Her costume was gorgeous.

She was more catlike than any cat I ever saw.

And worst of all she got *all* the laughs!

No one seemed that interested in poor old Owl.



I was getting *really* fed up.

So fed up, in fact, that I was

beginning to think I wasn't

that keen on Belinda after all.

The great day came. On the afternoon of the play, on the last day of term before Christmas, there was great excitement in the school hall. The decorations were up. Paper chains everywhere. A Christmas tree was in the corner. Between us, up on the stage, and the audience, there was a curtain.



The buzz on the other side of that curtain was
the most exciting sound I had ever heard.
My mum was out there, my aunties and
my grandmother too. It sounded like
half of London was there as well.

Suddenly

the curtain

was opened . . .






The Show was on!
It was all going so well. They were clapping every song, every dance.
And I hadn't forgotten any lines.
HONEY
Then it came to the moment when I picked up the guitar from the bottom of the pea-green boat and began to play . . .