



A decorative frame with a light gray, glossy, wavy border. Inside the frame, the word "Chapter" is written in a black serif font, followed by a large italicized "1". There are three small heart icons: one above the "p" in "Chapter", one below the "p", and one to the right of the "1".

## Chapter 1

“I’ve got it!” Glitter barked, racing across the sand. She skidded to a sudden stop, stood up on her back paws, and bopped the colorful beach ball with her nose. It sailed over the volleyball net and landed just behind her friend Sparkle.

“Bow wow! What a shot!” A little ball of fur appeared at Glitter’s side, panting and

grinning. Flash was a Yorkshire Terrier with boundless energy—the pawfect volleyball partner!

Sparkle and Twinkle ducked under the net to give Glitter high fives. “Not bad,” Twinkle said with a shrug. The Beagle was known for being a little gruff and grumpy, but she was



always there for her friends. She winked at Glitter and gave her a little smile.

“At this rate, Twinkle and I are going to lose this game in the twitch of a tail,” Sparkle woofed with a giggle. The afternoon sunshine reflected off the golden horn on Sparkle’s head. It glimmered so brightly that Glitter had to shield her eyes with a paw!

“You’re going to blind someone with that thing!” Flash joked.

Glitter couldn’t help but laugh. It was a beautiful day with not a cloud in the sky, and Sparkle’s horn was awfully bright in the sunlight! All of the pups had horns between their ears, each in a different color—Twinkle’s was blue, Flash’s was purple, and Glitter’s was a beautiful pearly pink. They weren’t ordinary

puppies. They were Cutiecorns! Their horns gave them pawsome powers, which made their home, Puppypaw Island, a truly magical place to live.

“It’s our serve,” Glitter said, carrying the beach ball across the sand.

As she waited for her friends to get into place, Glitter took a deep breath of the salty sea air. Gentle waves lapped at the sand on one side of her, and grassy dunes rose on the other. A light breeze ruffled Glitter’s white fur. She peered around the mostly empty beach, thinking about how lucky they were to call Puppypaw Island home.

Just then, something in the tall beach grass near the volleyball net caught her eye. She stopped and squinted through the sunshine.

Bow wow, it was a little French Bulldog! Glitter knew most of the pups on Puppypaw Island, but she had never seen this one before. He was mostly tan, so he blended into the sand, but he had a black muzzle and sweet black eyes. Two big ears stood tall on top of his head, with a royal-blue horn between them.

“Hi there!” Glitter called, waving a paw.



The pup looked around in alarm, clearly worried that he'd been spotted.

Glitter smiled and trotted over to him, leaving the beach ball behind. "I'm Glitter," she said with a friendly smile. "I'm sorry we didn't see you there sooner!"

The pup gave her a small smile in return. "I'm Batty," he said quietly. "I didn't mean to interrupt your game. It just looked like you were having so much fun! I had to stop and watch."

Glitter lowered her voice to a whisper. "We're having a pawsome time, but I think my friends Sparkle and Twinkle need some help. Would you like to play? They could really use you on their team!"

Batty blushed. "Really? I'm new here, and I've never played this game before."

“Well, this is a great way to learn!” Glitter said. “Where are you from?”

“My dad is a fisherpup, so we’ve traveled around a lot,” Batty explained. “But now that I’m getting older, we’re settling down in one spot. We just moved into a little house on the water.” He pointed a paw down the beach.

Glitter beamed. “It’s furbulous to meet you. Welcome to Puppypaw Island!” She turned and waved her friends over. “Guys, this is Batty. I thought he could join Sparkle and Twinkle’s team, since they’re struggling against the Puptastic Duo!”

“Hey!” Sparkle protested, laughing. She looked at Twinkle and shrugged. “We could probably use the help.”

“Bark for yourself,” Twinkle said, giving



Batty a sly wink. “But the more the merrier!”

Batty’s face broke into a wide grin, and he jumped to his paws. “Ter-ruff-ic!” he cried, darting across the sand in excitement.

The older pups followed, heading back to their places on either side of the net. “That was really nice of you, Glitter,” Flash whispered, nudging her friend. “He looks so happy!”

Glitter felt cozy inside as she picked up the beach ball. Caring magic was her specialty, so helping others came very naturally to her. She loved how a small gesture could turn someone’s day from just okay to pawsitively grrrrreat!

“Here we go!” she barked, bopping the ball up and over the net with one paw. The pups hit it back and forth, back and forth, never

letting the ball touch the sand. Finally, Batty took an enormous leap and knocked it over the net with his nose. Flash dove for it—but missed.

She rolled in the sand, laughing. “This can’t be your first time playing, Batty. You’re an expert!” she said.

Glitter held out a paw to help her up. Together, they watched Batty, Sparkle, and Twinkle cheer as they did a ridiculous victory dance.

“Okay, okay,” Flash barked after a moment, giggling. “You guys have *one* point. Don’t get your fur too ruffled yet—let’s see if you can do it again!”