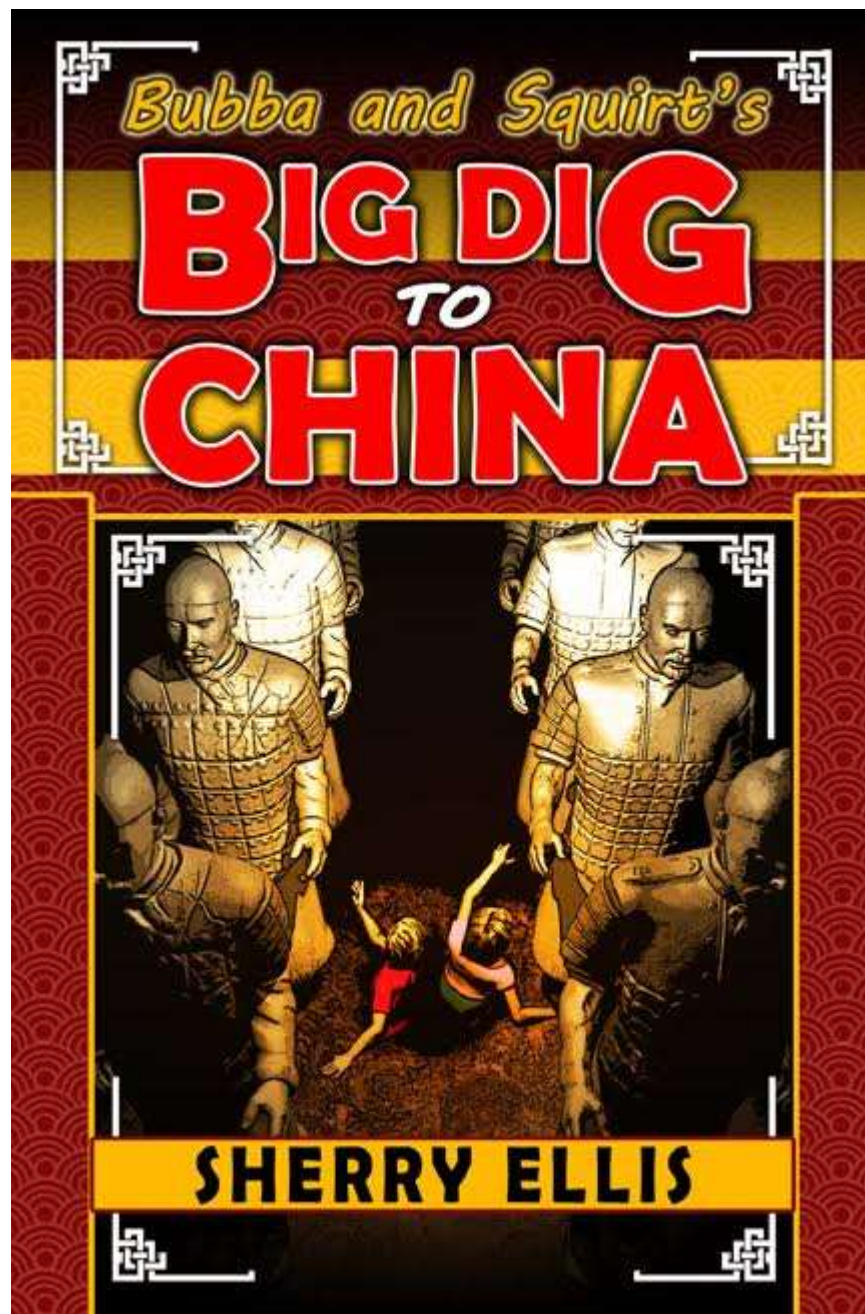




[Sherry Ellis](#)

Chapter 3—Bubba: Hanging Out With Stone Guys—Excerpted
from *Bubba and Squirt's Big Dig to China*

It's me—Bubba. My turn! I was glad to get out of the hole, but what I saw did not look one bit like home. What I saw was an army of men. Thousands of them! They were all standing there, lined up, ready for battle. Armor covered their shoulders and chests. Their faces looked fierce and determined. And do you know what else? They were made of stone.

Squirt came out behind me. "Whoa!"

"What is this place?" I asked.

Squirt stared. "I have no idea. But what I do know is that you got us into a big mess!"

"Sorry." I put my hands in my pockets and looked down. I knew this was bad. The hole and tunnel were scary. Scarier than the Banshee roller coaster at Kings Island. It reminded me of my accident at the pond, when my sled crashed through the ice. Memories of the day I died.

I didn't want those scary thoughts in my head, so I took a deep breath and walked up to one of the soldiers. He was big. As big as Daddy! I stood on my tippy toes to get a closer look. Then I scratched my head, because that guy looked kind of familiar. I did a little thinking. That's when I figured it out. He looked just like the guy who works at Kung Pau Dragon.

I walked over to the next soldier. He looked like the other guy who works there. But this place wasn't Kung Pau Dragon. That could mean only one thing. We were in China! A big smile spread across my face. The shovel had worked. I was right where I'd wanted to go. "Hey," I said. "They're Chinese! We're in China!"

Squirt scrunched her eyebrows. "Bubba, that's impossible!"

"But look." I grabbed her hand and dragged her over to the big statue and pointed at its face.

She studied it real hard. Then she shook her head. “It couldn’t be.”

“Yeah, it could,” I said.

Her green eyes flashed. “No! You don’t understand. These look like Terracotta Warriors.”

“Terra-what?” What was Miss Smarty Pants talking about?

“Terracotta. It’s a kind of clay. These statues are made of terracotta.”

“So?” I said. “What’s so special about that?”

Then she told me the story. “A long time ago, the first emperor of China built a ‘spirit city’ of clay warriors and horses that were supposed to protect his tomb.”

“A city for a dead person?”

“Yes.”

“Cool!” That was all I needed to hear. “We’re in China!” I said. “This is the spirit city!”

I wanted to see more, so I took off lickety-split through the rows of soldiers.

“Bubba, wait!” Squirt yelled.

I kept going because it wasn’t every day you fell through the Earth and got to see Terracotta warriors. I ran until I found a horse and chariot. I jumped into that thing. “Giddy-up, horsey!” I shouted. I pretended I was zooming around and all the soldiers were chasing me.

When Squirt caught up, she got all growly. “Get out of there,” she yelled. “You’re going to break it!”

Party pooper. I made a frown face and crawled out.

“Dude, these things are more than two thousand years old. Not exactly easy to replace. You need to be careful!”

“Okay. But can we check out the rest of them?”

She looked around and bit her lip. “No. This is serious. We have to figure out how to get back home. Come on.”

I knew she was right, but I didn’t want to go. Not yet, anyway. I folded my arms and stood there. Squirt didn’t care. She turned around and kept walking.

I huffed and followed her back to the hole. Except we couldn’t find it. We looked everywhere. It was gone, as if it had gotten up and disappeared. We walked through the rows of soldiers. But there was nothing. Squirt sat down on the ground and buried her face in her arms.

I sat down next to her and gulped. “Now what?”

Get the full book of *Bubba and Squirt’s Big Dig to China* [here](#).



About the Author: Sherry Ellis

Sherry Ellis is an award-winning author and professional musician who plays and teaches violin, viola, and piano. When she is not writing or engaged in musical activities, she can be found doing household chores, hiking, or exploring the world. Ellis has previously published *Don't Feed the Elephant; Ten Zany Birds; That Mama is a Grouch*; and *That Baby Woke Me Up, AGAIN*. Ellis, her husband, and their two children live in Atlanta, Georgia.

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