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Helping you choose books for children

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opening extract from

The World of Jacqueline Wilson

written by

Jacqueline Wilson

illustrated by

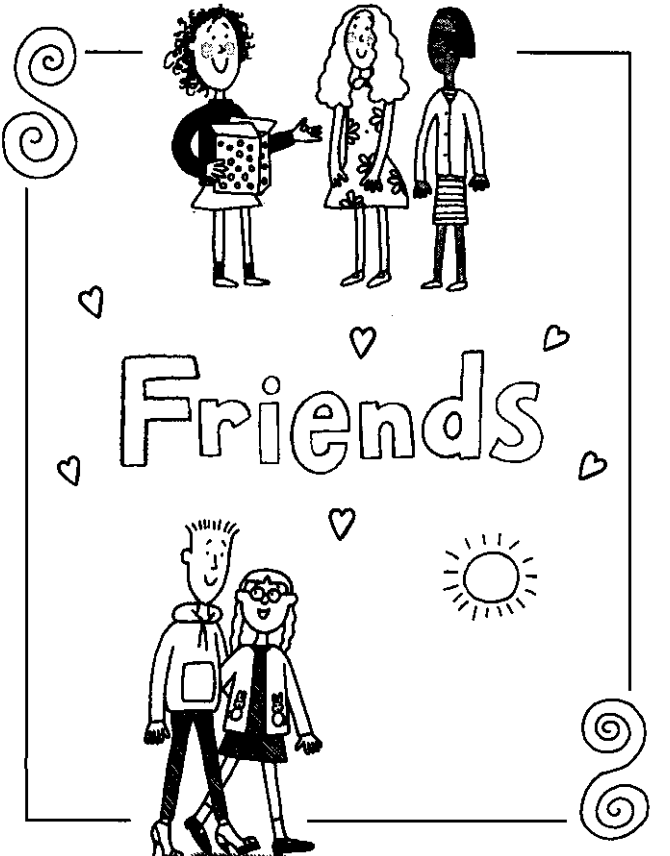
Nick Sharratt

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Friends



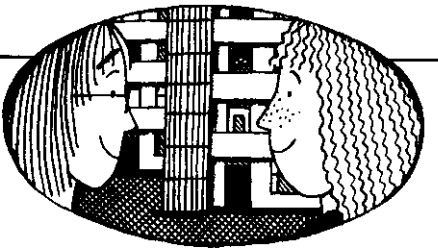
Friends

by

Jacqueline Wilson



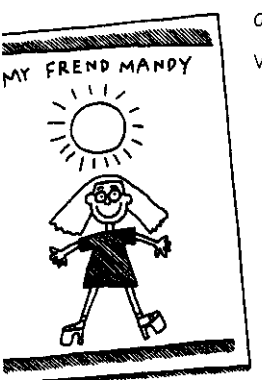
I had lots of friends when I was at primary school but I didn't have a *best* friend. I also had imaginary friends when I was little. I used to mutter to them when I was walking along the road. People probably thought I was seriously loopy!



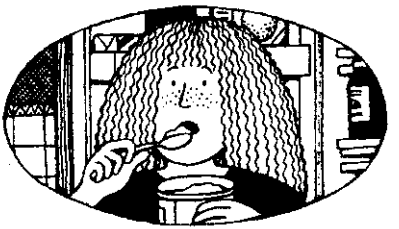
I didn't know anyone the first rather scary day at my secondary school. There was a friendly-looking girl with plaits sitting in front of me. When the bell went and we were told to go to the art room, I timidly tapped her on the back and asked if she knew the way. She didn't have a clue either but we went off in search of it together. Chris and I became best friends that day, and we're *still* best friends many years later.



She drew a funny, podgy, little girl with lots of yellow hair. I wasn't sure whether I was pleased or not. She saw me hesitating, so she drew me special strappy high-heeled clunky sandals on my feet. She drew a line of blue sky at the top of the page, and then right above my head she did a big yellow sun with rays all around it. Then she wrote a title at the top. Her writing was rather wobbly and I knew she'd spelled a word wrong but it didn't matter a bit. MY FREND MANDY. That's what she wrote. And I felt so happy I felt as if there was a real sun above my head and I was dancing in its warm yellow rays.



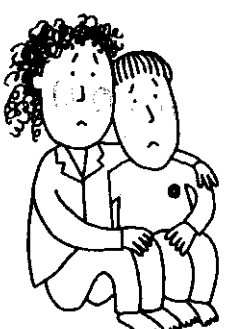
MANDY
Bad Girls



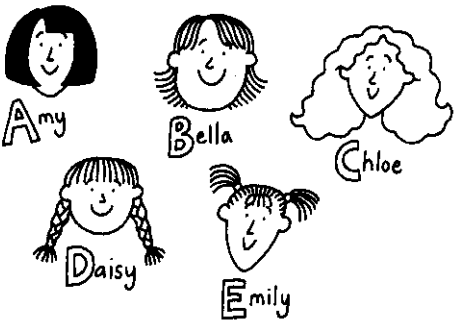
I wish Maria was my friend but she's Alice's best friend. *Everyone* in my class has got a best friend - or else they go around in little gangs like Lucy and Imogen and Sarah and Claudia. It's so awful not having a gang, not having a best friend. I *used* to. I used to have Miranda. . . Miranda could be a bit boring sometimes because she never had any ideas of her own - but I always had *heaps* of ideas so I suppose it didn't matter too much. Miranda wasn't much use at playing pretend games but at least she didn't laugh at me.

INDIA
Secrets

I'd had a nightmare about my mum and it had brought on a bad attack of my hay fever. Normally I like to keep to myself at such moments as some stupid ignorant twits think my red eyes and runny nose are because I've been crying. And I never ever cry, no matter what. But I knew Peter wouldn't tease me so I huddled down beside him for a bit and when I felt him shivering I put my arm around him and told him he was quite possibly my best friend ever.



TRACY
The Story of Tracy Beaker



I liked Emily *soooo* much. I wished she could be my best friend. But she already had Chloe for her best friend. I didn't think much of Chloe. I liked Amy and Bella though. We'd started to go around in this little bunch of five, Amy and Bella and Emily and Chloe and me. We formed this special secret club. We called ourselves the Alphabet Girls. It's because of our names. I'm Daisy. So our first names start with A B C D and E. I was the one who spotted this. The secret club was all my idea too.

DAISY
Sleepovers