

nickelodeon.



**THE
ULTIMATE
PARTY**

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Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz!

“Ahhhhhhh!”

The sound of my alarm clock jolted me out of bed, and I threw my covers across the room in the process. You might be wondering why I set an alarm on a Saturday morning. It wasn't a school day, it wasn't my birthday, and



we didn't have a family road trip planned. It was for a way more exciting reason: That morning, at exactly 7:00 a.m. Eastern Standard Time, the Ace Savvy Fan Club was letting a select few fans know the premiere date of the newest movie in the Ace universe, *Ace Savvy and One-Eyed Jack 4: Fur of a Kind*. My best friend, Clyde, and I had been waiting for this day to come for *weeks*. We'd even synchronized our watches yesterday to make sure we logged on to the website at the exact same time.

You may be wondering why it was such a big deal. It's just a movie, right? Wrong! This wasn't just any regular old movie—not only would our all-time favorite villain, The Kitty, return to fight Ace and Jack, but the premiere was going to be right here in Royal Woods!



I turned on my computer and rubbed my eyes.

“C’mon . . . C’mon . . . C’mon! Please load!” I said to my computer as I watched the spinning wheel on-screen turn. I panicked and considered calling Clyde on the walkie-talkie to see if his computer was loading faster, but I remembered his dad’s started a no-walkie-talkie-before-9-a.m.-unless-it’s-an-emergency policy. Just as I was about to declare this to be an emergency worthy of calling, I heard the sweet sound of the Ace and Jack theme song coming out of my computer speakers.

“Yesssssss!” I exclaimed as the page finished loading.

I couldn’t believe it. Ace and Jack were really coming to Royal Woods. And, most important, the premiere was far enough in the



future that I might actually have a chance to go. I immediately opened my door and dashed downstairs as quickly (and as quietly) as I could.

Here's the thing: In a family with eleven kids, we have to keep track of all of our activities on a family calendar. It's the only way our parents can handle all of our busy schedules and find time to plan things like doctor's appointments or family vacations.

So, if you *don't* write down the important stuff you want to do, there's a good chance you won't get to do it. If you forget to write an important event on the calendar, for example, a trip to Aunt Ruth's or an appointment with Dr. Feinstein may be scheduled on the same day Gus's Games & Grubs is having a two-for-one special on pizza and game tokens. Let



me tell you: There's nothing worse than getting a teeth cleaning when you know you could be playing the latest *Muscle Fish* game instead.

I grabbed a pen from the junk drawer as I slid across the kitchen floor in my socks. I flipped the calendar ahead a couple of months and sighed with relief when I saw the date of the big premiere was blank. As I wrote the event down, I took my time to make sure each letter was perfectly readable. The second most important rule about the family calendar is making sure you write your thing down clearly. One time, I wrote something down too quickly and neither of my parents could figure out what it said, so they planned a big spring-cleaning day at the house that all of us had to help out with. I was the only kid in my whole class who



missed Girl Jordan’s bowling and sundae-making party. While my friends were sampling fancy ice-cream flavors, I was polishing the dining table.

Relieved by my scheduling win, I let out a big breath as the calendar fell back to show this month. It was a wild animal-themed calendar—we each get a turn picking out the calendar for the year, and this year had been Lana’s choice.

“I wonder what’s going on in the Loud house today,” I said as I found today’s date under the image of puppy-eyed meerkats. I gasped. “Wait, does that say *anniversary*?”

Right between scribbled plans of Leni’s shift at Reininger’s department store, Luan’s stand-up set, and Luna’s jam sesh with her band was the word *anniversary*. It’s not one of



Lori's anniversaries with Bobby—they had to get a separate calendar for that. (How many pizzaversaries can one couple have, you might ask? Apparently enough to fill up their own calendar.) It wasn't my best-friendiversary with Clyde, either. That was last month.

That could mean only one thing: It must be my parents' anniversary!

