



fudge-a-mania



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# 1 Who's the Lucky Bride?

"Guess what, Pete?" my brother, Fudge, said. "I'm getting married tomorrow."

I looked up from my baseball cards. "Isn't this kind of sudden?" I asked, since Fudge is only five.

"No," he said.

"Well . . . who's the lucky bride?"

"Sheila Tubman," Fudge said.

I hit the floor, pretending to have fainted dead away. I did a good job of it because Fudge started shaking me and shouting, "Get up, Pete!"

*What's with this Pete business?* I thought. *Ever since he could talk, he's called me Pee-tah.*

Then Tootsie, my sister, who's just a year and a half, danced around me singing, "Up, Pee . . . up."

Next, Mom was beside me saying, "Peter . . . what happened? Are you all right?"

"I told him I was getting married," Fudge said. "And he just fell over."

"I fell over when you told me *who* you were marrying," I said.

"Who are you marrying, Fudge?" Mom asked, as if we were seriously discussing his wedding.

"Sheila Tubman," Fudge said.

"Don't say that name around me," I told him, "or I'll faint again."

"Speaking of Sheila Tubman . . ." Mom began.

But I didn't wait for her to finish. "You're making me feel very sick . . ." I warned.

"Really, Peter . . ." Mom said. "Aren't you overdoing it?"

I clutched my stomach and moaned but Mom went right on talking. "Buzz Tubman is the one who told us about the house in Maine."

"*M-a-i-n-e* spells *Maine*," Fudge sang.

Mom looked at him but didn't even pause. "And this house is right next to the place they've rented for their vacation," she told me.

"I'm missing something here," I said. "What house? What vacation?"

"Remember we decided to go away for a few weeks in August?"



"Yeah . . . so?"

"So we got a great deal on a house in Maine."

"And the Tubmans are going to be next door?" I couldn't believe this. "Sheila Tubman . . . next door . . . for two whole weeks?"

"Three," Mom said.

I fell back flat on the floor.

"He did it again, Mom!" Fudge said.

"He's just pretending," Mom told Fudge. "He's just being very silly."

"So I don't have to marry Sheila tomorrow," Fudge said. "I'll marry her in Maine."

"That makes more sense," Mom said. "In Maine you can have a nice wedding under the trees."

"Under the trees," Fudge said.

"Tees . . ." Tootsie said, throwing a handful of Gummi Bears in my face.

And that's how it all began.

# Trapped in Fudge-land.

**P**eter Hatcher can't catch a break. His little brother, Fudge—the five-year-old human hurricane—has big plans to marry Peter's sworn enemy, Sheila Tubman. That alone would be enough to ruin Peter's summer, but now his parents have decided to rent a summer home next door to Sheila the Cootie Queen's house. Peter will be trapped with Fudge and Sheila for three whole weeks!

"[A] fast-pitched, funny novel. . . . The colorful antics of *all* members of the two families make reading these pages a treat." —*Publishers Weekly*

"'Fudge-a-mania' infects kids with giggles." —*BookPage*

**An IRA-CBC Children's Choice**



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