

48 Grasshopper Estates



written by
Sara de Waal

illustrated by
Erika Medina

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For all my students, who often hear my stories first.
—S.D.

To Lalo and my dad.
—E.M.

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© 2021 Erika Medina (illustrations)

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Sicily Bridges lived at 48 Grasshopper Estates.

In all her years there, she had never seen one grasshopper,
or, come to think of it, any grass.

That was alright with Sicily. She could make them herself.

Sicily Bridges could make almost anything.

When she needed a snack, she made chocolate chunk cookies with mint swirls.

When it was too quiet, she invented a trumpinette.



When she was scared, she created a dragon with seven tails that could terrify even the most fearsome closet monster.



And just in case that didn't work, she knew how to make a getaway boat that could sail right across the ocean.



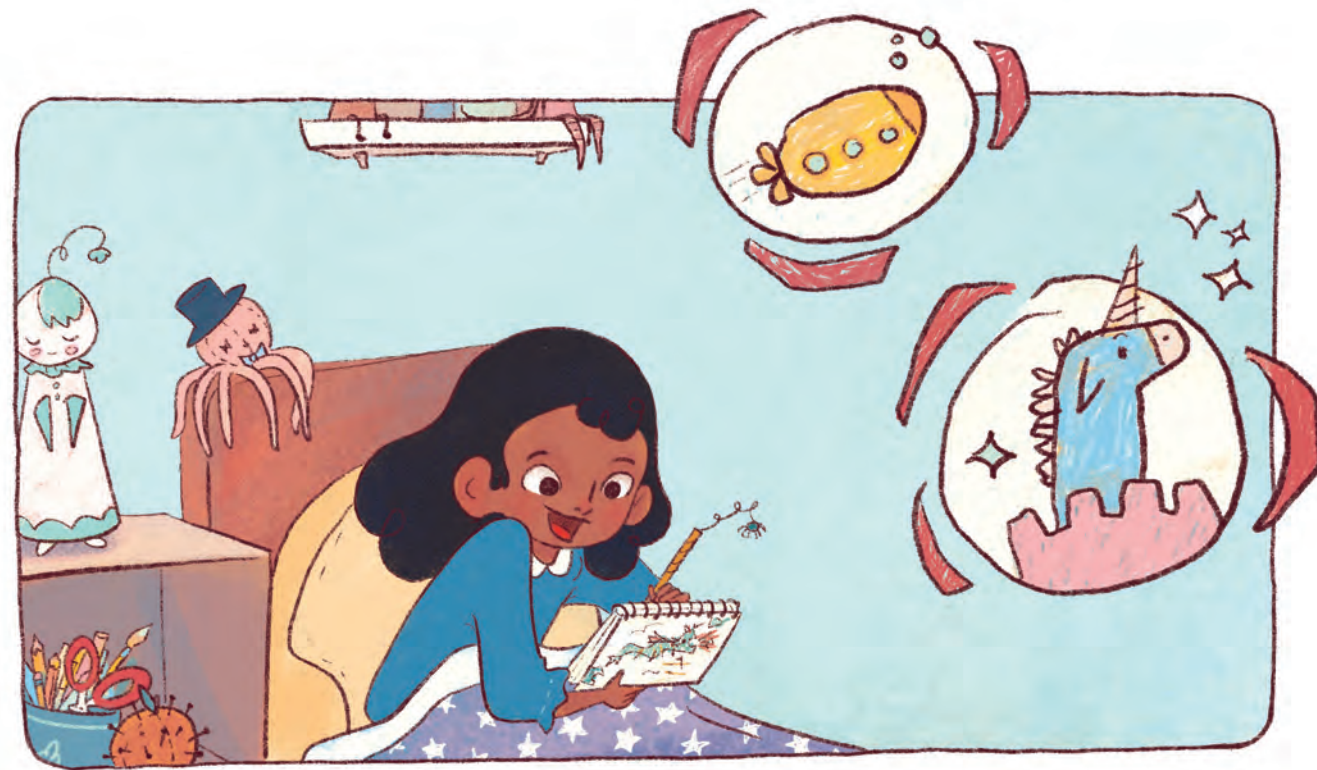
48

Well, sort of.

On Thursday morning, Sicily's mum tiptoed to the side of her bed. Skirt swish, forehead kiss, and off to work she went.



Soon, the smell of Mrs. Rubenstein's oatmeal came wafting in, and with it came ideas:



a lake submarine, a unicorn castle painted aqua and pink,

and best of all, a spaceship that could take her to Mars, with a built-in supersonic sandwich maker, of course.



They were splendid ideas, and as the sun rose, Sicily jotted each one down in her notebook.

At seven o'clock came a knock at the door.

Ratta-tatta-tat. Tatta-ratta-ratta-tat.

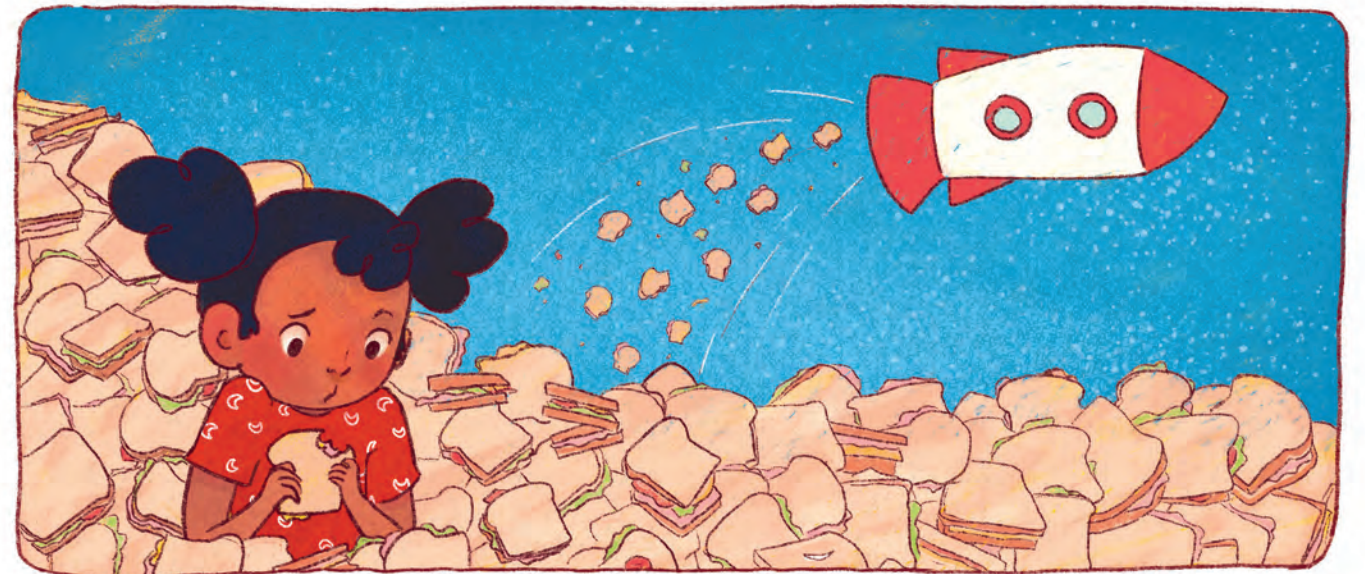
"What will you make today?" asked Mrs. Rubenstein.

Sicily scanned her list.



Lake submarines were on the small side, but they still needed at least two crew members.

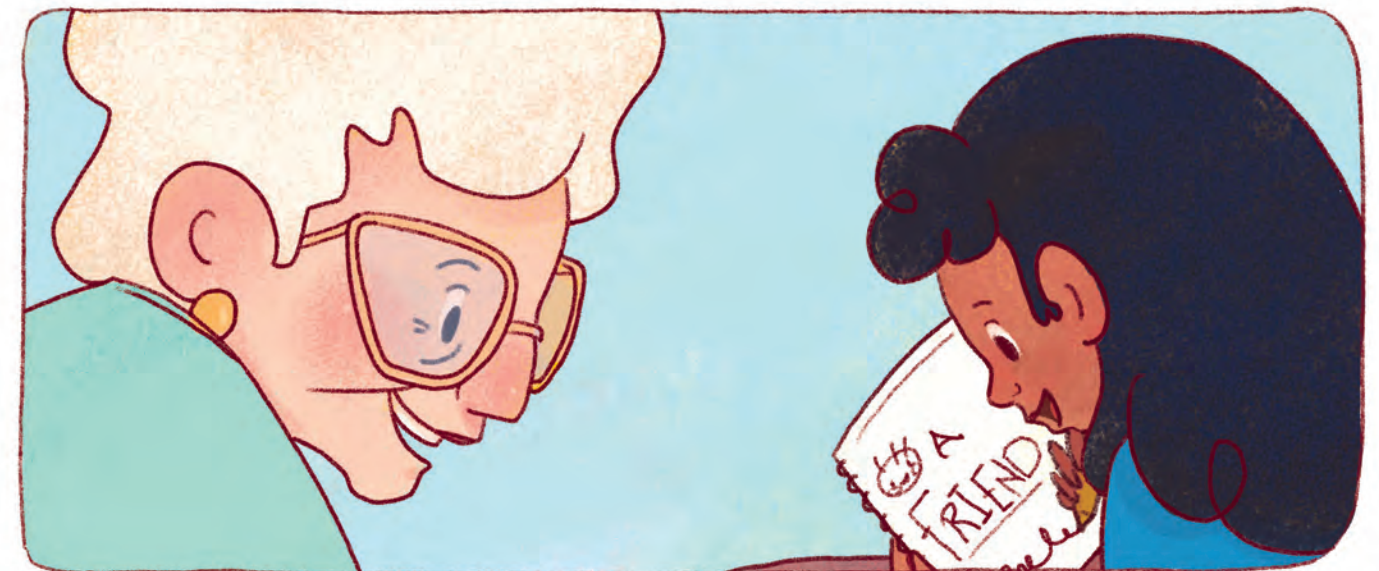
And a supersonic sandwich maker would be perfect for her trip to Mars, but even she might need help eating all those sandwiches.



Sicily added one more thing to the list.



A unicorn castle would be spectacular, but how would she defend it all by herself?



"An excellent choice," said Mrs. Rubenstein, and she left Sicily Bridges to her work.