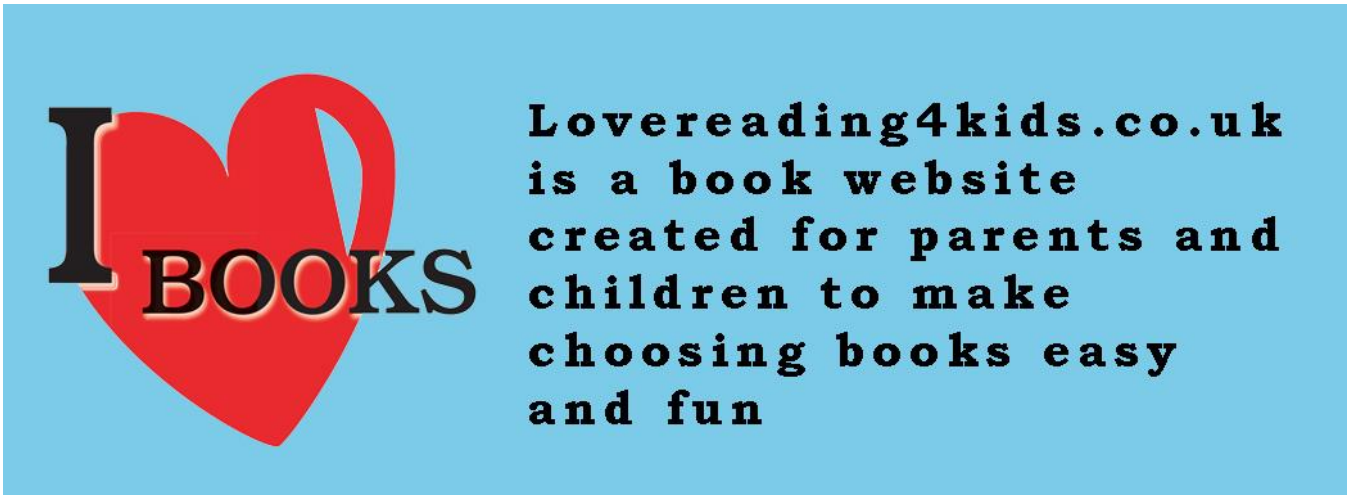

Opening extract from

What Not to Do If You Turn Invisible

Written by

Ross Welford

Published by

HarperCollins Children's Books an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

First published in Great Britain by HarperCollins *Children's Books* in 2017
HarperCollins *Children's Books* is a division of HarperCollins*Publishers* Ltd,
HarperCollins Publishers
1 London Bridge Street, London SE1 9GF

The HarperCollins website address is: www.harpercollins.co.uk

1

Copyright © Ross Welford 2017
All rights reserved.

ISBN 978–0–00–815635–0

Ross Welford asserts the moral right to be identified
as the author of the work.

Typeset in Adobe Garamond by
Palimpsest Book Production Ltd, Falkirk, Stirlingshire

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

Conditions of Sale
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form, binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

MIX
Paper from
responsible sources
FSC™ C007454

FSC™ is a non-profit international organisation established to promote the responsible management of the world's forests. Products carrying the FSC label are independently certified to assure consumers that they come from forests that are managed to meet the social, economic and ecological needs of present and future generations, and other controlled sources.

Find out more about HarperCollins and the environment at
www.harpercollins.co.uk/green

Part One

Just before I fell asleep, I could see myself. I was visible, and I knew who I was.

That was before.

I'm not sure what actually wakes me: the brightness of the sunbed's UV tubes, or Lady nudging her food bowl by the door between the hallway and the garage.

The purplish lights are so bright that even when I screw my eyes up they are still blinding me.

Have I been asleep?

Why didn't the timer go off?

How long have I been here?

Crowding out those questions, though, is one main thing and that is how thirsty I am. My tongue's not even sticking to my mouth, but scratching around inside it. I summon up enough spit to at least get everything working.

I have lifted up the lid of the sunbed and swung my legs over the side. There's a little pool of sweat – perspiration, Gram would say – left where I've been lying. I'm still blinded by the lights and I'm blinking hard but – and this is strange – blinking doesn't seem to make anything go dark, although there are spots and flashes going off behind my eyes.

With one hand, I grope for the switch on the side of the sunbed, and off go the lights.

That's better, but only a bit. I still feel awful. I have a stinging headache and I sit for a while.

I should have tested the timer first. As I watch it, the

old digital clock on the garage wall flips from 11.04 to 11.05 a.m.

Oh. My. God.

I've been under those lights for, like, an hour and a half. Hello, sunburn! Pale skin, red hair (well, auburn), galloping acne and severe sunburn: what a combination.

I stare ahead, letting my eyes become accustomed to the dusty gloom of the garage. There's the old rolled-up hallway carpet, my kiddie bike that somehow we haven't chucked away yet, some cardboard boxes of clothes for the church, and raindrops spattering the single narrow window in the door that leads to the back garden.

Probably twenty, even thirty seconds have gone by since I woke up.

Then my phone rings. I look down at it lying on the garage floor and see that it is Elliot flamin' Boyd – which is not his full name, obviously. I'm not often in the mood to talk to him, so I reach down to switch my phone to silent and let it go to voicemail.

It is a moment that will stay with me for ever.

A moment so strange and terrifying that it's quite hard to describe, but I'll give it my best shot.

You see, at first, I don't notice that I have become completely invisible.

And then I do.