BOY-CRAZY STACEY

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY

ANN M. MARTIN
KRISTY THOMAS
PRESIDENT

CLAUDIA KISHI
VICE PRESIDENT

MARY ANNE SPIER
SECRETARY

STACEY MCGILL
TREASURER

DAWN SCHAFER
ALTERNATE OFFICER

MALLORY PIKE
JUNIOR OFFICER
My Child, the Human Hurricane.

Mom? What do you wear to a mansion?

What now?

We're all going over to Kristy's new place today, and I want to make sure I'm doing it right.

Haven't you been there before?

Yeah, but not for a regular hangout. I bet her neighbors are really fancy.

Kristy even said they had to take Louie to a groomer before they moved so he'd fit in with the other dogs!!

Sweetie, Kristy's still going to be Kristy no matter where she lives. I don't think you should worry about it too much.

And this is a cute shirt.

Hmm.
Hi. I'm Stacey McGill.
I'm thirteen years old, and I'm a few weeks away from starting eighth grade.

I moved here from New York City, I love fashion, and... and will you be--?

Mom, you know I'm always careful about what I eat.

I have Type 1 diabetes.

That means that my body doesn't make enough insulin, which it needs to turn sugar into energy. Having too much or not enough sugar in my system is very dangerous, so I have to watch my levels...

And give myself insulin shots every day.

This is my pancreas.
It doesn't produce enough insulin, which means my body can't convert sugar into energy on its own.

But it's really not a big deal if you manage it right, which I do.

I just wish my parents understood that!

I keep track of my blood sugar levels with a glucose meter.
It takes just a drop of blood from my finger.
THAT'S MY RIDE!

GOTTA GO. LOVE YOU!

DO YOU HAVE YOUR TEST STRIPS? YOUR INSULIN PEN? YOUR --

YES, YES, YES!

I CAN PUT SOME IN A BAG FOR YOU!

NIGHT, DAD!

OH! DO YOU NEED PRETZEL STICKS?

I'M FINE! BYE! LOVE YOU!
Hey!!

Heeeeeey!

Stacey!

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT LOUIE?

I HEARD THEY TRIMMED HIS FUR AND GAVE HIM A FANCY BANDANNA AND EVERYTHING.

I'M GOING TO BE OUTCLASSED BY A DOG!

GIRLS, GIRLS. EVEN IF SHE LIVES IN A MANSION NOW, I'M SURE KRISTY'S GOING TO BE THE SAME OLD...
wow.
AS I MENTIONED, I MOVED HERE FROM NEW YORK CITY LAST YEAR. I WAS WORRIED ABOUT MAKING NEW FRIENDS AT FIRST, BUT BEFORE I KNEW IT, I'D BECOME A MEMBER OF THE BABY-SITTERS CLUB.

CLAUDIA KISHI, VICE PRESIDENT. STYLE INSPIRATION, INCREDIBLE ARTIST, AND MY BEST FRIEND.

DAWN SCHAFER, ALTERNATE OFFICER. CALIFORNIAN, VEGETARIAN, VERY COOL.

AND ME! CLUB TREASURER.
Kristy Thomas, President. Her mom just married a millionaire, so here we are.

Mary Anne Spier, Secretary. A little shy, but really smart and thoughtful.

Mallory Pike, Junior Officer and newest member. Loves books and big sweaters.

I call this meeting of the Baby-Sitters Club to or--

No! This is a party!
I can’t believe we’re all splitting up for two weeks!

Yeah, have we been apart for that long since the club started?

Ugh! All of you are going to have so much fun, and here I’ll be, enjoying new family bonding time.

Dawn’s going to visit her dad in California...

Claudia and her family will be lounging around at a resort in New Hampshire...

The fresh air should be really good for Mimi.

Guilty.

And Mary Anne and Stacey...

Get to baby-sit the Pikes on their annual beach vacation!!

Hee hee
There are eight Pike kids including Mallory. She has it tough sometimes, because she’s the oldest and ends up taking care of them a lot.

Mr. and Mrs. Pike thought it’d be nice to hire me and Mary Anne to baby-sit, so Mallory could really enjoy herself this year.

I had to admit that I was a little nervous. Mary Anne and I were friends, but we weren’t as close as, say, me and Claudia. And we’re so different from each other!

- outgoing
- sophisticated
- romantic
- shy
- sensitive
- thoughtful

Not to mention our fashion sense.

That said...there was no way Mary Anne or I could say no to a paid beach trip!

Oh my gosh, it’s almost time for our parents to pick us up. I won’t see you guys for two weeks!!

Hey, I have an idea.
Let’s exchange our vacation addresses. Then we can all write each other postcards!

That’s a good idea. If we write about our babysitting jobs, we can copy them into the notebook later, too.

Dawn? Mary Anne? Your parents are here.

Two weeks!!

I’m going to miss you!

I’m going to miss you and be boooored!!
IT HURT TO IMAGINE BEING AWAY FOR SO LONG...

BUT I COULDN'T HELP GETTING EXCITED ABOUT THE SUN...THE SURF...

AND ALL THE ADVENTURES THAT MIGHT AWAIT US IN SEA CITY, NEW JERSEY!
BRACE YOURSELF.

ding dong

CRASH

Hi!!

MARY ANNE! STACEY!!

COME IN!

COME IN!!

grab!
TOMORROW, TOMORROW, WE GO TO SEA CITY!

WE’LL SEE THE BEACH AND THE SHELLS SO PRETTY!

She thinks she’s a poet.

I AM SO A POET! AND YOU SHOULD KNOW IT!

POETS DON’T HAVE TO RHYME EVERYTHING!!

RHYMING’S AN ART, YOU STINKY -- KIDS, KIDS!

MARY ANNE AND STACEY AND I HAVE TO TALK BUSINESS. GIVE US A MOMENT, OKAY?

SORRY ABOUT THAT.

NO, NO. THANK YOU FOR HAVING US.
I asked you over here today so we could talk about what you’ll be doing in Sea City, and set some ground rules.

Mostly, you’ll just be giving Mr. Pike and me a hand since, of course, we’ll be there, too.

But we would like a little time to ourselves as well.

There will be afternoons or evenings when we’ll go off to do things on our own. That’s when you’ll be in charge.

There’s a lot to see and do in Sea City, and you should be perfectly safe on your own. Just keep a careful eye on the children when you’re crossing the street.

And we have one beach rule.

Absolutely no going in the ocean, not even wading, before nine a.m. or after five p.m. That’s when the lifeguards are off duty.

Aside from that, the kids can swim as much as they want as long as they stay in front of the lifeguard station. Okay?

Okay.
AFTER THAT, MRS. PIKE TOLD US A LITTLE MORE ABOUT SEA CITY AND THE HOUSE THEY’D RENTED THERE, AS WELL AS THINGS LIKE GROCERY SHOPPING AND DIVIDING UP CHORES.

I ALSO REMINDED HER OF MY DIET AND HOW I WOULD BE MANAGING MY DIABETES.

ALL RIGHT! I’LL SEE YOU BRIGHT AND EARLY TOMORROW.

EIGHT O’CLOCK!
AND WITH THAT, IT WAS TIME TO GO HOME AND PACK.

stacey's two-

- cute tops
- sunscreen!
- toiletry bag
- bikini!
- strappy heels
Week Beach Bag

- Sundresses
- A good book
- Sweater
- Diabetes travel kit
- Flip-flops
- Embroidery
- Shorts & jeans
STACEY? YOU ALL PACKED?

JUST FINISHED!

AND YOU'RE SET FOR TWO WEEKS?

YUP.

YOU HAVE TOOTHPASTE?

YUP.

STAMPS FOR POSTCARDS?

YUP.

AND...

SIGH

MOM, I'VE GOT MY DIABETES KIT RIGHT HERE.
THE DOCTORS' NUMBERS ARE IN MY PURSE, AND THE PIKES HAVE A COPY, TOO.

I ALSO TOLD MRS. PIKE ALL ABOUT MY DIET TODAY.

THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

OH, STACEY.

I'M GOING TO WORRY MYSELF SICK.

MOM, IT'S OKAY. THE PIKES HAVE A PHONE. THEY'LL CALL IF ANYTHING HAPPENS. AND... YOU CAN CALL IF YOU GET WORRIED.

ALTHOUGH MAYBE DON'T CALL TOO OFTEN.
The Pike Kids won’t listen to me if they think I have to check in with my mom for everything.

Sob

It sure is hard helping your parents watch you grow up.

But it has to be done.
SEA CITY
NJ

“Greetings from Paradise!”
Dear Kristy,

Saturday afternoon

Hi! We made it. The drive down here was wild, but we arrived unharmed. Do you like this postcard? Mary Anne and I found a drugstore with all these cards. Here are some things to put in the Baby-sitters Club Notebook:

Sometimes the Pike kids get carsick. Claire is still in her silly stage. She calls her mother “Moozie” and her father “Daggles.” That’s all for now.

More tomorrow! Bye!

Luv,
Stacey