

the adventures
of timble
the thimble.

written and illustrated
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Timble was the thimble in Peter's Monopoly game.

When Peter was little, he couldn't say the word "thimble"— he said "timble" and the name stuck.

Timble was very curious. He would always ask the other questions. Why was the sky blue? What was past the edges of the



game pieces Monopoly



game board? Why is night dark and day light? Who had decided that the Monopoly pieces would include such a funny group of objects as a shoe, a ship, an iron, and a top hat?

The other pieces would laugh at some of the questions, try to answer others, and eventually tell Timble to stop asking so many. But the wise old wheelbarrow said to



Timble: "Questions are good



— they are the keys to knowledge. But many times the

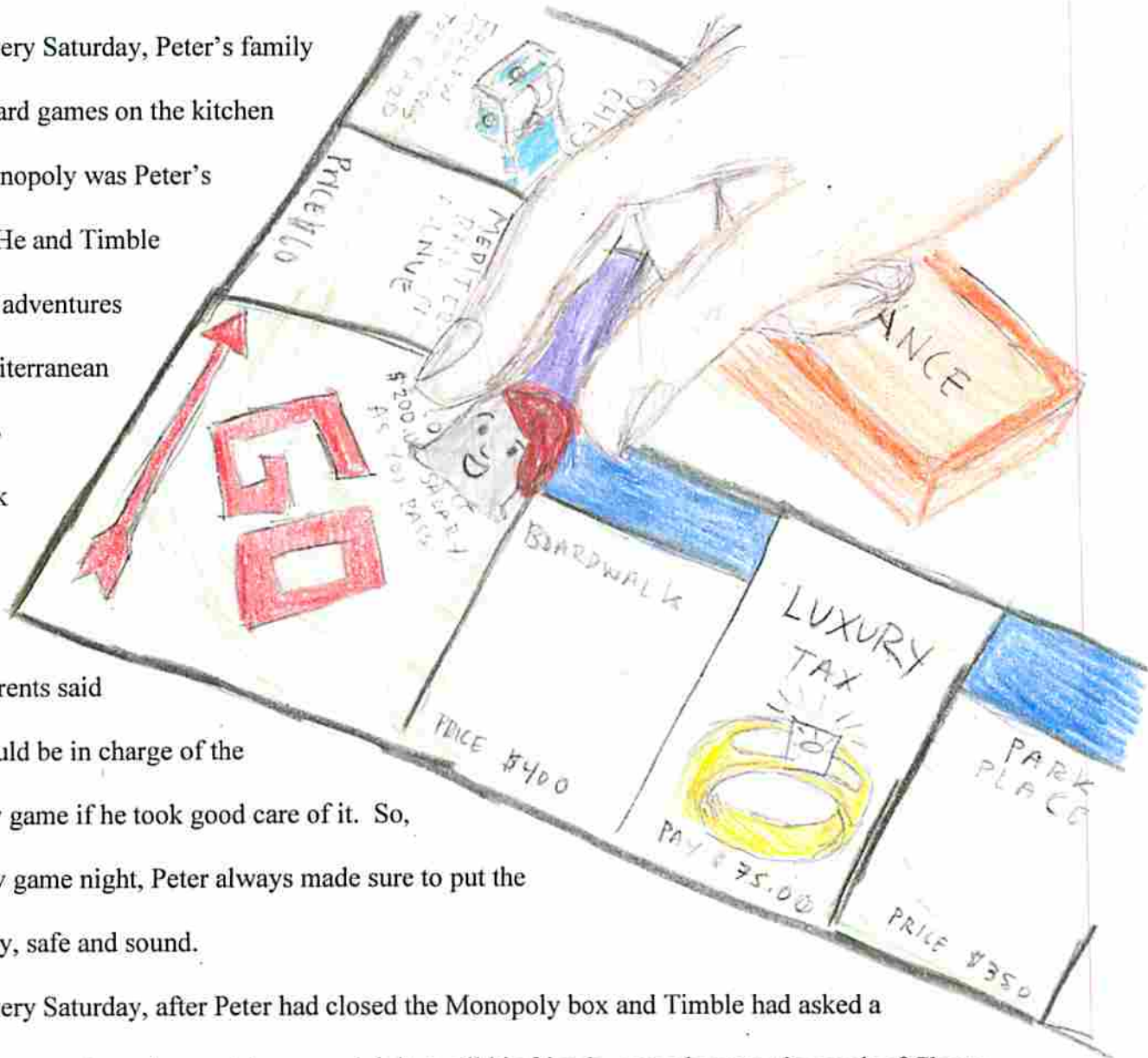
answers point to what we knew all along." Timble didn't quite understand what the wheelbarrow meant, and after awhile he forgot the old piece's



advice.

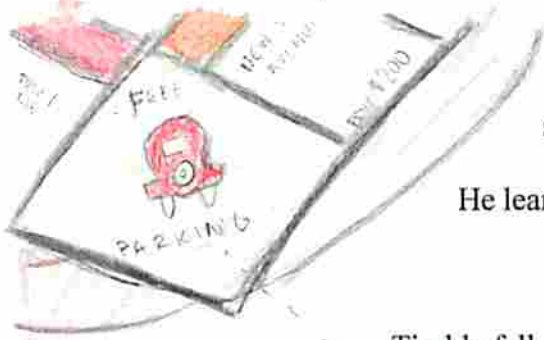
Every Saturday, Peter's family played board games on the kitchen table. Monopoly was Peter's favorite. He and Timble had many adventures from Mediterranean Avenue to Boardwalk and back again. Peter's parents said that he could be in charge of the Monopoly game if he took good care of it. So, after every game night, Peter always made sure to put the game away, safe and sound.

Every Saturday, after Peter had closed the Monopoly box and Timble had asked a few bedtime questions, he would say goodnight to all his friends, snuggle up to the stack of Chance cards, and fall asleep.



But one Saturday, Luke came over. First, they played pirates seeking treasure in the East Indies. Then they played astronauts exploring on the moon. Next they played adventurers on a safari in the deepest darkest jungle. In all the excitement, Peter forgot to put the Monopoly game away.

Timble was very curious — he had never seen much of the world outside of the Monopoly



board. He peered over the edge of the board but couldn't see much.

He leaned further over the side and lost his balance!

Timble fell

down,

down,

down...

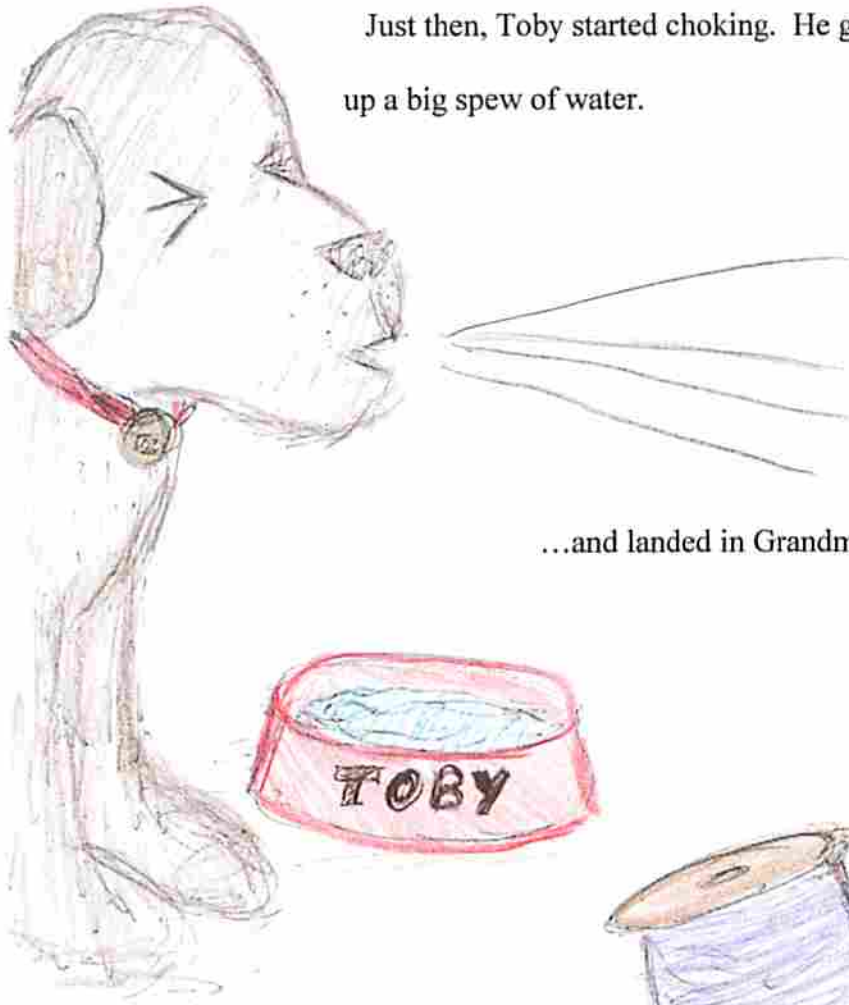


...and landed SPLASH in the dog's water dish. Luckily, Timble was able to float by turning upside-down. He happily bobbed around the bowl — Timble had never been swimming before. He was just coming in sight of the bright red shore when Toby, the dog, came along and took a great big gulp of water.



Timble was tossed about. The water swirled violently around him and suddenly started rushing down a dark cavern! Timble grabbed hold of the side of the cavern to keep himself from falling.

Just then, Toby started choking. He gagged, he wheezed, and then he coughed up a big spew of water.

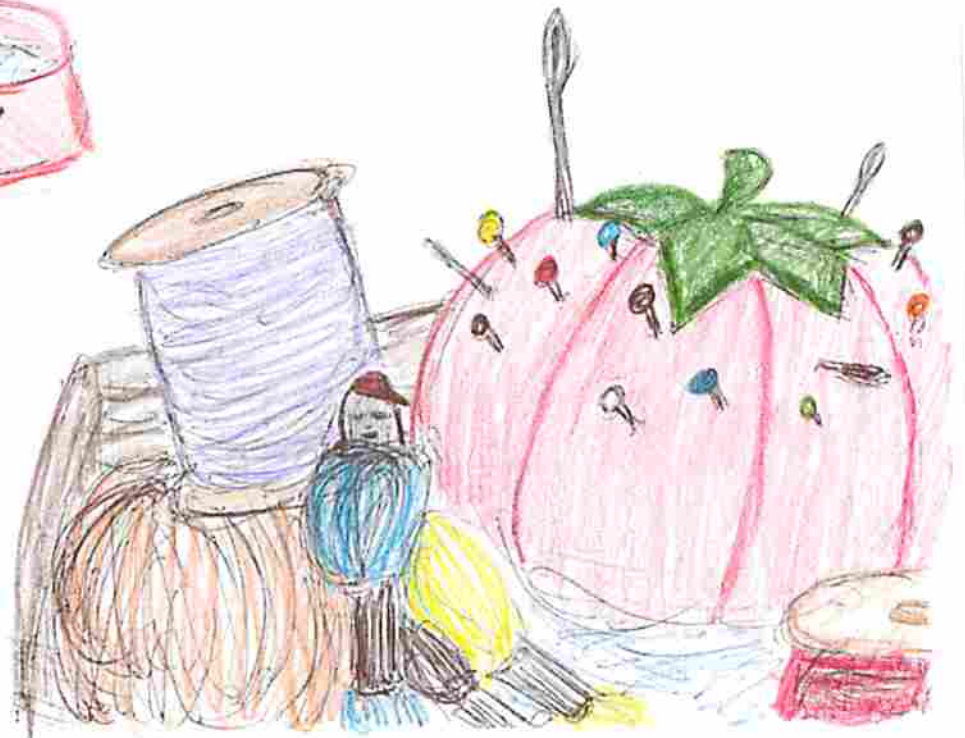


Timble went flying across the room...



...and landed in Grandma's sewing basket.

By this time, Timble was wet and tired. He snuggled into a spool of thread and fell asleep.



“Toby!” Peter’s mom scolded, “You’ve gotten the kitchen all wet!” She grabbed a paper towel and then noticed that the Monopoly board was still on the table. “Peter,” she called, “remember our deal about cleaning up the Monopoly game?”

“But, Mom!” complained Peter, “Luke and I are right in the middle of fighting aliens! I’ll clean it up tomorrow, I promise.”

“Alright,” his mom relented, “but just this once.”

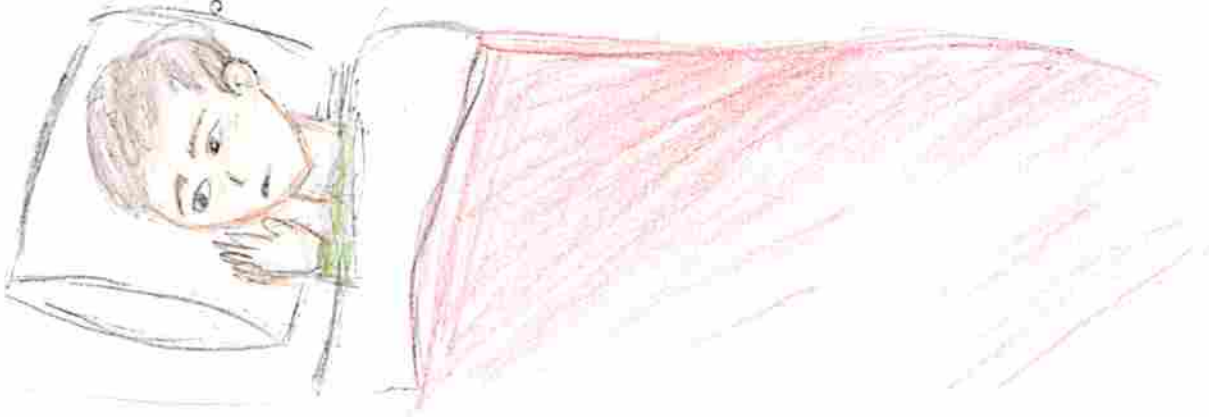
The next morning, after Luke went home, Peter's mom reminded him to put away the board games. Peter began to clean up the Monopoly game when he noticed that Timble was gone! Peter searched everywhere—he looked around the table and in each of the boxes but he couldn't find Timble anywhere.

"Mom!" shouted Peter, "I can't find Timble!" Peter's mom helped him look. They looked under the table and all around the floor. They looked on the counters and behind Toby's water dish. Peter spent the whole day searching for Timble but by bedtime he still hadn't found Timble anywhere.

"I'm sure he'll turn up eventually," said Peter's mom.

"He's out there somewhere, champ," said Peter's father.

But Peter could only picture Timble lost and scared somewhere. He felt awful. If only he had cleaned up the Monopoly game like he was supposed to! Now Timble might be gone forever and it would be all Peter's fault!



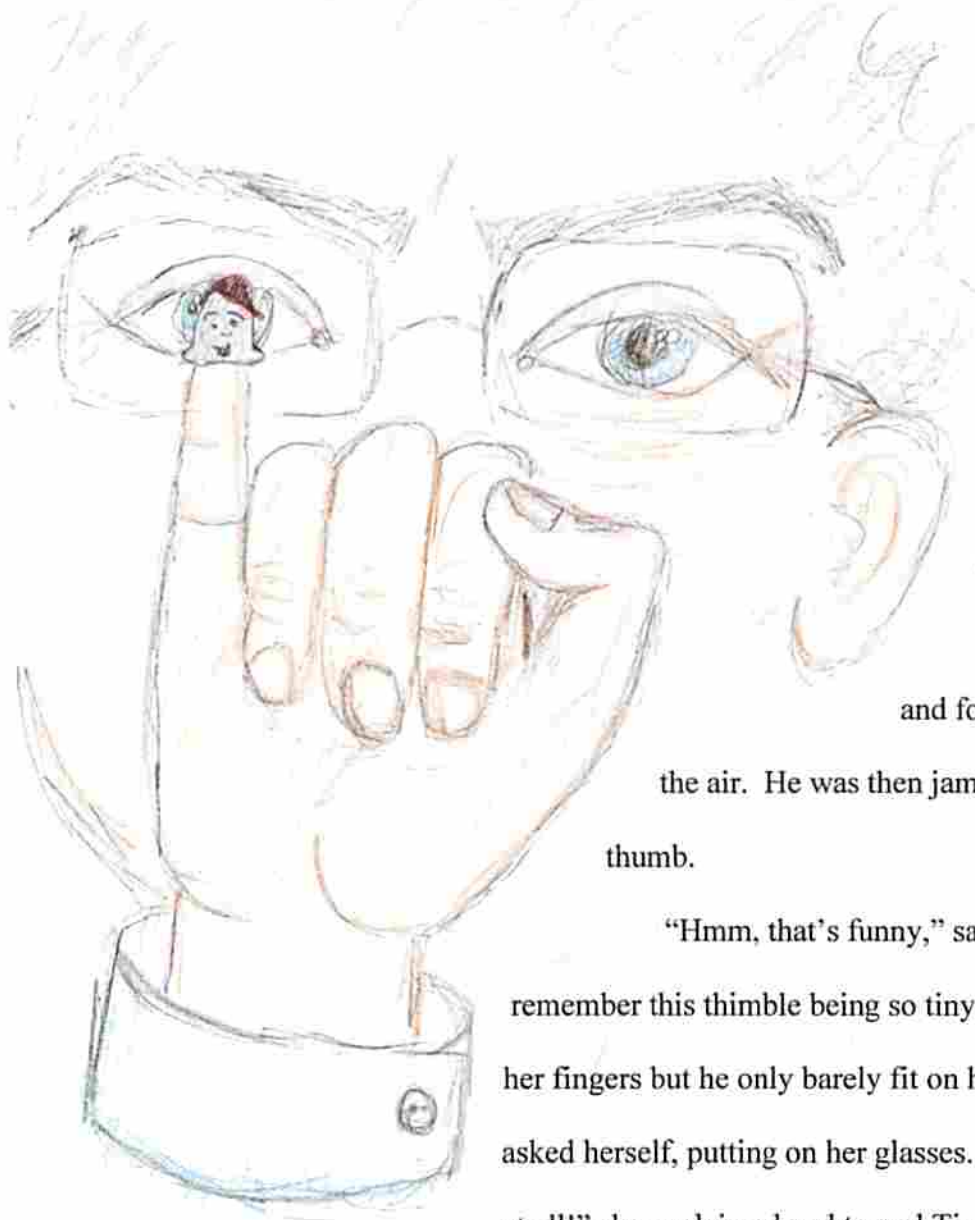
The next day, while Peter was off at kindergarten and his sister, Sophie, was at preschool, Grandma decided it was a good time to get some sewing done. She got out the needlepoint she was

working on and a needle and thread.

“Now where did I put that thimble?” she asked herself, rummaging around in her basket, “Ah, here it is!” she exclaimed, seizing Timble.

Timble awoke with a start and found himself being hoisted into the air. He was then jammed onto a large wrinkled thumb.

“Hmm, that’s funny,” said Grandma, “I don’t remember this thimble being so tiny.” She tried Timble on each of her fingers but he only barely fit on her pinky. “What’s this?” She asked herself, putting on her glasses. “Why, this isn’t my thimble at all!” she exclaimed and tossed Timble towards the trashcan.



Timble soared through the air and collided with the rim of the trashcan. He bounced off and landed on the rug next to it. "Oh dear," thought Timble, "this adventuring stuff is really getting old. I'm ready to go home now, if I could only find my way back."

He looked around but couldn't see his Monopoly box anywhere. He was just deciding which direction might take him back to the kitchen table when he heard a door slam and the sound of footsteps.

"Hi, mom," said Peter's mother to his grandmother. "Could you please watch Sophie for a bit while I go pick up Peter?"

"Oh sure," responded Grandma as she held her arms out towards Sophie. "Sophie dear, did you have fun at preschool today?"

"Yes," said Sophie. "We had a tea party."

"A tea party! My, that sounds like fun! Well listen, honey, Grandma needs to get some sewing done so why don't you play quietly, okay?"

"Okay," said Sophie, plopping down onto the rug.



Suddenly, a large shadow moved across the light that had been shining on Timble. Before he knew what was happening, a chubby hand had grabbed him.



Timble felt himself being carried. He was completely in the dark and could feel Sophie's warm hand squeezing him tight.

Then suddenly everything was bright and he was tumbling down, down, down...

He landed with a crash on a yellow plastic table. He looked up to see Sophie peering at him.

"We're gonna have a tea party. You're just right for a cup." She told him. Sophie took out a tiny white porcelain tea set with pictures of roses on it. She set out four cups on white saucers, then turned Timble upside-down and set him on a saucer too. Then she placed two dolls, a teddy bear, and the cat around the table. "I have to get tea," she said, grabbing the miniature teapot. "You stay here."

Timble looked up to see many plastic and furry faces staring down at him. The cat slunk away. Timble was tired and sore at this point and he thought he might even be dented in a few places. How he wished he was back in the Monopoly game where he belonged!

“I shouldn’t have been so curious! I really miss all of my friends and my own bed by the Chance cards. Now I may never find my way back and I’ll never have my adventures around the Monopoly board with Peter again!”

Timble was just remembering all the fun times that he had had with Peter and all of the other Monopoly pieces when Sophie came back



into the room, the teapot sloshing with water.

“Would you like some tea, Patsy?” she asked one of the dolls. “There you go. Drink up!”

Suddenly, Timble felt the unpleasant rush of cold water pouring over him. “Oh, if I ever make it home, I will never ever leave again!” vowed Timble.

When Peter got home he started searching again for Timble. He first went to the living room and found Grandma sewing. “Grandma, have you seen Timble anywhere?” Peter asked anxiously.

“Who’s Timble, dear?”

“Timble’s the thimble from the Monopoly game. I didn’t put the game away like I was supposed to and he got lost somewhere. I’ve looked everywhere but I can’t find him!”

“The thimble from the believe I’ve — wait a second, I think sewing basket. I thought he was a real small.”

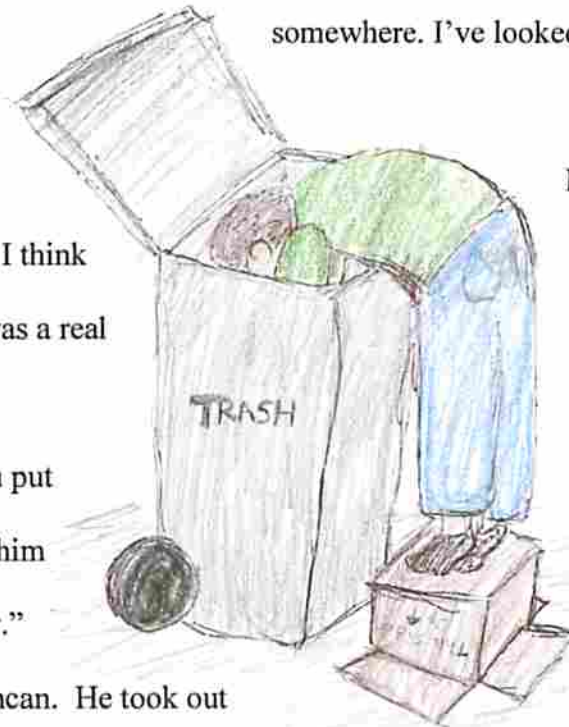
“Really? Where’d you put

“Oh, oh dear. I threw him know he was yours. I’m sorry.”

Peter dove for the trashcan. He took out didn’t find Timble.

“I’m sure I put him in that one,” said Grandma. “At least, I think I did. You know, my memory’s been so bad lately...”

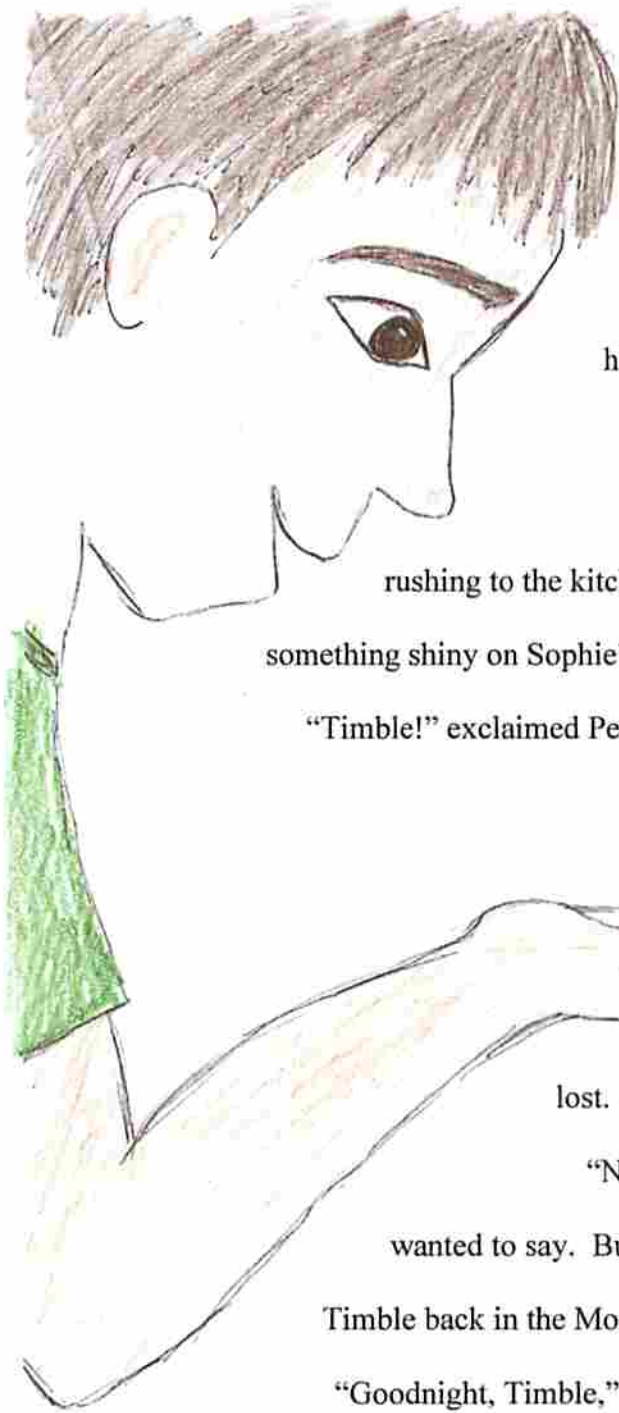
Peter searched through every trashcan in the house. He even looked through the big trashcan outside, though he had to plug his nose because it was so smelly. He didn’t find Timble anywhere.



Monopoly game? I don’t I did see him! He was in my thimble but he was too him?”

away, honey. I didn’t

every piece of trash but he



His mom told him to take a bath before dinner because he was all dirty. Peter obeyed quietly. He was afraid he would never find Timble now.

When Peter finished his bath, his mom asked him to go get Sophie for dinner.

“Sophie,” said Peter, “dinner time.”

“Okie dokie,” said Sophie, scrambling to her feet and rushing to the kitchen. Peter was about to follow her when he noticed something shiny on Sophie’s play table. He looked closer — could it be?

“Timble!” exclaimed Peter. “Timble, I’ve found you!” He poured the water out of Timble, dried him off and held him up to

the light. There were a few dents, but other than that, Timble

looked fine. “I’m so sorry that you got lost. It was all my fault! But now, it’ll never happen again.”

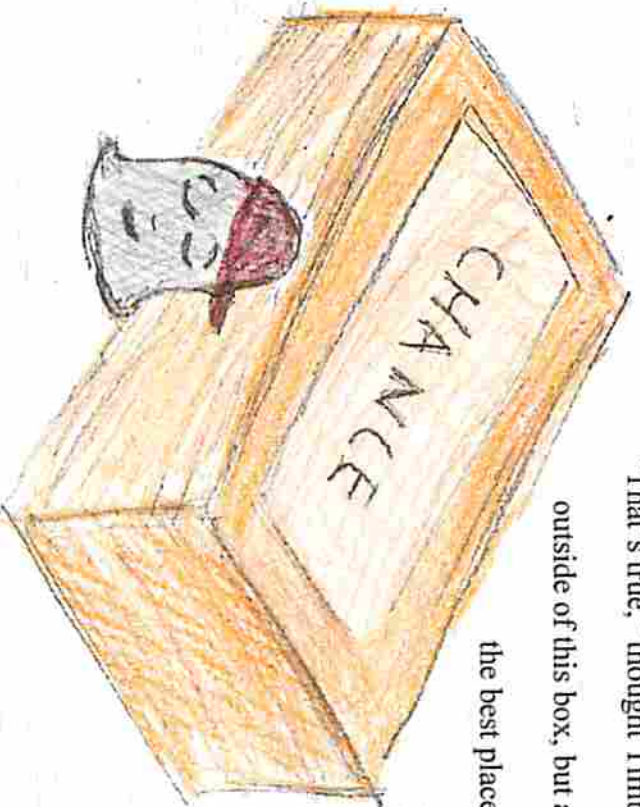
“No, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have been so curious,” Timble wanted to say. But he was too busy grinning. Peter carefully placed Timble back in the Monopoly box and closed the lid.

“Goodnight, Timble,” he said.

After that, Peter and Timble had many more adventures from Mediterranean Avenue to Boardwalk and back again. But every time, after the game was done, Peter made sure he put everything away, safe and sound.

And as for Timble, well, he remembered the wise old wheelbarrow's words: "...many times the answers point to what we knew all along."

"That's true," thought Timble. "I went exploring and saw the world outside of this box, but after all of my adventures, I decided that the best place for me is right here at home with my friends where I belong." And he snuggled up to the stack of Chance cards and fell asleep.



The End