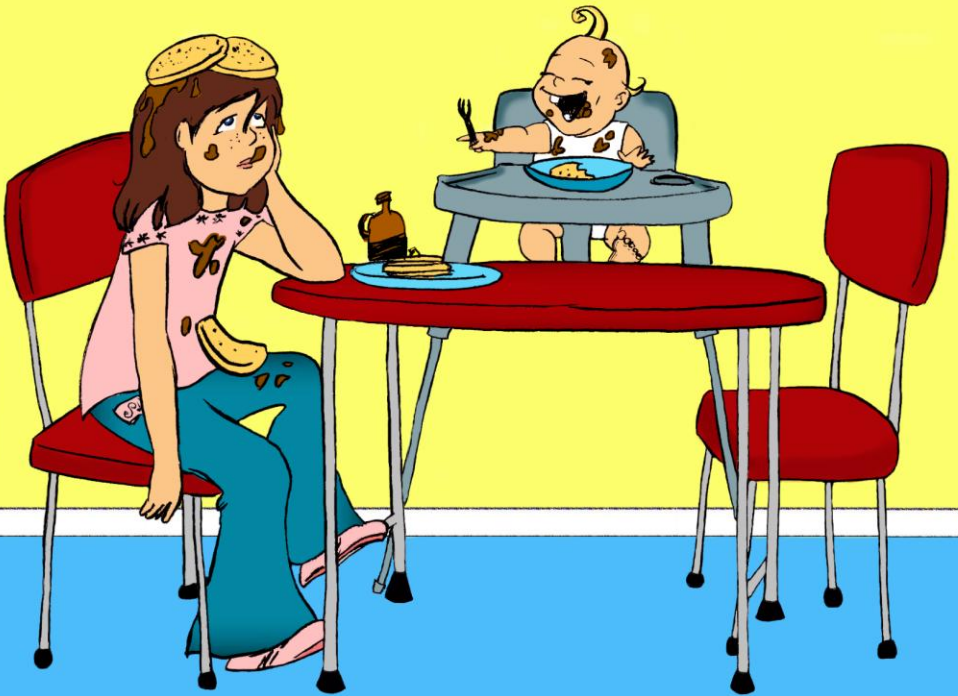


# *Lizzy Ann's Adventures*

*Sharon A. Wagner-Zarrella*  
*Illustrated by Vidya Vasudevan*





# *Lizzy Anne's Adventures*

## *Volume 1*

*To my daughter Rebecca  
You're my inspiration!*

Library of Congress Control Numer: 2010909421

ISBN: 978-0-9845887-2-5

Text Copyright © 2009 by Sharon Wagner-Zarella. All rights reserved.  
Illustrations Copyright © 2009 by Sharon Wagner-Zarella. All rights reserved.

Printed in the United States of America

Lizzy Anne's Adventures  
P.O. Box 97  
Monrovia, MD 21770  
lizzyanne@lizzyanneadventures.com  
www.lizzyanneadventures.com

# *Lizzy Anne's Adventures*



*Sharon A. Wagner-Zarrella*  
*Illustrated by Vidya Vasudevan*





# Contents

Lizzy Anne's First Day of the Third Grade ... 1

Lizzy Anne's Allowance ..... 13

Lizzy Anne's Eavesdropping ..... 31







## Chapter 2

---

### *Lizzy Anne's Allowance*

Over my summer vacation, I had many talks with Mother and Father about the subject of allowance. You see, three weeks ago when school started, I found this information out: most of my classmates in Mrs. Blume's third grade class were receiving allowances from their parents.

Hi, my name is Lizzy Anne and I am seven years old. I was sitting in Mrs. Blume's class one day and Leonard Brown was talking to Elizabeth Webster, Max Dugan, and his brother Danny Dugan about their allowances. I felt that I was responsible enough to receive a weekly allowance, but it seemed hopeless. No matter how hard I tried to prove myself to Mother and Father, they wouldn't budge. I needed a new plan, but what could that plan be? I needed to somehow prove to both of my parents that I was responsible.

Later that afternoon there was a knock at the

door. When Mother answered the door there stood Jeffery Miller selling all kinds of stuff from school.

“Hello, Jeffery,” said Mother. “I see you have a lot of items to sell.”

“Yes, Mrs. Ryan!” Jeffery exclaimed. “The sales will help us buy football equipment we need for our school. Would you like to see the list of items I have to sell, Mrs. Ryan?”

“Sure, Jeffery,” Mother replied. “Jeffery, please put me down for three packages of Christmas wrapping paper.”

“I sure will,” Jeffery responded.

Just then I heard Mother say, “Lizzy Anne, Jeffery Miller is at the door.”

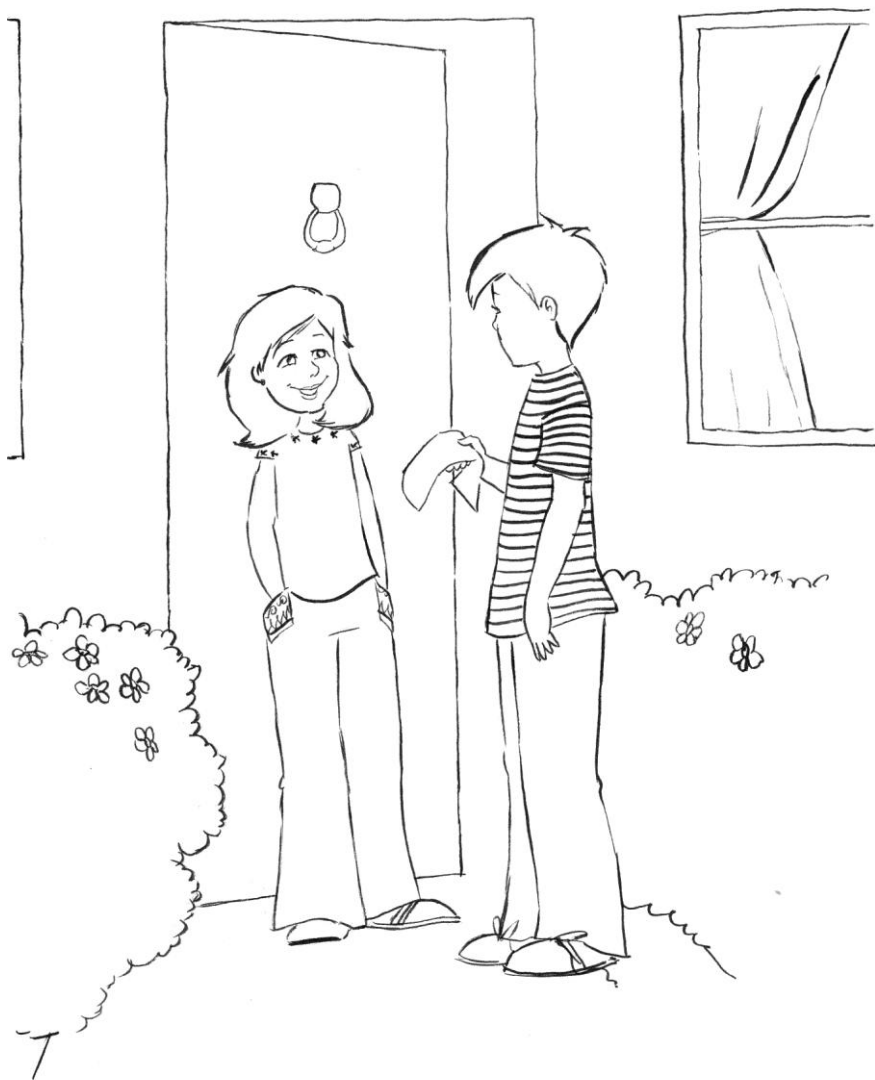
“Hi, Jeffery,” I said.

“Hi, Lizzy Anne,” Jeffery responded.

“How’s school for you this year?”

“Great, Jeffery. Third grade is going to be a winner,” I responded.

“Hey, Lizzy Anne, I’m a paperboy now,” said Jeffery. “I deliver a paper called *The*



*Jet.*”

“Really?” I replied.

“All my mom did was call *The Jet* newspaper, and they connected her with the right person for newspaper delivery,” Jeffery explained. “*The Jet* newspaper is always searching for more delivery people,” he declared.

“Jeffery, will you get me the phone number to the newspaper?” I asked.

“Sure, I’ll stop by tomorrow with the phone

number,” Jeffery promised.

“Okay, Jeffery,” I said, “I’ll see you tomorrow!”

Later that night Mother said to Father, “It was nice seeing Jeffery Miller. He has become very responsible.”

Then I told Mother and Father that Jeffery had a job, and that he was delivering newspapers for *The Jet*.

Mother replied, “That’s wonderful, Lizzy Anne.”

“Jeffery told me they’re still searching for help,” I said. “Just think, I could deliver *The Jet* newspaper here, Mother.”

“That is a very big commitment on your part, Lizzy Anne,” said Mother.

“Many people will be depending on you,” Father added.

“Lizzy Anne, your father and I think that maybe you should put more thought into this idea of being a delivery person for *The Jet* newspaper,” Mother said.



So I went upstairs to my room to think about how I could prove to my mother and father that I was responsible. After all, I am in the third grade, and I get myself ready for school, and I take care of my brother when Mother is doing the laundry, and I also help around the house.

The next day in school, it seemed like everyone was talking about what they did with their allowances, and how some of the kids spent their allowances on really cool stuff. Some of the kids saved their allowances, but the thing was, they were getting an allowance.

At dinner that night, my baby brother Ollie was sitting in his high chair. He seemed to be entertaining himself with his green beans, so I thought to myself, *This would be a great time to bring up the subject of allowance again, and delivering the newspaper for The Jet.*

“Well, Mother and Father, before I ask you this question again, I would like to remind you both that all through the summer I was very responsible, and when school started, every night I set my alarm clock so I could get up for school on time. I have helped Mother around the house, and I have also

helped Mother with baby Ollie,” I added. “So, what do you both think about me getting an allowance, and what do you think about me delivering the newspaper for *The Jet*?” I asked.

“Lizzy Anne, your mother and I still think you are taking on quite a responsibility,” said Father, “and not to mention, many people will be depending on you. This would be a very big commitment on your part, with early hours included. Lizzy Anne, are you ready for this responsibility? I used to deliver the newspaper, Lizzy Anne, when

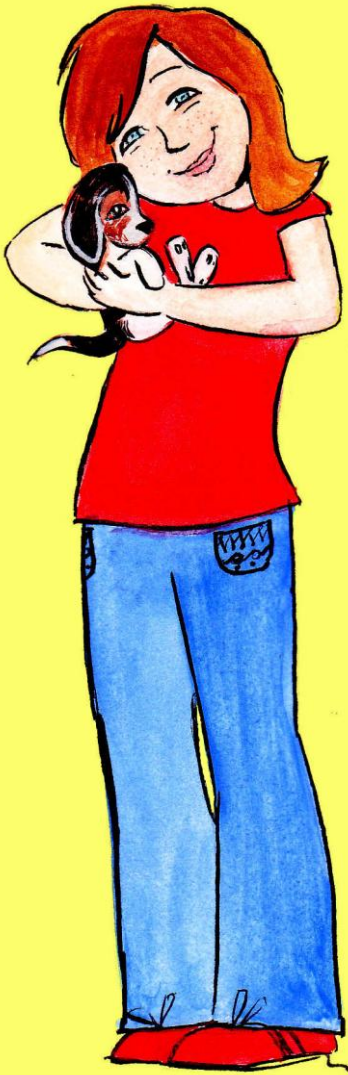


# *To Be Continued*

Look for this and other Lizzy Anne's  
Adventure books at your local bookstore!

Or buy the eBook on-line [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)





*To Be Continued*

ISBN: 978-0-9845887-2-5



9 780984 588725

5 0 5 9 9

Lizzy Anne's Adventures

P.O. Box 97

Monrovia, MD 21770

[lizzyanne@lizzyanneadventures.com](mailto:lizzyanne@lizzyanneadventures.com)

[www.lizzyanneadventures.com](http://www.lizzyanneadventures.com)