Vol. 2

Lucy

Aged 10.25

and the Secret Room! 2

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This novel is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or localities are entirely coincidental.
No animals were harmed in producing this book, although a honeybee did land on the manuscript and dropped dead. It could be it had just stung something or passed away naturally, but I suspect it was dumbfounded by the awesomeness of this book and had a heart attack.

Health and safety consultants – Stuart, Kevin and Bob. Their report is as follows:

We would like to issue a joint statement expressing our concern over the content of this book.

Before reading this, make sure you have enough room to roll around on the floor laughing. On a serious note – it's best to read this book in pairs so you can prod each when you start to fall asleep.

Have tissues on hand for crying or in case you are allergic to amazeball books.

If you are the kind of person who gets so engrossed in a story that you don't want to stop and go for a wee, it's probably best you read it on the toilet or outside, certainly not on a bus.

Turn your phone off; those annoying beeps can be so off-putting. The only exception is if you are texting your friends about how fabulous this is or if you are ordering more copies. Oh, and if you are getting chased by a man with an axe.

Don't read while on your bike (I've seen someone do this!) unless it's a tandem and you're at the back.

Reading this book COULD increase your intelligence, therefore, we would advise you to take care, as we believe it is best to be silly for as long as possible. Right, race you to the fruit bowl. BANANAS.

www.lucyandthesecretroom.co.uk

I wanted to thank the children who were the first people to review Lucy and the Secret Room and with their comments and feedback gave me the encouragement and motivation to write this sequel.

Thank you to:

Eleanor, Max, Daisy, Dylan, Isabel, Ben, Lily, Rose, Amelia, Jasmin, Rosa, Liv, Emily, Emily and to the remaining children whose names I don't know but their comments were invaluable.

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Hopefully you will find some of this useful.
Words in the text which are underlined have their
brief meaning, for this story, included in the glossary at
the back of this book. This is designed to help adults
as well as some of the children.
Some children have found it easier to read the section in the
glossary that corresponds to the chapter they are
about to read before starting to read the chapter.
It is not important to fully understand some of the
science or maths within this book to enjoy the story.

The illustrations within this book have been drawn by my daughter.
This is so they will resonate with primary school age children. All of the pictures
depicted in here are designed to look like Lucy's drawings from her notebook,
journal and schoolbooks.

Introduction

(*A brief summary, or recap, from* Lucy and the Secret Room Vol.1.)

After having a bad day at school, 9-year-old Lucy scours her new bedroom for a distraction.

She spots a book on her bookshelf, *Cosmology – Reach for the Stars*, which she is well aware she doesn't own. Whilst trying to remove this book from her bookshelf, she realises it opens a secret bookcase door which unearths more than she could have possibly imagined.

Lucy decides to investigate further – her late father was also very inquisitive, and she owes a lot of her characteristics to him – against her better judgement of telling Mum.

Realising the task at hand too great for her alone, she invites her best friend, Jamie, to help her explore these new rooms under her house. Each room needs a code to enter, which Jamie and Lucy have had to decipher together.

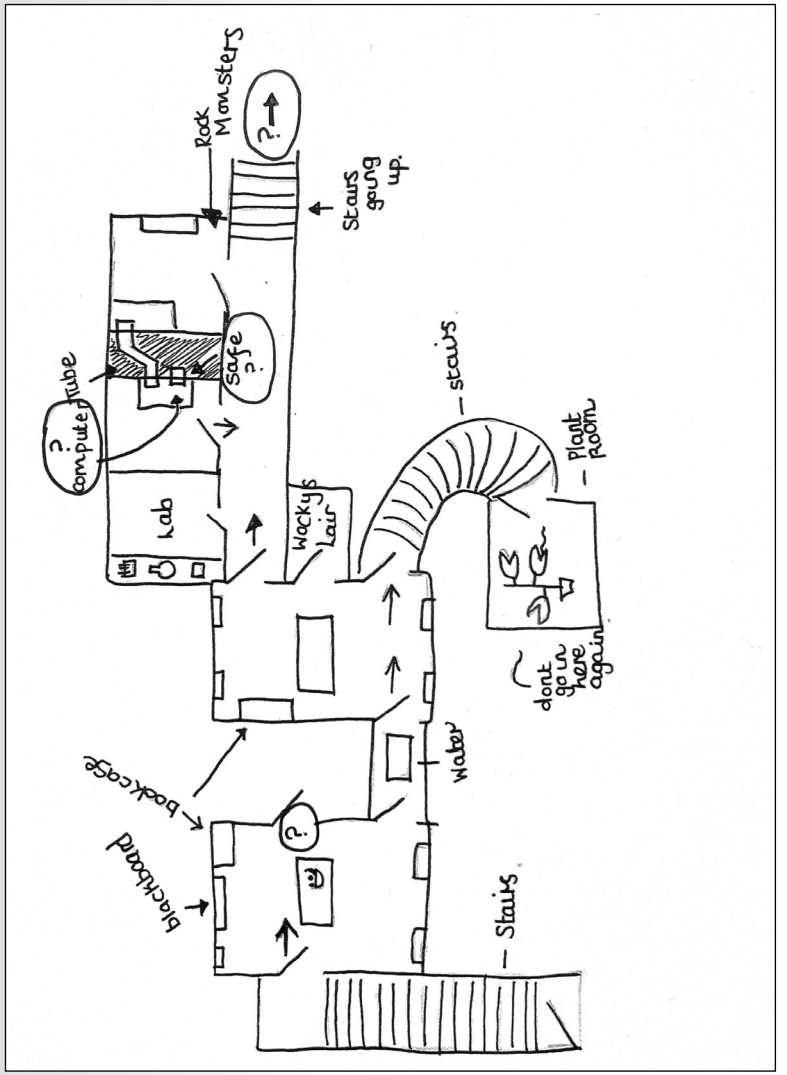
They discovered rather annoying, and potentially dangerous, rock monsters and some gigantic Venus flytraps, but their favourite find was a rather odd creature not dissimilar to a little bear; like a real-life

teddy bear that may have been left outside for far too long. They named him Wocky, as he did remind them a little of an Ewok, but Wocky has three humps on his back and a very strange, long, forked tongue for catching flies.

In the last book, Lucy has explored all of the basement level, with the exception of one door in the first room, and there was that staircase leading up to another level too.

Join Lucy and Jamie once more as they continue their journey and reveal the secrets to those final mysterious rooms.

Most importantly, will she tell her mum?



Chapter 1
Sleepover, what sleepover?

I glance at my oxygen monitor. I still have twenty minutes left, so I carry on digging.

"Dr Lucy, look at this! Look how far I can jump. I'm going to mark out a long jump for us, and we can have the first Olympics on the moon," Jamie exclaims excitedly over the inter-helmet comms. He picks up a moon rock and gently throws it back towards me. My first thought is that he hasn't thrown it hard enough but, because of the low gravity here, it travels surprisingly far. Wocky bounds after it like a like a giddy puppy (even though he's more like a bear than a dog).

Wocky's specially made spacesuit fits him well; it really emphasises his three humps on his back. Oh no. Before he gets to the rock, Wocky looks up at me and hurtles in my direction. I don't have time to gesture for him to stop and, in an instant, he leaps in the air and into my arms. I close my eyes as his enormously long, lizard-like tongue rolls out. I'm expecting to get slimed again but, as I open my eyes,

I can see some gloopy goo oozing down inside *his* helmet. He looks very bewildered until he licks it back up again and burps.

"Wocky, Wocky, over here." Jamie gestures him over not wanting to miss out on the fun.

"Jamie, we are supposed to be working." I can't be mad with him, though. No one can stay mad at J for long, he's so childish but adorable.

"What are you digging for again?"

I'm not going to explain 'astrobiology' *again* to him, especially in these spacesuits with – I glance back at the monitor – fifteen minutes' oxygen left. "It's time to be heading back to the lunar base now, J."

"It's a good job, as I *need* a wee," he replies.

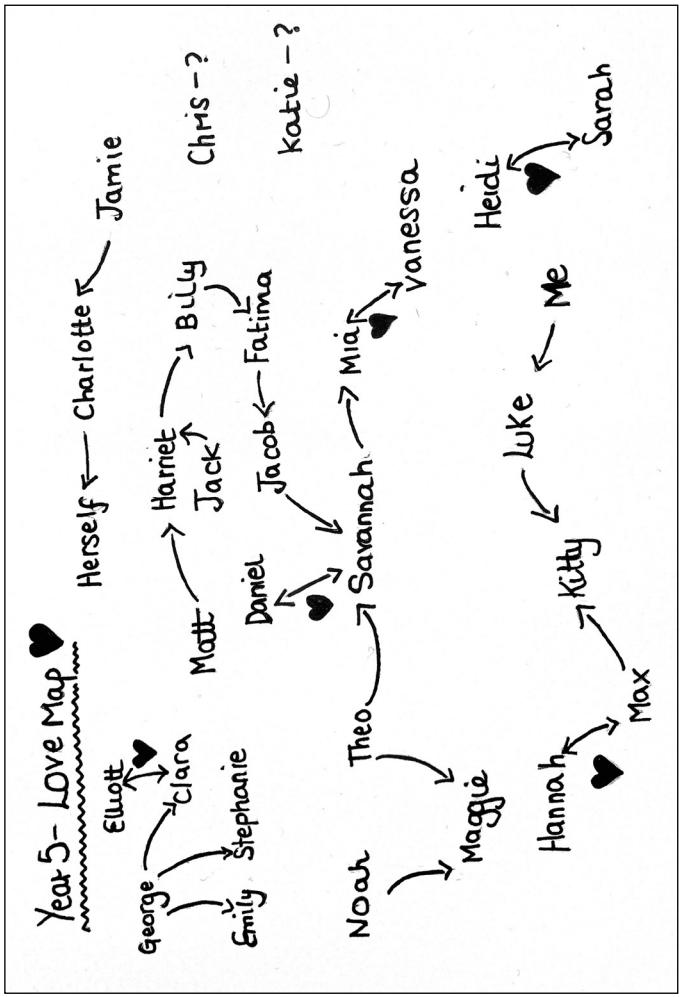
"Don't do it in your suit like last time!" I warn. Just then an overwhelming urge comes over me. I need one too.

I wake up with a start and look around. It was a dream. It was so real and so is my urge to wee. I hate it when that happens. I dash to the toilet – fortunately Mum isn't in there and at least now I don't have to remove a spacesuit to go!

After washing my hands, I return to my comfy bed and close my eyes again. Back to that dream once more, I'm on the moon with Jamie. I try for several minutes to carry on with my dream but, it's no good, I can't seem to focus on it any more.

I look down at my damaged arm and frown. This wrist brace is a nightmare. Weeks have passed by, and

I haven't been able to visit the secret rooms. Feeling a bit down, I grab my journal from under the bed in the hope that I can find something to cheer me up. I open it up on the last page I have written in. I study the Year 5 love map.



Last week, I had tried to figure out who I could help get together, but it is *so* complicated. There is no way Stephanie (or Emily for that matter) likes George. So, I can't do anything about that. I need to talk with Maggie, as both Noah and Theo are nice and I'm sure I could pair one of them up with her. I'm keeping away from Harriet, though, because the last time I tried to set her up with someone it didn't work out and she bit my head off (not literally – obviously).

If only I could be as sweet as Kitty, then maybe Luke would like me more than her. I'm a little bit glad Jamie hasn't got a girlfriend yet as I would miss him too much, but it wouldn't get in the way of our friendship because that's far too important.

It's been months now since he came over here and we found the secret rooms, Wocky, the rock monsters and that safe. I look back through the pages of the journal to try and remember where the weeks have gone.

We had planned a few sleepovers before the summer holidays, but it never worked out as Mum was starting work earlier and earlier in the mornings. This meant earlier nights for her and less chance for me to sneak out, explore more, and play with Wocky. Wocky – I'd hardly seen him at all. Sometimes my visits to him were four weeks apart, but he always seems to be OK. He must be getting some food from somewhere, but where? So many unanswered questions.

We made plans to have an extended sleepover in the six-week holiday. Jamie was away for the first two weeks, and then his family were visiting for five days. Mum and I were hoping to book a short holiday to somewhere warm, so we had to keep those weeks free. Our holiday never happened though, as the car was playing up and cost a significant amount of money to fix.

Then, disaster struck. Jamie was supposed to be staying over in the last week of the school holidays but, as Mum had to work, she had signed me up for gymnastics kid camp for two days. I remember I was so looking forward to it as well. I had done gymnastics a lot when I was younger and got my bronze badge with British Gymnastics so I was expecting these two days would be lots of fun, especially since Heidi, from school, also goes.

On that first day, as I was swinging between the parallel bars, I lost my grip, slipped off and landed on my left wrist. I don't think I've ever cried as much (well except only once, when Dad died). I looked at the pictures of the cast I'd stuck in my journal. I can't remember what type of break the doctor at the hospital said it was, but I told everyone it was the worst one possible. I remember getting a lot of sympathy from everyone, including the teachers, my friends and family (especially my grandad) and even some from strangers in the supermarket, but not as much as I had imagined. When Clara broke her arm last year, she

seemed to get loads of attention and I joked to Jamie I couldn't wait to break something. How foolish was I? The attention doesn't last for long, but the broken arm, and the pain that goes with it, does. At least now the pot is off and because I've been given a wrist support, I can take it off and wash properly, which is a relief!

I flop backwards on to the bed and rest my journal on the bed to the side of me. I close my eyes and start to think back to how hard I found it when I was still getting used to only having one arm. The good thing is I'm right-handed so I could still write, but it was the little stupid things like showering and trying to put my socks on that I found so frustrating. Just getting ready for school was a nightmare! Fortunately, Mum had bought me some slip-on shoes so that helped.

A smile comes across my face. PE, I did miss taking part in PE lessons, but it was very funny watching from the benches. I never noticed certain things before when I was on the court but sitting on the 'sidelines' you see so much more. I remembered Dylan always seems to be nowhere near the ball. The more I watched him the more I realised he actually moves away from it, and I never saw him run once. Then there's Katie. I think she spent more time sat down next to me than playing because I know she doesn't like PE. Although she's one of my close friends, it was always, "Miss, I've hurt my ankle", "Miss, I feel sick", "Miss, I feel dizzy". She always seems fine as soon as the teacher isn't looking, though.

I did enjoy helping the teacher out though. I learned a lot from *not* playing. I got to help set things up while everyone else was getting changed, and I got to use the stopwatch and even referee some games.

Mum disturbs my thoughts as she comes into my bedroom. "Morning, Lucy, did you sleep well?" she asks in a cheery voice.

"Hi, Mum. I did, but I'm really tired. What day is 'Superhero Day' at school, Mum?"

"Oh, I'm not sure. I'll have to check the school newsletter, because you've also got the prom coming up and Human Solar System Day, so I need to check on the dates for all of those. Why are you asking about Superhero Day? Are you worried you're going to get pranked like Jamie did last year?" Mum stifles a giggle.

"Oh yeah, I remember. Chris sent him a message reminding him to get dressed up that morning, and Jamie being Jamie just thought he had forgotten. He didn't realise that Chris was being mischievous and telling him on the wrong day! He wore his underpants over his trousers!" I say, shaking my head in disbelief.

"Yes, it's a good job he was coming here first before school so he could get changed again. It would have been really embarrassing otherwise."

"It's a good job he had put clean pants on to start with!" I add.

"Well, I just took that for granted, Lucy," Mum laughs. "Now, are you coming down for breakfast yet?"

"Soon, just give me time to come round."

"I'll be downstairs," says Mum, as she closes the door behind her. Now she's mentioned food, I realise I'm suddenly hungry, so I decide to get up and go down for breakfast now.

I see Lucas (my little monkey teddy) on the floor. "What are you doing down there?" I ask him whilst placing him back in my bed. "You can't lie on the floor at your age. You keep warm in my cosy bed." He's nearly as old as me and, in teddy years, that's quite old!

"Oh, still in your pyjamas I see. You still look tired," Mum comments.

"I am. I was having an amazing dream about being on the moon with Jamie. Jamie could leap really far, and Wock…" I stop myself instantly. I feel sick to the pit of my stomach. I tell Mum everything, but the one thing I've kept from her is the secret rooms and my furry friend. Do I come clean now, or do I just explore a little more so I have some answers to this mystery? *Think Lucy, think*, I urge myself. What do I say?

"Wock?" Mum asks, rather confused.

"I didn't say Wock, I said *what* an amazing dream it was." I think I've got away with it.

"What a curious dream. On another note, though, while you're sat down and can't run away, has anyone invited you to the school disco, sorry, 'the prom' yet? It will come round quicker than you think."

"No one's asked me yet, but…" I think for a minute. "I was thinking about asking Luke."

"Luke? When am I going to meet him? You know what Dad would have said. He would need to interrogate him for days before he would be allowed to even hold hands with you."

"What does interrogate mean?"

"To question him."

I take a sip of orange juice whilst I think of Dad. "What was that perfume Dad said he would get for me?"

"He said he would swap out your 'Impulse' for 'Repulse' to keep the boys away," she says, laughing.

"That's mean. Thanks for the toast, Mum," I try and say whilst ramming a slice in my mouth.

"You're welcome."

I look at the pile of papers all around us. "What's all these papers on the table, Mum? Are you working on something?"

"Yes, it's for work. They've asked me to complete this 'positive mental attitude' course."

"We've done this at school. I can help you." Mum looks surprised. "You need a 'growth mindset'. The teacher said you can do anything if you put your mind to it. Except… well, Coby thought he could fly."

Mum's mouth is wide open as I continue.

"We told him it doesn't work like that, but he kept jumping off tables."

"Oh no," Mum says, tentatively. "What happened to Coby?"

"He's in hospital now with a broken nose!" I quickly finish my toast. "I'm going back upstairs now."

"Would you like some fruit, Lucy?"

"Not right now, I'll grab some when I come back down."

Grandad always says "An apple a day keeps the doctor away" and he's ancient. I wonder what he does if he *does* need to see the doctor, does he just hope he hasn't eaten any fruit already! I head back upstairs and jump on to my bed. I open my journal again and gather my thoughts.

So, this was the start of Year 5: a broken wrist; bye to my favourite teacher so far, Miss Needham; hello new teacher, Mrs Malikinski. Everyone is scared of her (even some of the other teachers, I think), but I still haven't made up my mind. She has been nice to me so far. But I've always been good, unlike Daniel who's constantly in trouble, and she really *does shout* at him. I was hoping he wouldn't be in my class again this year, but I can't complain as I get to be with Jamie once more.

My tenth birthday has come and gone; I quite like being one of the oldest in my school year. Not like Jamie who is one of the youngest which means there's nearly a whole year between us! It was nice at the cinema watching *Paddington 2* with Jamie, Maggie, Rose and Emily. I could just about hold the popcorn with my pot on, although Emily was kind enough to lean over and hand me my drink when I wanted it.

I was hoping for an iPhone13, but that didn't happen. I wasn't surprised though, as Harriet doesn't even have one yet.

Turning the page of my journal, I look at the list of presents I received.

I got David Walliams' *Blob* book from Jamie. I still need to read that. His books are so funny.

A make-up set from Emily.

A craft kit from Rose.

Sketch pad and art set from Maggie.

Mum and Grandad got me a spa session with a mani-pedi, but we've not been able to go yet because of my wrist.

I am now 10! And still no sign of another sleepover. Then it hit me – Michaela.

Michaela used to babysit me. I just need to convince Mum to have a night out and for Michaela to come round and 'look after' me. Michaela would spend the whole night on her phone to boys, no doubt (although not always the same one), whilst watching Netflix. Who says girls can't multitask? This would give me all night to explore my secret rooms and play with Wocky, as she wouldn't come up to check on me.

I study the secret codes that I've written on the map. I've worked all the codes out that I can at this stage. I need to find the key to the safe behind the rainbow picture and investigate where the stairs lead to. But first, I will need Jamie's help to get across the water obstacle. Wait a minute… I have a ladder in the garage. I now have a plan!

