

Emma's Adventures

By Megan Timbie



“Look What I Can Do!”

~Story 1~

Hello!

My name is Emma.

Look what I can do!





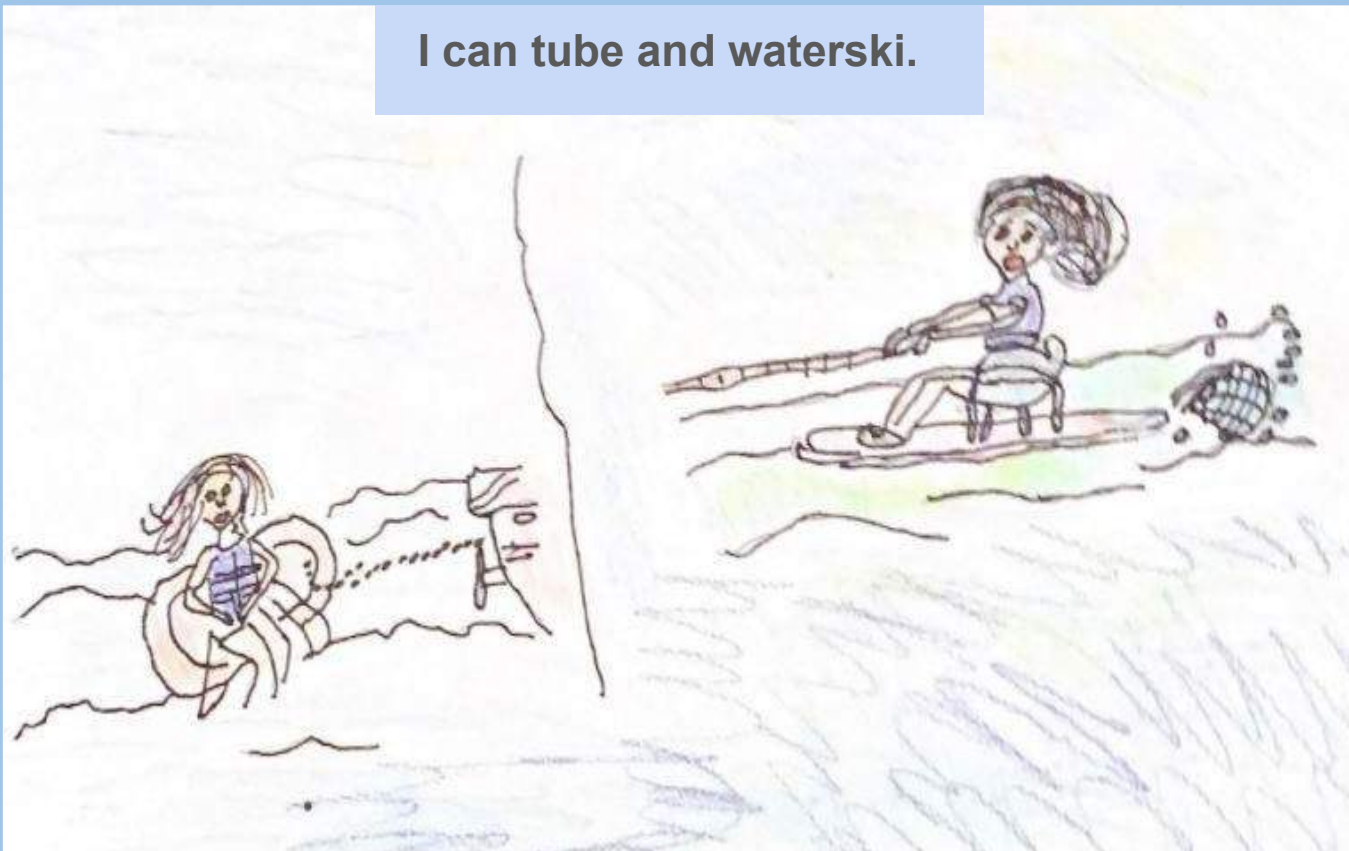
**I can ride
a bike.**

**I can ride
a horse.**

**I can surf
in the ocean.**



I can tube and waterski.



I can swim in a pool.



**I can
snow ski.**



**I can soar
in a glider.**

**I can swivel
and turn on the
dancefloor.**



I can lift weights.



**I can
hammer
a nail.**



**I can paint
a house.**





I can do almost anything you can do.

“Look What I Can Be!”

~Story 2~

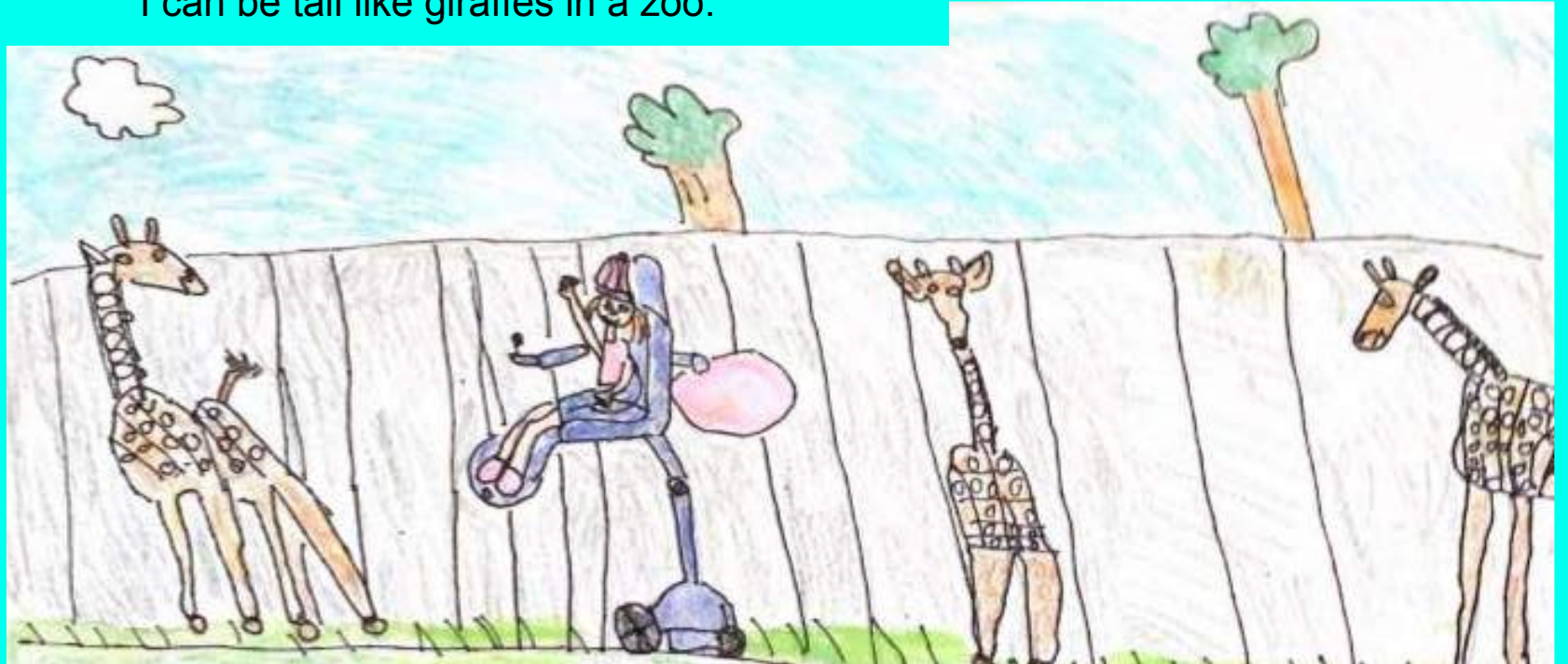
Hello!

My name is Emma.



Look at me
I can be

I can be tall like giraffes in a zoo.

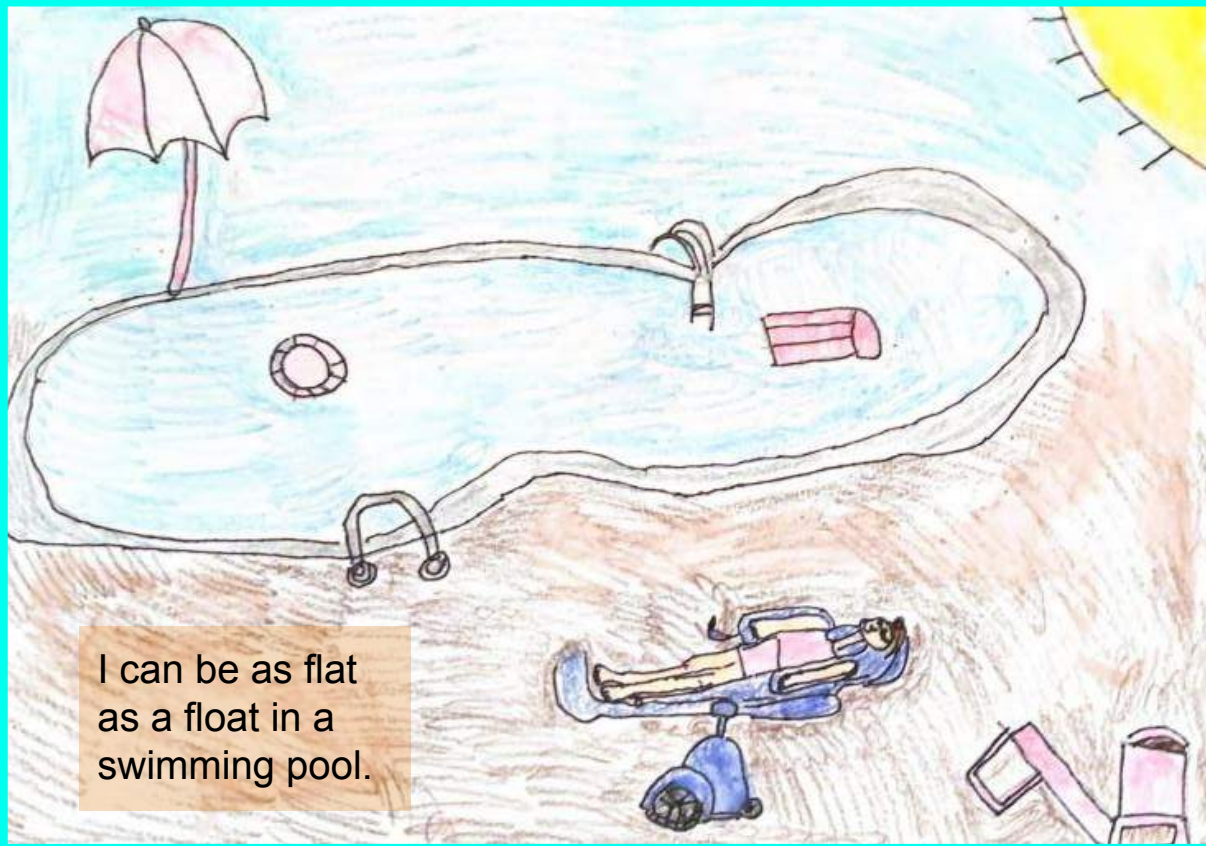


I can be
bright like
stars in the
night sky.



I can be
fast like
cars on
a race
track.





I can be as flat
as a float in a
swimming pool.

Sometimes I can be like a turtle if I don't watch where I'm going.





Maybe someday I
can fly like a bird.



Look at me
I can be



anything I want to be
because I always have
my wheelchair with me!

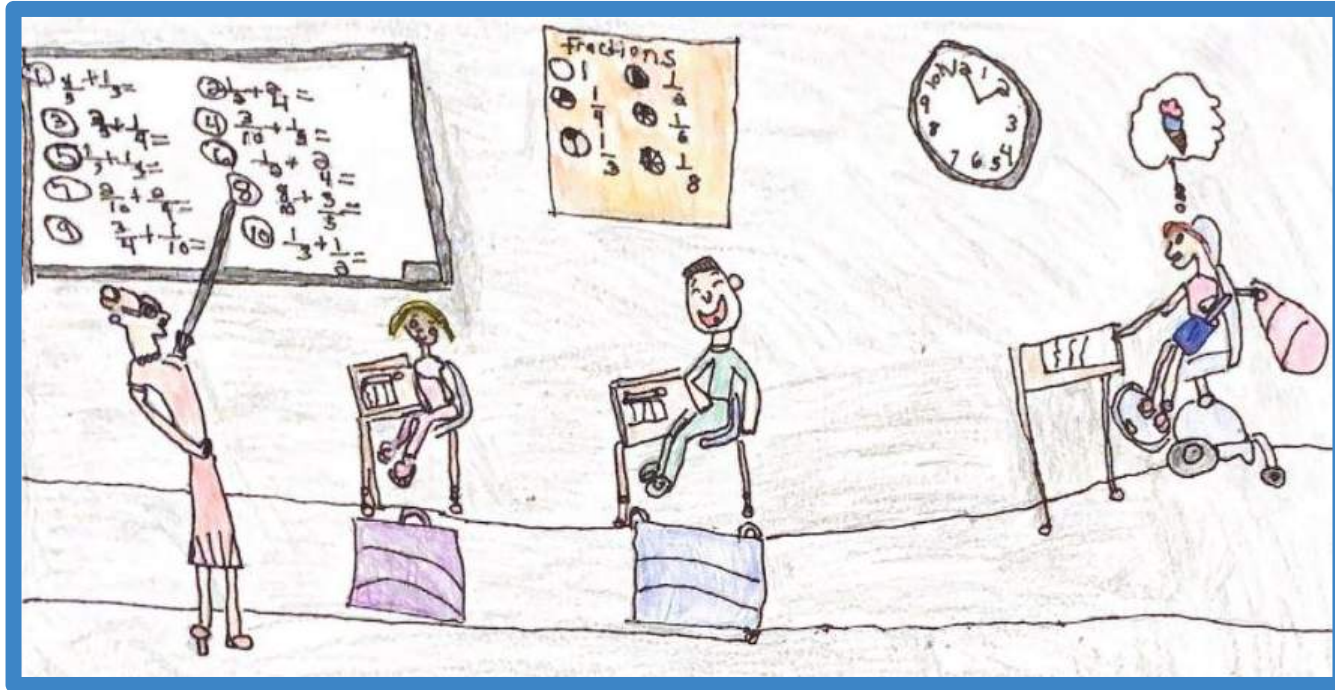
“Emma’s Special Ice Cream Friday”

~Story 3~

It's Friday! It's Friday-special \$2.00 ice cream Friday at Creamy Dreamy Delight.



Fractions again! There is no way I can solve all these problems.
I wish I could skip math class and go to Creamy Dreamy Delight.
Maybe it will be good luck Friday too and Ms. Berry won't call on me.



“Emma, could you please answer problem eight?”
There goes good luck Friday. Before I can stop myself, I say, “Two scoops please.”
I’m so embarrassed the whole class is laughing at me and Mrs. Berry is giving me the look. She definitely isn’t in a berry sweet mood today.
Mrs. Berry is so mean; I bet she doesn’t even like ice cream.



Everyone is whizzing past me. I need a new wheelchair with turbo power. At this speed, the only flavor left will be coffee. YYYYYY uuuck!!! Coffee is for grown-ups.



Oh, no!

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10

hungry people waiting
for their “dreamy” ice
cream. I can’t believe it!
This line hasn’t moved
one inch. This is worse
than sitting in math
class. Well- maybe not
that bad.



What’s the problem? Did
someone slip on a banana
peel? Is everyone
asking for a gazillion
samples? Samples; that’s
a marvelous idea. I think
I’ll tell the owner, Mrs.
Sweet. She might think it’s
such a fantastic idea that
she’ll give me an extra
scoop of ice cream.

YUM!

Finally. One push on this little round blue button and the door will magically open. Abracadabra! Nothing. Maybe I need to push a little harder and try a new magic word. Tada! Still nothing. Okay, now I'm really mad, I'm all out of magic words, and I'm really hungry! POW! POW! POW!



This door is not going to stop me from eating my ice cream. People are already staring at me, I guess I'll give them two more reasons to stare. It is kick the door and scream for help time. "HELP!"

Hooray! My kicking and screaming worked.
“Mr. Cone could you please open the
door?” “Of course! Enjoy your Peppermint
Chocolate Chip ice cream sample and roll
right on in.”

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM this tastes like a
real candy cane.

Maybe I don't want cotton candy ice cream.



Uh-oh! I can't see the ice cream board. All I can see is a herd of human giraffes. Wheelchair to the rescue. It may be slow, but it has a built in seat elevator. I see Chocolate, Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough, Coffee, Dark Chocolate Lava, but no cotton candy.

"Mr. Sugarman, I don't see cotton candy ice cream."

"We're all sold out of cotton candy."

"Really, are you kidding me? I've been daydreaming about cotton candy ice cream the entire day. Now I don't know what to have. I guess I'll have to sample every flavor except coffee."

"Look, Emma. My last name is Sugarman and I work in an ice cream shop. So, I definitely know all about sugar. Twelve samples of ice cream is way too many. Two samples are just right."



“Well, I don’t think two samples are ‘just right’. Three is my lucky number, how about three?” (He doesn’t know about the Peppermint Chocolate Chip sample). I’ll try Rainbow Sherbet, Strawberry and Banana Banana, please”.



I knew Mr. Sugarman was too sweet to only give me two samples. Lucky for me I have my own chair and can sit anywhere. What should I taste first? I’ll try the Rainbow Sherbet because it matches my beautiful shirt. This ice cream may look pretty, but it tastes really ugly.

Whoa, my wheelchair is moving and strawberry ice cream is spilling all over my favorite blue shorts. Shoot! I forgot to turn off my chair, again!
“Hey, come back here!”

“Chip, you march yourself over there immediately and apologize to that poor girl. How many times do I need to tell you not to touch other people or things?” Chip bursts out crying, “But Mommy, I dropped all my ice cream on the floor!”
“No apology, no ice cream.”



“My mom told me to say I’m sorry. Sorry.”

“You should be sorry, you made me spill my ice cream.”

“Well, I spilled all my ice cream too when all I wanted to do was touch your controller.”

“Well, it does look like a video game controller....”

Chip interrupts, “I play video games all the time. Can I try moving your wheelchair?”

“You already did. You moved me forward.”

Do you want to try moving me
backwards?”

“Yes, this is so much fun.”

“Hello, I’m Chip’s mother, Mrs. Manners.

“Thank you for being so kind. Chip it is
time to go.”

“Okay. Bye. Mom, don’t I get my ice
cream now?”



I hope no one else plays with my wheelchair before I try Banana, Banana.

Oh, no it's all melted-I'll slurp it. Eww, this tastes like rotten bananas! I guess the only flavor left is strawberry.

"One chocolate dipped waffle cone, two gigantic scoops of strawberry ice cream and one thousand rainbow-colored sprinkles, please."

"Emma, if you eat that many sprinkles you'll need to brush your teeth for an hour.

"No way, Mr. Sugarman, skip the sprinkles.

Look at all this ice cream. Strawberry here, strawberry there, sprinkles nowhere. Why do grown-ups like to be sugar policemen? They can even take most of the fun out of eating ice cream.



Wow! Why can't ice cream last forever?
I'm already down to my last bite.
I guess it's time to go home.



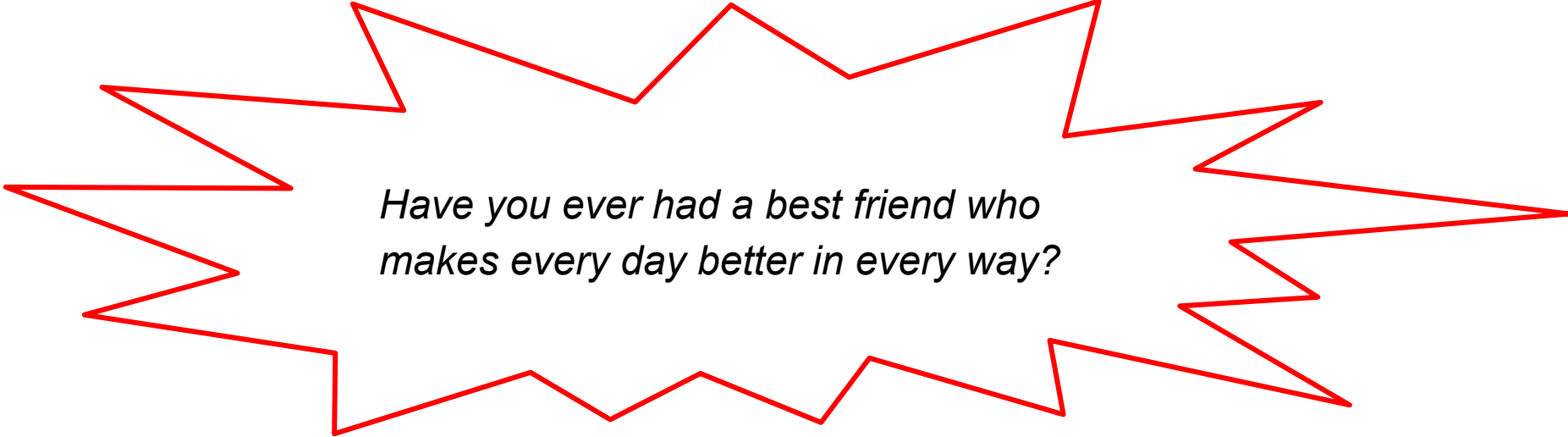
“Hello, Emma. Did you enjoy your ice cream?”

“Yeah, I can’t wait to have more samples and cotton candy ice cream. See you next week, Mrs. Sweet, on \$2.00 special ice cream Friday”.



“Everyday with My Best Friend Gracie”

~Story 4~



*Have you ever had a best friend who
makes every day better in every way?*

Well, I do and her name is Gracie. No matter whether I'm going to school or to the ice cream shop thinking of Gracie makes me excited to come home. When she hears the front automatic door beep, Gracie rushes to greet me with a whine and Baby (her brown, furry toy dog) clenched between her teeth. Gracie wags her tail back and forth like windshield blades while she slobbers kisses all over my face.



Gracie is not your ordinary best friend. Gracie walks on four legs and greets me with a soft nuzzle, a wagging tail and a booming, playful bark that sounds like exploding fireworks.



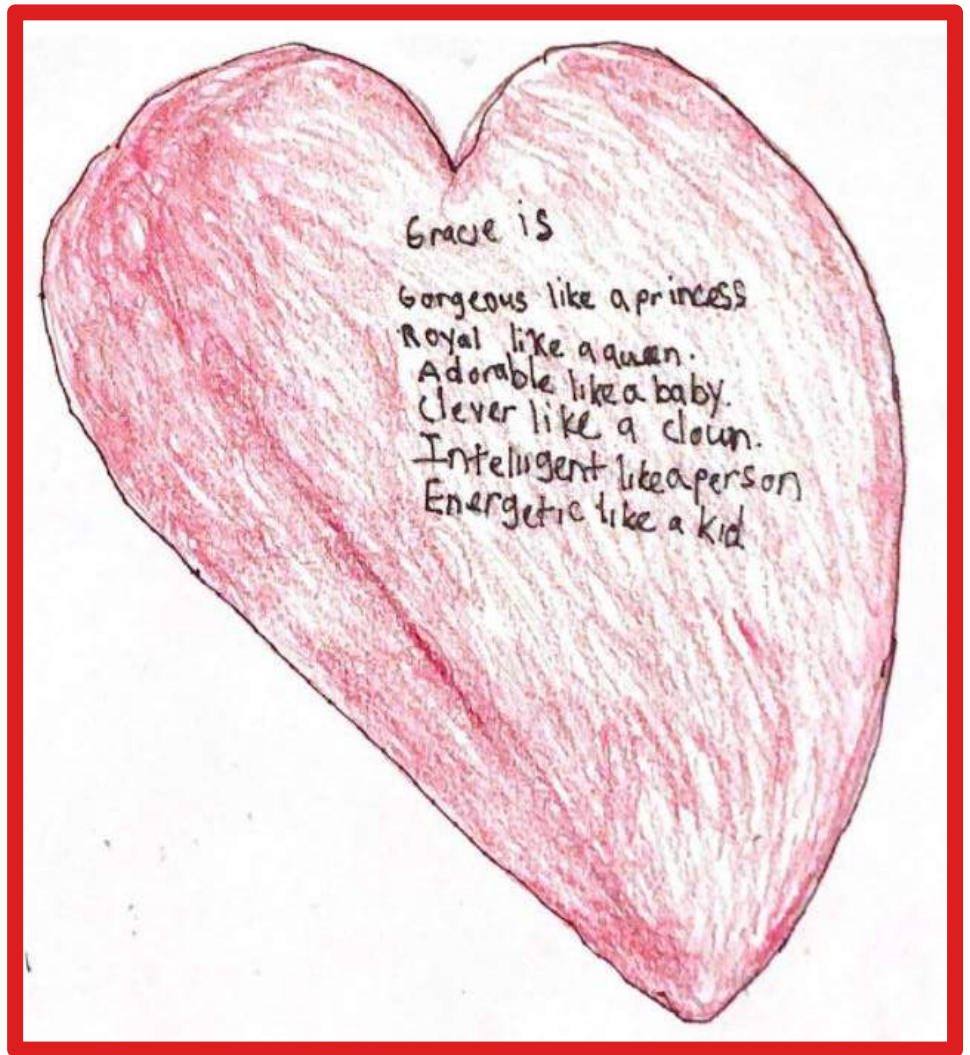
As you might have guessed Gracie is a dog; not just any dog but a 4-year-old; medium-sized; 35 pound; gorgeous; brownish gray; Australian Labradoodle with a white chest, white paws, white-tipped tail, and a white round spot on her back. In case you're wondering, an Australian Labradoodle is a mix between a Labrador Retriever, a Poodle and a Cocker Spaniel.



I met Gracie one year ago; it was love at first sight. Looking into her adoring green eyes made my heart melt and I knew we were a perfect match. Gracie showed her love at first sight by standing up, placing her paw on my arm and giving my face a thousand kisses. Unlike most dogs, she was not afraid of my wheelchair.



Gracie also showed her attachment by eagerly hopping into my van's backseat and contentedly closing her eyes. I was so over the moon I didn't stop petting and cooing to her all the way home. Unfortunately, Gracie's happiness disappeared when my father opened our front door. During the first few days, she was too terrified to leave my room.



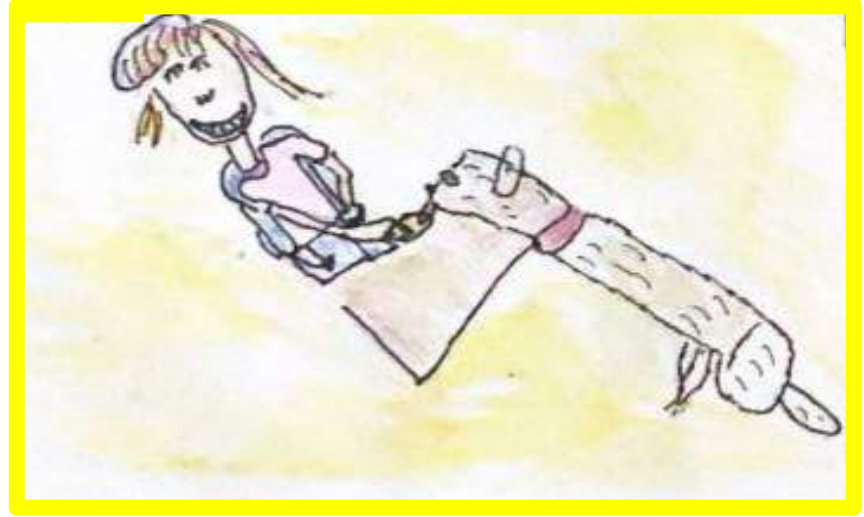
Each morning Gracie tiptoes down the hall alongside my mother carrying my favorite berry smoothie. As soon as Gracie sees me; she rushes across the room, uses my knees (I'm always sitting on the floor.)

as a step-stool, and slathers my face with tons of wet, sloppy, ticklish kisses. I can't think of a better way to start my day than a lavish display of affection from my best friend.

Out with kissing, in with massage. Now it's my turn to shower Gracie with love. While I'm massaging Gracie's belly she tosses her matted, fuzzy rainbow ball with all four paws. If I stop too soon, she nudges my hand with her wet snout. Feeling needed is more important than drinking a smoothie.



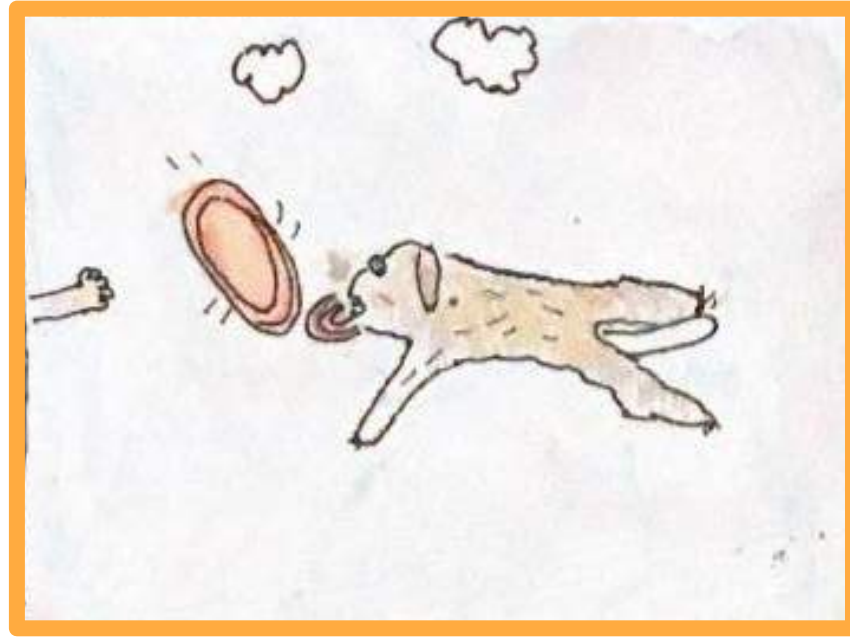
“Are you hungry too, Gracie?”



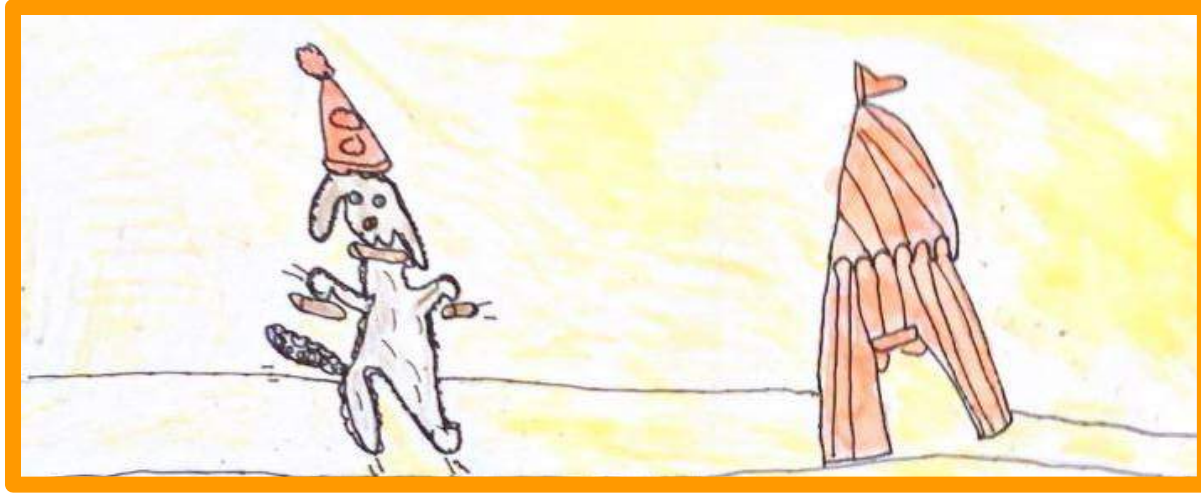
Gracie begins by giving me a yawn that sounds exactly like, “yes” and dancing in circles. I giggle all the way to the kitchen. If I could dance I would dance with her. When it’s my turn to eat, Gracie’s nose always knows. (She can smell food a mile away.) She patiently sits sniffing in the air with pleading eyes waiting for me to drop food knowing it won’t be long because I’m an extremely messy eater. Gracie’s favorite food droplets are potato chips, but she loves licking any food from my face.

Gracie's belly is not the only part of her that is full. She hurries to nudge the large cow bell on the patio door to let me know it's "stinky time." Gracie announces her presence outside by barking all the way to her favorite digging spot. Her cleverness and feeling of self-importance make me feel proud from head to toe.





Back inside, Gracie shadows my father until he asks, “Do you want to go bye-bye, Gracie?” Those are the exact words she has been waiting to hear. It’s always the same game during playtime at the park. My father whips the Frisbee across the field and Gracie leaps and catches it in midair. I never grow tired of watching my best friend’s graceful, athletic frolics.



On rainy and snowy days, Gracie turns our house into a circus. Gracie acts like a clown tossing her chew stick into the air and playing “Keep the Ball Away”; running lickety-split and barking happily as if saying, “Ha-ha! You can’t catch me.”

Gracie plays until she can't play anymore. She collapses on the floor waiting for me to tell her my secrets. The three best parts about telling her my secrets are: my secrets are safe with Gracie, Gracie never judges me, and Gracie gives me her undivided attention. How do I know this? Gracie whimpers when secret time ends.



Not only is Gracie a great listener; she is also an excellent watchdog.

Anything that moves or makes a sound outside becomes an excuse for Gracie to defend my house by barking, barking and barking. Although Gracie's bark is scary and annoying, I'm glad she is my beloved protector whether I'm home or away.





My fun-filled day with Gracie is quickly coming to an end. Night time is reserved for watching TV and snuggling underneath a cozy red blanket with Gracie.

Gracie will always be my best friend.



Who is your best friend?

Acknowledgements

Megan would like to thank her family for encouraging her to write a children's book. She would also like to thank Diane Eiswerth of A Plus Tutoring for helping her write the stories in the book and Lori Alagna, also of A Plus, for teaching her how to draw the illustrations using pastels, watercolor paints and watercolor pencils. And thank you to Jayne Knee for providing some of Gracie's photos.



About the Author

Megan has always wanted to write a children's book. She wrote this book about her adventures based on a fictional character named Emma. Megan wants to teach children that even though they may have a disability or know someone that has a disability that they are just like everyone else.

Megan with her
first wheelchair.



Surfing



Swimming



Horseback Riding



Snow Skiing



Waterskiing



Dancing



Tubing



Hammering a nail while
volunteering to help build
a house in Mexico.



Biking



Gliding



Megan and her
best friend,
Gracie





Gracie as a puppy



Gracie

Emma's words of wisdom

- Don't say you can't do something unless you try!

- Always try your best!

- Do activities that make you happy.

