

My name is A.J. and I hate school.

The worst part about second grade is math. I don't get it. If we have calculators, why do we need to learn math? That's like walking to school when you could ride your bike. It makes no sense, if you ask me.

"Who can tell me what two times ten

equals?" asked my teacher, Miss Daisy.

A few kids raised their hands. I didn't.

Miss Daisy called on this crybaby girl

Emily, who has red hair.

"Miss Daisy, I don't feel very well," Emily said. "Can I go to the nurse's office?"

"Rest your head on your desk for a few minutes, Emily," said Miss Daisy. "If you don't feel better, you can go see Mrs. Cooney."

Emily put her head on her desk.

"Now who can tell me what two times ten equals?" Miss Daisy asked again. "A.J.?"

I had no idea what two times ten

equalled. I didn't know what to say. I didn't know what to do. I had to think fast.

I knew that two plus two is four. And I knew that two times two is also four. So I knew that addition and multiplication were pretty much the same thing.

I also knew that two plus ten equals twelve. So two *times* ten must equal twelve too.

"Twelve?" I guessed.

"Sorry, A.J.," said Miss Daisy.

"Oooh, I know!" said Andrea Young, this really annoying girl with curly brown hair. She was waving her hand back and forth like it was on fire. "Call on me, Miss



Something weird is going on!

Mrs. Cooney, the school nurse, is a knockout—and A.J. has a crush on her! But are her charms just a cover for her secret identity

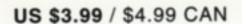
as an international spy?

Will A.J.'s love for Mrs.

Cooney win out over

his love for the good

old USA?



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