



WWW.AMERICANCHILLERS.COM

Freddie Fernortner

FEARLESS FIRST GRADER®

Freddie



Darla



Chipper



Mr. Chewy



MR. CHEWY'S BIG ADVENTURE
BY JOHNATHAN RAND



1

“I’ve got an idea!” Freddie Fernortner said to his two friends, Chipper and Darla.

“Oh, brother,” Darla said. “Here we go again.”

“Are we going to get into trouble?” Chipper asked.

Freddie shook his head. “Not this time,” he said.

However, when Freddie Fernortner said that they wouldn’t get into trouble, they usually did.

You see, although Freddie was very smart, he was also very curious . . . and very brave. Once, he and his friends built a flying bicycle. Another time, they visited a haunted house. They even built a giant fort out of old boxes!

One thing was for sure: Freddie and his friends, along with his cat, Mr. Chewy, always had a lot of fun. Mr. Chewy got his name because he likes to chew bubble gum and blow bubbles . . . which was exactly what the cat was doing when Freddie spotted something stuck in a tree.

“Look,” Freddie said, pointing. Darla and Chipper turned.

In a tree, not far away, was a kite. It was a big kite, too, and it was very colorful. Its tail was made of rags that had been tied together. A storm had passed through earlier in the day, and Freddie thought someone must have been flying the kite when the string broke.



“That’s cool!” Chipper said. “It’s the biggest kite I’ve ever seen in my life!”

Chipper was right. The kite was very big.

“It’s pretty,” Darla said.

“I’ll bet we could get it down,” Freddie said.

“But Freddie,” Darla said, “how are we going to get it? It’s stuck in the tree.”

“I can climb up,” Freddie said. “It’s not very high.”

Chipper scratched his head. “I don’t know, Freddie,” he said. “What happens if you fall?”

“I won’t fall,” Freddie said. “The kite is stuck on the lowest branch. I could climb up and reach the branch and grab the kite. But I’ll need your help.”

Not far away, Mr. Chewy sat in the grass, chewing gum. He blew a bubble and it popped. Then, he continued chewing.

“Come on,” Freddie said, and the three first graders walked to the tree. Above, the

colorful kite fluttered in the breeze.

“How are you going to climb up?” Chipper asked. “There aren’t any branches to grab hold of.”

“Simple,” Freddie said. “You stand next to the tree, Chipper. I’ll climb onto your shoulders and reach the branch. Then, I’ll climb out and untie the kite.”

Darla shook her head. “I don’t think it’s a good idea, Freddie,” she said.

Mr. Chewy, who had followed the three first graders, sat in the grass and blew a bubble.

“Don’t worry,” Freddie said. “I’ll be careful.”

Chipper backed up to the tree. In no time at all, Freddie had scrambled up to his friend’s shoulders. Then, he reached up and grabbed the branch.

“See?” Freddie said, as he swung his legs up over the branch. “This is easy!”

But as he climbed farther out onto the

limb, it began to bend.

“I hope the branch doesn’t break,” Chipper said.

“I can’t bear to watch,” Darla said, covering her eyes with her hands.

“I know!” Freddie said. “Mr. Chewy! Climb up here and help me get the kite!”

Mr. Chewy scampered to the tree and climbed up the trunk. After all, the cat was an expert at climbing trees.

“That’s it!” Freddie said, as the cat made his way along the branch. “Climb out past me, and see if you can get the kite unstuck!”

Mr. Chewy seemed to understand, and he climbed past Freddie, walking cautiously along the limb.

On the ground, Chipper watched. Darla peeked through her fingers.

Mr. Chewy approached the kite’s tangled tail.

“Good cat!” Freddie said.

The tree limb bent.

“Just a little more,” Freddie urged.

The cat took another step.

The branch bent even more.

“Almost there!” Freddie said.

Suddenly, there was a loud cracking sound.

Chipper gasped.

Darla shrieked.

“Oh, no!” Freddie cried.

Without warning, the branch broke,
sending Freddie, Mr. Chewy, and the kite falling
to the ground!

2

It happened so fast there was nothing anyone could do about it.

One moment, Freddie and Mr. Chewy were clinging to a branch in a tree. The next moment, they were tumbling helplessly to the ground.

Freddie landed on his feet, but the branch knocked him to the ground. He was okay, though.

Mr. Chewy, however, wasn't so lucky. The branch knocked him sideways, and the cat landed

right on his head!

“Mr. Chewy!” Darla shouted.

The cat got to his feet. He looked dizzy.

“Are you okay, buddy?” Freddie asked. He knelt down next to the cat. Mr. Chewy sat down, shook his head, and looked around. Thankfully, he wasn’t hurt.

Freddie reached out and petted his cat on the head. “You’re okay,” he told Mr. Chewy. “You just bumped your noggin.”

Mr. Chewy looked at Freddie. Then, he scampered off.

Freddie stood and looked down at the broken branch on the ground. The kite’s tail was still caught in it, but he was easily able to untangle it. When he was finished, he held the kite up.

“Wow!” Chipper said. “It’s even bigger than I thought!”

“What are we going to do with it, Freddie?” Darla asked. “Are we going to fly it?”

“You bet!” Freddie said. “I’ll bet it’ll fly so

high that it will reach the moon!”

“We’ll need some new string,” Chipper said.

“I have some at home,” Darla offered, and she ran to her house.

“This is going to be a blast!” Freddie said. “Let’s take it over to the park where there aren’t any trees!”

Darla returned a few minutes later, carrying a ball of string. “I don’t think there’s enough string to reach the moon,” she said, “but we might be able to reach the clouds.”

Freddie ran home to tell his mother he was going to the park with Chipper and Darla. Mr. Chewy was sitting on the porch.

“Do you want to go to the park, Mr. Chewy?” Freddie asked.

The cat stood and chased after Freddie as he raced back to meet his friends.

“Let’s go!” Freddie shouted to Chipper and Darla. Chipper and Freddie picked up the kite

and held it carefully while they walked.

Soon, they reached the park. There were only a few other kids playing on the swings. Otherwise, the park was empty.

And the wind was blowing strongly.

“Here,” Darla said, handing the ball of string to Freddie.

“Hang on to the kite,” Freddie told Chipper, “so the wind doesn’t carry it off.”

While Chipper held the kite, Freddie carefully tied the string to it. He was careful to tie it well, too, so that it wouldn’t untie while they were flying it.

“All set!” Freddie exclaimed.

“This is going to be fun!” Chipper said.

“Yeah,” Darla said. “And we won’t get into any trouble.”

But Darla was wrong . . . because big trouble was only moments away.

3

“Is everybody ready?” Freddie asked. He was holding the kite with one hand, and the ball of string with the other. The wind tugged and pulled at the kite, but Freddie held it very tight.

“I’m ready!” Chipper said.

“Me, too!” piped Darla.

Mr. Chewy didn’t say anything . . . because he was a cat. He just sat in the grass, beneath a tree, chewing his gum and blowing bubbles. In fact, Mr. Chewy looked quite bored.

“Here we go!” Freddie said, and he let go of the kite. Holding the ball of string in one hand, he began running.

The kite began flying.

Freddie let out some string, and the kite climbed higher into the air, weaving back and forth in the strong wind.

“It’s flying! It’s flying!” Chipper exclaimed.

“Yay, Freddie!” Darla shouted.

Freddie stopped running, and he turned around. He had a big smile on his face as he watched the kite climb higher and higher into the blue sky.

“This is really cool!” he said. “It’s the perfect day to fly a kite!”

But the wind began to die down, and the kite began to fall slowly back to earth.

“Keep it up, Freddie!” Chipper urged.

“Yeah,” Darla said. “Keep flying!”

Freddie started running, hoping the kite would catch some air and rise back into the sky.



But the wind died completely, and the kite continued to sink.

All of this, of course, was being watched carefully by Mr. Chewy, who was still sitting beneath the tree. However, when he saw the kite coming down, he saw the colorful tail attached to it. It was wiggling and squirming in the wind, and the cat thought the kite's tail might be a fun toy to play with . . . if he could only catch it in his paws.

The kite continued to fall, and the tail came closer and closer to the ground.

Mr. Chewy sprang. He ran across the green grass lickety-split, heading for the kite's tail, which was, by now, nearly touching the ground.

"Hey, look!" Darla said. "Mr. Chewy is chasing the kite's tail!"

"That's funny!" Chipper said.

"He's kind of cute!" Freddie said.

Mr. Chewy pounced on the kite's tail and held it between his paws. Then, he rolled onto his

back and bit into the cloth tail with his teeth.

“He’s really having fun!” Darla said.

But something happened that wasn’t fun at all. As a matter of fact, it was very, very scary. You see, Mr. Chewy’s tail had become wrapped up in the kite’s tail . . . and at that very moment, a sudden gust of wind huffed and puffed, sweeping the kite high into the air, taking Mr. Chewy with it!

We hope you enjoyed this
preview! To order this
book, call toll-free:
1-888-420-4244
or visit
www.americanchillers.com

WWW.AMERICANCHILLERS.COM