

The Adventures of Cotton Sinclair

Pegasus Island

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Dedication to my **Father, Albert Reefer**

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Preface

Cotton Sinclair lives a rich and lavish life but he yearns for adventure. One day he ventures out into the world and meets Mr. Majestic a magical eagle. Mr. Majestic flies him to a place of illusion called Pegasus Island. Cotton learns to bring the island's beauty to life. He learns the secret to the island's magic. He goes to the tropical rain forest, where there is a magnificent waterfalls. Behind the waterfalls, there is an ancient door that leads to the dark kingdom, a world of deception, magic, and evil. Cotton enters the door knowing there is danger lurking and is captured by Scrof the troll, the dark lord's gatekeeper. Cotton learns that he has the power of the island and only he can control it. During his adventure, he faces many obstacles and challenges. Cotton must learn to overcome his fears and control the power that lies deep in his heart and soul, "The Beauty Within."

I was inspired to write an educational, adventure chapter book that tells the story through rhymes and songs for young readers. This book allows the audience to periodically interact with the story. This book is great for a read-aloud. The idea is to keep the audience interested and engaged, to make reading enjoyable. This book has a different approach to reading, encouraging conversation and participation at home and in the classroom. I believe this book is a valuable educational learning tool that will help children become better readers. The Adventures of Cotton Sinclair, Pegasus Island is full of lively, interesting characters and vivid imagery. It teaches the importance of friendship and treating others with love, kindness and respect. Children can compare the story to their life experiences. At the end, children will learn valuable life lessons. Cotton Sinclair is a delightful and entertaining adventure story that keeps the reader wanting more.

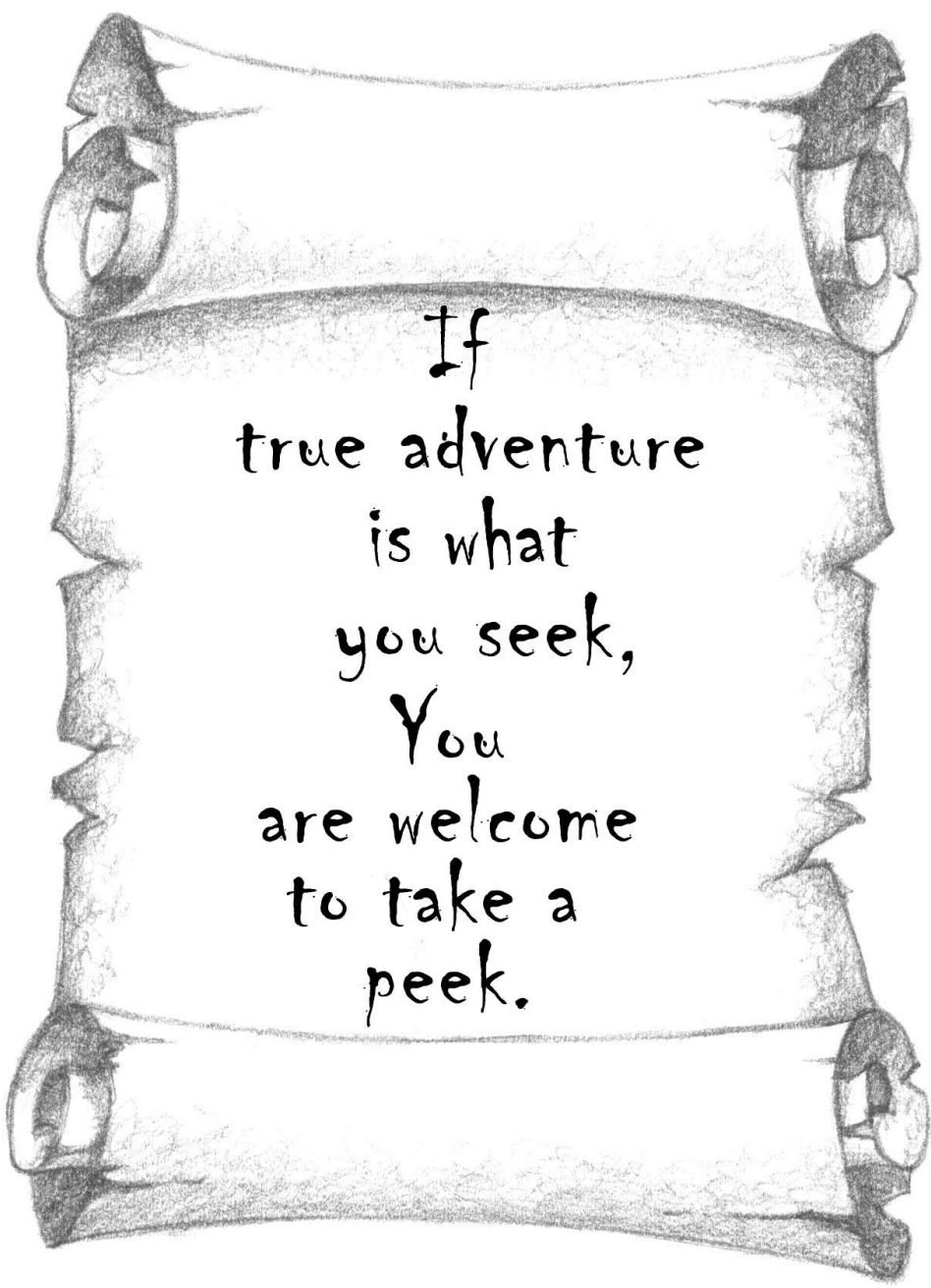
My wish to all children here and around the world: "Let the beauty within always shine through and live in your hearts forever."

"Share the beauty within with others."

Enjoy.

Marcia Reefer

Author

A hand-drawn scroll with a textured, aged appearance. The scroll is unrolled in the center, showing a white rectangular area with text. The edges of the scroll are dark and have a slightly jagged, torn look. There are four circular fasteners or rings at the corners of the scroll, two on the top and two on the bottom. The text is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

If
true adventure
is what
you seek,
You
are welcome
to take a
peek.

Chapter 1



Home is Where the Heart is

Cotton Sinclair lived with his master and five servants in a small town called Danbury. He lived in a magnificent, quaint, Victorian-style mansion that stood alone among acres of forest.

The first floor of the mansion consisted of an entrance hall, kitchen, storage room and the servant quarters. On the second floor, there was a flight of stairs ending on a landing that led into a corridor with many rooms: a small living room, bedrooms, study and parlor. Each room had crystal chandeliers and beautiful gothic-style furniture that had been in Mr. Sinclair's family for generations.

Cotton's roomy bedroom was next to the study, which was the most charming and intriguing room in the mansion. In the study, there were hundreds of books on the shelves as old as the mansion. Mr. Sinclair had a large selection of fiction adventure books. Cotton loved fiction adventure books.

The study was his hiding place. It was a place where his dreams and fantasies came true. Cotton's nightly trips to the study were a secret. In the still of the night, he tiptoed into the study, sat in his favorite corner and whispered,

"The library is my secret hiding place,

I sit and read in my quiet space,

In the library, I'm happy and carefree,

It's a place I can be what I want to be."

"One day I will go on an adventure faraway," he thought. He sat and read his favorite adventure book, *The Adventures of Paradise Island*, until he saw a flicker of sunlight peek through the European silk drapes. It was time to go back to his room before his master and the servants awakened. He tiptoed back to his room, climbed into bed and fell into a deep slumber.

When the servants finished attending to their morning chores, they played hide-and-seek with Cotton. They chanted his favorite song,

"Wake up, wake up, it's time to play,

Cotton, Cotton, come this way,

We will frolic in the garden and have so much fun,

Hurry, Cotton hurry before the day is done."

He jumped out of bed and dashed down the stairs to hide in the front yard. Cotton loved to play hide-and-seek. His favorite place to hide was behind the big oak tree. "There you are," shouted the servants, full of gaiety.

Cotton lived like no other dog in town. He lived a rich and lavish life. Cotton was a spoiled and selfish dog who had everything a dog could want. The servants would prepare his daily bath. After his warm bath, they brushed his teeth and trimmed his nails. They brushed his white fluffy coat three times a day. Cotton wore the finest European-style clothes. He ate the finest gourmet meals. His favorite dish was Shepherd's Pie smothered in creamy cheese sauce. The servants loved to pamper Cotton and he loved every minute of it.

Cotton was groomed and dressed, he looked in the mirror, admiring his fluffy white coat and his European-designed silk vest. In his vest pocket was a gold antique pocket watch. The watch was a special birthday gift from Mr. Sinclair. The watch ticked in precise rhythm with Cotton's heart. Tick, Tock, Tick, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, it went. "What a strange watch," he thought. But, he loved his pocket watch; it was the best birthday gift he had ever received.

In a flash, he darted down the spiral staircase to the garden located in the south wing of the mansion. It was an enchanted garden. Its sweet fragrance of roses and charming melody of the birds excited Cotton's senses. The tranquil pond waters wept of sweet water lilies. The garden's beauty far surpassed any other beauty he had ever seen. The garden was his paradise.

Sometimes, Cotton sat behind the red rose bushes, gazing at the white whipped cream sky, dreaming about what was on the other side of the wall.

The next day, Cotton lay under the oak tree gazing at the clouds. He watched as the clouds raced through time and space. He wondered why the clouds were in a hurry. "I wish I had some place to go. I will never get to see what the clouds, stars or birds see. All I see is this boring garden," said Cotton, wiping the tears stains from his red puffy eyes. Ms. Valda the head servant, saw him looking sad so she went to the kitchen to get his favorite snack.

When Ms. Valda entered the garden, Cotton smelled an irresistible aroma of buttermilk. She gave him a warm buttermilk biscuit dipped in gooey honey. He bit into the flaky moist buttermilk biscuit. Then, he licked the sides dripping in honey with his sticky tongue. His tongue wiggled in ecstasy. The bees swayed to and fro; their wings dancing in the sweet honey aroma. The buttermilk biscuit made him feel warm all over.

Cotton knew the buttermilk biscuit was his comfort, but he also knew it could not satisfy his wish to see what adventure awaited him on the other side of the garden's wall.

Chapter 2



Scruppy the Field Mouse

While Cotton sat nibbling on his biscuit, a stubby brown little creature hurried past him and hid behind the rosebush. Cotton was surprised. “What a strange little creature,” he thought. He continued munching his biscuit, savoring every buttery morsel. Cotton sat with his eyes peering at the rosebush, waiting to see the scruffy little creature again. The sweet aroma of the biscuit filled the air. The little creature sniffed the sweet scent of honey simmering in the hot summer breeze. Suddenly, the creature poked his head out of the bush, wiggling his nose; his long whiskers twitched in delight. His long slinky tail snapped the ground.

As Cotton continued to nibble on his biscuit, the creature inched closer and closer. He was a grubby little creature. He had beady black eyes and was fat as a barrel. He wore tattered gray pants with a rope around his waist for a belt. He stood on his hind legs and continued to walk closer toward him as if he were in a trance. His eyes fixated on the buttermilk biscuit as his mouth salivated like that of a deranged dog. As he came closer, his mouth watered uncontrollably. He stood in front of Cotton, wiping the drool from his mouth and said,

“Please sir can you spare a crumb,

*I'm not a vagabond or a bum,
My stomach is so empty it feels so numb,
Don't be so selfish old pal or chum."*

"Please sir, can you spare a crumb for a poor hungry field mouse. I haven't had anything to eat for days," said the mouse, taking another whiff of the heavenly sweet aroma that filled the air. Cotton looked down at the mouse, who was sporting the fattest round belly. Cotton responded, "You don't look like you're starving to me."

"Oh, that's just gas," said the mouse with a grin, rubbing his belly. "Gas!" Cotton shouted, frowning as he batted the foul and musty air with his paw. "It smells like a dead skunk!" he yelled, clapping his paws over his nose. Tears welled in his eyes from the stinky smell. His biscuit dropped to the ground. Cotton was angry. "You have spoiled my biscuit!" he yelled.

"Well sir, I guess you don't want the rest so I would gladly finish it for you," the mouse said, with a smirk on his face. The mouse eyed the biscuit on the ground, and bolted like lightning to retrieve the biscuit. Cotton snarled. He quickly rescued the biscuit from the ground and brushed it off. "Don't you touch my biscuit!" he yelled. "There's not enough to share," barked Cotton, holding the biscuit tightly. "Excuse me sir, you don't have to yell. I'm not deaf. I'm hungry," said the mouse, swinging his tail frantically about.

"Hey, by the way, what is your name?" asked the mouse. "My name is Cotton Sinclair and what is your name?" asked Cotton in a grumpy voice. "My name is Scrappy the field mouse. My parents call me Scrappy because I love to eat scraps. I don't mean any harm sir; I am hungry you see. So, if you would be so kind to spare a crumb or two, I would be thankful. Why, we could become friends," said Scrappy, bowing his head in friendship. Cotton's voice swelled. "No! Find your scraps elsewhere," he said, pushing the last crumb into his mouth.

"That is fine, I'm sorry to bother you sir, I bid you farewell," squeaked Scrappy. Before he left he said,

*"I'm Scrappy the mouse; I'm just an old stray,
I love to eat scraps or your throwaways.
I can't help it if I smell like gas,
I'm not a bad fellow; I have style, I have class.
But rub me the wrong way, I'm a snake in the grass."*

Scrappy violently whipped his tail, cracking the foul and musty air. He rolled his eyes and scampered away.

"That Scrappy is nothing but trouble. Why should I give him a crumb? He's nothing but a vagabond. Why, I am better than him, he is just a poor, scruffy, little field mouse," said Cotton, quarreling with himself. He stood on his hind legs and poked his chest out as if he were a royal king.

