



SLEEPOVER GIRLS ON SAFARI

DEFINITELY NOT FOR BOYS!



Angie Bates

Sleepover Girls on Safari

Аннотация

Join the Sleepover club: Frankie, Kenny, Falicity, Rosie and Lyndsey, five girls who just want to have fun – but who always end up in mischief. A school trip to Gawdy Castle Safari Park – coo-ell! There'll be lions and monkey and best of all... tigers. All that and the Gawdy ghost – what better way to kick off a safari sleepover. The problem is, the only thing haunting the Sleepover Club is a member of the M&Ms who's getting a bit too close for comfort... Grab those binoculars and let's get tracking!

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Sleepover Girls on Safari

by Angie Bates

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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**



CHAPTER ONE



Oh, hiya! Didn't see you there. I wasn't really singing into my hairbrush in front of the mirror, honest. Oh, all right, I was! But I do have a good excuse. I'm practising for this cheesy school talent contest Frankie's roped us into. I wouldn't have agreed but she said the others **REALLY** needed me to be their stylist. "You're the Sleepover Club fashion guru, Fliss," she cooed.

As you know, Frankie Thomas is a world expert at getting her own way and I fell for it, like I always do. Then Frankie

immediately started piling on the pressure, saying it just wouldn't feel right unless ALL the Sleepover Club girls performed with her.

Then she turned her puppy dog eyes on me. "I can understand that you're nervous, Flissie," she'd said in a teacherish kind of voice. "But I don't think you'd forgive yourself if you missed out on this unique experience."

I really hate myself for giving in to her. Plus I'm stuck with having to learn this impossible S Club 7 dance routine, PLUS I've got to master the words to *Reach for the Stars!* It's a complete nightmare. I'm SO not co-ordinated. I must have tripped over my own feet five times.

Oops, listen to me wittering! Now you're terrified I'm going to make you watch us do our horrible impression of S Club 7. But don't panic! That is NOT why I asked you over, cross my heart and spit.

But I'd better warn you. By the time I've finished recounting our latest sleepover, you're probably going to have to sleep with the light on. We've got a genuinely spine-chilling experience in store for you this time. So let's make sure the front and back doors are securely locked and bolted! Then prepare to be shocked and scandalised. Because every word I'm going to tell you is totally TOTALLY true.

It was a sunny day in spring. Outside the school dinner hall, birds zoomed to and fro and the school flowerbeds had cute little primulas and whatever poking up out of the dirt. Lyndz had just

shared out those little sugarcoated mini-eggs that look like tiny, speckled bird's eggs. "I thought it would put everyone in a holiday mood," she grinned.

We'd managed to get a whole dinner table to ourselves. Alana Banana and Regina Hill hovered hopefully for a few seconds but Kenny gave them one of her stares and they quickly took the hint.

In four days' time we were going on the ultimate class trip – to have what Mrs Weaver described as a "safari experience". We'd all heard of Gawdy Castle Safari Park, but none of us had actually been, and we were getting totally overexcited.

"I can't wait," said Kenny. "Lions in the wild. Raaargh!!" She hooked her fingers into claws and waved them menacingly in Lyndz's face.

"This is going to be so amazing," I said. "Isn't it, Rosie?"

"From what I heard yesterday, Gawdy Castle might be a bit TOO amazing!" Frankie had that annoying little smirk on her face that means she's got secret inside info. "I've been talking to this kid whose sister went years ago. Boy, you should have heard what she told me."

I was suddenly completely distracted. "Not again! I've broken another nail!" I screeched. I couldn't believe my bad luck. I'd been trying to grow all my nails to the same length for weeks. Now the most exciting adventure of our lives was looming and I'd gone and ruined my Pink Passion nail-polished fingernail.

"Don't be such a bimbo, Fliss!"

I DO wish Frankie would learn not to talk with her mouth full.

Gloopy egg sandwich suddenly went splattering everywhere, and poor ol' Kenny was right in the line of fire.

“Urgh, Frankie! That was so gross!” She frantically brushed yellow and white gunk off her t-shirt.

I helped Kenz mop herself up. Ever since the twins were born, I make sure I carry travel wipes in my bag, so I'm prepared for spills and dribbles of all kinds. Joe and Hannah could totally dribble for England!

Frankie joined in the mopping operation. “Sorry, Kenz,” she said, “but Fliss has been banging on about her silly nails all term. We're going to Gawdy Castle in four days and there's something you guys really ought to know.”

Mum reckons the other girls will catch up and learn to love lip-gloss and nail polish as much as I do. I hope she's right. Sometimes I think my mates see me as a total fluff brain. As for Frankie, she's always saying I shouldn't worry about shallow girly stuff like getting my appliquéd butterfly jeans dirty. She says it ruins everyone's fun.

I hate to think I might be the Sleepover Club party pooper, so right there in the dinner hall, I made a secret pact with myself that I would NOT be ruining our thrilling, end of term trip.

“Sorry, Frankie,” I said humbly. “Tell us your story.”

Frankie plans to be an actress when she grows up and she just LURVES to be the centre of attention. She took a long, very noisy sip of Snapple, to make sure everyone was watching. Then she made us all huddle closer.

“This story is going to give you terminal goose bumps,” she promised. “I heard it from a girl who made me swear not to tell anyone. She said the authorities didn’t want it to get out.”

“But it’s all right to tell us?” I said anxiously.

“Of course, you’re my mates,” said Frankie. “And I’m going to tell it exactly how she told it to me.”

Kenny’s eyes gleamed and Lyndz’s looked as if they were going to pop right out of her head. I gulped. Frankie’s the best teller of scary tales I know. Outside, a cloud had gone across the sun, and the hall suddenly became full of eerie, flitting shadows.

“It happened at Gawdy Castle exactly three years ago,” Frankie began. “In fact, by a very weird coincidence, it happened three years to the day this Friday!”

Lyndz drew in her breath. “That’s the day we’re going!”

“I know. That’s why we’d better all be careful, because the terrible events I’m about to describe could well happen to any one of us.”

Frankie was really enjoying putting the frighteners on us, but we were all loving it. “Not one word of what I am going to tell you can go outside this group,” she said commandingly. “Do you swear?”

I heard Kenny mutter, “Get on with it, Spaceman.” But the rest of us just nodded frantically.

“Then I’ll begin,” said Frankie in her special storytelling voice. “It was the day of the school safari trip and the weatherman had forecast storms. The skies were darkening as the school coach

drove through the gates of Gawdy Castle. But no one wanted to miss out on seeing the animals, so the castle rangers decided to risk taking the children out in the Landrovers. They thought the storm would hold off.”

“But it didn’t,” whispered Lyndz.

“No, it didn’t. It began thundering and lightning like the end of the world. Soon rain was coming down so heavily it was impossible to see out of the windscreen. The rangers cut the tour short and told the children and teachers to shelter in the old castle. Now there was one boy, whose name was Peter Harris...”

“I’ve heard of him,” said Kenny.

“Can I PLEASE tell my story without anyone interrupting?”

We all tried not to giggle at Frankie’s impression of Mrs Weaver.

“Well, anyway, Peter soon got bored with looking at pictures of dead dukes and duchesses. And though the suits of armour were quite interesting, what he really wanted to see were the medieval torture chambers in the dungeons.”

“Dun dun du-un!” interrupted a sarky voice.

Emma Hughes was smiling down at us. I say “smile”. It was more like the lipless grin you see on mummies.

“Bug off, Emma,” said Frankie.

“Oh, I’m SO sorry,” said Emma in a scornful voice. “Was I interrupting your little story-telling session, Frankie? Why don’t I finish it for you? Let me see. Oh, yes.” Emma put on a fake scary voice. “Peter goes down into the dungeon where the ghost of a

tortured prisoner jumps out at him, going ‘Whooo!’, and drags poor little Peter right inside the wall. When he fails to return to the minibus, the teachers and other kids search the castle for him. They search for over an hour. They’ve almost given up when Peter suddenly reappears in the main hall. But he’s not the same normal, happy boy who left home that morning. His hair and eyebrows have turned snow white and he can’t talk. He can only mumble like a great big baby...” Emma’s voice had dropped to a whisper.

“That’s horrible,” said Lyndz in a trembly voice.

Emma gave a spiteful laugh. “And not one word of it is true! My brother played football with Peter Harris only the other day. That stupid ghost story’s been going round for years. I can’t believe Frankie swallowed it!”



CHAPTER TWO



It took the combined strength of the rest of the Sleepover Club to stop an enraged Frankie throwing herself at Emma.

“Where’s the other Queen of Darkness today?” panted Kenny, still hanging on to a furious Frankie.

“Yeah, you want to be careful,” said Lyndz. “If I was you, I wouldn’t want to get Frankie angry without my evil twin for back-up.”

As everybody in the village knows, Emma Hughes and Emily

Berryman, aka the M&Ms, are our deadly enemies. This was one of the few times I'd ever seen one without the other. Without her snooty bodyguard, Emma looked strangely incomplete.

"If you must know," she said stiffly, "Emily's caught—" She glanced around to make sure no one was listening and dropped her voice, "—erm, nits."

Kenz totally cracked up. "Oh, that's made my day! Emily Berryman's got head lice!! Can't you just imagine her scratching herself like a monkey!"

"My sympathy's with the nits personally," Frankie growled, still trying to wriggle free.

"Aren't you scared you'll catch them, Emma?" said Lyndz wickedly. "You've always got your heads together plotting some little scheme. Her evil creepy-crawlies wouldn't have far to jump."

Kenny gave a fake gasp. "Yikes, Emma!! I just saw something crawl into your hair! Dad says nits LURVE clean, blonde hair. He says that's like head lice heaven to them."

Kenny's dad is a doctor. Kenz says this is why she revels in blood and gore and all things icky. We don't totally buy this. We just think she's bizarre!

Emma was furious with Kenny. "You don't think I'd fall for that old trick, do you?" she spat. She stuck her nose in the air, obviously meaning to flounce away.

At that moment we all noticed the pretty blonde girl standing behind her.

“Hi, Emma, they said I’d find you in here!” she beamed. “Your mum fixed everything. Mrs Poole says I can come into school with you any time I’m at a loose end.”

It was blatantly obvious Emma hadn’t expected to see her friend in the dinner hall. “Oh, that’s erm, super!” she gushed. “Why don’t I show you round the school?” And she practically dragged the mystery girl towards the door.

“That’s them, isn’t it?” I heard the girl say excitedly. “They’re just like you described, Emma! But it sounded like you were having an argument.”

She’s Australian, I thought. The new girl had exactly the same accent as Brad Martin, our favourite Aussie soap star.

I saw panic flicker over Emma’s face. She gave a nervous giggle. “Oh, we’re always kidding around like that. It doesn’t mean anything.”

I thought I must have misheard. It was quite possible. By this time Frankie had worked herself into a major razz.

“...plus I hope that hideous ghost drags her into a wall and they never EVER find her body!” she finished up breathlessly.

I was horrified. “Frankie, don’t say that! Suppose Emma got ghost-napped for real. How would you feel then?”

“I’d think she deserves all she gets,” Frankie said spitefully.

“Yeah, if the ghost wants her, let it have her,” said Kenz.

“I agree,” said Lyndz. “What do you reckon, Rosie-posie?”

Rosie jumped. “Oh, sorry, I was miles away.”

“Must have been somewhere depressing,” said Kenz

cheerfully. “You looked gutted just then.”

Rosie looked anxious. “I didn’t, did I? Well, I’m fine, honestly.”

She wasn’t but we didn’t find that out till later.

Frankie spent the rest of the afternoon dreaming up ways for us to avenge ourselves on Emma Hughes. By home time, she’d narrowed it down to three personal faves.

1. Pouring cold baked beans over Emma’s head.

2. Smuggling fresh droppings from the school rabbit into her lunch box.

3. Stuffing old, v. smelly cream cheese in our enemy’s P.E. shoes.

“I vote for the beans,” giggled Lyndz.

Kenny shook her head. “Uh-uh. Rabbit droppings have better shock-value.”

“Yeah,” said Frankie. “Plus Emma’s shoes are bound to be naturally cheesy anyway!”

Everyone fell about. Everyone but Rosie, that is.

I couldn’t help noticing that our mate didn’t join in Frankie’s scheming. She’d been quiet all day. Any time we asked what was wrong, she said she had a headache.

This is typical Rosie. She keeps her worries so bottled up, Kenny says it’s a wonder steam doesn’t spurt from her ears. She’s heaps more chilled than she was when she first moved to Cuddington though. It used to take weeks before she’d admit anything was bothering her. Now it’s days at most. Though even

now, she tends to withdraw inside herself at the first sign of trouble.

I couldn't help feeling tense as we walked home. Mum says I have to learn not to be so sensitive. But I can't bear those jangly vibes when people are upset, can you? Suddenly I noticed something totally unbelievable. Emma and her new friend were following us.

The others noticed it at exactly the same moment.

Emma was obviously desperate for us not to notice her. Each time one of us looked back, she bent down and pretended to tie her shoelace, which has to be the most pathetic ruse ever. (Kenny reckoned she must have seen it on an old 1970s cop show!) Emma's friend was obviously wondering what on earth was going on.

"I've had enough of this," growled Frankie. "No one spies on the Sleepover Club and gets away with it."

"Spying?" I said in surprise. "Why would Emma spy on us?"

"Because she's gone over to the dark side, dummy," said Frankie. She blocked the pavement, very obviously waiting for the two girls to catch us up. "What's going on?" she called to them in an aggressive voice. "You've been sticking to us like fly paper all day."

Emma went bright red, but to my astonishment, the new girl beamed at Frankie and stuck out her hand. "Hi, you must be Frankie!" she said in a genuinely friendly voice. "I can tell from your gorgeous curly hair. Emma's told me all about you guys.

I'm Kirstin."

Frankie looked totally confused. She just did NOT know how to react. I felt it was down to me to jump in and save my fellow blonde from humiliation. I grabbed Kirstin's hand and pumped it up and down.

"Hi, I'm Fliss. Let me introduce the others. From left to right: Rosie, Lyndz, Kenny and yes, the one with her mouth open is Frankie. I just lurve your trainers, by the way."

Kirstin looked pleased. "I got them in Sydney, just before we flew over. I'm Australian if you hadn't guessed." She pronounced it "guissed".

"I thought so! She sounds exactly like the characters in *South Beach*, doesn't she?" Lyndz said excitedly.

"Emma told me you guys had a bit of a *South Beach* craze going. I heard you met Brad Martin." Kirstin made a flirty face. "That guy is so dishy!!"

"Emma TOLD you we met Brad?" Frankie said suspiciously.

"She said she almost fainted when he invited you guys up on stage."

Frankie scowled. "She must have fainted from jealousy. It was us he invited to perform with him, not the Gruesome Two—"

Emma frantically tried to shut her up. "So, you've finally met my e-pal," she interrupted brightly. "We've been e-mailing each other for over a year now." Emma went into peals of fake laughter. "But you knew that already, silly me! I'm always telling you about Kirstin, aren't I?"

“You are?” said Kenny.

Emma Hughes suddenly looked at her watch. “Heavens!” she said in an artificial voice. “Is that the time! We’re going to be SO late for my grandmother’s party.” She flashed us a strangely pleading smile. “See you later, guys!”

Before we could say “Huh?” Emma dragged her bewildered e-pal up the road and out of sight.

Frankie stared after them with a puzzled expression. “Did you hear that, or did I imagine it?”

“What?” we chorused.

Frankie gulped noisily. “I thought she said, ‘See you later, guys’.”

Kenny looked thoughtful. “She did say that, actually.”

“Is it a crime?” I said timidly.

Frankie looked outraged. “It is, actually, Felicity Proudlove. A crime against Nature. Emma made it sound like we were friends with her!”

Kenny shuddered. “That is creepy.”

“She was weird at dinner time too,” said Lyndz.

“Maybe she really has got nits or ants in her pants or whatever?” Rosie suggested.

“Bats in her belfry more like,” Kenz sniggered.

Frankie shook her head. “Emma’s up to something. But she won’t get away with it. I’m going to be watching her very closely.”

“Listen to Frankie the super spy!” Lyndz giggled.

I was feeling slightly hurt. Why did Frankie have to draw

attention to my name like that? It's not my fault my new stepdad is called Andy Proudlove. Mind you, my real dad's name is even worse. It's Sidebotham, would you believe. When it comes to names, my family has the worst luck.

"Mum will be worrying," I sighed. "I'll see you guys tomorrow."

I waved to my mates and went speeding down the street. I was still waiting at the pelican crossing when I heard Rosie call my name. She caught me up breathlessly. "Have you got a sec? I need to talk to you."

I had an awful feeling like going down too fast in a lift. Rosie can be really touchy sometimes. Obviously I'd upset her and that's why she'd been acting so strangely. I decided to get in first.

"I don't know what I've done, Rosie, but I'm so SO sorry. I'll make it up to you, I promise. And what's more I'll never ever do it again, erm, whatever it was."

Rosie looked confused. "What? No, Fliss, you haven't done anything. But I'm really worried about something and I need to talk to someone."

A warm glow started up inside me. Rosie trusted me. "You can tell me anything, dummy," I said. "I'm your mate."

I stood at the crossing for ten minutes, listening to Rosie.

When I finally walked up my front path and put the key in the door, I barely heard my brother and sister's wails. I trudged upstairs to my bedroom, shut the door, and collapsed miserably on to my bed.

We'd been looking forward to this trip for ever: since Kenny's sister Molly went to the same safari park. We'd daydreamed about what animals we'd see and what outfits we'd wear. We'd planned in detail the wonderful sleepover feast we'd have afterwards.

Now our dreams had ended up in the dustbin of disappointments.

I knew the awful truth behind Rosie's headaches.

She couldn't afford to come. Her dad was supposed to send the money but he'd forgotten and now he'd gone away on business. Rosie's mum was sorry, but she didn't have any cash to spare.

I was so upset, I felt as if my insides had been put into an ice-cream maker and churned into a great big, multicoloured mess.

What was I going to do? I didn't have enough money to pay for Rosie. I couldn't even ask anyone for help. She had totally sworn me to secrecy.

That meant Rosie was relying on me to come up with a plan to save the big Sleepover Safari. I really hoped I wouldn't let her down.



CHAPTER THREE



Morning came and I still hadn't come up with a solution.

To make matters worse my fringe totally would NOT lie down. "Oh, well," I told my reflection unhappily. "Looks like you'll be spending the day looking like a scruffy blonde cockatoo."

When I went downstairs, I discovered Mum had woken me up half an hour later than usual. So it was one mad dash to bolt down my Crispy Loops and sprint to the car.

To make my day even more depressing, Joe and Hannah

screamed in their car seats all the way to school. Did I mention they look exactly like my stepdad? Don't laugh, it's true! Andy has absolutely no waistline and only a very, very small amount of fine, tufty hair. Don't get me wrong. I'm crazy about Andy. I tell my mates he's the best stepdad in captivity. But I'm not crazy about being trapped in a small car with two roaring, miniature, Andy look-alikes. Not to mention my brother Callum who was whingeing about this stupid game he'd seen on kids' MTV.

By the time Mum dropped me off, I'd gone deaf in both ears. I'm not exaggerating. I couldn't even hear the bell. I was also humungously late. By the time I stumbled into my classroom Mrs Weaver was reading out the last name on the register. It was awful. The entire class turned to stare at me.

I sheepishly took my seat. Rosie whispered, "Any ideas yet?" I shook my head. "Not yet."

In my embarrassment, I'd completely forgotten my Rosie dilemma, but now it came flooding back.

Rosie deserves to go on this safari more than anyone, I thought fiercely. Life is rough for her at times. Her dad walked out on them some time ago and since then he hasn't really showed much interest in her and Tiffany. He makes slightly more effort with her brother Adam, who has cerebral palsy. But Rosie says it's like he thinks she doesn't need him or something. Luckily Rosie's mum copes brilliantly, but sometimes money is tight.

I'd feel terrible if we had to go without her. But I still had no idea how to help. Suddenly I realised that the entire class was

looking in my direction.

“What do you think, Felicity?”

Mrs Weaver’s voice sounded deceptively kind. Unfortunately I had no idea what she’d just said.

“Ummm, could you please repeat the question?”

Mrs Weaver narrowed her eyes into two scary laser beams. “Weren’t you listening, dear?”

This was a toughie. Frankie would have no problem telling a little white lie. But this is me we’re talking about and I am physically incapable of being dishonest. Take my promise to Rosie. I’d never break her confidence, even if I was threatened with hideous torture. That’s the way I am.

So I was forced to stammer out the truth. “No, s-sorry, Mrs Weaver. I wasn’t listening. It won’t happen again.”

I didn’t think Frankie would ever let me live it down. She mimicked me all through break. “Sorry, Mrs Weaver, it won’t happen again,” she said in a breathy little voice. “Fliss, you’re SUCH a wuss!”

Lyndz thought Frankie’s impression was brilliant. She shrieked with laughter until – you guessed it – she got one of her famous attacks of hiccups. Usually I flap around like a mother hen, suggesting every cure in the *Bible of Hiccups*. But this morning I had absolutely no sympathy. Lyndz shouldn’t have been laughing at me in the first place.

“Frankie, will you leave Fliss alone? It’s getting boring now!”

It was Rosie’s turn to do an impression, a scarily accurate one

of her bossy big sister, Tiffany.

Frankie scowled. “Kenny thinks it’s funny, don’t you, Kenz?”

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