



MR.
LEMONCELLO'S
ALL-STAR
BREAKOUT
GAME

Play all the games,
solve all the puzzles—
read all the Lemoncellos!

ESCAPE FROM MR. LEMONCELLO'S LIBRARY

MR. LEMONCELLO'S LIBRARY OLYMPICS

MR. LEMONCELLO'S GREAT LIBRARY RACE

MR. LEMONCELLO'S ALL-STAR BREAKOUT GAME





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First Edition

Random House Children's Books
supports the First Amendment and celebrates the right to read.

*For my seventh-grade English teacher,
Mrs. June P. Garrett, who wrote in the margins of one of
my homework assignments these words of encouragement:
“You will make your living as a writer someday.”*



“I love this wacky game!” shouted Kyle Keeley.

He probably shouldn’t’ve been shouting, because he was in the middle school library playing video games with his friends Akimi Hughes, Sierra Russell, and Miguel Fernandez.

Actually, he probably shouldn’t’ve been playing games on a library computer, either. This was supposed to be his “independent reading” time.

But just the night before, while watching his former classmate Haley Daley’s new TV show, *Hey, Hey, Haley*, on the Kidzapalooza Network, Kyle had seen a commercial for Mr. Lemoncello’s new *What Else Do You See?* It was an online puzzle game filled with fast-flipping, high-flying animated optical illusions.

Was it fun? “Fun?” Haley chirped at the end of the commercial. “Hell-o? It’s a Lemon-cell-o!”

Kyle just had to try it. As soon as possible! (Which turned out to be “independent reading” time.)

“This is level one,” he said as a puzzler popped onto the screen with a ticking ten-second countdown clock.



“Easy,” said Akimi, typing as fast as she could on the keyboard. “A vase and two faces. Or a candlestick. That vase could be a candlestick.”

“It’s a classic,” said Sierra, who was something of a bookworm and brainiac. “Optical illusions are an excellent tool for studying visual perception.”

“Or, you know, having fun,” said Kyle.

Akimi hit return. The screen exploded into pixelated confetti, which settled to spell out “Congratulicitations!”

“Let’s move up to level two!” said Akimi, eager for more.

“You guys?” said Miguel, glancing toward the librarian. (He was president of the school’s Library Aide Society.) “We should probably go back to reading our books. . . .”

“In a minute,” said Kyle, clacking the keyboard. A fresh optical illusion appeared: a road sign. The timer started counting down from ten again.



“That’s just Idaho,” said Miguel. He couldn’t resist the lure of a Lemoncello game, even though he knew he should. “See? ‘I-D-A-H-O!’”

“What about an old guy?” asked Kyle.

“Nope,” said Akimi. “It’s just Idaho.”

She hit enter.

A buzzer *SCRONKed*.

“Okay. My bad.”

“Do the next one!” urged Sierra.

Sierra Russell never used to get all that excited playing games. But then she met Kyle Keeley and the legendary game maker Luigi L. Lemoncello.

Kyle clicked the mouse. Up came a new image and a new ten-second timer.



“A woman’s face!” said Sierra.

“Nope,” said Akimi. “A saxophone player with a ginormous nose. No, wait. You’re right. It’s a woman’s face. Nope. Saxophone player with a big nose . . .”

“It all depends on how you look at it,” said Miguel.

“Type in ‘woman!’” said Sierra.

“Nope,” said Kyle. “‘Saxophone dude.’”

“‘Woman!’” shouted Miguel. “No. Wait. Both!”

One more thing Kyle and his friends probably shouldn’t’ve been doing? Talking so loudly.

Because Mrs. Yunghans, the middle school librarian, strolled over to see what all the noise was about.

And Charles Chilton was right behind her.



“I thought you four were back here reading books,” said Mrs. Yung-hans, sounding disappointed in the students who had made her a school-librarian legend by winning so many games inside Mr. Lemoncello’s library.

“I know that’s precisely what I was doing, Mrs. Yung-hans,” said Charles. He was always super polite in front of adults. “And, if I may, I now understand why *The Red Badge of Courage* by Stephen Crane is considered to be such an abiding, archetypical, and ageless classic.”

Charles also liked to use big words. The more the merrier.

“You know you just said the same thing three times, right?” said Akimi.

“Well, at least I wasn’t playing mindless video games, as you miscreants and ne’er-do-wells indubitably were.”

Charles Chilington (and his family) had been out to

get Kyle and his friends ever since Kyle's idol, the genius game maker Luigi Lemoncello, had returned to his hometown of Alexandriaville, Ohio, to build the most spectacular, technologically advanced, and awesometastic library ever built anywhere. So far, Charles had been embarrassed every time he tried to beat them at the library, so now he was trying to defeat them at school.

Mrs. Yunghans shook her head. "It is so sad to see you, my four library superstars, playing video games instead of reading books. *Et tu, Sierra?*"

"That's from Shakespeare, isn't it, Mrs. Yunghans?" said Charles.

"Yes. *Julius Caesar.*"

"My, you certainly are extremely well read. That must be why you're such an excellent librarian."

"Thank you, Charles."

"But, Mrs. Yunghans," said Kyle, "this isn't any ordinary video game. Hell-o? It's a Lemon-cell-o!" He tried to trill it like Haley did in the commercials.

It wasn't working.

"Mr. Keeley?" The librarian gave Kyle a look that made his dimples wither.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"There's a time and a place for everything."

"So true," said Charles. "And might I just add, this is definitely the time and place for me to admire your sweater-vest! It's so incredibly well crafted. Did you knit it yourself, Mrs. Yunghans?"

“Why, yes, I did. Now, where was I?”

“I believe you were just about to issue Kyle, Akimi, Miguel, and, sadly, even Sierra three detentions each,” said Charles.

“Wha-hut?” gasped Akimi. “Three?”

“I’ve never had even one detention before,” said Sierra.

“And why was I about to do that?” said Mrs. Yunghans.

“Because,” said Charles, “these students were disobeying your direct orders to read a book, while using library computers to play”—he put his fist to his lips like he might be ill—“a video game!”

Mrs. Yunghans sighed. “I’m sorry, guys. I expect more from you as role models.” She picked up a pen and a pink pad.

A detention meant they’d have to stay an hour after school.

“Mrs. Yunghans?” said Kyle.

“Yes, Kyle?”

“This was my fault. I’m the one who downloaded the game. I’m the one who convinced everybody else to quit reading and start playing. Akimi, Miguel, and Sierra were only breaking the rules because of me. Give me the three detentions. I earned them. But these guys are innocent.”

“I admire your honesty, Kyle,” said the librarian.

“Kyle should get five detentions instead of three!” blurted Charles.

“Explain your math,” demanded Akimi.

“Easy. He admits he was the agitator. The rabble-rousing ringleader. The chief mischief-maker.”

Akimi rolled her eyes. “You do know you’re saying the same thing over and over, right?”

“Because it needs to be said! Let the punishment fit the crime, Mrs. Yunghans. If you don’t, you’re paving the path to anarchy!”

Mrs. Yunghans considered what Charles had said. “Charles is correct, Kyle. Playing video games on library computers during reading time?”

She shook her head and turned the “3” on the pad into a “5” with a sideways flick of her pen.

Kyle would be staying after school for five days—a whole school week.

Charles smirked. In their never-ending competition, he had just pulled ahead of Kyle by slamming him with a dreaded “Go to Detention” card.

And there was nothing Kyle could do about it.

At least not on this turn!



Five seconds later, the bell rang.

Kyle and his friends gathered up their stuff. Charles stayed back with the librarian.

“If you have a free moment, Mrs. Yunghans, I’d love to discuss making a few changes to the Library Aide Society. Miguel has been president for so long. He’s done an acceptable job, I suppose, but you and I both know we could do better. . . .”

“Um, I’m right here, Chilton,” said Miguel. “I can hear you.”

Charles ignored him. “Let me help you reshelve those books. . . .”

Pushing a library cart loaded down with book returns, Charles disappeared into the stacks with Mrs. Yunghans.

“Dudes?” said Miguel, shaking his head. “I officially hate that guy.”

“I don’t know what I’m going to tell my parents,” said Kyle when he and his friends regrouped in the cafeteria for lunch. Andrew Peckleman joined them.

“I wouldn’t tell them if I were you,” suggested Andrew, talking through his nose and adjusting his goggle-sized glasses. “Telling them would just be stupid.”

“Can you believe the way Chiltington was trash-talking me?” said Miguel.

“He’s such a suck-up,” said Akimi.

“You guys,” said Sierra, chewing her lip. “Maybe there’s something about Charles that we’re missing. Some reason he acts the way he does.”

“You mean like a jerk?” said Kyle.

“Easy,” said Akimi. “His jerkiness combined with his jerkitude and jerkosity.”

“Have any of you read *To Kill a Mockingbird*?” Sierra asked.

“It’s in my TBR pile,” said Kyle, who had the tallest stack of books to be read of any of his friends.

“Well, it’s like Atticus says to Scout: ‘You never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view . . . until you climb into his skin and walk around in it.’”

“Walk around in Charles Chiltington’s skin?” said Miguel. “Gross.”

“The guy’s such a slimy snake,” said Kyle, “he probably sheds his skin on a regular basis.”

Everybody at the table cracked up.

But Kyle knew Charles would have the last laugh. When school was over, Kyle would have to report to room 101.

Detention. The time-out box on the board game called middle school.

Fortunately, detention only lasted an hour. He’d still be home in plenty of time to catch *The Buzz Show* on Kidzapalooza. It was only a five-minute program. Mostly gossip and news about movies, music, fads, and celebrities. Haley Daley, who grew up in Alexandriaville and had competed in the very first escape game at Mr. Lemoncello’s library, was on it all the time. So were other Kidzapalooza stars, like Kai Kumar, Gabrielle Grande, Peyton McCallister, and everybody’s favorite cooltastic dude, Jaylen Swell.

But today, there’d be an extra-special guest on *Buzz*: Mr. Luigi L. Lemoncello.

Rumor had it, Mr. L was all set to make some sort of major announcement.

Probably about a new game.

And Kyle was going to be home in time to watch it—no matter what!



“Nerd!” jeered Charles.

He’d positioned himself outside room 101 after the final bell rang. “Enjoy detention. Have fun with all the other losers, Keeley.”

“We’re not losers,” said a tough-looking girl. She was about six feet tall and appeared to be a detention regular.

“I didn’t mean you,” Charles replied meekly. “I was referring to *that* loser. Kyle Keeley.”

Keeley didn’t respond. He simply shook his head and headed into the room to do his time.

Charles giggled.

He was having such a delightful day. That night at dinner, he’d be sure to tell his father how he had crushed the competition at school. If his father came home from the office in time. Charles’s father was a very busy man. His time wasn’t his own.

Many nights, Charles and his mother dined alone. Of course, the servants were there. But they didn't really count. They weren't Chiltonings.

While they dined, Charles and his mother often commiserated about the Lemoncello library.

They both hated the place.

"It's dangerous, demented, and disgusting," his mother would always say. "They lend out too many of the wrong sorts of books. Someone needs to stand up to that lunatic Luigi and shut him down once and for all."

Charles agreed. In fact, he and his mother had been trying to run Mr. Lemoncello out of town ever since he hosted his ridiculous Library Olympics.

"How was your day, Charles?" his mother asked when he arrived home. The cook was with her, holding a glass of chilled milk and a china plate bearing two freshly baked chocolate chip cookies.

Charles glared at the cookies. "Chocolate chip? *Again?* I told you, Mother, I wanted peanut butter cookies today!"

"I'm so sorry, Charles. Isabella is sorry, too. Aren't you, Isabella?"

The cook nodded. Her hands were trembling so much, jiggling cookie crumbs danced around the dainty plate.

"And, Isabella," said Charles, "I want chunks of peanut butter cups baked into my peanut butter cookies! Is that clear?"

"Oh, what a marvelous idea, Charles!" said his mother. "Peanut butter cookies with chunks of peanut butter cups!"

You certainly are creative. An inspiration to pastry chefs everywhere!”

Charles grinned. Score another victory. A small one, perhaps, but every victory counted.

“I’ll be in my room watching TV,” he told his mother.

“Don’t you have homework, dear?”

“Nothing that one of my tutors can’t email me later this evening. I am not to be disturbed for any reason except cookie delivery.”

“Of course, dear.”

Charles marched up the curving staircase to the second floor, entered his thickly carpeted bedroom, and flicked on the giant-screen TV. It was tuned to the Kidzapalooza Network, Charles’s favorite. He especially liked Kai Kumar’s acrobatic antics on an obstacle-course game show called *Sludge Dodgers*. Kai was always tripping, toppling, slipping, and being slimed.

The gangly guy knew how to play a loser. And any loser, even a funny one on TV, always made Charles feel more like a winner.

“Hey, hey, hello!” chirped a perky voice the instant the set powered up.

It was Haley Daley, the middle school cheerleader from Alexandriaville who had somehow double-crossed (some would say outsmarted) Charles in the original escape game at the Lemoncello library.

The girl his father admired so, so much. “Haley Daley is a real winner,” he said all the time. “She knew how to

pull herself up by her bootstraps. You could learn from her, Charles.”

Charles always promised he’d try.

Haley’s on-screen smile was dazzling. “I hope you’ll be watching *Hey, Hey, Haley* tonight at eight, only on Kidzapalooza—where kids rule!”

An arm reached in from off camera and thumped a pie in her face. Haley comically cleaned the whipped cream away from her eyes and mouth until it looked like she was wearing a marshmallow mask. “Hey, hey!” she said in mock shock. “Who threw this banana cream pie at me? I ordered chocolate!”

The screen cut to spinning, bouncing graphics promoting her new show’s airtime.

Of all the so-called winners of the rigged games at Mr. Lemoncello’s library, Haley had come out on top. After appearing in Mr. Lemoncello’s holiday commercials (the prize for winning the escape game), she’d moved out to Hollywood with her family and started doing guest appearances in sitcoms on the Disney Channel.

She’d also landed a singing contract and recorded an album, *Gummi Worms ’n’ Bubble Gum*, which went double platinum.

Now she was starring in her own TV show on Kidzapalooza.

Haley Daley was bigger than Kyle Keeley could ever hope to be.

Charles only wished he could, somehow, become a TV

star. It would be the ultimate victory. It would prove to his father that *he* was a winner, too!

Another promo splashed across the screen: “Hey, gang, be sure to check out *The Buzz Show* tonight at seven, when Mr. Luigi L. Lemoncello, the genius game maker behind all things Lemoncello, will tell us about something big coming from his Imagination Factory *and* Kidzapalooza. You won’t want to miss it.”

“Speak for yourself!” shouted Charles, hurling the remote across the room.

How he despised Mr. Lemoncello, his library, and his games! The old fool had conspired to cheat Charles out of what was rightfully his.

“Mr. Lemoncello made you look like a loser, Charles, in front of the whole town” was how his father put it. “And Chilingtons never lose! Especially not in front of our neighbors!”

Charles, of course, would tune in at seven to see what loony Mr. Lemoncello had to say.

“You need to size up your competition, find their weaknesses,” his father always told him. Then his dad would quote from the famous Chinese general Sun Tzu’s *Art of War*: “To know your enemy, you must become your enemy.”