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The one with Christmas!

READERS LOVE
LOTTIE BROOKS

I FOUND IT **EXTREMELY** FUNNY!

I read this in a day and was LAUGHING the whole time!

THIS IS THE BEST BOOK EVERRRR!

HIGHLY RECOMMEND TO ANY TWEENAGERS!

THESE ARE PROBABLY **THE BEST BOOKS** I HAVE EVER READ!

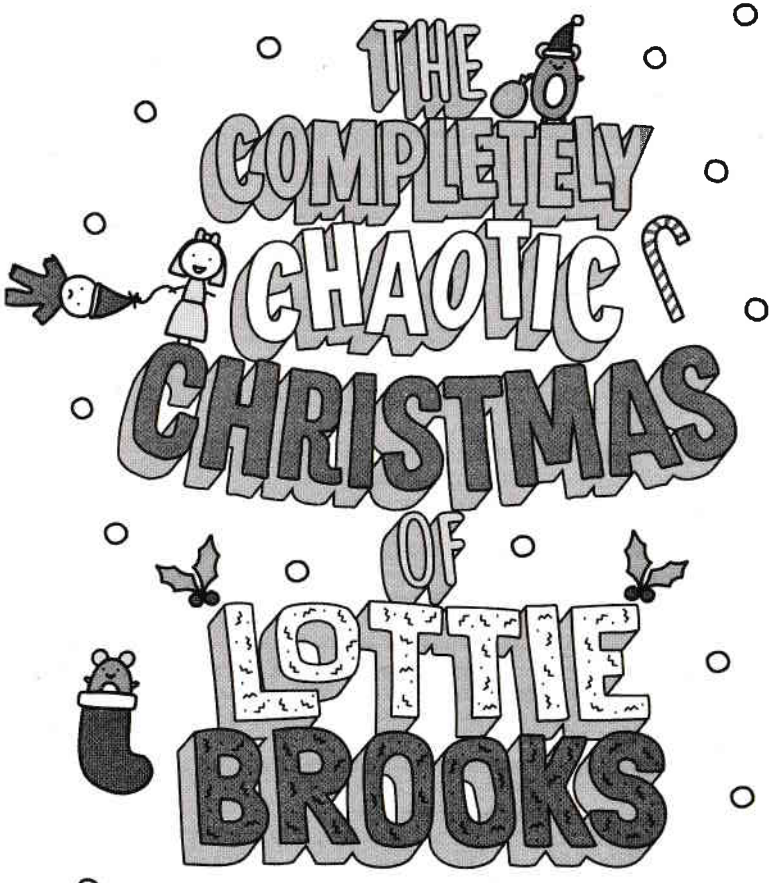
I RELATE TO THIS SM!

NO ONE ELSE WRITES LIKE THIS!!! CAN YOU WRITE ONE A WEEK **PLEASE?**





THE COMPLETELY CHAOTIC CHRISTMAS OF LOTTIE BROOKS





KATIE KIRBY

PUFFIN

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WEDNESDAY 30 NOVEMBER

Let it be known that I, Charlotte Rose Brooks, love Christmas. And when I say 'I love it', I mean **I REALLY LOVE IT**, because let's face it – how could you not?!

Here are a few of my favourite festive things . . .

1. Presents.
2. Fairy lights.
3. Oven food.
4. Chocolate.
5. Ferrero Rochers (technically also a chocolate but I feel it needs its own category because it's the holy grail of chocolate wizardry).



6. Snuggling on the sofa and watching Christmas movies.
7. Parents getting tipsy and saying 'yes' to things they would normally say 'no' to.

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The last one is one of the best. Everyone gets into the Christmas spirit and feels like they can't bear to disappoint.

For example, try out some of these . . .

'Mum, can I have (insert festive treat you want here) for (insert mealtime here)?'

'Dad, can I have (insert amount of money you want here) for (insert festive-related activity here)?'

'Mum, can I stay up until (insert new bedtime here) because I want to watch (insert festive film/tv programme here)?'

TOP TIP: The closer it gets to Christmas, the more effective the above questions are.

If you are not already convinced, why not?! Christmas is all sorts of awesome and that's just a fact and I have a feeling in my bones that this one is going to be particularly epic, don't you agree?

☐ A. Yes

☐ B. No

☐ C. Hmmm . . . I'm about 50:50, TBH

☐ D. Stop waffling, Lottie, and just TELL US WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING SINCE YOUR LAST DIARY!!!

OK, JEEZ! I can't believe you picked D?! Keep your knickers on, I was just getting round to it. Incidentally, isn't it strange that we know each other so well that I can practically read your mind! Spooooooky.

So, how about a little summary . . .

You may remember that I made friends with my EX-B (Ex-Boyfriend) Daniel again, just before I found out that my annoying little brother purposely tried to sabotage my relationship with my HFB (Handsome French Boy) Antoine. So now the love triangle is officially BACK ON – cripes.

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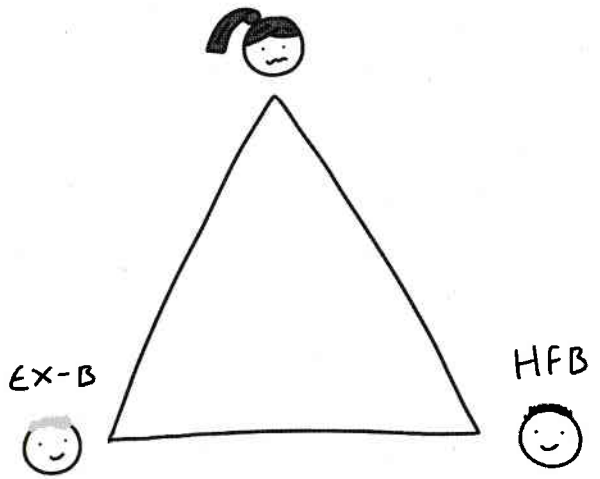

I've pre-anticipated all your questions, so for ease I'll answer them interview-style:

Q: What happened to Toby after you found out? Did you actually kill him?

A: As much as I really felt like killing him, my parents are strangely fond of him, so alas, Toby lives to see another day. I did spend about thirty minutes bashing him round the head with a pillow though. I'd like to say it taught him a lesson but that's probably untrue. It has taught *me* a lesson, though, and that is to ALWAYS, ALWAYS BE DEEPLY SUSPICIOUS OF SMELLY LITTLE BROTHERS!

Q: Have you spoken to Antoine since?

A: Yes! I called him right back after I discovered Toby was so *helpfully* screening his calls. I mean, seeing as neither of us are particularly fluent in the other's language, it was slightly difficult to communicate, but I tried my best . . .

Antoine: *Bonjour!*

Me: Hi, Antoine. It's Lottie!

Antoine: Ahh, Lottie, *ma petite* dustbin! I have been worrying for you in my bones.

Me: Erm . . . I'm not a little dustbin, but whatever. I just called to say I found out that Toby hasn't been passing on your messages. I'm so sorry. I hope you don't think I've been ignoring you!

Antoine: Ahh, Toby, he say you in hospital all covered in boils that are full of the disgustin' pus?

Me: Yes, that's right – I mean, NO! He was lying, I was just away on a school trip. I definitely don't have any horrible pus-filled boils.

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Antoine: *Ohh là là, très bon* news! I so glad you have recover well from this boils?

Me: Look, I never had any boils but never mind, it's not important. How are you, Antoine?

Antoine: Now I 'ear you are out of 'ospital I am happy as a pineapple in a pile of poop!

I'll level with you here. I really didn't know what to say to this, so there was a rather awkward two-minute silence while I tried and failed to stop visualizing a pineapple in a pile of poop. (Why would it be happy?! What a strange analogy?!)



I thought I'd better bring the conversation back to safer topics . . .

Me: *J'aime la* cheese.

Antoine: Ahhh, *j'aime la* cheese.
(ETC., ETC.)

Q: How about Daniel? You seemed to get on pretty well at your fireworks birthday party . . .

A: We did! All is good with Daniel now – phew! If I'm honest, I think there *may* be some feelings left between us, but as we've had a rocky relationship so far, we are both a bit reluctant for any more drama. So, I guess we are just trying to enjoy being friends for now, which is much simpler all round and means we get to hang out and stuff, which is AWESOME.

Tomorrow after school he's coming along with Theo and the rest of my gang to get some chips at Frydays – as *friends*, because it's nice to have *friends* and to hang out with your *friends*, isn't it?

I'll answer that for you – Yes. Yes, it is, Lottie.

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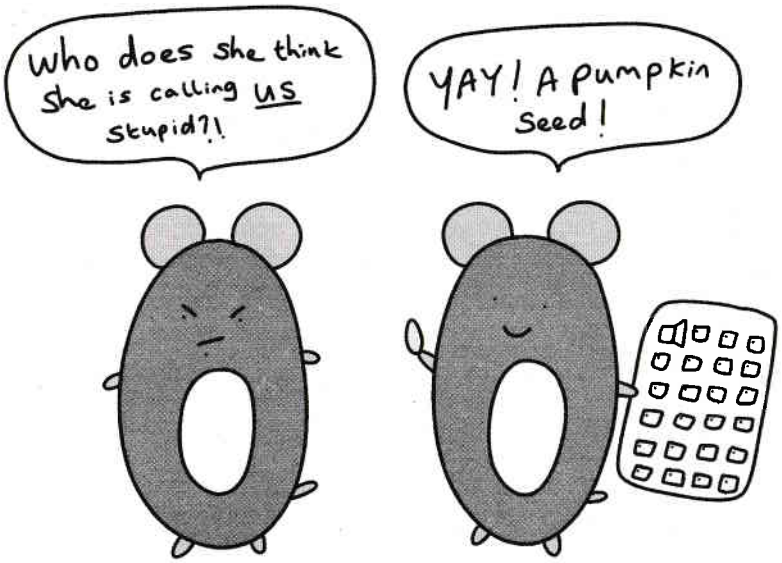
THURSDAY 1 DECEMBER

7.32 a.m.

Woke up early to give the hammies their Advent calendars. I make mini ones every year and in each tiny pocket I put a pumpkin seed. It does mean that they get the exact same thing every day, but they are too stupid to mind.



Then I ran downstairs as fast as I could because I wanted to get to my calendar before Toby and totally spoil it for him by revealing what is behind door number one. Some people might say that was a bit mean, but I say it's just a perk of being a big sister!



Sat down to eat breakfast and then Mum and Dad came in laughing and rubbing their hands together. They go, 'Notice anything . . . funny?'

I went back to eating my Cheerios. 'Nope.'

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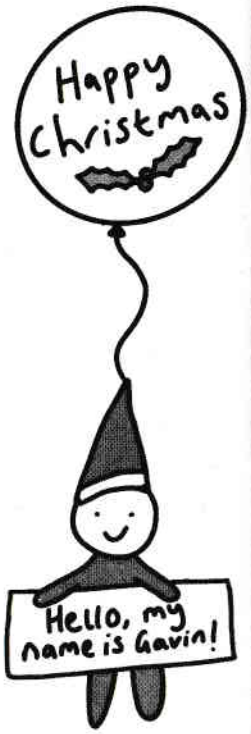
More laughter. 'Have you noticed anything . . . different, Toby?' said Mum.

Toby doesn't even reply as he's glued to the iPad watching other people play Minecraft on YouTube.

'Look up!' said Dad, clearly growing impatient.

I looked at the ceiling and there is one of those creepy Elf on the Shelf things hanging from a helium balloon with a note in its arms . . .



'He's called GAVIN?!' I said.

'Yes, what's wrong with that?' said Mum.

'It's just a strange name for an elf, that's all.'

'Well, what would you expect an elf to be called?'

'I dunno . . . maybe something like . . . Jolly Sparkle-Pants.'

Toby burst out laughing. 'Yeh, or Ding-Dong Frosty-Balls.'

'Well, ours is called Gavin, OK?' said Mum.

'That's boring,' protested Toby.

'Well, I suppose we could compromise and maybe give Gavin another na–' started Dad.

'GAVIN SPARKLE-BALLS!' shouted Toby.

Bella giggled and clapped her hands together.

I shrugged. 'Fine by me!'

Mum sighed. 'Welcome to the madhouse, Gavin Sparkle-Balls!'

4.35 p.m.

In tutor time, Mr Peters announced that our form would be doing a Secret Santa and tomorrow we would be picking names out of the hat to see who you would be buying a present for. There is a five-pound limit, and the gifts will be given out on the last day of term.

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'I hope I get one of you guys,' Jess said to me, Poppy, Amber and Molly on our way to our first lesson.

'Yeh, me too. Knowing my luck, I'll probably get stuck with Burger Tom,' I said.

Molly smiled. 'That wouldn't be so bad – you could just buy him a Big Mac.'

'Ewww, it would be stone-cold and an absolute state after you'd carried it all the way to school.' Amber grimaced.

'He'd probably still eat it though!' said Jess.

I laughed. 'True!'

'Well, let's all cross our fingers we get each other, then we know we will get nice gifts,' said Jess.

I really hope she's right, although TBH Amber would probably be a nightmare to buy for, as what can you get her that she doesn't already have?! I guess in an ideal world I'd get Jess. I know her so well and she's really easy-going so she likes everything. ☺

FRIDAY 2 DECEMBER

7.45 a.m.

Gavin Sparkle-Balls nearly killed me today!

I was making my way down to get breakfast in the pitch-black because my school starts at the ridiculous hour of 8.30, which is way too dark and cold in the middle of the winter (but that's a rant for another time), and before I knew what was going on I skidded across the kitchen floor.

'OWWWWW!' I screamed.

No one came to help me.

'OWWWWWWWW!' I screamed again.

Nothing.

'I think I've broken my neck!'

Nothing.

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'I'm pretty sure I'm dying!'

Nothing.



Finally, the Fun Police appeared in the kitchen and turned on the lights.

'Oh, for goodness' sake, Lottie, you've totally ruined today's scene,' said Mum.

As my eyes adjusted to the light, I saw that I was lying in white powdery stuff. On closer inspection, it appeared to be flour.

'Why is the floor covered in flour?'

'It's not flour, it's snow; Gavin was making snow angels in it.'

I said, 'I could have broken a bone! I think you'll find that covering the floor in flour –'

'I think you mean snow.'

'Sorry, I mean covering the floor in "snow" is a serious breach of health-and-safety regulations!'

Dad said, 'Don't you mean ELF-and-safety regulations?' and then he laughed for about ten minutes at his own joke.

TBH, I found it pretty funny too, but as I was meant to be in pain with my severely twisted ankle and broken neck, I just had to hobble over to the kitchen table and eat my Cheerios looking miserable (with my head tilted to the side), which was actually pretty difficult and meant I dribbled milk all down my PJs.

I tried to insist to Mum that I was in too much pain to go to school but she just handed me a couple of ibuprofen and practically shoved me out of the door. CHARMING! I think she's still a bit cross at me for ruining Gavin's snow angels for Toby and Bella. I mean Toby, fair enough, but Bella doesn't have a clue what's going on . . . Her favourite pastime is trying to eat her own hands!

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4.24 p.m.

First thing Amber said to me when I arrived at school was, 'God, Lottie – not sure if you've noticed but you seem to have developed a serious dandruff problem . . . Maybe you need to start using a medicated shampoo?'

'What?! I don't have –' I began.

Oh. The Flour.

Due to my near-death experience, I had not had time to look in the mirror properly before I had been rudely pushed out of the front door. I took my ponytail out, ran my hands through my hair and gave it a good shake. Luckily this helped with the flour issue but not with the trying-to-look-like-a-normal-human problem because it turns out that the flour works a bit like a volumizing product (which incidentally might be good in preparation for a special event . . . but not exactly at 8.45 in the morning just before science).

Amber was now looking absolutely disgusted.



'Relax. It's only flour,' I told her. 'Blame my mum. No, actually, blame Gavin Sparkle-Balls!'

'Gavin Sparkle-Balls?!'

'Don't ask.'

'I wasn't going to,' huffed Amber dismissively. 'I don't have time for your ridiculous life today.'

CHARMING.

After school I went to the loos to check my hair was looking OK (and free of flour). I gave my fringe a brush and applied some cherry-tinted lip balm, a quick stroke of mascara to my lashes, then I ran to the gates to meet the girls.

'Oooh, Lottie – look at you!' said Molly.