

☺ *Elsie presents* ☺

## *Highlands's glory*

**Hello.** I'm *Elsie may* ♥ and I live in Scotland in a little village. I have decided to tell you about my life. Well this bit anyway. This is the bit where my life changes from normal to confusing. I called the book highlands glory because, well, you'll find out later on but it's all about my ludicrous life. Ok so I haven't got anything to say *now* but I will soon. I went back to school yesterday and now I'm in year 9!

So first things first a little bit about me.

1. I am 14 years old (oldest in my year)
2. I have blue eyes and strawberry blond hair
3. I have 2 *bff's* (Marie and Alice)

*Ok over to the story about me and written by me but the final version was done by a person called Heidi (pronounced hi-de)*

Oh grate there's a whole page I have to fill in first...hang on...

Right so

Marie: big (I mean big) brown eyes, Indian, gorgeous silky dark brown hair.

Alice: tiny, strawberry blond hair, emerald green eyes, as pale as a ghost (she gets teased about this a lot).

Dad: (also known as "Garry" to mum) works as a journalist for the village paper (its only ever 10 pages long).

Mum: (also known as “Maddie” to dad) works in a dress shop sewing together wedding dresses and other pretty dresses.

Wilma: second eldest at the grand old age of 10. A complete tomboy constantly covered in mud. Grey eyes and mousy brown hair.

Stella: second youngest aged 7 so clever and very sweet. Golden blond hair and sapphire blue eyes.

Lucy: youngest aged 4 very sweet and pretty. White blond hair and pale blue eyes.

Ok that’s it. YES I’m at the end of the page! Heidi would you kindly take over?

*Yes I will.*

Awesome. See yeah! 😊

## Chapter 1 snowdrops and flu

Elsie may snow yawned as she sat listening to Mr. Lemon ramble on about “the importance of using less fuel in cars is blah blah blah...” and “did you know that blah blah blah...”. Every now and again Elsie would ever so slightly tip her head forwards then jolt it back up again. She didn’t feel like school today. It was November, nearly Christmas and yet she was still in R.E with Mr. Lemon mumbling in her ear. She felt cold, shivery and tired. Alice and Marie, her two best friends, were answering most of the questions; normally Elsie was with them, hand in the air aching from staying up so long.

“Achoo!” Elsie sneezed for the 20<sup>th</sup> time since lunch. She was coming out of R.E. the problem with living in the Scottish highlands at Christmas was the snow was bitterly cold and waist deep some times. Once, Elsie remembered it was up to her shoulder but she was 4 then. “Elsie. Are you ok? You look awful. Your nose is so red.” Marie asked looking at her curiously with her big brown eyes.

“Honestly Elsie you look shattered, and your shaking.” she reached out

and touched Elsie's forehead then immediately pulled away shrieking "Elsie your on fire! I think I'm getting blisters. Gosh, you're scorching! Were taking you to Miss Green." she demanded. She and Alice hauled Elsie back away from maths to reception

just minutes later Elsie was in the medical room under a blanket coughing and sneezing with Miss Green on the phone to her dad who had quit his job of being the local postman 3 days ago when his boss asked him to start work at 5 not 6.

Miss Green: "yes hello Mr. Snow. I'm afraid that Elsie has symptoms of the flu so will need to go home as soon as possible...no I'm sorry but she has it rather bad this year...yes I understand... ok she's in the medical room waiting for you...ill tell her that...of course...well she only has 4 days left anyway and it is the last week so she's not missing much apart from the last day where we will be doing fun things. Oh and the winter disco which she has missed a lot in the past so won't be too happy about...ok thank you very much Mr. Snow... 10 minutes yes I will tell her.bye...bye."

She turned to Elsie and smiled "your dad will be here in 10 minutes and he said to tell you not to worry but he has something to tell you when you get home." and with that she left the room. Elsie felt sad; the problem was this happened last year and the year before that and all the years from when she was in year 3. She always got the flu in the last week meaning she misses nearly every winter disco and she misses the last day. Always on the last day they either bring in a DVD to watch or music to listen to and that sort of thing and it's a tutor day no lessons. In primary you had toys and comics and just lay round in the classroom chatting, playing top trumps or whatever you wanted.

"Right Elsie that's the 7<sup>th</sup> time you have had the flu; and you always get better in around 3-5 days." said her dad when they got home and she was sitting on the sofa "Pity you might miss the disco again but that can't be helped. Anyway as Miss Green hopefully told you I have something to say. Now, well do you like it here?" he asked "Em meaning..." Elsie said feeling very cold and confused.

“Meaning” her dad replied “how would you feel if we moved to London. Just for a year. I’ve got a job there which means I have to go and live there until next Christmas and I don’t want to go on my own so I was wondering if you would like to join me” he looked worried.

Elsie smiled. She had always wanted to go and live in London. It was so quiet in the little village she would love to hear the sound of cars go past and the general buzz that you always hear in London. She would love to go to a bigger school; one where the years are more than 10 people and the building itself is big, bigger than hers with box sized classrooms. More than anything London was filled with buildings, hopefully not a boring tree in sight and lots of colourful shops and things to do. It was half a dream come true, the whole dream was to live in New York where there were buildings 100 feet tall and rising. “Yes yes yes” she said with as much energy as she had.

But then Elsie remembered Alice and Marie. “Oh well it’s only a year” she thought. But then thinking about it a year seemed a VERY long time to be away. Well it was actually less than a year because they were leaving in January and coming back in December just in time for Christmas. “Christmas comes first and I need to get Alice and Marie a present” was Elsie’s final thought on the subject before there was a knock on the door.