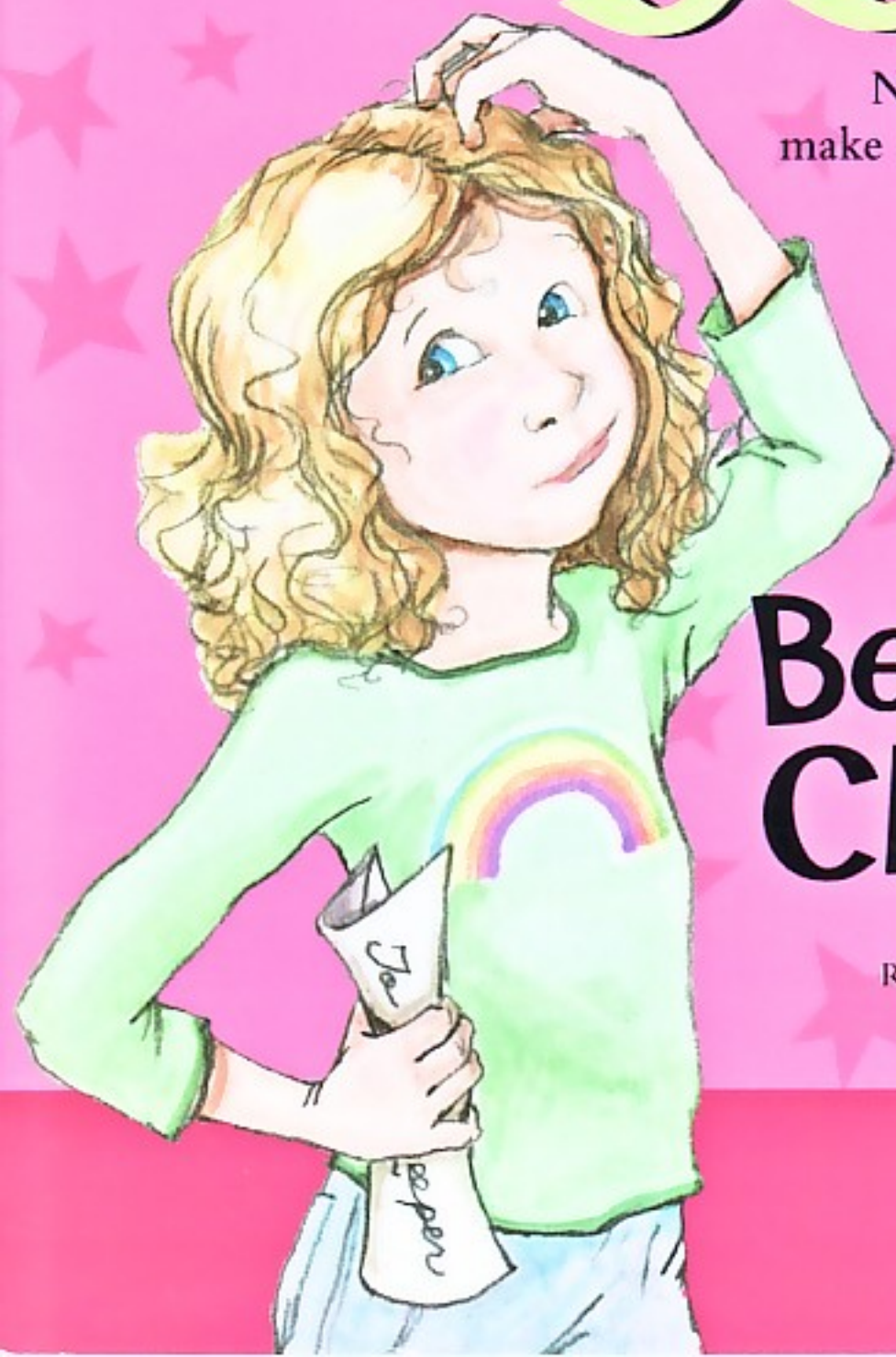


Muggie Maggie

Nobody's going to
make Maggie learn cursive!

**Beverly
Cleary**

Author of
RAMONA THE PEST





Chapter 1

After her first day in the third grade, Maggie Schultz jumped off the school bus when it stopped at her corner. "Bye, Jo Ann," she called to the girl who was her best friend, sometimes. "See you tomorrow." Maggie was happy to escape from sixth-grade boys who called her a cootie and from fourth-grade boys who insisted the third grade was awful, cursive writing hard, and Mrs. Leeper, the teacher, mean.

Her dog, Kisser, was waiting for her. When Maggie knelt to hug him, Kisser licked her face. He was a young, eager dog the Schultzes had chosen from the S.P.C.A.'s Pick-a-Pet page in the newspaper. "A friendly cockapoo looking for a child to love" was the description under his picture, a description that proved to be right.

"Come on, Kisser." Maggie ran home with her fair hair flying and her dog springing along beside her.

When Maggie and Kisser burst through the kitchen door, her mother said, "Hi there, Angelface. How did things go today?" She held Kisser away from the refrigerator with her foot while she put away milk cartons and vegetables. Mrs. Schultz was good at standing on one foot because five mornings a week she taught exercise classes to overweight women.

"Mrs. Leeper is nice, sort of," began

Maggie, "except she didn't make me a monitor and she put Jo Ann at a different table."

"Too bad," said Mrs. Schultz.

Maggie continued. "Courtney sits on one side of me and Kelly on the other and that Kirby Jones, who sits across from me, kept pushing the table into my stomach."

"And what did you do?" Mrs. Schultz was taking eggs out of a carton and setting them in the white plastic egg tray in the refrigerator.

"Pushed it back." Maggie thought a moment before she said, "Mrs. Leeper said we are going to have a happy third grade."

"That's nice." Mrs. Schultz smiled as she closed the refrigerator, but Maggie was doubtful about a teacher who forecast happiness. How did she know? Still, Maggie wanted her teacher to be happy.

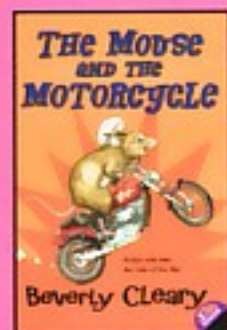
"Kisser needs exercise," Mrs. Schultz said. "Why don't you take him outside and give

No Cursive for Maggie!



At first, Maggie is just feeling stubborn when she declares she won't learn cursive. She can easily type on a computer—who needs cursive? But soon all her classmates are buzzing about Maggie's decision, especially after her teacher says Maggie's cursive is so sloppy her name looks like "Muggie." With "Muggie Maggie" ringing in her ears, Maggie absolutely, positively won't back down. Now what's she going to do?

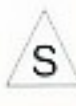
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