

"Hey, Lane, wait up for me and I will walk home with you," Harry yelled after her in his loud voice. Lane waited for Harry to catch up with her. "Did you happen to see the sailboat for sale down at the marina?" Harry asked. "Yes, I did, and, by the way, you don't have to yell, Harry Chambers, because I'm right here," said Lane, somewhat annoyed. "Sorry, I can't help it but I was so excited about the boat. I think we can scrape up enough money to buy it if we put our heads together."

As they walked home, Harry explained how they could begin a yard service in June when school got out. He could use his father's lawn mower and Lane could work in the flower gardens. They would charge ten dollars a yard for the "Deluxe Treatment Package." By July they would have saved enough money to buy the sailboat.

Suddenly, Lane moaned, "Oh, no." Coming toward them was Bad News, with a capital "B." Doug Frant, riding his expensive bike, wheeled up with a sneer on his lips. "Well, if it isn't the Bookworm and Miss Goody Two-Shoes," Doug said with dislike. "Go away, you pest," said Harry.

Harry and Lane ignored him and continued to talk about their plans. Doug pedaled along and listened. Then he said, "Catch you two dorks later," and sped off. Harry and Lane thought it was strange but they were glad he had gone.

The next day at school as Harry raced to find Lane, he was upset. On the way to school, he had noticed that the sailboat wasn't at the marina. He had asked a man at the desk what had happened, and he said that Mr. Frant had bought it for his son, Doug.

"What an awful trick," said Lane. "There doesn't seem to be anything we can do. Well, let's still plan to have our summer business, and maybe we can buy another boat."

A few days later, they saw the sailboat outside the marina again. And it was for sale! They ran inside to the man at the desk. "Mr. Frant brought it back in yesterday and asked whether he could put it up for sale," said the man. "He said his son broke his arm racing his bike too fast and he wouldn't need the boat. He will have to wear a cast all summer."

Lane and Harry smiled. "We'd better get to work," said Lane. "We have a sailboat to buy!"

"Hey, Lane, wait up for me and I will walk home with you," 13

Harry yelled after her in his loud voice. Lane waited for Harry to catch 27

up with her. "Did you happen to see the sailboat for sale down at the 42

marina?" Harry asked. "Yes, I did, and, by the way, you don't have to 56

yell, Harry Chambers, because I'm right here," said Lane, somewhat 66

annoyed. "Sorry, I can't help it but I was so excited about the boat. I 81

think we can scrape up enough money to buy it if we put our heads 96

together." 97

As they walked home, Harry explained how they could begin a 108

yard service in June when school got out. He could use his father's 121

lawn mower and Lane could work in the flower gardens. They would 133

charge ten dollars a yard for the "Deluxe Treatment Package." By July 145

they would have saved enough money to buy the sailboat. 155

Suddenly, Lane moaned, "Oh, no." Coming toward them was 164

Bad News, with a capital "B." Doug Frant, riding his expensive bike, 176

wheeled up with a sneer on his lips. "Well, if it isn't the Bookworm 190

and Miss Goody Two-Shoes," Doug said with dislike. "Go away, you 202

pest," said Harry. 205

Harry and Lane ignored him and continued to talk about their 216

plans. Doug pedaled along and listened. Then he said, "Catch you two 228

dorks later," and sped off. Harry and Lane thought it was strange but 241

they were glad he had gone. 247

The next day at school as Harry raced to find Lane, he was 260

upset. On the way to school, he had noticed that the sailboat wasn't at 274

the marina. He had asked a man at the desk what had happened, and he 289

said that Mr. Frant had bought it for his son, Doug. 300

"What an awful trick," said Lane. "There doesn't seem to be 311
anything we can do. Well, let's still plan to have our summer business, 324
and maybe we can buy another boat." 331

A few days later, they saw the sailboat outside the marina again. 343
And it was for sale! They ran inside to the man at the desk. "Mr. Frant 359
brought it back in yesterday and asked whether he could put it up for 373
sale," said the man. "He said his son broke his arm racing his bike too 388
fast and he wouldn't need the boat. He will have to wear a cast all 403
summer." 404

Lane and Harry smiled. "We'd better get to work," said Lane. 415
"We have a sailboat to buy!" 421