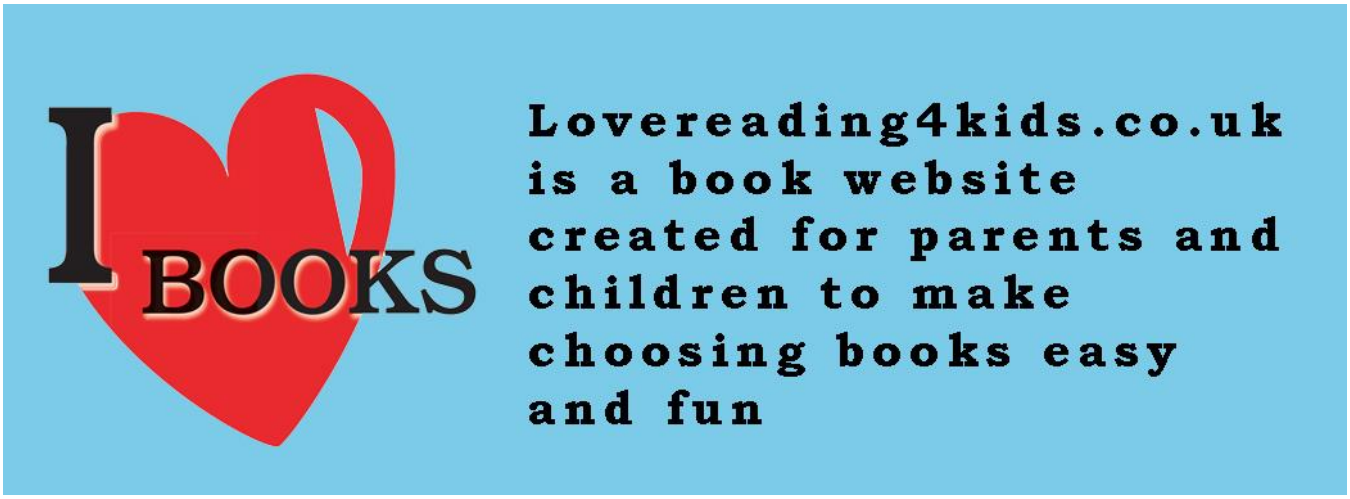


Opening extract from

Jacky Ha-Ha

Written by

James Patterson

Published by

Arrow (Young) an imprint of Cornerstone

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Young Arrow
20 Vauxhall Bridge Road
London SW1V 2SA

Young Arrow is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies
whose addresses can be found at global.penguinrandomhouse.com



Penguin
Random House
UK

Copyright © James Patterson 2016
Illustrations by Kerasoët
Excerpt from *I Funny TV* copyright © 2016 by James Patterson
Illustrations in excerpt from *I Funny TV* by Laura Park

Dialogue and lyrics from *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* by Clark Gesner
Based on the comic strip Peanuts by Charles M. Schulz
Dialogue copyright © 1967 by Clark Gesner
Lyrics copyright © 1971 by Jeremy Music, Inc

First published by Young Arrow in 2016

www.penguin.co.uk

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

Hardback ISBN 9781784754068
Trade paperback ISBN 9781784754075

Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Clays Ltd, St Ives Plc

Penguin Random House is committed to a sustainable future for our business, our readers and our planet. This book is made from Forest Stewardship Council® certified paper.



PROLOGUE



Yes, girls, this might just be the biggest night of my life and I'm sitting here doodling.

But doodling is what I always do when I get nervous, and I don't think I'll ever be more nervous than I am right *now* because I'm about to hop into a limousine and head off to the Academy Awards, where I could maybe, just maybe, win an Oscar!

Can you girls believe this? Your very own mom

is one of only five nominees for Best Actress! Okay, it wasn't a huge stretch to play a dirt-poor street performer in Atlantic City, but it's not often that a *comedy* gets any awards.

What's even rarer is when funny girls win the Oscar for Best Actress. I think the last time was 1977, when Diane Keaton won for *Annie Hall*.

I wasn't even born in 1977. That means you guys weren't, either.

Anyway, there's a twenty percent chance that I might have to give a sp-sp-sp-speech tonight in front of m-m-m-millions of people, which, as you might imagine, terrifies me beyond my ability to put terror into w-w-w-words.

If, by some miracle, I actually do win the Best Actress Oscar for *Cracking Up,* the first thing I'm going to do, of course, is thank you two for making me laugh every day since you were born. Unless I trip on my gown. If *that* happens, the first thing I'm going to do is stand back up and adjust stuff.

Uh-oh, my purse is shaking! Either Los Angeles is having another one of its famous earthquakes or my producers are texting me to say it's time to go.

Before I do…

There's something else I want to tell you guys.

After we finished filming *Cracking Up,* and before I went back to work at *Saturday Night Live,* I wrote a book. *This* book.

It's all about when I was a kid.

That's right. Once upon a time, I was actually your age. Before that, I was even younger. It's true. I have, in my past, been both an infant and a toddler.

The story I want to tell you guys took place when I was twelve. It starts when I decided to climb up to the top of the Ferris wheel on the Seaside Heights boardwalk in New Jersey. It was after midnight, so the ride was locked up tight. But that didn't stop me. I was a girl on a mission.

You could say I was a little crazy back in the 1990s. (Heck, we all were. We danced to music by two guys named Milli Vanilli.)

It wasn't just that I wanted to have a look out over the Atlantic Ocean. I was also wondering what I'd be like when I grew up, *if* I grew up. Maybe I had convinced myself that by scaling the Ferris wheel and staring out at the ocean, I might be able to see my future, somewhere off on the horizon.

Did I mention I was a little crazy back then?


DWAY
AFE
THE BULL

I did my best to tell the story of that wild year at the shore just the way it really was for me, warts and all—though at twelve years old, it was more like *pimples* and all—because I think there's a tendency for parents not to tell the whole truth about how it was for them growing up.

So here it is, ladies—the funny, the not-so funny, and the embarrassingly true.

CHAPTER 1



Okay, let me set the scene.

It's the absolutely worst day of any year ever recorded since history has been recorded. That, of course, would be the last day of summer vacation. The day before school starts.

The year is 1990. President Bush (the first one, George *H. W.*) tells the world he doesn't like broccoli and hasn't liked it since he was a little kid, when his mother made him eat it. Donkey Kong is about as good as it gets in video games. And guys are wearing mullets. They're about as hideous as a hairstyle can be—short at the front and sides, long in the back. Kind of like a coonskin cap made out of hair.



I'm living with my six sisters (your aunts) in a tiny house near the beach in Seaside Heights. Think Little Women living on the Jersey Shore, but none of us have questionable names like Snooki or JWoww.



Our father is pretty strict. He makes sure we keep our little house spick-and-span and "shipshape," even though it's a bungalow, not a boat.

We have to do *all* of our chores before we can do anything remotely fun—even though it's the last day of summer.

"Put some elbow grease into it, girls!" That's Emma. She's only six, but she does an awesome Dad impression.

