Awkward Annie



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SKYLARKS

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For Review Only

Chapter One

Awkward Annie – that's what my mum and dad call me. Well, not all the time. When I'm being nice, Dad calls me Beautiful Bella, on account of my full name being Annabelle. But that's not too often. Apparently middle children are often awkward – at least that's what I heard Awful Aunt Aggie saying loudly once to Mum. Mum shut her up pretty quickly, but… still. How would you like it if people thought you were awkward?

I don't think I'm awkward. Not really. I never mean to be awkward. And I tell you what, you'd be awkward too, with a family like mine.

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First there's my really, really horrible big sister Posy. Perfect Posy I call her. Because she is. Perfect that is. She never has a hair out of place. She always gets ten out of ten in her spelling tests, she knows her times tables up to one hundred, and she never ever gets into trouble. Plus she's always neat and tidy,



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so Mum never shouts at her. Sometimes I just hate having her for a big sister. And she makes it worse by always being so nice to me.

Then there's Ant, my annoying little brother. He's three years old and the BIGGEST pain. He scribbles on all my

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pictures, splashes me in the bath, and pulls the legs off my dolls. He also runs around and shouts a lot for no reason at all. I call him Ants In Your Pants and often get cross with him. But when I shout at him, Mum says, "Oh Annie, don't be awkward, you know he's only little."

Huh, bet no one was ever that nice to me when I was little – I expect they told me I should be more like Posy. Just like they do now...

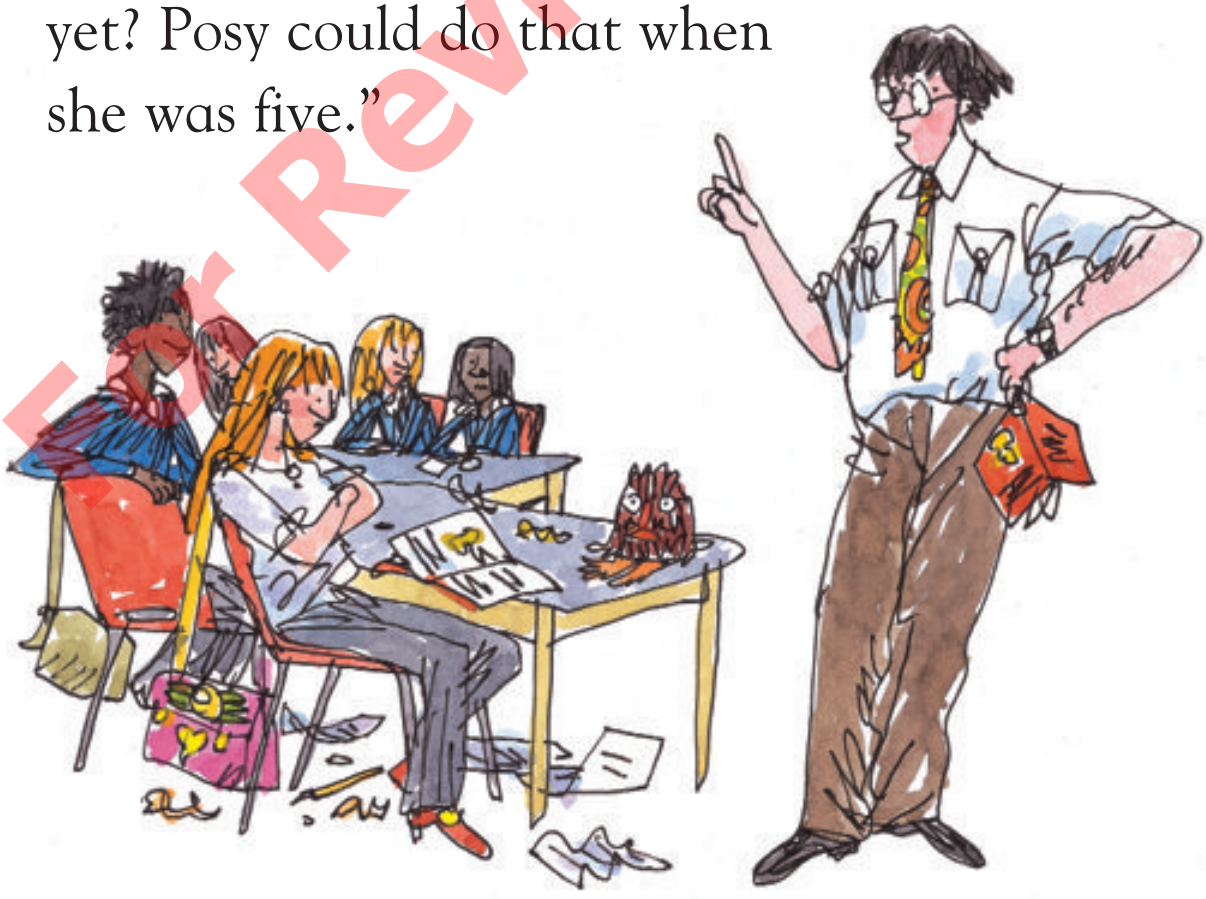


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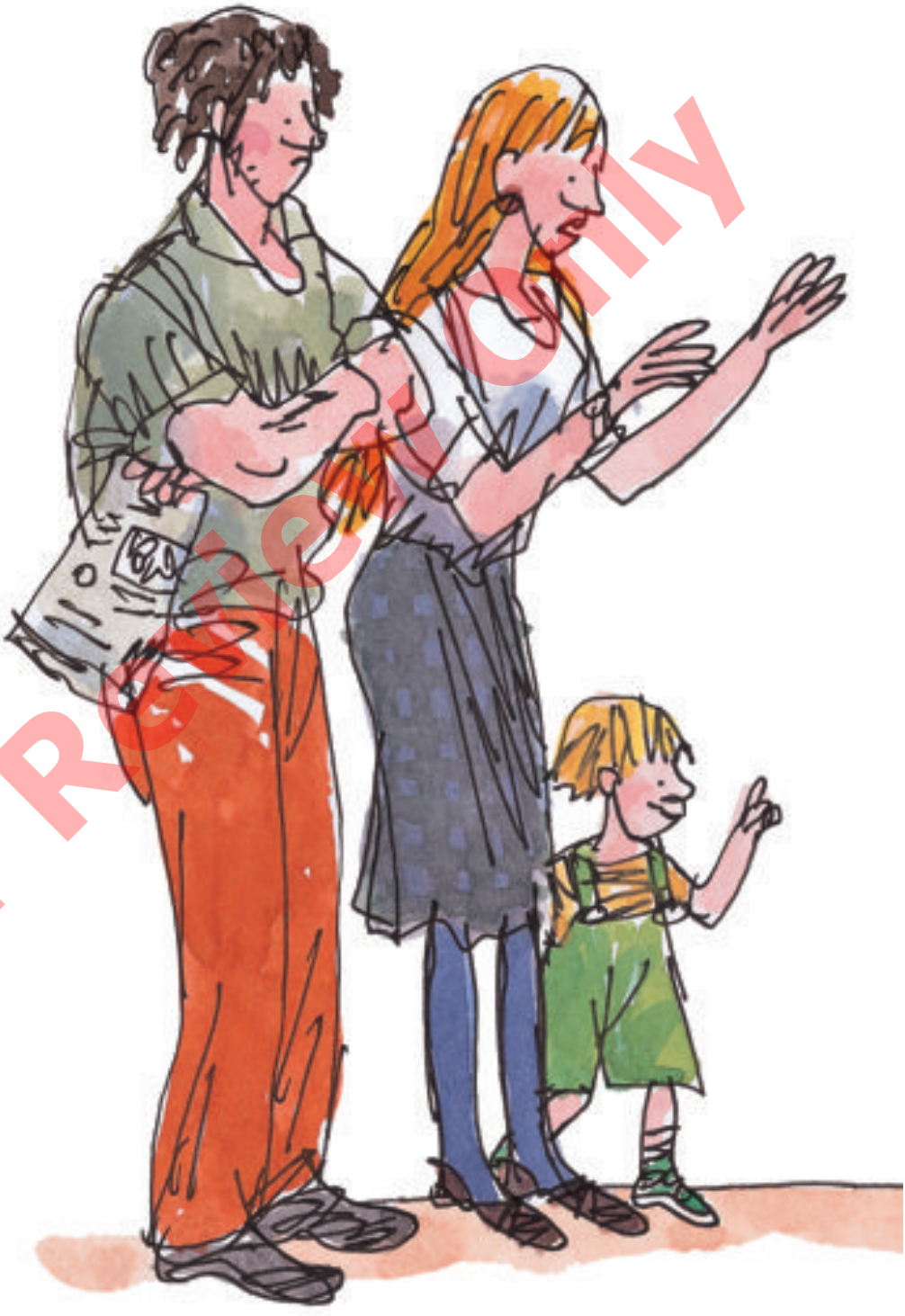
Chapter Two

It's just as bad at school. Everyone thinks I'm awkward there, too.

"Why can't you be more like your sister?" my teachers say. "She always sits nicely and does her sums." Or, "What, you don't know how to spell 'difficulty' yet? Posy could do that when she was five."



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Because I'm not my sister, I want to say, but don't, because then they'll think I'm awkward too, just like my mum and dad do.

I don't think my parents mean to pick on me. And they try hard in that annoying parenty way of theirs. But really they are so dull. Mum won't even let me have my belly button pierced. How unfair is that? She says things like *Over my dead body*, and then Dad says, *Well maybe when she's eighteen*, which is another way of saying *Never*. So I say, *Can't I have my ears pierced then?* But Mum says *No you*



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