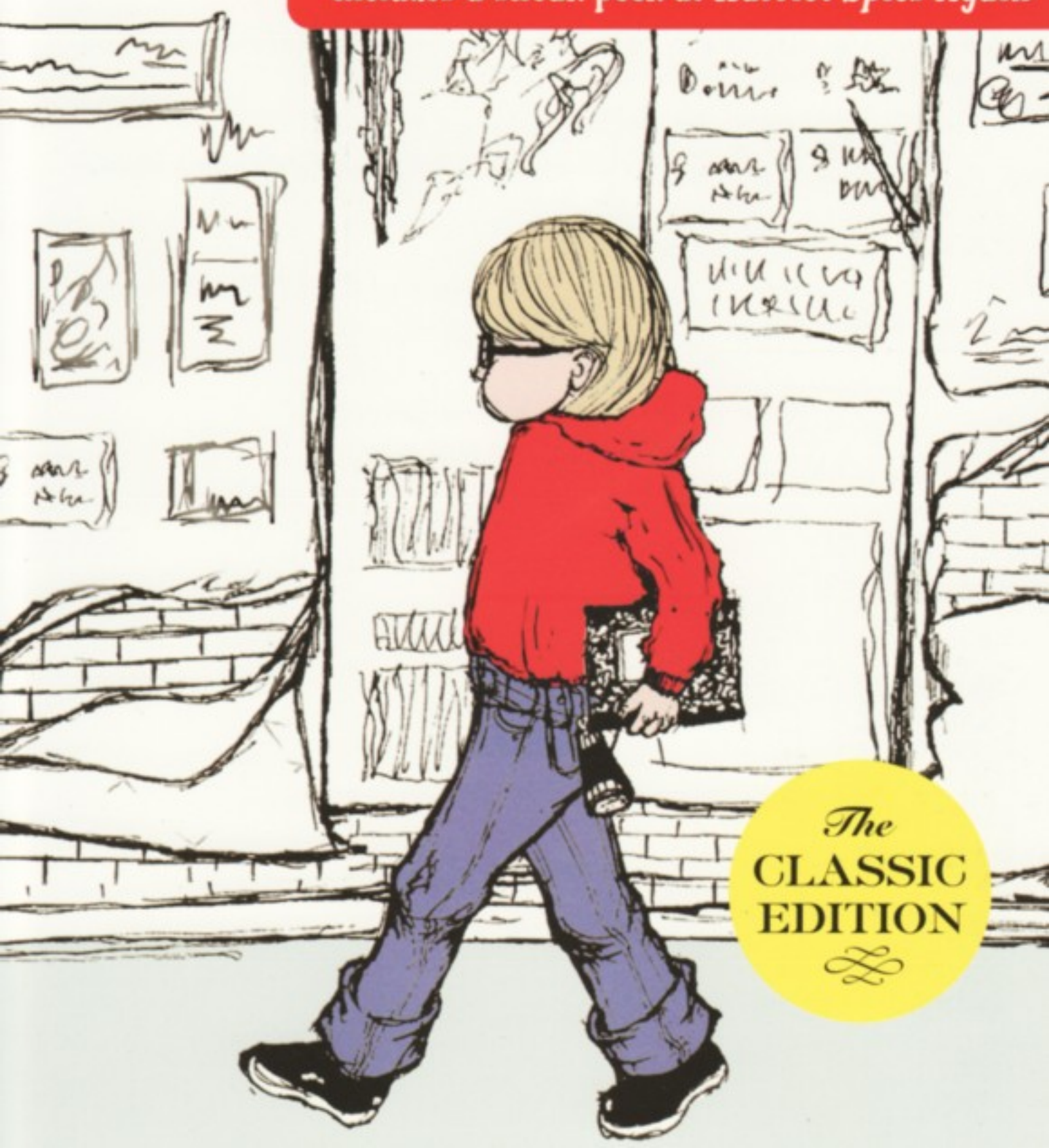


HARRIET THE SPY

Louise Fitzhugh

Includes a sneak peek at *Harriet Spies Again*



The
**CLASSIC
EDITION**



CHAPTER

One

Harriet was trying to explain to Sport how to play Town. "See, first you make up the name of the town. Then you write down the names of all the people who live in it. You can't have too many or it gets too hard. I usually have twenty-five."

"Ummmm." Sport was tossing a football in the air. They were in the courtyard of Harriet's house on East Eighty-seventh Street in Manhattan.

"Then when you know who lives there, you make up what they do. For instance, Mr. Charles Hanley runs the filling station on the corner." Harriet spoke thoughtfully as she squatted next to the big tree, bending so low over her notebook that her long straight hair touched the edges.

"Don'tcha wanta play football?" Sport asked.

"Now, listen, Sport, you never did this and it's fun. Now over here next to this curve in the mountain we'll put the filling station. So if anything happens there, you remember where it is."

Sport tucked the football under his arm and walked over to her. "That's nothing but an old tree root. Whad-dya mean, a mountain?"

"That's a mountain. From now on that's a mountain. Got it?" Harriet looked up into his face.

Sport moved back a pace. "Looks like an old tree root," he muttered.

Harriet pushed her hair back and looked at him seriously. "Sport, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"You know what. You know I'm going to be a ball player."

"Well, I'm going to be a writer. And when I say that's a mountain, that's a mountain." Satisfied, she turned back to her town.

Sport put the football gently on the ground and knelt beside her, looking over her shoulder at the notebook in which she scribbled furiously.

"Now, as soon as you've got all the men's names down, and their wives' names and their children's names, then you figure out all their professions. You've got to have a doctor, a lawyer—"

"And an Indian chief," Sport interrupted.

"No. Someone who works in television."

"What makes you think they have television?"

"I say they do. And, anyway, my father has to be in it, doesn't he?"

"Well, then put mine in too. Put a writer in it."

"Okay, we can make Mr. Jonathan Fishbein a writer."

"And let him have a son like me who cooks for him."

Sport rocked back and forth on his heels, chanting in singsong, "And let him be eleven years old like me, and let him have a mother who went away and has all the money, and let him grow up to be a ball player."

"Nooo," Harriet said in disgust. "Then you're not making it up. Don't you understand?"

Sport paused. "No," he said.

"Just listen, Sport. See, now that we have all this written down, I'll show you where the fun is." Harriet got very businesslike. She stood up, then got on her knees in the soft September mud so she could lean over the little valley made between the two big roots of the tree. She referred to her notebook every now and then, but for the most part she stared intently at the mossy lowlands which made her town. "Now, one night, late at night, Mr. Charles Hanley is in his filling station. He is just about to turn out the lights and go home because it is nine o'clock and time for him to get ready for bed."

"But he's a grown-up!" Sport looked intently at the spot occupied by the gas station.

HARRIET THE SPY



HARRIET M. WELSCH IS A SPY.

She's staked out a spy route, and she writes down everything about everyone she sees, including her classmates and even her best friends. **From Harriet's notebook:**

I BET THE LADY WITH THE CROSS-EYE LOOKS IN THE MIRROR AND FEELS JUST TERRIBLE.

PINKY WHITEHEAD WILL NEVER CHANGE. DOES HIS MOTHER HATE HIM? IF I HAD HIM I'D HATE HIM.

IF MARION HAWTHORNE DOESN'T WATCH OUT SHE'S GOING TO GROW UP INTO A LADY HITLER.

Then Harriet loses track of her notebook, and it ends up in the wrong hands. Before Harriet can stop them, her friends have read the always truthful, sometimes awful things she's written about each of them. Will Harriet find a way to put her life and her friendships back together?

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