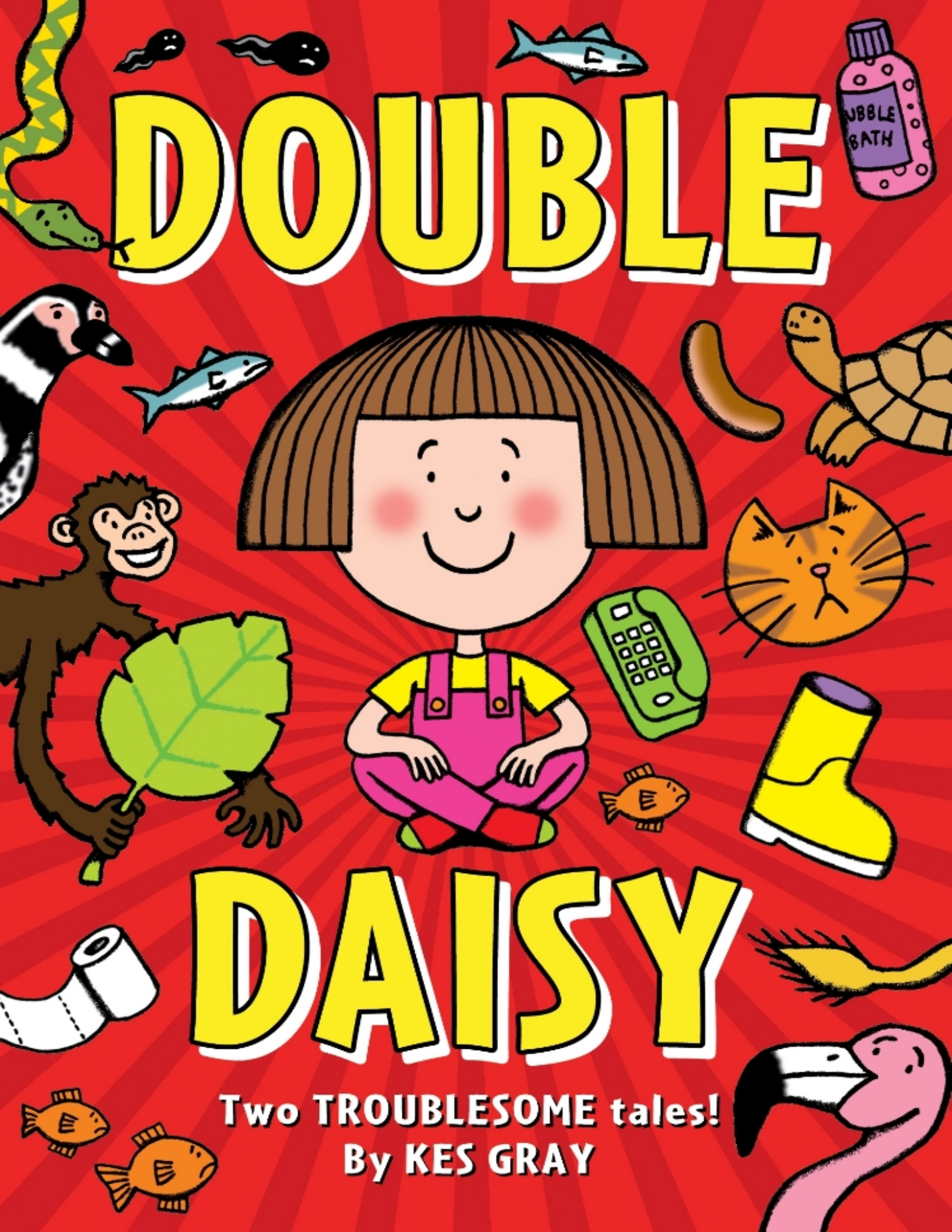


# DOUBLE



# DAISY

Two TROUBLESOME tales!  
By KES GRAY



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## **About the Book**

### DAISY AND THE TROUBLE WITH LIFE:

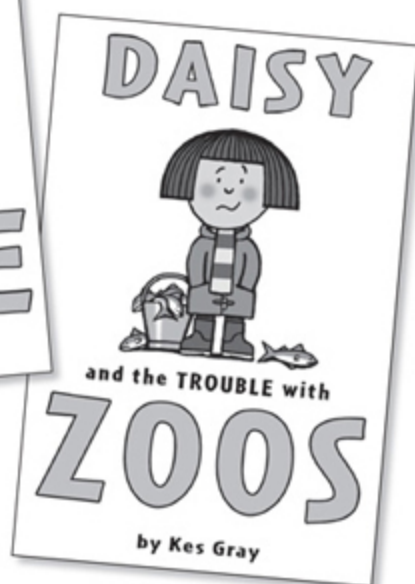
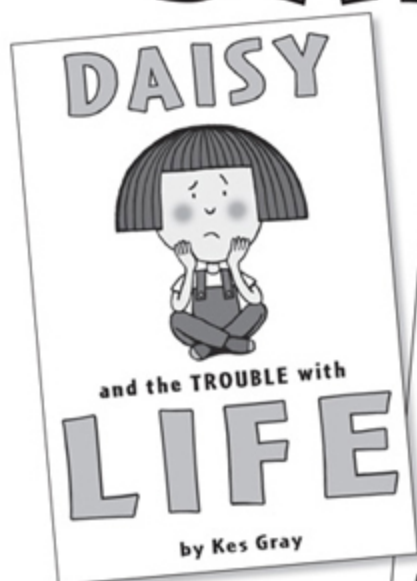
Daisy's been grounded! She's lucky she's even been allowed out of her bedroom after being so naughty. Trouble is, sometimes life is SOOOOOO unfair . . .

### DAISY AND THE TROUBLE WITH ZOOS:

Daisy LOVES surprises - like a trip to the ZOO! Who'd have guessed a rhino could do SOOOOO much wee? Who'd have imagined an elephant tooth was THAT heavy! Trouble is, the biggest surprise is yet to come . . .

Winner of the Red House Children's Book Award

# DOUBLE DAISY



RHCP DIGITAL

# DAISY



and the **TROUBLE** with

# LIFE

by **Kes Gray**

**RHCP DIGITAL**

For Natascha







# CHAPTER 1

The **trouble with life** is it's sooooooooooooooooooooo not fair.

My mum says that sometimes life is like that, and that I should take this opportunity to think about things.

It's all right for her. She's not the one having to sit here trying to think about things to think about.

Thinking can be really hard when you're my age. Especially when you're grounded.

Excuse me a minute! . . . I need to go somewhere!!

## CHAPTER 2

The **trouble with being grounded** is it's sooooooooooooo boring.



You absolutely can't go anywhere at all. There's absolutely nothing to do and absolutely no one to play with. Mum says I'm lucky that she's even allowed me downstairs into the lounge after what I've done. She says that most mums would have sent me to my room for about a hundred years after what I've done.

I bet Gabby's mum wouldn't. My best friend Gabby never gets grounded. Even when she drew on her lounge wallpaper with felt-tips, Gabby didn't get grounded.

That's the **trouble with mums**.



You can't swap them for other mums when you need to. Sorry - I need to go somewhere again!...

## CHAPTER 3

I don't know why it's called "grounded" anyway. If you ask me, if someone says you're grounded, then it should mean you have to stay on the ground. No hopping and jumping, flying or parachuting. That's what grounded should mean: staying on the ground. Whether it's inside ground or outside ground, it shouldn't make any difference. As long as you're on the ground you should be OK.

Both my trainers were on the ground in the hallway this morning when Gabby called for me. Gabby is my secret sister. We're in a secret club - in fact it's so secret, only me and her are in it. Every Saturday we take it in turns to be club leader and think of things to do. Last week it was my turn to choose, so we dug a mud trap in my back garden. Then we magicked Tiptoes, the cat from next door, into a lion and tried to get him to fall into our trap. But he wouldn't. He just stayed on Mrs Pike's wall and refused to come down. That's the **trouble with cats**.



They only ever want to do cat things, not lion things.

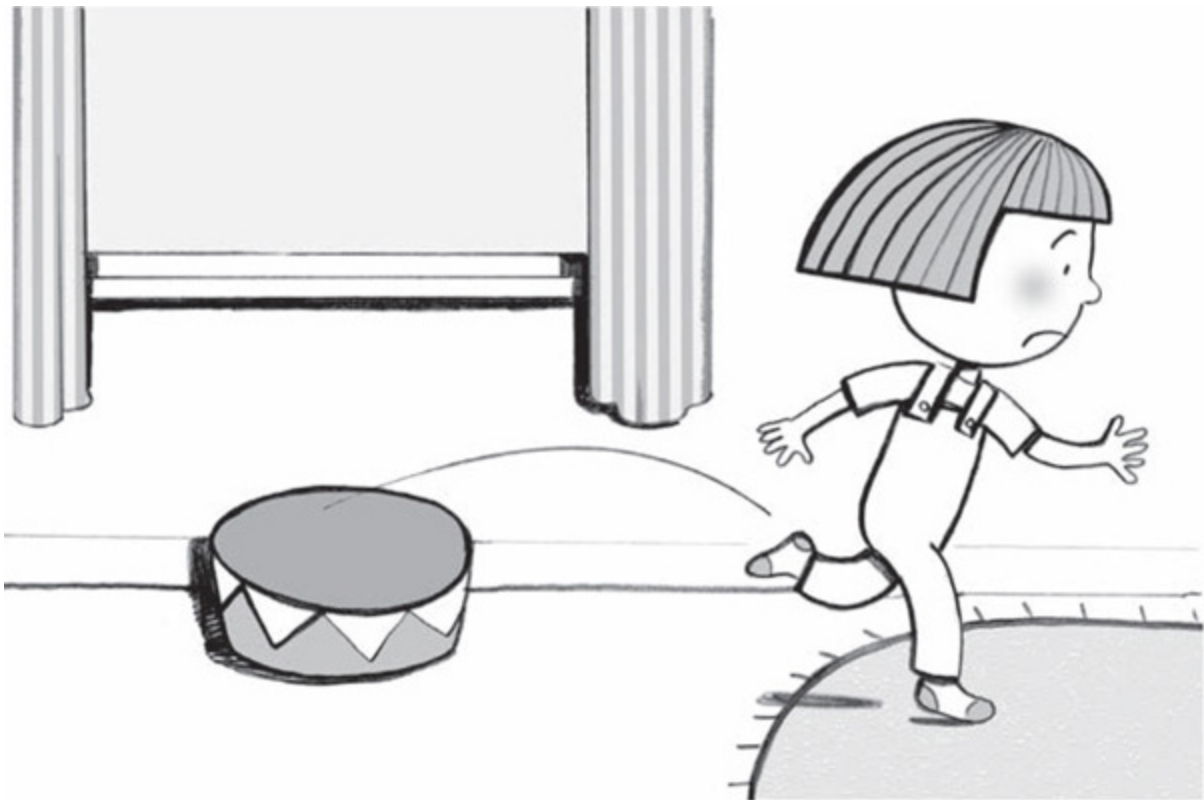
In the end we had to bang him down with a spade. Gabby hit the wall with the spade handle and I kicked the wall with my trainers. Tiptoes jumped down then all right. He jumped down off the wall on the very first bang. Only not into my garden, into Mrs Pike's. He never comes into our

garden any more. In fact I didn't see him on the wall for five days after that.

Gabby says he must have seen us making the mud trap, and it would have been better if we'd magicked him into a hippopotamus. Hippopotamuses love mud.

Gabby's definitely right, so that's what we were going to try today. A better spell and a bigger trap. Except we can't now, because I'm not allowed out to play. Thanks to Mum.

Excuse me a minute. I need to go somewhere again!...



## CHAPTER 4

When Gabby called for me this morning, I was dressed and ready and everything. I saw her walking up the path from the lounge window.

She'd brought her own spade to help dig the trap with, a stick for stirring the mud and hopefully some words that rhymed with "hippopotamus". That's the **trouble with writing magic spells**. There are hardly any words that rhyme with "hippopotamus".





I promised my mum I would stay grounded on the ground in the back garden with Gabby. I promised I wouldn't lift my feet up off the grass or anything, apart from when I needed to put my foot on the spade, but she said, "Stop right there! Sorry, Gabby. Not today, Gabby. Daisy's grounded. Daisy did something extreeeeemely naughty yesterday and she'll be staying indoors today. I'm sorry to spoil your fun, but it's important that Daisy does some long hard thinking today. She needs to think long and hard

about the naughty thing that she did yesterday. And most importantly she needs to learn her lesson.”

How poo is that! Uh-oh! I need to go somewhere again...!





## CHAPTER 5

### The **trouble with long hard thinking**



or even **short hard thinking** is it makes your eyebrows ache.



Especially if you've spent all week trying to think of words that rhyme with "hippopotamus".

Whippo-plop-a-bus, zippy-what-a-fuss, kipper-platypus, drippo-spottiness ... I've tried absolutely everything. But none of them work.

That's the **trouble with magic spells**: if they don't rhyme properly the magic doesn't work properly either.



Anyway, I've given up thinking about hippopotamuses now. What's the point of having a magic spell that rhymes really well with hippopotamus if you can't use it?

I'm NOT allowed out to play with Gabby today, so we CAN'T dig a bigger mud trap and we CAN'T turn Tiptoes into a hippopotamus. Thanks to MUM, Gabby and me can't do any secret club things AT ALL today. So THAT'S THAT!

My mum says if I keep frowning and the wind changes, my face will stay that way. Well, she should have thought of that before she grounded me. It's totally her fault I can't go out to play with Gabby and it's totally her fault I'm having to frown so much.

I mean, just think. If it had been windy this morning when I opened the front door, my face might have turned into the worst frowning face in the world.

For ever!

And who would have been to blame?

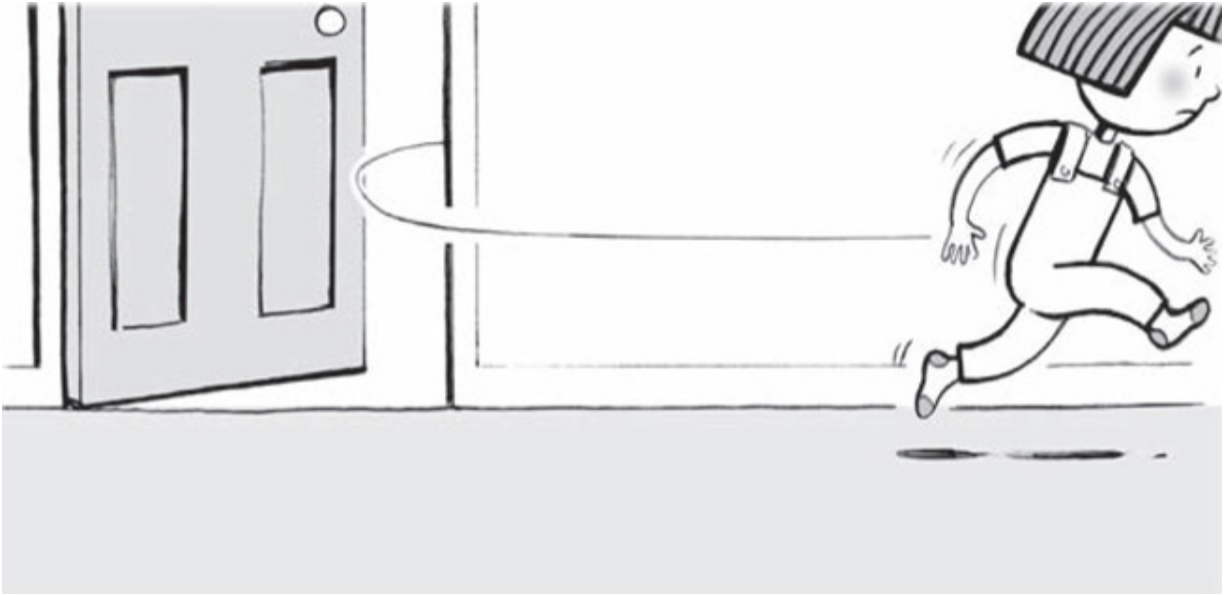
It wouldn't have been me.

It wouldn't have been Gabby.

It would have been Mum! It would have been totally all Mum's fault.

And our front door's.

OOH dear ... I need to go somewhere again. Back in a minute!



## CHAPTER 6

The **trouble with our front door** is it sticks.



You have to pull it really hard to open it. I pulled it really hard when Gabby called for me this morning. I pulled it so hard I nearly squashed myself against the wall. Mum thought it was really funny. So did Gabby. But they weren't the ones who got squashed. How would they like to be grounded and squashed at the same time?

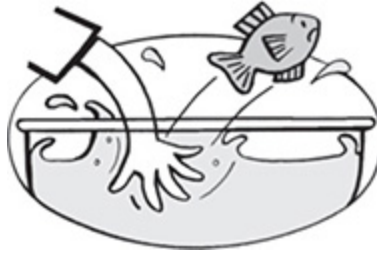
The **trouble with being squashed by a door** is it makes you gulp.



And it makes your eyes bulge. Gabby said I looked like a goldfish. Mum said she should take a photo of me and send it to Freddy. Freddy is my goldfish. Was my goldfish. Kind of still is my goldfish. But we had to give him away. We gave him to Mrs Pike to look after. Mrs Pike is the lady next door. She's got a garden pond. That's where Freddy lives now.

I didn't want to give Freddy away. I wanted to keep him and teach him to talk, but the trouble was, he kept jumping out of his bowl.

The **trouble with jumping out of your bowl** when you're a goldfish is you end up on the carpet.



The **trouble with carpets** is they're nowhere near wet enough places for goldfish to live.



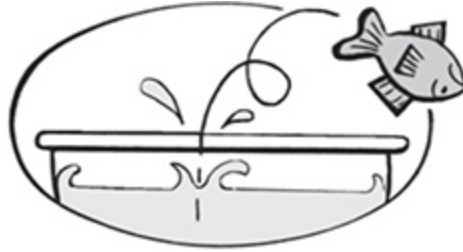
Flip knows why Freddy kept jumping out. Mum said it was because I kept feeding him live ants. She reckoned Freddy must have got live ants in his pants and all that wriggling must have made him want to keep jumping out of his bowl.

Trouble is, goldfish don't wear pants.

I think Freddy kept jumping out of his bowl because he thought he was a dolphin. When he was living in the sea before he came to our house, he must have met some dolphins who showed him how to do dolphin tricks.

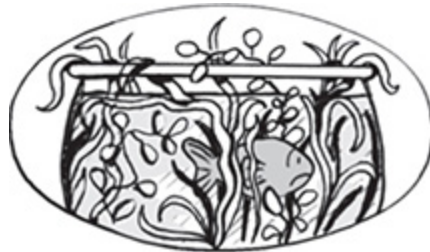
If I was a goldfish, I'd much rather be a dolphin because dolphins are by far the best fish around. Dolphins know how to stand on their tails without sinking, and they can balance balls on their nose and even jump through hoops. Without ever landing on a carpet.

Freddies can't. That's **the trouble with goldfish who'd rather be dolphins**. They can't do tricks without falling out of their bowl.



Even if you've got quite a big bowl with weed and gravel in and everything.

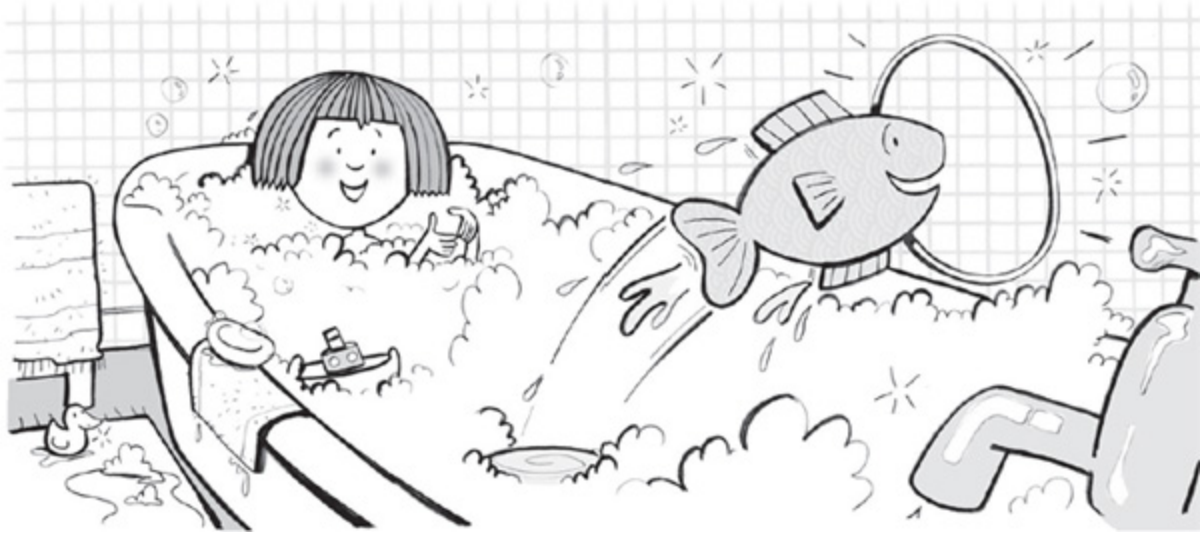
The **trouble with weed and gravel and everything** is you have to keep it clean. Otherwise the water in your goldfish bowl goes green.



We came back from holiday once and you could hardly see Freddy. Mum said his water looked like pea soup, which is the worst kind of soup in the world.

Mum said the suitcases would have to wait, and before we'd even unpacked she put Freddy in a saucepan of clean water and then wiped all the green stuff off his bowl with a cloth.

I wanted to have a bath with Freddy because it would be much more fun for him than a saucepan, but Mum wouldn't let me. Which isn't fair because I was really dirty after our holiday and really really needed a bath with Freddy.



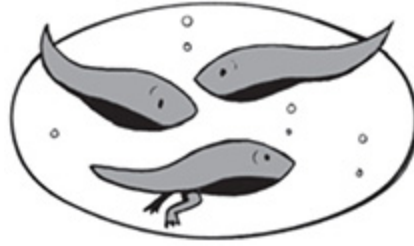
If you have baths with goldfish, you can make hoops with your fingers for them to jump through and teach them tricks that even dolphins don't know!

But Mum said NO. Under NO circumstances am I allowed any alive fish in the bath with me at any time. Not Freddy. Not any goldfish. Not even a very small tadpole. Oo-er ... Sorry - I just need to go somewhere again!...



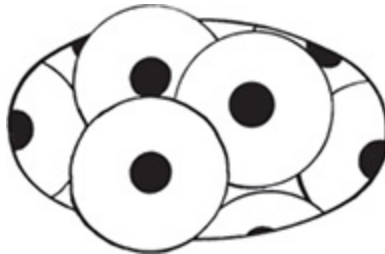
## CHAPTER 7

The **trouble with tadpoles** is mine never hatched.



The ones at school did. They were in a big jar on the window ledge in Mrs Donovan's class and they hatched all right. And grew legs. And ate bacon.

Mine didn't. The ones in my bucket just stayed like dots. Mum says I shouldn't have put the ham and live ants in until they'd hatched. But I thought if they saw the ham and live ants, they would get hungry and then they would want to hatch quicker. But the ham went mouldy and the ants crawled out. Then the water went smelly. And the dots just stayed like dots. That's the **trouble with frogspawn dots**. Sometimes they don't know what they're meant to do when you put them in a bucket.



The **trouble with buckets** is the more you fill them, the heavier they get.





When buckets are really heavy, you can hardly carry them at all. Heavy buckets do things they're not meant to do. Which isn't your fault. One day I was helping my mum clean the car and I filled our big red bucket with soapy water. Actually I put the water in first with a hose and then I put some bubble bath in afterwards.

Mum didn't know I was using bubble bath. She thought I was using normal car bath. But I thought the suds would be better if I used bubble bath. And they were. But the **trouble with suds** is they get really sudsy and grow and grow until all you can see is suds, and you can't see how much water is in the bucket.



Which isn't your fault. So when you try to lift the bucket and pour it on the car, the water goes the wrong way and spills all over you. Which isn't your fault either. It's the suds' fault. My mum said it wasn't the suds' fault at all. It was my fault, and if I ever use bubble bath on the car again, she will make me pay for some new bubbles out of my pocket money. Which isn't fair or my fault.

The **trouble with pocket money** is Mum never gives me enough.