

Feely's



Magic Diary



Barbara Catchpole

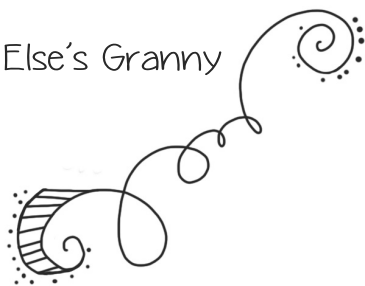




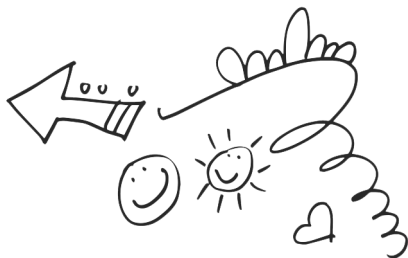
Hi I'm Feely and this is my diary.

There are six Feely books so far. It's best to read them in this order:

- 1 Feely's Magic Diary
- 2 Feely for Prime Minister
- 3 Feely and Her Well-Mad Parents
- 4 Feely Goes to Work
- 5 Feely and Henry VIII
- 6 Feely and Someone Else's Granny



Feely's Magic Diary
by Barbara Catchpole
Illustrated by Jan Dolby



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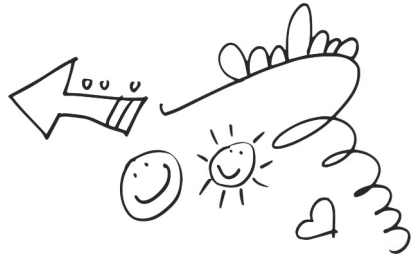


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Hey you!

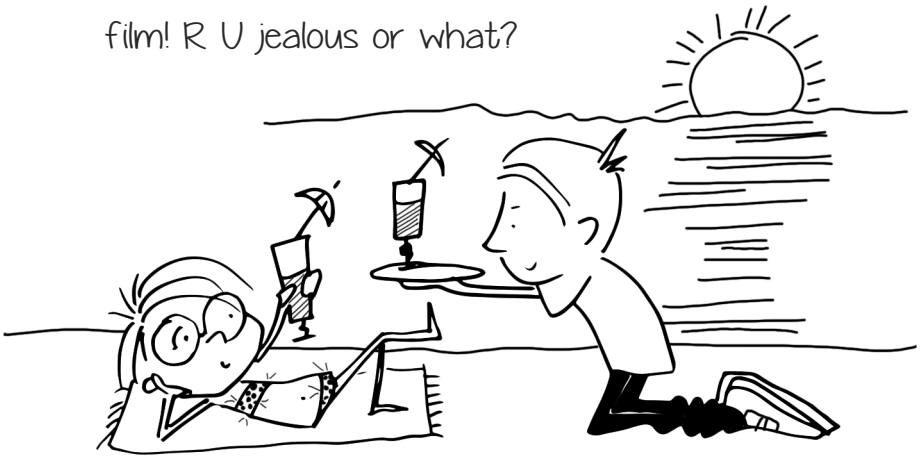
I am so happy you are reading my diary! Did you buy it on ebay? Like people buy Posh Spice's old clothes?



Do you think a lot of people have bought it? (My diary, not Posh Spice's old clothes.)

Perhaps - *perhaps* - you're reading this

and I'm already famous! Perhaps I'm lying on a beach in my fabulous bikini with diamonds on it, waiting to start my next big film! R U jealous or what?



Oliver (my useless big brother) is probably standing next to my sunbed with the ice to put in my drink. (I wish it wasn't him though)

Wow! Hang on - I don't have to be dead for you to buy my diary, do I? Like that

Samuel Peeps guy

from history.

People shouldn't

read diaries of

living people -

that's private.



Am I dead? Not so happy now (sad face). Not really worth writing a diary if you're dead. (OK, I know - you can't write a diary if you're dead. You can't hold the pen and stuff.)



I'm getting well confused. It's probably

because I don't really get time travel. Oliver

says it's because I've got a brain the size of a pea. He says not even a big pea, but one of those tiny little ones you get from France. They have a name. No, not 'peas'.



Oliver says that's what happened to the dinosaurs. They had tiny brains and they froze to death.

Was it because they were too dumb to knit woolly jumpers? Or they couldn't light fires? Or invent central heating?

They ate loads of people in Jurassic
Park though, didn't they, Ollie? In your face!



Anyway. I'm not dead, I'm really quite
clever.

And I'm starting again. So ignore the bit
you just read. Except this bit telling you to
ignore the other bit. Don't ignore that.





About the author

Barbara Catchpole was a teacher for thirty years and enjoyed every minute. She has three sons of her own who were always perfectly behaved and never gave her a second of worry.

Barbara also tells lies.