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Opening extract from

Angela Nicely Is The Best

Written by

Alan MacDonald

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For Mum, with love ~ A M

For Susie Barrie ~ D R



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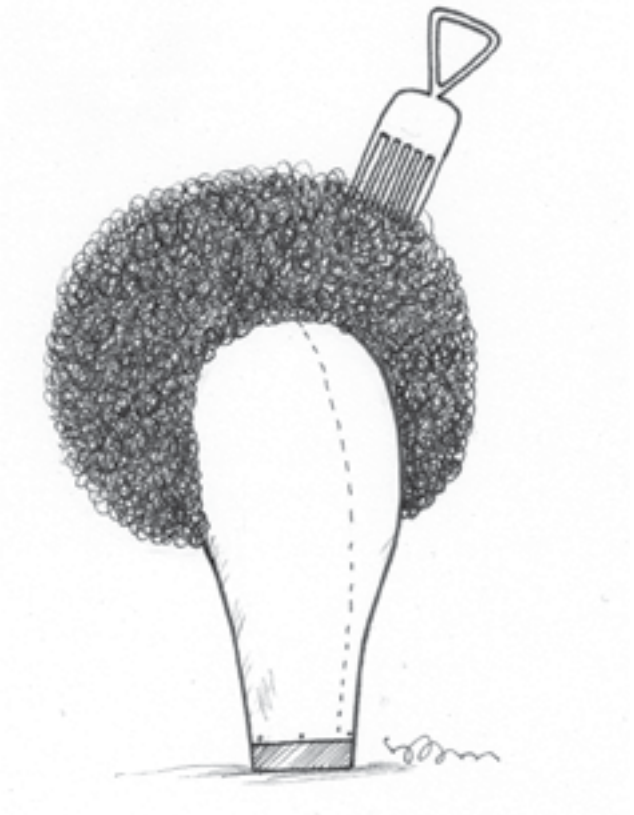
Angela Nicely



ALAN MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBERTS

Stripes







Chapter 1

It was nine o'clock on Monday morning. Angela sat in the hall next to Laura and Maisie. They were waiting for assembly to start.

"Good morning, children," said Miss Skinner.

"GOOD MOR-NING, MISS SKIN-NER!" chanted the children.

Miss Skinner's gaze swept over the rows of faces like a cold wind.

"Jemma Bumford, stop fidgeting. Jimmy Wallop, turn round. Bertie, wipe your nose … not on Darren!"

Angela sat up straight and gazed at Miss Skinner. Her mouth fell open. There was something different about the Head Teacher today. *Her hair!* She always wore her hair in a bun that looked like a brown ring doughnut. But today her hair hung loose in frizzy curls. RED curls! Angela stared. How could it have grown longer and curlier? And changed colour? It was impossible. Unless… Angela's eyes almost popped out of her head. MISS SKINNER WAS WEARING A WIG!



Angela nudged Laura. "Look what she's wearing!" she whispered.

Laura looked. "Sandals," she said.

"No, on her head!" hissed Angela.

Laura looked again. Miss Skinner wasn't wearing anything on her head except…

"OH!" gasped Laura. Miss Skinner's hair had had some sort of makeover.

"See?" hissed Angela. "It's a—"

"ANGELA NICELY!" Miss Skinner's voice made Angela jump. "Is there something you want to share with us?"

Angela gulped. "No, Miss," she mumbled.

"Speak up," said Miss Skinner. "It's obviously important."

Angela shook her head, her cheeks burning. She could feel everyone staring at her. Luckily, Miss Skinner went back to what she was saying.





After assembly Angela and her friends headed back to class.

"How come it's always me that gets in trouble?" grumbled Angela.

"You were talking," said Laura.

"So were you," argued Angela.

"Anyway, what were you whispering about?" asked Maisie.

Angela stopped dead. "You mean you didn't notice?" she said.

Maisie looked at her blankly.

"Miss Skinner IS WEARING A WIG," said Angela, spelling it out.

Maisie snorted. "She's not!"

"SHE IS! It's so obvious!"

Maisie looked at her. "Angela! You are such a fibber!"

"It's a wig!" insisted Angela.

"It isn't!"

"Is!" said Angela, throwing up her hands in despair. "Look," she said, "before her hair was short and brown, and she had it in a bun. Now it's long, curly and RED! It *has* to be a wig."

Maisie rolled her eyes. "Angela, you are raving barmy bonkers!"



Angela Nicely

Angela sighed. Maisie was her second best friend, but she could be really annoying sometimes.

"It *definitely* is," said Angela.

Maisie gave her a look. "Okay," she said. "Prove it."

"Right, I will!" said Angela.

Laura frowned. "How? How can you prove it?"

Angela hadn't thought about that. She couldn't exactly go up to Miss Skinner and say, "Please, Miss, can you show us your wig?" Teachers went mad when you said things like that. Even if you were just helpfully pointing out a spot on their nose. No, she would have to think of a plan. Maisie always thought she knew best, but this time Angela would prove her wrong.