

Chapter 1

'We have to dress up for the Book Week Parade,' I told my friends. 'But I don't know which book to choose. I like so many.'

'I know who I will be,' said Ben.

It is easy for Ben. He always wants to be Harry Potter.

'Who are you going to be?' I asked Jack.

Jack shrugged. 'I might not dress up this year,' he said. 'Maybe we are getting too old for that.'

'Too old? How could we be too old? You are never too old for dressing up.'

'I'm not saying you shouldn't do it, if

you want to,' Jack told me, 'but I might not.'

I was angry. It would be no fun without Jack.

'When is Book Week?' asked Adam.

'It's in two weeks, but we have to start planning now.' I was not quite as eager as I was before.

'Oh, that's when Uncle Rory is getting ...' Adam stopped. He clamped his hand over his mouth and went red.

'Getting what?' asked Zac.

'Getting a medal?' asked Jack.

'Getting a cold?' asked Ben.

Adam shook his head. 'I'm not allowed to say,' he said miserably. 'Mum told me not to.'

'He's getting fired from his job after all?' whispered Jess.

‘No,’ said Adam. ‘It’s not that. Please just forget it.’

And then Ben said, ‘He’s getting married. I bet he’s getting married.’

Adam went redder than ever.

‘So it’s true? Mister Short is getting married?’ asked Jess.

Adam nodded.

‘Really?’ said Jack. ‘That’s amazing. I mean, Mister Short? Really? Our teacher? Wacky Mister Short?’

‘Please, please don’t tell him that you know,’ begged Adam. ‘Mum will kill me.’

‘She wouldn’t kill you,’ said Jess. ‘But why couldn’t you tell us?’

‘Because he is going to invite the six of us to his wedding, but not the rest of the school. His girlfriend said she’d wouldn’t mind six kids, but not crowds of

them. She thinks it is fine for Uncle Rory to be a teacher, but she doesn't want to feel like one too.'

'But Miss Fit is a teacher,' said Zac.

'He's not going to marry Miss Fit.'

'Oh! Well, who then?'

'Yes, who?' asked Jack. 'Who would marry him? I mean, he's a fun teacher, but I mean ... he's raving mad.'

'That's not very nice,' snapped Jess.

Adam sighed. 'I suppose I may as well tell you, but you are not allowed to say anything.'

We swore we wouldn't.

'You know when Uncle Rory fell off the roof and broke his leg and went to hospital?'

We nodded.

'Cindy was his doctor.'

‘He is going to marry his doctor?’ said Jess. ‘That is so nice.’

‘That is so amazing!’ breathed Jack.
‘Good on him.’

Everyone was cheering but me.

‘But he can’t,’ I burst out.

Everybody looked at me.

‘Why?’ asked Ben. ‘Why can’t Mister Short marry Doctor Cindy?’

‘He can’t because ... I don’t want him to get married. Mister Short belongs to us.’