

Sidney the Dancing Caterpillar

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Illustrated by Tana Brinnand

Visit the author on the web at: www.marymaden.com!

The Story So Far... Jamie takes a dare from his new friends, Billy and Josh, to race his bike down a dangerous hill. Jamie wipes out his bike and lands in the middle of a rose bush. Inside the bush, he encounters a very strange bug!

Chapter Two A Thorny Situation

To Jamie's relief, when he opened his eyes, the bug was gone.

"Kamikaze ride. Sweet!" Billy whooped. The sound of Billy and Josh's laughter got Jamie's attention off the bug.

The boy's teasing was cut short when a woman came running out of the house. It was her rosebush that Jamie had landed in!

"Oh no, it's Mrs. Garcia!" Josh cried.

"How many times do I have to tell you boys not to speed down this hill?" Mrs. Garcia scolded.

"We were just having fun," Billy argued.

"I warned you the next time I would call your parents," Mrs. Garcia stated. "Now, you two go home while I see if your friend's all right."

"Later!" Billy yelled as he and Josh quickly rode away.

"Young man, are you hurt?" the woman asked, looking down at Jamie.

Jamie thought a moment. "I don't think so," he replied. With some effort, Jamie managed to struggle free of the rosebush's thorny grasp.

"Are you sure?" the lady asked again.

"I'm okay," Jamie said. "Just scratched up, that's all."

"Stand up son; let me take a look." Jamie stood up and let her examine the thin red cuts



on his arms and face. "Nothing a little antibiotic cream won't fix!" Mrs. Garcia concluded, and then added. "I wish I could say the same for my poor garden. Just look at it!"

Jamie looked around. His bike had cut deep furrows through the garden. Many of the once-beautiful flowers had been crushed beneath the bike's tires.

"I'm sorry," Jamie muttered.

"Sorry won't fix my flowers, will it?" scolded the woman.

"I guess not," Jamie conceded.

"I accept your apology anyway," the woman said and offered her hand. "Mrs. Garcia."

"Jamie Wilson," Jamie said shaking Mrs. Garcia's hand.

"Since you are to blame for ruining my flower garden, Mr. Wilson," Mrs. Garcia said looking Jamie straight in the face. "I think it's your responsibility to fix it."

"Me?" Jamie argued.

"I think that what all you boys did was very foolish—not to mention downright dangerous, but you're the one that ruined my flowers," Mrs. Garcia pointed out. "That makes it *your* responsibility."

"That's not fair!" Jamie stammered. "I didn't mean to. It was an accident!"

“Is it fair that my garden’s ruined?” Mrs. Garcia asked pointedly.

“No,” Jamie mumbled.

“Accident or not,” Mrs. Garcia said firmly. “You need to take responsibility. Don’t you agree?”

“I guess so,” Jamie agreed halfheartedly. “But...”

“No excuses, young man!” Mrs. Garcia declared. “I expect you here tomorrow morning at 7:00 sharp to clean up this mess and start replanting my garden. Understood?”

“Yes,” Jamie said.

“Yes, what?” Mrs. Garcia asked. “Have you forgotten your manners, or don’t you have any?”

“No, ma’am,” Jamie stammered. “I mean—yes ma’am!”

“That’s better,” said Mrs. Garcia. “Now go home and have your mother put something on those scratches.”

“I don’t have a mom,” Jamie replied. “She died when I was six.”

“You must be Tom Wilson’s boy,” Mrs. Garcia said, her voice softening. “I heard he moved back.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jamie said.

“Well, you attend to those scratches anyway.” Mrs. Garcia left Jamie alone and went back into her house.

Jamie bent down to pick up his bike. Suddenly, he froze. On top of the bike’s handlebars, standing straight up, was—The Bug!

Next Time... **Seeing Things?**