

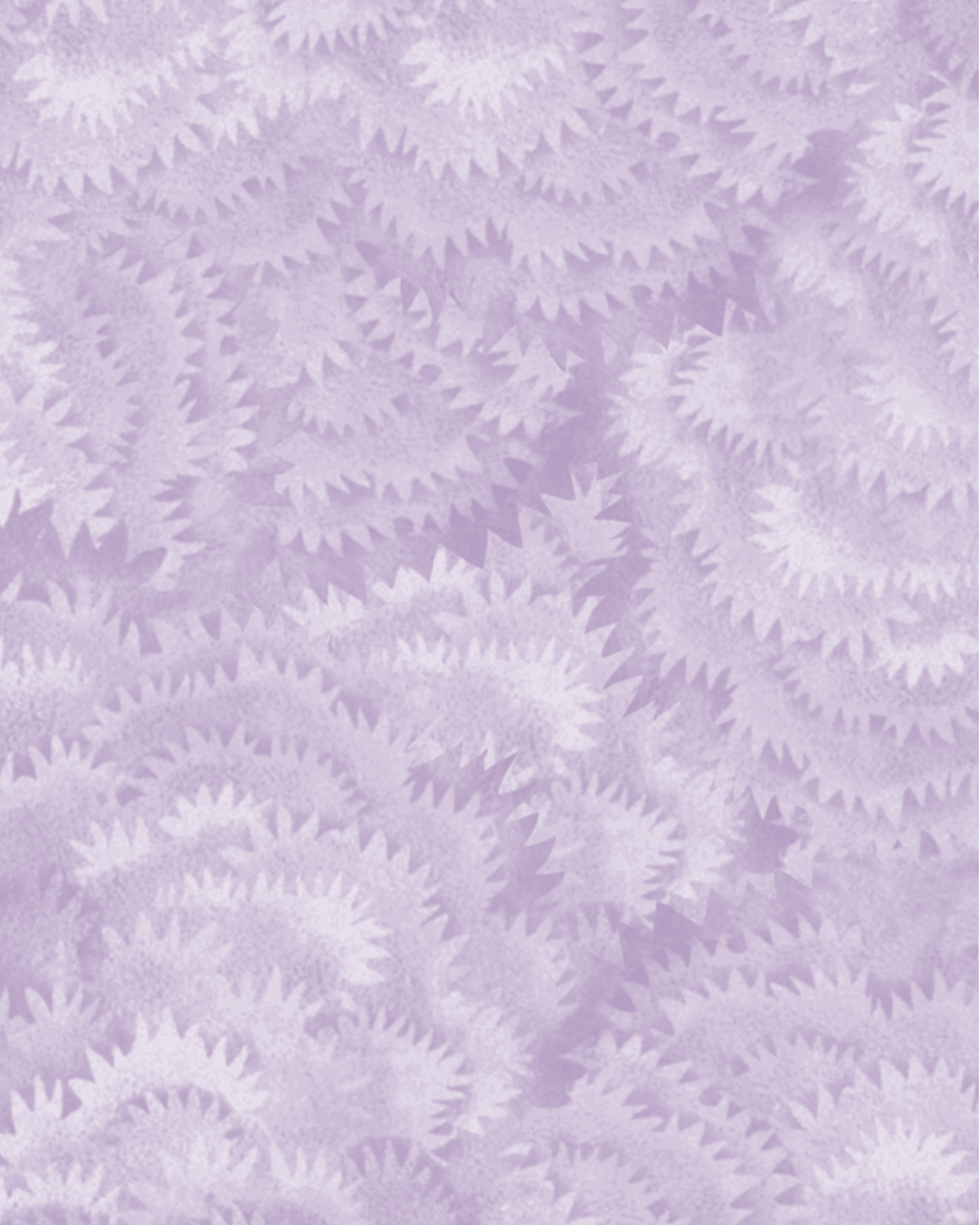
# Shrugg LaBugg



written by  
**Stephen Cosgrove**

illustrated by Fian Arroyo

**Learning to Share**



# Shrugg LaBugg

BUGG BOOK 2

written by  
**Stephen Cosgrove**

illustrated by Fian Arroyo

**Bugg**<sup>TM</sup>  
BOOKS

**Special thanks to**

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edicated to all those greedybuggs,

like me,

who have learned to share,

like me.



**Stephen**

As you lay on a summer's day  
In a cool and shady place,  
Don't look up into the skies;  
Instead look down and squint your eyes.  
Squint your eyes so very tight,  
And if you wish with all your might,  
You'll find the land of More-Than-Small.  
In this land live buggs—that's all!



There is a winding road in More-Than-Small that begins its long, twisty journey at Old Skunk Swamp.

Follow that road as it creaks and groans across Wibble-Wobble Bridge and bends around Rickety Clickett's farm. Like all the roads in More-Than-Small, this road ends in the tiny town of Buggville.

Truly, Buggville is a wonderful place for buggs to live.





Sheila and Shelby gave Shrugg the best toys bug money could buy. You name it, Shrugg had it: bats, buggballs, and a huggy buggy bear. Like other parents, Sheila and Shelby hoped their son would share his toys with all his little bugg friends.

Shrugg LaBugg, however, was not a bugg who liked to share.

Shrugg would never share anything anytime with anybody. Whenever he got new toys, he would hide them in his room.



One day, the LaBuggs invited the Bigg family over for dinner. The two families shared a supper of sticker stalk stew and prickly pickle pie. After eating, they all went outside and made wonderful wishes on shooting stars.

Katy Didd, the youngest Bigg bugg, got lost in the house and wandered into Shrugg's room. There, she found Shrugg's huggy buggy bear sitting on his bed. The bear was so cuddly that she picked it up and gave it a hug.

Out of nowhere, Shrugg stormed into the room and yanked the bear out of Katy Didd's hands. "This is my huggy buggy bear!" he shouted. "It's mine! It's mine! It's mine!"

Scared, Katy Didd began to cry. The Biggs and the LaBuggs rushed into the room. The problem, as always, was that Shrugg didn't want to share.



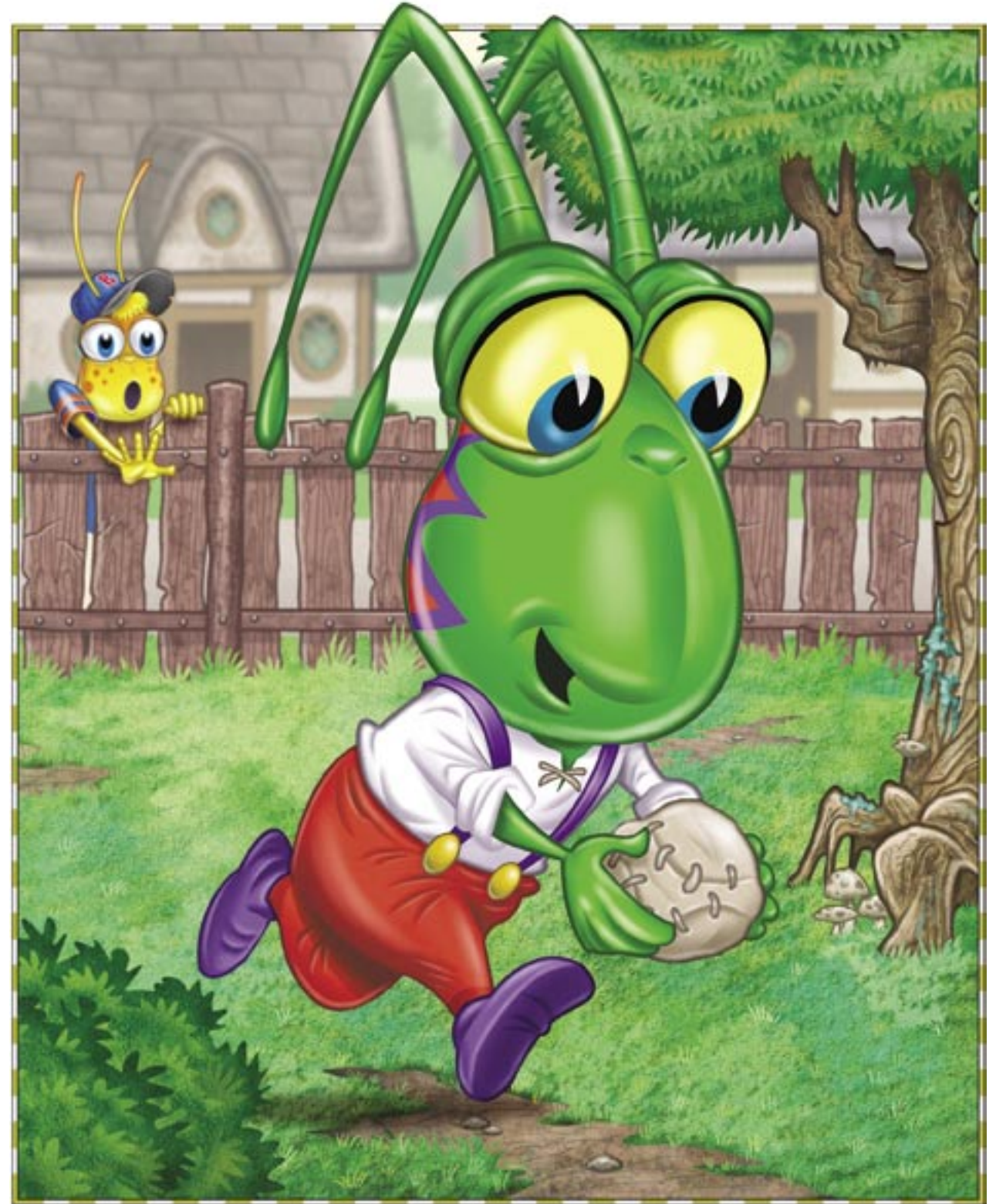
After that night, things went from bad to worse.

Skeeter Skitter, the best buggball player in school, accidentally hit a ball into Shrugg's backyard. It was Skeeter's favorite ball, and he wanted it back. Shrugg said, "Nope! Now it's mine!"

Shrugg truly believed that whatever ended up in his yard belonged to him. He didn't have to share with anybody. With a giggle of glee, Shrugg ran to his bedroom to hide Skeeter's ball.

After a few months, Shrugg's room was filled with at least one toy from every bugg boy and girl. Shrugg had collected every kind of toy you could imagine.

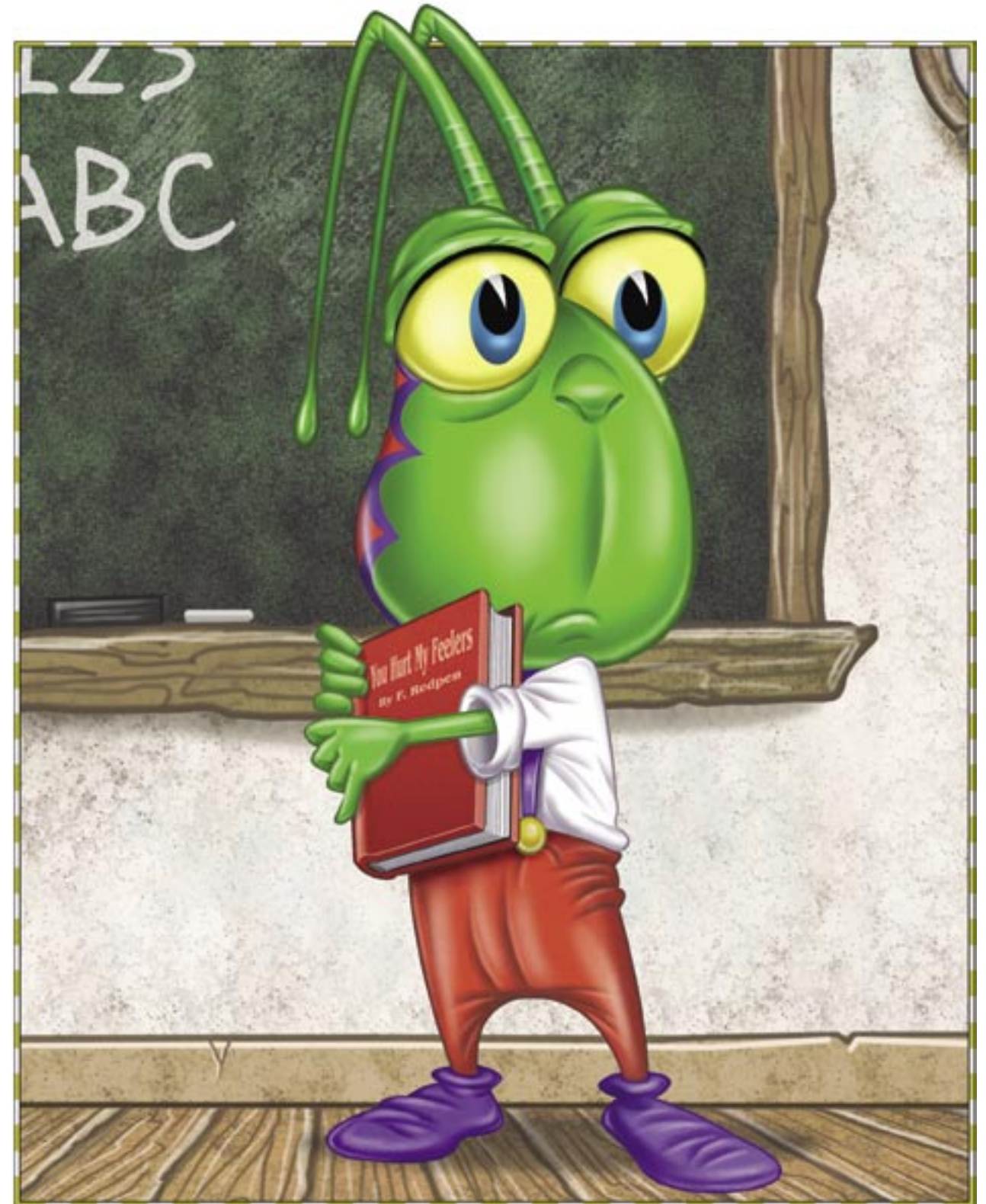
But, the one thing Shrugg didn't have was a friend. Shrugg LaBug had no friends at all, not even one.



One day in class at Buttonwood School, Shrugg began reading his favorite book. “Shrugg,” asked Mizz Buggly, “why don’t you share the story you are reading with the entire class?”

Shrugg wrapped his arms around the book and shouted, “No! This is my book! It’s mine! It’s mine! It’s mine!”

He was very upset that someone wanted him to share the words of his story. Shrugg crammed the book into his backpack and raced out of the school.



Shrugg zipped across the playground and ran deep into the forest of clover and thistle pine. “This is my favorite book. I don’t want to share it!” he cried. “These words belong to me!”

He ran and he ran through yellow dandelion flowers and prickly purple thistle. The thistle thorns snagged his clothes. Like it or not, Shrugg shared bits and pieces of his shirt and pants with the thorns.



Shrugg ran until he could run no more. Finally, he dropped to the forest floor and cried himself to sleep.

An hour or so later, Shrugg woke up and looked around. Nothing seemed the same. He didn't know where he was.

In fact, he was very lost, indeed.

No matter which way Shrugg turned, he couldn't remember which way he had come from.



Shrugg would have been lost to this very day if he had not been found by Henley Hornbrook, a hermit bugg. “Hello,” said the old bugg. “What a wonderful day! Won’t you share some time with me?”

“Aha!” said Shrugg, jumping to his feet. “Somebuggy else who wants me to share something. Well, I will share no time with you!”

“But,” Shrugg said, looking around, “uh, could you tell me how to get out of the forest? I seem to be lost.”

The old hermit thought and then said with a sly smile, “I don’t think so. If you’re going to act like a greedybugg, why should I share my directions with you?”

Now Shrugg didn’t know what to do. No bugg had ever refused to share with him.



“You know,” said Henley, “you talk as if sharing is a bad thing. Maybe you should think of sharing as trading one thing for another.”

“What do you mean?” asked Shrugg, holding his backpack to his chest.

“Well,” chuckled the hermit, “Every time you share something with someone, you get a gift in return.”

“What kind of gift?” asked Shrugg.

Henley Hornbrook smiled and said, “The most important gift of all. The gift of friendship.”



Like a light flipped on in a dark basement, everything suddenly made sense to Shrugg. He thought, “Sharing isn’t about being selfish. Sharing is about giving, and giving is the best gift of all.”

Shrugg sat down beside the hermit and shared his thoughts about school and birthdays and having fun. Keeping his word, the old bugg gave Shrugg the gift of friendship.

Later, Henley took Shrugg to the path that led back to Buggville.

Warmed by the glow of new friendship, Shrugg skipped along the path through the forest.

There was much to do at home.



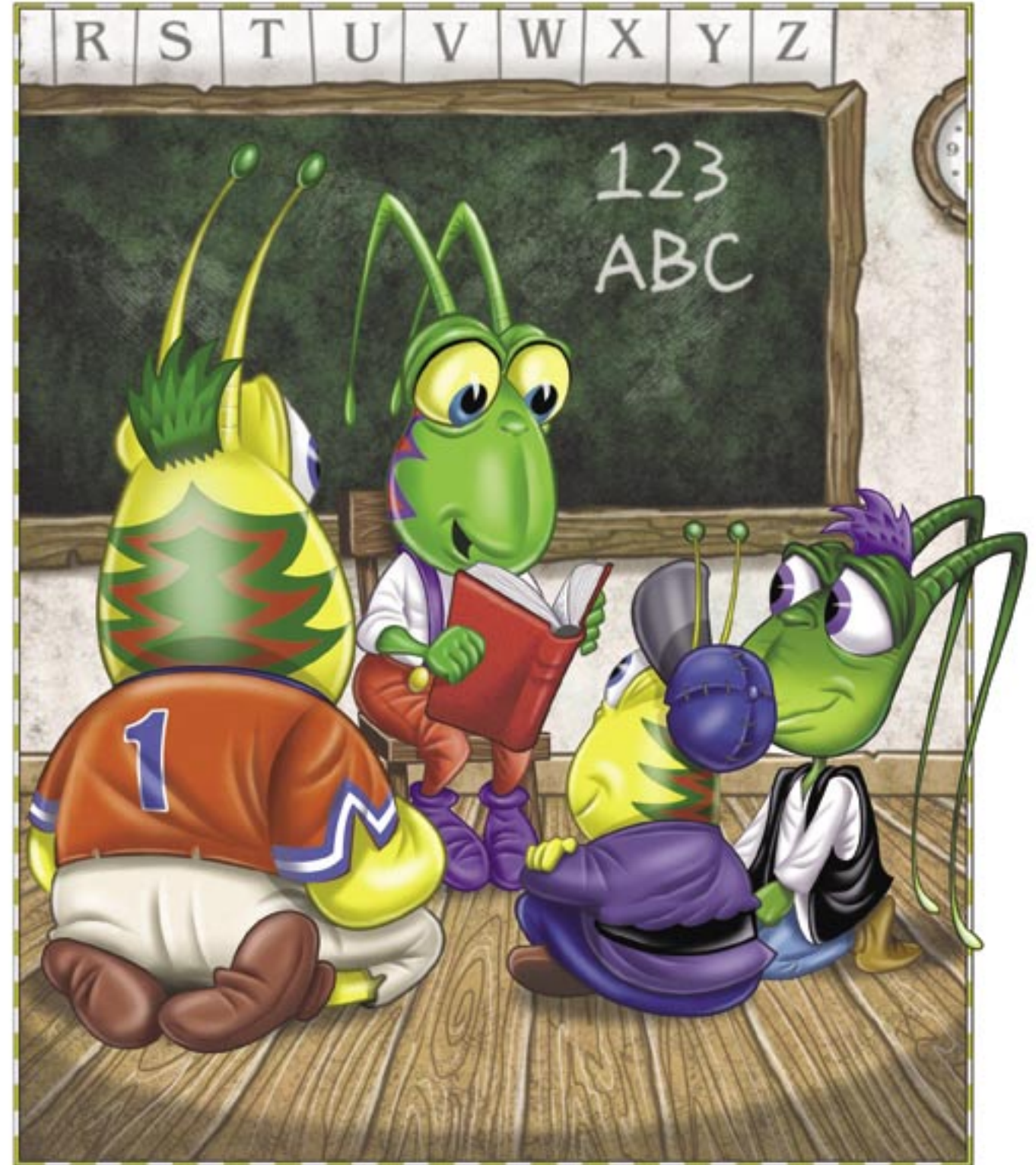
From that day on, Shrugg was the most caring, sharing bugg in the tiny town of Buggville. He let other bugs borrow his toys. Whenever Skeeter hit a ball into Shrugg's yard, Shrugg threw the ball right back.

To his parents' surprise, Shrugg even gave some of his things away. He gave away his extra buggballs and bats. Why, he even gave Katy Didd his huggy buggy bear that he had hidden under his bed.

And best of all, Shrugg became friends with every bugg he knew—all because he learned to share.



If at home or if at school  
You don't wish to share,  
Remember Shrugg the greedybugg  
And how he learned to care.



## Notes from Author:

All of the stories I write are based on things that have happened in my life. Sometimes it is something that has happened to me, and sometimes it is something that I have watched happen to others. These real stories are re-told as metaphors, where instead of writing about me, I write using all sorts of creatures in all sorts of magical settings.



Shrugg LaBugg is a story about sharing. It's a story about how much of a greedybugg I was at times. When I was young I had two older brothers and a younger sister. I only had a few good toys and it seemed that whenever I shared them with my brothers the toys got broken.

It was one thing to protect my toys and quite another that I refused to share at all. Now, older and a bit wiser, I have learned the joys that come from sharing everything with everybody. Mostly I love to share my stories with you.

Feel free to write me and tell me how you liked the story.

Write on,

**Stephen**

## Glossary

**accidentally (ak-s -dent-le):** not done on purpose

**borrow (bar-o):** use something that belongs to someone else and then give it back

**chuckled (ch -k ld):** laughed quietly

**crammed (kramd):** shoved or stuffed without being careful

**deeds (dedz):** nice things that are done to help others

**glee (gle):** great happiness

**greedybugg (gre-de-b g):** someone who wants more than he or she needs and will not share

**hermit (h r-m t):** someone who lives alone and does not see other people very often

**indeed (in-ded):** definitely, for sure

**selfish (sel-fish):** not sharing; not thinking of other people's needs

**share (shar):** to give something to or enjoy something with another person

**sly (sli):** sneaky, tricky, not honest

**thistle (thi-s l):** a prickly plant

**wandered (wan-d rd):** walked around without knowing where to go

**winding (wind-ing):** twisting or turning, not straight

# Set 1

**1) The Bigg Bugg Family**

**2) Shrugg LaBugg**

**3) Melody Moth**

**4) Big Bubba Bigg, Jr.**

**5) Bee Double Bopp**

**6) Flynn “Flea” Flicker**

