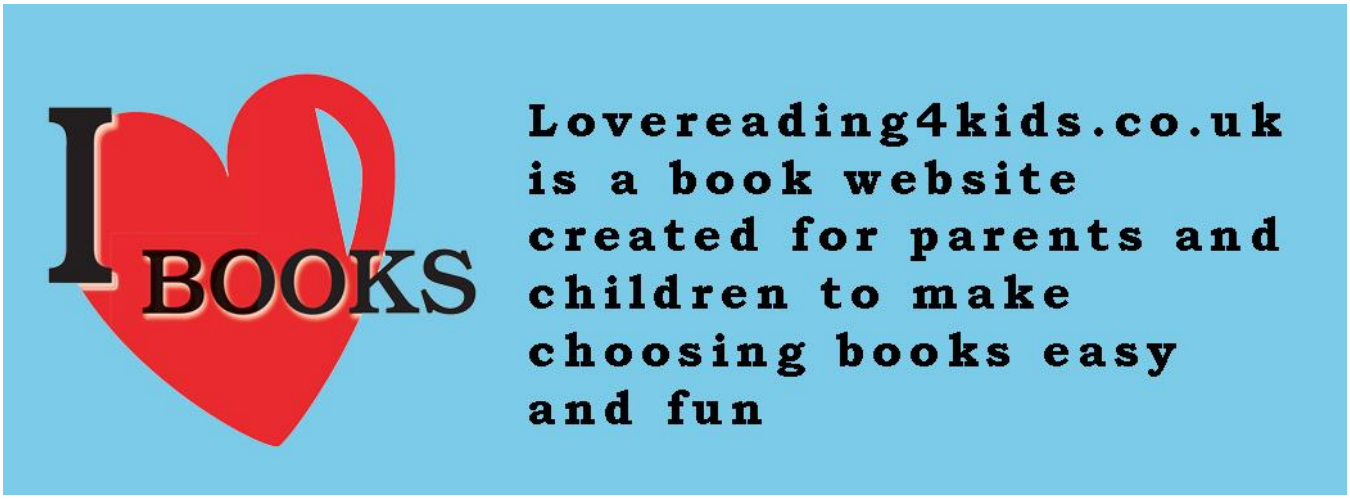


Opening extract from

Hashtag Hermione: Wipeout

Written by

Emma Moss

Published by

Macmillan Children's Books an imprint of Pan Macmillan

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk



First published 2017 by Macmillan Children's Books
an imprint of Pan Macmillan
20 New Wharf Road, London N1 9RR
Associated companies throughout the world
www.panmacmillan.com

ISBN 978-1-5098-1740-5

Based on an original concept by Ingrid Selberg
Copyright © Ingrid Selberg Consulting Limited and Emma Young 2017

The right of Ingrid Selberg and Emma Young to be identified as the authors of this work has been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Pan Macmillan does not have any control over, or any responsibility for, any author or third-party websites referred to in or on this book.

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

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

Design by Lizzy Laczynska
Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of 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.

Chapter One

Dear Diary,

So, yeah. Christmas was pretty weird. Voldemort-in-the-Forbidden-Forest weird. Aragog weird. It was just weird.

OK, maybe the holidays weren't THAT bad, but everything's changing really quickly and it's so confusing. Let's just say it will be a big relief to go back to school in a couple of days. Now that Mum and Dad have told me about the divorce, they aren't bothering to hide how much they *totally loathe* each other. I never really noticed before but I guess they were acting happy compared to how they act now. Or maybe I was just being thick . . .

Dad moved out to a hotel a few days ago and Mum is in a terrible mood and taking it out on Yours Truly. When it's only the two of us, she just wants to harp on about school and whether I'm being 'challenged' enough. Seriously! Just because I get good marks doesn't mean I need extra homework! She also insisted on me getting this really extreme haircut for no good reason – she decided I was too old for long hair and I was spending too much time styling it. As you know, Diary, I'm thirteen. THIRTEEN. Not thirty. It was totally random, but I didn't have the nerve to fight her on it and now I have this square Lego helmet haircut – just like Mum's – which I can't style at all. It's truly awful.

It gets worse . . . When Dad drops by to see me or pick up some more clothes, Mum sulks in the bathroom with the door locked until he's gone, having long baths and turning up the radio. She's using all my bath bombs – oh sure, help yourself, Mum! The other day she WhatsApped me from in there to see if he'd left yet. Honestly. I thought I was meant to be the immature teenager around here. I still don't really know what actually happened between them – maybe I never will. I guess

I don't want to know? It must have been something really bad . . .

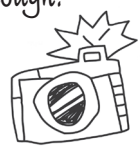
Dad's been the opposite to Mum and acting really cheerful, which is almost worse because it's not like him at all and I can tell he's faking it. One silver lining: he gave me the amazing vlogging camera I'd asked for at Christmas – woohoo – and now he's started bringing me little girly gifts, like lipgloss and bubble bath. Since when did he know about that stuff? So bizarre.



I don't know whether I feel more angry than upset about them splitting up. Did they even bother to think about how it was going to ruin my life?! Ergh, I can't start crying again in case I wreck you, beautiful new Diary. (Granny Paw Paw sends me one every year, but you are especially gorgeous: bound in lavender leather with thick creamy paper.) The others still don't know about the divorce news, apart from Abby who is amazingly managing to keep it secret. I just don't feel like talking about it – apart from to you, obviously, Diary.

At least my friends are keeping me sane and the Girls Can Vlog channel is doing really well. Since RedVelvet appeared in

our Christmas tag video we have nearly 5,000 subscribers – eek! It makes me nervous if I think about it for too long. I reckon our videos are getting better and better, though. My new camera has got me really inspired about making videos, so watch this space . . .



Oh! One other exciting thing to report – I spotted an online creative-writing competition for writers aged thirteen to sixteen. The prize is the most incredible thing ever – a place on a writers' workshop at YA Writing Con, where you get tutored by a real-life author. Obviously I won't win, but it can't hurt to try, hey? The theme is 'fairytale with a twist' and the story has to be a thousand words long. I'm tempted to do something about Rapunzel and her long golden locks – as you can probably tell I'm sort of obsessed with nice hair right now. Sob!

Speak to you soon – gotta run to a GCV meeting at Abby's. We're filming a New Year vlog and apparently Lucy is bringing a surprise guest???



Hermione x



Hermione rang the doorbell, pulling her yellow beanie down over her awful hair as far as it would go.

'Hey, H!' cried Abby as she let her in. Immediately Weenie, Abby's little cream pug, skittered across the floorboards towards her and started yapping excitedly. 'It's only Hermione, Weenie,' said Abby. 'You know Hermione. She's had a new haircut, that's all – remember I showed you on Instagram?'

The pug stopped in his tracks and stared intently at Abby, almost as if he could understand every word.

'You show Weenie your Instagram?' asked Hermione, raising an eyebrow.

'Well, he does star in half my photos, so it's only fair that he gets to have a look,' giggled Abby. 'He loves my account! Anyway, how are you? How is . . . everything at home? Love your haircut, by the way. I know you hate it, but it makes your hair look so thick and shiny – not like my weedy wisps . . . And you're wearing those earrings we gave you! They look cool.'



Hermione knew Abby was just trying to make her feel

better – her hair was a disaster – so she gave Abby a quick hug. Then she glanced upstairs.

'It's OK, you're the first to arrive,' said Abby. 'Though I do think you're going to have to tell them soon.'

'I will, it's just . . . Lucy said she was bringing someone today, so it doesn't feel like the right time.' Hermione took off her duffle coat and scarf, and hung them on the coat rack. She went to pull off her beanie too, then decided to leave it on. 'So . . . it's pretty awkward at home still,' she started. 'In fact, it's vile. I'm just hanging out in my room a lot. Dad's been visiting but—'

The doorbell interrupted her and Abby smiled sympathetically. 'Tell me later,' she said as she went to open the door. 'OH MY GOD!' There was some very high-pitched squealing. 'Is this – Are you –? *Yes!* I recognize you! Hermione, come and see! This is hashtag *amazing*!'

Slightly unnerved by Abby's reaction and all the giggling on the doorstep, Hermione came to the door. There, standing next to a grinning Lucy, in a bright green coat and hot-pink scarf, was Morgan, Lucy's best friend



from America. Hermione had never met her, but she recognized her instantly from her YouTube channel, from her flowing red hair to her throaty laugh.



'Hey, you guys!' Morgan said warmly. 'Surprise!'

'Morgan s-surprised *me*, a couple of days ago!' said Lucy delightedly as they all hugged. 'Well, she organized it with m-my parents behind my b-back. We've been having such a great time. L-let's go inside – it's f-freezing out here.'

They bustled into the house and headed upstairs on Abby's command. Her room was still over-the-top Christmassy, with pink and gold tinsel draped from every surface, snowflake-shaped fairy lights twinkling behind the bed, and a mini Christmas tree laden with candy canes and tiny chocolate ornaments sitting on the corner of her dressing table. Of all the girls, Abby loved decorating the most – the more glitter and sparkle the better – and it was the perfect room for filming (although privately Hermione didn't know how Abby could put up with that level of sparkle twenty-four seven).



'It's so nice to meet you, Morgan,' said Hermione tentatively as Morgan looked around the room, squealing with admiration over Abby's things. She knew that Morgan was Lucy's best friend in the world, and even though she wasn't jealous (she didn't think) she felt kind of shy around her. 'How come you're in the UK?'

Morgan sat down on the bed, still holding one of Abby's fluffy jumpers that she'd pulled from her wardrobe. 'So, basically, guys, my parents were planning to come to my cousin's wedding – he's marrying an English girl this weekend – and they worked out the venue was only a couple of hours' drive away from Luce's place. So because I have been missing her SO MUCH—'

Lucy sat down beside her and gave her a hug. 'S-same here!'

'. . . we decided I could come too, and sneak in a surprise visit. Because why not? Life's way too short not to catch up with your bestie. Besides –' Morgan looked around at them all – 'I was dying to meet the

whole Girls Can Vlog team in real life, and maybe –' she gave Lucy a coy look – 'film a little guest appearance with them?'

'Of course!' yelled Abby, grabbing some gold tinsel and draping it round Morgan's neck. 'We've been dying to collab with you forever! After all, you're the one who got Lucy into vlogging – so our whole channel started up because of you.' Morgan had given Lucy her first camera as a goodbye present when she'd moved away from America, and Lucy hadn't looked back since.

'Abby's right,' said Hermione, getting her Girls Can Vlog notebook out of her bag. 'Plus, your videos are amazing – you've given us so many ideas. We're filming our New Year's resolutions today.'



The door opened.

'Knock-knock,' said Charlie. 'Jessie's here. Hi, guys. Hi . . . Abby.'

'Hey, Charlie,' said Abby. As Jessie noticed Morgan and flew over to hug her, Hermione watched Abby and Charlie carefully. Charlie was the best friend of Abby's

older brother, Josh, and the boys filmed their own videos together on their channel Prankingstein. Over the last few months Abby and Charlie had become kind of close, but Hermione wasn't sure what was going on. Before she could draw any firm conclusions, Charlie had gone back downstairs.

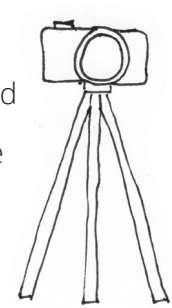
'Is he gone already?' shouted Morgan. 'His videos with your brother are so funny, Abby.'

'They're hashtag *hilarious*,' agreed Lucy.

'And Abby and Charlie have great onscreen energy too, like when you filmed that prank on Josh together,' said Morgan. 'And did I detect some flirting?'

They all burst into giggles.

'Er . . .' squirmed Abby, for once lost for words, as everyone turned to watch her reaction. 'Can someone help me with this tripod?'



'Yeah, we should probably get filming,' said Hermione, diving in to rescue her friend. She felt a bit sorry for Abby – fun though Morgan was, subtlety wasn't her strong point.

'Yes!' cried Jessie, jumping on the bed. 'With our amazing guest star – how did I not know this girl was going to be here? Our first vlog of the year is going to be GOALS!'



VLOG 1



FADE IN: ABBY'S BEDROOM

ABBY, LUCY, JESSIE, HERMIONE and MORGAN all squeezed on to ABBY's bed. All wave at the camera. WEENIE is napping at ABBY's feet.

ABBY

Hi, everyone, Happy New Year from all of us at Girls Can Vlog!

Hope you had an awesome Christmas.

LUCY

T-today we have a huge surprise for you: it's my best friend MORGAN over from the US of A! Everybody, m-meet Morgan!

(gestures to MORGAN)

MORGAN

Hi there! I'm sooo excited to be doing a collab with these girls today. New Year's resolutions, right, Hermione?

HERMIONE

Um, right!

MORGAN

I know, to make this a bit more fun, let's do the New Year's Q and A tag! I was tagged in this and I think I can remember the questions. OK, first up, what is your favourite memory of last year?

ABBY

(grinning)

Performing in *Grease* that first night . . . so worth it even though the rehearsals were a nightmare!



JESSIE

Mine was definitely filming with RedVelvet.

ABBY

Oh yeah, duh, that one for me too!

LUCY

Me three! And – I guess, my f-first date with Sam.

HERMIONE

Cute! I'd say all the Girls Can Vlog stuff has been amazing!

MORGAN

OK. Next question, what is something new

that you've tried this year?

LUCY, JESSIE and HERMIONE

Vlogging!

HERMIONE

(pulling a sad face)

. . . And a short haircut.

LUCY

And w-working on a farm, ha ha!

JESSIE

And doing a somersault on the beam!

ABBY

And achieving the perfect smoky eye!



WEENIE lets out a snore and they all giggle.

MORGAN

Finally, name one goal you have for the New Year.

ABBY

(grimacing)

I'd better say improving my grades . . . otherwise my 'something new' for next year will be 'repeating the year'.

MORGAN

(rolling her eyes)

Very hashtag *sensible* . . . now, how about something more fun? Such as, what are you going to do about your two boyfriends?

All the girls gasp and then start giggling. WEENIE wakes up, and looks around frantically at the noise.

MORGAN (CONTINUED)

OOH! Now you're blushing!