



Sleepover Girls ON THE Catwalk

DEFINITELY NOT FOR BOYS!



Sue Mongredien

Sleepover Girls on the Catwalk

Аннотация

Join the Sleepover club: Frankie, Kenny, Felicity, Rosie and Lyndsey, five girls who just want to have fun – but who always end up in mischief. The Brownies put on a show for the local old people's home. Fliss is determined to make it a fashion show, but the rest of the Sleepover gang have other ideas. Will there be catwalk chaos?

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Dedication

For Martin Powell – who loves clothes

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CHAPTER ONE



Hello, it's me again – that's Felicity Diana Sidebotham if you didn't know. You can call me Fliss, though – everyone else does. Some of the boys in our class sometimes call me other things – usually stupid versions of my surname, but we won't go into that now.

Anyway, everyone thought I'd done such a good job writing about when we were detectives, I decided to tell you about this story too. In case you don't know, I'd better explain about the Sleepover Club, otherwise you might not want to finish the story – and believe me, it's a good one, so you should.

Let me start at the beginning. We're the Sleepover Club – me, Frankie, Kenny, Lyndz and Rosie. Once a week we sleep over at each other's houses which is always brill – apart from when Kenny tries to scare me with her horrible ghost stories, that is.

I'm Fliss, like I said, and the oldest of the club – in fact I'm the oldest in our class at school. I'm quite tall so sometimes people think I'm even older. People have told me I'm pretty too, but

that's not really something I like to go on about. Hopefully I'll take after my mum though. She used to be a model, you know!

If you haven't met the others, I'll give you a quick catch-up on them. Frankie and Kenny are the maddest ones of the club – and the loudest too, my mum says. Frankie is always having these wild ideas that we usually end up getting tangled up in somehow – and which end up going wrong most of the time. Life's never boring when you're with Frankie! Just so you'll recognise her, Frankie's tall and quite skinny. She's always wearing something a bit weird like silver nail varnish, or fluffy slippers, or – you know The sort of thing my mum would go bonkers about if I came home wearing!

Kenny – real name Laura McKenzie, although don't ever call her that or she'll karate-chop you – is about as different from me as you can get, but I still like her (most of the time...). First of all, she's mad about sport – especially boring old Leicester City Football Club, which she just lurves – and she's always trying to get us to run about and get all hot and sweaty playing some stoopid game or other.

I don't mind netball or proper games like that (I'm in the netball first team at school, if you didn't know) but some of Kenny's games get really reeeeeally wild, with loads of wrestling around on the ground and getting covered in mud! So if she ever asks you if you want a game of McKenzie Football with her – I seriously advise you to say no, quick!

Second, she's got this real thing about blood and guts. Ugh!!

Kenny can make me feel sick sometimes, talking about bodies and all the yucky things inside them. She wants to be a doctor so she can poke about with people's intestines all day, she says. I just can't think of anything more gross though, getting your hands covered in bits of people's bodies and... Yee-uck, pass me the bucket, per-lease!

Ooh, excuse me.

Just came over all funny. I hate the sight of blood and even *thinking* about it... Let's change the subject.

Kenny's a good friend though, because she's the type of person who'll stick up for you in a flash if you're ever getting picked on or anything. Like last week, she helped me out when I had a bit of a bust-up with the M&Ms. Oh – you might not know our big enemies at school, the M&Ms (also known as Emma Hughes and Emily Berryman – ugh! ugh! ugh!!!! VILE!) – but I bet there's people like them in your class at school. They're always being mean and trying to play tricks on us – you know the sort. Pigs in school uniform, that's what Frankie calls them.

You see, last week they started teasing me about Ryan Scott, this boy in our class. I mean, I can't help it if he likes me, can I? But they just went on and on about it, thinking they were dead funny by saying stupid rhymes, like: "*Felicity and Ryan, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G!*" and giggling whenever I said anything, or calling me "Mrs Scott" across the classroom, and – oh, you know the sort of thing.

Anyway, I was getting a bit sick of it but I was also feeling

reeeeeeally embarrassed after a while – because Ryan could hear all of it too. It was awful!

But suddenly, I heard Kenny's voice, loud and clear as always.

“Oh, because it's such a shame that no boys will ever fancy *you* two – Emma with that massive conk sticking out of her face, and Emily with her mouth like a cat's bum!”

Kenny's voice is so loud that I think the whole classroom heard. There was this moment of silence – like everyone in the room gasping at once – and then we all just burst out laughing. I mean, *everyone*. Even Mrs Weaver, our teacher, sort of spluttered a bit. You could see her trying not to smile too. It was awesome! Kenny gave me this dead cheeky wink, and the M&Ms shut up for the rest of the day.

Anyway. That's Kenny for you.

Then there's Lyndz. What can I tell you about her? She's mad about animals, especially horses and dogs. I'm a bit scared of her dog, Buster, if you must know. I don't trust him because he sometimes jumps up at you and barks really loudly. But Buster's just as barmy about Lyndz as she is about him, so if we're round at her house, Buster's usually with us – worse luck (don't tell Lyndz I said that!).

As well as Buster and the three cats, Lyndz also has four – yes, FOUR! – brothers, which I reckon must be a nightmare. One brother's bad enough for me, thanks! Sometimes boys are so stupid and annoying – girls are much better, I think. My little brother Callum is nice sometimes but most of the time I think

he's a big pain in the you-know-what. I don't know how Lyndz puts up with it.

There's only one boy who I think is remotely OK, and that's Ryan Scott at school. I'm not going to go on about him though, especially after all the stick I had from those horrible M&Ms, and also because the others will all just take the mickey out of me too. They're just jealous 'cos he likes me best, I reckon. He's nice anyway, you've got my word for it. And good-looking. And he wears nice clothes. But that's enough about him for now!

Last is Rosie who's the newest member of the club. Well, I say 'new' but it feels like she's been hanging around with us for ages and ages now. Rosie's nice, when she's not being grumpy. You'll like her.

Right, come on, let's go and see if Mum's finished vacuuming upstairs. I want to show you my bedroom, but we won't be able to have a good old chin-wag if she's in there. Hang on... oh, ace, the coast's clear. She's gone to clean Callum's room, which will take her the rest of the day I should think! Now we can get cosy and I can tell you all about the day us five went on the catwalk. Seriously!

Oh – but would you mind taking your shoes off first? That rug cost a fortune, you know. That's better. Thanks.

Anyway, on with the story. It all started with my brilliant idea at Brownies. No, wait, I suppose it started before that. Oh, help! This is more difficult than you think!

Do you know what? I think I'm going to start a new chapter. It

feels a bit late in this one to launch into the main story. I promise I'll get on with it in Chapter Two. Honest!



CHAPTER TWO



I suppose it started just *before* Brownies, actually. The others had come round for tea at my house and we'd all got into our uniforms together in my bedroom and were just messing about a bit before Andy drove us there – oh, whoops, forgot to mention Andy. He's my step-dad – well, he and my mum aren't actually married, but I call him my step-dad anyway. He's OK, I suppose.

We had about an hour before we had to go, so I started showing the others my new clothes for our family holiday. If you didn't know, I *love* clothes. I've got an awesome collection. Don't get me started though, or I'll be showing you my new jeans Mum bought me from Gap last Saturday...

The others aren't really bothered about fashion – not like me. Like I said, Frankie wears a lot of weird things that I wouldn't be seen dead in, Kenny's always in her smelly old football top, Lyndz likes mucking about in her jodhpurs or jeans, and Rosie – well, I don't think Rosie's mum can afford many new clothes for Rosie, to be honest. Don't say I told you, though.

So when I announced that I was going to show them what me and Mum had bought in Cuddington the weekend before, they all started groaning and pulling faces.

“Bo-ring,” Kenny moaned. “A pair of trousers is a pair of trousers, if you ask me.”

“Well done, Kenny,” Rosie said sarcastically. “And there was me thinking a pair of trousers was a skirt!”

“Where are you off to this year then, Fliss?” Frankie asked me quickly before a scrap broke out.

“Majorca,” I said. “I told you before, remember? I’ll just show you this sun-dress I’ve got. It’s gorgeous! It’s got spaghetti straps and everything!”

“What, so you can eat them if you get peckish?” Kenny said, winking at Frankie.

I ignored that remark. “Look!” I said, pulling it out from the wardrobe.

“Ooh, it *is* nice,” said Lyndz. “Dead summery.”

Thank goodness! Someone taking an interest at last! “And I’ve got these shorts...” I said, showing them some new denim cut-offs.

“You want to take those back, Fliss, they’re fraying at the bottom!” said Frankie, all seriously.

“They’re meant to be like that!” I said. “Honestly, Frankie, you—”

But Frankie and Kenny had collapsed in giggles and were rolling around on my bed, gurgling with laughter.

“I think she was joking, Fliss,” said Lyndz.

“Oh,” I said, feeling a bit silly. “Right. Anyway, I’ve got these trousers too, for the evenings when it’s a bit cooler...”

“Let’s see them properly, then,” Rosie said. “Show us what they look like on *you*, not the hangers!”

“Yeah, if you’re gonna bore us with your clothes, you might as well go the whole hog!” Kenny said. “*Joking*, Fliss!” she added before I could strangle her.

“Shall I put them on, then?” I said, hoping Rosie hadn’t just been joking too.

“Yeah, do it!” said Lyndz.

“Shall we *all* do it?” I said suddenly. I didn’t want them thinking I was selfish or anything. “Shall we all try my holiday clothes on for a giggle?”

“What, like a fashion show?” Frankie said, sitting up on the bed. She’d stopped snorting with laughter by then, thank goodness.

“Yes,” I said. “*Exactly* like a fashion show!”

It was quite funny, seeing the others all getting dressed up for a change. The sight of Kenny in my new white mini-skirt and her own scruffy old trainers was *sooo* hysterical. You should have seen her!

“What’s the big joke?” she growled crossly, as we all burst out laughing at the same time.

“Ooh, darling, you look so... *femininer!*” Frankie said. “Go on, try on this cropped top with it – let’s see your belly button!”

“Ugh, no chance!” Kenny said. “I’ve decided, I don’t suit skirts – this one’s coming off straightaway!”

“Careful, Kenny, don’t crease it,” I said anxiously, watching her wrenching it off. You could tell she wasn’t used to wearing nice things. “Why don’t you try these velvet trousers instead?”

As for me, of course I was totally into the whole thing. I started being silly to make them all laugh – wiggling my bum and tossing my hair about.

“Ooh, Fliss the supermodel!” giggled Lyndz. “Go, girl, flash us a smile!”

“Strut your stuff, babe!” Frankie yelled as I pranced up and down the bedroom.

“More like Babe the pig, if you ask me,” came a voice from outside the room.

Guess who? I marched over and pulled the door open. You got it – Callum, the brat brother.

“Babe the pig, Babe the pig!” he chanted at me, sticking his tongue out. He is such a...

“Get him!” Kenny shouted, and chucked one of my teddies at him.

“Babe the pig, Fliss looks like Babe the pig,” he shouted over his shoulder, running off down the stairs. “Oink! Oink!”

“It’s war!” I yelled fiercely. “Come here, you pain!”

We all piled down to the living room, and were just about to *kill* him – death by suffocation from Kenny’s stinky trainers – when unfortunately Mum put her head round the door.

“What on earth do you think you’re doing?” she shouted. “Girls, leave Callum alone. And Callum, stop climbing on the sofa. If you’ve left any marks on it, you’re in trouble!”

Callum scuttled off, and the five of us stood there panting, all wearing different outfits. Mum wasn’t impressed.

“Felicity, those clothes are for your holiday, not to go charging around the house in!” she said in this awful tight little voice. “Now, all of you – get back into your Brownie uniforms, quick! It’s almost time to go!”

When Mum gets that cross note in her voice, you kind of do what she says, and fast – unless you enjoy serious amounts of getting told off, that is.

We pelted back upstairs and put our Brownie uniforms on again.

“Typical of that nerd to interrupt,” I grumbled, fastening my belt. “I was enjoying that.”

“Yeah, we could tell,” Frankie said.

“I wouldn’t mind being a model,” I told them. “It must be brilliant, having everyone make a fuss of you all day, and wearing lots of gorgeous, expensive clothes in the fashion-shoots.”

“I can’t think of anything more dull,” Kenny said in a muffled voice, as she pulled her Brownie dress over her head.

“It’d be OK having lots of wicked make-up on, and having hair stylists doing loads of mad things with your hair, I suppose,” Frankie said thoughtfully.

“Wedding dresses would be good...” I said.

“What, with Ryan Scott modelling the groom’s outfit?” Rosie said, elbowing me in the ribs. “I get it!”

The others started making kissy noises and saying “Oh, Ryyyan!” in silly voices, and I felt myself going a bit red.

“Well, he is good-looking enough to be a model,” I protested. I mean, he really is!!

“Oooh, Fliss, got it all planned, have you?” Lyndz said, giggling.

“Here comes the bride, all fat and wide!” Kenny sang. Well, I say “sang” but Kenny’s got one of the worst singing voices I’ve ever heard.

“I am *not* all fat and wide!” I said crossly, sticking my tongue out at her. “I’m the perfect size for my age, the doctor told my mum, so there!”

“Ooh, get you!” Frankie said. “Ooh, I so wish I could be as perfect as Fliss!”

“Girls! Time to go!” Andy shouted up the stairs. Just as well – I was getting a bit sick of this conversation.

“Go on, model, lead the way,” Rosie said.

“Go for it, gorgeous,” Frankie added.

I ignored them, and swished out of the room, nose in the air. Still... it had got me thinking.

It had got me thinking that suddenly I really *reeeeally* wanted to be a model!



CHAPTER THREE



I like Brownies. I even like the uniform, even though brown's my worst colour by miles. We always have good fun, and it's brilliant getting badges. Kenny gets all the sporty ones, and Frankie and Rosie like the arty-farty ones, but I prefer getting the badges where you have to use your brain a bit more, like Safety in the Home, which is very useful. I think it's sensible to know about things like that. I've got more badges than anyone in my Six, actually.

This week, I was wondering what we were going to do next. Our whole pack had just gone for the First Aid badge, and we'd all passed it the week before. It was good, apart from when they talked about blood and things like that, which made me feel a bit sick. Surprise, surprise, that was gore-monster Kenny's favourite bit...

Anyway, like I was saying, I was kind of wondering what Brown Owl was going to get us doing next. Usually we do lots of things in our Sixes or play games, all together. But there's always

something that the pack work on as a group – often a badge we’re all doing, or our Brownie Highway stuff.

Brown Owl had us sitting in a ring as usual, and we all paid our subs into the toadstool in the middle, and said the Brownie promise. Then Brown Owl stood up in the middle and looked serious.

“Tonight, I want us to think about holidays,” she said. “Obviously you’re all off school at the moment for the summer holidays, and some of the luckier Brownies may be going away on holiday soon, or have already been. What does holiday time mean to you?”

“Going abroad and getting a good tan!” I said straightaway. I only meant to mutter it to myself because I’m not normally the sort to speak up in front of the whole Brownie pack like that. Frankie and Kenny are usually much louder than me, but because I’d been thinking about it, it just kind of burst out of me, louder than I meant it to.

“Thank you, Felicity. Hands up, please,” Brown Owl said. “Rosie?”

“No school!”

Everyone started shouting things out.

“Going to the beach!”

“Going to see my cousins!”

“Going to Disneyworld in Florida!” Emma Hughes yelled out, just so everyone could hear. *Such* a show-off.

“Staying up late!”

“Good, good,” said Brown Owl. “So we all enjoy holidays, don’t we?”

“Yeeeah!” everyone shouted.

“Right,” Brown Owl said. “Well, now I want us to think about the people who aren’t as lucky as you lot – who can’t go abroad, or to the beach – who might not have any family to go with, even if they could.”

We’d all gone quiet, wondering what was coming next.

“I’m talking about the old people’s home in town,” Brown Owl told us. “Some of the people there never get to leave Cuddington. They’re old, and some of them get very lonely. I want you to think about how it must feel to be an old lady, living in a home like that.”

GRIM!!! I couldn’t help shuddering as Brown Owl said that. What an awful thought! Being wrinkly and ancient and stuck inside all the time. I couldn’t think of anything more depressing.

“That’s why I’ve decided that our Brownie pack is going to give them a bit of a treat,” Brown Owl said with a big smile. “We’re going to put on a show for them at the end of this month – and you Brownies are going to decide just what sort of a show we’re going to do!”

“How about working out some dance routines?” Emily suggested loudly. Just because she reckoned she was an ace dancer. Ugh, no thanks – who’d want to be bossed around by one of the Gruesome Twosome? Not likely!

“Magic tricks!” Frankie shouted, trying to drown her out.

“A *fashion show!*” I blurted out. It was a brilliant idea, I knew it!!! *And I could be the star model!!*

“A gymnastics display!” Kenny shouted out straight afterwards. I should have known *she* wouldn’t be keen on my idea!

It was getting a bit chaotic – everyone was shouting things out at once. In the end, Brown Owl blew on her whistle – *screeeee!* – and the hall fell silent.

“Thank you!” she said. “Well, I’m glad you’ve got lots of ideas between you – that’s an excellent start. It’s probably best if we put on a few different acts – rather like a talent show. So, first things first, let’s sort out which Six is going to do what.”

“We’re doing a fashion show,” I told my Six. After all, I was a Sixer so I was the boss.

“That’s not fair,” Kelly Morgan, my Seconder said. “Me and Jacinta play recorder – we want to do a song, don’t we?”

“Yeah,” said Jacinta.

“Well... well, you can’t,” I said. Now I had my sights set on a fashion show, I was desperate to do it.

“Why not?” Kelly answered.

“Because... because I said so!” I told them, feeling my face go a bit hot. I don’t like arguments, but couldn’t bear the thought of losing my fashion show.

All round the hall, similar conversations were going on. Not one Six could decide what to do without having a row over it.

I saw Snowy Owl – who’s my Aunty Jill actually – go over and

whisper something to Brown Owl.

Then Kelly spoke up again. “Excuse me, Brown Owl, but there’s about five of us that are in the school band and play instruments – can’t we work out a song together? Do we have to stay in Sixes?”

I felt myself going red. Oh no, my Seconder didn’t want to be in my group! How embarrassing was that?

“And us dancers would like to put together a dance routine,” Emily said smugly. “Not all of us want to mess around with magic tricks!” She was in Frankie’s Six, and Frankie glared at her so fiercely that anyone weedier than Emily might have passed out from the force of it. Unfortunately, Emily was used to Frankie’s glares and ignored it.

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