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THE TEMPLETON TWINS 2

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TEMPLETON TWINS!

PRAISE FOR BOOK 2:
THE TEMPLETON TWINS
MAKE A SCENE

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a *new* nanny . . . but Dean D. Dean
and Dan D. Dean are up to their *old*
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once again draw upon their brains,
their bravery, and their hobbies
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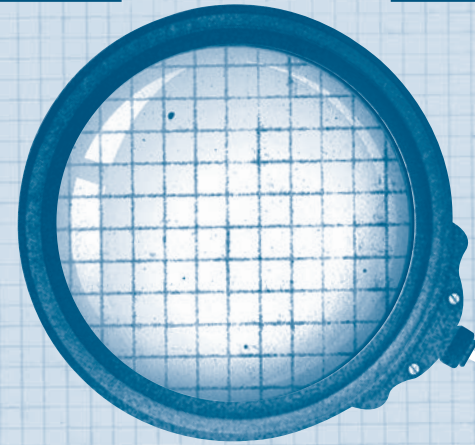
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THE TEMPLETON TWINNS

MAKE A SCENE

WRITTEN BY
ELLIS WEINER

ILLUSTRATED BY
JEREMY HOLMES



BOOK 2

Ellis
chronicle books · san francisco



TO MR. LEMONY SNICKET, ASSUMING HE IS A HE —ELLIS WEINER
TO MEGAN, PAXTON, AND CHARLIE —JEREMY HOLMES



First paperback edition published in 2014 by Chronicle Books LLC.
Originally published in hardcover in 2013 by Chronicle Books LLC.

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Illustrations © 2013 by Jeremy Holmes.
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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data available.
ISBN 978-1-4521-2872-6

Manufactured in China.

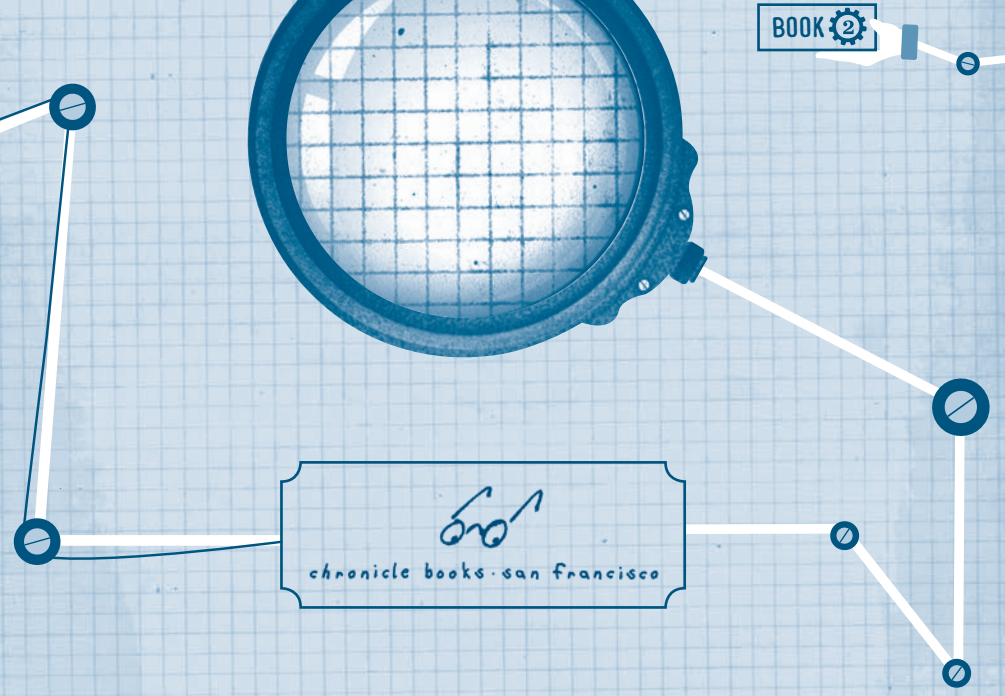
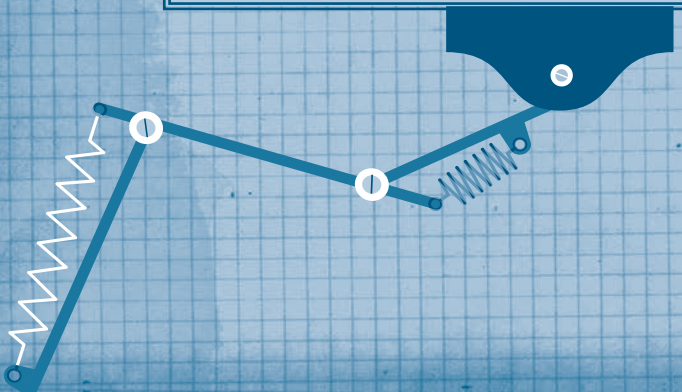


Design by Sara Gillingham Studio.
Typeset in Parcel, Chronicle Text, and Chevin.
The illustrations in this book were rendered digitally.

10987654321

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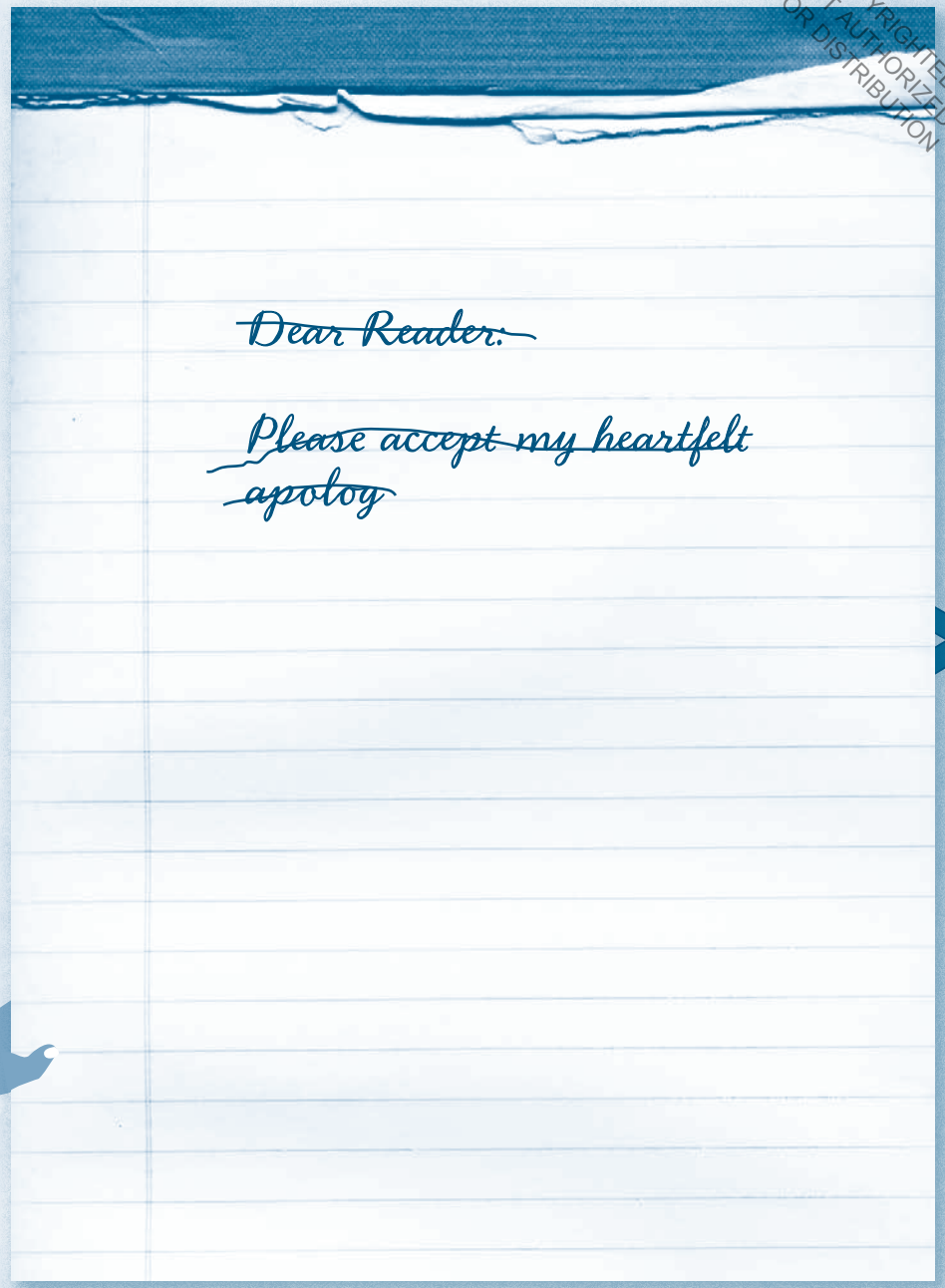
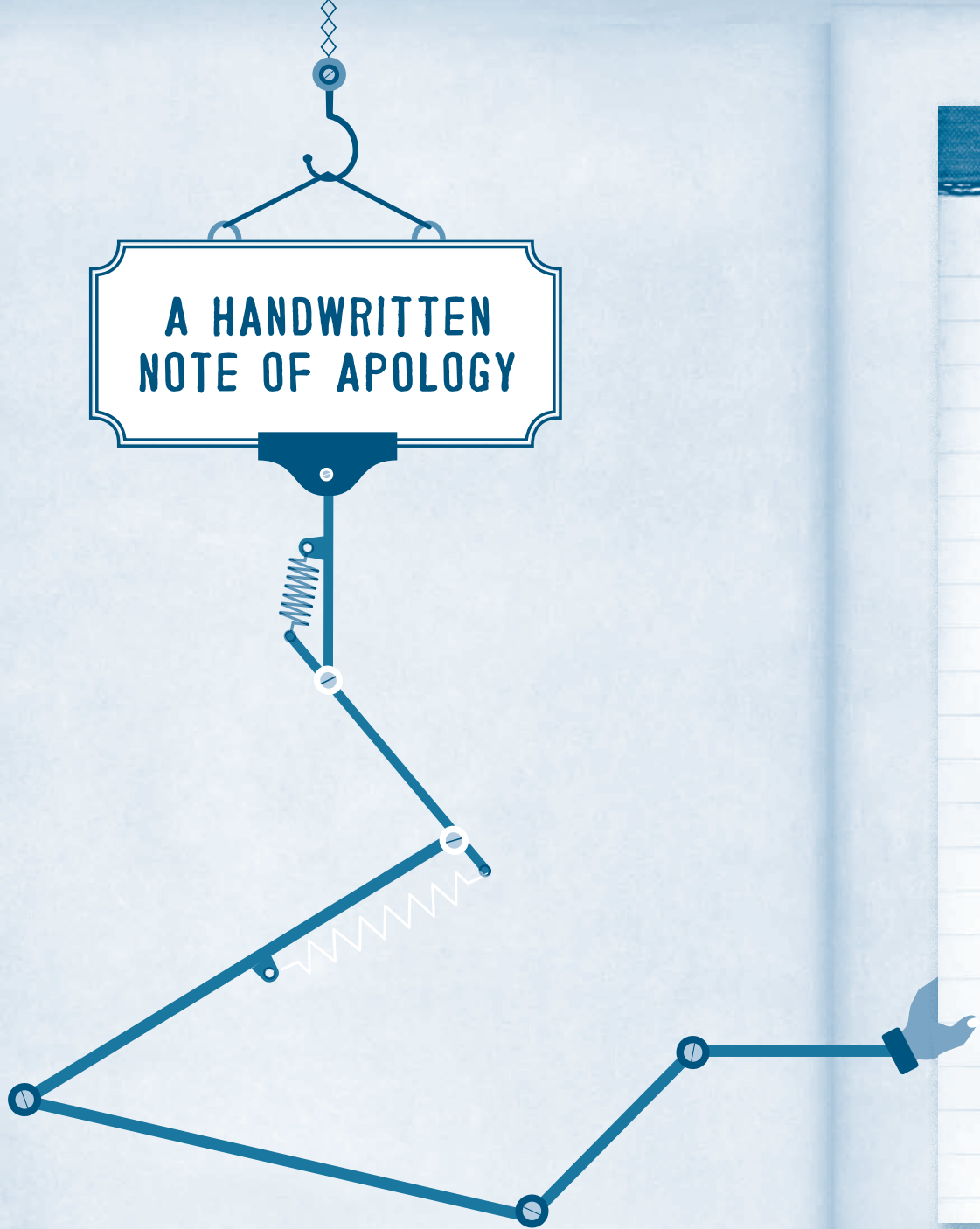


A HANDWRITTEN
NOTE OF APOLOGY

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Dear Reader:

*Please accept my heartfelt
apology*



A NOTE TO THE READER ABOUT THE NOTE OF APOLOGY

Dear Reader:

I was going to start this book with a note of apology, written with my own hand. I was going to say how sorry I was if, while you are reading this book, you find yourself dismayed at having NOT read the book that comes before it, which is called *The Templeton Twins Have an Idea*. (And which for my convenience shall, from now on, be referred to as *TTTHAI*.)

However, I have decided not to apologize to you. In fact, I have decided that it is *you* who should apologize to *me*. My work in narrating this book would be much easier if I could be sure that you had read the first book.



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If you had, you would know who (almost) everyone is. You would know what Professor Elton Templeton does. You would know in what ways Cassie, the Templetons' dog, is ridiculous. And you would of course know what an excellent narrator I am, and thus be prepared to enjoy still more excellence in narration.

But since some of you haven't read *TTTHAI*, I shall have to introduce all these things to you. I suggest, therefore, that those of you who haven't read the first book write me an apology. You may use the following as a model, or use your own wording, so long as it is deeply apologetic.

Dear Narrator:

Please accept my (most humble apology/ heartfelt expression of remorse/deepest sentiments of sorrow) for not having (read with uncontainable glee/thoroughly enjoyed at least twice/devoured in a single sitting) your previous narrative, THE TEMPLETON TWINS HAVE AN IDEA (TTTHAI).

I (have no one to blame but myself/know full well the disgraceful nature of my neglect/ solemnly promise never to allow such an oversight to happen again).

*Yours truly in true apology,
The Reader*

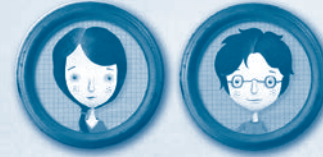
Do I accept your apology? I think we can all agree that I cannot. The damage (to my feelings) is done. Let's move on.

INTRODUCTION

Allow me to introduce myself. I am—as you already know—the Narrator. And allow me to introduce you. You are—as *I* already know—the Reader. I knew I would see you again, although of course I may never have seen you before and, whoever you are, I can't actually see you.

This book is Number 2 in a series of books about the Templeton twins. If you have read book Number 1, then you already know two important things: a) that I was forced to write the first book against my will; b) that I am, similarly, being forced to write this one even though I don't particularly feel like it; and c) that there is no "c)" because I said two things.

In the pages to follow you will encounter:



1. ABIGAIL AND JOHN TEMPLETON—
A.k.a. (which means “also known as”)
the Templeton twins. They are thirteen
years old. They are not identical twins (who look very,
very much alike, but are always of the same gender), but
fraternal twins. They look like brother and sister, which
is an excellent thing, because that is what they are.



2. PROFESSOR ELTON TEMPLETON—
He is the twins' father as well as a world-
famous inventor of clever and occasionally
useful devices.



3. CASSIE THE RIDICULOUS DOG—
Cassie is a smooth-haired fox terrier, all
white except for bits of black and brown
here and there. She has little triangular ears and a tail
that is the size and shape, *but not the color*, of a carrot.
She is, like most fox terriers, insane.



4. DEAN D. DEAN AND DAN D. DEAN—
These brothers, as it happens, *are*
identical twins. They are about thirty-
three years old. Dean D. Dean is extremely hand-
some and wears elegant clothing. Dan is not quite as

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AFTERWORD TO THE INTRODUCTION

WHAT IS NOT HERE

What is not here is a summary of the things that happened in *TTHAI*. If you have not read the first book, or if you have read it but forgotten what was in it, then you do not know:

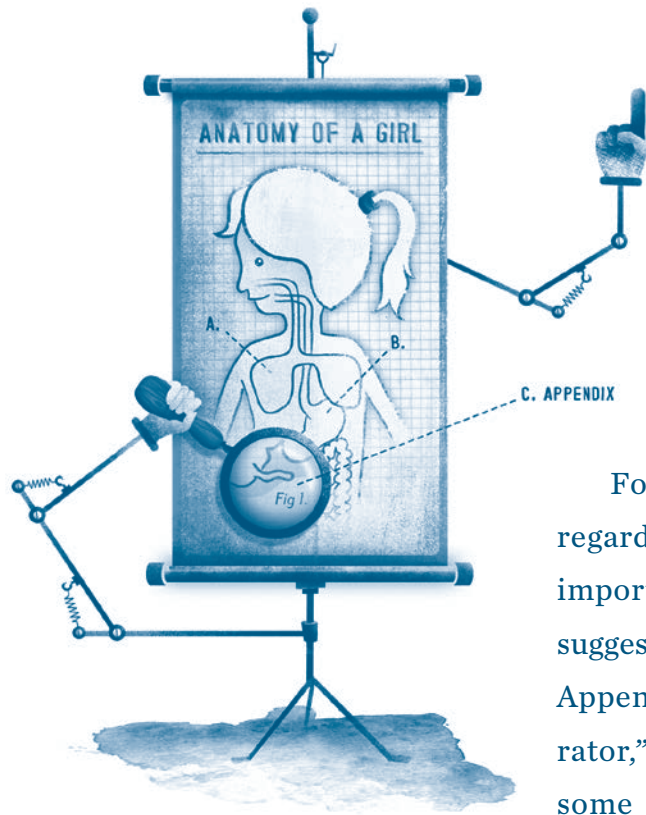
1. Why Dean D. Dean hates Professor Templeton.
2. How the twins acquired Cassie, the Ridiculous Dog.
3. What the specific hobbies of the twins are.
4. The details concerning the Professor's Personal One-Man Helicopter (POMH).
5. All the brilliantly clever ways Abigail and John thwarted (yes, "thwarted." This is an excellent word and you should make use of it in your daily life, as I do.) Dean D. Dean and Dan D. Dean.
6. Who did what and said what to whom, when, why, and how.

handsome—"identical," when used to describe twins, means very similar, but not *exact copies of each other*. Unlike his brother, Dan dresses normally, whatever that means. Dean—as you will soon see—is the more "dynamic" of the two, which is a polite way of saying that he is the bossier one.

Readers of the first book will be deliriously happy to encounter these people again in this book. However, if they hoped (because they loved the first book so very much) that the entire *story* of this book would be the same as the story in the first, they will be disappointed.

They're not the only ones. I'm disappointed, too. I would much rather copy, word for word, the first book, than have to think of *an entirely new series of words* for the second book. But, sadly, I have no choice. I hope you appreciate all the trouble I'm going to, thinking up and writing down all these new words. But I doubt that you do.

This, then, completes the Introduction. I hope you enjoyed it. (Although do I? Really? Probably not.) The important thing is, you will by now have noticed what is *not* here.



For information regarding these very important matters, I suggest you turn to the Appendix. “But Narrator,” I can imagine some of you object-

ing. “We thought an appendix was a little thingie in your body that sometimes has to be removed. A book can’t have an appendix! Does it, like, have, like, a kidney, too?”

Please. I am not impressed by your sarcasm. It is true that there is such a thing, in the human body, as an “appendix.” It is a small organ near the . . . well, near the other, more important organs. Whereas an appendix in a book is a section at the end of the book that provides

some useful background information. In fact, a book can have more than one appendix. These are two ways in which the book-appendix is different from the human-body-appendix. Isn’t that interesting? Just take my word for it. It is. Now let us begin the second book itself.¹

FOR FURTHER STUDY

1. Where is your appendix?
2. Are you sure? Are you sure you didn’t leave it in your “good” jeans?
3. Yes or Yes: The Narrator, to no one’s surprise, is off to a fine—no, an *excellent*—start. Y Y

1. But first: I assume that there will be readers who are too lazy, impatient, or rude to read the various Introductions. They will, therefore, not have read this footnote, which you—because you are an excellent and thorough reader—are *reading at this very moment*. As a reward, I am going to share with you the following important information: The first two paragraphs of Chapter 1 describe incidents that did not, in fact, take place.

Won’t it be fun to see the faces of those who could not be bothered to read the Introductions when they find out how they have been fooled? (Actually, I have no idea whether it will be fun or not. I won’t be there to see their faces when they read—and believe—those first two paragraphs of Chapter 1. If you are there, and it *is* fun, let me know.)

CHAPTER 1

THE ACTUAL START OF THE ACTUAL STORY STARTS



“Oh, no, John!” cried Abigail Templeton to her brother. “Six dancing dinosaurs have kidnapped our dog, Cassie, and taken her to Paris, France!”

“We must thwart them at once, Abby!” replied John. “But first I must have my appendix removed!”²

The Templeton twins had been living in their new house for about a week, doing all the things they usually did—going to school and coming home, completing their homework, pursuing their hobbies, caring for Cassie (their ridiculous dog), and making meals—before Saturday finally came, and their father, the famous Professor Elton Templeton, was able to give them a tour of the college where he had recently started working.

So, after a breakfast of waffles and bananas, the twins climbed into the car, along with their (still-ridiculous) dog, and their father drove them to the campus.

Now, if I know you, you are wondering: “What took the Professor so long to show the twins around?” I’ll tell you, because you deserve to know. Well, wait. I’m not so

2. If you have read the Introductions, you know just how seriously to take this explosive, thrilling, thought-provoking news. If you haven’t, then you don’t. Let’s move on.

sure you do deserve to know. But I will tell you anyway, as a favor. Then you'll owe *me* a favor.³

The Professor had been unable to give the twins a tour of the new college right away because it was very important that he get to work immediately. Over the past few years, the college had not had enough students, and so was in danger of going out of business. The college had hired Professor Templeton and given him an urgent, vital assignment: to create an invention that would be so wonderful and remarkable and splendid that colleges and universities all over the world would want to buy one for themselves. Money from those sales would make it possible for the Professor's college to remain in business.

And so, for the first week, the Professor did nothing but attend meetings and think of ideas and work calculations and sketch out basic designs for a new invention.

The name of the college was the Thespian Academy of the Performing Arts and Sciences. People called it TAPAS, for short. Now, I happen to be one of the few

3. Please remember this, because it is quite possible that I will ask you for a favor later on *in this very book*.

people who know that the word “tapas” is a Spanish word for a series of appetizerlike snacks served in small portions on small plates at bars and restaurants—very often, in world-famous Spain itself.

In this case, however, the name TAPAS is what we call an “acronym,” which is a made-up word formed by the first letters of a chain of words or names. For example, FAQ is an acronym for Frequently Asked Question.⁴ Similarly, TAPAS is an acronym for the Thespian Academy of the Performing Arts and Sciences.

Yes, I know: The first letters of “of” and “the” and “and” do not appear in TAPAS. That is often the case:

4. Frequently Asked Questions, as you may know, are questions that are asked frequently. I have my own list of Frequently Asked Questions (FAQs). Here it is:

The Narrator's FAQs (Frequently Asked Questions)

1. Huh?
2. Are you serious?
3. How come?
4. Wait—what?
5. Really?
6. What time is it?
7. But why?
8. Do we have to?
9. How should I know?
10. What do you mean?

The first letters of unimportant or inessential words often do not appear in acronyms. This is perfectly normal and nothing to be upset about.

This college was devoted to teaching acting, singing, dancing (or “dance,” as people who dance refer to dancing), and the many other important crafts and technical skills related to performances of all kinds.

Each building resembled an object or a symbol that was in some way connected with that department’s art or craft or skill. For example, the Department of Acting occupied two buildings that were shaped like the famous dual—one might even say “twin”—masks of Comedy and Tragedy that are commonly used to symbolize Drama. The Department of Script Writing was in the form of an immense typewriter. The Department of Wardrobe was shaped like a gigantic armoire.⁵ And so on.

“Look at these statues,” said Abigail Templeton as she, her brother, their father, and their notably silly dog strolled around campus. “They look kind of . . . tired.”

5. “Armoire” is a French word. You pronounce it “arm-WHAH.” It means—I think—“a place to keep your arms.” Or maybe not. Look, never mind what it means.

It was true. The central quad (“quad” is what colleges insist on calling their big, grassy yards) and many of the spaces between the buildings were decorated with statues of actors, singers, dancers, directors, playwrights, gaffers, grips, d-girls, and best boys.⁶ But all the statues were chipped, or rusted, or had pieces missing.

The Professor nodded. He said,

THIS PLACE IS IN TROUBLE. THAT’S WHY WE’RE HERE.

It was while the Templetons had paused near a statue of William Shakespeare that a man wearing sunglasses and a bushy beard suddenly encountered the family. He carried a single folded sheet of yellow lined paper. He stopped for a moment and seemed startled. Then he quickly looked away and, with a busy air, marched off.

John watched the man stride across the quad. “That guy looks familiar,” he said.

“You know,” the Professor said. “A lot of actors teach here. You may have seen him in a movie or on TV. Anyway, my workshop is just over there. In the Department of Lighting.”

6. I have no idea what those last four jobs involve. Do you? Oh, please. You do not.