



Part Two
Who Would Win?

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Also by Robert Black,
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Night of the Frightening Fractions
Night of the Eerie Equations



This book features QR codes that link to audio of the book being narrated so that readers can follow along.

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The Problem

The new school year was just a week away, and Lennie hadn't yet learned her way around town. That had to change—and fast. She didn't want to show up on the first day of class looking like she didn't know anything about the area where she lived. That would be bad enough in a city like Philadelphia, but when there wasn't much of a town in the first place, not knowing it would look just awful. She had to get out and explore while there was still time.



Bailey sat near a large lake that was ringed by fancy homes and a country club. Lennie's house was about a third of the way around the lake from the main part of town—a bike ride of two or three miles that took her past a small airport, a golf course with a large barn in the middle of it, and the local ice cream shop. But she hadn't gone beyond that. Now it was time to see what the rest of the town had to offer.



She rode her bike up Main Street, through all three of its traffic lights, and over the creek at the north end of town. After that there wasn't much to see—mostly flat, open space and a few factories. She turned around and was about to head back when she saw someone sitting on a large rock by the bank of the creek. It was a girl, maybe a few years older than Lennie. She was staring at the water. She looked upset.

So Lennie pedaled off the road toward the girl, but as she did, she began to wish she hadn't. The girl was very pretty, with clear, pale skin and long, silky, dark hair that made Lennie feel bad about her own freckled face and messy red hair. Those kinds of girls usually wanted nothing to do with a girl like Lennie, and she felt the same way back.

But before Lennie could turn away, the girl saw her. Lennie had no choice but to pull up and say hello.




To her surprise, the girl waved at her and smiled. "I'm Belladonna Brown," she told Lennie. "My family owns the sporting goods store on Main Street."

"Belladonna?" asked Lennie. "So people call you...?"

"Donna," said the girl quickly. "I go by Donna." She almost sounded angry.

"Okay," said Lennie gently. "Donna it is. I get it. I've got issues with my name, too."

"I'm sorry," said Donna. "I'm just having a bad day."



Challenge Words

NEW WORDS

barbecue

muscular

beautiful

piercing

bloodsucker

scoffed

cholesterol

studios

companies

supernatural

cringed

surprise

factories

tingled

gripping

unusual

grumbled

usually

labeled

wrinkled

REVIEW WORDS

computer

figured

explained

laughed

figure

sighed