

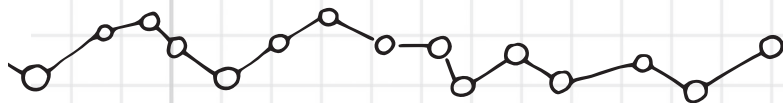
SUNDAY

This is me - Dot!

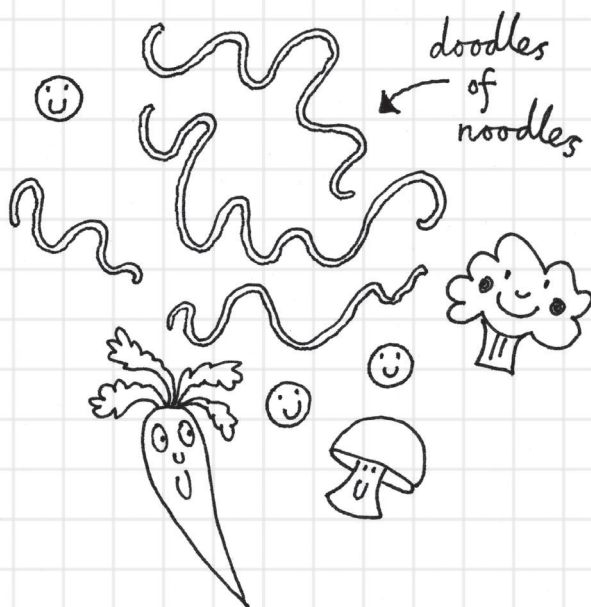


I live with Mum, the twins (my
brother and sister, Alf and Maisy)
and my **crazy** dog, McClusky.





It's *noodles* for tea, which is my
absolute favourite, but I can hardly
concentrate ...



because I am too *utterly totally*
incredibly **MASSIVELY** excited ...



My birthday is in exactly TWO WEEKS! And tonight I'm making my **party invitations**.



The twins' birthday is in August and for their last party we had a picnic in the park with ice lollies and a machine that **blows bubbles**.




We don't know when McClusky's birthday is because he's a rescue dog,



so each year
he has THREE
birthday parties
(just in
case he didn't
have enough
special celebrations
before he became
part of our
family).





But when it comes to MY party I am *completely* in the dark. Mum refuses to tell me anything about what she is planning.

Even when I say, “**Please, please, PLEASE** – just give me **ONE** tiny clue!” she does the zip-the-lips gesture.



“My lips are sealed,” she says.

