WHAT'S NEW Harper DREW?

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THE DREW FAMILY ~~TREE~~ ~~WEED~~ PICK 'N' MIX

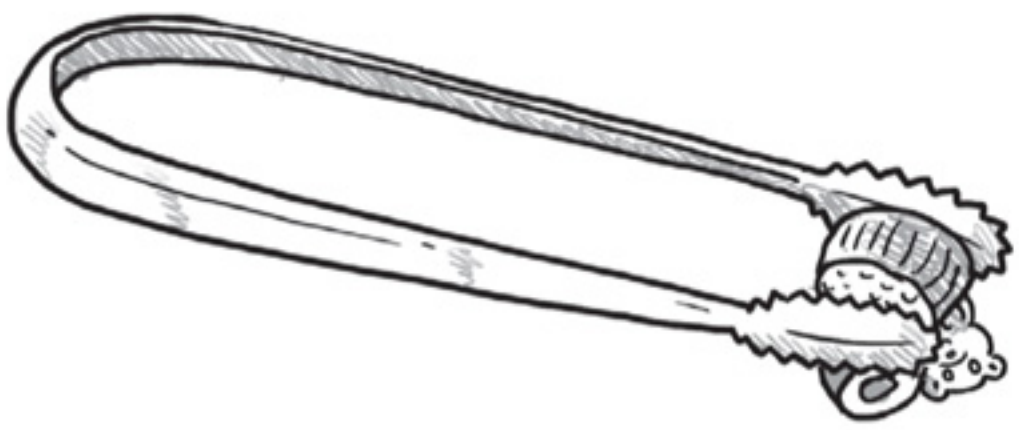


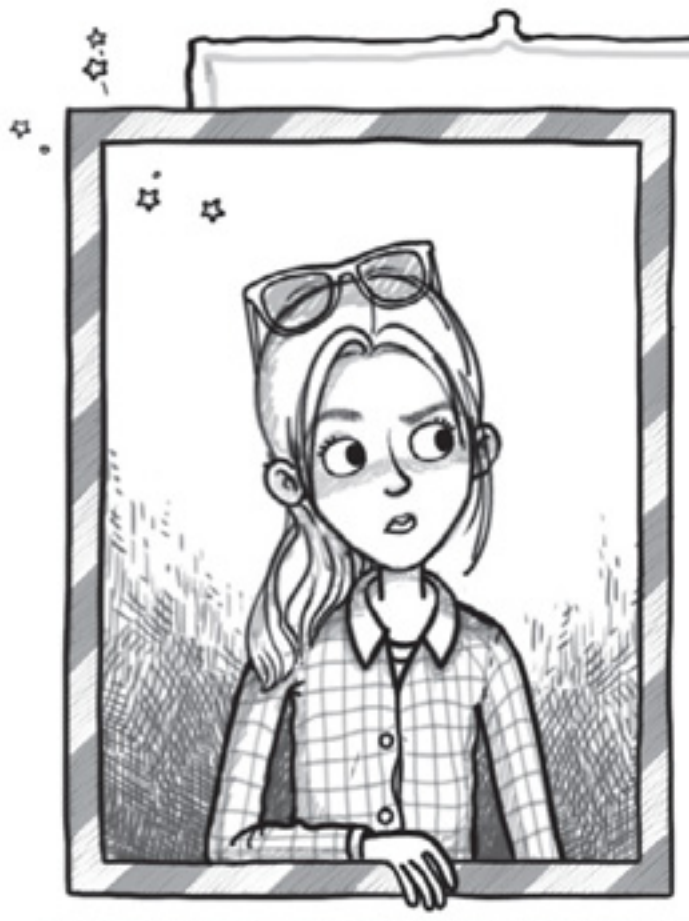
MY MUM'S BROTHER

UNCLE PAUL

PICK 'N' MIX:
gold chocolate coin

MOVIE PRODUCER. FLASH. LOOKS SHINY. A DEFINITE FAVOURITE.
But (a bit like his movies) nobody has ever seen one (in a pick 'n' mix).





MAYBE A FRIEND, DEFINITELY IN THE COOL CREW

MAISIE FELIX

PICK 'N' MIX:
refresher chew

VERY POPULAR. LIKED BY EVERYONE. POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS.
You might dislocate your jaw.



BEST FRIEND FROM NEXT DOOR

PRIYA

PICK 'N' MIX:
gummy bear

BRIGHT. CUTE. SOFT.
Won't lose its head, even if stretched.



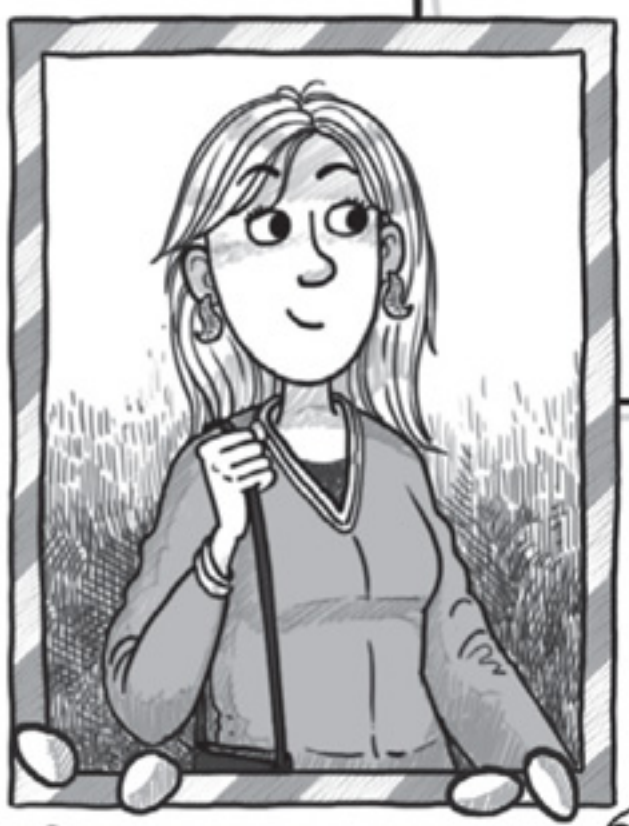
BEST FRIENDS SINCE WE WERE BORN

EDWARD

PICK 'N' MIX:
chocolate football

BRILLIANT. RELIABLE.
Always makes you feel better. First choice.





MY MUM

PICK 'N' MIX:
chocolate Brazil nut

NICE. GOOD FOR YOU.
TOTALLY NUTTY UNDERNEATH.



MY DAD

PICK 'N' MIX:
popping candy

SEEMS QUITE NORMAL.
But without any warning causes chaos and mayhem and explosions. Everywhere.



HARPER DREW

PICK 'N' MIX:
fizzy cola bottle

STRONG. BUBBLY.
Mostly sweet, but sometimes a bit too fizzy to handle.



MY YOUNGER BROTHER

THE PRUNE

PICK 'N' MIX:
midget gem

HE'S SMALL BUT AWESOME.
I think he'll be the full wine gum one day.



MY OLDER (& ANNOYING) BROTHER

TROY DREW

PICK 'N' MIX:
sherbet flying saucer

LOOKS GREAT ON THE OUTSIDE.
LOVED BY EVERYONE. BUT DISAPPOINTING IN THE END.
Sherbet fizzles out too quickly.
And the rest tastes of cardboard.



25 July



MY BIRTHDAY

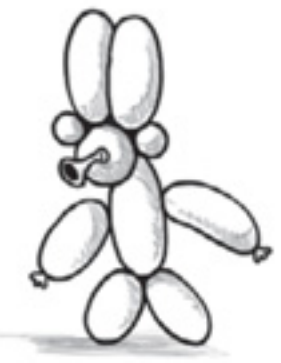
AND THE FIRST DAY OF THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS

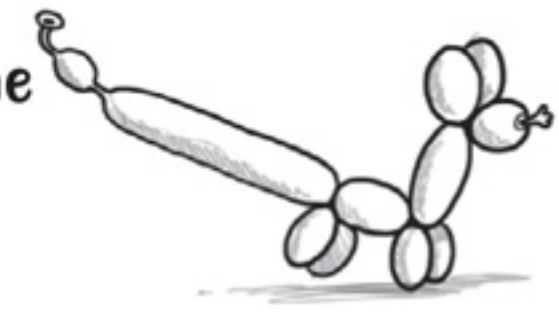
5.30 p.m.

Edward says that it wasn't a ***total disaster***.

But I think he is only trying to be nice. It was a **COMPLETE** ***disaster***. A **GINORMOUS** **hash-up**. And that is me trying to look on the bright side.

I had been looking forward to my birthday for weeks. Because for the first time EVER my mum and dad agreed to a party that didn't involve my dad making **balloon sausage dogs** in our back garden. No, this year I was allowed to invite three whole friends to Laser Force at the shopping centre in town.







Maisie Felix had her birthday party there in January and it was **epic** *(apparently)*. But I didn't end up going . . . Although I did try my best. I'd spent ages getting ready



(new camouflage outfit and full combat face paint) and my mum dropped me off on **Sunday** at 2 p.m. Which was when I found out that the party had been on ***Saturday*** at 2 p.m. I had to wait in the gift shop talking to a shop assistant called Bernard until my mum came back to pick me up.



I'm not entirely sure how that happened *(although a week later, my dad turned up a day late to meet his boss at work. He said he'd been using his calendar from last year to save money on buying a new one. So, I have my suspicions . . .)*

I told Maisie that I missed her party because there had been a family emergency *(which was totally believable knowing the Drew family)*. But I was pretty disappointed. Especially when it was all anyone could talk about at school – like the party had been the **best** day of their lives. **EVER**. It didn't help that the combat

paint hadn't washed off my face quite as well as the bottle had said it would. I looked a muddy shade of green for about a week. After that, my brother Troy kept leaving his figure of ***The Hulk*** on my pillow every night.

So when Dad first suggested that I could have my party at Laser Force, I think he was feeling sorry for me *(either that or he was feeling* **GUILTY** *about being a cheapskate with his calendar, which made me miss Maisie's birthday)*. But whatever the reason . . . this was **HUGE** because:

⇩

1. *It was Laser Force. Everyone (except me who had only ever been to the gift shop)* **LOVED** *Laser Force.*

2. *Not having to deal with the* ***balloon animal thing*** *I already mentioned.*



My dad started making them when we were toddlers and just can't seem to let them go.



At last year's party Dad ***burst 14 balloons*** *trying to make a chimpanzee. One balloon* ***exploded*** *right in Douglas Joiner's face.*



He had to wear an eye patch for 
three weeks.

3. *I could invite Maisie Felix. (I am* ***desperate*** *for an* ***invite*** *to her* ***summer glamping party*** *this year and after my no-show at her birthday, I need something* ***BIG*** *to get me back in her good books.)*

I **wanted** to invite the whole class like Maisie had. But according to my mum and dad, that would cost the same as a new downstairs carpet, which we are seriously in need of. So that was ruled out straight away and I had to make do with **three** people.

This is what happened:



10.30 a.m.

TODAY was the day. I would have another go with the camouflage outfit, saved from last time *(minus the face paint)*.

I was ready from about **6.37 a.m.**

My dad had borrowed the school minibus so we could

all get there together. Which was **lucky**. Because the school *(where my dad teaches)* hadn't been willing to lend it to him for more than a year after an **INCIDENT** when he last borrowed it to take my grandad fishing. He parked up the minibus, and then couldn't remember where. It took him **TWO WHOLE** days to find it again. The school had to cancel **three football matches** and the biology field trip to a **frog farm**.



I **SO** wanted this day to be the best. And there had been **no** disasters so far. My best friend from next door, Priya, brought **FOUR** bags of FIZZY cola bottles *(the best of sweets, if you ask me)* on to the bus, and Edward, my best friend since we were born, was pouting at his reflection in the bus window. He was spiking his hair to look like my older brother Troy using Maisie Felix's orange juice, squeezing drops on to his hands out of the carton



and sweeping his hair in upward motions to make it stick. I knew Edward would regret using the orange juice later. Two flies had flown into the bus and were already circling, checking out his head. And I had a bad feeling it was only a matter of time before several other members of this fly family arrived and started to swarm him.

Edward thinks Troy's hair routine is **ABSURD**. A full 10 out of 10 on a scale of RIDICULOUS things to be doing. Troy gets up 50 minutes earlier than me every day *(58 minutes earlier on a Saturday because of the extra wash)*. If you add all this time up, Troy is losing out on **38.88** whole nights of sleep. **EVERY YEAR**. Edward loves a lie-in. So he thinks Troy has totally **LOST THE PLOT**. And I have to agree with him.

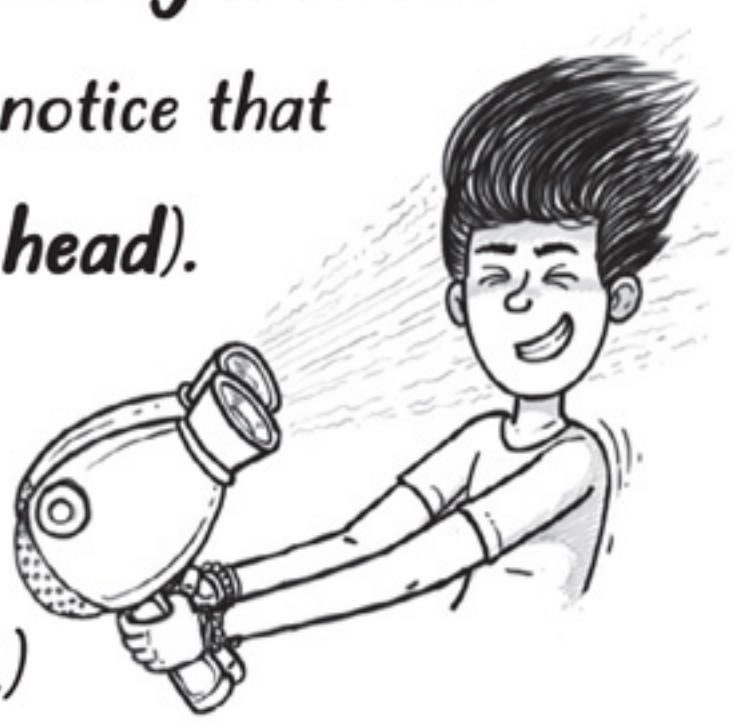
Troy spends more time on his hair routine than a movie star probably does for a night out at the Oscars. Except the Oscars happen once a year. **Troy does it every day.**

The (hair) routine:



1. Wash twice. *Three times on a Saturday. (**Why would it be dirtier on a Saturday?**)*

2. Condition *(using my mum's expensive bottle she gets **especially** from the hairdresser and seems not to notice that it **mostly** ends up on **Troy's head**).*



3. Blow dry. *(Why use **one** hairdryer when you could use **two? One in each hand.**)*

4. Comb.



5. Brush *(apparently **4** and **5** are **TOTALLY** different and both **VERY** important).*

6. Comb again.



7. Gel.

8. Wax.

9. Twist. *(I mean . . . **what?**)*

10. Look lovingly into the mirror. *For **eight** whole minutes (**at least**).*