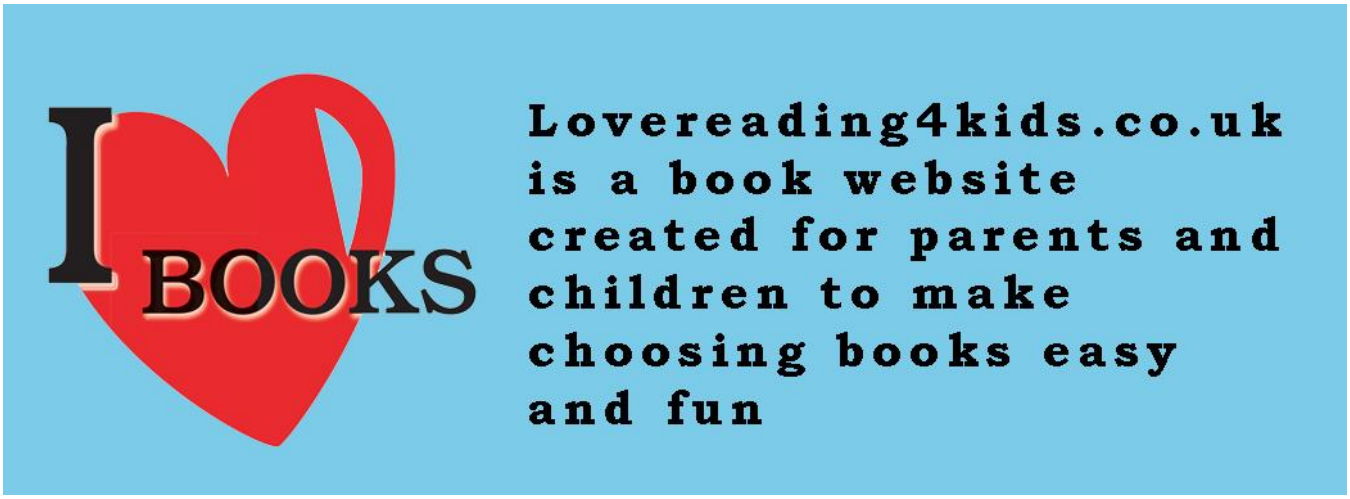


Opening extract from

Completely Cassidy Drama Queen

Written by

Tamsyn Murray

Illustrated by

Antonia Miller

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who make THESPING so much fun.

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I look forward to welcoming your budding Brads and Angelinas very soon.

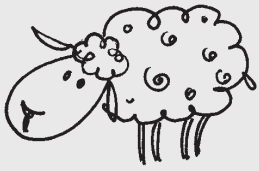
Best wishes,
Elenora Skelly
Principal

Cassidy, how much is this going to cost? Mum xx

NAME: Cassidy Bond AGE: Nearly 12

EXPERIENCE:

* Sheep #2 in school nativity play aged 5 (non-baa-ing role)
* 80% accuracy on several Singstar songs



SPECIAL TALENTS:

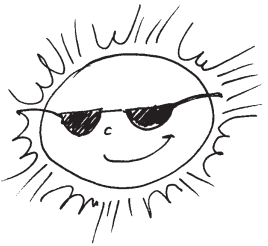
Still searching for my THING but can;

* Lick my own elbow
* Make a balloon poodle (although sometimes more of a sausage-poo)
* Change a wet nappy in less than thirty seconds

NB: Can't dance but can hula-hoop

Specialist subject = Harry Potter

CHAPTER ONE



Ugh, it is too hot.

I know it is July and supposed to be sunny but it said on the news that the temperature in England is hotter than Greece, which I can totally believe. Rolo spends all his time lying flat on the floor, panting like he has just conquered Everest, the twins seem to be in training for **THE GREAT BRITISH GRUMP OFF** and apparently the roads might melt if it goes on much longer, which is not going to help with anything. How will the ice cream van

get down our street with much-needed supplies if the tarmac is streaming like molten lava?

"It's because of climate change," Shenice told us as we dragged our sweaty, overheated selves home from school one blistering Tuesday afternoon near the end of term.

"Climate change?" Molly asked, fanning her face with a wilting copy of the Year Seven newsletter. "Is that like the French exchange programme but with weather instead of students?"

Shenice shook her head. "No, it means the world is getting hotter and we have no one to blame but ourselves. Thanks to Man's selfish actions, the planet is heating up and basically we're all doomed unless we take positive action to stop it now."

Eek. I glanced sideways at Molly – this wasn't what

we usually talked about on the way home from school. Normally, we argue about who is the hottest member of **THE DROIDS** or whether Mr Peterson's lessons could get any duller, but ever since Shenice's mum went on a big demonstration march in London last month, she's been all about the environmental friendliness and a tiny bit is rubbing off on Shenice.



I can't see how men could be causing the entire earth to overheat, though, no matter how selfish they are – although now I come to think of it, some of Liam's farts are pretty toxic. I know older brothers are supposed to be gross but he is off the charts disgusting so I can totally see how he might contribute to the end of life as we know it. My little brother, Joshua, is less to blame – even the hardest eco-warrior wouldn't blame an eight-month-old baby for the pollution his bottom emits. And then it dawned on me that Shenice meant **MAN** as a species,

not men as individuals, and everything made a lot more sense.

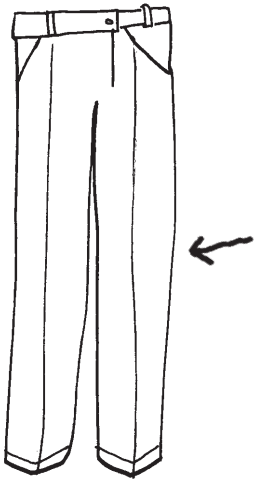
"What kind of action?" Molly asked.

"Walking instead of driving, buying locally sourced food, washing clothes at a lower temperature," Shenice replied, ticking the items off on her fingers. "But our biggest challenge is climate-change deniers. Did you know that there are actually idiots who refuse to believe there's a problem?"

I thought about that. No one who'd smelled one of Liam's eye-watering efforts could deny that he had a problem.

"Huh," Molly said. "We should invite them to spend a day at St Jude's. Is it just me or is it hotter there than anywhere else?"

I have to admit I felt a tiny bit guilty then. St Jude's **DOES** feel hotter than the sun at the moment but that's mostly because all three of us are wearing trousers in a heatwave. Ever since I started a petition to allow girls to wear trousers to school and the school governors changed the rules to say we can, I have felt like I cannot ever be **TROUSERLESS**. And Molly and Shenice are being brilliant **BFF**s and supporting me, in spite of some serious perspiration problems. Leading a revolution is much sweatier than I expected.



"At least it's nearly the end of term," I said. "Just think, no more Mr Peterson for six whole weeks."

It's not that I don't like maths but Mr Peterson is to fun what my dad is to coolness: a vacuum. Although at

least Mr Peterson doesn't dress up as Elvis Presley in his spare time like Dad. Honestly, it's like he is on a mission to win Most Embarrassing Parent **EVER**. He's even talking about taking his tufty black wig and sparkly white onesie on holiday with us to Happy Sands this year. I am going to live with Aunt Jane and Uncle Ian if he does.

"No more Mrs Pitt-Rivers," Shenice said, shivering in spite of the heat.

Mrs Pitt-Rivers is our super-strict Deputy Headteacher – seriously, she makes Miss Trunchbull look relaxed. I don't mind her so much since she was almost nice to me a few months ago but Shenice is terrified of her.

"No more Nathan Crossfield," Molly pointed out, with a sideways look at me. "Unless there's something you're not telling us?"