old place and the feel of the tide



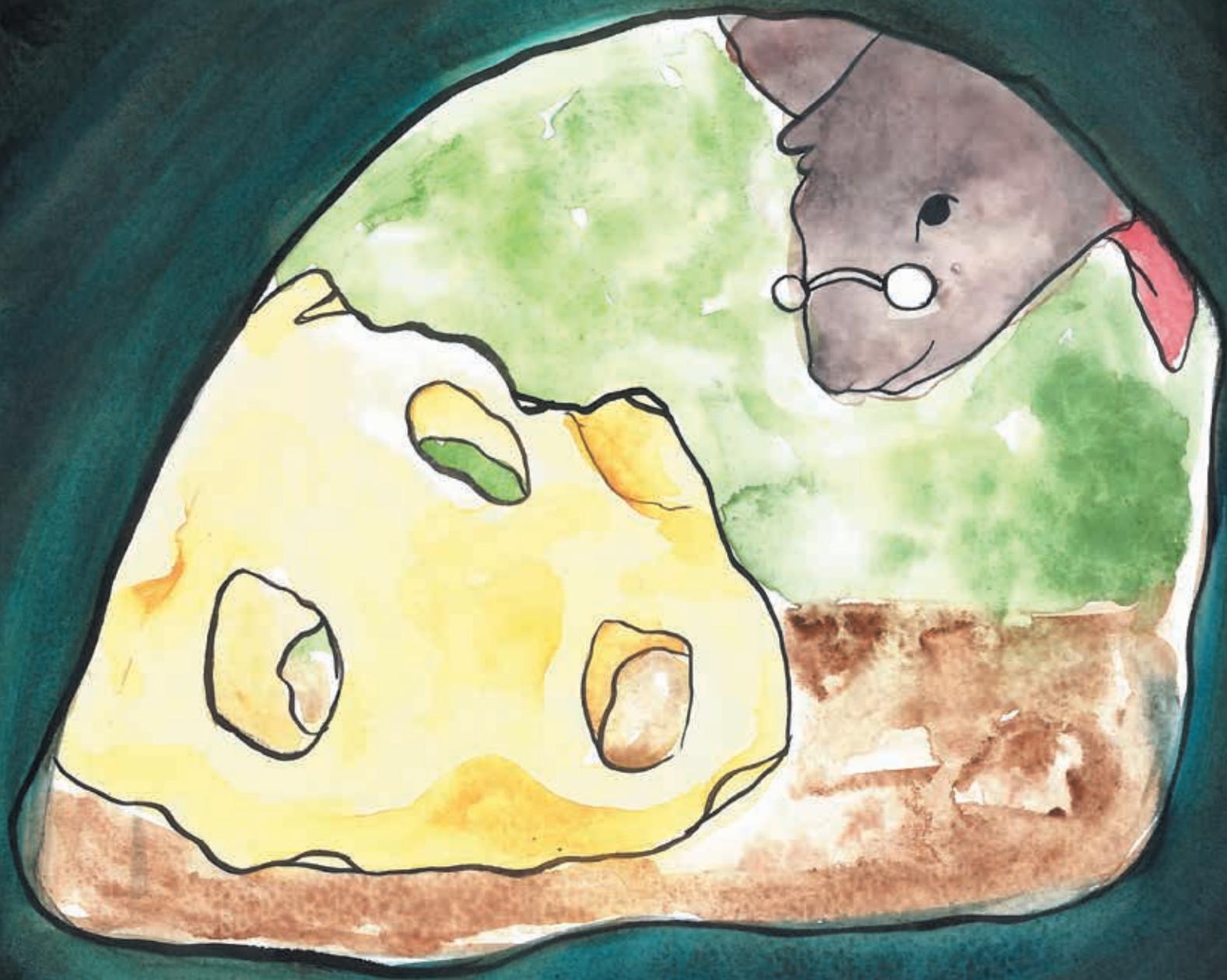
But first things first, had to find my next shell
There were none to be found in the place where I fell
And searching was hard, for I'm not very nimble
Then I stumbled upon a small silvery thimble

Worked my body inside, and for now I must settle
For a bright shiny thing that is made out of metal
My next task is important, I need food to survive
So my tummy is full and my body will thrive



I saw a little gray mouse out of the corner of my eye
Who must have seen me fall out of the blue morning sky
He stopped and looked over, my little heart raced
My instinct was to hide, but I was frozen in place

He slowly walked over, is holding something bright
His calming demeanor takes away all my fright
He pushed a yellow object right up to my mouth
It is a fine piece of cheese, very tempting to a mouse



The cheese is very strange, but I take a big bite
My claws slice it quickly; now for me a delight
Even though we are different, we learned in the end
That different creatures can become very close friends

Little did I know, the mouse must take care
To feed me each day and try not to get snared
By a scary black cat that also lives in the house
And is always bamboozled by the crafty little mouse



Over many days and weeks as my body grew
He searches high and low, for the little mouse knew
I would need something bigger to keep me secure
He's been very creative with the objects procured

My next biggest house was a white bottle cap
It didn't fit well so he fashioned a strap
The next one a favorite and a shell only by name
But not from the ocean, from a walnut it came



The little mouse knew that I needed to be
Back in the ocean to be truly free
But the hurdle to get through is the scary black cat
That the mouse had deceived with his wit and his knack

The mouse sat and thought, and a plan was devised
To get over the wall, I'd use stealth and surprise
Sneak up to the cat while he slept on the lawn
Clamp down on his tail with my claws and my brawn



The startled black cat will jump and will bolt
The challenge for me to hold on through the jolt
The cat ran and then over the wall we did scale
The plan it worked by me holding his tail



We hit the beach running and I opened my claw
The cat kept on going and I turned and I saw
My friend in the window waving “bye” with a grin
My heart found a place to keep my love for him



Illustrations: Rebecca

Artist's note: This poem probably gave me the most challenges as an illustrator simply because I was unfamiliar with drawing hermit crabs. However, growing up near the coastline, I was very familiar with the ocean and coastal homes. I had a lot of fun trying to represent neighborhoods I knew in a simple, youthful way. Ultimately, I've come to love the characters in this story, and I loved painting their personalities.

Author: Scot

Writer's note: This poem was so much fun to write. As I said earlier, you just write down what you're thinking, go back and read those thoughts, and then new ideas come to mind.

You don't really know what will happen in a poem until you start writing it down. Then after a while, new ideas will lead you down the path to what might happen in the middle, and then to the end. It's a fun, rewarding process and experience that anyone can have.

It doesn't have to be a poem—maybe just a short story. Sometimes, staring at a blank page can make it hard to get started. Just clear your mind, and always look at a blank page as a chance to tell any story you want to tell, convey any feelings you have, or place happy thoughts on a page. Allow yourself to do anything your mind can imagine.

