

Kiko

the Hawaiian

Wave



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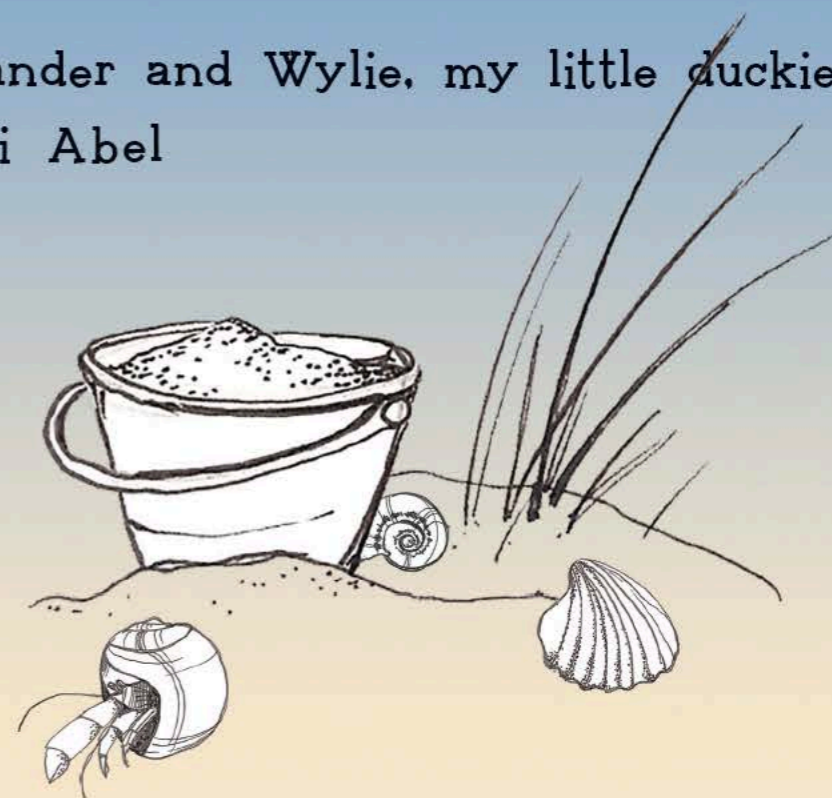
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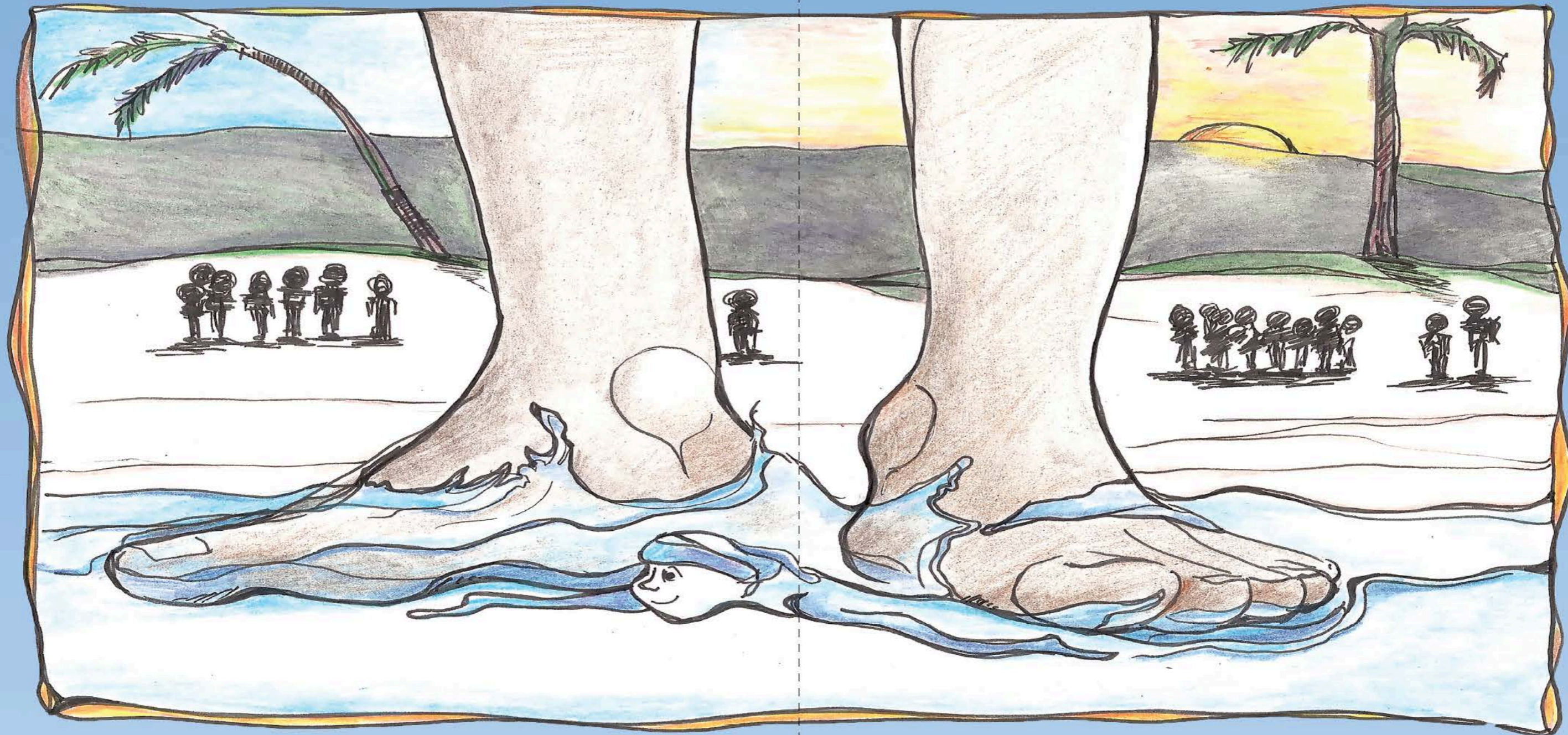
For Otis on his first birthday.

—Beth Navarro

For Zander and Wylie, my little duckies.

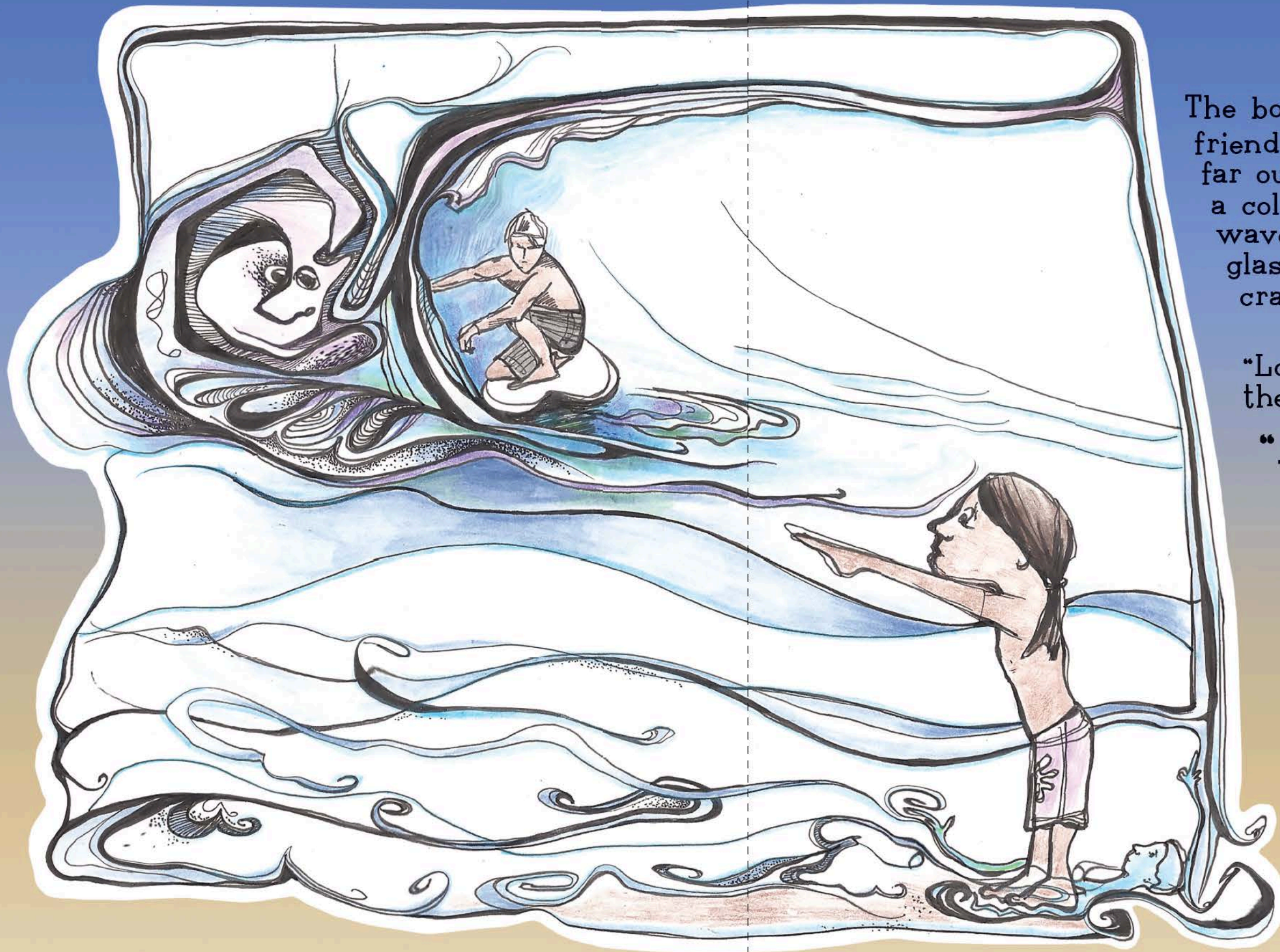
—Cami Abel





Kiko the Hawaiian wave, lapped through the warm tide pools of the Maui shoreline. The beach was packed with spectators that day.

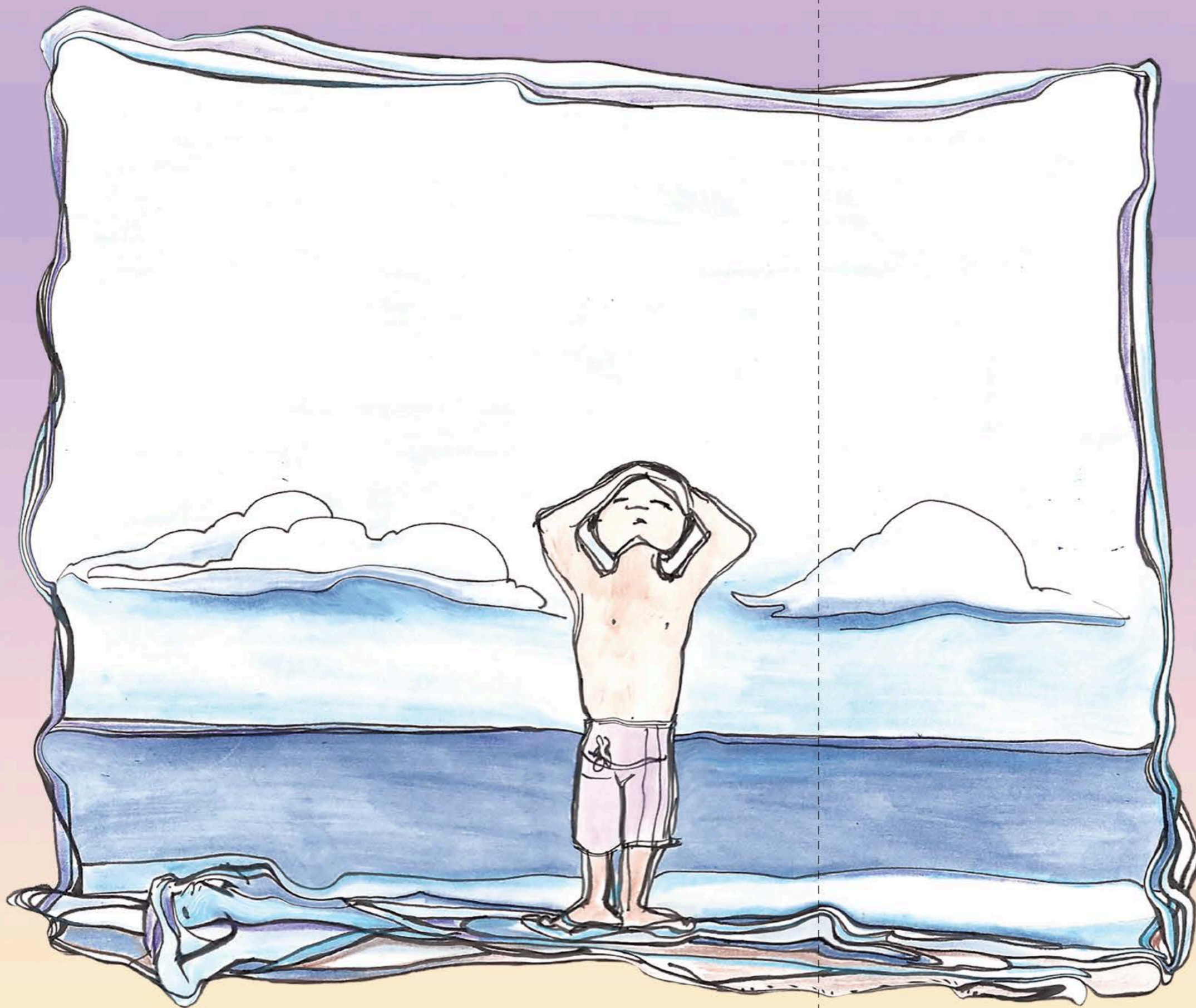
All were there to watch the biggest surf contest of the year. Excited, Kiko rushed between the toes of his favorite beach-goer, a boy with long brown hair. "Gnarly," the boy said.



The boy and his friends were pointing far out to sea, where a colossal half pipe wave, smooth as glass, effortlessly cradled a surfer.

“Look at that!” the boy screamed.

“Awesome!”



Kiko rippled with jealousy. It was the biggest, baddest, coolest wave of all time. Big Wave Brody: every surfer's dream.

"I'll never find my wave," the brown-haired boy groaned.
"I'll never find my surfer," Kiko sighed.

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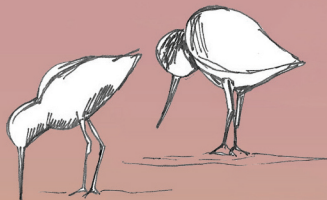
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Kiko is a humble ocean wave who has big dreams of finding his surfer, but is afraid to venture beyond the safety of the shore. The annual surf contest is his chance to prove himself.

Will Kiko muster the courage to form the perfect tube and carry his own surfer?



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