Ady loves dreaming
and reading . . .





and paint.



He's also the reason
why I'm running late!



Teeth brushing . . .
I'm rushing – there's
so much to do!

Like finding my bag
and my coat
and my shoe!



It's Monday morning
and we're late for school.
"Seat belts on!" says Dad . . .
It's his number-one rule.



"Sorry, Miss," I say as
we burst through the door.
"Ady is sometimes quite
hard to ignore . . . "




"Stop talking nonsense!
This lateness won't do.
If it happens again,
it's detention for you."
My cheeks burn red and
my bottom lip's shaky.
I forgot that Miss Brackley
doesn't see Ady . . .