

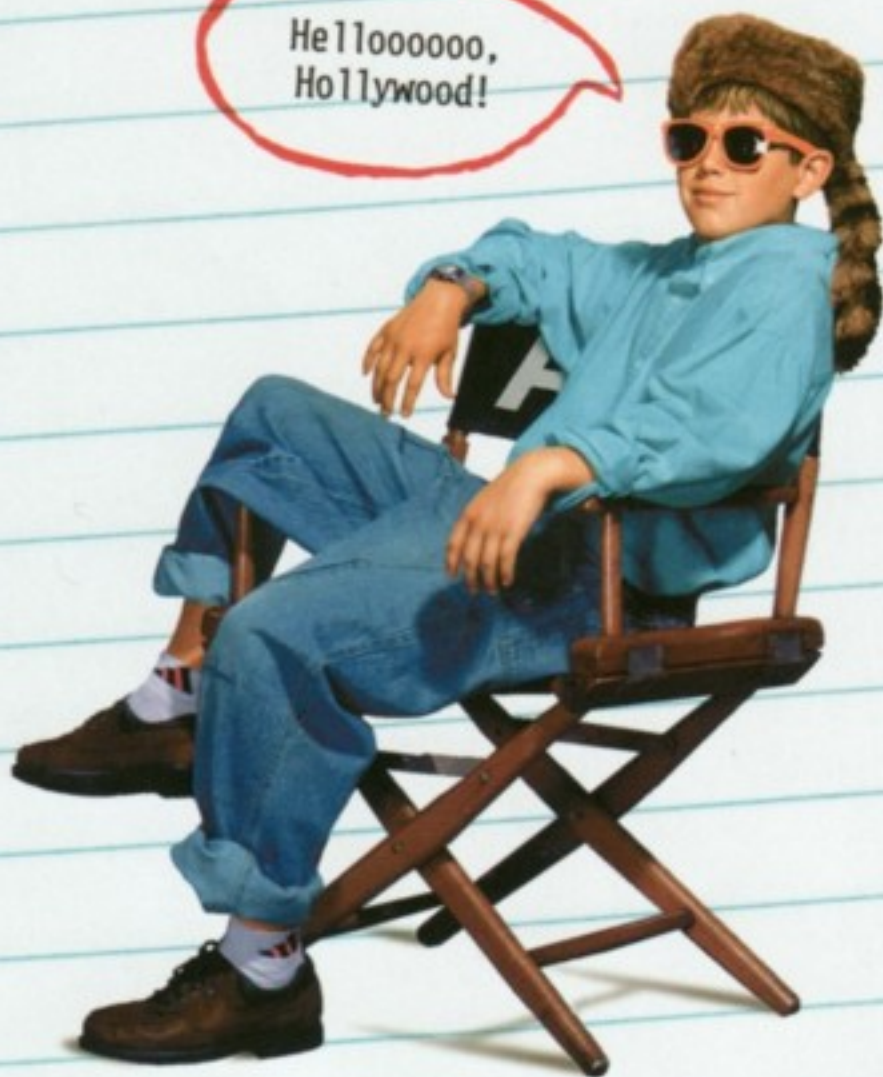
Barbara Park



Almost starring

SKINNY- BONES

Hellooooo,
Hollywood!



☆ I ☆

Mother Nature makes mistakes. I'm sorry to say that, but it's true. One of them sits behind me in English class. Her name is Annabelle Posey. I'd rather think that Annabelle was a mistake than believe Mother Nature made her on purpose.

Annabelle is probably the most stuck-up girl in the entire universe. Her father has his own local TV show. It's called *The Uncle Happy Show*. It's one of those little kiddie programs.

Mr. Posey is Uncle Happy. He wears a cowboy hat, a red rubber nose, and a cape. It's the type of costume you dig up on Halloween when you're too old for trick or treat, but you still want the candy.

Mostly all he does is show cartoons. Once in a while he has a guest appearance by this policeman

called Uncle Officer. Uncle Officer talks about junk like bike safety and how you shouldn't yell out dirty stuff to cars when they honk at you or else the driver might come back and kill you. To put it nicely, it's not the kind of show that cleans up at the Emmy Awards.

But it doesn't matter to Annabelle. Even though no one in Hollywood has ever even heard of *The Uncle Happy Show*, she still brags about all the famous people she knows.

Like one time in second grade Annabelle actually stood up and told the class that God had come to her house for Sunday supper. I'm not kidding—God. The teacher practically called her a liar, but Annabelle wouldn't change her story. She said that he had wings, and a golden crown, and flew in her window and ate a chicken dinner.

Besides being a natural-born liar, Annabelle is also very good at making fun of people. Not everyone, exactly. Mostly just me. Like when she's asked to list her hobbies, Annabelle probably puts "reading, swimming, and making fun of Alex 'Skinnybones' Frankovitch."

Skinnybones. That's what she usually calls me. Her and about a million other kids at school. A skinny little bag of bones. Nice, huh?

I guess that's why I've got such a big mouth. Just

because I'm small doesn't mean I'm going to let jerks like Annabelle get the best of me. I get them before they get me. It sounds sort of dramatic, like a gunfight or something, but that's how it is.

This may seem crazy, but sometimes I think having people like Annabelle Posey around can actually be good for you. They give you a reason to keep trying to make something special out of yourself. To set goals and stuff. Then, when you finally make it, you can go right up to them in a real crowded room like the cafeteria and laugh in their ugly faces. My goal is to wipe out an entire lunch line with one giant "Ha!"

That's what was so great about my summer. I finally got my chance to make it big. Really big! And I owe it all to Kitty Fritters Cat Food Company.

Last year they sponsored a contest called the National Kitty Fritters Television Contest. You had to write an essay telling them why your cat ate Kitty Fritters. The winner got to go to New York over the summer and make a TV commercial!

I only entered as a joke. My essay was about how the fritters were real cheap and how they tasted like rubber, but who cared, because cats aren't people anyway. It was pretty insulting if you want to know the truth.

That's why I was so surprised when it won. I

A STAR IS BORN?

Alex “Skinnybones” Frankovitch is about to become a huge star—in his very own TV commercial! Okay, so it’s only a cat food commercial, and he plays a little kid in a dorky coonskin cap. Still, it’s national television. . . .

But Alex’s big plans for stardom go terribly wrong. His friends think the commercial is the dumbest thing they’ve ever seen. And the Alex Frankovitch Fan Club has only two members: a cat and a drooling toddler. Are Alex’s days as a Big Celebrity already over? Find out in this hilarious sequel to *Skinnybones!*

“Barbara Park is one of the funniest writers around.”

—Booklist

www.randomhouse.com/kids

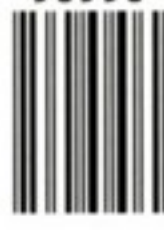
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