



Secret Wish: that he went to public school so he could make friends his own age Favorite Meal: sushi and a kale salad Greatest Fear: not being recognized in public Best Quality: super close with his little sister



**Ages:** 12

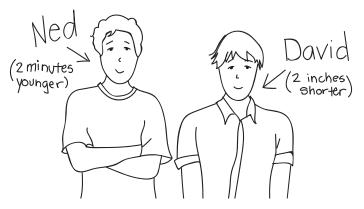
Ned's Hidden Talent: knows how to sew

**David's Career Goal:** open a farm-to-table restaurant in San Francisco

**Family Fun:** marathon games of Pictionary **Best Quality:** respectful of their parents

## THE CONTEST

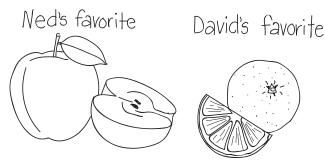
Ned and David Owens were twins. They were both in sixth grade. They were not the kind of twins who looked alike. And for twins, they did not agree about much.



Ned liked to bowl. David liked to cook. Ned liked sailing. David liked to fish.



Ned liked classic rock. David liked hip-hop.



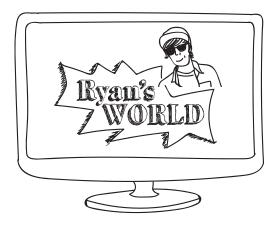
Sometimes they were buds. Other times, not so much.

There was one thing they both loved. It was a TV show called *Ryan's World*. They never missed it. It was the best.

The star was a kid in ninth grade. Ryan Wilson. He had won the Junior X-Games. He was great at extreme sports. He could break planks with his head. He sang. He played music. He was funny. And smart. Everyone loved him.



His show came on after dinner. One night the show was about a bully. Ryan put itch powder in the bully's bed. He said it was bedbugs. The bully ran out of his own room.



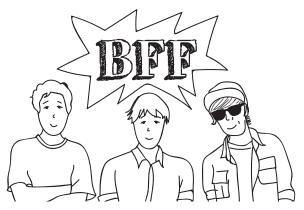
Ned and David loved the show. Their dad had once made them itch powder from rose hips. It was now in a box in the basement. He had put a little on the boys' arms. It worked great.

The last show ended with a live extra part. In it, Ryan talked about a big contest.



He would come to the winner's town. He would live with the winner for a week. He would even go to school with the winner.

It was like Ryan would be the winner's best friend. The week would be filmed. Then it would be shown as a special episode.



The twins begged their mom and dad. "Can we enter?" Ned asked.

"Ryan can stay in the spare room," David told them.

"He can stay in our bedroom," Ned said. "It's bigger."



Their dad was doubtful. "Do we really want a TV crew here? In the house?"

"Yes!" Ned and David shouted at the same time.

"I don't see the harm. But don't think you'll win," Mrs. Owens warned the kids. "The odds aren't very good."

We have a better chance ...



It was decided. They could enter. Ryan had explained the rules. Kids could enter by phone. He showed tables of helpers.



They would count calls. The five thousandth caller would be the winner.

"I'll take that call myself," Ryan said. He looked out from the TV screen. He was buff and blond. His smile was bright. "I can't wait to come to *your* town. We'll have a blast."

Ned smiled back at the screen. It was like Ryan was talking only to him.

Ryan counted down the time. "Okay. Start making your calls in five, four, three, two, one. Go!"





Ned and David each had cell phones. They made call after call. Always busy. On the TV screen was the total number of calls. It rose fast.

"Getting close!" David shouted.

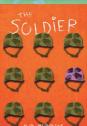
"You know it!" Ned said. "Just keep calling."

It was now or never. Ned called one last time.



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