

Tanya Sue & the Whomp Biscuits

By Nana Creamer

Chapter 1

"Tanya Sue, Tanya Sue, you look like a monkey and smell like one too!"

I groaned as my sister Stacey's voice rang through my ears, followed immediately by a THWACK! as her pillow smacked me right on the head.

"Stacey!" I spun around, glaring at her. "Could you at least come up with some new lyrics? You've been singing that same song since last year."

"Nope," she said with a smirk, swinging the pillow again.

I barely dodged in time. "Mom! Stacey is attacking me! This is a hostile takeover of my morning!"

"She needs her own alarm clock," Stacey called sweetly as she flounced out of the room, her perfectly curled hair bouncing with each step. "And maybe her own side of the room that doesn't look like a tornado hit it. Seriously, it's like a crime scene in here."

I scowled, pushing the blankets off me. "It's not that messy! It's just... lived in."

Stacey spun around in the doorway, one hand on her hip. "Really? Then what's that?" She pointed to a pair of my sneakers stacked on top of a pile of crumpled-up clothes. "And that?" Her gaze darted to my desk, where an empty soda can teetered on top of my math homework like it was performing a balancing act.

I crossed my arms. "I call it organized chaos."

She snorted. "More like pure chaos."

What Stacey didn't know was that beneath my so-called mess was my most prized possession—my spy notebook. Hidden carefully under a pile of sketchbooks and dog-eared comics, it held every detail I'd ever gathered about Stacey and her friends. Who was crushing on who. What gossip they whispered during sleepovers. The code words they used in their notes.

I was a spy. A full-time, undercover, top-secret investigator—especially when it came to my sister.

She had no idea how much I knew.

I flopped back onto my bed and let out a long sigh. Stacey had been my personal alarm clock for as long as I could remember, and her methods weren't exactly gentle. One day, I was going to wake up before her and beat her to the punch. One day.

"You better hurry, Tanya Sue," Stacey said, grabbing her makeup bag from the dresser we shared. "I need the bathroom, and I am NOT stepping over your dirty socks again."

"Well, too bad!" I shot back, hopping up and darting past her. "First come, first serve! It's the law of the land!"

"TANYA SUE!" Stacey wailed as I slammed the bathroom door behind me, locking it with a triumphant click.

I cackled as I turned the shower on, feeling victorious. That victory lasted about two seconds until I realized—the water was freezing.

"Stacey!" I howled. "You used up all the hot water again!"

"Oops!" she sang from the other side of the door. "Guess you should wake up earlier next time! Or invest in an ice bath."

I groaned, letting the ice-cold water hit my shoulders. I'd get her back for this. Somehow, some way, revenge would be mine.

After my not-so-refreshing shower, I got dressed and hurried to the kitchen where Mom was already making breakfast.

"Morning, Mom!" I said, planting a kiss on her cheek. "Am I riding the bus home today?"

"Nope," she replied. "I'll pick you up—we need to go grocery shopping."

I perked up. "Can I make a list of my favorite things to buy?" Visions of cheese, chips, and maybe even a tub of cookie dough danced in my head.

Mom gave me a look. "Only one special item. Choose wisely."

I shrugged, not having a clue yet what I wanted. "Okay, I'll figure it out!"

With that, I finished my cereal, grabbed my bag, and rushed out the door—narrowly avoiding another one of Stacey's flying pillows. I was almost convinced she had a secret stash just for launching at me.

Chapter 2

School was already in full swing, and I was ready to take on the day. First up—math.

Mrs. McFatridge, our teacher, had been teaching for over twenty years and never let anyone forget it. She wore her hair in a tight bun, her glasses perched on the tip of her nose, and she sighed dramatically every time a student spoke. She wasn't exactly my favorite teacher, but she sure was entertaining—especially when she huffed and moaned like she was about to collapse from sheer exhaustion.

"Alright, class," she said, pushing her glasses up and looking over the rim at us. "Let's see who actually paid attention yesterday." She pulled a pop quiz from her desk and held it up like it was a winning lottery ticket. "This will separate the scholars from the slackers."

I groaned, slumping in my chair. "A quiz? First thing in the morning? I barely survived Stacey's wake-up attack! I think I have PTSD—Post-Traumatic Sister Disorder!"

Mrs. McFatridge squinted at me. "Miss Tanya Sue, if I had a nickel for every time you complained before 8:30 a.m., I'd be retired in Hawaii right now, sipping a piña colada on the beach."

The class giggled as I held up my hands in surrender. "I'm just saying, Mrs. McFatridge, if we had snack breaks before math, I think our brains would function better. You know, fuel up for equations."

She rolled her eyes. "Yes, because clearly, you need more energy to talk." She huffed, dropping the stack of quizzes onto my desk. "Pass these back, and keep your commentary to yourself."

Jason smirked as I handed him his quiz. "You do talk a lot, you know."

I gasped, clutching my chest. "How dare you! I am a conversational artist."

"You are a distraction," Mrs. McFtridge cut in, already rubbing her temples. "And if you don't finish that quiz in ten minutes, you'll have an extra one to keep you company."

Easier said than done. I tapped my pencil against the desk, trying to focus. Numbers were not my best friends. They were the grumpy old neighbors of my brain who refused to let me in. But with a little effort (and maybe some lucky guessing), I managed to finish just as the bell rang.

As we left the classroom, I stretched my arms high. "That was brutal! Jason, I need to talk about something other than math before my brain melts into goo."

Jason smirked. "Let me guess, another one of your grand plans?"

"Of course!" I beamed. "But first—have you ever thought about how many types of cereal there are? Like, how does anyone even choose just one? What if you pick the wrong one and it ruins your whole morning?"

Jason shook his head. "You think about the weirdest stuff."

I nudged him playfully. "That's why you love me. Now, on to English class, where I, Tanya Sue, will shine in all my storytelling glory."

As we walked into the classroom, I waved at at least five different kids, stopping to chat briefly with each of them. "Hey, did you see the cafeteria is serving pizza today?" I asked one. "Oh my gosh, did you finish that book from the library?" I asked another. Jason sighed and waited patiently, used to my habit of talking to everyone.

"Tanya Sue, can we actually get to class before the bell rings?" Jason asked, exasperated.

"Fine, fine," I said, plopping into my seat. "But this is why I keep you around—you keep me on schedule. And in return, I entertain you with my brilliant thoughts. It's a win-win."

Chapter 3

The library was supposed to be a place of peace and quiet.

That's what Mrs. Dunbar, the school librarian, always told us. "The library is a sanctuary of learning," she would say in her fancy, whispery voice.

But for me, the library was a jungle full of distractions.

The moment my class walked in, I had a mission—to find a book. A really good one. The kind that would make me look smart if someone saw me reading it. Maybe something with a title like *The Art of Intellectual Brilliance* or *Super Geniuses and How to Be One*. But before I could even get started, Jason poked me in the arm.

"Bet you can't go five minutes without talking," he whispered.

I gasped, clutching my chest. "How dare you! I am a model of silence and restraint!"

Mrs. Dunbar peered over her glasses at me. "Tanya Sue, we use our library voices."

"This is my library voice," I whispered dramatically, drawing out the words like a mysterious spy.

Jason snickered as we made our way to the shelves. I scanned the book spines, searching for something interesting. Mystery? Nah. History? Boring. A book about bees? No, thank you.

Not interested.

Then I spotted it—*Spy Secrets and How to Catch a Thief*. My heart leaped. This was it! The ultimate guide to my future career. I reached for it, but just as my fingers brushed the cover

"Oh my gosh, Stacey, I LOVE your hair today!" a voice squealed from the other side of the aisle.

I froze.

Stacey.

I peeked through the books. There she was, standing with her best friends, flipping her hair like she was in some kind of shampoo commercial. Her friends nodded in admiration, like she was royalty.

This was a prime spying opportunity.

I dropped to my hands and knees and crawled around the bookcase, inching closer. Jason, sensing trouble, hissed, "Tanya Sue, what are you doing?"

"Shh! This is important reconnaissance work."

I scooted closer, staying low, heart pounding with anticipation. Stacey was talking about a "big plan" for Saturday. A plan that involved Mom. My stomach flipped—was she trying to sabotage my weekend? Was she planning a takeover of my favorite Saturday morning TV time?

I had to know more.

Just as I pressed my ear closer, my foot slid forward, knocking into something—

CRASH!

A stack of books toppled off the nearest cart, tumbling to the floor like an avalanche.

Silence. Then a slow, collective turn of heads—Stacey, her friends, Jason, and worst of all—Mrs. Dunbar.

"Tanya Sue," she said in her slow, serious voice. "What exactly are you doing?"

I thought fast. "Uh... testing gravity? Still works! You're welcome!" I gave her two thumbs up, which she did not return.

Jason slapped his forehead.

Stacey smirked, arms crossed. "Busted."

Mrs. Dunbar sighed. "Pick up the books, find your selection, and sit down. And no more sneaking around."

I scurried to stack the books, grabbed *Spy Secrets and How to Catch a Thief* (because obviously, I needed to get better at sneaking), and plopped down next to Jason at a table. He shook his head at me.

"You'll never learn."

I grinned. "Nope. But one day, Jason, I will be the greatest spy this school has ever seen."

He smirked. "Better start by spying without knocking things over."

I rolled my eyes and cracked open my book. Stacey had won this round—but I had a feeling I'd uncover her plan soon enough. And when I did, she wouldn't even see it coming.

Chapter 4

English class is B-O-R-I-N-G. The moment the bell rang for recess, I shot out of my chair like a rocket. "Come on, Jason!" I called, grabbing his arm.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," Jason sighed, used to my boundless energy. "One of these days, I'm just gonna stay at my desk and let you run off without me."

Outside, the playground buzzed with activity. Kids raced across the field, swings creaked back and forth, and a group was huddled near the monkey bars plotting something no doubt mischievous. I immediately spotted a group of my friends and ran over.

"What's the plan today? Tag? Hopscotch? Pretending the ground is lava?" I asked, bouncing on my toes.

"Let's do tag!" one of my classmates shouted. "You're it, Tanya Sue!"

"What?! No fair!" I squealed as the group scattered in different directions.

Jason groaned. "Great. Now I have to run."

"Yes, Jason, that's how tag works!" I laughed, lunging after my classmates, weaving between kids, dodging near the swings. Jason tried his best to keep up, but I was faster. I tagged him on the arm. "You're it now!"

"Ugh," he groaned, half-heartedly chasing after me while I giggled and darted away.

After a few rounds of tag, I spotted an open space near the basketball court and my grin widened. "Double Dutch time!" I declared.

Some of the younger kids ran up, already excited. "Tanya Sue, will you turn the ropes for us?"

"Of course!" I grabbed the long jump ropes from my bag and handed one end to Jason. "Come on, bestie, let's show 'em how it's done."

Jason groaned. "Why do I always get stuck turning the rope?"

"Because you're the best rope turner in the history of recess," I said with a wink. "And you know it."

He sighed dramatically but took his spot anyway. "Just remember me when I can't lift my arms tomorrow."

Jumping rope was one of my favorite things to do at recess. My mom had taught me how to jump Double Dutch when I was little, and now I was the unofficial playground pro. I started twirling the ropes, nodding at one of the girls to jump in. She hopped in perfectly, her pigtails bouncing as she chanted along with the rhythm.

"Teddy bear, teddy bear, turn around! Teddy bear, teddy bear, touch the ground!"

"Alright, Tanya Sue's turn!" someone shouted.

I took a deep breath, timed the rhythm, and leaped in. The ropes swung fast, but I kept up, crossing my feet and spinning mid-jump as the crowd cheered. "Woo! Who's next?"

The rest of recess flew by in a blur of jumping, cheering, and Jason grumbling about his tired arms.

Halfway through recess, we collapsed onto the grass, panting. "I think I just ran a mile," Jason muttered.

I grinned. "Totally worth it. And you got a workout! You should be thanking me."

"Oh yeah, thank you for turning my arms into noodles," Jason deadpanned.

As the whistle blew signaling the end of recess, I dusted off my shorts and stretched.

"Alright, time to conquer the rest of the day. Next stop—lunch!"

Jason rolled his eyes. "I think I need a nap instead."

"Jason, this is no time for naps. There's pizza on the line!" I declared, marching toward the cafeteria with determination.

He sighed. "Why do I feel like I'm about to be dragged into another one of your plans?"

I flashed him my best mischievous grin. "Because you probably are."

Chapter 5

By the time recess was over, I was starving. My stomach let out a growl so loud, Jason actually turned to look at me in alarm.

"Hurry up, Jason!" I said, practically dragging him toward the cafeteria.

Jason rolled his eyes. "You act like they're going to run out of food."

I gasped. "They might! What if the pizza's all gone by the time we get there? Then what, Jason? Then what?"

He smirked. "Then you'll survive."

I narrowed my eyes. "Would I though?"

We grabbed our trays and got in line. I practically bounced as I waited for my turn, sniffing the air dramatically. "Mmm, pizza day is the best! The cheese, the sauce, the crispy edges—pure cafeteria magic."

Jason raised an eyebrow. "You're really romanticizing school pizza right now?"

"Of course! You have to find joy in the little things, Jason. Like pizza. And the fact that I beat you in tag today."

"That was hours ago," he muttered.

"Victory lasts forever." I grinned, grabbing my slice and heading to our usual table.

As soon as we sat down, I launched into my latest idea. "So, Jason, what if we start a school petition to have pizza twice a week? Think about it—Mondays and Fridays! It would change lives."

Jason shook his head. "You never stop, do you?"

I grinned. "Nope! And that's why you love me."

Midway through lunch, I overheard a group of kids whispering about a mysterious guest coming to the school. My ears perked up. "Did you hear that? A guest! I bet they're hiding some kind of secret. Maybe they're a spy! Or an undercover chef!"

Jason sighed. "Or maybe they're just a guest."

I waved him off. "We'll find out soon enough. I'll investigate later."

Then, I had another important matter to settle. "Okay, Jason, I have a question. What's your absolute favorite food?"

Jason took a bite of his pizza and thought for a second. "Lasagna."

I wrinkled my nose. "Lasagna?"

"Yeah, and meatloaf too."

I gagged. "Meatloaf? Jason, how are we even friends? That's disgusting."

He shrugged. "What? My mom makes good meatloaf."

I held up a dramatic hand. "I don't think we can be best friends anymore."

Jason rolled his eyes. "Fine, Miss Picky. What's your favorite food then?"

I grinned. "Cheese."

"Just... cheese?"

"Yes! Cheese is the best food ever invented! I could eat it all day, every day. Melted, shredded, stringy—it doesn't matter."

Jason gave me a blank stare. "So you're judging my love of lasagna, but you'd eat a block of cheddar for dinner?"

"Exactly!"

He sighed and shook his head. "You're impossible."

I tapped my chin. "Hmm, maybe I should get cheese as my one special item at the store later..."

"I thought you were still deciding."

"I am. But now I have cheese on my mind. And maybe the mysterious guest has something to do with food!"

Jason shook his head with a small smile. "You're always on an adventure."

As the lunch bell rang, I gathered my tray and stood. "Alright, onward to science! Let's see what today's adventure holds. Maybe the guest is a scientist, or a chef, or an inventor—"

"Or maybe," Jason cut in, "they're just a person coming to talk."

"Where's the fun in that?" I shot back, marching toward the door. "Come on, Jason, the world needs our curiosity!"

He sighed dramatically but followed. "This is going to end in detention, isn't it?"

I flashed him my best mischievous grin. "There's only one way to find out."

Chapter 6

Jason and I headed to science class, still arguing about cheese versus meatloaf when we walked in and saw Mr. Salter, our teacher, talking to a man near the front of the room.

I elbowed Jason. "Is this the mysterious guest?"

Sure enough, Mr. Salter turned to introduce him. "Class, this is Mr. Baggerly, our local beekeeper. He's here today to teach us about bees and honey production."

Mr. Baggerly gave us a warm smile. "Morning, everyone! I hope you're ready to learn about the hardest-working creatures in the world—honeybees."

The class murmured with excitement, and I sat up straighter. This wasn't exactly the spy or secret agent I was hoping for, but it was still pretty interesting. I adjusted my expectations—maybe bees had some secrets of their own.

"Bees are responsible for pollinating about one-third of the food we eat," Mr. Baggerly began. "Without them, we wouldn't have fruits, vegetables, or even chocolate!"

"Wait, chocolate?" I blurted out, nearly dropping my pencil. "Now that's serious."

The class giggled, and Mr. Baggerly nodded. "Yes, Tanya Sue, even chocolate. Bees transfer pollen from one flower to another, helping plants grow. Without them, our food supply would look very different."

He held up a wooden frame filled with honeycomb. "Inside the hive, worker bees build these hexagonal cells to store honey and protect the queen's eggs. The queen can lay up to 2,000 eggs a day!"

Jason whispered, "That's a lot of baby bees."

"And did you know," Mr. Baggerly continued, "that bees communicate by dancing? It's called the waggle dance. They use it to tell other bees where to find the best flowers."

I gasped. "So, bees have their own secret code? Like spies?" My mind raced. Were bees the undercover agents of the insect world?

"Exactly!" Mr. Baggerly chuckled. "They're nature's little messengers."

He told us that bees can fly up to fifteen miles per hour and visit thousands of flowers a day. "And even though they work hard, they only produce about one-twelfth of a teaspoon of honey in their lifetime. That's why every drop is so special."

Mr. Salter then spoke, "OK, class, let's line up to go outside."

"Field trip!" I whispered excitedly to Jason.

"Technically, we're just walking across the street," he replied.

"Still counts!" I said, bouncing in my chair.

"Keep your hands to yourself and off the beehive box. I am talking to you, Tanya Sue,"

Mr. Salter said, looking directly at me.

"I know, Mr. Salter," I replied, feigning innocence.

Our class lined up, and we followed Mr. Baggerly outside. The air smelled fresh with flowers, and when we reached the hives, we could hear the buzzing before we even got close. Mr. Baggerly put on his beekeeper suit and showed us how he carefully collected honey from the frames inside the hive.

"Bees work hard to make this honey," he explained. "And today, you all get to have a taste."

He handed out small spoons of golden honey to everyone. As soon as I tasted mine, I gasped. "Jason! This is amazing! It's like sunshine and sugar had a baby!"

Jason licked his spoon and nodded. "You know what's even better? Honey on warm biscuits."

I froze mid-lick. "Jason, you are a genius!" I exclaimed, my mind spinning with possibilities. That was it. That was my plan!

If honey on warm biscuits was the best, then I would get biscuits. Not just any biscuits—whomp biscuits! Stacey's favorite. I'd get Mom to buy some, grab a little honey from Mr. Baggerly's hives, and make a deal with Stacey. No more monkey song in exchange for honey biscuits.

I rubbed my hands together, already plotting. This was going to be my greatest negotiation yet. Stacey wouldn't even see it coming.

I grinned at Jason. "Jason, prepare yourself. This is about to be the best plan I have ever created."

He raised an eyebrow. "Somehow, that worries me."

I leaned in, whispering like I was sharing a top-secret operation. "It involves bribery. And honey."

Jason shook his head. "This can only end in chaos."

I sat back, absolutely pleased with myself. "Yes. Beautiful, biscuit-filled chaos."

Chapter 7

The grocery store was unassuming. Nothing out of the ordinary. The automatic doors whooshed open as Mom and I stepped inside, the cool blast of air hitting me like a refreshing wake-up call. I overheard Mr. Harvey, the manager, chatting with a cashier. "Yeah, we had a power outage last night, but it didn't last long. Everything should be fine in the cooler section."

Fine? That's what people say right before things go horribly wrong. I filed the information away, just in case.

Mom took forever, going down every aisle, reading every label like she was studying for a final exam in Nutrition 101. Meanwhile, I had already zoomed straight to the biscuits and grabbed three cans. Heck, they were on sale, and I was making a deal with the evil one, Stacey. And ohh, that honey—it looked delicious. Liquid gold in a jar.

As I stared at the golden jars of honey, my mind wandered back to school and the sweet, sticky sample Mr. Baggerly had given us. Jason and I had brainstormed all the ways we could use it, and biscuits had won out. Stacey loved biscuits, which meant I could use this as leverage. No more monkey song.

But before I could rejoin Mom, I spotted Mrs. Jenkins struggling to push her cart out of the checkout lane. She was one of my favorite elderly ladies in town, always wearing big, colorful hats and calling everyone "darlin'." I jogged over.

"Need some help, Mrs. Jenkins?" I asked, already grabbing the front of her cart before she could answer.

"Oh, Tanya Sue, you sweet thing! My arthritis is acting up something fierce today. You sure are a blessing."

"No problem at all! Where's your car?" I asked, steering the cart outside.

As we made our way through the parking lot, she patted my shoulder. "I told my grandson to come help, but you know how these young folks are. Always on their phones."

I nodded knowingly. "Yep, you gotta train 'em young. If they don't learn cart-pushing skills now, they'll never survive in the real world."

Once we reached her car, I helped load the bags into her trunk. She reached into her purse and pressed a folded dollar bill into my hand. "Get yourself something sweet, darlin'."

I smiled but quickly stuffed the money in my pocket. "Thank you, Mrs. Jenkins!"

This wasn't my first time helping customers at the store. Most of the older folks knew me and let me push their carts, chat with them, and carry their groceries. Sometimes they tipped me, and every single penny of that money went into my super-secret hiding spot in the backyard.

Jason was the only person in the world who knew about it. We had sworn on it—with a pinky swear AND spit—to never tell a soul. The kind of oath that could never, ever be broken.

Just as I finished helping Mrs. Jenkins, I saw Mr. Arnold waving me over. "Tanya Sue, need a job?" he joked. "You work harder than my employees."

"Just keepin' busy!" I called back before dashing inside to find Mom.

Mom finally made it to my aisle and eyed my selections. "Three cans? Planning on feeding the whole neighborhood?"

"Nope," I said, grinning. "Just making a strategic trade."

Mom raised an eyebrow but didn't question it further. She knew better than to ask too many questions when I was in the middle of a genius scheme.

We paid for our groceries and headed home, my mind already spinning with possibilities. This wasn't just a simple biscuit deal. This was a full-on, carefully calculated, high-stakes operation.

Tomorrow morning was going to be very interesting.

Chapter 8

Mom and I were driving home from the grocery store, singing along to the radio when it happened.

BOOM!

I froze.

BOOM! BOOM!

"Ahhh! We're under attack!" I shrieked, diving into the floorboard as Mom slammed on the brakes. The car jerked to a stop, and my heart pounded in my chest.

"What in the world?" Mom muttered, scanning the surroundings.

I peeked up from the floor. Nothing looked out of the ordinary. No explosions. No fires. No bad guys running from the scene of the crime. The street looked just as normal as ever.

"It must've been a car backfiring," Mom said, shaking her head as she put the car back in drive.

I wasn't convinced. "What if it wasn't a car? What if it was... hunters? Or asteroids? Or—or bad guys??" My mind raced through every dramatic possibility as I clutched the edge of my seat. "Mom, we need to investigate!"

"We are investigating—by going home and putting away the groceries," she replied, clearly unfazed by what was obviously the start of some sort of neighborhood mystery.

As soon as we pulled into the driveway, I flung open my door and ran for the house.

"Dad! Daaaaaad! You won't believe what just happened!"

Dad came rushing out, looking concerned. "What's going on? Betty, are you okay?"

Mom sighed as she grabbed a bag from the trunk. "I'm fine, Charles. I think it was just someone's car backfiring."

"I don't think so!" I argued, still catching my breath. "It was three loud booms! It could've been anything—fireworks, a gas explosion, or—aliens!" My hands flailed as I tried to explain the severity of the situation.

Dad shot Mom a knowing look as he grabbed the rest of the grocery bags. "Tanya Sue, I think you've been watching too many spy movies."

"Have not!" I insisted. "Something exploded, and I'm going to figure out what it was."

Mom and Dad both ignored me as they carried the groceries inside. I huffed and followed, still listing all the possible causes of the mystery booms.

Dad set the bags down on the counter, then frowned. "Wait a minute..."

I paused mid-rant. "What? What is it?"

He leaned over the bag and pulled out one of the biscuit cans. It had burst open at the seams, dough spilling out like it had tried to make a daring escape.

My eyes widened. "Oh. My. Goodness. The whomp biscuits..."

Dad chuckled. "Looks like they whomped a little too early."

Mom laughed, shaking her head. "That power outage last night must've messed with the fridge at the store. These cans got too warm and popped in the bag."

My stomach dropped. My leverage—my grand plan to stop the monkey song—had just exploded. Stacey was going to laugh me right out of the house.

"This is a disaster!" I wailed. "My whomp biscuits! I need those biscuits for breakfast! My honey! My entire morning routine is at stake! Stacey is going to use this against me forever!"

Dad knelt down and patted my shoulder. "Now, now, Tanya Sue. This was in no way your fault. Sometimes, biscuits just have a mind of their own."

"But Dad!" I cried. "What am I going to do? Stacey isn't going to care about exploded biscuits! I need fresh ones! I had a whole plan! And now—now I have nothing!"

Mom sighed and grabbed the grocery receipt. "Okay, okay. We'll go back tomorrow and get more. But no more dramatics, alright?"

I sniffled and wiped my nose on my sleeve. "Fine. But only because this is a life-or-death breakfast emergency."

Dad ruffled my hair. "You and your whomp biscuits."

I crossed my arms, still fuming. "I take my breakfast very seriously."

Mom laughed. "That much is obvious."

Even if it wasn't asteroids or bad guys, at least I still had biscuits coming. And a mystery solved—sort of.

But one thing was for sure: Stacey was NOT going to let me live this down. I needed a new plan. And fast.

Chapter 9

Saturday morning. The day I had planned to avoid Stacey at all costs.

I had woken up before her, snuck past her door without making a sound, and even made it to the kitchen without hearing the monkey song. It was going to be a perfect morning.

Until nature called.

I froze in the hallway, staring at the closed bathroom door. Music was blasting inside. I didn't even have to knock—I already knew who had claimed it.

"No, no, no," I muttered, shifting my weight from foot to foot. I had to pee, and fast. But there was no avoiding her now.

I pounded on the door. "Stacey! Hurry up!"

From inside, she sang louder, her voice cracking. "You loook like a mooonkeeeey and smell like one toooo!"

I clenched my fists. "Stacey!" I banged again. "Open the door!"

"I'm putting on my face!" she shouted over the music.

"You already have a face!" I yelled back, dancing in place. "Just let me in!"

No answer. Just more singing. Louder. Purposefully louder.

"Dad!" I hollered. "Stacey won't let me use the bathroom!"

"Both of you, knock it off!" Dad's voice thundered from down the hall. "If I hear one more fight, you're both grounded!"

I gasped. Stacey LOVED her weekends. She spent all Saturday at the mall with her friends and all Saturday night on the phone talking about it. If she got grounded, she'd be doomed.

The music cut off instantly. Then, the door flung open, and Stacey shoved past me with an overdramatic huff, her hairbrush still in hand like she might smack me with it if I breathed too loud.

"If I get grounded because of you, I swear—"

"Yeah, yeah," I said, squeezing past her and into the bathroom. "Blame me for everything, why don't you?"

She flipped her hair and stomped off. "I already do!"

Just as I shut the door, I heard her mutter one last thing:

"Monkey."

I groaned.

This was war. And I wasn't about to lose.

Chapter 10

It was Saturday morning, and after my showdown with Stacey in the bathroom, I was more than ready to escape to the kitchen. That was the last time I was going to hear that monkey song. I took a deep breath and made my way down the hall, stepping into the warm, coffee-scented air of the kitchen.

Mom was already up, sitting at the table with her hands wrapped around her favorite mug. She took a slow sip and eyed me over the rim. "You're up early. That's suspicious."

"Just excited for breakfast!" I said sweetly, grabbing the can of whomp biscuits from the fridge.

A knock at the door signaled Jason's arrival. I let him in, and he plopped down at the table, looking sleepy. "You know Stacey's going to kill you when you tell her she can't have a biscuit," Jason warned, raising an eyebrow.

I waved him off. "Pfft. She doesn't scare me."

Jason gave me a look. "She scares me."

I laughed and got to work, placing the biscuits on the tray and sliding them into the oven. The warm, buttery smell quickly filled the kitchen, and I could almost taste the golden biscuits drizzled with honey already. Jason and I sat at the table, forks and honey in hand, watching the timer tick down.

Then we heard it. The unmistakable sound of the bedroom door creaking open.

"Brace yourself," Jason muttered.

Footsteps pounded down the hall, and within seconds, Stacey appeared in the kitchen doorway, already looking perfect, with her freshly applied makeup. She sniffed the air. "Are those whomp biscuits?"

"Mmhmm," I hummed, rocking back in my chair. "Fresh from the oven."

Stacey's face lit up. "Yummy! I can't wait to eat some!"

As she walked by the table, she bopped Jason and me on the head—her usual greeting. Jason winced, but I was unfazed. I had bigger plans.

I crossed my arms. "Well, that's the thing, Stacey. These biscuits are for me and Jason," I said slowly, in my best "and you don't scare me" voice.

Stacey froze mid-step. "Excuse me?"

She turned on her heel and yelled, "Mom! Tanya Sue is trying to hoard the biscuits!"

Mom didn't even look up from her coffee. "Those are Tanya Sue's treat, Stacey."

Stacey groaned. "No fair! You know whomp biscuits are my favorite! You're just doing this to be mean."

I scoffed. "Oh please, Stacey. I slaved away opening that can and putting them on a tray. And after last night? That was a full-on battle! I had to brace myself, close my eyes, and toss the can onto the counter just to get it open. It's traumatic now! This is my reward."

"Slaved away?" Stacey rolled her eyes. "You literally threw the can like it was a grenade and screamed when it popped. Then the oven did the rest."

"Still counts," I said, crossing my arms.

"Mom! Tanya Sue is being completely unfair!"

I smirked. "Actually, I do have an offer for you. You can have a yummy whomp biscuit with honey... if you stop singing that monkey song every morning."

Stacey folded her arms. "Not happening."

Jason and I exchanged a look. The oven timer dinged, and I pulled out the golden, flaky biscuits. Jason and I each grabbed one, drizzling honey onto them, watching the golden sweetness ooze over the warm layers. We took big, exaggerated bites, groaning in satisfaction.

Just then, Dad strolled into the kitchen, stretching and yawning. He sniffed the air and grinned. "Whomp biscuits? Now that's what I'm talking about."

He reached out to grab one off the tray, but I smacked his hand away. "Dad! Not yet! Business negotiations are still in progress."

He chuckled. "Oh, I see. High-stakes dealings over breakfast."

Jason nodded. "It's intense."

Dad held up his hands in surrender. "Alright, alright. I'll wait. But I get one as soon as this treaty is signed."

Stacey's resolve crumbled.

"Fine!" she huffed. "No more monkey song." She grimaced, as if the words physically hurt her. "Now gimme a biscuit."

I slid one onto her plate with a triumphant grin. "Pleasure doing business with you."

Stacey rolled her eyes but took a bite. "Totally worth it, monk—" Stacey caught herself, eyes widening, and shoved the biscuit in her mouth before she could finish.

I leaned back in my chair, satisfied. The monkey song was officially retired, and I had the perfect breakfast victory.

Jason nudged me. "So what's next?"

I tapped my chin, already scheming. "Let's just say... there are plenty more negotiations to be made."

Jason groaned. "I should've known."

I smirked. Life was good.

Chapter 11

With full bellies and the sweet taste of victory still fresh, Jason and I dashed outside to play. The morning air was crisp, the sun shining just right—perfect weather for a good game of tag.

"You're it!" I shouted, tapping Jason on the arm before sprinting across the yard.

Jason groaned. "You always make me it first!"

"Because you're slow!" I teased, laughing as I zigzagged around the yard.

We darted back and forth, dodging imaginary obstacles, leaping over rocks, and weaving through the trees. I was fast, but Jason was catching up. Just as I made a sharp turn, my foot landed on something soft.

SQUISH.

I froze. My stomach twisted as I looked down. There, covering the bottom of my shoe, was a huge pile of something I did NOT want to step in.

"OH. MY. GOSH!" I shrieked, hopping on one foot. "JASON! HELP!"

Jason skidded to a stop, his eyes wide. "What happened? Did you twist your ankle? Did a snake bite you? Are you dying?"

I whimpered. "Worse."

Jason leaned in, then recoiled. "Oh no."

Just then, from the front porch, Stacey peered over her juice cup. Her eyes lit up, and an evil grin spread across her face.

"Tanya Sue stepped in POO!" she sang, her voice carrying across the yard like a siren.

Jason slapped a hand over his mouth, trying not to laugh, but his shoulders shook with silent giggles.

I glared at Stacey, my eye twitching. "Not. A. Word."

"Oh, I think I found a new morning song!" she teased, swinging her legs over the porch railing.

I groaned, stomping toward the water hose. "This is a disaster! First the whomp biscuits explode, and now THIS?!"

Jason, still snickering, patted my shoulder. "Looks like you need a new plan, Tanya Sue."

As the hose water blasted the bottom of my shoe, I narrowed my eyes toward the porch, where Stacey sat smirking.

"You know," she mused, "I really thought you were onto something this morning. You had me, Tanya Sue. I was ready to retire the monkey song forever." She took a slow sip of her juice. "But this...this is too good."

I gritted my teeth. "I will find a way to stop you."

Stacey shrugged. "You can try."

Jason leaned over and whispered, "I think you need a Plan B."

I huffed. No matter how hard I worked to get Stacey to be nicer, there was always an opportunity that unveiled itself—at my expense.

And this was far from over.

Oh, I'd come up with a plan, alright.

Because no way was I going to be known as "Poo Shoe Tanya Sue."

Buzz-Worthy Bee Facts

- 1. Bees Can Recognize Human Faces** – Studies show that honeybees can remember and recognize human faces, using their incredible memory skills!
- 2. Bees Communicate Through Dance** – Bees perform a special movement called the "waggle dance" to tell their hive where to find the best flowers.
- 3. One Bee Makes Only a Teaspoon of Honey in Its Lifetime** – A single honeybee produces about 1/12th of a teaspoon of honey in its entire life. That means it takes thousands of bees to fill a single jar!
- 4. Bees Have Five Eyes** – They have two large compound eyes and three smaller ocelli eyes on top of their head to detect light.
- 5. Bees Are Nature's Hardest Workers** – A worker bee can visit up to 5,000 flowers in one day while collecting nectar and pollen.
- 6. Queen Bees Can Lay Up to 2,000 Eggs a Day** – The queen is the mother of the hive and can lay more than her body weight in eggs daily.
- 7. Bees Help Grow One-Third of Our Food** – Without bees pollinating crops, we wouldn't have many fruits, vegetables, nuts, or even chocolate!
- 8. Bees Fly Faster Than You Think** – A honeybee can fly up to 15 miles per hour while searching for nectar.

9. Bees Can Smell Flowers From Over a Mile Away – Their sense of smell is so strong that they can detect different types of flowers and even recognize their hive mates.

10. Honey Never Spoils – Archaeologists have found jars of honey in ancient Egyptian tombs that are over 3,000 years old and still perfectly edible!

Next time you see a bee, remember—they're tiny but mighty superheroes of nature!

Coming Next: Tanya Sue & the Case of the Missing Necklace!

Sneaking into Stacey's room was easy. Borrowing her favorite necklace? Even easier.

But when Tanya Sue loses it, she and Jason must retrace their steps before Stacey finds out it's gone!

Will they find it in time, or will Tanya Sue have to face Stacey's wrath? Get ready for another hilarious, fast-paced adventure with Tanya Sue and Jason as they dive into their biggest mystery yet!