

wedding  
SPECIAL



THE  
SLEEPOVER  
CLUB  
BRIDESMAIDS

DEFINITELY NOT FOR BOYS!



Angie Bates

**The Sleepover Club**  
**Bridesmaids: Wedding Special**

«HarperCollins»

## **Bates A.**

The Sleepover Club Bridesmaids: Wedding Special / A. Bates —  
«HarperCollins»,

Join the Sleepover Club: Frankie, Kenny, Felicity, Rosie and Lyndsey, five girls who want to have fun – but who always end up in mischief. Da, da, da-da! Wedding bells are ringing for Fliss's mum and Andy, and Fliss and the rest of the gang are bridesmaids! But then Amber, the daughter of one of Fliss's mum's friends, arrives from LA and lords over everyone. Fliss's mum wants Amber to be one of her bridesmaids – which means that one of the Sleepover Club is going to be left out...

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# The Sleepover Club Bridesmaids

Wedding Special



Angie Bates

The Sleepover Club Bridesmaids  
by Angie Bates

HarperCollinsChildren'sBooks

## **Have you been invited to all these sleepovers?**

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## Sleepover Kit List

- 1. Sleeping bag**
- 2. Pillow**
- 3. Pyjamas or a nightdress**
- 4. Slippers**
- 5. Toothbrush, toothpaste, soap etc**
- 6. Towel**
- 7. Teddy**
- 8. A creepy story**
- 9. Food for a midnight feast: chocolate, crisps, sweets, biscuits. In fact anything you like to eat.**
- 10. Torch**
- 11. Hairbrush**
- 12. Hair things like a bobble or hairband, if you need them**
- 13. Clean knickers and socks**
- 14. Change of clothes for the next day**
- 15. Sleepover diary and membership card**

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# CHAPTER ONE

Yikes! You really made me jump then. I thought it was one of the others coming upstairs.

I left them all watching a video. Actually, I started out watching it too, but Kenny said she couldn't concentrate with me sitting next to her. She said she could FEEL me fizzing, like a Disprin in water.

Well, can you blame me for being a bit fidgety, after the incredible day I just had? (Actually, better make that incredible *week*!!)

Anyway, I didn't want to spoil the film for everyone. Also to be honest, I really needed some peace and quiet. So I came up here to write in my diary. Don't laugh, but in the run up to Mum and Andy's Big Day, I've been keeping two diaries – my official Sleepover Club diary *and* a mega-secret Wedding Diary.

I'm not joking – I've been under stress like you wouldn't believe. There were times when letting off steam in my Wedding Diary was the only thing which kept me sane. Unfortunately, it was practically impossible to find the privacy to actually *write* in it – that's how mad it's been at our house lately.

Have a peek inside, and you'll see what I mean.

Oops, ignore all that gory stuff I scribbled on the front cover. That curse doesn't apply to our trustworthy Sleepover fans. What? No, of *course* you won't die a horrible agonising death if you read it! I mean, I formally *invited* you to peek, didn't I? OK, if it makes you feel better, I'll cross my heart!! Anyway, here's yesterday's entry:

In just a few hours, it'll be my mum's wedding day. Forget butterflies – I think I've got giant rhinos rampaging in my tummy. I'm really tired but there's no way I'm going to get a WINK of sleep! Until recently I thought weddings were like, mega-happy family events. But if you ask me, they just bring out the worst in everyone. Practically everything that could go wrong with this one has. And the worst thing was – it was ALL my fault! I should never have—

Oh-oh, Amber's whingeing at me to turn out the light, so she can get her beauty sleep. 'Bye for now!

Heh heh heh! I bet that got you going. Now you're going crazy, wondering who on earth the mysterious Amber is, aren't you? Which is excellent news, because I'm DYING to tell you. In fact, if I don't tell someone the whole amazing story pretty soon, I'll probably EXPLODE!

I wasn't exaggerating in my Wedding Diary, by the way. A few days back, my whole life went totally haywire. And I don't want to worry you or anything, but at one point, things got so bad that the fate of the entire Sleepover Club *trembled* in the balance...

Are you shocked? Then just imagine how *we* felt!

So hang on for your life, lovely reader, because we're going on a bumpy rollercoaster ride back in time, to the day when my mum's wonderful wedding began to go HORRIBLY pear-shaped...



# CHAPTER TWO



Wouldn't it be great if life was like films? Just imagine if you woke up each morning to your very own movie soundtrack! Then, the minute you heard those creepy *durn durn DURN* chords, you'd instantly know to avoid the very bad thing which was lying in wait for you around the corner.

As it was, one of the worst days of my life came without warning.

Actually, it started out great. The sun shone. Mum and Andy giggled over breakfast like two love-birds. I didn't think it was possible for my wildly happy mum and soon-to-be-official step-dad to get any happier, but they were practically GLOWING! And my little brother was in such a sweet mood that he presented me with a truly bizarre drawing.

"Ooh, that's erm, *lovely*, Callum," I said cautiously. I had no idea why Callum had given me a drawing of five orange space aliens, but like Mum says, it's the thought that counts.

"That's you and that's Kenny," he said proudly. "There's Frankie and that's Rosie and Lyndz. You're all wearing your bridesmaids' frocks, look!"

"And what's that?" I asked, pointing at a green figure lurking in the corner of the page.

"Oh, that's a dinosaur out to kill you all," Callum said airily.

Well, he IS seven! But when I bluetacked his drawing to our fridge alongside his other masterpieces, Callum looked really hurt.

"Don't you want to show my brilliant drawing to your friends, Fliss?"

"Oh, silly ole me, what was I thinking of," I said, and I stuffed it into my school bag instead. I showed it to the others before we went into school, and not surprisingly they fell about.

"Which one's me again?" asked Kenny.

"Isn't it obvious? The one with three eyes," giggled Lyndz.

"Duh," said Rosie. "Anyone can see that's not an eye, it's a nose."

Kenny looked uneasy. "We're not really going to wear dayglo orange dresses, Fliss, are we?"

Honestly, that girl is *so* impossible! She can describe just about every goal scored by Leicester City football team ever since there's BEEN a Leicester City football team, but when it comes to style, she hasn't got a *clue*!

"No, we are NOT wearing dayglo orange," I said patiently. "I've told you about a billion times. We're wearing this really pretty shade of *peach*, OK? Orange was just the closest colour Callum could find in his crayon box."

Kenny pulled a face. "I can't believe you're putting us through this, Fliss," she moaned. "We're going to look totally stoo-pid. Like a bunch of icky *meringues*, or something."

But Kenny didn't fool anybody. She'd never admit it, but Miss Cool 'n' Sporty was every bit as keyed-up about Mum's wedding as the rest of us.

Frankie had gone misty-eyed. "Just think," she breathed. "One day Izzy will be doing cute little drawings for *me*!"

Frankie's baby sister must be about six months old now, but Frankie's still totally mushy about her.

Rosie gave me a nudge. "Fliss, quick! Check out the M&Ms!"

Now there's two girls who should *definitely* come with a warning soundtrack. In case you've forgotten, Emma Hughes and Emily Berryman are the Sleepover Club's deadliest enemies. They're also completely two-faced, which is why grown-ups never believe us when we tell them how mean the M&Ms are. In fact, like Kenny says, most grown-ups think the sun shines out of the M&Ms' you-know-whats!!

I sneaked a look over my shoulder, in time to catch Emma and Emily madly pretending they weren't eavesdropping on our conversation. You should have seen their faces. They looked exactly like they'd been sucking lemons! The M&Ms can't *stand* anyone else being the centre of attention.

"Heh heh heh," chortled Lyndz. "They must have heard about your mum's wedding. One-nil to you, Flissy."

I've got to admit, it gave me a definite boost, seeing my ten minutes of bridesmaid fame get under our enemies' skins like that. You know, sometimes I think us Sleepover Club girls must be telepathic, because we didn't have to say a single word! We just stalked past the M&Ms, as if we were wearing our long floaty dresses and flowery crowns already!

For the rest of that day, whenever the M&Ms were in earshot, we kept up a nonstop gush of bridesmaid talk. And that's where everything started to go wrong. I'm so sure of this, that if I was making a film of my life, that is *definitely* the part where I'd put in some doomy *durn durn DURN* chords.

You see, the M&Ms are our sworn enemies for one very good reason.

They are NOT nice people, OK?

By the end of the day, we'd managed to get so far up their noses that those girls were practically spitting with envy. If we'd had any sense, we'd have let it go at that. Instead, we decided to carry on flaunting our bridesmaid superstar status to the max.

For obvious reasons, we usually avoid walking home the same way as the M&Ms. But today we trailed them so closely, we were practically walking in their shoes!! We all knew we were playing with fire really, but we were having such a great laugh, we didn't care.

We skipped along arm in arm, swanking loudly about how we were going back to my house for a dress fitting, and how our dresses were totally lush and how Mum and Andy's wedding was going to be at this mega-posh country house.

Then all of a sudden, the M&Ms darted across to the other side of the street, giggling like idiots. And at the same moment Frankie flashed me a worried look. The kind that says "uh-oh."

And there it was, blocking our path. An absolutely MASSIVE ladder.

I don't think the bloke was much of a decorator, because there were paint drips everywhere. I could hear the ladder creaking and swaying like a ship in a storm, as the painter sloshed white gloss on the gutterings and anything else within splattering distance.

The others have probably told you that I'm really superstitious. *Everyone* knows this. So you won't be surprised to hear that walking under ladders is not normally my idea of a fun time. And so this was definitely a *durn durn DURN* moment.

I stopped dead a few metres from the ladder and swallowed hard. I could hear the Gruesome Twosome whispering on the other side of the street, and I just KNEW they were cooking something up.

Suddenly Emily squawked:

"I dare you to walk under that ladder, Felicity Sidebotham!"

"Yeah, right," jeered Emma. "And pigs might fly!"

And from the way the M&Ms smirked, you could tell they thought they'd totally trapped me.

I can't explain what got into me then. It's not like I've ever been the daredevil type. It's true that I was on a serious wedding high, but it was more than that. Maybe I was just fed up with people calling me a wimp all the time.

I gave the M&Ms my iciest stare. "OK," I snapped. "Then you'd better start looking up and checking for flying pig poo!"

The others gasped and Frankie actually made a grab for me, but they were all much too late.

I sailed under that ladder, as smooth as butterscotch. I didn't even cross my fingers inside my pockets. In fact I moved so fast, the others had to put on a real spurt to catch up.

No-one spoke after that. We just kind of marched along in deadly silence. The others looked a bit stunned. The M&Ms had totally vanished. I suppose they'd slithered off to their coffins, or whatever the undead normally do after school.

Finally Frankie said, "Personally, Fliss, I wouldn't have done that. Not *this* week."

"Me neither," said Rosie in an awed voice.

Kenny shook her head. "What got into you, Fliss?"

Lyndz had turned deadly pale. "If that was me, I'd have been wetting myself in case I jinxed the entire wedding."

"Yeah," agreed Frankie. "Walking under ladders pretty much *guarantees* seven days' bad luck. Everyone knows that."

"Rubbish," I said uneasily.

Lyndz practically wrung her hands. "But it's true," she said.

Rosie had been counting on her fingers. "Seven days," she squeaked. "But that takes you right up to the eve of the actual wedding! I mean, Fliss, *anything* could happen. Your house could be struck by a meteorite or something!"

Rosie's words went through me like a knife. And suddenly I totally went to pieces.

"Why didn't you guys stop me?" I wailed. "I don't want Mum and Andy to have bad luck. I want everything to go BRILLIANTLY for them!" I covered my face. "I can't *believe* it. I just hexed my mother's future happiness!!"

Usually when I start one of my major doom monologues, the others say sensible things like, "Don't be stoo-pid, Fliss. Have a Cheesy Wotsit and look on the bright side."

But this time, I couldn't help noticing that no-one exactly rushed to contradict me. In fact, no-one said a WORD.

I looked up in a panic, and saw four worried faces staring back at me. This was terrible. All my friends thought I'd ruined Mum's wedding too!!

That DID it. I had the howling heebie jeebies right there in the middle of the street. "I'm such a bad person! I ruin *everything*. I should never have been born!"

The others didn't know what to do. They made sympathetic noises and someone patted me once or twice, but I was in such a state it didn't register. At least, not until Kenny suddenly whacked me really hard.

"Will you shut up!" she yelled. "I'm going to tell you how to cancel the bad luck, OK?" And she fished a clean tissue out of her pocket and handed it over.

I stopped yelling immediately. "Really?" I quavered. I gave my nose a big comforting blow. Then I gazed at Kenny like a hopeful puppy, while she told me what I had to do.

I have no idea where that girl picked up her wedding know-how, but I bet it wasn't at Leicester City football club! I was impressed. I mean, *I'm* the girly superstitious one, right?

Apparently, all I had to do was find four mysterious "somethings" by the actual wedding day and give them to Mum, and the jinx would be like, cancelled!

"Find four what?" frowned Rosie. "Speak English, Kenny."

Kenny sighed and gabbed a quaint little rhyme that went: "Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue."

"Oh, *those* somethings," the rest of us said immediately.

I wiped my eyes. "I didn't know that was like a good *luck* thing," I sniffled.

Lyndz wasn't too impressed. "Fliss's mum seems like the mega-organised type to me," she objected. "She probably had her somethings sorted ages ago."

I gave my nose another big blow. "Uh-uh," I said. "She's been too busy organising all the dresses and the reception and everything to even *think* about good luck stuff."

"Well, there you go," said Kenny smugly. "Now you can take care of them *for* her. That way you get to be a good daughter AND cancel the wicked M&Ms' ladder spell all in one go."

"Yippee!" grinned Rosie. "Now let's go and try on our meringues – I mean, dresses!"

"You'd better not call them that in front of my mum," I warned, cheering up a bit more.

Mum was making our bridesmaid dresses herself. I helped pick out the colour, actually. It was also my idea to have like, cute little ballet shoes dyed to match. Mum had gone to loads of trouble, sitting up night after night, stitching away, and now the dresses were almost ready. The fitting was just for Mum to check the hems before she finished them on her machine.

Actually, I think Mum was as excited about the dresses as we were, because she whipped open the door before I could even get my key out.

"Do you girls fancy a little snack," she said, "before we do the fitting?"

Frankie giggled. "Maybe we should have the fitting and *then* have our little snack," she said. (I don't know if the others have told you, but my mum's snacks are sometimes a wee bit over the top and take *forever* to prepare!)

"Good point," agreed Kenny.

"Oh, well, if you're sure." Mum flew upstairs to fetch the dresses. She called down to us from the landing: "Shut your eyes, girls!"

"Mu-um!" I moaned. "We're not five years old."

We shut our eyes all the same. There was loads of mysterious rustling as Mum came back downstairs. Suddenly I got this wildly excited feeling, like you do just before you open your eyes on Christmas morning.

"You can look now," said Mum, sounding breathless.

She had draped the dresses over the sofa, so we could see them properly. We gasped.

"Oh, they are so-o *gorgeous*," breathed Rosie.

The last time I'd seen the fabric, Mum was struggling to cut out gazillions of fiddly little pattern pieces on our living-room floor. So I was every bit as dazzled as the others.

"We're going to look like fairy-tale princesses," whispered Lyndz.

"Some of us, maybe," muttered Kenny. "The rest of us will look like total—"

"You first, Kenny dear," said Mum brightly.

Good ole Kenny! We could tell she was absolutely freaking out inside, but she stood there like a docile little lamb and let Mum slip her rusty satin dress over her head. Though it was just as well Mum was concentrating on Kenny's hemline, because Kenny's *face* was a total picture.

The minute Mum disappeared to hunt for a tape measure, Kenny clenched her fists. "Don't any of you say a WORD," she hissed. "I KNEW I'd look like a meringue."

Frankie frowned. "Actually," she said, "you look really pretty."

"*Pretty!*" Kenny snarled. "Huh! Don't make me laugh!"

Honestly, I wish you could have seen that girl, pulling hideous troll faces at us in her frothy peachy bridesmaid's dress. We all cracked up.

Naturally, Kenny thought we were laughing because she looked awful in the dress. She clawed at it furiously, trying to get it off, but Mum had pinned the material at the back, so she was basically trapped.

Luckily, just then Mum walked back in and said a totally perfect thing.

"Oh, Kenny," she said softly. "You make that dress look so special."

We could see Kenny struggling to figure out if "special" was some kind of polite adult code for "weird". Then she gave my mum a shy little grin.

"Hey, thanks Mrs Sidebotham," she said. "Erm – about that snack?"



# CHAPTER THREE



Did I tell you we'd planned to hold our next sleepover the following Saturday? In other words, immediately **AFTER** the wedding?

Don't laugh, but for some reason I felt completely unhinged every time I heard myself say those three little words.

*After the wedding. After the wedding. After the...*

It was like I couldn't imagine it. As if the wedding was making **HUGE** quantities of fog, and I couldn't see anything beyond it.

I'd known about Mum and Andy getting married since New Year, yet I still couldn't quite believe it was going to happen. I think Mum felt that way too. She'd been really stressed out the last few days. In fact, on Friday night she went to bed practically the same time I did!

When I woke up on Saturday morning I snuggled under my duvet, picturing how thrilled Mum would be with me for tracking down her lucky somethings all by myself. Obviously I didn't plan to spoil my good deed by mentioning the evil ladder spell. Besides, if Kenny was right, that stupid ladder didn't have a chance against my four magical gifts.

I chanted the rhyme softly under my quilt. "Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue."

Suddenly I sat up, totally freaked out. *Yikes!* I had exactly one week left to get my act together!! Not to mention that I still hadn't figured out what my brother and I were giving Mum and Andy for a wedding present...

"Oh well," I sighed. "I've got all today to crack that one."

But as it turned out, I was totally wrong about this.

When I went downstairs, Mum and Andy were rushing round like maniacs, cleaning the house.

"What's up, you two? Is the Queen Mum dropping by?" I joked.

My mother gave me a funny look, scurried off with the vacuum cleaner and started blasting the hall with Shake 'n Vac.

Andy looked surprised. “Didn’t Nikky tell you my mother’s coming to stay?” he said.

“Uh-uh,” I said.

“She probably forgot,” said Andy. He lowered his voice. “It’s not surprising. Your mum’s got a lot on her mind.”

“Tell me about it,” I sighed. I filled a bowl with my favourite strawberry cereal and joined Callum in front of *Live & Kicking*.

“Hey, shorty!” I hissed. “What can I get Mum that’s like, *old*? Oh, I also need something blue?”

My brother frowned. “Andy’s got some stinky old cheese in the fridge,” he suggested. “That’s quite blue.” He suddenly remembered something. “You probably shouldn’t give it to Mum though. I heard her tell Andy to put it in the bin. She said it made her want to throw up, *big time*.”

I sighed. Looks like you’re on your own with this one Fliss, I told myself.

Andy popped his head round the door. “I’m just going to fetch my mum from the station. Anyone want to come?”

“ME ME ME!” yelled Callum, jumping up and down.

“How about you, Fliss?” Andy asked.

I pointed to my pink baby doll pyjamas. “I don’t *think* so, Andy,” I giggled.

Mum came scurrying back with the vacuum cleaner. She stared at me. “Why aren’t you dressed?”

“Duh! It’s Saturday,” I said. Then I saw what she was doing. “Mum, are you nuts? You vacuumed in here three minutes ago.”

Mum seemed amazed. “Are you sure?”

“Totally.”

Mum giggled. “Oops,” she said. “Look, Fliss, get a move on, there’s a love. Patsy will be here in half an hour.” She looked as if the very idea of meeting her future mother-in-law made her want to faint.

“I’m going, I’m going,” I grumbled. “You’re not the only person with stuff to do, you know,” I added mysteriously.

Personally I thought Patsy was an incredibly sad name for an adult, but apart from that, I was looking forward to meeting Andy’s mum. Maybe she could help me out with my four somethings. Plus, she’d probably bring us cool presents. After all, she was *kind* of our grandma.

Andy never talked much about his family. But it was obvious he totally worshipped his mum. Andy’s dad died when Andy was really little, so his mum brought him up by herself.

After my shower, I tried on practically everything in my wardrobe. In the end I decided to put on this new summer dress Mum got me in Leicester. I expect you can guess what colour it was!

Actually this particular dress is a really *delicious* pink, that delicate sugar-mouse colour which looks really perfect with blonde hair. Then I brushed my hair and fastened it back with some sweet little slides.

“Why haven’t we met Patsy before?” I asked, as Mum and I waited for everyone to arrive. “I mean, you and Andy have been together for AGES.”

But at that moment Mum vanished rather suddenly into the downstairs loo, so I never heard the answer to my question.

By the time she came out again, Andy’s car was pulling up outside. Then his mum got out (*Durn durn DURN!*) and I figured it out for myself in ten seconds flat.

I’d have probably figured it out sooner, but I was distracted by Patsy’s clothes at first. They were *gorgeous* – well, you know, for an old person. But then I got a good look at Patsy herself, and my heart sank.

You know how some people have naturally friendly faces? Well, Patsy Proudlove has a naturally UNfriendly face.

Mum rushed out and gave her a big hug. Patsy forced a smile, but you could see hugging wasn't her favourite activity.

"And this is Fliss," said Mum brightly.

"So I see," said Patsy, as if she'd been spying on me by satellite and wasn't too impressed.

"We've all been dying to meet you, Patsy," said Mum.

Then we all stood around like a game of statues, and it was glaringly obvious that no-one could think of ANYTHING to say!

Andy rubbed his hands together, something I never *ever* saw him do before. "Well, isn't this, er – great!" he beamed. "Shall we go into the living room, and catch up with everyone's news?"

"I'd rather see my room first, if you don't mind, dear," said Patsy in a brisk voice. "And perhaps someone would show me where I can wash my hands. You wouldn't believe the state of those trains." And she said it as if the state of Britain's trains was *our* fault!

Andy carried Patsy's stuff up to the spare room. Patsy followed stiffly in her gorgeous clothes. What's *her* problem, I thought.

Without looking at me, Mum crossed the hall and moved a harmless little vase for absolutely no reason. "Erm, did you put out those guest towels like I asked you?" she said. She sounded really uptight.

I was getting that churning feeling. The one I get when Mum's stressing about something and I don't know what to do about it.

"Mum," I whispered. "Is Patsy going to be staying here all *week*? You know, until the wedding?"

Mum looked shocked. "Where else would she stay? She *is* Andy's mother. It's really good of her to offer to lend us a hand."

"Mmn," I said in a neutral kind of voice. But what I was thinking was EEK! I'd rather win a night out with Darth Maul!!

Anyway, I won't go into too many lurid details about our first day with Andy's mum. All you need to know is that it was deeply depressing.

Patsy was the kind of person who has strong views on everything. Pop music, TV soaps, dog poo, you name it. And once she got started she just kept on and on, battering away at Mum like a bulldozer. And Mum just sat there, smiling bravely, and totally letting herself be bulldozed!

I kept expecting Andy to tell his mum where to get off, but it was like he didn't even *notice*! And all at once these scary new thoughts came slithering into my mind like poisonous snakes. Like, what if Andy didn't really love us after all?

I felt like I was seeing a totally different side of my almost-step-dad. I got the definite feeling that if you asked Andy to choose between us and his sour-puss mother, he'd root for her every time.

After lunch, I escaped into the kitchen to make tea for everyone. And can you believe Patsy had the *nerve* to follow me!

"No, no dear," she said impatiently. "You've put enough water in that kettle to sink the Titanic. Do you think your stepfather's made of money?"

That was the last straw. And the minute Patsy left the kitchen, I made a sneaky phone call to Rosie.

"Can I come over?" I hissed. "It's an emergency."

"Sure," she said. "I'll tell the others."

I popped my head round the living-room door. "Erm, I've just remembered I was meant to meet up with my friends today," I fibbed. "I won't be long. See you later everyone." Then I grabbed my jacket and slammed out of the house.

I stormed along, getting to Rosie's house in record time.

Luckily Rosie let me in and we went straight up to her room, so I didn't even have to be polite to her mum or anything.

I paced up and down Rosie's bedroom until the others turned up, and then I just splurged out the whole story.

"Since I walked under that ladder, everything's fallen apart," I ranted. "Mum's gone totally wobbly. Andy's mother is this like, nightmare person! And Andy's not even *trying* to stop her."

Kenny rolled her eyes. "I already told you how to cancel the ladder spell. You were meant to get cracking on those somethings today."

"How could I? I haven't had a minute to myself," I fumed. "How was I supposed to know Patsy Proudlove was coming? No-one ever tells me *anything!*"

Lyndz grinned. "You make Andy's Mum sound like one of those huge thingummies!"

We stared at her.

"You know," she said. "The things that flatten towns and stir up tidal waves."

"What, like a hurricane?" asked Kenny.

Lyndz nodded, her eyes glinting wickedly. The others cracked up.

"Yikes! Hurricane Patsy's coming. Everyone down into the cellar!" cackled Frankie.

But I couldn't even raise a smile. "It's so unfair," I moaned. "She's spoiling everything. And Mum's just letting her." I slumped to the floor. "And I STILL don't know what to get them for a wedding present."

"Well, we can't do much about Hurricane Patsy, but we could give you some prezzie ideas," suggested Rosie. "That might take some of the pressure off."

"Thanks, Rosie Posie," I croaked. "That would be great."

Rosie tore some pages out of a notebook and handed them round, along with various-sized bits of pencil.

"The thing is, it's got to be really unusual," I explained. "But it can't cost too much. And it can't be something they've got already."

Honestly, my friends are so sweet! They came up with masses of things, from parrots to peg bags. Actually, I was really into the parrot idea until Kenny pointed out that they cost thousands of pounds.

"Plus they poo everywhere from a great height," giggled Lyndz. "I don't think Fliss's mum would be too happy about that."

"It was just an *idea*," said Frankie huffily. "Fliss *said* she wanted something unusual."

"Parrot poo is unusual all right," spluttered Lyndz.

And you can guess what happened then, can't you? Yep, Lyndz had one of her famous hiccup attacks.

By the time she'd recovered, I wasn't just confused. I also felt guilty. My friends were knocking themselves out trying to cheer me up. So why was I still so depressed?

Finally we all went downstairs and Rosie made us drinks. She wanted us to try her new craze – something called a smoothy. Basically, you put fruit and natural yoghurt in the blender and whizz it till it's (surprise surprise) SMOOTH!

This time, Rosie whizzed raspberries, bananas and mango with yoghurt, and it was totally velvety and delicious.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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