



Taylor Sturtevant

## Kelly DiPucchio

is the *New York Times* bestselling author of many award-winning picture books for kids, including *Gaston*, *Super Manny Stands Up!*, and *Grace for President*. Much like Stanley, Kelly loves collecting seashells and isn't fond of loud parties. She invents stories from her mostly quiet home in southeastern Michigan. Kelly invites you to see more of her creations at [www.kellydipucchio.com](http://www.kellydipucchio.com).



Avery Nicol

## Raissa Figueroa

loves walking the beaches in search of tiny treasures of her own. She lives and works in sunny San Diego, California. She's the illustrator for several other children's books, including *We Wait for the Sun*, written by Katie McCabe and Dovey Johnson Roundtree. You can visit her at [www.rizzyfig.com](http://www.rizzyfig.com).

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Dipucchio • Figueroa

Oona and the Shark

# Oona and the Shark

New York Times Bestselling Author  
**Kelly DiPucchio**

pictures by  
**Raissa Figueroa**

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Ages 4–8

Oona loves to share her inventions with her friends. They're **big** and **bold** and **LOUD**—just like her! But there's one underwater creature who doesn't seem to enjoy Oona's company, or her creations.

And that's Stanley the shark!

Oona's latest hopping, chopping, and popping inventions just make him *angry*.

Oona may not know what Stanley likes, but she does know what he *doesn't*. And maybe that's a good place to start. Because mermaids never stop trying . . . not when there's a friend out there to make.



KATHERINE TEGEN BOOKS  
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# *Jona* *and the Shark*

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For my magical friends, Steph and Mary,  
who make the world a more sparkly place. –K.D.

To each of our own unique differences.  
After all, they make up what's interesting about our world. –R.F.

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Oona and the Shark

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First Edition

# Oona and the Shark

words by  
*Kelly DiPucchio*

pictures by  
*Raissa Figueroa*



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Like most mermaids, Oona  
was good at making friends.



*Otto* was her friend.

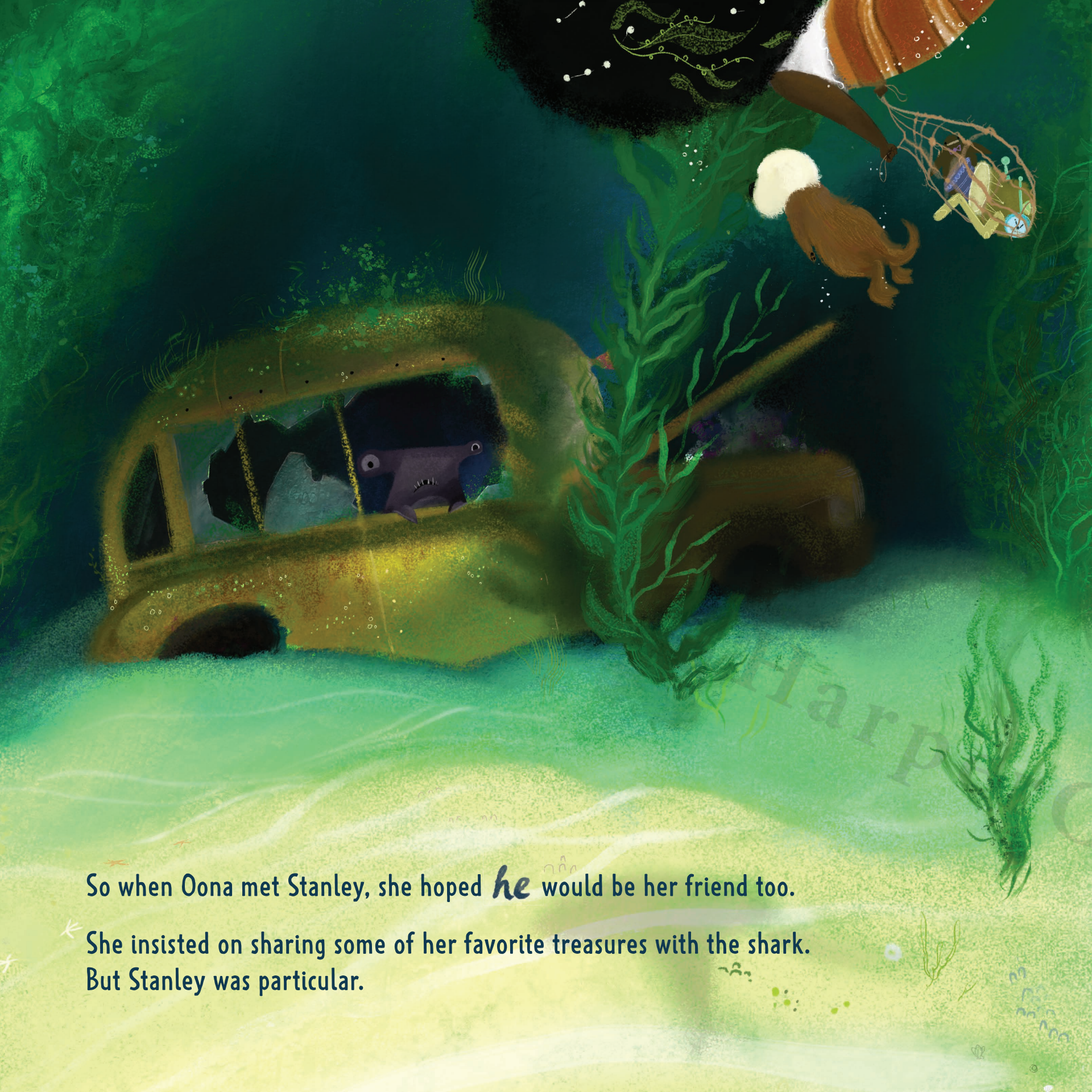


The *pelicans* were her friends.

Even the *hermit crabs* (who weren't exactly friendly) were her friends.







So when Oona met Stanley, she hoped **he** would be her friend too.

She insisted on sharing some of her favorite treasures with the shark.  
But Stanley was particular.



He didn't care for the **hat**

or the **horn.**

And definitely  
not the **squeaky,  
squeaky  
unicorn!**



Oona was an inventor, and like most inventors, she was eager to show off her latest creations to her friends.







But Stanley was too busy with his seashell collection to pay her any mind.



That just confused Oona and made her  
more determined to impress the shark.

So, she built *new* inventions.

Bigger.  
Bolder.  
LOUDER INVENTIONS!







Oona built inventions that *hopped!*

Inventions that *chopped!*



And inventions that . . .





POPP ED!

But all that noisy *hopping* and *chopping* and *popping* just made Stanley **ANGRY**.

By and large, mermaids are stubborn, and Oona was no exception. So what she did next was *exactly* what any other mermaid would have done under the circumstances.





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She threw a party. *Who doesn't love a party?*



*Stanley! That's who doesn't love a party!*

Understandably, Oona's feelings were *hurt*. But Oona knew (as mermaids do) that she was magical, and if Stanley didn't want to be her friend . . .



*She would still be magical.*



Oona dove off her rock and swam to the bottom of the ocean floor. It was peaceful and quiet down there with the jellyfish and the sea turtles.



*It was peaceful and quiet! YES! OF COURSE!*

*Why hadn't she figured it out sooner?*

*The horn! The inventions! The party! Stanley didn't like noise.*

*Or distractions.*

*Or crowded bouncy castles.*

*Something twinkled in the sand,  
catching Oona's eye.*

*Sea glass! It gave her an idea.*



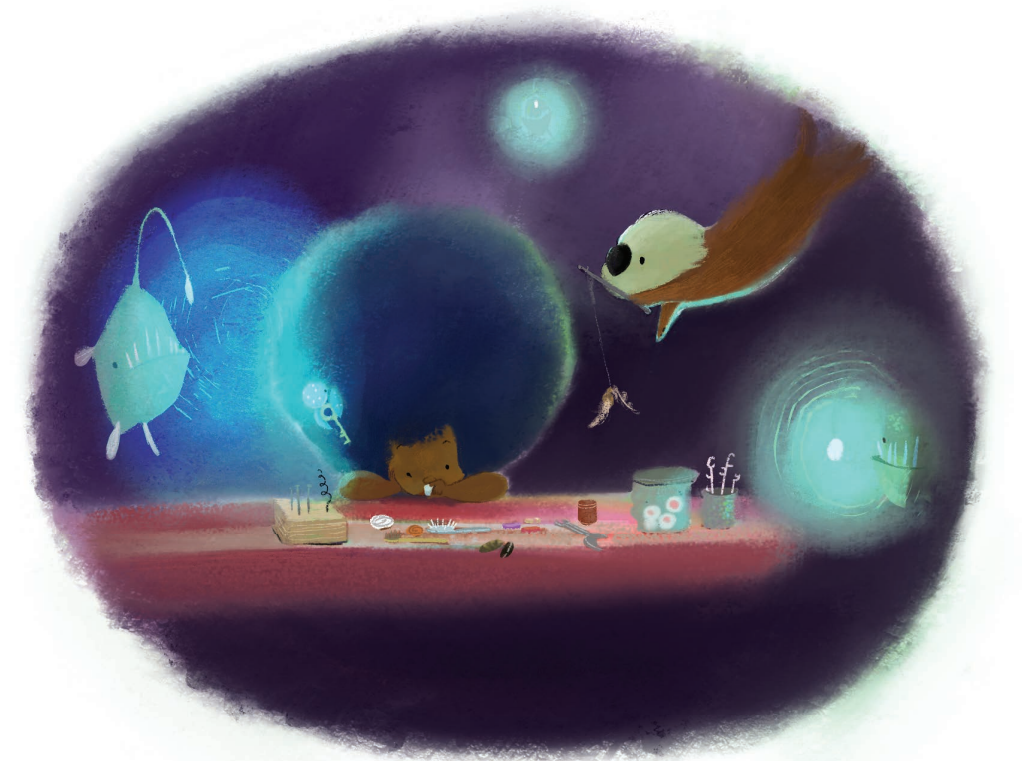
Oona returned to her workshop.  
She drew up plans with Otto.

She took measurements with the eels.



And she gathered tools and supplies  
from her land friends.

By the light of the lantern fish,  
Oona worked late into the night.





The Hydropower Super Sea Glass Sorter was whisper quiet and it was

**MAGNIFICENT.**

Oona set up her brand-new invention near Stanley's cove and, without saying a word, she began feeding the machine.

Each piece of sea glass she sent down the conveyor belt tumbled through a series of long tubes and curvy chutes before dropping into the correct jar.



Blue.  
Blue.

White.  
White.

Green.  
Green.



The curious shark watched from a safe distance.  
*Blue. White. Green.*



Stanley swam a little closer  
to get a better look.  
*Blue. White. Green.*



Soon the shark who had been so  
hard to reach was by Oona's side.



"Would you like to help?" Oona asked Stanley.

Stanley nodded.

*Blue. White. Green.*

Oona smiled.

Stanley smiled back.



The two of them played side by side.

They were quiet . . .

*together.*







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And together they had **FUN.**