

# I MANIC MORNING

**BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!**

My alarm went off at 7 o'clock in the morning every day. But as usual, I was already wide awake. I had another busy morning ahead!

I jumped out of bed and got dressed as fast as I could. Then I grabbed the clipboard from my bedside table and read through my checklist.



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I groaned. The next job on the list was the worst of all: getting my annoying little sister ready for one of her holiday sports clubs.

“Tabby, time to get dressed!” I shouted, stepping out my bedroom. “You’ve got football club at ...”

**WHOOSH!**

A football whizzed past my head, bounced off three walls and smashed a vase. Tabitha came charging down the corridor after it. She was waving a hockey stick in one hand and a tennis racket in the other.

“Ash! Did you *see* that shot?”

I frowned. “Of course I saw it – you nearly knocked my head off! Now clean up that broken vase, before Mum and Dad –”

I stopped. I could smell something awful, like burned toast and scrambled eggs stuck to the bottom of a pan ...



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“MUM! DAD! NO!” I cried.

I ran to the kitchen, but I was already too late. Mum and Dad were trying to make breakfast! They were standing in a cloud of black smoke, coughing and spilling milk everywhere. Dad had burnt toast crumbs all over his face and Mum had scrambled eggs in her hair.

“Sorry, Ash!” said Dad. “We thought we’d try to make breakfast this morning but we’ve made a right mess, as usual.”

“Where did I put the butter?” asked Mum.

“It’s stuck to the ceiling,” I groaned.

This is a normal day in my house. As you can tell, my family aren’t the most organised people in the world. Mum and Dad aren’t bad parents, but they’re so scatterbrained that I don’t think they’d notice if the sofa ate us!

“No time for breakfast – we have a very busy day ahead,” I said, pushing them out the door.



“It’s only a week until Tabitha and I are back at school . We have to buy new uniforms, and books, and pencil cases, AND we have to go food shopping for dinner tonight.”

“But your mum and I are out tonight,” said Dad. “Didn’t you see the invitation?”

“We must have forgotten to show you,” said Mum. “Where did I put it? It must be around here somewhere ...”

She finally found it under a pair of scissors in the fridge.

Dear ~~Earthlings~~ People,  
Come to town hall for special fancy dinner to celebrate the 157th anniversary of Finney Island.  
All adults must attend. Do not bring little humans children.  
Signed, Mayor of Finney Island

I was confused. Finney Island is where we live. It's small, but it's got its own school and supermarket – and Mayor, of course. But something about his invitation didn't make sense.

"The 157th anniversary isn't for another two months," I said. "Why is the Mayor holding a dinner tonight?"



"Who cares?" said Dad, patting his stomach. "A free meal is a free meal!"

I suddenly had a thought. "If you're both out tonight, then who's looking after me and Tabby?"

Mum smiled. "Your Aunt Emmy didn't want to go to the dinner. She offered to babysit instead."

Tabby was so excited, she almost smashed Mum's mug of tea with her hockey stick.

"Aunt Em's coming over?! YES! THIS IS THE BEST DAY **EVER!**"

I groaned. If you think my parents are scatterbrained, just wait until you meet Aunt Emmy!

