

# Theodore Thumper's



# PRICELESS PENNIES

Written by: Talia Pawwels-Lloyd

Illustrated by: Miranda Carson

Theodore Thumper thought pennies were spectacular. Every day he walked to school and every evening he walked back home, plucking lost pennies from the sidewalk. However, Theodore did not pick up every penny he found for only the heads-up ones were good luck. In fact, he felt that all others were actually *bad* luck. So, if a penny did not sit right side up he would bend down, flip it over and continue on his way, leaving the now lucky penny for someone else to find.

Other children did not like Theodore's habit. They also did not like Theodore. Every day as Theodore walked to school and every evening as he walked back home, the other children would follow him; watching and teasing him as he collected his pennies. Despite their laughter, Theodore always ignored them and continued on his way.

Theodore never gave into their taunting ways until one day, as he walked to school three of the biggest, and baddest bullies decided to walk along side him. Like any other day, Theodore paid them no mind. Instead, he continued plucking up lucky pennies and flipping over the others. When Theodore was five blocks and seven pennies closer to school the first bully who was also the tallest stopped him in his tracks.



ha, ha, ha  
LOSER



HEY GUYS... IT'S THEODORE  
PICKING UP PENNIES  
AGAIN!!! FREAK!!!  
HEE-  
HEE-  
HEE



**“Give me your pennies, Theodore” he said. “Or I’ll thump you into outer space!”**

**“But these are my pennies,” Theodore cried. “I have to add them to my collection.”**

**The three bullies just laughed at him.**

**“Have it your way,” The first bully said, snatching Theodore’s wooden penny box and tossing it onto the sidewalk. All of his lucky pennies spilled out, flying every which way. The bullies laughed again and walked away, leaving Theodore to find the pennies once more.**

**As Theodore found his pennies one by one, he saw that each one had fallen right side down. A tear slid down his cheek as he turned all of his now bad luck pennies right side up. Finally he lifted his empty penny box off the ground and walked to school, still searching for more.**

**As the day went on, poor Theodore was unable to find a single lucky penny. He searched under chairs and desks, under benches and bushes. He searched everywhere, yet every penny found was tails up. Thus he spent the rest of the afternoon flipping pennies, unable to keep a single one.**

# Bullies



Theodore was thoroughly discouraged as he walked to school the next morning. The only pennies he could find were the ones he had turned right side up the day before. So really he was only taking back the ones he's lost and didn't gain any more.

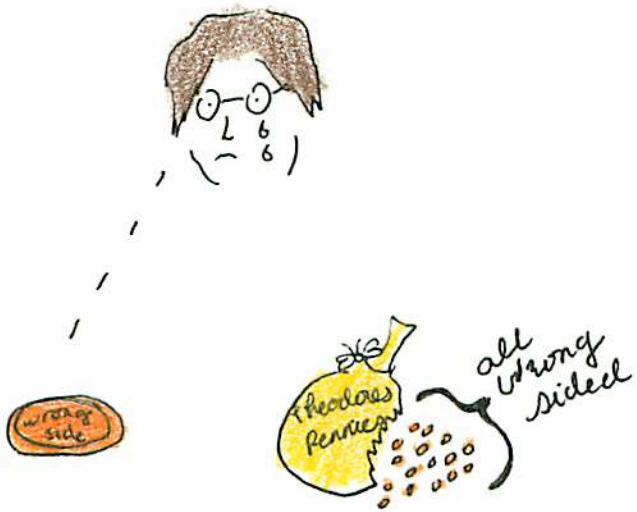
Like the day before, the same trio of bullies decided to accompany Theodore on his penny plucking adventure. Like the day before, and the day before the day before, Theodore paid them no mind. Instead, he continued plucking up lucky pennies and flipping over the others. When Theodore was once again five blocks and seven pennies closer to school the second bully who was not the tallest, but not the shortest stopped him in his tracks.

Theodore stared him in the eyes, grasping his penny box tightly.

"Give me your pennies, Theodore," the second bully demanded just as the first bully had.

"But these are still my pennies" Theodore said bravely.

"If you don't I'll thump you into space, Theodore Thumper," the bully threatened. Theodore grasped his penny box tighter and tighter. He did not give up his pennies.



So just like the first bully had done the day before the second bully snatched his penny box and tossed it to the sidewalk. The pennies poured out again, landing every which way. The three bullies laughed and walked away, leaving Theodore to find the pennies once more.

As Theodore looked for the same pennies for the third time, he saw that, again, they had all fallen tails up. Poor Theodore, he would have to flip each one over again! As sad as he would he found each one and flipped them all back right side up.

After each penny appeared to be heads up, Theodore lifted his penny box. His eyes widened as he held the box in the air. There, just beneath where the wooden box had fallen lay the most beautiful penny Theodore had ever seen. This penny was the shiniest penny he'd ever come across. The copper was gleaming, sitting heads up with out a single scratch upon its surface. It was as if it had never been touched. Theodore picked up the shiny penny and looked at it with awe, then he put it in his pocket keeping it safe from harm. Surely this one had to have more luck than all his other pennies.



Bully #2



Stop Right there Theodore!!!

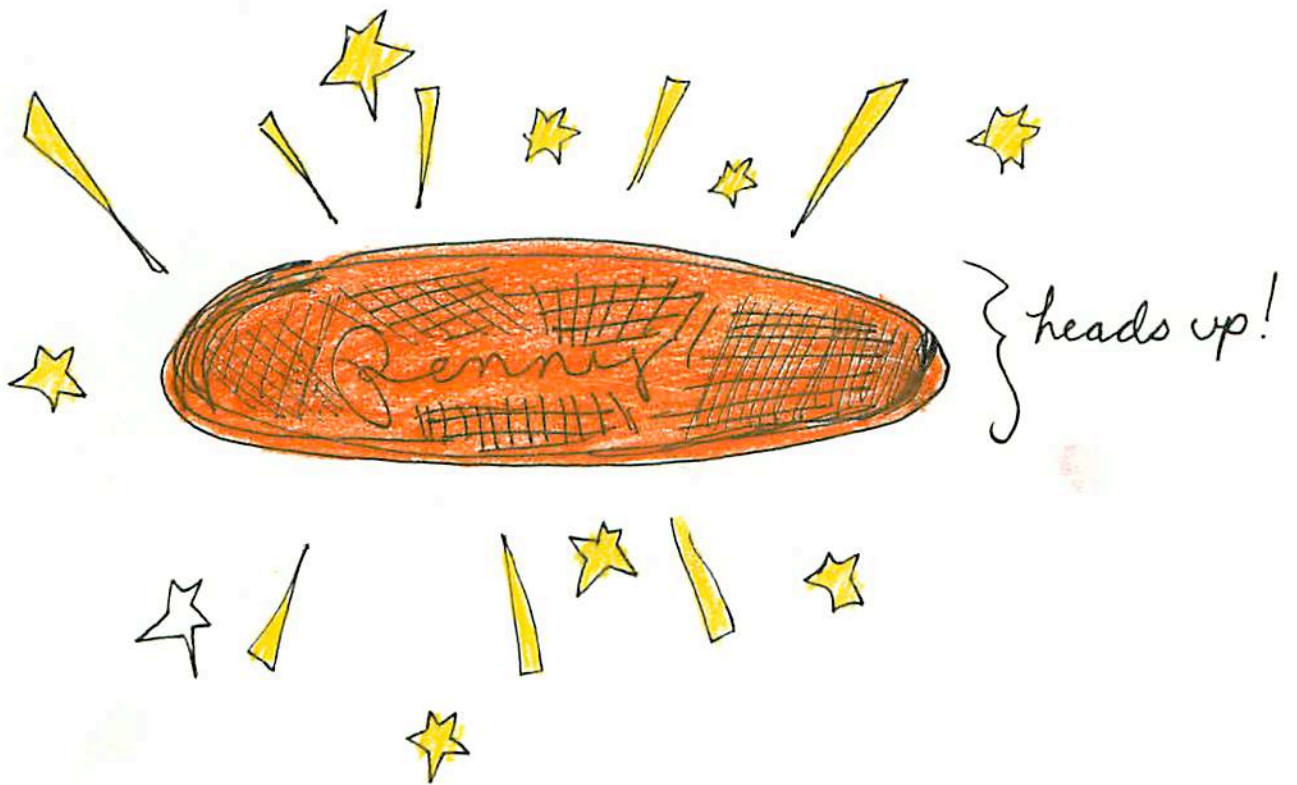
That evening, as Theodore walked back home, he found every penny he'd lost that morning, plus two more on every block. He had never found so many pennies in one day! Surely it was his luckiest penny bringing him all this good fortune, Theodore thought. He reached into his pocket and held his magic penny. He would never let this or his luck go away.

When Theodore reached the fifth block away from his house he came across the three bullies once more. This time, the third bully, who was also shortest and stockiest one of the three, stepped forward, blocking Theodore's path.

"Give me your pennies, Theodore" the third bully demanded just as the first and second bully had

"But these are my pennies," Theodore cried once more. "I've never found this many before. Now I have to add them to my collection."

"You'll never learn will you little Theodore?" the third bully asked him and struck his fist down onto the wooden penny box.



Except unlike the time before, and the time before that time before, the box did not budge. It was as if the wooden penny box was glued to Theodore's hands with the strongest glue known to man. The three bullies looked at each other with confused looks. The second bully tried to snatch the box. It didn't budge. The first bully tried to snatch the box too. It didn't budge. Then all three bullies pulled at the box at once with their entire mite. The box didn't budge. Instead Theodore took one-step forward, box in hand, plowing the bullies to the ground in one swift movement.

Theodore was shocked by his newfound strength. He continued on his way home plucking up pennies and not needing to flip over any others.

"I'll keep you with me forever," Theodore whispered to his new penny and reached into his pocket. But, when his hand slid through the pocket, it never stopped. Instead it slipped right through the fabric. These pants had a hole in them! His magic lucky penny was gone! Theodore realized that his penny in fact had to have been gone the second he found it. He didn't need the lucky penny after all... he was brave all by himself. And so Theodore Thumper ran all the way home, grinning from ear to ear, glowing with pride.

Bully #3



Give them to me Chevre!

