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Opening extract from

Penny Dreadful is a Magnet for Disaster

Written by

Joanna Nadin

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Penny Dreadful

is a Magnet for Disaster



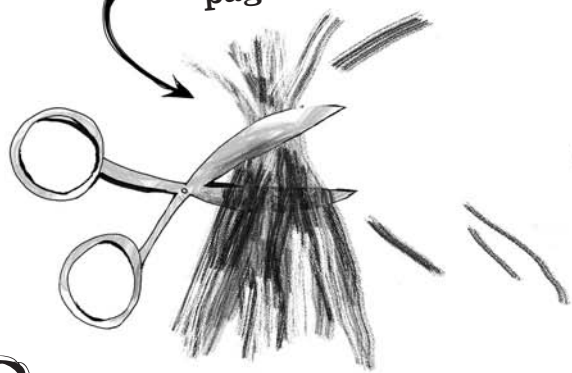
By Joanna Nadin
Illustrated by Jess Mikhail

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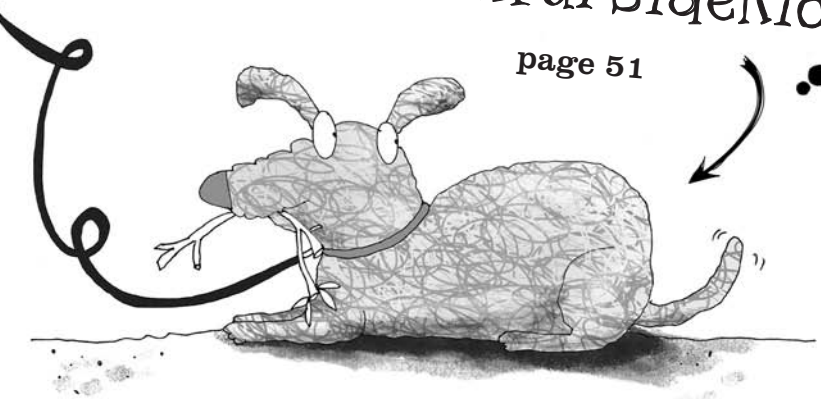
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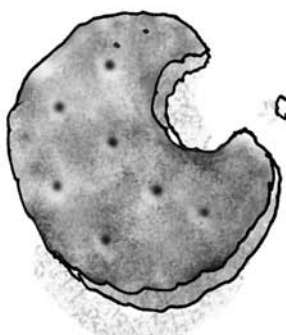
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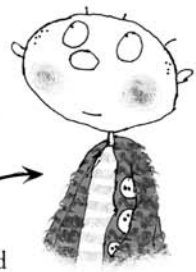
Meet Penny Dreadful and her Resigned Relations



Penny
(It's never really her fault…)



Georgia May Morton-Jones
(Penny's clever cousin)



Cosmo
(Penny's now-very-bald best friend)





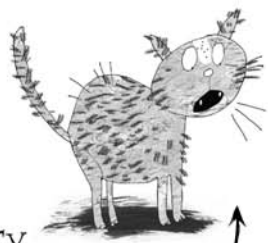
Daisy
(Penny's annoying sister)

Penny's longsuffering mum and dad



Very prim-and-proper Aunt Deedee

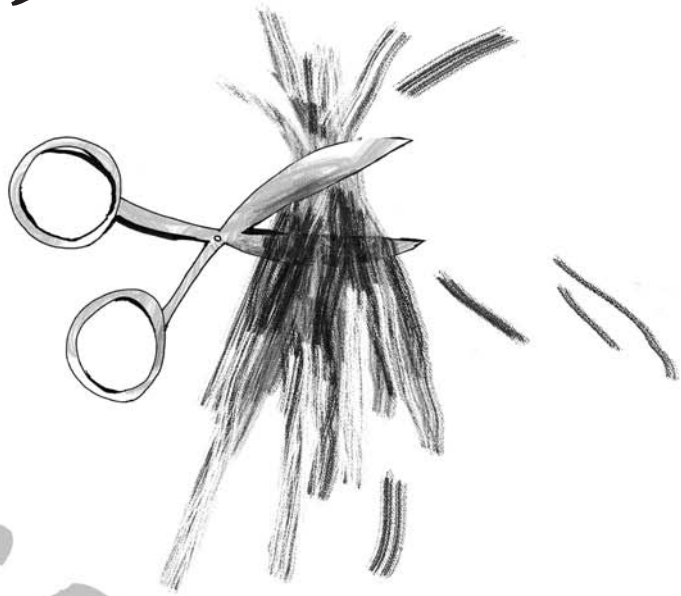


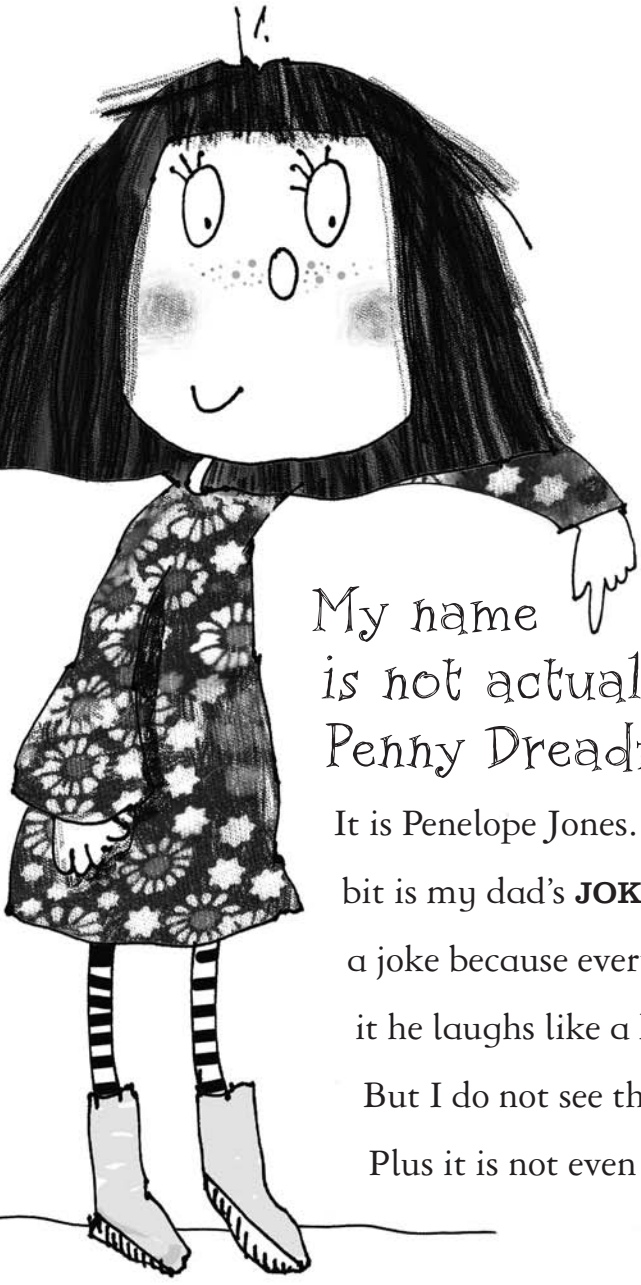


Barry
(Miaow, I'm Gran's cat)

Gran
(Normally found fast asleep somewhere)

Penny Dreadful Becomes a Hairdresser





My name is not actually Penny Dreadful.

It is Penelope Jones. The "Dreadful" bit is my dad's **JOKE**. I know it is a joke because every time he says it he laughs like a honking goose. But I do not see the funny side. Plus it is not even true that I

am dreadful. It is like Gran says, i.e. that I am a **MAGNET FOR DISASTER**. Mum says if Gran kept a better eye on me in the first place instead of on *Cheese and Biscuits* in the two o'clock at Newmarket then I might not be quite so magnetic. But Gran says if Mum wasn't so busy answering phones for Dr. Cement, who is her boss and who has bulgy eyes like hard-boiled eggs (which is why everyone calls him Dr. Bugeye), and Dad wasn't so busy solving crises at the council, then they would be able to solve some crises at 73 Rollins Road, i.e. our house. So you see it is completely not my fault.



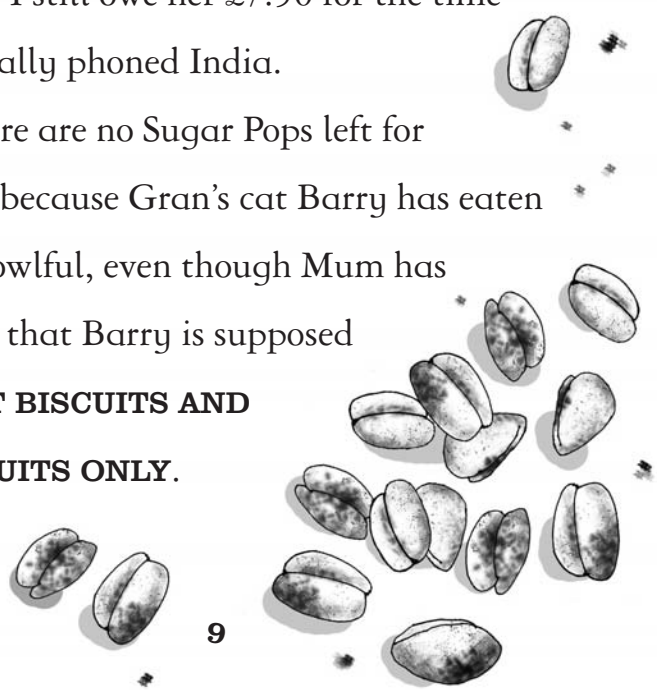
Anyway when I get up this morning I am full of gloom even though it is the holidays

because of several things, i.e.:

1. My sister Daisy, who is eleven, and very irritating, is doubly irritating because she is going to Monkey Madness tomorrow and is pleased as punch.

b. I am not allowed to go to Monkey Madness because Mum says there is too much **POTENTIAL FOR CATASTROPHE**, plus it costs £8.75 and I still owe her £7.50 for the time I accidentally phoned India.

3. There are no Sugar Pops left for breakfast because Gran's cat Barry has eaten the last bowlful, even though Mum has told Gran that Barry is supposed to eat **CAT BISCUITS AND CAT BISCUITS ONLY**.



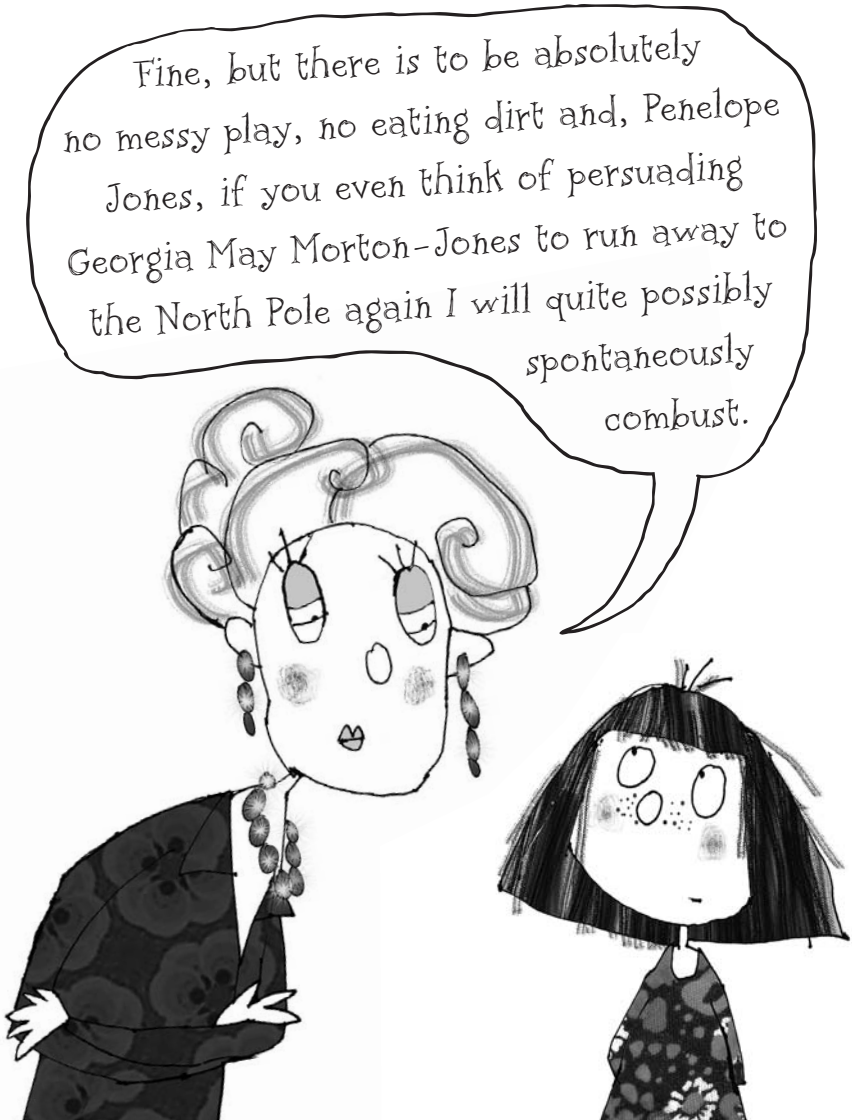


But then it gets completely worse because the door goes and it is Aunt Deedee who is dropping off Georgia May Morton-Jones, i.e. my cousin, because she has a **CRUCIAL MEETING WITH THE NEW YORK BOYS** and has sacked Katya Romanov (who is the au pair) for **NOT MEASURING UP**. Aunt Deedee is Dad's sister, although Gran says sometimes she thinks she brought the wrong baby back from the hospital

because she is not at all like Dad, i.e. she does not ever wear creased trousers or drink orange juice from the carton (which Mum says is unhygienic but everyone does it, even Daisy). Plus Aunt Deedee is always sacking au pairs for **NOT MEASURING UP**. Although Gran says not even the Queen of Sheba would **MEASURE UP** in Aunt Deedee's eyes.

Anyway Mum says she is working all day because Dr. Cement has a verruca clinic and Dad is at the council solving a crisis to do with some bollards so Gran is in charge. Then Aunt Deedee's eyes go a bit thin and squinty because she is not keen on Gran being in charge ever since the time she let Georgia May Morton-Jones eat mud because she said it

would give her the **CONSTITUTION OF AN OX**, but as Gran says **BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS** so Aunt Deedee says,



I say I am too gloomy to run away, even though seeing Aunt Deedee spontaneously combust would be quite interesting. Aunt Deedee says "Good" and then goes back to shouting in her phone at someone called Henrietta.

But now I am even more gloomy because Georgia May Morton-Jones is here all day and she is only four and a bit and not usually interested in any of my **BRILLIANT IDEAS™** in case she ruins her clothes or her fingers, which are very important because Mr. Nakamura says she shows potential on the violin. I do not show potential on the violin, although I did do "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" on the recorder at the Festive Jamboree last year and I only got five notes wrong.

