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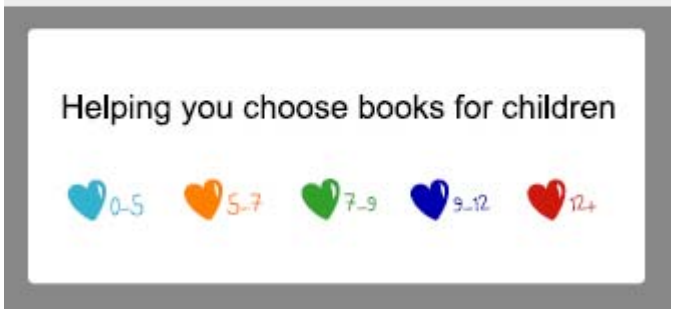

opening extract from

Daisy and the Trouble with Life

written by

Kes Gray

published by

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Chapter 1

The **trouble with life** is it's soooooo ooooooooooo not fair.

My mum says that sometimes life is like that, and that I should take this opportunity to think about things.

It's all right for her. She's not the one having to sit here trying to think about things to think about.

Thinking can be really hard when you're my age. Especially when you're grounded.

Excuse me a minute! . . . I need to go somewhere!!

Chapter 2

The **trouble with being grounded** is it's sooooooooooooo boring.

You absolutely can't go anywhere at all. There's absolutely nothing to do and absolutely no one to play with. Mum says I'm lucky that she's even allowed me downstairs into the lounge after what I've done. She says that most mums would have sent

me to my room for about a hundred years after what I've done.

I bet Gabby's mum wouldn't. My best friend Gabby never gets grounded. Even when she drew on her lounge wallpaper with felt-tips, Gabby didn't get grounded.

That's the **trouble with mums**.

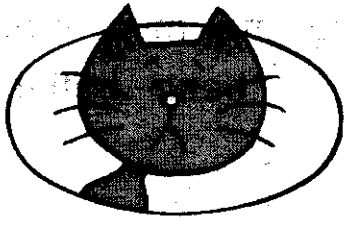
You can't swap them for other mums when you need to. Sorry – I need to go somewhere again! . . .

Chapter 3

I don't know why it's called "grounded" anyway. If you ask me, if someone says you're grounded, then it should mean you have to stay on the ground. No hopping and jumping, flying or parachuting. That's what grounded should mean: staying on the ground. Whether it's inside ground or outside ground, it shouldn't make any difference. As long as you're on the ground you should be OK.

Both my trainers were on the ground in the hallway this morning

when Gabby called for me. Gabby is my secret sister. We're in a secret club – in fact it's so secret, only me and her are in it. Every Saturday we take it in turns to be club leader and think of things to do. Last week it was my turn to choose, so we dug a mud trap in my back garden. Then we magicked Tiptoes, the cat from next door, into a lion and tried to get him to fall into our trap. But he wouldn't. He just stayed on Mrs Pike's wall and refused to come down. That's the **trouble with cats**.

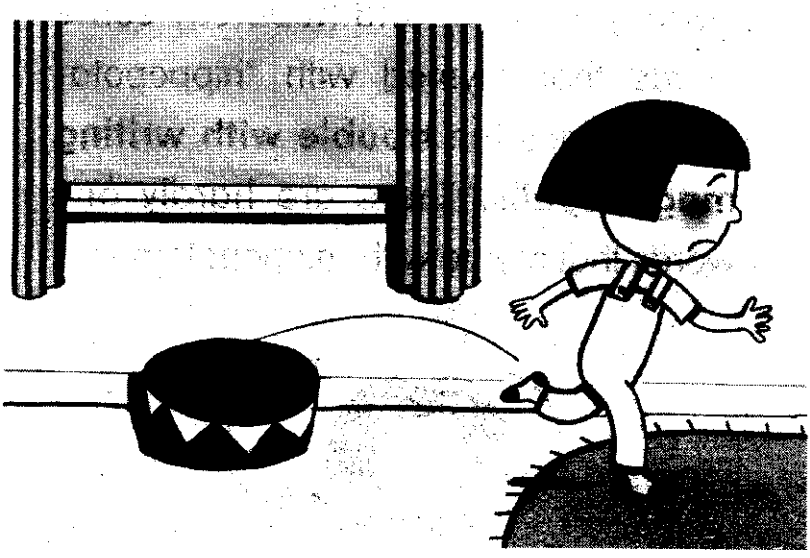


They only ever want to do cat things, not lion things.

In the end we had to bang him down with a spade. Gabby hit the wall with the spade handle and I kicked the wall with my trainers. Tiptoes jumped down then all right. He jumped down off the wall on the very first bang. Only not into my garden, into Mrs Pike's. He never comes into our garden any more. In fact I didn't see him on the wall for five days after that.

Gabby says he must have seen us making the mud trap, and it would have been better if we'd

magicked him into a hippopotamus. Hippopotamuses love mud.

Gabby's definitely right, so that's what we were going to try today. A better spell and a bigger trap. Except we can't now, because I'm not allowed out to play. Thanks to Mum.

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