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Meg Cabot

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Monday, October 19, 8 a.m.

OK. So I was just in the kitchen, eating cereal – you know, the usual Monday morning routine – when my mom comes out of the bathroom with this funny look on her face. I mean, she was all pale and her hair was kind of sticking out and she had on her terry cloth robe instead of her kimono, which usually means she's premenstrual.

So I was all, 'Mom, you want some aspirin? Because no offence, but you look like you could use some.'

Which is sort of a dangerous thing to say to a premenstrual woman, but you know, she's my mom, and all. It's not like she was going to karate chop me, the way she would if anybody else said that to her.

But she just went, 'No. No, thanks,' in this dazed voice.

So then I assumed something really horrible had happened. You know, like the cat had eaten another sock, or they were cutting off our electricity again because I'd forgotten to fish the bill out of the salad bowl where Mom keeps stuffing them.

So I grabbed her and I was like, 'Mom? Mom, what is it? What's wrong?'

She sort of shook her head, like she does when she's confused over the microwave instructions on a frozen pizza. 'Mia,' she said, in this shocked but happy way, 'Mia. I'm pregnant.'

Oh my God. OH MY GOD.

My mother is having my Algebra teacher's baby.

Monday, October 19, Homeroom

I am really trying to take this calmly. You know? Because there isn't any point in getting upset about it.

But how can I NOT be upset? My mother is about to become a single parent. AGAIN.

You would think she'd have learned a lesson with me and all, but apparently not.

As if I don't have enough problems. As if my life isn't over already. I just don't see how much more I can be expected to take. I mean, apparently, it is not enough that:

1. I am the tallest girl in the freshman class.
2. I am also the least endowed in the chest area.
3. Last month, I found out that my mother was dating my Algebra teacher.
4. Also last month, I found out that I am the sole heir to the throne of a small European country – Genovia.
5. I have to take princess lessons.
6. In December, I am supposed to be introduced to my new countrymen and women on national television in Genovia (population 30,000, but still).
7. I don't have a boyfriend.

Oh, no. You see, all of that isn't enough of a burden, apparently. Now my mother has to get pregnant out of wedlock. AGAIN.

Thanks, Mom. Thanks a whole lot.

Monday, October 19, Still Homeroom

And what *about* that? Why weren't she and Mr Gianini using birth control? Could someone please explain that to me? Whatever happened to her diaphragm? I know she has one. I found it once in the shower when I was a little kid. I took it and used it as a birdbath for my Barbie townhouse for a few weeks, until my mom finally found out and took it away.

And what about condoms??? Do people my mother's age think they are immune to sexually transmitted diseases? They are obviously not immune to pregnancy, so what gives?

This is so like my mother. She can't even remember to buy toilet paper. How is she going to remember to use birth control????????

Monday, October 19, Algebra

I can't believe this. I really can't believe this.

She hasn't told him. My mother is having my Algebra teacher's baby, *and she hasn't even told him.*

I can tell she hasn't told him, because when I walked in this morning, all Mr Gianini said was, 'Oh, hi, Mia. How are you doing?'

OH, HI, MIA. HOW ARE YOU DOING?????

That is not what you say to someone whose mother is having your baby. You say something like, 'Excuse me, Mia, can I see you a moment?'

Then you take the daughter of the woman with whom you have committed this heinous indiscretion out into the hallway, where you fall on bended knee to grovel and beg for her approval and forgiveness. That is what you do.

I can't help staring at Mr G and wondering what my new baby brother or sister is going to look like. My mom is totally hot, like Carmen Sandiego, only without the trench coat – further proof that I am a biological anomaly, since I inherited neither my mother's thick curly black hair nor her C-cup. So there's nothing to worry about *there.*

But Mr G, I just don't know. Not that Mr G isn't good-looking, I guess. I mean, he's tall and has all his hair (score one for Mr G, since my dad's bald as a parking meter). But what is with his nostrils? I totally can't figure it out. They are just so . . . big.

I sincerely hope the kid gets my mom's nostrils and Mr G's ability to divide fractions in his head.

The sad thing is, Mr Gianini doesn't have the slightest idea what is about to befall him. I would feel sorry for him if it weren't for the fact that it is all his fault. I know it takes

two to tango, but please, my mother is a painter. He is an Algebra teacher.

You tell me who is supposed to be the responsible one.

Monday, October 19, English

Great. Just great.

As if things aren't bad enough, now our English teacher says we have to complete a *journal* this semester. I am not kidding. A *journal.* Like I don't already keep one.

And get this: at the end of every week, we're supposed to *turn our journals in.* For Mrs Spears to *read.* Because she wants to get to know us. We are supposed to begin by introducing ourselves, and listing our pertinent stats. Later, we are supposed to move on to recording our innermost thoughts and emotions.

She has got to be joking. Like I am going to allow Mrs Spears to be privy to my innermost thoughts and emotions. I won't even tell my innermost thoughts and emotions to my *mother.* Would I tell them to my *English teacher?*

And I can't possibly turn *this* journal in. There's all sorts of stuff in here I don't want anyone to know. Like how my mother is pregnant by my Algebra teacher, for instance.

Well, I will just have to start a new journal. A *fake* journal. Instead of recording my innermost emotions and feelings in it, I'll just write a bunch of lies, and hand that in instead.

I am such an accomplished liar, I very highly doubt Mrs Spears will know the difference.

MY ENGLISH JOURNAL
by Mia Thermopolis

KEEP OUT!!!
THIS MEANS YOU, UNLESS YOU ARE MRS SPEARS!!!!!!

An Introduction

Name: *Amelia Mignonette Grimaldi Thermopolis Renaldo*
Known as Mia for short.
Her Royal Highness Princess Mia in some circles.

Age: *Fourteen*

Yr in School: *Freshman*

Sex: *Haven't had it yet. Ha, ha, just kidding, Mrs Spears!*
Ostensibly female, but lack of breast size lends disturbing androgyny.

Description: *Five foot nine*
Short mouse brown hair (new blonde highlights)
Grey eyes
Size eight shoe

Parents:

Mother: *Helen Thermopolis*

Occupation: *Painter*

Father: *Artur Christoff Philippe Gerard Grimaldi Renaldo*

Occupation: *Prince of Genovia*

Marital Status: *Because I am the result of a*

fling my mother and father had in college, they never married (each other) and are both currently single.
It is probably better this way, since all they ever do is fight.
With each other, I mean.

Pets: *One cat, Fat Louie. Orange and white, Louie weighs over twenty-five pounds. Louie is eight years old, and has been on a diet for approximately six of those years. When Louie is upset with us for, say, forgetting to feed him, he eats any socks he might find lying around. Also, he is attracted to small glittery things, and has quite a collection of beer bottle caps and tweezers which he thinks I don't know about, hidden behind the toilet in my bathroom.*

Best Friend: *My best friend is Lilly Moscovitz. Lilly has been my best friend since kindergarten. She is fun to hang out with because she is very very smart and has her own public access television show,* Lilly Tells It Like It Is. *She is always thinking up fun things to do, like stealing the foam board sculpture of the Parthenon that the Greek and Latin Derivatives class made for Parents' Night and holding it for a ransom of ten pounds of lime Starbursts.*
Not that that was us, Mrs Spears. I am just using that as an example of the type of crazy thing Lilly might do.

Boyfriend: *Ha! I wish.*

Address: *I have lived all of my life in New York City with my mother, except for summers, which I have traditionally spent with my father at his mother's chateau in France. My father's primary residence is Genovia, a small country in Europe located on the Mediterranean between the Italian and French border. For a long time, I was led to believe that my father was an important politician in Genovia, like the mayor, or something. Nobody told me that he was actually a member of the Genovian royal family – that he was, in fact, the reigning monarch, Genovia being a principality. I guess nobody ever would have told me, either, if my dad hadn't gotten testicular cancer and become sterile, making me – his illegitimate daughter – the only heir he'll ever have to his throne. Ever since he finally let me in on this slightly important little secret (a month ago) Dad has been living at the Plaza Hotel here in New York, while his mother, my grandmere, the Dowager Princess, gives me princess lessons so I won't make a fool of myself when I ascend the throne.*

For which I can only say: thanks. Thanks a whole lot.

And do you want to know what the *really* sad part is? None of that was lies.

Monday, October 19, Lunch

OK, Lilly knows.

All right, maybe she doesn't KNOW, but she knows something is wrong. I mean, come on: she's been my best friend since for ever. We totally bonded in first grade, the day Orville Lockhead dropped his pants in front of us in the line to the music room. I was appalled, having never seen male genitalia before. Lilly, however, was unimpressed. She has a brother, you see, so it was no big surprise to her. She just looked Orville straight in the eye and said, 'I've seen bigger.'

And he never did it again.

So you can see that Lilly and I share a bond that is stronger than mere friendship.

Which was why she took just one look at my face when she sat down at our lunch table today and went, 'What's wrong? Something's wrong. It's not Louie, is it? Did Louie eat another sock?'

As if. This is so much more serious. Not that it isn't totally scary when Louie eats a sock. I mean, we have to rush him to the cat hospital and all, and right away, or he could die. A thousand bucks later, we get an old half-digested sock as a souvenir.

But at least the cat is back to normal.

But this? A thousand bucks won't cure *this*. And nothing will ever be back to normal again.

It is so incredibly embarrassing. I mean, that my mom and Mr Gianini, you know, Did It.

Worse, that they Did It without using anything. I mean, please. Who DOES that any more?

I told Lilly there wasn't anything wrong, that it was just PMS. It was totally embarrassing to admit this in front of

my bodyguard, Lars, who was sitting there eating a lamb kebab that Tina Hakim Baba's bodyguard Wahim – Tina has a bodyguard because her father is a sheik who fears that she will be kidnapped by executives from a rival oil company; I have one because . . . well, just because I'm a princess, I guess – had bought off the vendor in front of Ho's Deli across the street from the school.

The thing is, who announces the vagaries of her menstrual cycle in front of her bodyguard?

But what else was I supposed to say?

I noticed Lars totally didn't finish his kebab though. I think I completely grossed him out.

Could this day get any worse?

Anyway, even then, Lilly didn't drop it. Sometimes she really does remind me of one of those little pug dogs you always see old ladies walking in the park. I mean, not only is her face kind of small and squashed in (in a nice way), but sometimes when she gets hold of something, she simply will not let it go.

Like this thing at lunch, for instance. She was all, 'If the only thing bothering you is PMS, then why are you writing in your journal so much? I thought you were mad at your mom for giving that to you. I thought you weren't even going to use it.'

Which reminds me that I *was* mad at my mom for giving it to me. She gave me this journal because she says I have a lot of pent-up anger and hostility, and I have to get it out somehow, since I'm not in touch with my inner child and have an inherent inability to verbalize my feelings.

I think my mom must have been talking to Lilly's parents, who are both psychoanalysts, at the time.

But then I found out I was the Princess of Genovia, and I started using this journal to record my feelings about that

which, looking back at what I wrote, really were pretty hostile.

But that's nothing compared with how I feel now.

Not that I feel *hostile* towards Mr Gianini and my mother. I mean, they're adults, and all. They can make their own decisions. But don't they see that this is one decision that is going to affect not just them, but everyone around them? I mean, Grandmere is NOT going to like it when she finds out my mother is having ANOTHER child out of wedlock.

And what about my father? He's already had testicular cancer this year. Finding out that the mother of his only child is giving birth to another man's baby just might kill him. Not that he's still in love with my mom, or anything. I don't think.

Also, has Mom even thought about her folic acid intake? I know for a fact she has not. And may I just point out that alfalfa sprouts can be deadly for a newly developing foetus? We have alfalfa spouts in our refrigerator. Our refrigerator is a deathtrap for a gestating child. There is BEER in the vegetable crisper.