

# [PDF] Double Feature

## Julia DeVillers, Jennifer Roy - pdf download free book

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### Description:

**About the Author Julia DeVillers** is the identical twin sister of Jennifer Roy. Her book *How My Private, Personal Journal Became a Bestseller* was adapted as a Disney Channel Original Movie, and she is the author of the Liberty Porter, First Daughter series.

**Jennifer Roy** is the identical twin sister of Julia DeVillers. Her book *Yellow Star* was named an ALA Notable Book and School Library Journal Best Book.

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## One

### ON THE MORNING SCHOOL BUS

Sunglasses! Did I remember to bring sunglasses?

I opened my tote bag and scrounged around looking for them. I felt my brush and mirror. My cotton-candy-flavored lip gloss. A chocolate-chip granola bar for after school.

And, phew, my sunglasses. I pulled out the pair of huge, round, white plastic sunglasses from my bag. I was going to need them after school for Drama Club. We were each supposed to bring a prop to fit the scene. My group was going to act out a scene on the beach, so I thought sunglasses would be perfect.

Plus they were cute. I slid my sunglasses on and chilled, just looking out the window of the school bus. My sunglasses made it a little more challenging to see, but there really wasn't much to look at anyway: the usual houses, trees, people waiting for the bus. Definitely not as exciting as the bus I had been on earlier this week. That bus was a double-decker bus. In New York City!

Yes! I went to New York City with the Drama Club. We went to see our drama teacher's friend who was producing an almost-on-Broadway show. It was amazing! We went on the double-decker bus and toured the city. We also went to a giant toy store, stayed in a cool hotel room, and swam in the hotel pool.

And if that wasn't amazing enough . . .

We got to go onstage in the off-Broadway show! It was almost like we were Broadway stars!!!

Oh, and by we, I mean me and my sister, Emma. My twin sister. Emma and I look pretty much exactly alike.

I'm Payton, the twin who:

-is one inch taller

-has slightly greener eyes

-is dressed quite fashionably in her black T-shirt with the word "Broadway" across it in glitter, skinny jeans, and tall boots and is sitting in the back of the bus, where it's coolest to sit because it's bumpy. (And farthest away from the bus driver, of course.)

Emma has the opposite opinion about where to sit on the bus. Emma always sits in the front seat for everything—buses, classes, and even the front seat of the car. She always wants to be up front and first for everything.

I'm the twin who likes to chill in the back. Unless there's a stage involved. Then I want to be front and center. Yes, I love acting. I love being in Drama Club at school and in school plays. And when my parents let me do two clubs, I could be on camera for VOGS club. VOGS is the school's video news show.

My parents made me stop doing VOGS, though, because I bombed a test and a quiz in English. Sigh.

My parents told me I had to choose between Drama Club and VOGS until I could get my grades back up. I chose drama, but I also want to be in VOGS. I loved being on the school news show and had turned out to be kind of good at being on TV. My English teacher, Mrs. Burkle, was also my drama teacher, so I was hoping to extra-impress her at Drama Club today. It couldn't hurt!

I pictured it now.

"Payton, your acting is so fabulous that I will also give you extra credit in English class!" Mrs. Burkle would say. "A++!"

Okay, unlikely, I know. But at least I still got to be in Drama Club.

Emma wasn't in the Drama Club or VOGS club. But somehow she kept getting sucked into performing onstage and on-screen—usually pretending to be me. It had happened our very first week of school. It had happened in our school play. And it had happened on our trip to New York City.

This last twin switch was pretty epic, not only because we were on an almost-Broadway stage. We also got to get back at this girl Ashlynn who was trying to humiliate us and our classmates on our school trip.

I had been surprised to see Ashlynn. She lived in NYC, so I hadn't seen her since she tortured me at summer camp last year. Ashlynn had pretty much turned me into her slave, making me clean things in exchange for her hand-me-down clothes. At the time I'd thought it was worth it so I could look cool in middle school. Let's just say it didn't work out as planned.

But we prevailed in New York City, and now Ashlynn would never bother me again—*muah-ha-ha!*

"Why are you making those weird cackling sounds?" A girl who had just boarded the bus stopped in the aisle and looked at me. Oh. It was Sydney. She wasn't as bad as Ashlynn, but let's just say she's not my biggest fan.

During the first week of middle school I'd thought Sydney would be the cool kind of friend to have. She was already the center of attention, had great clothes, and seemed to know all the cutest guys. Instead, she'd turned out to be a major mean girl. Especially to me. She turned on me after an incident where I'd tripped at lunch and my burrito went flying and oozed all over people.

Anyway, Sydney usually didn't ride my bus. I hoped she hadn't moved to my neighborhood and would be riding my bus permanently.

"Move," she commanded two kids who were sitting in a back seat across the aisle from me. Because she was Sydney, they obeyed and scrambled out to sit somewhere else. Sydney slid into the seat and stretched her legs out, putting her feet (in cute olive espadrilles) across the seat so nobody would sit there.

"Well, hi, Payton," Sydney said. Hmm. Sydney and I had become temporary allies versus Ashlynn in New York City. So maybe things had changed for the better.

I cautiously said hi back.

"Those kids thought they were cool enough for the back seats. *Pfft*, I don't think so," Sydney scoffed. "But apparently, Payton, you think you are. And you think you're so cool that you even wear

sunglasses on the bus.”

Things had *not* changed for the better. I reached up to take my sunglasses off but realized that she’d know I cared what she said. And I didn’t. *La la la, ignore.* I kept my sunglasses on. I did, however, tell myself not to make that cackling sound again. I dropped my hands and pretended to be busy looking for something important in my bag. Yes, very important.

“Are you wearing sunglasses because you think you’re a major star now?”

Sydney kept going. “A glamorous off-Broadway star?”

*La la la, not bothering me at all.*

“Or,” Sydney kept going, “are you wearing sunglasses so people won’t recognize you? After you and your twin totally embarrassed yourselves on school TV when you got in that huge fight, I don’t blame you for trying to hide.”

Oh, ugh. That was weeks ago! I was hoping everyone had forgotten about that disaster. Emma and I had started our middle school careers as the twins who had switched places, fooled everyone until they were busted, and been filmed on school television making complete idiots of themselves.

But that was supposed to be totally in the past. And I wanted to keep it that way. So I changed the subject. And if there was one topic of conversation that could distract Sydney, it was . . . Sydney.

“Sydney, why are you on my bus?” I asked her.

Sydney’s face lit up.

“I slept over at my aunt and uncle’s house,” she said. “For a seriously exciting reason. A seriously exciting *secret* reason.”

I didn’t say anything.

“But if you want to know”—Sydney leaned over— “I’ll give you a clue.”

“That’s okay,” I said. “I don’t need to know.”

I shrugged and went back to fake-searching my tote bag. I’d gotten much better at learning how to handle Sydney. If there was something Sydney hated, it was being ignored. I leaned back in my seat so she would know that I really didn’t want to know about her excitingly secret secrets. (Although I was curious.) (But so not worth it.)

“Payton?” Sydney gave me her squinty look. “Payton?”

*Ignoring you, Sydney. Doo dee doo.*

“Payton? Why is your twin sister waving her arms around freakishly?” Sydney was no longer looking at me but toward the front of the bus.

Sydney knew just how to get me to un-ignore her.

I leaned forward and looked up the aisle. Sure enough, I could see the top of my sister's head, and her hands waving wildly around above the seat. Oh no, what was she doing? I thought about ignoring her but I noticed people were also leaning forward to look at her. I pulled out my cell phone and texted.

*E! Chill. Hands down.*

No response. I could still see Emma's hands waving around in the air for some unknown reason. Sigh. She didn't realize it, I was sure, but she was embarrassing herself. And not just herself—us. Here was one of the major problems with being an identical twin: People didn't always know who was who. That meant people could be thinking that it was me in the front seat. Me, Payton, waving my hands wildly around and making a scene.

She must be stopped.

I fastened up my tote bag and left it on the seat so nobody would try to snag *my* back seat. I couldn't let Sydney rule my bus entirely. I did my best to ignore her as I slid out and walked up the aisle.

There went Emma's hands, waving. I could hear people cracking up as I walked up the aisle. I picked up my pace to stop her as soon as possible. However, I'd forgotten I was still wearing sunglasses, which meant I couldn't see very well. For example, I didn't see some-body's violin case sticking slightly out into the aisle until I tripped over it. I stumbled forward just as the bus lurched into a left turn.

Ack! I grabbed on to the closest seat back and accidentally yanked somebody's ponytail.

"Ouch!" The ponytail owner yelped. Loudly. Unfortunately, that meant pretty much everybody on the bus looked away from Emma's hands and saw me trip and stumble my way up the aisle, out of control. And anybody who hadn't looked yet definitely did when the bus ...

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