

Jane & Jake's
Adventures *to* Awesome™

Kindness



BOOK
2



A PRODUCTION OF
The **World of Jane Not Plain**™



JAKE



JANE

Finding your inner awesome is positively empowering!

Come with us, on our journey to Awesome...

Come with Us!

Join me and Jake, along with Oracle and all of our friends, on our undersea adventures, exploring and learning about confidence and self-esteem.

Come with us as we learn about our excellent strengths and unique inner awesomeness... and discover what wonderful, empowering character traits YOU have too—just like we do!

Come on...



**Bub A Hey, kids!
Now feel your feelings, good and strong, and follow the tune of Awesome's song...
It's positively empowering!
We can't wait to introduce you to our awesome friends!**

I Am. I Can. I Will. Empowered.™

*The***World of Jane Not Plain™**

**Jane & Jake's
Adventures to Awesome™**

Kindness

*The***JNPPROJECT™**
A SELF-ESTEEM DISCOVERY MOVEMENT FOR CHILDREN

Discover Your Inner Awesome. It Is Positively Empowering!™

www.theJNPproject.com

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A self-esteem discovery series for every girl and boy!

Jane & Jake each earn *My Circle of Power*™ by unlocking their own character traits. YOU can too!

Let's learn about the POWER we have inside... our INNER AWESOME! Kids, you can do it too —discover it!—you'll be positively empowered!



Hey Kids, with each story you read you'll collect clues to the "Big Secret," and Oracle, Jane and Jake will help you to earn your Pearls of Power! Each adventure to Awesome reveals a different color pearl—when you collect all ten, YOU EARN YOUR EMPOWERMENT BADGE!



I Am. I Can. I Will. Empowered.™

For Kids



Jane & Jake's Adventures to Awesome™

Hi, there! Are you ready to find your inner awesome?

I used to feel unimportant and invisible. NOT anymore! Now, I feel good about myself—awesome you might say! Are you ready to feel awesome too?

Welcome to our world, The World of Jane NOT Plain.™

Here are some of the fun things we'll get to do together:

- **Talk to Jane & Jake Forum**—go to theJNPproject.com and write to us!
- **Join the CIA**—have fun in your Club Inner Awesome downloading coloring and activity pages...and more!
- **Play Games**—solve puzzles and find solutions with Jake and me!
- **Sing songs and play music!**
- **Receive Prizes**—enter contests and win!
- **Hunt for and find The Big Secret**—hidden in Awesome!!
- **Pick your Favorite Ending**—in Jane & Jake's adventure stories!
- **Collect your Pearls of Power™**—earn your own Circle of Power™ Empowerment Badge!
- **Create my Outer Awesome**—I'm a "blank canvas"—create how I look on the outside, while Jake and I teach you about the bright colors of your inner awesome!

And most importantly, remember: I Am. I Can. I Will. So, get empowered, and see just how much the world needs you! Own it.

**Love, your friends,
Jane (NOT Plain) & Jake**

Ready to have fun? Let's get started. Go to:
www.theJNPproject.com and have fun today!

STORY OVERVIEW

Book 2: KINDNESS

Jane & Jake's Adventures to Awesome Kindness

Jane is furious. First, her art smock is deliberately splotted with pink paint. Then someone pours liquid on her beautiful painting that she is making for the school art fair. Jane suspects that Mia—an older, fifth-grade girl—and Mia's friends are the culprits. Then, when Mia says horrible, stinging words about the gift Jane's mom sent to Jane, Oracle whisks Jane and Jake to Awesome, where they discover the challenge that awaits them. To earn their Pink Pearls of Awesome Kindness they must find and return important items lost by their sea creature friends—including the special stinger of Jell-ee-o, a tiny sea jelly. But...how can Jane and Jake return a jellyfish's stinger without getting hurt?

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I AM. I CAN. I WILL. EMPOWERED.™

The JNP Project™ is A Self-Esteem Discovery Movement for Children of all Ages.
We help children [and parents] discover their inner awesome!

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FROM THE FOUNDER

"The really wonderful thing about this adventure and discovery, interactive, storybook series is that we have a host of characters (fabulous kids and delightful sea creatures) with which children will identify. These characters reflect the 'art' of empowerment—they are a blank canvas ready for a child to imagine and explore their ideas of how a person radiates all the colors that make up their inner awesome—their core values from the inside out (their self-esteem and self-confidence). *This is a fantastic series that will enlighten, enrich, engage, and empower your child, forever.*"

Dona
Rudderow
Sturn

Jane & Jake's
Adventures to Awesome™

For **Adults**

Welcome!

Parents, Grandparents, Caregivers, Educators, Teachers, Counselors and Homeschoolers.

Welcome to The JNP Project™—a self-esteem discovery movement for children—
delivered through the entertaining adventure series,
The World of Jane NOT Plain:™ Jane & Jake's Adventures to Awesome.

You've just turned a new page towards empowering children to find their "inner awesome."
Congratulations!

You know how important it is for the children we love and care for to feel the very best they can feel: confident, self-assured, safe, and self-reliant. Our responsibility is to teach them how to feel good about themselves in a world where so much is required of them at such a young age. This is a huge task...and we're committed to helping you do that. Through *Jane & Jake's Adventures to Awesome* and our accompanying *Resource Kits and Lesson Plans for Educators and Parents*, JNP is helping kids to grow their inner awesome (self-esteem) through adventures in character, courage, and confidence.

Ready? Come with us now...to that long-forgotten place, that place that never vanishes no matter how old you are; the place where innocence, wonder, and the strength and spirit of childhood remain true. Meet Jane and her true-blue friend Jake. Say hello to Oracle, Jane's not-so-common talking pet goldfish, who is waiting to whoosh you and your children to the magical Undersea World of Awesome. You and your children will eagerly follow Jane and Jake in each new Adventure to Awesome!

The World of Jane NOT Plain™ is a series of thirty enchanting stories (plus a Prequel lead story) that features lovable characters, inspiring imagery, and opportunities for readers to choose from three story endings. Each tale, supported by an interactive website www.theJNPproject.com, carefully reveals themes that help children build strength of character while developing feelings of self-worth. Through humorous yet insightful text and rich illustrations—in which Jane appears as a "plain blank canvas," enabling your children to imagine Jane's outward appearance—Jane and true-blue friend Jake teach young readers about the bright colors of their inner selves.

Written by a team of children's book authors, The World of Jane NOT Plain stories are guided and vetted by a professional advisory committee that includes counselors, psychologists, educators, reading specialists, parents, and young adults.

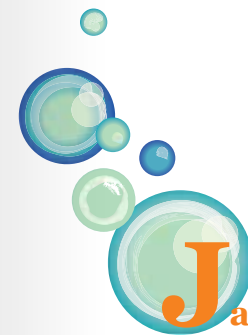
Thank you for being part of the JNP Community and growing the Empowerment Movement!

Sincerely,
The JNP Team



CHAPTER 1

R-E-C-
O-G-
N-I-T-I-O-N



Jane clutched her gold-embossed certificate in its matching envelope to her chest, protecting it against the teasing wind gusts. “Hey, Jane,” said Jake, who was walking beside her. “Let’s see your first-place winner’s certificate again.”

Jane blushed with pride and nodded. “Okay, but let’s get into the apartment lobby first so my prize doesn’t get blown away.”

Mr. Pescadero, the uniformed doorman, opened the big glass door, nodding to Jane. Sometimes the doorman called her “Ginger” instead of “Jane,” so she gave only a small nod in return. Then, glancing at her *beautiful* winner’s certificate, she decided to give the doorman her biggest happiness-bubbling smile.

Jane and Jake made a beeline for the sofa and chairs on the other side of the lobby. Jane carefully extracted the certificate from the envelope. Holding only the edges between her hands like a rare and valuable treasure, she passed the certificate with her name written in fancy calligraphy to Jake.

“1st Place Winner, 2014 Fourth-Fifth Grade Spelling Championship, P.S. 1027 New World School of Science, Math, Art, Reading, and Technology.” Jake read aloud then asked, “What was your winning word?”

“*Recognition*,” said Jane, her cheeks turning pink as she remembered the moment she was declared the contest winner. “But you did well, too, Jake. You almost won second place.”

“Yeah, but I got messed up on *separation*...that’s sep-A-ration, not sep-E-ration.” Jake grinned. “You might say that word sep-a-rated me from winning second place.”



RECOGNITION

Jane rolled her eyes at Jake’s awful joke, but then she snorted a laugh—which promptly became a small moan. “Oh, no! Look who just walked in—Mia. That fifth-grade girl who’s been mean to me for absolutely no reason. Maybe we could hide in...”

“Too late, Jane. She’s seen us. Here she comes.”

“Hey, Plain Jane. I see you’re bragging about winning the spelling contest. I would have done a lot better in that dumb contest if that teacher had been fair,” Mia said.

Jake saw Jane’s eyes open wide. He recognized that his friend was becoming angry. “What do you mean?” Jake asked quickly, before Jane could say anything.

“If she had pronounced the word correctly—respons-IH-bility—I wouldn’t have spelled it *respons-A-bility*.”

“But I heard the teacher say ‘responsibility,’” Jane protested.

Mia scowled. “Of course you’d say that. She picked you as the winner! All smarty-pants people stick together.”

The doorman’s voice interrupted. “Excuse me, miss,” he said to Mia. “Your grandmother is waiting for you.” An elegantly dressed older woman approached them. “*Olym-pia!* I’ve been waiting for you to come home from school,” the woman said, exasperated. “Your mama says you should walk the dog while I start making the *moussaka* for dinner.”

Mia hurried to her grandmother’s side and said in a loud whisper, “Grandma, don’t call me ‘Olympia.’ My name is *Mia*, remember? And why do we have to have *moussaka*? I don’t like eggplant or casseroles.”



Jane and Jake watched Mia and her grandmother walk toward the elevator, out of their sight. Jane looked at Jake and mouthed, “*Olympia?*”

Jake nodded. “Yeah, as in Mount Olympus in Greece, home of the Greek gods and goddesses.”

Jane’s eyes opened wider. “Jake, Mia’s grandmother said ‘come home,’ and they went into the elevator, so that must mean...”

“...that Mia and her family moved into your building,” Jake confirmed. “Well, maybe that won’t be so bad...”

“Oh, sure. Just like getting stung by a jellyfish isn’t really so bad,” Jane said.

Jake grimaced, remembering his own jellyfish sting two summers ago. Ouch. Then he saw Jane’s frown. “Oh-limp-ee-ah,” Jake sang softly. “Oh-LIMP-eeee-ah!” It worked. Jane’s mouth began to twitch, until she couldn’t hold back a giggle.

Five minutes later, Jane and Jake were still both whisper-singing, “Oh-limp-ee-ah!” between snorts and giggles as Jake headed home. •





CHAPTER 2

Smart Words



I don't get it, Oracle. She doesn't even know me. So why is Mia so mean to me?"

I tossed my cinch pack onto my desk and stretched out on my bed, putting one hand under my chin. This is one of my favorite ways to think about things. "Today she made fun of me because I won the fourth and fifth grade spelling contest. Mia's a fifth grader; I'm only in fourth. But she had to sit down right away because she gave a wrong answer for the first word the teacher gave her to spell. I spelled *five* words correctly. Some were hard ones, too."

Oracle reclined on his belly on the rim of his fishbowl, his fin under his chin as he looked at me. This position always makes me smile. I really have an awesome—and smart—goldfish!

“**Bub A Lo, whoa!** Nice going, Jane,” said Oracle.

“Thanks!” I feel so good when Oracle tells me I’ve done a great job.

“Mia called me a ‘smarty pants.’” I felt my face get hot again as I remembered Mia’s words.

“Ah!” said Oracle. “She said the word ‘smart’—which you definitely are.”

“I like being smart. What’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing,” Oracle said. “But what if you were someone who often feels dumb, especially when you couldn’t pass the entrance tests to the private school that you and your parents wanted you to attend?”



I looked closely at Oracle. “Are you talking about Mia?”

“Could be-e-e,” said Oracle. Oracle turned to face me. “How would you feel if *you* were that ‘someone’? And how would you feel seeing a younger girl passing tests and winning awards just like that?” Oracle clapped his fins once.

“But Oracle, that’s not fair,” I exclaimed. I sat upright and punched my pillow. “I study hard, and I read a lot. *That’s* why I know how to spell so many words.”

I was surprised I had to remind Oracle that being smart was not enough. He saw me study each day after school and read each night before my lights-out time. Sometimes I even read aloud to him, which Oracle says helps him to expand *his* vocabulary.

“Maybe Mean Mia should try doing the same,” I continued, “instead of spending all her time showing off to the girls who follow her everywhere.”

I heard a splash as Oracle plopped into his fish bowl. “**Bub A Hoo,** got to get cool in all this steam!” he said.

“What steam?” What in the world was my goldfish talking about?



“The steam that’s hissing from your red-hot words, of course,” explained Oracle matter-of-factly.

“You’re telling me I’m angry, right? Well...you’re right. I am—or was—steamed. I just don’t like hearing that getting good grades and winning spelling contests is easy for me.”

“Just like Mia doesn’t like hearing—and feeling—that she’s not smart...?”

“Oracle, are you saying that Mia really *is* smart? Okay, *how* is she smart?”

“I guess you’ll just have to get to know her to find out, right?” Oracle looked at me with his head bent slightly to one side.

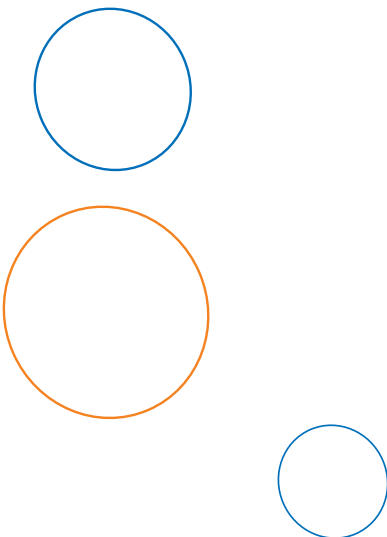
I started thinking about whether Mia and I could get to know each other. I even imagined Mia and me laughing *together* about something, maybe at one of Jake’s silly jokes. Then I thought about what Oracle had just said. “Oracle, how do you know that Mia didn’t pass her entrance tests to go to that private school?”



Oracle whistled and looked up at the ceiling...which always means he’s not going to answer my question right now...which is *really* frustrating for someone like me who doesn’t especially like waiting. Especially for answers. •



Bub A Lo!
When you *have* to know
What to do or say,
Let go of the stress:
Just take a deep breath
And count slowly to ten.
You’ll feel good again!





CHAPTER 3

Paint Splotches



All morning the classrooms and halls buzzed with excitement at P.S. 1027 New World School of Science, Math, Art, Reading, and Technology. During a morning meeting, Jane’s school principal told the fourth and fifth graders that the parents’ association wanted to raise money to help support the school programs in art, music, and drama. The parents were asking if the students would be willing to become special fundraising partners by making works of art to sell at an art fair. Jane and Jake, like most of the fourth and fifth graders, had enthusiastically raised their hands to vote “yes.” Jane couldn’t wait for her afternoon art class so she could discuss with Jake her Big Idea for the artwork she wanted to do—and to find out what he planned to do for his project.

During lunch and recess, Jane heard snippets of conversations about making art: pen-and-ink sketches, model building, sculptures made of clay or wire, and computer art. Her own art project Big Idea grew so huge in her imagination that she nearly ran to the art room the minute the bell signaled the end of recess. She waited impatiently for the art teacher to arrive to give directions, distribute pristine white art smocks, and open the supply cabinets. As soon as her teacher permitted the students to collaborate, Jane waved to Jake and pointed to a quiet place to meet in the large classroom.

“Jake, I know what my project is! I want to do a painting of Oracle and some of the Undersea World of Awesome!”

“But I thought Awesome is our secret,” Jake whispered.

“It is—but only you and I will know that it’s Awesome. Everyone else will think my painting is from my imagination.”

“You’re right! Hey, I could do something from Awesome, too. I know! A paper sculpture—my dad did one with me a few years ago using paint sample papers. I could do one of Monte...”

“...the Magnificent Magician,” Jane chimed in, grinning as she remembered the crab in his magician’s top hat and cape with many pockets. “Jake, I need your help. The colors in Awesome are so much brighter and shinier than regular everyday colors. Could you help me mix the right ones for Awesome?”



“Sure,” said Jake. “That’ll be fun. We’ll experiment. And maybe you could help me do a pencil sketch of Monte before I begin the sculpture. You’re better at drawing than I am.”

“Deal!” Jane replied, before the art teacher’s voice reminded everyone to get into the habit of wearing their smocks, starting now.

A familiar voice rang through the room. Mia’s voice. “I’m not wearing *that*. I’ll look like Plain Jane.” There was a murmur of agreement from other girls—Mia’s friends. They looked at Jane and, seeing that she was already wearing her smock, made no move to put theirs on.

Jane, her face red with embarrassment, turned away from the voices, pretending she hadn’t heard. The art teacher immediately overruled the girls’ decision. Grumbling loudly, Mia and her friends put on their smocks as Jane headed for the supply area to pick out everything she would need to do her painting: easel, heavy art paper, charcoal pencils, acrylic paints and palette, brushes, and containers for water. She loved making art, and she loved her trips





to Awesome with Jake. She wasn't going to let Mia's meanness change those good feelings. Oracle would be so proud of her! She couldn't wait to tell him.

But Jane's happiness departed as quickly as it had arrived. Plop! Globbs of paint splattered her smock. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" said Amber, one of Mia's friends. She was standing near Jane, holding a brush with pink paint on it. "It was an accident," she explained to the art teacher who had come to investigate. "Really, it was. This is my favorite color—it matches my nail polish, see?"

Removing the paint splotches proved to be impossible in the classroom, so Jane was allowed to take the smock home to be washed. Walking to her next class, Jane left on her smock so she would remember to take it home. Thinking about her art project, her thoughts were suddenly interrupted.

"Why are you still wearing *that*?" Mia hissed as she walked past Jane. "You're not a *real* artist, you know."

Jake overheard. "Don't let her get to you, Jane," he said.

"That's easy for you to say. She isn't mean to you."

"That's true. No one's being mean to me—now," Jake replied.

"What do you mean, 'now'? Did something similar happen to you?"

"Yeah. Two years ago, when I was in second grade, the guys in my class gave me a hard time. I accidentally mentioned that my dad is a color scientist. They

already knew he was a scientist, and that was okay with them. But a *color* scientist? I remember one of the guys said, ‘Does that mean your father dyes old ladies’ hair weird colors?’ They laughed and made a big deal over that for a long time.”

“Didn’t that hurt? Weren’t you mad?”

“Yeah, I felt pretty bad. And I got mad. But then, everything changed.”

“How do you mean? Did you make them stop?”

“I didn’t *make* them do anything,” Jake said. Seeing Jane’s look of confusion, Jake opened the flap of a pocket in his beige cargo pants and pulled out a round, cardboard disk. “Look, Jane. See this color wheel? I got it from my dad, who works with a much bigger one in his lab. In his job he mixes new colors and sometimes even gives them names.”





“And *that’s* what changed?” Jane asked, confused.

“Well, yeah. When I remembered how cool my dad is, I didn’t care anymore what the guys said. I also really *like* science and color. It sure is handy when I’m going to help a friend mix her *Awesome* paint colors.” Jake grinned as he tucked the color wheel back into his pocket.

“Okay, I’m not feeling as mad about the paint splotches on my smock as I was before,” Jane admitted.

“Those splotches make you look like a real artist. Real artists don’t have perfectly clean smocks.”

“Thanks for trying to help me feel better,” Jane said. She already knew that she would soon be telling Oracle the whole story—and scolding him for asking her to get to know Mia. Who would want to know *that* meany? •



CHAPTER 4

Another Way to Look at It



“It’s hopeless, Oracle!” I whipped off my artist’s smock, which made my new paper sea-creature mobile begin to dance. The paper creatures, hanging from the ceiling near Oracle’s fishbowl, glided in the air as if they were performing a ballet. “See these pink paint splatches on my smock? Do you want to know how they got here?”

“Sure, if you’d like to...” said Oracle.

“Here’s a clue. *I* didn’t put these there. Guess who did?”

“I’ll guess...”

“Nope. Mia didn’t do it...but her friend Amber did. A-a-m-ber said it was an a-a-ccident, but I don’t believe it. Do you?”

“It’s hard to know...”



"It was so mean. And you wanted me to get to know her? How can I do *that*, Oracle?"

I looked at my goldfish, who was whistling a song and watching the paper crab, turtle, goldfish, and Mer-people in the mobile come to a mid-air standstill. "Oracle? Are you listening?"

"**Bub A Pink, what do you think?** Of course I'm listening," Oracle said. "If you just want to blow off some angry steam, that's okay with me."

Oracle aimed a gust of air, making the paper goldfish wiggle and swim in the air.

"Well, I guess I *am* kind of mad, but..."

"Sometimes people need someone they can tell how they really feel," Oracle said, nodding in my direction.

"Oracle! I'm trying to tell you that I want your opinion, but you keep interrupting..." Oracle was looking at me with his funny goldfish smile. "Oh! I get it." Suddenly my face felt like I was standing next to a red-hot oven with its door wide open. "I interrupted *you*, didn't I? I asked you questions, but I didn't wait for you to answer."

"Bra-a-vo!" Oracle clapped his fins enthusiastically, which made me start giggling. "Ready to listen? **Bub A Lo, let's go...**" Oracle drew a number "1" in the air with his fin and pointed to my smock. "My first answer is: if you'd like to tell me how the paint splotches appeared on your smock, I'm all ears," he said, leaning toward me.



Considering that goldfish don't really have ears, I giggled.

My second answer is," he said, drawing a tiny number "2" in the air, "I'll guess that Mia or her friends decorated your smock."



Decorated? What a silly word to use. More like *ruined* my smock!

"Answer num-er-o three," Oracle drew a giant "3" in the air. "It's hard to know for sure why someone does something that we don't like."



I stared at my goldfish. "Oracle, you have an awesome memory! You remembered everything I asked you." My goldfish's cheeks turned a little bit pink and I knew my words had made him feel good. *Not* like how I feel when Mia talks to me.

"Thank you kindly, Miss Jane. And I happen to know that *your* memory is phee-nom-en-al, especially when you listen with your big heart as well as your little ears."

"Like when I heard you say that 'it's hard to know for sure why someone does something we don't like'...?"





“**Bub A Lo, right-o!**” Oracle leaned his face on the edge of the fishbowl, looking at me.

“But, Oracle, Mia and her friends are just plain mean. That’s why they think they can call me ‘Plain Jane,’ and splash paint on me, and...” I stopped talking and chewed on my lower lip. I didn’t want to blow off more steam. I really wanted to know what Oracle thought.

“Jane, do you remember when you heard Jake telling Max that he isn’t your friend, when he really is?”

I definitely *did* remember. I felt so gray-blue awful when I heard Jake lie.

“And do you remember when you lied to Jake, saying you weren’t home, when you really were?”

I nodded vigorously. “I lied because I was hurt. And Jake lied because he was embarrassed. Our adventure in Awesome helped us to learn this.”

“Bing-go!” sang Oracle.

I laughed, feeling warm and sunny inside. Oracle always helps me turn gray-blue awful into golden-yellow happy.

“So, Jane...”

Uh-oh. Those words often meant I was going to hear something I might not like.



“What if Mia and her friends say mean words and do mean things because *they* are feeling hurt or embarrassed, mad or sad? And what if there’s no one they can tell how they feel?”



I looked at Oracle. I had never thought of this. “Oracle,” I said slowly, “So Mia might have no one to talk to—like I talk to you? Not even her friends?” I knew I would be thinking about this question for a long time.

“**Bub A Lo, whoa!**” Oracle suddenly flipped over into his fishbowl, dived to the bottom, did a figure eight, and pushed to the surface. He poked his head out of the water, grinning. “I have a **Bub A-mazing** idea about your smock,” Oracle said. “Do you want to hear it?”

I jumped off my bed and grabbed my smock. The splotches now looked like old, chewed-up bubble gum. Disgusting.

“Instead of trying to remove the paint, what if you *add* paint?” Oracle said triumphantly.

What was Oracle thinking? That would make my smock look even messier than it already was—and I said so.

Oracle turned his head sideways. “That’s one way of looking at it.” He tilted his head to the opposite side. “Another way is to see your smock as a painter’s canvas, nearly blank and waiting for your imagination.”

“Except for the splotches,” I reminded him.

“*With* the splotches, Jane...because they are...” Oracle pounded the rim of his fishbowl like a drum, “...the beginning of your smock art. If your art teacher agrees, you can make a beautiful, one-of-a-kind work of art from something that you thought was ugly and ruined.”

I began imagining my smock overflowing with splashes and swirls of many colors. The pink paint would blend in perfectly. I looked at my clever, creative, amazing Oracle.

“What a cool idea, Oracle! Dad bought me some new fabric paint markers that don’t make a mess. I’ll cover my desk with a plastic trash bag, just to be sure nothing leaks. But first, I’ll e-mail my art teacher to ask for her permission. Then I can start sketching a design I want to use. I have the whole weekend to finish my new art project!”

Suddenly, a joke—just like the ones Jake tells—popped into my head. “Hey, Oracle, what do you get when you mix ‘smock’ with ‘art’?” I couldn’t wait for Oracle to answer. “You get *smart!*”

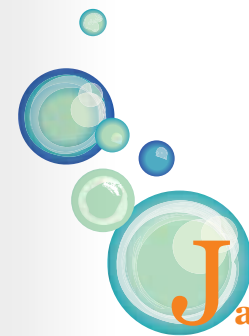
I laughed and danced around the room. Oracle pretended to groan, but he couldn’t fool me. I’m sure that I heard him giggle before he dived to the bottom of his bowl. •





CHAPTER 5

Ruined Art and a Pink Sock



Jane felt like flying. After showing her finished “smart smock” to her art teacher, Jane floated on the words: “highly original” and “stunning.”

Jane’s thoughts about showing off her smock in the art room to Mia and Mia’s friends soon vanished. Jane stood with her mouth open as she looked at her unfinished painting of Oracle in Awesome. Many shades of blue in the undersea world, colors that Jane had carefully chosen and mixed with Jake’s help, were now dribbling into Oracle’s golden body, making a glowing green blob that also smeared her pencil-sketched creatures of Awesome. Someone—Jane thought she knew who—had poured some kind of liquid on her painting. Heat raced to her face, while her hands felt like ice cubes. “My picture is ruined,” she moaned.

Jake and some of the friendlier classmates, including Nerissa, gathered behind her. “Look, Jane. This new green color is just like a sea...um...picture that I’ve seen,” said Jake.

Nerissa chimed in. “I did some research on the Internet about ocean life, and I saw a color like this. See this creature you drew under the green? Maybe this green is the perfect color for her.”

Jane nodded without saying a word.

Jane’s art teacher, who had joined the group standing behind Jane, said that she would investigate what happened to Jane’s painting. She turned to Jane. “Do you want to start a new painting?” she asked sympathetically. “Or fix this one?”

Jane looked at her painting, then at Jake. He gave a little nod—he would help her. The art fair was only four days away. She would need to work hard so that her painting would be done and dry in time. That meant she had to work on it at home, too. But could she get it done in time? She knew she had to try.

When she turned to Jake to tell him about her decision, he was gone. She looked around the large art room, trying to find him among the many kids working on their projects. Then she saw him. Jake was standing next to his sculpture. His cheeks were bright pink. Other kids were pointing at his sculpture, laughing.

Jane left her own drenched painting and crossed the classroom. Next to several sculptures made of clay or wire sat Jake’s paper sculpture of a crab—which was now wearing a bright pink sock stretched over the black magician’s hat that Jake had provided for his crab. Jane looked at the snickering kids. Who had done this? And why?



Jane felt almost as furious about Jake's sculpture as she felt about her own painting. She wanted to tell everyone to stop laughing. Right *now*! But Jake was laughing, too!

"Good choice, that pink," he said. "What's that you say, Mr. Crab?" Jake bent over, pretending to listen to his "talking" crab. "My crab wants to know, where's the other pink sock? He likes wearing a matching pair." Everyone, including the art teacher, laughed—except Jane. How could Jake make a joke about this?

Later, as they walked home, Jane asked him. She held her painting with both hands, while Jake carried the box of paints and brushes to repair the damaged picture. "Weren't you mad when you saw that pink sock on your sculpture of Monte The Magnificent?"

Jake shook his head.

"Not even a little?" asked Jane. "I would be."

"It's no big deal. Not any more."

Jane looked at her friend. He had to be pretending. "But they were making fun of your sculpture!"

"That's teasing leftovers from when they found out my dad is a color scientist. But now, it's okay. Remember when I told you about my dad's cool job? Two years ago, he mixed a brand new shade of pink. He named it 'Honeysuckle'



because he said this was the exact color of the honeysuckle bushes in his yard when he was a boy. His dad—my grandpa Earl—loved taking care of gardens and helping plants to grow. Dad said he and Pop-Pop Earl always really liked that color pink, but when Dad was a boy he didn't tell any of his friends because..." Jake switched to a high sing-song voice, "pink is for girrrls."

Jane giggled but then became serious. "That's just dumb. All colors are for everybody."

Jake nodded. "That's what Dad said." Jake stopped walking and reached into a pocket, pulling out a small, round object and opening his hand to show it to Jane. She gasped in delight. She had seen cat's eye marbles many times—somewhere in her bedroom closet she even had a bag of marbles. But she had never seen one that was *this* color pink. "What an awesome cat's eye, Jake. Did your dad make it?"

"Dad asked a company to do that. When a new color is mixed and named, color companies make different things using that color. To try it out. So people can see what it looks like in everyday life."

"What kind of different things?"

"Normal stuff like paint for houses. Fabric for clothes and towels. And fun stuff like crayons and paper and toys. Even foods and beverages."



“How about nail polish?” Jane looked at her own short-short fingernails, which she promised her mom she wouldn’t bite but sometimes did.

“Uh-huh. And sneakers and bandages for kids. And marbles like this one.”

“Do you always carry it with you?” Jane asked. She wondered what else was in his many pockets.

“Nope. I have a special box where I keep important things. Every day I decide which ones I might need, and I put them in my pockets.”

“Why did you need the marble today?”

“To show you. Even if kids tease me, I don’t get mad anymore. Like I said, I know my dad *and* his job are amazing.”

“And so is your paper sculpture of Monte The Magnificent,” Jane said firmly. “Even with the pink sock on him.” She looked at her picture. “I don’t know about my painting, though.”

“It’s going to be great,” said Jake. “We can use my color wheel and mix some new colors for you. Then watch what happens.”

“I hope you’re right.” Walking into her apartment building, Jane couldn’t help worrying. What if her painting stayed a mess, no matter how hard they tried to fix it? •





CHAPTER 6

Mia, the Meany



“Excuse me, miss.” Jane and Jake stopped walking towards the stairs and turned toward the calling doorman.

“Are you talking to me, Mr. Pescadero?” asked Jane.

“Yes, miss. I have a delivery here that just arrived for you.” He held a brown package and squinted at the writing on the package. “This one’s from Jakarta, Indonesia.”

Jane nodded. “Mom said she was sending me my next present after the orchestra landed in Jakarta—we Skype every week from wherever she and the orchestra are performing. She told me she thinks I’m going to really like what she found for me in Bali. Thank you, Mr. Pescadero.” Jane took the package from the doorman and tucked it under her arm.

“What’s inside?” asked Jake. “Aren’t you going to open it?”

Jane shook her head. “I always wait until I’m home, in my room—and away from my nosy brother.” Just the thought of Mitch poking into her private stuff made Jane sigh. Seven-year-old brothers—even musically gifted ones like Mitch—could sure be a pain.

The freckles on Jake’s face seemed to dance, and there was mischief in his eyes. He stretched his hand, trying to tag Jane’s package. “Gotcha! Now open, please!”

Jane smiled at her friend’s antics. “Okay, okay. But you have to hold this.” She handed him the painting, tore off the outer wrapping, snapped open the cardboard container, and pulled out a dozen long ribbons. They were patterned with colors that seemed to melt into each other. *Batik*, her mom had called the technique. No two ribbons were alike. Jane sucked in her breath, delighted.

“Awesome colors,” said Jake, holding one end of the ribbons in the air. “What are you going to do with them?”

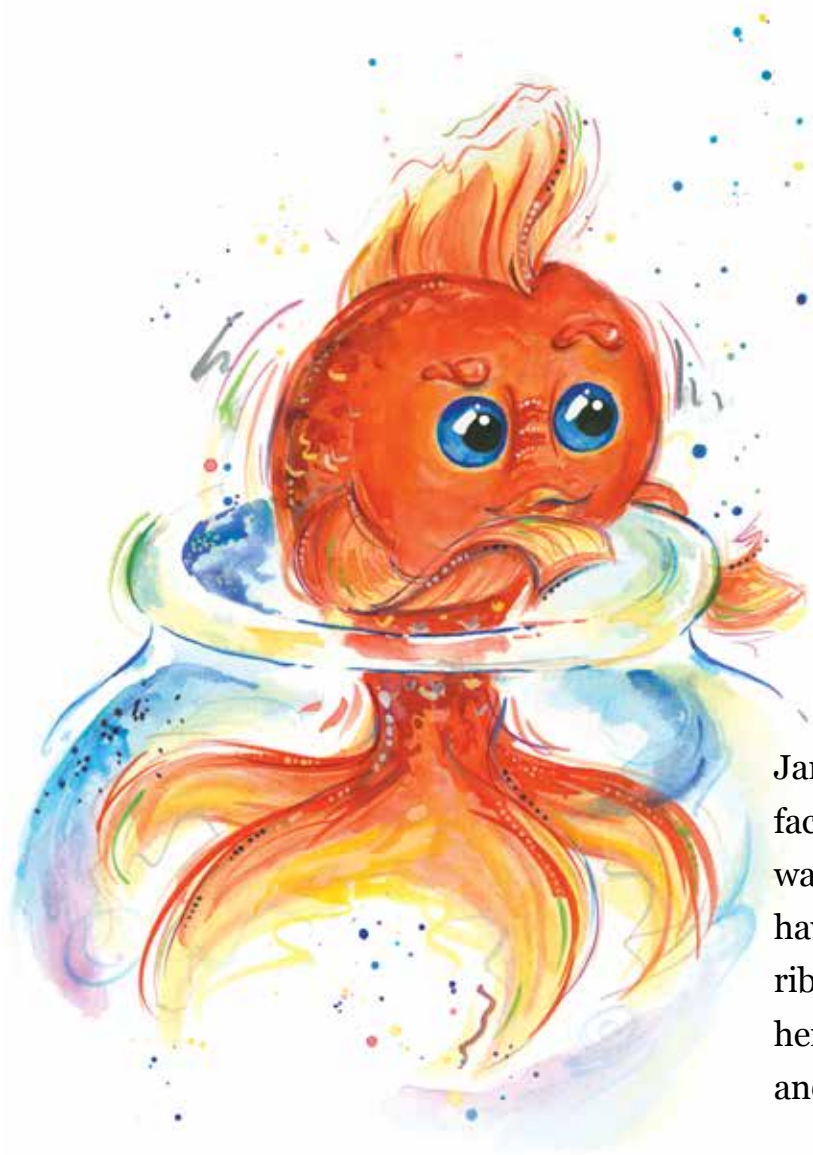


“Good question. What *are* you going to do with a bunch of dumb ribbons?”

Jane whirled around—and found herself looking into Mia’s mocking narrowed green eyes.

“This...this is a present from my mom,” Jane mumbled. “She sends me... things...when she’s traveling...”

“What kind of present is a bunch of ribbons? How old does she think you are, anyway?” Mia scoffed. “This stuff is for babies who play dress up—or maybe for their *dollies*.” Mia laughed and walked away.



Jane was furious. She spun around to face Jake. “See? This is why I wanted to wait to open my package. Why did you have to make me open it?” Stuffing her ribbons into her cinch pack, she grabbed her painting. “Let’s get out of here before another rotten thing happens.”

A few minutes later, Jane and Jake entered her family’s apartment and made a bee-line for her room. Jane was fuming as she closed her bedroom door. She spotted Oracle propped up on the fishbowl rim as if he had been waiting for her.

“Oracle, she did it again!” Jane wailed.

“Let me guess,” said Oracle, putting one fin under his chin to think. “*She* refers to Mia, right?”

Jake nodded vigorously. Jane put her hands on her hips. “Mia made me feel horrible, Oracle. She made fun of Mom’s present—which I opened only because Jake wanted me to.”

Jake looked at Oracle and shrugged. “Sorry.”

“So,” said Oracle. “Since you are angry with Jake, it must be because he knew Mia would show up.”

“No,” said Jane, “he didn’t know...”

“Hmm...I’m confused. The only reason you could be angry with him—and I certainly would be—is if he wanted to give Mia another chance to be mean to you. Right?”

“No, that’s not right!” said Jane. What was Oracle up to?

“So Jake *didn’t* know what would happen, and he *didn’t* give Mia a chance to be mean to you. Are you sure you’re mad at *him*?”

“Hey, Jane,” Jake interjected. “What does a frog say when he sees your mom’s present?”

“Huh?” Jane asked, irritated.

“It’s a joke. What does a frog say when he sees your mom’s present? *Rib-bon! Rib-bon!*”



Oracle chuckled. Jake's grin quickly disappeared when Jane looked at both Jake and Oracle.

"I thought you two were on my side," she whimpered, nearly in tears.

"We are," Jake said quickly.

"Most definitely," said Oracle.

Jane shook her head, reached up, and batted her paper sea creatures floating above. Fascinated with the paper mobile, Jake walked closer to take a look.

"Bub A Lo, it's time to go," whispered Oracle. Tilting his head back, the goldfish aimed a huge puff of air directly at the floating paper turtle. Jane and Jake stared at the mobile, astonished as it began spinning faster and faster.

Oracle began to hum:

**"Now feel your feelings
Gentle and strong
And follow the tune
Of Awesome's song.
Bub A Lo, Home!"**

With a soft *Whoosh!* Jane, Jake, and Oracle disappeared from Jane's room. •



CHAPTER 7

Awesome Artists



Something marvelous and magical was happening. Jane and Jake heard swirling harp...plinking piano...tinkling bells...murmuring cello. Colorful creatures danced around them: orange-and-white striped clown fish...silvery lantern fish...red-orange flame angelfish. There were swishing sea plants...swaying Mer-Twins...even the sweeping tentacles of an octopus wearing an artist's smock.

Everyone—including Jane and Jake—was weaving, waltzing, and whirling.

“Bub A Hey, welcome to the Awesome Ballet,” said Oracle, in the midst of a school of fish swimming graceful figure eights.

With a final flourish, the enchanting music faded and then disappeared. The sea plants bowed to the fish, which nodded to the octopus, who curtsied to the Mer-Twins. Jane, Jake, and Oracle bowed to them all. The octopus floated forward toward Jane and Jake and extended one tentacle to each of them.

“Do I have the pleasure of meeting Jane, the Awesome Painter, and Jake, the Amazing Paper Sculptor—in person?” asked the octopus in a deep baritone voice.

“You do,” giggled Jane, shaking the octopus’s tentacle. “How do you do?”

“You know us, but we don’t know you, Mr. Octopus,” said Jake.

“Ah! Forgive me. Of course you can’t read my mind...yet. I am Mikeyangelo. And I am an Awesome artist, too.” The octopus pointed to the sculpting chisels, hammers, and picks hanging from the pockets of his fish-decorated smock.

“You’re a sculptor!” exclaimed Jane.

“Yes, indeed, Jane the Painter. Look here.” With a single movement, four of Mikeyangelo’s tentacles removed a curtain of sea grass covering a mysterious object. Jane and Jake gasped. A life-like sea turtle looked at them with unmoving eyes from its sea stone body.

“That looks like...” said Jake.

“Jaunty Mr. Sea Turtle, perhaps?” The voice belonged to the ancient sea turtle himself. “I make a rather good model, if I do say so myself,” Jaunty smiled.

“It’s almost finished,” said Mikeyangelo. “I’m entering it into the next Awesome Arts Festival. I think it’s a winner!”

“I do, too,” said Jake, swimming around the statue. “It’s fantastic.”





“Thank you kindly, Jake the Sculptor.” Mikeyangelo bowed so deeply that the fish swam off his smock. “I must remember that the fish can’t hold on when I do that,” muttered the octopus.

“But what about your statue’s eyes?” Jane asked. “Why are they empty?”

“A good question with an easy-peasy answer,” said the octopus. “The eyes haven’t told me exactly what they want to look like...what expression they want to make.”

Jane and Jake looked puzzled.

“I don’t know how much stone to remove until the eyes tell me what should stay,” said Mikey patiently. “It’s only logical.”

Jane looked at Oracle in confusion. “Oracle,” Jane whispered. “I don’t know what he means. Aren’t *artists* the ones who decide what to do when they paint or sculpt or dance?”

Oracle shook his head. “Mikeyangelo must listen carefully to the sea turtle who is inside the stone, waiting to be finished.”

“Do you mean it *talks* to you?” asked Jake.



“Certainly,” said Mikey. “Doesn’t your art work talk to you?”

Jane looked at Jake who nodded slightly. “Maybe. I’ll have to think about that.”

Jaunty Mr. Sea Turtle signaled Oracle, who sang:

**“Bub A Lo
On with the show!
Now, Jane and Jake
For kindness sake
Come here, up front
If you want to partake
In the Lost-and-Found Treasure Hunt.”**

“Are you ready to...”

A sudden noise interrupted. A tiny, translucent white and gold jellyfish rushed forward. “Oh, please,” she said in a high, anxious voice. “I need help right away!” •



CHAPTER 8

Getting Stung Is No Fun

Lost & Found TREASURE HUNT



“**N**ow, now, Jell-ee-o,” said Jaunty Mr. Sea Turtle. “We haven’t yet explained the rules of the Lost-and-Found Treasure Hunt to Jane and Jake.”

Jane turned to the tiny jellyfish floating next to Oracle, who looked huge compared to Jell-ee-o. “We’ll try to help you...”

“...the best we can,” finished Jake. “Jane and I are a pretty good team.”

“Are you really a jellyfish?” asked Jane. “I mean, you’re so...”

“Teeny-weeny. A squirt, pee-wee, runt—I’ve heard them all.” Jell-ee-o sighed. “And I’m not at all a fish, as you can see. I’m a sea jelly, and I’ve lost my special stinger.” Jell-ee-o scrunched up her little face as if she would soon cry.



“Wait a minute. Didn’t some scientists discover you recently and give you a funny name...ba... Bazinga?” asked Jake. Jane nodded, remembering their science teacher’s description of Jell-ee-o’s type of sea jellies as being no bigger than a grape.

“Well, they should have been looking for my missing stinger instead of giving me and my jelly family a silly name,” Jell-ee-o insisted.

“*Nematocysts*, Jell-ee-o,” said Jaunty gently. “That’s what Jane and Jake are learning in their science class to call the capsules on your tentacles that hold your stinging threads.”

“What happened to your special ne-ma-to-cyst? And why is it special?” asked Jane slowly. She rubbed her arm, remembering the summer when she had been stung by a sea jelly at the beach. “Don’t you have lots of nematocysts?”

“Sure. Hundreds of them. But the one that’s missing is my special nema... nema... *stinger* because it works better than the others. Because I’m the littlest jelly in my smack—that’s what we call a sea jelly group—my family made me a bigger stinger with longer string to wear. I *need* my special stinger!”



“To sting people?” asked Jake, wiggling his foot slightly. This was the same foot on which he’d been stung when he made the mistake of touching with his bare toes a jelly that had washed up on the beach.

“**Bub A Lo, no**, Jake.” Oracle shook his head. “Jellies only sting to catch their food—and to protect themselves from attack.”

“Without my special stinger, I could go hungry or get hurt,” Jell-ee-o said sadly. “I need your help.”

“*Our* help?” said Jane and Jake.

“Jane, Jake...helping Jell-ee-o to recover her special nematocyst—and to find and return some things that other Awesome sea friends have lost—is your new challenge,” Jaunty Mr. Sea Turtle explained. “You must accept this challenge to earn your next Pearls of Power. Are you ready to start the Lost-and-Found Treasure Hunt?”

Jane looked at Jake. Jake looked at Jane.

Getting stung by sea jellies was no fun. So why would they want to help Jell-ee-o to find her *bigger* nematocyst when she could just use her smaller—and less painful!—stingers?



“Bub A Lo, are you ready to go?” asked Oracle, swimming between Jane and Jake.

“Oracle,” Jane whispered nervously, “do we *have* to find Jell-ee-o’s special stinger?”

“Yeah, couldn’t we still earn our next Pearls of Power if we found the stuff that *everyone else* lost instead of hunting for a *stinger*?” Jake asked hopefully.

Jaunty, whose eyes were closed as he listened to the conversation, opened them widely. “Oracle, I believe that Jane and Jake are worried they will get stung if they find and return Jell-ee-o’s special nematocyst. Am I right, Jane and Jake?”

They nodded. “We’re sorry, Jell-ee-o, but those stings really hurt,” said Jane to the tiny sea jelly.

“Yeah, ouch,” said Jake, looking at Oracle.

“I understand perfectly,” Oracle nodded.

“You *do*?” said Jane. Jake sighed with relief.

“Sure. Getting hurt is not fun. But that means we’ll need to return home without the next Pearls of Power, the Pearls of Awesome Kindness.”

“Kindness?” asked Jake. “You mean like being nice to someone even if you feel crabby?”

“That’s a part of kindness, Jake,” said Jaunty with his wide, sea turtle smile. “And there’s more.”

“You mean like doing something for someone,” Jane looked at Jell-ee-o,

“because it’s important to *her*, because it’s something *she* needs.”

Jell-ee-o turned a pale, translucent pink and waved one of her tentacles—but not too closely—toward Jane.

“Bub A Woo, what would you like to do?” asked Oracle softly to Jane and Jake.

“I want to help,” Jane looked at Jake. “We want to help. But Oracle, what if we get stung while we’re trying to help?”

Jake thought hard. “Jane, maybe we can figure out a way to pick up and carry Jell-ee-o’s special nematocyst to her so we *don’t* get stung.”

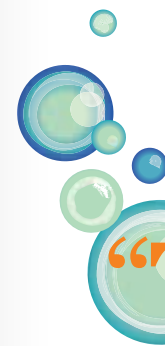
Jane nodded...and the Lost-and-Found Treasure Hunt officially began. •





CHAPTER 9

Lost-and-Found Treasures



“**T**eam J&J, you will lead us?” Prince Andante, the Mer-Twin said. “And we’ll follow and keep score. Here is a list of items that Awesome friends have lost. You must find and return four of them. One of them must be Jell-ee-o’s special stinger. Ready? Here’s a clue to one of the lost items,” said Andante. “Yum, yum, bubble gum.”

Jane and Jake had barely turned around to begin the Hunt when Jane’s eyes spotted a shapeless, bubble-gum pink blob waving in the water, next to Mikeangelo’s sculpture. It seemed to be attached to something. “Jake,” she said, “That looks kind of familiar. If that’s what I think it is...” Jane, Jake, Oracle, and the Awesome friends swam toward the object.

Jake began laughing. He reached out and freed the pink blob from one of Jaunty’s sculpted feet. “A sock, a pink sock,” chortled Jake. “exactly like the one that someone put on *my* sculpture.”



“Look, Jake. Initials... *MM*. Who is...?”
Jane looked into the sock for more clues.

“Monte The Magnificent, of course,”
said Monte the crab, suddenly stepping
forward from the crowd of Awesome
Lost-and-Found friends. “These are my
favorite socks. I lost one that last time I
did my laundry. Thanks for finding it!”

Jane giggled. Monte frowned. “I’m sorry,
Monte. I wasn’t laughing at you. Really.
It’s just that the same thing happens to
us at home when we do laundry. One
sock always seems to disappear. But...”
She paused, not wanting to offend the
crab. “You have *eight* legs and two claws.
Why do you only wear *two* pink socks?”

Monte blushed. “I would *like* to wear eight pink socks. But a crab with eight pink legs is a bit much, don’t you think?” He tucked his sock into one of the many pockets in his magician’s cape. “Do the rules allow me to walk next to you? You could put the Treasures you find in other pockets of my cape.”

“Is that okay, Mr. Sea Turtle?” Jake asked.

Jaunty nodded his head. “Who has another clue?”

“**Bub A Woo, I do,**” sang Oracle, swishing his tail at Jane and Jake. “Here it is: *He may be colorful, but he’s not much fun anymore.*”

A tiny giggle, followed by a medium chortle, followed by a giant guffaw floated

towards them. Jane pointed ahead and to the left. “Somebody over there is laughing.”

A soft hee-hee-hee, followed by a moderate ha-ha-ha, followed by a loud HO-HO-HO! bubbled toward them. “That sounds like it’s coming from over there,” said Jake, pointing ahead to the right.

“BWA-HA-HA-HA!” Belly-aching laughter rolled toward them. “It’s coming from *there*.” Jane and Jake pointed to the middle.

Sure enough, they found a closed clamshell sitting on a large stone ledge rocking with laughter. Jake held the shell, while Jane tried to pry it open. The shell wiggled and jiggled and laughed even harder. Jane and Jake began chuckling too. “It won’t open,” Jane said, giggling as she struggled.

“Try tickling it,” suggested Jake,
laughing as he fought to hold on to
the shaking, mirthful shell.

Jane wiggled her fingers over the
shell’s ridges. “Tickle-tickle.”





The shell sprang open, and a cloud of red-orange-yellow-green-blue-indigo-violet fun floated out and drifted above their heads. “Wait, come back,” said Jane. “We have to find who you belong to.”

An orange-and-white striped clownfish somersaulted forward, landing upside-down in front of Jane and Jake. “Ha-ha-ho-ho-hee-hee, my fun found me again. Thank you! Thank me! Whee! Ha-ho-hee!” said the gleeful clownfish.

“I think my clue is next,” said Monte The Magnificent. “Now where did I put that? Oh, yes, now I remember.” He took off his magician’s hat and pulled out a pink sticky note. “Oh, my, this one is no laughing matter. Your clue is: *A nursery rhyme.*”

“But which one?” asked Jane.

Monte shrugged, clueless.

A voice came from the midst of the Lost-and-Found Awesome friends:

**“There was a mama starfish
Who felt a sudden fright
When her million tiny eggs
Were no longer in her sight.”**

A beautiful starfish glided forward. “I’m that mama,” she admitted sadly. “I’ve laid my eggs somewhere, but now I can’t find them anywhere. Sea stars (we’re not really fish, you know) can’t see as well as humans.”



Jane and Jake eyed the starfish's spiky shell nervously. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you," she promised. "My name is Stella. And you're Jane and Jake. How do you do?" She gave one of her five arms to Jane to shake and another to Jake.

"Stella, where did you last see your eggs?" asked Jane. "Maybe we should start looking there."

"Well, usually I put them in the nursery until they hatch. But we heard that some boats were hunting starfish—even newborns—to sell as souvenirs to tourists. Some species of sea stars—like me—are endangered. So I quickly moved them—but now I don't remember where," she wailed.

"So, finding your eggs will help your family and your species," said Jake.

"Don't worry." Jane stroked the starfish's reddish-brown head. "We'll find your eggs." Jane thought of her own mother and what her mom always suggested whenever Jane lost something. "Stella, pretend that you are in your nursery again with your eggs. Imagine you are seeing your eggs right now."

The starfish closed her eyes and nodded.

"Now, what's the first thing that pops into your mind?"

"I'm thinking about what my new children will need to learn as soon as they hatch, and who I will ask to help me teach them about their Inner Sea Star Awesome. And what..." Stella broke off, then shrieked: "I remember! Learning, teaching..."



“School!” shouted Jane and Jake.

“Yes, I left my eggs with a school of angelfish that live near Murky Moray Eel’s cave.”

Stella was already gliding and sliding in the direction of Murky’s home to retrieve her eggs. Jane and Jake and the Awesome friends kept pace with her. “There,” cried Stella, pointing to a bed of seaweed. Jane and Jake bent over and gently lifted out a basket of the tiniest eggs they had ever seen. Stella touched Jane and Jake lightly on their heads. “Thank you, children, thank you.” The Awesome friends clapped and cheered.

“Well done, Jane and Jake,” said Jaunty Mr. Sea Turtle. “Are you ready for a clue to your biggest challenge?”

“I have the fourth clue right here,” said Murky, darting forward. “It’s about my missing-g-g Tropical Turquoise seashell phone. Somebody took-k-k it—and I think-k-k I know who.”

“Murky,” said Monte. “The fourth clue is about Jell-ee-o’s missing stinger.”

“Murky,” Jaunty Mr. Sea Turtle spoke patiently. “You didn’t volunteer to help make this Lost-and-Found Treasure Hunt for Jane and Jake when we asked. You said you were too busy.”

“Well, I need help-p-p now. Ple-e-ase, J&J,” Murky begged. “Please. I will always be your friend-d-d.”

Jake looked at Jane, who shrugged and nodded. “Okay, Murky,” said Jake. “Where were you when you last used your seashell phone?”

“I was at home, of cours-s-se,” said Murky. “I usually sit on my sea sofa to talk-k-k on my Tropical Turquoise phone. I’m not rude, you know. I don’t talk-k-k on my phone just *anywhere*.”

Some of the Awesome friends, who knew that Murky was not telling the truth about where he used his seashell phone, looked at each other, smiled, and shook their heads.

“So let’s begin there,” suggested Jane, moving towards Murky’s cave.

“Why? I already looked at home ev-v-vrywhere,” whined Murky, reluctantly following the crowd of Awesome friends to his cave. “You won’t find it there. You won’t...”

“Found it,” yelled Jane, triumphantly holding up a Tropical Turquoise seashell phone.

“Where was it?” Murky demanded. “Who hid it?”

“I don’t think anyone hid it, Murky,” said Jake, “We thought it might have slipped behind the cushions of your sofa. And here it is.”

“Hmm...wel-l-l, maybe it fel-l-l, and maybe somebody...”

“Murky, your phone has been found. We have another friend to help,” Jaunty said firmly. “You are welcome to join us to look for Jell-ee-o’s missing nematocyst.”



Suddenly, Murky looked nervous. He began slowly wiggling backwards.
“Unfortunately, I can’t help-p-p today. Another time, I promis-s-se.”

“That’s okay. *We’re* ready to find Jell-ee-o’s special nematocyst,” said Jane.

“And return it to her,” said Jake.
“Does someone have a clue? What does the special stinger look like?”

Jell-ee-o blushed, embarrassed to read her clue. Oracle swam to her side and read:

**“This capsule includes
A curled-up string
That quickly stings
When touching food
Or hurting-things.”**

“Even though her special nematocyst is bigger than her other stinging capsules, it’s still tiny. So you will need to look closely,” Jaunty Mr. Sea Turtle advised.

Jane gulped, hoping that Jell-ee-o’s “stinging string” would not think she and Jake were “things” that could hurt the tiny sea jelly. “When did you last see your special stinger?”

“It was when I had breakfast with Monte. I had just caught my breakfast. Zooplankton—it’s delicious. But Monte didn’t want any. He preferred some nice algae with a side of worms. I took off my special stinger and put it on the sea floor instead of the rock table as I usually do,” Jell-ee-o said sadly, “because I needed to make room for Murky.”



“Murky?” asked Jake quickly.

Jell-ee-o nodded. “Murky stopped by to ask if anyone had seen his missing seashell phone. We hadn’t, but Monte said that if he was nice, Murky could stay for a friendly breakfast. If not, he would have to leave. Murky said he would behave, but he didn’t. He called me a ‘grapehead,’ so Monte told him to go. When I returned home, I remembered I had left my special stinger behind. Monte and some of our Awesome friends looked everywhere in Murky’s cave but couldn’t find it.” Jell-ee-o sighed.

Monte nodded and sniffed, pulling out the pink sock, into which he blew his nose. “So sorry, Jell-ee-o. If only...”

Jane stared at Monte. She poked Jake. “Look at Monte’s magician’s cape,” she whispered. “I think it’s moving by itself.”

Jake cleared his throat. “Excuse me, Monte. I know that magicians have lots of secrets...”

“Yes, indeed,” said Monte proudly.

“And some of those secrets are in your cape pockets.”



“Of course,” proclaimed the crab, swirling his cape.

“Is it possible that one of your secrets is *moving*?”

“Can’t be,” said Monte. “I’m not doing a magic trick now—not when we’re trying to find little Jell-ee-o’s special stinger.”

“But, something’s moving in your cape...”

Jane interrupted, “And maybe it’s a clue to Jell-ee-o’s missing nematocyst.”

“Monte, could we please have permission to check the pockets of your cape?” asked Jake.

“Okay,” said Monte The Magnificent. “For Jell-ee-o. Maybe *I* could...”

But Jaunty was shaking his head. Only Jane and Jake could retrieve Jell-ee-o’s stinger.

“Remember, Jane and Jake,” said Oracle. “Together you must recover and return Jell-ee-o’s special nematocyst.”

“I can help,” said a lantern fish in the crowd of Awesome friends. “I can turn up my bioluminescent high beam so you can see inside the moving pocket.”

“And I,” said a flame angelfish, “can lend you my barbecue tongs that I use to roast my algae and crustaceans (but none of your family, Monte).”

“Oh, no! I’m afraid my special stinger might break or crack,” cried out Jell-ee-o.

“Not with my pink sock wrapped around the tongs as a cushion,” said Monte triumphantly.



With the help of their Awesome friends, Jane and Jake gently removed the squirming stinger from Monte’s cape pocket and carefully placed it in Jell-ee-o’s waiting tentacles. “Oh, thank you, thank you,” Jell-ee-o squealed.

The Awesome friends clapped, shouted, and whistled their approval—and shook their heads in disapproval when the friends figured out that it must have been Murky who hid Jell-ee-o’s special nematocyst in Monte’s cape.



Prince Andante and Princess Allegro swam forward. “Jane and Jake, you recovered and returned *five* lost items instead of only four. We are so proud of you! Are you ready to receive your pink Pearls of Awesome Kindness?”

They nodded eagerly. “But,” said Jane, “could we bring someone with us to Adventure Castle?”

“Oracle? Of course,” said Princess Allegro.

“Yes...and someone else,” Jane said looking at Jake.

“Someone...about the size of a grape,” Jake said, grinning at Jell-ee-o.

“I’m glad to hear you say that,” said Jaunty. “This time, Jell-ee-o is your key to open the glass door. As soon as the three of you stand in front of the glass doors, Jell-ee-o will extend her special nematocyst, touch the Shimmering Shell of Wisdom, and two pink Pearls of Awesome Kindness will be yours.”

And that is exactly what happened, within seven magical moments of Awesome time.

After many goodbyes (with Mikeyangelo, the octopus; Monte The Magnificent crab; Jell-ee-o, the tiny sea jelly; and Stella, the sea star, enthusiastically waving their *many* arms and tentacles), Oracle began to hum:

**“Now feel your Awesome
Kind and strong
Pink Pearls in hand
To bring along.
Bub A Lo, yeah!”**

With a single whoosh, Jane, Jake, and Oracle vanished from Awesome. •



CHAPTER 10

A Kindness Boomerang



Jane and Jake landed lightly on their feet in Jane's room, causing the paper mobile sea creatures to dance their air ballet. Oracle, landing in his fishbowl with a plop, dived happily to the bottom.

"Jake, Oracle...look!" gasped Jane. "My painting!"

"Your painting has been fixed...but who did it?" Jake gently touched the restored picture on its easel. "It's dry. But how...?"

"Jake, it's my painting, but somehow it's *more* than my painting," Jane said, standing across the room, looking at her picture of Oracle in the undersea world of Awesome. "Do you see what I see in the upper left corner?"

Jake stood next to Jane. "I see a kind of shadow...It looks like...someone carving a sea turtle statue...?"

"Mikeyangelo!" exclaimed Jane. "And something else...a kind of glow..."

"Like bioluminescence," said Jake.

“**Bub A Lo, don’t you know?** Your kindness did this,” sang Oracle. “And a painting made with kindness is a true work of art.”

“An *Awesome* work of art,” Jane and Jake shouted together.

“Speaking of kindness,” Oracle began. “What would you like to do about Mia’s sting?”

“But I don’t like getting stung by Mia’s mean words,” Jane protested, remembering the horrid comments Mia made about her beautiful batik ribbons.

“You mean that we have to *return* her stinger? But doesn’t she still have it?” puzzled Jake.

“She does—which makes it harder to be kind to Mia. It’s easy to be nice to someone who *doesn’t* sting, right?” said Oracle.

Jane thought of Nerissa, who never seemed to sting anyone with mean words. Yes, it was easy to be nice to her and to like her.

“But being kind...excuse me, I’ll be right back,” said Oracle, diving into his bowl. A moment later he returned, holding a goldfish-size book. “Let’s see...**Bub A Lo, here we go:** *Be kind whenever possible,*” Oracle read, “*and it is ALWAYS possible. Even when there’s a stinger.*”



Jane sighed loudly. “But, Oracle, I don’t think...wait a minute. Are you suggesting that Mia *needs* her sting, just like Jell-ee-o needs hers for protection from danger?”

“Could be-e-e,” Oracle sang.

“So Mia stings with nasty words to protect herself when she thinks she’s in danger?” asked Jake.

“But I don’t get it, Oracle. I’m not dangerous. So why does she...?”

“How do *you* feel when you think you are in danger?” Oracle asked softly, leaning over his bowl to look at Jane.

“I feel scared.”

“Me, too. Even when somebody says, ‘Jake, there’s no reason to be afraid...’”

“So maybe Mia acts mean when she feels scared,” Jane concluded.

“Or worried or nervous,” added Jake.

“Or when she feels bad about herself,” Jane said softly.

“Exactly,” Oracle beamed.



“I think I get it now, Oracle,” Jane said.

“Ditto!” said Jake, nodding for emphasis.

“**Bub A Woo**, I think you both do!” clapped Oracle.

Jane gave the paper mobile a gentle push. “So, maybe being *nice* is soft pink and being *kind* is...” she looked at Jake and grinned, “Honeysuckle Pink!”

Jake nodded. He pulled out his color wheel from one of his pants pockets and pointed to the lighter color. “Light pink is a nice color,” said Jake. “but kindness,” he opened his hand that held his new deep-pink Pearl of Power, “is definitely more like my dad’s pink.”

Jane rolled her own deep-pink Pearl of Awesome Kindness in her hand. “Being *any* shade of kindness—light or deep or in between—is all good, I think.”

Oracle whistled, which meant, “You’re absolutely awesome, J&J!”

“So let’s do it!” said Jake, suddenly jumping.

“Do what?” Jane looked at her friend curiously.

“Be pink—light and deep and in between—at school.” Jake thought a moment. “Hey, I have a great idea! Jane, you know what happens when a teacher is grouchy, right? The kids get rowdy, and the teacher can get really angry.”

“Yeah. But when a teacher is cracking jokes—or laughing at someone else’s, like yours!—everybody gets into a good mood.”

“It’s like a boomerang,” said Jake. “Remember when we studied Australia in social studies? When you throw a boomerang, it comes back to you.”



“What if we start a ‘kindness boomerang’ at school?” asked Jane.

Jake threw an invisible boomerang with his arm. “So, if we ‘throw’ a light-pink being nice...”

“Like smiling and saying hello to people, even if we don’t know them very well...” suggested

Jane, miming a perfect toss of her own boomerang.

“Then, *boomerang!* The person who *receives* the smile and hello will also want to be nice to someone, maybe starting with the person who *gave* the smile and said hello,” Jake said, pretending to catch a being-nice boomerang.

“I *like* it!” said Oracle, clapping his fins enthusiastically.



“And if we ‘throw’ a deep-pink kindness boomerang...such as helping someone who acted mean,” Jane said, thinking of Mia.

“Then maybe deep-pink kindness will be returned,” Jake said, twirling his Pearl of Awesome Kindness in his hand.

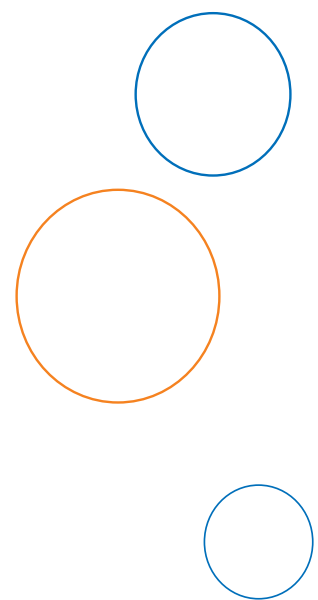
“Woo-hoooo!” sang Oracle, who promptly dived to the bottom of his fishbowl and did three figure eights—one for light-pink niceness, one for deep-pink kindness, and one for every pink in between.

“Oracle, come back! When can we go to Awesome again?” Jane asked, leaning over Oracle’s bowl.

“Yeah, when do we get the next challenge? What are the next Pearls that we can earn? Jane and I are ready to go, right Jane?” Jane nodded vigorously.

“**Bub A Whoa**, slo-ow down a minute,” Oracle said, returning to the surface. “We need to finish *this* adventure first. It’s time for *everyone* to pick an ending they like for *this* story, called *Jane & Jake’s Adventure to Awesome Kindness*. Ready to decide? Bub A Lo, let’s go-o-o!”

“**Just choose your ending,
And it won’t be long
'Til you’re finding words
That best belong
To Jane and Jake
And Oracle, too:
Your Awesome imagination
Is waiting for you.” •**





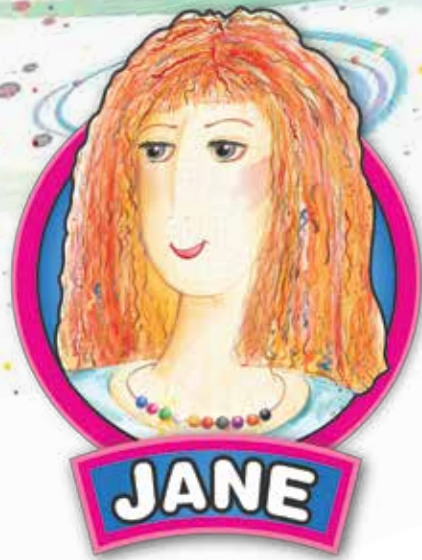
You Decide!

CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE ENDING...

Jane's, Jake's
or Oracle's?



Jane's Ending!



Jane thought so hard about Mia's sting the next day at school that she felt as if her mind were a crowded closet, spilling over with old and new thoughts. Walking behind Mia as the fourth and fifth grade classes went to lunch, she remembered how quickly big dark clouds of hurt and anger rolled into her feelings when she was "stung" by Mia's mean words. Then she recalled how she and Jake didn't want to recover and return Jell-ee-o's sting in Awesome because they didn't want to get stung *ever* again by a sea jelly. Yet, they forgot to feel scared because they wanted so much to help little Jell-ee-o to feel safe again.

But, Jane thought as she slowly chewed her egg salad sandwich, how could she "forget" to feel afraid or angry when Mia stung her? Maybe she could pretend that she was Jake, who didn't get upset when kids said mean words to him. But she wasn't Jake, and she *did* get upset.

Maybe she could just be kind to Mia, no matter what Mia said...? No, being "deep-pink kind" to Mia was too hard...at least, it was right now. However, what if she could be light-pink nice—or something in between? Jane finished her lunch and walked outside for recess. Yes, she could start with light-pink nice. But when? And what should she say?

The perfect opportunity appeared that afternoon. In the art room, Jane saw and heard some of Mia's friends—the same girls who seemed to follow Mia everywhere and do whatever Mia told them—making fun of Mia's art piece, a lopsided sculpture painted in colors that they said reminded them of dead leaves. To Jane, it looked like a shapeless prehistoric creature. For a moment, Jane thought about giving Mia a taste of her own meanness by adding her own nasty comments about *Olympia's* artwork.

Instead, Jane suddenly felt the power of kindness that she experienced in Awesome with Jake. "I like Mia's sculpture. I think it is interesting," Jane said aloud.

"You *do*?" asked one of Mia's friends in a surprised voice.

"Yes, Mia's sculpture makes us use our imagination."

Mia looked at Jane with opened-mouth astonishment. Looking down, Mia mumbled, "You didn't have to do that."



Jane smiled. Her cheeks glowed deep pink.

Walking home after school, Jane told Jake what happened in the art room and how good it felt to be kind. “Jane, guess who’s walking right behind us?” Jake murmured. Jane glanced over her shoulder and saw Mia walking a short distance behind them. “Ready for some light-pink being nice?” he asked.

Jane nodded.

“Ready! One, two, three...” At three, Jane and Jake spun around as if they were doing a ballet movement, smiled, and waved to Mia. After a brief pause, Mia waved back.

“C’mon, let’s tell Oracle about the kindness boomerang we just started,” Jake said, sprinting ahead.

“Okay, and I think we should ask Oracle again to tell us about our next amazing adventure to Awesome,” said Jane, a glint of pink shining in her hair.

“Right. Nicely, though. Light pink, at least.” Jake turned his head and grinned... and Jane was sure that, just for a moment, Jake’s eyes magically reflected a light-pink shimmer. •

THE END

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Jake's Ending!



“Hey, Jane,” Jake said in the hall on the way to the art room the next day at school. “Have you thought of anything we could do to start our kindness boomerang?”

“Not yet. I’m sure we’ll think of something. Maybe during today’s art studio class. We’re supposed to finish our art projects for tomorrow’s art fair. My painting’s done,” she said, pointing to the picture she was holding. “What about your sculpture?”

“Almost done. I just have to finish making the stand for Monte The Magnificent.”

Jane and Jake walked into the art room. “Hi, Nerissa,” called out Jane. “What’s wrong?” Nerissa was slumped over the computer keyboard.

“I can’t get the colors right to paint Saturn in my computer drawing,” she said. “I want it to look shimmery.” Nerissa pointed to Jane’s finished picture. “Something like you did in your painting, Jane.”



“Jake’s really good at mixing colors. You can help, right, Jake?”

“Sure.” Jake pulled up a chair next to Nerissa’s. “All you have to do is add a bit of this silver, and this white, maybe a little of this blue...” Jake moved the art program’s paintbrush quickly with the mouse and applied layers of new color to one of Nerissa’s planets.

“Wait, Jake! That’s Jupiter, not Saturn,” Nerissa said.

“Oh,” said Jake. “Sorry.”

Nerissa shook her head and pointed to Saturn. “There, on the rings. Thank you for wanting to help me. But you painted so fast, I still don’t know which colors to use. Plus now I have to remove the layers you painted on Jupiter.

“How about if I just *tell* you how to make Saturn shimmer?” Jake asked.

“What if I write down the instructions, Jake, and then Nerissa can follow them, going at her own speed?” Jane suggested.

Nerissa nodded and said thank you. Jane quickly scribbled out Jake’s directions.

Walking to his own waiting sculpture, Jake slapped his forehead with his hand. “I was so busy wanting to show Nerissa how to make a paint shimmer that I forgot to listen to what *she* wanted.”

“That’s okay, Jake. We’re still kind of new at being kind this way.” Jane thought about their finding Jell-ee-o’s special stinger in Awesome. Even though neither Jane nor Jake wanted to handle a sea jelly’s nematocyst, helping the tiny jelly meant doing what *Jell-ee-o* wanted.

“I think sometimes I need to listen better.”

“Me too, Jake. I’m not very patient. I jump in. Maybe we can help each other.”

Walking home after school, Jane and Jake talked about what happened in the art room. Even though Jake forgot to listen to what *Nerissa* wanted before helping her, it still felt good to want to be kind. “Jane, guess who’s walking right behind us?” Jake murmured. Jane glanced over her shoulder and saw Mia walking a short distance behind them. “Ready for some light-pink being nice?” he asked.

Jane nodded.

“Ready! One, two, three...” At three, Jane and Jake spun around as if they were doing a ballet movement, smiled, and waved to Mia. After a brief pause, Mia waved back.

“C’mon, let’s tell Oracle about the kindness boomerang we just started,” Jake said, sprinting ahead.

“Okay, and I think we should ask Oracle again to tell us about our next amazing adventure to Awesome,” said Jane, a glint of pink shining in her hair.

“Right. Nicely, though. Light pink, at least.” Jake turned his head and grinned... and Jane was sure that, just for a moment, Jake’s eyes magically reflected a light-pink shimmer. •

THE END



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Oracle's Ending!



Jane and Jake couldn't wait to tell Oracle about the awesome idea they had created. Walking to school the next morning, they decided to talk right away with their art teacher about doing a special kindness project.

"We figured that since some mean things have been said and done in our class, this is a great place to try out our '*Pay It Forward Kindness Game*,'" Jane explained.

"If everyone likes it, maybe we can talk to the principal about inviting the whole school to play for a week," said Jake.

"How do you play?" asked their art teacher.

"First, we ask the class to think of kindness ideas..." Jane replied.

"You know, ways to be kind to others that don't cost much—or any—money," said Jake.

"Everyone writes these ideas on pieces of paper," Jane moved her hand as if she were writing in the air, "and then we can put them in the empty fish bowl sitting on the window sill."

"Each day—for three days—kids decide how many *Pay It Forward Kindness Ideas* they can do, and they reach in, without looking, and take out that many ideas from the fish bowl. They write that number on a chart that we will make and hang on the wall." Jake pointed to an empty spot on the classroom wall.

"At the end of three days, each person who has done their acts of kindness will win a special prize: a paint color mixed especially for them by Jake. They can name their new color anything they want and take it home to paint anything they want," said Jane.

"I think I'll call my new paint color *Pop-Pop Earl Pink*," grinned Jake.

"And the *best* prize is watching what happens when being kind to one person helps that person to be kind to someone else, who then does something kind to someone else," Jane explained. "The kindness keeps going and going."

"That's the '*Pay It Forward*' part of this kindness game," Jake finished.

Three minutes later, Jane and Jake were eagerly helping their art teacher wash and dry the fish bowl and gather the art supplies needed to make the chart and to write kindness ideas.

Walking home after school, Jane and Jake talked excitedly about their game idea, which would be announced to the class during their next art period. "Jane, guess who's walking right behind us?" Jake murmured. Jane glanced over her



shoulder and saw Mia walking a short distance behind them. “Ready for some light-pink being nice?” asked Jake.

Jane nodded.

“Ready! One, two, three...” At three, Jane and Jake spun around as if they were doing a ballet movement, smiled, and waved to Mia. After a brief pause, Mia waved back.

“C’mon, let’s tell Oracle about the kindness boomerang we just started,” Jake said, sprinting ahead.

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“Right. Nicely, though. Light pink, at least.” Jake turned his head and grinned... and Jane was sure that, just for a moment, Jake’s eyes magically reflected a light-pink shimmer. •

THE END

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JAKE



JANE

The End!

Join Jane & Jake on their next adventure...

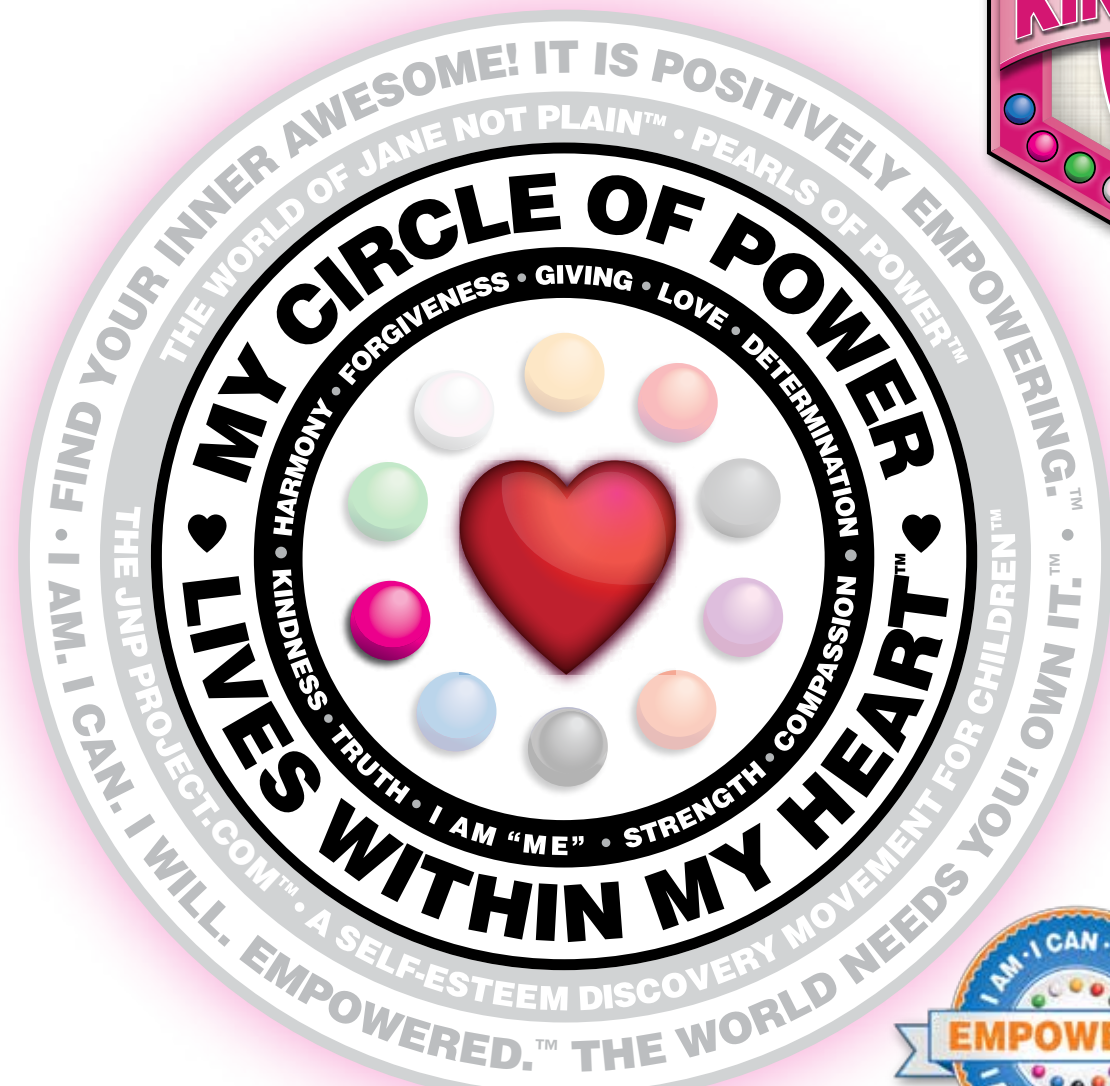


Bub A Lo. Let's go & have more FUN!

Congratulations!

YOU ACHIEVED YOUR KINDNESS BADGE!

Jane & Jake's Adventures to Awesome™



Collect All Your Individual Inner Awesome Empowerment Badges as the Adventures Continue...

Oracle's Ditties



ORACLE

Download the ditties song so you can sing along!

(www.theJNPproject.com)

**“Bub A Lo!
When you have to know
What to do or say,
Let go of the stress:
Just take a deep breath
And count slowly to ten.
You'll feel good again!”**

**“Now feel your feelings
Gentle and strong
And follow the tune
Of Awesome's song.
Bub A Lo, Home!”**

**“Bub A Lo,
on with the show!
Now, Jane and Jake
For kindness sake
Come here, up front
If you want to partake
In the Lost-and-Found
Treasure Hunt.”**

**“Now feel your Awesome
Kind and strong
Pink Pearls in hand
To bring along.
Bub A Lo, yeah!”**

**“Just choose your ending,
And it won't be long
'Til you're finding words
That best belong
To Jane and Jake
And Oracle, too:
Your Awesome imagination
Is waiting for you.”**

Jane & Jake's Adventures to Awesome Theme Song

**Bub A Lo, ha!
I'm glad that you stopped by,
on such an awesome, secret, and amazing day!
Take a journey to the bottom of the big, blue sea,
with all my school friends & me.**

**Join me in discovering the things that make us shine,
and dance along to this empowering tune.
I sing this special message that lives
deep within my heart.
The World Needs You!**

**Bub A Lo, Home!
It's wonderful you're here,
as Oracle is taking us away,
to adventures at the bottom of the big, blue sea,
with all my school friends & me.**

**We are so very special, and we will not feel plain.
When we need to be strong in all we do.
Find the Circle of Power that is in your heart.
The World Needs You!**

**Bub A Lo, hey!
It's time to learn and play,
and find your inner awesome just like me!!
The Circle of Power lives within our hearts.
The World Needs You!**

**And you, and you, and you:
Own it!**

Download the theme song so you can sing along!

(www.theJNPproject.com)

Fun Facts



1: Jane and Jake are 4th graders at P.S. 1027 New School of Science, Math, Art, Reading, and Technology. Why do they like to say they attend the S.M.A.R.T. School?

2: “Olympia” is the full name of “Mia,” a fifth grader who is mean to Jane. In the Prequel book, *The Journey Begins*, a girl on the school playground holds up her arm to show off her bracelet as if she had won an Olympic medal. (Yes, the writers gave Olympia her name for this reason!) If you were writing a story about Jane and Jake, what would you name a new character & why?

3: “Mikeyangelo,” the octopus sculptor in *Awesome*, is based on Michaelangelo Buonarroti (not the Ninja turtle), who was an Italian painter, sculptor, architect, poet, and engineer in the 1500s. When asked about how he carved his statue of a man named David, Michaelangelo reportedly said, “It is easy. You just chip away the stone that doesn’t look like David.”

4: Pantone, a company that identifies and matches colors for people throughout the world, named “Honeysuckle” (pink) the 2011 Color of the Year. “Radiant Orchid,” which contains pink, was officially named the Pantone 2014 Color of the Year. You might say that in this book Jane and Jake are awesomely in sync with pink!

5: “Be kind whenever possible. It is always possible.” These words, which Oracle reads to Jane and Jake, came from a man called the Dalai Lama, a Buddhist monk, leader, writer, and teacher who is regarded by many as one of the most peaceful and kind people in the world. He is known for his awesome compassion—including towards those who treat him with meanness.

6: Did you know? When a sea jelly loses its stinger (for instance, if it washes up on a beach), that detached stinger can still sting if touched—even if the sea jelly itself is nowhere around!

I Am. I Can. I Will. Empowered.™

PREQUEL STORY: <i>Jane & Jake's Adventure to Awesome Empowerment Begins!</i>			
SERIES ONE		SERIES TWO	SERIES THREE
#	Color	CHARACTER Traits Pearls of Power™ Bestow Good Character	I AM Coins of Power™ Add Up To "You"
1	Blue	Truth	21 I will tell the truth; to be truthful
2	Pink	Kindness	22 I will be friendly; to be a friend
3	Green	Harmony	23 I will calmly approach difficult situations
4	White	Forgiveness	24 I will not hold a grudge
5	Gold	Giving	25 I will give and I will share
6	Red	Love	26 I will spread love and joy
7	Silver	Determination	27 I will see it through
8	Purple	Compassion	28 I will show concern for others
9	Orange	Strength	29 I will stand tall
10	Black	Character: ALL Inner Awesome: Self-Worth & EMPOWERMENT	30 I will be the essence of all (colors) I HAVE A STRONG CHARACTER: I CAN and I WILL Be Empowered.
20 I am: I will be I AM all of this: I AM ME			

When I discover all my inner awesome, I will complete MY Circle of Power™-- it will live within my heart!

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Jane and Jake have more Adventures to share—31 stories in all! So, come along with them and their friends to *Awesome*. Learn the power in truth, the impact of kindness, the lessons in determination, the joy of love, and so much more. Find your “inner awesome” just like Jane and Jake, and you’ll know that great things are ahead. Indeed, the world needs you... so own it! **YOU CAN. YOU WILL!**

We Hope You Enjoyed your Journey to Awesome with Jane & Jake and all their friends !!

There are lots more undersea adventures to come where Jane and Jake meet interesting, fun new characters; solve puzzles; discover character traits; and hunt for and find The Big Secret—all while having fun and growing in confidence as they learn more about themselves—and you will too!!



Be sure to download your next adventure storybook in the series at: www.theJNPproject.com



PARENTS. EDUCATORS. CAREGIVERS.

Check out the full list of stories on our website. Here kids can enjoy speaking directly to Jane and Jake through their forum and engage with interactive materials and competitions. You can find resource materials, engage in a Members Only private Q&A Forum (speaking directly to our experts on education and family issues), and more! Please explore the site and learn about The JNP Project's Movement and our Mission. You will find information specific to kids' self-esteem and how parents, caregivers and educators can help a child feel more empowered.

my adventure is dedicated to **JM**

The JNP PROJECT
A SELF-ESTEEM DISCOVERY MOVEMENT FOR CHILDREN

Discover Your Inner Awesome. It Is Positively Empowering!

www.theJNPproject.com

**A Self-esteem Discovery Movement Nurturing
Character, Courage, and Confidence in Children.**

The JNP Project Vision

I am. I can. I will. Empowered.™

The JNP Project Brand Spirit

Discovering your inner awesome is positively empowering!

The JNP Project Mission Statement

The JNP Project™ is a positive self-esteem movement that promotes the growth of self-confidence in boys and girls by helping them discover and make choices from their inner awesome!

The JNP Project Mission Action

Fun and interactive media—such as an educational, interactive adventure chapter-book series; parent activity guides/resources and educator curriculum/lesson plans/resources; interactive apps; short, animated stories with accompanying toys and accessories—make The JNP Project™ positively empowering for you!

The JNP Project Mission Philosophy

The World Needs You! Own It.™

You can find us on social media @JNPinnerAWESOME

Join the movement — do it today!

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Jane & Jake's Adventures to Awesome™

I AM. I CAN. I WILL. EMPOWERED.™

Nurturing Character, Courage, and Confidence in Children



Kindness

Jane is furious. First, her art smock is deliberately splotted with pink paint. Then someone pours liquid on her beautiful painting that she is making for the school art fair. Jane suspects that Mia—an older, fifth-grade girl—and Mia's friends are the culprits. Then, when Mia says horrible, stinging words about the gift Jane's mom sent to Jane, Oracle whisks Jane and Jake to Awesome, where they discover the challenge that awaits them. To earn their Pink Pearls of Awesome Kindness they must find and return important items lost by their sea creature friends—including the special stinger of Jell-ee-o, a tiny sea jelly. But...how can Jane and Jake return a jellyfish's stinger *without* getting hurt?

Mission

The JNP Project is a positive self-esteem movement that promotes the growth of self-confidence in boys and girls by helping them discover and make choices from their inner awesome!

**For Boys
And Girls
5-12+**

The JNP PROJECT™
A SELF-ESTEEM DISCOVERY MOVEMENT FOR CHILDREN

*Discover Your Inner Awesome.
It Is Positively Empowering!™*



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