Mom and Dad

Ollie and the Runaway Scribble

For Ollie on your fifth birthday:
Never stop sketching your wildest dreams,
and always draw your own adventures.

With all our love,
Mom and Dad

Ollie held up his brand-new golden pencil with a gap-toothed grin. Today he was five! His chubby pug, Pickles, gave a lazy snort-chuff from the armchair. Ollie whispered the secret birthday rhyme:

"Swish, scribble, squeak — watch the magic speak!"

Golden stardust tickled his freckly nose.

Pop! Right off the page tumbled a round hedgehog with lavender quills.

"Ta-daaa!" Ollie gasped.

Pokey let out a tiny chitter-chitter-wheee, snatched a crunchy cheese puff, and scurried for the door! Pickles snorted, his big eyes wide.

"Quick like a Velociraptor!" Ollie cried, leaping to chase him.

Pokey rolled down the stairs like a spiky bowling ball, rustling through paper streamers!

"We need dino-patrol!" Ollie shouted.

"Swish, scribble, squeak — watch the magic speak!"

With three quick green loops, out hatched Pip the baby Stegosaurus. Pip gave a happy chirp-peep and wiggled his chunky little tail.

Pip waddled fast, but wagged so hard he tumbled over like a round green potato! Pickles slid down the steps on his belly, chasing cheese puff crumbs.

Boing!

Pokey bounced right off the pug's squishy bottom and zoomed into the living room. Pickles drummed his tail in surprise.

Pokey ducked under the velvet sofa fringe. Ollie tiptoed across the rug like a prehistoric tracker.

"By the tail of a Triceratops, where did he go?" Ollie whispered.

Then, a tiny purple quill poked out between two tall gift boxes.

Puff-puff!

Pokey sneezed a cloud of bright orange crumbs.

Ollie hastily doodled a giant net to catch his runaway buddy.

"Swish, scribble, squeak — watch the magic speak!"

Whoosh! The net sprang up, but its long handle hooked the ceiling balloons.

POP-POP-POP!

Shiny confetti rained down, showering Pip and Pickles in gold glitter. Pokey squeaked and zipped away!

"Use your super snout, boy!" Ollie urged.

Pickles pressed his wrinkled black nose flat to the carpet, snuffling loudly. Sniff, snuffle, chuff! His cinnamon-roll tail wagged like mad.

He followed the cheesy trail straight behind a floral pillow. There sat Pokey, peeking out with wide, trembling eyes!

"Alright, party crew!" called Mom, peeking around the doorway with shiny party blowers. "Ten minutes on the countdown clock!"

Dad gave a playful dinosaur roar from behind his apron.

Ollie froze like a stone statue, hiding glittery Pickles behind his denim overalls.

"All good here!" Ollie whistled innocently.

As soon as the doorway cleared, Pokey bolted! Scuttle, scuttle, zip!

The sweet scent of vanilla frosting pulled the hungry hedgehog straight to the kitchen table. Pokey scrambled up the checkered tablecloth like a fearless little mountaineer.

Right at the top sat the magnificent three-tier dinosaur cake!

"Stop that hedgehog!" Ollie lunged with his pencil to sketch a cage.

Oops! Ollie’s sneaker caught on Pickles’ rubber bone. Ollie tumbled onto the floor with a clatter.

CRACK!

The golden pencil snapped cleanly in two. Pokey burrowed deep into the cake’s sugar ferns, hiding his quills.

Ollie sat crumpled on the linoleum, cradling the two broken pencil halves. Tears welled in his hazel eyes.

The cake was squished, the magic was broken, and guests were coming!

Pickles padded over and rested his squishy chin on Ollie’s knee, letting out a soft, soulful whuffle.

A tiny snuffle came from inside the frosting cave. Ollie looked up gently.

Pokey was shivering. Ollie remembered the broken crayons he tucked under his pillow so they would not be cold.

Pokey was not being naughty. He was just scared! He did not need traps. He needed love.

Ollie smiled softly, holding one golden stub in each hand.

"Swish, scribble, squeak — watch the magic speak!"

Twin swirls of golden stardust twirled across an empty party saucer. Ollie sketched velvet moss, clover, and cozy leaves.

Together, the two halves made something even warmer than before.

Pickles gently nudged his polka-dot bandana onto the saucer for a pillow.

Pokey crept out of the sugar ferns, sniffing the air. He scuttled happily into the mossy nest, curling onto his peach tummy.

Pip gave a tiny chirp-peep, snuggling close with a gentle, bubbly purr.

Mom and Dad bustled in with juice cups, and stopped in their tracks.

"Goodness gracious!" Mom gasped, clasping her hands with delight.

"Great galloping Stegosauruses!" Dad chuckled, roaring with proud joy.

Dad carefully lifted the saucer and placed Pokey’s cozy nest atop the dinosaur cake. It was the world's best centerpiece!

Ding-dong! The front doorbell chimed merrily. The guests were here!

Pip snoozed peacefully between Pickles' warm paws, while Pokey snored softly in his sweet moss bed.

Ollie grinned, holding his two trusty pencil halves. With love and imagination, every wild mess could turn into the happiest birthday ever.

The heroes of this book

Ollie

Pickles

Pokey

Claire (Mom)

The heroes of this book

Dan (Dad)

Pip

magic pencil

sketchbook

Acknowledgments

This wild, confetti-strewn adventure wouldn't exist without our two favourite inspirations. Thank you, Ollie, for lending us your boundless five-year-old imagination, your infectious giggles, and your great big, gentle heart. You remind us every day that kindness really is the greatest kind of magic. And of course, immense gratitude to Pickles, our chubby, snoring pug, for generously offering his wrinkled nose, bottomless appetite, and heroic crumb-detecting talents to the page. You two turn our everyday home into the greatest, happiest adventure we could ever wish for.

Mom and Dad ☺

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Author: **Mom and Dad**

Written especially for Ollie on his fifth birthday

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Armed with a magical golden pencil for his fifth birthday, Ollie sketches a prickly little friend who leaps right off the page! When the cheeky doodle dashes through the house on a cheese-puff raid, Ollie and his trusty pug must save the party before time runs out.