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opening extract from

# ...then he ate my boy entrancers

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Jas, your spaceship has arrived.
Please get in.

## Saturday May 7th

Sun shining like a big yellow shining... er... warmey planet on fire thing.

Yesssssssss!

### 10:05 a.m.

I am quite literally not wandering lonely as a clud, in fact I am treading lightly in the Universe of the Very Nearly Quite Happy.

### 10:10 a.m.

Something full of miraculosity has happened. My vati, world renowned fool and paid-up member of the Big Twit club, has for once in his entire life accidentally done

something good. We are going to Hamburger-a-gogo land! Honestly.

And guess who is there already? Besides a lot of people in huge psychedelic shorts and that bloke who is half-chicken half-colonel. I'll tell you who is there, the Luuurve God is there! Masimo, the Italian Stallion, has gone to visit his olds, leaving me – his new, lurker-free-nearly almost girlfriend – back here in Billy Shakespeare land. So he thinks! Imagine how thrilled he will be when I pop up and say "Howdy!", or whatever it is they say over there.

Let the overseas Snog Fest begin!

10:15 a.m.

The only fly in the ointmosity of life is that Vati is making us go to some crap clown-car convention.

10:20 a.m.

And Uncle Eddie, the baldest man on the planet, is coming with us.

10:25 a.m.

Still, with a bit of luck they will both be arrested for indecent

exposure when they don their leather motoring trousers.

10:30 a.m.

Filled with the *joie de vivre* that is so much a part of my attractive but modest personality, I phoned my bestest pally.

"Jas, it is *mich*, your *sehr guttest* pally. I am calling you *mit wunderbar* news!"

"Oh God. Look, it's only a week till Tom leaves and we were just sorting out my—"

"Jas, I cannot waste time discussing your knicker collection; that is between you and Tom... quite literally... hahahahaha. Do you get it? Do you get it? Knickers... between you and Hunky... do you...?"

But as I should have known from long and tiring experience, it is useless to waste my wit on Jazzy. So I cut to my nub and gist.

"I am going to Hamburger-a-gogo land to meet Masimo the Luuurve God of the universe and beyond. And back."

"No you're not."

"I am."

"How?"

I explained to Jas about the trip and the "Howdy!"

business and everything, but as usual she displayed cold waterosity.

"Where is Masimo going to be in Hamburger-a-gogo land?"

"Ahaha!!!"

"You don't know, do you?"

"Well, not yet, but—"

"He could be anywhere."

"I know, but how big can America be?"

"It's huge."

I laughed. Nothing was going to spoil my peachy mood, let alone swotty nit-picking from Mrs Big Pantaloonies.

I said, "Is it as huge as your gym knickers?"

There was silence.

"Jas, come on, be happy for me."

"It's all very well for you, you can just fancy anyone, but it's different with Tom and me – he's off to Kiwi-a-gogo and I will be left here all on my owney."

Oh good grief.

Hunky is only going to the Land of the Big White Clots for a couple of weeks, but I am still going to have to listen to her moaning and rambling on about the twig-collecting

years. However, before she could start raving on about molluscs and cuckoo spit I had a flash of inspirationosity.

"Jas, listen, I have a plan of such geniosity that I have even surprised myself, and might give myself some sort of award."

She didn't even say "What is it?" There was just silence.

I said, "Aren't you even going to ask me what it is, Jas?"

"It's bound to be stupid."

"Oh, cheers, thanks a lot. Well I won't bother you with it then. Even though it involves you and your happiness and is *très bon* and also vair vair *gut. Au revoir. Bonne chance.*"

And I put the phone down. Even Jas cannot spoil my mood. Lalalalalalala.

11:00 a.m.

Better start planning my wardrobe for the Luuurve Trail. What do the Hamburgese wear? Cowboy hats, I suppose.

11:10 a.m.

From what I hear, the Hamburgese are a bit strict hygiene-wise. They're always in the shower and so on. It is to be hoped the customs man doesn't glance inside Libby's bag

and find her night-time blankie, otherwise we will all be buggered.

Oh, so many things to worry about. I think I will have a little zizz to relax myself and then plan my cosmetic routine.

11:11 a.m.

Fat chance.

"Gingey! Gingey, it's meeeeeeee!!! I have just been to the lavatreeeeee!"

My darling sister has kicked open my bedroom door. Hurrah.

11:13 a.m.

Oh good, and she has her "fwends" with her – scuba-diving Barbie, Charlie Horse, a parsnip and Cross-eyed Gordy. Gordy is under house arrest because he has not had the immunisation injections he needs before he is set loose into the wild jungle world of our street. I'd like to see the germ hard enough to take him on.

As they all snuggled comfortably into my bed, the phone rang downstairs and Dad answered it. Vati yelled up, "Georgia, quickly, one of your mates wants to talk rubbish

with you for an hour or two on her father's phone."

He has not got the flare of charm, my vati; but on the other hand, what he has got are my tickets to paradise. I must remember that, however ludicrous he is, he has bought me a passage to the Luuurve Machine.

Masimo-a-gogo!!!

I shouted down, "Thank you, Papa, I'll be down immediately, and perhaps later I will entertain you with my piano playing."

We haven't got a piano, but it's the thought that counts.

11:15 a.m.

It was Jazzy Spazzy... tee-hee. I knew she would crumble and want to know my plan.

I said, "So, now do you want to know what my plan is?"

"If you like."

"No Jas, you are still not showing enthusiosity. Try harder."

"I can't."

"Yes, you can. Gird your loins and so on; laugh and the world laughs at you. Come on, you do really want to know my plan, especially as it concerns you, my little hairy pally."

"I'm not hairy."

"Have it your own way, just don't go near any circuses."

"Shut up. Go on then, tell me your plan. Although, unless you are going to give me the money to go to Kiwi-a-gogo with Tom, I don't—"

"Jas, forget about Hunky. He will be too busy lying around in streams with Robbie and hugging marsupials to get up to anything. This is about you and me on the road."

"What road?"

"OK, this is it: when I go to Hamburger-a-gogo... you come with me! Do you see? Driving across America, you and me. We will be like Thelma and Louise!"

"We're not called Thelma and Louise."

"I know that, I am just saying we will be LIKE THEM."

"And we're not American."

"I know that, but I—"

"And neither of us can drive."

Oh dear God.

I said, "Jas, your spaceship has arrived. Please get in."

12:00 p.m.

Ahahaha, Jazzy Spazzy has finally come to her senses (ish).

She has got the scent of funosity in her nostrils and wants to come to Hamburger-a-gogo land. A LOT. So now all we have to do is get our parents to let us. We have a two-pronged plan.

Prong One is a charm offensive on our muttis and vatis to persuade them to let Jas come to America with me. (And also to give her sqillions of squids for spenderoonies.) We are going to be really nice and sweet and listen to them ramble on about the Beatles. I've been practising my pleading and they would have to be made of stone not to give me the entire contents of their wallets.

However, if that fails and they say no, we launch Prong Two: relentless moaning. You know the kind of thing – "All my other friends are allowed to take a mate on holiday with them. How come I am the ONLY person in the universe who is not allowed to take a mate on holiday? Why is it just me? Why? Why oh why oh why?"

"Why?"

"It is sooo unfair."

"Why?"