

Chapter 1

I ended my song with my arms stretched up to the sky.

‘... and that is why I’m coming back - to - you.’

‘Thank you. Thank you,’ I said. I kissed my hands and swept them out to my fans. But there was no cheering. No feet were stamping. I had to clap for myself.

‘And now for my next song...’

Bang, bang, bang. Was that the heels of my fans drumming for the next song?

No. It was my dad thumping the door.

‘Have you finished your teeth yet?’

‘No. Not yet.’

‘Well hurry up. What are you doing? You have been in there for so long.’

I grabbed the brush and said into it,
'Thank you, thank you fans. And for my
next song I am going to sing ...'

'Tilly,' yelled Dad, 'if you don't come
out I will have to come in. You need to get
to school, and I need to get to the market.'

'OK, OK. I'm coming.'

'And what is that screeching in there?
Are you pinching the cat?'

My dad will be sorry he said that when
I am a star. I will be rich and he will still be
selling carrots.