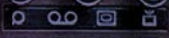# The Amazing Adventures of
Abby McQuade

TV PARTY

Evan Jacobs

It Works!

Wow," Abby McQuade said. "I thought garages were for cars."

It was Saturday. As always, Abby was with her best friend, Clara. They were in Clara's garage. The place was a mess. Boxes were stacked against the walls. Tools filled shelves. Old, dusty furniture sat in one corner.

"Yeah," Clara replied. "We need to get rid of this stuff."

"I'll say." Abby nodded. "Hey. Is there a phone charger in here?" Her phone was almost dead. She needed to plug it in.

Clara looked around. She flipped her long, brown hair over her shoulder. "There's one on my dad's workbench. Here. Charge mine too."

Abby and Clara had known each other since they were little. They did everything together. The girls often dressed alike too. Today was no different. Both had on jeans and T-shirts.

Clara's dog, Otis, was with them. He was a big, brown Lab. Otis seemed to like sniffing around the old junk.

The girls lived in Largo Bay. It was an old beach town. Their houses were across the street from each other.

"Found it!" Abby held up a charger. It had two ports. She plugged in both phones.

"What size box did you say we needed?" Clara asked.

"Just a small one. A shoebox will work."

Abby and Clara went to Largo Bay Middle School. Their history teacher had assigned a project. They were supposed to make a boat. It needed to be like the one the Pilgrims had sailed on.

The girls searched the garage. Abby thought all the stuff was cool. Clara's dad had a lot of hobbies. Model planes hung from the ceiling. A drum kit sat in one corner. That was from his old band. Fishing rods hung on the walls. It was like a store just for dads.

"Ow!" Abby had bumped into something. "What is under this sheet?" She pulled it off. There was an old TV. It had a large, gray screen. A big antenna stuck up from the back.

"Are you okay?" Clara asked.

"Yes." Abby laughed. "Whoa. Look at this thing. It's so old-school."

Clara smiled. "That's my mom's old TV. She used to watch all her favorite shows on it. I think it's from the '80s."

"The '80s? This thing looks like it's from the '40s."

Both girls cracked up.

"It used to be in our guest room," Clara said. "My parents wanted to get rid of it. They

tried to sell it at a garage sale. But nobody bought it. As they were bringing the unsold stuff inside, a storm hit. It got pretty bad. The TV got zapped by lightning. That's why it's all black in the back."

"Cool!" Abby said. She enjoyed stories like this. Abby loved things most people thought were weird. To her, that made them interesting.

"Whoa." Abby looked at the back of the TV. "The lightning totally fried it."

"Yeah," Clara said. "It obviously doesn't work now. My parents were going to take it to the dump. But I guess they forgot."

"Have you tried turning it on?"

"No."

Abby smiled. "Let's plug it in."

She took the TV cord over to an outlet. Then she plugged it in.

"Okay, Clara. Do the honors."

Clara flipped a switch on the TV. Nothing happened. Otis trotted over. He sniffed the screen.

"Come here, boy," Clara said. She clipped a leash onto his collar. Then she looked at Abby. "I told you it didn't work. Let's take Otis for a walk. We can look for a box later."

"Wait!" Abby stared at the TV. An image was slowly forming on the screen. It appeared fuzzy at first. Then it started to clear up.

"It works!" Clara said.

"See?" Abby grinned. "And you thought it was a piece of junk."

"It *is* junk." Clara stared at the TV. "What is this show? Are those cowboys?"

"That's *Pistol Pete*," Abby said. "My dad watches old movies and shows. He loves this one."

Pistol Pete was a western show from the 1960s. It was in black and white. The main

character was a cowboy. His name was Pistol Pete. He rode from town to town fighting bad guys.

Someone fired a gun on the show. A horse neighed loudly and galloped off.

Otis barked. He started racing around the garage.

Clara reached for his leash. "Otis!" she called. But the dog was too fast.

He ran back and forth in front of the TV.

Then he jumped into it.