

The
Super-secret Diary
of
HOLLY
HOPKINSON



CHARLIE P. BROOKS
and **KATY RIDDELL**



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Charlie Brooks and Katy Riddell assert the moral right to be identified
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CHARACTERS

HOLLY
HOPKINSON



← VINNIE

DAD



← AUNT
ELECTRA



HAROLD



MUM



HARMONY



DAFFODIL



GRANDPA

PROLOGUE



THIS IS VOLUME III OF HOLLY HOPKINSON'S
OFFICIAL MEMOIRS - TRYING
TO RECORD THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
MY DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY.

We are still macarooned* in the middle of flipping nowhere (Grandpa's farmyard near Lower Goring) since Dad lost his job in London, and my parents kidnapped me and my **DOOFUS** brother and sister.

I am **OFFICIALLY** waiting for social services and a TV camera unit to come and find me, but if they're anything like the drivers from the Amazon, I'd better not hold my breath any time soon.

* **MACAROONED** – stuck in a remote place somewhere that looks a bit like a biscuit.

The village has actually become quite famous since Dad put his excessive screen-time TV watching to good use and turned our pub, the Chequers, into a bistro eating experience. But not always for the right reasons.

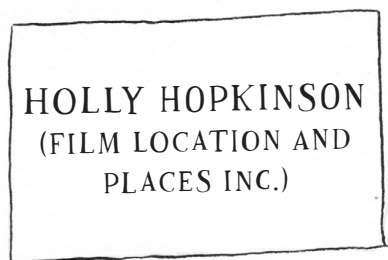
We have my swaying Aunt Electra from Bohemia,
thank you very
MUCH.

She is now OFFICIALLY general manager, generally managing to cause trouble. And, with both Dad and Aunt Electra in charge of the mismanagement, it's losing money faster than all of Grandpa's horses.

So Dad has now agreed to stop being a 'doofus' celebrity chef, but Aunt Electra is still putting spanners in the works of the Village Cultural Events Organising Committee (VCEOC).

Although I am officially attending the Lower Goring village school, I have a double-whopper full plate in my lap when it comes to keeping my family on the rails, as they say in the **WILD WEST**.

My current RESPONSIBILITIES are running



But I am looking
to expire* myself.

So my main holiday job at the moment is managing The Cool, the traumatic band in which my GOOFY brother, Harold, is lead singer and drummer. Things have not gone smoothly for The Cool – even with the assistance of my sister, Harmony, who writes tragic songs for Harold and Stickly, the other guitarist.

* EXPIRE – go up in a large puff
of smoke.



Harmony is still as keen as mustard on protesting with social-media friends she's never met, when she can find something suitable to get outraged about that doesn't get in the way of her being boggle-eyed in love with Stickly, or happen when it's raining.

My mum, Sally Hopkinson, is now a **FAMOUS PR GURU** who computes* to London spit-spot fashion. She's also a bit of a handful when she gets the wind between her knees. Particularly when she's orbiting round Mrs Smartside on the Village Cultural Events Organising Committee and going chin to chin with Mrs Chichester, Chipping Topley's worst and only interior designer (and mother of my **OFFICIAL** countryside best friend, Daffodil).

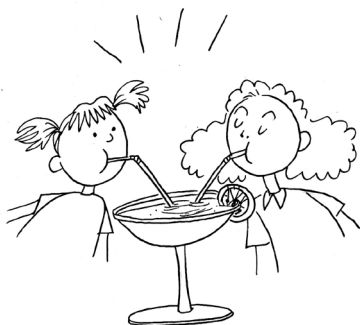
Dad is not a big fan of Mrs Chichester's shop. He says, 'Just shoot me if I ever buy a scented cushion off that ghastly woman.'

Pardon my French.

* **COMPUTES** – think hard on a train.

Aleeshaa is my **OFFICIAL** London best friend, but she hasn't been a very good one since my parents **KIDNAPPED** me to the countryside; but she is dead cool, so I'm giving her another chance.

Secretly – and obviously I don't tell Daffodil this – I want to be a cosmopolitan like Aleeshaa and drink cocktails with cranberry and lime juice in them.



And I've forgiven her for not answering any of my messages because she keeps losing her phone.

My dad's father, Grandpa, is **RATHER GOOD FUN**. The one thing, however, which is a bit fishy about Grandpa is that he keeps the attic locked and says a headless ghost called Mabel lives up there who is very cross. So we all know he's just making that up – but we're not sure why.



Mum says he's a **DARK HORSE**, which is, quite frankly, ridiculous. I think she means he 'has' a dark horse, which is true – Le Prince.

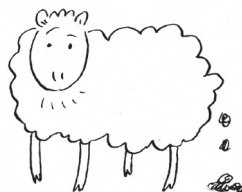
Grandpa is pretty cool about us **INVADING** his farmyard to live in, possibly because all he really cares about is watching horse racing on TV. I am now his horse-racing manager since I appointed myself. His other horse is Declan, who has personality issues that my **OFFICIAL** animal best friend Vinnie and I need to sort out.



Vinnie is also in line to be one of my **OFFICIAL** other best friends if he plays his cards right. He's the grandson of Vera, who comes from the north. Vera and Grandpa are dating (although Dad says they're both too out of date to be dating). She mainly washes and irons Grandpa's underpants and bakes cakes that Dad says could have wiped out the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Vinnie is **NOT** what you would call an academic type. But he **CAN** talk to animals, which is **COOLENDO**, as they say in Azerbaijan.

You should know that Grandpa's farmyard is basically an open-air bog (that's a bathroom with no bath in it if you're an American historian). There are animals wandering around, doing stuff whenever they feel like it.



**OFFICIAL NEWS ONLY FOR
PEOPLE FROM ABROAD -**

in case you were away when Volumes I and II were finally found in the biscuit tin, you won't know that I have special **MAGIC POWERS** thanks to the **MAGIC POCKET WATCH** that dotty Aunt Electra gave me when I was ten years old.

It's been handed down the female side of the Hopkinson family since some bloke called Thomas Mudge got **BOGGLE EYES** with our ancestor Ethel in 1760.



She was playing the piano for George III at Windsor Castle every night – because that was her job, OK – but he was fed up with listening to Handel’s stuff. So she hypnotised the Master of the King’s Music and played some modern music from New Orleans. And, even though it was American and they were **REVOLTING***, it cheered the king and Queen Charlotte up no end.

So that’s how it all started. If I swing my **MAGIC POCKET WATCH** in front of someone’s nose, backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards, and repeat:

* **REVOLTING** – a bit smelly and not very good at English.

'SPIRO, SPERO, SQUIGGLEOUS SCOTCH,
CAST YOUR EYES WHITHER MY WATCH.'

I can hypnotise adults and get them to do ANYTHING I flipping well want them to. EXCEPT it isn't quite that straightforward. Because sometimes what I intend to happen doesn't, if you get my drift.

Aunt Electra keeps trying to explain it to me – and bangs on about 'it must be for good or fun . . . or there will be unintended consequences' (whatever they are when they're at home, not minding their own beeswax).

BUT THE FACT REMAINS –

SOMETIMES IT

GOES WRONG.

