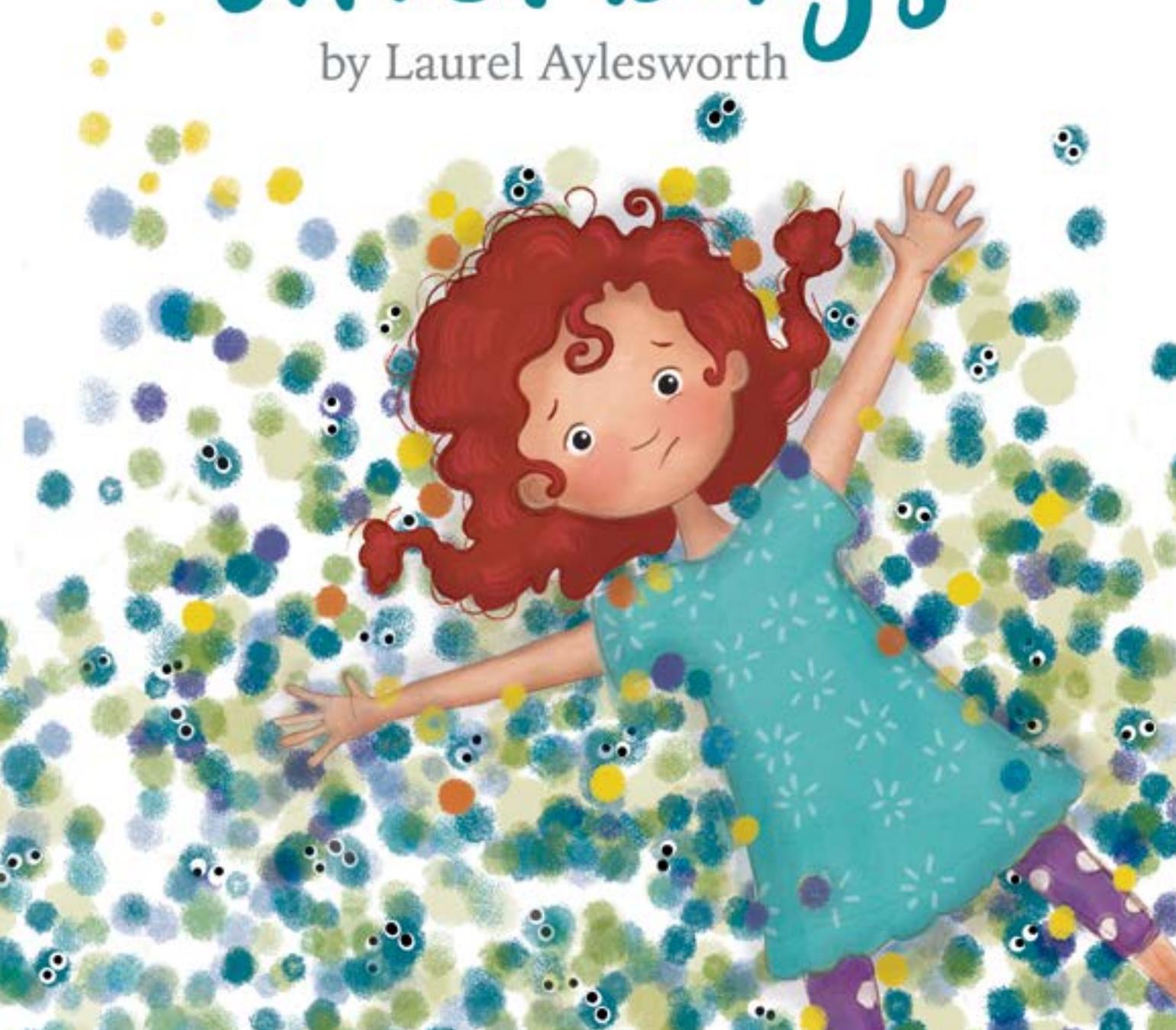


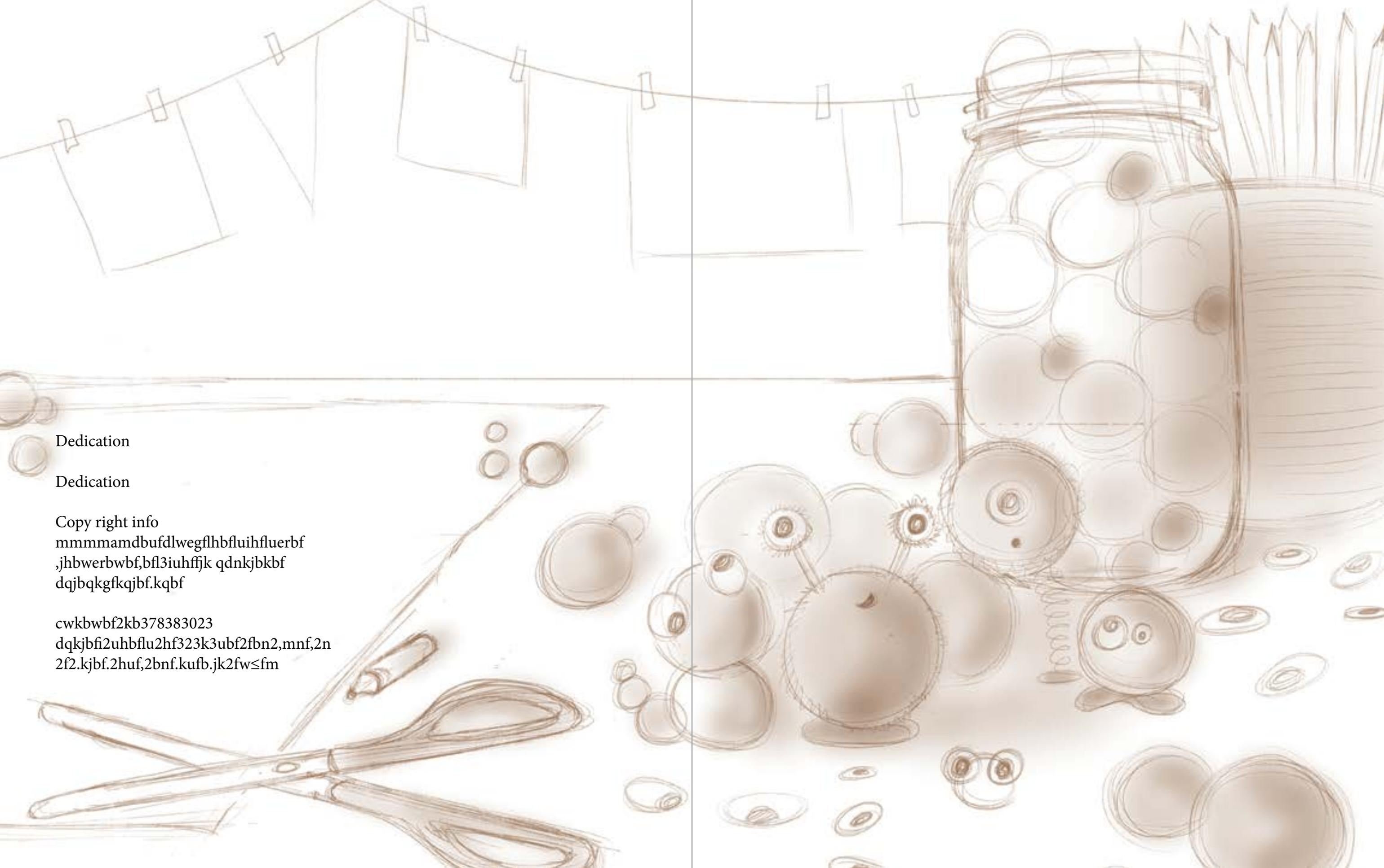
Izzie

and the

Jitterbugs

by Laurel Aylesworth





Dedication

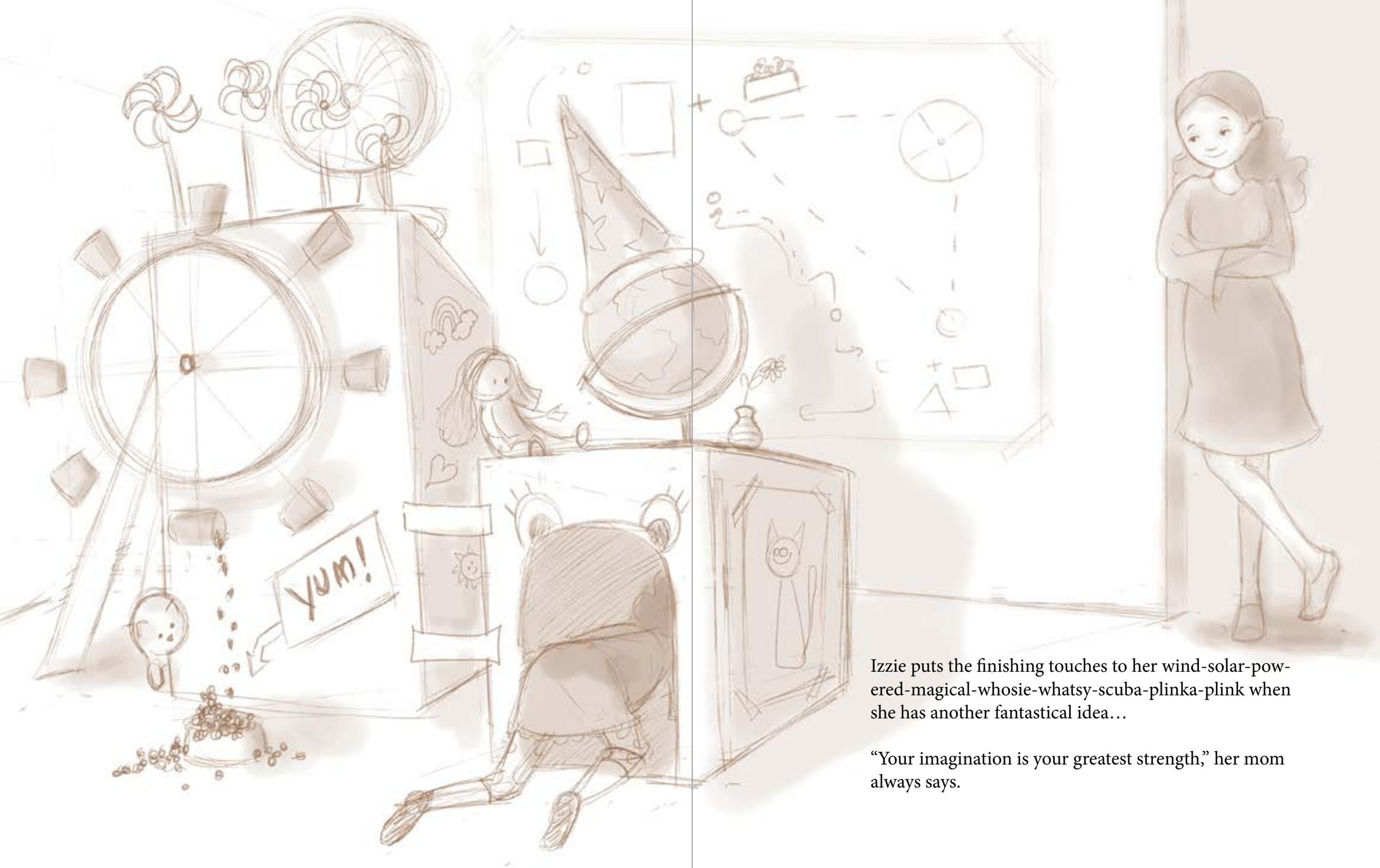
Dedication

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Izzie puts the finishing touches to her wind-solar-powered-magical-whosie-whatsy-scuba-plinka-plink when she has another fantastical idea...

"Your imagination is your greatest strength," her mom always says.

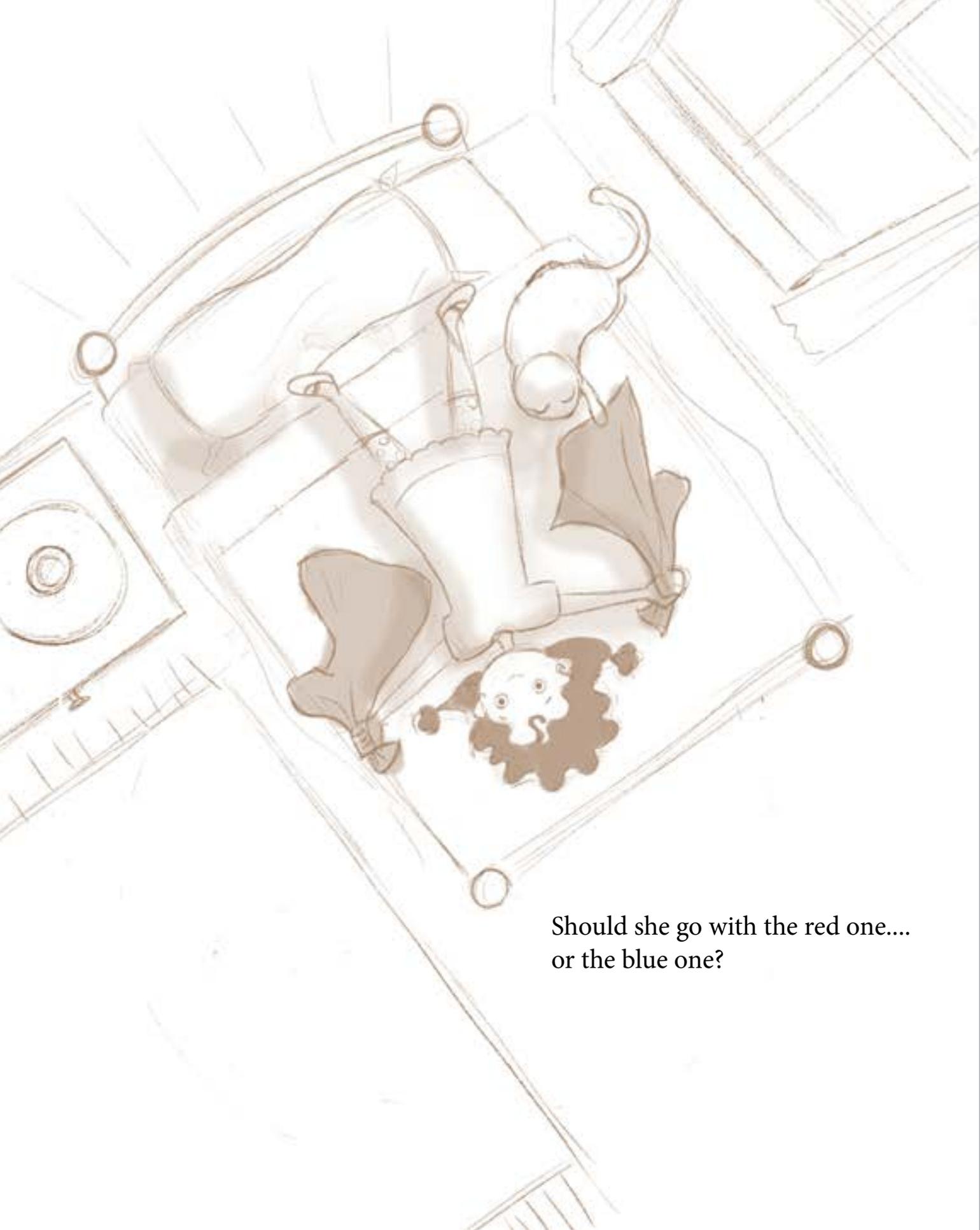
Her imagination sparks Izzie's most clever solutions to quirky conundrums...



It is the creative fire behind making art, art --
...and more art.



And it propels her into some of the most colorful journeys with her friends. But Izzie knows that too much imagination can sometimes get her into trouble....



Should she go with the red one...
or the blue one?

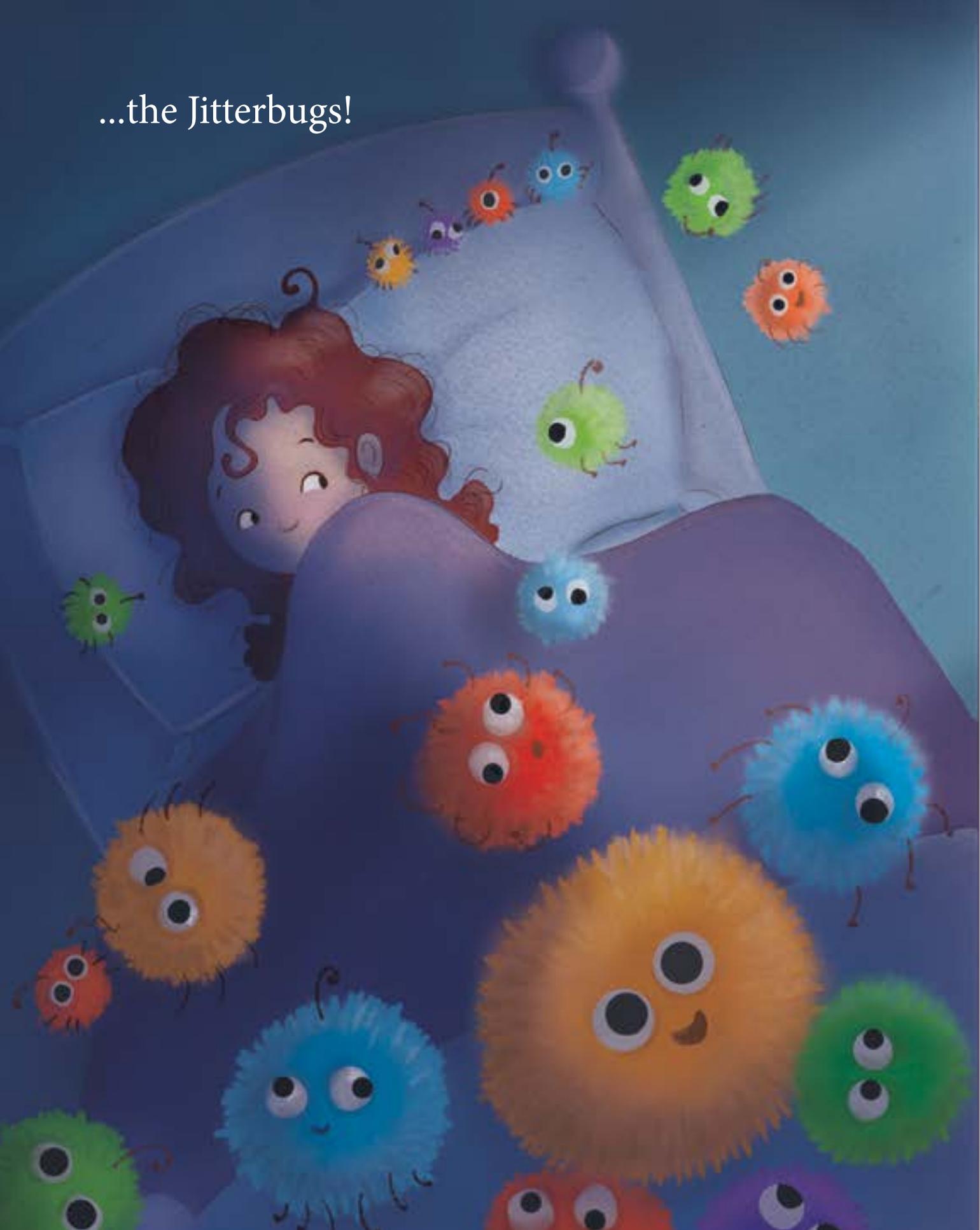
...should I beg
in the middle of the night,
wondered to myself "Am I hungry
went downstairs for a snack, but
bed my toe on the table because
were off but I didn't want
anyone. Anyway, I couldn't see
chocolate or peanut butter so I
them together. But then I got a
ache because it was DELICIOUS
couldn't keep so...

Hi Izzie!
How are you?



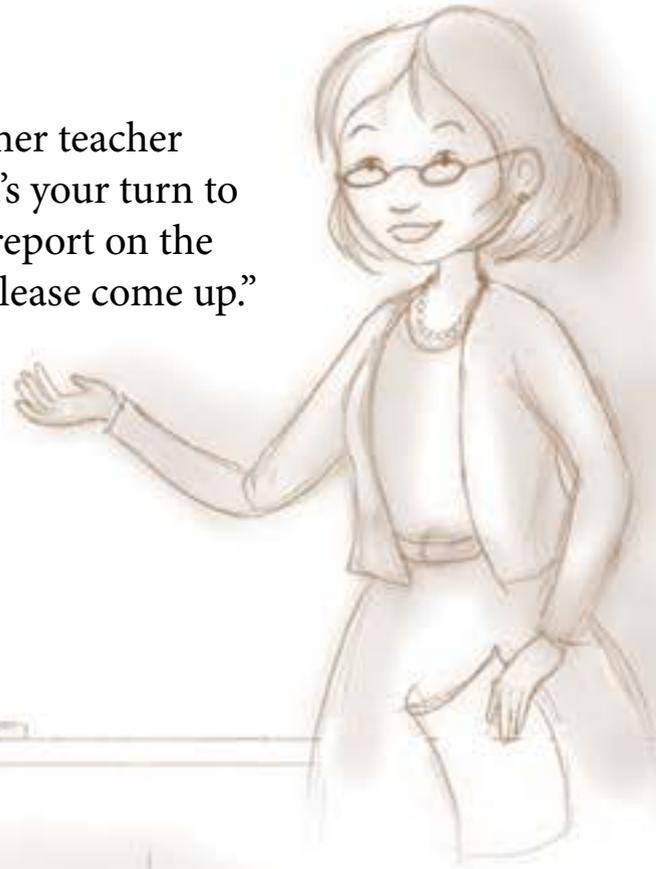
And at night, her imagination sometimes turns into...

...the Jitterbugs!

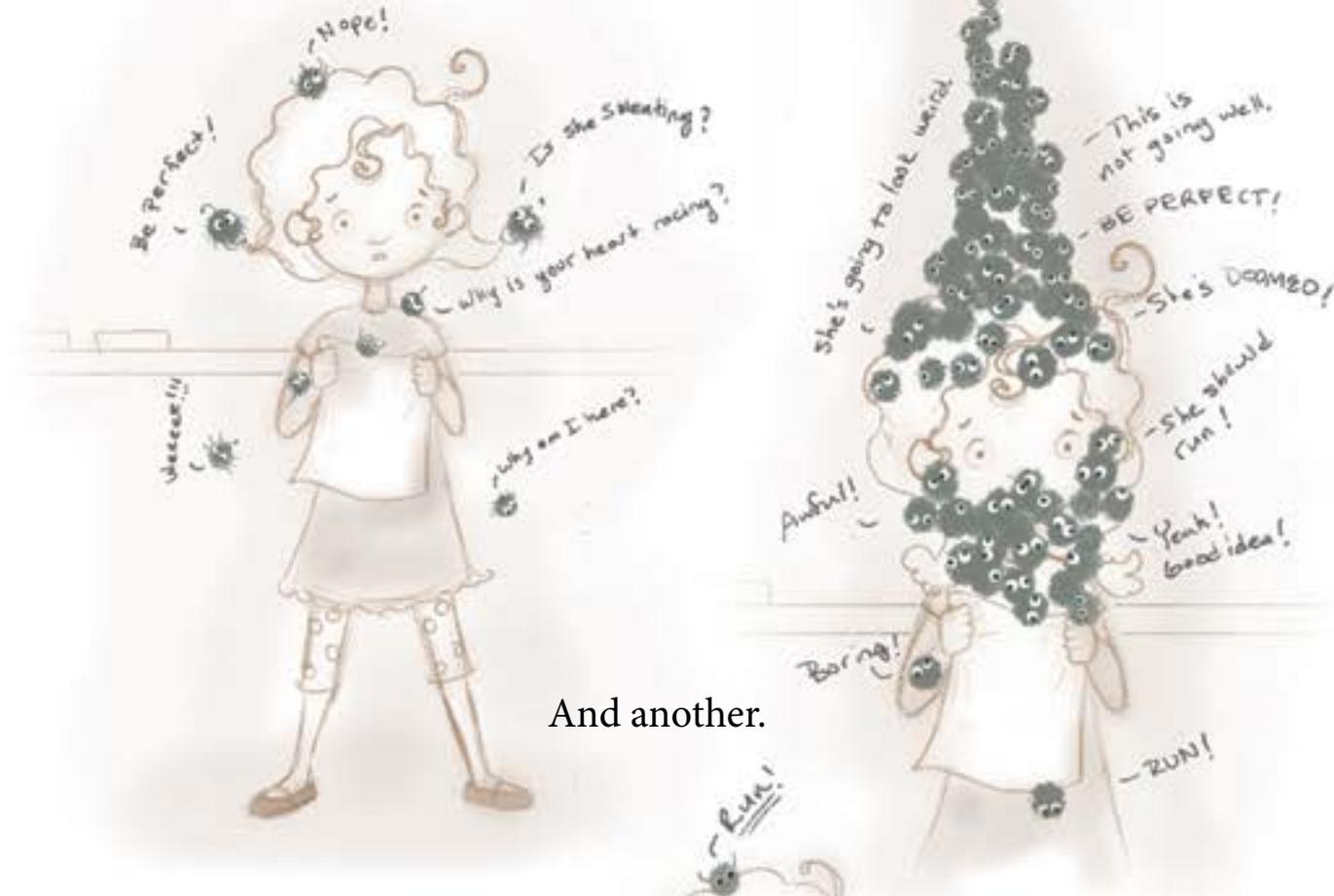


To help keep the Jitterbugs away, Izzie sleeps with a night light on...and then some.

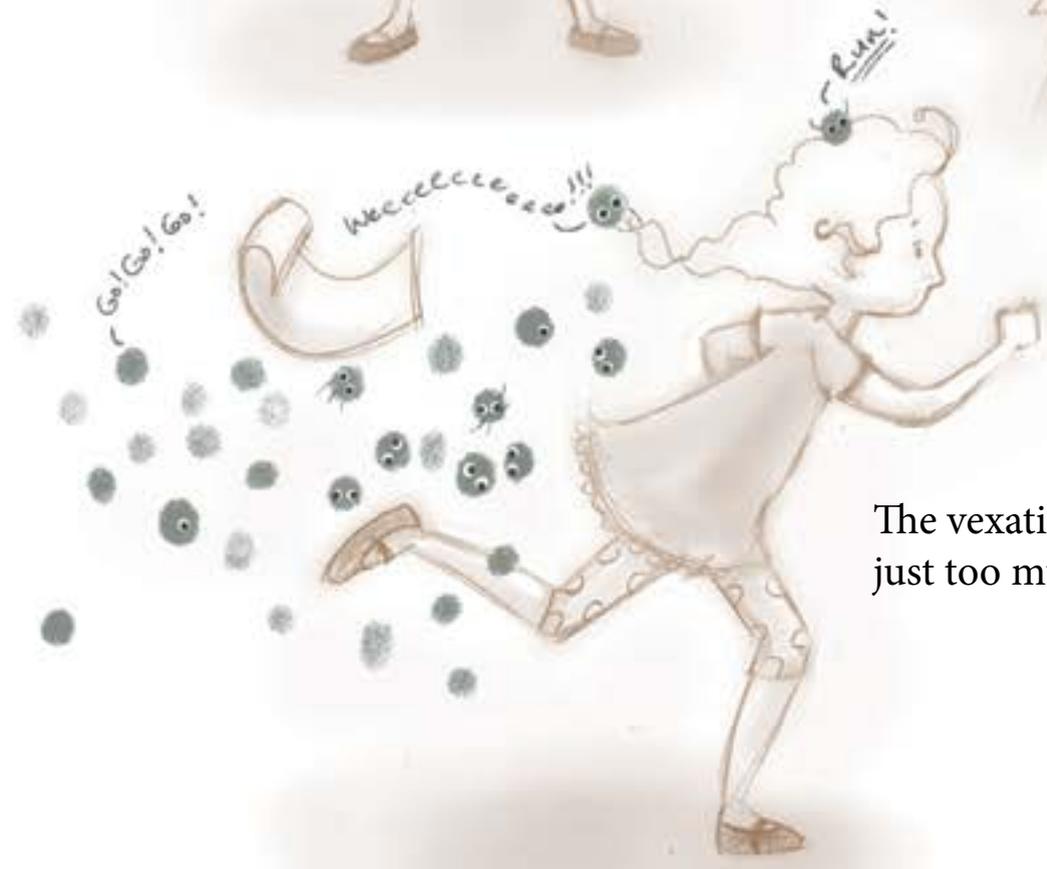
One day at school, her teacher announces "Izzie, it's your turn to present your book report on the Warrior Princess. Please come up."



The Jitterbugs make mischief of one kind.



And another.



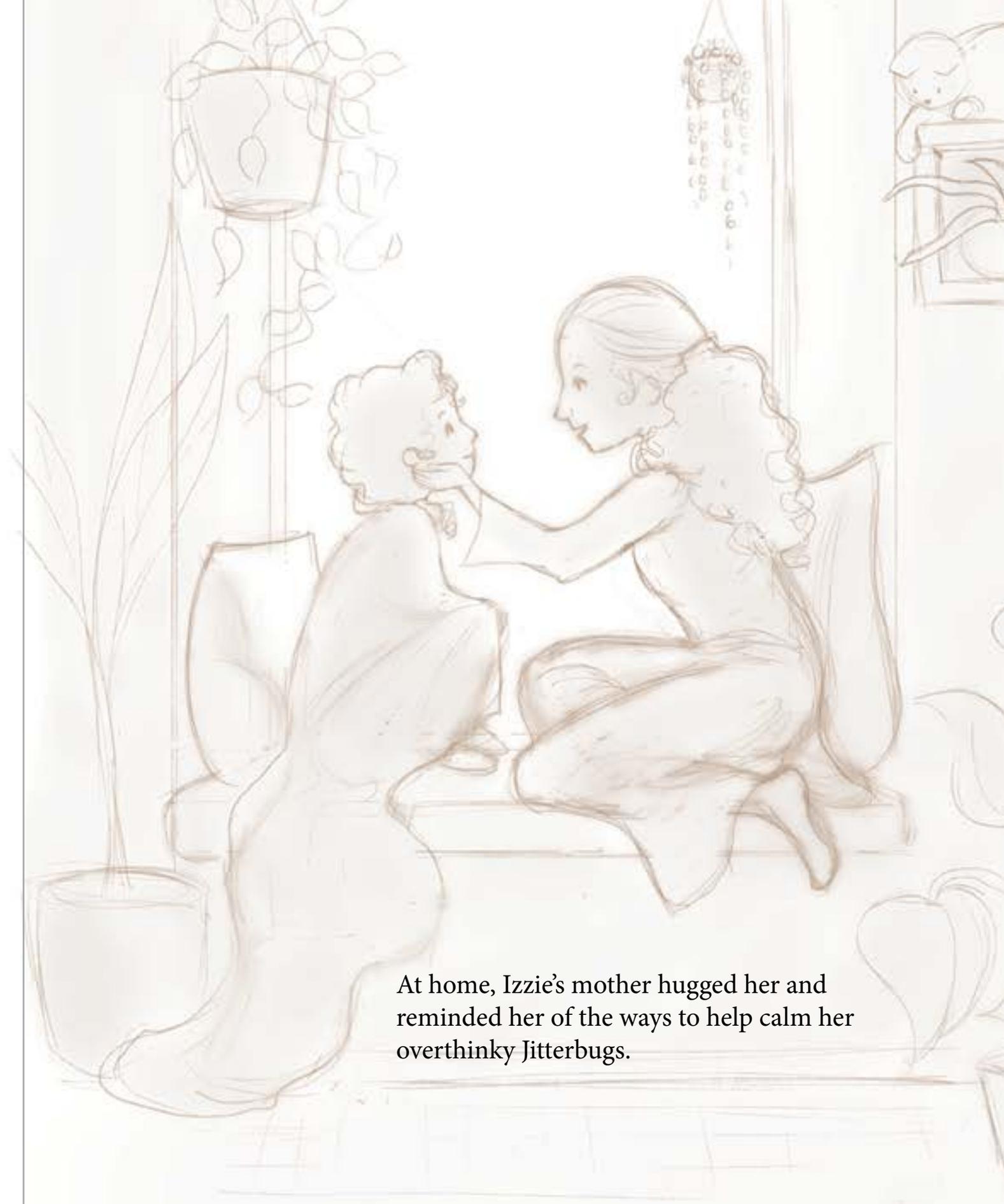
The vexatious Jitterbugs were just too much.

So she ran...





...out of the classroom, down the hallway, to the library where she could finally catch her breath.

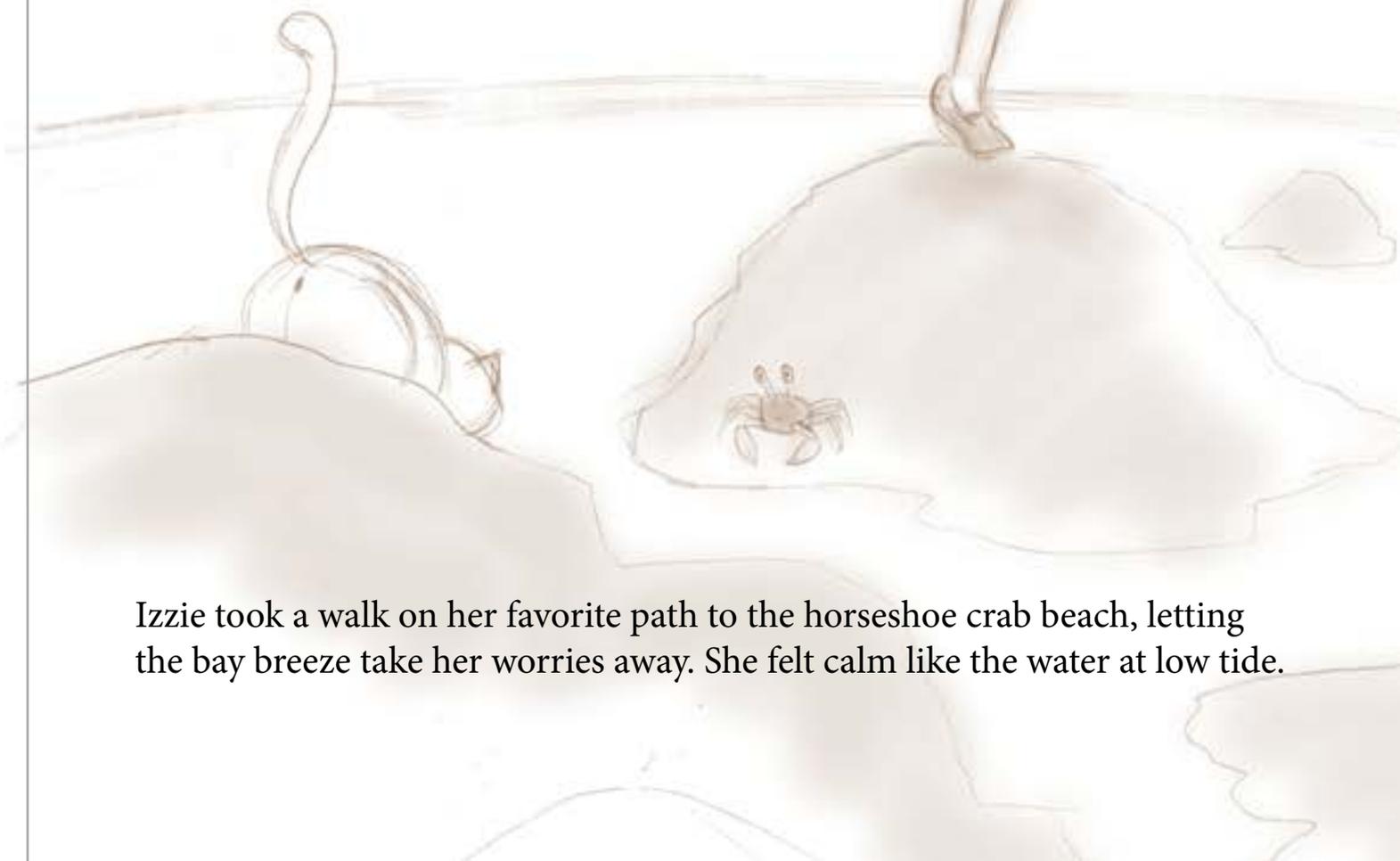


At home, Izzie's mother hugged her and reminded her of the ways to help calm her overthinky Jitterbugs.

She sat cross-legged on the floor, took deep breaths, and noticed how her skin felt in the sunny patch. She listened to the creaky sounds the house made.



Izzie took a walk on her favorite path to the horseshoe crab beach, letting the bay breeze take her worries away. She felt calm like the water at low tide.



The next week it happened all over again.



Izzie felt like a deflated balloon. She felt betrayed by the Jitterbugs. “Your imagination is your greatest strength,” her mother repeated. Izzie wasn’t sure she believed that anymore. Nothing worked to calm those Jitterbugs.

Not the meditation.

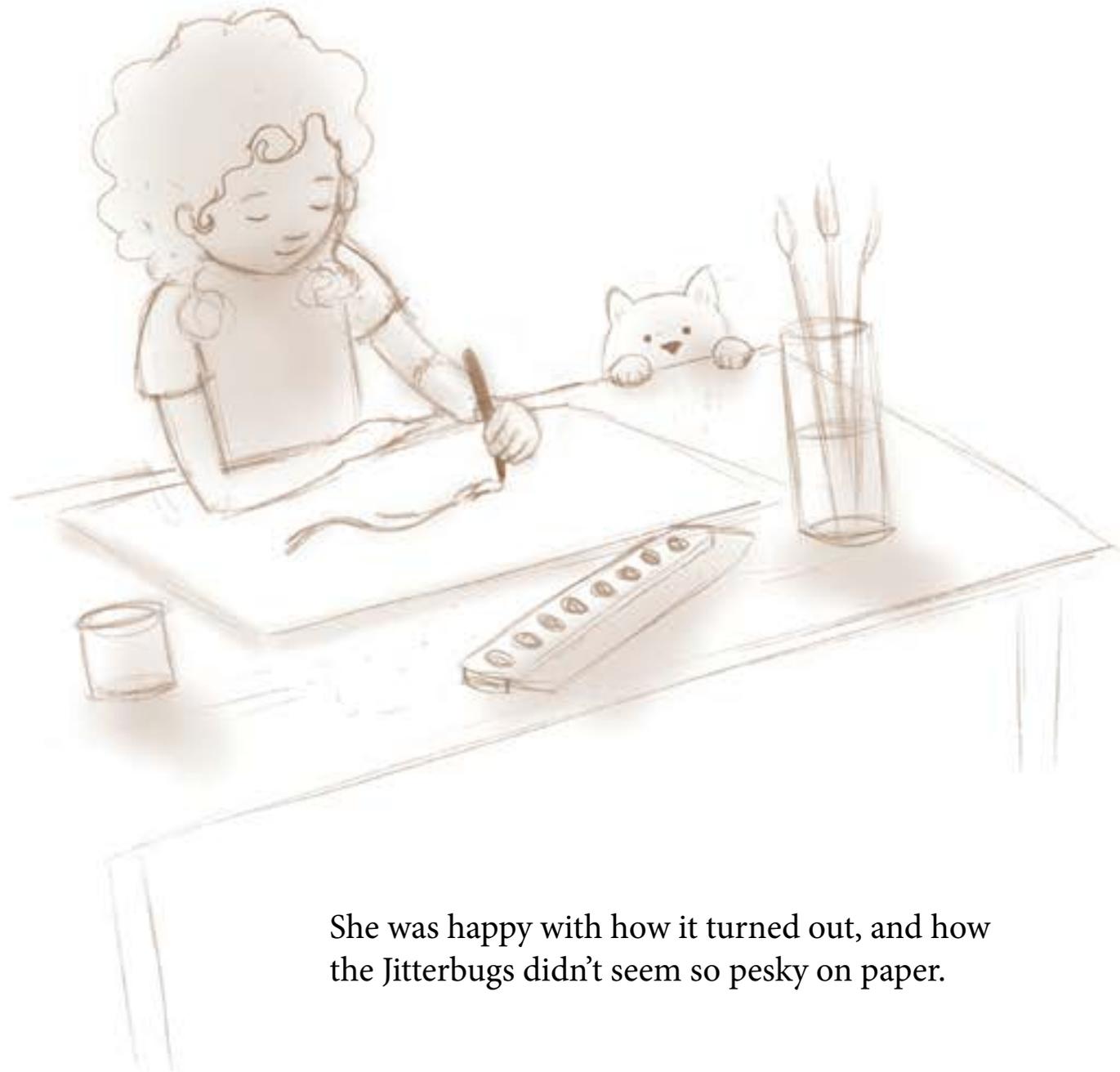
Not her favorite beach walk and the salty bay breeze.



She began to paint.



Her mind wandered as she moved the paint across the paper. She ended up with a painting of a princess facing a gaggle of troublesome Jitterbugs.



She was happy with how it turned out, and how the Jitterbugs didn't seem so pesky on paper.



But then...



At first, all Izzie could see was a mess and a ruined painting. On closer look, she saw how the whole picture transformed into something different. Something magical.

The princess wasn't overcome by the Jitterbugs - they seemed to be protecting her.



That gave Izzie an idea.



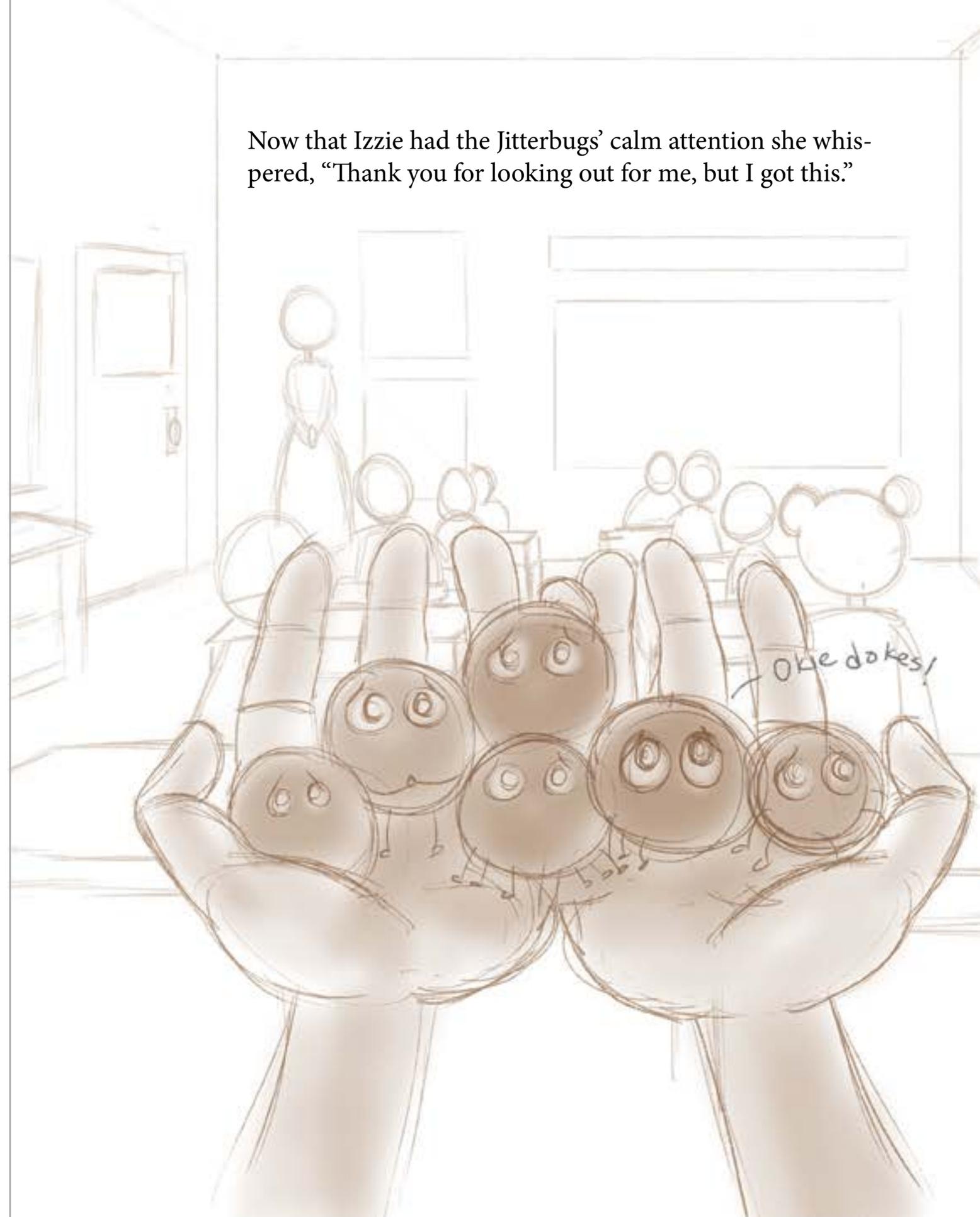
The following week, Izzie stood in the front of the class and her night time Jitterbugs started up their nettlesome antics.



Instead of running away she thought of the princess in the painting and gently said, "Jitterbugs, take a deep breath and count backwards from 100, please."



Now that Izzie had the Jitterbugs' calm attention she whispered, "Thank you for looking out for me, but I got this."



And with that assurance, her Jitterbugs settled down. Thanks to her imagination AND her Jitterbugs, she gave a book report to end all book reports.



That night Izzie slept with one less light on.

