



# The Sleepover Club



# Hit <sup>the</sup> Beach!

# Harriet Castor

## Hit the Beach!

### Аннотация

Also published as Sleepover Girls Go Surfing. The hugely popular Sleepover Club series is back with a gorgeous new look. Meet Frankie, Kenny, Fliss, Rosie and Lyndz – five best friends who just want to have fun! The surf's up, the tide is high and it's time for the Sleepover Club to hit the beach during their school activity week in Devon. A whole week of secret midnight feasts! The girls have surfing lessons from cool instructor Bethany, but will they spend more time in the water than on the board? One thing's for sure, there's always trouble ahead when the Sleepover girls are involved... As well as a great story this book has tips for fun things to do at your own sleepover party for you and your friends. Pack up your sleepover kit and join in the fun!

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HarperCollinsChildren'sBooks

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Hey, wave warrior! How's it going, dude? Why don't you cruise on over here and hang out with your old buddy Kenny, huh?

No, it's OK, I haven't got sunstroke. It's just my beach speak – I've been practising it ever since we got back from our awesome trip. What's that? You haven't heard about it yet? I can't *believe* one of the others hasn't filled you in – it's all we've been yakking about for ages.

But that's brilliant, cos now I get to tell you! We've been

having *the* coolest summer – you’re going to be so wowed when you hear about it, I swear. Quick, let’s sit over here in the shade so we don’t fry. If I get any more sun, I’ll be peeling for weeks.

OK, so you remember us all, right? The five super-cool members of the Sleepover Club? First there’s me, Kenny. On my birth certificate it says my name’s Laura McKenzie, but no one calls me that unless they’re narked with me – or they’re a teacher. (And the teachers are usually narked with me anyway.)

Next there’s Frankie – look, she’s over there, flinging a frisbee at Lyndz. Frankie and I have known each other for *ever*, and she’s a complete laugh. I think you can blame most of the craziest Sleepover Club ideas on her – life just ain’t quiet with Frankie around!

As for Lyndz, she’s as mad on ponies as I am on Leicester City Football Club (and that is *seriously* mad). In fact, it’s a wonder she’s with us right now – usually every spare minute she’s got she’s off to the stables to shovel horse poo, or whatever it is they make you do down there. (Yeuch!)

Then there’s Fliss – Felicity Sidebotham if you’re being formal. Yep, that’s her, lounging on a towel in her new hot-pink bikini. Summer just has to be her favourite time of year, judging by the number of new outfits she always seems to get. I don’t know how she makes it out of the house in the morning. With that many to choose from I’d be dithering till bedtime.

And last – but *so* not least – there’s Rosie. Fliss is trying to compare tans with her, but she doesn’t look that interested, does

she? You might think Rosie's the quietest of the gang. Don't bet on it though, cos sometimes she surprises you. Talk about hidden talents! You won't believe it when I tell you what *she's* been up to.

But I've got to start at the beginning, haven't I? Kenny, get your brain in gear, girl! OK, so here goes.

I know it sounds weird, but the coolest, most glamorous Sleepover adventure yet actually started at Cuddington Primary. Yep, our familiar old school. And it started with those familiar old slime bags, the M&Ms (that's Emily 'the Goblin' Berryman and Emma 'the Queen' Hughes). I'm sure you haven't forgotten about *them* – they're the most stuck-up, snotty girls in our class, and they've been the number one enemies of the Sleepover Club since... well, forever.

It was a Tuesday morning and we were doing Art. Our teacher Mrs Weaver had brought in a packet of balloons, and we were making papier-mâché animals. Sounds weird? I know – but actually it was quite cool. You had to blow up your balloon and then stick your papier-mâché all over it, adding extra bits for legs and ears and whatever.

Frankie and I were doing quite well – even though we'd spent half the lesson flicking bits of gluey paper at each other.

"Mine's not an animal, it's a space rocket," said Frankie, dragging a lump of gunge out of her hair. She had another bit stuck to her forehead, but I wasn't going to let on. It looked hilarious. She peered at my paper-covered balloon. "What's yours?"

“A squashed football?” suggested Fliss.

“Mr Potato Head?” said Rosie.

“Wrong and wrong again,” I said. I’d just cut up an egg box and I picked up one of the bits. “Look, this one’s the snout,” I said. “And these are the little stubby legs. And this one I’ll cut in half for the ears. Oink, oink! Any guesses?”

Frankie grinned. “It’s Emma Hughes!”

Ha, ha! That made us all fall about.

“I heard my name. Are you talking about me?” said a snooty voice behind us. I spun round and there were the M&Ms – trust them to be listening in! Honestly, it just shows how pathetic they are that they don’t have anything else to do but annoy us.

“Yeuch, no,” I said, turning back. “That’d be the most boring conversation in the universe.”

Then Emily Berryman sniggered. “Did you know you’ve got paper stuck to your forehead, Frankie?” she said. “You look *so* stupid.”

“Yeah, *right*,” said Frankie, thinking the Goblin was playing a trick on her. This sent the M&Ms into fits of snorting giggles. Then Frankie put her hand to her forehead and turned bright pink.

Instantly, I was seized with guilt – and the M&Ms’ smug faces made my blood boil. “Push off!” I yelled. “Or I’ll sit on your stupid balloons and squash them flat!”

The Goblin yelled right back: “You could squash an *elephant* with your big bum!” (See what I mean – brainless or what?)

All the shouting got Mrs Weaver's attention. "What's going on there?" she barked. "Emma and Emily! Get back to your table this instant."

The M&Ms muttered something and shot me a withering look as they stomped back to their places. They're such teacher's pets, they can't stand getting told off for anything. I should've figured they'd start plotting revenge straight away, but I really got into the sticking and gluing after that, so I forgot all about them.

My pig was looking excellent. "When it's dry," I said, holding it up to show the others, "I'm going to paint it blue and yellow." (Leicester City's colours, of course!) "Then I'm going to cut a slot in the top so it's a money box and use it to save up for match tickets and footie mags and stuff. How brilliant is that?"

Nobody got a chance to tell me what a genius I was, though, because right then Mrs Weaver said, "Ten minutes to the bell, everyone. Start clearing up."

Rosie and Lyndz leapt over to the sink to wash up our paint brushes and glue pots. Frankie, Fliss and I picked up all the stray bits of sticky paper. Then we carefully lined up our balloons alongside everyone else's on the shelf above the sink.

Outside at break there was a massive grey cloud hanging over the playground. Soon spits and spots of rain started falling.

"It's supposed to be summer!" said Fliss, scowling up at the sky. "How will I ever get a tan when it's like this?"

"Brrr! I'm going to get my cardie," said Rosie, and she dashed back towards the classroom.

“I think we should go on a summer holiday,” said Lyndz. “Sleepover summer camp – wouldn’t it be ace? Somewhere hot...”

“We could have midnight feasts under the stars every night,” said Frankie.

“Dream on, guys,” I said. “Whose parents are going to take all five of us on holiday?”

Just then Rosie came charging towards us, panting and flapping her hands. “Kenny!” she gasped. “Your pig! It’s floating in the sink. It’s gone all mushy!”

It was obvious from her face that she wasn’t joking. I set off for the classroom at supersonic speed. The others followed.

Sure enough, when we got there we found the sink half full of water, and bobbing around in it was my Leicester City pig. Or what was left of it. The papier-mâché had turned to gunge and was sliding off the balloon, making the water into gluey soup.

“Nooo!” I fished the slimy balloon out and dumped it on the draining board. “I don’t believe it! It’s totally ruined!”

“It must’ve fallen off the shelf,” said Rosie gloomily.

“Fallen off?” I said. “No way. I was really careful not to put it near the edge.”

“Maybe someone moved it to make room for theirs,” suggested Lyndz.

“Uh-huh.” I shook my head. “This pig was *pushed*.”

By now the bell had rung for the end of break and everyone was piling back into the classroom.

“D’you mean someone did it on purpose?” said Fliss.

Honestly! I’m not saying my friends are thick, but sometimes they’re too nice to see what’s totally obvious. “Of course they did,” I said. “And no prizes for guessing who.”

“Settle down, everyone,” said Mrs Weaver, striding in with a pile of maths books under her arm.

“I thought it was weird...” began Lyndz as we went back to our seats.

“What?”

“I noticed the M&Ms were at the back of the queue for the sink. Usually they push to the front. They must’ve let everyone else go first on purpose...”

“Laura, Francesca and Lyndsey – sit down please,” said Mrs Weaver.

I growled with frustration and flopped into my chair. A few seats away, the M&Ms were looking at Mrs Weaver with wide-eyed innocent expressions, like two puppies on a TV advert. This is it, I thought. A pig too far. This means Kenny on the warpath. Chaaaaarge!

If I’d known what was going to happen, there’s no way I would have done it, would I? I just wish someone had turned me into Mystic Kenny for the day, and kitted me out with a crystal ball.

No such luck. Instead, I spent the whole of the maths lesson racking my brain, trying to come up with a brilliant revenge plan. Frankie kept passing me little scribbled drawings of pigs called Emily and Emma to cheer me up. They made me giggle all right,

but by lunchtime, though I was feeling happier, I still hadn't had any ideas.

Then, when we were sitting in the dining hall eating our packed lunches, I had a flash of inspiration.

"Don't you want that yoghurt, Fliss?" I said.

"Urgh, no." She pushed it away from her. "Andy did the shopping and he forgot to get low-fat again." (Andy is Fliss's mum's boyfriend. He's really nice.)

"Fliss!" Lyndz laughed. "One yoghurt isn't going to make you fat!"

Fliss wrinkled her nose. "I don't like the taste if I know it's not low-fat."

"Can I have it, then?" I said.

"If you want."

I didn't eat it – I slipped it into my lunch box. I had *the* best plan.

When we'd finished, we headed back to the classroom as usual to dump our lunch stuff. I hung back, pretending to look for something in my rucksack.

"Come on, slowcoach!" said Lyndz, standing at the door.

"You go ahead – I'll catch you up," I said. When she'd gone, I hurried over to Emily Berryman's desk. Her bag was on her chair. Quickly, I unzipped it. Inside was a jumble of books and games kit – she's not very neat. I took Fliss's yoghurt and tweaked the lid back about halfway. Then I buried the pot deep in the bag.

When I got out to the playground, I must've looked pleased

with myself, because Frankie said, “Hey, Mystery Queen – have you been up to something?”

“Maybe.” I wiggled my eyebrows. “You’ll find out.” It was going to be the funniest surprise ever.

Back in the classroom at the end of the lunch break, Emily picked up her bag and dumped it on the floor, but didn’t open it. I was hoping she’d shake it around a bit – that would really get the yoghurt slopping – but no such luck. Anyway, I was soon thinking about other things, because Mrs Weaver came in clutching a stack of envelopes and started handing them out. They were addressed to our parents.

“Hey, what’s this?” said Lyndz, holding hers up to the light in the hope that it was see-through. Sealed letters to take home always give us the jitters.

“Something boring, I bet,” said Fliss. “PTA meeting. Or a sponsored spell.”

We all groaned.

“Quiet now, everyone,” said Mrs Weaver, clapping her hands. “I have something exciting to tell you. The letters that I’ve just handed out are to inform your parents about this year’s summer trip.”

*That* made us sit up and take notice. “Please let it be Alton Towers,” muttered Frankie next to me. “Or the London Eye – that would be wicked!”

“You’re a very lucky class,” said Mrs Weaver. “This trip is really something special – it’s an activity week on the north

Devon coast.”

Oh. My. Gosh. Frankie and I clutched each other. A week? A whole *week*? This was awesome!

“Is it by the sea, with a beach?” Danny McCloud called out.

Mrs Weaver smiled. “Yes, by the sea with a beach, Danny. But we won’t just be sunbathing all day. There’ll be a variety of activities to choose from, and we’ll be staying in a youth hostel, where we’ll all get involved with the cooking and cleaning. It’s about co-operation and working together as well as having fun together.”

I don’t really think anyone in the class had taken in a word since “sea” and “beach”. I looked round at Lyndz, Rosie and Fliss and we did a big thumbs up. “It’s our dream of a Sleepover Club summer camp – come true!” squeaked Rosie.

Everyone was chattering excitedly. “Settle down, now,” said Mrs Weaver. “Obviously, your parents will need to agree to it. In your envelopes there’s a form for them to sign and you’ll need to bring it back with a deposit. BUT – ”she looked round seriously “ – no one’s place on this trip is guaranteed. Each of you will need to prove to me that you can behave responsibly. Any misbehaviour may affect your chances of going.”

Yeah yeah, I was thinking. Usual teacher guff about good behaviour. We’d just have to make sure we didn’t get into any serious trouble between now and... Then it struck me.

Right at this moment there was a leaky yoghurt pot, sitting in Benny Berryman’s bag like a time bomb.



There was only one thing for it: I had to get the yoghurt back. And fast.

When she'd finished talking about the school trip, Mrs Weaver said, "Now, we'd better get on with our history lesson, hadn't we? We're going to start a new topic today: Henry VIII and His Six Wives. Who would like to fetch the books from the cupboard for me and give them out?"

As you probably know, I'm not usually the world's keenest volunteer. Not unless someone's giving out Leicester City tickets

as rewards! But today I shot my hand up faster than a goalie making the save of his life.

Even Mrs Weaver looked surprised. “Thank you, Laura,” she said. As I clambered out of my seat, I hissed to Frankie, “When I get to the Goblin’s desk, distract her!”

“What?” Frankie looked confused. “How? Why?”

But I didn’t have time to explain. I fetched the pile of books and sailed round the room handing them out, one between two. When I got near Emily I winked at Frankie; she tugged Emily’s sleeve and waved her exercise book in front of her nose, saying could she copy her notes on the Egyptians and did she have that stuff about Cleopatra from last week? I think Emily honestly thought Frankie had gone stark raving bonkers – and I don’t blame her. I took my chance, though – I bent down to Emily’s bag and had just got my fingers on the zip when I heard Mrs Weaver’s voice saying, “Laura, what *are* you doing?”

I snapped upright again. “Nothing, Mrs Weaver.”

Well, after that I spent the whole lesson feeling like I had ants in my pants. I couldn’t concentrate, couldn’t think of anything except the Yoghurt Pot of Doom. If only I could’ve made myself invisible for just two minutes, I could’ve sorted everything out, no problem. It was sooo frustrating.

Our last lesson of the day was P.E. In the girls’ changing room, everyone was excited, talking about the school trip. I was so busy imagining just how ace it was going to be that for a few moments I forgot all about Emily and the yoghurt pot.

“D’you reckon there’ll be donkey rides on the sands?” said Lyndz, sitting down to unbuckle her shoes. “I saw seals on a beach in Scotland once!” (Lyndz is animal mad, in case you hadn’t noticed.)

“Devon’s a long way from Scotland,” laughed Rosie.

“I *know*. But seals live in other places too.”

Frankie grinned. “I bet Fliss is wondering whether there’ll be hunky lifeguards on the beach.”

“Am not!” said Fliss from inside her games t-shirt. But when she pulled it over her head she’d turned bright pink.

Suddenly, there was a piercing shriek. “Aieeee!”

All around us the excited chattering stopped dead. I spun round to see Emily Berryman holding up a yellow t-shirt. It looked as if Frankie’s baby sister Izzy had been sick all down the front.

Emily dropped the t-shirt on the floor and started pulling more and more things out of her bag, all of them slimed with yoghurt. A sock, an exercise book, her games shorts...

“Gross! Look at her trainers!” By now, practically everyone in the room was shrieking with laughter. Next to me, Frankie and Rosie were giggling fit to burst, and Lyndz had already got hiccups. Fliss, though, was wincing – I reckon she was imagining how upset she’d be if someone messed with *her* clothes.

The next minute the changing room door swung open. It was Mrs Weaver and she didn’t look pleased. “Girls! What on earth is all this racket?”

“Mrs Weaver, Emily’s spilt a yoghurt in her bag.”

Mrs Weaver sighed and marched over to Emily. She wrinkled her nose when she saw the state of her things. “For goodness’ sake, Emily. You should keep your lunch more carefully.”

“But, Mrs Weaver!” Emily looked like she was about to cry. “It’s not *my* lunch. I didn’t have a yoghurt. Someone put it in my bag on purpose!”

There was a moment’s silence. I could almost hear Mrs Weaver’s brain whirring. Then – guess who was the first “someone” that popped into her head? Who had she spotted fiddling with Emily’s bag?

Lyndz nudged me. “Why’s Weaver loo-hicking at you?” she whispered.

But before I could answer, Mrs Weaver snapped, “Laura. Go and wait for me outside Mrs Poole’s office. Now!”

Man oh man. How can a load of teachers get so massively, crazily angry about one measly little yoghurt, for goodness’ sake? It was going to wash out of Emily’s games kit, no problem. And OK, her geography book was a bit slimy, but to be honest she’s not the world’s best brain at geography anyhow. She’d have been better off copying Emma’s notes in the first place, I reckon.

But that didn’t seem to be the point. Mrs Poole, our headteacher, went really po-faced and stony when Mrs Weaver explained what had happened.

“I cannot understand how you can be so utterly irresponsible, Laura,” she said, peering at me over the top of her glasses like

I was some horrid insect she wanted to squash. “Not to mention so disrespectful of other people’s property. Did you think it was *funny*?”

Why do teachers always ask that? Dur! Of course I thought it was funny or I wouldn’t have done it, would I? But I couldn’t say that.

“No, Mrs Poole,” I muttered, looking at my shoes.

“How would you like it if someone covered your belongings in yoghurt?”

Blah blah blah. I tried to tell her what had happened to my pig but she wouldn’t listen. She just went on and on. By the time she’d finished droning it was home time, and I felt like one of Henry VIII’s wives who’d been sent to the Tower.

I headed back to the classroom in a daze. There I found Lyndz, Rosie, Fliss and Frankie, sitting in a huddle with their coats on. They sprang off the desks when they saw me and clustered round.

“Was that really what you did with my yoghurt?” asked Fliss, giggling.

“Ace plan, Kenco!” said Frankie, putting her hand up for high fives. “Serves the Goblin right after what they did to your pig!”

“Kenny – are you OK?” said Lyndz, peering at me. “You look a bit sick.”

“I feel majorly sick,” I said. Lyndz took a step back. I reckon she thought I was going to barf on her shoes right then and there!

“Pooley didn’t make a massive deal of it, did she?” asked Rosie.

“Course not,” said Frankie. “She’s a pushover!” Frankie’s right – usually Pooley’s nice, and much softer than Weaver.

But this time it was different. My nightmare had come true. “She made the most gigantic, humungous deal of it you can imagine,” I said, slumping into my chair and looking round at my friends. “I’m sorry, guys. I can’t go on the school trip.”

You know when someone gives you something, and then snatches it away the very next minute – it’s so much worse than if you’d never had it in the first place, isn’t it?

At that moment, I wished I’d never heard about the trip. Even better, I wished I’d never set eyes on Emily Berryman and her horrid bag in my life.

My friends were all just standing there, opening and shutting their mouths like goldfish. They couldn’t believe what’d happened. Well, that made five of us.

I got up and started stuffing my things angrily into my rucksack. “If you hadn’t been so picky about your yoghurt, Fliss, I never would’ve got into this mess,” I said.

“Hey!” Fliss protested. “It wasn’t my fault! It was your stupid idea...”

“Stop it!” yelled Frankie. Then, more quietly, she said, “It was the M&Ms’ fault for ruining Kenny’s pig in the first place. Come on, guys – we’d better get going.”

We all grabbed our bags and headed out of the classroom.

As we were crossing the playground I dodged round Frankie so I could walk next to Fliss. “Look, I didn’t mean it back there,”

I said. "I'm sorry."

"It's OK." Fliss nodded. "I'd be really upset too if I were you."

Just then Lyndz bounced up behind us and flung her arms round me. "It's not fair!" she wailed, squeezing me really tight. "It won't be a proper Sleepover Club trip without Kenny!"

"Too right it won't!" I said. I know it's really mean, but I couldn't bear the thought that they'd all be going on this fabulous holiday without me. "Hey..." I stopped in my tracks – the others stopped too. "Maybe the Sleepover Club should boycott the trip – you know, as a protest?" I said. "If one of us stays home, we all stay home!"

There was a silence. "Er... maybe," said Lyndz.

"Oh, forget it," I said grumpily. "I'll be fine. Send me a postcard, guys." And I stomped off.

It's not like me to get down about things, but that night I was a real misery-guts. I think Mum and Dad presumed I'd had a row with my sister Molly – a good guess, since she's about as annoying as they come and having to share a bedroom with her is torture. I didn't want to tell them what had happened at school, because I couldn't bear another lecture, and anyway I knew Molly would be all sarky and superior about it. Why does anyone think having sisters is a nice thing?

When I woke up the next morning, I felt fine – for about five minutes. Then I remembered everything and my heart sank with this awful *whump*. I didn't want to go to school and have to listen to people talking about Devon all day and how cool it was going

to be.

But I had no choice (if your dad's a doctor, like mine, pretending to be sick *never* gets you the day off school).

I'd just walked in through the school gate when I saw the freakiest thing. You'll laugh, I know, but I had to sit down on one of the playground benches, because I honestly thought I was having a funny turn.

What I saw was this: Frankie talking to Emily Berryman. They were actually having a conversation. Neither of them looked like they were enjoying it much, it's true, but they weren't yelling or pinching each other or taking the mickey.

"All right, Kenny?" said Lyndz, bounding up to me.

"What's going on?" I said, pointing at Frankie.

"Oh that," said Lyndz, all breezy like it wasn't strange at all. "Just a Sleepover Club plan."

I looked at her. "What do you mean? How come I don't know about it? I'm in the Sleepover Club!" A horrible thought – that they'd thrown me out for being grumpy yesterday – shot into my brain. "Aren't I?"

"Course you are," laughed Lyndz. "Don't worry. The rest of us talked on the phone last night and decided we had to do something to help, that's all."

I didn't have a clue what to say – and that's a rarity for loudmouth McKenzie, I can tell you. I didn't much like the idea that Frankie, Lyndz, Rosie and Fliss had been talking last night and had left me out of it. On the other hand, I felt a whole heap

better knowing that my friends were on the case.

“So – spill. What’s the plan?” I said.

“Ask Frankie,” said Lyndz. And before I could grab her and threaten her with a Chinese burn, she’d dashed off.

So I legged it across the playground towards Frankie, but as I passed the window of Mrs Poole’s office, I slammed on the brakes and did a major double take. It couldn’t be... it was! Fliss and Rosie were in there, talking to Mrs Poole. What on earth was going on?

This was seriously weird. Shaking my head, I set off again. By now, Frankie had finished her cosy chat with the Goblin.

“What’s going on, Frankie Thomas?” I demanded, grabbing her round her middle. “Tell me, or I’ll tickle you till you wee yourself!”

“Aaaagh! Ah-ah-ah, noooo!” Even when she’s doubled up with giggles, Frankie’s a good match for anyone. With one nifty move, she twisted out of my grip and leapt away, laughing. “You’ll find out, Sherlock! We’ve got a plan. It may not work, though...”

Just then the bell rang.

What could I do? Short of biffing Frankie with my rucksack (and I was in enough trouble anyway, thank you very much), I couldn’t think of a thing. So I tramped inside along with everyone else and sat there like a lemon while Mrs Weaver took the register. Just as she got to the Ts there was a knock on the classroom door. It was Mrs Lynch, the seriously scary school

secretary.

“I’m so sorry to disturb you, Mrs Weaver,” she said, “but could you spare Emily Berryman for a moment? Mrs Poole would like to see her.”

“Of course,” said Mrs Weaver, looking surprised. “Run along, Emily.”

Though Mrs Weaver looked surprised, the Goblin didn’t. She shot Frankie a look I couldn’t fathom, and followed Mrs Lynch out of the room.

I have to say, when Emily came back ten minutes later and said to Mrs Weaver that now old Pooley wanted to see *me*, I was past being surprised. Mrs Poole could have walked in with a blancmange elephant on her head and I wouldn’t have batted an eyelid (though I might have fallen off my chair laughing).

As I stood up, Frankie squeezed my hand. “Good luck,” she whispered. Good luck with what? I wondered. Was I going to be carted off to the Tower of London after all?

When I reached her office, though, I found Mrs Poole looking a lot jollier than the day before.

“Some more facts have come to light about yesterday’s unfortunate incident with the yoghurt, Laura,” she said. “I understand that there had been some provocation.”

“Yes, Mrs Poole,” I began. “I tried to tell you...”

But Mrs Poole held up her hand. “Emily admitted to me that she and Emma ruined your papier-mâché project. However, this was no excuse for what you did. If someone behaves badly, you

only bring yourself down to their level by retaliating – do you understand?”

I nodded.

“Still, I do see that in the circumstances, banning you alone from the Devon activity week seems unfair.” Mrs Poole frowned. “I could of course make you, Emma and Emily all stay behind...”

Aaargh! The thought of having a week alone with the M&Ms was so hideous it made me feel dizzy.

Luckily, Mrs Poole quickly went on, “...but some of your classmates made an appeal to me this morning, saying that they wouldn’t enjoy the trip without you. How lovely to have such loyal friends, Laura!”

I nodded again as a big grin crept over my face. Way to go, Sleepover Club!

“So – as long as Mrs Weaver and I can find no fault whatsoever with your behaviour during the next three weeks,” said Mrs Poole, “I’ve decided that you can go to Devon.”

I could have hugged her. I could have danced around her office and turned cartwheels right down the corridor. Instead, I managed to squeak, “Thanks, Mrs Poole!”

When I got out, my friends were waiting for me: four eager faces, looking hopeful and excited.

“Well?” said Frankie.

“She said I can go!”

“Yeeesssss!”

For ages we were one big jumping, hugging bundle. Then I did

high fives with everyone in turn. “Thank you sooo much, guys,” I said. “I owe you, big time!”

“Well, we couldn’t really go without you, could we?” said Rosie.

“Not if it was going to make you so grumpy!” laughed Lyndz.

“I can’t believe it,” I said, shaking my head. “It’s going to be the most awesome week ever!”

“Swimming in the sea!” said Rosie, bouncing up and down.

“Donkey rides!” said Lyndz.

Fliss clapped her hands. “I’ll have to buy a new sunhat!”

“Only one?” laughed Frankie.

“Hey, Frankie,” I said a moment later, as we headed out to the playground for break. “How did you get Emily to admit it?”

Frankie grinned. “I told her the school’d had hidden CCTV cameras fitted in the classrooms at half term – you know, like they have in shops to catch thieves.”

I gasped. “No! Seriously?”

Frankie nodded. “I said Pooley had seen the tape, but she was waiting for them to own up.” She giggled. “I can’t believe she fell for it!”

“I have seriously *got* to keep away from the M&Ms now,” I said. “If you see me going within a hundred miles of them, grab me.”

“Don’t worry,” said Frankie. “I’ll lock you in the stationery cupboard if I have to. And once we get to Devon, even if they’re being totally annoying, I reckon there’s going to be loads to take

our minds off them.”

And boy, was she right about *that* one!



“Sit down, everyone, so I can count you!”

Mrs Weaver had to yell above the noise. The whole class had piled on to the coach in a MEGA excited mood and people were bouncing up and down so much the coach was actually rocking.

“I’ve got buttons!” said Rosie, waving a bag of chocolates.

“I’ve got Pringles!” said Lyndz.

Fliiss knelt up in her seat. “I only packed four swimming costumes. Do you think that’ll be enough?”

“Fliiss!” I yelled. “The rest of us only *own* one! How many

does a girl need?”

As the coach pulled away we all waved like mad things. It's funny – if I'd been going somewhere on my own for a week, I would've felt sad saying goodbye to Mum and Dad. But heading off with my friends didn't worry me at all – I couldn't wait for our majorly wicked holiday to begin.

There was only our class on the trip, but we had three teachers with us: Mrs Weaver (of course), Miss Walsh who usually teaches Year 5, and Mrs Daniels who usually teaches Year 4. They were sitting at the front near the driver, miles away from us, thank goodness.

Frankie was next to me, Rosie and Fliss had the seats behind us, and Lyndz had a double-seat all to herself across the gangway. Now Rosie stuck her face in the gap between our headrests. “Which first, guys – magazine or choccies?” She was flapping a copy of *Mizz*, one of those really girlie mags that are filled with things about hair and make-up. Yawn! Luckily, I'd brought the latest Leicester City fanzine, so I pulled that out of my rucksack.

“I brought a puzzle book but it's in my suitcase,” said Lyndz. Our suitcases were packed in a big compartment at the bottom of the coach.

As it turned out, though, we were far too excited to settle to reading anything. Instead, we played I-spy and scissors-paper-stone and took turns at trying on Fliss's new sunglasses.

“Andy says they make me look like a film star,” said Fliss.

“Who? Tom Cruise?” I said, and she boffed me with the

magazine.

It was a seriously long journey. After a few hours, we stopped at a picnic area and ate our sandwiches. Then it was back on to the stuffy coach. Frankie asked if the driver could put his radio on, and he said yes – way cool! When Will Young came on all the girls sang along (yep, even me!) while all the boys made sick noises. It was hilarious.

“I can see the sea!”

Simon Baxter had been saying that for hours, every time there was something sparkly in the distance. The first time he said it we hadn't even left Leicestershire, I reckon, which is about as far from the sea as you can get.

This time, though, Frankie nudged me in the ribs. “Hey – he's right!” she said, jabbing her finger on the window.

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