

PUZZLOO!ES



DIGITAL ACTIVITY BOOKLET

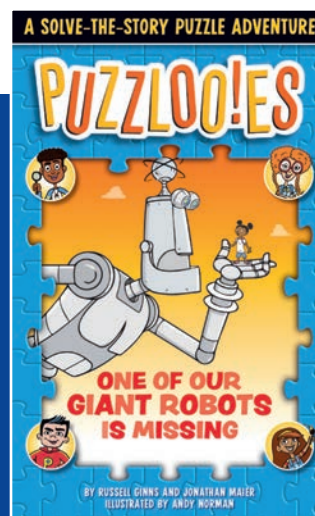
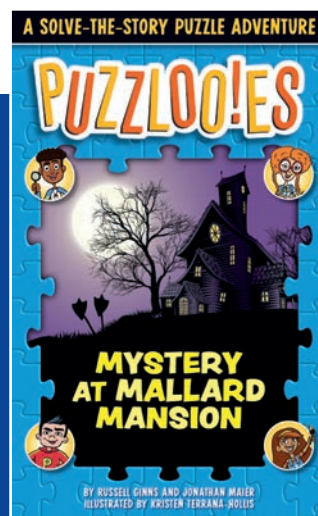
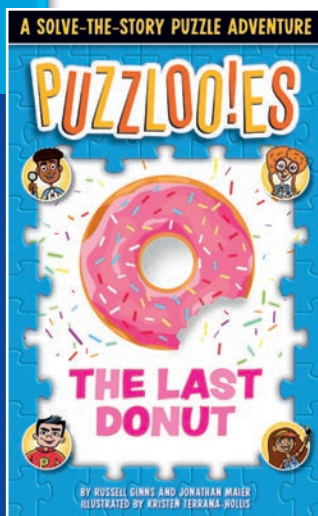
PUZZLOO!ES

WHAT'S A PUZZLOOEY?

Puzzlooes are stories you read by solving puzzles. They're smart, surprising, and seriously silly. Each amazing adventure is chock-full of challenges, perplexing pictures, and mysterious messages. Plus, there's always an extra helping of hilarious jokes and fascinating facts!

Every Puzzlooeey is told through a mix of stories and puzzles. This activity booklet gives you the chance to begin your journey with Puzzlooes! To solve the puzzles, you'll have to pay attention to what you discovered along the way. Start reading and puzzling. It's all up to you!

READ THE STORY.
SOLVE THE PUZZLE. SAVE THE DAY!



PUZZLOO!ES

PUZZLE #1: THE LAST DONUT



Danny Munch had a problem. A difficult, enormous, wonderful problem:

What kind of donut should I order today?

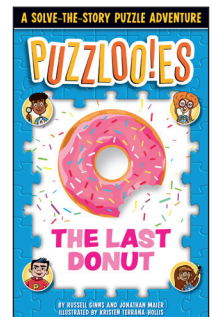
Danny reviewed his choices as he strolled through his neighborhood. *Choco-Chunky-Crunchy Chip? Cinna-monstrous? Maple-Bacon Bomb? Razzmatazz Berry? Banana-rama Bonanza? Tropical-icious Fruity-Toot-Toot?*

His thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice.

“Heading to Grababite?” Old Man McCorker called down to Danny from an apartment window.

“You know it,” Danny said.

McCorker *did* know it. That’s because the same thing happened every time Danny made the journey to Grababite Donuts.



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Like clockwork, on the first Saturday of every month, Danny Munch tucked his allowance into his back pocket and headed for the home of the greatest donuts in the world—probably in the universe.

Grababite had 107 kinds of donuts, but one was all Danny could afford. So the choice was always agonizing!

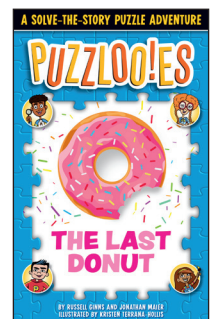
The good news, though, was that one donut was more than enough. Grababite's slogan was: "Big enough to share," which is exactly what Danny was going to do.



It was the best part of his Saturday morning. When Danny brought the big donut home, his family would gather around, split it up, and make a party of it.

He rounded the corner at the local coffee shop. And there it was, four blocks away. Grababite Donuts. A majestic donut perched atop the roof, gleaming like the sun on the horizon.

Wait! thought Danny. *That's it!*



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Sour-Power Citrus Sunrise. *That's* the flavor he would order today! It had been months since the Munch family shared a neon-yellow-frosted donut with candied fruit slices on top.

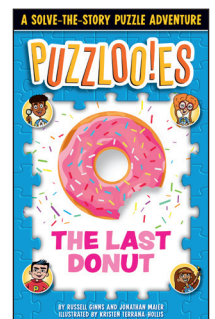
With that happily decided, Danny broke into a run. He dodged pedestrians, leaped over hydrants and small dogs, and ducked under a man carrying a long roll of carpet.

A block away he noticed that the giant Grababite donut wasn't moving. He'd never seen that before. Usually, it rotated on its stand like some kind of funny radio tower.

Donut motor must've broke, Danny figured.

He heard somebody shout, "No, no, no, nooooo!"

A huge crowd—way more people than normal—surrounded the shop. And something was wrong. *Horribly* wrong. Little kids—and even some adults—were bawling their eyes out. Others staggered around like zombies. A grown man pounded his fists on the grass. Someone else held up his buddy who seemed to have fainted.



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Danny squeezed his way through the crowd. He had to know what was wrong. A handmade sign was posted in the front window. For a moment, Danny's brain couldn't make sense of it, because it *didn't* make sense. It couldn't be real. The sign said:



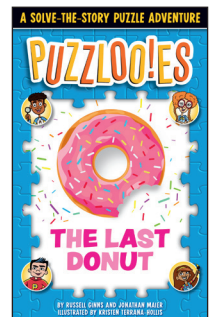
Danny gasped for breath as if he'd been punched in the gut. He stopped and stared at the words. The crowd jostled against him, but he didn't budge.

How could this be happening?

Near the shop's entrance, a small wooden box still held a bundle of menus. People could study all the donut flavors as they waited to order. *But not today.*

Danny staggered up to the box. He felt dizzy and a little bit sick, but he had to have one of the menus. It might be the last little bit of Grababite Donuts he'd ever know. He snatched a menu and gazed at it in despair.

Then, he took a closer look: *The menu had completely changed!*



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Danny didn't recognize the inside of the menu. He stepped away from the crowd so he could study it closer. The first page was a puzzle!

1

MY FLAVOR-ITE THINGS

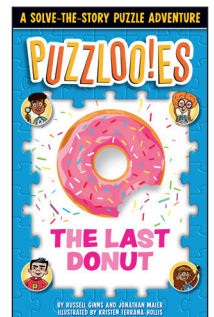


Find all the flavors in this word search.
They appear forward, backward, and diagonally.
The leftover letters will spell out a secret message.



H	T	H	M	A	N	G	O	E	T
N	O	M	A	N	N	I	C	B	A
W	A	T	E	R	M	E	L	O	N
R	A	E	P	R	A	U	C	E	G
C	O	F	F	E	E	M	I	L	E
H	F	I	G	B	P	L	U	M	R
E	I	S	E	M	A	P	L	E	I
R	O	R	N	H	C	A	E	P	N
R	R	P	E	A	N	U	T	R	E
Y	R	R	E	B	W	A	R	T	S

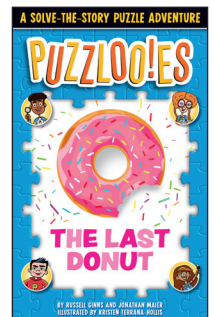
LOOK AT NEXT PAGE FOR LIST OF WORDS



PUZZLOO!ES

FIND THESE WORDS

BLUEBERRY	LIME	PLUM
CHERRY	MANGO	STRAWBERRY
CINNAMON	MAPLE	TANGERINE
COFFEE	PEACH	WATERMELON
FIG	PEANUT	
HOT PEPPER	PEAR	

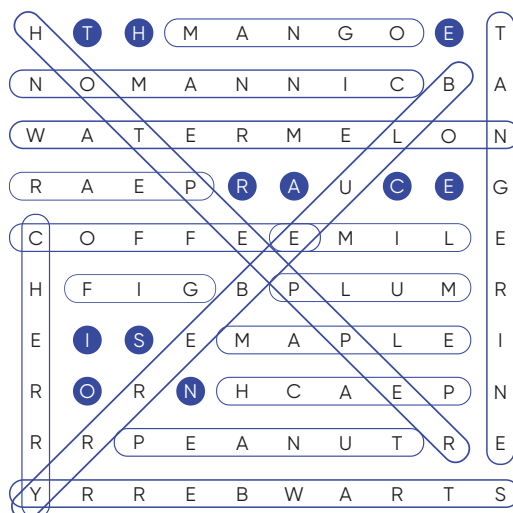


PUZZLOO!ES

ANSWERS

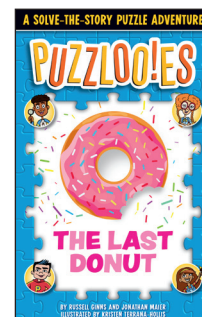
1

MY FLAVOR-ITE THINGS



THE RACE IS ON

ACTIVITY FROM
THE LAST DONUT



PUZZLOO!ES

PUZZLE #2: MYSTERY AT MALLARD MANSION



My phone rang at 7 a.m. on Saturday. I muted the T.V.
“Detective Stanley Dench here,” I answered. “Who’s interrupting my cartoons and Frosted Crunchies?”

“Marvin Mallard,” said the caller. “Know me?”

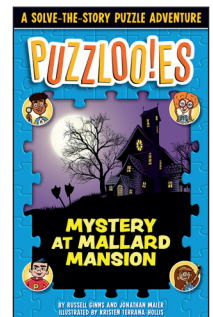
I knew him. *Everybody* knew him. Marvin Mallard was the world’s most famous movie star and celebrity duck.

“Oh, Mr. Mallard,” I said. “I loved you in *Quack to the Future*. I thought your acting was really—”

“I don’t have time for flattery,” Mallard squawked. “Someone has stolen my Egg.”

“Egg?” I asked. “You have a baby?”

“No!” Mallard snapped. “It’s a trophy. It’s my Golden Goose Egg Lifetime Achievement Award. I only had it for one day, and now it’s missing. Find the thief!”



PUZZLOO!ES

“I’m sure I can crack it,” I said.

“My Egg?” he asked.

“No, sorry,” I replied. “I’m sure I can crack *the case*.”

“I’m counting on it,” said Mallard. “Now bring your featherless butt over to my mansion right now!”

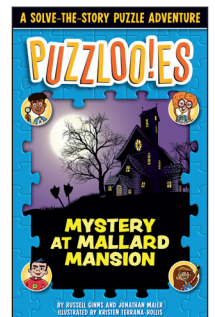
The line went dead. I didn’t know it then, but it wouldn’t be the only thing that died that day.



Mallard Mansion stood high on a hilltop. From the outside, it looked like your typical rich movie star’s home with a gurgling duck fountain in the yard.

The knocker on the front door was shaped like a webbed foot. I gave the door a couple of loud raps.

When no one answered, I pressed the door buzzer. I heard music from the Mallard movie *Feathers of Fury* blaring inside the house.



PUZZLOO!ES

Minutes passed.

I was just about to look for another entrance when the massive door slowly creaked open.

There stood the Wizard of Waddles, the Prince of Poultry, and the King of Quacks. It was Marvin Mallard himself. He wore a silk robe and a pair of enormous slippers on his big webbed feet.

“Hello, Mr. Mallard,” I said. “I’m Detective Dench, remember? You needed my assistance with...”

Mallard didn’t look at me. In fact, he didn’t seem to be focused on anything at all. His eyes gazed off in two different directions.

“Mr. Mallard?” I asked. “Are you okay?”

He swayed back and forth. Then he opened his bill and tried to speak:

“Loose...goose...”

THUD!

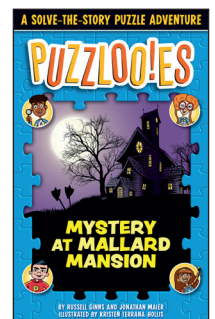
He fell flat on his face.

I spotted a giant lump on the back of his head.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps.

“Here’s your breakfast, Mr. Mallard,” a voice called.

A bearded man in a chef’s hat stepped into the entrance hall.



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The man carried a serving tray piled high with torn bits of bread and what looked like a glass of murky green water. When he spotted Mallard, he dropped the tray.

CLANG! CRASH!

Bread chunks, water, and broken glass splattered across the floor.

“Oh, dear!” said the man.
“What happened?”

I knelt down next to Mallard and felt for a pulse.

Nothing.

“He’s a...dead duck,” I said.
“Somebody played knock-knock on his noggin. And I’m going to find out who did it.”

I looked up at the man.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“I’m Ballotine,” he answered. “I am—I was—Mr. Mallard’s personal chef.”

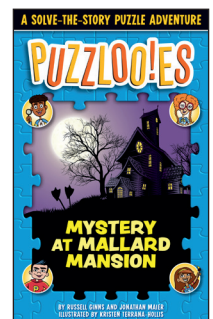
I thought about Mallard’s last words: “Loose...goose.”

What was Mallard trying to tell me? Was it about his Golden Goose Egg award? I already knew about that.

“Where did he keep his award for lifetime achievement?” I asked Ballotine.

“I’m not sure,” he replied. “I stay in my kitchen. But I suppose you could look for it in the trophy room.”

“Show me,” I said.



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As we passed through a hallway full of framed letters, Ballotine said, “Messages from Mr. Mallard’s friends.” I read a few to see what I could learn.

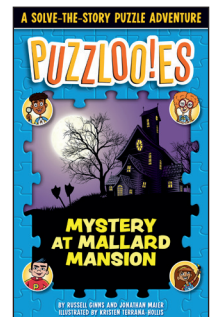
1

ZOO WHO?



Each of these messages contains the name of an animal. (The first one has been done for you.) Find them all to reveal what Mallard’s “friends” really thought of him.

- 1 “No one is better at acting and dancing than you, Marvin.”
- 2 “Keep ignoring what the critics say. All your movies are wonderful.”
- 3 “I cannot believe it was you in that mask. *Unknown Duck* was a great movie.”
- 4 “Thanks for inviting me to a delightful dinner at your mansion.”
- 5 “Let’s talk. Call me now or maybe tomorrow.”
- 6 “The movie was fantastic. I’m in awe. A seldom seen triumph of acting genius!”



PUZZLOO!ES

ANSWERS

1

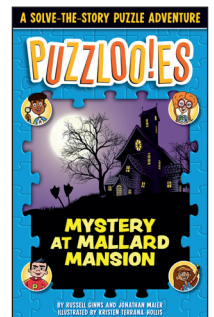
ZOO WHO?

1: RAT; 2: PIG; 3: SKUNK;
4: TOAD; 5: WORM; 6: WEASEL



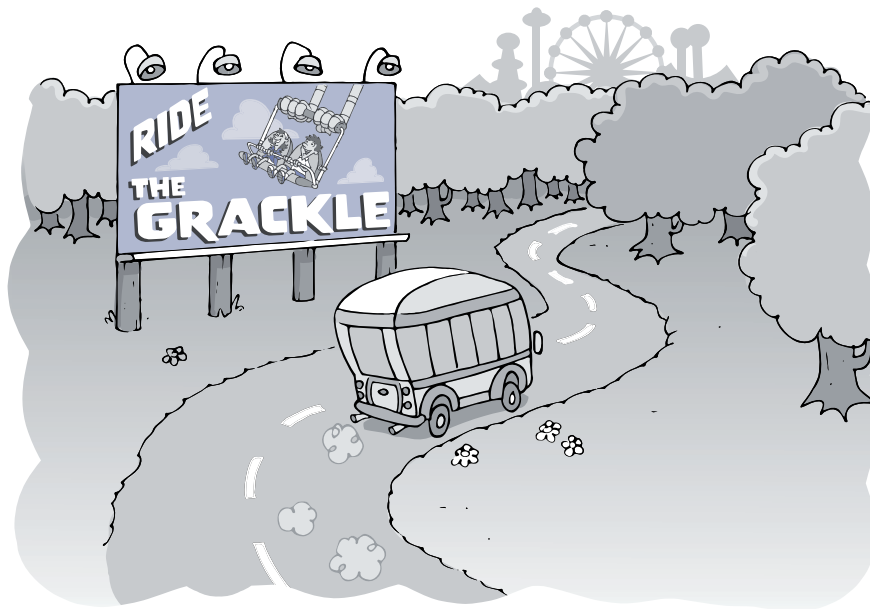
ACTIVITY FROM

MYSTERY AT MALLARD MANSION



PUZZLOO!ES

PUZZLE #3: ONE OF OUR GIANT ROBOTS IS MISSING



“As soon as we get there, I’m heading to the Grackle!” shouted Billy Rickles. “It’s wicked fast.”

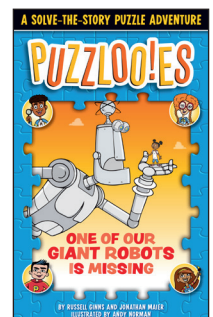
“I can’t wait to ride the Brain Rattler,” said Amy Lee.

“Keep your butts in your seats,” the bus driver called. “The park is only five miles from here.”

Alicia Harper watched the towers and roller coasters rising in the distance. She was just as excited as everyone else to be on the yearly school trip to RoboLand.

“Big Time Laugh-O-Rama’s my favorite,” she said. “The songs and the juggling act are hilarious.”

She wasn’t sure if anyone heard her. Most of the kids were busy staring out the windows at billboards announcing the park’s newest, thrilling attractions.



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The bus passed under the big WELCOME TO ROBOLAND sign and rolled into the park. All the kids screamed and cheered. Soon, most of them were lining up to get spun or flung or bumped on rides.

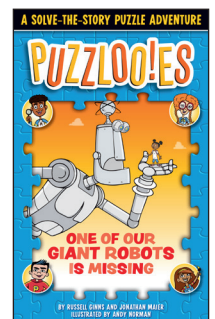
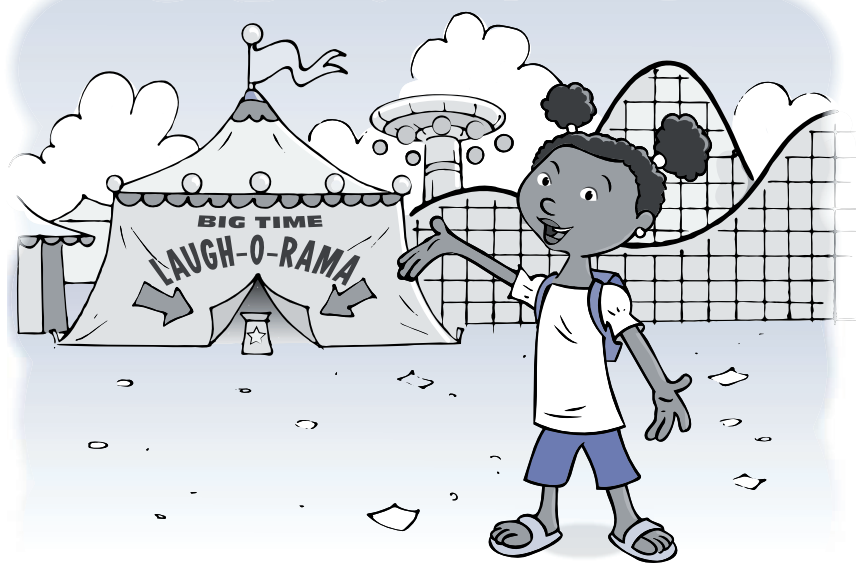
Alicia wasn't as interested in rocket-powered coasters or supersonic loop-de-loop water slides. She headed right to Big Time Laugh-O-Rama.

"Come with me," she called. "Let's catch this show first. It has a big musical robot. He's really nice and funny."

"Corny!" several kids shouted.

"Nothing crashes or explodes in there," one of them explained. "It doesn't launch anybody into the sky."

Alicia didn't care. She loved the jokes and magic tricks. Most of all, she loved the show's singing, dancing, juggling star, MegaTom.

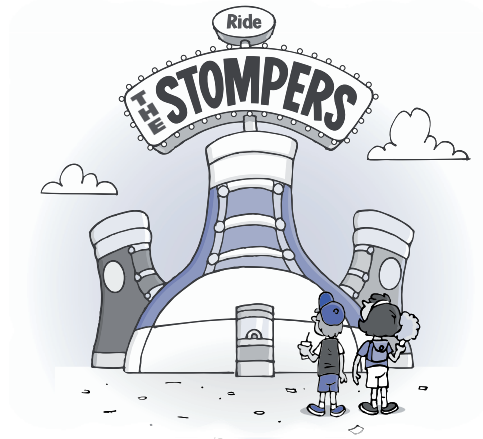


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“Who cares about a dumb, old-fashioned music show?” asked one boy.

“Let’s all go steer giant robot shoes and smash into each other!” shouted a girl.

They pushed past Alicia and headed off to ride the Stompers.



In the end, Alicia was able to convince only a few of her classmates to come with her to Big Time Laugh-O-Rama.

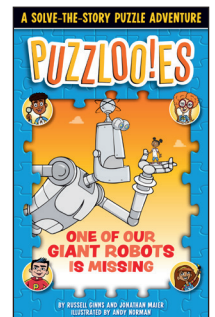
Inside, the show had already begun, and its star performer was center stage. Alicia lingered by the entrance and gazed up at MegaTom.

He stood 50 feet tall and was made of cast iron. A giant lightbulb flickered as it poked through the top of his hat. The whole world seemed to shake as his massive metal feet struck the floorboards.

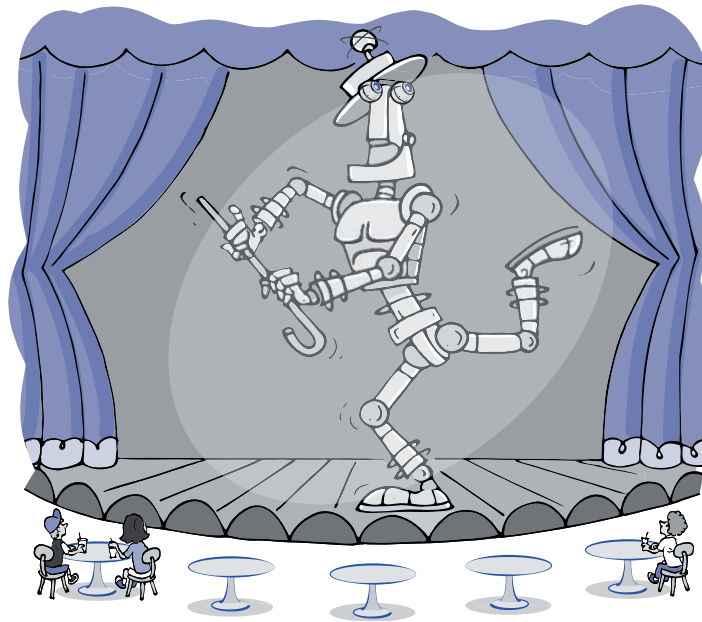
While he danced, a song blared from speakers.

*Come on, everybody, let's have fun.
You'll have a smile on your face by the time we're done.
With juggling and dancing and a whole lot of jokes,
It's Laugh-O-Rama for all you folks!*

There weren't many others in the audience, just a few people at the tables in front.



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The theater shook again as MegaTom danced and swung his cane. Tables and chairs rattled as he hopped up and down on one foot.

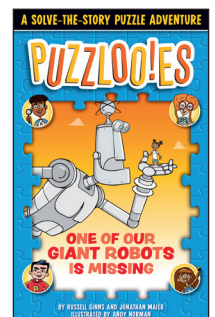
Alicia loved watching him juggle and do magic tricks. She laughed at his corny jokes, even though she had already heard most of them before.

When the show ended, Alicia clapped and cheered, but then she noticed that nobody else was clapping.

On top of that, all her friends were gone.

They must have become bored and left for other RoboLand attractions. She watched MegaTom take his final bow, then she went to catch up with everyone.

Alicia wasn't sure which way the other kids went. She turned right at the Supersonic Slingshot Slide and walked past the Triple Tornado Twister Tower.



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As she looked for the others, Alicia thought about MegaTom and all his amazing robot performer talents.

1 I WANDER WHERE THEY WENT

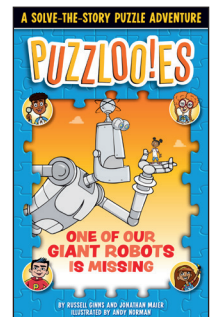


This word search contains many of MegaTom's amazing skills.
The leftover letters spell where the other kids went.



T	D	A	N	C	E	H	P	B
S	I	N	G	H	T	U	O	A
E	M	I	M	E	E	M	O	L
W	H	I	S	T	L	E	H	A
B	Y	O	D	E	L	S	A	N
E	L	G	G	U	J	T	L	C
N	S	K	I	P	O	H	U	E
D	O	E	T	A	K	S	H	M
P	D	R	U	M	E	A	C	T
Y	M	M	I	H	S	E	R	S

LOOK AT NEXT PAGE FOR LIST OF WORDS



PUZZLOO!ES

FIND THESE WORDS

ACT

HULA-HOOP

SKATE

BALANCE

HUM

SKIP

BEND

JUGGLE

TELL JOKES

DANCE

MIME

WHISTLE

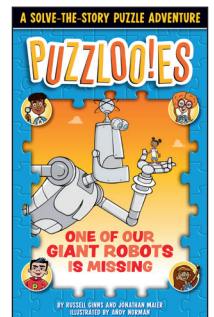
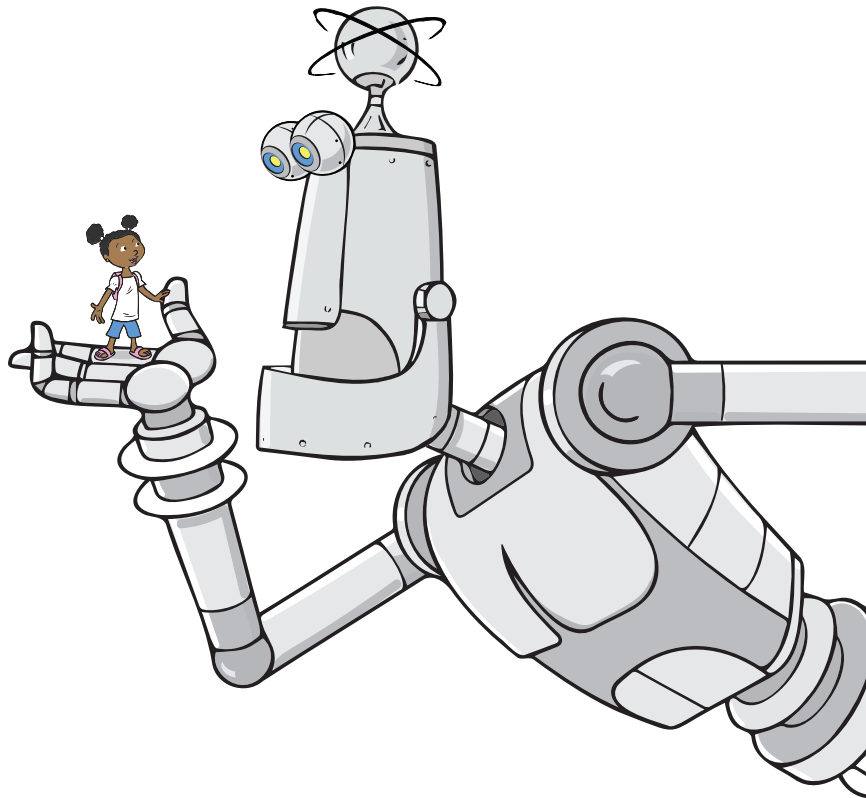
DRUM

SHIMMY

YODEL

HOP

SING



PUZZLOO!ES

ANSWERS

1

I WANDER WHERE THEY WENT

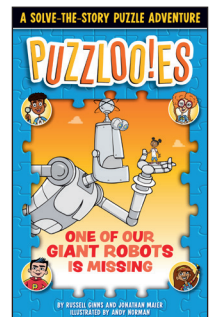


T	D	A	N	C	E	H	P	B
S	I	N	G	H	T	U	O	A
E	M	I	M	E	E	M	O	L
W	H	I	S	T	L	E	H	A
B	Y	O	D	E	L	S	A	N
E	L	G	G	U	J	T	L	C
N	S	K	I	P	O	H	U	E
D	O	E	T	A	K	S	H	M
P	D	R	U	M	E	A	C	T
Y	M	M	I	H	S	E	R	S

THE STOMPERS

ACTIVITY FROM

ONE OF OUR GIANT ROBOTS IS MISSING



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PUZZLE #4: SPACE CATS TO THE RESCUE



“Captain! Come quick!” shouted the radar operator.
“Something scary’s speeding through the solar system!”

Captain Ortega of Space HQ marched across the command room and peered over the man’s shoulder. Sure enough, a bright-red dot blinked on the radar screen.

“Pay attention, everyone,” she announced. “An asteroid is on a collision course with Earth. “Code Red!”

Ortega pressed a big button on the dashboard and a painfully loud alarm rang out. Two minutes later, General Flank rushed into the room. Together, Ortega and Flank entered the secret codes to contact Moonbase Nine.



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Dr. Marshall, the moonbase supervisor, appeared on Space HQ's main video screen. He looked worried and exhausted.

"It's a Code Red," Flank told him. "Prepare to launch the Interplanetary Defense in Orbit Team."

"That's not possible, sir," said Marshall. "The I.D.I.O.T. astronauts are all sick."

Ortega and Flank glanced at each other.

"Sick?" asked Ortega.

"Yes," Marshall said. "They decided to raid the moonbase pantry last night. Unfortunately, it was filled with experimental desserts that had been zapped by cosmic rays. Now the whole crew has a bad case of space stomach."



"Space stomach," repeated Flank. "I don't like the sound of that."

Ortega tapped the radar screen.

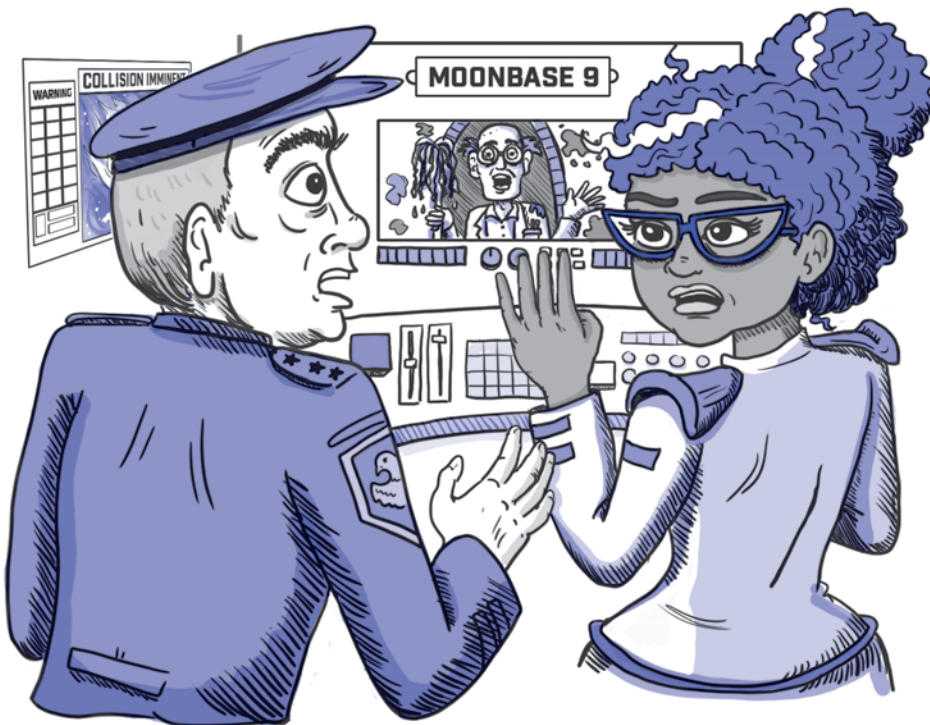
"This asteroid is the size of ten hockey rinks, sir," she said. "And it's headed straight for Earth."

Flank squinted at the radar.

"Hockey is such a rough sport," he said.



PUZZLOO!ES



“True,” said Ortega. “But that’s not important right now. The planet is in peril.”

She turned back to the main video screen.

“When will the astronauts recover?” Ortega asked.

“In two weeks,” Marshall answered. “They’ll be fine.”

“Two weeks!” cried Flank. “This is a complete disaster!”

“That’s for sure,” said Marshall, waving a soiled floor mop. “The astronauts each ate five cakes before they got sick all over the place. Moonbase Nine is a complete mess.”



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“The asteroid will be here in four days,” said Ortega.

“Can some other astronauts do the job?” asked Flank.

“Not a chance, sir,” Marshall answered. “These men and women are specialists with extraordinary talents.”

“Talents?” asked Ortega.

“They all have lightning reflexes,” said the doctor.

“And they always land on their feet in Zero-G.”

“Extraordinary,” Flank said.

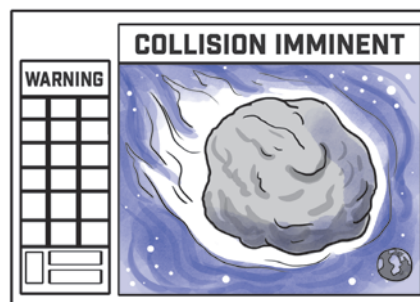
“And they are good at squeezing into small, rectangular spaces,” Marshall added. “That’s handy on long space trips.”

“Ortega nodded thoughtfully.

“Of course, they all have the same annoying habit of knocking things off tabletops,” said Marshall.

“Well then,” said Flank. “I guess we should all accept that the Earth is about to be destroyed.”

He turned and saluted the Space HQ crew.



“Farewell,” he announced. “I’m going home to be obliterated with my family by my side.”

“Wait, everyone,” said Ortega. “Let’s try to come up with some other way to save the human race.”



PUZZLOO!ES

“We could build a fleet of rockets to transport humans to the planet Mars,” Marshall suggested.

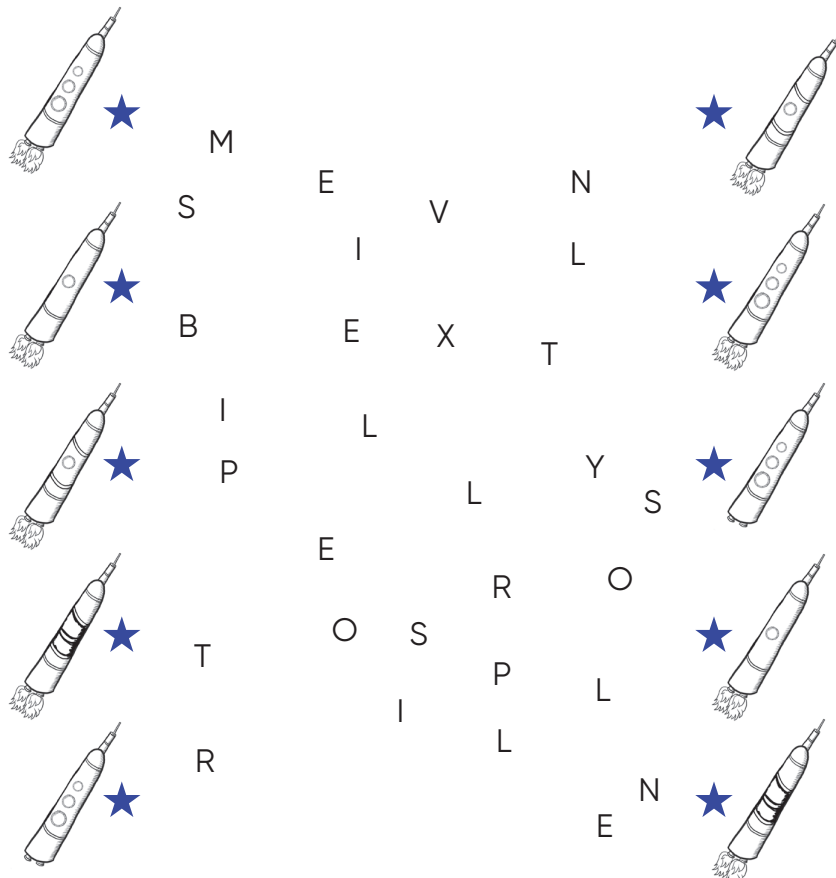
“Interesting,” said Flank. “How many people could we save that way?”

1

FLEET FOR FLEEING

Draw five straight lines to connect the stars beside pairs of matching rockets. The leftover letters will answer this question:

HOW MANY PEOPLE CAN GO TO MARS BEFORE THE ASTEROID HITS THE EARTH?

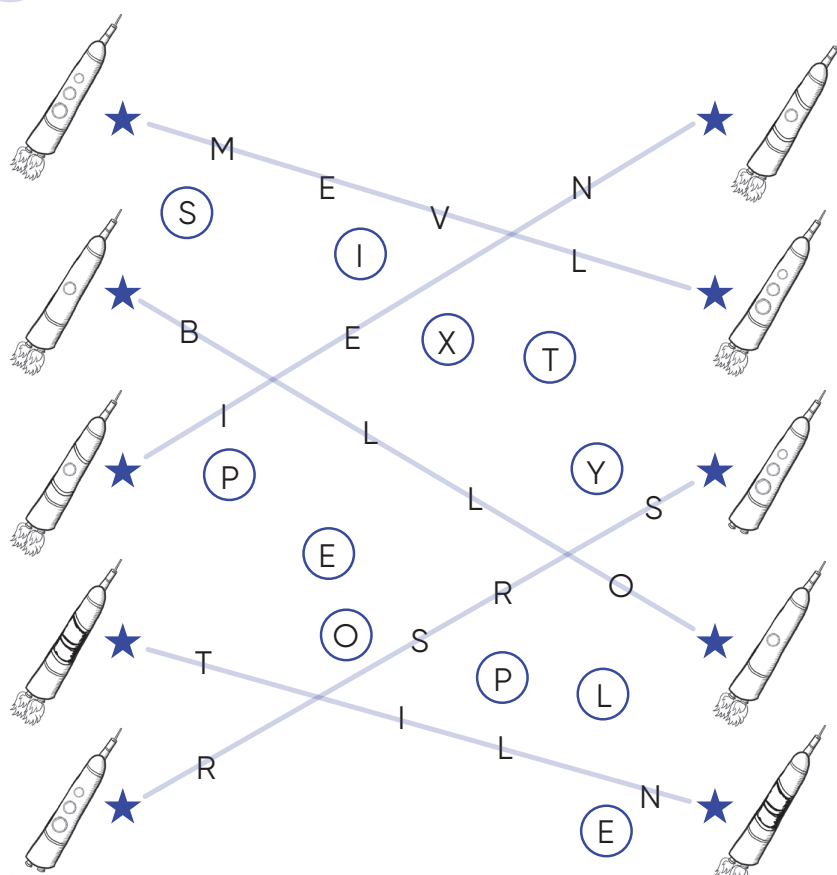


PUZZLOO!ES

ANSWERS

1

DESSERTS OF DOOM



SIXTY PEOPLE

ACTIVITY FROM
**SPACE CATS
TO THE
RESCUE**



PUZZLOOIES

THE FINAL PUZZLE

Now that you've completed the previous activities, it's time for one final challenge! Complete all the questions below. Then, follow the dashed line and the letters along the way to solve this last puzzle.

Final Puzzle: You've finished all the puzzles and saved the day!
What does that make you?

START



THE BLUE FRUIT IN
PUZZLE #1

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

AMPHIBIAN FROM
PUZZLE #2

--	--	--	--

FARM ANIMAL FROM
PUZZLE #2

--	--	--

HOW YOU MOVE TO
MUSIC FROM PUZZLE
#3

--	--	--	--	--

THE NUMBER OF
PEOPLE FROM
PUZZLE #4

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A STINKY ANIMAL
FROM PUZZLE #2

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THE SOUR FOOD FROM
PUZZLE #1

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THE INSTRUMENT IN
PUZZLE #3

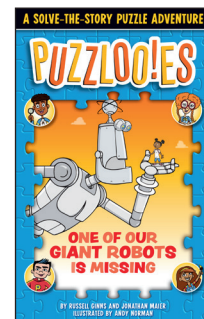
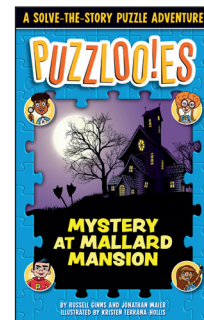
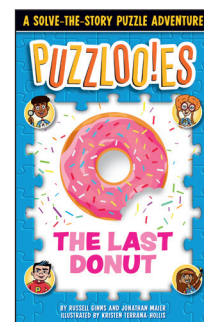
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ANSWER

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Congratulations, you finished the final puzzle! Go on to the next page to fill out your Conquering Kid Certificate.

Don't worry, there are still more stories to read and puzzles to solve!
Check out PUZZLOOIES!, available at a bookstore near you.



ANSWER: BRAINY KID

PUZZLOOIES

CONGRATULATIONS!

You have completed the puzzles and started your journey with Puzzloovies!
Fill out the certificate of completion below.

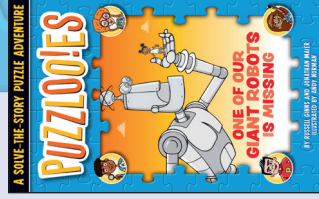
Puzzloovies Conquering Kid Certificate

_____ is awarded this certificate in recognition of

READING THE STORIES, SOLVING THE PUZZLES, AND SAVING THE DAY.

Date: _____

Signed: Your Zany, Brainy Friends at Random House Children's Books



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