

RILEY  
WRIGHT

AND THE **SUPER** AWKWARD SLEEPOVER

  
'A lively fun-filled story that  
children will love'

- DAME JACQUELINE WILSON

'As funny as Lottie Brooks'

- ABIE LONGSTAFF

'I love Riley!'

- LAURA DOCKRILL

'Funny, zippy  
and relatable'

- PERDITA CARGILL



  
'Why be right when you  
can have so much fun  
being wrong!'

- JO CLARKE



'Instantly engaging, hugely  
appealing and full of laughs'

- ANDY SHEPHERD

'A fresh, funny and utterly  
charming book' - CLARA VULLIAMY

'Funny, heartwarming and very  
engaging' - HARRIET MUNCASTER

'Sure to become  
a favourite'

- RASHMI  
SIRDESHPANDE



'Feel-good Louise Rennison for  
junior school readers'  
- SWAPNA HADDOW

'AMAZING and AWESOME'  
- SERENA PATEL

'Gorgeous,  
giggly fun'  
- ABI ELPHINSTONE



→  
'A wonderful  
celebration of  
growing up'  
- CHRISSIE SAINS



'The kind of book I'd  
have devoured as a kid!'  
- LAURA ELLEN ANDERSON

'Riley Wright is a winner'  
- JOSEPH ELLIOTT

'Oozes with warmth  
and humour'  
- RACHEL CHIVERS KHOO

'Riley Wright is going to become  
your new BFF!'  
- JENNY MCLACHLAN

'Chock-a-block with giggles!'  
- SOPHY HENN

★  
'I couldn't put  
it down!'  
- EMMA SWAN



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# RILEY WRIGHT

AND THE **SUPER** AWKWARD SLEEPOVER

**MEL TAYLOR-BESSENT**

Illustrated by Sr. Sanchez

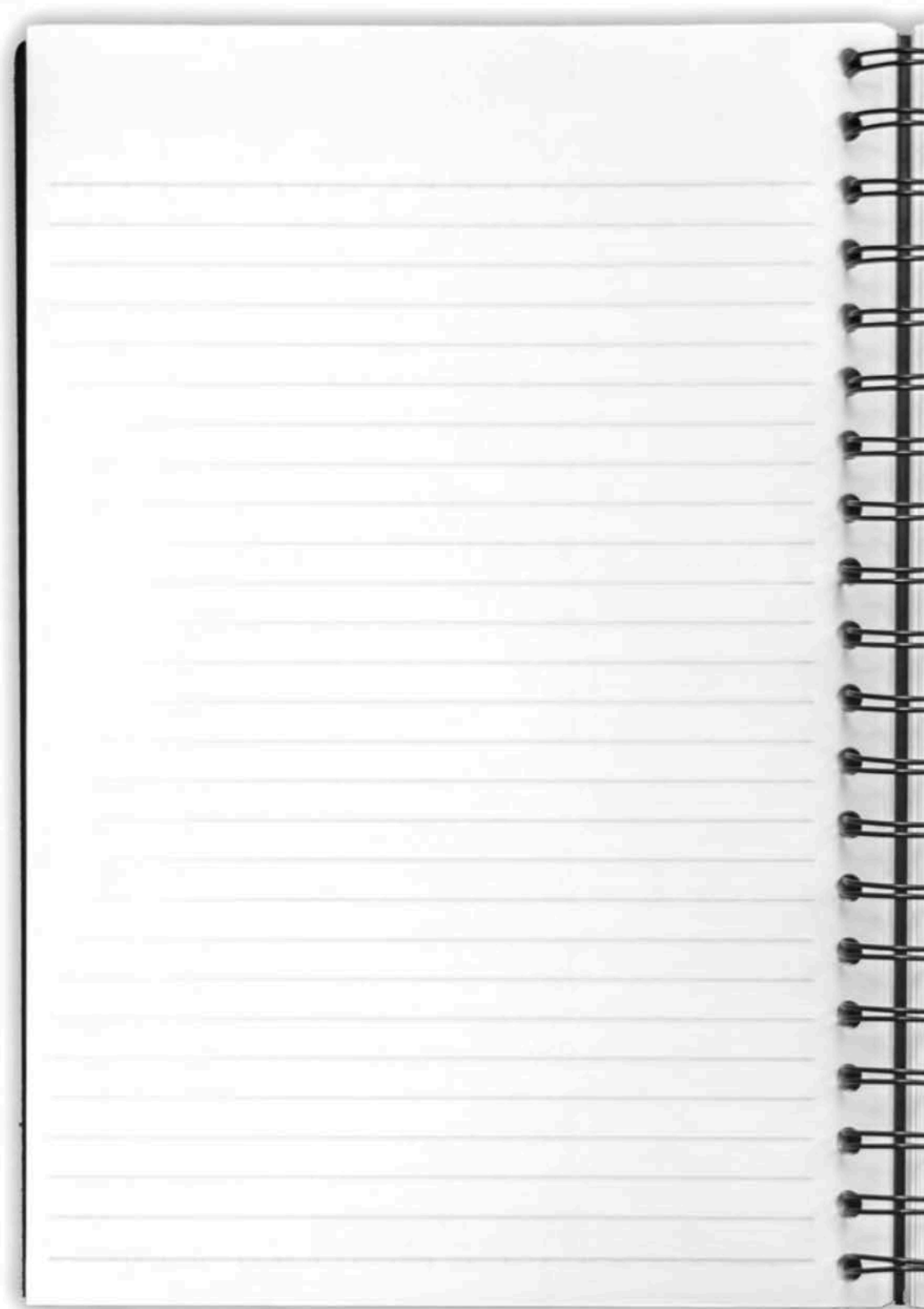






TO EVERYONE THAT  
**LOVES**  
SLEEPOVERS!





# ABOUT ME

NAME: Riley Olivia Wright



AGE: 8 (nearly 9!)

# LIKES

caramel popcorn  
(none of this sweet  
or salty nonsense)



baggy jumpers that  
fall to my knees

★ reeeeeally soft pyjamas (bonus points if they come  
with matching eye mask and slippers!)



no-hair-wash days

cute baby pandas



chicken-nugget-and-chip  
sandwiches (you've GOT  
to try it!)

★ eating Cloud Puffs straight  
from the box

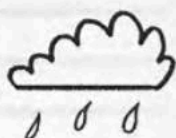
★ and of course...  
writing in my diary



# DISLIKES

salad  
(what IS the point!?)

when it rains at the weekend



too-tight  
trainers

early  
bedtimes



when Mum tries to get  
knots out of my hair

room-temperature water  
(ICE WAS INVENTED FOR  
A REASON, PEOPLE!!!)

when Dad has to work in the evenings  
and weekends even though he's a  
head teacher and could finish at  
3.15p.m. like the rest of us

when my big brother Ryan sneaks into my room  
and moves everything around just to annoy me  
(somehow I always end up in trouble for an 'overly  
dramatic reaction', but I think my screaming  
and stamping and angry dancing is just the right  
amount of dramatic, thank you very much)





## VERY EARLY MONDAY MORNING



YOU KNOW SOMETIMES YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO GROWN-UPS? When they're all 'blah blah homework' and 'blah blah food shop' and 'blah blah don't leave your shoes in the middle of the floor'? Honestly, it's **EXHAUSTING**. Especially when the grown-up you're talking about is Regina Wright, AKA professional nagger, AKA expert embarrasser, AKA my tries-really-hard, wants-everyone-to-love-her, super-ditsy\* mum.

\*Ditsy means a bit silly or scatter-brained and it sums up my mum perfectly. She's the most ditsy





person I know, but somehow she still manages to run a successful photography business and spends ninety-nine per cent of her time sprinting from place to place with four cameras slung round her neck and a tripod attached to her back.



'Ditsy' should be Mum's middle name. I *definitely* get my daydreaminess from her. And the panicky brain blanks when someone asks me a question. Also her gangly legs, her uncontrollable hair and her spectacular ability to make the simplest of tasks look like a total disaster.

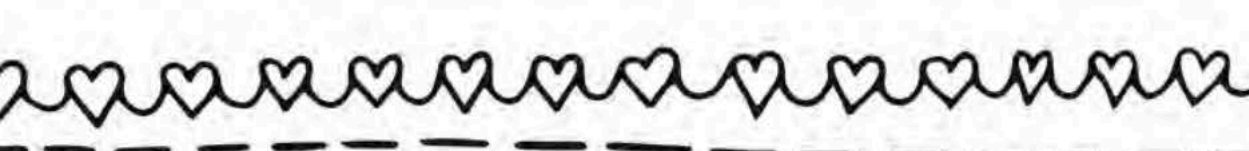
Something I *didn't* get from her was her **INSANE** energy levels. Mum can work all night in her tiny studio at the bottom of the garden and not yawn **ONCE**. She's so busy, she barely

has time to sleep. She insists 'a quick catnap is fine' but I don't know what she means – we don't have a cat. Anyway, I'm more of a unipug fan myself.



**MUM IS LIKE A SLEEPLESS SUPERHERO.** She talks at the speed of light. She's always thinking of new plans and ideas. She's forever saving strangers from unflattering photo angles.



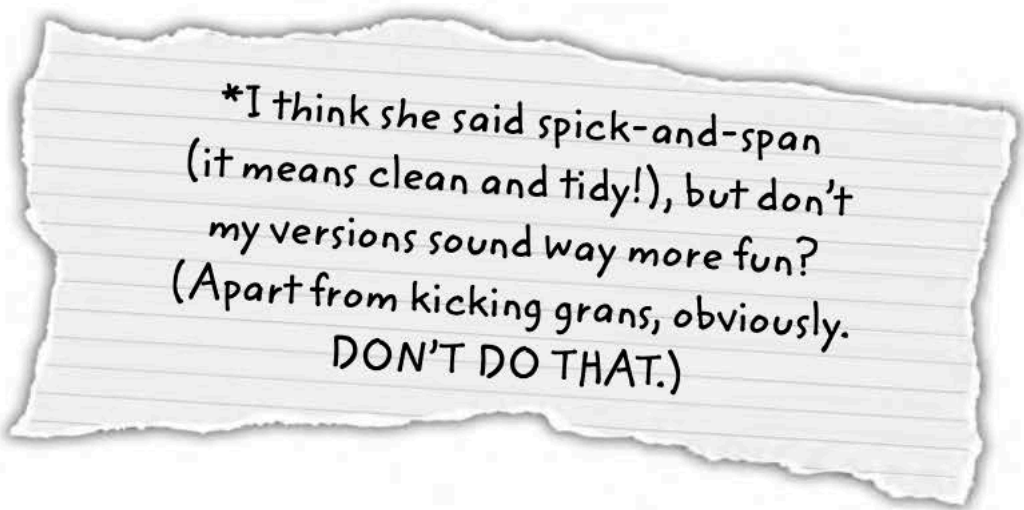


Right now, she's going on and on about her next photography project and the importance of keeping the house *stick-a-plan*. No, that's not right. What did she say?

Flick-a-flan?

Click-a-van?

**KICK-A-GRAN\*!!!!**



\*I think she said spick-and-span (it means clean and tidy!), but don't my versions sound way more fun? (Apart from kicking grans, obviously. DON'T DO THAT.)

Whatever she said, she needs to stop with all the drama at 7.30 a.m. and let me eat my

Cloud Puffs\* in peace. Not all of us have the energy of a roller coaster without a stop button as soon as they wake up!

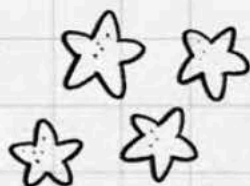
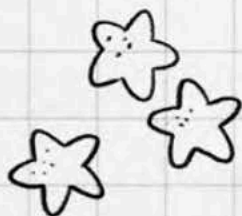
\*Cloud Puffs is the BEST THING EVER!!!!  
It's a puffy pink cereal with little dollops of marshmallow, and when you mix it with cold milk, it's like tasting sunshine and roses. Everyone needs to try it! (I'm only allowed it occasionally because Mum says it contains too much sugar – eye roll. But this morning she's too busy to notice.)





GIVE ME A SECOND, DIARY. Mum's whizzing around like a plastic bag in a hurricane, so while she's distracted I'm going to:

- tip the last of the Cloud Puffs into my lunch box
- hide a miniature disco light at the bottom of my bag (I spotted it in a shop over the weekend, and it took almost twelve whole minutes of nagging before Mum agreed to buy it)
- squeeze a secret stash of notebooks on top of my pencil case and maths homework (you should never go anywhere without a spare notebook)
- pretend I did not just grab a bag of smushed chocolate stars from the back of the cupboard and empty half into my bag . . . and the other half straight into my mouth.

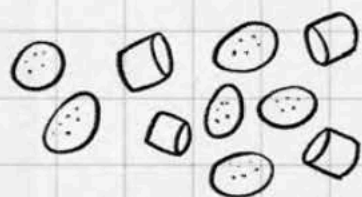




MEL TAYLOR-BESSENT



I know I'm not technically allowed to take personal items into school, but it's not like it's a phone (I wish!), or a games console, or my favourite fluffy headphones that light up when music plays. It's just my old notebook collection, some half-melted chocolates, and a tiny rotating light that will be kept in a secret school cupboard and absolutely **NOT** distract anyone from their learning. At least, that's what I'm going to tell Dad, AKA Mr Wright, AKA our head teacher, AKA Mr Follows ALL



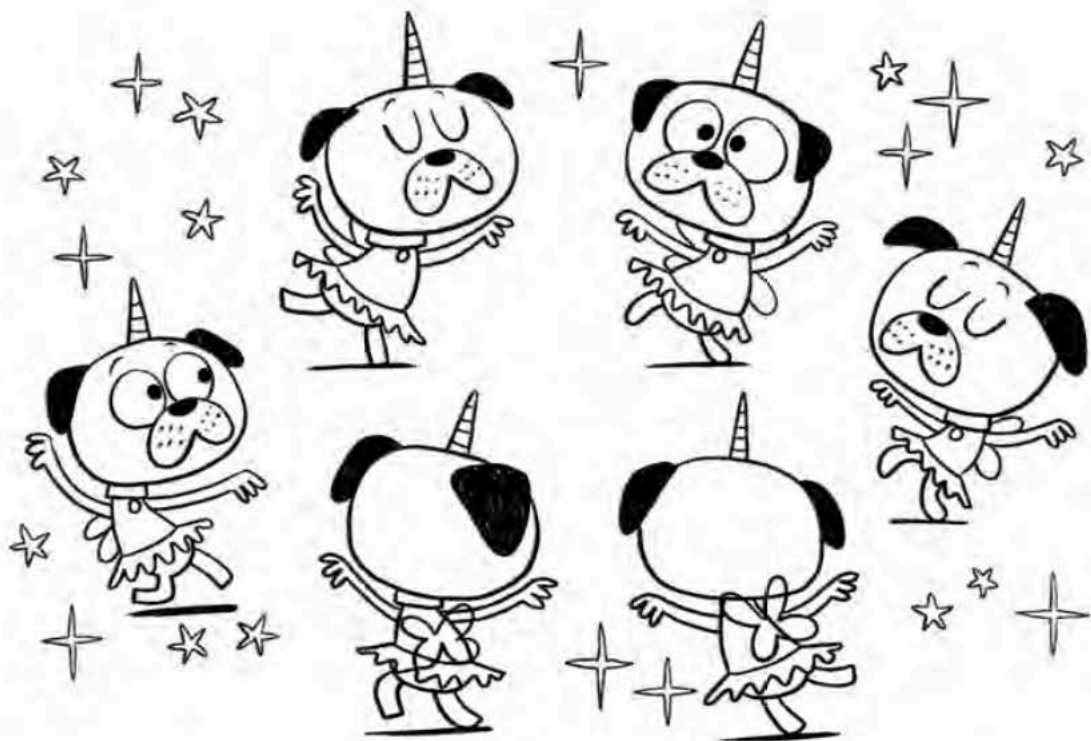
the Rules ALL the Time, if he catches me.

I know what you're thinking . . . **WHY** am I sneaking all those goodies into school when I might get into trouble?

*Simple.*

Two weeks ago, I joined Heverton Junior School and met my new BFF Emmie, who is super funny and super smart and has a super-secret downstairs library hidden beside the lost property box!!!! And the best bit is that out of ALL the kids at school, she decided to show it to *me*!

I've been trying to think of a way to thank her since she showed me. I can't exactly take a group of dancing sparkly unipugs\* into the SUL (Secret Understairs Library), so I thought this would be the next best thing.

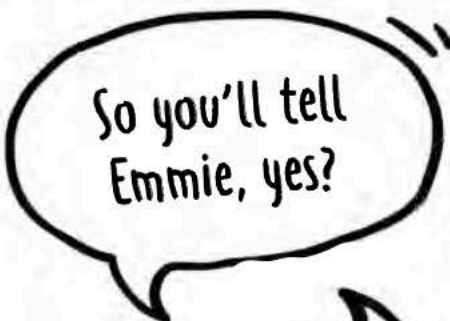


\*Don't give me that look, Diary. OF COURSE unipugs are one hundred per cent, completely, honestly, truly real. If you don't believe me, just ask my arch-nemesis, the Fart Fairy.

**'DID YOU HEAR THAT, RILEY?'** Mum just shouted SO LOUD, she made me jump and bang my elbow on the table. It's throbbing now. And I've totally forgotten what I was writing about because

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she's zipping around me like a human-sized wind-up toy. She's yelling things like:



So you'll tell  
Emmie, yes?



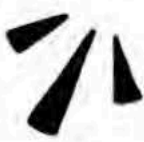
Let me know if her mum  
wants to speak to me  
before Friday.



The reps will be here in an  
hour, so make sure you tidy  
your breakfast away.



No crumbs.  
No milk stains.



Does Emmie like sweet  
or salted popcorn?

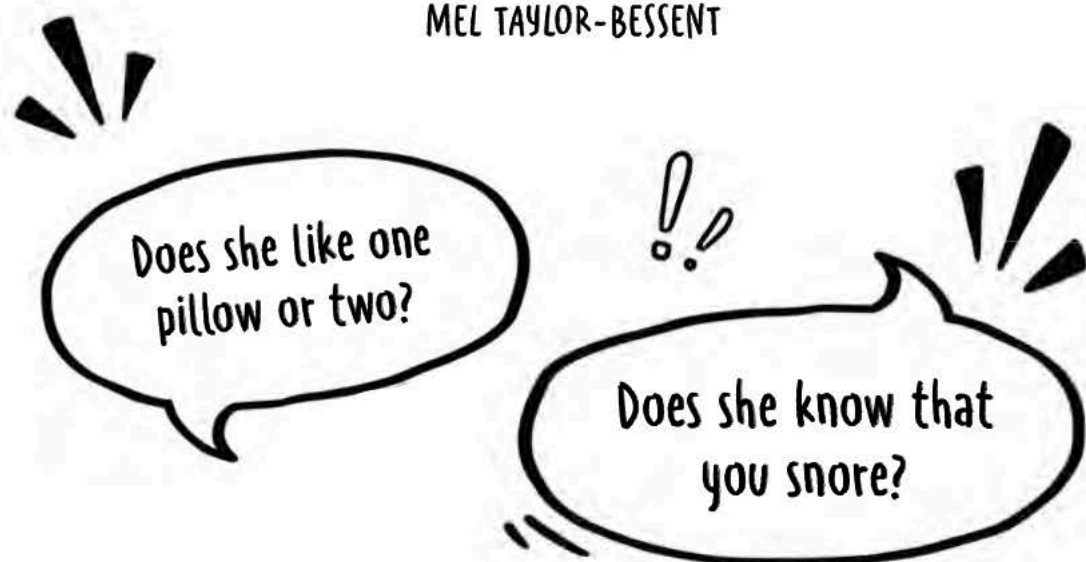


Does she have a  
favourite movie?



What time does she  
normally go to bed?

!!



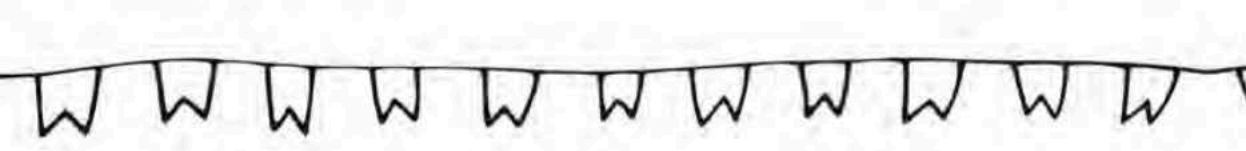
WHAT IS SHE GOING ON ABOUT? I must have given a *major confused face* because Mum just switched to her super-squealy voice that only dogs and dolphins can hear.

'The *sleepover*, Riley! Haven't you been listening to anything I've said all morning?'

Er . . .

**'SNUGGLEBUG BOUTIQUE!'**

Mum wailed even louder. 'My newest client! They're paying me to photograph their sleepover



sets! The photos will be used in adverts all over the country!’

**Ugh.** *Of course she’s talking about work.*

‘I have to use real kids and genuine friendships in the photos,’ she continued. ‘And the Snugglebug Boutique people will be here soon to approve our house and decor. If they like what they see, we might even go international!’

*International? Decor? When did Mum get so la-di-da?*

I think I may have huffed too loudly.

Mum sighed. ‘What is it with you and not wanting to be part of my photography projects any more, Riley?’ she said. ‘You used to *love* getting dressed up and posing for photos when you were little.’

I'm not one to exaggerate, Diary, but that might be **THE BIGGEST LIE I'VE EVER HEARD.**

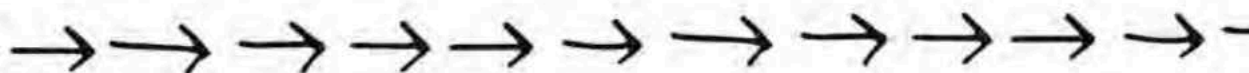


**JUST LOOK AT SOME OF THE PHOTOS MUM TOOK WHEN I WAS YOUNGER!!!!**

Tell me, Diary . . . if you had a human face and bum cheeks, would **YOU** want them blown up on the wall of your local church for everyone to see?

Thought not.

Then why do you think my mother thought it would be a great idea to display **THIS hideousity\*** in the church hall beside my old school!?





\*I could have gone with 'monstrosity' or 'abomination' (both REALLY impressive words that I definitely had to check how to spell) but why use a word that already exists when you can be a Genius Dictionary Re-Writer and make up your own?

I'd rather spend the rest of eternity brushing knots out of my hair than appear in another one of Mum's adverts. And no, this is **NOT** me being dramatic. Somehow she has a habit of capturing all my bad sides at once:



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My forehead that doesn't stop sweating under her bright studio lights



My strained smile that is doing **EVERYTHING IT CAN** to stop the Fart Fairy from rearing her stinky head.

Plus, Snugglebug Boutique sound like they make pyjamas for *babies*. I bet everything's covered in teddy bears and frills. I bet they play lullabies and give you warm milk before you go to bed. I bet they create the *cringiest* sleepovers. I do **NOT** want *my face* plastered all over **THEIR** adverts!



I NEED TO GET FAR AWAY FROM MUM AND HER STUPID SLEEPOVER PLANS. Why didn't she ask *Ryan* to appear in the photos instead? I mean, sure he's fourteen and REALLY annoying, but why do I always have to be the one that's roped into these *ridiculous* photo shoots?

Maybe it's because I'm her favourite child? Ryan is all moody and quiet and lollops\* about everywhere like a bad smell that won't go away. And I'm her perfect, sweet-natured, massively photogenic, super-fashionable, glittery-cheeked, always-on-time daughter who smells of daisies and designer perfume\*\*.



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\*Lollops is officially my new favourite word.

Try saying it out loud three times.

**LOLLOPS LOLLOPS LOLLOPS!!!!**



\*\*Unless the Fart Fairy is around,  
in which case I may carry a slight  
whiff of bottom burp.



DAD'S ABOUT TO DRIVE ME (AND ALL MY SECRET TREASURES) TO SCHOOL. I'm part nervous and part proud that I'm sneaking something into school right under his nose. Cross your fingers pages that he doesn't catch me, Diary. I'll let you know how it goes later . . . OVER AND OUT!