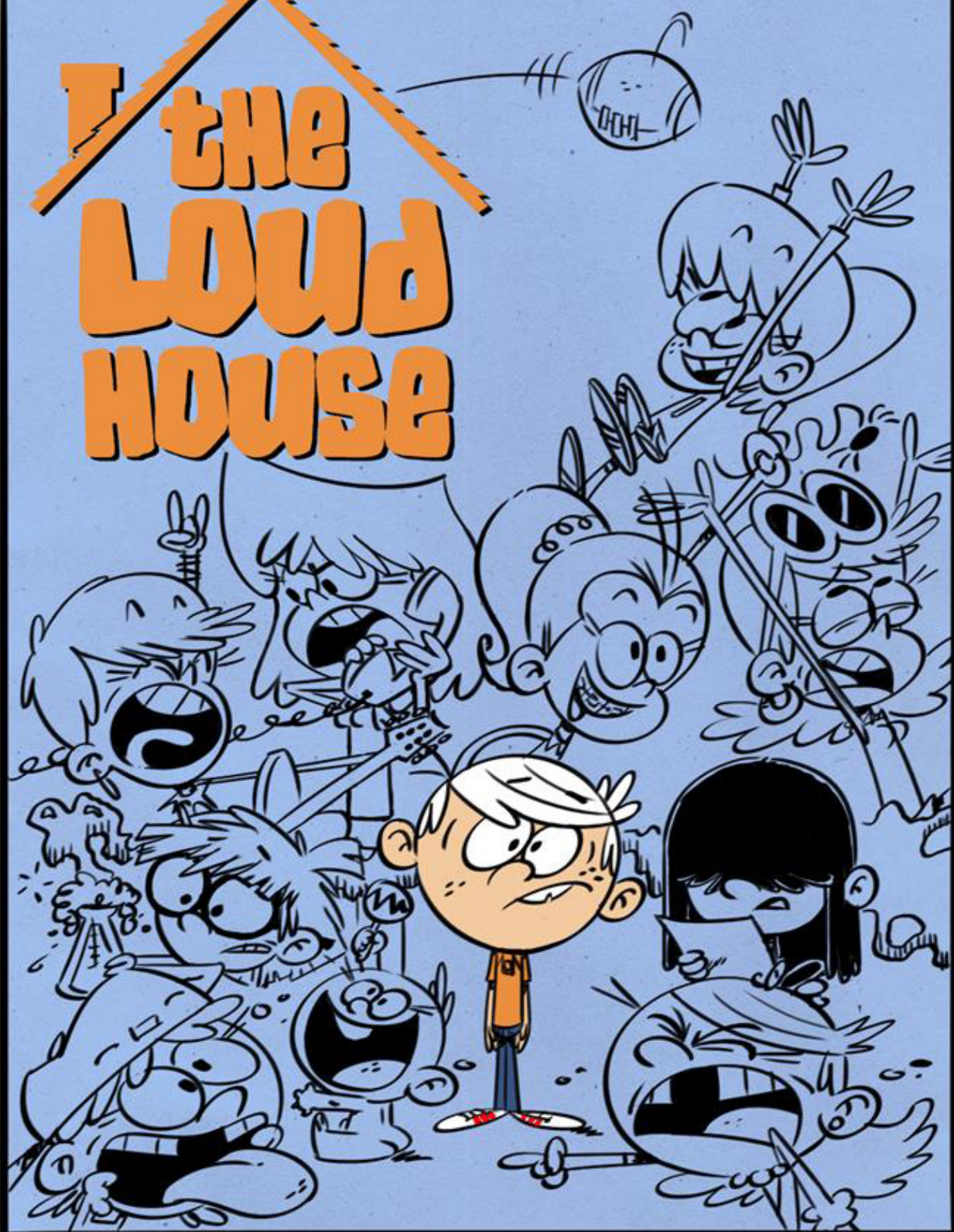


~~I~~ the LOUD HOUSE





Ever wonder what it's like to grow up in a big family?

My name's Lincoln Loud and I am the only boy of eleven kids! That's right, I have 10 sisters!

Ten of THEM, one of ME, and it's just as crazy as you'd think.

Surviving, I mean, heh heh, GROWING UP in a big family has its challenges. Even the little things, the everyday things that you might take for granted, are exponentially magnified, blown out of control and taken to extremes. The sheer chaos of something as simple as breakfast time is like the storming of Normandy and getting seconds is... wait, what are seconds? To make (read: fight, push, shove) your way through the ever-changing sea of pandemonium and shifting alliances, it is imperative that you always have a plan of action. Knowing what you want and knowing how to get it are the keys! (Like licking all the buttons on remote

control in order to be couch commando!)

However, if (when) that plan goes awry, (someone put vinegar on the remote!!!) then you should also have a backup plan (I learned to LOVE vinegar!) and most definitely a backup backup plan. And if all else fails, learning to bust out some tears is a useful talent. Charles Darwin would have a field day here. His book would be called: "Survival of the Fittest, not to mention the loudest, fastest and most cunning."

With such a big family, it's easy to get lost in the shuffle. One time I was forgotten at home while my family took a trip to France. Okay, not really, but I WAS left in a shopping cart in the mall parking lot. My oldest sister, Lori says that after mom realized I was missing she went and got her hair and nails done before coming to get me. I have yet to disprove that story. Mom pleaded the fifth.

Privacy in the Loud house is like Bigfoot or the Loch Ness Monster. Inasmuch as it is rumored to exist and there have been sightings, but in the end it all turns out to be a cruel hoax. To say we are a crowded house is an understatement. Every nook and cranny is filled with people or things or people and things. So learning to share is not only a given, it is also punishable by law (and sister's wrath) if you don't. It's not so bad, but this whole experience would be a LOT easier if we had more than one bathroom! On the plus side, as the only boy, I DO have my own bedroom. Even though it IS just a converted linen closet at the end of the hall, It's all mine... my own little oasis in the sands of chaos.

Noise. 11 kids times 15.5 decibels per kid equals... loud. This just cannot be helped. It's a numbers game. There's just no such thing as peace and quiet at our house. A sudden silence can mean only one thing; someone's getting in trouble and the rest of us are all secretly listening in on what the punishment will be (and thanking our lucky stars that it isn't us). It is rumored (proven fact) that the constant din of the Loud family can be heard from blocks away. A collective sigh rings out through the neighborhood once our family has gone to sleep for the night. Needless to say, we go through neighbors like we go through rolls of toilet paper.

In a family this big it's like we exist in our own little microcosm of the world at large. Stuck in traffic? Try waiting in line for the bathroom after Dad's famous chili con carne (he got the recipe off the back of a soup can). Don't like crowds on a holiday shopping weekend? Try navigating the halls of our house the morning after a power outage reset all of the alarm clocks and we're all late for school! Worried about that bully who's out to get you? That's nothing compared to the wrath you'll face here once your sister finds out you "accidentally" broke her favorite porcelain figurine during an epic sci-fi action figure battle! We even have our own economy and banking built on promises, favors, IOU's, and threats of "do it, or I'm telling mom!" The latter yielding the highest returns. Yelling out "Not it!" is our voting system and the occasional threat of a knuckle sandwich or revealing a secret can really sway a voter (me) to "be it." Don't get me wrong though, there are plenty of benefits to growing up in a big family. The sea of gifts I receive on birthdays and holidays alone is enough to boggle the imagination, but I digress, it's more than that. Having 10 siblings can be fun! We are never a (wo)man short when playing ball in the yard, we get a whole row to ourselves at the movie theater and we could put on a full stage performance of The Sound of Music. Sure, the house may be crowded, but I am never lonely. There's always someone to talk to, confide in, play with, or help me. If I catch any of my sisters in the right mood I know they'd do anything for me, and truth be told, I would do anything for them. Which means I am not above having to be the occasional make-up tester or fashion show participant. And sure, we may fight, argue, and bicker, but we always have each other's backs and woe to anyone my sisters' catch giving me a hard time. That's when the 10-headed monster rears its ugly head! And a lot of the time it's the 11 of us against the world. We might be loud but no matter what, we are family.

In the end I've learned that it takes the 3 P's, Patience, Perseverance and Problem solving to survive in a family this big. And with all of the chaos, noise, and craziness, it might be hard for anyone to believe me, but I wouldn't change it for the world. Because in 1 family with 11 kids, 4 pets and 2 exhausted parents, you can be sure that there is never a dull moment in The Loud House!



suppose you'd like to know a little bit about my sisters? Well, let me tell you, they are as individual as they come. Each has her own distinct personality, and all of them combine as well as oil and water. They seem to constantly be at each other's throats for one reason or another, but when they DO band together (into the aforementioned 10-headed monster) even the strongest of men cower in "its" presence. Since I have 5 older sisters and 5 younger, I find I am frequently looked up to, often looked down on and always given a sideways glance. My sisters are anything but dainty. They are loud, pushy, strong-willed, and make my life a continuous roller coaster ride, but I love every one of them.



LORI (17): The Oldest. She is the first-born child in the Loud family and as the oldest, she sees herself as the boss of us (not me!). Lori's favorite things to do are rolling her eyes, texting, and *literally* always saying "literally." Don't tell her I told you this, but Lori also has a very sensitive digestive system. And by that I mean she always supplies it and always denies it. Lori spends most of her time texting her boyfriend Bobby - or as she lovingly (sickeningly, if you ask me) refers to him, Bobby Boo Boo Bear. Still, if you catch her in the right mood, she's a great ally to have. Lori always has my back when I'm in a jam. And also it pays to be nice to her as she is the only one of my siblings who can drive.



LENI (16): The Beauty. She is every ditzy girl you've ever known rolled into one teenager. Leni is a total fashionista who spends most of her time designing outfits and accessorizing (though she probably can't spell it). She is easily distracted by shiny objects, easily falls for Luan's pranks, and sometimes walks into walls when she's talking (she's not great at doing two things at once). Leni should be able to drive but she's failed all of her driving exams. Let's hope the 15th time's the charm. Don't get me wrong, Leni might be flighty, but she's the sweetest of my sisters and truly has a heart of gold (even though she's pretty sure she has a heart of blood).



LUNA (15): The Rock Star. She's a musical genius with an encyclopedic knowledge of all things rock and roll. Luna is loud, boisterous, freewheeling and her energy is always cranked to 11. She thinks about music so much that she even talks in song lyrics! When Luna's not rocking out, she's always talking about her favorite rock star, Mick Swagger. You can always count on Luna to help out, and she'll do most anything you ask, as long as you're okay with her supplying a rocking guitar accompaniment - which can be a little annoying when you're doing homework, taking a shower, or trying to sleep.



LUAN (14): The Jokester. Luan's a stand up comedienne who lives for bad puns (she gets her crazy sense of humor from our Dad). She's big on prop comedy – you know, squirting flowers and whoopee cushions – which means you have to be on your toes whenever she's around. She loves to pull pranks. April Fool's Day is her favorite day of the year – and the least favorite day for the rest of us Louds! She's a really good ventriloquist, too, and is often found doing bits with her (super-creepy) dummy, Mr. Coconuts. Luan never lets anything get her down; to her, laughter IS the best medicine. We're lucky she's around, since she has diffused many tense moments in the Loud house with her sense of humor; by the time the rest of us are busy groaning at her bad puns, we've forgotten what we were arguing about in the first place!

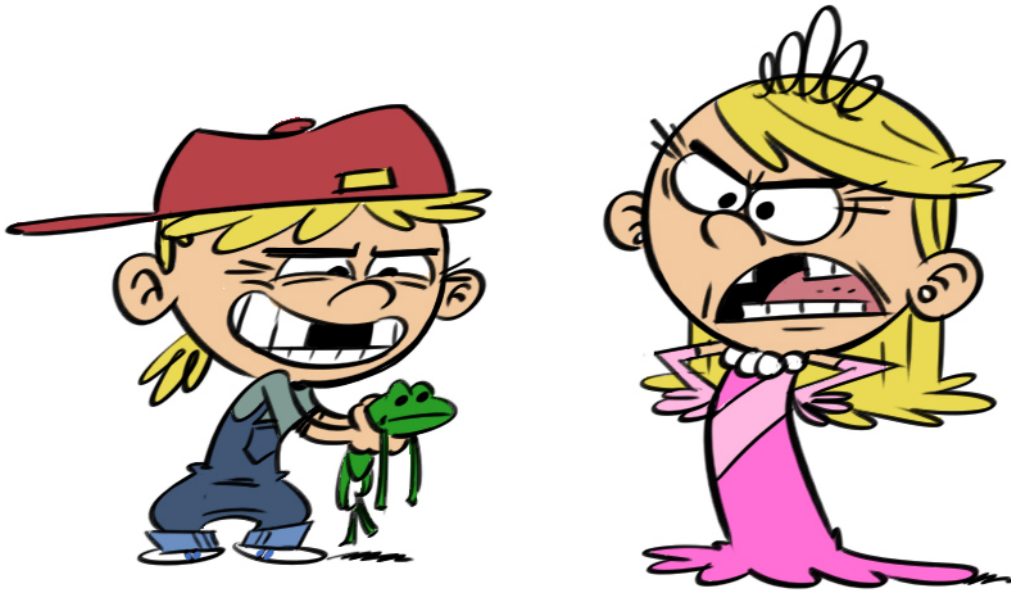


LYNN (13): The Athlete. To say Lynn kinda likes sports is like saying the beach is kinda sandy. With Lynn it's all sports all the time; she thinks she's slacking off if she isn't playing on at least five different teams at the same time. At home, she'll turn anything into a game. Put away the eggs? Jump shot! Clean up the eggs? Slap shot! Lynn's always looking for a teammate in the Loud house, which means the rest of us are fair game for an impromptu round of dodge ball or, worse, a one-on-one wrestling match. She's very competitive and she'll bet on anything and accept almost any dare (she's got the body cast to prove it). She is the queen of "Two for Flinching" (and I have the bruises to prove it). She's superstitious when it comes to her teams – for example, she won't go number two until her team is number one. She also loves a good fight, so bullies beware... She's named herself my personal bodyguard, which makes me feel

safer, I gotta say. One last fun fact about Lynn: her name is really Lynn Jr., because she's named after our Dad!



LUCY (8): The Emo. Lucy is the Loud family's resident vampire - or so she wishes. She is obsessed with all things spooky, dark and morbid. Lucy enjoys séances, fortune telling, and planning our funerals (we're not creeped out by this; she's just being thoughtful). Lucy has the annoying habit of appearing out of nowhere, scaring us. If we ever have to go looking for her, we usually find her holed up in the vents, which she calls her "secret dark place," and where she goes to communicate with the spirits. Lucy loves to write poetry, and while she gets her love of writing from our Mom, Lucy's style is way darker than Mom's. She loves the character of Edwin from the TV show "Vampires of Melancholia," and has a homemade bust of him hidden in her closet. Despite her love of the macabre, Lucy also enjoys the very bright and very pink "Princess Pony" book series, but I'm the only one who knows this, and I've already promised I'll take her secret to my grave (which she's happily offered to dig for me...again, not creepy, just thoughtful).



LOLA (6) & LANA (6): The “twins”. I put twins in quotes because even though they are identical, they couldn’t be more opposite.

LOLA is a quintessential pageant girl whose passions include glitter, photo shoots, and her own beautiful, beautiful face. But don't let her cute, toothless smile fool you; underneath all the sugar and spice lurks a Machiavellian mastermind. Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets – or else. She's the eyes and ears of the household and never resists an opportunity to tattle on troublemakers. But if you stay on Lola's good side, you've got yourself a fierce ally – and a lifetime supply of free makeovers. Heck, she might even let you drive her around in her pink jeep while she practices her pageant wave.

LANA is the exact opposite of Lola, a quintessential tomboy whose passions include reptiles, mud pies, and muffler repair. She's our resident Ms. Fix-it and is always ready to lend a hand – the dirtier the job, the better. Need your toilet unclogged? Snake fed? Back-zit popped? Lana's your gal. All she asks in return is a little A-B-C gum, or a handful of kibble (we always catch her sneaking it from Charles's bowl).

Needless to say, the two of them can get into some pretty epic brawls, mud and sequins flying. But deep down, we know the twins love each other – and that if they ever *do* team up, the rest of us better take cover.



LISA (4): The genius. She's smarter than all of the rest of us combined. And that is a conservative estimate. She'll most likely be a rocket scientist, or a brain surgeon, or an evil genius who takes over the world (my money is on the latter). Lisa spends most of her time working in her lab (we've gotten used to the explosions), and says her research leaves little time for frivolous human pursuits like "playing" or "getting haircuts." That said, she's always there to help with a homework question, or to explain why the sky is blue, or to point out the structural flaws in your pillow fort. Lisa says it's the least she can do for her favorite test subjects, er, siblings.



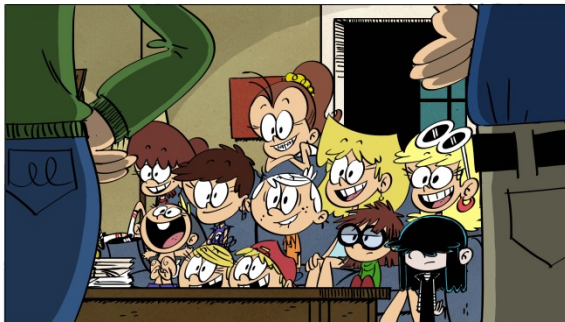
Finally, there's LILY (15 months): The baby, or, as she's affectionately known, "the poop machine." Lily is a giggly, drooly, diaper-ditching free spirit. Seriously, just try to keep a nappy on this kid – she's like a teething Houdini. But even when Lily's running wild, dropping rancid diaper bombs, or drooling all over the remote, she always brings a smile to our faces (and a clothespin to our noses). Lily is everyone's favorite little buddy, and we all love her unconditionally.

You may be wondering where my parents are during all of the mayhem. Oh, my folks are around, they've just learned how to stay sane with one simple rule: "Don't call for them unless there's blood or law enforcement involved". They say it's because they want us to learn to "solve" our "problems" on our own. (In the series, we plan keep their identity hidden and we will not show what they actually look like for quite some time.)

They're both fun and wacky in their own way. Mom is a very hands-on lady; she can do everything from unclog a sink, to refinishing our dining room table! Mom is organized and keeps us running like a well-oiled machine. You should see our grocery list; it's five feet long! At the moment, Mom works as a dental hygienist, but really, she's an aspiring novelist. And because my Dad is such a goofball, Mom is usually the enforcer. Sure, she loves all of us kids more than anything but she isn't afraid to put her foot down when we get out of control.

And my Dad? Well, boy, does he like to have fun. He loves to dance, make puns, wear tacky ties, and rock out with the cowbell. Dad is the resident cook of the Loud house and he's always whipping up something delicious. His strawberry muffins are to die for. He loves to teach us kids lessons in creative ways and tries his hardest to make even menial tasks entertaining for the whole family. And even when his methods backfire, it always makes for a funny story.

Mom and Dad may utilize unconventional means of parenting, but they are the glue that keeps this family together. And even though they are always being pulled in 11 different directions at once, they still make time for each of us. In short, I think they are pretty great.



To add to the chaos we also have Charles the Dog, Cliff the Cat, Walt the Bird and Geo the Hamster. Although they are our pets, I sometimes think that they are smarter than all of us which leads me to question who is actually controlling who in this house.



Oh, and I guess I should say a thing or two about myself! I am 11 years old and, as you know, I've got five older sisters and five younger sisters, which puts me smack dab in the middle. Talk about extreme middle child syndrome! I've got it in spades! Some may see this as a bad thing, but I see it as me being the "fulcrum" to the teeter-tottering family turmoil. I am like the Loud House Yoda. Bring balance to the family do I. Because I am the only boy, my sisters really look up to me and trust me to bring a certain unbiased perspective to any situation. I am basically the Switzerland of brothers. I'm neat and clean, not by choice, but by necessity. My sisters are ruthless when it comes to me leaving my stuff lying around. They'll vacuum up anything that is left in their way (I still miss you, vintage Six Million Dollar Man action figure). When dad's away, I am essentially the man of the house, which is perfect because I am calm, cool and collected in the face of adversity. It makes me the natural leader. I am relatively short for my age, but that doesn't mean I'm not quick or agile or strong. I am really quite athletic. Not to brag, but I did make the Kessel Run in less than 10 parsecs. I believe in Bigfoot, aliens and everything in between. I am a bonafide science-fiction and horror fanatic and am well versed in both genres. For 11, I am well read and have discriminating tastes in literature. I am proud of, and totally dig, my white hair and believe it is a symbol of my unique qualities. Needless to say, I'm pretty much an all-around good guy.

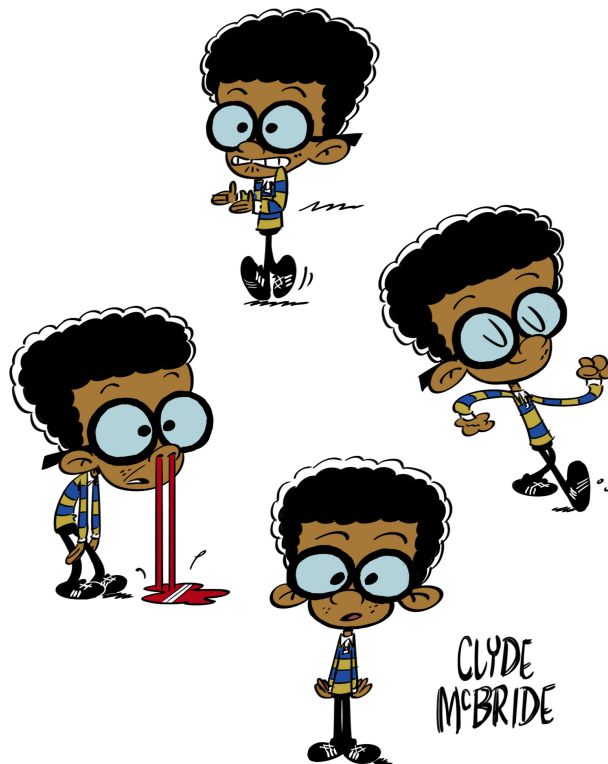


Dearest Brother,

We are taking the liberty of adding a few details of your "self-description". You forgot to mention that you shower in your bathing suit. And you fidget. A lot. Remember that one time you got stuck in a chair at school? Classic! By the way, you couldn't keep a secret if it was stapled to your forehead. And man of the house? Hilarious. You jump at your own shadow! And we always find you asleep in Lily's crib during a thunderstorm. Well read? You read funny-animal comics in your underwear! What the heck is a Kessel run? It's more like a bathroom run. And as we recall, you didn't make it. And as far as your white hair, it's that color because Lynn peed on your head when you were a baby. Score! (that was Lynn). Chemical reaction, not selected uniqueness. Besides all of that, you really are a good brother, but don't let that go to your head or we'll tell mom about "The Incident."

*Love,
"The 10-Headed Monster"*

Hey, can I help it if I enjoy a little "open air" while reading my comics? Anyway, everything I just shared should be taken with a grain of salt. Although, I've done my best to give you an idea of what it's like to grow up with such a large family, I have just barely scratched the surface, and be warned that in this ever-changing sea of chaos nothing can be taken for granted in The Loud House!



I can't forget to mention my best friend, CLYDE McBRIDE (age 11). Clyde is the brother I never had. We are like two peas in a pod and share pretty much all of the same tastes in movies, comics, TV shows - stuff like that. A romantic at heart, Clyde has a huge crush on my oldest sister Lori. He often gets carried away daydreaming about her. In fact, in his own mind, he has a rivalry with Lori's boyfriend Bobby for Lori's heart. But it's all in his head. I mean, if she so much as looks at the guy, he breaks into a spontaneous nosebleed, freezes up, and talks like a robot. But don't worry about Clyde, he's not embarrassed by anything. He knows exactly who he is and is not afraid to show it. Clyde is my partner in crime. He's always willing to go along with my crazy schemes (even if he sees the flaws in them up front). Clyde is a pretty particular kid; he has like a thousand bedtime rituals – one of which is turning on his three white noise machines. Unlike me, Clyde is an only child. He says he envies me because it would be cool to always have siblings around to talk to. I can't argue with that, but boy, do I envy him sometimes. The peace and quiet at his house is wonderfully deafening. Clyde is a little neurotic, but that's probably because he's the son of helicopter parents. They are VERY over-protective and VERY involved in his life. Don't get me wrong, Clyde isn't spoiled... just very well cared for. All in all, Clyde McBride is a great guy and a friend for life.

STORY DIRECTION

By breaking the fourth wall, our intrepid hero, Lincoln Loud (brother to 10 sisters!) invites us, the audience, along for the roller coaster ride that is life at his house. Using his unique perspective, Lincoln can speak directly to us, he can also pause the action, do an instant replay, draw on the teleprompter or even take us into fantasy sequences starring his siblings (if he's going to go into "battle", then it will look like WW1 from his perspective, at least for a moment). Any verbal or visual trick Lincoln can use to help convey the chaos, we will get a glimpse at just what it takes to navigate the crowded halls. And just how one does get a turn in the bathroom!

The Loud House stories are as unique and varied as the kids who occupy them. The main point of all of the stories is to answer the series question: "WHAT IS IT LIKE TO GROW UP IN A BIG FAMILY?" The Loud House story-lines take simple, every-day situations and multiply them by a factor of 10! Whether a small idea or a big one, there will be multiple story-lines in each episode in order to ensure the feeling of chaos and frantic, kinetic energy within the household. Whether you are an only child, have one sibling or many, The Loud House stories, above all, aim to be relatable, funny, honest and sincere.

Most of the early stories will be told from Lincoln's POV, inviting us in to HIS chaotic world, but as we get to know the sisters, we will get to see the world from their own diverse perspectives.

Stories will also be grounded in personal, social and physical stakes.

Stories will come from the following areas:

- Lincoln vs. all of his siblings
- Lincoln vs. specific siblings
- Lincoln vs. his siblings out in the world
- Lincoln vs. the world outside of his house