

# ★ Chapter 1 ★



“I can’t believe you went through with it,” Henry said, shaking his head.

“I know,” Sadie agreed, her eyes wide. “I can’t believe I did either.” She put a wad of newspaper in Henry’s hands. It had his name on it. Next, she pulled another clump of newspaper off the same shelf. This one was marked *Sadie Reynolds*.

“Well, I totally believe it,” said their friend Lexi. She cradled her clump of newspaper in her arms. The three friends

headed to a table at the far end of the art room. “I’m proud of you, Sadie.”

“I just hope it will be worth it,” Sadie admitted. She placed her damp newspaper bundle in front of her. Then, in one easy motion, she pulled her long, black curly hair into a ponytail and snapped a rubber band around it. Next, she tugged the wet paper away from her clay sculpture, piece by piece. It didn’t look at all like a dog. It looked like a wet rock. She had a lot of work to do.

“It’ll totally be worth it,” Lexi said. She gave Sadie a reassuring smile.

Sadie was glad that they could talk in art class. She had been looking forward to telling her friends about her plan all morning, but there hadn’t been time before school.

“I just wish you had told us you were in a piano recital. We would have come to cheer you on,” Lexi added.