

nickelodeon



**CAMPAIGN
CHAOS!**

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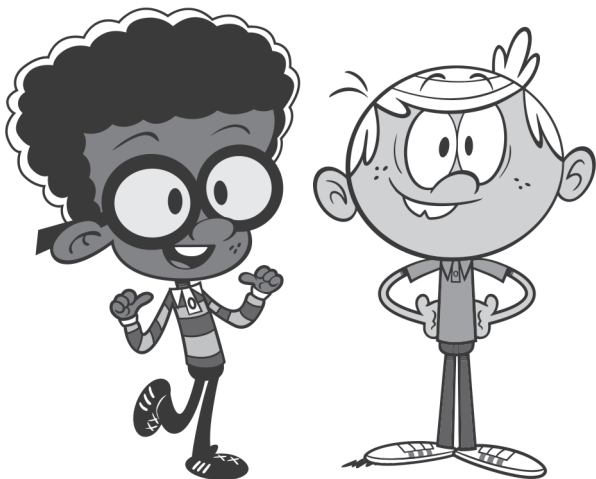
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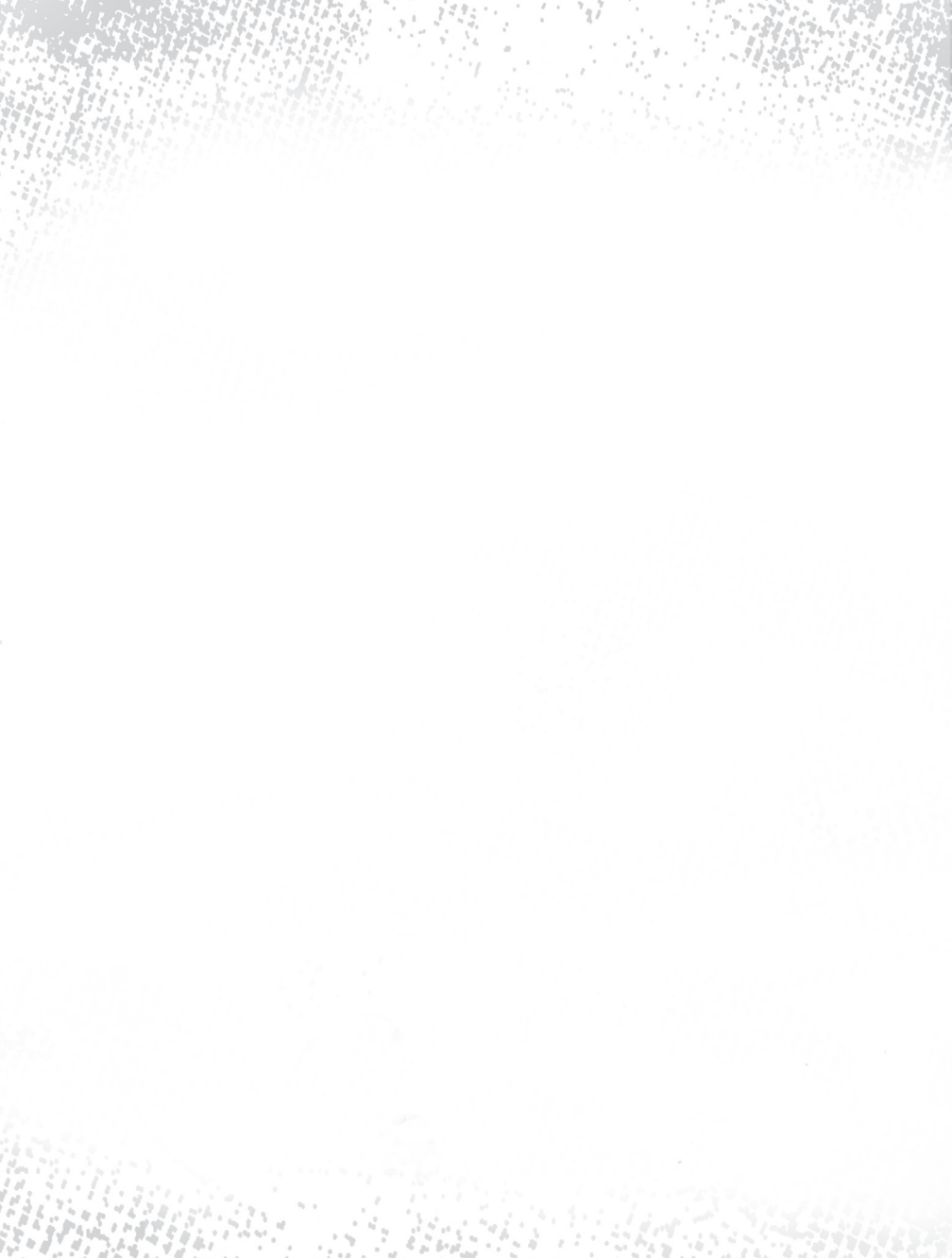
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CAMPAIGN CHAOS!

BY MOLLIE FREILICH

SCHOLASTIC INC.





I was sitting on my bed, moments away from diving into my latest *Muscle Fish* comic book, when I heard the static buzz of my walkie-talkie.

“Lincoln! *Lincoln!* Come in, Lincoln! Do you read me?” It was my best friend, Clyde McBride, shouting frantically. He clearly had something he needed to share with me. Maybe



he'd seen a ghost and needed the help of a fellow *ARGGH!* cadet to catch it. Or maybe an alien had just landed in his yard, and he wanted me there to make first contact. Or maybe his dads had made their famous guacamole, and they needed a taste tester. Or maybe . . .

"LINCOLN! Abhhhh!" I tumbled off the bed and fell in a heap on the floor. I scrambled to grab my walkie-talkie.

"Sorry, Clyde! I'm here! I read you loud and clear, buddy. Over," I replied.

"Lincoln! *Phew!* I was worried I'd have to call your house and Lori would answer the phone and I'd faint and forget what I had to say and—"

"CLYDE! Get ahold of yourself!" Clyde has a little crush on my oldest sister, Lori, and tends to spin out of control when he starts



talking about her or to her.

“Thanks, pal. I needed that. Listen, this is big news. *Really* big news. I think I’d better tell you in person. Can I come over? Over.” The suspense was almost unbearable, but I figured I could wait a few more minutes. Clyde hadn’t been this excited to tell me something since the school cafeteria added rosemary to their meatloaf.

“Sounds like a plan,” I said. “I’ll meet you outside. Over and out.”

My brain was racing a mile a minute trying to figure out what Clyde was going to say. I nearly tripped over my baby sister, Lily, as I sprang from my room to dash downstairs.

“Sorry, Lil!” I called over my shoulder as my infant sister stuck out her tongue to blow a raspberry at me.



I sprinted down the seemingly empty hallway, aiming for the stairs. I was nearly at the bannister when the high-pitched *screeeeeeech* of a whistle made me skid to a stop. My six-year-old twin sisters, Lola and Lana, decked out in matching aviator sunglasses and neon orange sashes, stood before me. I guessed they were practicing their hall-monitor duties at home again.

“What did we tell you about running in the halls?” Lana asked me, tilting her sunglasses down to give me a stern look.

“C’mon, guys! I have to get downstairs. Clyde will be here in a few minutes.”

“Answer the question or we’ll toss you in the clink!” Lola shouted, pointing at a cardboard box with bars cut out to resemble a jail cell. I knew they were serious. They once locked our



sister Luan up just for telling bad jokes! Come to think of it, I'm surprised she isn't in there more often.

"Okay, okay. I promise I'll slow my pace down to a brisk walk." I sighed, eyeing the staircase.

Lola scratched some words on a notepad, then ripped off a piece of paper and handed it to me. "Consider this your last warning, Linky. Now move it! We have a hallway to patrol."

They both folded their arms and glared at me. I walked as quickly as I could to the top of the stairway. Once I was out of the twins' line of sight, I darted down the stairs, clinging to the railing for balance. I jumped over Lynn's skates; dodged Luan's ventriloquist dummy, Mr. Coconuts; and narrowly avoided Luna's amp. With a family this big, you usually have



to navigate through some clutter.

Finally, I reached the front door, just in time to hear the sweet squeak of Clyde's yellow tandem bicycle rolling up in front of my house. I flung the door open and whirled outside to greet him.

"Clyde!" I called as I jogged down our front steps. Clyde was breathing heavily, like he'd just peddled the bike while hauling a grand piano behind him. "Are you okay?"

"Just." *Gasp.* "Need." *Gasp.* "A." *Gasp.* "Second," he puffed out as he removed his helmet and sat down on the lawn. It felt like a million years passed, but finally, he was able to speak again. "I'm going to do it. I'm going to run for school treasurer."

"That's amazing, Clyde!" I said as I gave him a high five. This was *huge* news! Clyde



was scared of speaking in front of big crowds, becoming popular, *and* watching someone else's piggy bank, so if he ran for treasurer, he'd have to overcome three of his fears. "Let's go inside and celebrate with some ice-cold lemonade."

