

Hidden Friends in my Room!

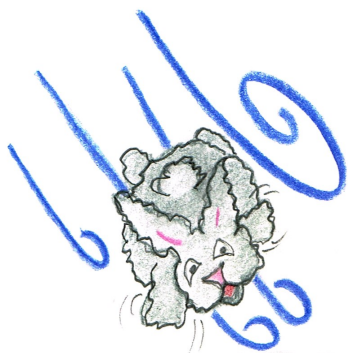
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Talitha June

To my Reader,
I hope you have fun reading
about Tripp's treasure hunt.
And as you read, let your
imagination wander and grow until
this story becomes your very own.

Happy Reading!

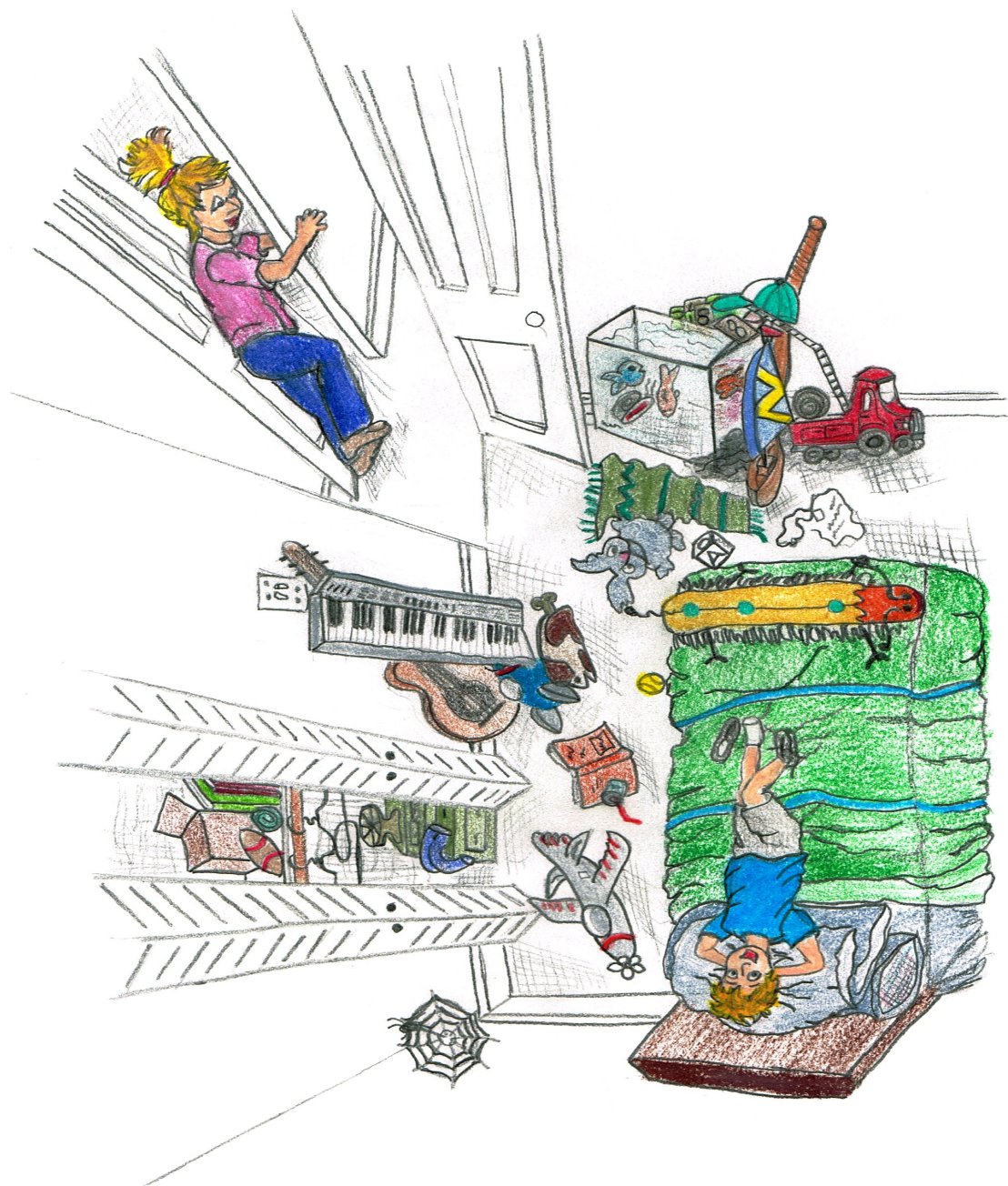
Talitha June

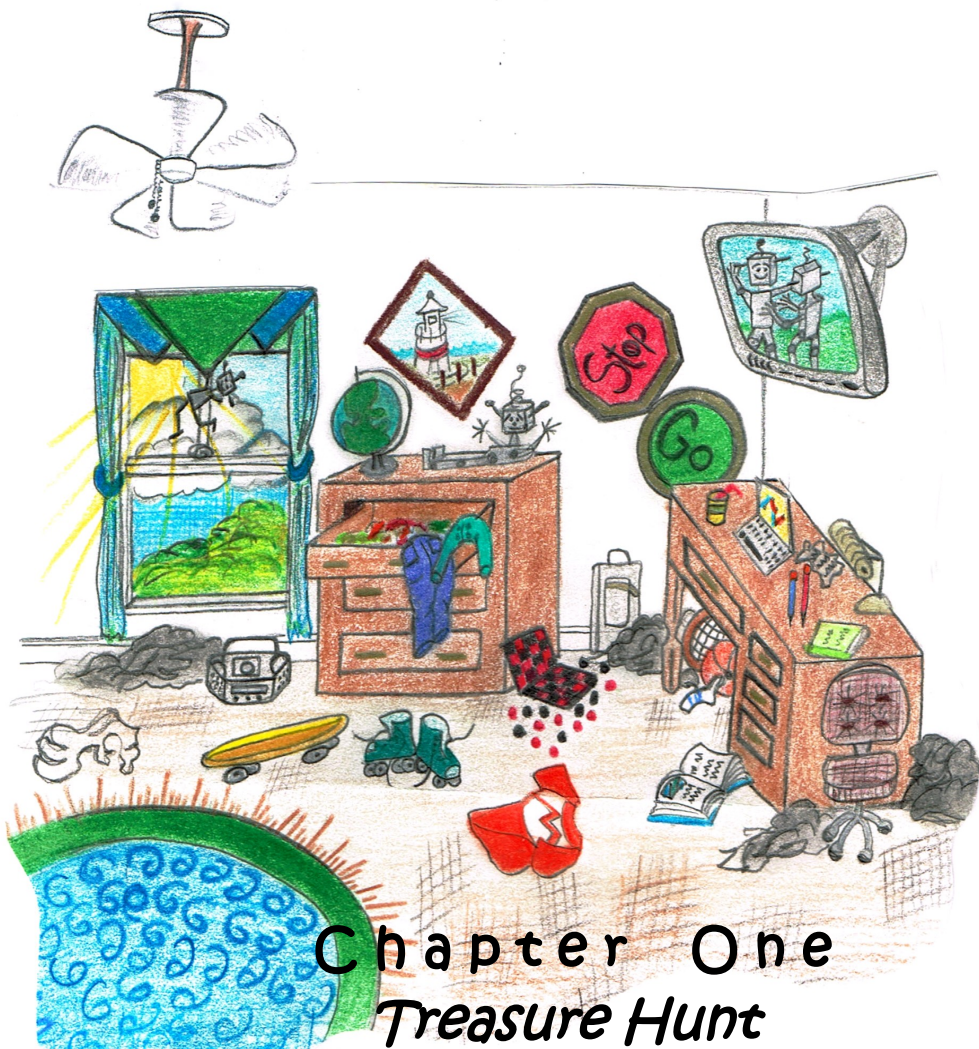


This book belongs to . . .

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Chapter One *Treasure Hunt*

Who knew you could hunt for treasures in a messy little room?

Yes, you can.

Anyway, that's what Tripp's Mom said he will do, after she finds the treasure hunting tools.

"I found the tools," shouts Mom. "Are you ready to hunt for treasures?"

"Yes!" yells Tripp with a smile, and then he jumps out of bed.

Mom walks into Tripp's room. His smile turns into a frown. "What's that stuff for?" he asks, looking at the dustpan and the broom.

"Well," says Mom. "It's time to clean up the mess that's hiding the treasures in your room!"



"Awe Mom, please don't make me clean!" grumbles Tripp, wrinkling his nose. "Anyway, Sam's coming over to play with my robots today."

"I see," replies Mom, looking at Tripp's messy room. "You may call Sam AFTER you hunt for treasures."

But Tripp does not want to clean while he hunts for treasures. He looks down at the floor and whimpers, "A clean room is SO boring."

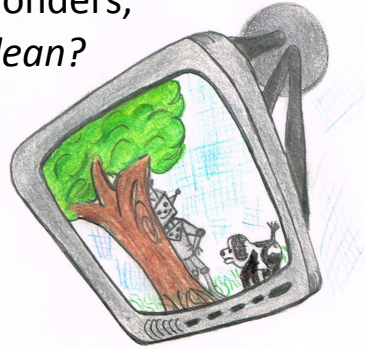
Tripp looks up at the TV. He has an idea. "Uhm, may I watch my favorite show—please?"

Mom set the tools behind the door. Walking out of his room, she answers, "You may watch ONE show. After that you'll hunt for treasures."

Alone in his room, Tripp wonders,
Why would anyone want to clean?

Tripp is disappointed.
He does not like Mom's
treasure hunting rules.

"I wanna go on a real
treasure hunt," he mumbles,
crawling up on the bed to watch TV.



While Tripp watches TV, the smell of chocolate
muffins baking in the oven tickles his nose.

"Mmmm," he whispers.

Now he wonders, *Would I clean for a yummy
chocolate muffin?*

Never, he thought. *Cleaning is nothing but dirty
work!*

Tripp watches the door to his room. In a little
while Mom will walk in. "I hope she forgets about
the treasure hunt," he whimpers.

And as Tripp lay in his warm, cozy bed, he
becomes sleepy. His eyes grow heavy. Soon he
forgets about Mom's treasure hunt.



Chapter Two

Dust and Fluff

A dust-bunny rolls around on Tripp's desk. "Whoa!" he shouts, when he falls off the edge. Tumbling down to the floor, he looks for a spot to land in Tripp's messy room—a place where dust-bunnies hide.

"Heads up, I'm dropping in!" he tells the dust-bunnies below. They watch him dive down until he hit the floor. *Kerplunk!*

The dust-bunny hops up on his feet and brushes some dust from his head. "Hi, I'm Sammy," he says.

"Hello Sammy! Welcome to Swirlyville Corner," replies Captain Al, as Kate looks at Sammy from the corner of her eye.

The Swirlyville dust-bunnies wiggle toward him. "Why are you here?" they ask.