THE STUPENDOUS SONNY

Books by Ellie Clements

The Wondrous Prune
The Stupendous Sonny

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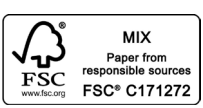
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Dedication to come



CHAPTER 1

Have you ever had a dream that felt so remarkable and so real, that you woke up wondering if it really was a dream?

Well, I have!

I've had this type of dream three times now, except each dream was a little bit different from the other. The first dream was two weeks ago, the night of my twelfth birthday party. In the dream, I was lying flat on my bed when suddenly I began to float upwards. I felt completely weightless, just as I imagine it would feel to be an astronaut on the moon. I must have reached about a metre above my bed before I woke up.

I'd never had a dream like that before, yet there was something about it which made the dream feel like it had

really happened. Of course, it couldn't have, because people can't levitate, right?

I wondered if my VERY REALISTIC LEVITATING dream was caused by all the cheese sandwiches I'd eaten at my birthday party. After all, cheese is supposed to give you NIGHTMARES. Not that my dream was a nightmare. It was *splendtaculous*, which is a word I made up, only because there are no words in the dictionary that are incredible enough to describe what levitating had felt like. And anyway, the cheese I'd eaten was made out of coconuts and not dairy, which I'm allergic to.

So then I started wondering if my dream was all down to how miserable I'd been feeling after my mum had to leave my party early to catch a flight to Jordan. She's a movie make-up artist and she was off to join the shoot of the sequel to my favourite film ever, *A Mission to Mars*. It's such a cool job because she gets to make actors and actresses in films look like werewolves, zombies, aliens, you name it, plus she gets to work in different places all over the world! But this means she spends a lot of time away from home, which to me is the uncool part of Mum's job because I always miss her loads. I wasn't going to be seeing her for three whole months! So I suppose you could say I had flying on my mind, because I did think how great it

would've been to have flown off with Mum, just to avoid another sad goodbye. And of course, I would've got a nice, sunny holiday too!

So that had to be the explanation for my dream. Right?



CHAPTER 2

My second VERY REALISTIC LEVITATING dream happened six nights ago. Once again it was the middle of the night and I felt wide awake, and this time I was higher in the air, my face practically touching the ceiling.

As I shifted upright, I discovered I was able to move, and went over to my wardrobe. All the while my heart was drumming in my chest because I was … FLYING! And even though I was shocked by it all, I felt elated because it was so amazing.

And there's more, because not only was I flying but so was half the contents of my room!

My jacket that was hung on the back of my door suddenly sprang off the hook, and it was as if an invisible

person were wearing it as it swung and swayed through the air, while the blanket that had been on my bed was flying about like a magic carpet. Some of my books and comics had come whizzing off the shelves, their pages flapping like wings, and a pair of socks I'd left on the floor raced round the room, one chasing the other as if they were playing a game of It. I had an old space rocket orbiting around me, and a small globe that had been on my desk was spinning on its axis in mid-air. And the rubbish in my waste-paper bin was floating up like sky lanterns. I can't tell you how fantastic it all was, but it was a little stressful too, if I'm being honest. I also had this weird buzzing sound in my head.

Was it me making everything move? I thought.

I called out to my dad because he needed to see this. Suddenly something struck my head. I think it was one of my flying books, or it might've been my toy rocket. The next thing I knew, I was back in my bed, Dad gently shaking me awake.

'Looks like you were having a bad dream, kiddo, but I'm here now,' he whispered.

I sat up, looking around my room, which was no different from how it usually looked and there was certainly nothing flying about. My jacket was on the back of the door, my books were on the bookshelves, and my globe and space rocket were on my desk.

Now you're probably thinking that I *had* to have been dreaming, but it had all felt very, very real.

'You were calling me in your sleep. What were you dreaming about?' asked Dad.

'I was … flying,' I murmured slowly.

'That doesn't sound like too bad a dream. I happen to think flying dreams are the best type of dreams a person can have!' said Dad. 'They're certainly better than those dreams where all your teeth fall out,' he mumbled, rolling his lips in to do an impression of someone with no teeth, which made me giggle.

My dad is very good at doing impressions and accents. He's an actor, so he can do them easy-peasy. I like his animal impressions the best, particularly his horse and bald eagle.

'Would you like me to stay with you for a bit or do you think you'll be OK?' he asked.

'I'll be OK.'

Dad nodded. 'Well, try and get some sleep,' he said, switching off my lamp. 'Night, night, Stupendous Sonny,' he whispered.

That was my mum and dad's nickname for me – Stupendous Sonny. They've called me that ever since I was a baby because on the night I was born, my parents saw a shooting star which they reckoned meant I was a pretty special kid, one meant for greatness.

As soon as Dad wandered out, I switched my lamp back on and stayed awake, my eyes scanning the room, waiting for a book to launch up into the air or something else. But my eyes must have started to close, and I was fast asleep again.