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opening extract from

Jealousy Junkie

written by

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published by

Orchard Books

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FRIENDSHIP FORECAST

by *Destiny Dreamer*

Leo

Two's company but is three a crowd? There's a shooting star zooming into your planetary area. It means a new person will enter your life, but can an old friendship stand the test?



Wear something sparkly for luck.



Spooooky!

Last night I painted my toe nails with sparkly nail polish for the first time ever! It's a sign – a sparkly sign!

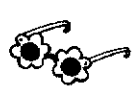
OK so it was a free gift with this mag but so what? According to my stars someone new is going to zap into my life.

'Maddy – Scott's here!' Mum shouts up.

I close my mag, cram it in my school bag and go downstairs in my usual daze.

Who can this new person possibly be? And what did Destiny Dreamer mean, *'can an old friendship stand the test?'*





You can't get a much older friend than Scott. Not that he's ancient – he's the same age as me – what I mean is that we've been friends forever.

No one could possibly come between us.

'Science test today. Got your book?' Scott says as I get to the door.

I turn around, go back upstairs and rescue it from under a pile of magazines.

'And don't forget your umbrella – it looks like rain!' he adds as I come back down.

'Rain? *Nooo*, can my life get any worse!'

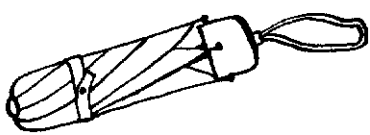
'Come on drama diva – it's just drizzle.'

'Yeah, but drizzle means frizzle and I've just done my hair! You know what happens when it gets wet – *hair-scare nightmare.*'

'Well, go get your brolly or we'll be late for school!'

'S'OK. It's in my bag. Last week's free gift from one of my magazines.'

'Well at least they've got some use,' Scott mutters as he shuts the front door and we set off to Westfield High.



'So, did you revise last night?' Scott asks as we walk our usual route.

'Mmm well, I tried to but then I sort of got distracted by my new mag. I had to check out my stars...'





'Yeah, but that only takes two minutes! So what stopped you revising?'

'Oh, you know, then I glanced at one or two more pages...the *Top Ten Tips for a Dream-Date Diva* and the *True Confessions of a Psycho-Teen Killer* and the *Dish-The-Dirt Diary* of this girl who married her best friend's dog—'

'Maddy, why do you read that trash? What's the point?'

'It's not trash, Scott. It's REAL LIFE! I feel sorry for boys... How do you know what to try and what to buy, who's in and who's out, what's hot and what's not if you don't read mags?'

'And how do you know the Periodic Table, Newton's Third Law and the life cycle of a fruit fly if you don't study?'

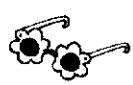
'Oh, get real Scott. What's the use of knowing all that stuff? Um...you will sit next to me in the science test, won't you? And make sure you write in extra big letters, too.'

'Yes and I'll be your private surgeon when you need that brain implant in a few years' time. After all, what are friends for?'

'Ooh, you've just reminded me. Friends... Listen to this, Destiny Dreamer said there'd be a new person coming into my life. It's all to do with a star shooting into my planetary area...'

'Sounds painful,' Scott says, dragging me past a newsagent's before I can sneak a peek at the mags.





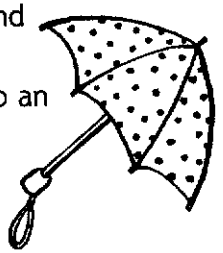
'Aww, come on Scott, just five minutes. Maybe this new person's in that shop right now and—'

'Or maybe the new person is the teacher on late duty today. You can get to know them better at lunchtime detention...but if that's not in your *Cosmic Plan*, keep walking and stop talking. Oh, and get your brolly out. It's frizz-alert time.'

'Aaaagh!' I manage to keep walking, screaming and scrabbling about in my bag at the same time. Finally I have to give up.

'Scott, stop!' I say, taking shelter from the rain in a doorway. 'Someone's stolen my umbrella – I'm sure I put it in my bag last night...or did I?'

He pauses briefly, whips out an umbrella and opens it. 'Let's go!'



But I can't move. My mouth has twisted into an extra-wide cover-girl smile.

'Scott? I don't *believe* it! Who would have guessed you were a brolly-dolly! And purple polka dots are so your style.'

'Don't push it, baby. Mum made me take it this morning. And no one argues with Nurse Hyacinth Lord on the warpath. Not that I need it, a bit of rain never hurt anyone...' He starts to close the umbrella again.

'No, wait!' I dodge under it and we huddle up as he opens it out again. *'Thankyou-thankyou-thankyou,* Scott. Where would I be without you?'

'Wet!'

We don't say much more till we get to school.

Scott's fast and focussed and I'm fat and breathless trotting at his side to keep up.



We reach the school gates just before the bell goes.

'You'd better ditch the purple hair-protector now,' I say, even though it's still raining. 'Don't want to ruin your image...'

This is the ultimate sacrifice – I'm still risking frizz-factor 8 (on a scale of 1–10) with the short walk across the school yard.

'It's cool,' Scott says. 'Let them laugh. We've come this far. Like I said, what are friends for?'

Typical Scott. Still looking out for me – he's done that ever since nursery. We met when he told this big kid to give my Barbie doll back. I stopped crying and made Scott laugh by getting Barbie to chat up his dumper truck.

At that time, my doll was my only friend. Since then it's been me and Scott against the world.

Just like now – clutching the polka-dot parasol and holding our heads high as we walk to the school door. Yes, we get one or two funny looks but anyone else would be laughed off the planet.

Of course it helps that Scott's tall and broad and he's not afraid to speak out (except where his mum's involved!) People take him seriously. They must do – he just got voted our class rep on the school council.





Me, I'm invisible. I'm just the dumpy girl who hangs round with him. Everyone else goes around in groups and gangs and no one notices me at all – which is just how I like it!



We get to class before the teacher, and Scott decides to help me yet again, 'If you get your science book out I can test you before Miss Bruce gets here.'



Sigh... He means well, I know it but...*double sigh*... The day stretches ahead of me as dull and grey as the school uniform I'm forced to wear.

Nothing's changed.

What happened to that new person my mag promised this morning?

If Destiny Dreamer's words don't come true, can I get a refund?



Just then a teacher pokes his head round the door. 'Miss Bruce will be a few minutes late,' he says. 'So please wait quietly and show how well you can behave. She's just going to collect the new pupil from reception.'

'Sir, who is it? Boy or girl?' someone asks.

'Girl. The name's Starr. Starr Child,' the teacher replies.

Spookerama!





Suddenly my brain starts fizzing like a bath bomb.
Is this the shooting star zapping into my life...?



(Mad's note: Read Destiny Dreamer* every week - she's so right it's scary!)

(*Terms and conditions apply. Always read the small print.)