

Helping you choose books for children



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Opening extract from

# **Amelia Writes Again**

Written by

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Published by

**Simon & Schuster**

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Please print off and read at your leisure.

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This is my beautiful, new, **BLANK** notebook, waiting for me to fill it with words and drawings. But I feel as blank and empty as these pages. I mean, I just turned  exciting years old, but I feel exactly the same as when I was 9. And I look the same.

same brain,  
same ideas,  
same thoughts

me

same old scar from when  
Cleo threw a toy teapot  
at me — that's my  
stupid sister's idea  
of a tea party!

ears are  
still not pierced  
(not till I'm 16,  
says Mom)

same dip under my nose —  
what is this thing called  
anyway, and what's it for?



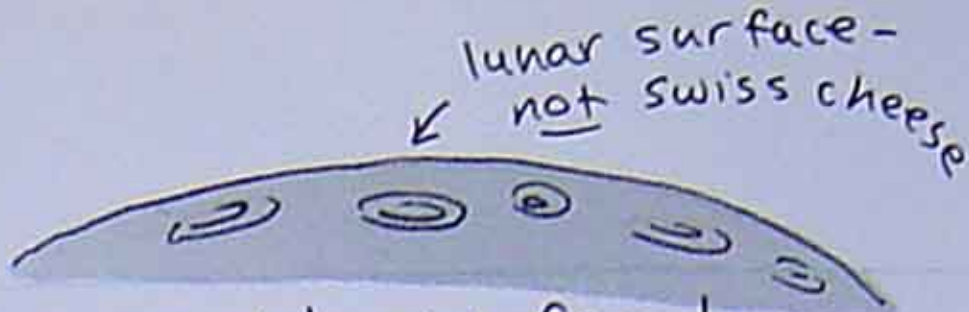
I still had a good birthday, but I expected **SOMETHING** would change. I thought ten was close to teen — almost a teenager. It's not.



Cleo says no matter how old I am, I'll always be a jerky little sister. And she'll always get to do things first. But she's wrong.



← souvenir stamped penny from Space World



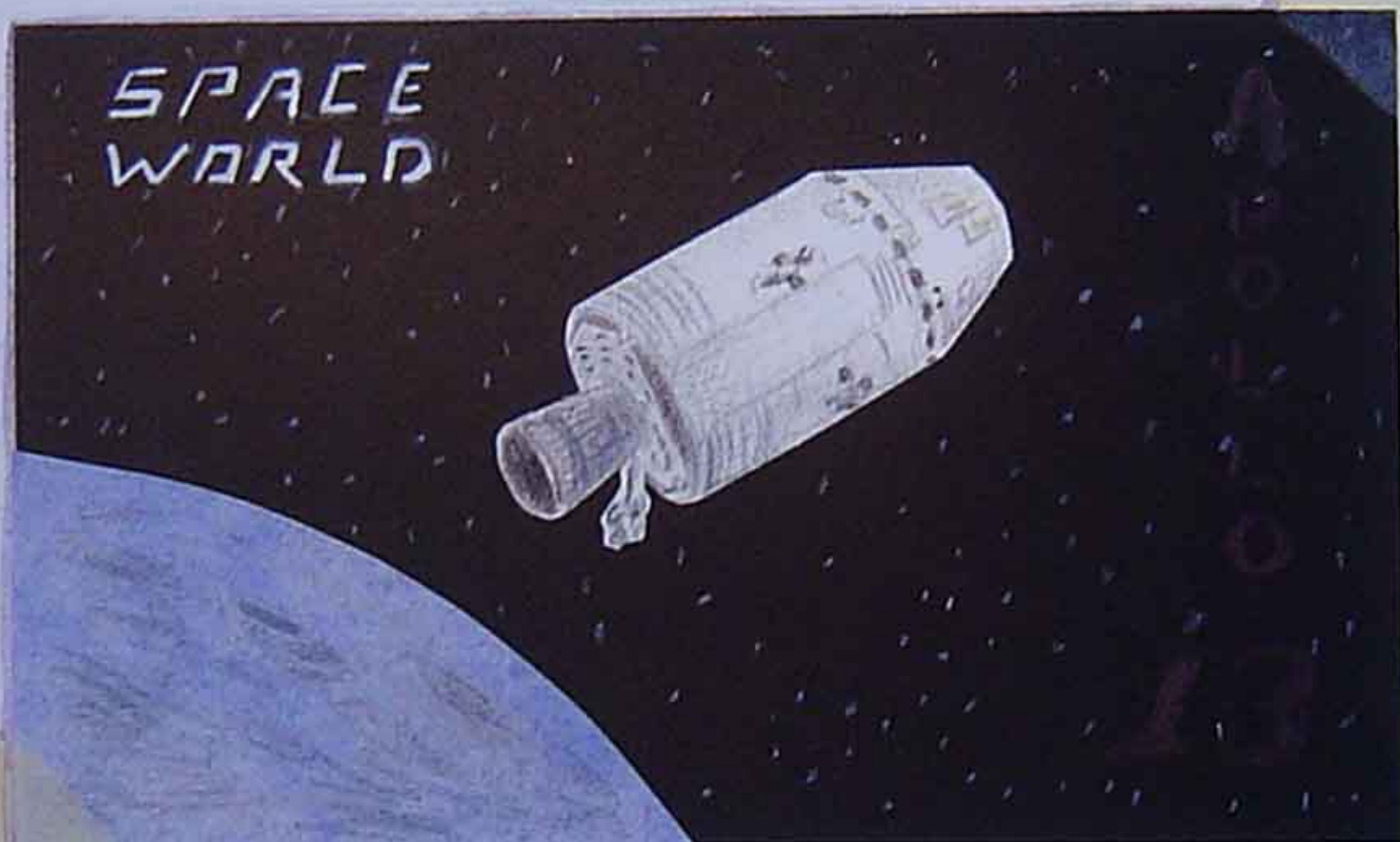
lunar surface -  
not Swiss cheese

I got to go to Space World first, for my birthday. Just me, Mom, and Leah. The best part was the Lunar Landing Ride. When Cleo asked what it was like, I said she'd have to find out for herself, if she ever gets to go.



↑ ticket stub from Space World

postcard from Gift Shop →

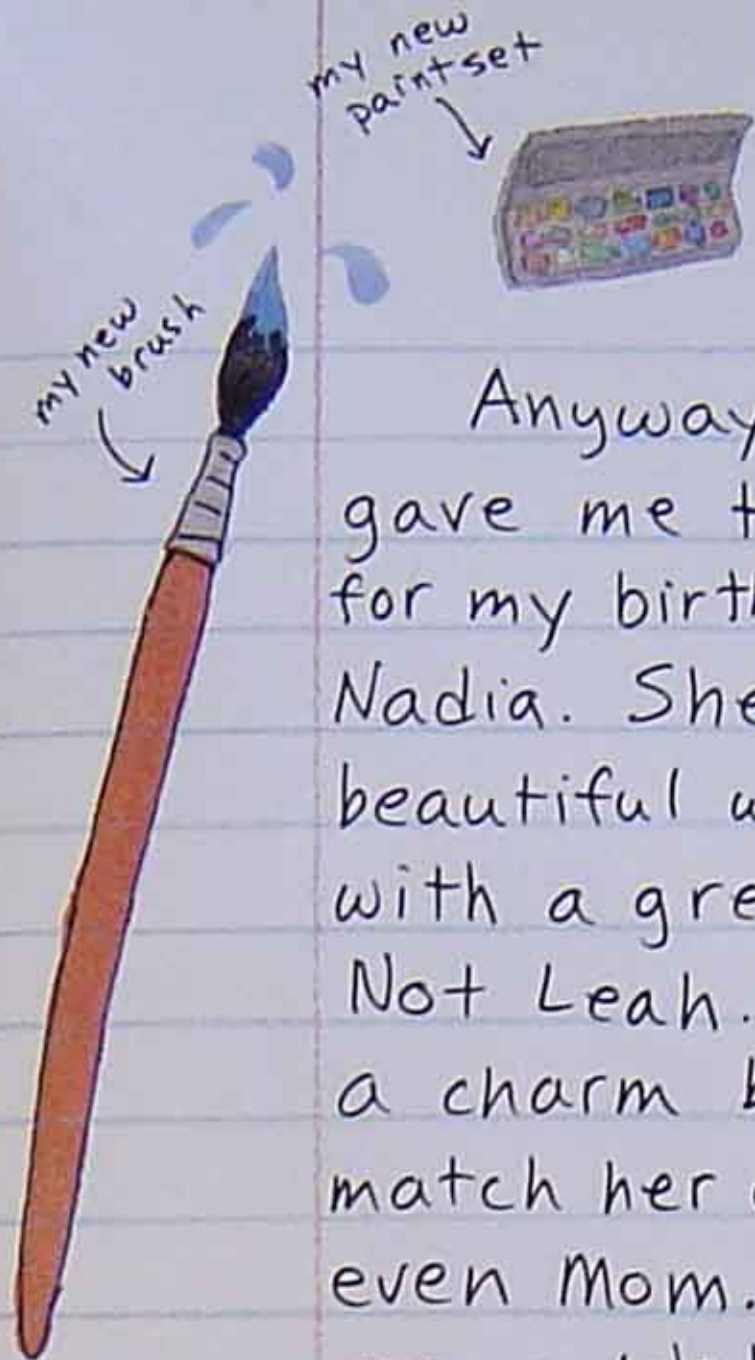


special sensitized magnetic strip that sets off Cleo-alarm if she touches any part of this notebook

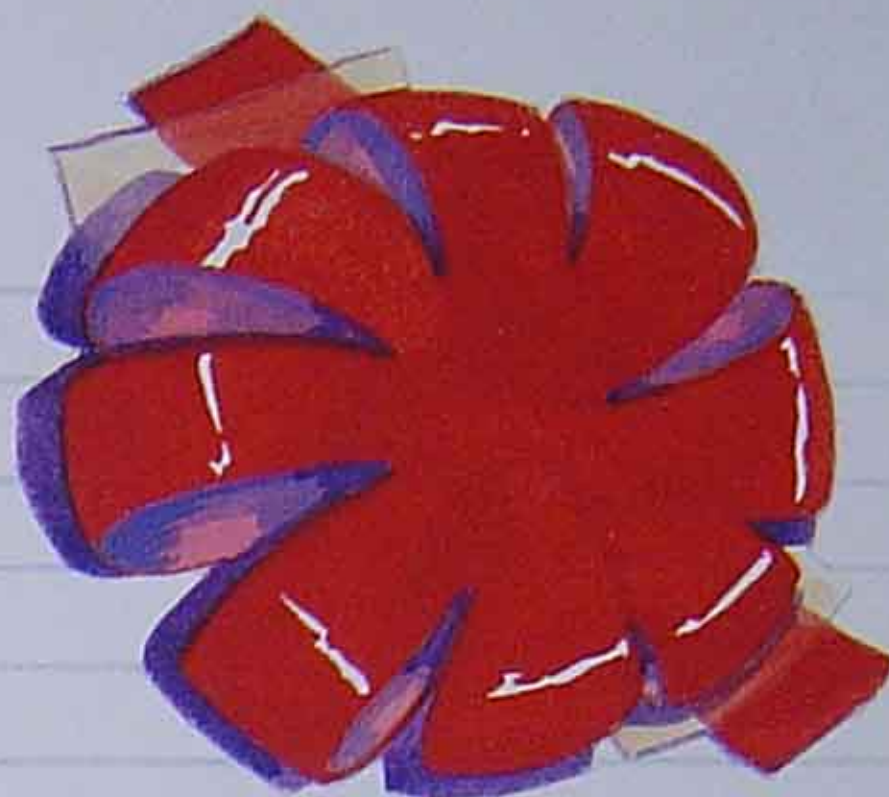
I bought this postcard just to put in my new notebook. But when I did, Leah asked if she could see what I write in here. I said maybe. She may be my new best friend, but I don't know if I want her to see my private thoughts and drawings. What if she laughs at me or thinks I'm dumb?

One thing is sure, I NEVER want Cleo to see what's in here.

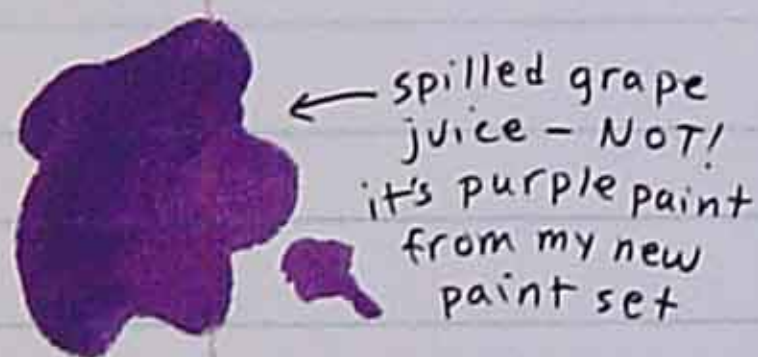




Anyway, guess who gave me this notebook for my birthday? Not Nadia. She sent me a beautiful watercolor set with a great brush. Not Leah. She gave me a charm bracelet to match her own. Not even Mom. She gave me a Walkman.



↑  
ribbon from Nadia's present - she's still my best friend, even far away, but Leah's my best friend, too, now. Can you have 2 best friends? Isn't one always best-est? I know Nadia better, but Leah's here, which is definitely better, except when she asks to read my notebook



birthday card from Nadia - she drew it herself



↑  
birthday card from Leah

It was Cleo!!! She said now I could write something NICE about her for a change.



She didn't say EVERYTHING I wrote about her had to be nice. Just something.

Here goes: Cleo does have  good thing about her — her hands. She has long, elegant fingers and she doesn't chew on her fingernails the way I do.

Some hands have short, stubby fingers. I call them Glove Hands.



Some hands are all bony.

