

Ady loves dreaming  
and reading . . .



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



and paint.



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

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 . . .