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Opening extract from

Daisy and the Trouble with Kittens

Written by

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Chapter 1

The **trouble with *gatitos*** is they are sooooooooo cute!!!!



"*Gatitos*" is Spanish for kittens! The waiter I met on our holiday told me.

If *gatitos* looked like slugs instead of kittens, then what happened on our Spanish holiday would never ever have happened. No way José.

If *gatitos* had slimy skin and gungy

bits, instead of cute little whiskers and cute little eyes and cute little noses and cute little paws and cute little everything elses, then I definitely wouldn't have got into trouble on holiday.

I wouldn't have stroked them or given them names or anything.

Or given them bits of my Spanish ham.

How was I to know there would be kittens in our hotel in Spain? Especially kittens that wanted another mum? There weren't any kittens in the holiday magazine that my mum showed me before we

went. There were just pictures of our hotel and a swimming pool and a beach. There wasn't one kitten in any of the pictures anywhere.

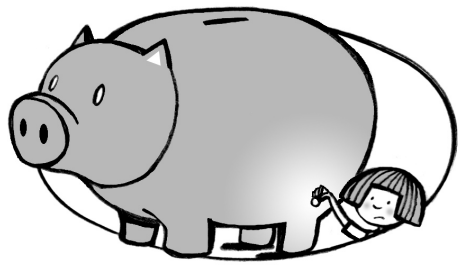
If you ask me, if hotels have kittens as well as swimming pools, then they should say so in their magazines. But they don't. At least our hotel didn't.

WHICH ISN'T MY FAULT!

Chapter 2

Me and my mum hardly ever go on holiday. We would like to but the trouble is, going on holiday costs ever such a lot of money. Even when it's foreign money, it still costs a lot.

The **trouble with things that cost a lot of money** is you have to save up for them.



If you're trying to save up a lot, it can take ages! You need a huge piggy bank if you're saving up for something as big as a holiday.

Luckily something really really good happened. My nanny and grampy had some money they didn't want, so they gave it to my mum instead!



Mum was really pleased when Nanny and Grampy came round to our house to tell her. She was so pleased she burst out smiling, and then gave them about ten really big kisses!

Then she gave me a big kiss too, and said, "Daisy! Pack your bags – we're going on a summer holiday!"

The **trouble with big kisses** is they can be a bit too big sometimes. The big kiss Mum gave me nearly squashed my nose off!



Once I'd made sure my nose was still on, I ran straight upstairs to my bedroom to pack my bags like Mum asked.

The **trouble with packing your bags** is I've only got a school bag. Actually it's a rucksack, but it's still not that big.



By the time I'd got my toys and my football in it, I didn't have any room left for holiday clothes!

Then my mum came into my bedroom and said, "Daisy, I didn't mean pack your bags right now."

She meant, *Daisy, start thinking about what you would like to take on holiday*, because she hadn't actually booked the hotel yet, and we didn't actually know where we would be going yet, and we wouldn't actually be going anywhere for about a month!

Then my nanny and grampy came into my bedroom and said it would probably be better if I left my football at home and bought a blow-up beach ball instead. That would give me much more room in my rucksack.

Then they gave ME some holiday money too! Ten pounds, they gave me! All to myself! I'd never been so rich!

Grampy said I could find a beach ball to buy when I got to the holiday place. And a bucket and spade if I wanted. Mum said I might even be able to afford a fishing net too.

But then I had the idea of buying some scuba gear. Or a small yacht. Then, once I'd thought about it a bit more, I couldn't decide what I was going to buy.

That's the **trouble with being rich.**



There are far too many things you can afford. Especially when you're going on holiday!

Then Mum said that it would probably be best to wait until we actually got to where we were going and then decide. If we waited till we got to where we were going, I might find something else to spend my money on.

Something I hadn't thought of.

So I waited.

And waited.

And waited and waited.

About four and a half blimmin' weeks!