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The Magnificent Mulligans



WHAT A CROC!

Bill Myers

The Magnificent
Mulligans™

BOOK FOUR

WHAT A CROC!

Bill Myers

Illustrations by Greg Hardin

FOCUS
ON THE FAMILY®

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What a Croc!

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For Natalie: Welcome to the family!

— B . M .

And we know that for those who love God all things work together for good, for those who are called according to his purpose.

ROMANS 8:28

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Just for Starters

“AUGH!”

In case you're wondering, that's the sound a chimpanzee makes when she's being attacked by a monster. (Especially a furry monster with a tiny head and humongous—and I do mean *humongous*—feet and a big tummy.)

“Winona, relax.”

I spun around and saw my best pal, Stephie, trying to calm me. So I gave my standard

whimper, whimper, whimper

(This is the sound I make whenever I want attention—
which means I make it all the time.)

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“It’s just a mirror, silly,” Stephie said.

I turned back to the monster and made a face. Its little pinhead made the same face back at me.

I waved my arms. The monster waved its arms.

I jumped up and down, and the monster . . . well, you probably get the picture.

Yes, I know it’s just a reflection. But this reflection made no sense. How could my head have gotten so *tiny*? How could my great intelligence fit into such a little space? And how did my tummy get so *big*? True, I may have eaten a couple more hot dogs than I should have. (Okay, three or four more.) And little Julie hadn’t missed the bag of peanuts I ~~stole~~ borrowed from her when we were on the Ferris wheel. But to have gotten so fat so fast?

No. Stephie was wrong. It *was* a monster. Just one that was good at playing *Monkey Chimpanzee See, Monkey Chimpanzee Do*.

“Turn around,” Stephie said.

I wasn’t crazy about turning my back on the creature, but I trusted Stephie, and . . .

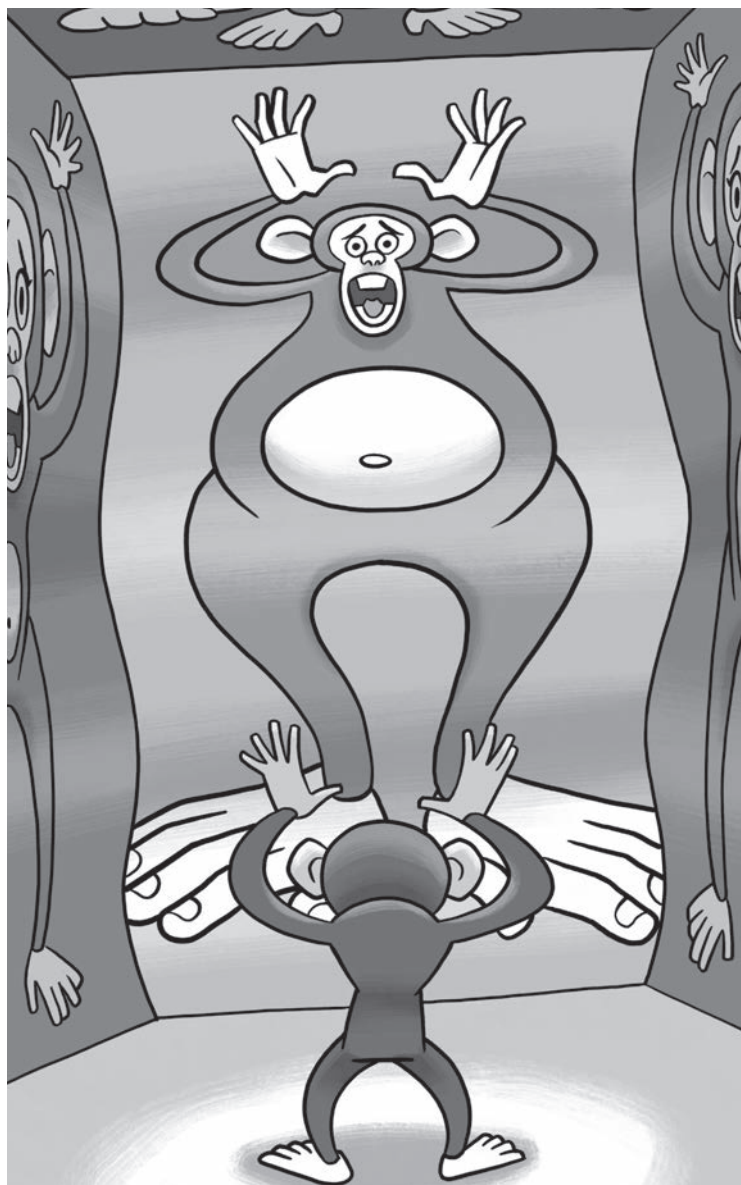
There was another one behind me! (Sorry, I didn’t mean to yell.)

Only this one had a giant head and a tiny body.

I looked up to Stephie, more confused than ever. It takes a lot of confusion to confuse my confusion with more confusion than my normal *confused* confusion is when it’s confused.

Confused?

Me, too.



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At least now you know how I was feeling.

Stephie giggled. “Look around you, Winona. All the mirrors are made weird so we look funny.”

I looked around, and she was right. We were surrounded by mirrors. Lots and lots of them. And every one showed weird, creepy reflections of us. I frowned. Why did they charge us money to go into a room where they can't even afford *normal* mirrors?

Stephie laughed. “It's called a *fun house*.”

I saw nothing funny about the place. Not when I go to the gym every day to keep my perfect chimpanzee figure. Actually, that's not true. I don't go to the gym . . . but I think about it—usually when I'm pigging out on a tub of ice cream (or whatever else I can borrow from the Mulligan refrigerator).

“Come on,” Stephie said, reaching down to grab my hand. “Let's go back to the others and see if that attendant will let you ride the roller coaster now.”

It sounded good to me. Earlier, the attendant would not let me on the ride—some excuse about me being an animal. (Honestly, humans can be so prejudiced sometimes.)

Anyways, I stuck my tongue out at the furry monster in the mirror and gave it a little

Pffttt . . .

Of course it did the same thing right back at me. But that was okay. I was going off to another carnival ride, and it would be stuck in that stupid mirror forever.