



Dear Ms. Moffly,  
I love you.  
Will you marry me?  
Sinseerly, Mr. Bloom

*There.* Sophie put down her pen. *That should work!* She grinned. Then she turned to her best friend, Kate Barry. Did she agree?

It was all part of their big plan, a plan they'd just made that afternoon in Sophie's room. A plan to get their third-grade teacher, Ms.

Moffly, to marry the fifth-grade teacher, Mr. Bloom.

At first, Kate had thought it was a little crazy. "Ms. Moffly?" she said. "And Mr. Bloom? Doesn't he wear *jeans*? Do you think Ms. Moffly's ever worn those?"

Then Sophie explained how much the two had in common: "They both teach at Ordinary Elementary School!"

And she pointed out how cool it would be if they got married: "That means a wedding! And of course that means we get to go!"

"Oh!" That made Kate's eyebrows bounce. Then she thought of something, too. "Hey! Know what else that means?"

"What?"

"It means a honeymoon!"

Sophie nodded. "You're right! Do you think we'd get to go on that?"

"Probably not." Kate shrugged. "But it might mean no school."

*Oh.* Well, that was almost as good. In fact, it

was pretty great. But not as great as the other thing Sophie hoped this plan would bring: an awesome, perfect name!

Sophie was tired — *exhausted*, even — of being Sophie the Most Average Girl in the Whole School. And she was determined to start being Sophie the . . . *anything*. Anything that made her stand out from the rest of the world.

And now she had the best idea! She had gotten it at the end of school that day. Ms. Moffly had been struggling with a box, and Sophie had run up to help.

“Sophie, you are such a sweetheart,” Ms. Moffly had told her.

And that was it!

Sophie the Sweetheart! Who could ask for a better name than that? All she had to do was keep being sweet and helpful to Ms. Moffly. And everybody else. It shouldn't be too hard, Sophie figured. Not as hard as some other names had been. She was pretty good at being sweet — she just forgot now and then.