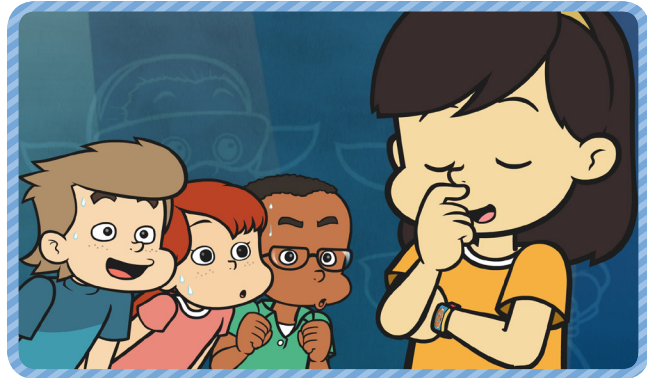




Level 4

Rocket Girl vs. Freddie Freeze 1 Roxy's Secret Power



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It was early morning at Dairy Dream Ice Cream Parlor. Miss Dipper, the owner, arrived at the store. She unlocked the door and turned on the lights. She gasped.

“My ice cream is gone!”

“I think I’m melting!” said Mara, wiping her forehead.

“Don’t talk,” said Jack. “It only makes



you feel hotter.”

The air conditioning at Metro City Elementary School wasn’t working. The students in Miss Apricot’s class were miserable. It was Quiet Reading Time, but no one could concentrate on reading.

“It’s so hot, I can’t even think,” said Terrell.



“Me neither,” said Jack. “I wish we could go swimming.” Jack closed his eyes and imagined jumping into an ice-cold pool.

“I wish we could have ice cream,” said Mara. “That would cool us off.”

“If only Rocket Girl was here,” said Terrell. “She could do something about



this heat.”

“This heat isn’t so bad,” said Roxy.

“Are you kidding?” asked Terrell.

“Aren’t you hot right now?”

“Of course,” said Roxy. “But I have a secret power I use to keep cool.”

Terrell looked interested. So did everyone else.



“You do?” said Jack. “Tell us!”

Terrell, Jack, and Mara leaned closer to hear about Roxy’s secret power.

Roxy looked very serious. “I’ll tell you. But you all have to promise to never tell anyone,” she said.

“We promise,” said her friends, hardly breathing.



“Okay,” Roxy whispered. “It’s very simple. When it’s really hot, I . . .” She paused.

“You what?” asked Mara. “What do you do?”

Roxy looked around to make sure no one else was listening. She whispered, “I try not to think about it.” Roxy giggled.



Jack groaned. “I thought you were going to tell us something good!”

Miss Apricot looked up from the front of the room.

“I know it’s very hot,” she said. “But please be quiet.”

“I still think Rocket Girl could stop this heat,” whispered Terrell.



Just then Roxy heard her watch beeping. “It’s the mayor,” she thought.

“Miss Apricot,” said Roxy. “May I go to the restroom?”

A moment later Roxy was in the girls’ room.

“Mayor Bloom,” she said, looking at the screen on her watch. “What’s the



problem?”

“Rocket Girl, we need your help!” said Mayor Bloom. “True Savings Bank is being robbed. I spoke with Principal Penn. She said you’re excused from class until we solve the case.”

“I’m on my way,” said Roxy.