



CHAPTER 1

My name is Violet Potts.

This story begins on a **BIG** day for me. (At least, I hoped it would be a big day. . .) I was trying to measure how tall I was.

It was April. One whole month since my tenth birthday and I was hoping I had grown a bit since then. It's not that I'm short – I'm one of the tallest girls in class – it's just that I needed to be a few teeny-tiny centimetres **TALLER**.

Have you ever tried measuring yourself on your own? It's not an easy thing to do. I twisted

my head round, trying to read the measuring stick on the wall behind me.

“Yes!” It really looked as if I had grown!

I b..o..u..n..c..e..d around the half of the bedroom that I’m allowed to bounce around. The half that doesn’t belong to my sulky fourteen-year-old sister, Tiffany-the-terrible-teenager. The half that isn’t hung with more mirrors than a fancy hair salon.

“*Line*,” sighed Tiffany, peering into one of the mirrors to examine a **HUGE** pink pimple on the end of her nose. “Don’t you dare cross *The Line*, Violet!”

“The Line” is an old dressing-gown cord which Tiffany stapled to the floor to keep me out of her half of the room. As if I’d want to go over

there anyway! Normally, I'd have listed the top ten million reasons why I have no interest whatsoever in going over to Tiffany's side.

But today was not a day to argue about room sharing. Today, I would have to be *nice*. Super-nice – because I needed Tiffany's help.

“You couldn't just pop over here and double-check *exactly* how tall I am, could you?” I asked nicely. I held out a blue crayon. If I really was as tall as I *hoped* I was, today was about to be the **BIGGEST** and **BEST** day of my whole life!

But Tiffany ignored me and began to squeeze her spot.

“Please!” I begged.

“No,” grunted Tiffany.

“Pretty please!”

“NO!”

This went on for seven and a half minutes. In the end (after I offered to do ten extra washing-up duties, clean our hamster cage six times and give

Tiffany two pounds and ninety-three pence), she agreed to help.

“You’re exactly one point

four metres tall,”

she said, marking

a blue **V** for

Violet against the

measuring stick.

“Are you totally,

totally sure?”



I was bouncing again. “This is **HUGE** news!”

I bounced over to one of Tiffany’s million-trillion mirrors.

“*Line*,” she squealed, but I ignored her and took a good look at myself. I looked pretty much the same as usual. The same short brown hair. Same skinny arms and freckly nose... But I *was* a little taller. Now I looked closely, I could **DEFINITELY** see it. My favourite dark purple dungarees were short above my ankles now.

“So you’ve grown. What’s the big deal?” sighed Tiffany.

Sisters can be so stupid sometimes!

“The big deal is exactly that!” I said. “I am **BIG** at last. I am one point four metres tall. That means I am legally, lawfully, totally tall

enough to ride on **PLUNGER!**”

“Plunger?” sniffed Tiffany. “Not that stupid roller coaster thing?”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I love scary theme-park rides. The bigger and scarier the better.

“**PLUNGER!** is NOT *stupid!*” I fumed. “**PLUNGER!** is awesome! **PLUNGER!** is the **BIGGEST**, **FASTEST**, most **FEARSOME** roller-coaster ride in the whole country!”

“Whatever!” Tiffany flopped back on to her bed. “I don’t know why you’re so excited. You’ll never get to go on it anyway.”

But that’s where Tiffany was wrong. Dad had promised he would take me, just as soon as I was tall enough.