

Cleo's Big Ideas:

One Thing Leads
to Another



by Janice Mirvich
Illustrations by Jennifer Ball



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Chapter One

Cleo's Wild Wheat Juice

Cleopatra W. Darby was full of grand ideas, like the letters in her name, she had a slew of them, and one always led to another...

"ZOWIE!" shouted Cleo, shoving wheat grass stalks into Mom's juicer.

Chug! Whirr! Fwap! Green specks spattered the kitchen.

"Cleo, the lid!" said Mom, swiping lime colored flecks from the yoga mat slung over her shoulder.

"Think Green, Drink Green!" said Cleo, pressing the lid onto the juicer.

Mom eyed the blades of wheat grass that littered the counter. Only a few stalks remained in the growing trays. The rest had been snipped.

"I had this great idea," said Cleo.

"Oh?" asked Mom.

Cleo spread an imaginary banner over her head. "Cleo's Wild Wheat Juice, 50 cents a glass!"

She cocked her fedora. "I'll make lots of money."

Chug! Whirrr! Fwap! Juice sloshed from the spigot and splashed into the pitcher. *Chug! Whirrr! Fwap!* Juice ran down the counter.

"Watch what you're doing," said Mom.

Cleo eyed the drip. "I am," she said, stopping the dribble with her pinky, at least for a little bit. "With all the money I make, I'll buy Winston a bigger home."

Winston, Cleo's tortoise, poked his head out of his shell.

"Why? Does he need one?" asked Mom, swiping up Cleo's green trail.

"If we have one, Winston should too."

Mom brushed a few stray blades of grass from the counter. "Do you think you'll sell all this? No one in Humble knows us yet. We haven't even completely moved in."

"Don't worry, when the neighbors come to my stand, I'll tell them all about you, and Dad." Cleo flung the door open. She held it, as Winston trundled past. Then she grabbed the pitcher and dashed outside.

She set up her stand at the end of the driveway, and stayed there until dinner. She

didn't sell one glass.

It seemed no one in the small town of Humble wanted to drink what they could mow.

That little hiccup didn't slow Cleo down.

On the car ride home, she told Mom and Dad her plans.

"I'll sell out next time. I'll advertise: posters, flyers, maybe a website too. Think Green, Drink Green! Catchy isn't it?" Cleo leaned back against the car's cushioned seat. "I have it all planned out."

"You do?" asked Mom.

"Absitively, posilutely! Before we left, I tossed seeds—all over. They're going to grow, grow, grow!" Cleo stretched her arms over her head. "You won't need to buy the lawn mower you were looking at Dad. Wheat grass is supposed to grow tall!"

"Say you didn't," said Dad. He stopped the car and held his head in his hands.

"You didn't," said Cleo. Dad looked up.

"I did," she said, with a grin.

Re-Act! Re-Do!

Project #1

Wheat Grass:

Grow Your Own like Cleo!

What you need:

Wheatgrass seeds

Soaking bowl

Peat moss

Paper towels or newspaper

Organic compost or potting soil

Growing tray: 10 x 20

Spray bottle

Scissors

Steps:

1. Soak your wheat grass seeds in a moistened paper towel, until they grow root hairs.

2. Line your tray, with folded paper towels.

3. Sprinkle potting soil on top of the towels and then sprinkle the seeds over the soil.

4. Cover the seeds with about an inch or so of potting soil.

5. *Water your seeds, spritzing them with your spray bottle until the soil is moist.*
6. *Cover your seed tray, with a damp covering of paper towels.*
7. *Set the tray in indirect sunlight.*
8. *Spritz your seedlings two times every day.*
9. *When your seeds sprout, take off the paper towel covering.*
10. *Water your seedlings every day.*
11. *When your wheatgrass grows to about 8 inches, use scissors to cut it at about $\frac{1}{2}$ " to $\frac{3}{4}$ " from the soil.*
12. *Rinse the wheatgrass to get rid of any potting soil before putting it into your extraction juicer.*



Chapter Two

Winston's Bigger Home

Alongside the trim lawns of Limbo Lane, Cleo's wheat grass bowed, but even her imaginary juice sales were in a slump.

Cleo and her mom and dad had finished fixing up their new old house in the country, and now Cleo was more determined than ever that Winston should have a new home.

She went out to her Re-Act Shack, which she shared with the recycling bins and the garden tools. A sign on its door said,

Caution:

**Ideas bubbling inside,
Sudden bursts likely.**

Cleo scratched her head. Doodads, whoosey-what-sis, thing-a-ma-jigs, and whatcha-ma-call-its were piled high on her project table.

"ZOWIE!" Cleo slipped her pencil from behind her ear and slid on her aquamarine cat eyeglasses. She'd draw up plans for Winston's

new home. That's what she'd do. She'd build his home—and not just any home. She'd build Winston a dome.

She put up a sign next to the shack. It read:

Future Sight of Winston's Dome.

Cleo was rolling old newspaper into tubes, frames for the dome, when she heard the clang of the sidedoor cowbell. It worked better than any doorbell Cleo had ever heard. Mom and Dad thought so, too. On the first day they'd visited the new house, Cleo had found the cowbell rusting under a clump of ginormous dandelions. She'd cleaned it up and painted it a rainbow of colors. Pretty and noisy—it was perfect.

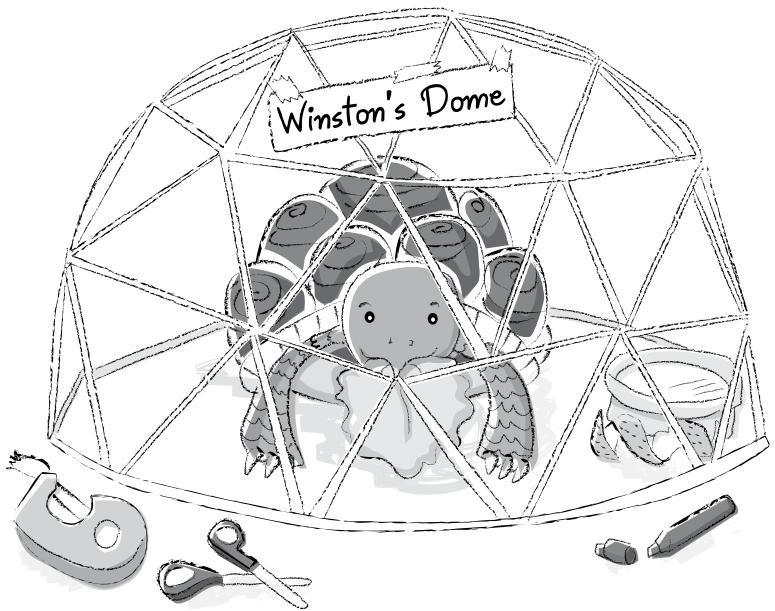
A boy with a square nose and hair as short as the neighbor's freshly cut lawn clanged the bell. He stood beside a lady in a dress smothered with roses.

"Go on, Albert, go make friends," Cleo heard the lady say. She pointed toward Cleo.

"Do I have to?" asked Albert.

Re-Act! Re-Do!
Project #2

***How to Make a Geodesic Dome
Out of Newspaper***



What you need:

Newspaper

Measuring tape

Masking tape

Markers for decorating

Steps:

1. Stack three sheets of newspaper together.
2. Starting in one corner, roll the sheets up to form a tube.
3. Tape the tube so it doesn't unroll.
4. Roll 65 tubes.
5. Cut 30 of them at 18 inches. Mark them as "long" with either a marker or sticker
6. Cut 35 tubes at 16 inches.
7. Decorate them if you want to.
8. Tape the ends of 10 long tubes together. That will be the base of the dome.
9. Wrap a strip of tape around the joints of the tubes to make them stronger.
10. Tape the first and last tubes together. Your dome base will curve.
11. At each joint on the base, tape one long and one short tube. Short tubes should be next to each other so they can form a triangle, and the same for the long tubes.
12. Tape the ends of two adjacent shorts to complete 5 smaller triangles, and then do the same for the long tubes, creating 5 larger triangles on the base.
13. Connect the triangles with a row of short tubes.

- 14. Tape a short tube to the joint where four short tubes connect. The tube should stick straight up.*
- 15. Connect the short tubes to the joints on either side of it with long tubes to make new triangles. Connect the triangles with a row of long tubes.*
- 16. Add the last five shorts to the new triangles joints. They last five shorts should meet at the center of the dome. This should form a pentagon. It'll be the dome's middle.*
- 17. Tape one end of each of the last five short tubes to the pentagon's angles.*
- 18. Tape the other ends of the short tubes together to form the top of the dome.*



Chapter Three

Friend?

Cleo watched the lady snatch a flyer out of a huge bag that was smothered with the same roses as her dress. She handed it to Cleo's mom.

"I'm from the Humble Garden Club," she said, her voice loud enough to be heard two houses over. Albert, looking like he wanted to be someplace else, trudged to where Cleo was standing.

His shirt had a spaceship on it with the words "Beam me up" written across it. Cleo raised one eyebrow *extra* high.

Albert's brows furrowed. "How'd you do that?" he asked, pointing.

"Alien secret," said Cleo. She lowered the one eyebrow, then raised her other. "Whoa..." Albert froze. "You've made contact?"

"I was joking," said Cleo.

"Oh...right," said Albert. "I knew that."

Albert stared at the sign, and the pile of

newspaper next to Cleo. "You're making a dome out of newspaper?" He sounded like he didn't think it'd work. "Why?"

Cleo pushed up her glasses. "Winston needs a bigger home. A dome will give him more room than a regular home."

"Uh-huh...so who's Winston?" asked Albert. Winston stuck his head out of his shell.

"Albert this is Winston. Winston, this is Albert."

"Wow, that's a big turtle."

Winston tucked his head back inside. Cleo sighed. "You really know how to hurt a tortoise's feelings," she said, patting Winston.

Albert shrugged. "Sorry."

Lying next to the stack of newspapers was a boomerang with a propeller on it. Albert picked it up.

"Cool..." he said, turning it in his hand. "What is it?"

"A Turbo-Twisting Boomerang and Kite Launcher," said Cleo. "But..."

Before Cleo could finish, Albert tossed it. On its way down, it whacked the top of his head.

"...it needs some adjusting," said Cleo.



“I’ll say!” said Albert, rubbing his head.

“Time to go, Albert,” called his mother.

Albert held his palm up and splayed his fingers into a V. “Live well and prosper.”

“Uhh—okay,” said Cleo. She held her hand up, but no matter what, her fingers wouldn’t

separate into a V. "How'd you do that?" she asked.

Albert smirked. "Alien secret."

Winston poked his head out. Cleo sat down beside him. They watched Albert go.

Chapter Four

Necessity, the Mother of Invention

“Did you make a friend?” asked Mom.
Cleo shrugged. She read the flyer. It said:



Take Part-
Create Humble Garden Art.
Join the
Humble Garden Club.
Meeting to be held on
May 3rd
at the
Humble Community Center

“It’d be a good way to meet some of the ladies in the neighborhood,” said Mom, pointing at the flyer. “And garden art can’t be too hard to create.” She scanned their sea of drooping wheat grass.

“I’ll help you, Mom. I’ll go with you to the meeting, and set up my stand. I bet those ladies

get thirsty talking about flowers.”

“I’d love for you to come, Cleo, but no juice ... at least, not at the first meeting.”

Cleo cocked her fedora. “Aw, come on, Mom.”
Mom shook her head.

“Oh, all right,” said Cleo. She pulled her fedora down and went back to work. The sun was just setting when she finished Winston’s dome.

That night Cleo went to bed early, but not to sleep. The garden club flyer and her journal lay scattered on her rug. If Mom really wanted to join the garden club, she’d need Cleo’s help, but what was garden art anyway?

Cleo had to think up an uber-iffic idea, and in the middle of the night when all of Humble was quiet ...

“ZOWIE!” Cleo shouted.

The lights in house after house flicked on.

“Uber-tastic, a chain reaction!”

It was a sign, Cleo was sure of it. Her ideas were going to catch on quick in Humble.

Re-Act! Re-Do!

Project #3

Chain Reaction: the Domino Effect

What's a chain Reaction?



A chain reaction passes on energy, again and again, until the chain is broken or ends.

Have you ever been standing in line, and someone bumps into you from behind, and then you bump into the person ahead of you? If you have, then you've been part of a chain reaction.

When you were bumped into energy passed to you, and then you passed it on to the person in front of you.

Make a Chain Reaction the Domino way.

What you need:

Dominoes—as many as you can find.

A flat surface

Steps:

1. Stand up the dominoes in a line (it doesn't have to be a straight line) with about half an inch space in between each domino.

2. Be creative: you can make many different shapes or designs. You could even spell out your name if you have enough of them—you just have to make sure there aren't any breaks in the chain.

*YouTube has some fantastic domino chain reactions you can watch—just search **DOMINOES**.*

Chapter Five

One Good Idea Leads To Another

Some ideas are bigger than sleep. And this one was a whopping green one, so Cleo stayed up to figure it out. When the sun finally shone through her bedroom window, she was ready to put her idea to the test.

Across the hallway, the toilet flushed.

“Cleeeeo!” yelled Dad, peering out from the bathroom door. “Where’s my shaving mirror?”

Cleo raced down the hall. “I had to use it, Dad, for my new Super Solar Garden Art Grower, I call it the S.S. G.A.G., for short.” Cleo held it up. “See.”

A mound of shaving cream filled Dad’s hand. “I ...I need a mirror, Cleo.”

Cleo held the S.S. G.A.G. higher. “You can use this.” Dad’s reflection shone off each of its shiny tiny squares. He leaned down and shaved one cheek.

“Check it out. I used the new GPS you bought.

I attached it to my remote-control haul-and-go.”

Dad twitched. “That GPS was for your Mom’s scooter Cleo.”

“Don’t worry Dad. I’ll give it back when I’m done. With the S.S. G.A.G., Mom will be able to create garden art wherever—even in the shade. The S.S. G.A.G. will track the angle of the sun’s rays, soak up its light, and then reflect it.” Cleo bounced up and down. “Won’t she be surprised? Won’t the garden ladies be too?”

Dad turned his cheek. “Oh, they’ll all be surprised.” He put his hand on Cleo’s shoulder. “Hold still,” he said as he turned his cheek and finished shaving.

Cleo set the S.S. G.A.G. on the floor. She grabbed the philodendron off the back of the toilet, stuck it on the grower, and drove it into the hall closet.

“With the right angle,” she said, peering at the trickle of sun coming through the bathroom’s tiny window, “I’ll grow a jungle in there!”

“Just what every house needs,” said Dad.

Chapter Six

Now You See It, Now You Don't

After breakfast, Cleo tucked the S.S. G.A.G. in her messenger bag. Then, she and Mom rushed to the garden club meeting.

“What’s in your pack?” asked Mom.

“It’s a surprise,” said Cleo.

“No juice—right?” asked Mom.

“No, no juice.”

At the Community Center, Albert’s mom, Mrs. Einsbine, introduced them to her sister, Ms. Mason, the Garden Club President.

A girl about Cleo’s age peeked out from behind the president’s skirt. “Nice hat,” she said with a smirk. “I’m Emmie. You must be ...” she snorted, “the new girl.”

Cleo slid her fedora over her eyes. Emmie took the hint and moved to the snack table.

Cleo needed to scope out hiding spots. She tilted her hat back. Where could she put the S.S. G.A.G. so the garden club members couldn’t see it?

An empty chair sat in the front of the room. A huge bouquet of flowers in a tall urn stood beside it. ZOWIE!

Cleo moved the chair, just a little bit. Perfect! The urn blocked it. She put the S.S. G.A.G. on the chair's seat, tucked a pillow in front of it and covered both with a doily. No one would ever notice.

Cleo had remembered everything she needed to do, except for one thing, and now she really had to go.

She was just drying her hands, when she heard a shriek. Cleo pushed the bathroom door open.

Ms. Mason's mouth was as wide as a hippo's. "Who...put this...this, whatever it is...on my seat?" she shouted. She held up a squashed S.S. G.A.G.

Emmie pointed at Cleo.

Forty-four eyes rolled toward the ladies room door. Ms. Mason turned. Cleo gulped. The S.S. G.A.G.'s mirror was stuck to Ms. Mason's rump. The voice of the GPS, said, "Recalculating, recalc..." It's time was up.

Ms. Mason pulled the mirror off her rear. Humph! "You...! Why...? What was that on my chair?"

"It was supposed to be a surprise," said Cleo.

“It most certainly was,” said Ms. Mason. She plucked at the pieces, still stuck to her skirt. “Whatever was it?”

“It was a Super Solar Garden Art Grower,” said Cleo. “It would’ve helped make garden art, wherever you wanted, even in shady spots.”

“This garden club doesn’t need gadgets!” said Ms. Mason. “The very idea!” She shook her head.

Emmie sniggered behind cupped hands.

“It was a good idea,” said Cleo, “until you sat on it.”



Re-Act! Re-Do!

Project #4

Build Your Own Mini-Solar Cell



What you need:

An adult to help you

A sheet of copper 4" x 12" and 5-10 mil. thick

A warming plate or electric burner

Sandpaper, steel wool, or a wire brush

Tin snips

Soap or dish detergent

A 4 ½" to 5"-wide mouthed glass or plastic jar

2 T. hot water

2 T. salt

***A micro-ammeter that can measure between 10-50 microamperes. You may have to save up your money for one of these.*

Steps:

1. Clean the burner or warming plate with the sandpaper, steel wool, or the wirebrush.

2. Cut the copper sheet with tin snips into two rectangles.

3. Wash the copper with dish detergent.

4. Rinse it, and then brush it with the sandpaper, steel wool, or the wire brush.

5. Dry it.

***Here's where you need a grown-up.*

6. Put one of the rectangles on the burner or warming plate.

7. Turn the burner on the highest setting and leave it there for 30 minutes.

8. The copper is going to oxidize. It'll turn black.

9. Now, turn off the heat, and let it cool. The rectangle will shrink, and the layer of black will fleck off.

10. *Rubbing lightly, clean the copper rectangle with the sandpaper, steel wool, or brush. It should look reddish.*

11. *Rinse off any leftover black flecks.*

12. *Place the rectangle in your glass jar and bend it a little so the reddish side is facing out.*

13. *Now take the other copper rectangle and place it inside the jar on the opposite side. Don't let the rectangles touch.*

14. *Use the clips of the microammeter to fix the copper to the sides of the jar. The negative terminal goes on the copper you heated and the positive terminal goes on the copper you didn't heat*

15. *Dissolve the 2T. of salt into the 2T. of hot water and pour them into the glass jar.*

16. *Don't get the microammeter clips wet.*

17. *Leave the jar in the sun for about 30 minutes.*

***Check the microammeter.*

How much electricity did you and the sun make?

Chapter Seven

If at First You Don't Succeed...

At home, Cleo dumped the broken grower on her project table. "What if Humble doesn't like any of my ideas?" she asked Mom.

"Don't worry, when you start at Humble Elementary, you'll find someone who likes big ideas, Cleo." Mom patted her shoulder. "This afternoon, we'll go to sign you up. Albert's mother told me the school even has air conditioning. She said it gets pretty hot the last month before term ends."

After lunch, Cleo brought Winston some apple slices. "I wish you could go to school with me, but its air conditioned and you'd go into hibernation."

She stared through the Re-Act Shack's doorway at the broken jumble that was the S.S. G.A.G. She spied her old cook-and-play oven on top of the recycling bin. An idea was bubbling, growing bigger and bigger. "Maybe..."

maybe you *can* come with me...ZOWIE!"

"Good-bye Garden Art Grower," said Cleo, taking apart its pieces. "Hello, Eco-Enviro-Warmer!"

Two hours later, Cleo tucked the Eco-Enviro-Warmer, otherwise known as E.E.W., inside Winston's wagon and turned it on. She let down the wagon's tail gate. Winston clomped up the ramp.

"Now, we can go to school, together."

Winston tucked himself alongside his warmer.

"Ready Mom?" asked Cleo, pulling Winston's wagon to the side door.

"Ready," said Mom.

They headed up the block.

Albert was practicing ollies on his skateboard. "Hey, Albert," she called.

"Hey, Cleo. Hey, Mrs. Darby," Albert, called back. He scooted toward them, wearing a Yoda for President t-shirt. "What's that?" he asked, pointing at the E.E.W..

"It's an Eco-Enviro-Warmer. I made it so Winston could go to school too," said Cleo.

"Cool," said Albert.

"No-warm," said Cleo, touching the E.E.W.

A voice from inside the house called, “Albert, whom are you speaking to?”

“Cleo, Aunt Cal,” said Albert.

From behind the screen door, the voice said, “Where are your manners Albert? Introduce me.”

Cleo thought the voice sounded familiar. The door creaked open, behind it stood Ms. Mason, the Garden Club President.



Re-Act! Re-Do!

Project #5

Solar S'mores: Cleo's Favorite Solar Snack



What you need:

For the Solar Oven:

Cardboard box with an attached lid

Aluminum foil

Plastic wrap

Glue stick and tape

A 12" stick

A ruler

An xacto knife (ask an adult for help)

For the S'mores:

Graham cracker squares,

Marshmallows,

Chocolate bar squares,

Aluminum pan

Steps:

1. Get a grown-up to help you cut a three sided flap, with a 1" border from the top of the cardboard box.
2. Glue a piece of aluminum foil that matches the size of the flap to the inside of it.
3. Smooth out the foil.
4. Glue black construction paper to the inside of

the box.

5. Lift the flap and tape 2 sheets of plastic wrap across the opening.

6. Prop the flap of the box open with the 12" stick

7. Make sure its facing toward the sun, so it will reflect the rays into the box.

8. Set the oven in the sun to preheat (30 minutes).

9. Fix your s'mores only halfway—first only the graham cracker and marshmallow.

10. Place your half-s'mores (cracker and marshmallow) on an aluminum pan.

11. Lift up the clear wrap so you can place the pan inside your oven.

12. Tape it back in place.

13. Cook your s'mores for 30 minutes or until the marshmallow is soft.

14. Lift the wrap and place the chocolate and second graham cracker on top of the marshmallow.

15. Press down lightly.

16. Close the plastic wrap oven lid and let the sun's heat melt the chocolate.

Chapter Eight

The Best Plans Don't Always Work Out

“Oh, it’s you,” said Ms. Mason, her hands on her hips. Her lips puckered. Her face pinched.

“You know each other?” asked Albert.

Cleo nodded. Emmie’s face peeked out from under her mother’s armpit. She stuck her tongue out.

Albert rolled his eyes. “Emmie too, huh.” Behind Aunt Cal’s back, Albert stuck out his tongue at Emmie.

Emmie’s head disappeared. “Albert’s being mean again,” she whined.

“Am not,” said Albert. He stepped forward and pointed at Winston’s wagon. “Cleo’s invented an Eco-Enviro-Warmer, Aunt Cal.”

“Another invention?” asked Ms. Mason.

Mom put her arm around Cleo’s shoulders. “My Cleo’s a fantastic inventor.”

Cleo looked from Mom to Ms. Mason. “I

wanted to bring Winston, my tortoise, to school, but he falls asleep if he gets cold, and since it's air conditioned there, he'd need it warmer, so I recycled the... um... the Garden Art Grower, you know, the one you sat on."

"Humph," said Ms. Mason. She eyed Winston. "That's your turtle?"

"He's a tortoise," said Albert.

Ms. Mason peered at Cleo. "I do hope this invention isn't as startling as the other one."

"No, no surprises this time." Cleo took the E.E.W. out of the wagon and handed it to Ms. Mason.

Ms. Mason eyed it warily.

"Hey, Aunt Cal, you could write an article about Cleo's invention for the newspaper," said Albert.

Aunt Cal, Ms. Mason, didn't answer.

"Aunt Cal writes the community news for the Humble Tribune," said Albert.

Just then Ms. Mason's pinky flicked the Eco-Enviro-Warmer's temperature switch. It went from comfy-cozy to char-broil. "EEW!" she cried, throwing Cleo's invention into the sky.

What goes up must come down.

When it hit the ground, Cleo's Eco-Enviro-Warmer smashed into a bazillion pieces.

Ms. Mason blew on her sore fingers. "Your gizmos should come with a hazard warning, young lady!" she said, holding open the front door. "Come inside, Albert."

"See you later, Cleo," said Albert.



Cleo picked up the pieces of her busted E.E.W..

“Now Winston can’t come to school with me,” said Cleo. “It’s not fair.”

“You’ll figure something out,” said Mom.

At home, Winston trudged into his dome. He hid in his shell.

“I’m sorry, Winston,” said Cleo.

Mom gave Cleo a hug. “Things will get better when you start school,” she said. “I’m sure of it. Come on, let’s go sign you up.”

Slap, flap, slap, flap. Cleo watched her sneakers smack the sidewalk. She looked just like she felt—down, but if she hadn’t been looking at her feet, she would have never noticed the eight leaves of good luck growing from between a crack in the sidewalk outside Humble Elementary. ZOWIE!

She’d grow her own luck. That’s what she’d do. Gently, Cleo pulled up the clover.

Mom pointed to the bench outside the school’s main office. “Wait there. I’ll be out in a minute.”

Cleo sat. Her clover began to droop. It needed water. She spied a water fountain down the hallway. “Uber-iffic!” she said.

A lady walking by stopped. “What do you

have there?" she asked.

Cleo held up the clover. "Luck!" she said "I'm going to grow my own patch of it."

"What a good idea...I think I'll look for some to grow too."

Cleo handed her one of the sprigs. "Here," she said, "I have two, you can have one of mine."

"Why, thank you," said the lady, smiling. "My luck is getting better already."

"Are you a teacher here?" asked Cleo.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Swell. And you are...?"

"Cleopatra W. Darby," said Cleo.

Mom poked her head out from the doorway. "Cleo, they said your teacher's name is Mrs. Swell."

"That's you," said Cleo, grinning.

Mrs. Swell's fingers brushed the leaves of her clover. "It certainly looks like good fortune has brought us together," she said. "See you in class, Cleopatra."

"See you," said Cleo. She looked down at her sprig. Its leaves were curling. Cleo tugged Mom's sleeve. "Let's go. My luck needs to take root."



Re-Act! Re-Do!
Project #6

Grow Your Own Patch of Good Luck!

Find a patch of clover. The ones with the white flowers are most likely to have four leaves.

While standing above them, scan the patch. Brush the clover with your foot. Sometimes separating the plants makes it easier to spot the clovers with the extra leaf.

When you find one, gently remove a strand of the clover and set it in water in a place with indirect sunlight. As soon as it grows roots, plant it in a clear area in your garden or yard. Clover grows better outside than in a pot.

Chapter Nine

A World of Difference

Monday came and with it the start of school. Cleo was excited. Her luck had rooted, and on top of that, she was in the same class as Albert.

They walked to school together.

“New look?” asked Cleo. She pointed to the flashing deelyboppers that Albert was wearing on his head.

He flicked them and they waggled. “These let aliens know I’m a friend.”

Cleo’s eyebrows rose. “Are you sure?”

“Definitely!” Albert reached into his back pack. He had a bunch of deelyboppers, all sorts of colors, and all of them flashing. “Want one?”

Cleo straightened her fedora. “No, not really.”

At the classroom door, Albert’s antennae wiggled, while Cleo stood frozen.

“Welcome, Cleopatra,” said Mrs. Swell, waving Cleo inside. On Mrs. Swell’s desk was a small pot holding four leaves of good luck.

The class turned and stared, but not at Albert.

Cleo slipped her fedora from her head, and placed it in the cubby that had her name on it. Then she sat down at the only empty desk in the class. Wouldn't you know it? Emmie Mason had the seat next to her.

Mrs. Swell clapped her hands. "I'd like you all to welcome Cleopatra to our class," she said.

Whispers and sniggers circled the room.

Mrs. Swell clapped her hands again. Her eyes were like lasers, as they scanned the seats.

The class grew quiet, then as one, they toned, "Welcome, Cleopatra."

"Cleopatra?" Emmie leaned over, whispering. "What...like the queen?"

Cleo raised her hand.

Mrs. Swell pointed at her. "Yes, Cleopatra?"

"I'd like to be called, Cleo."

"Of course, welcome to Class 102, Cleo," said Mrs. Swell.

Chapter Ten

Ideas Aplenty

Mrs. Swell cleared her throat. "Class, I have some good news and some bad news," she said. "The good news is a female Mexican spotted owl has taken up residence in an old nest at the top of the pine tree, right outside our classroom window."

"So what's the bad news?" asked Albert.

"The reason the owl nested in our pine tree was that its habitat was cut down," said Mrs. Swell.

"Then we should grow it a new one," said Albert.

"That's a good idea, but it takes a long time for a forest to grow. So, for the meantime, we are going to keep a log of what the owl does, and if we're lucky, we'll see its eggs hatch. It's laid two that I've spotted."

Mrs. Swell held up a pair of binoculars. "I have two sets. If anyone has a pair they can bring in, please do," she said smiling, "The more eyes watching the better."

Cleo peered out of the window. The top of the pine tree swayed. She had an idea, and it was bubbling... "ZOWIE!" she shouted.

Startled, Mrs. Swell flung the binoculars. "Oh, no!" she cried. Leaping past Emmie's and Cleo's desks, she caught the binoculars just before they thwacked Albert's antennae.

"Is everything okay, Cleo?" asked Mrs. Swell, the binoculars dangling from her fingers.

Cleo beamed. "I had an idea!"

Mrs. Swell straightened her skirt. "Ideas are always welcomed," she said. "But next time, please raise your hand, Cleo, dear."

Cleo's hand rose above her head.

"Yes, Cleo," said Mrs. Swell.

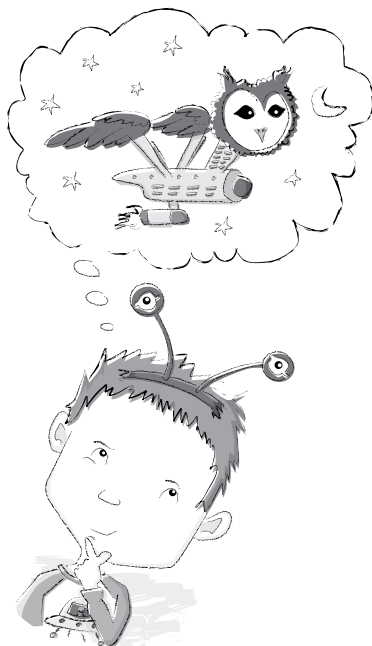
"If we hide a camera in the tree, we could film what the owl does, then everyone could eyeball it together." Cleo curled her hand around her eye, like it was a telescope. She scanned the room.

"That's one idea," said Mrs. Swell.

Emmie bounced in her seat, her arm shot in the air. "But it's not a good one," she said. "I read this book about someone who tried that, and when the owl saw the camera it knocked it out of the tree."

“Well that is something to consider,” said Mrs. Swell. “But, remember Emmie, in this class, all ideas are good.”

Emmie scowled. Albert flashed his antennae. “I have an idea!”



“Yes, Albert,” said Mrs. Swell.

“Why don’t we watch for UFOs, unidentified flying owls. You know, space owls.”

Mrs. Swell sighed. “Let’s stick to earth’s owls for now, Albert,” she said.

“Oh, okay,” said Albert.



Chapter Eleven

A Square Peg in a Round Hole

At lunch, everyone sat side by side. “Want to trade?” Kim asked Sara. “Your crackers for my pretzels?”

The girls swapped.

“Trade you my orange for your apple,” Sara said to Emmie.

“Ok,” Emmie said, then she turned with a grimace and pointed at Cleo’s lunch. “What’s that?”

“Chickpea poppers ...” said Cleo, tossing one in the air and catching it in her mouth. “They’re delish—want to swap?”

“No thanks!” She pointed at Cleo’s juice. “Yuck! Why is it green?”

“It’s wheat grass juice—want to try some?”

Emmie covered her mouth. All of a sudden, she looked kind of green, too.

Albert walked past. “Hey, Cleo.”

Emmie grabbed his arm. She pointed at the juice. “Albert, you try it.”

Albert shrugged. "What is it?"

Cleo poured him a cup. "Wheat grass juice."

"I'm game." He sipped, swallowed, and smacked his lips. "It'd be better with bubbles."

Emmie's face was pinched. "I can't believe you're my cousin."

Albert waved his deelyboppers. "Me, neither."

At recess, the boys stayed on one side of the playground and the girls on the other. Cleo sat by herself.

She took out her turbine twisting boomerang and kite flyer. She had worked out the kinks, but it still needed testing. She spun the turbine. *Whoosh*. She chucked the boomerang. *Whiz*. The kite flew. *Zip*.

It seemed to work perfectly. All the girls wanted a turn, until Cleo shrugged. They should have ducked. It wasn't her fault. Doesn't everyone know a boomerang circles back?

Cleo nestled herself beside the trunk of the tall pine tree; above her the owl screeched.

Mrs. Swell waved to her through the open window. "That looks like a perfect spot to think up good ideas."

Cleo pointed at Emmie, Kim, and Sara,

playing hopscotch. “They don’t think my ideas are good.”

Mrs. Swell leaned out of the window. “Well, what are you going do about that?”

Cleo angled her fedora, over her ear. “What do you mean?”

Mrs. Swell tapped the windowsill. “Cleo, don’t tell me you’ve run out of ideas?”

“No...” said Cleo.

“Then something will come to you,” said Mrs. Swell. “I’m sure of it.”

Cleo’s thoughts were bubbling ...



Re-Act! Re-Do!

Project #7

Boomerang Chucking 101 by Cleo

Steps:



1. Make sure the curved side of the boomerang is facing towards you, and then wrap your fingers around the bottom of the boomerang.

2. Lift your arm over your head.

3. Step forward with your opposite foot.

4. Chuck your boomerang overhead, like you're throwing a baseball.

5. At the end of your throw, snap your wrist, and pull your finger back, to give it the twist.

6. Watch out for the boomerang as it heads back towards you. Be sure to try it out in an open area when you are learning!

Chapter Twelve

A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed

After school, Cleo made a list. It looked like this:

What makes a good friend?
A kid you like. A kid who likes you.
A kid who likes some of the same
things you do.

There was not one girl in her class who liked big ideas or inventing. What was she going to do?

Cleo spied her Talking Tall-as-Me-Doll slumped in the corner. She stood her up and looked her in the eye.

“ZOWIE!”

Maybe she did have what it took to make a new friend.

Cleo bolted to her Re-Act Shack. Thing-a-mabobs, whoosey-whatsis, and doodads glinted from the top of her project table. She made another list.

Invent-A-Friend Stuff:

Talking Tall-as-Me-Doll

Mom's GPS, Dad won't mind if I use it again.

Mom's extend-o gripper grabbers, the ones she uses to get stuff off the top shelf.

My unicycle—I still can't ride it.

From afternoon into evening, Cleo worked in her Re-Act Shack.

"Dinner's ready," called Mom.

Cleo had just attached her new friend's battery pack. "I'm almost done hardwiring," she called back.

"You're done doing what?" asked Mom.

Cleo ran into the kitchen "I'm done," she said. "...uh, with my hard... hard homework."

During dinner, Mom asked a lot of questions. "How was school?" Do you like your class? Have you made any new friends?"

Cleo pushed her tofu and bean sprouts around her plate. "Okay, sort of, no—well, sort of."

Mom raised an eyebrow. "So you did make a friend?" asked Mom. "What's her name?"

Cleo's eyes grew as big as saucers. "Her name...?"

In the morning, she'd have to go to school. Mrs. Swell would ask, too. What was she going to do?

She shrugged. "I...uh forgot. Can I be excused? I have more homework to do."

Mom's eyebrow rose even higher. "I thought you were finished."

Cleo scraped her leftovers into the compost can. "I just remembered something important I had forgotten." She dashed to her bedroom and stayed up late, backward brainstorming. Sometimes answers came to her quicker that way. K-Kelsey, J-Josie, I-Isa ..., oh I don't know, thought Cleo, rubbing her eyes. I hope ...

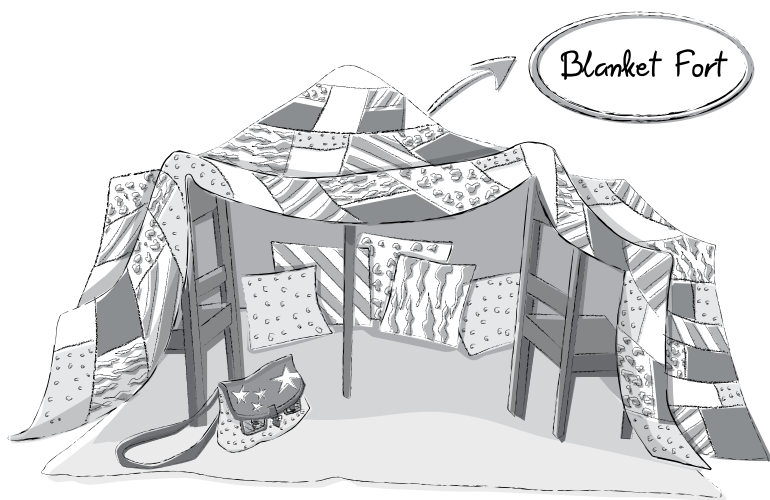
"ZOWIE! Hope—that's it!"



Re-Act! Re-Do!

Project #8

Backward Brainstorming



Start with something basic, something in your room, like a blanket.

Draw a picture of it. Draw a box or a bubble around it. Draw a few lines coming out of the box or bubble.

Now think of things that you can do with the blanket that have nothing to do with sleeping.

For example:

- 1. You could hang it up.*
- 2. You could lay it flat on the floor.*
- 3. You could fold it and stack it.*

Draw boxes or bubbles around those 3 ideas, and then draw 2 lines coming off of them.

What could you do with your

Hung up blanket:

- a. You could make a tent*
- b. You could put on a puppet show*

Blanket on the floor:

- a. Create a game board or a map (using colored tape)*
- b. Use it as a parachute (you'll need a friend).*

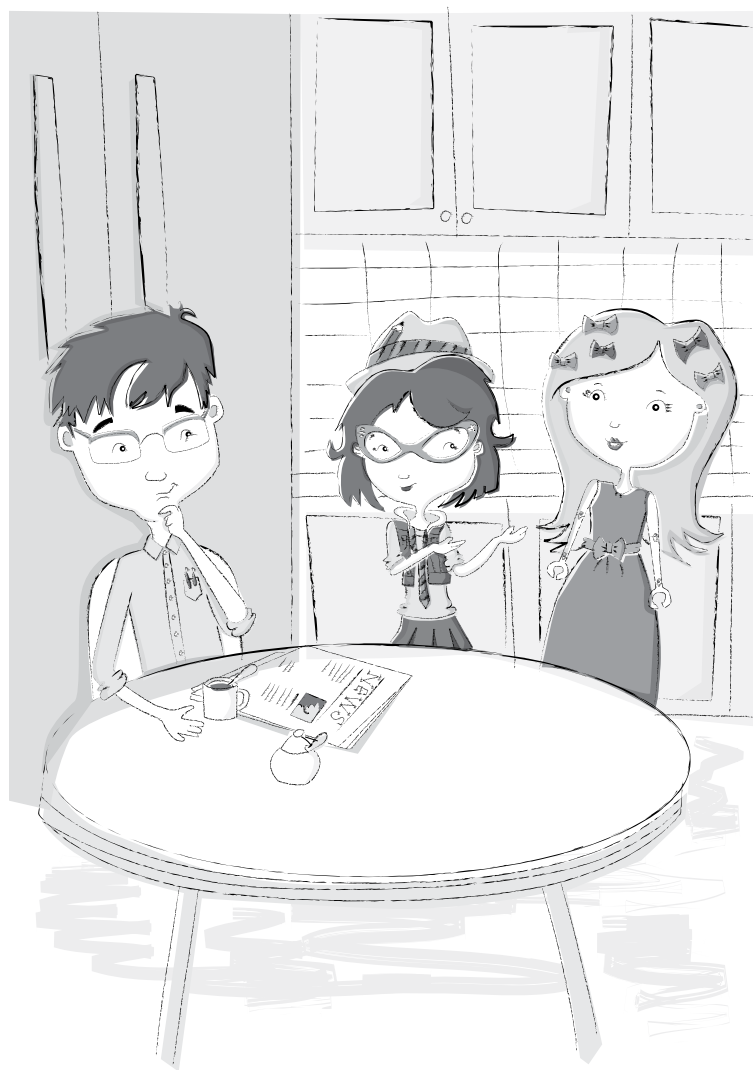
See how high can you bounce a balloon on it?

Folded blanket:

a. Stack more folded blankets on top of it, to make a soft tower, or a lookout. Your favorite toy or stuffed animal can climb, up, up, up, it and see the world from a different point of view.

b. Make a comfy bed for a stuffed animal (tuck your stuffed animal in the blanket's folds)

With backwards brainstorming, your imagination will take flight, and there'll be no telling how high it will fly.



Chapter Thirteen

Start the Day with Hope

When the sun slanted through her window, Cleo bounded out of bed.

She grabbed Winston's favorite treat, and the long dress she'd worn for her aunt's wedding. It was so long no one would spy the unicycle's wheel beneath it. Then, she raced to the Re-Act Shack.

Winston munched on his orange peel, while Cleo stuffed the dress over Hope's head. It fit!

"Good morning, Hope," said Cleo, flicking Hope's switch. Hope's hard drive whirred.

Cleo packed her messenger bag with a wrench, pliers, and her remote-control haul-and-go—you just never knew what would come in handy. Then, Cleo and Hope rock and rolled into the kitchen.

"Dad, this is my new friend, Hope," said Cleo.

"Dad, this is my new friend, Hope," mimicked Hope.

Would Dad notice that Hope's voice sounded like the one on Mom's GPS?

Cleo's eyes widened. And why was she repeating everything?

Dad did a double take. "It's good to start the day with hope," he said, sipping his coffee. He tousled Cleo's hair.

"It's good to start the day with hope," said Hope. She tousled Cleo's hair, too. Then her gripper hand stuck; that's when Mom walked in.

Cleo tugged hard at Hope's hand. "Mom, this is my new friend, Hope," she said, trying to escape the grabber's grip. Mom's eyes darted from Cleo to Hope.

"Mom, this is my new friend, Hope," said Hope.

Mom freed Hope's gripper hand from Cleo's hair. "Do you think this is such a good idea, Cleo?"

"Do you think this is such a good idea, Cleo?" asked Hope, a tuft of Cleo's hair still in her gripper's grasp.

In the distance, Cleo heard the schoolbell.

"Gotta go," said Cleo.

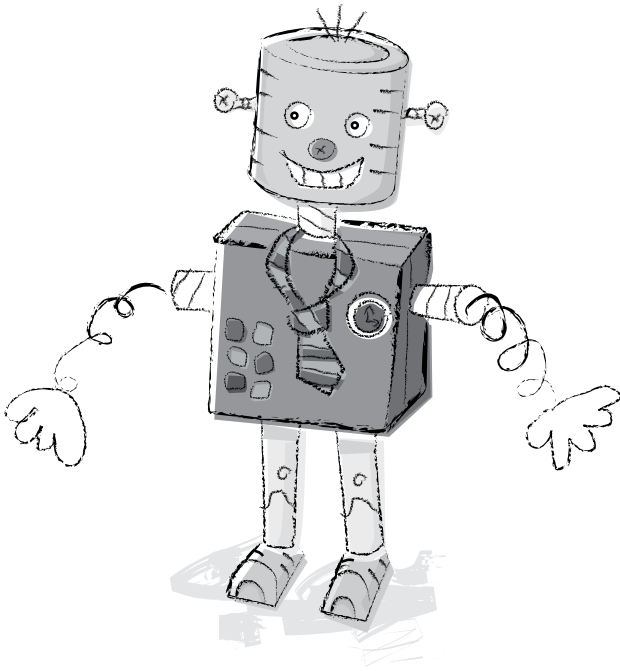
"Gotta go," said Hope, as Cleo shoved her toward the side door.

Hope needed a fix, or she'd flop.

Re-Act! Re-Do!

Project #9

How to Make a Recycled Robot



What you need:

Light weight recycled materials will be the easiest:

Empty cereal boxes, empty tissue boxes (bigger boxes make the best chest/stomachs)

Plastic spoons

Empty bottles, cans (Make sure to ask a grown-up to duct tape the edges of cans, if you use them, to protect you from their sharp edges.)

Old hoses or slinkys (make great arms), paper towel rolls, toilet tissue, wrapping paper rolls (good to insert through the chest box of the robot. The roll or rod will allow slinky or hose arms to move and allow the attachment of those arms.)

Aluminum foil, metallic paint

Nuts or bolts, buttons, bottle caps, etc. (decorative robot accessories)

White glue, hot glue, duct tape, masking tape, scissors, paint brush

Paper and pencil

Steps:

1. Draw a picture of what you want your robot to look like. Keep in mind the material you've gathered.

2. Chose the body parts of your robot (head, chest, stomach, arms, hands, legs, and feet). Keep in mind smaller robots are easier to make.

3. Paint, or wrap foil around your robot parts before you attach them together.

4. For non-moving arms, legs, and head parts,

you can glue the pieces together.

5. For moving arms, you'll need to cut a hole on either side of the box you are using for the robot's body. The hole must be the same height and width on either side of the robot's chest box and large enough to place your roll or rod through. Leave approx. 4 inches on either side to attach old hoses, or slinkys, or something like them to the roll- they will be the robots arms).

6. For a moving head—cut a hole at the top center of your robot's chest box just large enough for a toilet tissue roll to fit snugly. The roll will be the robot's neck. Attach your robot's head to the toilet tissue roll, and then place the roll snugly into the hole at the top of your robot's body. The roll will allow you to move your robots head from side to side.

7. For non-moving arms and or legs—glue or tape boxes or cans together and attach (glue or tape) to the body of your robot.

To have your robot move (forward and back) you can use an old remote control car with its controller. Your robot will have to be small and lightweight to work well. This will only work for

a small robot—one that is similar in size to your remote control vehicle.

Steps for making the robot move:

- 1. Take out the remote control car's batteries.*
- 2. Trace the top of the car with a pencil and paper.*
- 3. Measure the lengths of each line and the distance from the top of the chassis to the top of the motor.*
- 4. Use your measurements to draw the outlines of four rectangles on foam core board.*
- 5. Have a grownup help you cut out the four rectangles of foam core board with a craft knife.*
- 6. Tape them together with duct tape.*
- 7. Cut out another piece of foam core to serve as a top.*
- 8. Paint or wrap the top of the box in aluminum foil similar to the robot you've made.*
- 9. Attach the box (the robots base) with duct tape to the body of your original robot.*
- 10. Place new batteries in your remote control base.*
- 11. Get rolling!*

Youtube has some great videos on how to make robots. You might want to search "How to make recycled robots".

Chapter Fourteen

Never Give Up Hope

Cleo tweaked Hope's talk settings and adjusted her look. Then, she waved good-bye to Winston and set off.

At the classroom door, she and Hope met up with Albert. "Albert, this is Hope. Hope, this is Albert."

"Hope, Albert," said Hope.

Albert wiggled his deelyboppers. "Hi, Hope," he said. "Seen any aliens?"

"Hope ... aliens," said Hope.

"Really! No kidding?" asked Albert.

"Really! Kidding," said Hope.

Hope sounded less GPS-like, but she still said the last word of every sentence. There was no time to do any more fiddling with her—the second bell had rung.

Cleo walked Hope to Mrs. Swell's desk. "A new student?" asked Mrs. Swell. "I wasn't

informed.”

“Student informed,” said Hope.

Mrs. Swell gave her a sideways look and shuffled a bunch of papers. “What’s your name, dear?”

Slipping her hand over Hope’s speaker, Cleo answered, “Hope.”

“Hope,” said Hope, when Cleo lifted her hand.

Mrs. Swell darted a look at both girls. “And your last name?” she asked.

“Name?” said Hope.

“Stacks,” blurted Cleo, staring at the papers mounded on Mrs. Swell’s desk.

“Stacks,” said Hope.

Mrs. Swell peered at Cleo. “I’m glad you made a friend, Cleo,” she said.

“Friend, Cleo,” said Hope.

Mrs. Swell winked, adding Hope’s name to the attendance list.

All morning, the kids kept staring at Hope. Hope didn’t even blink.

Everything was going to plan, thought Cleo, but lunch was next.

Cleo put one of her fruit sushi rolls in front of Hope. No one would notice if she didn’t eat it.

Emmie snorted. “You don’t like it. Do you?” she asked. “Cleo’s lunches are the weirdest.”

“It, you ...weirdest,” said Hope.

“What...? Oh, is that a joke? Ha, ha... funny.”

“What joke funny?” repeated Hope.

Emmie darted a look at Kim and Sara then reached into her lunch bag. “Want my orange?”

Hope took it. “Orange,” she said. Her gripper hand squeezed. Juice squirted.

Emmie squealed, as the juice splattered her shirt. “Ugh! I’ll have to change.” She scowled at both Hope, and Cleo. “It’s a good thing for you that my gym shirt matches this outfit.”

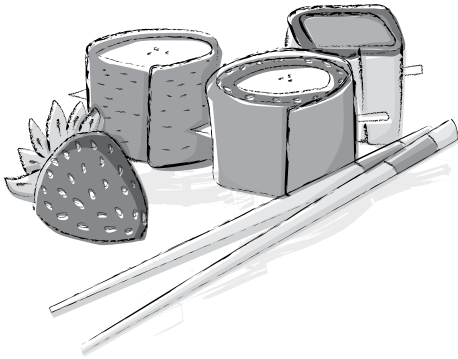
“Ugh! Change ... outfit!” said Hope.

Cleo packed up her lunch. She glanced at Emmie, who had turned to leave. “Let’s go. Come on, Hope.”

“Go ... Hope,” said Hope.

Re-Act! Re-Do!
Project #10

Make your own Fruit Sushi Rolls!



What you need:

Cutting Board

Plastic knife

Circle-shaped cookie cutter

Vegetable peeler (with a grown-up's help)

Toothpicks

Your favorite kind of fruit for the center of your sushi roll: bananas, strawberries, and watermelon all work well because they can be cut into a round shape. You can use a plastic knife to cut out the banana circles and to halve strawberries, and you can use a circle shaped

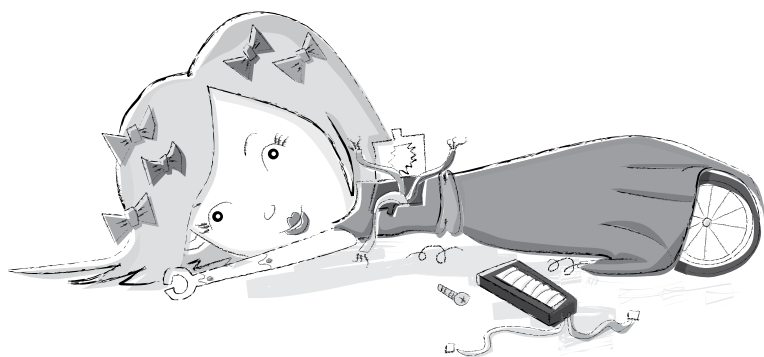
cookie cutter pressed into a wedge of watermelon cut by a grown-up.

Thin strips of fruit to wrap around your center piece of fruit. It will probably take two strips to cover the fruit. Toothpicks will hold them in place. Mango, cantaloupe, honeydew melon, or kiwi, work well to make into strips using the peeler, but you can also use naturally sweetened strips of fruit leather.

Coconut or agave nectar

Steps:

- 1. Use a peeler to remove the rind on kiwis or mangos—remember to ask a grown-up to help. Also ask for grown-up help to cut a watermelon wedge on which you can use the circle-shaped cookie cutter.*
- 2. Once you have the center fruit cut into a circle shape, wrap a thin strip of fruit around the top and bottom of the center fruit of your sushi.*
- 3. Push a toothpick through them both, so your fruit sushi stays together.*
- 4. Then you can sprinkle on coconut as a sweet topping. You can drizzle on agave syrup to make it even sweeter. Enjoy!*



Chapter Fifteen

Dashed Hope

Cleo yanked her new improved boomerang and kite launcher out of her bag, just as Emmie walked onto the playground. Kim and Sara followed her.

Spotting Cleo's boomerang, they rubbed their heads. All three of them still had lumps from last recess.

Cleo pointed to the foam covering. "I added padding. It's safer now."

"Padding ... now," said Hope.

A sly smile crossed Emmie's face. "OK, let's see what she ... I mean, it, does." She nodded at Kim and Sara, then darted a look at Hope.

Cleo scowled. Emmie was up to something.

Emmie flung the boomerang. It twirled and spun. *Thwack!* It smacked Hope right in the middle of her back. Hope crumpled to the ground.

Emmie rushed to her side. "I'm sorry. Are you okay?"

“O-kaa-yy,” said Hope, her voice waning.

“Let me help,” said Emmie. She jerked the boomerang out of Hope’s back. *Whapang!* Something in Hope snapped. *Sproing!* Out popped her battery pack.

“You were right. She is a robot!” said Kim.

Emmie snapped her fingers. “Told you so. Cleo can’t make a real friend. Want to know why?”

Cleo cringed.

“She has no idea how to,” said Emmie, laughing.

Sara stepped toward Cleo. “I think Cleo has a lot of of good ideas.”

Emmie scowled. “Whose side are you on, anyhow?”

Sara shrugged. “I just think her ideas are good.”

Emmie’s face turned red. Still holding the boomerang, she reached her arm back and flung it. The boomerang rocketed to the top of the old pine tree.

It knocked into the owl’s nest, tipping it over.

“The baby owls!” said Sara, pointing. She jumped up and down. “They’re on the tip-top branch!”

“What if they fall?” asked Kim.

“Call the fire department,” said Sara.

Emmie stabbed her finger at Cleo. “This is your fault. You’re going to be in so much trouble.”

She stomped off toward the school.

“What are we going to do?” asked Kim.

Cleo looked up at the teetering owlets, then over at her busted Hope ...

“ZOWIE!”





Chapter Sixteen

Every Action...

Albert raced to Cleo's side.

Cleo straightened her fedora. "A rescue rover—that'd work, all we need is a basket!"

"I know where there's one," said Albert. He ran to get it.

Cleo took her remote-control haul-and-go from her bag. She was glad she'd brought it. You never know when you're going to need stuff, she thought.

She disconnected Hope's circuits and unscrewed one of her gripper arms.

Sara stood beside her. "Do you need any help?" she asked.

Cleo smiled. "I'd like some," she said.

They wired Hope's GPS to the haul-and-go and attached her gripper arm.

Albert raced back with the basket, just as Mrs. Swell rushed outside. Emmie trailed her.

The baby owlets clung to the branch.

“OH NO!” cried Mrs. Swell.

Sara and Cleo clipped the basket to the rover while everyone else stared at the treetop.

“I’d better call for help,” said Mrs. Swell.

Emmie smirked. “I already did.”

“Good thinking, Emmie.”

Just then, the Humble Tribune news car drove up. Ms. Mason bounded out of it.

“What’s going on?” she asked. “Emmie called me about a nest that was knocked out of a tree by one of that Darby girl’s kooky gadgets. She said two owlets perched on the tree’s highest branch were about to fall because of it.”

“Cleo didn’t knock the nest out of the tree,” said Albert, pointing at his cousin. “Emmie did.”

“Humph,” said Ms. Mason.

“Well, she did,” said Albert. “Cleo just built a rescue rover to save the chicks.”

Cleo pushed the lever and it drove forward.

“It won’t work,” said Ms. Mason.

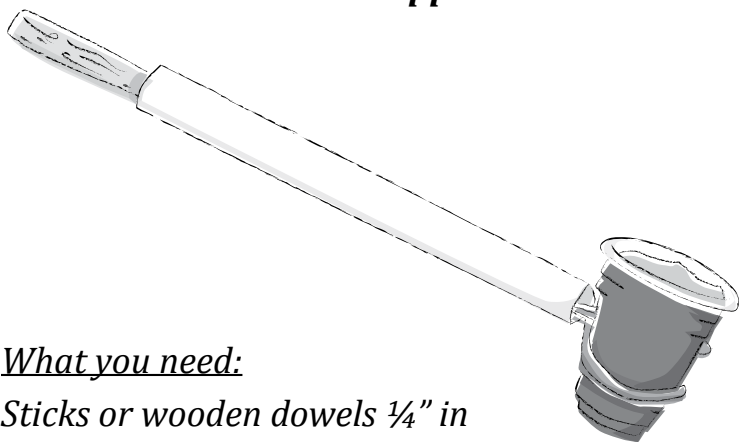
“Nothing she invents does,” said Emmie, shaking her head.

“Do you have any better ideas?” asked Sara.

Re-Act! Re-Do!

Project #11

How to Build a Gripper-Grabber



What you need:

Sticks or wooden dowels ¼" in diameter and 2 ft. long.

Plastic pipe, like PVC, or tubing 1" by 2 foot

Wire hanger (the kind with the paper that can be detached)

4 Rubber bands

Duct tape

Scissors

Steps:

- 1. Remove the cardboard from the wire hanger.*
- 2. Bend the ends of the hanger, so they make a "V" shape.*

3. *Straighten out the curved end of the hanger (the part that hangs over a clothes bar).*
4. *Tape the dowel to the now straight part of the hanger.*
5. *Slide the dowel into the PVC pipe or tubing.*
6. *Wind two rubber bands around each of the tips of the V-shaped part of the grabber.*

Your grabber is good to go:

To grab, pull on the dowel.

To release, push on the dowel.

Chapter Seventeen

... Has an Equal or Greater Reaction

Up the tree the rescue rover climbed. When it was close to the owlets, Cleo lowered its arm.

The chicks puffed themselves up. They chirred. The branch creaked. *Screech!*

“It’s going to break,” cried Mrs. Swell.

Cleo shifted, and the gripper grabbed. *SWUMP!* It tucked the owlets inside the basket. Cleo drove the rescuer to the crook of the tree. The gripper hand unclipped, then gripped, then wedged the basket beside the tree’s trunk.

The baby owls ruffled their feathers. *Chirr.* They settled down snug, just as Momma owl swooped through the sky, returning with food for her babies.

Everyone cheered, even Emmie and Ms. Mason. “YEA! HOORAY!”

The next morning, Cleo’s newest invention hit the headlines in Humble.

Albert waved the newspaper in his hand.

“Aunt Cal wrote a whole article about you, and the rescue. She even put in an advertisement about our juice stand.”

The advertisement read:

Cleo and Albert's Whiz-Bang Wheat Juice

It's a Mouthful of Bubbling Fun!

On sale at 104 Limbo Lane.

All proceeds go to save the

Mexican Spotted Owl.

Albert pointed “Look, customers!”

A line stretched down the block. Everyone from school had come. Mrs. Swell and Sara were first in line.

“When you’re finished, do you want to ride bikes?” Sara asked Cleo and Albert.

Cleo pushed her cat eyeglasses on top of her head. “ZOWIE,” she said.

Albert waggled his deelyboppers. “I’m game.”

Things were looking up. Cleo had two friends, and her invention had worked.

Was Humble getting used to her ideas?

Cleo and Albert sold out before lunch. It seemed Whiz-Bang Wheat Juice had just the fizz Humble wanted.

Re-Act! Re-Do!

Project #11

Cleo & Albert's Whiz-Bang Wheat Juice Recipe

What you need:

An extracting juicer

A 2 Q. pitcher

A spoon

6 Apples= 12 oz. juice (Gala, Fuji, Pink Lady are sweet ones)

2 lbs. of carrots = 16 oz. of juice

1 10 x 20 tray of wheat grass = 8 oz. juice

Seltzer

Steps:

- 1. Wash and cut the apples and carrots.*
- 2. Juice the apples, and pour juice into a pitcher.*
- 3. Run a few carrots through to clear it out, and add it to the pitcher of juiced apples.*
- 4. Feed the wheat grass into the juicer using the carrots to clean it out, if needed.*
- 5. Mix together and then fill the rest of the pitcher with seltzer water.*

Enjoy some fizzy fun! Drink Green, Think Green!

