



CHAPTER 1

Wingnut was the happiest little golden retriever puppy. She had three brothers—Kai, Kiko, and Sushi—and two sisters—Mochi and Leah. They all lived together in a small town in Hawaii called Mililani. Wingnut was the oldest of the puppies, even though it was only by a few minutes. All the other puppies looked up to her since she was the oldest and strongest. They played together all the time in their big yard. Wingnut's mother, Luna, explained to the puppies that sooner or later, it would be time for them to find new homes to explore the world, where they would learn and play all the time.

Wingnut was the first puppy to be sent to her new home. Her mom helped her pack her things and ensured she had her bone to bring. Her mom gave her so many kisses on the nose to say goodbye, and then all the other puppies jumped on top of Wingnut, giving her hugs and kisses to say goodbye too. Wingnut's tail wagged so much from this. She felt so loved. While Russell, the owner of Luna and all the puppies, parked the truck for Wingnut, her little sister Mochi ran over to give

Wingnut her favorite stuffed teddy bear, Coco, so she wouldn't be alone on her first night. Taking her bone and clutching Coco tightly, Wingnut set off for her new home—a beach town nestled on Hawaii's North Shore called Waialua. Wingnut was very sad about leaving her family and whimpered in the front seat of the truck as they drove through the pineapple fields. She watched birds fly around together and was happy they were a family. She saw a mama pig and her seven little piglets on the side of the road eating fallen guavas, and she was happy they were still a family too. She knew her mom would never let anything bad happen to her. Wingnut realized that instead of losing her family, she would gain another family.

When Wingnut arrived at her new home, the first thing she saw was a big blue house with white trim around the doors and windows. There was a big yard to run around in and a shaded porch so she could chew her bones and watch all the kids play in the street. Wingnut did not know how to feel. She was nervous, excited, and scared all at the same time.

Wingnut took a big breath, bit down on her bone and on one leg of Coco, and said to herself, "I hope they like me," as she walked up the sidewalk. She climbed the three stairs to get onto the porch. They were big stairs. She had to throw her two front paws up as high as she could, and then she jumped with her back legs to make it up. With every step, Coco's head bounced off the previous step. Once up onto the porch, she

sat down patiently and scratched at the door with her right paw. Her tail started wagging as she heard footsteps and the doorknob turn.

As the door opened, she could smell bacon. She looked up, and all her nervousness went away. She saw that her new owner's feet were sandy, and his board shorts were still dripping from his morning surf. She kept looking up and saw that his T-shirt was too big for him, and his beard and hair were both blond and shaggy like her fur. This made Wingnut happy, and then he smiled at her reassuringly.

Wingnut gathered her courage and squeaked out, "I'm Wingnut! I'm your new puppy."

"Hello, Wingnut. I've been waiting for you. My name is Christopher, and I'm so excited you are finally here!" he said. Christopher slowly bent down and sat on the floor to be next to Wingnut. He used one hand to pet the top of her head, then opened his other hand to reveal little bacon bites. Wingnut was so excited that she spun in a circle three times and then flopped to the floor to eat all her treats out of his hand.

"Would you like to come in and see your new home?" he asked.

Wingnut wagged her tail more and stood up. Before she could even say yes, her legs took her into her new home to explore. She ran to the back door and saw that there was no backyard. There was also no grass. She was so confused.

Christopher saw that Wingnut was upset and explained to her that the backyard was everywhere. “This entire beach is your backyard,” Christopher said.

Wingnut couldn’t believe how lucky she was, and she hoped her brothers and sisters were just as lucky.

Wingnut and Christopher immediately became best friends. They did everything together. Every day became one adventure after another. Some days, they went hiking in the jungle to look for papayas, bananas, and coconuts. Other times, they would hike to the top of Mount Ka’ala to look over the entire island. When it was too hot, they would hike to Wingnut’s favorite waterfall in Waimea Valley for a cool swim. Christopher would take Wingnut surfing with him on small days and push her and her surfboard into the waves, and she would ride them all the way to the beach. They were always laughing and playing. They were inseparable. Every morning, excitement filled the air for Wingnut, and she couldn’t wait to wake up her best friend, Christopher. With a playful leap, she’d hop onto his bed and cover his face with wet, sloppy puppy kisses. If Christopher laughed and hid under the blanket, Wingnut would gently nudge it aside with her nose, just enough to see his smiling face. She was always so eager to start their fun-filled day of play and adventure together. When he finally got out of bed, that’s when she knew the day started, and it was time for her to take Christopher on his morning walk to check the surf.

Every morning, they would walk along the beach to watch the waves before he headed to work. Christopher would sit on the sand, enjoying his coffee and contemplating a surf session later while Wingnut busily collected fallen coconuts to take back to the house.

Wingnut loved coconuts. They were her absolute favorite. Every day was an adventure for Wingnut and Christopher as they searched for the perfect coconut. Wingnut, with her tail wagging, would carry their prize back home, nibbling on the tough shell while Christopher was away at work. A very special coconut was always picked for Lilly, Wingnut's friend who ran the local sandwich shop. Lilly loved these gifts; she would turn the coconut water into refreshing drinks and the sweet meat into scrumptious coconut pudding for the tourists to enjoy. After delivering her coconut to Lilly, who kept it cool in the back of the shop, Wingnut would get a tasty reward of leftover bones. Lilly and Wingnut were also best friends, often going to the beach together when Christopher was busy. But today was different. Today, there wasn't a single coconut in sight, and that meant only one thing: it was the start of Wingnut's most exciting adventure yet.

When Christopher left for work that morning, Wingnut had no choice but to escape and go look for a coconut to bring to Lilly. The screen window by Wingnut's food bowl in the kitchen had a tear in it, and Wingnut realized she could

squeeze through the opening to get outside. She took one last drink of water and wriggled herself through the hole to start her great coconut hunt.