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One



Have you ever wondered what you'd do if you won the lottery?

My mum won. She did, really. OK, she didn't win the jackpot. We don't live in a great big mansion. I wouldn't want to even if Mum had won mega-millions. I'd hate to live in a big house with heaps of rooms. You'd never be able to keep track of everyone. Someone could be creeping along the corridor ready to get you and you'd never know.

I'd like a really small house. A caravan would be even better. It could be ultra-luxurious, with purple velvet fitted sofas and matching purple curtains

and purple satin sheets on the bunk beds. We could even have a huge purple glass plate piled high with big purple bars of Cadbury's milk chocolate for us to nibble on any time we fancy. But it would have this never-fail alarm system if anyone approached. Then I'd strap Kenny and me to the sofa and Mum would jump in the purple Ferrari permanently hooked to the caravan and whizz us off to safety at hundreds of miles an hour.

Mum didn't win the lottery on the television. She won with a scratch card. I'm not talking ten pounds though. *Ten thousand!*

She looked at the card in the street and she gave this great whoop. She picked my little brother Kenny up and whirled him round and round until he squealed. She couldn't pick me up too because my mum's quite little and I'm big for my age, but she gave me a huge hug and kissed me on both cheeks and then on the tip of my nose too, which made me giggle.

'Right, let's get back inside the shop,' she said. 'We're going to spend spend spend! Only don't tell old Sid behind the counter. He's such a gossip he'll tell everyone on the whole estate and then the next time we're down the pub we'll be buying drinks all round for people we haven't met before.'

'Right, Mum,' I said. I gave Kenny a little nudge. 'Are you taking this in, chum? Keep that little lip zipped.'

Kenny giggled and acted out zipping his lip. Then we went back in the shop.

'Come for another scratch card, Nikki?' said old

Sid, shaking his head. 'You mums and your lottery cards!'

'Yeah, right, tragic, isn't it?' said Mum. 'And no one round here ever wins, do they?'

She caught my eye and grinned. Kenny grinned too. He opened his mouth.

'Zip!' I hissed, and hustled him over to the ice-cream cabinet.

'I've decided to pack in buying scratch cards altogether,' said Mum. 'So I'm going to spend my lottery money on treats for the kids. OK, Jayni, Kenny, what are you having?'

I chose a white Magnum and a tube of Rolos and a packet of marshmallows and a giant bar of Cadbury's fruit and nut and a bottle of Coke and a *Girltalk* and a *Doll Collector* and a *Puppies and Kittens* because they all have good pictures for my scrapbook.

Kenny chose a small red ice lolly and a *Thomas the Tank Engine* comic.

'You can have more than that, Kenny. Anything. Sweets, chocolate, more comics, whatever you want.'

'I don't want whatever. I want my lolly and my comic, like always,' said Kenny.

'But you can choose *more*, Kenny.'

'I can't choose,' said Kenny, starting to sound upset.

'Oh, leave him be, Jayni,' said Mum.

She had no problem choosing a *Hello!* and an *OK!* and a *Cosmo* and a big fat *Vogue* and a bottle of diet Coke and a large pack of posh ciggies.