

Chapter 1

My granny was coming to stay. I like it when Granny visits. She brings me presents. I don't just like her for the presents. I like her anyway, but if she wants to offer me a present, I am happy to take it.

It is best if I tell her hints about the right things to bring. Like which game I want, or about the latest craze at school.

Sometimes she does not understand my hints. For a long time, I kept hinting that I wanted a cat. I kept saying, 'I wish I had a cat. I really, really wish I had a cat. I would be so happy if I had a cat. I don't need a big cat. A little kitten would

be fine.'

But Granny just smiled. Maybe she did not hear me properly. She gave me a gold fish.

I had to feed the fish with fish powder. I think it would be very dull to eat fish powder every day, so I tried giving the fish a bit of my meat pie. The fish liked it. It ate pie all day. Then it died.



I went back to wanting a cat. Cats do not die when you feed them meat pie.

Anyway, this time when Granny came to visit, I did not say I wanted a cat. I am

tired of thinking about cats. This time, I said I wanted a puppet.

Jess has a puppet named Sid. Zac has a puppet named Dizzy. I do not have a puppet at all.

'I really, really wish I had a puppet,' I told Granny.

She smiled.

The next day she said, 'I have a present for you.'

The present was not in a box like Sid or Dizzy. It did not seem to be as big as Sid or Dizzy. Perhaps it was a smaller puppet. I could still be happy with that.

I tipped the bag so the present fell out. There were three things. They were flat. They were not like Sid and Dizzy at all. There was a fluffy possum, a red and yellow parrot and a rubbery plastic shark.

‘What are they?’ I asked Granny.

‘Puppets,’ said Granny. ‘You said you wanted a puppet, and now you have three.’

She picked up the possum and stuck it on her hand. It was like a mitten, but it was shaped like a possum.

‘You and your mates can do plays with them. It will be fun.’

‘Fine,’ I said.

I made a plan. I would ask Jess if I could bring Granny to her house so that she could see Sid. If Granny could see what a real puppet was like, maybe she could get me one; a proper puppet without a hand up its tummy.

I rang Jess and she said she would ask Zac to come too.

‘Sid and Dizzy can have a play date,’

said Jess.

‘Fine,’ I said. ‘You will have Sid, and Zac will have Dizzy, and I will just have Granny.’