

I promise to write in this book and
get it dirty, to press leaves in it, draw
in it, collect dirt samples in it,
decorate it and use it in whatever
manner I see fit (but NOT if it's
a library book--that's just rude).

(Sign Name)

Congratulations! You are now a GeEK!

Thank you times ten to my Team, Marie and Lisa, who helped make the story and made it make sense, and Kathleen, my special nature friend and mentor.

To my daughter, Jen, who went with me on this island adventure and to Kenny and Goober.

For Kyah!

This book is totally Michigan-made!

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Summary: Holly Wild dreams of following in the footsteps of her famed explorer relatives. When she visits Beaver Island with her friends for Museum Week activities, the kids find themselves faced with wildlife, villains, and unruly monsters.

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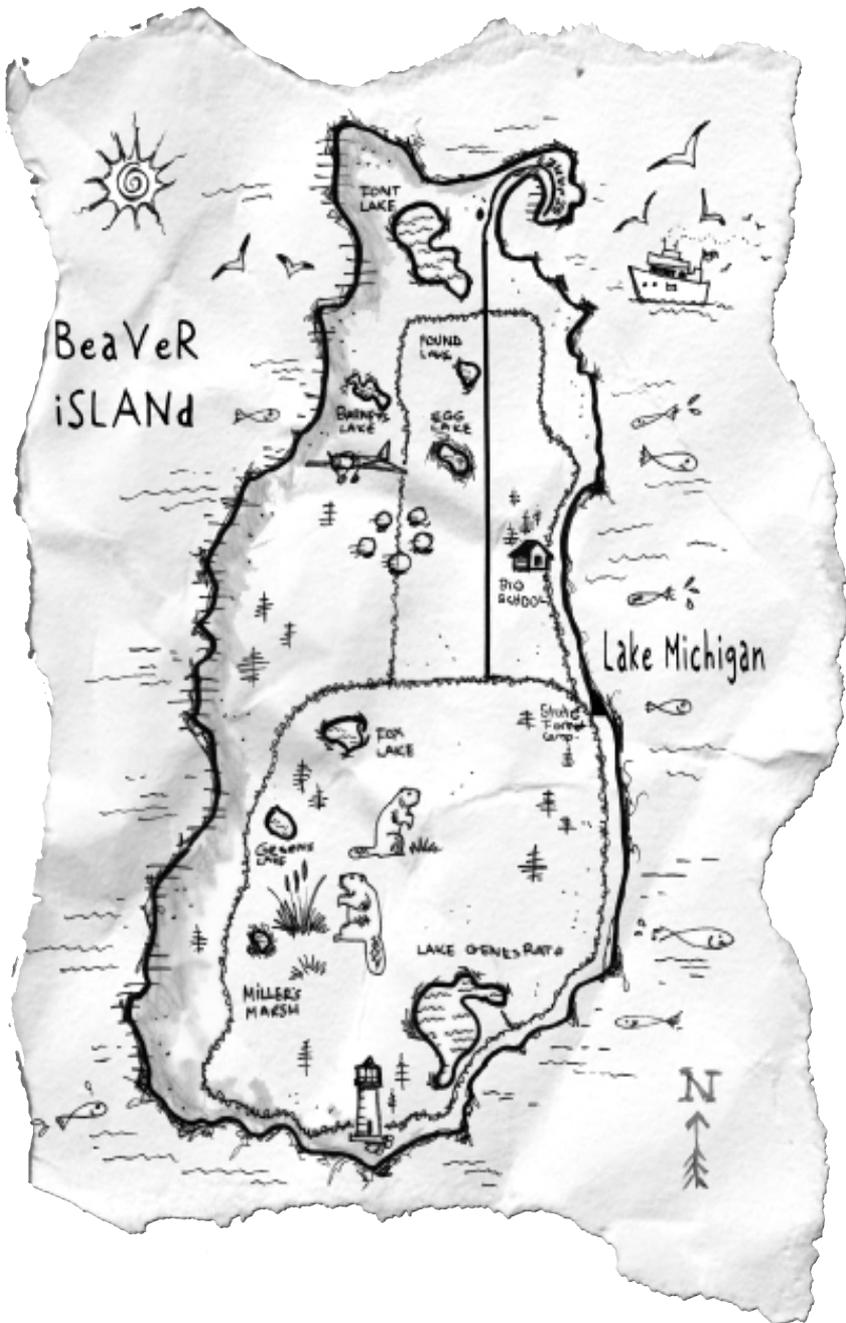
HOLLY WILD:

Bamboozled on
BEAVER ISLAND

By
Lori Taylor



Bear Track Press
Pinckney, MI



Beaver
iSLAND

POINT
LAKE

ROUND
LAKE

BIRDING
LAKE

EGG
LAKE

BIO
ROAD

Lake Michigan

EGG
LAKE

BIRDING
LAKE

LAKE GENES RATA

MILLER'S
MARSH

N

When I fell, my hands had instinctively flown out and grabbed onto the snout of the yellow-eyed beast. This was a good thing--I was holding its jaws shut. I wondered if this was what it was like when Great Aunt Daisy Crockett leaped onto the bear for her brother.

H. W.



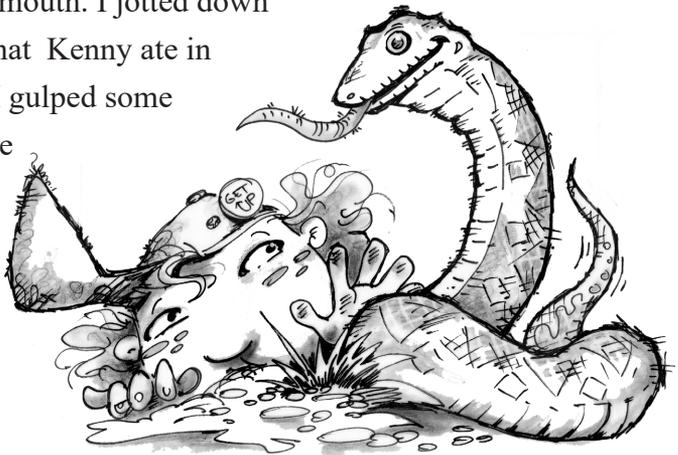
Chapter 1 Into the Wilds

Nothing but toes and a tail dangled from his mouth. Holy creeps! If I, Holly H. Wild, were going to win, I'd have to hurry.

I peered through the glass watching and wishing that I could open my jaws that wide. I crammed the rest of the PBJ into my mouth. I was still swallowing my sandwich when the rat's tail disappeared. Kenny, my new pet corn snake, won. I blamed my loss on peanut butter.

"Next time," I said, the peanut butter bread glue ball stuck to the roof of my mouth. I jotted down the date and what Kenny ate in my notebook. I gulped some milk to push the PBJ lump down.

Kenny yawned and smiled. His lunch lump was moving, too.



Kenny's a redhead like me. He's a candy corn snake, all orangey-red like the Halloween candy—only four feet longer. Gram brought

him home two weeks ago, the same day my best friends, Tierra and Sierra, left for Florida. He's my first pet and I get to take care of him. For now, Mom says he has to live in Gram's room—she's afraid he'll get lost in mine.

Kenny and I ate lunch early today so I could go see Tierra and Sierra. They got back from their vacation last night and Mom said I had to wait until noon to go over. Something about going over too early would be rude. Anyway, the clock on the wall seemed like it was stuck on 11:50 for forever, so I climbed on a chair to check

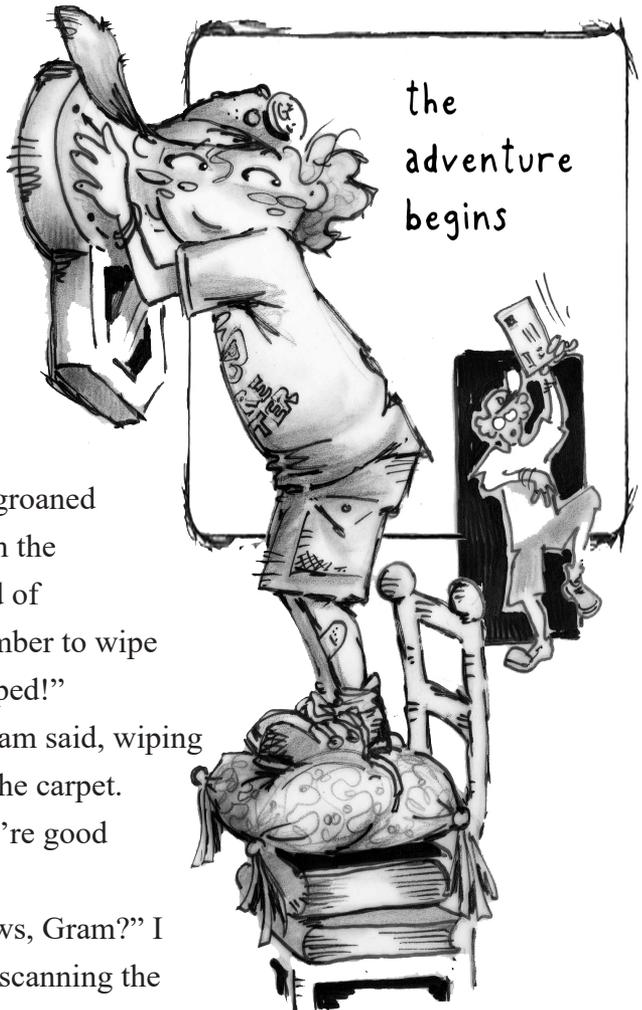
the batteries. That's when Gram came clomping into the house, yelling.

"Eureka! Fabulous news!" She was hollering and waving a letter over her head like a flag.

"Mother Wild!" groaned Mom, emerging from the basement with a load of wet laundry. "Remember to wipe your feet. I just mopped!"

"Sorry, dear," Gram said, wiping her hiking boots on the carpet. Gram's like me—we're good at forgetting.

"What's your news, Gram?" I asked, my eagle eye scanning the



yellow envelope she held. There was a drawing of a frowning cat sitting in a patch of flowers on it.

“This family needs a change,” Gram said, winking at me.

“No more changes! This is the fourth load of laundry today,” Mom said, plopping the basket of wet laundry and clothespins onto the chair next to me.

“Not change, like clothes. Change, as in scenery. This family needs a vacation. We’ve all been invited to visit your Aunt Kitty. You finally get to meet her, Holly.”

“Whah? Huh?” Boy, my big brother, mumbled from the den. He was still in video game stupor mode. Since school let out he did nothing but play games.

“We could all use some fresh air and sunshine. So we’re going to Beaver Island for Museum Week. Kitty’s lecturing on flowers and snakes, and there’s a pet show, an art show, music, and sandy beaches. It’ll be fun! Holly can bring her friends.”

“Wait a minute,” Mom said. “Beaver Island? We’re going to an island of beavers? Beavers aren’t very artistic, nor do they make very good pets. In fact, they’re messy and muddy.”

“Snakes, beavers, museums! Awesome, times ten!” I said as I jumped down, knocking over my glass. The milky river rushed toward the clean laundry and Mom raced after it with a pair of Boy’s boxer shorts. The milk won.

“Music! Beaches!” Boy croaked, turning away from his game. Other than his friends, music and video games were his life.

“Reading, rest and relaxation!” Mom said, wringing the milk out of Boy’s boxer shorts over the sink full of dirty dishes.

“Tierra and Sierra will like the art show. I don’t know what Beaver Island is, but it sounds really wild,” I said.