

FROM THE NO. 1 BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF

MIDDLE SCHOOL

HOUSE OF ROBOTS



JAMES PATTERSON

AND CHRIS GRABENSTEIN

Contents

About the Book

About the Authors and Illustrator

Also by James Patterson

Title Page

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

Chapter 22

Chapter 23

Chapter 24

Chapter 25

Chapter 26

Chapter 27

Chapter 28

Chapter 29

Chapter 30
Chapter 31
Chapter 32
Chapter 33
Chapter 34
Chapter 35
Chapter 36
Chapter 37
Chapter 38
Chapter 39
Chapter 40
Chapter 41
Chapter 42
Chapter 43
Chapter 44
Chapter 45
Chapter 46
Chapter 47
Chapter 48
Chapter 49
Chapter 50
Chapter 51
Chapter 52
Chapter 53
Chapter 54
Chapter 55
Chapter 56
Chapter 57
Chapter 58
Chapter 59
Chapter 60
Chapter 61
Chapter 62
Chapter 63
Chapter 64

Sneak Preview
Copyright

About the Book

I'm Sammy Hayes-Rodriguez and, boy, have I got a story for you!

If you like any of these things:

Robots (duh!)

Solving mysterious mysteries

Jamaican fruit bats (trust me, they're cool)

Awesome bike tricks

Or a legendary tale about how a kid is WAY smarter than all the grown-ups . . .

. . . Then you've opened the right book!

But don't take my word for it . . .

START READING!

About the Authors and Illustrator

JAMES PATTERSON is the internationally bestselling author of the highly praised Middle School books, *Kenny Wright: Superhero*, *Homeroom Diaries*, and the I Funny, Treasure Hunters, House of Robots, Confessions, Maximum Ride, Witch & Wizard and Daniel X series. James Patterson has been the most borrowed author in UK libraries for the past eight years in a row and his books have sold more than 300 million copies worldwide, making him one of the bestselling authors of all time. He lives in Florida.

CHRIS GRABENSTEIN is a *New York Times* bestselling author who has also collaborated with James Patterson on the I Funny and Treasure Hunters series. He lives in New York City.

JULIANA NEUFELD is an award-winning illustrator whose drawings can be found in books, on album covers, and in nooks and crannies throughout the Internet. She lives in Toronto.

Also by James Patterson

House of Robots series

House of Robots (*with Chris Grabenstein*)

Middle School books

The Worst Years of My Life (*with Chris Tebbetts*)

Get Me Out of Here! (*with Chris Tebbetts*)

My Brother Is a Big, Fat Liar (*with Lisa Papademetriou*)

How I Survived Bullies, Broccoli, and Snake Hill (*with Chris Tebbetts*)

Ultimate Showdown (*with Julia Bergen*)

Save Rafe! (*with Chris Tebbetts*)

Just My Rotten Luck (*with Chris Tebbetts*)

I Funny series

I Funny (*with Chris Grabenstein*)

I Even Funnier (*with Chris Grabenstein*)

I Totally Funniest (*with Chris Grabenstein*)

I Funny TV (*with Chris Grabenstein, to be published
January 2016*)

Treasure Hunters series

Treasure Hunters (*with Chris Grabenstein*)

Danger Down the Nile (*with Chris Grabenstein*)

Secret of the Forbidden City (*with Chris Grabenstein*)

Other illustrated novels

Kenny Wright: Superhero (*with Chris Tebbetts*)

Homeroom Diaries (*with Lisa Papademetriou*)

Daniel X series

The Dangerous Days of Daniel X (*with Michael Ledwidge*)

Watch the Skies (*with Ned Rust*)

Demons and Druids (*with Adam Sadler*)

Game Over (*with Ned Rust*)

Armageddon (*with Chris Grabenstein*)
Lights Out (*with Chris Grabenstein*)

For more information about James Patterson's novels, visit
www.jamespatterson.co.uk

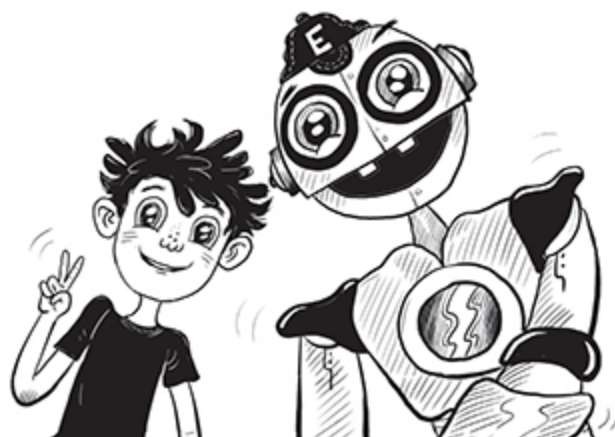
HOUSE OF ROBOTS

ROBOTS GO WILD!

JAMES PATTERSON

AND CHRIS GRABENSTEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIANA NEUFELD



HOUSE OF ROBOTS

ROBOTS GO WILD!







CHAPTER 1

HI! I'M SAMMY Hayes-Rodriguez, and if you have trouble crawling out of bed on school days, you should do what I do: live with robots!

That's right. Our whole house is filled with whirring, whizzing, rumbling, rambling robots—all of them designed by my mother. Mom's not exactly a mad scientist, but she comes pretty close.

She invented one bot named Buzz whose only job is to zip into my bedroom at exactly seven o'clock every morning, hover around my bed, and make loud, annoying noises. If you try to bop his snooze button (his little red hat), Buzz's motion detectors will sense your hand movement, and he'll scoot sideways. You'll be slapping air, and he'll keep making irritating noises until your feet finally hit the floor.

This is why I'm usually awake by 7:01.



Even my closet and chest of drawers are semi-robotic. Prepackaged sets of underwear and socks pop up the instant I tug open a drawer. The closet, which is linked to outdoor weather-reporting devices, knows what shirt, sweater, or hoodie I should wear. It's also equipped with a pants sniffer and can fling me my cleanest pair of jeans.

Why the big, robotic rush to get to school on time?

Mostly it's for my little sister, Maddie.

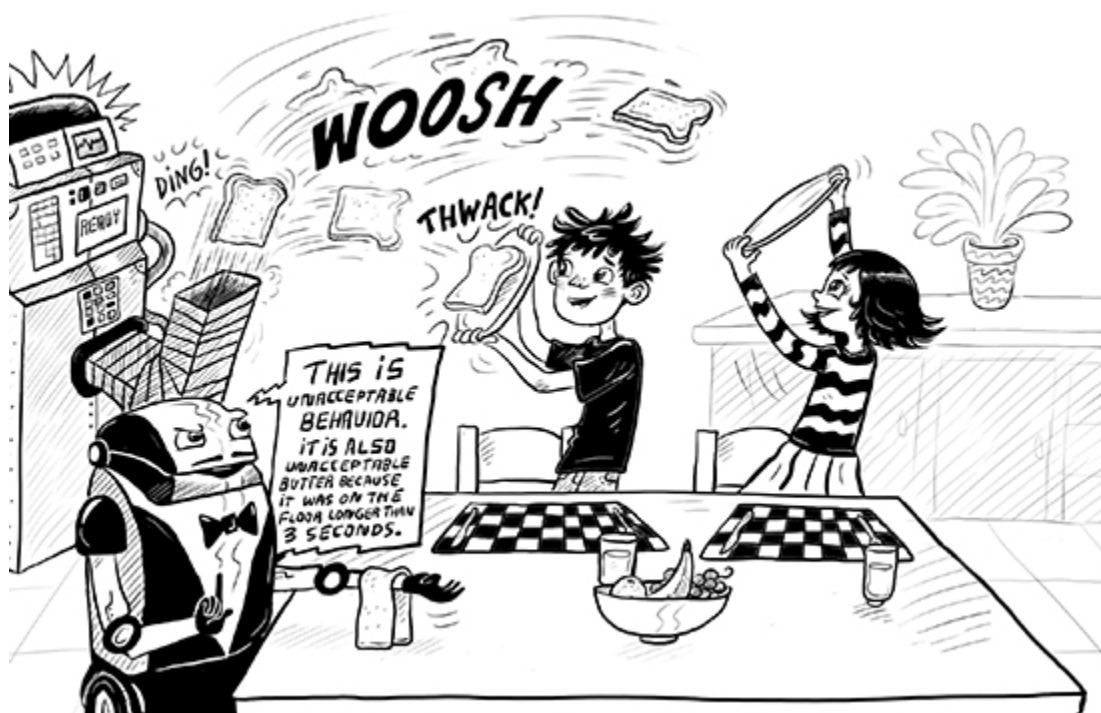
She's in the third grade, and trust me, there has never, ever been a kid more excited about going to school than Maddie Hayes-Rodriguez. On school days, she acts the way most kids do on snow days.



Like me, all the robots bopping around our house absolutely adore Maddie and treat her like a princess. Especially Geoffrey, the brand-new butler-bot. Mom gave him a British accent, so he sounds a little snooty.

“Good morning, children,” he says to Maddie and me. “Breakfast is served.”

The second he says that, the Breakfastinator—one of Mom’s wackiest automated cooking contraptions—hurls a few slices of French toast at us like it’s making a serve in volleyball. The machine also tosses over a couple tubs of syrup and chucks us some butter pats. You do not want to be here when the Breakfastinator serves up biscuits and gravy.



If Maddie needs anything—anything at all—Mom’s robots spring into action.

If her pencil needs sharpening, McFetch, the robotic dog, will gnaw it down to a perfect point.

If she needs help with her homework, Tootles the tut-bot—a retro, rolling tutor computer—will point her in the right direction.

If she needs an after-school snack, the Breakfastinator will fling fruit at her.

As you can probably tell, my little sister is different from most kids her age.

For one thing, she’s awesome.

For another, even though she’s in the third grade, she only started going to school for the first time a month ago, after the school year had already started for most kids.

I’ll explain later. Promise.

But first, you’ve got to meet E.

He’s my bro-bot.

CHAPTER 2

THIS IS E.

When Mom first created him and said I had to take a robot to school with me every day, I thought E stood for *Error*—as in the biggest, hugest, most colossal mistake ever made. And, at first, he *did* make my life at school pretty nutso.

But then I found out why E had such enormous blue eyes.



Oh, right. Duh. The drawing is in black and white. But trust me, E's eyes are Blizzard Blue. The exact same color as Maddie's.

See, Mom created E (she says the E stands for *Egghead*) to be Maddie's eyes, ears, and voice in Ms. Tracey's third-grade classroom at Creekside Elementary.

Why doesn't Maddie just go to school herself?

She can't. Not without getting really sick.

Now, I know a lot kids say going to school makes them sick. Especially on days when the cafeteria special is the beefy-cheesy nacho surprise.

But just going to school and breathing the air and being near other kids and all their germs could make my little sister seriously ill, because Maddie suffers from SCID, which is short for *severe combined immunodeficiency*. Basically, it means Maddie's body has a really hard time fighting off any kind of infection. If somebody coughs and forgets to cover their mouth, she could wind up in the hospital.

So what does it all mean? Well, Maddie hardly ever leaves home. In fact, she hardly ever leaves her room. That's why our family pet is a germ-free robot dog. Why Mr. Moppenshine, the multiarmed multitasker, is constantly cleaning and disinfecting everything.

It's also why the only way for Maddie to actually go to school is for E to go there for her.

"You'd better hurry up, you guys! You don't want to be late."



That's my dad. Noah Rodriguez, the world-famous graphic novelist. He works from home, so he's never late.

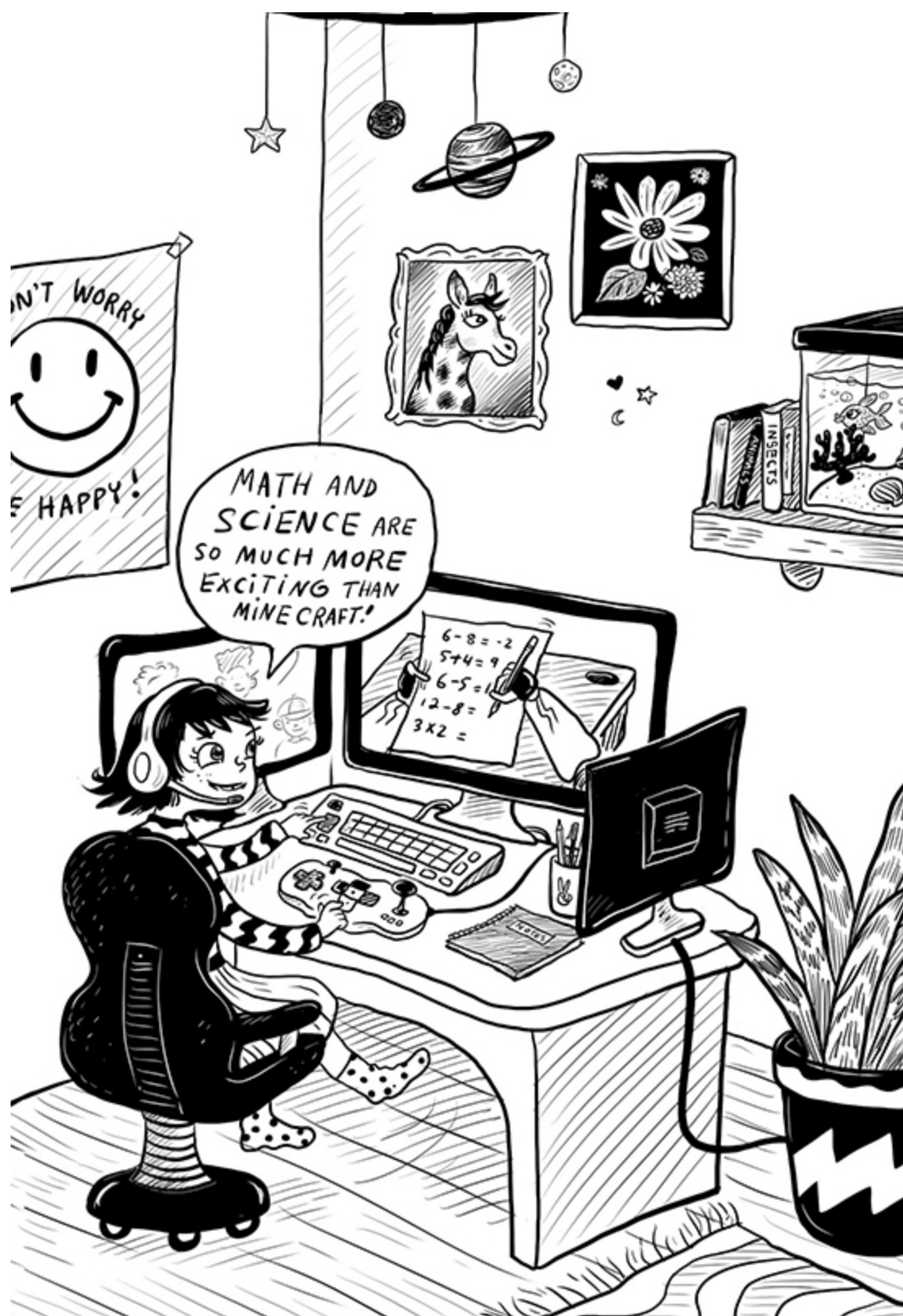
"Your father is correct," says E. "We must not tarry."

Yep. E still sounds a little robot-ish. But he can't help it. Mom made him that way. Guess what she's making next? I'm not 100 percent sure, but I think it'll help Mr. Moppenshine scrub the toilets.



“Let’s go, Sammy.”

That’s Maddie, speaking through E, just like she’ll do at school. When the first bell rings, Maddie will run E from the nifty control pod set up in her room.



I just hope she doesn't make E do something super girly,
like scream about boy bands or spin like a ballerina.
At least, not while I'm around.

CHAPTER 3

OOPS.

I think E and I are going to be a little tardy for school today.



When we step out the back door and hurry down the steps—something, by the way, that E does incredibly well

for a robot—there’s a whole mob of people waiting for us in the driveway.

I guess word has spread about what E’s been doing for Maddie at the elementary school.

A few faces in the crowd are familiar. I recognize the ones who teach or work at Notre Dame, the university where Mom is a professor of computer science in the College of Engineering. I also see star reporters from the South Bend, Indiana, TV news shows. The people I’ve never seen before are mostly wearing suits and ties.

Mom, of course, is there, in her lab coat, beaming proudly.

“Eggy, why don’t you show these folks some of your moves?” she suggests.

“My pleasure,” says E.

He moonwalks across the driveway to the garage, where my dad hung a basketball hoop.

“Feed me the b-ball, Sammy,” says E. “Bounce me the rock. Distribute the basketball.”

Yup. I taught E every bit of basketball slang I know.

I toss him the ball. He twirls around and makes a high-arching shot.



E snags the ball as it bounces off the backboard, and he lands with a hydraulic, knee-bending *FLOOSH, FLISH, FWUMP*. Then he springs back up, like he has rockets in his heels, and—*WHOOSH...THUNK!*—tomahawk-dunks the ball.

The crowd goes wild.

“But wait, there’s more!” says E, sounding like a late-night TV infomercial. “With Maddie’s help, I can also spell all of this week’s vocabulary words. For instance, *flutter*. F-L-U-T-T-E-R. Now I will use it in a sentence. ‘My butter will flutter over my toast.’ Speaking of toast, I can also make toaster tarts for a tasty after-school treat.”

You guessed it. Warm pastry topped with swirly icing shoots out of his ears.

“Dr. Hayes,” says a roly-poly man with a belly that’s about to pop a button on his shirt, “your creation is magnificent.”

“Thank you, Mr. Riley.”

Oooh. I've heard Mom and Dad talk about Mr. Max Riley at the dinner table before. From what I picked up between bites of mac and cheese, Mr. Riley is a very important, very wealthy graduate of Notre Dame who gives a lot of money to his old school.



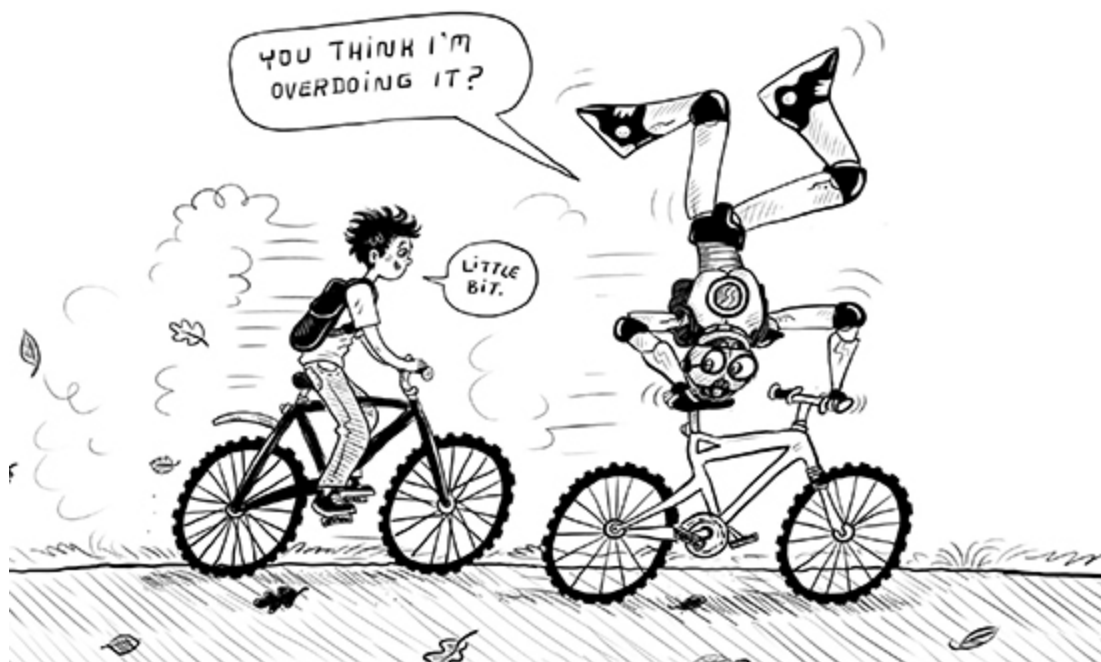
"As the largest contributor to the College of Engineering," Mr. Riley continues, "let me just say that this is a great day for Notre Dame! And, if I may quote legendary author Kurt Vonnegut, 'Science is magic that works.'"

"So three cheers for Professor Elizabeth Hayes and her magical robotic creation, E, the substitute student!"

As a dozen people start singing the "cheer, cheer" part of the Notre Dame fight song, E and I climb aboard our bikes.

We pedal away, stirring up a wake of swirling autumn leaves, and E can't resist showing off all sorts of bike stunts

he learned when Mom slipped a *BMX-treme* DVD into his internal disk drive.



CHAPTER 4

ON OUR WAY to school, E and I are joined by my second-best friend since forever, good ol' Triple H himself, Harry Hunter Hudson.

Everyone just calls him Trip.

See how banged up Trip's bike is? Not to be mean or anything, but Trip is kind of a klutz. He bumps into stuff *all the time*. Once, he crashed his bike into a park bench he thought was making a right turn.



When Trip's not bumbling, fumbling, or dropping heavy objects on his own foot, he's usually saying exactly the wrong thing at the wrong time. Like once, at the zoo, he said, "Are you going to eat that?"

To a tiger.

Speaking of food, Trip packs peanut-butter-and-banana sandwiches for lunch every day. Nothing else. Not even a plain banana or a pack of peanut butter crackers. It's PB&Bs Monday through Friday. Weekends, too. (I've had lunch at his house. His mom buys bananas in those gigantic bunches you see on banana trees.)



Some kids at Creekside Elementary make fun of Trip and his goofy clothes and his goofier dinosaur backpack and his stinky peanut-butter-and-banana breath and his crazy klutziness, but I don't. I think hanging with him is fun.

And always interesting.

Trip and I have been second-besties since kindergarten, back when he used to dip his PB&Bs in a jar of library paste.

Having a friend like Trip doesn't exactly make you super popular in school.

But then E came along. Now everybody wants to hang with us because they think E is super-cool.

That's why, lately, Trip is so excited about school.

"These have been the best two weeks of my whole entire life," he tells me. "Even counting Disney World."

Trip says he's packed an extra peanut-butter-and-banana sandwich in his lunch box.

"It's for E. If he eats it, nobody will think I'm weird anymore, because everything E does is so awesomely cool."

"Um, E doesn't eat food," I remind Trip.

"So? He can pretend. He could hide it in his mouth hole."

"Not really. The sandwich would just gum up the speakers in there."

E reminds us both that his "primary objective" is to function as Maddie's eyes, ears, and mouth in Ms. Tracey's third-grade classroom.

"I am sorry, Trip, but I cannot have bread, peanut butter, or bananas interfering with my mission."

"That's right," says Maddie, her voice coming out of E's mouth, which, if it had one of Trip's sticky peanut-butter-and-banana sandwiches mashed up inside, would sound more like "Mrats mright."