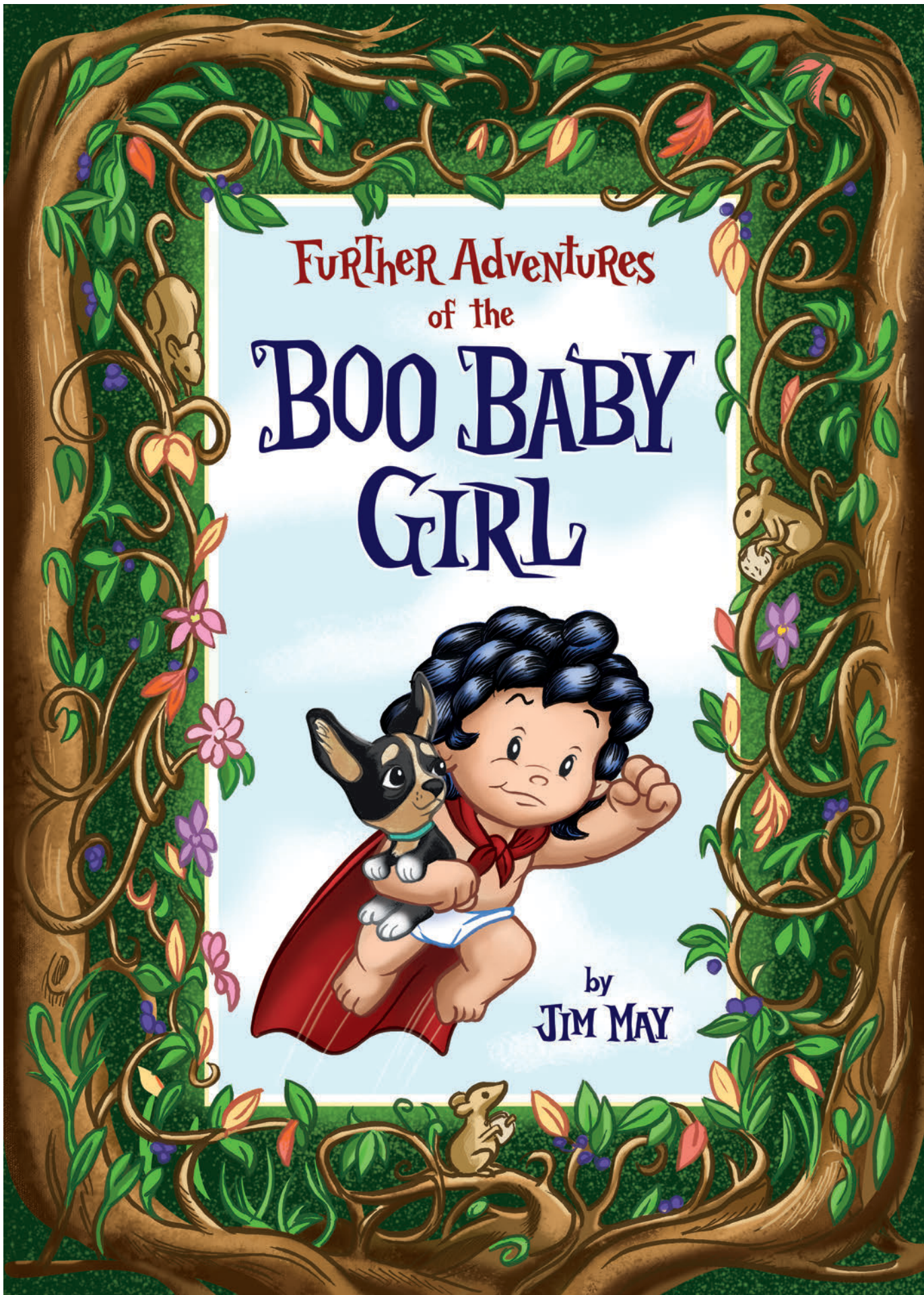


FURTHER ADVENTURES
of the
**BOO BABY
GIRL**



by
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The Boo Baby Meets Bootsie

ANOTHER POOPY diaper! Good thing her dad was home to change it. What a relief! “GEE,” the Boo Baby said to herself. “I can’t wait until the day comes when one end of my body, my brain, will be in charge of what happens at the other end—MY BUTT!” And, it’s Saturday! no preschool, what’s a toddler to do? Boo was BORED. Everything WAS SO BORING that she just did not know what to do with herself.

Crawling around on the carpet she pretended to be a boo a constrictor snake slithering across the grass carpeting of her living room. She pulled herself up on the coffee table as if climbing a tree. She climbed without using her hands and arms, of course, because she knew that snakes do not have them.

However, she kept falling down—slipping off the coffee table, sliding off the couch, bumping her head on an arm chair. Just then a butterfly, a beautiful yellow and black Tiger Swallowtail, floated through the open window and fluttered all around the room. Finally, it landed on Boo’s nose. WOW!

The butterfly made Boo’s nose itch and itch. But she didn’t want to scratch or move. She didn’t want to scare this wonderful creature away. For a long time, she looked all around her at the world through yellow and black striped butterfly wings. She thought everything looked like a yellow zebra!

After a while the butterfly took flight again. But it left something on Boo’s nose. At first she could not see it clearly. She could see only a yellow blur.

But when she crossed her eyes, she made out golden dust that the butterfly had left on her nose, “MAGIC FAIRY DUST!” She cried it out loud, remembering the fairy stories that Mrs. Bumblefluff had read to the Boo Baby’s class at the Pied Piper Nursery School.

The butterfly floated and bobbed, and dove and dipped, like a leaf in the wind. Mrs. Bubblefluff had read a story in which butterflies got their name because they would flutter by as you watched them! If you switch the beginning letters of butter and fly you get flutter by!

Just then the Swallowtail fluttered right by her ear. Just like the story! Boo thought. Then the Swallowtail floated high up near the ceiling. Then dove down toward Boo's head and then up again, and all around the living room. Just when Boo thought she might have a brand new, beautiful pet, the swallowtail floated back out the open window, and was gone.

Boo got up on her two feet and waddled as fast as she could toward the window. She pulled herself up onto the windowsill to look outside.

Spring had sprung! It was warm. Birds were chirping, landing on bushes, catching insects in mid air. Her mom's crocus and daffodils were blooming—everywhere, flowers of yellow and gold and purple. I'm going outside, she thought.

Since Boo had been tripping, slipping, sliding and falling all morning, she wondered just how she might get out the window. At that thought, her nose began to feel warm. The warmth spread out to her whole body. She felt light and bouncy like that butterfly. Her legs felt very strong and powerful, and then, up, up she leaped, over the windowsill, through the window. Out she flew into the warm, soft spring air. YOWWWWW! Boo screamed as she fell down, down, down . . . and landed right on her feet. WOW!

She jumped out of the pile as if she had springs in her legs. Then a cottontail rabbit ran past her. Boo took after it. Much to her surprise she caught it.

She had never felt so light and fast. The rabbit squealed and tried to bite. Boo screamed and let it go. She had not expected to catch it. She had never been fast enough to catch a rabbit or even Tommy, her old kitty cat at home.

A robin flew past her and landed in its nest on a branch, high in a tree. Boo remembered the pictures of the beautiful, blue Robin eggs she had seen at school. Boo wanted to see the real thing.

So she squatted down a little bit and then jumped: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! UP AND UP she floated, up past the nest and ON THE WAY DOWN got a good look at the four blue eggs nestled there.

Boo thought that something must have happened to her. She thought that maybe she was just growing up or . . . ? Maybe the Tiger Swallowtail really did give her magic fairy dust.

With magic on her mind, she began to run. She felt like a deer. Boo could hardly believe her balance. She ran as fast as she could down the sidewalk. Then she began to leap up and float down. Just then she saw the ice cream truck rolling slowly down the street toward her, playing its' tinkling tune over the loudspeaker.

It stopped, and the driver said. "Hey kid, want some ice cream?"

"Yes, please," said Boo, "A double scoop of chocolate on a waffle cone, please." She could hardly believe the words that came out of her mouth. She had never spoken such PROPER, GROWN-UP WORDS BEFORE.

The ice cream man looked surprised, too. "Hey kid, aren't you a little too old to be wearing a diaper."

Boo blushed. She didn't know what to say. This was the first hour of the first day of some kind of magical new life. Finally she said, "Hey, it's my pants."

Then she thought, my mom or dad always bought me ice cream before. How can I pay for it? Remembering that her dad would reach into his pocket when paying for her ice cream, she reached into her diaper. PRESTO! MORE MAGIC. There were coins in her diaper. WHAT A GREAT DAY!

Later, as she walked down the road finishing her silky, fudge-chocolate ice cream cone, she saw something ahead of her. Something lying in a field next to the road. It looked like a puppy asleep or maybe. .?

Boo walked toward the field. She came to a fence. She really, really wanted to get on the other side of the fence. The little puppy might be hurt, and maybe she could help. As soon as the word help formed in her brain, her body felt that surge of warmth that she had experienced jumping through her window at home. She lifted off the ground, floated over the fence, and hovered in the air.

“I’m FLYING! This is EVEN BETTER THAN ICE CREAM!” She looked down and now could see the puppy below.

She thought about how that Swallowtail had landed on her nose, soft as a feather. So that’s how Boo floated down and landed alongside the puppy—a black puppy with a little brown-striped face. She knelt down to take a closer look.

Boo began to cry. The little guy wasn’t moving at all. What could have happened? Then Boo saw a fly land on the puppy’s ear, and the ear FLICKED! THE PUPPY WAS ALIVE!

I’ve got to help, thought Boo. When the word help came into her mind, she knew just what to do—CPR! She placed her hands on the dog’s chest and began to pump up and down, up and down, up and down until she saw little bubbles of red blood coming out of the puppy’s nose.

Suddenly, the puppy YELPED! Boo jumped back. The puppy opened its eyes and said: “Muchas gracias, mi amiga.”

“Huh?” Boo didn’t understand Spanish.

“Oh, in English. I just said ‘thank you, my friend,’ since I think you just saved my life. I should teach you some Spanish.”

“De nada.” Answered the Boo Baby.

“Wow! You just said ‘you’re welcome’ in Spanish. You learn very quickly, muy rapido!”

“I think I can learn anything quickly because of a butterfly that visited me, a Swallowtail.”

“Huh?”

“I’ll explain later. Just know that today’s the most magical day of my life. I can WALK, RUN AND TALK, BUY MY OWN ICE CREAM, AND NOW I CAN TALK TO A PUPPY!”

“I’m not a puppy. I’m a Chihuahua.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. What’s your name?”

“Bootsie, or you can call me Boots for short. You talk pretty grown up to be wearing a diaper.”

“Hey, it’s my pants! Everyone calls me The Boo Baby Girl. Or, you can call me Boo for short.”

“We can be a team—Boo and Boots.”