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THE WONDROUS PRUNE



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<To come>

CHAPTER 1

Has something completely astounding and spectacular but also totally surprising ever happened to you? My name is Prune Melinda Robinson. I'm eleven years old, and something like that has just happened to me. Something so extraordinary, so out of this world, I'm still amazed by it now! And I bet you will be too.

I'll never forget the day my life changed forever ...

It all started one Sunday. It was a perfectly ordinary day, well, so I thought: I ate my lunch as usual and went back upstairs to my room. But then, as I went and sat down on my bed, I was suddenly surrounded by the most amazing colours all bunched together like clouds.

Magenta, coral, teal, lavender, and so many shades of yellow – the colour of sweet lemonade, sunflowers and

cheese on toast – plus reds, which were redder than the tastiest strawberries and my mama’s favourite lipstick. Not only that, but amongst the colour clouds were the greenest greens and the brownest browns, the pinkest pinks and blues the colour of lagoons, and not forgetting my favourite colour of all, orange, which shone as beautiful as a sunrise.

I pinched myself and rubbed my eyes to make sure I wasn’t dreaming because it was as if I’d been transported to the most magnificent and enchanting place, my bedroom feeling like a forest of endless bloom. Though, when I reached out to touch the colours, I couldn’t feel a thing.

The colours were all so bright – brighter than the sky and even brighter than the moon when it gets all big and fat and sits outside your window like it wants to move in.

They were brighter than my grandpa’s smile, and no one had a smile quite as bright as Poppa B. Well, no one except Grandma Jean. Her smile was more brilliant than the ruby earrings she liked to wear, a gift from Poppa after they got married. She wore them to his funeral – her earrings and her smile the only things that were cheerful on that bleak November day.

Some people didn’t get why my grandma looked so happy when they were crying and wailing, even those that didn’t know my poppa but had only turned up because they’d heard Mama was making her famous

potato salad for the wake. That's what my brother Jesse told me anyway.

But Grandma Jean said she had already cried all the tears she had when Poppa first got sick, and when the cancer began to make him weaker and smaller until it finally took away that beautiful bright smile of his. So when he died, Grandma made sure smiling was all she did because even though she was sad, most of all she was just grateful that Poppa wasn't suffering any more.

And now Grandma's gone too. She died two and a half months ago and I've been missing her heaps. Sometimes I get so sad that it feels like I have a shattered plate where my heart should be that no amount of superglue can put back together.

There was so much already that had changed in my life before the bizarre events of that day, and trying to get used to a world without Grandma had been the biggest challenge of all. On top of all this upheaval, I was about to start a new school the next day, *and* we'd just moved to a new house. Well, it was actually the house that had belonged to Grandma and Poppa Bin a town called Delmere. A place where people say nothing interesting ever happens.

That was until that Sunday, when *everything* changed.