

Where  
Triplets  
Go,  
Trouble  
Follows

by Michelle Poploff

*illustrated by*

Victoria Jamieson

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Summary: Lily, Daisy, and Violet Divine, triplets, have different interests and like  
to do things on their own, but they pull together when they need to, whether to  
find out their grandparents' secret, create a good science fair project, or teach  
their new dog to stop chewing.

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*To Mary Cash,  
with heartfelt thanks  
for your inspiration and  
encouragement*





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*Chapter 1*  
**A Divine Disaster**

Lily Divine enjoyed writing poems and reading about kids in faraway places. On this rainy Saturday she was snuggled under her pink quilt with a book about an orphan girl in England.



On the other side of the room, her sister Daisy was tossing her baseball. The ball made a smacking sound each time it landed in her glove. Daisy was wearing her lucky blue baseball shirt. But Daisy wasn't feeling lucky today. Her baseball game was a washout.



Their sister, Violet, was lying on her stomach looking for who knows what in the closet. Violet was always losing things. All Lily could see were the bottoms of Violet's purple socks.

Violet, Lily, and Daisy Divine were triplets, but they weren't identical looking. They weren't identical thinking, either.

"It's got to be here somewhere," Violet moaned, backing out of the closet. She stood up and

brushed off her clothes. “If I don’t find that science test, I’ll be in big trouble,” she said.

“What’s it doing in the closet?” Daisy asked.

“I failed my test again and tried to forget about it. So I threw it in there,” Violet said, crossing her arms. “This time I have to get it signed.” Violet stuck out her lower lip and looked at Daisy. “But my teacher didn’t say who had to sign it.”

“Don’t look at me,” Daisy said, checking out the window. Would it ever stop raining?

Violet turned to Lily.

“No way,” Lily said, closing her book. She was just getting to a scary part and would have to wait and see what happened later. “But we’ll help you look. Come on, Daisy.”

“Okay, okay,” Daisy said, setting down her ball and glove.

The girls began pulling shoes and clothes out of the closet. Violet’s purple bathrobe was lying in a lump. As Lily picked it up, something crackled. She shook out the robe, and a scrunched-up ball of paper fell to the floor. Lily reached for it, but Violet snatched it away.

“That’s it,” she said, unfolding it and trying to smooth out the wrinkles. It still had the same fail-