

JEANNE BIRDSALL

NEW YORK TIMES bestselling author



THE  
**PENDERWICKS**  
A SUMMER TALE OF FOUR SISTERS,  
TWO RABBITS,  
AND A VERY INTERESTING BOY

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# THE PENDERWICKS

A SUMMER TALE OF FOUR SISTERS,  
TWO RABBITS,  
AND A VERY INTERESTING BOY



JEANNE BIRDSALL



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## CHAPTER ONE

### *A Boy at the Window*

**F**OR A LONG TIME AFTER THAT SUMMER, the four Penderwick sisters still talked of Arundel. Fate drove us there, Jane would say. No, it was the greedy landlord who sold our vacation house on Cape Cod, someone else would say, probably Skye.

Who knew which was right? But it was true that the beach house they usually rented had been sold at the last minute, and the Penderwicks were suddenly without summer plans. Mr. Penderwick called everywhere, but Cape Cod was booked solid, and his daughters were starting to think they would be spending their whole vacation at home in Cameron, Massachusetts. Not that they didn't love Cameron, but what is summer without a trip to somewhere special? Then, out of the blue, Mr. Penderwick heard through a friend

of a friend about a cottage in the Berkshire Mountains. It had plenty of bedrooms and a big fenced-in pen for a dog—perfect for big, black, clumsy, lovable Hound Penderwick—and it was available to be rented for three weeks in August. Mr. Penderwick snatched it up, sight unseen.

He didn't know what he was getting us into, Batty would say. Rosalind always said, It's too bad Mommy never saw Arundel—she would have loved the gardens. And Jane would say, There are much better gardens in heaven. And Mommy will never have to bump into Mrs. Tifton in heaven, Skye added to make her sisters laugh. And laugh they would, and the talk would move on to other things, until the next time someone remembered Arundel.

But all that is in the future. When our story begins, Batty is still only four years old. Rosalind is twelve, Skye eleven, and Jane ten. They're in their car with Mr. Penderwick and Hound. The family is on the way to Arundel and, unfortunately, they're lost.

“It's Batty's fault,” said Skye.

“It is not,” said Batty.

“Of course it is,” said Skye. “We wouldn't be lost if Hound hadn't eaten the map, and Hound wouldn't have eaten the map if you hadn't hidden your sandwich in it.”

“Maybe it’s fate that Hound ate the map. Maybe we’ll discover something wonderful while we’re lost,” said Jane.

“We’ll discover that when I’m in the backseat for too long with my younger sisters, I go insane and murder them,” said Skye.

“Steady, troops,” said Mr. Penderwick. “Rosalind, how about a game?”

“Let’s do I Went to the Zoo and I Saw,” said Rosalind. “I went to the zoo and I saw an anteater. Jane?”

“I went to the zoo and I saw an anteater and a buffalo,” said Jane.

Batty was between Jane and Skye, so it was her turn next. “I went to the zoo and I saw an anteater, a buffalo, and a cangaroo.”

“Kangaroo starts with a *k*, not a *c*,” said Skye.

“It does not. It starts with a *c*, like *cat*,” said Batty.

“Just take your turn, Skye,” said Rosalind.

“There’s no point in playing if we don’t do it right.”

Rosalind, who was sitting in the front seat with Mr. Penderwick, turned around and gave Skye her oldest-sister glare. It wouldn’t do much, Rosalind knew. After all, Skye was only one year younger than she was. But it might quiet her long enough for Rosalind to concentrate on where they were going. They really were badly lost. This trip should have taken an hour and a half, and already they’d been on the road for three.

Rosalind looked over at her father in the driver's seat. His glasses were slipping down his nose and he was humming his favorite Beethoven symphony, the one about spring. Rosalind knew this meant he was thinking about plants—he was a professor of botany—instead of about his driving.

“Daddy,” she said, “what do you remember about the map?”

“We’re supposed to go past a little town called Framley, then make a few turns and look for number eleven Stafford Street.”

“Didn’t we see Framley a while ago? And look,” she said, pointing out the window. “We’ve been past those cows before.”

“Good eyes, Rosy,” he said. “But weren’t we going in the other direction last time? Maybe this way will do the trick.”

“No, because all we saw along here were more cow fields, remember?”

“Oh, yes.” Mr. Penderwick stopped the car, turned it around, and went back the other way.

“We need to find someone who can give us directions,” said Rosalind.

“We need to find a helicopter that can airlift us out of here,” said Skye. “And keep your stupid wings to yourself!” She was talking to Batty, who, as always, was wearing her beloved orange-and-black butterfly wings.

“They’re not stupid,” said Batty.

“Woof,” said Hound from his place among the boxes and suitcases in the very back of the car. He took Batty’s side in every discussion.

“Lost and weary, the brave explorers and their faithful beast argued among themselves. Only Sabrina Starr remained calm,” said Jane. Sabrina Starr was the heroine of books that Jane wrote. She rescued things. In the first book, it was a cricket. Then came *Sabrina Starr Rescues a Baby Sparrow*, *Sabrina Starr Rescues a Turtle*, and, most recently, *Sabrina Starr Rescues a Groundhog*. Rosalind knew that Jane was looking for ideas on what Sabrina should rescue next. Skye had suggested a man-eating crocodile, who would devour the heroine and put an end to the series, but the rest of the family had shouted her down. They enjoyed Jane’s books.

There was a loud *oomph* in the backseat. Rosalind glanced around to make sure violence hadn’t broken out, but it was only Batty struggling with her car seat—she was trying to twist herself backward to see Hound. Jane was jotting in her favorite blue notebook. So they were both all right. But Skye was blowing out her cheeks and imitating a fish, which meant she was even more bored than Rosalind had feared. They’d better find this cottage soon.

Then Rosalind spotted the truck pulled over by the side of the road. “Stop, Daddy! Maybe we can get directions.”

Mr. Penderwick pulled over and Rosalind got out of the car. She now saw that the truck had TOMATOES painted in large letters on each of its doors. Next to the truck was a wooden table piled high with fat red tomatoes and, behind the table, an old man wearing worn blue jeans and a green shirt with HARRY'S TOMATOES embroidered across the pocket.

“Tomatoes?” he asked.

“Ask if they’re magic tomatoes,” Rosalind heard. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Skye hauling Jane back in through the car window.

“My younger sisters,” said Rosalind apologetically to the old man.

“Had six of ‘em myself.”

Rosalind tried to imagine having six younger sisters, but she kept coming up with each of her sisters turned into twins. She shuddered and said, “Your tomatoes look delicious, but what I really need is directions. We’re looking for number eleven Stafford Street.”

“Arundel?”

“I don’t know about any Arundel. We’re supposed to be renting a cottage at that address.”

“That’s Arundel, Mrs. Tifton’s place. Beautiful woman. Snooty as all get-out, too.”

“Oh, dear.”

“You’ll be fine. There are a couple of nice surprises over there. You’re going to have to keep that blond

one under control, though," he said, nodding toward the car, where Skye and Jane were now leaning out of the window together, listening. Muffled complaints could be heard from Batty, who was being squashed.

"Why me?" called Skye.

The man winked at Rosalind. "I can always spot the troublemakers. I was one myself. Now, tell your dad to go down this road a little ways, take the first left, then a quick right, and look for number eleven."

"Thank you," said Rosalind, and turned to go.

"Hold on a minute." He plopped a half-dozen tomatoes into a paper bag. "Take these."

"Oh, I can't," said Rosalind.

"Sure you can. Tell your dad they're a present from Harry." He handed Rosalind the bag. "And one last thing, young lady. You and your sisters better stay clear of Mrs. Tifton's gardens. She's touchy about those gardens. Enjoy the tomatoes!"

Rosalind got back into the car with her bag of tomatoes. "Did you hear him?"

"Straight, then left, then right, then look for number eleven," said Mr. Penderwick, starting up the car.

"What's this Arundel he was talking about?" said Skye.

"And who's Mrs. Tifton?" said Jane.

"Hound needs to go to the bathroom," said Batty.

"Soon, honey," said Rosalind. "Daddy, here—go left."

A few moments later, they were turning onto Stafford Street, and then suddenly Mr. Penderwick stopped the car in the middle of the road and everyone stared in amazement. What had the family expected from a rental cottage? A cozy little tumbledown house with a few pots of geraniums in the front yard. Even Harry the Tomato Man's news hadn't changed that. If anyone had thought about it at all, they had figured snooty Mrs. Tifton lived in a cottage next to theirs and grew vegetables in carefully guarded garden plots.

That's not what they saw. What they saw were two tall, elegant stone pillars, with NUMBER ELEVEN carved across one and ARUNDEL across the other. Beyond the pillars was a lane winding off into the distance, with double rows of tall poplars on either side. And past the poplars was a beautifully tended lawn dotted with graceful trees. There was no house in sight.

"Holy bananas," said Skye.

"Cottages don't have front yards like this," said Rosalind. "Daddy, are you sure you remembered the right address?"

"Pretty sure," said Mr. Penderwick.

He turned the car and started slowly down the lane, which wandered on and on, until the Penderwicks thought they would never reach the end. But finally there was one last curve, the poplar trees ended,

and Rosalind's fears were realized. "Daddy, that's not a cottage."

"No, I agree. That's a mansion."

And so it was, a huge mansion crouching in the middle of formal gardens. Built from gray stone, it was covered with towers, balconies, terraces, and turrets that jutted every which way. And the gardens! There were fountains and flowering hedges and marble statues, and that was just in the part the Penderwicks could see from the lane.

"The exhausted travelers saw before them a dwelling fit for kings. Cair Paravel! El Dorado! Camelot!" said Jane.

"Too bad we're not kings," said Skye.

"We're still lost," said Rosalind, discouraged.

"Buck up, Rosy," said Mr. Penderwick. "Here comes someone we can ask."

A tall teenage boy pushing a wheelbarrow had appeared from behind a large statue of Cupid and Venus. Mr. Penderwick rolled down his car window, but before he could call out to the boy, a familiar gagging noise came from the very back of the car.

"Hound's going to barf!" shrieked Batty.

The sisters knew the drill. In a flash they flew out and around to the back of the car and dragged poor Hound over to the side of the lane. He threw up on Jane's sneakers.

“Oh, Hound, how could you?” moaned Jane, looking down at her yellow high-tops, but Hound had already wandered off to inspect a bush.

“This isn’t as bad as the time he ate pizza out of the garbage can,” said Skye.

Batty crouched down to inspect the mess. “There’s the map,” she said, pointing.

“Don’t touch it!” Rosalind exclaimed. “And, Jane, stop shaking your sneakers. You’re splashing it around. Stand still, everyone, until I get back.” She ran over to the car for paper towels.

The teenager with the wheelbarrow had come over to the driveway, and Mr. Penderwick had gotten out of the car and was talking to him. “I see there’s some *Linnaea borealis* here along the drive. Odd place for it. But I’m particularly interested in *Cypripedium arietinum*, if you know of any good places to hunt for it. It likes swampy land, some shade. . . .”

Rosalind ducked her head into the back of the car and rooted around among the luggage. Her father was talking in Latin about plants, which meant he was happy. She hoped he remembered to ask the boy about directions, too. He looked nice, that boy. Eighteen or maybe nineteen years old, with light brown hair sticking out from under a Red Sox baseball cap. Rosalind peered around the car and sneaked a look at the boy’s hands. Her best friend, Anna, always said that you

could tell a lot about people from their hands. The boy was wearing gardening gloves.

The paper towels were behind Mr. Penderwick's computer and under a soccer ball. Rosalind grabbed a bunch and rushed back to her sisters. Jane and Skye were piling leaves on top of Hound's barf.

"Remember when he ate that lemon cream pie off the Geigers' picnic table? He really puked that time," said Skye.

"What about when he stole a whole meat loaf out of the refrigerator? He was sick for two days," said Jane.

"Shh," said Rosalind, wiping Jane's sneakers clean. Mr. Penderwick and that boy were walking over.

"Girls, this is Cagney," said Mr. Penderwick.

"Hi," said Cagney, with a big smile. He slipped off his gloves and stuck them in his jeans pocket. Rosalind looked hard at his hands, but they were just regular old hands to her. She wished Anna were there.

"Cagney, these four are my pride and joy. The one with blond hair is my second daughter, Skye—"

"Blue Skye, blue eyes," said Skye, opening wide her blue eyes to demonstrate.

"That's how you can remember which one she is," said Jane. "Blue eyes and straight blond hair. The rest of us have identical brown eyes and dark curly hair. People get me and Rosalind mixed up all the time."

“They do not. I’m much taller than you are,” said Rosalind, painfully aware that not only was she holding vomity paper towels, she was wearing her shirt with Wildwood Elementary School across the front. Why had she worn it? She didn’t want people to think she was still in elementary school. She was going to start seventh grade in September.

“Yes, well, the tall one is Rosalind, my oldest, the short one is Jane, and—” Mr. Penderwick looked around him.

“Over there,” said Jane, pointing to the orange-and-black wings sticking out from behind a tree.

“And that’s Batty, the shy one. Now, troops, good news. This is the right place after all. Cagney’s the gardener here at Arundel Hall—that’s what this mansion is called—and he’s been expecting us. Our cottage is at the back of the estate grounds.”

“It used to be the guest cottage for the main house,” said Cagney. “Back in the days when General and Mrs. Framley were alive. It’s quieter here now with Mrs. Tifton in charge.”

“Mrs. Tifton!” exclaimed Jane, and would have said more if Rosalind had not dug an elbow into her ribs.

“Okay, girls, let’s be off,” said Mr. Penderwick. “And Cagney, let’s have that talk about the native flora sometime soon.”

“Yes, I’d like that,” said Cagney. “Now, to get to the cottage, take the driveway up there on the left, and

follow it past the carriage house and into the formal gardens. You'll see the sunken garden to your left and the Greek pavilion to the right, and then you'll drive through the boundary hedge. The cottage is a few hundred more yards along. It's yellow. You can't miss it. And the key is under the mat."

Rosalind rounded up Batty, Skye fetched Hound, and soon everyone was in the car ready to go, except for Jane. She was standing in the driveway, staring up at Arundel Hall.

Rosalind leaned out the window. "Jane, come on."

Jane reluctantly turned away from the mansion. "I thought I saw a boy in that window up there. He was looking down at us."

Skye leaned across Batty, flattening her, and looked out Jane's window. "Where?"

"Up there," said Jane, pointing. "Top row, on the right."

"No one's there," said Skye.

"Get off me," said Batty.

Skye settled back into her own seat. "You imagined him, Jane."

"Maybe. I don't think so," said Jane. "But whether I did or not, he's given me a good idea."



## CHAPTER TWO

### *A Tunnel Through the Hedge*

**A**RUNDEL COTTAGE WAS NOT ONLY YELLOW, it was the creamiest, butteriest yellow the Penderwicks had ever seen. It was all a cottage is supposed to be, small and snug, with a front porch, pink climbing roses, and lots of trees for shade.

The key was under the doormat just as Cagney had said it would be. Mr. Penderwick unlocked the door and the family piled through. If possible, the inside of the cottage was even more charming than the outside, all in pretty shades of blues and greens and with the comfortable kind of furniture too sturdy to damage unless you try. Off the living room was a cozy study with a big desk and a sleeping couch, which Mr. Penderwick immediately claimed for himself, saying he

wanted to be as far as possible from the madding crowd.

Now it was time for the sisters to go upstairs and choose their bedrooms.

“Dibs first choice.” Skye headed toward the steps with her suitcase.

“No fair!” said Jane. “I hadn’t thought of it yet.”

“Right. I thought of it first, which is why I get first choice,” said Skye, already halfway up to the second floor.

“Come back, Skye,” said Rosalind. “Hound draws for order.”

Skye groaned and reluctantly came back downstairs. She hated leaving important things up to Hound, and besides, he usually drew her last.

The Hound Draw for Order was a time-honored ritual with the sisters. Names were written on small pieces of paper, then dropped on the ground along with broken bits of dog biscuit. As Hound snuffled among the biscuit pieces, he couldn’t help but knock into the papers. The person whose paper his big nose hit first was given first choice. Second hit, second choice, and so on.

Rosalind and Jane readied the slips of paper, Batty crumbled a dog biscuit, and Skye held Hound, whispering her name over and over in his ear, trying to hypnotize him. Her efforts were useless. Once let go, he

touched Jane's paper first, then Rosalind's, and then Batty's. Skye's piece of paper he ate along with the last piece of biscuit.

"Great," said Skye sadly. "I've got fourth choice and Hound's going to throw up again."

Jane, Batty, and Rosalind flew up the steps with their suitcases to stake their claims on bedrooms. Skye sat downstairs and fretted. She'd been looking forward to picking out a special bedroom, painted white maybe, which she could keep neat and organized. Once upon a time, many years ago, she had slept in a room like that. But then Batty was born and put into Jane's room, and Jane moved in with Skye, and suddenly half of Skye's bedroom was painted lavender and filled with Jane's dolls and books and untidy piles of paper. Even that wouldn't have been so bad if the dolls and papers weren't always drifting over to Skye's side of the room. It had driven Skye crazy and, since Jane had gotten no neater over time, still did. And now, on vacation, Skye had the last pick and would probably end up in some dark, ugly closet. Life was unfair.

Rosalind was calling from upstairs. "Skye, we've all chosen. Come see your bedroom."

Skye dragged herself up the stairs and down the hall to the bedroom Rosalind pointed out. She walked in and was so surprised she let her suitcase fall to the floor with a loud thump. This was no dark, ugly closet.

Her sisters had left her the most perfect bedroom Skye had ever seen. The room was large and white and sparkling clean, with polished wood floors and three windows. And two beds! A whole extra bed without a sister to go along with it!

She wouldn't change a thing about the room, Skye decided. She would leave her stuff in her suitcase, and store the suitcase in the closet, and keep the dresser top bare and the bookshelf empty. No dolls, no combs and brushes, no notebooks full of Sabrina Starr stories. And she would use both beds, sleeping in one on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and in the other on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Sunday nights she would have to switch in the middle of the night.

Skye opened her suitcase, pulled out a math book—she was teaching herself algebra for fun—and wrote the bed schedule next to her favorite word problem about trains traveling in different directions. Next she rummaged around for her lucky camouflage hat, the one she'd been wearing when she fell off the garage roof and didn't break any arms or legs. There it was, under her black T-shirts. Skye crammed the hat onto her head and closed the suitcase and shoved it into the closet.

"Now for exploring," she said, and, after one more long, satisfied look at her glorious bedroom, left in search of her sisters.

Rosalind was down the hall in a small bedroom—with only one window and one bed—neatly transferring clothes from her suitcase to dresser drawers.

“You gave me the better room,” said Skye.

“I wanted to be near Batty,” said Rosalind.

“Well, thanks,” said Skye, who knew that Rosalind would have loved the luxury of a large bedroom.

Rosalind took a framed picture out of her suitcase and set it on her bedside table. Skye walked over to look, though she already knew the picture by heart—Rosalind kept it beside her bed at home, too, and Skye had seen it a million times. It showed Mrs. Penderwick laughing and hugging little baby Rosalind, still so young that not even Skye had been born yet, let alone Jane or Batty.

It was a strongly held belief among all the Penderwicks that Skye would grow up to look exactly like her mother. All the Penderwicks, that is, except for Skye. She thought her mother the most beautiful woman she had ever seen, and it certainly wasn’t beauty that Skye saw when she looked in the mirror. The blond hair and blue eyes were the same, true, but that was it, as far as Skye could tell. And then, of course, there was that other big difference—Skye couldn’t imagine herself ever hugging a little baby and laughing at the same time.

Batty burst out of Rosalind’s closet, her wings flying behind her.

“I found a secret passage,” said Batty.

Skye looked into the closet and saw straight through into another bedroom exactly like Rosalind’s, but with Batty’s suitcase lying open on the bed. “It’s not a secret passage. It’s a closet between two bedrooms.”

“It is a secret passage. And you can’t use it.”

Skye turned her back on Batty and said to Rosalind, “I’m going exploring. Do you want to come?”

“Not now, I’m still getting settled. Can Batty go with you?” said Rosalind.

“No,” said Skye and Batty together. Skye left before Rosalind could try to change anyone’s mind.

Jane had staked her claim on the third floor, which was really the attic. Skye skipped up a steep flight of steps and discovered her younger sister perched on a narrow brass bed, writing furiously in a blue notebook and muttering to herself. “The boy Arthur shook the iron bars and raged against his wicked kidnapper—no, that’s too dramatic. How about, Arthur stared sadly—no—the *lonely* boy named Arthur stared sadly out the window, never dreaming that help was on the way. Oh, that’s a good sentence. Unknown to him, the great Sabrina—”

Skye interrupted her. “I’m going exploring. Do you want to come?”

Her eyes shining, Jane said, “Look at this wonderful bedroom. It was meant for an author. I know I can

write the perfect Sabrina Starr book here. I can feel it. Can you feel it?"

Skye looked around the tiny room with its sloped ceiling and one round window high on the wall. Already there were books all over the floor. "No. I don't feel anything."

"Oh, try harder. The feeling is so strong. I'm sure that some famous writer has been here before me. Like Louisa May Alcott or Patricia MacLachlan."

"Jane, do you want to come with me or not?"

"Not now. I have to write down some ideas for my book. I might have Sabrina Starr rescue an actual person in this book. A boy. What do you think?"

"I didn't think she could even rescue a groundhog," said Skye, but Jane was already writing again.

Skye ran down two flights of steps and outside. She found her father getting Hound settled in his pen. It was, to Skye's eyes, a sort of doggy paradise. The metal fence was tall—and Hound didn't like fences—but the pen was large, and inside it were trees for shade, sticks for chewing, and a patch of dirt for digging. Plus Mr. Penderwick had put out a huge bowl of Hound's favorite food and two bowls of fresh water. Hound, however, wasn't grateful. When he saw Skye, he rushed the gate, barking and whining as though he was being locked up in a dungeon.

"Be still, demon dog," said Mr. Penderwick.

“He’s trying to open the gate,” said Skye, watching Hound poke and prod with his nose at the metal latch.

“That latch is dog-proof. He’ll be safe in here.”

Skye reached through the fence and scratched Hound’s nose. “Daddy, I’m going exploring. Is that okay?”

“As long as you’re back in an hour for dinner. And Skye, *quidquid agas prudenter agas et respice finem.*”

Mr. Penderwick didn’t use Latin just for plants, but in his everyday speech, too. He said that it kept his brain properly exercised. Much of the time his daughters had no idea what he was talking about, but Skye was used to hearing this phrase, which Mr. Penderwick translated loosely as “look before you leap and please don’t do anything crazy.”

“Don’t worry, Daddy,” she said, and meant it. Sneaking into that Mrs. Tifton’s gardens, which is what Skye planned to do, wasn’t crazy. On the other hand, it wasn’t the most correct thing—according to Harry the Tomato Man—but maybe he’d been wrong. Maybe Mrs. Tifton loved having strangers wandering around her gardens. After all, anything’s possible, thought Skye, and off she went, waving good-bye to her father and Hound.

The land surrounding the cottage was large enough for three or four soccer fields. Not that anyone could play a normal game of soccer there, thought Skye—

too many trees. They grew thickest behind the cottage, and the spaces between were filled with nasty, thorny underbrush. The land in front was much more inviting. Here the trees were farther apart, and pretty grasses and wildflowers grew among them.

On one side of the property, a high stone wall separated the cottage from its neighbors. Along the front and the other side ran a boundary hedge. Skye knew that Mrs. Tifton's gardens were beyond that hedge. She had two options for getting there. She could walk back up the driveway and through the break in the hedge. Boring, and likely to lead to being caught—it's hard to hide on a driveway. Or she could crawl through the hedge and emerge in some sheltered garden nook where neither Mrs. Tifton nor anyone else would be likely to see her.

Definitely option two, Skye decided, veering away from the driveway and toward the hedge. But she found the hedge to be thicker and more prickly than she had anticipated, and after several attempts to crawl through, she had accomplished nothing except snagging her hat twice and scratching her arms until it looked like she had fought a tiger.

Then, when she was just about to give up and go around by the driveway, she discovered a way in. It was a tunnel, carefully hidden behind a clump of tall wildflowers and just the right size for going through on all

fours. Now, if Rosalind had been the first to discover that tunnel, she would have noticed that it was too neatly trimmed and pricker-free to be there by mistake, and she would have figured that someone used it often and that the someone probably wasn't Mrs. Tifton. If Jane had been the first, she, too, would have realized that natural forces hadn't formed that tunnel. Her explanation for it would have been nonsense—an escape route for convicts on the run or talking badgers—but at least she would have thought about it. But this was Skye. She only thought, I need a way through the hedge, and here it is. And then she plunged.

She emerged on the edge of the enormous formal gardens, directly behind a marble statue of a man wrapped in a bedsheet and holding a thunderbolt over his head. It seemed to Skye a ridiculous thing to put in a garden, but she was glad for the cover. She peered around the marble man—she was in luck. There was only one person in sight, pulling weeds from between flagstones, and he was already a friend.

“Cagney,” she called out, and ran over to him, lifting her hat to show him her blond hair. “It’s me, Skye Penderwick.”

“Blue Skye, blue—” he started to say but was cut off, because now someone else was shouting his name. Someone who was close by and coming closer. “I’d better hide you. Sounds like she’s in a bad mood.”

“Who?” asked Skye, but Cagney was already lifting her right off the ground and into a large urn carved all over with vines and flowers.

“Keep your head low and stay quiet till she’s gone.”

Skye crouched down and wished that Cagney had put her into an urn that didn’t have three inches of dirty water at the bottom, but there wasn’t time to worry about that, because the person in a bad mood was coming closer still, and now Cagney was calling out, “Over here, Mrs. Tifton!”

Skye froze—the mysterious Mrs. Tifton! If only Skye could see! Why didn’t urns have spy holes in them?

“For heaven’s sake, Cagney, didn’t you hear me calling? I don’t have time to be hunting you down.” The voice was sharp and impatient. It reminded Skye of her second-grade teacher, the one who’d accused her of cheating when she did long division, because second graders were only supposed to add and subtract. Along with the unpleasant voice came an annoying tap tap tapping noise on the flagstones. Mrs. Tifton must be wearing high heels. Snooty high heels.

“Yes, ma’am, I’m sorry, ma’am. It won’t happen again, ma’am,” said Cagney.

“I’ve just received the schedule for the Garden Club competition. The judge and the committee will be here at Arundel three Mondays from now. You

know they'll be looking at gardens all over Massachusetts. I want mine to win this year."

"It will, Mrs. Tifton. I promise."

"You still have a lot of work to do."

"Yes, ma'am."

"What are you going to do with these urns? They look ridiculous empty."

To Skye's horror, the tap tap tapping noise was now heading toward her. She scrunched down even lower and was glad, at least, for her camouflage hat. It might hide her from above, if Mrs. Tifton was half blind.

Suddenly there was a big thump, and Skye rocked back and forth in her hiding place. Cagney had taken a great leap in front of Mrs. Tifton and landed against the urn.

"Jasmine," he said. "Lots of pink jasmine from the greenhouse. Would you like to go see it now? Help me select the best plants?"

"Of course not. That's what I pay you for. Oh, and Cagney, I want you to cut down that big white rose-bush next to the driveway."

"The Fimbriata?" To Skye, Cagney's voice sounded the same as her father's had the day Hound ate a rare orchid.

"It scratched Mrs. Robinette's car after the last Garden Club committee meeting. Get rid of it."

"Yes, ma'am."

When Mrs. Tifton's high heels had faded off into the distance, Skye felt safe enough to look up. Cagney was staring down at her gloomily. He said, "My uncle planted that rose thirty years ago. He wrapped it in burlap every winter to keep it alive. I can't kill it now just because Mrs. Robinette doesn't know how to steer." He lifted Skye out of the urn.

"Your uncle was a gardener here, too?" said Skye.

"Uh-huh. I started coming over after school to help him when I was younger than you. He retired last year, and Mrs. Tifton gave me his job."

Skye bounced up and down to squish the dirty water out of her sneakers, then had a thought. "Why not move that rose over to our cottage? Daddy can take care of it while we're here."

Cagney brightened. "I could do that. Mrs. Tifton would never know. And I wouldn't need to bother your father. I'll come over to water it every day."

Then came that voice again, from far away. "Caagneey!"

"Here we go again," said Cagney. "You'd better get out of here. I'll head her off before she sees you."

Although Skye would have preferred getting into the urn and spying on Mrs. Tifton again, she knew Cagney was right. She shook his hand good-bye, then, dodging from bush to bush, made her way around to the back of the marble thunderbolt man.

"Caagneey," she heard again, closer. Skye hurled her-

self into the hedge tunnel and—CRASH!—slammed into someone and fell to the ground in a tangle of arms and legs.

“Ouch!” She checked her head for blood. But the camouflage hat had softened the blow and there was no major damage. Which was good, because she’d still have the strength to murder whichever of her sisters had caused this accident. She untwisted herself, pushed her hair out of her eyes, and looked at the person lying half under her.

It wasn’t one of her sisters. It was a boy about her own age with freckles and straight brown hair. His eyes were closed, and he was pale and lying still.

“Are you unconscious?” said Skye in a panic. She yanked off her hat and fanned him with it. She had seen a cowboy use his hat to revive another cowboy in a movie once. But it wasn’t working—the boy’s eyes didn’t open. Sometimes in movies they slap people, she thought, but she hesitated to slap someone she had just knocked out. Still, the boy was in trouble. If she had to slap him, she had to. She pulled back her hand and—

He opened his eyes.

“Thank goodness,” said Skye. “I thought you were dying.”

“Not yet.”

“Does your head hurt?”

He touched his forehead and winced. “Not too bad.”

“Okay, good. I’m going to help you get home. Where do you live?”

“I live—”

“JEFFREY!” It was Mrs. Tifton’s voice again, and she sounded very close now.

Skye put her hand over the boy’s mouth and whispered, “Shh, trouble. That’s snooty Mrs. Tifton and she’s a real pain. If she caught us in her gardens, she’d—”

The boy jerked away from her hand and struggled to sit up. He was even more pale than before, so pale she could count every freckle on his face.

“Are you all right? You look like you’re going to be sick,” she said.

“JEFFREY! Where are you?” came Mrs. Tifton’s voice again.

Then Skye finally understood. “Oh, no.”

“Excuse me,” said the boy with great dignity. “My mother’s calling me and you’re in my way.”



## CHAPTER THREE

### *The MOOPS*

IT WAS BATTY'S BEDTIME. She had taken a bath, brushed her teeth, and put on her mermaid pajamas, and now she was standing in the middle of her Arundel bedroom, looking around. The butterfly wings were hanging on the closet doorknob, ready for morning. Her favorite picture of Hound, the one that her father had framed, was on the little white dresser by the window. Rosalind had put Batty's special unicorn blanket on the bed, and Sedgewick the horse, Funty the blue elephant, Ursula the bear, and Fred the other bear were sitting on the pillow. It was an okay bedroom, Batty decided, not as safe and cozy as her room at home, but at least the closet had that secret passage into Rosalind's room. Nothing scary could hide in a closet like that, not with Rosalind right there.

Rosalind would be along in a minute to tell Batty a story. She came every night, just as every night Daddy came after the story to tuck Batty in and kiss her good night. Batty thought that she'd like the story tonight to be about her mother. She had heard Rosalind's stories about Mrs. Penderwick many, many times, but that didn't make them any less wonderful, especially when the only place to go to sleep afterward was a strange and unfamiliar bed.

Batty sat on the edge of the bed and bounced. It felt all right, she guessed. She wouldn't mind so much about it being strange if Hound could sleep with her or if Rosalind was going to be in the room next door right away. But Hound was never allowed to sleep in the bedrooms because he insisted on licking faces in the middle of the night. And Rosalind wouldn't be going to her room for a while, because Skye had called for a MOOPS at eight o'clock. A MOOPS was a Meeting Of Older Penderwick Sisters. Rosalind, Skye, and Jane called it MOOPS to keep Mr. Penderwick from knowing what they were talking about. Batty wasn't supposed to know either, but she knew about MOPS, which was a Meeting Of Penderwick Sisters, because she was always invited to them. And MOOPS had only one more letter. Skye had spelled it out, em-oh-oh-pee-ess, as though that would keep Batty from knowing what it was. Batty swung her feet back and

forth and wished Skye didn't always leave her out of things.

The door to Batty's bedroom swung open, and Hound slipped through, his tail wagging wildly.

"Hound!" cried Batty. "How did you get up here?"

There was no time for talk. Rosalind would be along soon. Batty shoved Hound into the closet and shut the door behind him. Later, she would let him out and they could hold their own meeting and not invite anyone else. Batty jumped back onto the bed to wait for Rosalind.

But when someone came in through her bedroom door a minute later, it wasn't Rosalind. It was Hound all over again, looking pleased with himself.

"Hound!" cried Batty again, but this time with despair. He must have taken the secret passage and come all the way around. She dashed into the closet, shut the door into Rosalind's room, and was trying to drag Hound back into hiding when Rosalind arrived.

"It's all right," said Rosalind. "Daddy's letting Hound stay up here with you for a special treat. We thought you might be worried about sleeping alone in a new room."

"I'm not worried."

"Just remember, he's not allowed on the bed."

"Okay," Batty said, and let go of Hound. He ran across the room and jumped onto the bed.

Rosalind pushed him back down to the floor and asked Batty, "Have you picked your story yet?"

Batty slid in between the sheets. The bed suddenly seemed more welcoming now that Hound was going to be there all night. "Tell me how Mommy gave me my name."

Rosalind would rather have told a different story, one from when Mrs. Penderwick was younger and not so close to dying. But she knew this was one of Batty's favorites. After all, there were so few stories about Batty and her mother together. Rosalind sat on the bed next to Batty and began, "Right after you were born, Daddy and I visited you and Mommy in the hospital."

"But Skye and Jane weren't there," said Batty with great satisfaction.

"Right. Aunt Claire was staying with us to help out, and Skye and Jane were home with her. Mommy was sitting up in the hospital bed and wearing a beautiful blue robe and cuddling you in her arms. Daddy asked, 'What should we name her, darling?' and Mommy said, 'Name her after me.' "

"Then Daddy got sad."

"That's right. Daddy got sad and said there could only ever be one Elizabeth for him. So Mommy said, 'Then name her Elizabeth, but call her Batty. I think she has a sense of humor.' "

"And then I smiled."

“And Mommy said, ‘You see, Martin? She’s smiling. She likes it. Don’t you, Batty?’ And she kissed you and you smiled again.”

“Then two weeks later, Mommy died from cancer and I came home from the hospital.”

“Yes.” Rosalind turned her head away so that Batty couldn’t see the sadness in her face.

“And you called me Beautiful Baby Batty, and Skye and Jane called me Banana Batty.”

“And we all lived happily ever after. Now go to sleep. Daddy will be up in a minute,” Rosalind finished. She straightened Batty’s covers, kissed her forehead, and turned out the room light. As she was closing the door on her way out, she heard a big thump and knew that Hound had jumped back onto the bed. She sighed, then headed down the hallway toward Skye’s bedroom. It was time for the MOOPS.

“I thought you’d never get here,” said Jane when Rosalind opened the door. “Skye won’t give me any hints about the MOOPS topic, and she keeps trying to explain irrational numbers to me. I don’t need that stuff until at least seventh grade.”

“You won’t get anywhere in life with that attitude,” said Skye.

“That’s enough, Skye,” said Rosalind, and sat on the Tuesday-Thursday-Saturday bed with Jane. Skye was on the Monday-Wednesday-Friday bed, facing them. “MOOPS come to order.”

“Second the motion,” said Skye.

“Third it,” said Jane, bouncing excitedly.

“All swear to keep secret what is said here, even from Daddy, unless you think someone might do something truly bad,” said Rosalind, with a particular look at Skye, who ignored her. Rosalind made her right hand into a fist and held it out toward her sisters. Skye put her fist on top of Rosalind’s, and Jane put hers on top of Skye’s.

In unison, they chanted, “This I swear, by the Pen-derwick Family Honor,” then broke their fists apart.

“Okay, Skye, now tell!” said Jane.

Skye leaned forward and whispered, “I got into those gardens.”

“You called a MOOPS for that?” said Jane. “That’s no big deal. I’m going to sneak in there tomorrow.”

“Let me finish. I met that Mrs. Tifton. That is, I heard her talking. I couldn’t actually meet her, because Cagney had just stuck me into an urn.”

“Oh, Skye, what were you up to?” moaned Rosalind.

Skye hurried on. “But that’s not what I need to tell you. There’s a boy over there, I mean besides Cagney. A boy my age.”

“Oh!” said Jane. “So I did see a boy at the window.”

“What?” asked Skye.

“Earlier today, when we drove up, I saw a boy watching us from a window in the mansion. I told you that,” said Jane.

“You said you imagined him,” said Skye.

“No, *you* said I imagined him. And I said that I didn’t think so, and it looks like I didn’t, right?”

“One of these days, Jane, you’re going to send me right over the edge,” said Skye.

“All right, Skye,” said Rosalind. “Did you talk to this boy?”

“Yes,” Skye said, and shut her mouth like a trap.

“What happened?”

“Nothing.”

“Skye!”

“All right!” said Skye. “We crashed into each other and he seemed like he was knocked out, but then he woke up and I figured he was some kid from the neighborhood, so I said some bad things about Mrs. Tifton and upset him. It wasn’t my fault. I had just hit my head—maybe I had a little concussion. How could I know who he was? My wacko sister Jane doesn’t know reality from fantasy, and Harry the Tomato Man didn’t say anything about a son, and neither did Cagney.”

“A son?” asked Rosalind.

“This kid—his name is Jeffrey—is Mrs. Tifton’s son.”

“Her son!” said Jane. “Oh, my!”

“Well, what happened? Did you straighten it all out?” asked Rosalind.

“No. She was yelling for him, and he left,” said Skye.

“You’ve got to apologize to him,” said Rosalind.

“I can’t, I can’t. I’m too embarrassed.”

“Then one of us has to apologize for you, for the family honor.”

“I will,” said Jane eagerly.

“Oh, no, you won’t!” said Skye. “You’ll start babbling about Sabrina Starr and he’ll think we’re all fruitcakes.”

“He probably already thinks that after meeting you,” said Jane.

“Rosalind, please, you do it,” said Skye.

Rosalind looked gravely at her two younger sisters. Skye was right, she thought. No one ever knew what Jane would say once her imagination took hold. On the other hand, maybe it was time Rosalind stopped bailing Skye out. “I vote that Jane apologize to this boy,” she said slowly.

“Two votes to one,” crowed Jane, while Skye slapped her hand to her forehead like she had just gotten a terrible headache.

“But—” said Rosalind, and Skye looked at her, hopeful. “But we all decide everything together ahead of time. No wild flights of fantasy.”

“No fantasy at all,” added Skye.

“I promise,” said Jane.

“And we have to tell Daddy beforehand,” said Rosalind.

“Can we leave out the stuff I said about Mrs.

Tifton?" pleaded Skye. "I'll give you my next week's allowance."

"Bribery is immoral," Rosalind said sternly.

"I'll take your allowance," said Jane.

"Why should you—" said Skye.

"Order!" Rosalind pounded her fist on the bed. "There will be no exchange of money. Skye, I'll let you decide how much to tell Daddy, as long as you do it before Jane goes over there."

"Thank you," said Skye.

"You're welcome," said Rosalind. "Now, Jane, here's what you'll say to Jeffrey. . . ."

# IT'S TIME FOR A PENDERWICK PICNIC!

*The Penderwick sisters have some  
clever ideas for food, decorations, and a nifty craft!*

## LET'S GET COOKING (AND BAKING)! DON'T FORGET TO ASK A GROWN-UP FOR HELP.

### EASY, CHEESY VEGGIE QUESADILLA

In *The Penderwicks in Spring*, everyone pitches in to make quesadillas for the big celebration dinner. Now you can bring the celebration to a picnic of your own with this easy, cheesy veggie quesadilla recipe. Fill the tortillas with your favorite vegetables and shredded cheese, and you will have the perfect picnic finger food!

#### INGREDIENTS\*

- 1 tablespoon plus 2 teaspoons of olive oil, divided
- 1 large red bell pepper, cut into thin strips
- 1 onion, sliced thinly
- 1 small zucchini, coarsely chopped
- 1 cup sliced mushrooms
- 8 flour tortillas
- 1-1/2 cups shredded Monterey Jack cheese

\*You can substitute other types of vegetables and cheese to customize your quesadillas!

#### RECIPE

1. Preheat oven to 350°F. Heat 1 tablespoon of the oil in large skillet on medium-high heat. Add bell pepper, onion, and zucchini; cook and stir the vegetables for 4 minutes or until tender-crisp. Add mushrooms; cook and stir 2 minutes longer.
2. Place 4 of the tortillas on ungreased baking sheet. Spread 1/4 of the vegetable mixture and cheese evenly on each tortilla. Top with the remaining tortillas. Lightly brush the tortillas with remaining 2 teaspoons oil.
3. Bake 10 minutes or just until cheese is melted. Cut into 3-inch wedges. Serve warm.



## BATTY'S CELEBRATION CAKE

Cakes are special in the Penderwick family. Everyone has their individual favorite and Batty's is Spice Cake with Cream Cheese Frosting!



### INGREDIENTS

#### *Cake:*

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
- 16 tablespoons (2 sticks) unsalted butter
- 2 cups packed light brown sugar
- 4 large eggs, at room temperature
- 1/2 cup whole milk, at room temperature
- 1 cup sour cream, at room temperature

#### *Frosting:*

- 16 ounces cream cheese, at room temperature
- 8 tablespoons (1 stick) unsalted butter, at room temperature
- 5 cups confectioners' sugar, sifted
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

### RECIPE

1. Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease three 9-inch round cake pans, line bottoms with parchment paper and grease the parchment.
2. Make cake: Sift together flour, baking powder, baking soda, salt, and spices. In a large bowl, using an electric mixer on medium speed, cream butter and brown sugar until fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time. Stir together milk and sour cream. Beat half of flour mixture into butter mixture until just combined, and then stir in sour cream mixture. Stir in remaining flour mixture until just combined; do not overmix. Divide batter among pans and bake until a toothpick inserted in center of a cake comes out clean, about 25 minutes. Cool pans on wire racks for 10 minutes, then turn cakes out and cool completely.
3. Make frosting: Beat cream cheese and butter until fluffy. Slowly add confectioners' sugar, beating until well combined and smooth. Beat in vanilla. If frosting is too soft, set it in refrigerator for 15 to 20 minutes to firm up, then beat it again before icing cake.
4. Assemble cake: Place 1 cake layer on a serving platter and spread with frosting. Add second layer and spread with more frosting. Top with third cake layer. Frost top and sides of cake. Chill approximately 2 hours before serving.

**AND FINALLY, ROUND OUT ALL THE  
PICNIC OPTIONS WITH A COUPLE OF PENDERWICK  
FAVORITES: PRETZELS AND LEMONADE!**

# "WHICH PENDERWICK CHARACTER ARE YOU?" QUIZ

*The growing Penderwick family and their loyal friends are an active, unique, and diverse group of people. Together they are a mighty force—and yet each one brings her/his individuality to bear, sometimes in surprising ways.*

So, which **PENDERWICK** character are *you*? Take the quiz!

1. Your ideal afternoon would be spent . . .
  - a. In the woods or the garden
  - b. Going to see a film
  - c. Playing soccer
  - d. Writing a short story
  - e. Playing your musical instrument
  - f. Reading
  - g. Playing with action figures
  - h. Having fun with your family
  - i. Listening to music
  - j. Lifting weights and shooting hoops
  
2. If you could speak another language, you would choose . . .
  - a. Latin
  - b. Not sure
  - c. Spanish
  - d. French
  - e. Italian
  - f. English
  - g. Military Alphabet Code
  - h. Polyglot (a little bit of several languages)
  - i. The language of music
  - j. The language of friendship
  
3. Your friends describe you as . . .
  - a. Loving and trustworthy
  - b. Responsible but a romantic
  - c. Stubborn and smart
  - d. Artistic and optimistic
  - e. Talented but shy
  - f. A wise multi-tasker
  - g. Sweet and imaginative
  - h. Fiery and enthusiastic
  - i. Passionate and fun
  - j. Protective and inspiring
  
4. Your favorite color is . . .
  - a. Green
  - b. Orange
  - c. Blue
  - d. Red
  - e. Yellow
  - f. Black
  - g. Brown
  - h. Purple
  - i. Silver
  - j. Gold
  
5. Your idea of time well spent is . . .
  - a. Walking outside in the forest
  - b. Baking and then a competitive neighborhood hoops match
  - c. Hiking (and discovering your own special spot)
  - d. Going to the library and reading
  - e. Visiting a big city
  - f. Gazing at the stars
  - g. Going on a dig or excavation
  - h. Escaping and finding adventure
  - i. A night at the symphony
  - j. Flying
  
6. When you grow up, you'd like to be a . . .
  - a. Teacher
  - b. Librarian
  - c. Mathematician
  - d. Published author
  - e. Professional pianist
  - f. Astrophysicist
  - g. Geologist
  - h. Princess
  - i. Music conductor
  - j. Member of the U.S. Military



# NOW, TALLY YOUR ANSWERS BY LETTER AND THEN SEE WHICH PENDERWICK CHARACTER YOU ARE!

## ANSWERS:

### MOSTLY A's

#### *You are Mr. Penderwick!*

Your love of nature is only surpassed by your love for your family. You are respectful and wise about both. You have a strong sense of justice along with a large and loving heart. You are sometimes forgetful, but that's usually due to your concentration on studies. You love language—especially the origins of words—and enjoy sharing your knowledge with others. You're a gentle and effective leader. Does academia call?



### MOSTLY B's

#### *You are Rosalind!*

You are the voice of reason and, on occasion, the necessary upper hand among your family and friends. You have a talent for cooking and sports, and both endeavors profit from your sense of order and organization. You also know how to be a leader: you are the go-to person for advice or a comforting hug. In your scarce free time, you like to see a film or read. You are fiercely independent but also have a powerful romantic side—you keep your values in check but strong emotions for someone special often bubble up. You've got a lot of heart!



### MOSTLY C's

#### *You are Skye!*

You are intelligent, witty, and full of vim and vigor. You are honest (sometimes to a fault), but let's face it, you are usually right. You have a penchant for math and can often get lost in your moments of deduction (even if you have cookies in the oven). You're smart and spirited, and that combination will take you far in life. You possess a relentless pursuit of perfection in all you do—whether it's sports, Spanish, or subsets. And your family and friends would say you do it all with strength and grace. Watch out, world!



### MOSTLY D's

#### *You are Jane!*

You are a writer at heart! Artistic and dreamy, you hope to write books and

be a famous author. But you don't rest on your dreams—you read everything you can get your hands on, and you keep a journal to save ideas, bits of conversations, and inspirations. Your talents aren't limited to words—everyone knows you are genuinely artistic in many ways. But, first and foremost, you are a writer, and you're on your way to the bestseller list! *Très bien!*



### MOSTLY E's

#### *You are Batty!*

You are musically gifted! Even if you are a bit bashful, your talents shine through, especially to those closest to you—and to those who look more deeply than the surface. You have a tender heart, and your friends and family would call you thoughtful and gentle. Your love for nature is surpassed only by your love for animals, especially dogs. You prefer your own quiet space over larger, louder groups, but when it comes time for you to make some noise, what everyone hears is so melodic it would make Chopin smile!

### MOSTLY F's

#### *You are Iantha!*

Known as the calm among the chaos, you always know just the right and most pragmatic thing to say or do to quiet the commotion. Always reliable and steadfast, you are the go-to person for wise words—and your big heart is felt in your big hugs. You are an enviable multi-tasker, able to do five things with two arms. You are able to bring order to disorder with ease. And when you want to bring serenity to your own soul, you find it in the beauty of the sparkling stars in the black night sky.



### MOSTLY G's

#### *You are Ben!*

You are an explorer by nature, curious and courageous. Earth, ground, soil—and what can be found beneath—fuel your imagination. You don't mind getting a little (or a lot) dirty in the name of exploration. And you never lose hope that your search will end in discovering wonderful treasures. You

also possess a passion for military-like adventure—you have daredevil dreams of things like skydiving (YANKEE-ECHO-SIERRA!!!). But for now, your focus is on the treasures found on earth.



### MOSTLY H's

#### *You are Lydia!*

Full of energy and enthusiasm, you are always in motion—forward motion, upward motion, any kind of motion. You've got a mind of your own and know what you like and don't like. When you say *"no me gusta,"* you mean it. You've got a penchant for princesses and flowers and things that are pretty. That, coupled with your fiery attitude, makes you a force to be reckoned with. You really cannot be contained, but, truth be told, your ultimate goal is to be smack in the midst of your family and friends. *Oui? Oui!*

### MOSTLY I's

#### *You are Jeffrey!*

Authentic and passionate, it's no wonder people like to be around you. You make everyone feel special with your focused attention and your affinity for fun. From show tunes to the symphony, music is your passion. And when you care deeply about something, you electrify others with your enthusiasm. You are also a beyond-loyal friend. With this combination of traits, leadership roles are definitely in your future.

### MOSTLY J's

#### *You are Nick!*

You are the friend everyone hopes for! You're protective but tough—and you don't have time for fluff and blunder. But your firmness is fringed with fun. You know how to be a good friend and a good leader, but you also know how to get results out of people. You like sports and physical fitness—and the strategy and strength you bring to both is always 100%. You are heroic in the eyes of family and friends, but your humility won't let it go to your head. To those close to you, your friendship is like gold—you are a valued treasure!

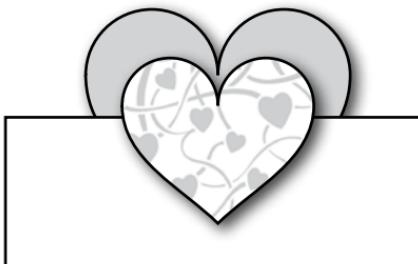
# CREATE A HEART-SHAPED BOOKMARK

*Everyone has fallen in love with the Penderwicks! And in the newest book, THE PENDERWICKS IN SPRING, there seems to be a lot of love on Gardam Street. The Penderwick sisters love each other (even if they sometimes squabble). Jeffrey's heart beats a little faster for one of the sisters. When it comes to matters of the heart, will Rosalind give hers to new college beau Oliver or old flame Tommy? With so much love in the air, a heart-shaped bookmark is just the thing for your newest Penderwick novel!*

Let's get started:

## MATERIALS:

- Construction paper scraps
- Scraps of gift wrap
- Ruler
- Scissors
- Pencil
- Glue stick



## INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Cut construction paper into a 2.5-inch square for the main heart shape. Use paper that is thick or sturdy enough, such as cardstock or heavy construction paper.
2. Cut out scraps of gift wrap into a 2-inch square for the smaller heart.
3. Fold the smaller square in half.
4. Draw half a heart along the paper's folded edge. Cut out along the outline.
5. Unfold to see a heart shape.
6. Fold the bigger paper square in half.
7. Place the folded heart at the center of the folded paper square. Align its straight edge with the square's folded edge. Use the small heart as a guide to drawing a bigger heart on the paper square.
8. Trace the outline of the lower two-thirds of the small heart (this is important because it will be your guide for the "slit" that will fit over the book's page).
9. Cut along the heart outline. Make a slit following the line you drew in Step 8.
10. Unfold the paper to reveal a heart shape with a slit at the bottom.
11. Glue the small heart at the center of the bigger heart. Align its bottom edge with the slits on the big heart.
12. Write your name or a favorite quote from the Penderwicks book on the back.
13. Use your heart bookmark by slipping the top or side edge of a page through the heart's bottom slit.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

When Jeanne Birdsall was young, she promised herself she'd be a writer someday—so that she could write books for children to discover and enjoy, just as she did at her local library. She is the author of *The Penderwicks*, which won the National Book Award for Young People's Literature, *The Penderwicks on Gardam Street*, *The Penderwicks at Point Mouette*, and *The Penderwicks in Spring*.

Jeanne lives in Northampton, Massachusetts, with her husband and an assortment of animals, including a dog named Cagney. You can find out more about Jeanne, her books, and her animal friends at [JeanneBirdsall.com](http://JeanneBirdsall.com).

# THE PENDERWICKS

## CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF ADVENTURES!

**ROSALIND:** The oldest Penderwick sister. Practical and responsible, but can't stop thinking about a certain older boy in a baseball cap.

**SKYE:** Mischievous and impulsive. A fiercely loyal friend and sister.

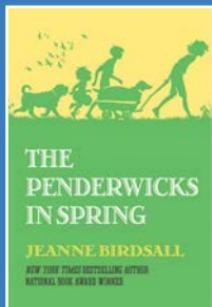
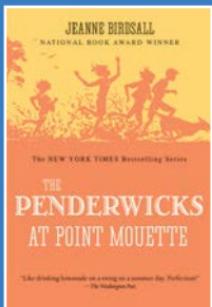
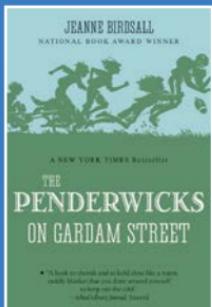
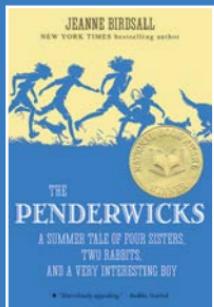
**JANE:** Dreamy, artistic, and romantic. Also a star soccer player.

**BATTY:** The youngest Penderwick sister. Curious and shy. Beloved by the family dog, who is fiercely loyal to her.

**JEFFREY:** An honorary Penderwick (ever since he saved Batty from a wild bull). A talented musician with an ear for rhythm and a friend in need.



SOMETIMES THE BIGGEST SURPRISES  
ARE RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE.

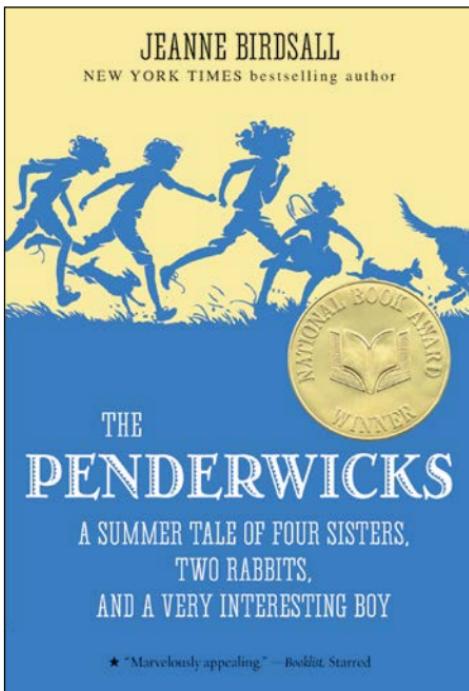


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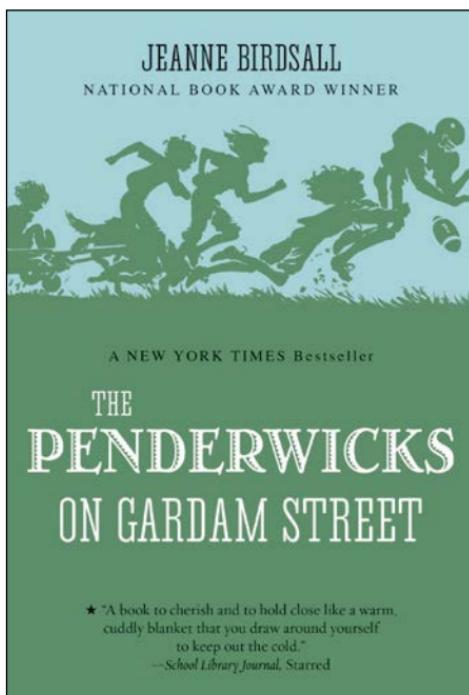


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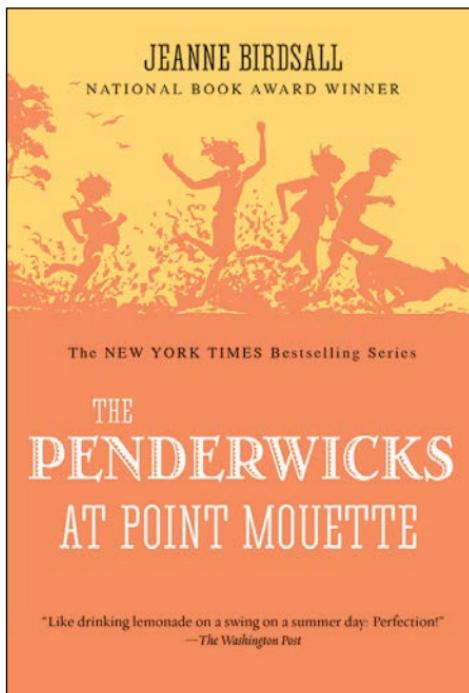


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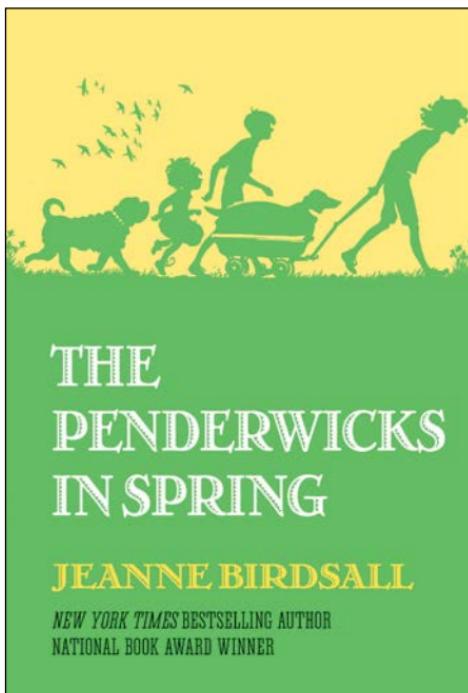
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