

WHY ARE YOU HIDING, HILDA?

Written and Illustrated by Rachel A. DiNunzio
rachelalyssa89@gmail.com
716-908-6567

Color illustration samples can be found on:



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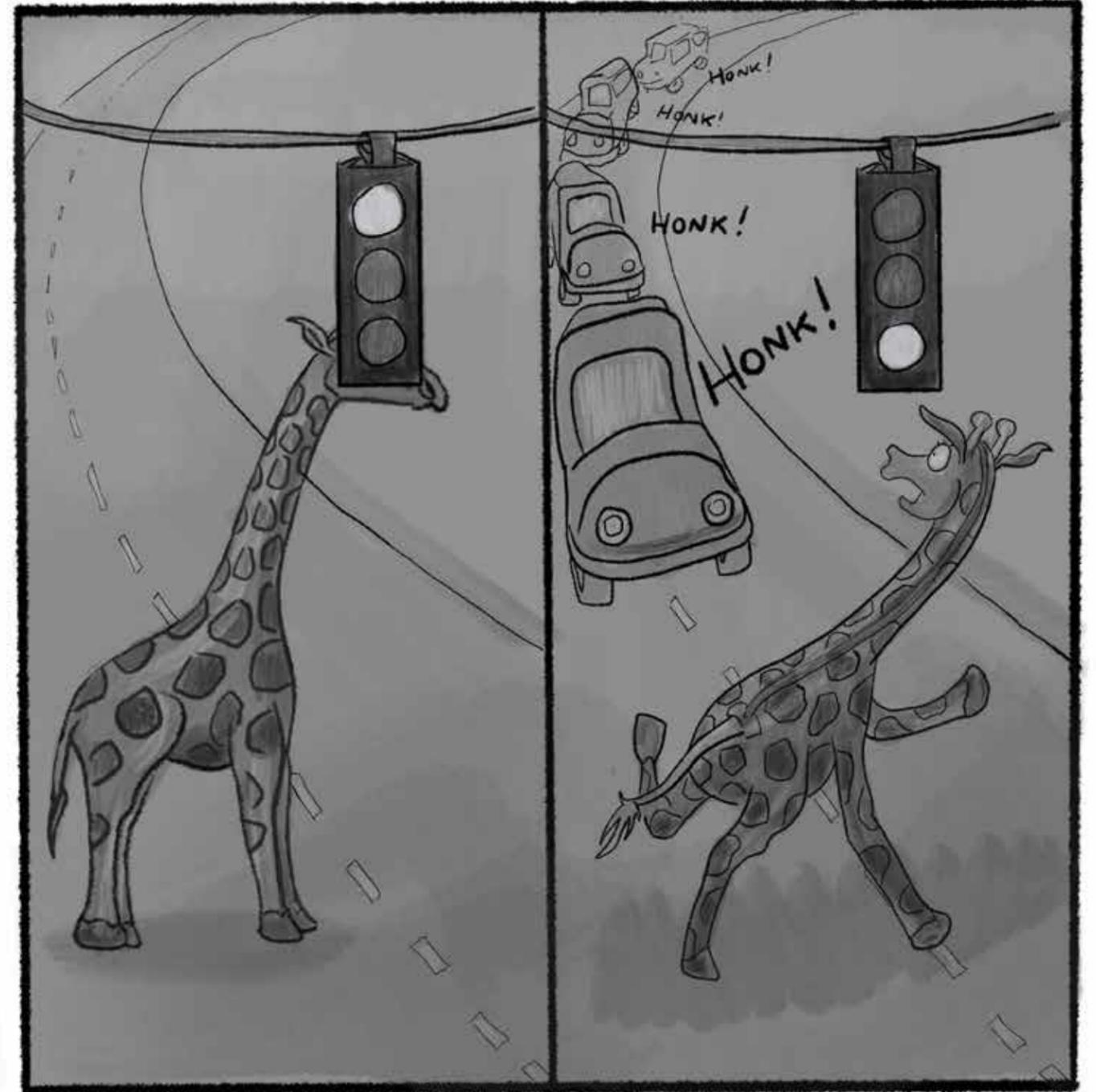
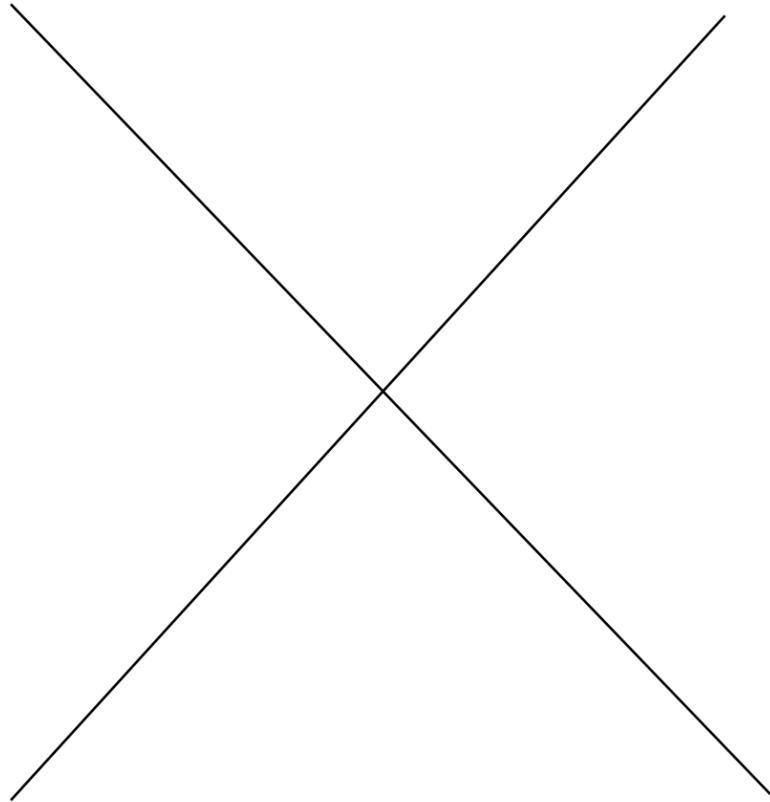
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Dummy Book For Agent Querying 2020

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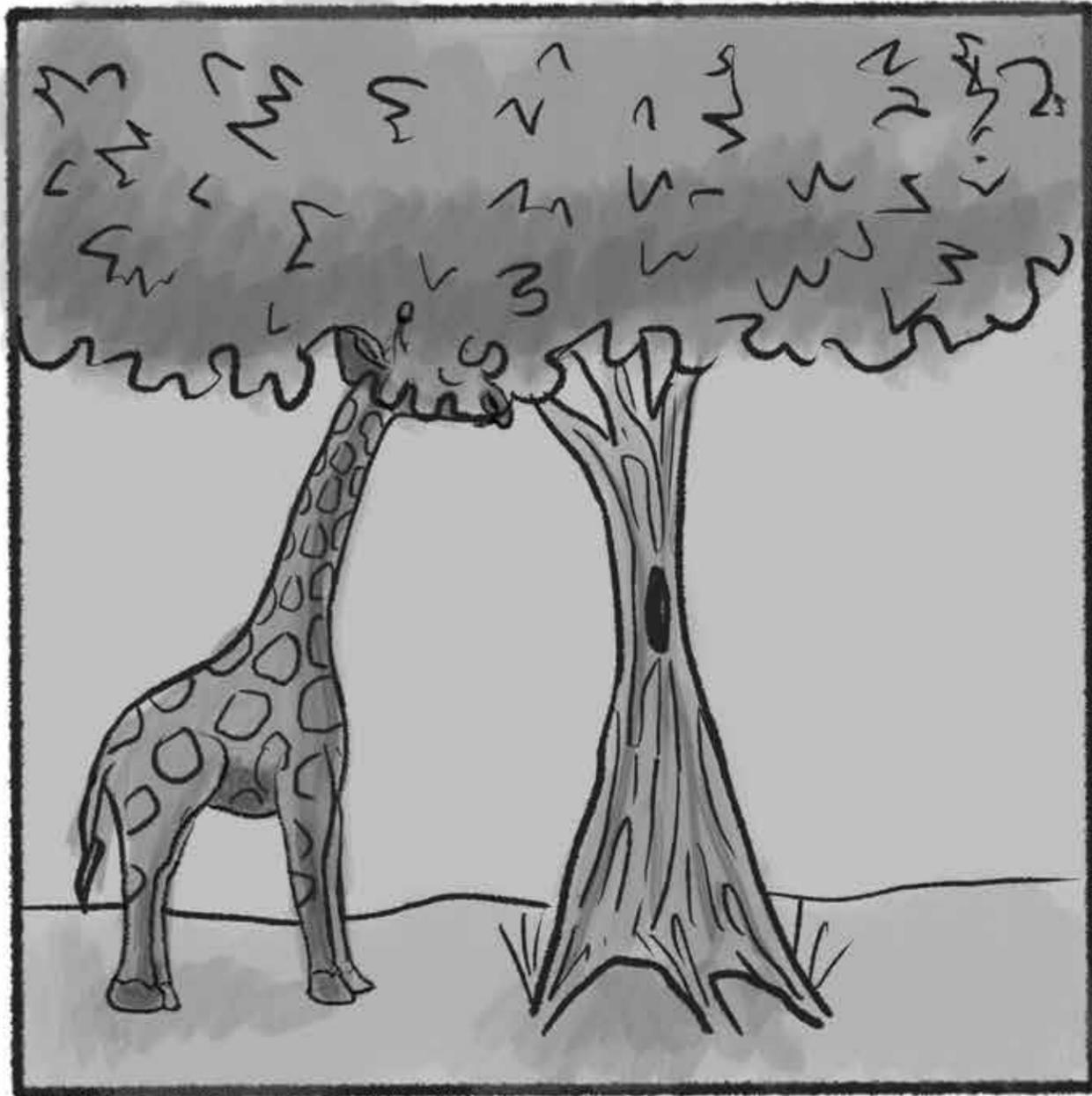


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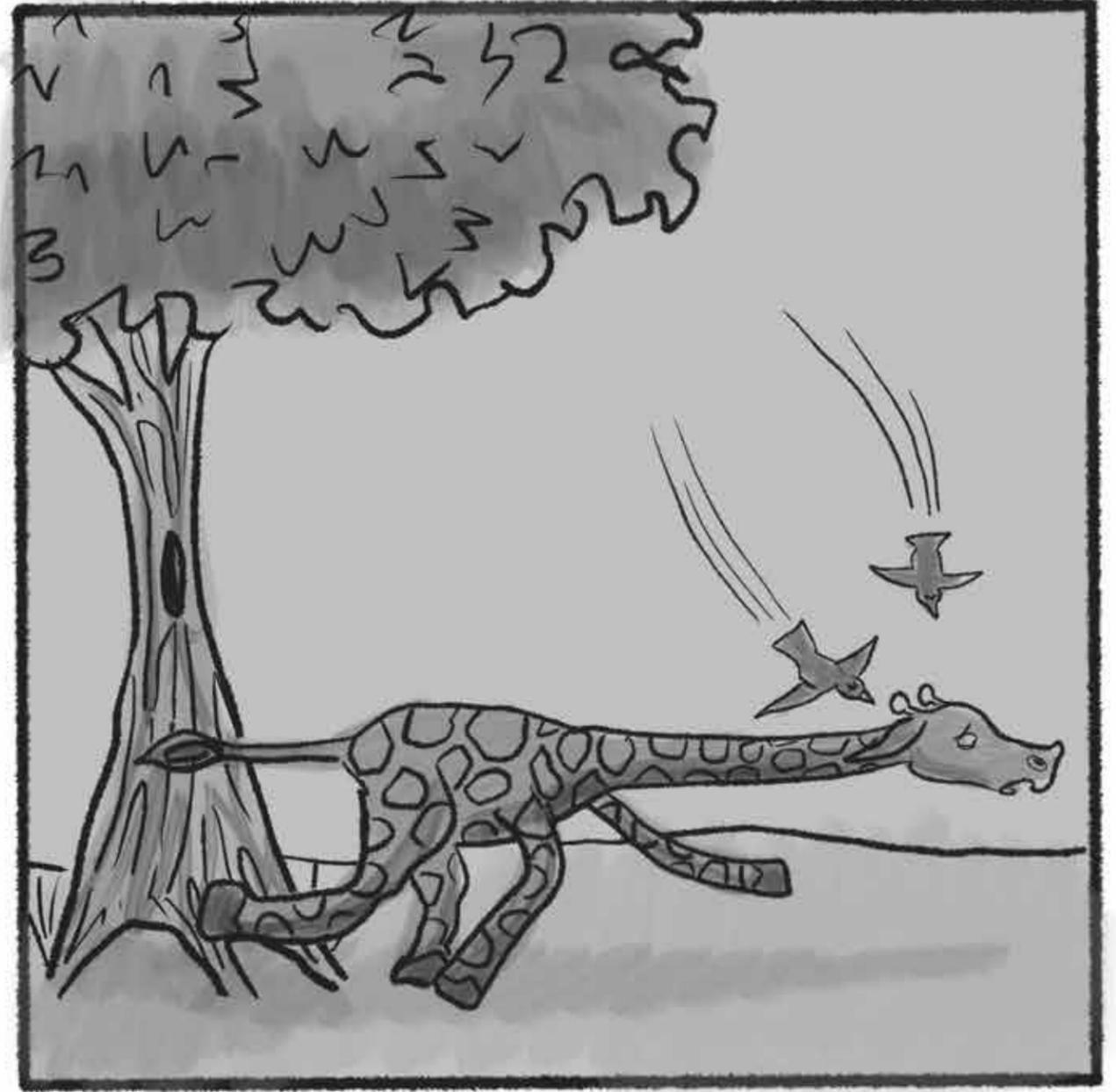
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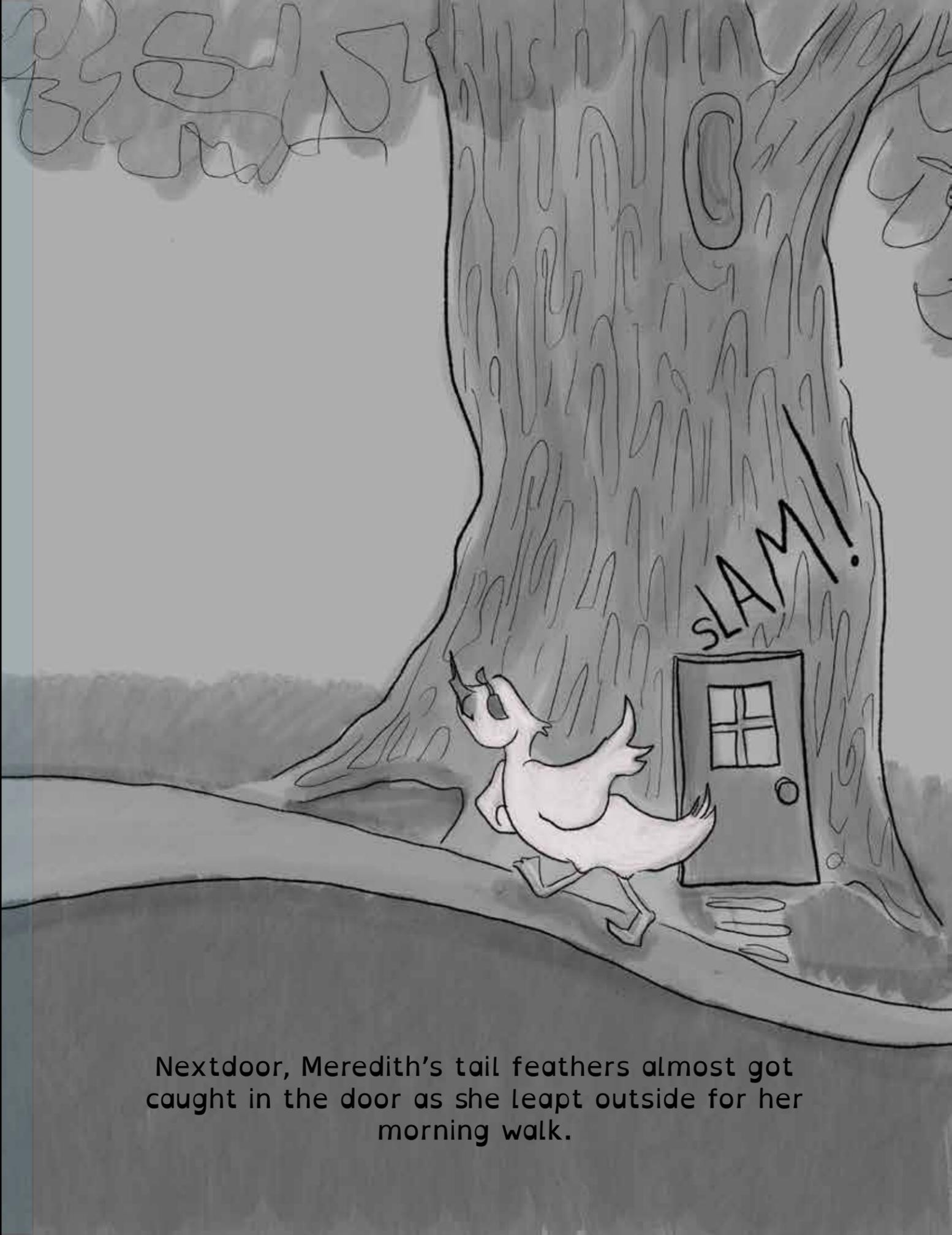
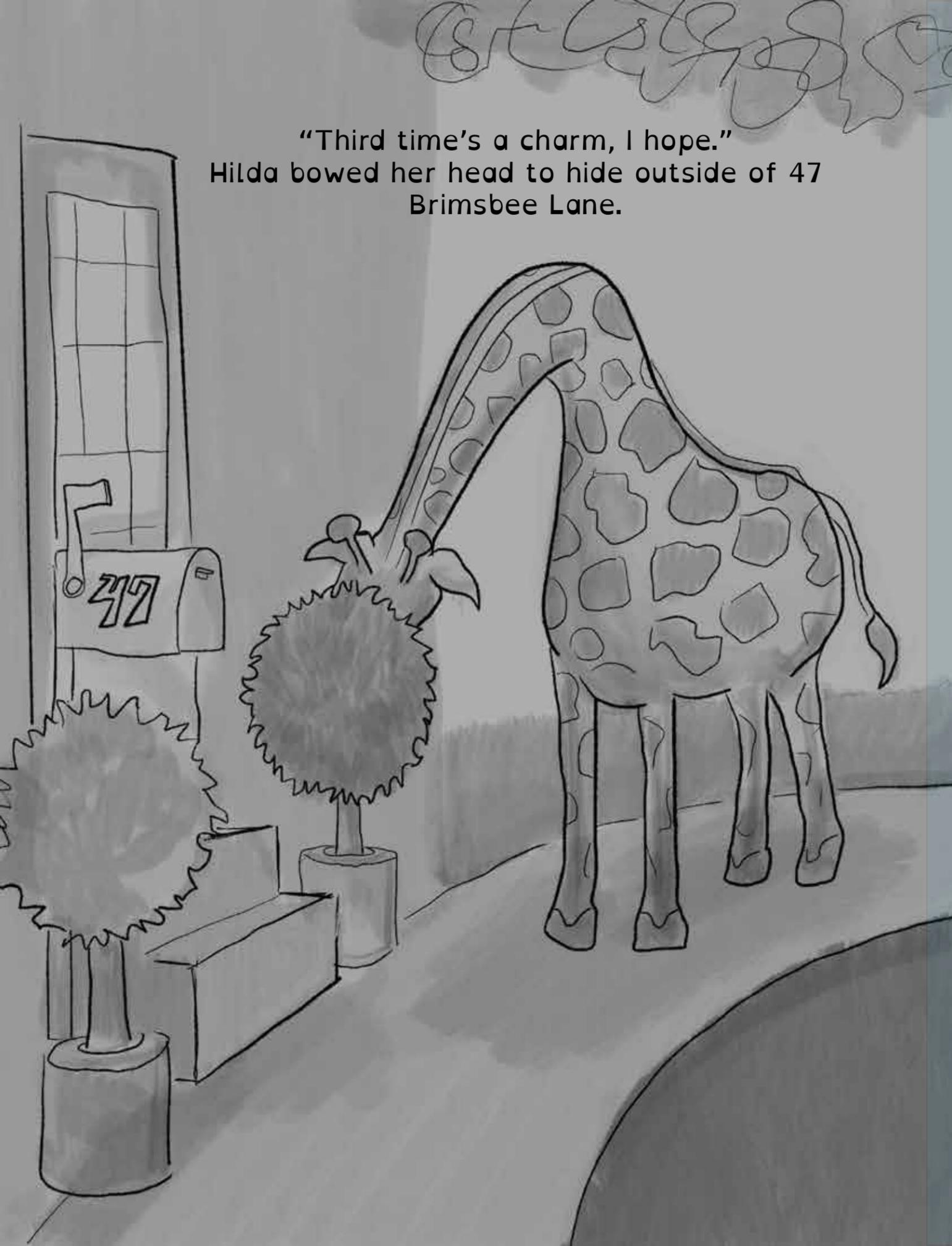


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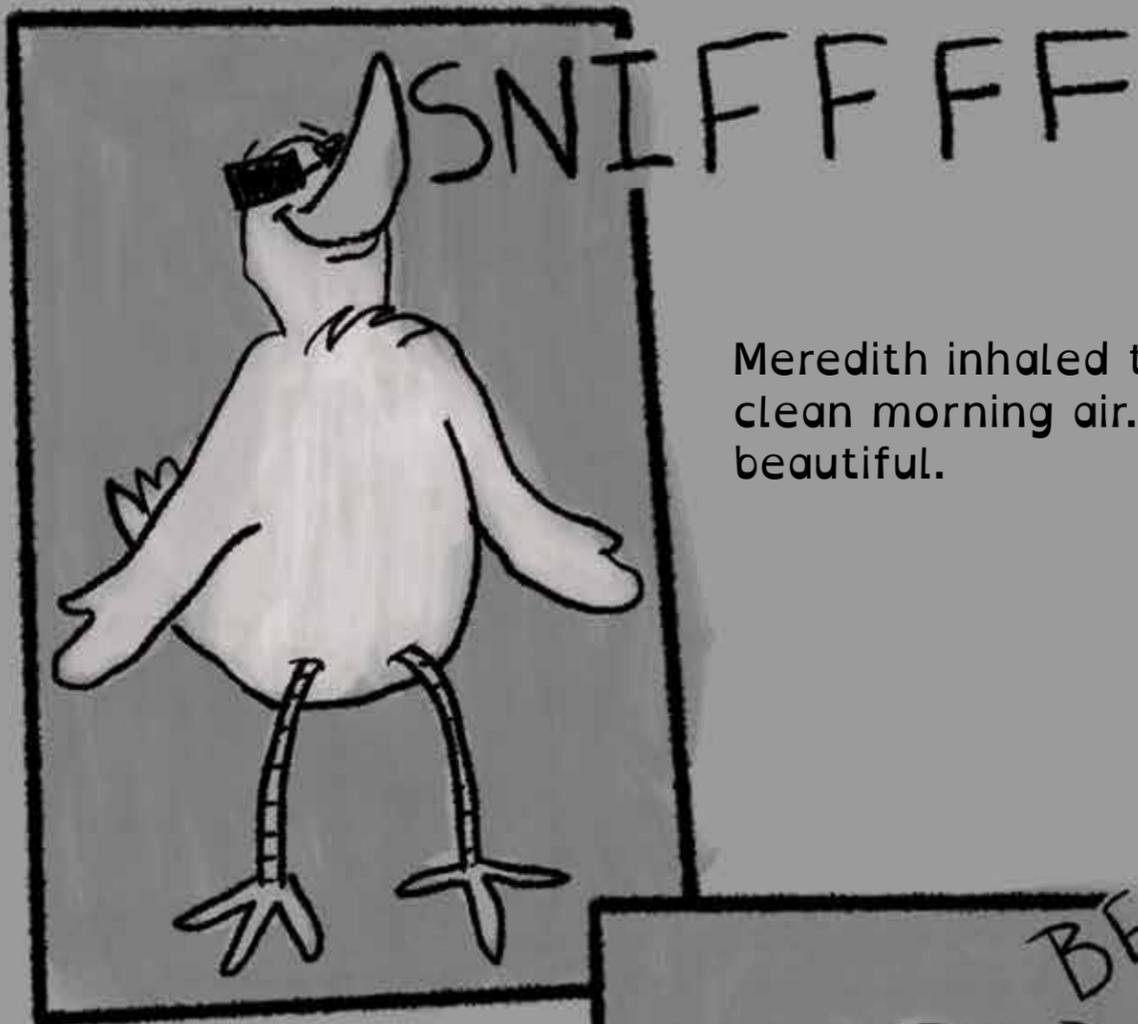
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"Third time's a charm, I hope."
Hilda bowed her head to hide outside of 47
Brimsbee Lane.

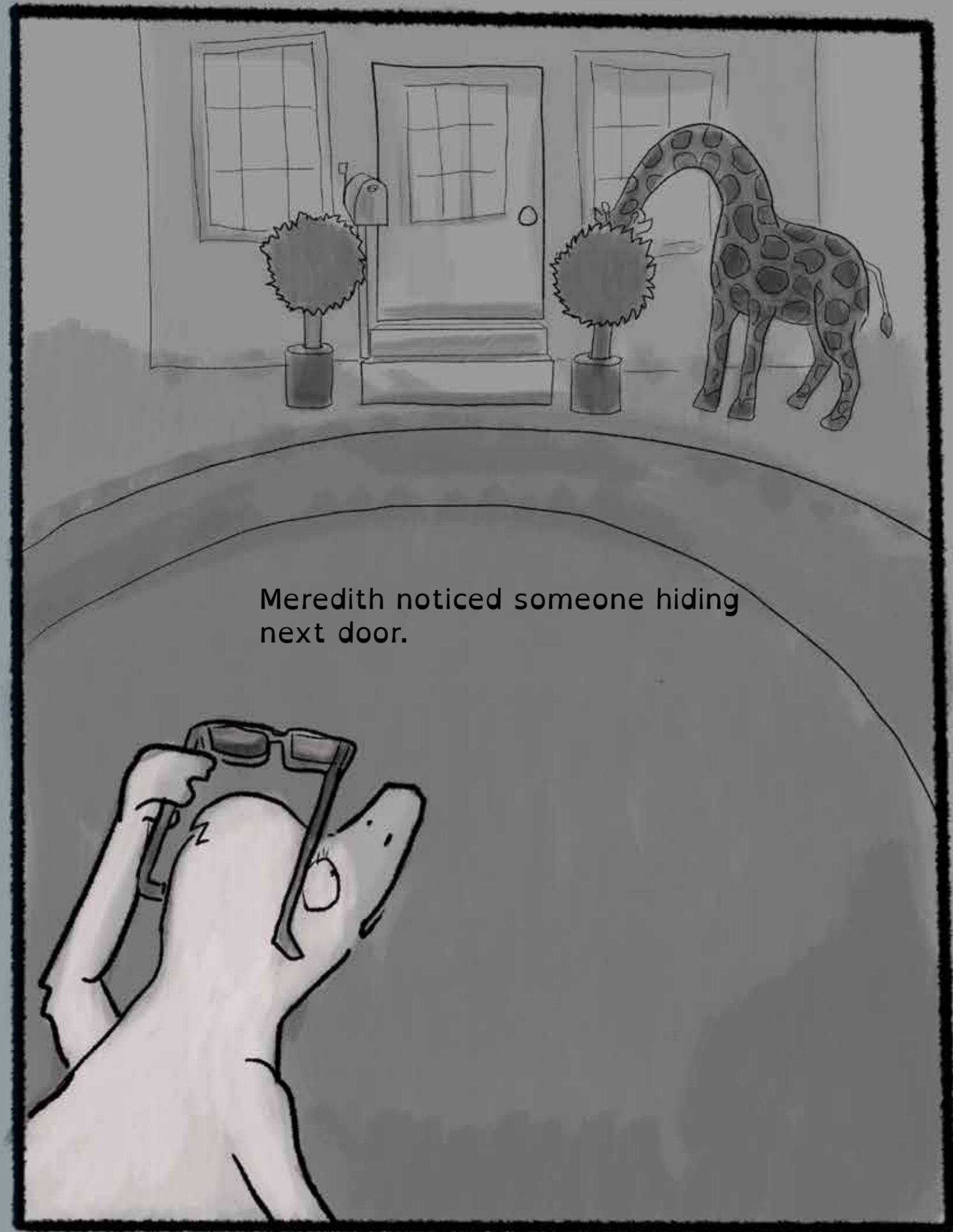


Nextdoor, Meredith's tail feathers almost got
caught in the door as she leapt outside for her
morning walk.



Meredith inhaled the crisp clean morning air. Ahhhh, beautiful.

8 am on the dot! Time to go walk, walk, walk! Wa-aaahat in the world?

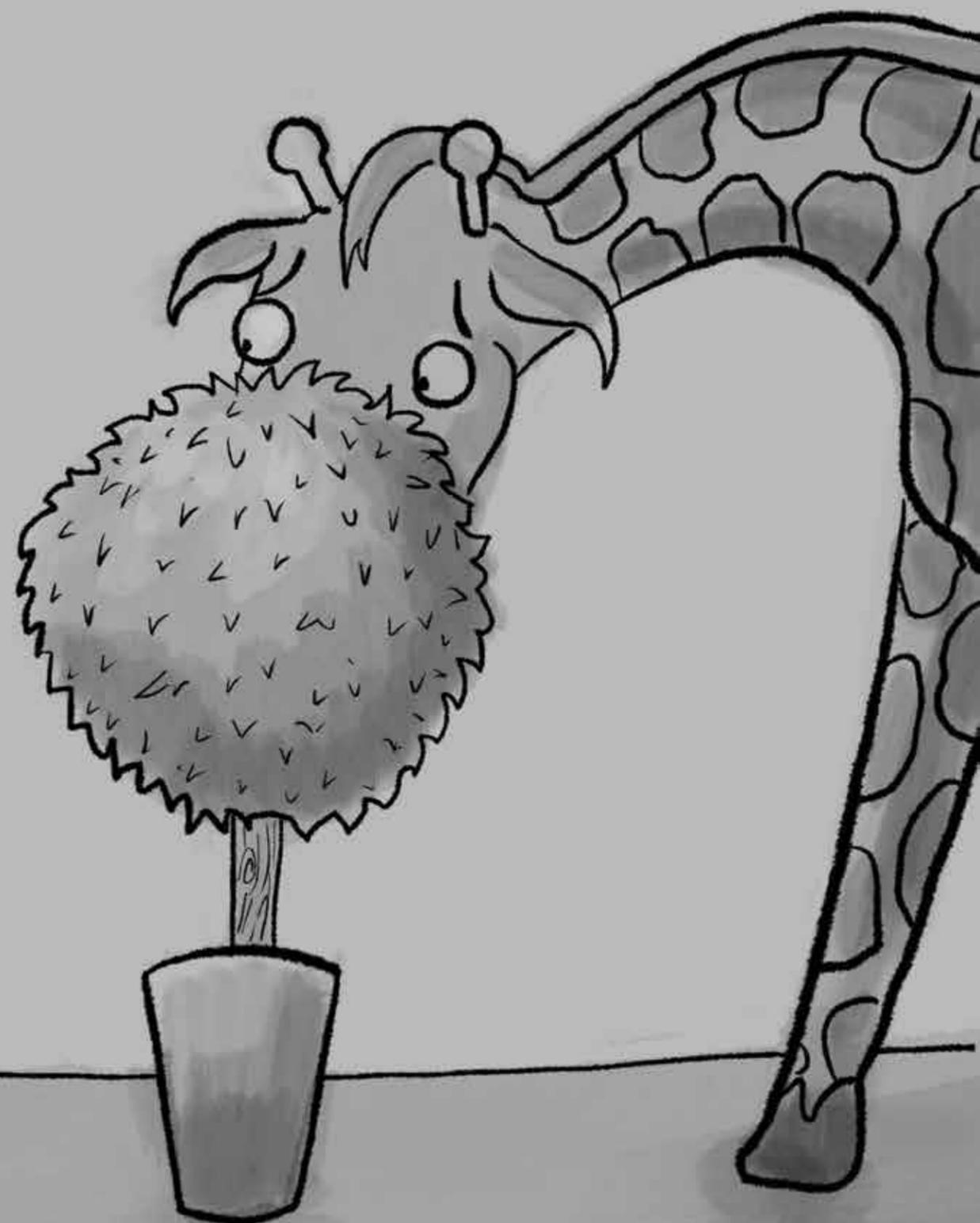


Meredith noticed someone hiding next door.

“Um. Who’s hiding behind that tiny tree?”



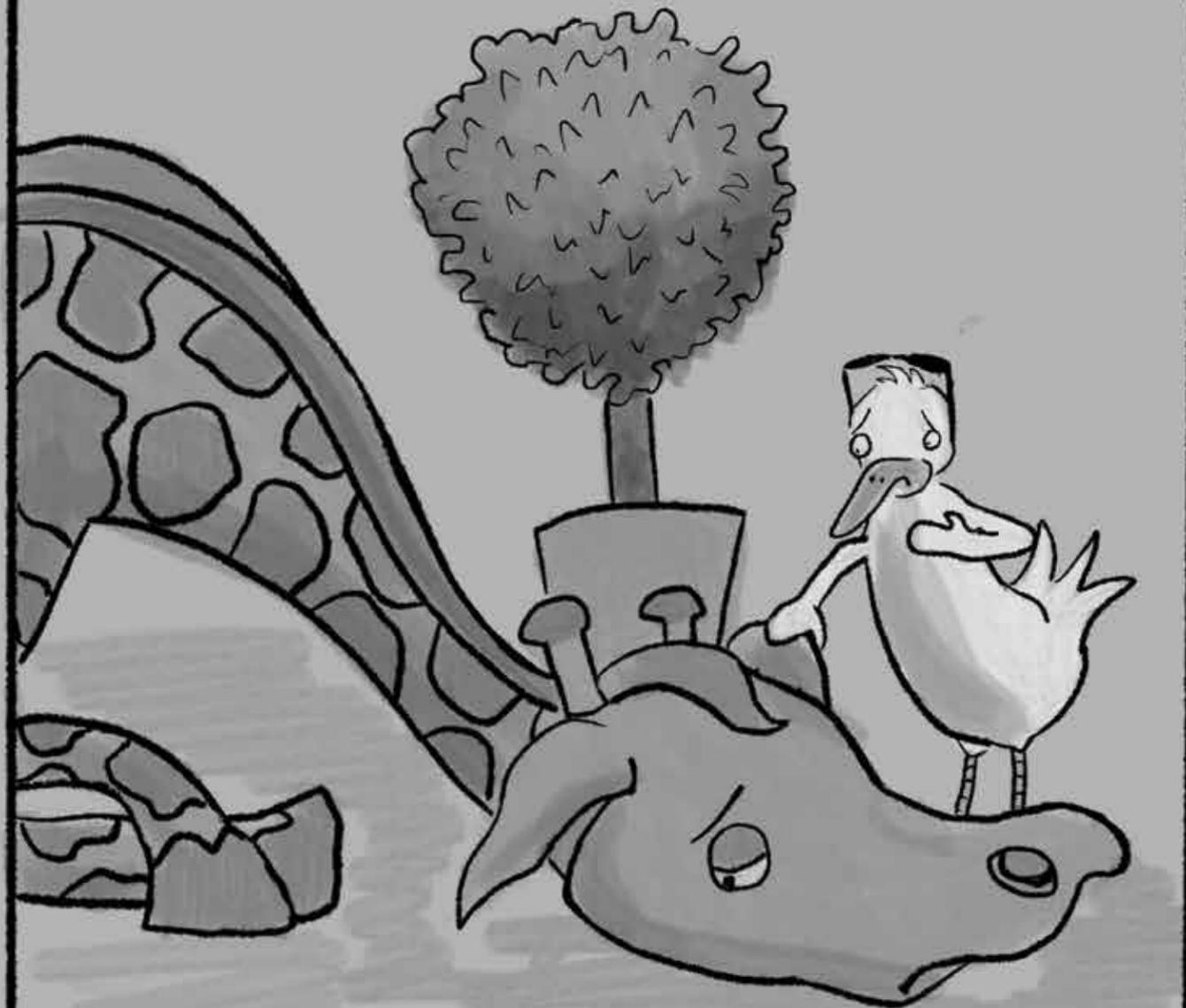
Hilda’s head popped up, “Hey, Mer, it’s just me.”



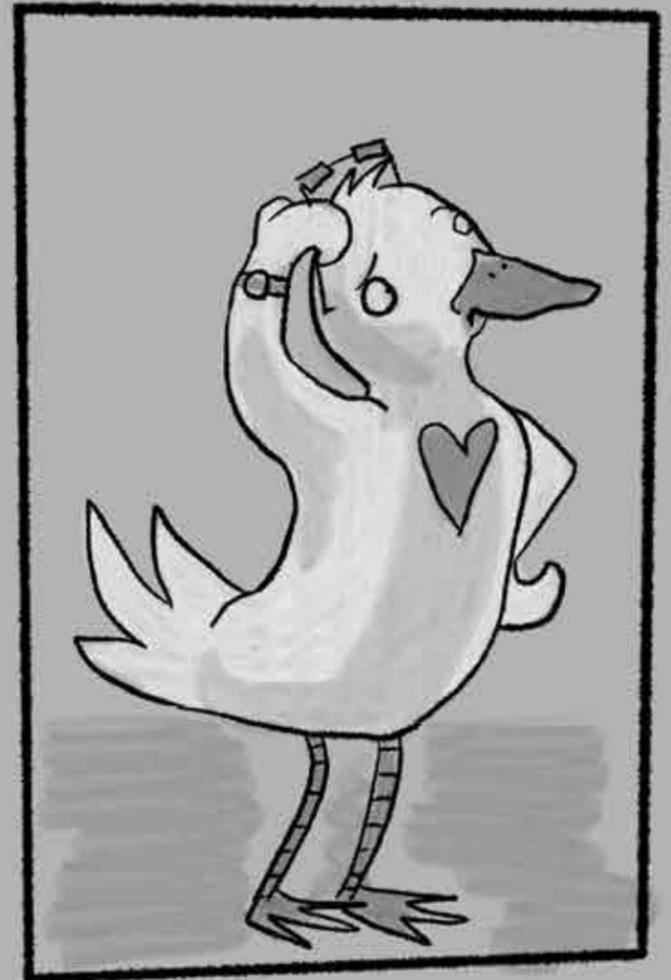
"Oh, Hilda! You spooked me!"

Meredith took a good look at her friend and realized something wasn't quite right. "You ok?"

"I'm fine, just feeling blue."

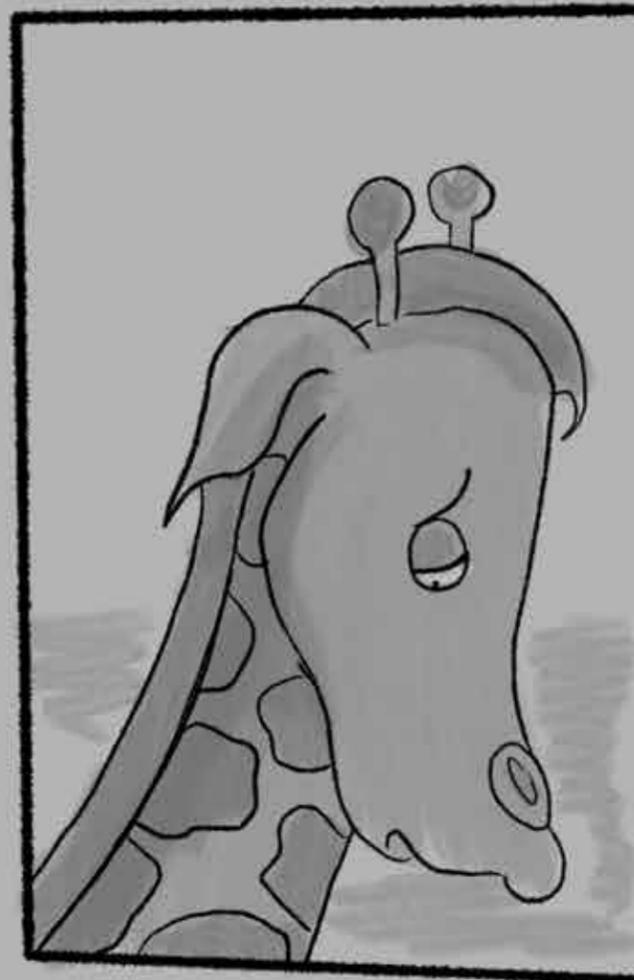


Meradith did want to go on her walk, but her duck-feelings told her to stick around.



"Eh, I can walk anytime. What's up with the hiding, Hilda?"

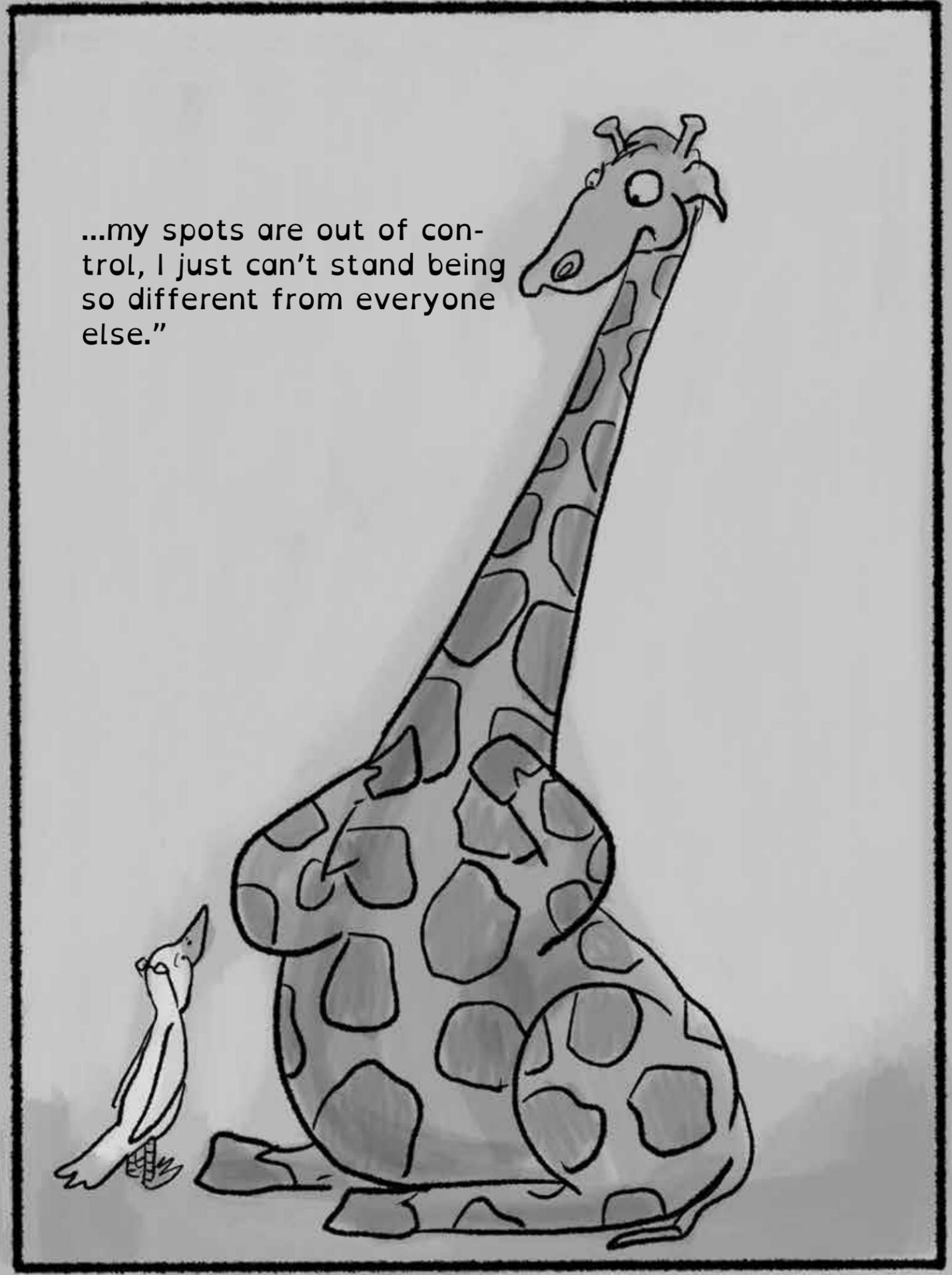
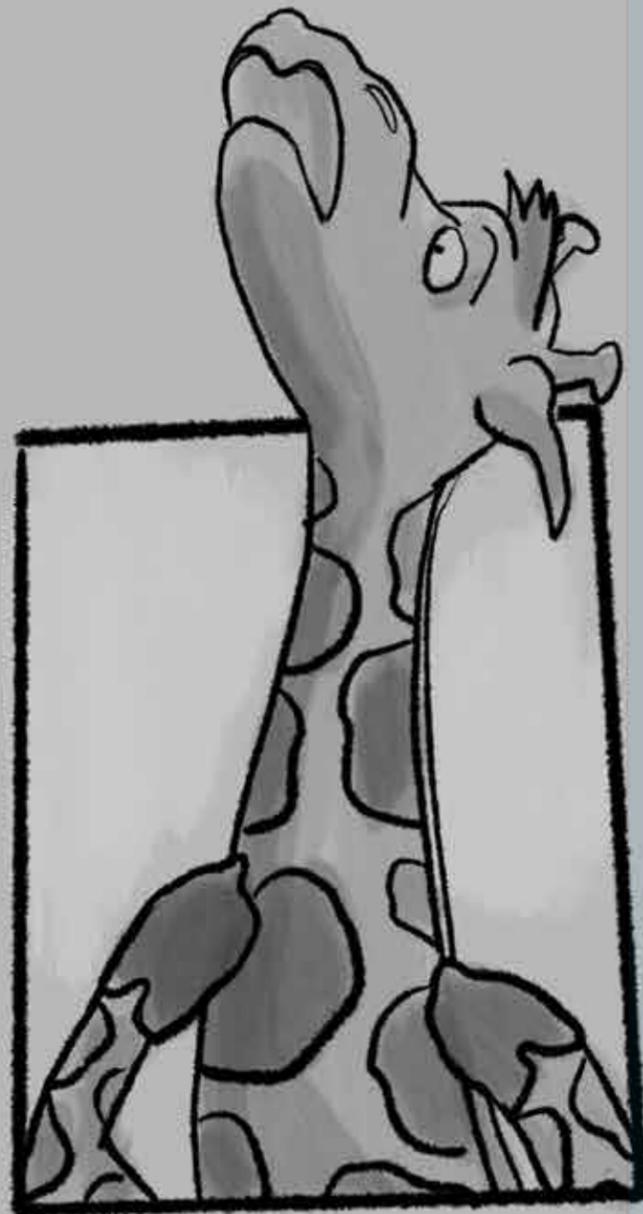
Hilda sulked, "It's silly, I guess."





"I bet you one millions duck dollars that it's not silly," Meredith said. "What's going on?"

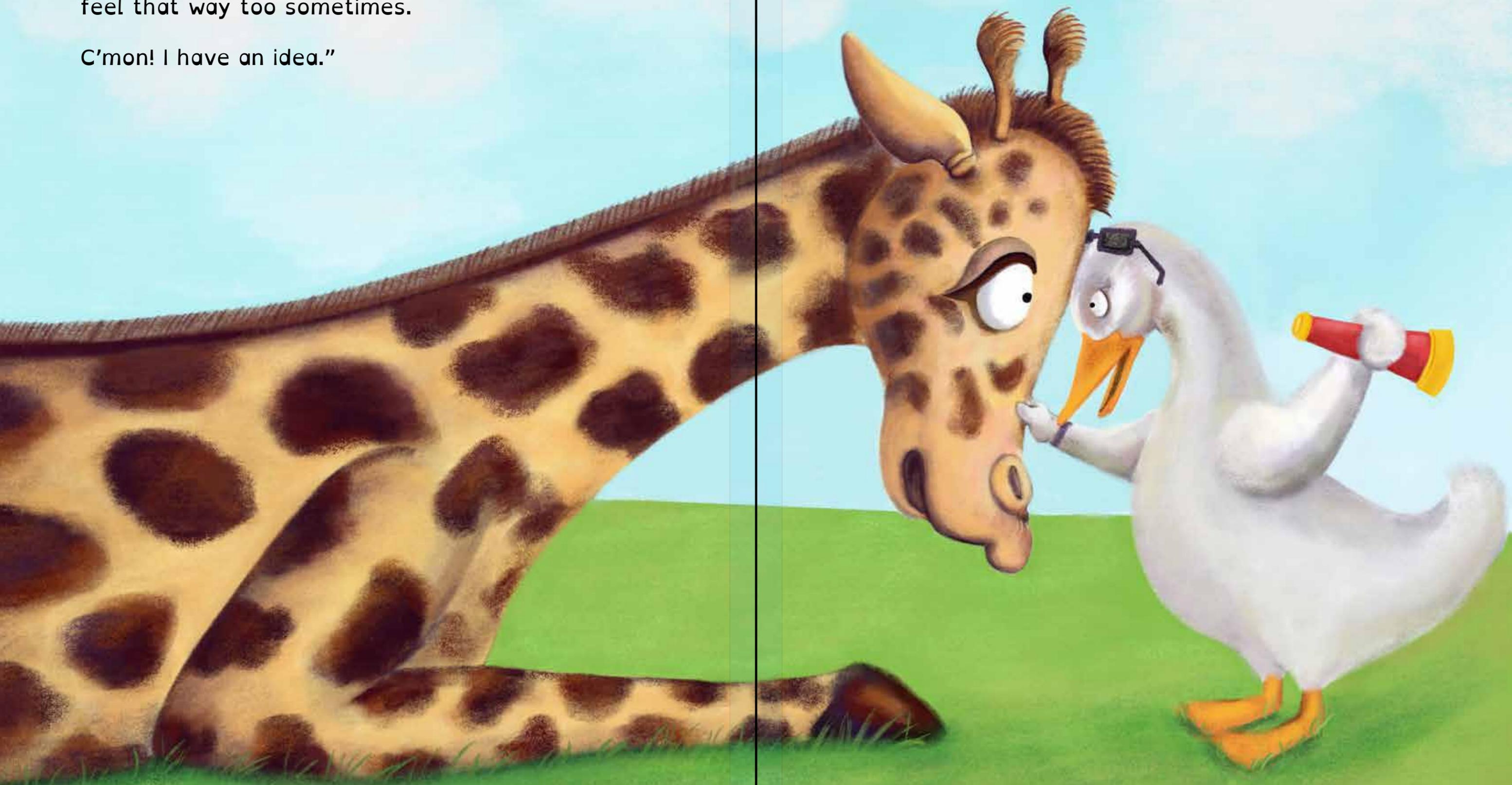
"I dunno, Mer. I just wish I could change. My neck is longer than a school year..."



...my spots are out of control, I just can't stand being so different from everyone else."

“Hilda, I am so sorry you’re feeling this way. I feel that way too sometimes.

C’mon! I have an idea.”





“Hilda, have I ever shown you my Great Aunt Shirlz’s duck-scope of truth?”

Hilda shook her head no.

“Before she flew south, Aunt Shirlz entrusted it to me!

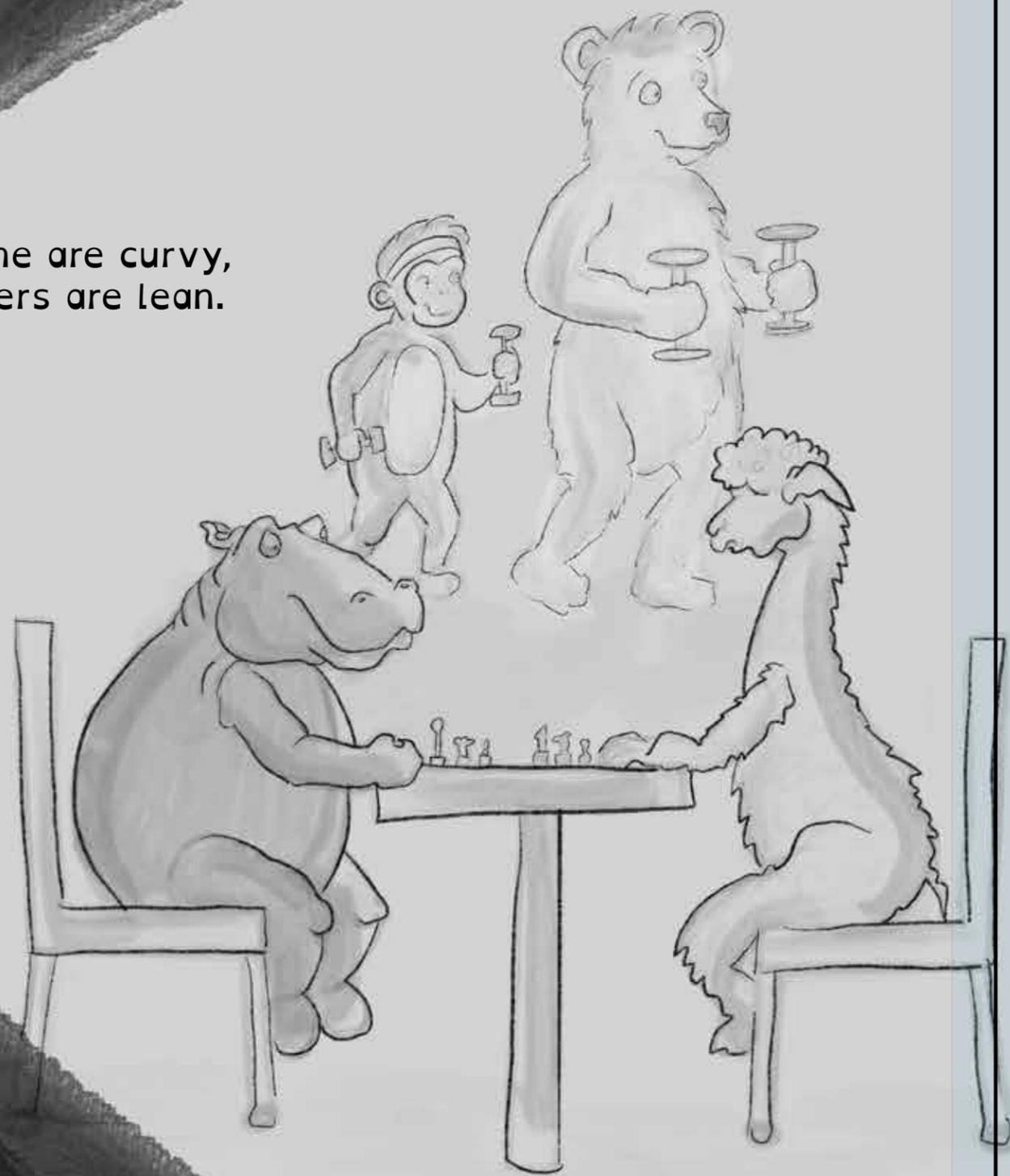
She told me that when I look through it, I will be able to see things that normally, I’d look right past.”

**"Here, give the ol' D.O.T.
a try! Take a look at the
park."**

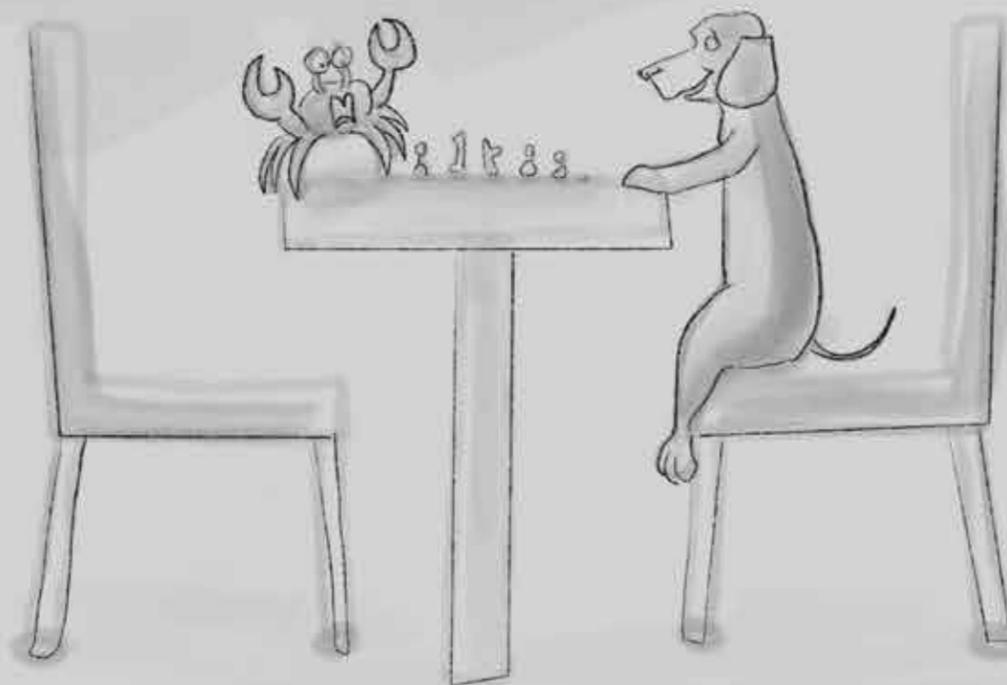


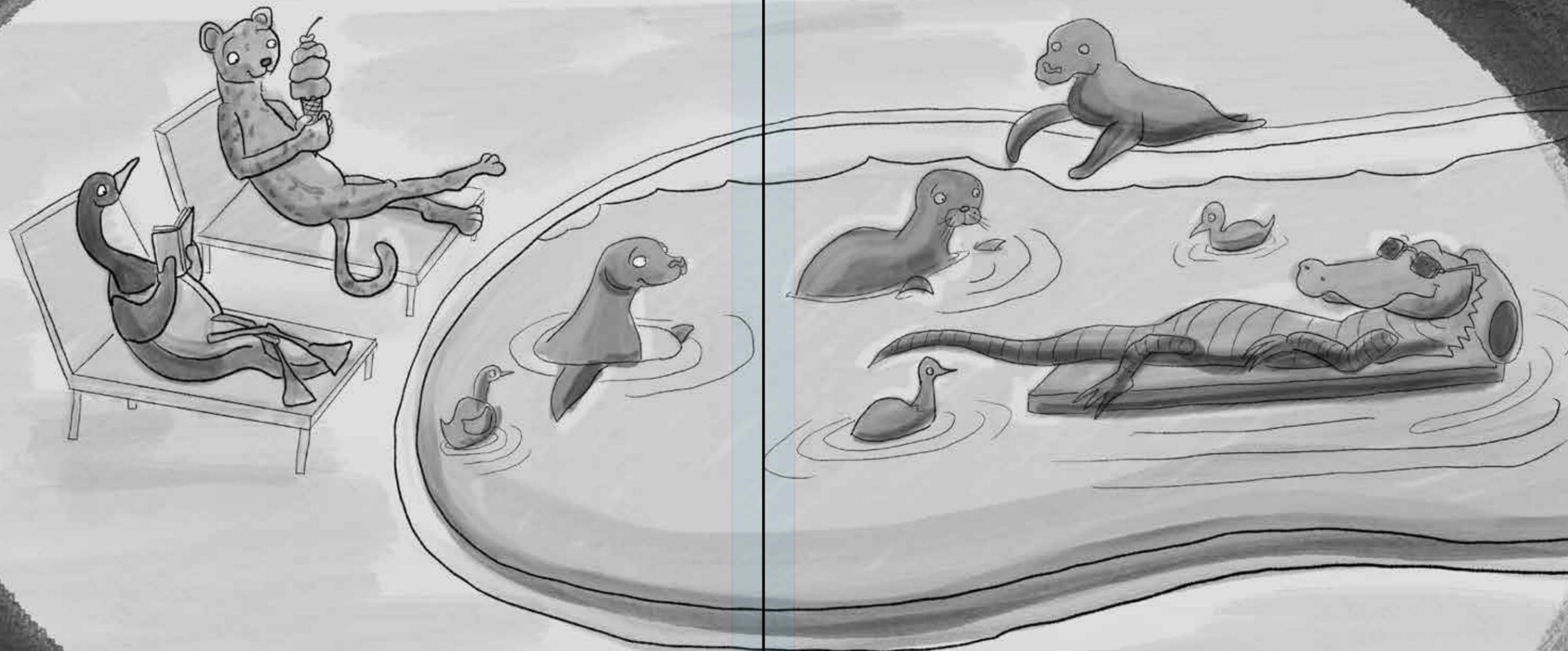
**See, we're ALL made with our
own special flair.**

Some are curvy,
others are lean.



Some have big muscles, and
others are somewhere in between.





Some are lactose intolerant
and others clearly not.

Some float, some don't.



Some of us love to be still and others never seem to stop.

Some of us like our quiet time and others need time to talk.

See, Hilda? What makes the world so grand, are the little things that make

So, instead of being hard on yourself, look in the mirror and have pride in all that is you.”

Love your eyes, and love your nose, love each and every spot because it’s yours!

You are special in so many ways. Now let the world know it! C’mon, be brave!





“Mer, I think I’m finally starting to see!

Why would I want to be anybody...

When I can be ME?!”



"I am tall and I am spotted.
I love to paint and I love to eat potatoes au gratin!
I love to drink tea and I love to host the annual
Giraffe Jamboree!"

"I am me, through and through!
Comparing myself to others was such a silly
thing to do!"



**There you go, Hilda!
Now you are seeing clearly!**

**You light up the world by being YOU
and no one else!**

**And this is another job well done for
the duck-scope of truth.**

The End.