



# Sleepover Girls Go Wild!

DEFINITELY NOT FOR BOYS!



Ginny Deals

**Sleepover Girls Go Wild!**

«HarperCollins»

## **Deals G.**

Sleepover Girls Go Wild! / G. Deals — «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! The Sleepover Club is off to the local wildlife park, AnimalWorld, for the day! Will Frankie enter the Spider House? Will Fliss go anywhere near the snakes? There's loads of laughs and plenty of animal magic on such a brilliant day out. But then Kenny teases Lyndz about what Hissing Horace the python's having for supper. Little does she know what she's started... Pack up your sleepover kit and let's PIG OUT!!

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HarperCollins E-Books

The Sleepover Club

40

## Sleepover Girls Go Wild!



Ginny Deals



**by Ginny Deals**

HarperCollinsChildren'sBooks

## **DEDICATION**

*For W, an avid fan*

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CHAPTER  
ONE

Oh, hiya! I didn't hear you come in. Just hold on a sec, while I stick this sequin on... What do you think? What do you mean, what is it? It's a choker, you derr-brain. See? All the sequins and beads, with these silver ribbons to tie at the back? I'm making it for this party I might be going to at the weekend. Yeah, check my careful use of the word "might". It all depends on what mood Dad's in when I ask him about it. He's been mad for a week or so now, ever since—

Oops! Nearly gave the game away there! That's why you're here, isn't it? To hear all the latest Sleepover Club goss? Well, you've come to the right gal. I might be in a whole heap of trouble, but I've got some inside info on our latest disaster that's so secret, you've got to swear not to tell *a single soul*. Not even the other Sleepover Clubbers, OK? Even if they torture you by tickling your feet with grass stalks. This has to be *strictly* between you and me, or my dad will never let me out of the house again.

You probably know all about us by now, don't you? The Sleepover Club – five girls who really know how to get into trouble. Maybe you don't remember? I'll give you a quick run-down on us before I tell the story, then. But first of all, I've got a question for you.

Do you know that rhyme, "Five Little Piggies"? I know, it's a really weird question, but hey! My mates don't call me Spaceman for nothing! So, do you know it? "This little piggy went to market, this little piggy stayed at home, this little piggy had roast beef, this little piggy had none, and this little piggy went WEE WEE WEE all the way home"? I bet your mum or dad used to tell it to you when you were a little kid, maybe when you were getting out of the bath or something. And I bet they wiggled your toes when they did it, too. Parents can be so dorky sometimes.

Basically, my mates in the Sleepover Club are kind of like those pigs in the rhyme. Take me for instance. Francesca Theresa Thomas, known as Frankie. I'm probably the piggy who goes to market, 'cos I'm dead sociable – always the life and soul of the party. I like dressing up and going a bit crazy when I get the chance, to tell the truth. Mind you, I've calmed down a bit since my cute baby sister Izzy was born. A big sister has responsibilities, you know? I'm the leader of the Sleepover Club, I guess. At least, that's what the others would say – though they wouldn't say it in front of me.

Lyndz is probably the piggy who stays at home. She's the peacemaker, with a crazy family life. Lyndsey Marianne Collins is her full name, and she's got FOUR brothers – two older, two younger. Imagine that! Eight smelly socks on the landing every day! I don't think I could live with that. She'd love this piggy comparison, 'cos she's totally loony about animals of all shapes and sizes. She's particularly mad about horses, and spends most of her time down at the stables – when she's not hanging out with her best mates, of course.

The piggy with the roast beef would be Fliss, the girl with the best of everything. Felicity Diana Sidebotham, she used to be. What a cringe – I’d have died of embarrassment if I’d been stuck with a name like that! I know Thomas isn’t anything special, but I’m well pleased I’ve got that and not Sidebotham. Well, she’s not Sidebotham any more, you’ll be pleased to know, ’cos her mum just got married. Guess what she is now? Proudlove! Not much better, is it? She doesn’t have a great sense of humour, Fliss, so don’t go winding her up about her name, will you? She lives with her mum and step-dad in a perfect little house with a perfect little bedroom and a perfect little wardrobe. She’s a perfect little pain in the you-know-what sometimes, too, but basically she’s a good laugh. She’d probably hate this pig comparison, though – she goes on and on about diets, which is totally stupid.

Rosie’s probably best described as the piggy with none – but don’t tell her that, ’cos she’ll go mad. She gets really touchy about money. I don’t think her mum has got much, not since her dad left home. But what’s money got to do with anything? She’s got loads of other things – a brother, a sister, a wicked sense of humour, a fab talent for singing and mimicking people, and four top mates. She’s the newest member of the Sleepover Club – and we wouldn’t have invited her to join if we didn’t think she was cool.

Which leaves my best mate of mates – Laura “Kenny” McKenzie. We’ve known each other since we were little kids, and have done pretty much everything together ever since! She’s the piggy who goes “WEE WEE WEE” all the way home, ’cos she’s got so much energy. (Plus it’s kind of funny, that bit about weeing.) Kenny loves playing footie and doing other sporty stuff, and is a total tomboy. Like, she refuses to wear skirts and dresses *ever*, which Prissy Flissy can’t understand at all! Oh, except once, when she was a bridesmaid at Fliss’s mum’s wedding. Even then, she thought she looked like a meringue. Nope, Kenz would much rather be charging around in her Leicester City football strip and a pair of jeans. Kenny and frills just *so* don’t go together.

So, ta-da! There you have us, the Sleepover Club, the fabbest group of mates in the world. We all hang round each other’s houses at weekends and have sleepovers, which are totally *ace*. We have midnight feasts, and *reeeally* funny games, and play jokes on each other, and spook ourselves with ghost stories at midnight – you name it, we do it.

Oh yeah. Like I mentioned before, we also get into trouble. The major parental screaming fit kind of trouble. You know, when your mum or dad’s eyes get so bulgy with rage you think they are going to pop out and hit the carpet. Well, this latest Sleepover Club adventure is no exception. If anything, it’s totally WORSE than anything we’ve ever done before. So remember the pig rhyme (it’s kind of relevant) and hold on to your knickers, ’cos there’s a pretty wicked rollercoaster story coming up. Are you ready for it? You can flump down in that beanbag in the corner, if you like. Get comfy, get in the popcorn... and let’s begin!



CHAPTER  
TWO

*“Happy Birthday to you, Squashed tomatoes and stew, Bread and butter in the gutter, Happy Birthday to you!”*

We were all walking back from school on Friday, arm in arm right across the pavement – me, Kenny, Fliss, Rosie and Lyndz. And because it was my birthday that weekend, the others had all decided to caterwaul really loudly at me, and expect me to like it.

“Gee, thanks, you guys,” I said, putting on a really cheesy accent. “Ah’m reeally moved by your beootiful singing voices—ow!”

“You’re just an ungrateful pig, Frankie Thomas,” grinned Kenny, bashing me in the ribs with her elbow again.

“Yes, I agree with Kenny,” said Fliss in an exaggerated way, her eyelashes batting up and down like a pair of mad spiders. “We were trying our *best*, you know.”

“I wasn’t,” said Rosie with a grin. “Anyone got any crisps?”

“LYNDZ!” we all chorused. Lyndz always had food in her bag.

“Hey, guys,” said Lyndz, burrowing deep down in her manky old rucksack (it had a stain on one corner which Fliss swore was horse muck), “I can’t wait for tomorrow, can you?”

“Why, what’s happening tomorrow?” said Kenny in her most innocent voice, her eyebrows all crinkled and enquiring.

“Oh, you know!” spluttered Lyndz, fishing out a squashed packet of crisps and passing them to Rosie. “Frankie’s birthday treat!”

“Oh Lyndz, didn’t anyone tell you?” said Rosie slyly. “Frankie’s birthday treat has been cancelled. We’re not going to Animal World tomorrow after all, are we Franks?”

“Give over,” I said, giving Rosie a friendly shove. “Poor Lyndz has been looking forward to this for weeks, haven’t you my leetle animal-loving friend?”

“Squeak,” said Fliss solemnly.

“Oink,” added Rosie.

“GrrrrRRRRrrr!” roared Kenny, making us all jump.

“Yeah, yeah,” grinned Lyndz, looking totally relieved. “Squeak and oink and grrr to you too. So it’s still on then?”

“Of course it is, you great lummock!” I laughed. “Ever since Dad came up with the idea, it’s been, like, *on*. He’s even got the tickets!”

“Fantastic!” squealed Fliss.

“So I’ll see you all tomorrow at nine, then?” I said. “Round at mine?”

“Too right!” breathed Lyndz, in total ecstasy at the thought of all those animals she’d see tomorrow.

“Er...” said Kenny, consulting an imaginary diary. “Well, I’m not sure if I can fit you in between feeding Merlin my rat and winding up big sis Molly. But I’ll see what I can do.”

“OK – but when we get there, I’m not going anywhere near the snakes, right?” said Fliss. “Just so that’s clear.”

“It’s clear,” we all said together. It was only about the zillionth time Fliss had said it.

“Rendezvous-ing at oh-nine-hundred hours at the Thomas establishment,” nodded Rosie. “Unless I have a spy mission to attend to first, of course. I take my career in the Secret Service very seriously, you know.”

Saturday dawned bright and misty – a perfect April morning, with just a little breeze in the air. Today was the day we were going to Animal World, and today was my birthday!

I shot out of bed like my pyjamas were on fire, and hurtled down the stairs.

“Hey!” laughed Dad, swerving out of the way as I bombed off the third last step in a huge, flying leap. “Happy birthday, Frankie love!”

“Thanks, Dad!” I grinned. “What’s for breakfast?”

Now, you might think I’m a total greedy-guts for asking that straight off, but it’s a Thomas tradition that we ALWAYS have fab birthday breakfasts. Eggs, mushrooms, tomatoes, beans and veggie sausages for me – mmm! And Mum and Dad usually decorate the table too, with flowers and candles and, of course, PRESENTS piled round my plate. Coo-ell or what?

“Happy birthday, love!” Mum gave me a big sloppy kiss and a hug. “Would you like scrambled or fried eggs?”

Oh, man – birthdays are just the best, you know? Eggs for breakfast, presents to open, totally being the centre of the universe to everyone you meet, and a birthday outing with your best friends to look forward to! I hugged myself secretly with a lovely little shiver, and tried not to think of the worst thing about birthdays – that when they are over, you have to wait another 364 days till the next one. Or even 365 days, if it’s a leap year.

“One, two three, *Happy Birthday to you...*” warbled Dad.

Mum joined in, and even Izzy burred a couple of notes and banged her spoon on the table, more or less in time. Pepsi barked hysterically the whole time. I don’t reckon she thought much of Dad’s singing voice, to tell the truth!

Breakfast was ace. Mum and Dad gave me a wicked watch with funky silver sparkles in the strap, the latest S Club 7 CD and a new pair of fantastic flared trousers with beads sewn all round the bottom. Gran gave me a little gold-edged book of proverbs – she loves proverbs, my gran. I got a really cool top from Pepsi with a groovy silver logo on the front, and Izzy gave me a baseball cap, some nice smelly soaps and a bottle of nail varnish with lots of teeny little glittery lovehearts floating in it.

I’d hardly got dressed (in my new flares) when the doorbell went for the first time. BING BONG! It was Lyndz – early, of course.

“Happy birthday, Frankie!” she said breathlessly, passing me a squashy parcel wrapped up in cute paper covered in tigers. “Are the others here yet?”

I looked at my new, sparkly watch. “Lyndz,” I said patiently, “it’s only quarter to nine. Give them a chance!”

Lyndz had given me a little purse made of shaggy blue fur. “I just thought it was kind of cuddly,” she giggled. “You can get in some practice for all those animals you’ll be cuddling at Animal World!”

By nine o’clock on the dot, all the others had arrived too. I got some really adorable little hairgrips from Fliss, a gorgeous woven friendship bracelet from Rosie, and some fart spray from Kenny.

“The fart spray would be really wicked if we sprayed it near the M&Ms in school one day,” sniggered Kenny. The M&Ms are our worst enemies – and fart spray is too good for them, quite frankly.

“Now then, everyone ready?” asked Dad.

“Yeah!” we all chorused, Lyndz loudest of all.

“Then let’s go!”

Animal World Wildlife Park was just the other side of Leicester, so it didn’t take us long to get there. Mum had to stay at home with Izzy, so it was just Dad and us – and it was kind of squashed in the car! But there was loads to talk about, so the journey went really quickly.

“What shall we visit first?” Lyndz wanted to know.

We all peered at the leaflet Dad had got with the tickets.

“How about the spider house, Frankie?” suggested Kenny with a wicked grin.

“EEUW!” I screamed, and fainted dramatically on to Rosie’s shoulder. Spiders are absolutely my worst thing, you know? I’m completely arachnophobic (good word, huh?).

“I bet you’d love the spiders, Lyndz,” joked Kenny. “Tarantulas are really furry, I’ve heard.”

“Well,” I declared, sitting upright again, “you can totally count me out. I’d faint or something. Now, the bird house would be pretty good.”

“Ooh, yes!” enthused Rosie, her cheeks getting all pink. “I’ve always wanted to fly!”

The rest of us fell about.

“You’re not going to get a chance to fly, Rosie mate,” said Kenny cheerily, “unless someone pushes you off the viewing balcony!”

“I don’t mind what we see first,” said Lyndz. “Everything’s going to be totally amazing.”

“So long as it’s not—” Fliss began.

“THE SNAKES!” we all yelled.

“I dunno – I think the snakes will be pretty cool,” said Kenny thoughtfully. “Do you think we’d catch feeding time?”

“Urrgh!” we all screeched.

“Girls,” scolded Dad, “I’m trying to drive here!”

Lyndz shuddered and went a bit pale. “Well, I know snakes are animals and everything,” she began, “but I don’t think I could watch them eating.”

“Snakes have to eat stuff alive,” said Kenny with a gleam in her eye. “That would be well cool to watch.”

Lyndz went totally white. “Seriously?”

Kenny shrugged. “Yeah, you know, so it’s really fresh. Goats and pigs and things.”

Lyndz swayed slightly in her seat, and looked really ill.

“Look, we’re there!” I said hastily, to distract her. “Come on, everyone!”

And so we forgot about snakes’ eating habits for a while. But boy, if we’d known what we’d started, we would have turned round and gone home then and there.

Animal World was all based around this one big house called Clifford Towers, with animal enclosures in the grounds and a teashop and gift shop. There were deer out in the fields around the house, and there was even a moat!

We ran around all morning like crazy. The apes in the Monkey House, swinging through trees on ropes and chattering among themselves were just like a bunch of old men. The otters in their pool, spinning around and swimming like Olympic champions were totally ACE. And the Bird House was full of the most incredible tweeting and whirring of brightly coloured wings – and I could understand how Rosie wanted to fly.

Now Dad had popped off to the gift shop to find a present for Mum, and we were left on our own in front of the Spider House, with *strict* instructions to meet him for lunch at one at the cafeteria.

“So,” said Kenny, flexing her fingers with a wolfish grin. “Who’s going in, then?”

“No WAY!” I said anxiously. “Not me.”

“What if a million spiders were chasing you, would you go in then?” asked Rosie curiously.

What a question!

“I don’t suppose they’ll be as bad as snakes,” said Fliss reluctantly.

“Come on!” said Kenny. “Frankie, don’t be such a wimp!”

“Yes, come on Frankie,” coaxed Lyndz. “They’ll be behind glass and everything, it’ll be fine!”

I fixed everyone with a ferocious glare. “Not in a squillion YEARS,” I said firmly.

Kenny started to cluck, ever so softly. “Cluck... cluck... cluck...”

“Kenny, don’t start!” I warned her.

“Cluck... CLUCK!”

Arachnophobia or not, if there’s one thing I can’t stand, it’s being called a chicken. I took the most HUMUNGOUS breath.

“OK, OK! Let’s do it – fast!”

With a whoop, we all charged through the doors before I had a chance to change my mind.

Everything was very dark. Suddenly, I felt totally twitchy, thinking of all those beady little spider eyes watching me, all those horrible hairy legs flexing, ready to—

“AiEEEEEEE!” I yelled. Something was tickling my neck! “THERE’S A TARANTULA ON ME!”

“WAAAAHH!” screamed the others.

And we all tumbled out of the other side of the Spider House as fast as our legs would carry us!

“Wha... what...” began Kenny, panting. Even she had got spooked!

“I... I...” I was having difficulty breathing, leaning against a bit of fencing. “I... felt it, I felt a spider on me!”

“Uurrrghh!” screeched Rosie and Lyndz, clutching each other and giggling hysterically.

“Er, where’s Fliss?” said Kenny, getting her breath back.

We looked round at the Spider House.

“Do you think that spider got her?” said Lyndz fearfully.

We held our breath, imagining Fliss with a spider’s fangs sunk into her neck – when out she strolled, like she had all the time in the world.

We gawped at her.

“What...” Even Kenny was having difficulty believing her eyes. “Fliss?”

I found my voice at last. “Fliss, why didn’t you come running out with us all? Didn’t you hear me scream?”

Fliss grinned, pink with delight. “Oh yes. I heard it. I never thought tickling the back of your neck would produce such amazing results, though!”

There was a moment of stunned silence – and then we all jumped on her.



CHAPTER  
THREE

“Man, that was a seriously good joke,” said Kenny admiringly, as we lay back on the grass verge with our ice-creams. “Imagine old Flissy coming up with a joke like that! You even had me going there for a second.”

“More than a second!” spluttered Lyndz. “Kenz, you were peeing your pants!”

“I’m pretty good at practical jokes, aren’t I?” beamed Fliss. “There was this one time...”

And off she went, rambling on about an April Fool trick she’d pulled when she’d swapped the sugar for the salt at the breakfast table and made her little brother Callum cry. Oh-oh! It was never a good idea to congratulate Fliss on anything. One sniff of a compliment and she was OFF!

But good old Kenny came to the rescue, as only Kenny knows how.

“Yeah, well,” she said, interrupting Fliss in the middle of her story. “Making a little kid cry isn’t much to be proud of, is it?”

And Fliss shut up instantly. Re-SULT!

I hadn’t been that impressed with Fliss’s so-called “joke”, to be honest. Well, how would you have felt if you thought your worst nightmare was coming true? And what if I’d had a heart condition? Suddenly I had a wicked idea.

“So it’s the Snake House next, is it?” I asked casually.

I watched Fliss’s face with interest. I never knew a face could go from pink to green so fast.

“After all,” I added, “as I went in the Spider House, the least you can do is go in the Snake House, Fliss.”

Rosie caught on. “It’s only fair, Fliss,” she said. “You gave Frankie a serious fright in there. Maybe you should let her do the same to you!”

“Oh no!” squealed Fliss. “Not those horrible slimy things!”

I jumped to my feet. “Come on,” I said coaxingly. “I’m not going to play a trick, honest. I just think we should see them, that’s all.”

Somehow, we got Fliss to the Snake House. And double somehow, we got her through the doors. There was loads of heavy tropical foliage in there, airy glass cages with plaques that read things like “Boa Constrictor, Brazil” and “Boomslang, East Africa” – and snakes coiled up in the branches. I didn’t need to play a trick on Fliss. Just seeing her face was revenge enough!

Kenny fanned herself. “Blimey, it’s hot in here, isn’t it?”

“That’s because the snakes need to keep warm,” said a voice behind us. We swung round, to see a man with lots of curly brown hair grinning at us. His Animal World badge said “Jack”, so I guess that was his name. “They are cold-blooded, you see.”

“Cold-blooded and *murderous*,” Rosie whispered naughtily in Fliss’s ear.

Fliss looked like she was about to run for it. I *soooo* love Rosie!

“You mean like, evil?” asked Kenny, looking all keen at the idea.

“No!” Jack grinned, taking off his gloves. “Cold-blooded means they don’t have an inside radiator like you guys. When they get cold, these snakes can freeze solid!”

“Best thing for them,” muttered Fliss.

“What do you do here?” asked Lyndz shyly.

“I’m a snake handler,” said Jack.

He sounded dead casual, but – man! What a scary job! I think we all gulped more than a teensy bit!

“You *handle* them?” gasped Fliss, taking a step back from him as if he was covered in gruesome snake slime.

Jack shrugged. “It’s no big deal, honest,” he said. “They aren’t interested in eating me!”

Kenny looked enthusiastic. “What are they interested in eating, then? I heard they ate live animals.”

Lyndz gasped and looked distressed, but Jack didn’t notice.

“Yeah,” he said cheerfully. “In their natural habitat, the big ones eat wild pigs and goats and things, when they can catch them. You’d be surprised! But we feed them more regularly on smaller mammals here, like rats and rabbits.”

“Not rabbits!” said Lyndz furiously, stepping out from beside me. “That’s horrible!”

Jack looked at Lyndz sympathetically. “Not to the snakes, it isn’t,” he said. “They need to eat, just like you and I do.”

“But—” Lyndz started to say.

“Cool!” Kenny butted in, oblivious to how upset Lyndz was. “So do they eat them *reeeeally* slowly, or swallow them in one—”

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