

## WILL TRIS BECOME A DOUGHNUT LEGEND? OR LOSE IT ALL?

**T**ris Levin thought moving from New York City to middle-of-nowhere Petersville meant life would definitely get worse...but it actually somehow got better. He even built his own doughnut business! But just when things are looking up, problems start rolling in.

His store has a major supply issue: they just can't make enough doughnuts. And Petersville has its own supply problem—it is in danger of disappearing because folks keep moving away. Maybe if Tris could make his doughnut shop a must-see stop, Petersville would become a tourist destination.

To do that, he needs a way to make more doughnuts: enter the Belshaw Donut Robot. But...it costs \$50,000. If Tris can win *Can You Cut It?*, the cutthroat competitive kids' cooking show, he can get the cash to buy the machine. But even with the whole town training and supporting him, Tris isn't sure he has what it takes to win.

**"[A] hilarious and spot-on spoof of reality shows.  
Tris is a charmer, and readers will root for him all the way."**

— *Kirkus Reviews*



CHECK OUT THE  
THE FIRST ADVENTURE



# **the DOUGHNUT KING**

JESSIE JANOWITZ

## *For Mom and Dad*

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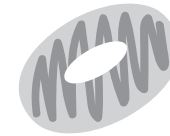
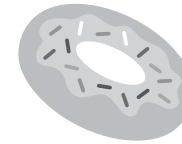
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# 1

## ***Yes!***

I couldn't get out of there fast enough. And I wasn't the only one. When that final bell rang, Mrs. Putnam's entire seventh-grade history class rushed to the door like there was free pizza on the other side.

I stopped at my locker on my way out of school to drop off my books. I didn't even want to see them for the next ten days.

Halfway down the hall, I realized I hadn't spun the dial on the lock. Whatever. If somebody were willing to commit a crime for my earth science book, they could have it.

Andy Hubbard, one of the Ice Kings, reached out for a high five as I passed. "Doughnut Boy!"

I tried to slap his hand on the move but ended up giving more



of a high two. “Gotta go!” I called over my shoulder. “Have a good break!”

Since we’d moved upstate midyear, I’d been at Waydin for only three months, but those school days had been the longest of my life. I swear each second of a Waydin day was equal to five minutes of a P.S. 111 day.

It wasn’t as if the teachers were any more boring than teachers at my school back in New York City had been. If anything, the teachers at Waydin were better—some were even funny, like Mr. Dodd, who began each class with a Joey Bundano story. Joey was this kid Mr. Dodd grew up with who was always getting into trouble. I’m pretty sure a bunch of the stories were made up—I mean, I don’t think one kid could fill his entire apartment with crumpled newspaper in a single night, and definitely not without waking his parents—but who cares? If Mr. Dodd liked to make up stories just to make us laugh, that was fine by me.

The teachers at Waydin weren’t the problem. The problem was the kids. There weren’t enough of them.

If I’m being honest, this wasn’t a problem for everyone. It definitely wasn’t a problem for Jeanine, my brainiac, nine-year-old sister. But if you’re the kid who has spent every year hiding in the back row, waiting until you got home to figure out in peace and quiet when to use “less” instead of “fewer” or how to find the area of

a cylinder, this is a big problem. If you’re the kid whose brain turns off when there’s an audience, Waydin is your nightmare, because when there are only twelve kids in your whole seventh-grade class, there is no place to hide. There aren’t even rows. There’s just a circle. And you can see everyone in a circle.

As you’ve probably guessed, that kid who likes to hide in the back row is me, Tris Levin—or at least it is for another six years until I can legally change my name to Jax. Do you know what it’s like to go around every day with a name that just doesn’t fit? If you do, the good news is that you can change it. The bad news: you have to wait until you turn eighteen.

Outside, the sky was gray, but kids were lying on the grass using backpacks as pillows like they were at the beach and the sun was shining. Someone was playing music on a phone. It looked like fun, but I didn’t have time to lounge around. I had to get to work. And the truth is, I wanted to. Working’s different when the whole thing is your idea, especially when that idea is doughnuts—mind-blowing, life-changing, cream-filled doughnuts.

I waited for Jeanine and Zoe in our spot by the side of the building, then together, we walked around back to the parking lot.

Dad was already there.

“It came!” He waved a magazine out of the station wagon’s open window. “You made the cover!”

What? The Doughnut Stop was on the cover of *Destination Eating*? *Destination Eating* is this fancy food and travel magazine for upstate New York, and I was blown away when they called about doing an article on the doughnut business I started with my friend Josh. But just an article. They never said anything about the cover.

I jogged across the parking lot and took the magazine from my father.

There we were: me and Josh, all glossy, knocking doughnuts together, sitting on the ticket counter in the old train station where we opened The Doughnut Stop.

This was huge. People didn't even have to read the magazine to learn about us; they'd just have to see it lying around somewhere. Talk about buzz.

"Let *me* see!" Zoe pulled my hands down. "Why does your face look like that?"

"That's the way his face always looks," Jeanine said, peering at the magazine over Zoe.

"You look so clean and shiny," Zoe said.

"Um, thanks?"

Zoe pulled the magazine lower and sounded out the words under the photo. "Meet the to-as-t. To-ast?"

"Meet the toast of Petersville," Jeanine read. "Two twelve-year-

old boys who opened a doughnut shop in the town's abandoned train station."

"They don't make toast," Zoe said.

Jeanine rolled her eyes. "It's an expression. They mean a toast like when you knock glasses together and say, 'cheers.'"

"Oh." Zoe sucked her lower lip. She was clearly still confused.

Dad thumped the side of the car. "Come on, guys. Let's go."

We all piled in, me up front, Zoe and Jeanine in back.

I laid the magazine on my knees and then flipped to the article.

There were a couple of photos of me and Josh in the shop selling doughnuts, and then some of me frying them at home. The article took up almost four whole pages.

During the interview, the reporter had asked a bunch of questions about how a banker (Dad) and a chef (Mom) ended up moving their family to a tiny town in upstate New York in the first place, and that's where the article started: *Tris explains that when his father lost his job last fall, his parents decided they wanted a new adventure.*

Just so you know, "adventure" was definitely not the word I used. I don't think I've ever used the word "adventure" unless I was talking about an amusement park.

*They packed up and moved from the big city to tiny Petersville, NY, so his mother, a professional chef, could open the town's first restaurant.*

*When asked to explain where the idea for a cream doughnut shop came from, Tris points to a sign hanging over the counter that reads, "Yes, we do sell chocolate cream doughnuts!"*

*"That sign was in the window of the General Store my first day in town, but it turned out that the owner, Winnie, didn't make the doughnuts anymore, even though everybody said they were...this sounds weird, but people said they were like...life-changing. Now that I tell the story, it sounds kind of bad, but this all started because I just had to have one of those doughnuts. Then I met Josh and we decided to start the business together, and it really is the best thing I've ever done. I mean, it's not easy, but I still love it."*

I closed the magazine and cracked the window. I was starting to feel queasy from reading in the car. I'd finish it later with Josh when he got to The Doughnut Stop after hockey practice.

"So how was school?" Dad asked.

"Fine," Jeanine said. "Oh, except Ms. Shepard doesn't want me helping out after vacation."

Jeanine's math is way beyond what they teach at Waydin, so before we started in January, my parents and the principal agreed that she'd do online courses with the Center for Talented Youth and help out in math classes at Waydin during her free periods.

"But I thought that was going so well," Dad said. "What happened?"

"I don't know."

I laughed. "Oh, come on. You correct Ms. Shepard in class in front of everybody."

Dad frowned at the rearview mirror. "You don't. Please, tell me you don't."

"I have an obligation to make sure that the math is correct. That's why Principal Kritcher put me in there."

"Couldn't you at least wait until after class?" Dad said.

"So those kids are supposed to learn it wrong for an entire day?"

I had to admit Jeanine had a point. Dad must have thought so too because he dropped the subject. "How was your day, Zo?"

"Did you know if you suck *really* hard on your arm, you can make a heart?" Zoe pushed up her sleeve and showed us her arm in the rearview mirror.

"You gave yourself a hickey?" I said.

"A heart. It's pretty." Zoe studied her work. "Want one?"

"Uh, no thanks," I said.

"Zo Zo, no hickeys, okay?" Dad said.

"You mean on other people?"

"I mean, on anyone."

"Why?"

"Because... Just don't."

JESSIE JANOWITZ

Zoe didn't say anything. I was pretty sure the next chance she had, she'd be spelling her name in hickey.

"And Tris, what about you," Dad said. "Last day before break, how was it?"

"A five."

"School is always a five with you."

"Yeah, well, that's kind of its ceiling."

"That makes me sad."

I hate it when he says that. I mean, I don't want to make him sad, because he's a pretty good dad given the other dads I've seen, and I think he knows that I don't want to make him sad, so is he basically just asking me to lie to him?

"Think of it this way, I never say it's less than a five, right? So that should make you happy."

"But do you ever think maybe, just maybe, it could be a seven? What would that look like?"

"Not school?"

"I give up. Any big plans for spring break?"

"Figure out how to make doughnuts faster."