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Opening extract from

Make Friends, Break Friends

Written by

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make friends BREAK friends



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Monday





'What's wrong, Phoebe?' I asked. But I knew what it was.

This was about Erika and what happened after school today.

Please don't cry. Phoebe looked like a hurt puppy, hair flopping over her sad brown eyes.

'Well, let's do something,' I said briskly. 'It'll be ages before tea's ready.'

Mum was crashing around in the kitchen, still doing the breakfast pots most likely.

'What do you want to do?'

'I don't mind.'

Phoebe *never* minds. It's irritating.

'Let's do our collage then.'

Our under-the-sea scene was coming along really well and Phoebe smiled.

'That's what you wanted to do all along, isn't it?'

She nodded.

'So why didn't you *say*?'

Laughing, she delved into her bag and brought out some great bits of shiny material and some gauzy see-through stuff, and soon we were cutting and sticking away. I found some bits of burst balloon.

'Octopus!' we yelled at the same time.

Sometimes it's like that with Phoebe and me. We're completely on the same wavelength and don't even need to talk. We're definitely best friends. Well, I'm her only friend, actually, and that's the trouble. I'm friends with everyone, but she HATES me playing or even talking to anyone else. It drives me crazy.

'Phoebe, I was talking to Erika after school because she was upset.'

Erika had missed an open goal and the netball team had lost.

'It's my job to help people. You know that.'



I'm a school 'buddy', which means I have to help kids who are upset.

'It's your job to help people who are being *bullied*, Daisy. Erika wasn't being bullied.'

True. No one would bully Erika. She's popular and ever so funny. It's the faces she pulls. Even teachers can't help laughing. Everyone likes Erika.

Except Phoebe.

'Erika wasn't keen on going home,' I said. 'You know what her mum's like at matches.'

She SHOUTS. Today's match was in the dinner hour so she hadn't come, but Erika was dreading telling her the result.

Phoebe carried on sticking.

'So that's why I stayed talking to *her* instead of walking straight home with you.'

Phoebe and I live just round the corner from one another, but before Mum and Dad split up I lived nearer Erika. We were best friends then. Still are, in a way, but it's not the same.




Laundry
glue

She used to come round mine a lot.

'It doesn't mean I don't like *you* if I talk to *her*. You're both my best friends.'

Phoebe kept quiet.

'Please.' I persisted. 'Don't go all droopy when I talk to Erika. You should try and see her good points.'

'Suppose so, but what about *her*? She gets stroppy if you talk to me.'

Actually, Phoebe had a point. Erika was just as bad. Worse in a way. Phoebe wilts like a flower out of water when I play with Erika. But if Erika sees me with Phoebe she explodes. '*What do you see in her?*' Sometimes those two make me feel like a ragdoll being torn apart by two little girls in the nursery.

Idea!

It came to me in a flash. *Why don't I stop them?* I mean, if I can get little kids who've been fighting to shake hands and make up, surely I can get my two best friends to like



each other?

Suddenly I was determined. It was exactly what a buddy was for – to get everyone to be friendly. Phoebe was wrong. It wasn't just about stopping bullying. Right, I was on a mission now so I needed a plan . . .

One – talk to Phoebe about Erika. Well, I'd done that.

Two – talk to Erika about Phoebe. I'll do that as soon as I can.

Three – get them to talk to each other.

It couldn't be that hard, could it?