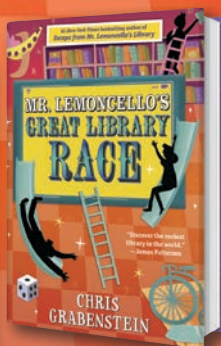
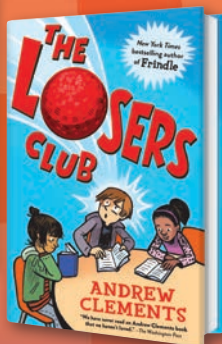
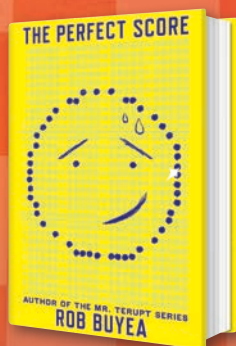


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—Luigi L. Lemoncello

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MR. LEMONCELLO'S GREAT LIBRARY RACE

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library in the world."
— James Patterson

CHRIS
GRABENSTEIN

SNEAK PEEK!



This was a game Kyle Keeley refused to lose.

For the first time since Mr. Lemoncello's famous library escape contest, he was up against his old nemesis, Charles Chilton.

"Surrender, Keeley!" Charles jeered from three spaces ahead. "Chiltons never lose!"

"Except, you know, when they do!" shouted Kyle's best friend, Akimi Hughes. She was ten spaces behind Kyle and couldn't stand seeing Charles in the lead.

The life-size board game had been rolled out like a plastic runner rug around the outer ring of tables in the Rotunda Reading Room of Mr. Lemoncello's library.

"The game's not over until it's over, Charles," Kyle said with a smile.

He had landed on a bright red question mark square, while Charles was safe on "Free Standing." A shaky

collection of drifting holograms hovered over their heads, suspended in midair beneath the building's magnificent Wonder Dome. The dome's giant video screens were dark so they wouldn't interfere with the ghostly green images creating what Mr. Lemoncello called a Rube Goldberg contraption—a device deliberately designed to perform a very simple task in an extremely complicated way.

Most Rube Goldberg contraptions involve a chain reaction. In Mr. Lemoncello's Rickety-Trickety Fact or Fictiony game, a new piece of the chain was added every time one of the players gave an incorrect answer. If someone reached the finish line before all the pieces lined up, they won. However, if any player gave one too many wrong answers, they would trigger the chain reaction and end up trapped under a pointed dunce cap.

They would lose.

"Are you ready for your question, Mr. Keeley?" boomed Mr. Lemoncello, acting as the quiz master.

"Yes, sir," said Kyle.

"Fact or fiction for six," said Mr. Lemoncello, reading from a bright yellow game card. "At five feet four inches, George Washington was the shortest American president ever elected. Would you like to answer or do the research?"

It was a tough choice, especially since Kyle didn't know the answer.

If he did the research, he'd have to go back one space *and* lose a turn so he could look up the correct answer on

one of the tablet computers built into the nearby reading desk.

But while he was researching, Charles might surge ahead. He might even make it all the way to the finish line.

On the other hand, even though Kyle didn't know the answer, if he said either "fact" or "fiction," he had a fifty-fifty chance of being right and moving forward six spaces, putting him *in front* of Charles, and that much closer to victory.

Of course, Kyle also had a fifty-fifty chance of being wrong and adding what might be the final hologram to the wobbly contraption overhead.

"Do the research, Kyle!" urged Akimi.

"Please do," sneered Charles.

"Yo!" shouted another one of Kyle's best buds, Miguel Fernandez. "Don't let Chilington get under your dome, bro. He's just playing mind games with you."

"Impossible." Charles sniffed. "Keeley doesn't have a mind for me to play with."

"Uh, uh, uh," said Mr. Lemoncello. "Charles, I wonder if, just this once, you might choose kind?" He turned to Kyle. "Well, Mr. Keeley? No one can make this decision for you, unless, of course, you hire a professional decider, but trust me—they are decidedly expensive. Are you willing to put everything on a waffle and take a wild guess?"

Kyle hated losing a turn when the whole idea was to *win* the game. He hated going backward when the object was to move forward.

He studied the teetering collection of holograms suspended under the darkened dome. He looked at Charles, who was sneering back at him smugly.

“I want to answer, sir.”

“Very well,” said Mr. Lemoncello. “Let me repeat the question before the cucumbers I had for lunch repeat on me: At five feet four inches, George Washington was the shortest American president ever elected. Fact or fiction?”

Kyle took a deep breath. He remembered some teacher once saying people were shorter back in the olden days. So odds were that Washington was a shrimp.

“That, sir,” he said, “is a . . . fact?”

A buzzer *SCRONKed* like a sick goose.

“Sorry,” said Mr. Lemoncello. “It is, in fact, fiction. At six feet three inches, George Washington was one of our *tallest* presidents. It’s time to add another piece to our dangling-dunce-cap-trap contraption.”

Electronic notes diddled up a scale.

“Oh, dear,” said Mr. Lemoncello. “It looks like that’s the last straw!”

A hologram of a striped milk carton straw floated into place. It shot a spitball at a hologram of an old-fashioned cash register, which hit a button, which made the cash drawer pop open with a *BING!* The drawer smacked a holographic golf ball, which *BOINKed* down seven steps of a staircase one at a time until it bopped into a row of dominoes, which started to tumble in a curving line. The final domino triggered a catapult, which fired a

Ping-Pong ball, which smacked a rooster in the butt. The bird *cock-a-doodle-dooed*, which startled a tiny man in a striped bathing suit standing on top of a fifty-foot ladder so much that he leapt off, spiraled down, and landed with a splash in a wooden bucket, which, since it was suddenly heavier, pulled a rope that struck a match, which lit a fuse, which ignited a fireworks rocket, which blasted off, which knocked the dunce cap off its hook.

The holographic hat of shame fell and covered Kyle like an upside-down ice cream cone.

“Loser!” crowed Charles.

Everybody else laughed.

By taking a wild guess, Kyle hadn’t gone backward or lost a turn.

But he’d definitely lost the game!



Since the dunce cap was only a hologram, it couldn't actually trap Kyle.

But its laser-generated sides were equipped with motion sensors. So when Kyle tried to step out from under the flickering image of the giant parking-cone-shaped hat, he triggered some pretty embarrassing sound effects. Mostly gassy *BLATTs* and *FWUUUUUMPs*.

All the other players were cracking up, so Kyle took a goofy bow.

And activated the motion sensors again.

FWUUUUUMP!

"That's Keeley, all right," snickered Charles. "Nothing but windy blasts of gas."

"You're right," said Kyle, taking another bow and activating another *FWUUUUUMP!*

“And you were in the lead, Charles, so you win. Congratulations.”

He stuck his hand in and out of the laser grid to blare a gassy fanfare to the tune of “Happy Birthday to You”: *BLATT-BLATT-BLATT-BLATT, FWUMP-FWUMP!*

“All right,” cried a no-nonsense voice in the midst of all the laughter. “Shut it down. Need to iron out that glitch.”

There were six thumps and a loud whir, and then the holographic Rube Goldberg contraption disappeared. A bald man in a lab coat stepped out of the shadows, toting a tablet computer the size of a paperback.

“Switch on the Wonder Dome,” he said to the flat screen he held in his palm.

Instantly, the ten wedge-shaped, high-definition video screens lining the library’s colossal cathedral ceiling started shimmering as the dome went from black to its swirling, full-circle kaleidoscopic mode.

“Friends,” announced Mr. Lemoncello, marching across the rotunda’s marble floor toward the man in the white coat, “allow me to introduce you to the library’s brand-new head imagineer, Mr. Chester ‘Chet’ Raymo, the genius behind my new Mind-Bogglingly Big ‘n’ Wacky Gymnasium Games!” He cleared his throat and warbled, “*Mr. Raymo is a brilliant brain-o! What he does is hard to explain-o!*”

Mr. Raymo was so busy tapping his tablet he didn’t realize that Mr. Lemoncello was singing his praises.

The head imagineer wore thick black-rimmed glasses and a skinny black necktie and had seriously slumped shoulders. He looked like he could work at mission control for NASA.

“I believe we need to make a few minor adjustments before we roll it out to the schools,” said Mr. Raymo. “Those sound effects activated when the loser attempted to escape were supposed to be burglar alarm bells, not farts.”

“I know,” said Mr. Lemoncello. “I changed them.”

Mr. Raymo nodded. Tapped his tablet again.

“Duly noted.”

“Thank you, Chet.” Mr. Lemoncello threw open his arms and, in a very loud voice, addressed the players still standing in various spots along the game board.

“And thank you, one and all, for participating in this trial run of my newest gaming concept. Soon we will be able to take these same portable hologram projectors to gymnasiums, cafetoriums, and, if we hold our breath, natatoriums, so schools, even those with swimming pools, can use my life-size board games as fund-raisers—free of charge, of course.”

“I really enjoyed the game,” said Sierra Russell, Kyle’s bookworm friend. “I was able to read two whole chapters while I waited for everybody else to spin and take their turns.”

“It was awesome,” agreed Kyle, who loved all of Mr. Lemoncello’s wacky games, even the ones he lost.

“Totally!” added Miguel.

“It’s a rip-off,” scoffed Charles Chilton, who’d been trying to run Mr. Lemoncello out of town ever since the eccentric billionaire first came home to Ohio and spent five hundred million dollars building Alexandriaville the most extraordinary high-tech library in the world.

“I beg your pardon, Charles?” said Mr. Lemoncello, blinking repeatedly. “A rip-off?”

“It’s just a warmed-over version of that old parlor game Botticelli! You should be more inventive. Like the Krinkle brothers.”

The Krinkle brothers owned a huge game company that, in Kyle’s humble opinion, made extremely boring board games and dull generic stuff like Chinese checkers, pachisi, and dominoes. In fact, Kyle had come up with his own ad slogan for the rival game maker: “If it’s a Krinkle, it’s going to stink.”

“See you later, losers.” Charles marched out of the Rotunda Reading Room.

Kyle sometimes wondered why Charles was still allowed to come to the Lemoncello Library. He and his parents had done so much to try to wreck Mr. Lemoncello’s dreams. Since Kyle (along with all the other “champions” from the recent Library Olympics) was now on the library’s board of trustees, he once suggested that Charles (plus the rest of the Chilton family) be banned from the building.

When he did, Mr. Lemoncello gasped, clutched his chest, and pretended that he might faint or have a heart attack. Maybe both.

“Why, if we did that, Kyle,” Mr. Lemoncello had said, “we couldn’t really call ourselves a library, could we?”

Kyle knew his idol was right. Libraries were supposed to be for everybody. Even jerks like Charles, who always pretended to be super polite around grown-ups—except Mr. Lemoncello.

“Not to be as nosy as Pinocchio,” Mr. Lemoncello said to Sierra, “but you seemed more interested in reading your book than in marveling at my latest holographic extravaganza.”

“Sorry, sir.”

“Oh, there’s nothing to be sorry about—a game, by the way, that I wish I had invented. I was just curious about what you were reading.”

“It’s called *Seabiscuit: An American Legend* by Laura Hillenbrand.”

Mr. Lemoncello waggled his eyebrows, put his hand to his mouth, and hollered, “Oh, Mr. Raymo? Is there a Seabiscuit in the house?”

Suddenly, a bugle blared, a bell clanged, and two Thoroughbred racehorses, their jockeys up in the saddles, came thundering into the rotunda from the fire exit!

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AUTHOR OF THE MR. TERUPT SERIES

ROB BUYEA

SNEAK PEEK!



THE PLAYERS

GAVIN

Things need to get ugly before they can get better. It's that simple. It's a fact of life. Think of a good bruise you got from a football game. That bruise is a nice black-and-blue to start. Then it turns into a nasty green-and-yellow mix before finally getting better. Think of a leaky pipe in your ceiling. My old man would tell ya you've gotta cut a big, gaping hole up there in order to fix it. It's gonna be ugly before he can make it any better. And think of babies. A lot of people think babies are adorable, but I happen to disagree. When my little sister, Meggie, came home from the hospital, I took one look at her and said, "Wow, she's ugly." She was all round and pudgy like a snowman, with a floppy and misshapen head.

"*Niño!* Don't say that!" Mom scolded.

"Well, she is," I mumbled. Her dented head reminded me of someone who had just taken his football helmet off.

The good news is, after a while things straighten out and we don't look so bad—usually. That's not the case for everyone, though. There were definitely a few kids in school that

hadn't happened for yet—and might never—like Trevor and Mark and definitely like Scott Mason. That boy was a mess. He mighta been one of the smartest kids in the whole darn school, but that didn't keep him from showing up every day with his shoes untied, his backpack half-zipped, and scarecrow hair. He woulda looked better behind a face mask. Meggie, on the other hand, wasn't all that ugly anymore, but I didn't dare tell her that. Good looks aside, my little sister was still a royal pain in the you-know-what. Dad liked to say she was fortunate to have his good looks, but I think he meant Mom's.

My old man said lots of things, and I made sure most of them went in one ear and out the other. He didn't know what he was talking about half the time, but that truth about things needing to get ugly before getting better . . . I got that from him.

Except that bruise and leaky pipe and baby stuff is simple compared to the kind of ugly that went down this year.

Randi

I've been doing gymnastics since I was five. I've got a natural talent and body for it, but to be great, it takes more than that. It takes lots of hard work and commitment. So when I turned seven, Jane had me join the traveling team and I began practicing five days a week. That's the way it was, and it was fun.

By the time sixth grade rolled around, I was practicing six days a week. My sessions went for three hours—sometimes longer. Every so often I missed a Friday in school, because that's when Jane and I were putting on the miles to get to the next meet, but it was worth it. Jane was always reminding me that if I managed to win at some big competitions and kept getting all As, then I'd get a college scholarship.

This year Jane had me scheduled for a few smaller warm-up meets in preparation for my big run at the end of the season—first the state championships and then Regionals. The top gymnasts in the state qualified for Regionals. I made it last year but didn't do much at the meet. This year Jane's plan had me winning States and making noise at Regionals.

I was already picking at my calluses. Jane kept telling me how important this was. If I placed high at Regionals, then I'd put my name on the map, and that needed to happen so college coaches would start paying attention to my results.

Of course, I also needed to make sure I kept doing what I was supposed to in school. Jane said school and grades came first, but she didn't seem to get nearly as worked up over my tests as she did my gymnastics. School was more like the thing I did in between my practices. That's just the way it was.

I used to love gymnastics.

NATALIE KURTSMAN
ASPIRING LAWYER
Kurtsman Law Offices

BRIEF #1
Summer

I know the difference between right and wrong—always have known it. It amazes me how people can actually goof that up. I mean, it's not terribly complicated. When in doubt, stop and deliberate with your conscience. I do it all the time.

Natalie, should you do this?

I know that if I have to ask myself this question, chances are I shouldn't do it, because something is wrong. So you see, it's really very simple. That's why I plan on following in my parents' footsteps and being a lawyer when I grow up. (This is also why I document everything.) I know the rules and I follow them. I like rules. It's also true that lawyers are generously compensated for their services, and naturally I want a job where I'll make money—I won't deny that—but not because I'm greedy and want to be rich and famous; that would be wrong. Rather, I hope to do something

brave and important. What? I don't know yet. Ambitious, certainly.

Now, two things happen when one's always doing what one is supposed to in school. Being well-behaved and following the rules makes one perfect in the eyes of adults but repulsive in the eyes of one's peers. As a result, one develops the reputation of being a know-it-all. And you might assume that since I'm a know-it-all, I must also be the teacher's pet.

Objection! That's speculation.

However, in this case, you'd be correct. I was the teacher's pet—every year. I could've let that upset me—kids saying those things about me—but that would've been foolish. So what if I didn't have any friends; I didn't need them. My conscience kept me company, and our conversations were far more important for my lawyer training than the meaningless gossip that would've transpired with any immature kid my age. So what if everyone wanted to call me a know-it-all? They can tell me how sorry they are when they come knocking, begging me to be their lawyer because they've done something wrong. Lucky for them, if that happens, I'll do what's right.

But, Natalie, not everything in life is always so black-and-white.

Yes, I've heard that before. When it comes to right versus wrong, I don't believe it.

I should've listened more to my conscience. Things got blurry this year. It wasn't so easy to see clearly.

SCOTT

I might be messy, but I like to help, and I always mean well. It says that right on my old report cards.

*Scott is a nice boy. He likes to help out,
and he always means well.*

They also say I need to work on self-control, because sometimes I say and do things without thinking. And I need to work on completing my assignments, especially in writing, because I hate to write. I love math and reading—but I hate to write! I also need to improve my organization. (Mom swears I'd lose my head if it weren't attached.) But my report cards have said those things ever since kindergarten.

Something else I'm good at is coming up with ideas, but things don't always turn out the way I hope or plan—even though I mean well and try hard. That's been noted on my report cards, too.

Scott has no shortage of ideas, but things don't always turn out as he envisions.

Those were the exact words Mrs. Hollerbeck wrote back in first grade after I caught a snake at recess and brought it inside so we could have a class pet. Lightning—that was what I named him—snuck out of my pocket, and I didn't know it until he slithered across Mrs. Hollerbeck's foot. Boy, did she holler then. I scrambled after my snake, but Lightning didn't want to cooperate. I chased him this way and that way, zig-zagging around desks. It took my fastest hustling, but I finally got him cornered and grabbed him.

By then a bunch of kids were standing on their chairs, screaming and yelling. Trevor and Mark, too, only they were hooting with laughter. And Hollerbeck was still hollering.

I didn't have to go and see Principal Allen that time because there was so much noise coming from our classroom that he came and found me. We walked outside and released Lightning back into the wild before going to his office.

None of this changed in sixth grade. It only got worse. Way worse. I really made a mess of things this year.

Trevor

I couldn't wait for school to start—and I didn't like school. But I liked summer even less. I'd had enough of summer.

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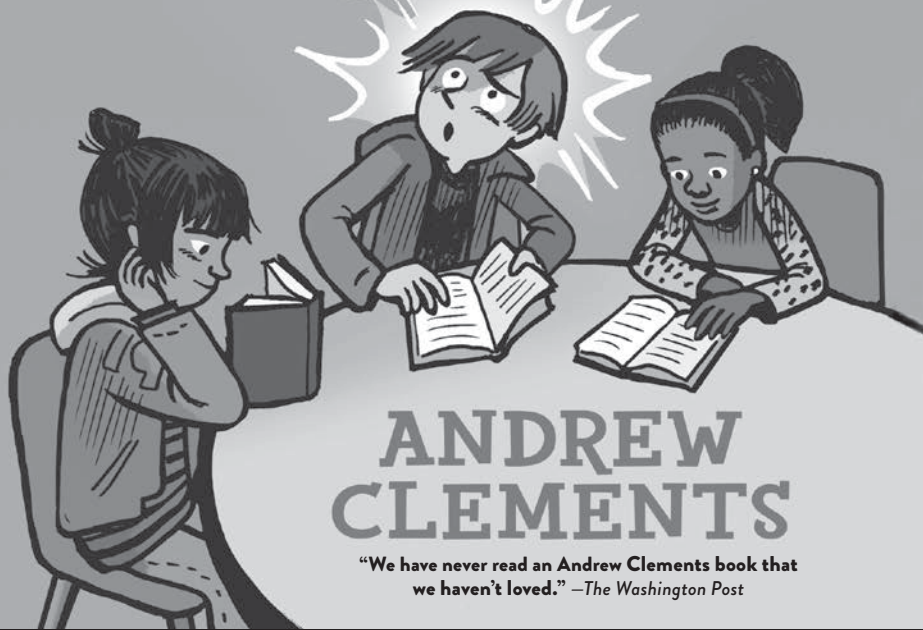
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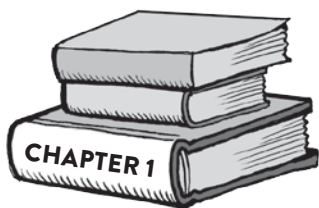
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ANDREW
CLEMENTS

"We have never read an Andrew Clements book that
we haven't loved." —The Washington Post

SNEAK PEEK!



What Happens Next?

A bright red plastic chair sat in the hallway outside the door of the principal's office. This chair was known as the Hot Seat, and at nine-fifteen on a Tuesday morning, Alec Spencer was in it.

During his years at Bald Ridge Elementary School, Alec had visited the Hot Seat a lot—he had lost count somewhere in the middle of fifth grade. This morning's visit was the very first time he'd been sent to the principal's office during sixth grade . . . except this was also the very first day of school, so Alec had been a sixth grader for less than forty-five minutes.

A kid could end up in the Hot Seat at least a hundred different ways, most of them pretty standard: talking back to a teacher, bullying or shoving or punching, throwing food in the cafeteria—stuff like that.

But Alec was a special case. Every time he had landed in the Hot Seat, he had been caught doing something that teachers usually liked: reading. It wasn't about *what* he was reading or *how* he was reading—it was always because of *where* and *when* he was reading.

Maybe his mom and dad were to blame for spending all those hours reading to him when he was little. Or maybe *The Sailor Dog* was to blame, or *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*, or possibly *The Cat in the Hat*. But there was no doubt that Alec had loved books from the get-go. Once he found a beginning, he had to get to the middle, because the middle always led to the end of the story. And no matter what, Alec had to know what happened next.

Today's situation was a perfect example. Just twenty minutes earlier, Alec had been in first-period art class, and Ms. Boden had passed out paper and pencils to everyone. Then she said, "I want each of you to make a quick sketch of this bowl of apples, and don't put your name on your paper. In five minutes I'm going to collect the sketches and tape them up on the wall, and then we're going to talk about what we see. All right? Please begin."

From across the art room, Alec had looked like he was hunched over his paper, hard at work. But when Ms. Boden got closer, she had discovered that Alec was hunched over a book, reading—something that had happened many, many times in past years. So Ms. Boden instantly sent him off to see the principal.

The second-period bell rang, and the hallway outside the principal's office filled up with kids—which was one of the worst parts of being in the Hot Seat. If you got sent to see Mrs. Vance, the whole school knew about it.

However, Alec wasn't just sitting there on the Hot Seat. He was also reading. It was a book called *The High King*, and in his mind, Alec held a sword in his hand as he ran along beside the main character, battling to save a kingdom. The bell, the kids, the laughing, and the talking—to Alec, all that seemed like sounds coming from some TV show in another room.

But a loud voice suddenly demanded his attention.

"Hey, can you guys *smell* something?"

Without looking up from his book, Alec knew the voice. It belonged to Kent Blair, a kid who lived on his street, a kid who used to be a friend. These days, Kent was very popular and very annoying, and he always laughed when Alec got in trouble. Kent was also in Alec's first-period art class, so him showing up like this? It wasn't a coincidence.

Alec forced his eyes to stay on the page, but he could tell Kent was about five feet away, standing with two other guys. He was talking extra loudly, making a big show of sniffing the air.

"*Phew!* Seriously, can't you *smell* that?"

One of the other guys said, "I think it's the spaghetti. From the cafeteria."

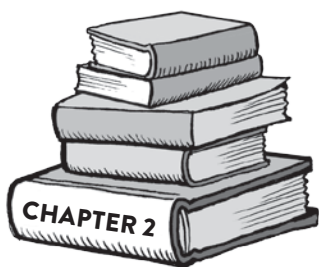
Kent turned slowly toward Alec and then pretended to see him for the first time. “Ohhh! *Look!*” He pointed. “That’s Alec Spencer on the Hot Seat! So the smell? It’s *fried bookworm!* Get it? Ha-ha!”

The other guys joined right in. “Oh—yeah! *Fried bookworm!*”

Alec looked up from his book and scowled. He was about to toss out some insults of his own, when all three guys stopped laughing and walked away—fast.

Something on his left moved, and Alec turned. It was Mrs. Vance, holding her office door open.

“You may come in now, Alec.”



Gulp

The chair in front of Mrs. Vance's desk was identical to the Hot Seat out in the hallway: hard red plastic with black metal legs. Alec remembered how big the chair had seemed back in first grade, and how scared he had been on those early visits. Today, the chair was a perfect fit, and he felt right at home.

Mrs. Vance looked the same: brownish-gray hair almost to her shoulders, a jacket over a blouse—sometimes it was a sweater over a blouse. And she always wore a necklace of small pearls. She didn't have what Alec would call a pretty face, but she wasn't anywhere near ugly either.

She was doing that thing where she rested her elbows on her desk and pressed the palms of both hands together. He thought it made her look like she was praying—maybe

she was. Her glasses didn't have rims, and the lenses were sort of thick, so her brown eyes seemed larger than life. When she looked at him the way she was doing right then, Alec felt like a bug under a magnifying glass.

He knew better than to smile, and he knew better than to talk first. So he waited.

The wait was only five or ten seconds, but it felt much longer. Then Mrs. Vance pulled her hands apart and folded them in front of her on the desk. She spoke slowly and very softly, lips barely moving, her eyes narrowed.

"Alec, Alec, Alec—*what* are we going to do?" And as she said the word *do*, her dark eyebrows shot upward.

Alec sat perfectly still. Mrs. Vance had yelled at him before, she had shaken a finger in his face, and once she had slammed both hands down on her desk, hard. But this? *This* was new.

She opened a file folder on her desk. "I reviewed your academic results and test scores from last year. They weren't great, but they weren't as bad as I thought they might be." She paused and locked her large eyes onto his. "But in terms of your attitude reports, your study skills reports, and your class participation marks? Fifth grade was a disaster!" She paused, then asked, "Do you know how many times you were sent to my office last year for reading instead of listening and participating in class?"

Alec was about to guess eleven—but then decided he'd better keep his mouth shut. He shook his head.

Mrs. Vance leaned forward. "*Fourteen times!*"

Another long pause. "Your teachers and I know how bright you are, Alec. All of us admire how much you love to read—I don't think I have ever known anyone who enjoys books more than you do. But when reading gets in the way of your other schoolwork every single day? *That* is a problem, and it's gotten worse every year. Starting *today*, you have to make some definite changes—and you already know what they are. And if you choose *not* to change your classroom behavior? Then I will require that you attend a special study skills program. This program begins one week after school lets out next June, and the class meets for three hours each morning. The program lasts for six weeks, and unless your attitude and your actions change, *that* is how you will be spending most of next summer. Do you understand?"

Alec gulped, his mind spinning. A whole summer with no trip to New Hampshire, no time at his grandparents' cabin, no swimming in the lake—and no water-skiing!

The principal repeated her question. "*Do you understand?*"

"Yes."

"Good. I have told all your teachers to watch you closely, and if they see you reading in class or not paying attention, they are to send you directly to me. I'm also sending a registered letter to your parents, explaining how serious this has become. And after we see your behavior

report and your grades for the first term, we'll take any further steps that are needed."

She filled out a yellow hall pass, ripped it from the pad, and slid it across the desk.

"Now get to your second-period class, and I don't want to see you in here again all year long."

Alec stood up, took the pass, and left her office without a word.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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WORD SEARCH

Find the words and titles that are hiding among the letters.
They can be forward, backward, up, down, or diagonal!

G	R	E	C	O	L	Z	W	Y	G	K	Y	F	W	T	P	L	O
O	K	E	Z	R	N	U	F	G	G	K	W	H	G	Q	V	E	S
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T	Z	H	E	F	Z	E	R	F	O	V	D	B	Y	M	C	V	C
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A	A	F	D	V	N	Q	I	U	A	U	F	M	D	Z	O	M	N
L	R	K	E	U	C	A	H	X	B	P	Y	G	D	Y	G	H	M

READ
BOOK
CHARACTER
LAUGH
LOVE
WORM
HAWK

GETLOST
LOSERSCLUB
PERFECTSCORE
LEMONCELLO
WONDER
HARRIETTHESPY
GOLDENCOMPASS

WHENYOUREACHME
HILO
HOLES
PENDERWICKS



FOR THE LOVE OF READING!

WORD SCRAMBLER

Mr. Lemoncello, always playing those word games! It looks like he has a message for you, but he's scrambled it up a bit.

1. KACCR

Clue: Some readers hate when you do this to the spine of a book!

2. T D B D Y D U N O B U

Clue: A book that takes place in the Jazz era about a boy looking for his father

3. EGIGUA

Clue: The protagonist of *Wonder*

4. T T P O L O T O H E O H A M B N L H T

Clue: This book includes a pun-ny cast of characters, including a watch dog and the princesses Rhyme and Reason.

5. T N C E W D N E S A R M E L

Clue: The author of *Frindle* (and another title in this sneak peek!)

6. Y L E K E L K Y E E

Clue: The boy who loves games in *Escape from Mr. Lemoncello's Library*

7. RAIDYRRCBLA

Clue: A must-have for borrowing books

8. ODKEBSON

Clue: These help to keep your shelves tidy

Place all your letters here and then unscramble them:

1. ____ 2. ____ 3. ____ 4. ____ 5. ____ 6. ____ 7. ____ 8. ____

The answer is: Already a bookworm?

1. CRACK
2. BUD NOT BUDDY
3. AUGGIE
4. THE PHANTOM TOLBOUTH
5. ANDREW CLEMENTS
6. KYLE KEELY
7. LIBRARY CARD
8. BOOKENDS
The answer is:
BE A BOOKHAWK

FOR THE LOVE OF READING!

CHECKLIST



Want to be a bookhawk? Start with these favorites listed in *Mr. Lemoncello's Great Library Race*, *The Perfect Score*, and *The Losers Club*. Check them off as you go!

- ☐ ***The Adventures of Robin Hood***
by Howard Pyle
- ☐ ***The Age of Edison: Electric Light and the Invention of Modern America*** by
Ernest Freeberg
- ☐ ***Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day***
by Judith Viorst
- ☐ **"All Summer in a Day"**
by Ray Bradbury
- ☐ ***Because of Winn-Dixie***
by Kate DiCamillo
- ☐ **Big Nate series** by Lincoln Peirce
- ☐ ***The Book Thief*** by Markus Zusak
- ☐ ***Brian's Hunt*** by Gary Paulson
- ☐ ***Brown Girl Dreaming***
by Jacqueline Woodson
- ☐ ***Bud, Not Buddy***
by Christopher Paul Curtis
- ☐ ***The Call of the Wild***
by Jack London
- ☐ ***The Cat in the Hat*** by Dr. Seuss
- ☐ ***Charlie and the Chocolate Factory***
by Roald Dahl
- ☐ ***Charlotte's Web*** by E. B. White
- ☐ ***The Chronicles of Narnia***
by C.S. Lewis
- ☐ ***Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs***
by Judi Barrett and Ron Barrett
- ☐ ***Crash*** by Jerry Spinelli
- ☐ ***Diary of a Wimpy Kid series***
by Jeff Kinney
- ☐ ***The Ear, the Eye and the Arm***
by Nancy Farmer
- ☐ ***The Encyclopedia Brown series***
by Donald J. Sobol
- ☐ ***Escape from Mr. Lemoncello's Library*** by Chris Grabenstein
- ☐ ***Everything on a Waffle*** by
Polly Horvath
- ☐ ***Fahrenheit 451*** by Ray Bradbury
- ☐ ***Finding the Worm***
by Mark Goldblatt
- ☐ ***Fortunately, the Milk***
by Neil Gaiman
- ☐ ***Frindle*** by Andrew Clements
- ☐ ***The Gollywopper Games***
by Jody Feldman
- ☐ ***Goodnight Moon***
by Margaret Wise Brown
- ☐ ***Grandpa Green*** by Lane Smith

FOR THE LOVE OF READING! CHECKLIST

- ☐ **Harry Potter series**
by J.K. Rowling
- ☐ **Hatchet** by Gary Paulson
- ☐ **Henry and Mudge series**
by Cynthia Rylant
- ☐ **The High King** by Lloyd Alexander
- ☐ **The Higher Power of Lucky**
by Susan Patron
- ☐ **The Hobbit** by J.R.R. Tolkien
- ☐ **Holes** by Louis Sachar
- ☐ **Horton Hatches the Egg**
by Dr. Seuss
- ☐ **I Am LeBron James**
by Felicia S. Hudson
- ☐ **Island of the Blue Dolphins**
by Scott O'Dell
- ☐ **Johnny Tremain**
by Esther Hoskins Forbes
- ☐ **Julie of the Wolves**
by Jean Craighead George
- ☐ **Kidnapped**
by Robert Louis Stevenson
- ☐ **Laughing at My Nightmare**
by Shane Burcaw
- ☐ **Lawrence of Arabia: The Authorized Biography of wT. E. Lawrence** by Jeremy Wilson
- ☐ **LeBron's Dream Team**
by LeBron James and Buzz Bissinger
- ☐ **The Lightning Thief**
by Rick Riordan
- ☐ **A Long Walk to Water**
by Linda Sue Park
- ☐ **The Memory String**
by Eve Bunting
- ☐ **Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel** by Virginia Lee Burton
- ☐ **Miss Rumphius**
by Bambara Cooney
- ☐ **Nothing But the Truth** by Avi
- ☐ **Number the Stars** by Lois Lowry
- ☐ **Oh, the Places You'll Go!**
by Dr. Seuss
- ☐ **The Outsiders** by S. E. Hinton
- ☐ **Penny from Heaven**
by Jennifer L. Holm
- ☐ **Pinocchio** by Carlo Collodi

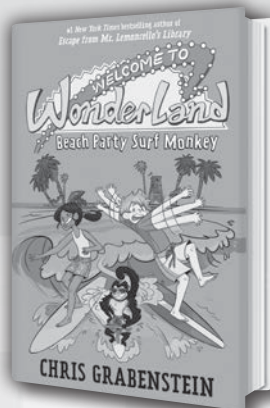


FOR THE LOVE OF READING! CHECKLIST

- ☐ ***The Puzzling World of Winston Breen*** by Eric Berlin
- ☐ ***The River*** by Gary Paulson
- ☐ ***Roget and His Thesaurus*** by Jen Bryant
- ☐ ***The Sailor Dog*** by Margaret Wise Brown
- ☐ ***Sarah, Plain and Tall*** by Patricia MacLachlan
- ☐ ***Seabiscuit: An American Legend*** by Laura Hillenbrand
- ☐ ***Shiloh*** by Phyllis Reynolds Naylor
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- ☐ ***Tuck Everlasting*** by Natalie Babbitt
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- ☐ ***Under the Blood-Red Sun*** by Graham Salisbury
- ☐ ***The Very Hungry Caterpillar*** by Eric Carle
- ☐ ***A Wrinkle in Time*** by Madeleine L'Engle
- ☐ ***Ungifted*** by Gordan Korman
- ☐ ***Unstoppable*** by Tim Green
- ☐ ***The Westing Game*** by Ellen Raskin
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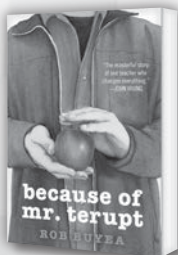
—Ryan A., 3rd grader on *Beach Party Surf Monkey*



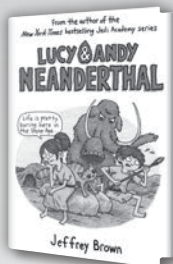
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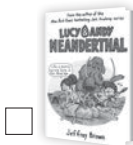


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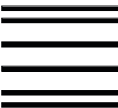


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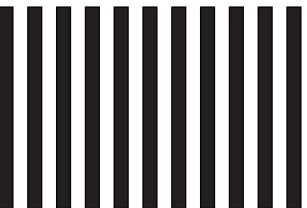
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