

Zag Swallows a Stink Bug

Created by Team Zag



**Zag the Zonkey
& Friends**



Buzz! Something zipped past Zag's bed.
Bump! Something bonked his lamp.
Plop! Something landed on his pillow.
“Not ANOTHER stink bug!” said Zag.



Zag grabbed the broom.
SWISH! SWOOSH!
He missed.
The bug zoomed past his ears —
and a terrible smell filled the room.
“PEE-YOO!”



Zomma put the broom away
and tucked Zag into bed.
“This is MY bed,” Zag whispered to the dark.



Zag's eyes grew heavy.
He opened his mouth for a great big yawn...
BUZZ.
GULP.
Zag sat straight up.



“ZOMMA! I swallowed a stink bug!”
Zomma brought him a cup of water
and a great big hug.
She stayed beside him until he was fast asleep.



By morning, Zag felt fine.
“Maybe it was just a dream,” he said.
But at school, his tummy began to rumble...



BURRRP!

“Excuse me!”

BURRRRP!

BURRRRRRP!

Oh no.

That smelled like STINK BUG.



Someone giggled.

Someone pinched their nose.

“PEE-YOO, ZAG!”

Zag wished he could hide under his desk forever.

Then his teacher knelt beside him.

“Come with me, Zag.”



The nurse called Zomma.
Zag leaned into her side.
“Everybody heard,” he whispered.
“And everybody SMELLED.”
Zomma held him close.
“That was a hard, hard morning.”



Back home, a stink bug sat on Zag's windowsill.
Zag's ears shot straight up.
“YOU! This is all YOUR fault!”
He grabbed the broom.



“Wow,” said Zomma. “You're as mad as a stomping rhino!”

“MADDER!” said Zag.

“Let's put the broom down and take a big breath.”

Zag huffed. Zag puffed.

Then he set the broom down.



“Why are you even HERE?” Zag asked the bug.
“I just wanted somewhere warm to rest,”
it said in a teeny voice.
“Well, you STINK.”
“Only when I'm scared.
And that broom was VERY scary.”



“Were you the one who flew into my mouth?”

“Not me,” said the bug. “I've been hiding here all night.”

“Oh,” said Zag.

He'd been mad at the wrong bug all along.



“I still don't want bugs in my room,” said Zag.

“That's fair,” said Zomma.

“Let's help this one find a better home.”

“Without the broom?”



“Without the broom.”
Zomma set a cup over the bug.
Then, very, very gently, she slid a card underneath.
Zag held the door wide.
Nobody got scared.
And nobody got stinky.



Outside, the bug climbed onto a big green leaf.
“Better?” asked Zag.
The bug wiggled its antennae.
“Much better. Thank you, Zag.”



Then Zag and Zomma patched the hole in the screen — together.
Now Zag's room was just right for one zonkey.



The next day, Rodo sat next to Zag.

“I'm sorry I laughed at you.”

“It made me feel bad,” said Zag.

Rodo nodded. “Next time, I'll help.”

Zag smiled, just a little.



That afternoon, a bug landed on the reading table.
“Swat it!” someone shouted.
“Wait!” said Zag. “Let's ask our teacher to help it
outside.”
And Zag knew just where to find a cup.



That night, Zag snuggled into bed.
No buzz.
No bump.
No plop.
Just one small...
burp.
“Excuse me!” said Zag.
And he and Zomma laughed and laughed.

Talk Together

Pick one question. Point, talk, draw, act it out, or just listen.

What helped Zag after his hard morning?

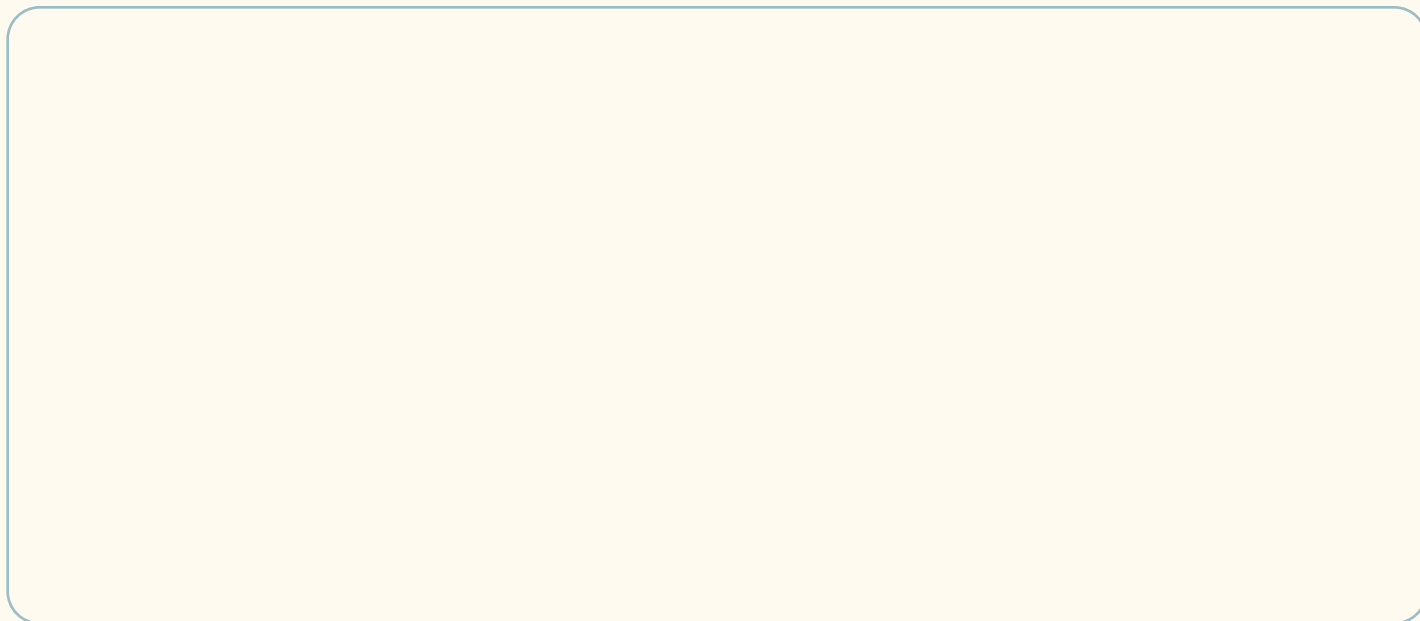
What changed when Zag asked the bug a question?

How did Zag keep his room comfortable and help the bug?

What did Rodo say to make things right? What could a helpful friend do next?

Draw together

Draw a kind way to tell someone what you need.



Drawing, writing, talking or passing are all welcome.

A little bug. Some very big feelings.



Buzz! Bump! Plop! There's a stink bug in Zag's room, and then... GULP! One ends up in his tummy.

By morning, Zag's burps are making the whole class say PEE-YOO! Zag is mad, mad, MAD, until one tiny bug tells him its side of the story.

A funny story about big feelings, kind choices, and finding a gentler way.

