


“Johnny, get it!” EJ cried. “It’s heading into old Mr. Crankfender’s yard!” Johnny poured on the speed, but didn’t make it. The disc sailed over the fence and clanged noisily against an antique birdhouse. “I’ll go ask for it,” EJ said.




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“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” Johnny said. “I’ve heard that old Mr. Crankfender is the grumpiest car in the City of Auto! He keeps every toy that goes over his fence. He’s using them to build a giant robot to take over the city.”

“Really?” EJ asked.



Suddenly, the birdhouse tipped over and crashed to the ground.

“Oh man!” Johnny hooted. “You broke Crankfender’s birdhouse. He’s really going to blow a gasket!”

“But it was an accident,” EJ said.

CRASH!

SAMPLE