
Xmas SPECIAL
MERRY CHRISTMAS
Sleepover Club!
DEFINITELY NOT FOR BOYS!

Sue Mongredien

Merry Christmas, Sleepover Club: Christmas Special

Аннотация

Join the Sleepover Club: Frankie, Kenny, Felicity, Rosie and Lyndsey, five girls who want to have fun – but who always end up in mischief!Cinderella's the school panto this year! Who will get the lead role? Fliss is hopeful, but Rosie may have a surprise up her sleeve! Meanwhile, Rosie's mum gets a new boyfriend. Will Rosie have a new dad at last?

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Merry Christmas Sleepover Club!



by Sue Mongredien



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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



CHAPTER ONE

– and I'm just about to hang up my stocking as it's Christmas Eve. Excellent!!

I just *lurrrrrve* Christmas, don't you? It's my absolute favourite time of the year. Summer is great because there's no school and you can stay out late at night, but December has got to be THE most exciting month of the year. You're just waiting and waiting for the 25th, and everyone's buying secret presents for each other, and we do lots of cool stuff at school to celebrate. Sometimes there's even snow, which is awesome!

Now, you know me – the most down-to-earth person you'll ever meet. But even I think there's something just a teeny bit magical about Christmas. Do you know what I mean? It just feels like the one time in the year where ANYTHING could happen, when your wishes really might come true!

I was talking to the others about Christmas wishes the other day, and we were all saying what we'd want for Christmas, if we were each granted one wish. If you've never met the other four in the Sleepover Club, I thought it would be a cool way to introduce them, so here goes.

Frankie didn't have to think twice about her wish. "I wish I could go to Mars!" she shouted straight away. Frankie's nuts about space and sci-fi stuff, you see. We used to call her Spaceman for a while because she went completely nerdy about the whole thing – reading loads of books about outer space, building a model rocket launch in her bedroom, borrowing all the *Star Trek* films from the video shop… She even wrote to NASA

in America asking if she could go on the next space mission! Yep, she's pretty hooked, all right!

Mind you, if any one of us five was ever going to be something amazing like a rocket scientist or astronaut, it would definitely be Frankie. She's really brainy, and she's also got this knack of coming up with totally cool ideas and plans for us to do. I can honestly say I've never met anyone like her in my life! As my mum says, "That girl's an original!"

Lyndz next. Well, the first wish she came up with was, "I'd love a horse!" as she's completely and utterly crazy about animals. She goes riding at a stables not far from Cuddington, where we all live, but has always wanted her own horse, ever since she was tiny. But then, as soon as she'd said that, she wanted to make another wish. "I wish all the animals in the world were happy, and none of them would suffer or be frightened ever again!"

If you hadn't guessed, Lyndz is a teeny bit soppy! But I'm glad about that, because if she wasn't, I might never have joined the Sleepover Club. You see, it was kind-hearted Lyndz who took pity on me when I'd just joined Cuddington Primary School and didn't know a soul. She asked me to come along to a sleepover at Frankie's one night and that's how I met the others. So I've got a lot to thank her for!

Lyndz is one of the nicest, kindest people you'll ever meet, who'd do anything for anyone. Sometimes I wish I could be more like her, as I'm a bit sarcastic and impatient at times. You know

when you just can't help saying something horrible and you want to bite your tongue off straight after you say it? I do that ALL the time – but Lyndz NEVER says anything mean. Still, I'm not saying she's a goody-goody or anything.

Fliss took a bit of time thinking about her wish. "We can wish for anything?" she said cautiously.

"Fliss, it's only a game," Frankie said impatiently. "Your fairy godmother isn't really going to come along and wave a wand, you know!"

"I know, I know!" Fliss said crossly. "I was only asking!"

"So what's it going to be then, Flissy?" I asked. "Nose job? Modelling assignment?" (See? I told you I could be a bit sarky, didn't I?)

"A fairytale wedding with Ryan Scott, puke puke?" Kenny suggested, pulling a sick face.

Fliss tossed her long blonde hair back, looking a bit annoyed. "What do you mean, *nose job?*" she asked me. "What's wrong with my nose?"

"Er… nothing, nothing!" I said hastily. Fliss is a bit vain, you see, and doesn't take kindly to any criticism of the way she looks!

"I think I'd wish for £100 to spend on clothes," she said, her eyes lighting up at the thought. "No, wait – £1,000!" she said. Then she thought about it a bit more. "I wish I had a MILLION pounds to go on the most amazing shopping spree ever!"

She was positively beaming by now, whereas we were all staring at her, horrified at such a boring wish.

"Oh, I'd buy you all something too, of course!" she said, waving a hand casually.

"Wow, thanks, Fliss," Kenny said sarcastically. "Only if you're sure you can spare it, of course! You can't buy much with a million pounds these days, can you?"

Fliss looked annoyed. "Well, if you're going to be like that, I won't buy you *anything!*" she snapped. "I'll keep it all myself!"

Frankie rolled her eyes. "It's not a REAL wish, Fliss," she reminded her. "You don't really get to have your million pounds, you know!"

That's Fliss for you, anyway. Madly in love with clothes, make-up… and mirrors! She's the girliest one of us five and she sometimes gets on my nerves by being a bit wet and sappy, but she's also quite a laugh because you can wind her up a treat before she realises you're teasing her.

Kenny's turn next. "Well, my wish would be to wish for a billion other wishes!" she said craftily. "That way I can have whatever I want – whenever I want it!"

"You can't do that!" Fliss shouted at once. I think she was just gutted she hadn't thought of it first.

"It's my wish, I can ask for anything I like!" Kenny said, sticking her tongue out at her. "Just 'cos YOU wasted yours on boring shopping and boring clothes – DERRRR!"

Fliss scowled.

"No, seriously, though," Frankie said. "What would be the one thing you'd like most of all?"

Kenny's next answer was a tad predictable, really.

"I wish I could play for Leicester City and score the winning goal for them in the Cup Final," she sighed longingly. "That would just be *sooooo* cool!"

"Er, Kenz – you're a girl, mate," Frankie pointed out.

"I know, I know," Kenny said. "But that's part of the wish – that the team spot me playing footy in the park and realise I'm so mega-talented they'll have to bend the rules to let me play for them."

"Sounds a bit like Babe the pig where the farmer let Babe be in the sheepdog trials because he was so good," Lyndz said thoughtfully.

"Lyndz, if you're calling me a pig, I'll…" Kenny said warningly.

Lyndz giggled and put her hand up to her mouth. "I wasn't!" she said. "Honest! But it wouldn't have been an insult anyway – pigs are lovely!"

In answer to that, Kenny started making piggy squeals and grunts and chased Lyndz around the room, until Lyndz collapsed in a giggling fit. Then "the pig" got down on all fours, still squealing, and starting nudging Lyndz with her head.

"S-s-s-stop it!" Lyndz panted, weakly trying to push her away. "P-p-pack it in, piggy!"

Anyway, yeah, so Kenny is mad on sport, especially football and swimming. She's captain of our netball team at school, but was really miffed when she couldn't play cricket with the boys.

She even went to the head teacher about it, saying it was unfair and sexist! I think she really wishes she was actually a boy sometimes.

Kenny has energy and enthusiasm like you've never seen before. Sometimes we call her "the power station" because she's like a one-woman generator! Her and Frankie are a good match in that way. They both hate sitting still and prefer to be bouncing around somewhere outside. No wonder they're both so skinny.

The other thing you should know about Kenny is that she's a complete gore-hound. She just loves blood and guts and gross stuff like that. She wants to be a doctor when she's older, like her dad. Already, she knows lots of amazing things about the way things work in your body, and loves telling us all the yuckiest stuff to try and gross us out. Fliss usually kicks up a fuss before too long as she's mega-squeamish, and even the word "blood" makes her feel sick (so she says). I think that just encourages Kenny to find even more horrible things to tell us about, though.

I was the last one to make my wish. I just couldn't decide. Part of me wished we had a nicer house to live in. Ours is a complete dump, ever since my dad moved out before he'd had a chance to do it up. I used to get a bit embarrassed about letting the others come round because it was so scruffy, and there's still loads that needs doing to it even now – I mean, we still haven't got carpets in some rooms. Me and the gang ended up decorating my room last year because I got so sick of just having bare plaster walls in there. Dad was originally going to paint my room for me, but…

I guess he had other things on his mind.

"Come on, Rosie!" Lyndz was saying, elbowing me. "You've had ages to think about it now!"

"Yeah, what's your gut instinct?" Kenny asked. "What was the first thing that popped into your head?"

"I wish Adam could walk," I said straight out. Adam's my brother and he's in a wheelchair. He's a really lovely brother (apart from when he takes the mickey out of me, of course) and he's never been able to walk or talk properly. Sometimes I catch sight of his face if I'm going off on my bike, and he just has this sad look in his eyes which makes me feel really *guilty* that my legs work OK and I don't even think about them. Or sometimes he'll be watching sport on telly, and I just know that he's thinking about how he'll never be able to play football or rugby or… You know. I mean, I've grown up with him, so I'm used to it, and obviously he is, too – but it's still sad.

The others were a bit quiet when I said my wish. Kenny's great with Adam, she just treats him like a normal boy and has a laugh with him about stuff, but I know the others feel a bit awkward around him. Fliss, especially – I think she's a bit scared of Adam, to be honest. I suppose if you're not used to being around someone who's disabled, you don't quite know how to react at first.

"That's a nice wish," Lyndz said in the end. "That would be lovely if it came true."

"Yeah," I said. I felt a bit bad that everyone had gone so quiet

and thoughtful because of me. “But I also wish my mum would find a new bloke now! A nice new boyfriend for the new year, that would be wicked. Especially if he was rich!”

“Ooh, that would be good,” said Fliss thoughtfully. She likes anything to do with what she calls ‘affairs of the heart’. “Your mum’s quite pretty – I’m sure she’d be able to find someone nice.”

“Do we know anyone we could fix her up with?” Frankie joked, raising an eyebrow at me.

“Not Dishy Dave again, after the Brown Owl disaster!” Lyndz said with a shudder. “That was awful!”

We all giggled, remembering our terrible attempt to fix up Brown Owl with Dave, the school caretaker. It had gone about as wrong as it could have!

“I’m definitely not putting my mum through that!” I said firmly. “In fact, I totally intend to stay OUT of her love life, so don’t you lot get any ideas!”

Frankie’s face fell, and I could tell she’d been half-serious about plotting to fix my mum up. “Well, if you’re sure…” she said reluctantly. “We do have quite a hunky next-door neighbour who’s just moved in – no girlfriend, either!”

“No, thanks!” I said, shaking my head. “End of discussion, Frankie!”

Anyway, you’ve hopefully got a good idea of what we’re all like now. We’re all best friends and do lots of stuff together. We have a sleepover once a week, on a Friday or Saturday, and take it in turns to host it. Wherever we have the sleepover, it’s always

an excellent laugh. There's not much sleep involved though, what with all the games we play and sweets we munch!

What I like most of all, though, is having four really close friends who I can have a laugh with, be myself with and trust with all my secrets. I've never had that before, and it's absolutely ACE! Sure, we sometimes bicker and fall out about stupid things, but at the end of the day, I don't know how I'd get along without them. Well, that's the Sleepover Club for you!



CHAPTER TWO

I suppose it all started in the last week of November, when Mrs Weaver came into the classroom and announced that our class and Mr Nicholls' class would be putting on a Christmas pantomime of Cinderella for the parents and the rest of the school.

There was this big excited OOOOH! from all of us. Excellent! Normally we only ever do a boring nativity play and a carol concert. I don't know about you, but singing *Little Donkey* is NOT my idea of a good time. But Mrs Weaver went on to say that Miss Middleton, the new infant teacher who'd come to our school in September, was a bit of a creative sort. Not only had she written the pantomime, but she'd also agreed to organise the whole thing. COO-ELL!

Us five grinned and made thumbs-up signs at each other. Miss Middleton was really young and pretty and funny. This could turn out to be an ace Sleepover Club event!

The classroom was buzzing as everyone started whispering things to each other in excitement. Mrs Weaver banged on her desk with a ruler. "Quieten down!" she called. "Do you want me to tell you how to audition for the panto, or not?!"

Instantly, everyone was as quiet as mice.

Mrs Weaver smiled. "Oh, that got your attention, didn't it?" she said. "Seeing as I obviously have a class of budding actors and actresses, I'd better tell you that there's a meeting in the hall at lunchtime today, for everyone interested in taking part. And for those of you who AREN'T interested in being on the stage, let

me remind you that we'll need lots of scenery painters, costume designers, prop makers and people to help out with the lighting, too! So if you want to sign up for anything, come along to the hall at one o'clock sharp."

We all grinned at each other. This was going to be wicked!

Fliss put her hand up, blushing slightly. "Er, Mrs Weaver, who gets to be Cinderella?" she asked, tossing her long hair.

Kenny rolled her eyes. "Let me guess – you think it should be YOU!" she muttered.

Mrs Weaver frowned at Kenny, and then turned her attention to Fliss. "Well, Felicity, that's why we're having auditions," she said. "Miss Middleton will tell us more about it at lunchtime, but basically, anyone who's interested in being Cinderella will have to do an audition next week. For the audition, you'll have to read out some of Cinderella's lines and maybe sing a song, too, so we can see who has a good voice, and who can speak nice and clearly."

Fliss bit her lip. "But Cinderella IS blonde, isn't she?" she said, frowning. "I thought—"

"The Cinderella in the Disney cartoon is blonde, yes," Mrs Weaver said firmly. "But we're not going to choose our Cinderella on hair colour, Felicity – just talent!"

"Oh, of course," Fliss said, sounding a bit dejected. I knew – and the whole class knew – that Fliss had thought she'd get the part on looks alone!

"She's got no chance, then, if they're going for talent!"

whispered Emily Berryman loudly. Snidey cow!!

If you didn't know, her and her snotty sidekick Emma Hughes are big enemies of the Sleepover Club. We call them the M&Ms, but that's certainly not because they're as nice as the chocolate M&Ms. They're the sort of girls who'll pull your ponytail really hard, or nick your nicest pen when they think you're not looking. I'm sure there's a couple like them in your class, too, worse luck!

That morning seemed to go really *really* slo-o-ow. I swear time stood still and we were trapped in the classroom for about a week. Mrs Weaver was teaching us this complicated thing about fractions which I just couldn't understand. Every time I looked down at my maths book, the same thought popped into my head. *Cinderella! Cinderella! Cinderella!*

I was dying for lunchtime to come, so we could go to Miss Middleton's meeting and hear all about the panto. How could anyone concentrate on boring fractions at a time like this?

I *love* the story of Cinderella. OK, so the ending's a bit sloppy with Prince Charming and all that yucky lovey-dovey stuff, but I just adore the bit where the fairy godmother turns the pumpkin into a magnificent carriage, and the four mice into beautiful white horses. Wouldn't that be awesome, having a real-life fairy godmother who came into your bedroom and magicked everything up for you? But how on earth was Miss Middleton going to make that happen on stage? Unless she—

"Rosie Cartwright! Are you with us?" came Mrs Weaver's voice. "Have you lost the power of your ears, suddenly?"

I went bright red. Oops! Caught daydreaming! "Sorry," I said, staring down at my page again.

"We were talking about expressing the fraction two-thirds as a decimal," Mrs Weaver said, still not finished with me. "Would you care to share your thoughts on that with us?"

"Er…" I said, hoping a flash of inspiration would strike. But wouldn't you know, it didn't. I'm TERRIBLE at maths! "Er… I don't know, Miss," I said in the end, feeling a bit of an idiot.

"You don't know, Miss," repeated Mrs Weaver. "I see. You don't know the answer, even though I've just spent ten minutes explaining it to the rest of the class who WERE listening. Now if I was feeling really mean, I'd tell you to stay in at lunchtime for some extra work on fractions…"

I stared at her in horror. She couldn't be so evil, surely?

"… but luckily for you, I'll let you off – provided you pay attention for the rest of the lesson. Do we have ourselves a deal?"

"Deal," I gulped gratefully, vowing to be a model pupil for the rest of the morning. There was no way I wanted to miss that lunchtime meeting!

"Good," said Mrs Weaver. "So who CAN tell me the answer, then?"

Smug keen-bean Emma Hughes stuck her hand straight up. Surprise, surprise! Couldn't resist a chance to make one of the Sleepover Club look bad in front of the teacher, as usual.

Wouldn't you know it, the morning went even *slower* now I actually had to pay attention and do some work. About three

years later, it was lunchtime. We wolfed down our sandwiches in the dining hall, then charged along to the pantomime meeting in the main hall – along with practically everyone else in our year! The joint was JUMPING, as Frankie would say.

Miss Middleton stood at the front with a clipboard. Mrs Weaver, Mr Nicholls and Mrs Somersby were also standing around, holding pieces of paper with lists printed on them.

"Hello, everyone," Miss Middleton said, when we'd all quietened down. "What a great turn-out! I'm delighted so many of you are interested in helping out on this year's pantomime. As your teachers have no doubt told you, we're going to be putting on two performances of Cinderella. There's plenty of work for everyone to get involved with, so we'll need lots of helping hands."

She cleared her throat, and then looked serious.

"Now, this is going to be the first meeting of many, between now and Christmas. There are going to be LOTS of rehearsals, too, so if you're already busy with things like football or swimming clubs, please make sure you're not taking on too much. We don't want anyone collapsing with exhaustion right before Christmas, do we?"

I saw Kenny look a bit thoughtful at that. She's in the Cuddington Swimming Club and trains twice a week and sometimes on Saturday mornings, too. Still, as Kenny didn't seem to know the meaning of the word "exhaustion", I guessed she would probably manage to combine that with the panto quite

easily!

"Now, like I said, taking on a part in the play will mean a lot of work, but it's also going to be a lot of fun," Miss Middleton said, smiling around at everyone. "Does everyone know the story of Cinderella? Good. Well, what we'll do next is try and organise everyone into groups. Mr Nicholls has kindly agreed to be in charge of props, scenery and lighting, and Mrs Somersby is going to be sorting out all the costumes and make-up. Last but not least, Mrs Weaver and I will be running the auditions and coaching the rehearsals. Got that?"

"Yes!" everyone chorused.

"Excellent!" said Miss Middleton. "If you're interested in helping with props and scenery, go and stand in that corner with Mr Nicholls. If you want to help with costumes and make-up, go and stand in THAT corner with Mrs Somersby. And if you'd like an acting, singing or dancing part, stay where you are."

There was bedlam as lots of people got up and started making their way to different parts of the hall.

The five of us looked at each other.

"I quite fancy a go at making props…" said Kenny.

"I wouldn't mind doing make-up," Frankie said thoughtfully. "I can do some wicked designs, I've been practising!"

"Oh, let's stick together!" Lyndz said. "It'll be much more fun if we're *all* acting in it!"

"Yeah, Lyndz is right," I said. "Why don't we all go in for the auditions? It would be a right laugh!"

"What do you think, Fliss?" Kenny asked. "Don't you fancy having a go on the lighting or carpentry?"

Fliss shuddered, and the rest of us laughed. Not likely! Fliss thinks anything technical is "man's work" – and anyway, she might break a nail doing something like that.

"No, thanks!" she said, feelingly. Then she smiled serenely. "Anyway, I'm going to be Cinderella. I just know I'm going to get the part!"

"Ooh, very modest of you to say so, Fliss," Frankie joked. "Should I ask for your autograph now, or when you're REALLY famous?!"

"Fliss, EVERYONE'S going to be going for Cinderella," Lyndz said tactfully. "You don't know for sure you'll get the part, do you?"

Fliss tossed her hair back, looking a bit peeved. "Don't tell me *you're* going for the part as well, then?" she asked.

Lyndz shook her head. "Nah," she admitted. "Actually, there's another part I'd rather play…"

"What?" I asked in interest. I hadn't had Lyndz down as the dramatic type before.

She went a bit pink. "Well… you know that bit where the fairy godmother magicks everything so Cinderella can go to the ball?" she said.

"Ye-e-e-e-es," we said.

"Ahh, you want to be the fairy godmother?" Kenny asked.

"No," Lyndz said.

"The pumpkin?" Fliss said – rather cattily, actually, as Lyndz is a teeny bit plump.

"No, one of the horses!" Lyndz said, looking a bit embarrassed. "Oh, don't laugh, it's what I want to be!"

Too late – we all started roaring with laughter! Of all the things to wish to be in the pantomime!

"Don't worry, I'm sure there won't be much competition to be a horse," I spluttered.

"No, it's not like it's the MANE part or anything!" Kenny giggled.

Luckily for Lyndz, Miss Middleton clapped her hands for quiet just then and we all had to bite our lips to stop ourselves laughing any more.

There were still a lot of people left in the hall, even when Mr Nicholls and Mrs Somersby had taken their volunteers off to different rooms. It looked like *everyone* wanted to be treading the boards this Christmas.

"First of all, I'm going to tell you the cast list of the pantomime, so you can start thinking about what you'd like to go for," Miss Middleton said, when everyone was listening. "Here goes – Cinderella, her stepmother Wicked Wilma, the two Ugly Sisters Grizzle and Moana, Buttons, Prince Charming, Angelica the fairy godmother, and a narrator. They're the main characters, and auditions will be held for those parts on Monday lunchtime in my classroom."

Emma Hughes smirked at Fliss. "Ever thought about trying

out for one of the Ugly Sisters?" she said. "I reckon you'd get it easily!"

Fliss looked as if she was about to burst into tears, but Kenny, as ever, was straight in there.

"Shame there aren't any DOGS in Cinderella," she said, eyes glittering. "You and your poochy mate might actually get picked to do something then!"

"Girls, please!" called Miss Middleton. "We've a lot to get through today. Right, so those are the main parts. We'll also need dancers for the ball scene, a chorus, Prince Charming's butler, and some people to be Cinderella's horses and coachman. And there'll be an open audition for those parts on Tuesday lunchtime, in my classroom."

Fliss stuck her hand in the air. "Please, Miss, what will we have to do at the auditions?" she asked.

"Good question," said Miss Middleton. "I'll give you a page from the script and we'll practise acting it out in pairs. Anyone who wants to be Cinderella or the fairy godmother must have a good singing voice as there will be a couple of songs for you in the show. I think that's it for now. See you all next week, I hope!"

The hall broke out into an excited chatter. It all sounded like it was going to be excellent fun!

"I can't wait for next Monday!" said Fliss, with her serene smile again. Honestly, I'd never known Fliss to be so confident about anything before!

"First things first," I said. "We've got to have a Cinderella

sleepover to practise for the audition, and talk about what parts we all want to do."

"Deffo!" Kenny said. "How about at mine? We haven't been there for ages."

"Agreed!" said Frankie. "I'll bring my greasepaint along so we can look the part!"

"And I'll bring some of the dressing-up clothes!" Lyndz promised.

"Cool!" Kenny said. "It's a date!"



CHAPTER THREE

with a bang! Everyone was really looking forward to this one, too. I mean, sleepovers are always excellent, but when we've got something really special coming up, like the pantomime, it makes it even more fun.

By the end of Friday afternoon, none of us could think about doing any work – we were all too excited about the evening ahead. Luckily, on Friday afternoons, Mrs Weaver always reads to us, so you don't have to concentrate too hard. This time she took out a copy of *Matilda* by Roald Dahl, so we all got to sit and listen to that. It was such a good story, I actually managed to STOP thinking about Cinderella and sleepovers for a while – but only just!

Then all of a sudden it was three-thirty and time to go. Yippeeee! Me and Fliss were going straight back to Kenny's house with her, while Lyndz and Frankie were going to go home and pick up their bags of goodies first, then come over a bit later. Kenny doesn't live far from the school, so we all walked back – stopping at the sweet shop first, of course.

We don't seem to have that many sleepovers at Kenny's, partly because of her horrid older sister, Molly Moany-guts, who Kenny shares a room with. Whenever we have a sleepover, Molly has to move in with Emma, their oldest sister, for the night. And boy, does Molly kick up a stink about it! She makes a real fuss if we so much as TOUCH any of her stuff, so I'm always a bit worried about breaking something of hers, especially when Kenny sets up one of her famous assault courses round the bedroom.

This time, we'd just left the sweet shop when we heard a familiar horrible voice.

"Ahh, look! It's the Bedtime Club for little girly-wirlies!"

You guessed it – Molly and her equally horrible friend, Carli, sniggering so hard they looked as if they were about to wet their pants.

Fliss looked a bit rattled. She hates scenes, especially in public, where someone might see her. "Ignore them, Kenny," she hissed. "Come on, let's go."

Ignore them? Fat chance! Kenny doesn't know the meaning of the word "ignore" when it comes to miserable Molly. She turned round at once, eyes sparkling, ready for battle.

"Ahh, look! Battersea Dogs' Home have let some strays loose because they were so hideous, nobody wanted them!" she said sweetly. "Here, doggies! Come here!"

Molly took a step forward. BIG mistake!

"Oh, look, they're so obedient, they even come when I call them!" Kenny cooed in delight. "Good doggy!"

Molly glared at her younger sister and folded her arms across her chest. "You think you're so clever, don't you, LAURA?" she said, using Kenny's real (hated) name, the name that only teachers and parents are allowed to use.

"I think, therefore I am," Kenny shot back. "Shame YOU haven't learned how to think yet, big mouth!"

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