



**THE  
TOTALLY NINJA  
RACCOONS  
MEET BIGFOOT**

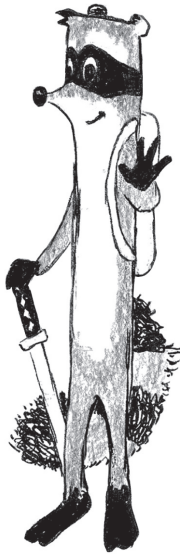
by Kevin Coolidge

## *The Totally Ninja Raccoons Are:*



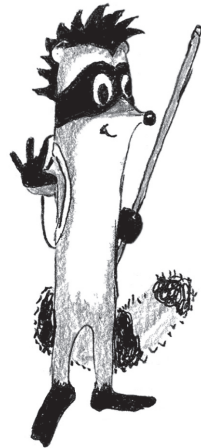
### **Rascal:**

He's the shortest brother and loves doughnuts. He's great with his paws and makes really cool gadgets. He's a little goofy and loves both his brothers, even when they pick on him, but maybe not right then.



### **Bandit:**

He's the oldest brother. He's tall and lean. He's super smart and loves to read. He leads the Totally Ninja Raccoons, but he couldn't do it by himself.



### **Kevin:**

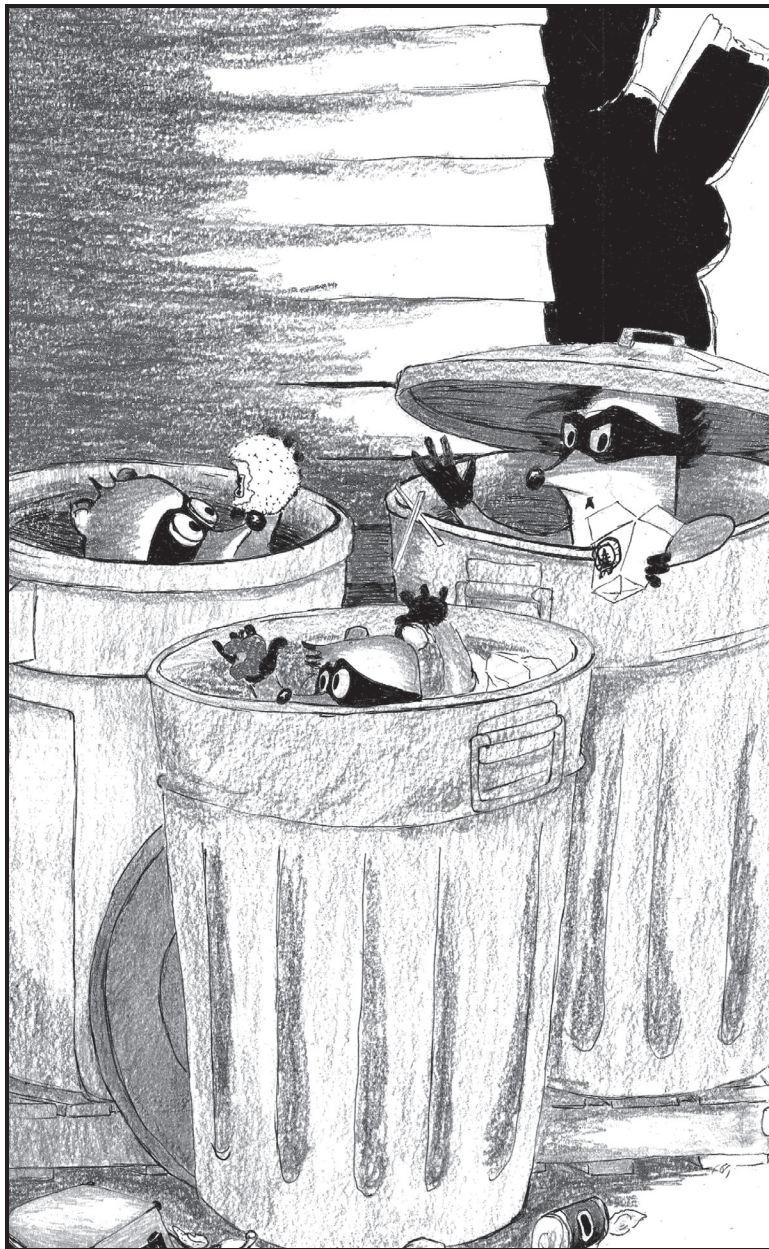
He may be the middle brother, but he refuses to be stuck in the middle. He has the moves and the street smarts that the Totally Ninja Raccoons are going to need, even if it does sometimes get them into trouble as well as out of trouble.



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*“Someone ate all the pork out of the pork-fried rice.”*



## TOTALLY NINJA

A furry head pops up from a trash can, the lid tilted on his head like a hat. It's a raccoon, and he's holding a box of Chinese takeout. "Someone ate all the pork out of this pork-fried rice, and there aren't any chopsticks!" says Kevin.

The trashcan beside the raccoon starts to tremble noisily. There's no lid, so when a voice from within calls out, it echoes. "Who would throw away doughnuts? I love doughnuts," says the voice.

Another raccoon pokes his head up over the rim. It's Rascal. There is a jelly doughnut in his mouth, the powder speckling his face and whiskers. His whiskers twitch.

"Here are your chopsticks, bro," a voice from the third trashcan calls out. End over end, a pair of chopsticks flies across the cans as many other

objects come flying out: a banana peel, an orange rind, a broken toaster.

“Haven’t these people heard of junk food?” asks Bandit. Rascal turns his furry face just in time for the chopsticks to hit him in the forehead. The wooden chopsticks bounce off his head. Kevin’s little, black paw reaches out to snatch them from the air.

“Oh look! General Tso’s chicken!” says Kevin excitedly as he glances back down into the trash can.

“Hey, if the general threw it away, he must not want it anymore,” answers Rascal.

“No, General Tso’s chicken is a sweet, slightly spicy, deep-fried chicken dish,” says Bandit as he peers over at Kevin’s chicken.

“What is he the general of?” asks Rascal.

“Huh? Why, nothing. It’s all marketing,” replies Bandit.

Rascal dives down for another delicious jelly doughnut. Bandit rests his chin on his paws. His ears twitch.

A screen door slams. Bandit quietly slips back down into the trash can. A bright beam of light shines

through the night and stops on Kevin just as he's cramming a huge piece of chicken into his mouth. Kevin grins sheepishly and offers the piece of chicken.

"Get out of my garbage, you stinking thieves," yells a fat, hairy man holding a broom.

With a crash, Bandit's trash can topples over, and he dashes out, running for the safety of the dark. Kevin raises his arms, sniffs and looks puzzled, "I don't smell anything except General Tso's chicken." He jumps out of his trash can and follows Bandit.

"Hey guys, I can't get out. I'm stuck!" shouts Rascal in a muffled voice. The trash can shakes and then stops.

The big, angry man cautiously approaches the can. He's holding a flashlight; his chin jiggles as he shakes a broom in his other hand.

"I told you little bandits that if I caught you in my garbage one more time, I was going to clean house," he yells as he tries to peer into the garbage can. His belly is so huge that it blocks his view.

"The General threw away his chicken and his doughnuts. It's fair game, and my name is Rascal, not Bandit," says a muffled voice from the bottom of the trash can.

Kevin and Bandit stop their scurrying towards the woods and look at each other. “We have to help our clumsy brother,” says Bandit. Kevin nods as they run back to the trash can.

Bandit dashes towards the upset man--as he nears the man he starts a series of flips. He vaults onto the trash can, knocking it over. He jumps into the air, and over the man's head.

Bandit grabs the broom handle and flips over the man. It's a great view. He can see the shiny, bald spot on the top of the man's head. He lands behind the man and whacks him in his butt with the end of the broom.

Kevin sprints to the trash can and reaches in with his paws to help his brother. Rascal is stuck. He only comes halfway out. “It looks like you've eaten a few too many doughnuts,” says Kevin.

Kevin grunts and pulls really hard. Rascal comes out with a loud, popping sound, and both of them go tumbling backward in a somersault resulting in a heap of fur.

The loud, obese man gives a surprised yell, and the raccoons laugh and go scurrying into the forest.

“That was fun!” exclaimed Kevin as he rubs his paws furiously back and forth.



“I didn’t think so. I got stuck, and there are still doughnuts left. I’m also not a thief,” Rascal complains.

“You are wearing a mask,” says Kevin.

“You have a mask!” shouts Rascal.

“We all have masks, but why be common thieves when we can be... ninjas!” exclaims Bandit.

“I could totally be a ninja,” says Kevin.

“What’s a ninja?” asks Rascal.

“A ninja is highly trained in martial arts and stealth. Ninjas hire themselves out for secret missions,” says Bandit.

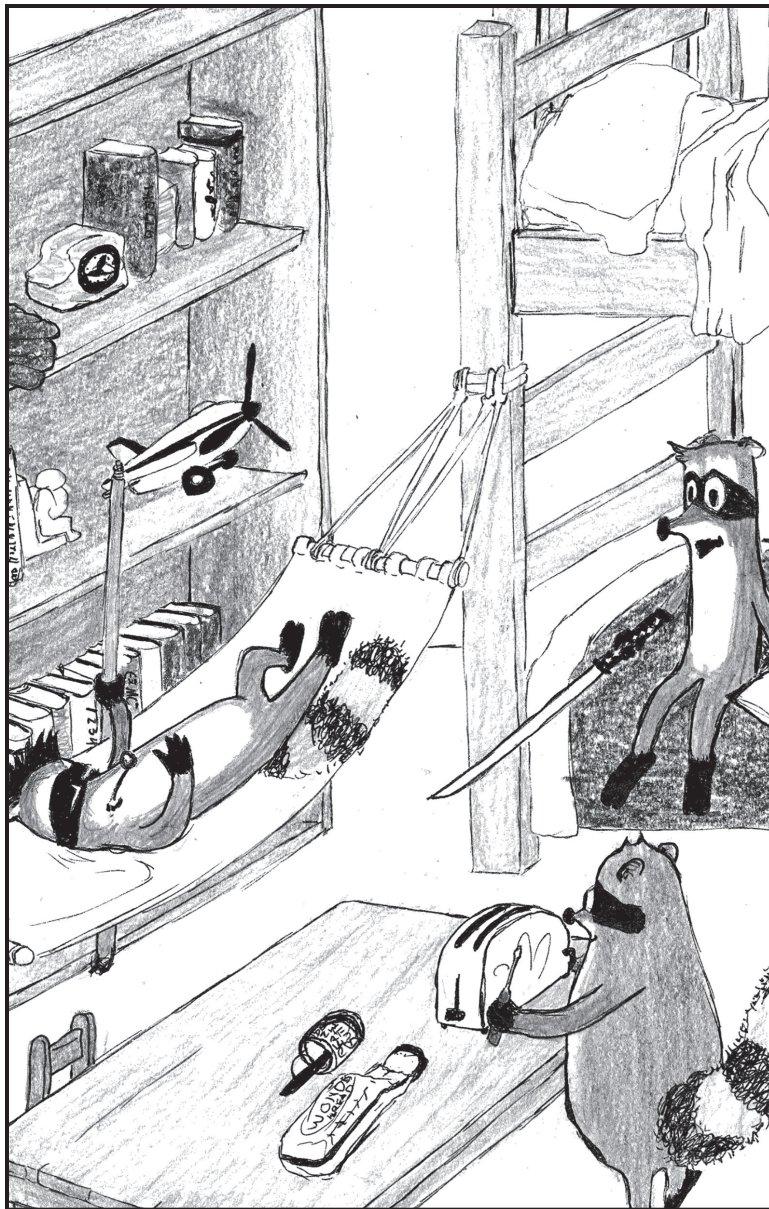
“Do ninjas eat General Tso’s Chicken?” asks Kevin.

“A ninja eats whatever he wants,” replies Bandit.

“I could totally be a ninja!” yells Rascal.

“We are the Totally Ninja Raccoons!” shout the raccoon brothers, jumping and slapping their paws together.





*“If we are going to be ninjas, we are going to need the tools of the trade.”*