

BOOK #4

..... STAR ON TV,

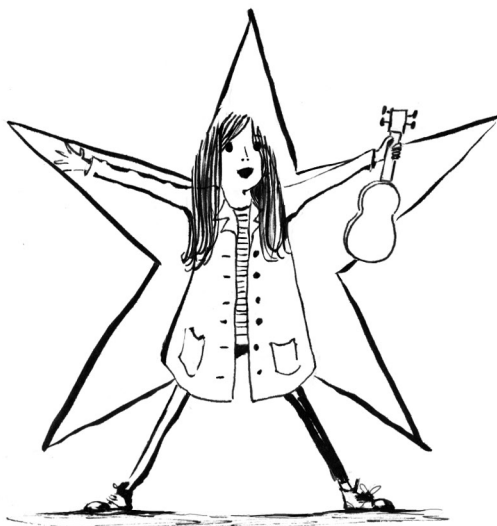
LUCY MCGEE



BY MARY AMATO

ILLUSTRATED BY JESSICA MESERVE

A STAR ON TV,
LUCY MCGEE



A STAR ON TV,
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BY
MARY AMATO

ILLUSTRATED BY
JESSICA MESERVE

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For Juliet Wade



A STAR ON TV,

LUCY MCGEE

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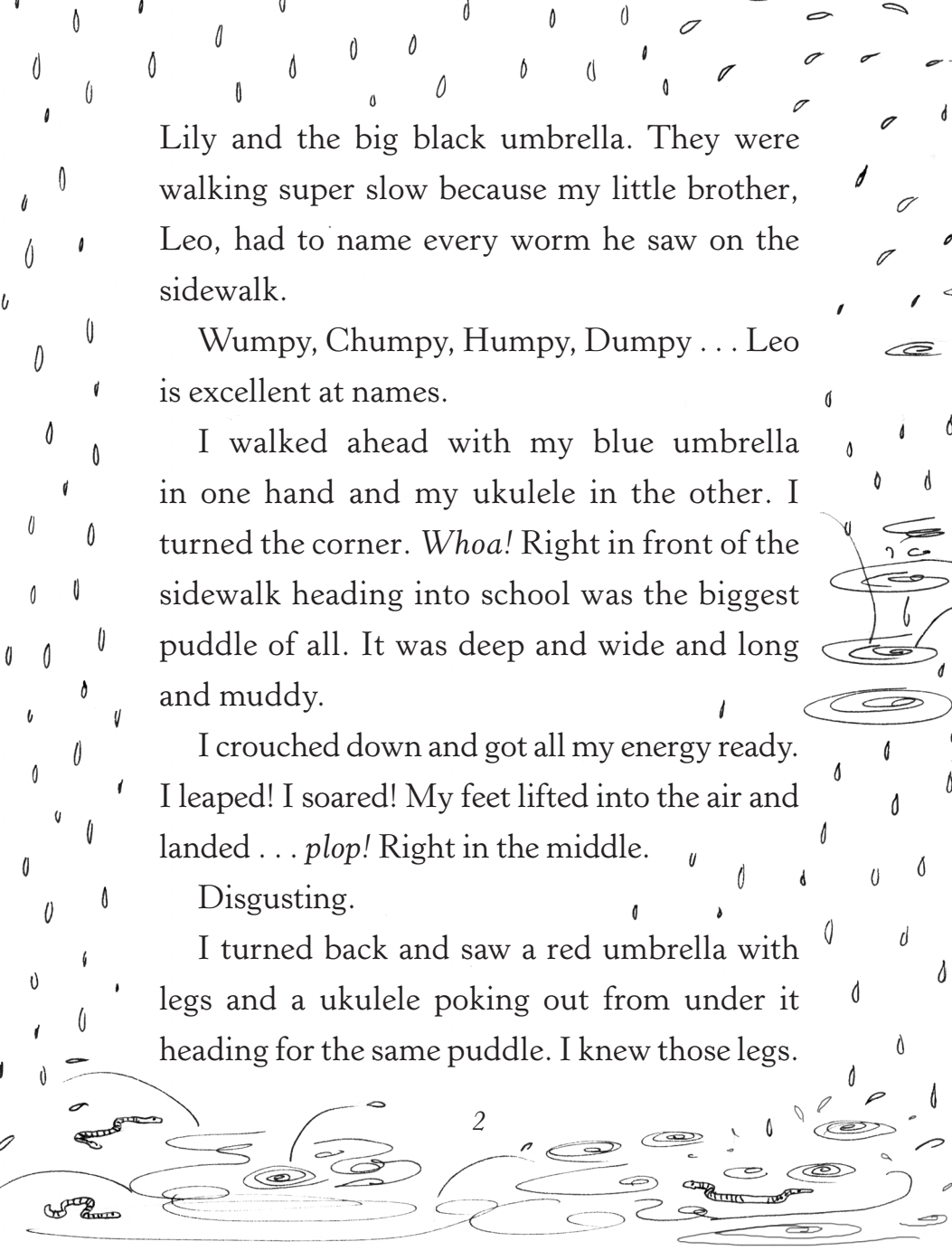


Chapter One

MY BRAIN IN THE RAIN

I hate wet socks. When it's raining and you can't find your rain boots, you have to be careful walking to school.

Today there were puddles everywhere. By the time I got to the end of my street, I had hopped over seven big ones. Only two blocks more to get to my school. So far so good. My dad was way behind me with Leo and



Lily and the big black umbrella. They were walking super slow because my little brother, Leo, had to name every worm he saw on the sidewalk.

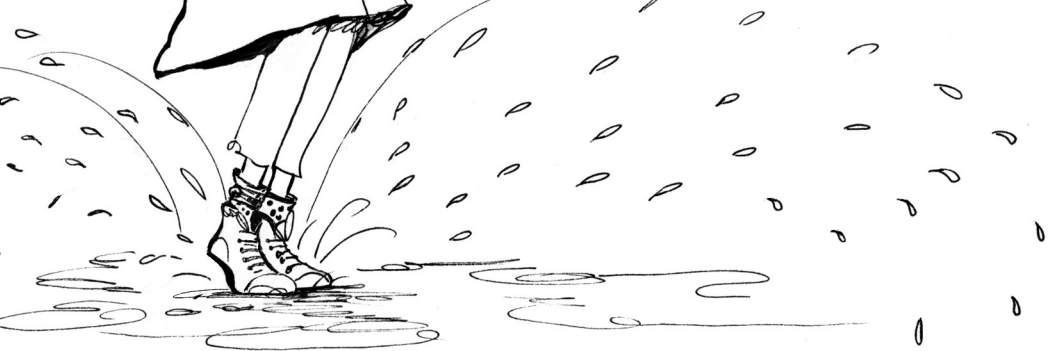
Wumpy, Chumpy, Humpy, Dumpy . . . Leo is excellent at names.

I walked ahead with my blue umbrella in one hand and my ukulele in the other. I turned the corner. *Whoa!* Right in front of the sidewalk heading into school was the biggest puddle of all. It was deep and wide and long and muddy.

I crouched down and got all my energy ready. I leaped! I soared! My feet lifted into the air and landed . . . *plop!* Right in the middle.

Disgusting.

I turned back and saw a red umbrella with legs and a ukulele poking out from under it heading for the same puddle. I knew those legs.



I knew that ukulele. It was my friend Phillip Lee.

“Watch out!” I yelled, just as Phillip tried to hop over the puddle.

He landed in the middle. “Lucy! I hate wet socks.”

“Me too,” I said.

He walked toward me, water oozing out of his shoes.

“Well, you know what they say?” I asked.

He shrugged. “When life gives you lemons, make lemonade?”

“When life gives you wet socks, sing about it!” I said, and started to make up a song:



*It drizzled all night
and it's pouring right now.*

You think it's raining cats and dogs?

I'd say it's raining . . . cows!

*Before you leave the house,
pack an extra pair of socks,
especially if you have to walk
a couple of blocks.*

Phillip laughed. He added
to the song:

*The puddles are so deep
they're probably filled with fish.*

*When you step in a puddle
your shoes go . . . squish.*

“We got the rhymes!” I said. “Now it's finish
time.” I sang:

So pack that extra pair
of socks for your feet.
Your toes will thank you
and think you're sweet.

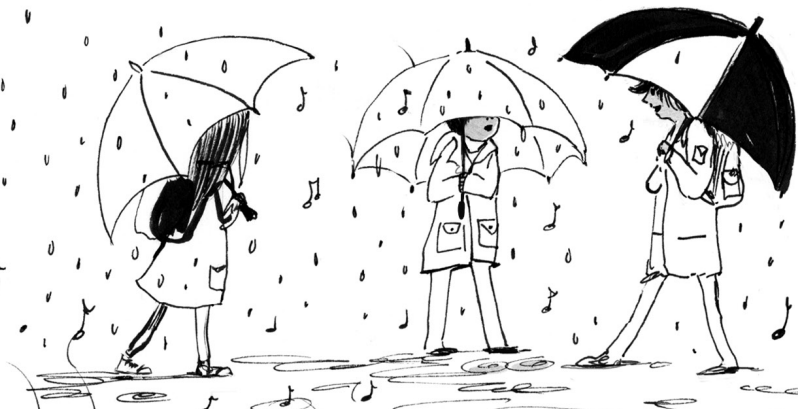


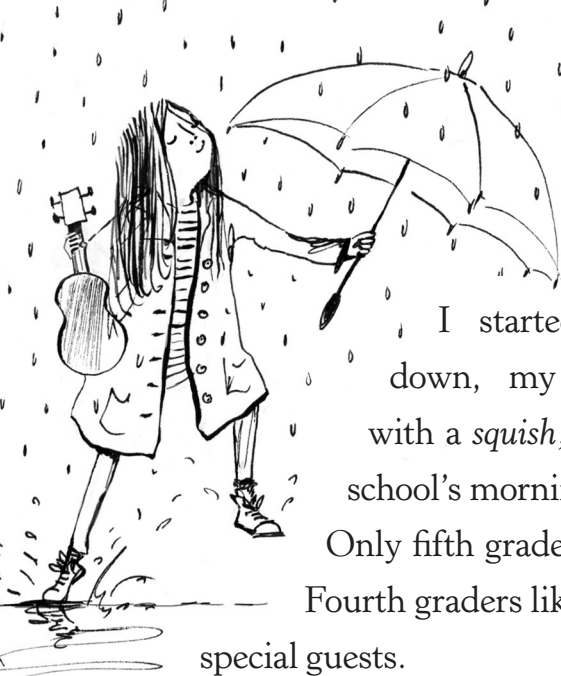
Phillip tried to clap, which was hard because
he was holding his umbrella.

We sang the song again. Another umbrella
with legs stopped to listen.

“Great song!” The umbrella lifted up. It was
Pablo.

As we walked into the school together, Pablo
said, “Hey, I’ve got an idea. It’s my turn to read
the weather report on *The Morning Mix*. Teach
me the song, and we’ll sing it together on the





show. Your song is way better than what I was going to read.”

I started jumping up and down, my wet shoes landing with a *squish, squish*. Being on our school’s morning TV show is so fun. Only fifth graders get to do the show. Fourth graders like us can only be on as special guests.

“We have to hurry,” Pablo said. “Get your teacher’s permission and come to the Media Center. And bring your ukes!”

Pablo headed down the fifth-grade hall toward the Media Center.

“I’m glad our feet got wet,” Phillip said. “I think it’s destiny.”

Just then I heard a familiar sound coming down the hallway.

Clack, clack, clack.

I pulled Phillip behind Mr. Tapper's big rolling garbage bin.

"What are we doing?" Phillip asked.

"Shh! We're hiding."

I crouched down.

"Why?" he whispered, and crouched down next to me.

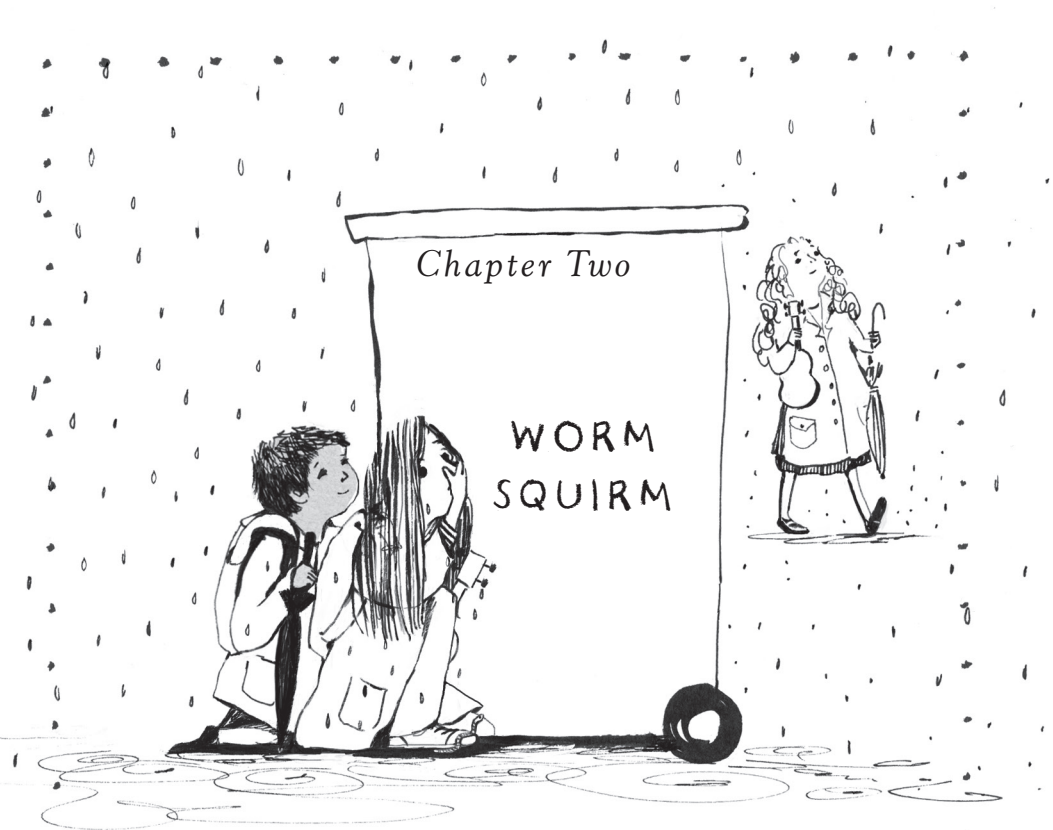
"Listen . . ."

Clack, clack, clack.

We peeked out. Scarlett Tandy was coming. Scarlett is a friend of ours and she's also in the Songwriting Club, which Phillip started. She can be fun, but she can also be a tornado of trouble. If Scarlett found out what we wanted to do, I was afraid she would make herself the star. I just wanted to keep it simple.

I crossed my fingers and hoped she didn't see us.





Chapter Two

WORM
SQUIRM

Hiding behind a garbage bin is hard enough. Hiding behind it when you're dripping wet and you have a backpack and a ukulele and an umbrella and you have to sneeze is even worse. I pinched my nose to keep from sneezing and we waited.

Clack, clack, clack. Scarlett's shoes were coming.

Of course Scarlett's shoes didn't go *squish*, *squish*, *squish*. Even though she lives next to the school, her parents drive her whenever it rains.

The sound was getting closer and closer and my nose was getting ticklier and ticklier. And then Phillip's eyes got huge. He pointed at my foot. I looked down.

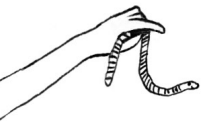
Wriggling around on the tip of my shoe was a worm!

Phillip started to laugh, picked up the worm, and dangled it in front of my face, which made me want to laugh. My laugh and my sneeze came out in one big "*Haha-achoo!*"

Scarlett heard. "What are you two doing back here?"

Phillip looked at me. "What are we doing, Lucy?"

"Nothing. We're just hanging out with our



new friend Wumpy,” I said, and held up the worm.

“Ew!” Scarlett yelled as she *clack, clack, clacked* away. “You guys are disgusting!”

Phillip and I stood up.

“Was that mean of me?” I asked him. “I just think that if Scarlett knows what we’re doing, something bad will happen.”

He shrugged. “She always wants to be the boss of everything. It’s a problem.” Then he gave me one of his looks. “But she’s going to find out.”

“Let’s not go to our classroom. Let’s just go to the Media Center and do it!” I said. “We’re studying weather in science now, Phillip. Mrs. Brock will love our idea. Once she sees us on TV, she’ll be so proud of us she won’t care!”

Phillip shook his head. “No way. We need permission. Even if it means Scarlett finds out.

Come on or Mrs. Brock will think we're absent. Bring Wumpy along and we can put her in Mrs. Brock's ivy plant."

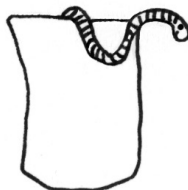
I looked at Phillip. He just didn't understand. I had to take control, but how? And then a sneaky idea popped into my head.

"I've got it!" I said. "I know a way to tell Mrs. Brock what we want to do without Scarlett finding out! I'll take care of Mrs. Brock. You go to the Media Center and tell Ms. Dell that I'm coming."

"What if Mrs. Brock says no?"

"She won't! See you in a minute."

I put Wumpy in my pocket and headed toward our classroom. When I was outside the door, I set down my stuff and got out a piece of paper and a pencil.



Dear Mrs. Brock,

There is an emergency. Phillip and I must
sing the weather report on *The Morning Mix*. We
will be a little late to class, but it will be worth it.

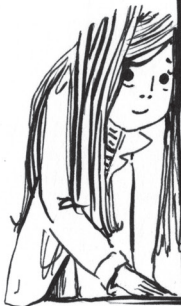
This is our duty.

Your helpful student,

Lucy McGee

I folded up the paper. Then I peeked
into the classroom. Everybody was putting
stuff in their cubbies.

I slipped the paper under the door and
walked as quickly as possible to the Media
Center. Mrs. Brock would see the note and
be happy that two of her students were
being creative and helpful. What could go
wrong?





Chapter Three

THE FLOW
OF THE
SHOW



Being on TV sounds fun until the camera is pointed at your face!

In the Media Center, I stood on one side of Pablo, and Phillip stood on the other side. We had to be silent while a fifth grader named Tariq read the news. Then the camera turned to us.



You know how people say when you're nervous you have butterflies in your stomach? I had a swarm of a thousand butterflies.

"Hi!" Pablo said to the camera. "Today I have some special guests who are going to sing about today's weather with me. Here's Lucy McGee and Phillip Lee."

I couldn't remember how the song went! I panicked. And then I looked at Phillip.

He looked perfectly calm. He started strumming and smiling in his Phillipy way, and I knew I'd be okay. "*It drizzled all night and it's pouring right now.*"

I joined in. "*You think it's raining cats and dogs? I'd say it's raining . . . cows!*"

I was going with the flow until I felt another sneeze coming on. I tried and tried to hold it in. But as soon as I sang the last word, I sneezed. At the same time, I



pulled a tissue out of my pocket. And when that tissue flew out of my pocket, Wumpy came with it! That worm sailed across the room and landed right on the camera lens!

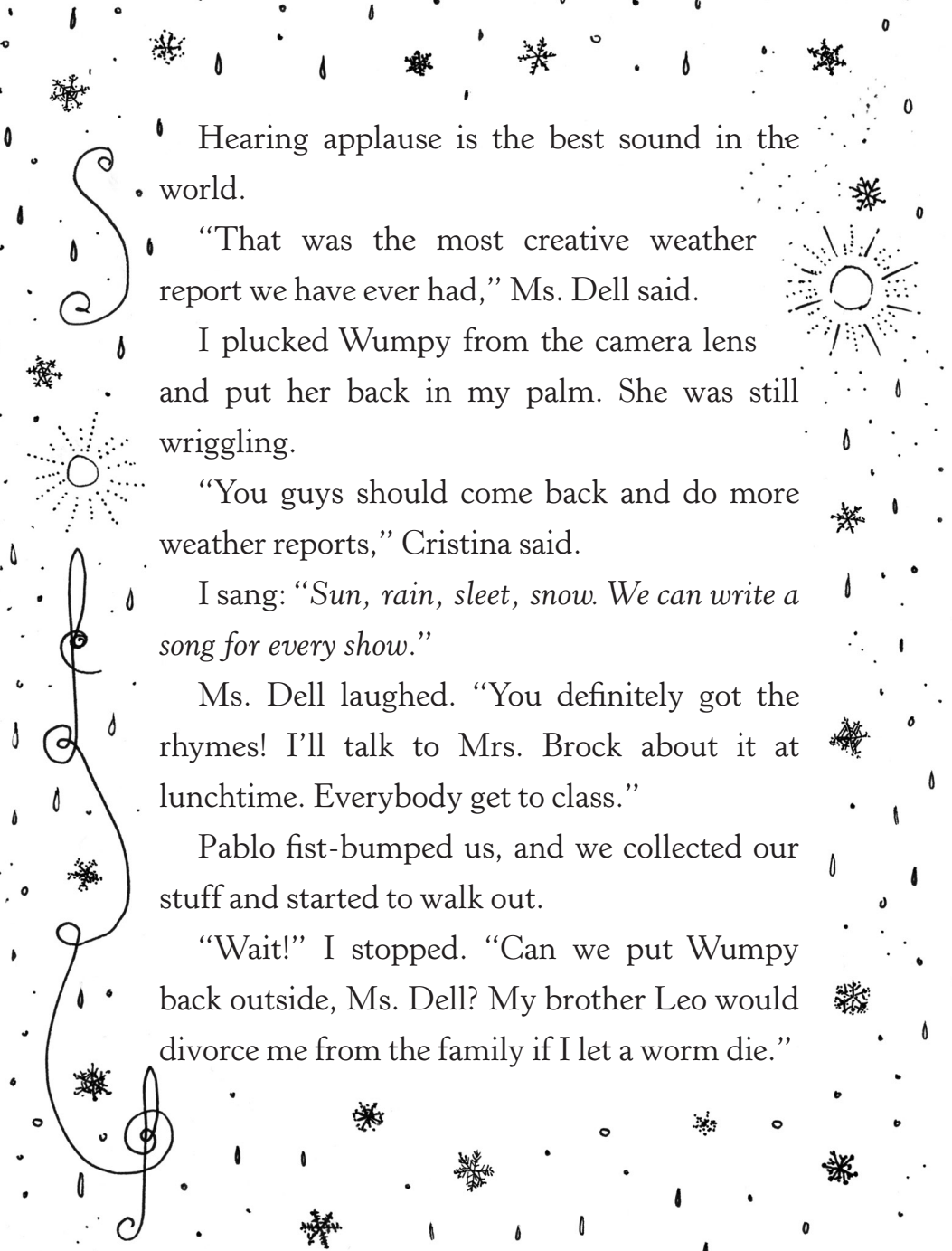


Oh no! Worm Close-Up!

I froze.

And then everybody in the room burst into laughter and clapped.

“The worms are out on this rainy Tuesday!” Pablo said. “Have a great day. Don’t forget to tune in tomorrow for *The Morning Mix*.”

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring various snowflake designs and raindrops. On the left side, there are stylized musical notes and a treble clef. On the right side, there is a sun-like symbol with radiating lines. The background is filled with small, scattered snowflakes and raindrops.

Hearing applause is the best sound in the world.

“That was the most creative weather report we have ever had,” Ms. Dell said.

I plucked Wumpy from the camera lens and put her back in my palm. She was still wriggling.

“You guys should come back and do more weather reports,” Cristina said.

I sang: “*Sun, rain, sleet, snow. We can write a song for every show.*”

Ms. Dell laughed. “You definitely got the rhymes! I’ll talk to Mrs. Brock about it at lunchtime. Everybody get to class.”

Pablo fist-bumped us, and we collected our stuff and started to walk out.

“Wait!” I stopped. “Can we put Wumpy back outside, Ms. Dell? My brother Leo would divorce me from the family if I let a worm die.”

She smiled and opened a big window.
“There’s a lovely world of mud right here just waiting for a worm like yours.”

I plopped Wumpy into the soft mud outside the window. “Thanks for everything, Wumpy!”

Phillip sang: “*Slow, slow squirm the worms gently through the crud.*



Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is full of mud.”

On our way back to class, our shoes were going *squish, squish, squish*, but our hearts were going *yay, yay, yay*.

“I bet everybody in our class will clap for us when we walk in,” I whispered to Phillip. “This is going to be the best day of our lives.”

He nodded and we squished down the hall even quicker.

Excited, we opened the door to our room and then froze.

Everybody was staring at us, but they didn't look glad to see us. They looked mad!



“Look who’s here,” Scarlett said. “The Liars’ Club.”

“Liars?” Phillip looked horrified.

“I asked what you were doing and you said ‘nothing.’” Scarlett gave us a mean look.

“That’s enough, Scarlett,” Mrs. Brock said. “Everybody get to work on your states projects. Lucy and Phillip, stay right there. We need to talk.”

My heart wasn't going yay, yay, yay anymore. It was going *blump, blump, blump*.

