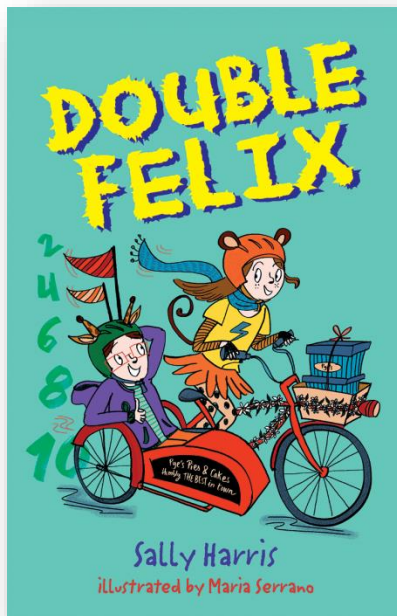


# DOUBLE FELIX

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Fiction | ISBN: 978-1-61067-947-3 | Ages 8-12 | Paperback | 5 x 7 ¾ | 208 pp | \$5.99 | LOC: 2018958288

Felix Twain's life is all about numbers: he must tap door handles twice and position objects in pairs. Then Charlie Pye arrives – can she help Felix learn that numbers aren't the only things you can count on?



- Anxiety, OCD, friendship and empathy.
- A school story with a twist.
- Heartwarming, original and hopeful.
- Fascinating, accessible insight.
- Great classroom read.

Slowly, the fog begins to disappear. I can no longer hear the angry voice in my head.

Mrs. Green is looking at me warily, like she is unsure of what I might do next.

The other kids are all looking at me like I'm crazy. Cracked. Completely nuts.

Why doesn't this happen to them too? Why am I the only one that seems to be worried about things being just right? Why is it only me? Why am I the only one who seems to be going mad?

I'm starting to feel better now that the 17 is gone. It is like order has been restored to the universe once more.

I don't think Mrs. Lovejoy is going to see it like that when she hears about it and I decide that I don't want to hang around to find out.

Yanking open the classroom door, I run down the hallway. Instead of heading left toward the office, this time I turn right. The doorway at the end releases me out into the playground. The sky is overcast and gray. The clouds are dark and ominous, like they are up to no good, and feeling drops of rain on my face, I know that staying outdoors isn't an option.

I dart around the end of the next building and pull on the first door handle I come to. It opens easily and I expect to find myself in a deserted hallway near the school cafeteria. Instead, I run in through the doorway and come face-to-face with Hugo carrying a hot meat pie in a paper bag.



"Hello, Felix," says Hugo, surprised. He grasps tight to his paper bag and only just avoids dropping his hot pie on my head.

"Hello, Hugo. Hello, Hugo," I say.

The words are out of my mouth before I can stop them. After our last meeting, I definitely never wanted to see Hugo ever again. It is pretty bad luck running into him of all people in an otherwise empty hallway.

Apparently today is not my lucky day. At that very moment, Mrs. Lovejoy also appears in the hallway. It is like she has a built-in special teacher radar that can sense when there is a student doing something they shouldn't be doing.