

❖ National Bestseller ❖

"I feel a deep gratitude
that Ida B exists."

—KATE DICAMILLO

Ida B

A red apple hangs from a dark branch, positioned centrally between the title 'Ida B' and the subtitle. The background is a soft-focus landscape of green grass and trees under a blue sky.

... and Her Plans to Maximize Fun,
Avoid Disaster, and
(Possibly) Save the World

Katherine Hannigan

Chapter 1

“Ida B,” Mama said to me on one of those days that start right and just keep heading toward perfect until you go to sleep, “when you’re done with the dishes, you can go play. Daddy and I are going to be working till dinner.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said back, but I said it like this, “Yes, MAY-uhm!” because I couldn’t wait to get on with my business. I could already hear the

brook calling to me through the back door screen. "C'mon out and play, Ida B. Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up." I had three places I wanted to visit, six things I wanted to make, and two conversations I hoped to have before dinnertime.

Mama was washing, Daddy was drying, and I was putting away the dishes from lunch. And I knew that the moment I set the last pan in its place, I was free. But the way those two were chatting and laughing and acting like we had till next week to finish up, I could see it was going to be a while.

My insides started itching and my feet started hopping, one then the other, because they were ten minutes past being ready to go. So I decided to speed things up a bit.

Daddy'd hand me a dish, I'd sprint to the cupboard and put it away, race back again, and put my hand out for the next one, with my right foot tap, tap, tapping the seconds that were ticking by.

“Hold your horses, Ida B,” Daddy told me. “There’s plenty of time to do whatever you’re planning.” And he passed me a plate, slow and easy.

Well, that stopped me in my tracks. Because what Daddy said might have seemed all right to him, but it was sitting about two miles beyond wrong with me. I wasn’t going to be able to put away another tiny teaspoon till I set things straight.

“Daddy,” I said, and I waited till he was looking at me before I went on.

“Yes, Ida B,” he answered, turning toward me.

And staring right into his eyeballs I told him, “There is never enough time for fun.”

Daddy’s eyes opened wide, and for a half second I wondered if I was in for something close to trouble. But then the two ends of his mouth turned up, just a little.

“Ida B,” he told the ceiling while he shook his head.

Ida B. Applewood believes there is never enough time for fun.

That's why she's so happy to be homeschooled and to spend every free second outside with the trees and the brook.

Then some not-so-great things happen in her world. Ida B has to go back to that Place of Slow but Sure Body-Cramping, Mind-Numbing, Fun-Killing Torture—school. She feels her heart getting smaller and smaller and hardening into a sharp, black stone.

How can things go from righter than right to a million miles beyond wrong? Can Ida B put together a plan to get things back to just-about perfect again?



"It's not often that a new book looks set to rival the classics for interest and staying power. *Ida B* by Katherine Hannigan is such a book."

—*The Plain Dealer*

"Don't pass it up."—*School Library Journal*

US \$5.99 / \$7.50 CAN

ISBN-13: 978-0-06-073026-0

ISBN-10: 0-06-073026-9



A Greenwillow Book

HarperTrophy®

An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers

www.harpercollinschildrens.com

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Cover art © 2004 by Dana Tezarr/Photonica

Cover design by Paul Zakris