

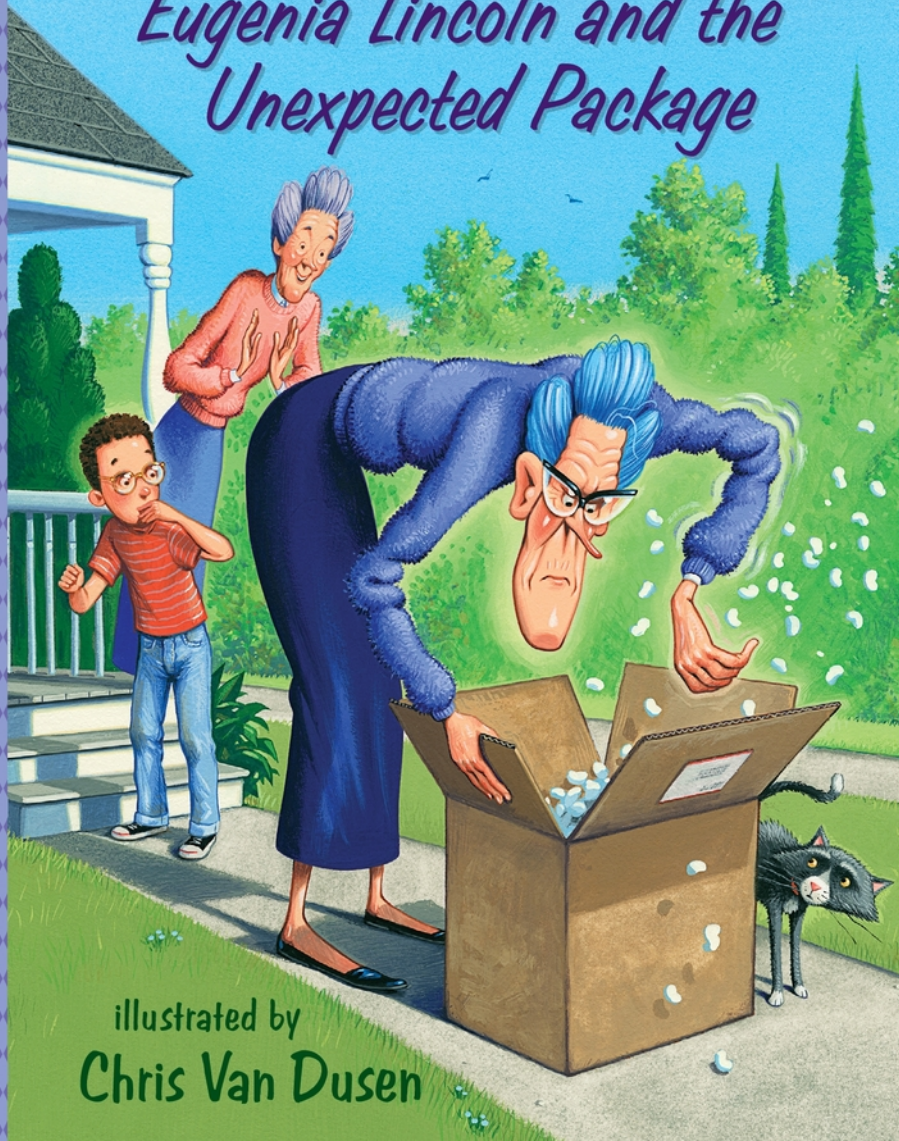
#1 NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLING AUTHOR

KATE DICAMILLO



TALES FROM DECKAWOO DRIVE

*Eugenia Lincoln and the
Unexpected Package*



illustrated by
Chris Van Dusen

*Eugenia Lincoln
and the
Unexpected Package*

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Eugenia Lincoln and the Unexpected Package



Tales from Deckawoo Drive

Volume Four

*Eugenia Lincoln
and the
Unexpected Package*



Kate DiCamillo

illustrated by Chris Van Dusen



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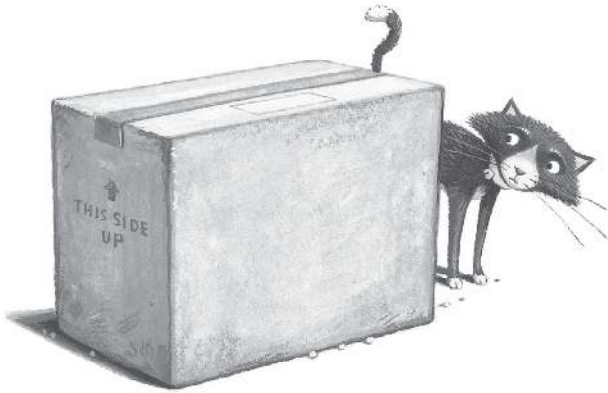
For Karla Marie

K. D.

To Kate—

It's an honor to illustrate your words

C. V.





Chapter One

Eugenia Lincoln was a practical person, a sensible person. She did not have time for poetry, geegaws, whoop-de-whoops, or frivolity.

She believed in attending to the task at hand.

Eugenia Lincoln believed in Getting Things Done.

Baby Lincoln, Eugenia's younger sister, loved poetry, geegaws, and whoop-de-whoops of every sort and variety.

She was especially fond of frivolity.



“We are diametrically opposed,” said Eugenia to Baby. “You are woefully impractical. I am supremely practical.”

“Yes, Sister,” said Baby.

“You are soft, and I am sharpened to a very fine point, indeed,” said Eugenia.

“Well, yes,” said Baby. “That’s true, I suppose.”



“Suppose nothing,” said Eugenia.
“Believe me when I say that your head is
in the clouds, and my feet are planted
firmly on the terra firma.”



“If you say so, Sister,” said Baby.

“I say so,” said Eugenia.

And that is how it was with Eugenia
Lincoln and Baby Lincoln.

Until the day the unexpected package
arrived.



“Package for Eugenia Lincoln,” said the deliveryman.

“I am Eugenia Lincoln,” said Eugenia. “But I am not expecting a package.”

“Well, whether you are expecting it or not,” said the deliveryman, “it’s here.” He smiled a very big smile.

“Oh, my,” said Baby Lincoln, “an unexpected package.” She clapped her hands together. “How entirely, absolutely unexpected! Aren’t you surprised, Eugenia? *I* am certainly surprised. Isn’t it exciting?”

“There’s nothing exciting about it,” said Eugenia. “It’s annoying. It’s inconsiderate. People should not send unexpected packages.” General Washington, Eugenia’s cat, brushed up against the side of the box in a possessive way.





"Mooooooooowwwlll," he said.

"Stop that," said Eugenia to the cat.

She stared down at the package.

"I refuse," said Eugenia.

"What?" said the deliveryman. He was wearing a name tag that said I'M FASSSST.

I'M FREDERICK.

"I refuse to accept delivery, Frederick," said Eugenia.

Frederick stopped smiling. He said, "Hold up there. Are you Eugenia Lincoln?"

"I am," said Eugenia.

"Is this fifty-two Deckawoo Drive?"

"It is," said Eugenia.

"Then this here is your package," said Frederick. "And that's the end of that particular story."



He gave the package a pat, tipped his hat, and then walked down the sidewalk to his delivery truck, whistling as if he didn't have a care in the world.

Frank, who lived at 50 Deckawoo Drive, came over as soon as the deliveryman left. He said, "I see you have received a large package, Miss Lincoln. May I be of some assistance?"

"Yoo-hoo," called Mrs. Watson, who lived at 54 Deckawoo Drive. "Whatever could be in that extremely large box?"

"I have no idea," said Eugenia.

"Just one second," said Mrs. Watson. "Mercy and I will come over and see."

"Do not come over here!" shouted Eugenia. "And do not bring that pig!"



But it was too late. Mrs. Watson and her pig were already out the door and on their way.

“It’s all so unexpected,” said Baby, “isn’t it, Sister? I, for one, have never been so surprised. Why don’t you open the package and see what’s inside?”

Eugenia put her hands on her hips. She stared down at the box. She was very, very annoyed. She had things to do. She did not have time for an oversize, unexpected package.

“I wonder if there’s something dangerous inside,” said Frank.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” said Eugenia.

“Maybe someone sent you something to eat,” said Mrs. Watson. “Maybe it’s a fruit basket.”

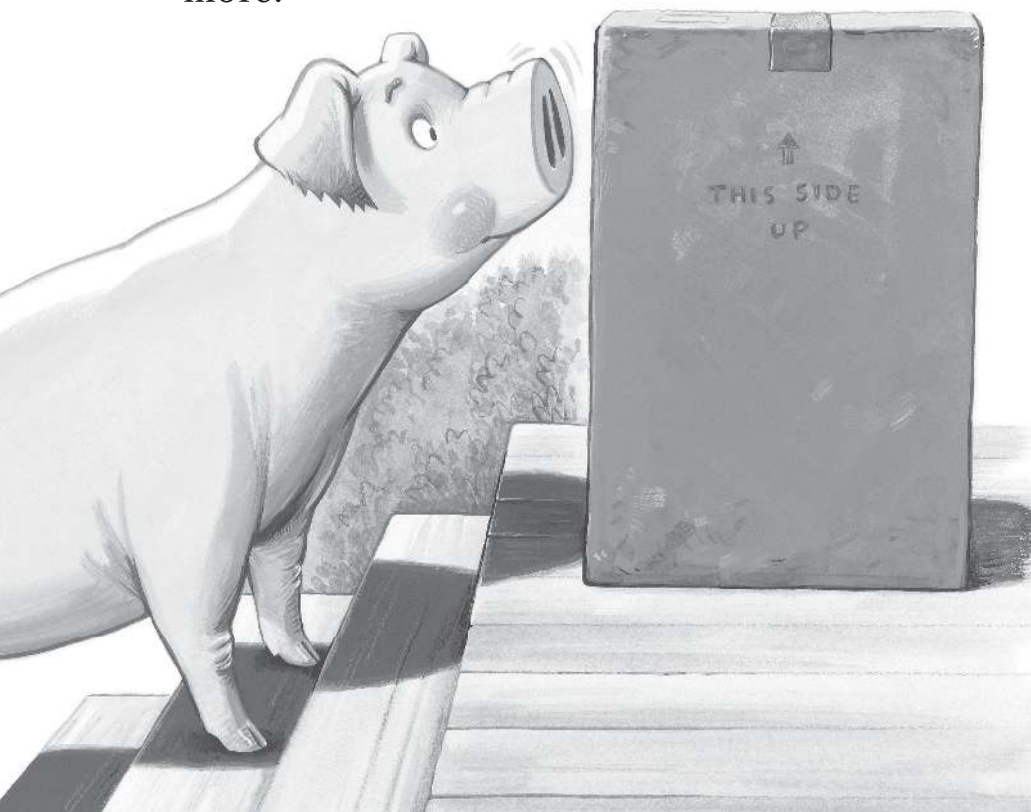
“Who would send me a fruit basket?”
said Eugenia.

The pig snuffled the box.

“The return address says the Blizzintrap
Schmocker Company,” said Frank. “What
is the Blizzintrap Schmocker Company?”

“I have no idea,” said Eugenia.

The pig oinked. It snuffled the box some
more.



Life was too annoying and unpredictable and pig-filled to be borne, sometimes. That was Eugenia's general feeling.

"Open it, open it," trilled Mrs. Watson.

"I think you should open it, Sister," said Baby. "I have a feeling that it is something wondrous."

"What a ridiculous feeling to have," said Eugenia Lincoln.

But then, entirely against her better judgment, Eugenia bent down and began to open the unexpected package.



Chapter Two

Eugenia cut through the tape. She dug through the packing material.

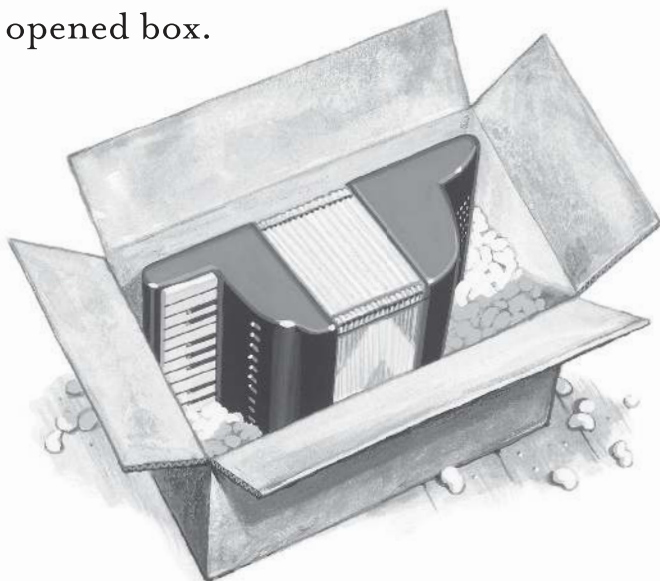
“What in the world could it be?” said Baby. She clapped her hands. “Oh, it is so exciting! And also very unexpected.”

“It’s terribly exciting,” said Mrs. Watson. “I am hoping that it is a fruit basket. Maybe it will contain oranges and bananas and perhaps a gigantic pineapple or two. Mercy loves a fruit basket.”

It was not a fruit basket.

It was an accordion.

Baby and Eugenia and Mrs. Watson and Frank and the pig and General Washington all stood together and stared down at the opened box.



“It’s an accordion,” said Frank.

“Obviously,” said Eugenia.

“I was hoping for a fruit basket,” said Mrs. Watson.

“Yes,” said Eugenia. “You said so. Several times.”

“Well, an accordion is a wonderful thing. It’s almost as wonderful as a fruit basket,” said Mrs. Watson. “Mercy just adores a fruit basket.”

“Who cares what pigs adore?” said Eugenia. She stood with her hands on her hips and considered the accordion. She couldn’t think of anything more frivolous, more geegaw-esque, more whoop-de-whoop-ish than an accordion.

Except perhaps a fruit-basket-adoring pig.

“I guess I’ll head on home now,” said Mrs. Watson.

“Good,” said Eugenia. “Take that pig with you.”

Mrs. Watson left.

The pig, however, stayed behind.

Eugenia closed her eyes. She didn't have time to deal with a pig. Little men with feathers in their caps were dancing through her head playing accordions and shouting "Oompah, oompah!"



Eugenia Lincoln did not believe in shouting "Oompah!"