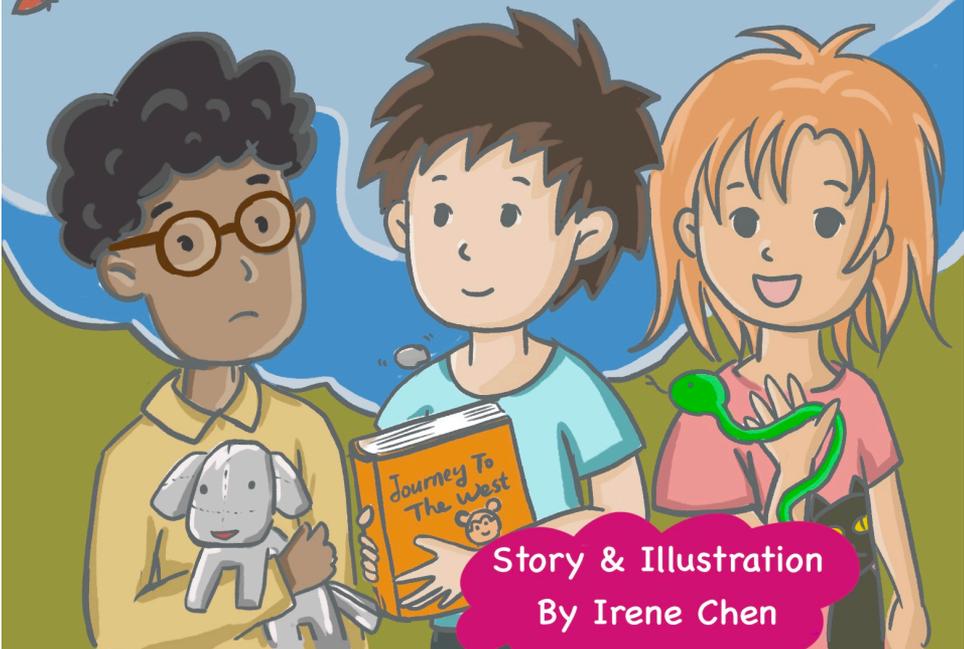


BOOK SPIRITS 2

Go to the Dragon Palace



For all kids who are ready for a new adventure.

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CHAPTER 1 WEIRD SCHOOL

Eddy and Tina stood together in a thick forest of pine and cypress trees. In the middle of the woods stood a house made of brick and tile. From inside, they could hear the murmur of reading.

It looked like a school—but not an ordinary one.



Eddy's heart beat fast. He felt both nervous and excited: this was the world inside a storybook. They were in the world of Chapter Two of *Journey to the West*.



Not long ago, something strange had happened at Eddy's school. Eddy, a second grader, found that his favorite book, *Journey to the West*, had turned into a blank notebook.

And that was not all: everyone around him forgot who Sun Wukong was. Only Eddy still remembered. Then he learned the truth: someone had used a legendary creature called a *Mo* to steal stories. Only children who remembered the stories could, with their *book*

spirits, enter the story world and bring the stories back.

Two days earlier, Eddy and his friend Tina had gone into Chapter One. They defeated the Mo and restored the story of Sun Wukong becoming the Monkey King. But only the first chapter came back. The rest of the book was still empty.

Now, they had entered the story again, to bring back Chapter Two.

“Is this a school?” Tina asked. She stepped closer and peeked through a window made of bamboo.

Her book spirit, a bright green little snake, rested in her short light hair like a headband. It also craned its tiny head to peek inside.

“Yes,” Eddy said. “This was where Sun Wukong came to learn magic from a teacher.” He clutched his own book spirit—a small gray stone—in his hand.

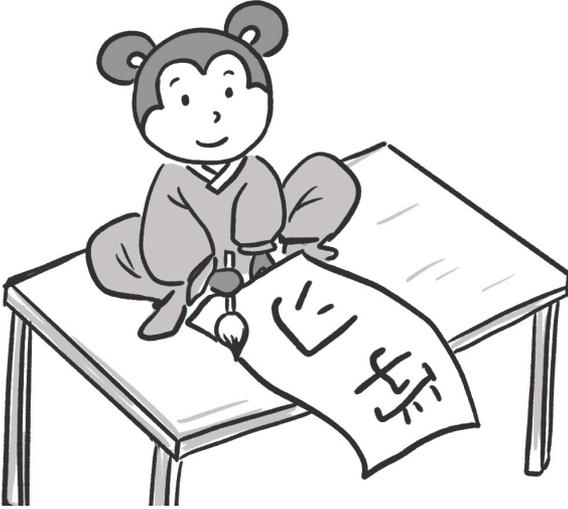
Eddy squeezed in beside Tina and peered through the window as well. The room inside



was wide and bright. Dozens of young people wearing long robes were reading and writing with brushes. But one “student” was different —it was a golden-haired monkey.

The monkey was shorter than the others, but he wore the same robe. The sleeves and pants were too long, so he rolled the sleeves up high and tied them with string. He squatted on his desk, holding his brush carefully, writing neat Chinese characters.

“So Sun Wukong also went to school?” Tina said, eyes wide. “I thought he was born that strong!”



“Sun Wukong said he didn’t want to spend his life in the mountains just jumping and eating peaches,” Eddy explained. “So an old monkey told him that if he wanted to be stronger, he had to find an immortal and learn from him.”

“I see!” Tina said. “Where was the immortal then? What did Sun Wukong’s teacher look like?”

“His teacher was called *Master Puti*,” Eddy said, looking around the classroom. He saw

many students in white robes and the golden monkey, all quietly reading and writing. No one looked like a teacher.

Eddy and Tina looked at each other.



“He might be somewhere else,” Eddy said.

“Or...” Tina added, “he might be missing!”

Whenever a Mo ate a story, something important disappeared. In *Little Red Riding Hood*, the Big Bad Wolf was missing. In

Chapter One of *Journey to the West*, no monkey jumped into the waterfall. That was Eddy and Tina’s job: they had to find the missing characters—or do what the characters were supposed to do. Only then could the story continue.

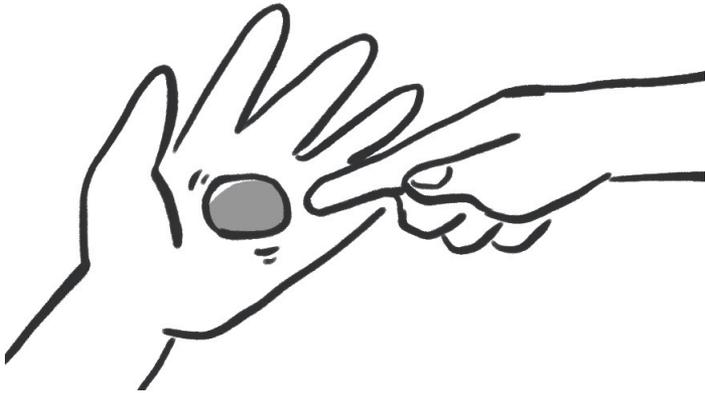
Time passed.

The students inside looked almost like robots, quietly reading and writing the same way again and again. No one stood up, no one talked, no one walked around. They weren’t frozen, but the whole scene still felt strange.

It was clear—Eddy and Tina were right. Master Puti was missing, and the story was stuck.

“Let’s look somewhere else,” Eddy decided. He looked at the small stone in his hand and asked, “Do you know where Master Puti is?”

The little stone never spoke, but Eddy always felt it understood a little. Now the stone wobbled in his palm, rolled in a small circle, then flopped flat.



Eddy poked it. It didn't even move. It just lay there lazily, like an ordinary pebble he had picked up from the ground.

"I don't know. Don't ask me. I'm sleepy," Eddy imagined the stone saying, then sighed. He really couldn't count on this little stone for help.

"I'll ask *Green*," Tina said. She closed her eyes, talking to her green snake in her mind. A moment later, she opened her eyes wide.

"Green said something feels strange in the back! There's a small building behind the classroom. We need to check it out!" Then she took off running.

"Wait for me!" Eddy called, running after her.

Tina was always like that—she acted before she thought. Eddy ran through the pine trees that smelled fresh and sweet. After a few steps, a small, white two-story building came into view.



Sunlight filtered through the branches, glimmering on the railings carved with intricate patterns. Eddy’s mouth fell open. “Wow,” he whispered. “So this is an immortal's room!”

But before he could stop to admire it, Tina had already rushed up and pushed the door open.

“Tina, wait—” Eddy started to say, but he gasped.

Tina vanished!

The moment she opened the door, she was gone—like she had disappeared into thin air.

Eddy stopped at once. He turned in disbelief.

For the book world to recognize them as teammates, Tina wore the same striped T-shirt as he did. It wasn't torn. She shouldn't have been thrown out of the story world.

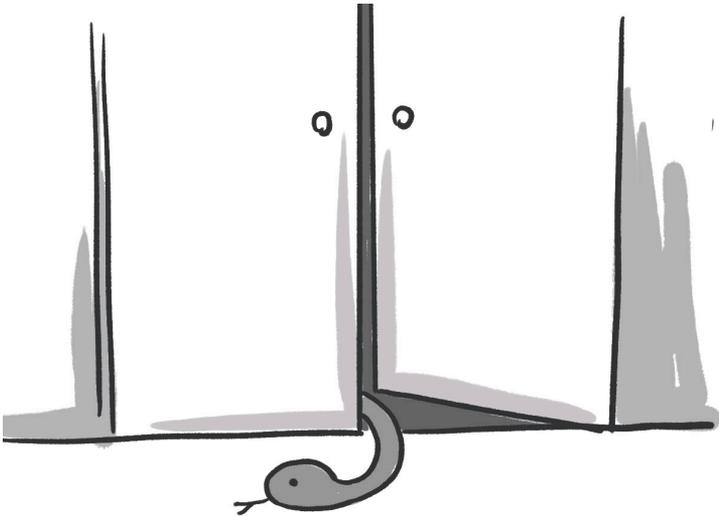
“Tina? Tina?” Eddy called nervously. His voice trembled. The world inside books wasn't always safe. What had happened to her?



Just then, he felt something move inside his pocket.

He reached in—and his little stone jumped out! It rolled across the ground, straight toward the white building.

“Don’t run away!” Eddy cried, chasing it. But when he looked at the doorway, he was surprised.



From the crack in the door, a tiny green head poked out.

“**Green?**” Eddy stared in disbelief. It was Tina’s book spirit! If the little snake was still here, then Tina must be too.

“Eddy! Eddy, I’m here! — Ah! What am I wearing?”

Tina’s voice came from inside the building.

CHAPTER 2 MASTER PUTI

“Eddy! Eddy! I’m here! —Ah! What am I wearing?”

Tina’s voice came from inside the building. She sounded worried.

Eddy stopped and stared at the building that looked like white jade. He hesitated. This might be where Sun Wukong’s teacher Master Puti lived. Would Master Puti let others walk in so easily?



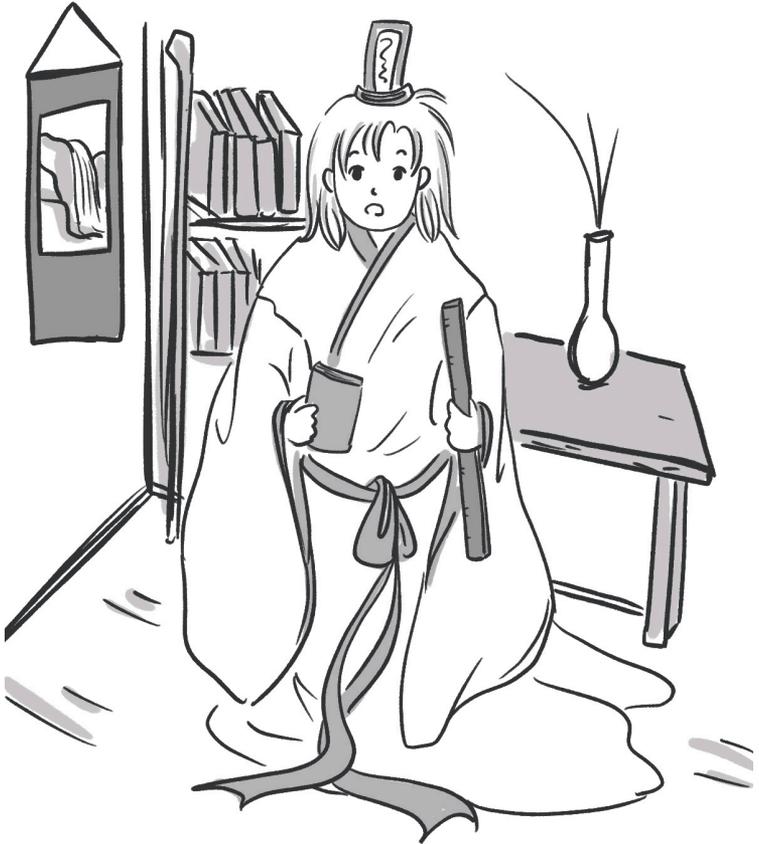
But Tina was inside, and she didn’t sound like she was in danger.

Just then, his book spirit—the little gray stone—rolled away from his hand, *clack, clack*, and disappeared through the open door.

“I’m coming!” Eddy said, taking a deep

breath. He pushed the door open and ran in after it.

The moment he stepped inside, he froze.



It was an old-style study room. Ink paintings of mountains and rivers hung on the walls.

Shelves were filled with stacks of books covered in square Chinese words.

And in the middle of the room stood Tina—wearing a long white robe that dragged on the floor!

But that wasn't all. She had a tall hat on her head, a book in one hand, and a long bamboo ruler in the other.

She stood stiffly in place, as if she had been dressed up against her will and ordered not to move.



“Ha ha ha ha ha!” Eddy burst out laughing. The sight was just too funny!

“Ahh!” Tina took a step forward and almost tripped on the long robe.

“Sun Wukong’s teacher isn’t here,” she said quickly, looking around.

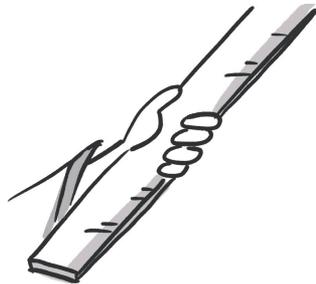
“We have to think of something—Eddy, stop laughing!”

Eddy tried hard to hold back his laugh. There had to be a reason why the book made Tina wear those clothes. This was Master Puti’s home—wait!

“I got it!” Eddy’s eyes lit up. “Tina, you’re wearing Master Puti’s clothes! That means you have to do what Master Puti did!”

“What?” Tina stared at him.

“It must be!” Eddy said. “Last time, no monkey dared to jump into the waterfall, so I did—and the story went on! Now no one is doing what Master Puti did, so we have to. That ruler in your hand—”



He gestured toward the bamboo ruler. “You have to tap Sun Wukong on the head three times!”

“What!” Tina’s mouth dropped open wide. “You’re not kidding, right?”

“I’m not! That’s in the story,” Eddy said. “Master Puti was testing Sun Wukong. The three taps meant the monkey should come find him at midnight—three o’clock. He wanted to see if Sun Wukong was smart enough to learn real magic.”

“I... okay!” Tina took a deep breath and tightly gripped the ruler.

“It’s just the book world. No one here will attack us. It’s fine. It’s fine...”

Holding the ruler, she walked toward the school. She kept muttering “It’s fine,” but she looked really nervous. If Green, her little



snake, hadn't lifted the edge of her robe with its tail, she would have tripped many times.

As soon as they stepped into the hall, all the students—and the golden monkey among them—looked up at her.



“Greetings, Master!” “Good day, Teacher!” they said, standing and bowing politely.

It was clear: to the students, Tina *was* Master Puti!

Eddy almost laughed again. This was amazing —they had to play the story’s roles to move it forward!

Tina pretended to cough and walked slowly around the room, just like their teacher Ms. Vera would. Then she stopped in front of the golden monkey—Sun Wukong.



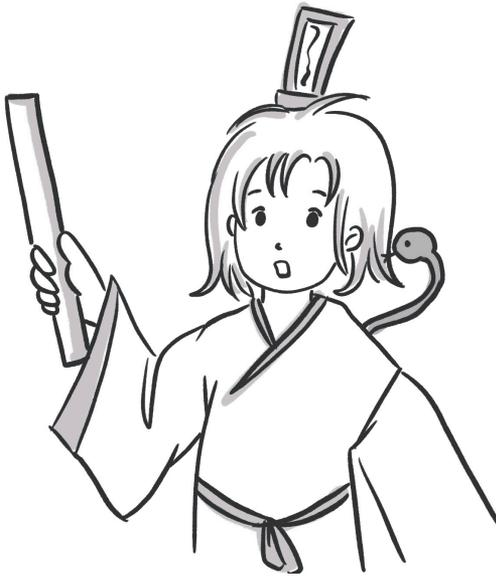
The monkey looked up at her nervously and held out a paper covered in neat brush-written words. For a monkey, his writing was remarkable!

Tina coughed again and lifted the bamboo ruler high.

“Three taps!” Eddy mouthed.

Tina raised her arm higher—but her hand froze in midair.

“I can’t do it!” she mouthed back, then pointed at the ruler. “You do it!”



“Uh...” Eddy didn’t move. It was Sun Wukong! He was such a hard-working little monkey. How could they hit him on the head?

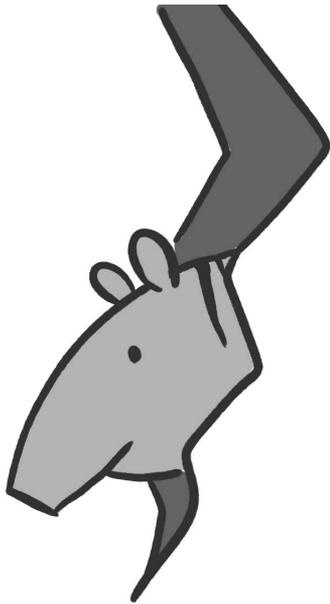
They both stood frozen, staring at each other.

Just then, a deep *grr—grr—grr* sound filled the air.

The space beside Tina tore open with a sharp rip, as if a seam in the air had been slashed apart.

A short gray nose poked out. Then came two golden eyes and small ears.

“The Mo!” they shouted together.



It was just like last time! Whenever a story began to move again, the Mo—the story-eating creature—would show up to finish its meal.

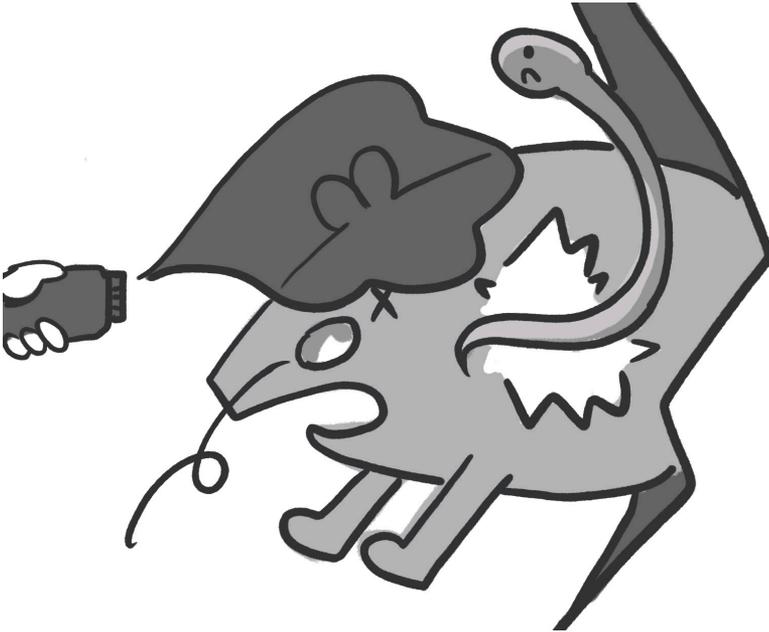
Now that Tina wore Master Puti’s robe, the Mo had sensed the master’s presence and returned to eat more of the story!

“Green, attack!” Tina shouted.

“Hit its nose!” Eddy yelled and threw his little stone as hard as he could.

He didn’t expect much from it, though. He grabbed a bottle of black ink from a desk and splashed it at the Mo’s head. The ink splattered all over its eyes.

The Mo gave a loud gurgling cry, and just then —*whack!*—Green’s tail hit it hard on the forehead!



Eddy knew how strong Tina’s snake was. With a sharp *smack*, the tail struck right between the Mo’s eyes. The creature went silent and fainted on the spot.

Its mouth opened, and a white, cloud-like shadow floated out.

“Catch the Mo!” Eddy shouted. He pulled a rope from his backpack.

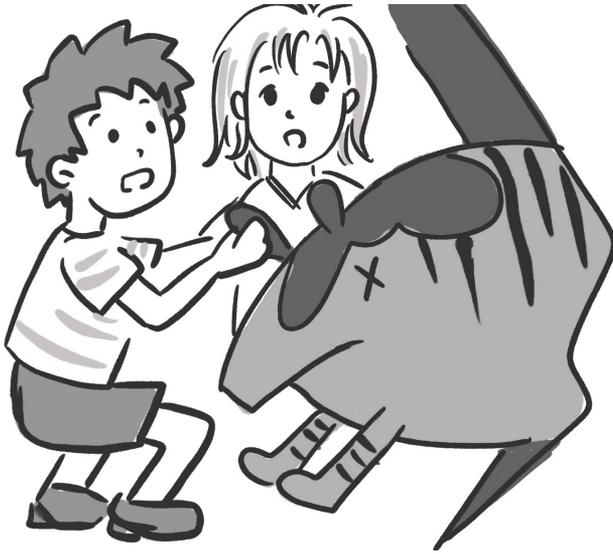
Ms. Vera had said the Mo wouldn’t bite people—it would only swallow dreams and stories. She had told them that if they ever caught one, they should tie it up and bring it back to the real world.

Tina grabbed the Mo’s ear while Eddy held onto its nose. The creature was heavy, but they pulled together with all their might, like a tug-of-war. Slowly, the round, cow-sized body slid out of the crack.

It was working! Eddy’s heart raced.

Then—suddenly—the Mo jerked backward!

“Someone’s on the other side!” Tina cried.



It was true—someone else was pulling from the other side!

Eddy grabbed its ear again, but the ink made it slippery. The ear slipped from his hand, and in an instant, the Mo was yanked back through the crack.

With a *zip!*, the air sealed shut. The Mo was gone.

Eddy's heart pounded. He stared at the spot where the crack had been. He was sure of it—someone from 'the other world' had pulled the Mo back!

“Eddy... the clothes,” Tina whispered.

Eddy turned. Tina was back in her striped shirt. The white robe was gone. Beside her floated a white, glowing shape.

Eddy looked up.

Before them stood an old man with white hair and a long beard, wearing the same robe Tina had worn. But now the robe fit perfectly. His hair was tied up neatly, and his beard reached his waist.



He gazed kindly at the golden monkey and lifted the bamboo ruler in his hand.

“Tap, tap, tap!”

He struck the monkey’s head three times—just like in the story.

CHAPTER 3 MATH CLASS

Master Puti, with white hair and long beard, lifted the bamboo ruler high.

Without a word, he struck Sun Wukong's head —“Tap! Tap! Tap!”



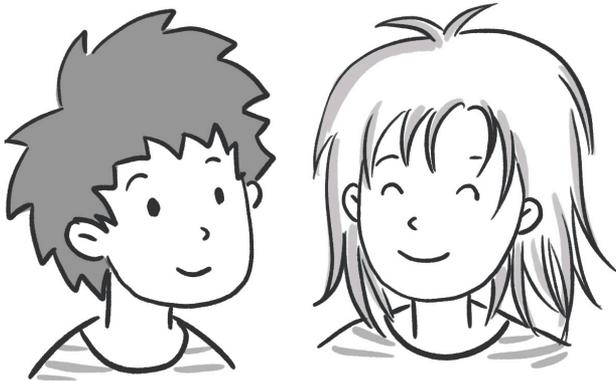
“Ow! Ow!” cried Sun Wukong, holding his head. Master Puti gave a short “hmpf,” turned around, and walked back toward his house.

The students all covered their mouths and giggled. Sun Wukong lowered his hands and

watched his teacher's back. Suddenly, his eyes lit up, as if he had just figured something out.

Sunlight moved slowly across the classroom floor. The patches of sunlight faded as the sky grew darker. The story was moving again—it wasn't stuck anymore!

Eddy and Tina gave each other a high-five. They hadn't caught the Mo, but they had brought Master Puti back! The story of *Journey to the West* could go on!



“Should we go back?” Eddy asked, holding his little stone. Actually, he didn't want to leave. Tina looked the same—she didn't want to leave either.

“Let’s stay a bit longer! Just a little!” she said hopefully.

Time passed. The students packed up their books and left to rest. At midnight, the little golden monkey quietly crawled out of bed and tiptoed to Master Puti’s house.

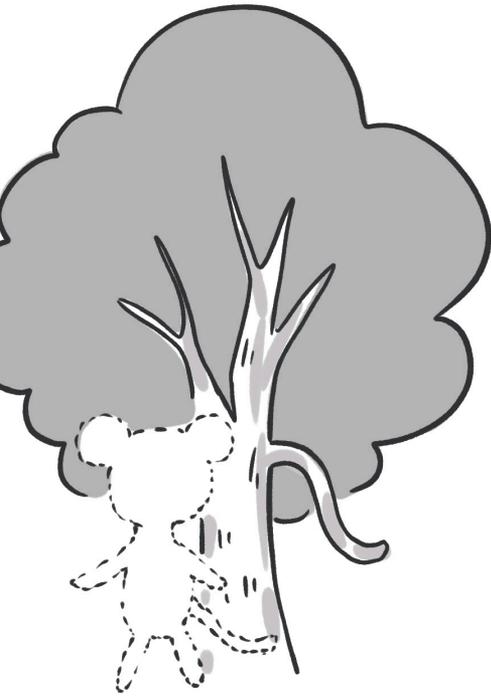


“The Seventy-Two Transformations!” Eddy whispered, his voice shaking with excitement. “Sun Wukong learns his magic here!”

“He can turn into seventy-two things?” Tina asked in surprise.

“Yes! Maybe even more,” Eddy said.

“I think it means seventy-two kinds of things—



like trees, mountains, bugs, even people! He can turn into almost anything!”

Before Eddy could finish, the little monkey shook his fur—and vanished! In his place stood a tall, leafy tree.

“Wow!” Tina gasped, tugging Eddy’s sleeve. “Look! The tail!”

Sure enough, behind the tree swung a golden branch that looked just like a monkey’s tail.

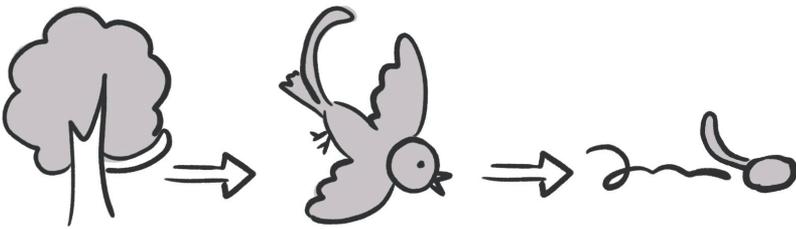
But that wasn’t all. The “tree” lifted one branch and scratched its head!

Eddy and Tina burst out laughing. Who had ever seen a tree scratch its head?

While they were laughing, the tree began to shake all over. With a loud *flap*, it turned into a bird!

The bird flew up to a tall tree behind Master Puti’s house and pecked at a big red peach. But its beak was too small—it could only take tiny bites. So it turned back into a monkey, popped the peach into its mouth, then changed into a bird again and flew down.

As soon as it landed, the bird rolled on the ground and turned into a little gray thing that rolled toward Eddy.



Without thinking, Eddy bent down, ready to pick it up and slip it into his pocket.

“Hey!” Tina nudged him with her elbow.

“Oh! I forgot!” Eddy straightened up quickly.

“I thought it was my book spirit!”

At that moment, his real book spirit jumped in his pocket, as if reminding him.

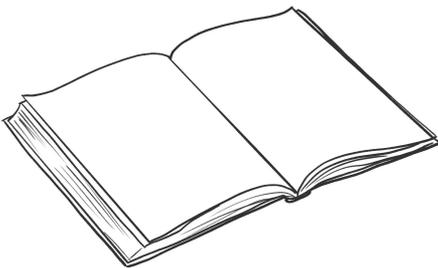
“We should go back,” Eddy said softly.
“I can feel it—it’s getting tired.”

He didn’t want to say goodbye to Sun Wukong, who was still learning his transformations. But he knew their book spirits couldn’t keep them in the story for too long.

“Okay!” said Tina. “We’ll come back tomorrow!”

Back to the real world, Eddy couldn’t stop thinking about what had happened. Even during math class, his mind was still in the story.

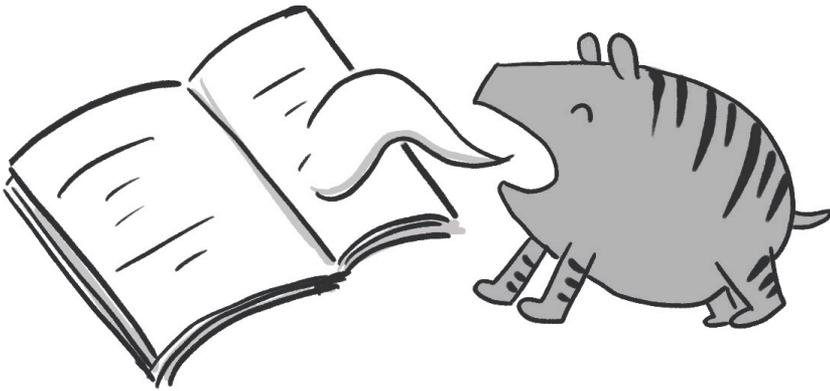
Ms. Vera should be there to teach them math, but she wasn’t in the classroom. Eddy guessed that Ms. Vera and the librarian, Mr. Ray, must have gone to the Central Library to report their discovery.



All across the country, stories were disappearing. Classic books were turning

into blank notebooks. Eddy’s parents, who worked for the World Bureau, said they believed “another world” had tamed magical creatures to steal stories. But no one knew what those creatures really were.

Just a few days ago, Eddy and Tina had entered the world of *Journey to the West* and met one of those creatures—the Mo. They had seen it swallow a story character!



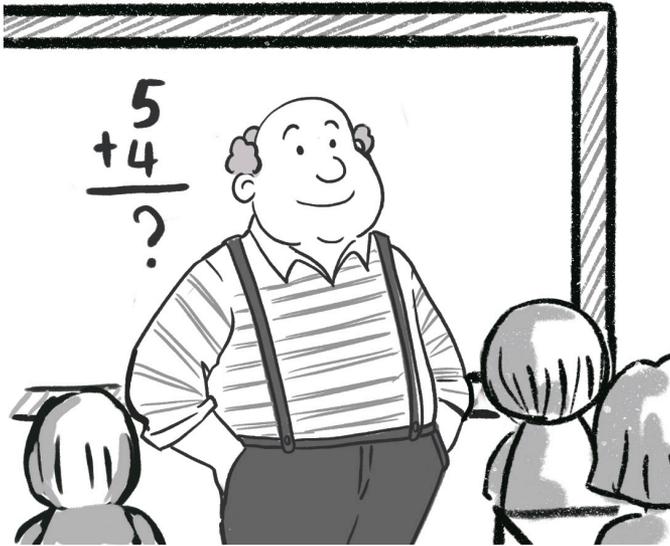
It was a huge discovery, and Ms. Vera said the Central Library must know about it.

Eddy felt proud—he was the first to discover the Mo! But when he looked at the substitute teacher at the front of the class, his excitement faded.

The man was tall and bald. The top of his head gleamed in the sunlight. He wrote some numbers on the board, then smiled at the blond boy sitting in front of Eddy—Tom.

The substitute was Mr. Benjamin, the dorm manager, and Tom’s father.

When Ms. Vera was away, Mr. Benjamin taught the class. But most students didn’t like him much.



“Math class now... yes, math,” Mr. Benjamin mumbled. “Let’s see, where are we? Have you

done one-digit addition? Hmm... what's five plus four?"

"Seven!" Tom shouted proudly. The class giggled.

"Huh? No, not seven..." Mr. Benjamin stared at his son in disbelief.

"It's six!" shouted a short-haired girl in a cat-print shirt. That was Tina.



Tom might not have known the answer, but Eddy was sure Tina said the wrong answer on purpose.

"No! It's three!" Eddy yelled, raising his hand.

The class burst out laughing. Everyone shouted, “It’s one!” “It’s four!” “It’s two!”

Mr. Benjamin panicked. “No, no, no...” he said, wiping sweat from his shiny head.

“Doesn’t anyone know what five plus four really is?”

“You’re all being silly,” said a dark-skinned boy in the back. “Of course it’s nine.”

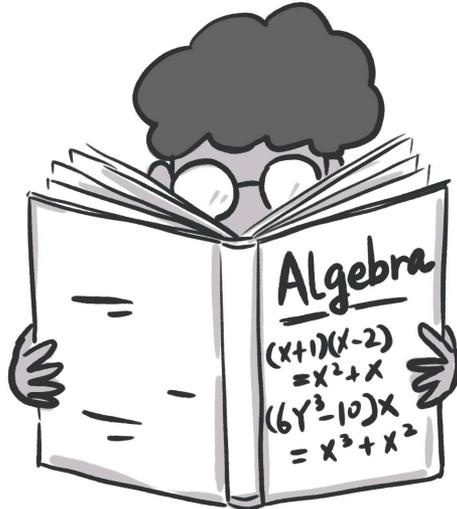


The boy’s name was Leo, who looked up from a thick book and frowned.

Eddy sighed, feeling a little disappointed: whenever someone said the right answer, the fun was over.

Many students looked at Leo unhappily, but Leo didn't seem to care. He kept reading his book. Eddy peeked at the book cover. It was huge and full of tiny numbers and symbols he didn't understand.

“That book must be very safe,” Eddy thought. “Even a Mo wouldn't want to eat that.”



Thanks to Leo's answer, Mr. Benjamin finally relaxed.

“Good, good...” he said again and again, wiping his head. “Looks like we need more practice... yes, more practice.”

“Now pair up, two by two,” he said, “Each of you, write some math problems for your partner on this paper. When you finish, swap, solve, and check each other’s work.”

Mr. Benjamin walked around the class to hand out sheets of paper. Eddy sighed. He was sure Mr. Benjamin simply wanted to avoid teaching.

“Tom, you’ll work with...” Mr. Benjamin handed a sheet to his son and looked around. The closest student was Eddy.



“I don’t want to work with Eddy,” Tom said sharply.

A few days ago, Eddy and Tom had argued in the cafeteria. Tom ended up in the principal’s office and had to write a long apology. Since then, Tom hadn’t spoken to Eddy—and honestly, Eddy was fine with that.

“Hmm...” Mr. Benjamin scratched his head and pointed to Tom’s friend.

“Brad, you work with Tom. And Eddy, you...”

He gave Eddy a piece of paper and looked around.

Most students already had partners. Tina sat with a girl with two braids. Only one student was still alone—the boy with the thick book.

“Leo,” Mr. Benjamin said, pointing. “You’ll work with Eddy.”

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The *Book Spirit* series (Volumes 1-3) will be officially available on Amazon starting **April 15, 2026**.

www.bookspiritsworld.com Author&Illustrator: Irene CHEN

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