

Here's a Fact:
TWO Danny's Doodles
are weirder than ONE!

Will the BIG jelly-bean experiment

lead Danny & Calvin to trouble? Can they
truly drive their teacher CRAZY?

Will these two very different kids
have fun trying? You can count on it.



There's a dog-chasing
donut mystery



in Danny and Calvin's fourth-grade classroom!

Out of the blue, Mrs. Cakel has transformed
from a rampant rule-enforcer to a quiet
excuse-accepter. Danny & Calvin's spying
leads to a greater mystery and riddle-mania!



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DANNY'S DOODLES

The Jelly Bean Experiment

Story and illustrations by
David A. Adler

For my great nieces and nephews
Netanel, Emuna, Avital, Techiya,
Elyada, and Aviya.

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I doodle when I write.
So here's the story
with all my doodles.

-Danny

Chapter 1

MONDAY AND THE JELLY BEANS

I am the subject of Calvin Waffle's experiment. Last week at school he followed me everywhere. He didn't stay close, but he was there. Lurking. He made a list of everyone who walked up to me, everyone who spoke to me. He listed their names and how long we talked.

"What's with all the names and numbers?" I asked.

"I need them for my experiment," Calvin told me. "They're statistics, the backbone of science."

No, they're not, I thought. The backbones of

science are test tubes and microscopes and jars of chemicals, stinky chemicals that make your hands turn colors.

I know what statistics are. They're the backbone of sports. I know baseball batting averages, football passing and rushing records, and basketball shooting percentages.

Here's a statistic: My new friend Calvin Waffle is 100% weird.

All last week he followed me and lurked. Now it's Monday. We're on our way to school and he has that list. It's in his shirt pocket.

It's folded and sticking up a bit like a fancy handkerchief.

"Are you going to keep watching who talks to me?"

Calvin shakes his head way up and down. He's nodding, telling me he'll keep watching.



"Last week was the control," he says. "This week is the experiment."

I haven't known Calvin very long. The first time we talked was two weeks ago. It was after school.

I was walking home when he called to me.

"Hey. You're in my class."

I turned and saw him walking toward me.

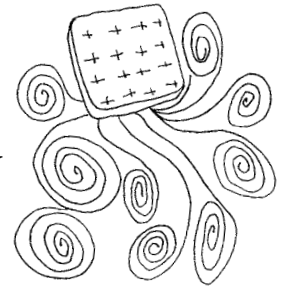
"I'm Calvin Waffle," he said.

I knew that. I was there when our teacher Mrs. Cakel introduced him to our class.

I told him my name. "I'm Danny Cohen."

Now we walk together to school and back. That's because he lives on my block. He moved here with his mom. I don't know about his father. I didn't ask. I never ask those kinds of questions. I'm not a nosy news reporter. I'm just a kid in the fourth grade. When I'm older, I'll be a cartoonist.

It's Monday. We're about to turn the corner to



Two kinds of breakfast waffles:
A breakfast waffle with syrup



A Calvin Waffle

enter the school playground and Calvin stops. He pulls on my sleeve and says, "Come with me."

I follow him behind a big tree. Calvin takes a few large bags of jelly beans from his book bag. He fills my shirt pocket and my front and back pants pockets with beans.

"Thanks for the treats," I say.

"You can't eat any," Calvin tells me. "That would ruin it."

"Eating a few jelly beans would ruin what?"

"The experiment."

"What experiment?"

"I can't tell you that," Calvin says and shakes his head. "If I told you, I would ruin the experiment."

"What *can* you tell me?"

"Life is a mystery."

So are you, Calvin Waffle.

I look down at my bulging shirt pocket. Two red beans and a yellow look up at me.

"I might not be able to control myself," I say.

"Reds are my favorites. During class I might be tempted to dip into my pocket and take a snack."

"I'll know if any are missing," he says. He shows me the empty jelly bean bags and the number of the weight of the beans in the bag. "If they weigh less at the end of the day, I'll know you ate some."

"Or maybe," I say, "some fell out of my pockets."

I jump and a few beans fall out.

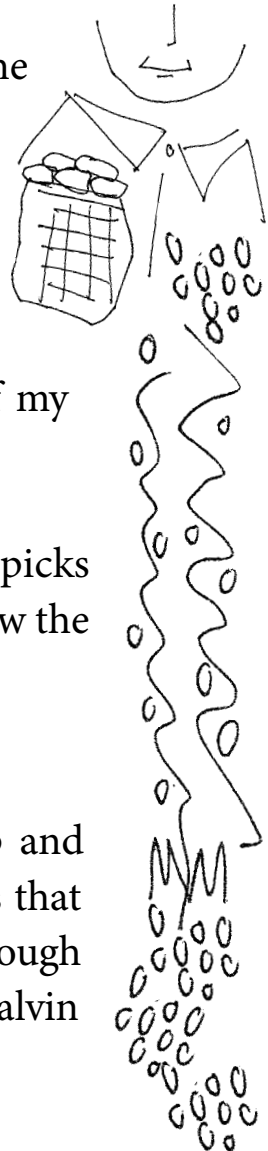
"Don't do that," Calvin says and picks up the jelly beans that fell. "You'll skew the experiment."

"Skew?"

"Change."

The bell rings. It's time to line up and go into school. Calvin puts the beans that fell back in my pocket. I hurry through the playground. Then I turn to tell Calvin

Here is my pocket filled with beans.





not to worry, that I'll try not to skew anything, but he isn't there. I'm near the front of the line and he's all the way in the back. Lurking.

I walk into class and my teacher Mrs. Cakel says, "Daniel, you're leaking."

I look down. Jelly beans. I turn. Behind me is a trail of beans. I bend to get them and more fall from my pockets. One by one I pick them up and drop them in my book bag.

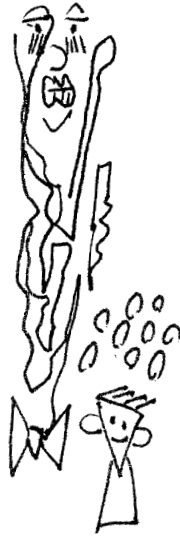
I'm near the door, grabbing a green bean when Calvin walks into the room. He gives me a handful of beans I had dropped. I put them in my book bag and go to my seat.

I look up at nice Mrs. Cakel.

That's a joke.

Mrs. Cakel is not nice at all.

Her name is pronounced like cake with an added L at the end, but she's no sweet dessert. She's tough. On the side of the room, near



NO

- ...talking in class without Mrs. Cakel's permission.
- ...mumbling.
- ...calling out.
- ...walking about. You have a seat. Stay in it.
- ...slouching. Sit up straight.
- ...gum chewing.
- ...eating in class.
- ...note sending.

where I sit, is a big **NO** sign. The **NO** is about a foot high and next to it are line after line of things you're not allowed to do in her class.

That **NO** sign is a challenge to Calvin. I bet every morning he thinks of how many of the **NOs** he can do without getting caught. Calvin and Mrs. Cakel are not a good match. They're like an onion and ice cream. In case you're wondering, Cakel is the onion.

Their problems started on Calvin's very first

day in class. He was standing near her desk and waiting to be seated. He looked at the NO sign and said, "It's lucky she allows breathing."

"What?" Mrs. Cakel asked. "Did you say something?"

Calvin put his feet together like he was a soldier. He looked straight ahead and said,

"No, ma'am. I didn't say anything."

"Yes, you did but you mumbled."

Mrs. Cakel pointed to the sign. "That's rule number two. No mumbling. And there's no talking here without my permission. That's rule number one. Do you understand?"

Calvin shook his head way up and down. He was nodding, telling her he understood the "No Talking" rule.

Calvin stood there with his feet together.

"Are you chewing gum?"

His head went way up and way down. He was nodding.

"That's rule number six. No gum chewing."

Mrs. Cakel held the garbage pail under his chin and he dropped the gum in.

"Study that," she said and pointed to the NO sign.

She showed him to his desk. He sits in the back of the room. I sit near the front.

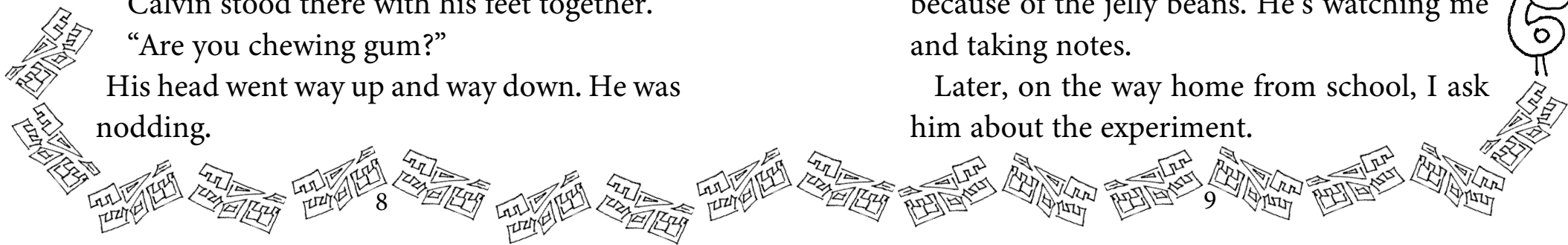
What else has Calvin done?

He made an origami bird from a homework assignment. He used a red crayon to answer the questions on a history test. He took off his sneakers and counted his toes during a math lesson.

I bet if Aladdin appeared in Cakel's class and said, "You have three wishes," her first wish would be, "Get that Waffle out of my class!"

Calvin usually sits with me during lunch, but not today. He's a few tables away. That's because of the jelly beans. He's watching me and taking notes.

Later, on the way home from school, I ask him about the experiment.



"I'm still gathering data," he answers.

"Data?"

"Numbers. Statistics."

"I know about statistics," I say. "They're the backbone of science."

"Yes, they are," Calvin says.

We stop by the front walk of his house and he has me empty my pockets. He puts the jelly beans back in their bags.

"I'll need them tomorrow," Calvin says.

He closes the tops of the bags with plastic ties.



Calvin's House.

"Only four more days," Calvin tells me, "and the experiment will be done. Then I'll tell you the results."

I say goodbye to Calvin and go home. I get in and go straight to the kitchen. I put my school things on the table and prepare a snack. Juice and jelly beans, the ones in my book bag. Calvin forgot about them.