

# DEWEY DOES

110% Motivational Short Stories



## EXCELLENCE

### The New Kid

Sometimes I think about how I met my friend, Big Bang. His real name is Clarence.

My mother would always tell me, *"You can't judge a book by its cover."* Meeting Big Bang for the first time I now understand what she means.

It was at the beginning of summer, I noticed a new family was moving into the vacant house down the street from me. I desperately hoped they had a child my age whom I could play sports with. Being a *neighborly* person I decided to go visit the new neighbors hoping on the way to find someone my age. To my surprise and delight a kid answered the door.

*He is HUGE!* I said to myself as I stood in shock. He was the biggest kid I ever saw. I was amazed; finally someone like me; 110% sports...or at least I thought he was like me.

I thought to myself as I stared at him...*he must play every sport in the world.* His hands were so big, I just knew he could pick up a basketball with one hand and throw a football for miles.

**WOW!** I kept thinking, I couldn't believe the size of his feet; he must be able to jump over the basket. He can be my teammate when I play the Stape Twins...or at least it seemed that way for the moment. "He must be the strongest kid in the world," I thought, as I imagined him lifting the most weight I ever saw.

All the excitement of having a new friend made me talk uncontrollably fast. "Do you want to play football or basketball?" I asked. "Let's go play catch, I'll go get my baseball and glove," I said, not realizing I never even introduced myself.

I remember Big Bang just standing at his doorstep with a big smile on his face. I didn't even give him a chance to speak.

"You can come to my house, I have all sorts of sports games we can play," I invitingly said as I pointed up the street. "I have plenty of sports stuff for us to stay fit and busy for the summer," I continued to say as I started running out of breath.

Finally, as I took a deep breath, Big Bang politely said, "Hi, but I don't play any of those games."

**WHAT?!!!** I thought. I couldn't believe my ears. To him, I must have looked like I was having a heart attack. "I don't play any sports," again he said.

I wondered if I was dreaming, so I asked, "Well, what do you play?" I was hoping to make some sense of this; *a kid that doesn't play sports 110% of the time...is there such a thing?* I asked myself.

"I play the piano," said Big Bang.

"The piano?" I asked, surprised. I was wondering if I ever knew of a kid at my age that played the piano.

After we finally introduced our selves, Big Bang invited me into his home to listen to him play the piano and, boy, could he play. Once again I was amazed, I loved watching Big Bang play that piano. The music just stayed in my head.

From that day on Big Bang and I became good friends. I'm always over his house listening to him practice his music. Like Mom says, "110% practice makes perfect no matter what you do."

I always wondered how a kid doesn't play sports. I guess we all can't be the same, as my mother would always say.

Story written by TMK

# DEWEY DOES

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## EXCELLENCE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

### The New Kid

Answer the following questions to the best of your ability.

1. What do you think *Dewey Does*' mother meant by "you can't judge a book by its cover?"

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2. *Dewey Does* thinks all kids play sports. Is this right? Explain.

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3. Some friends have a lot in common. Describe a friend that is different from you and why you are good friends.

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4. What does *Dewey Does* mean when he says, *neighborly*?

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5. How does *Dewey Does* use 110% in this story? What do you do or think of 110% of the time? Please explain.

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6. Why do you think the author refers to this story as *excellence*?

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## EFFORT

### What does Dewey Does do?

Kids are always hearing, “You must give 110%!” “I need 110% effort!” “Always give 110% in play and work.” Every day! So much we hear it in our sleep, 110%!.....110%!.....**110%!**

It’s sometimes all we hear. I bet every kid in the world hears their parents, coaches and teachers saying, “110%” a thousand times a day, in a million different languages. To all the kids in the world...did you ever wonder what they mean? Why not 70% or 80%? Won’t 90% be good enough?

One day I asked my mother, then I asked Mrs. Cusam my fourth grade teacher. I even asked Coach Morris, who always seems to know what’s on my mind most of the time. “What do you mean when you say give 110%?” I asked.

Mom explained, “You know when you wake up early in the morning to go exercise before practice?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“That’s giving 110% effort,” my mother said, as she continued to explain. “Even how you try to eat the right nutritional foods to improve your performance on the field or court. That’s giving 110% too.”

I looked at her with sort of an understanding look and said, “Okay, Mom, thanks.”

Mrs. Cusamano said, “Dewey, you know how you hand in the extra credit work I give out or when you stay up a little longer at night to study?”

“Yes,” I said. “That’s giving 110%,” she said, as she walked down the hallway smiling.

After practice, Coach Morris looked at me from the corner of his eyes, as he always does, and said, “110%?” asking himself.

“Well, Dewey, 110% means giving all you have. Like when you dive to the floor for a loose ball and how you chase down foul balls that look like they have no chance of being caught.”

*Hmmm, I thought, isn’t that what you’re supposed to do? I wondered.*

“You look puzzled,” said coach. “Well, you’re always the first at practice and the last to leave every day, right?”

“Well, yes,” I replied as I looked up at him. He’s so tall.

“That’s giving 110% effort, Dewey,” he said, as I helped put the rest of the equipment away. “Know what I mean?” asked Coach Morris.

“I guess, maybe,” I said. He likes to make sure he answers your questions. I guess I liked that about him. He always makes sure each of his players is okay.

Coach Morris smiled and said, “110% is what you do everyday, from what I see.” I smiled without saying a word.

That night I sat down with Grandpa Does at the kitchen table. Grandpa Does is what everybody calls him around the neighborhood, especially my friends. I like listening to the stories about my father growing up. Grandpa Does always has something wise to say when something’s on my mind.

“It seems to me, Dewey, that giving 110% in all that you do makes you a better person inside and out. It’s what makes you a winner and it’s why I always say...Dewey Does 110%.”

I looked at him with a smile. I thought to myself, *Dewey Does 110%...now that’s COOL!*



# DEWEY DOES

110% Motivational Short Stories

## EFFORT

### What does Dewey Does Do?

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Answer the following questions to the best of your ability.

**1. How does *Dewey Does* give 110% effort?**

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**2. Tell us your *Dewey Does* 110% story and win free stuff.**

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**3. Why do you think the author refers to this story as *effort*?**

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## OPPORTUNITY

### For President

As a 9 year old kid life is great. No worries in the world. School, I guess it's okay, and sports, yeah, what a life. At least this is what I thought. My mother always says, "there's a new adventure every day." Now I know what she means.

Most of the time I look forward to going to school because I get to see all my friends. But today happened to be one of those adventurous days my mother was talking about. As I walked into school, to my surprise, I found out that Fussie Fran submitted my name as class President as a practical joke. I thought, *I'm only in the fourth grade, this can't be happening.*

I guess it wouldn't have been such a big deal until I found out who I was running against.

THE STAPE TWINS! Now I get Fussie Fran's joke. I can count on her to do things like this from time to time.

The Stape Twins, as they are known around the school, live on the other side of town. I figure Ryan and Brian are okay. They're in the fifth grade. I always thought, *if I were a superhero the Stape Twins would definitely be my nemesis.* Every kind of competition I'm in, they are on the opposing team. Basketball, soccer, football...everything and now class president.

I felt the buzz in the air, everybody wishing me good luck as I walked through the hallway. I just wanted to hide under a desk or turn invisible like a superhero.

*What can I do to get out of this mess?* I asked myself.

*This is not a sport of any sort,* I thought. "Yes, I'll go run around the school track a few times to build up my nerves", I thought. Running always relaxes me before a big event. "Being 110% fit builds a healthy mind", Grandpa Does always says.

Fussie Fran was really pushing it. There were signs all over school saying, 'Dewey Does for President'.

I found myself hoping the Stape Twins would win. School ends at 3 p.m. and it was already 2 o'clock. I was just staring at the class clock. It seemed like the last hour took forever.

Everybody was really getting into this. The closer it came to 3 o'clock the louder the chanting got. Students were in the halls chanting, "Go Dewey, Go Dewey, Go Dewey," as others chanted, "two heads are better than one, goooo Stape Twins."

Mrs. Cusamano was the judge and all the votes were finally in. As she counted off the votes you could feel the tension in the air.

"Two for Dewey, one for Ryan and Brian," Mrs. Cusamano said, as she continued calling out the votes over the school loudspeaker.

The school became real quiet, like a church mouse, my mom would say. Everybody holding their breath waiting for Mrs. Cusamano to announce the winner. The votes were so close but I didn't really care, I just wanted to go home and put this day behind me.

Suddenly, as she cleared her voice, "it's a tie," Mrs. Cusamano said excitedly.

"WHAAAT?" everyone yelled. It sounded like a chorus in the school auditorium. There were looks of surprise on everyone's face. As I walked out of school I could hear the students chanting, "recount, recount, recount."

*Tomorrow's another 110% adventure,* I thought to myself smiling as I walked down the street.



Story written by TMK

# DEWEY DOES

110% Motivational Short Stories

## OPPORTUNITY

### For President

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Answer the following questions to the best of your ability.

1. How does *Dewey Does* feel at the beginning of school?

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2. Have you ever had an adventure like *Dewey Does*? Tell us about it.

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3. What does *nemesis* mean?

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4. Why do you think the author refers to this story as *opportunity*?

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## TEAMWORK

### Volunteers

My mother always told me everyone, young or old, should do volunteer work sometime in their lives.

I had no idea what volunteer work was or where to find it. What do I do? Go to someone's door and say, "Excuse me do, you have any work you need help with?"

Do I go to the store and help pack bags or maybe I can help senior citizens cross the street? I remember Mrs. C., my fourth grade teacher, talking about having the whole class do volunteer work as a project. I thought that would be cool. The whole class together doing something to help those in need; thinking as one with one goal. Sounds like one of my teams I play with.

Mrs. C. told us one of the things we can do is help kids in lower grades with their math and reading. I thought to myself, now that's a good idea since it helps me too.

All this talk about volunteer work started to sound interesting to me.

That night I asked Grandpa Does if he's ever volunteered for anything.

Grandpa Does always talks about what he did when he was my age. "You know, Dewey, when I was your age..." is how he would always start out his stories. Some stories I hear over and over. I guess those are his favorite. Especially the ones about my father. Those can go on for hours.

Anyway, Grandpa Does said he once helped a person become President of the United States. "Wow, how Grandpa, how?" I said excitedly.



"By handing out flyers and reminding people to vote. I handed out thousands of them." He talked all night about those flyers and the work he and his friends did. Talked me right to sleep.

The next morning I was so excited, I wanted to make a difference like Grandpa Does. I ran and got Big Bang and Shy Annda and went to our local politician's office. I always see his name in our mail.

We volunteered to hand out flyers and stickers all summer long. Working as a team with my friends we covered a lot of ground and it was a lot of work but later we found out that the guy we were helping became a judge.

Now I have something to tell Grandpa and my class.

*Story written by TMK*

# DEWEY DOES

110% Motivational Short Stories

## TEAMWORK

### Volunteers

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Answer the following questions to the best of your ability.

**1. Tell us your story on how you did volunteer work?**

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**2. Do you think volunteer work is good? Explain why?**

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**3. How does *Dewey Does* apply his 110% attitude towards volunteering?**

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**4. Why do you think the author refers to this story as *teamwork*?**

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## DETERMINATION

### A monster ate my sneakers!

Something strange always happens when no one's around. Martians come out of the sky or something. It happened to me on a rainy day.

It always seems to rain or snow or hail or something the day I really want to play ball. Saturdays are the best; no school, I can get up early in the morning, call all my friends to come out and play football, then basketball and after lunch we can play baseball. I was so excited but it just had to rain and the dark sky made it look like rain all weekend.

My mother loves the Spring because of the flowers in the Springtime. Me, as a kid, flowers aren't my thing, but warm weather and playing ball, now that's my greatest pastime but it always seems to rain in Spring. Anyway, like a postman delivering mail, I was determined to play ball today, regardless of the weather.

"Dewey, you know it's very nasty outside," my mother said as I was getting dressed to go outside.

As I slowly crept downstairs my mother said, "Dewey, don't track any mud in this house".

"Okay, Mom," I replied, carrying my football as I walked out the door.

First I went to *Big Bang's* house. He really doesn't like playing football or any sport but I figured I'd get him outside anyway. To my surprise *Big Bang* said it's too nasty out. Not like I didn't hear that before. So I went to *Trevor's* house and he's still sleeping. I guess *Prince Charming* needs his sleep.

I figured most kids were already outside playing. I began thinking that this is one lonely Saturday. I was thinking, maybe *Fussie Fran* and listen to her mouth all day? NOT! *Cindi Joy*? NOT, she'll just complain about her hair and nails. Maybe, *Shy Annda*! She loves playing ball; basketball is her favorite, but ball is ball to me.

As I sat and waited for *Shy Annda* to come to the door I started thinking who to call next. The *Stape Twins* came to mind as *Shy Annda* opened her door. She had rollers in her hair. Sometimes I forget she's a girl. Anyway, she was going out to breakfast with her parents.

Was the *Stape Twins* the only ones left? I really wanted to play so I decided to take the walk to the other side of town. I had to cross the field to get to them but I figured it was okay. A little competition is good for me I guess.

As I was walking through the field I found it difficult to get through the mud. I walked in one direction, mud, I walked in the other direction, more mud. The mud was getting all over my favorite sneakers. I started to tip-toe and it seemed like I was sinking deeper and deeper.

I couldn't get out of the mud. Deeper and deeper I was going into the mud. I looked all around for dry land as I sank deeper in the mud. It was like a monster eating me alive. Panicking I thought...no one would ever see me again. I wouldn't be able to run around the school track or play tennis again. A monster in the middle of the field eats *Dewey Does* and his favorite sneakers. The sneakers that he runs in, plays basketball and volleyball in. The sneakers his mother tried to throw away more than 110 times. What a story that would be. "NO WAY!" I said.

I struggled and struggled, giving 110% of my energy, until I was able to drag myself to dry land. Feeling 110% fit really paid off. I was so tired, I felt like I just ran a marathon. I decided to just go home. I could run and play another day, I thought.

"Dewey, what happened, where are your sneakers?" my mother yelled as I walked into the house.

Pausing slightly for a moment, I looked up and all I could say was, "A monster ate them".

Story written by TMK

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## DETERMINATION

Name \_\_\_\_\_ **A monster ate my sneakers**

Answer the following questions to the best of your ability.

**1. What was *Dewey Does*' mood when it was raining?**

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**2. Why do you think *Dewey Does* crept down the stairs?**

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**3. What are *Dewey Does*' favorite sports?**

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**4. Why do you think *Dewey Does* was surprised when Shy Annda came to the door?**

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**5. What do you think *Dewey Does*' mother really thought when he came into the house with no sneakers?**

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**6. Have you ever had a day like *Dewey Does*?**

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**7. How does *Dewey Does* use 110% in this story?**

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**8. Why do you think the author refers to this story as *determination*?**

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## COMPETITION

### Whose game is it anyway?

The big game is today. I'm so excited I couldn't sleep last night. My mother is even excited. I think she is more excited than I am.

Parents always seem to get very excited for their children's games. Almost as if they are playing in the game themselves.

They have tailgate parties and barbecues all in the name of their children's game. Cars all over the place. It can get very scary to a kid sometimes.

Last week's game didn't turn out too well. Kids are told to always obey the referees and umpires. We are told to always practice good *sportsmanship 110% of the time*. I guess that meant *all the time*. Treat the other players with respect and to shake hands at the end of a game, win or lose. My mother even brings out healthy foods like bananas, grapes and oranges for both teams. She always says, "Dewey, these foods help put energy back in your body and makes you feel 110% healthier."

Well, anyway, last week's game left all of us kids wondering, *whose game is it anyway?*"



After a close play some parents started arguing and were thrown out the game for not respecting the call.

They were complaining that it was a bad call. We really couldn't tell the difference. We just wanted to continue playing the game. Us kids wanted to give 110% effort, but it seemed the parents forgot all about that.

The arguing got out of control. One lady was hurt and rushed to the hospital. It was like our parents lost control and became something else.

I guess the worst part was that every kid at the game and in the stands was completely embarrassed. We all wished we were someplace else, anyplace but at the game that we love playing so much.

Although we were able to continue the game that day it wasn't really the same anymore. We just wanted to get it over with and go home. I didn't even remember the score and didn't care who won the game.

Suddenly, I hear my mother's voice, "Dewey, it's time to get up. You have a big game today and we don't want to be late."

Story written by TMK

# DEWEY DOES

110% Motivational Short Stories

## COMPETITION

### Whose game is it anyway?

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Answer the following questions to the best of your ability.

1. Why was *Dewey Does* so happy at the beginning of the story?

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2. Why do you think parents get excited at their children's games?

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3. What do you think sportsmanship means in this story?

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4. *Dewey Does* says the game wasn't the same anymore. What do you think he meant by that?

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5. Why do you think the kids felt embarrassed when the parents were arguing?

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6. Why do you think the author refers to this story as *competition*?

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## WORKING TOGETHER

### Yard Sale

"Dewey, it's time to wake up and smell the day," Dewey's mother calls out as she makes his breakfast.

Saturdays are tough for kids because you know your parents have house-work planned for you. I love Saturdays because of no school, but just thinking about chores makes me tired.

"I'm coming, Mom" yells Dewey as he gets out of bed. "Good morning, Mom," Dewey says to his mother walking into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Dewey. I think you should clean out the garage today. It's so messy and I can't get the car in anymore."

There goes my Saturday. I think every nine year old kid in the country wishes they were back in school or still sleeping. I know who ever invented the word chores wasn't ever a kid.

I'll e-mail *Big Bang* to see if he can help me. He should be finished with his music lessons by now. I always wondered, how can a kid get up so early just to practice playing music?

Sports! Now that's something to get up early for. I wish I could play sports 24 hours a day.

Playing basketball, soccer, tennis...anything but chores. That's what Saturdays should be for.

"Okay, *Big Bang* is coming over to help me, but what am I going to do with all that stuff?" Dewey asks.

"Have a yard sale," says his mother. "You know that baseball glove you always wanted; maybe you can earn the money you need to buy it."

Dewey and *Big Bang* begin to clean out the garage. *Big Bang* was amazed at all the sports stuff. "Where did you get all this sports equipment?" he asks Dewey.

Dewey Does smiles. All he's thinking about is the Hawk baseball glove he's always wanted. "My Dad would always bring different sports stuff home ever since I was a baby."

Dewey Does wonders how he's going to get people to his yard sale. "Should we call all our friends?" he asks *Big Bang*. Suddenly, he stops "I know, we can do jumping jacks," says Dewey with a serious look. "This will get people's attention" Dewey says, as he begins doing jumping jacks in his yard. *Big Bang* doesn't look so happy, but he joins in with Dewey. All of a sudden people began to look to see what all the excitement was about.

It was a long day but Dewey and *Big Bang* giving 110% effort and working together, sold most of the stuff. Dewey was very happy that he had earned enough to get his Hawk baseball glove.

His mother is now able to put the car in the garage ...at least for now.

Story written by TMK



# DEWEY DOES

110% Motivational Short Stories

## WORKING TOGETHER

### Yard Sale

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Answer the following questions to the best of your ability.

1. How does *Dewey Does* feel about Saturdays? Why?

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2. What was so amazing to Big Bang?

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3. How does *Dewey Does* let his neighbors know about the yard sale?

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4. What would *Dewey Does* rather be doing on a Saturday? How do you spend your Saturdays?

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5. What is the name of the baseball glove that *Dewey Does* want to buy?

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6. How does *Dewey Does* and Big Bang give 110% in this story?

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7. Why do you think the author refers to this story as *competition*?

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## ONE GOAL

### Universal Language

Mrs. Cusamano, my fourth grade teacher, said his name was Garcia and that he was from far far away. I think she said from South America where Spanish is the main language.

I always wondered why he sat in class and never really talked to anyone.

One day while I was sitting with Mrs. Cusamano I asked her about the new student, Garcia. Mrs. Cusamano said "Dewey, he doesn't speak English very well and it may be hard to understand our *culture*."

My mind was just wandering; thinking of people giving 110% effort in other worlds, as Mrs. Cusamano continued to talk. "You know Dewey, since you love sports so much maybe there's a sport you both like to play."

"I don't know Mrs. Cusamano, what do they play in South America?" I asked.

"Well Dewey, you should go research it at the library or just ask Garcia. You know sports is sometimes called the *Universal Language*" says Mrs. Cusamano as she continued to speak.

"Remember when Annda first moved here from China. She didn't speak English well either, but you found out that she loves playing basketball and you guys became good friends. Sports has a way of bringing people together."

I guess I understood what Mrs. Cusamano meant by sports being called a *Universal Language*. People can speak different languages, but when you're playing the game there's only one language.

I went to the library and learned that soccer was a popular sport in South America. Apparently soccer is as big in South America as baseball is in the United States. Millions of people play soccer all over the world.

The next day I brought my soccer ball to school to the delight of Mrs. Cusamano and Garcia. I quickly learned that he loved to play soccer.

Garcia even taught me some new moves regardless of our language differences. Mrs. Cusamano was right, sports does bring countries together.



*Story written by TMK*

# DEWEY DOES

110% Motivational Short Stories

## ONE GOAL

### Universal Language

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Answer the following questions to the best of your ability.

1. Why do you think sports is known as the *universal language*?

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2. Name some sports that are big in other countries.

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3. Tell how Garcia's culture in South America can be different from the culture in your home town.

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4. How would you feel if you moved to South America?

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5. Do you think *Dewey Does* would get along well in South America? Why?

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6. Do you think the way *Dewey Does* thinks of 110% can be used in other countries? Why?

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7. Why do you think the author refers to this story as *one goal*?

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