



The Muddily-Puddily Show

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Illustrated by Thu Thai



Chapter 1

Windy, Windy

Swooooooshhh! A playful wind pushed against Emerson's back. It blew so hard that she flew along, hurrying to meet her friends, the WellieWishers.

Emerson grinned. She loved the wind. The wind liked to stir up excitement and so did she.





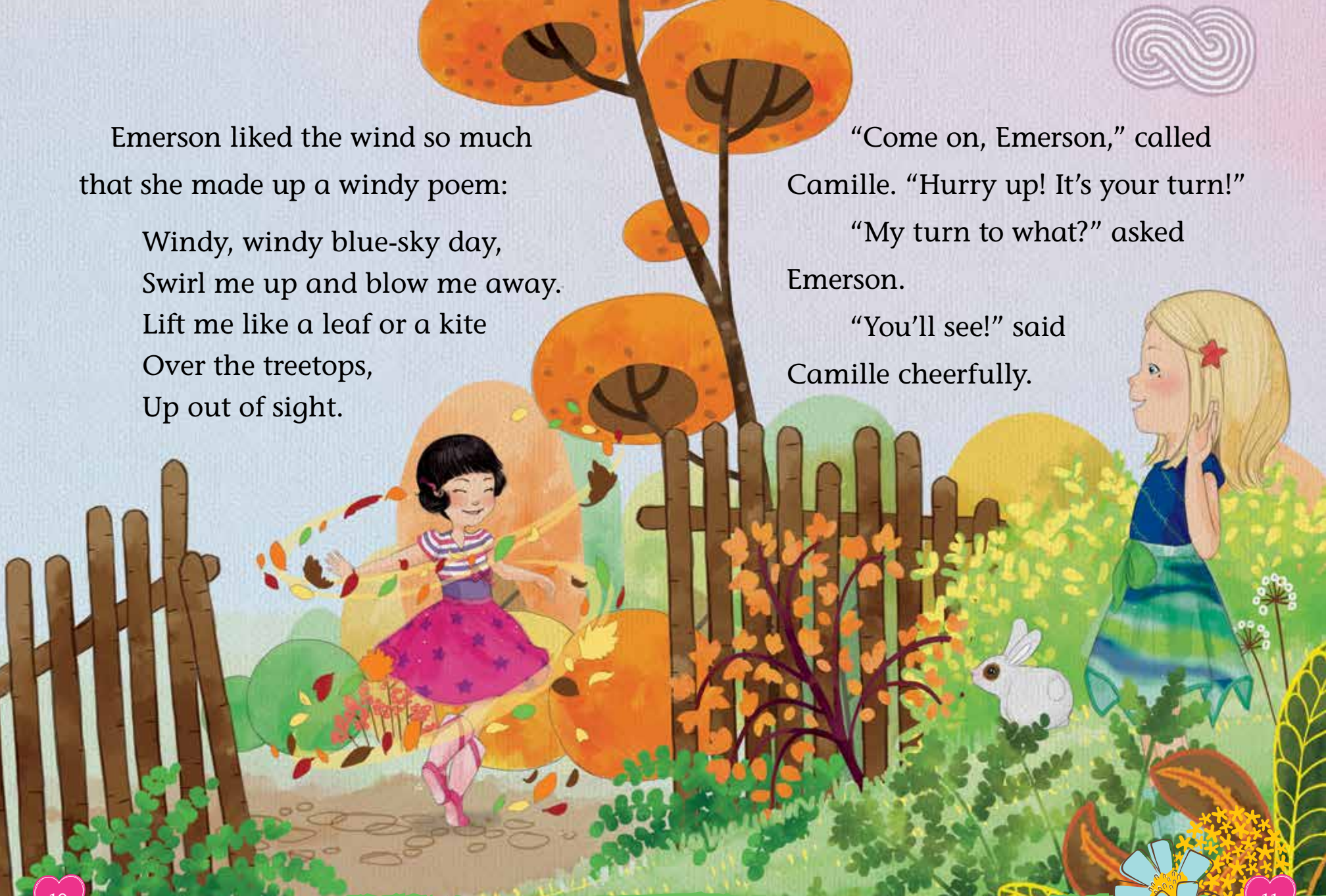
Emerson liked the wind so much
that she made up a windy poem:

Windy, windy blue-sky day,
Swirl me up and blow me away.
Lift me like a leaf or a kite
Over the treetops,
Up out of sight.

“Come on, Emerson,” called
Camille. “Hurry up! It’s your turn!”

“My turn to what?” asked
Emerson.

“You’ll see!” said
Camille cheerfully.



“Oh, boy!” said Emerson. “I love jumping into leaves. Here I come!”

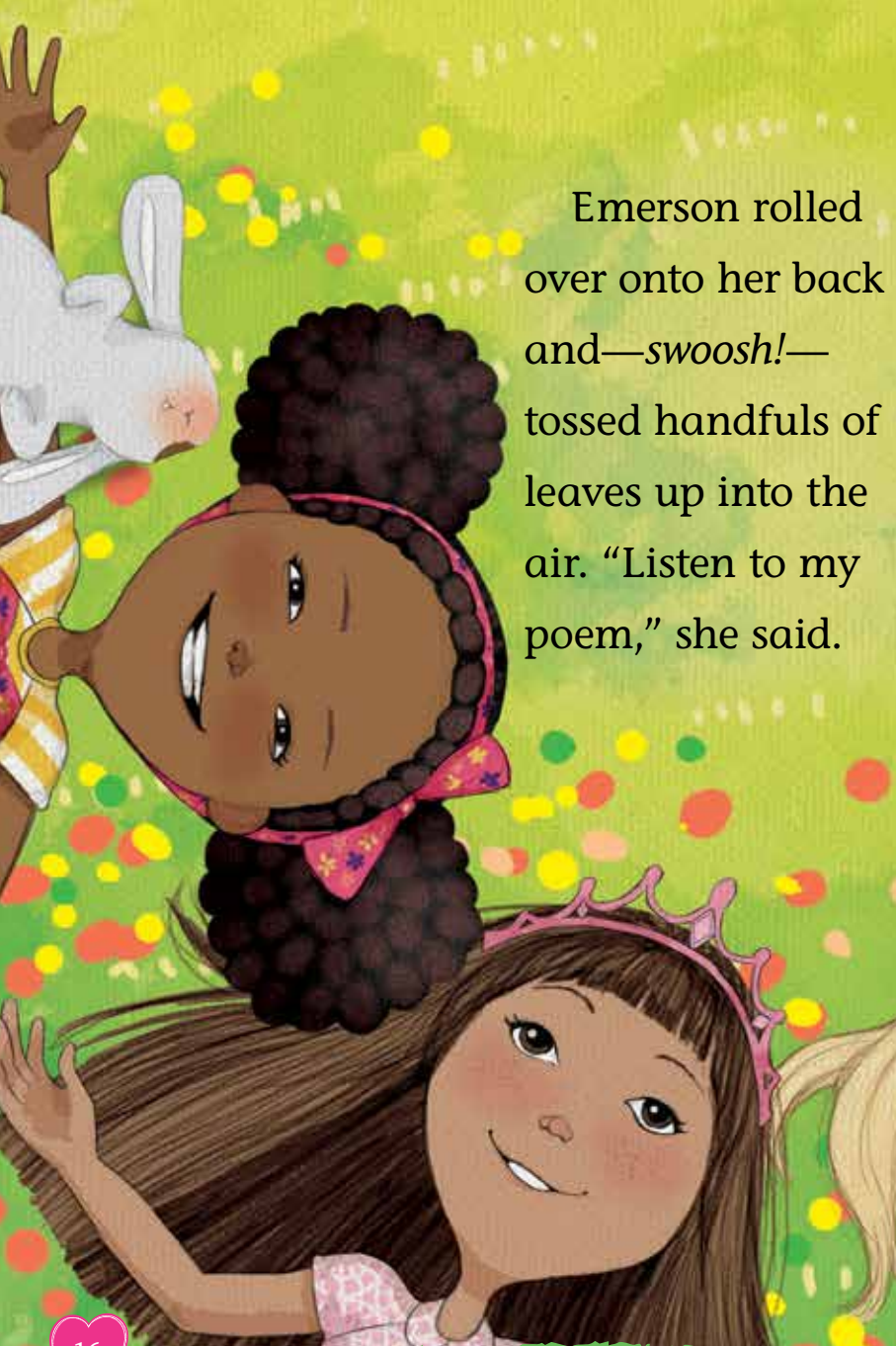


Ya-hoo! Emerson flew forward, took a flying leap, and landed—*floop*—face-first on her stomach in the big pile of leaves.

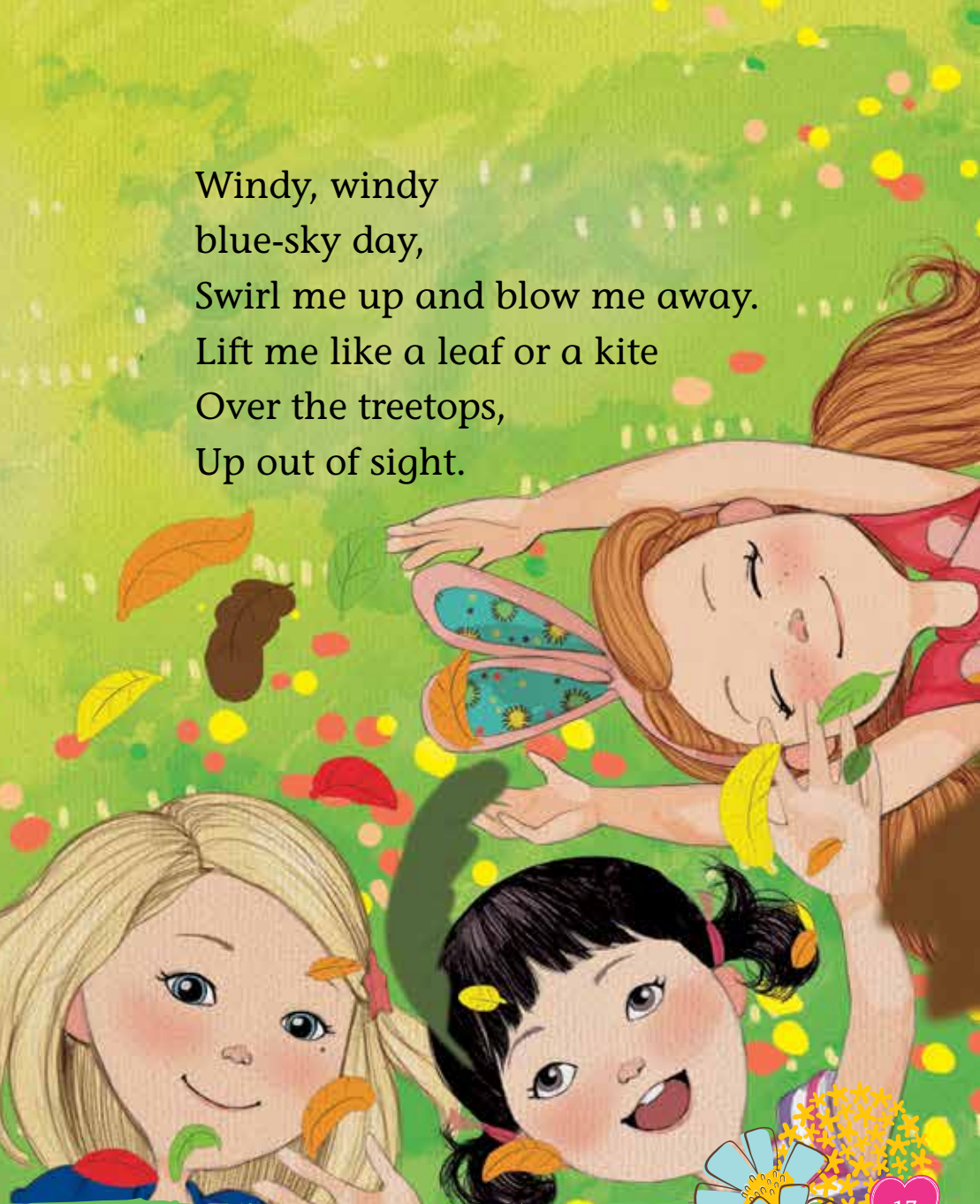
“Hooray!” her friends cheered, laughing at Emerson’s face-first

landing. “*Ya-hoo!*” they hooted as they all ran and jumped and landed—*floop*—by Emerson in the leaf pile. The wind caught the scattered leaves and sent them flying up, up, up into the bright blue sky.



An illustration of two young girls in a field of green grass with colorful confetti. The girl on the left has a large, dark afro and is wearing a pink headband with a floral pattern. The girl on the right has long brown hair and is wearing a pink crown. A white rabbit is visible in the top left corner.

Emerson rolled
over onto her back
and—*swoosh!*—
tossed handfuls of
leaves up into the
air. “Listen to my
poem,” she said.

An illustration of two young girls in a field of green grass with colorful confetti. The girl on the left has long brown hair and is wearing a red top and bunny ears. The girl on the right has long blonde hair and is wearing a blue top and a crown. A white rabbit is visible in the top left corner.

Windy, windy
blue-sky day,
Swirl me up and blow me away.
Lift me like a leaf or a kite
Over the treetops,
Up out of sight.



“You’re really good at making up poems, Emerson,” said Ashlyn.

“Thanks!” said Emerson breezily. “It’s easy.”

“Don’t you just love fall?” sighed Kendall.

“Yes!” said all the girls as they decorated themselves, putting leaves in their hair and their buttonholes and their pockets and their wellies.

“Come on,” said Willa. “I brought apples for everyone. Let’s go eat them under that pretty tree.”



“Oh,” gasped the girls.

“Look at this tree,” said Willa. “Isn’t it beautiful?”

“I love it! It’s wonderful,” sighed Emerson.

“The leaves are so yellow!” said Camille.



They're as
yellow as a
school bus,



Yellow as
a pear,



Yellow as a
dandelion,



Yellow as
your hair!

As yellow as
a lemon,





Yellow as
the sun,



Yellow as the
butter on a hot,
toasty bun!



Yellow as a
ripe banana,



Yellow as
some cheese,



Yellow as
the stripes on the
bumblebees!



“Listen to us,” laughed Kendall.
“I guess Emerson was right—poetry is easy. Without even *trying*, we made up a poem about fall.”

Suddenly, Emerson jumped up.
“Oh, oh, *oh*,” she said, exploding with excitement. “I have just had the most wonderful idea. You’ll *love* it. Come on!”

