



**THE
BABY-SITTERS
CLUB®**

SUPER SPECIAL #2

Baby-sitters' Summer Vacation

ANN M. MARTIN

SCHOLASTIC INC.

For Jean, Barry, and Bonkie

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Dear Stacey,

This is your last chance! Won't you please, please, please come to Camp Moosehead with us this summer? You can still sign up. We know because it took Mary Anne all this time to make up her mind about camp and she just signed up last week and the director said "Oh, thank goodness, we need more CdTs." (Really, she did say that.) But the deadline is coming up in two weeks.

So you've got time if you hurry. Being CdTs together would be so much fun, especially since now all the rest of the Babysitters Club (well, except for Shannon Kilbourne) is going to be at Camp Moosehead for two weeks. Even Logan is going. Won't the New York branch of the club please come? Think of the fun we'll have—swimming, boating, hiking, meeting boy CdTs.

Stacey, come on!

Love, Kristy,

Mary Anne, LOGAN, Dawn,

JESSI, and Mallory

CHAPTER 1

Saturday

Dear Mom and Dad,

Well, here I am at Camp Moosehead. I have to admit it's very pretty, which is a relief. I really thought I'd miss skyscrapers and cars and especially department stores. But I don't—yet. The ride up here was weird, since I don't know any of the kids, and they mostly knew each other. When I got off the bus, though, what a reunion! The Babysitters Club was together again!



I'll never understand. How did this happen?

I, Stacey McGill, am a New York City girl. I love the feel of concrete under my feet. I love the sight of tall buildings. I especially love the sight of a really prime department store, such as Bloomingdale's. Grass and trees and lakes? I can take them or leave them. Or I can visit Central Park. So how did I wind up going to Camp Moosehead as a counselor-in-training for two weeks? Well, it had to do with my friends in Connecticut. I lived in Stoneybrook, Connecticut, for a year, and right after I moved there, I joined a group called the Baby-sitters Club. The girls in the club became my friends, and we stayed friends after my parents and I moved back to New York.

One day I received a letter from my friends saying that they were going to Camp Moosehead as CITs for two weeks. They said being a CIT is better than being a camper or a counselor because you get all the fun of being a camper, plus extra privileges, and all the privileges of being a counselor, plus extra fun. Then they said, wouldn't I like to be a CIT at Camp Moosehead for two weeks, too?

I wrote back and said NO! I told them all the stuff about concrete and tall buildings and Bloomingdale's and Central Park. They wrote back and said, But Stacey, it's only for two weeks.

I wrote back and said, So what? This went on for quite awhile, until finally they convinced me to go. Anyway, how could I miss out on something the rest of the club was going to do? I couldn't. So I gave in.

I decided to do something special, though. I decided that if I was going to make this supreme effort — if I was going to give up two weeks of a perfectly good summer plus Bloomingdale's and my baby-sitting jobs in New York and all the rest — then I wanted some sort of a record of my adventure in the woods. I was going to keep a notebook about the two weeks at Camp Moosehead, and make all my friends write in it, too. When it was finished, it would be my book. We would all write in it, but the book would be mine. Of course, I would let the others read it any time they wanted.

So here is Chapter One. I get to write the first chapter because the book is my idea and I'm bringing the notebook to camp with me from New York, and besides, none of the other club members knows about it yet. They will soon, though. Since the start of the Baby-sitters Club, Kristy has made the rest of us write up every single sitting job we ever went on. There's a huge fat notebook full of our experiences. Kristy could order us to do something like this because she's

the club president, the boss. Now it is my turn to be the boss.

So. Here I am at Camp Moosehead.

At nine o'clock this morning, a whole flock of campers, counselors, CITs, and junior CITs gathered in front of a building on 34th Street near Park Avenue. It was the meeting spot for anyone in Manhattan going upstate to Camp Moosehead.

You should have been there. I will never forget that scene. It was a mob of parents, and of kids ages six to twenty. (Well, the twenty-year-olds were the counselors, and they weren't exactly kids.) Half the people in the crowd were crying. That half was the parents. Also a few of the youngest kids were crying. They were saying things like, "Is my teddy *really* going to be okay smushed into my suitcase for three hours?" and "What if they make me eat *turnips* at camp?"

The parents were saying things like, "Oh, my baby. Going away for two entire weeks. You're growing up so fast. You'll probably come back taller than I am." (And hopefully smarter, I thought.)

My own personal mother was saying, "Oh, my baby. Going away for two entire weeks. You're growing up so fast. What am I going to *do* while you're gone?"

She dabbed at her eyes with a soggy Kleenex. "You could go to Bloomingdale's," I suggested. My father laughed. "She could move *into* Bloomingdale's."

Then we all laughed.

While the laughing and crying were going on, the counselors had been loading suitcases and sleeping bags and knapsacks into the luggage compartments under two buses parked at the curb. Since most of us would be gone for only two weeks, not the whole summer, we didn't need to pack up trunks and a ton of other stuff. Only four kids did. Anyway, it barely mattered what we packed in, because in everybody's suitcase were the same things: about three hundred pairs each of Camp Moosehead T-shirts, shorts, socks, sweaters, and nightshirts. (We were allowed to wear our own underwear and sneakers, thank goodness.) And on every article of clothing, including the socks, was a moose head.

By the time all that Camp Moosehead stuff had been stowed under the buses, the laughing and crying had pretty much stopped. Everyone was running out of things to say. But as soon as one of the counselors shouted, "Okay, all aboard!" the talking and the good-byes began again.

"Eat *all* your vegetables," one father said.

“Don’t forget to feed my goldfish!” called out a little girl.

“Are you *sure* my teddy won’t suffocate in the suitcase?” asked the worried-looking boy.

“Bloomingdale’s won’t be the same without you.” That was Mom.

“Right. It’ll go broke.” That was Dad.

This was getting embarrassing. So I hugged my parents and joined the line of kids that was streaming onto one of the buses. As I climbed the steps, I turned around to wave at Mom and Dad.

“Good-bye! Watch what you eat!” they called. And my mother added, “Have fun and be careful!”

It never, never, never, never, ever fails. Mom says, “Have fun and be careful,” each time we say good-bye in New York. She is neurotic about it.

As nervous as I was about stepping onto a bus full of strangers, I did just that. While I was doing so I wondered, on an embarrassment scale of one to ten, just how bad “Watch what you eat” and “Have fun and be careful” were. I was about to rate them an eight when I heard another parent call out, “Remember to take your vitamins!” Well, there you go. That was a definite nine. I dropped my parents’ rating to a six and tried to decide where to sit. All the campers were sitting together, sharing seats, taking up entire rows. I looked for

the CITs. They were doing the same thing, and I didn't see anyone sitting alone. So I started a new seat, hoping someone decent would join me.

Guess what? *No one* sat next to me. The bus wasn't full. Talk about embarrassing. I guess most of these kids had been to Camp Moosehead before, so they already knew each other. Why should they talk to someone they didn't know? It would have been nice, though. I mean, what was I supposed to do? I could pull out a book and start reading, but reading on a bus usually gives me a headache. Besides, I'd look like a total dork. (Too bad, because I was in the middle of *The Catcher in the Rye*, which is wonderful.)

So I just sat there, stared out the window, and daydreamed.

The bus cruised up Park Avenue for awhile. Then we drove over a bridge and out of the city. That is an exciting thing to do, no matter how often you do it. I watched the scenery go by. I listened to the CITs in front of me. They were talking about makeup and clothes (not Camp Moosehead clothes) and Bloomingdale's. I wanted to join their conversation, but I didn't. I'm bold, but not that bold.

I remembered the first time the girls in the Baby-sitters Club called me up to beg me to come to Camp Moosehead with them. Until then,

they'd been writing letters saying, Please come, and I'd been writing back saying, No way, but the phone call made me start thinking. That night at dinner I brought the subject up with my parents. The first thing they said was, "But, Stacey, what about your diabetes?" (They say this whenever I want to do anything new.)

I replied, "What about it? I'll bring my supplies with me. I've been away for two weeks before."

My parents were not convinced.

Diabetes is a disease which affects your blood sugar level. I have to give myself something called insulin twice a day and stick to a strict diet, which means hardly any sugar or sweets. If I don't, I could get really sick.

Anyway, after quite a while, my friends convinced me to go to camp, and I convinced my parents to let me go to camp, diabetes and all. It was a tough battle, but for heaven's sake, what are they going to do when I want to go away to college? I'm already thirteen.

The bus rattled on and on . . . and on. We traveled along a highway, then a country road, then a smaller, narrower country road, and then a dirt road. Finally we drove under a fake wooden signpost that said CAMP MOOSEHEAD. A picture of that moose head was at either end of the sign. A little

way ahead of us I could see other buses. Kids (well, girls) were pouring off of them. (The boys would be driven around to the other side of the lake to their side of the camp.) Suitcases were being unloaded from the buses.

One of the counselors on our bus stood up. "Okay, all girls out!" she called. There was a stampede. I was nearly trampled.

But as soon as I set foot on Camp Moosehead ground, I heard a familiar voice cry, "There she is! Hey, Stace! Stacey!"

It was Claudia Kishi, my best friend from Stoneybrook. With her were Kristy Thomas, Dawn Schafer, Jessi Ramsey, Mary Anne Spier, and Mallory Pike.

"Hi, you guys!" I was *so* glad to see them. I ran to them and we began jumping up and down. Then I tried to hug all of them at once, but it didn't work.

"Together again! The Baby-sitters Club is together again!" exclaimed Claudia.

We've been together a few times since I moved away from Connecticut, and each reunion is great.

The seven of us were laughing and talking and kidding about our dumb Camp Moosehead outfits, which look a little like gym suits, when a

small figure came flying toward me and threw her arms around my waist. It was Charlotte Johanssen. She's from Stoneybrook, too. She's eight and was going to be a camper at Moosehead while my friends and I were there as CITs. I was her favorite baby-sitter when I lived in Connecticut. We miss each other a lot.

"Hiya, Char!" I said.

Charlotte hugged me and hugged me. When she finally pulled away, she left wet spots on my moose head shirt and I saw that her eyes were red from crying. Crying over our reunion? Crying from excitement over arriving at camp? I was about to ask her what was going on, when a voice came over a loudspeaker.

"Attention, campers and counselors. Attention, campers and counselors. Please assemble for cabin assignments."

