



Chapter 10: The house of Turners

Rock, Jewel and Charlie planned their late-night adventure the rest of the way home. Rock determined that they should sneak out a few minutes after nine o'clock. By that time everyone in his house and Jewel's would be preoccupied watching the latest episodes of "Spy Watch" and then "Envy Hallow," giving them two full hours to make their journey to school and return home. Both were certain that, at least during the shows, no one would be checking on them. If they got out quietly, they'd be free and clear.

They'd wear dark, as every person on T.V. breaking into someplace at night always dressed in black, and Rock would bring his Swiss-army knife to try to pick any locks if necessary. Jewel was pretty sure she could disarm the alarm—she had been given the school code twice for special access during two of the school vacation breaks and noticed that the school changed the code according to the year. It was likely this year's code was just the number of this school year. She also knew that the alarm only went off when a door opened and not a window: the school budget hadn't allowed for every window to be armed, and the planning committee figured that no one would know otherwise (except Jewel who had been told by the art room teacher because the art teacher had wanted to keep her windows open for the art to dry). Rock and Jewel also decided to bring their flashlights but not their phones. Jewel's mom took her phone at night and Rock's phone always sat on his desk charging. His desk was the first thing a person saw when opening the door, so if his parents' peeked in and saw it missing, they would have the lights on in an instant.

By the time they turned their bicycles into Suchman Circle, where they lived, the three of them were bristling with excitement about their nighttime adventure.

"So just after nine, when you are ready to climb out flash me two lights." Rock instructed. Two lights fast was their signal for "yes," one light meant "no." "I'll then keep a lookout for you, since I can see your living room from my window and then you can come to the front to watch for me. Any sign of trouble, wave the flashlight up and down fast."

"Sounds good," Jewel agreed.

“What if we do see a ghost?” Charlie piped in.

Rock and Jewel had been so caught up in their plans they forgot entirely about the ghost aspect of their trip. “What do you mean?” asked Rock.

“Have you ever talked to a ghost before? I mean, I don’t really know what you guys think of ghosts but for the most part ants don’t generally seek them out. In fact, quite a few ants I know keep pieces of caterpillar cocoons around their houses to ward them off.”

Jewel looked to Rock for guidance. “I’m not sure caterpillar cocoons work on human spirits. Does your mom have any special tricks for handling ghosts?”

Rock’s mom was an astrologer. She did readings for all types of famous people, which is how she initially met Rock’s father—a well-known rock musician. She parented Rock according to his star charts allowing for different behaviors depending on which planet or moon was rising in his sign. He was a Virgo which made him strong-willed, but compassionate, according to his mom.

Rock didn’t know if she was right on his personality but, to be honest, she did sometimes freak him out—like the time he came home from school after losing his lacrosse game and his science experiment had blown up in his face (he had to be treated for burnt eyebrows). As soon as he stepped in the door, his mom had said, “Neptune is causing you trouble today so I’ve baked you your favorite cake, it’s there on the counter, and I’ve rented you ‘Space Travel IV.’ If you want anything else just ask, but since your Virgo house is in turmoil, I expect you might want to be alone.” She could not have been more right.

His mom didn’t really deal in ghosts out-right, but Jewel was right in thinking that if anyone in the neighborhood would know about ghosts and spirits it would probably be Rock’s mom. She was very open-minded.

Rock thought a moment. “I can’t remember anything in particular but I’ll try to ask her at dinner if it doesn’t seem too out of place.”

“That’s O.K. with me... how about you Charlie?”

Charlie was not very happy about it. The idea of hunting ghosts was not high on his priority list but he didn’t want to be the beetle of the bunch. “Sure, sounds like a plan,” he managed to say somewhat

cheerily.

Jewel leaned in close to Rock's shoulder to say goodbye, "Alright then, guys. I'll see you both after nine."

"It's a date!" Charlie blurted out and then catching himself added, "I mean figuratively speaking of course."

Rock hid his bike in the bushes behind the garage but then doubled back to enter the kitchen from the garage entrance as he always did. His mom was in the sun room working on some charts as she almost always did at this time of the day.

"Hey mom," Rock greeted her as he entered and headed straight for the refrigerator door.

"Uh, uh, uh," said a soft soothing voice. "You are bound to be up to something today, Mr. Virgo, so you'd better come over here and give me a kiss or two to make up for it."

Rock stopped in his tracks squeezing his eyes shut. She had said similar things a hundred times before but it did make him wonder why she would say it today. He turned around and walked casually towards her, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Charlie's senses were working overtime. Rock's mother looked dreamy to him. Although she was sitting, Charlie could see that she was tall and slender with a mound of butter cream hair piled loosely on top of her head. Little pieces of it fell softly down at the sides which brushed up close to Charlie when Rock bent over to kiss her.

Rock's mother grabbed Rock's hand as he pulled away, "Now you be careful today." She eyed him suspiciously and Rock had the sudden fear that she might notice Charlie and brush him off his shoulder or something. He straightened up quickly.

"Oh mom, today's a day just like any other day."

"And everyday is a unique configuration of the planets, Rock. Everyday is a day that changes your life." Their eyes met and Rock's mom smiled. "And today I could really use some chocolate fudge ice cream, how about you?"

"Perfect," Rock smiled back.

Rock pulled it out of the freezer while his mom got out two bowls and spoons. Rock heaved two enormous helpings into the bowl while Charlie looked on... drooling.

"So who's chart are you working on?" Rock asked as he took his first big spoonful.

"A movie star's— he's worried about the location for the shoot of his latest film. Says he has a bad feeling about it. I'm trying to figure out if there are any apparent counter indications of that geographic location with his sign and those of his co-stars." She closed her mouth around her spoonful of ice cream.

This was all slow torture for Charlie. The smell of the ice cream was so powerful and so delicious that he had to do everything he could not to run down Rock's arm and swan dive into the bowl.

Oblivious to the minute puddle of drool that was forming on his right shoulder, Rock knew better than to ask too much about any of his mom's clients—astrologers were a bit like psychologists in that they felt a professional obligation not to discuss the details of their clients' lives with anyone. However, Rock needed information about ghosts so he tried to steer the conversation accordingly.

"Do you know what he's worried about? I mean is he afraid of a tornado hitting? An accident on the set? Or something weird like... uh, say a ghost messing with the cast members?" He tried to make his question sound as natural as possible.

Mrs. Turner licked the back of her spoon and then held it in the air next to her face using it to speak. "Nothing weather related, my client says he just gets a bad energy vibe every time he's on the set. I've been more inclined to think of it in terms of a possible accident or cast conflicts rather than something supernatural, like a spirit." She sank the spoon back into her bowl.

"Do charts ever deal with things like ghosts or spirits?" Rock stuffed a huge mound into his mouth.

"Now Rock, I didn't think you believed in ghosts much," she eyed him curiously as she sat back a bit. "Why the sudden change?"

Rock felt nervous. She already thought he was up to something today and he didn't want to add to her suspicions. He decided to use part of the truth as a shield.

"I was just curious, that's all. Jewel and I ran into Spencer on the way home from school today and he

mumbled something about seeing ghosts.”

“That kids sees enough things others don’t. Now he’s worried about ghosts too?” She shook her head with a little laugh. “I can’t imagine being his mom.”

“Me neither,” Rock chuckled. “Because that means his mom would be mine and she probably doesn’t eat chocolate fudge ice cream before dinner.” Rock flashed her his award-winning smile. He now wanted to get as far away from the discussion of ghosts as he could. He felt too nervous that she would put things together and be hyper-vigilant in her observations.

Mrs. Turner dropped her spoon into her empty bowl. “I do love that smile.” She paused a moment while she smiled back and then stood up. “Alright, I’ve got to finish this chart and I suspect you may have some homework to do.”

“Yeah, I do,” Rock admitted. “Mind if I take the rest of my ice cream up to my room?” He suddenly remembered that his friend on his shoulder might want some too.

“Nope,” Mrs. Turner said walking back to her workspace. “Just bring the empty bowl back when you come down.”

“No problem,” Rock turned to go.

Mrs. Turner sat back down and picked up her pencil. “Well, at least we know what to get Spencer for his birthday this year.”

Rock stopped and glance back over his shoulder, “What do you mean?”

“A huge bottle of castor oil,” she smiled not even looking up. “It’s great for keeping ghosts away. They hate the smell and something about the texture interferes with their energy level.”

Score! thought Rock and he made his way up to his room.

Charlie kept his eyes on the chocolate ice cream bowl the entire time. He hadn’t even heard what Mrs. Turner had said and he hardly even looked at Rock’s room when they entered. Of course it had the entire Milky Way galaxy, which glowed in the dark, painted on the ceiling. Rock was very skilled at picking out the various constellations and navigating by them.

Rock sat down at his desk, “Here you go Charlie—the rest is for you.” He slid the bowl in place for Charlie and picked up a dime on his desk which he began to flip up and down in his hand.

“Yippee!” Charlie yelled out carelessly as he ran down Rock’s arm. “You rock, Rock!”

Rock chuckled watching his friend slide down the side of the bowl into the melted pool of ice cream. “Knock yourself out buddy... just don’t drown. I’ve got to call Jewel and ask her if she has any castor oil.”

“Castor oil?” Charlie asked, taking a small breather from his ice cream extravaganza. “Why do you need castor oil?”

“Didn’t you hear what my mom said? She said that people use castor oil to ward off ghosts.”

Charlie scratched his head and thought a moment. “Castor oil?... Wait a minute... I’ve heard that word before today.” Suddenly he remembered and ran up the side of the bowl as Rock picked up the phone to dial Jewel. He popped his head up over the edge. “Didn’t you guys tell me that Spencer had said something about castor oil?”

Rock looked at Charlie with surprise. “Wow, I’d forgotten. You’re right! Spencer told us that Nurse Weatherbottom’s castor oil had been spilled and that’s when she was mumbling about ghosts! Now it makes sense! There *must* be a ghost at Fiercedale!” He hit the speed dial button on his phone for Jewel. He tapped the dime on his desk as he waited. The phone rang three times before Mrs. Dervin picked up.

She almost always answered the home phone: she was sort of a phone answering fiend. Mrs. Dervin was a social worker employed by the National Child Protection Agency. As a result, she was a bit (to put it mildly) overprotective of her own children and had strict rules forbidding them to answer the phone. Rock had to call on the land line because Jewel wasn’t allowed to use her cell phone in the house—Mrs Dervin thought all technology corrupted kids, Jewel only had a phone when she was out of the house.

“Hello. Who is speaking please?”

“Hello Mrs. Dervin. It’s Rockville Briggs Turner. May I speak with Jewel please?” Rock used his full name as a code for Mrs. Dervin—this way she would know it was truly him and he could bypass the identity check that most other callers went through when trying to reach Jewel (or her brother, Griffin).

Mrs. Dervin let her guard down. She liked Rock. “Why hello Rockville. I will certainly get Jewel. Hold the line please.”

After a few seconds Jewel picked up the phone. “Hey Rock. What’s up?”

“Oh nothing,” Rock tried to sound casual. He had to figure out a good way of telling Jewel about the castor oil but couldn’t ask her directly to bring any. Jewel always had the suspicion that her mother sometimes listened in on her phone conversations.

“I was just about to do my homework but forgot to write down our assignment from science class. Do you have it?”

Jewel knew that was the code for “I’ve got something to say but have to be careful.” Professor Pethers provided everyone with a typed sheet of homework assignments for the month so you always knew what your science homework was or you could go online to his website.

“Oh yeah, hold on I’ll have a look.”

“Thanks. Hey, by the way my mom says we should give Spencer castor oil for his birthday, apparently it wards off ghosts.”

“Get out of town,” Jewel laughed. “Is it hypoallergenic?” she joked back.

“Who knows?”

“Oh, here it is... you need to write a report on the insects you collected, specifically on how two differ.”

“Oh yeah. Thanks.”

“Is that all you needed?” Jewel asked.

“Yup. See you tomorrow.”

“Ciao pal,” Jewel always said goodbye this way. They both hung up the phone.

Charlie was finished eating the ice cream. He felt a bit sleepy after his feast and gave a yawn. Rock glanced down at his friend, and immediately went to work making a little bed out of a matchbox and some cotton balls. "Look Charlie," he said holding up the finished product. "Your own special bed! Why don't you get some rest while I finish my homework and that way you'll be all ready for tonight. I'll wake you up for dinner so you can see my dad."

Charlie stood up. "Sounds good to me."

Rock put the bed down next to his book but behind a picture frame just in case any one entered. On his way up to his deluxe sleeping accommodations, Charlie climbed over the dime and then paused. He eyed the coin and then Rock. He suddenly had the urge to show off for his new friend. "Hey want to see a good trick?"

"Sure," replied Rock smiling at his friend.

"Can you stand that dime up for me?"

Rock placed the dime up on its edge, holding it steady with one finger on each side. He watched curiously as Charlie marched his way up the rim to the very top. Charlie stood up on his back two legs, balanced himself and then ordered Rock to let go.

As Rock pulled his two fingers away, Charlie rode the dime as if he were on a barrel in the water. His feet moved quickly making the dime move forward and back as he balanced precariously on top. Then, when he finally hit his stride, he looked up at Charlie and started to sing a little tune as if he were a circus performer. He waved his arms and shuffled his feet to the beat making Rock laugh. As a grand finale, Charlie dismounted by hurling himself off to the side, performing a swaning back flip and then landed with perfection on his back two legs. He spread his arms wide and high as if he had been an Olympic gymnast performing a dismount from the parallel bars. "Ta-Dah!" he said with a smile as the dime fell down in the opposite direction.

Rock clapped his hands together and laughed. "That was great! How did you learn to do that?"

Charlie was beaming. "Ah, it was nothing really. Just a little trick that my Uncle Jaxx taught me."

"Are you kidding? That was brilliant! I'd never have thought that an ant could do that."

“Well, to be honest, most can’t. It’s sort of against the rules for ants to ride metal wheels. One wrong step and, well, let’s just say if the wheel falls the wrong way, it’s not pretty. But my Uncle Jaxx used to ride wheels for me when I was little and then when I got older I begged him to teach me how. He did but I had to promise to never let anyone know. It would get us into HUGE trouble with my mom.”

“Well, I promise not to tell her,” Rock winked.

“Actually, you could if you wanted to. She just wouldn’t understand you, as I’m almost positive she doesn’t have this Outerling thing. I’d have to be the translator and if you opted to tell her I’d just translate it into something like, ‘Oh, mom, Rock says he likes to dress up in beetle costumes and dance Irish jigs in his spare time. Would you like to see?’”

The two of them laughed and Charlie yawned right in the middle of a big chuckle. “You’d better get to bed pal,” Rock ordered, nodding his head at the matchbox mattress.

“I’m already there pal,” Charlie answered and made his way up behind the picture frame.

He reached the bed and climbed right in. It was the most comfortable bed he had ever stepped legs on, let alone got to sleep in. With all the puffy white cotton around him he felt like he was in ant heaven. He laid down and let out another big yawn before drifting into a peaceful sleep.

What seemed like two minutes later, but was actually two hours, Rock woke Charlie up for dinner. Charlie’s nose was hit with the most delicious smell of cheese and bread. He made his way back up onto Rock’s shoulder and off they went to the kitchen.

When they got there, Rock’s father was standing by the windows of the sunroom with a hunk of bread in his hand talking on the phone. Charlie liked the man immediately.

“Alright mate. No worries. [Big hunk of bread inserted into mouth] Tell Milo not to have an ostrich. We’ll sort out the sound issues with Irvin and I’ll make sure Cade doesn’t block Milo on stage. Anything else? [Pause. Bread hunk in mouth.] Right. Okay. Gotta go mate.”

Mr. Turner was actually better known to the world as Sage Lupin, lead singer of the band Indus. The band’s first three albums had all gone triple platinum and they had just finished their second world tour which had been sold out in every country.

Very few people in town or at Fiercedale actually knew that Rock's dad was *the* Sage Lupin of Indus. Most of Rock's friends new him as Mr. Briggs Turner, an average man who had an average job vaguely related to the music industry. In town, Mr. Turner always dressed conservatively in white or blue button down shirts, a pair of Khaki pants and loafers, no matter what the weather outside. In fact, Mr. Turner's apparent lack of personal style, coupled with a display of introversion and horned rimmed think square spectacles, caused him to be regarded as somewhat of a "stiff" by many.

Of course, nothing could be further from the image that Charlie was now looking at: Mr. Turner, or rather Sage Lupin, was wearing a pair of old leather motorcycle pants, a sleeveless white shirt with some sort of large teeth or small horns used across the front as buttons, multiple wrist bands intricately woven from buffalo and horse hair and a very large pair of black motorcycle boots. Mr. Turner's arms were covered in Native American tattoos (hence the perpetual long sleeves when appearing as "Mr. Turner"), and he wore three silver pendants on a black leather cord draped around his neck. Rock knew that two of the pendants contained his hair and his mother's separately but the contents of the third one was a mystery to him, his father promising to tell him "at the right time."

Charlie was a bit overwhelmed seeing Rock's dad for the first time. He let out a little "Wow" under his breathe and Rock suddenly remembered that Charlie was seeing what none of his other friends, besides Jewel, ever got to see. Rock had forgotten the impression his dad could make as Sage. To Rock, his dad was always just his dad.

"Hey dad. What's up?"

Mr. Turner hung up the phone and smiled at Rock. "Hey boy, what's up with my favorite lacrosse player?" He punched Rock lightly on the shoulder in play nearly making a pancake out of Charlie.

Rock put up his hands in self-defense and then shot his dad a swift but light kick on the shins taking his dad by surprise.

"Nice, move my man. Very smooth. How was your day at school?"

They pulled out chairs at the table to sit down, Rock's dad turning his around so that he sat forward on a backwards facing chair. Rock's mom brought over a pot of bubbling cheese fondue. Already on everybody's plate was a delicious stir-fry of peppers, onions and mushrooms plus a large hunk of fresh baked bread for dipping. Mrs. Turner was an excellent cook and Charlie's mouth watered at the sight of the meal before him.

Instinctually, his body wanted to march right down onto the table and begin eating so he buried his head in the material of Rock's shirt hoping it would diffuse the smell. It made little difference and Charlie could feel his olfactory glands working overtime, his will power diminishing with each passing whiff. He was going to have to do something fast. He could feel his body getting ready to move against his will.

Charlie was going to have to take a drastic measure.

He was going to have to move closer to Rock's armpit.

He very slowly, so as not to draw attention to himself, moved over the folds in Rock's shirt towards the collar. He was going to have to get inside the shirt as the smell of food was too strong—being on the outside of the shirt by Rock's armpit would not be enough.

As Charlie made his way under the collar, Rock felt something brush up against his skin. It tickled and he instinctively raised his hand up to rub the spot. When his hand was just about there, it dawned on him that the tickle might have been Charlie, or at the very least, that by rubbing the spot he could harm Charlie. He disguised the gesture by running his hand through his hair. By that time however, Charlie was walking his way down towards Rock's armpit and this made Rock giggle. He couldn't help it.

"And just what are you giggling about, Mr. Virgo?" Mrs. Turner asked.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking about Spencer and the look on his face when he got dirt on his pants. You'd have thought he landed in cow..." He stopped before he finished his sentence. He was aware that the following word was not exactly polite table talk.

"Poo?" His father had a big grin on his face. Rock looked at him and the two of them burst into laughter.

"Boys! I swear, you two are incorrigible!" Said Mrs. Turner, but by this time she was laughing too. "I will admit, Spencer has his issues but we should try to refrain from laughing at him." She dipped a piece of bread in the fondue pot.

"I know mom. And actually, in a weird way, I sort of like Spencer. He's bizarre but he, I don't know exactly how to put this, but he sort of reminds me that everybody looks at the world differently and probably there are whole worlds that exist that we don't even know about."

Mrs. Turner looked stunned. "Why Rockville Briggs Turner. That was a very insightful thing to say. Are you talking about the ghosts he saw or the germs he sees or both?"

"Spencer saw a ghost?!" Mr. Turner exclaimed, now interested on a more serious level.

"Um, I don't really know if he saw one..." Rock hesitated. "He was just mumbling about the possibilities of ghosts being at school when we ran into him today."

Mr. Turner pointed his fondue stick at Rock, "Well you tell Spencer that some ghosts can be very helpful. They can be here for a purpose and sometimes to help guide people. The Native Americans take spirits very seriously and often consult with them on important matters."

"Have you ever seen a ghost, dad?" Rock asked.

(During this conversation, Charlie had made his way down towards Rock's armpit and he rested just above the crease where the arm and body meet. Lucky for Charlie, Rock was wearing deodorant and so instead of having to hold his nose, Charlie could pretend he was in a forest of pine trees and cloves.)

"Sure," his dad replied stuffing a big gooey piece of bread into his mouth.

"Really?!" Rock asked shocked He had never really thought about his dad believing in ghosts before.

"Your mom too. When we lived with the Hopi tribe for a summer, we conversed with many of their ancestors. The Hopi believe that their ancestors' spirits help look after them. They look to them as guides whenever conflict or hard times fall upon the tribe or when they are faced with an important decision, such as a marriage or a hunting expedition."

"How do you converse with ghosts? When do they appear? Do they just show up or can you, like, call them on the phone?"

Mr. Turner chuckled, "Yes, you call 1-800-my-ghost and then dial your spirit's extension. It's really quite amazing. Or you can text."

"Dad! Come on! I'm serious!"

"What? You don't think I'm serious? Let's see, last time I called I think I spoke with a ghost named

Casper. He was really quite friendly.”

“Dad!!” Rock broke off a small piece of bread and pretended to aim at his father’s forehead.

His father broke off an even bigger piece and held it up for Rock to see. “You’d better think twice about that my boy.” They eyed each other knowingly, each pondering the consequences of a bread attack.

“Boys!” They suddenly heard Mrs. Turner interrupt. “If either one of you even thinks you are going to start a bread fight at my dinner table... well than you **both** have another thing coming!” And with that she sent two pieces of bread flying directly at both of their foreheads. Each was a direct hit. Within seconds a full on bread war had begun.

It was a good thing Charlie was under Rock’s shirt because the number of bread missiles that hit Rock’s shoulder were too numerous to count. Charlie had no idea what was happening except that he would occasionally get flattened by Rock’s shirt while he heard uncontrollable laughter and was being jostled from side to side.

By the time it was all over, there was bread everywhere and the three of them were doubled-over with laughter and out of breath. Mrs. Turner surveyed the kitchen. “Oh my stars. Just look at this place! Well, I guess since I officially started it, I’m responsible for cleaning it up. But it was worth it! I swear, the look on your faces...” She broke off, shaking her head and laughing.

“Aw, don’t worry about it mom,” Rock remembered Charlie. “I’ll take care of it. You go rest up with dad.”

Mrs. Turner eyed Rock suspiciously. “Well, now I do know you must have been up to something today, Mr. Virgo. I don’t want to know what it is. I’d rather let you clean up the kitchen for me,” she smiled. “Plus, I’d love to take a bath before ‘Spy Watch’ comes on.” She started shaking the crumbs from her hair.

Mr. Turner picked up a stray piece of bread from the table and dipped it by hand into the fondue pot. “I’ll come join you.” He said stuffing the bread in his mouth and licking his fingers. “I’m feeling a bit grubby from practice today.”

Rock’s parents went upstairs and once they were safely out of the room, Rock peaked in the neck of his shirt to look for Charlie. “Hey buddy, are you in there?”

Charlie crawled toward the neck opening. “Yes, I’m here, but what the heck happened out here....” And

with those words Charlie caught sight of the bread-covered kitchen. With the pot of bubbling cheese on the table, it was every ant's dream. "Wow! I have a feeling I'm going to love hanging out in your house!"

"All yours, my friend," he said to Charlie as he lowered Charlie down onto the table. Then Rock walked to the pantry to get the broom and started to sweep.

"Eat up, pal. We've got a big adventure ahead of us tonight. Now I'm certain that Fiercedale has a ghost in it and I can't wait to find it!"

Charlie gulped down a large piece of cheese and noticed it was getting very dark outside. He suddenly wasn't so hungry any more.

Discussion Questions: *Take time to read through all the questions first to find out which ones you feel will be right for you and your family. Not all will be suitable for all families since these questions were made to appeal to many different ages. And, of course, they are simply suggestions. Feel free to ask any questions that come to your mind and don't forget to get CURIOUS about the answers your children give! Ask questions related to their answers if you can.*

1. Both Rock's and Jewel's parents watch two T.V. shows regularly. Do your parents watch anything on a regular basis? (If you don't know, ask.) What is your favorite T.V. show and why?
2. Rock sleeps with his phone on his desk, while Jewel's mom takes her phone at night. If you have a mobile phone, where do you put it at night? Do you think having your phone by your bed is a good idea? Why or why not? Name one positive thing and one negative thing about having your phone by your bed at night.
3. Do you believe in ghosts? Do you have any good ghost stories to tell? If so, tell it!
4. Do you know what astrology is? Do you believe in it? What is the difference between astrology and astronomy? (If you don't know, google it!)
5. What is your favorite flavor of ice cream? What is (are) your favorite topping(s)? Cone or cup?
6. Jewel says, "Ciao pal" to say good bye to Rock. Do you know what language "ciao" is? How many different words and in what languages do you know to say "goodbye" to someone?
7. Rock's dad keeps his identity secret from the world. Do you keep any parts of yourself secret from the world? If so, why might that be? If your parents had a secret job, what do you think it would be? Music star? Scientist? Spy? Alien spacecraft hunter?
8. Mrs. Turner calls Rock and his dad "incorrigible" when they start talking about poo at the dinner table. What does "incorrigible" mean? Use it in a sentence.
9. Rock expresses how Spencer sees the world differently than other people. What do you think that is like for Spencer? Why is remembering that people see the world differently important?
10. Rock and his parents have a food fight. Have you ever thrown food at someone or had food thrown at you? (we are NOT suggesting that you do.) If so, tell what food and people were involved.