

Princess  Incognito

TRAPPED AFTER DARK



Sample Spreads for Review



THE LATEST ON ME AND MY BIG FAT LIE

soppy children drive me crazy. They think that a princess' life is so cool. They don't have a clue. Being a princess is a nightmare.

And I should know. I am a princess.

Well, I used to be a princess, until grown-ups started acting like children. I used to be Princess Sabrina Valence of Mulakating, daughter of King Halbutt and Queen Beverly. Most people in the kingdom liked us at first. We lived in a castle, shook hands and waved at strangers.

But the people suddenly decided that they didn't like our royal family anymore. They started a civil war and tried to throw my parents in prison.

What's cool about a civil war? Absolutely nothing!

So Mummy and Daddy sent me away to a distant country. They call it "exile". I call it "a pain in the backside".

I left a castle in the countryside for a council estate in a rough neighbourhood. The streets are full of litter, the houses are falling apart and people fart in public.

Actually, that could just be my uncle Ernie. He was actually the Earl of Parslowe and a royal handyman back at the Palace. He never actually repaired anything, but he used to look after me, catch criminals and feed the pigs at the Palace farm.

There was a rumour that he used to feed the criminals to the pigs.

He doesn't do any of that anymore. We can't keep pigs in a council house.

But he still looks after me, which is getting harder for him as he's slowly turning into an old man with old-man habits. Sometimes, he sits in front of the TV, pulling white nostril hairs from his nose. Or he snoozes off in the armchair, snoring at one end and making even ruder noises at the other. He gets sick quite a bit, too, but I'd rather not think about that now.

Princesses are not allowed to cry (even though they totally do in private).

But Uncle Ernie is the only family I have, which is ridiculous really. He's not a member of the royal family and we're not related. He's just my uncle Ernie.

I also have an Awful Agatha. She's not handy either, just a handful. She's in my class and the worst school bully in the world's worst school.

It's weird though. Agatha and I despised each other until we realised that we shared a depressing, secret similarity: we both had major problems with our families that we will not discuss.

There are other things that we can't talk about either, like our fighting skills. She likes to think that she's still the toughest kid in school, even though she wasn't trained in aikido and taekwondo like me. But I can't talk about Uncle Ernie's amazing self-defence classes.

Awful Agatha irritates everyone, especially the old Cannibal. She's our headmistress. Her real name is Miss Cannington, but I think she's called the old Cannibal because she'd like to stick Awful Agatha's head in a boiling pot.

Our class teacher is called Miss Shufflebottom. She's kind, but a bit soft. She does have the best name though.

The other major problem I have is boys. Well, there are just two boys really. Charlie is my first friend at my new school. He's very, very smart and very, very short. He knows I have some sort of celebrity secret, but thinks I am a YouTube star, which is mad, right? He loves detective maths puzzles almost as much as he likes hanging out with me.

The trouble is Liam likes to hang out with me, too. He's captain of the school football team and he makes the other girls laugh. Most of the time, he makes me want to vomit. But sometimes, he makes me giggle, which is a bit annoying. Obviously, I can't tell anyone about that so I write it all down in here instead.

This is my journal, my secret diary of an 11-year-old princess living a secret life. Every day is a big, fat lie. So I tell the truth in this big, fat diary, just for me. To be honest, my journal is the only thing that keeps me sane. I'd be lost without it. In fact, I'd be in serious danger. The true story of a hidden princess can never be told. That's why this book will never, ever fall into the wrong hands, right?



CHAPTER ONE

As soon as the words left her lips, I knew Miss Shufflebottom had made a terrible mistake.

“As it's a brand new term, I thought we'd do a bit of Show and Tell.”

Almost everyone in the class groaned, which clearly took Miss Shufflebottom by surprise. She stood at the front of the class, looking prim and proper, with her hair tied in a ponytail, very pleased with herself.

Our class teacher obviously thought that she'd come up with a brilliantly original idea, but she had a memory that was shorter than Charlie. And he was short.

“Not Show and Tell again,” he grumbled.

He was sitting at the desk beside me, reading his latest detective maths puzzle book. “We did this last term,” he continued, adding a sigh for emphasis.

“And the term before that,” I said.

Show and Tell was Miss Shufflebottom's lame attempt to welcome all of us back to school and get us talking to each other. We had to pick an object from our school bag or something that we really loved and discuss it with the class.

Liam was already on his feet, waving his most precious possession in the air.

“I’ll go. I’ll talk about my football and the hat-trick I scored on Sunday, Miss,” he said, really quickly, like he had wasps in his underwear or something.

Miss Shufflebottom put her hands on her hips for dramatic effect. She pushed out her bright, scarlet lips to look serious, but it just made her look like a fish.

“Miss?” Miss Shufflebottom asked, still looking like a fish.

“No miss,” said Liam.

“Miss what?”

“No, I never miss. I score every time,” said Liam, raising his football in the air and laughing at his feeble joke.

The other boys in the class chuckled because they thought Liam was the greatest footballer in the school. Most of the girls giggled and blushed because they thought Liam was the most handsome boy in the school.

Awful Agatha growled because she wanted to stick Liam’s head down the toilet.

It was nothing personal. Awful Agatha wanted to stick most boys’ heads down the toilet. She actually liked Liam, sort of. He had helped her in the past, which forced her to tolerate his endless boasting.

“Sit down, Weasel Face,” she said.

Liam didn’t resemble a weasel. He had a sharp chin and high cheekbones. His hair was cut into that trendy style, which was shaved around his ears and floppy on top.

“Oi, Agatha, I don’t look like a weasel,” said Liam.

“Yeah? Tell that to your face.”

Awful Agatha nudged me in the ribs. She was sitting at

the desk on my left. Her green blazer was a little smelly, to be honest. But we never talked about that sort of stuff. Just as we don’t mention the fact that her hair was never cut at a hairdresser’s and her teeth were starting to turn yellow. I didn’t have to read one of Charlie’s detective maths puzzles to work out the reasons why.

Awful Agatha knew what she didn’t have. So she focused on what she did have: A. Really. Big. Mouth.

“Did you hear what I said, Sabzy? I called him a Weasel Face because he’s got a face like a weasel. Good one, right?”

Awful Agatha was always looking for praise from me. She didn’t get much anywhere else.

“Yeah, all right, let’s listen to his football talk and then it’ll be over,” I said.

Awful Agatha’s blazing eyes suggested that she wasn’t quite ready to settle down. She still fancied herself as a major bully, but she didn’t bully me anymore. I was trained in aikido and taekwondo and she wasn’t. She had her reputation as the school’s top bully to protect. But I wasn’t interested in reputations. I needed to be invisible. So we both pretended that she was still tougher than me when we both knew that she definitely wasn’t.

“Yeah, go on then, Weasel Face,” she shouted. “Tell us about your stupid football for the millionth time.”

“I’m not a weasel,” cried Liam.

His face was turning red. He was obviously embarrassed in front of his friends. But Awful Agatha wasn’t particularly good at seeing those signs. Or she just didn’t care.

"I didn't say you were a weasel. I said you had a weasel's face," she said. "You are a normal boy with a face like a weasel."

Liam held his beloved football above his head. "I'll throw this in your face."

"Nah. Weasels can't throw footballs."

Liam pulled back his arms. "I mean it, Agatha, I'll throw it in your face."

"At least I won't have a face like a weasel."

Miss Shufflebottom raced through the classroom and stood between Liam and Awful Agatha. She bit her bright red bottom lip and took a deep breath.

"Please, guys, we are not doing this in every class," she said. "It's a new term! It's a new day!"

"All right, Miss, chill out," said Awful Agatha.

Miss Shufflebottom's hands were back on her hips. "I am perfectly chilled, thank you very much, Agatha."

"Yeah, you look like a fridge."

Awful Agatha nudged me in the ribs again. "Do you get it, Sabzy? She said she was chilled, so I said she looked like a fridge."

Miss Shufflebottom was waving her arms in the air. She looked ready to take off. "Now, look, we are doing Show and Tell. We are going to reintroduce ourselves to the class. We are going to discuss different things together."

Awful Agatha raised her hand. "Miss Shufflebottom, can I talk about fridges?"

"THAT'S ENOUGH, AGATHA!"

Miss Shufflebottom's stern voice took us all by surprise.

In fact, no one was more surprised than Miss Shufflebottom. She stood up really straight and adjusted her blouse. Then she rested a hand on Awful Agatha's desk. She needed the support.

"Oh, Agatha. Agatha, Agatha, Agatha," she sighed.

"No, there's only one Agatha in the class," said Awful Agatha.

"Oh, I know that. So let's hear from her in the right way, eh?"

Miss Shufflebottom's face suddenly brightened. She closed her eyes for a second and exhaled loudly. She probably thought she was in a yoga class.

"Yes, let's hear from Agatha. It's a new term, a new day and a new philosophy. I made a promise to myself about you, Agatha. We are going to work together this term. You can go first."

My stomach flipped. This was a seriously stupid idea. Awful Agatha hated speaking in front of the class. She was like the big cats back in Mulakating that could not be tamed. But there were also those innocent teachers who thought the big cats in class could be tamed.

Miss Shufflebottom was of those teachers. This was not going to end well.

"No, thanks, Miss. Let the weasel speak," said Awful Agatha, jabbing a grubby finger at Liam.

"No, no, I really want to hear your Show and Tell."

Miss Shufflebottom's voice was all fluffy and optimistic now. I almost felt sorry for her. She needed to read one of Charlie's detective maths puzzles and look for the clues. The

clue was right there in the name.

Show and Tell.

Awful Agatha always had plenty to tell, but nothing to show off. Her school bag was tatty. Her clothes were faded and her shoes were cracked. Even her lunch was nothing to shout about. My Uncle Ernie usually made extra cheese sandwiches for her every day.

“I got nothing to show,” said Awful Agatha.

“Oh, everyone has got something to tell.”

Miss Shufflebottom’s breezy tone made me cringe. She wasn’t getting the message.

“I’ll go, Miss Shufflebottom,” I said, rummaging through my school bag. “I’ll talk about the new pencil case I got over the holidays.”

“Maybe later, Sabrina. But I really want to hear from Agatha now.”

Awful Agatha folded her arms and glared at our teacher.

“Are you deaf, Miss Fridge? I’ve got nothing to show, have I?”

“Then just tell, Agatha. Just tell us something, anything you like,” said Miss Shufflebottom, ignoring her student’s rudeness. She was getting really desperate.

Awful Agatha unfolded her arms. She leaned back in her chair. A tiny smirk appeared. “Anything I like?”

“Yes, absolutely anything you like, except weasels, and fridges,” said Miss Shufflebottom, clapping her hands together. She looked happy enough to cry.

“OK, then,” said Awful Agatha.

She spat out her chewing gum, rolled it up into a ball and stuck it under her desk. Knocking her chair back, she swaggered to the front of the class.

“Right, listen up everyone, especially you, Weasel Face. I’m gonna tell you about this girl who went to this school many, many years ago. She got trapped inside the building. And now, she’s dead.”



CHAPTER TWO

The students gasped. Show and Tell was supposed to be about footballs, pencil cases and detective maths puzzle books, not dead schoolgirls. Miss Shufflebottom was already fluttering around like a lost butterfly.

“No, no, Agatha, we don’t need to be talking about dead students, not on the first day of school,” she said.

Awful Agatha stood beside Miss Shufflebottom in front of the whiteboard. She had grown over the holidays and was up to our teacher’s shoulder. She grinned at the shoulder.

“Ah, it’s all right. I’m not going to be talking about the dead girl,” she said.

Miss Shufflebottom breathed a huge sigh of relief. “Thank goodness for that.”

“Nah, I’m gonna talk about how the dead girl became a ghost.”

Miss Shufflebottom looked horrified. “Wait, what?”

“Could you be quiet, Miss, I’m trying to concentrate.” Awful Agatha cleared her throat. “Right, everyone listening. You listening at the back, Weasel Face?”

“Get on with it,” muttered Liam, staring down at his football.

“Right, once upon a time ...”

I winced. The giggling had already started. Students didn’t start their presentations with “once upon a time”, not at our

age. We were too old for unicorns, trolls and secret princesses. (Yeah, I know, right?) We didn’t read books that started with “once upon a time” anymore. We had moved on.

But Awful Agatha hadn’t moved on. She had nothing to move on from. She never read anything. She never had any books at home. Uncle Ernie always said that a person’s character could be recognised by the kind of books on their bookshelves.

Awful Agatha didn’t have any bookshelves in her house. There were just empty bottles and sleeping parents. So her vocabulary wasn’t that great, to be honest. She tended to use more colourful language instead.

“You laughing at me, Liam? I’ll whack you right in the hooter,” she said, waving her fist at Liam.

Unfortunately, the tittering spread through the class.

“Don’t you blinking laugh at me, you blinkers. I’ll boot you right in the blinkers. Yeah, you can shut up as well. I’ll whack you in the blinking earhole. Yeah? You wanna go as well? Come on then. I’ll line you all up, you little blinkers.”

She never really said “blinkers” or “blinking”. But as a princess incognito, I couldn’t possibly write the actual words in my private journal.

“Yes, yes, Agatha, that’s enough violent threats for one morning,” said Miss Shufflebottom. “Just continue with your Show and Tell.”

“I’ll show them my fist if they laugh at me again.”

“Agatha, I want to hear your story,” I said softly.

Awful Agatha stared at me. She had such a hard, grizzled

face, but when I smiled at her, her face went soft, like melting, gloopy ice cream. She almost smiled back at me, but remembered where she was and returned to her tough-girl act, which I understood. We both pretended to be someone else all the time.

“Yeah, right, I don’t want anyone else interrupting me,” insisted Awful Agatha. “OK, my cousin told me this story.”

Charlie raised his hand. “Is he the cousin that’s in prison?”

“No. I do have other cousins, you know. So don’t disrespect my family. This is not the cousin in prison. This is a different cousin. He’s just come out of prison. Anyway, he used to go to this school, when it was even more of a dump than it is now. He said there was this girl who came here from Germany, like, ages ago, because of the war.”

Charlie raised his hand again. “Which war?”

Awful Agatha rolled her eyes. “I don’t know, do I? The one with the Germans.”

Charlie raised his hand again.

“Was it the First World War or the Second World War?”

Charlie was going to get punched.

“I just told you, Shorty. It was the one with the Germans.”

“But both those wars were with the Germans,” Charlie pointed out.

“I’ll have a war with you in a minute,” said Awful Agatha, lunging forward and kicking the air, which seemed to make her feel better.

“Now shut your gob and listen,” she continued. “So there was this German girl. And she came to this school, right? And

she didn’t, like, speak proper English, like what we do.”

Awful Agatha ignored the giggling around the classroom and carried on.

“And one day, in the winter, when it got dark early, there was a big windy storm. And she didn’t speak any English and no one told her what time the school ended, right, because she was German. The other students didn’t tell her when to leave. And this was the olden days, right? So they didn’t have a proper bell or an alarm or any other stuff. So she just stayed behind on her own.”

Liam threw up his hand. “She must have been a bit thick then. Why didn’t she leave when everyone else did?”

“She didn’t speak any English, did she, Weasel Face?”

“Yeah, but she could see, right? She was German. She wasn’t blind.”

Awful Agatha glowered at Liam. Her freckles scrunched together around her cheeks and she snarled like a pit bull. It wasn’t a pretty sight.

“I never said she was blind, did I?”

She was getting louder. Miss Shufflebottom did that fake, throat-clearing thing.

Awful Agatha lowered her voice and continued.

“The other kids told her it was just snack time and they’d come back and get her.”

“So the other kids spoke German?” Liam asked, giggling with his mates.

“You won’t speak at all when I rip your tongue out,” snapped Awful Agatha.

Liam and his mates stopped giggling.

“But the other kids didn’t come back,” said Awful Agatha. “They just left her in an empty classroom. She was trapped in the school, after dark, living off mouldy food in the canteen. And it was wintertime, too. They didn’t have phones back then, nothing, no cars. She was left alone. Some say she starved to death. Some say she froze to death. But she was never seen again. She died inside this dump.”

No one said anything for ages. Liam and some of the other boys laughed among themselves, but they were nervous laughs. They were totally scared. I was scared, too, but not as much as the others. I grew up in a palace filled with long corridors and suits of armour. My old home always felt haunted.

But I was quietly proud of my friend. Awful Agatha was a fantastic storyteller.

Miss Shufflebottom gently patted Awful Agatha’s shoulders. She was proud, too.

“That was a really good story, Agatha, well done,” she said. “Of course, it’s an urban myth, a made-up story that gets spread from one generation to another.”

Awful Agatha whipped her head around.

“It’s not made up! It’s the truth. I haven’t finished yet. This school used to be called Mayesbrook Manor, right?”

“Er, I think so,” replied our puzzled teacher.

“Yeah, it was. My cousin told me. But they had to change the name, because of her. All the kids called her the Ghost Girl of Mayesbrook Manor. She was tall and skinny because she

had, you know, like, starved to death. She had long red hair and a funny accent, because she was German. She’s trapped in here forever now, but she only comes out at night. She runs through all the classrooms, screaming, looking for children left behind. And she does this every single night. As soon as we clear off, she comes out. She’s waiting for one student to get stuck here. And then they’ll be trapped together forever. She’s somewhere in this school, right now, hiding behind a white sheet or a bookshelf, just waiting. And she won’t come out, until she hears the school bell.”

DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING!

The unexpected school bell sent the whole classroom into a panic. Desks were pushed over. Chairs flew backwards. Students pushed and shoved to get to the door first. Everyone was shouting over each other’s voices.

“Argh! The ghost is coming! ... I don’t want to be trapped in here forever! ... I want a cheese sandwich ... I don’t speak German! ... Get out of the way, Weasel Face ... Please sit down, children, it’s just an urban myth ... No, it’s a hungry ghost that hunts down students ... She eats students! ... She’s not eating me! ... She won’t eat you! You’re too short! ... Just get outta my way! The Ghost Girl of Mayesbrook Manor is coming! The Ghost Girl of Mayesbrook Manor is coming!”

My super-fit legs carried me past everyone, past Charlie, past Liam, past Awful Agatha and past Miss Shufflebottom, who was brushed aside as she tried to block the classroom exit.



I didn't stop. Along the corridor, down the steps, across the playground, through the school gates, onto the street, past the town centre and all the way home, I never looked back. Not once.

As I collapsed in a heap on my doorstep, I was feeling rather pleased with myself, until I saw my empty hands.

My school bag.

In the classroom hysteria, I had left it behind. Deep inside my school bag, I kept my most treasured possession.

My journal.

My diary.

My life.

My secret life as a princess had been left on my desk.



CHAPTER THREE

I needed my Uncle Ernie. I raced through the house and found him in the bathroom. He was always good for advice. He always knew what to say at just the right moment.

“Ballcock,” said Uncle Ernie.

He had his arm stuck down the back of the toilet.

“What?” I said, standing in the doorway of our bathroom.

“Ballcock needs replacing,” he said, moving his soaked arm around the water tank behind the toilet.

He was wearing his stained overalls again, the blue ones full of curry splodges. He also had the same white vest on underneath. Well, it was white when he bought it. Now the vest had red stripes. Uncle Ernie always insisted that the red stripes were a tribute to his favourite football team.

But I knew the red stripes were because he couldn’t eat jam on toast properly.

He was always doing odd jobs around the house lately. Last week, he tried to remove the squeaky sound from the ironing board. He gave up after an hour when the ironing board fell on him.

The week before that, he ran around the house changing plug sockets. He stopped when he touched the wrong wire and blew himself across the living room. His hair stood up for almost an hour afterwards. It was brilliant.

We both knew why my so-called Royal Handyman was behaving like an actual handyman for once. He said he was homesick and bored. But I knew that he was really sick and struggling with the medical treatment.

So we came up with an agreement, like a secret pact. He wouldn’t talk about his illness and I wouldn’t laugh at his new obsession with fixing stuff that didn’t need fixing. It was better than thinking about stuff that couldn’t be fixed.

Still, I had a crisis. And Uncle Ernie lived for a crisis, especially one involving me.

“Uncle Ernie, I need your advice,” I said, still standing in the bathroom doorway.

“Certainly, Sabrina.”

“Can you take your hand out of the toilet first?”

“Ballcock! I’ve got to keep my hand on the ballcock, or the water tank will overflow when we flush and flood the entire bathroom.”

I leaned against my bathroom sink. I couldn’t look Uncle Ernie in the eye, and not just because he still had his right arm shoved down the back of the toilet.

He looked old. He looked wet. He had a fresh jam stain down his vest.

He looked a bit disgusting, to be honest. But I really needed a hug from him.

“Uncle Ernie, did you know that I keep a diary?”

He seemed stunned. “What? You keep a diary? I had no idea!”

“Really?”

“No, of course I knew you kept a diary,” he said, grinning at me. “But that’s your business, not mine.”

Uncle Ernie had somehow managed to read my mind, which was most impressive, considering he was still holding down the ballcock.

“Don’t tell me. Let me guess,” he said. “You’re thinking, why isn’t he angry? I live a secret life that no one can know about. If anyone found out about me and my smart, funny and extraordinarily handsome Uncle Ernie, our lives would be in real danger. I can’t tell anyone. So he would never, in a million years, allow me to keep a record of what’s happening in my crazy life, even if he’s smart, funny and extraordinarily handsome. Is that about right?”

“Er, yeah, that’s kind of right, I suppose.”

It was like he was telepathic. He chuckled as he fiddled around in the toilet’s water tank.

“Sabrina, I can’t begin to imagine what this must be like for you. I really can’t. You’re an 11-year-old girl who was taken away from her parents, her royal life and thrown into a poor council estate with an uncle who moans about ballcocks. You can’t share your double life with Charlie or Liam or that mad one who eats all my cheese sandwiches. And I’m sure there are some things you can’t tell me. Personal stuff. Private stuff. Girl stuff. Whatever. I get it. I’m actually glad you keep a diary. It gives you a chance to get this stuff off your chest. You need that release, that freedom to just be yourself. It’s really important.”

“Wow, thanks for being so understanding because I’ve lost it.”

“YOU’VE DONE WHAT?”

Uncle Ernie turned into a bubbling volcano. He erupted all over the bathroom. He went from pale to orange to red in, like, five seconds. He could replace traffic lights. “YOU’VE LOST YOUR DIARY?”

He had moved on to purple. His face was a big, squishy grape.

“Well, er, it’s not really lost, Uncle Ernie,” I said, struggling to get the words out. “So, er, what happened was, Agatha stood up in class ...”

“Agatha? Agatha has your diary? AWFUL AGATHA HAS YOUR DIARY?”

He was shouting again.

“No, I’m trying to tell you. She told a story about a ghost, a ghost at our school, and she rang a school bell.”

Uncle Ernie shook his head. “Awful Agatha rang the school bell?”

“No, the ghost did.”

“What ghost?”

“The Ghost Girl of Mayesbrook Manor.”

“A ghost rang your school bell?”

“Yes! Well, no, not exactly. It’s complicated.”

Uncle Ernie forced a fake smile and swished the water around in the tank. “Sabrina, my arm has been in this toilet for almost an hour. My skin is shrivelled like a prune and I’m losing the will to live. Could you get to the point?”

“Sure. Agatha told a ghost story. We all jumped, run out of class and I left the diary on my desk.”

Uncle Ernie sighed. “So no one has actually taken your diary?”

“No.”

“Well, that’s something. You can just go back and get it.”

I felt tiny balls of sweat roll along my nose and over my lips. “Me? You want me to go back to school? There’s the Ghost Girl of Mayesbrook Manor!”

“I don’t care if there’s the girl guide of muddy underpants. Your diary is there.”

I checked the time. Uncle Ernie couldn’t be serious.

“But the teachers would’ve left. It’ll be dark,” I said.

“I’m sure the school will have a caretaker around, a security guard, someone, anyone, who can let you into the classroom.”

“Nah, I’ll just pick it up in the morning.”

Uncle Ernie grinned at me, but it was one of his sarcastic grins. “Yeah, let’s do that then. Let the whole world read through your secret diary. Let the school cleaners know that they serve a princess every day. Let Miss Sweaty Bottom read about how I dragged you out of Mulakating to save your life. Let that headmistress find out that your parents are actually the king and queen of your country. Or let Awful Agatha discover that her only real friend in the whole world happens to be a princess. I’m sure she’ll be completely normal and rational and sensible and won’t do anything crazy like kick a random boy between the legs whilst singing *Baby, You’re a Firework!*”

“Hey, she only did that once.”

“Sabrina!”

“Yeah, all right, I’ll go back and get it.”

“Good girl. You’ll be there and back in time for dinner.”

I tried to smile, but I knew straightaway that it came out wrong. So there was no point in lying. “Uncle Ernie, I’m a bit scared.”

“Nah, you’re trained in my special skills. You’ll be fine. Come and give me a hug.”

In his eagerness to comfort me, Uncle Ernie forgot what he was doing. He pulled his arm out of the water tank, flushed the toilet and flooded the bathroom.

He was still swearing when I left the house.

Sample Spreads for Review



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

N. J. Humphreys is a bestselling author with 25 titles to his name. An engaging, witty storyteller popular with kids, he grew up in London and saw his first work published at 11, when he was picked to read his funny school journal to the world's toughest audience—hundreds of kids from his council estate. They laughed. He hasn't looked back since.

Among his many children's books, Humphreys' *Abbie Rose and the Magic Suitcase* series are entertaining eco-adventures about a smart, feisty girl on a mission to save endangered animals. He is currently working on the animated TV series with an international broadcaster.

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