

Bug Off, Dude!



Auntie Deb

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by

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Welcome to Bug Off, Dude!

Are you a Dude?

Do you want to be?

If so, turn the page.

But be careful.

If you're mean to Bug, he just might get even.

Buzz went **Bug** on the playroom floor,

Dodging a sock and a toy dinosaur.



He zipped past crackers, then up he flew,

And froze at the sound of a fart in a shoe.

He turned and he twitched and he wiggled one knee,

Then WHOOSH, a yank, and Bug screamed, "Not me!"



He flew through the air with a gasp and a shout—

And suddenly found all the light had gone out.

He bounced off a penny, slid under some thread,
Got smacked by a sticker that stuck to his head.



He tumbled through lint, did a flip near a tack,
Then landed face-first in a fuzzi-bally stack.

He groaned as he peeled all the fluff from his face,
Then looked all around at this strange, dusty place.



With boogers and buttons and one gummy bear—

He whispered, "Dear me... is this **underwear?**"

He crawled past a crumb and a bent paper clip,

Then slid down a sock on a twisty blue zip.



He dodged a dung beetle who gave a high five—

“I’ve been here for weeks. It’s been hard to survive.”

He climbed up a rope of tangled-up thread,

And peeked through a gap near dust-covered bread.



A breeze brushed his feelers, he let out a cheer—

“The way out’s up there... I’m escaping from here!”

He waited and wiggled and timed it just right,

Then leapt like a rocket into the light.



He bounced off a cushion, a book, and a shoe,

Then smacked into something—a ball that was blue.



He rolled to a stop at the foot of the boy,

Who'd vacuumed him up like a throwaway toy.



He stood, brushed his legs, and cried, "**Hey!** You - Boy!"

"You mess with the Bug... you unleash my annoy!"

He flew to the shelf where the paint bottle sat,
Then wobbled a blue one—and **SPLAT** on the cat.



He skittered to Dude's glass of juice with great glee,
And flipped in a booger all covered in pee.

He zipped back to the paint and knocked over the red,
It splattered the curtains and splashed on the bed.



He burrowed in socks and left bits of his shell,
Then climbed on a pillow... and farted as well.

Dude heard the fart and then laughed till he cried,
His giggles so loud they were hurting his side.



He offered a crumb and said, "Friends now, okay?"

But Bug crossed his arms and just turned away.

Dude made a trail with a crumb or two,

Then sat really still like good humans should do.



Bug circled his foot, gave his pinky a tug—
Then climbed up his arm, and leaned in for a hug.

"I won't suck up bugs," Dude promised with pride.

"No more boogers in juice," Bug politely replied.



They sealed the deal with a shake of the hand,

Then Bug zipped off, feeling perfectly grand.

The End

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Words by Deborah Sarty, writing as Auntie Deb

Illustrations by DALL·E, and Deborah Sarty

Printed in the United States of America

Imprint: Independently Published

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Auntie Deb is the pen name of Canadian author Deborah Sarty. She writes children's picture books for her grand-niece and grand-nephew, hoping to spark in them a lifelong love of exploring new worlds and ideas through stories. When she's writing, she's kept company by Uncle Roger and their two curious cats, Sammi and Dash.

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