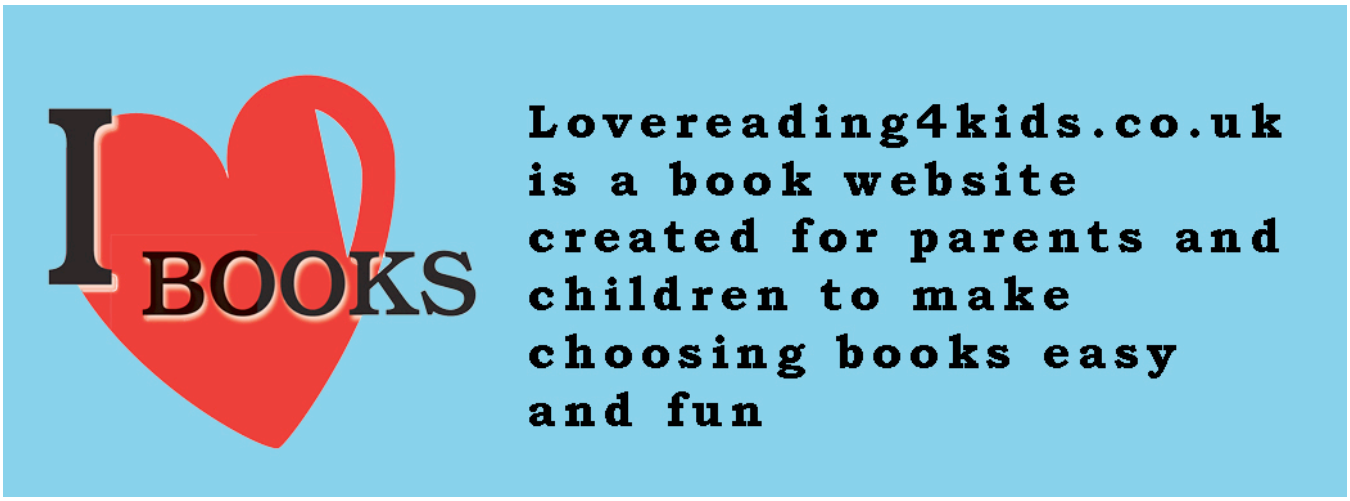


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The OMG Blog

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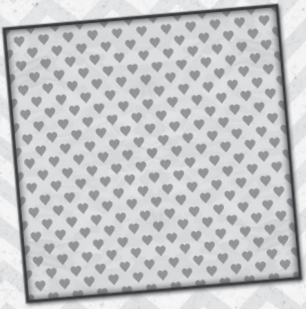


CHAPTER 1





Little Miss MESS-UP









Jessie had messed up.

She dreaded telling Mum. She wasn't *going* to tell Mum. Cos her big sister Clare never messed up. Clare was the perfect daughter and the perfect student. Little Miss Perfect.

Jessie often wished she was as perfect and clever as Clare. *And* brave. Don't forget brave.

If Clare ever messed up (fat chance), Jessie bet she'd be bold and brave and just face up to it.

Jessie was struggling to do that. Same as she was struggling to settle in at secondary school.

And right now she needed to be in the school library. But instead she was hovering in the corridor just outside, her heart thumping and full of dread.



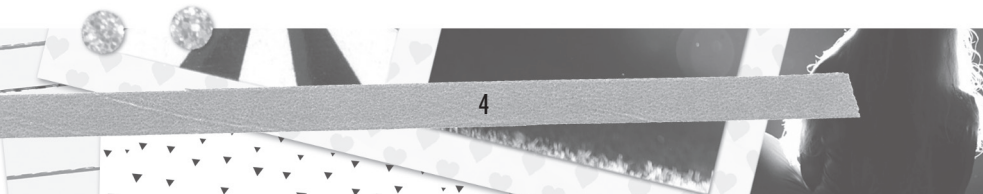
"I'll just read this first," Jessie muttered to herself. Looking at the notice board would give her time to work up the nerve to go in. But it was hard to be interested in the stuff pinned on the board.

One A4 sheet had a message about homework club being cancelled this week. (Snore.)

One was a poster for a blog-site some Year 7 students had made. It was about rugby. (Double snore.)

One was a stern message from Mr Frazer, the Head Teacher, about the importance of wearing school uniform correctly. (A student had written 'Whatever!' on that.)

Jessie read each bit of paper three times. She was just going to read them for the *fourth* time when she felt a wibble-wobble in her blazer



pocket. Someone was texting her.

OK, so it had to be Mum. Mum *always* texted about a minute after the school bell went at the end of the day. The text often came before Jessie was even out of the school gates. Jessie grabbed her mobile and read Mum's message.



Hi, Jess-kin! I'm just finishing here. Shall we meet at the front office in five minutes and walk home together?

Jessie's heart sank.

Mum was always around school – but she wasn't a teacher or a member of staff. Her *real* job was doing accounts for small businesses. But she worked from home, and that gave Jessie's mum time to run the school Parents' Association.

That's why she was around so much, planning fund-raising events, like the quiz night, the summer fair and the festive bazaar.

Jessie had started at Newton Academy just two weeks ago but she was already fed up of bumping into Mum all the time. Her big sister Clare had warned her it would be like this. Clare had just moved away and into a student flat and had told Jessie that she couldn't wait to start at university. Mainly cos it would be bliss to walk to class without running into Mum.

Clare said she still cringed when she remembered the time Mum had stopped her on the way to PE and insisted on fixing her tie – in front of all Clare's friends *and* a boy she really liked.

Jessie texted Mum back.

I'm not leaving yet. I'm going to Homework Club with a friend.



Jessie bit her lip and pressed 'send'. She hated lying to Mum.

Here's the truth. She wasn't going to Homework Club.

Here's *another* truth. She wasn't with a friend – she hadn't made any of those so far.

All the girls in her form class were friends with people from their old primary schools. And the only girls at Newton Academy from Jessie's old primary school were already in a little gang of their own. Which didn't include Jessie.



Oh, I didn't realise there was a Homework Club on a Monday! But glad to hear it and glad you're going. Text me when you're on your way back, my hard-working girl!

Jessie felt awful when she read her mum's text. Today she *hadn't* worked hard – in one lesson at least – and she was in trouble cos of it.

Little Miss Mess-Up.

Oh boy, Mum would be *so* disappointed with her if she knew! And Mum always wanted to know *everything* that was going on with Jessie and Clare.

Jessie frowned as she pinged Mum a smiley face emoji.

☺



Then she pinged off a frantic WhatsApp message to her sister.



With that done, Jessie switched the phone to silent, put it back in her pocket and took a deep breath.

"Here goes," she muttered, as she pushed the library door open ...