
Sita Brahmachari
Worry Angels
With illustrations by
Jane Ray

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Barrington Stoke

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This story is dedicated to three inspirational teachers –

Miss Stowe, a sunny presence in the lives of thousands of children … and a maker of papier-mâché angels.

Maggie Barron, who taught me to follow the lines in the sand that led me to write my own stories.

Grace Emily Manning, 'Amazing Grace', a young artist with wild hair and an even wilder imagination.



Chapter 1
Broken Pot

I pull my duvet up over my head and press my hands hard against my ears, but the sound of Mum and Dad arguing still hurts.

"You promised to tell me if we couldn't pay the rent again!" Mum yells. "What are we going to live on now, sea air?"

I can't hear what Dad says, but it makes Mum get even more angry.

"You can't keep burying your head in the sand," she shouts.

Then their voices grow quiet, but quiet like the kettle's quiet on the stove, before it starts to whistle as it boils.

I wait for it ... and ...

The front door slams.

I run to my window to see Dad jump on his motorbike and speed off, turning onto the low road that curves around to the sea.

I listen to the growl of the engine till the bike vanishes along the coast road. Now there's only the sound of the waves lapping in and out, in and out. I try to make my breath slow to match the water's ebb and flow. Dad taught me to do that when I feel like this ...

slow and even
deep breaths in
and out

in with the wave
out with the wave.

Mum's in the garden below, her head slumped. The light from my window shines across her face.

"Is Dad coming back this time?" I call down to her.

"When did this garden get so wild?" she says, her voice all splintered. "Get some sleep, Amy, my lovely. Don't worry, we'll sort something out."

That's not exactly an answer, is it?

Mum goes back inside and I stay by the window, watching and waiting. The stars glitter like it *should* be a perfect night.

I look down at our garden where me and Dad planted forget-me-nots last summer. I can't see them. Is the bright blue of the flowers hidden under weeds and nettles?

I leave the window open, climb into bed, pull the duvet over my head and wait and wait and wait for the roar of the bike that means Dad's coming home ...



I knew I wasn't worrying about nothing ... I could feel this coming ages ago. And this is what happened the week after.

A man and a woman are packing boxes into two vans. There's a lorry next to the vans and two men are taking all the big things – the TV, the beds and even Mum's Welsh dresser. I can't make out their faces. Behind the road the sea crashes against the sea wall, sending spray across my face.

"Wake up! Amy, wake up!" the waves cry.

A vine spreads across our cottage covering the stone walls and draping the doorway like a curtain. Now the man and woman push the vine out of the way to get inside. They come back

to check everything's gone. A girl is sitting in a huge plant pot in the corner of a room. The man and the woman come over to pick up the pot with her inside it. They pull at the girl in the pot in a tug of war. She shouts and screams at them to stop, but they're yelling so loud at each other that they can't hear her. Then they drop the pot and it breaks open. The girl's dress is made of ivy vines that spread over her body and her hair.

"You've broken the pot!" the woman screams at the man.

"No. You've broken it!" the man screams at the woman.

Then they get into their vans, one each, and drive away.

The girl is left alone in the garden, tangled in vines, picking up the pieces of her broken pot.

