

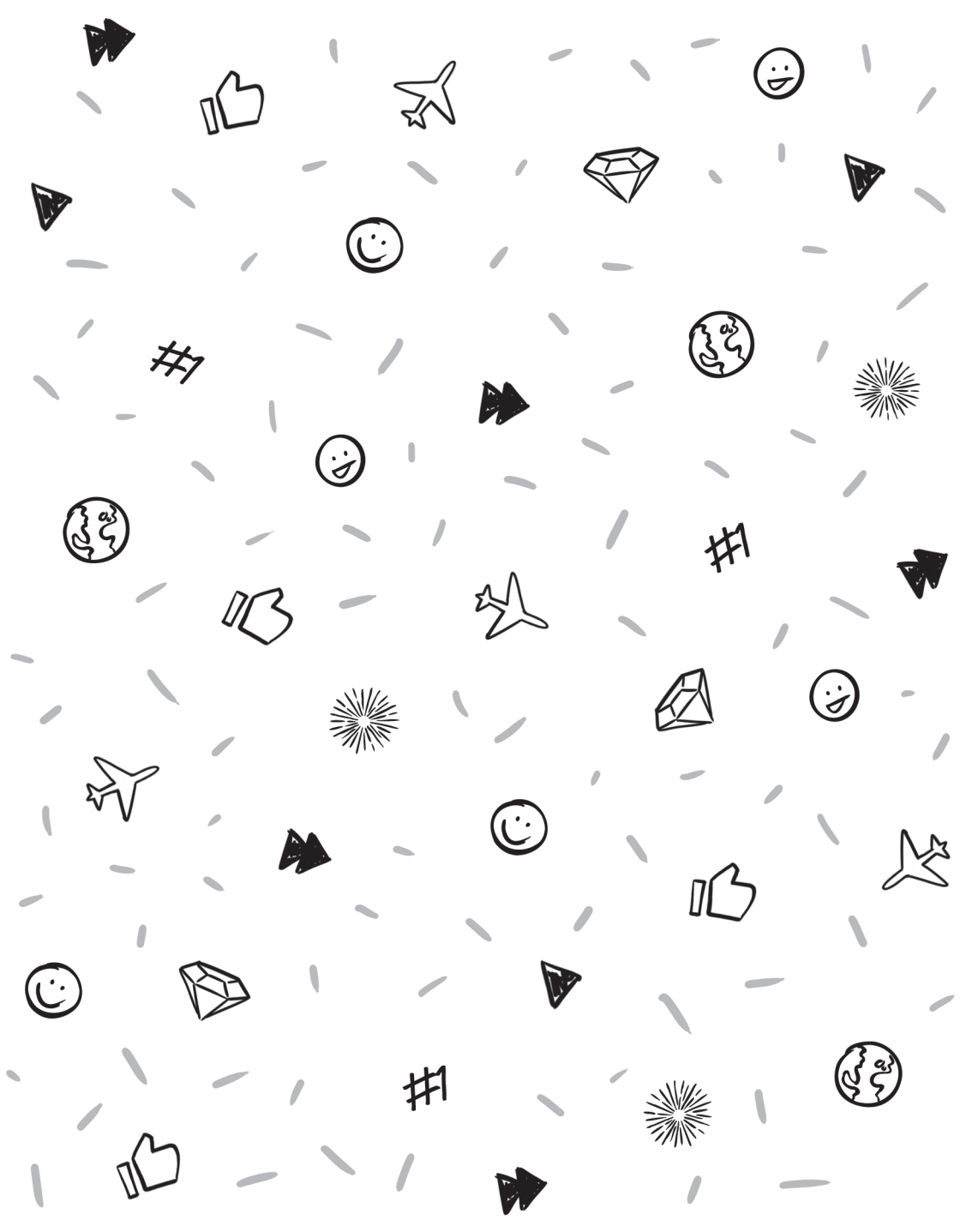
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**Bonus
Chapter**

Lola
IN NEW YORK

#THE DIAMOND DAZZLER

An Omnibus Book from Scholastic Australia



Bonus Chapter

#FirstClassTicketToAdventure

‘This way please,’ says a flight attendant with a sunbeam smile and golden hair to match. After an endless morning at the airport where Ryan got his shoelace stuck in the travelator ... twice, and we almost checked Vee in with the luggage during an intense game of hide and seek, we are finally boarding the plane. The attendant is directing two lines of people onto the aircraft; the line to the right



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is headed somewhere called **economy**, while the left line is for **first class** passengers. I'm wondering what the difference is when Vee and I reach the door of the plane and peer left.

Wow.

My heart skips a beat. Is this aeroplane paradise? I see big, comfy chairs that recline all the way back like beds, and stacks upon stacks of fluffy pillows and blankets. Each seat has its own mega-sized movie screen and there are people walking around with trays of orange juice. Now **this** is the place to be. I look to economy and see my family making their way through the aisles and boy, have they got it all wrong. Why would they choose to sit there? The chairs seem so small and boring.

Where's the **pizzazz**?

I link my arm with Vee's and say, 'Come on,

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I think first class is calling our names.'

'You can hear it too?' she asks. 'I thought it was just me who heard the voices.'

We slip into two empty chairs at the back and play with the seat controls until we're pretty much horizontal and sprawled out in absolute comfort. This is what Stampy must feel like when he spends hours floating around the pool on his inflatable watermelon slice ... until he pops it with his claws, that is.



We start to build the ultimate pillow fort as the sunshiny flight attendant walks past and asks, 'Can I get you two ladies any drinks or snacks before take-off?'

'I'd hate to be a bother,' I say, though my tummy is rumbling.

'No bother at all,' she says with a warm smile.

'In that case,' I take a deep breath, 'we'll take some



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pulp-free orange juices, easy on the ice. Also, two, no three – actually an **entire** tray of cookies. The soft kind please, none of that crunchy stuff. I may only be ten years old, but I know the difference.’ She gives me another friendly smile and disappears down the aisle, returning seconds later with our snacks.

To say that the heated tray of cookies is big would be an understatement. Vee and I start gobbling down our cookies like we’re in some kind of cookie-gobbling race. The chocolate chips are all gooey and melted, the sign of a perfect cookie. Vee smears chocolate above her upper lip in the shape of a curly moustache and says, ‘If only I could grow one of these. I think I could really pull it off.’

We giggle and clang our juice glasses together. This is living.

That’s when I feel a hand grip me on the shoulder.

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I turn back to see the unimpressed face of an economy passenger.

Fudgesticks.

It's Mum, aka the killer of fun, and she's yanking us away from the glory of first class and into the harsh reality of economy. I tried to tell her that after spending three-and-a-half minutes in first class, a girl becomes used to a certain lifestyle, but she ignored me and rambled on about *not running off* again and how *no one should eat that many cookies at once*.

So now we're stuck in economy with Ryan, while Mum and Dad sit in the row behind us. My eyes rest on Ryan who is currently in the window seat.



The view will be completely wasted on a knuckle-brain like him. Plus, Vee and I planned to play the game where you liken fluffy clouds to different



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shapes, and I've been hoping to spot a unicorn cloud. Just then, an idea puffs into my head. 'Ah, I'm **soooo** glad the aisle seat was still available,' I say loud enough for Ryan to hear. 'Definitely the best seat in the whole row if you ask me.'



'I've heard that,' Vee adds from the middle seat.



'What do you mean?' Ryan asks.

'Prime position to stretch my legs, plenty of arm room,' I reach out my arm and wiggle it around in the aisle to demonstrate, 'and the **best** access to all the food and drink carts that come by. Did I win the seat lottery or what?'

Ryan scrunches his face, and I can see his brain ticking over. 'But wait! I was sitting there first!' he says. 'You have the window seat, Lola. I was just testing it out for you. Seems fine.'

'Oh,' I say, making sure to plaster my disappointment

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across my face in the form of a pouty lip – my sad look specialty. ‘I guess if you were here first, then it’s rightfully yours.’ I sigh.

It only takes a minute for me to get settled in my window seat. It’s no first-class recliner but truth be told, I don’t even care. I’m too hyped up on excitement ... and sugar. Luckily, Vee managed to grab the remaining cookies and stash them in the hood of her jumper, so our snack situation is sorted.



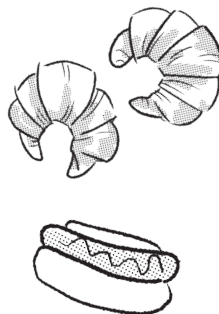
Dad reaches his hand through the middle of our seats and says, ‘Cookie me. I caught a whiff of those chocolate chips the second you sat down.’

As I pass him a cookie, Vee yells, ‘Look! It’s a two-headed bunny on a skateboard!’ She points out the window at a big, fluffy cloud.

‘Oh yeah,’ I say, tilting my head to the side. ‘It’s about to crash into that elephant with a pineapple on its head.’

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The seatbelt sign has gone off and I'm settling into airplane mode. A flight attendant, who seems much less cheery than the one from first class, asks if we'd like any food or drinks. Ryan, making full use of his aisle seat, grabs a stack of chip packets, five chocolate bars and two cans of soft drink. He's already opened it all by the time the flight attendant says, 'That will be \$32.50, please.'



'Huh?' As Ryan speaks, a combination of chips, chocolate and lemonade fall out of his mouth. Gross.

'Ryan!' Mum whisper-shouts from behind us.

'I thought it was free,' he shrugs.

Mum massages the bridge of her nose before paying the flight attendant. She stands up, grabs all of Ryan's snacks and shovels them into her handbag.

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‘We’ll be rationing these for the entire flight now, thank you.’

‘Awww!’ Ryan swings his feet in anger and kicks the seat in front of him. A very large man rises from that seat and turns his head slowly towards Ryan. He has a tattoo sleeve, a mohawk and multiple face piercings. As he glares down at Ryan, he says, ‘Are we gonna have a problem here?’ in a very, **very** deep voice.

Ryan gulps loudly and replies, ‘No, no. No problem here.’

This is going to be a **long** flight to New York.

