

Praise for *Max Einstein: The Genius Experiment*



'James Patterson is the Einstein of fiction and has solved the equation for storytelling: Adventure + Science = AWESOME!' TOM FLETCHER



'Any young readers out there interested in science and adventure... this book is brilliant!' TIM PEAKE



'An inspirational page-turner that won't let you down. This book celebrates the importance of young people's new ideas and endless imaginations!'
RACHEL IGNOTOFSKY, AUTHOR OF *WOMEN IN SCIENCE*



'A fast-paced, science-filled caper' *WALL STREET JOURNAL*



'This story is packed with excitement and has a brilliant heroine in Max' *THE WEEK JUNIOR*

$$V = \frac{I}{R}$$

'Max Einstein is everything you hope young girls can dream to be: smart, brave, creative, and able to inspire others to be the same. I love this book for all kids who want to dream big!'

MAYIM BIALIK, AUTHOR OF *GIRLING UP* AND *BOYING UP*



'Give this book to the future scientist in your life!'

JENNIFER L. HOLM, AUTHOR OF *THE FOURTEENTH GOLDFISH*



'If you're interested in science, mysteries, or courageous heroines, this is a must-read!' CHELSEA CLINTON

MAX EINSTEIN

AGE: Twelve

HAIR: Crazy, curly and red!

HOMETOWN: New York City

FAVORITE SUBJECT: Science

FAVORITE GAME: Chess

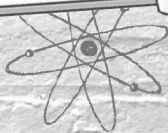
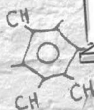
FAVORITE FOOD:

Chinese

FAVORITE CELEBRITY:

Albert Einstein — duh!

$$V = \frac{I}{R}$$



MAX EINSTEIN

REBELS WITH A CAUSE

JAMES PATTERSON
and Chris Grabenstein

Illustrated by Beverly Johnson



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Young Arrow
20 Vauxhall Bridge Road
London SW1V 2SA

Young Arrow is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies
whose addresses can be found at global.penguinrandomhouse.com



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First published by Young Arrow in 2019

www.penguin.co.uk

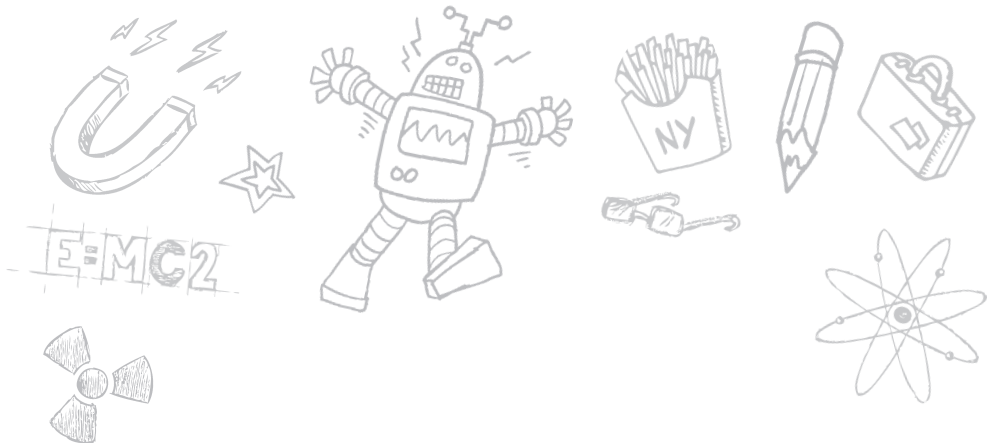
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 9781529119619
ISBN 9781529119626 (trade paperback edition)

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A.

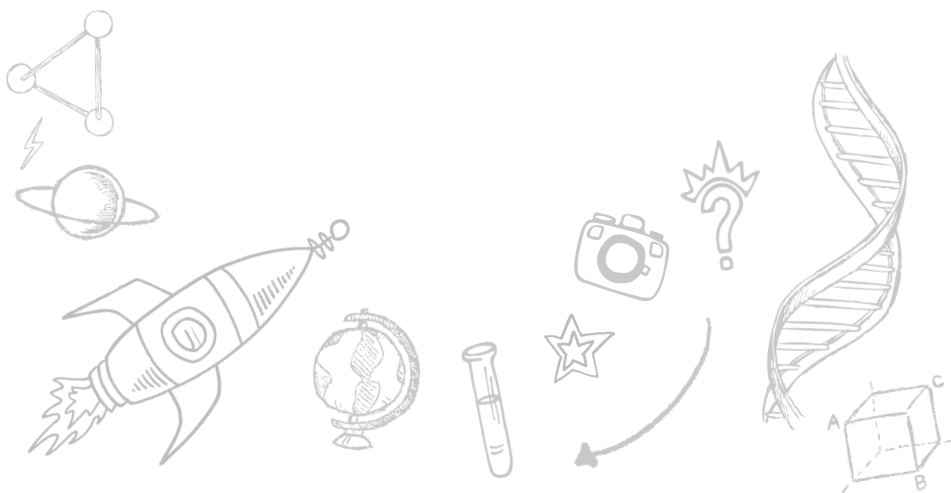
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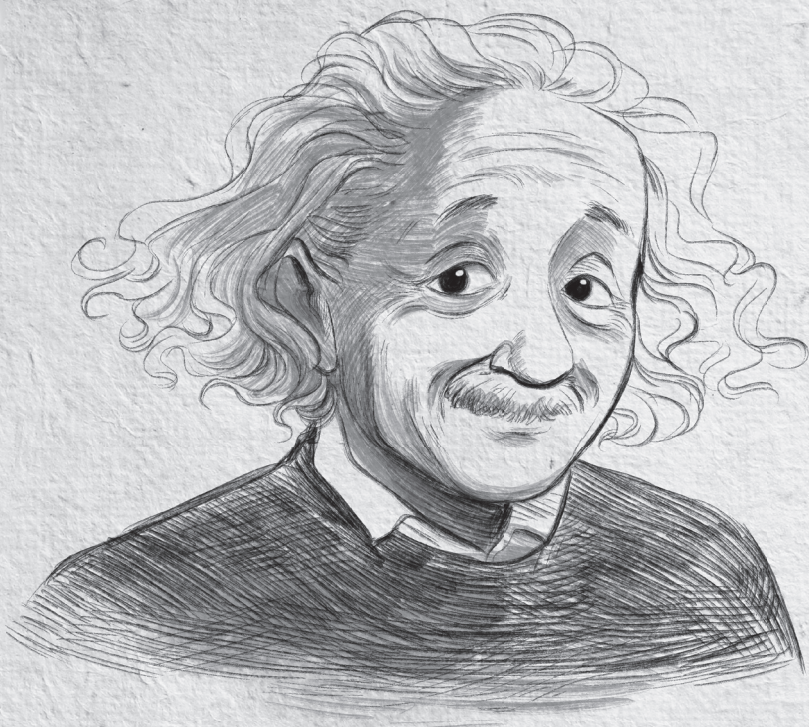




MAX EINSTEIN

REBELS WITH A CAUSE





"The world is more threatened by those who tolerate evil or support it than by the evildoers themselves."

- Albert Einstein



NEW YORK

score





NEW YORK

Max Einstein was miserable, doing her least favorite thing in the world: NOTHING!

The world's not gonna save itself! she thought.

Yes, she knew there were dangers lurking around every corner, especially after her successful adventure in Africa. But she was tired of following orders. Of “lying low” and “playing it safe.” She had to get out of the room that was starting to feel more and more like a prison—complete with guards, who were stationed in the room across the hall, trying their best to disappear, which was extremely hard to do when you were a pair of six-foot-tall bodybuilders in tight-fitting suits.

Okay, to be fair, they were Max’s bodyguards, there to protect her from the Corp—a dangerous group of evildoers

TRAVEL

that would do anything to get their hands on who they considered the smartest girl in the world. But still. Max hadn't asked for them. They were Ben's idea. Ben worried a lot, especially for a fourteen-year-old billionaire. (Yeah.)

Max checked the weather app on her smartphone. Ninety-two degrees with 90 percent humidity. Sweltering. New York City could become a steamy concrete sauna in the summer.

"I need to be outside," she told the Einstein bobblehead doll smiling at her from inside the battered old suitcase she'd propped open in the corner of her small dormitory room. It was Max's portable shrine to all things Einstein. She used to have a very nice, brand-new apartment over a renovated horse stable. But a few months ago, Ben had insisted that Max move somewhere safer and more "secure" where she could spend most of her time doing what she was doing this weekend.

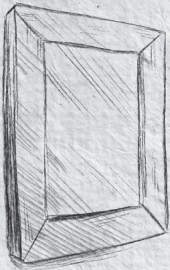
NOTHING!

A body at rest tends to stay at rest, she told herself, remembering Sir Isaac Newton's first law of motion. *A body in motion will remain in motion.*

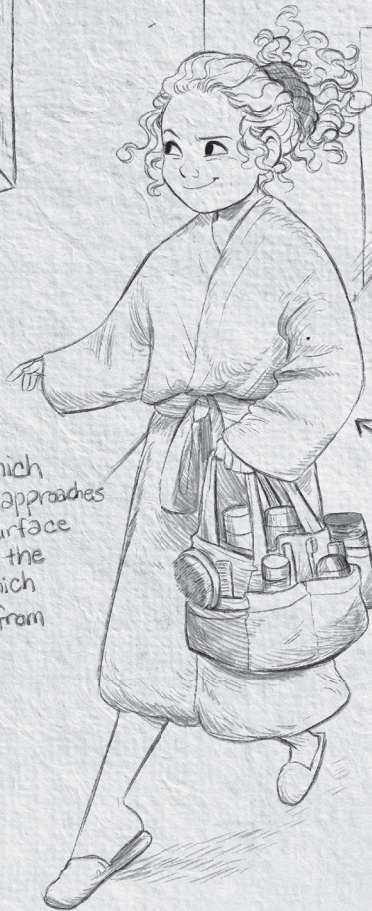
It was time to get her body moving.

Max pulled her curly mop of copper-colored hair into a ponytail. Slipping a bathrobe over her shorts and T-shirt (which had *Star Wars* lettering spelling out "May the Mass

The Scientific Method for Sneaking Out.



Mirror positioning critical because the angle at which the light ray approaches the mirror surface is equal to the angle at which it departs from the mirror surface.



Clueless bodyguards.

Outdoor clothing carefully concealed.

Times Acceleration Be with You”), she slid into a pair of rubbery flip-flops. She tucked her sneakers and socks into a shower tote, hiding them underneath the shampoo and loofah sponge. She also slid in a small hand mirror.

Max stepped into the hallway outside Room 723 and headed up the corridor.

The two bodyguards, both men, stepped out of the room across the hall. They wore matching curly-wire earpieces.

“Hi, guys,” said Max. “Just going to grab a quick shower.”

The two men nodded. “Be, uh, safe,” said the one named Jamal.

“We’ll be here if, you know, you need anything,” said the younger one, whose name was Danny.

Neither one of them wanted to be anywhere near the girls’ communal bathrooms in a college dormitory. Yes, Max was only twelve, but she was at Columbia University. Not as a student. She was what they called an “adjunct professor.” That meant, during the week, she *taught* college kids.

“Thanks, guys,” Max said to her two bodyguards.

She ambled up the hall as casually as she could. The showers were located just past Room 716.

So were the exit stairs.

She glanced down at the hand mirror that she had positioned so she could see what was happening behind her.

When she walked past the staircase door and made the right turn into the bathroom, both men disappeared back into Room 722. Max flushed the toilet, just to give them something watery to listen to. Then, she hung up her bathrobe, sat down on the commode, lost the flip-flops, and changed into her walking shoes.

She snuck one more rearview-mirror glance up the hallway.

The coast was clear.

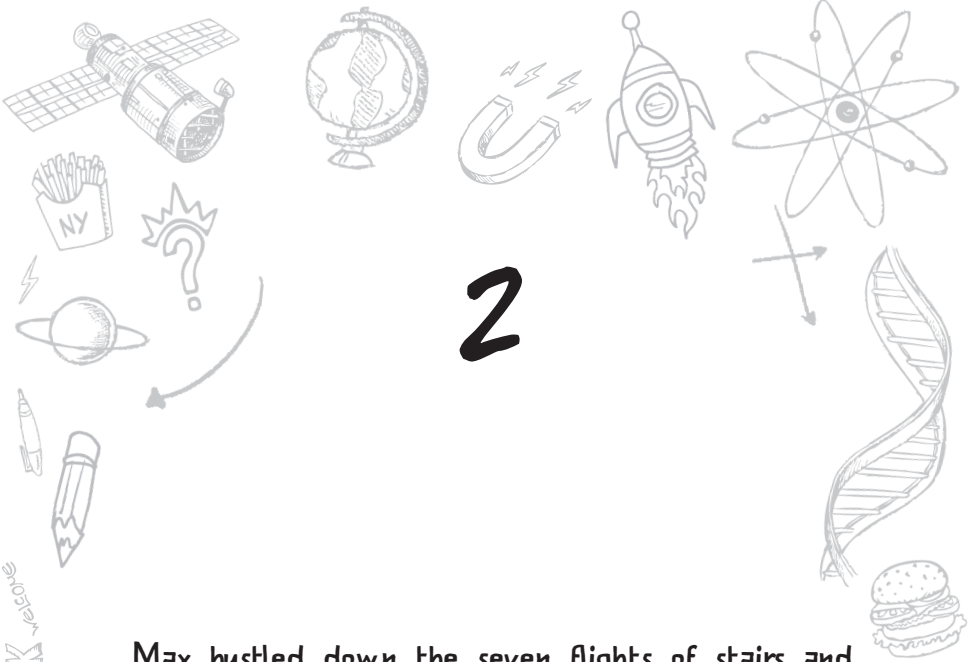
She'd come back for the shower tote later. She might even take a shower.

But first she had to bust out of "prison" and go DO something... anything!

On her own.

With no protection.

2



NEW YORK

Max hustled down the seven flights of stairs and exited John Jay Hall.

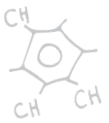
When she reached Amsterdam Avenue and 114th Street, she started heading north at a brisk pace, her radar up. She wasn't being followed.

At 120th Street, she pulled out her secure phone (another "gift" from Ben) and tapped the speed dial number for Charl and Isabl, the highly skilled tactical team that headed up security for the Change Makers Institute, where Max was considered "The Chosen One."

That title always made Max roll her eyes. "The Chosen One."

It sounded so... so... *Harry Potter*.

But Ben, the super-rich benefactor, had selected Max to



TRAVEL

head up his team of elite young geniuses, all of whom were charged with making the world a better place.

Yeah.

Ben was an ambitious young guy with big dreams and an even bigger budget. “We aim to make significant changes to save this planet and the humans who inhabit it,” Max had been told when she visited the CMI headquarters in Jerusalem. And Ben only trusted kids to help him do it.

“Max?” Charl answered. He had an interesting accent that Max still couldn’t quite place. Israeli? Eastern European? Basically, it was mysterious and foreign. “Where are you?”

“Out.”

“What? Are Jamal and Danny with you?”

“No. But it’s not their fault. They think I’m in the shower.”

Charl sighed. “Max, we talked about this. You need security. The Corp has spies everywhere. . . .”

The Corp. The evil empire out to stop the CMI. Where Ben and the CMI wanted to make changes and improve the human condition, the Corp wanted to make money and improve the bottom line in its bank accounts. One member, Dr. Zacchaeus Zimm, also wanted to lure Max away. He was like the Corp’s Darth Vader, always trying to tempt Max to join the dark side of the Force.

So far, it wasn’t working.

So far.

But Dr. Zimm had hinted that he knew something about Max's past. He might even know who her parents were and why she was named "Max Einstein." Max couldn't remember her parents. She'd lived in orphanages, foster care facilities, and with other homeless people her whole life. Until, of course, the CMI came along and flew her off to Jerusalem.

"Max?" Charl's voice was strong and firm over the phone. "Your job, right now, is to stay safe. Dr. Zimm and the Corp are still after you. Please return to your dormitory. Immediately."

"When's our next mission?" asked Max, basically ignoring Charl. She was a lot like her idol, Dr. Einstein. She didn't do well with authority or direct orders.

"There will be no 'next mission' for the CMI if Dr. Zimm grabs you, Max."

"Fine," she said. "Then I'll have to find my own."

"Max?"

"Just obeying Sir Newton's first law, Charl. I'm a body in motion. I need to keep moving."

She disconnected the call and powered down her phone so Charl couldn't call back.

When she reached Martin Luther King Boulevard, she turned right and headed into Harlem.

As the boulevard angled into West 125th Street, Max

saw a group of happy kids outside a bodega. They were jumping through the sideways stream of water gushing out of an open fire hydrant, trying to cool down.

“Hey, you kids!” shouted an angry old man on a stoop. He had a towel wrapped around his waist. “I’m trying to take a shower upstairs! You’re making the water pressure drop!”

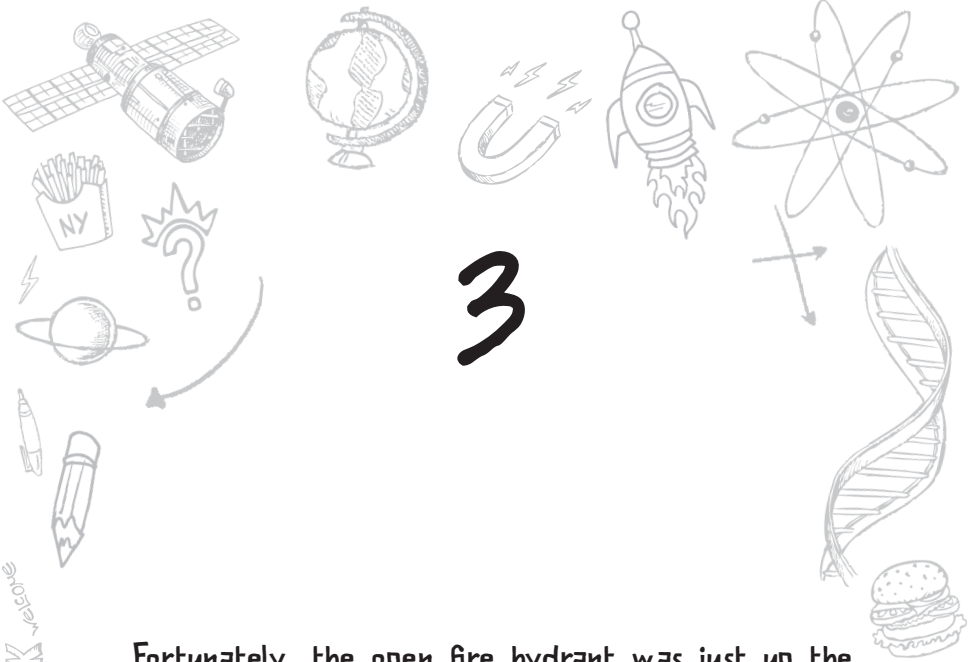
The kids just laughed and splashed some more.

“That does it! I’m calling the cops.”

The old man shook his fist and headed inside, no doubt to pick up a phone and punch in 911.

Max sprang into action. She had to. She couldn’t lie low or play it safe. Not when a bunch of kids were about to get into trouble for just being kids.

3



NEW YORK

Fortunately, the open fire hydrant was just up the block from the FDNY's Engine 37/Ladder 40.

Even better, the firefighters in that house owed Max a favor.

About two months ago, right after she first moved to the Columbia dorm, she was able to help Engine 37 on a call to a burning building. They were having trouble assessing the situation on the upper floors, because their brand-new drone—which carried both a high-def *and* an infrared camera—wouldn't lift off. The drone's cameras were supposed to let the chief at the street-level command post see where the firefighters were on the roof and what the fire was up to behind the walls.

But the drone wouldn't fly.



TRAVEL

So Max gave him a quick flying-camera hack.

“Take the cameras off the drone,” she told the battalion chief. “Find a clear plastic garbage bag and a wire hanger to make a rig for the cameras. Grab a can of Sterno out of that grocery store, light it, secure it to the coat-hanger rig, and we can make a rudimentary hot air balloon to float your cameras up to the roof.”

The battalion chief, whose badge ID’d him as Morkal, stared at her.

Max held his gaze.

“You heard the girl,” Chief Morkal barked. “Make me a hot air balloon out of a garbage bag! Stat!”

“Just make sure it’s all clear, sir,” reminded Max. “Otherwise...”

“Right. All we’re gonna see is a black screen.”

The firefighters rigged up the mini-blimp and sent the two cameras up to do their job.

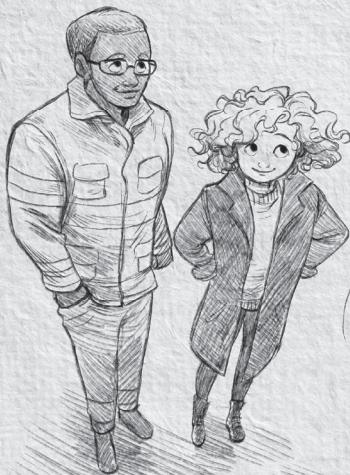
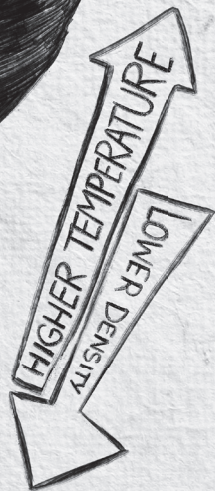
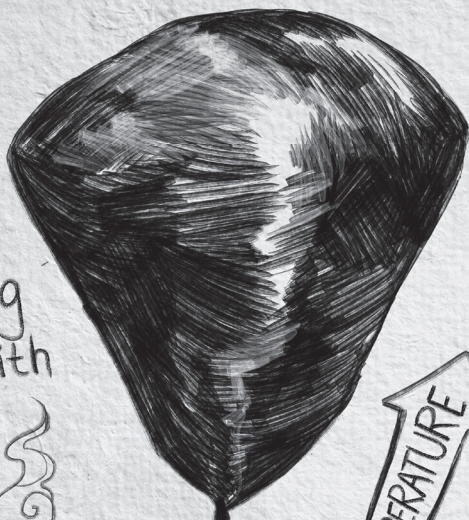
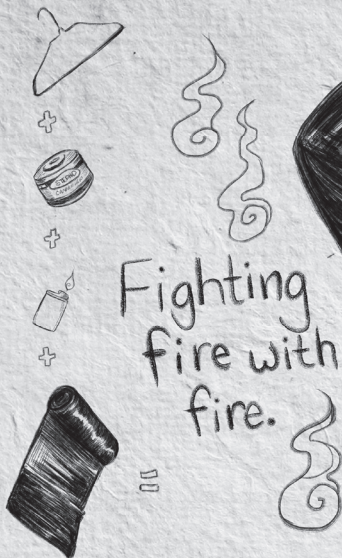
Now Max hoped she could ask these same firefighters to help the neighborhood kids who, in their attempt to cool off, had broken the law by wrenching open a fire hydrant.

She burst into the firehouse and saw a familiar face.

“Chief Morkal?”

“Oh, hey, Max. How’s it going?”

“Not bad, sir, but, well, I need your help.”



Heat rises.
So does this
garbage bag.

“You want to make a bigger balloon?” cracked Chief Morkal. “Maybe enter it in the Macy’s parade?”

“No, sir. I mean, that would be fun . . . but, right now, we have a fire hydrant situation.”

“Where?”

“Up the street. It needs a sprinkler cap.”

“Not a problem.”

“Except it needs it right now. Otherwise, a bunch of kids could wind up in trouble. NYC municipal code says the penalty is thirty days in jail or a thousand-dollar fine.”

“They opened the hydrant?”

Max nodded.

“Let me go grab some tools,” said the battalion chief.

“You’re going to do it yourself?”

“Hey, I owe you, Max. Plus, it’s so hot, I might join the kids jumpin’ through the water!”

Max and the chief marched up the street with a spray cap—a clever device that turned the gush of water jetting out of a hydrant into a sprinkler. The nozzle would limit the amount of water exploding out of the open hydrant from one thousand gallons per minute to about twenty-five.

“Won’t sting so much, either,” Chief Morkal told the kids when the cap was safely installed and spraying out water in a cluster of gentle, arcing streams.

The kids were happy.

The old man who'd wanted to take a shower was happy, too. In fact, he came back outside in his swimsuit so he could jump through the gurgling water with his young neighbors.

The police were thrilled that the situation had “cooled down” before they arrived.

Max believed that for every problem there was a solution.

You just had to find it and then do the hard work to make it happen.