

# **Five Little Peppers in Robbins Library**

## A Pile of Books

“Dear me,” exclaimed Julie Pepper, “just look!” The Little Brown Table was full of books. “Wherever shall we put them all?” she wondered, as Tammy came into the room.

“Whickets!” cried Tammy. “What a great lot of books!” This outburst brought jolly Tom from his office next door, and the girls fell silent.

“Must we keep them on the Little Brown Table forever?” asked Jennifer sadly.

“Heavens, no!” chuckled Tom. “They are all of them to be placed on the shelves in the back room so that all the children of Rochestertown may enjoy them. They will not circulate. Oh, dear, just imagine what Mr. Lupack would say if we kept all the books on the Little Brown Table!” He began to chuckle again, but quickly stopped as he noticed little Jennifer’s face clouding up. “Who would like to help me reshelve these books?”

“Whickets!” cried Tammy. “I shan’t! It’s not my day to work!”

“If no one will shelve these books, then Mr. Lupack will be very sad when he returns from his vacation,” mused Tom gravely. At this little Julie began to cry, for the thought of making dear Mr. Lupack unhappy was almost more than she could bear.

“O, please stop! I do believe you’ll make poor Jennifer sick!” came the anxious voice of Tammy. “Whickets!”

“Tammy, you mustn’t use such language! I’ll stop right now, I shall,” replied Julie remorsefully, struggling to hold back her tears. “But to think of poor kindly Mr. Lupack’s disappointment – it’s very nearly

more than I can bear. Surely there's something we can do."

"Ohh – I know just the thing! We can hide the books under the sink!" suggested Tammy. "Then the Little Brown Table will look clean as a whistle!" But when Juliet opened the doors under the sink, the little group quickly realized that there was no space for books. A somber mood fell over the room.

"Wait – what about Tom's idea? Why don't we, after all, put them on the bookshelves?" Little Julie, the youngest and dearest of all the Peppers, brightened at Jennifer's words. "We can each carry some of them to the back room."

"I shall carry loads and loads of them!" cried Julie, her eyes flashing brightly with joy.

"Why not carry them on the book-cart?" smiled the wise Tom.

"Whickets, it's just the thing!" exclaimed Tammy, and out she dashed to fetch the cart. The library seemed full of hustle and bustle all that afternoon, as the Peppers worked madly to make the Little Brown Table as neat as could be for the return of their beloved Mr. Lupack.

## Mr. Lupack Returns

“Isn’t it splendid!” boomed kindly Mr. Lupack the next morning. “The Little Brown Table is even nicer than when I left!” His remarks were met with the sparkling eyes of the Pepper children who had come to work early just to welcome him back to the Robbins Library. “Now, who’s working today?”

As Tammy pointed at Juliet, and Juliet pointed to Tammy, Karen remarked, “I have to write my dissertation!” and scurried out the door. Jennifer was nowhere to be seen, and jolly Tom had not yet arrived.

“So there’s no one to help me this afternoon?” inquired Mr. Lupack patiently. At this, Tammy and Julie glanced at one another guiltily, and little Julie’s face began to cloud.

“Whickets, Julie, you mustn’t cry,” exclaimed Tammy. “I do believe you’re making Mr. Lupack half sick!” And Julie blinked bravely to hold back her tears. She certainly did not want her dear Mr. Lupack to suffer, after all he had done for the Peppers!

Just then, in dashed harum-scarum Victoria Pepper. “Surprise! I’ve come back to work for just a day!” Oh, the commotion then, as the Little Brown Table itself appeared to come to life. “EEEEEEK!” screamed Victoria at the hand sticking out from underneath.

“Heh, heh!” chuckled the mischievous Karen, drawn back into the room by the noise that kept her from her work. “It’s only a plastic hand. The others call it Greg Finger!” And the others burst into laughter at the witty joke. Jennifer, arriving just then, smiled at the little party. Karen spied jolly Tom slipping in through the back door.

“Why look, everyone is here! We must have some festivity!”

“Just the thing!” agreed kindly Mr. Lupack. “You Peppers must think of a suitable activity.” His remark set all the children thinking, and jolly Tom as well. For a few moments, the Robbins Library was as quiet as a library should be.

“We could shelve books,” offered Vic.

“O, but we’ve done that already! Just look at the Little Brown Table!” the others replied.

“I’ve a perfect plan. Let’s do Procite!” suggested Jennifer. But at Karen’s notably disappointed countenance, kindly Mr. Lupack quickly put in:

“Perhaps it would be better to have a staff meeting, with the usual trappings.” At this, everyone brightened.

“Whickets! That’s just tops!” exclaimed Tammy. “Vic and I’ll fetch the Pepperidge Farm cookies! The bookstore will have them, I just know it!” And the two Peppers dashed out the door, harum-scarum, before anyone had a chance to remind Tammy to watch her language.

## A Little Gathering

Ten minutes later, the Peppers were gathered around the Little Brown Table with jolly Tom and kindly Mr. Lupack. A pot of coffee brewed merrily on the sink, and all the group was engaged in lively chatter. "Where shall we hide the hand next?" wondered Karen.

"Do let's find a place where dear Professor Peck will find it. He does so enjoy discovering a clever prank!" exclaimed Victoria.

Just then came a knock at the door, and in rushed Stuart, longing to join the others at the Little Brown Table. "You Peppers have such a splendid time together, and I'm so lonely reading about Medieval Law in the back room. Mightn't I just join you for a little while?" He cast a doleful glance at Mr. Lupack, fearful that he might not be welcome at the Little Brown Table.

"Oh, Mr. Lupack, do let's include Stuart!" came the voices of all the Peppers. "Perhaps he'll help us find a new hiding place for Greg Finger!"

"Well, it is summer, after all, and the Little Brown Table isn't too busy," smiled kindly Mr. Lupack. "Of course you may join the group for a little while." And Stuart, delighted, rushed to take a seat.

"Do have a cookie," insisted little Julie Pepper, the youngest and dearest of them all. Encouraged by her hospitality, Stuart took a cup of coffee as well, and settled in with the group to plan a new hiding place for the plastic hand.

## A Computer Problem

“Oh, Karen,” cried Jennifer, “I’m just positively vexed!” And she whirled around in her chair. “I can’t get WordPerfect to save this file!” All the Peppers looked up, worried. Whatever should become of wise Professor Peck’s file if the troublesome old computer failed again?

After some fussing with the F7 key, Karen shook her head in exasperation. “I’m afraid this old hard drive is too full to hold another file. O, whickets!”

“Tammy!” came the stern but kindly voice of Mr. Lupack from his seat at the Chester terminal. “Have you been setting a bad example for the other Peppers again? You must learn to watch your language!”

“Oh, dear, it’s my own fault!” Karen jumped in, eager to save her chum from undeserved blame. “It’s just this old hard drive that’s giving us fits,” she added remorsefully, sure the entire TEAMS project would be ruined if Jennifer’s file could not somehow be saved.

Little Julie, the youngest and dearest of the Peppers, began to cry at the thought of such an outcome. “O, do stop!” cried Tom, hardly jolly now. “I do believe you’re making Mr. Lupack half sick!” And Julie bravely blinked to clear away her tears. “Here comes Victoria! Perhaps she’ll know how to make the old computer work again,” continued Tom.

“Whickets!” cried Tammy, as harum-scarum Victoria dashed into the Robbins Library. “You’re here just in time, Vic! It’s just awful! Do help us, won’t you?” And after a quick glance around at the

“I’ll go buy the disks! The computer store will have them, I’m just certain!” volunteered Tammy.

“And I’ll label them!” added little Julie. And soon the Robbins Library was filled with commotion as decisions were made about whether to purchase 5¼-inch disks or 3½-inch disks. Karen could finish no more of her dissertation that day, but she hardly minded in her delight over the solution to the TEAMS file-storage problem. Even kindly Mr. Lupack and jolly Tom stole away from their desks to enjoy the fun.