

This book is dedicated to
Grandma Jo and Josie



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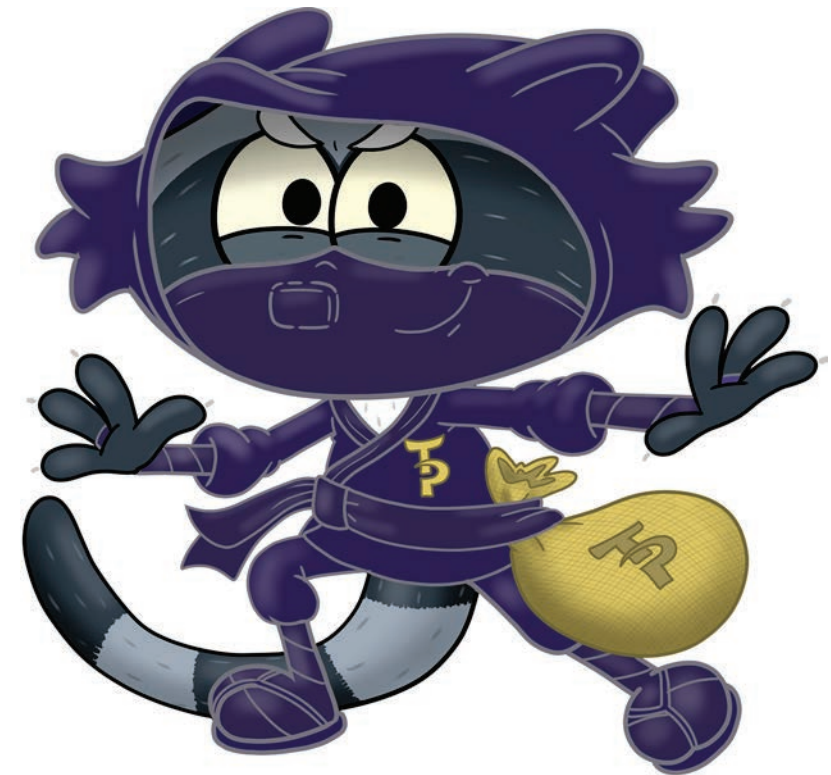
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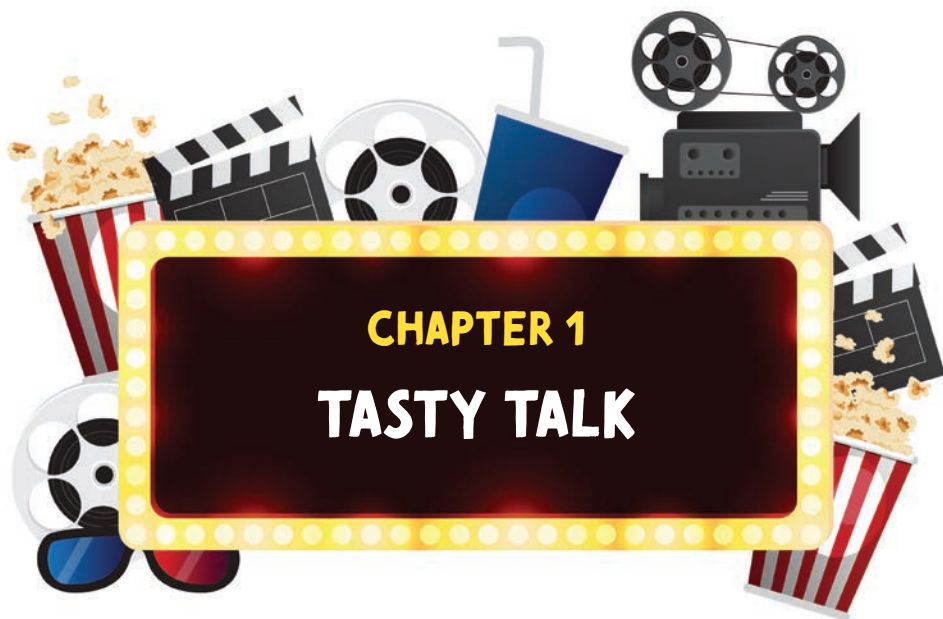
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T. P. Raccoon Sneaks Into The Movie Theater



Written by Danielle Kilpatrick

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“Yeah...the movie theater is the best place to get popcorn,” declares my best friend, Sammy Seagull, as he flies above my head. He tells me about his latest food cravings while I hunt through the dumpster behind Pizza King, looking for a slice of pepperoni.

I like tasting new foods and finding new places to hunt for treasures.

My name is **Treasure Pirate Raccoon**, but my friends call me T.P. Raccoon or T.P. for



short. I may not look like a typical pirate, but I like searching for loot, especially if it's food!

"You know what else they have there, T.P.?" Sammy says as he makes wide loops in the sky. "They also have tasty triangular corn things covered in yellow goo. I wonder what they are called?"

"Those are **cheesy nachos**," I explain while biting into a half-eaten slice of pizza. "They are pretty good. I found some in the dumpster behind Paco's Tacos."

"Cheesy nachos are **DELICIOUS!**" Sammy says. "But popcorn is the best. It's crunchy, softens as you eat it, and is so **BUTTERY.**"

"Hmm...I've tasted buttery things," I mumble as I chew.

But I've never heard of something crunchy that gets soft without being dunked in a liquid, like cookies and milk. Is Sammy telling me the truth? It sounds too good to be true. Can popcorn be that delicious?



I watch Sammy dive downward, flying towards me with his eyes closed.

"**Watch out,**" I shout, shaking my head at him. "You almost made me drop my pizza!"

"Anyway," he says, rolling his eyes as he flies upward, "my friend Robby Rat will sneak you into the movie theater if you want to taste the best popcorn ever."

He makes wide oval loops above me as he waits for my answer.

"It sounds interesting," I admit.



I've visited a few restaurants' dumpsters, but I have never heard of a movie theater.

"Hey, Sammy, what is a movie theater?"

"**A movie theater...hmm,**" he answers thoughtfully. "Imagine hot popcorn, freshly popped, all types of candies in all shapes, sizes, and flavors. Plus, they have blue, red, and orange colored water that comes from machines, and get this...some of them are colored snow, but don't worry because none of it is yellow!"

"Yellow water or snow is gross!" I say, wrinkling my nose in disgust. Yellow water or snow is made from creatures when they drink too much water.

"That's why I only drank clear water and ate popcorn." Then he starts singing dreamily as he makes loopy loops in the sky, "**POPCORN... POPCORN...POPCORN.** I love popcorn; it's the best. Everyone else can have the rest."

I look up to see that Sammy has stopped flapping his wings and is now falling out of the sky. "Sammy! Stop daydreaming before you crash!"



I shake my head. The last time he daydreamed, he almost hit a light pole.

Sammy stretches out his wings at the last minute and flaps them frantically.

I let out a big "**Whew.**"

My friend almost fell into the dumpster!



Can eating at the movie theater be so great that Sammy would risk crashing just thinking about it?

He finally perches next to me and starts plucking and eating pieces of the pizza crust.

“Yuck. It’s cold,” he mocks, dropping the crust.

“Popcorn is way better.”

He begins eating it again, gobbling it down. Sammy and I never pass up a good meal, and two-leggers always throw away something yummy.

“Honestly,” he murmurs happily between bites, “popcorn is just the best. It’s available everywhere inside the movie theater, smells wonderful, makes a great sound when eaten, and tastes heavenly.”

Really... If it tastes so good, that might explain why I’ve never found popcorn in trash cans or dumpsters. Popcorn will be my latest treasure. I can’t wait to try something new.



“When can I meet Robby Rat?” I ask excitedly.

“Anytime,” Sammy says. “A movie is always playing, but the best is a horror flick.”

“What’s a horror flick?” I ask.

“It’s the type of moving picture played on huge screens, and horror means scary,” he whispers. “You shouldn’t watch the scary screen because it can be terrifying.”

“I won’t watch,” I say. “I’ll just gather treats.”

