MADDY YIP'S

GUIDE TO PARTIES



STORY and PICTURES by
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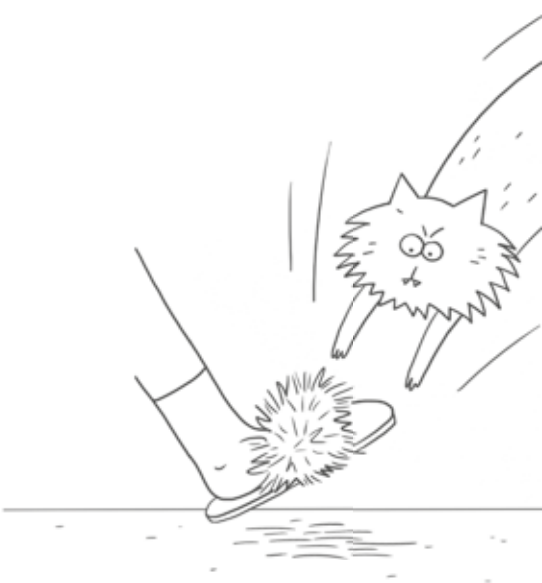
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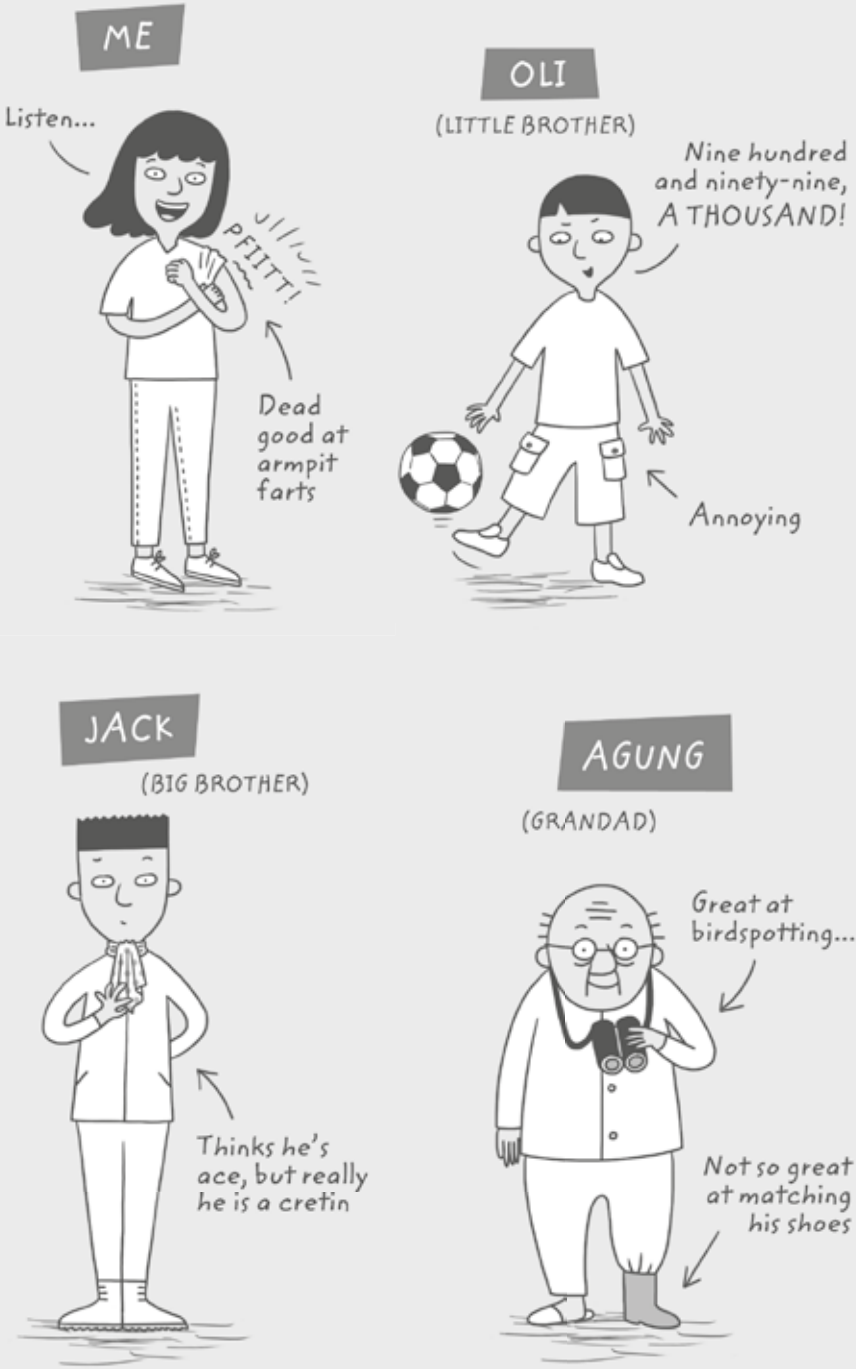
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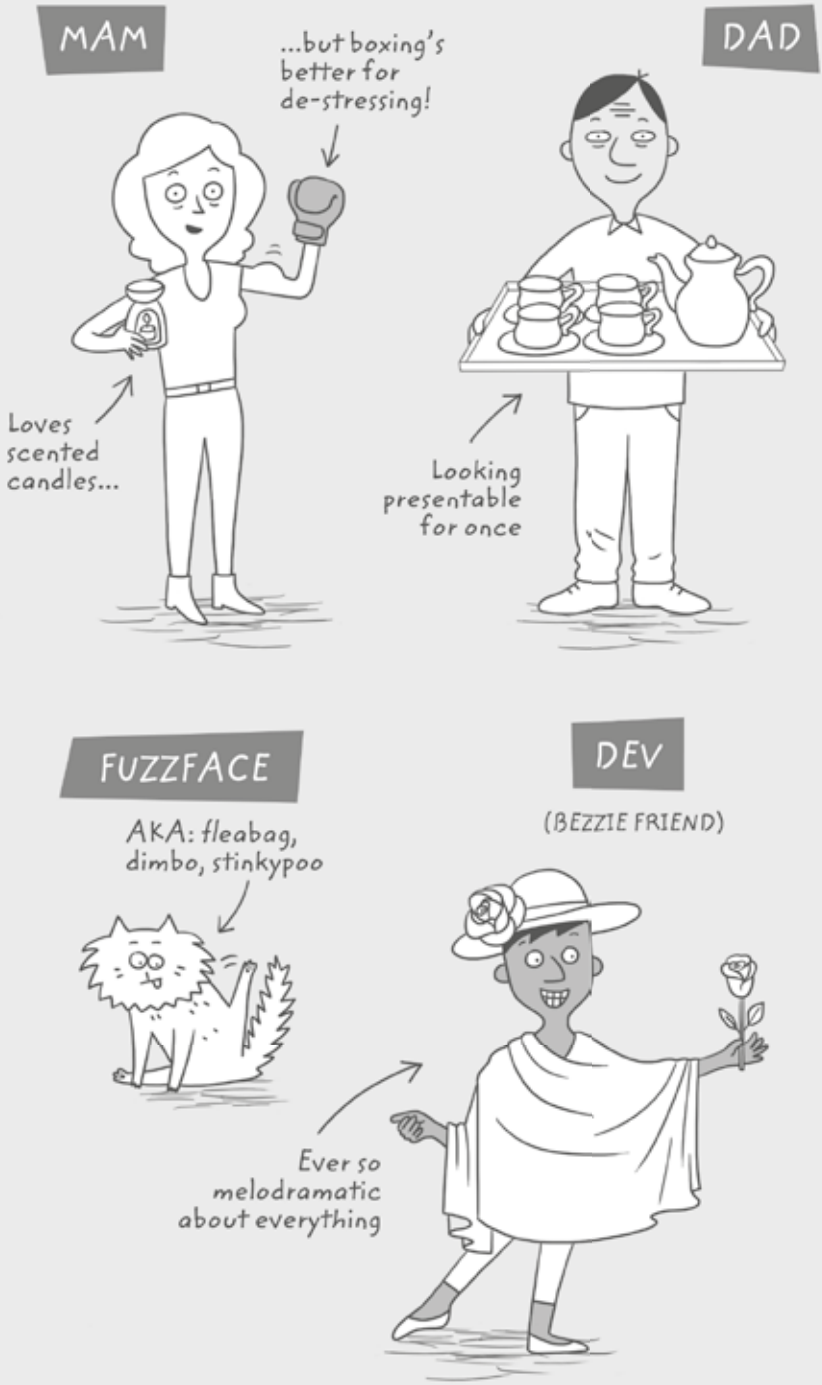
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To my brothers and sister.
There's a bit of you all in this book
and that's what makes it funny.




ME
Listen...
PFIITT!
Dead good at armpit farts
OLI
(LITTLE BROTHER)
Nine hundred and ninety-nine, A THOUSAND!
Annoying
JACK
(BIG BROTHER)
Thinks he's ace, but really he is a cretin
AGUNG
(GRANDAD)
Great at birdspotting...
Not so great at matching his shoes


MAM
...but boxing's better for de-stressing!
Loves scented candles...
DAD
Looking presentable for once
FUZZFACE
AKA: fleabag, dimbo, stinkypoo
DEV
(BEZZIE FRIEND)
Ever so melodramatic about everything

THE LAUS



THE CHANS

The best cooks in Plunkthorpe



KAYLA DIGBY



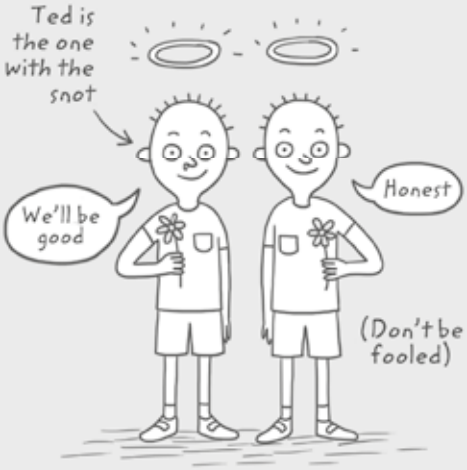
JANINE JANGLE



GED SPONGER



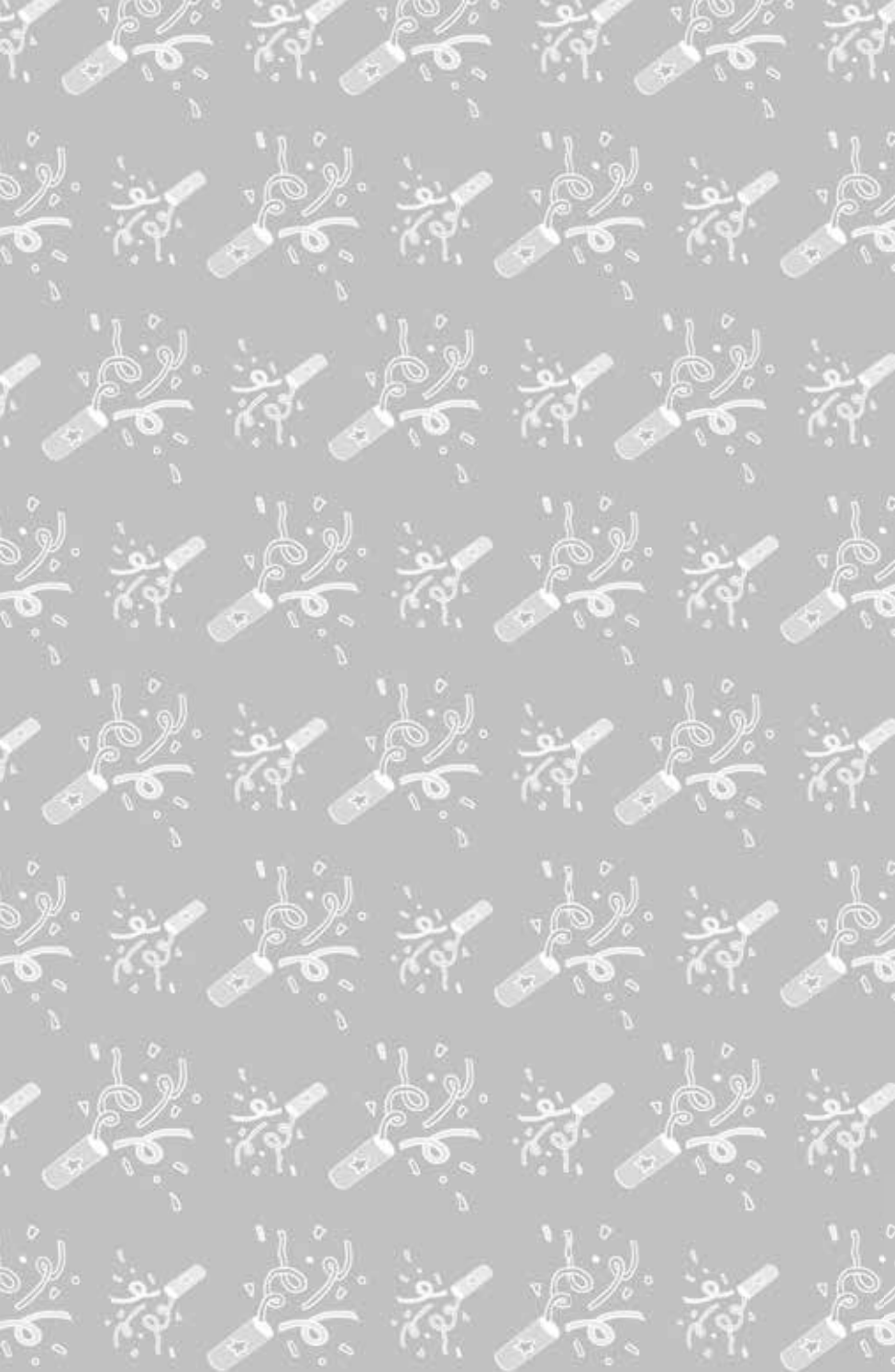
EVIL TWINS



HEENA

(DEV'S LITTLE SISTER)







Tuesday

Tuesday is the **WORST** day of the week and here are the reasons why:

1. It is even more **'MEH'** than Monday

2. There are twenty-four *billion* hours in a Tuesday

3. I have P.E. with Ged **'BULLY'** Sponger

4. It's Mam's **'HEALTHY DINNER'** day (barf)

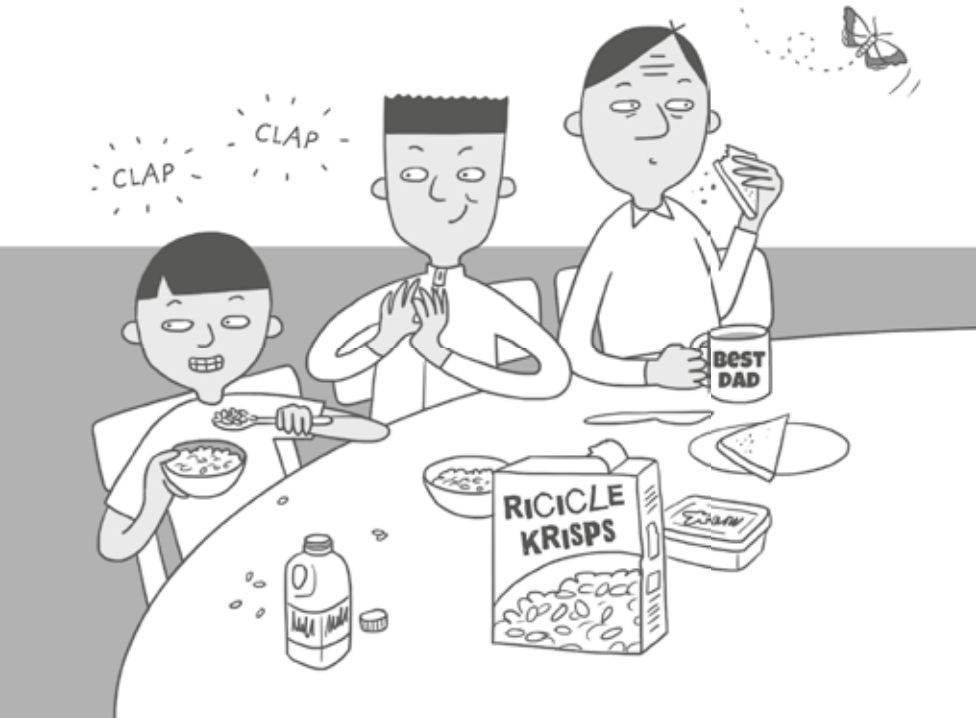
Another reason: this morning, I opened the kitchen window to let a moth out, **FUZZFACE** saw it, leaped onto the draining board and knocked over the pans that Dad had **STACKED LIKE JENGA**. It might as well have been an armadillo in a cymbal shop.

'Nice one, nut,' said Jack, slow clapping at the table.

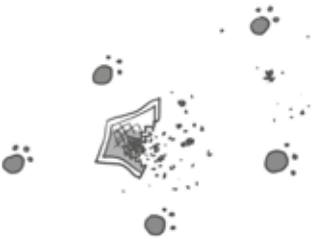


'YEAH, NICE ONE, NUT,' Oli repeated, sniggering into his Ricicle Krisps.

Jack is my older brother and Oli is the little one. Both are **total berks**. For a start, I have grown out of that dumb '*nut*' nickname, which refers to an **UNFORTUNATE** incident of a dry roasted peanut being stuck up my nostril, a VERY long time ago. And also, this mess was equally the cat's/Dad's fault.



Me and Dad were gathering up the pans when Mam rushed in, scanning the room like a **sniper**. She is always on high alert due to being childminder of the evil Tatlock toddlers, who if left unattended are more **DESTRUCTIVE** than erm . . . yes, an armadillo in a cymbal shop.



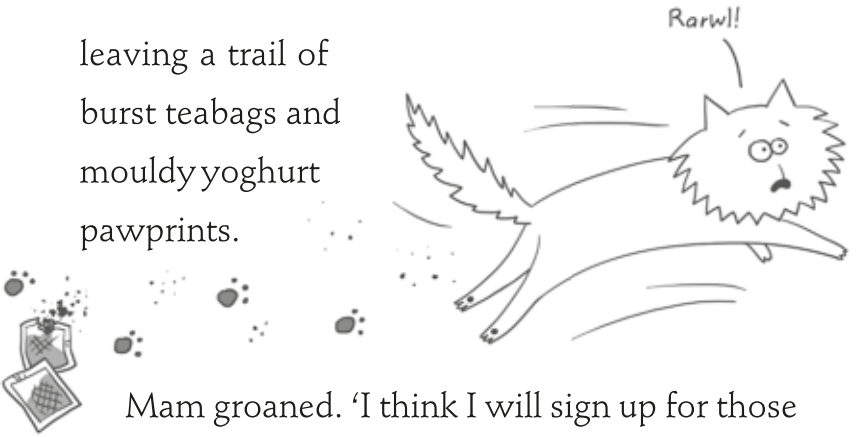
'**What was that?**' she said.

'The mad animal,' I told her.

'Which one? There's four of you, five, including Hulk,' Dad quipped.

We heard a **crash** behind us. The moth, which was still flapping about, must have landed on the swing bin lid, because the stupid moggy had fallen in, then scrambled out,

leaving a trail of burst teabags and mouldy yoghurt pawprints.



Mam groaned. 'I think I will sign up for those yoga classes I saw online. I could do with some **peace and relaxation**.'

Then she did something not so relaxing, which was to rummage through the kitchen drawers, while swearing under her breath. **'I need to check when I can go first. Where's my diary?!'** she shouted. Quickly realising her aim was to be calm, she said softly, 'I mean . . . did any of you happen to have come across my diary?'



'What the hell's this?!'



She held up a gadget and got all shouty again.

'It's my **MOTORISED ICE-CREAM CONE**,' said Jack.

OMG, Jack is so bone idle he can't even be bothered to revolve his ice cream with his hand.

'Wish I'd invented that,' Dad said approvingly.

Mam raked around some more. **'And this?'**

'That's my **CHORK**,' said Oli. 'It's got a fork on one end and chopsticks on the other. Don't need it now I can use chopsticks.'

'I think you'll find that picking up food by stabbing it repeatedly is *not* the correct way,' I informed him.

Mam sighed loudly. **'Help find my diary, please. I need to find dates for yoga, so I can get away from you lot!'**

By that point, we were more eager than Mam for her to go to yoga so WE could get some peace. Plus, by swapping it for her usual boxing classes, she'll hopefully go off the idea of getting a punch bag hung in the living room. A second later, Oli came running into the kitchen with the diary. '**FOUND IT!** Well, actually, Luke found it in the garden with his quantum-powered swivel-eyes.' (**Luke Skywalker** is Oli's action doll and BFF.)



'The **obvious place**, of course,' Mam answered, sarcastically. She held the diary up by one corner. **'Looks like it's been run over by a lawnmower!'**



'Oh yeah,' mumbled Jack. 'I thought the grass was a bit **LUMPY** when Dad asked me to mow it the other day.'

Mam shook bits of grass out of it and tutted. Just when we thought she was happy at last, she stopped at a page and cried out, **'OH NO!'**

'What's up now?' said Dad.

I hoped it was a **TOAD INNARDS** squashed between the pages.

'It's Agung's **eightieth** birthday in a few weeks and I totally forgot. I was going to do a party, but time's a bit tight now.'

'Ah poodle ploppage!' said Dad. He doesn't do grown-up swearing like Mam. **'I forgot too.'**

Agung, which means Grandad in Chinese, is Dad's dad, so he shouldn't have forgotten.

I butted in, 'But it's his **eightieth**. He's got to have an epic party, to match his epic age.'



'Why don't we have a little one instead?' said Mam. 'Just us lot, with a Chinese takeaway.'

UGH.

Then the doorbell rang. I opened the door and **FUZZFACE** sprinted in, terrified. The dreaded Tatlock twins were coming down the path with their dad. Within a nanosecond of Mr Tatlock leaving, Ted had tipped the cat's breakfast over Tod's head, making him bawl. This was my cue to expertly slope out of the front door and escape to my best mate Dev's before I pushed them both face first into the **STEWED KIDNEY SLOP**.



Dev was waiting outside his house when I got there. He never ceases to amaze me with his unending wardrobe of **BIZARRENESS**. Today he was wearing a raincoat which appeared to have been fashioned out of a coral reef-themed shower curtain. 'Hey, you're not my friend, you're my *anemone*!' I joked. Dev gave me a weird look. 'You know, sea anemone, *enemy*, geddit?' He didn't. Then I spent the whole walk to school feeling seasick while telling him about Agung's birthday.



'Party extravaganzaaaaa!' he sang.



He goes to drama club so he is unnecessarily over-the-top.

'Don't get too excited,' I said. 'My mam and dad don't have time to sort a party.'

Dev frowned and thought for a moment. 'I know, why don't *you* organise it then, and I'll help?'

HMM, I guessed my parents wouldn't need much persuading. After all, me and Dev did take **DITZHEAD** Oli and **BUMBLING** Agung away for a weekend to Sudmouth and brought us all back alive.

'You might be *wearing* fish, Dev, but right now, you deffo don't have the brain of one!' I replied. 'That's an **ACE IDEA**. I mean, how hard can it be to organise a party?'

'Let's do it!' said Dev, doing a double twirl with a jazz hands flourish.

'OK, but first I need to convince my parents that we are highly proficient **PARTY PLANNING EXTRAORDINAIRES** – no pressure!'



By teatime, I was still struggling to come up with anything that might persuade Mam and Dad to let me and Dev plan a party. **THEN I HAD A THOUGHT.** Why not ask the main man himself? It was his birthday, and he was sensible enough to make his own decisions. I found him in his converted garage room wearing a pair of swimming shorts and knee-high wellies.

MAYBE I WAS WRONG.

He was watching a repeat of his favourite TV show, STRICTLY BALLROOM PRANCING. The human glitterball presenter flounced on and shouted out her well-known cheesy catchphrase, 'It's time to put on your prancing shoes and PAAAARRRTY!!'

'Party!' Agung said, pointing at the telly.



'Yes, and hopefully you'll get one too,' I told him, even though he hadn't a clue what I was going on about.

At tea, I pretended to like Mam's quinoa casserole and said nicely, 'You know how you were saying that Agung's birthday's coming up?'

'Yep, looking forward to my chop suey,' said Dad.

'Why don't we ask Agung what *he* wants? It's *his* birthday.'

'YEAH, ASK HIM. I WANNA PARTY!' Oli yelled.

Dad looked at Mam and Mam rolled her eyes.

I carried on, 'If he wants one, me and Dev can organise it. It'll be nowt compared to the Sudmouth trip last month, and that was a major undertaking **WORTHY OF A KNIGHTHOOD**.'

Mam and Dad didn't look sure. Agung doesn't know much English (he speaks a

Chinese dialect called Hakka), but he recognised the words birthday and party. He nudged Dad and said something to him excitedly. (Dad is the only one in our family to speak Chinese). Eventually Dad turned to us and said, **'Agung's up for it.'**

'Well, if he wants a party and Maddy's in charge,' Mam said, 'that means I've more time for de-stressing. OK then, why not?'

I pumped my fist. **'YESSSS!'**



'You better stick to my budget though,' said Dad, probably working out the precise amount for a platter of **SOGGY SANDWICHES** and a bottle of pop.

'Sorted!' said Mam, happy that someone else was in charge. 'And I'm sure Jack and Oli would love to give Maddy a hand, wouldn't you?'

NOOOOO!! It was only meant to be me and Dev!

Oli shot his hand up, forgetting that he wasn't at school and that Mam wasn't his teacher. **'BAGSY I DO THE INVITES!'**

'Good lad,' said Dad. 'What about you, Jack?'

Jack looked like someone had just slapped him in the face with a **WET HADDOCK**, then weirdly, he smiled and replied, 'Sure. Maddy will need some expert management anyway.'



HUH! Maybe he should manage his **GREASY ZITS** first.

Anyway, **HURRAH** for me! (Oh, and Dev), because we were about to make this party go down in Plunkthorpe history.

