

THE KID WHO ★ BECAME ★ PRESIDENT



Sequel to **THE KID WHO RAN FOR PRESIDENT**

DAN GUTMAN

 **SCHOLASTIC**

1.

★ **A Chance** ★

The moment I told America I was refusing the presidency, pandemonium broke loose at the Moon for President headquarters in the grand ballroom of the Edgewater Hotel in Madison, Wisconsin. That's the town I live in. In the two centuries since George Washington was elected our first President, no candidate had *ever* used his acceptance speech to say he didn't want the job after all.

Cameras flashed like fireworks. Reporters went running to the telephones to call their newspapers and change the headlines from **MOON WINS!** to **MOON WINS... AND QUILTS!** Television guys were elbowing each other out of the way trying to get to me for interviews.

My friend and campaign manager, Lane Brainard, just stared at me with his mouth open.

The girl I had chosen to be my "first babe"—Chelsea Daniels — started screaming as if she'd seen a monster.

My mom was in shock. She had to be taken to the hospital.

Some people thought I was joking. Others were crying. People were running around as if somebody had pulled the fire alarm. Everybody was acting like the world was coming to an end.

I just laughed. I stood at the podium, watching everything swirl around me, and laughed. It was such a relief that the election was over, I didn't care what happened. I never really wanted to be President in the first place.

That night, when all the excitement had died down and I went home, there was a soft knock at the front door. I opened it and Mrs. June Syers wheeled herself in.

Mrs. Syers had been my baby-sitter when I was a little boy. She was old now and so crippled by Parkinson's disease that she needed a wheelchair to get around. Her mind was sharp,

though, maybe the sharpest of any grown-up I knew. When Lane had asked me to select a grown-up to run as my Vice-President, I picked Mrs. Syers right away.

"Moon, you do have a way of surprising folks," she chuckled.

"I'm sorry," I replied. "I kind of messed things up for you, didn't I?"

If I had accepted the presidency, Mrs. Syers would have been the first African-American and the first female Vice-President in American history. I felt bad about depriving her of that honor.

"Forget it, Moon."

"I know what you're going to say," I told her as I wheeled her into the living room. "You're going to say I'm crazy. You're going to say I was always crazy. And I always *will* be crazy. Right?"

"No," Mrs. Syers replied. "That ain't what I was gonna say."

"Then, what?"

"Child, when I was born, women weren't even allowed to vote yet. At your age, I couldn't eat in a restaurant where white folks ate. I lived through the Depression. My husband died fighting in World War II. And I lived long enough to

ON JANUARY 20, JUDSON MOON, AGE THIRTEEN, WAS SWORN
IN AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THE FOLLOWING
ARE EXCERPTS FROM HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS:



My fellow Americans,

When I was running for President, I said you should vote for me because I didn't know anything about politics . . . or how to raise taxes . . . or how to ruin the economy. I didn't know how to get us into a war. I said you should vote for me because I didn't know *anything*.

Well, that was two months ago, and I'm very proud to say that . . . I *still* don't know anything.

Let's face it: I'm a kid. I'm going to need a lot of help. . . . Here's the deal I offer America: I'll help all of you if you all help me. . . .

The twentieth century is over; the twenty-first has begun. We've got a lot of work to do. So, America, ARE YOU READY TO RUMMMMMBLE???



This riotously funny book is a sequel to *The Kid Who Ran for President*, nominated for four state Young Readers' Awards and praised by critics everywhere: "... a brisk, good-humored election-year spoof."

—THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER