

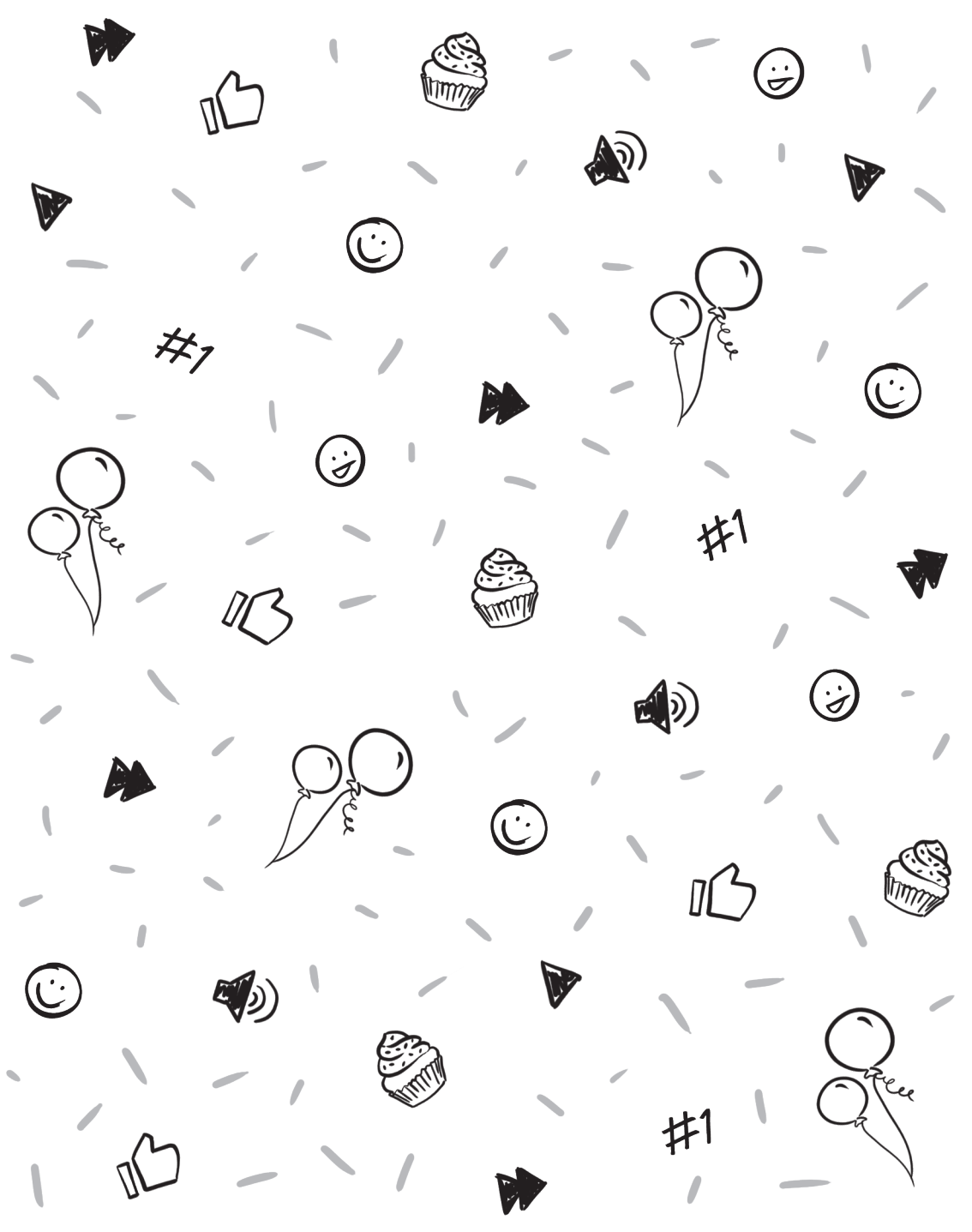
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*Bonus
Chapter*

Lola
ONLINE

**#THE SECRET UPSTAIRS
FAN CLUB PARTY**

An Omnibus Book from Scholastic Australia



Bonus Chapter

#HavingTheSlimeOfOurLives

‘Did you hear Miranda today?’ I ask Vee as we’re sitting beneath the big oak tree in my backyard. ‘Bragging about her pool party to **every single person** in the school.’

‘She can’t have bragged to **every** single person,’ says Vee.

‘**Oh**, but she did. Including the janitor, AP Jeffers and that kid who sits at the back of the classroom and eats the tips off his crayons.’

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Vee raises her eyebrows. 'But **Crayola Cody** was out sick today.'

'Then she probably sent him an email or a **carrier pigeon**.'

'Lola.' Vee gives me a look.

'**Fine**.' I cross my arms over my chest. 'So maybe it wasn't every single person. But it might as well have been.'

'Now that you mention it,' says Vee, 'I did see her shouting about it to the librarian through a **megaphone**.'

Shivers shoot down my spine. 'That's one voice that does not need to be amplified.' It's Wednesday afternoon and me and Vee have been setting up for an **ultra-cool YouTube video** that we're about to film. We're just waiting for our special guest to arrive, so we can get started.

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‘How much longer until your Dad gets home?’ asks Vee.

‘Should be **any** minute,’ I say.

‘I can’t believe he agreed to be a part of this.’

‘Me neither.’ I shrug. ‘But he said he was happy to help, seeing as he’s working during my birthday party.’

The back door opens and out scuttles my brother, Ryan, with a **magnifying glass** pressed to his eye. And of course, he’s still wearing his dork-tective trench coat. He squints his magnified eye at us before climbing up to the treehouse and slamming the door behind him. Seconds later, the door opens just a crack and he sticks a hand-made sign on the outside of it that says, ‘**NO OLDER SISTERS ALLOWED,**’ and slams it again.

‘Yay, I’m still welcome,’ cheers Vee.



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The door opens once more, and Ryan adds another sign which reads, 'OR FRIENDS OF OLDER SISTERS.'

'Never mind.' She frowns.

The curtains in the treehouse are pulled aside and I see a telescope poke out of the window. That ratbag is spying on me.

Note to self: Seeing as Ryan **loves** being in the treehouse so much, why not make the move **permanent**. Maybe we'd finally be rid of his stink fumes from the house. I wish I'd thought of this top-notch idea sooner. I'll start packing his things immediately.

I hear the engine of my dad's truck, then I spot him reversing down our long driveway and parking next to the backyard. 'Right on time,' I say.

'Hey, girls,' says Dad as he hops out of the front



seat. ‘Let me run inside to wash up and I’ll be right back to help with your video.’



I don’t know why he would need to wash up before this vlog, but okay. ‘We’ll get a head start,’ I say to Vee. On our way over to Dad’s truck, we pass my cat, **Stampy**, who’s lazing in a hammock on the veranda tuning his **banjo**. The sweet sound of country music drifts through the yard as he strums a quick melody.



‘It’s amazing how he can do that with his claws,’ says Vee, her eyes **wide with wonder**.

‘He has excellent control of them,’ I say. ‘You should see him tie up **balloons**.’

CAMERA: [● REC]

‘Hey guys, welcome back to *Lola Online*. Today me and my best friend, Vee, are going to make **THE**

WORLD'S BIGGEST SLIME!

'Wooooo!' Vee cheers, throwing glitter bottles into the air.

'My birthday party is on Sunday and my plan is to fill all of the party bags with slime. Talk about the ultimate party favour.'

'Do you think twenty-seven litres of glue is enough?' Vee asks me with a crinkled brow.

I tilt my head to the side and consider this. 'It's a good start,' I say. 'If my wonderful subscribers want to follow along at home, everything you'll need is listed in the description box below. Only we're making a **MEGA** batch, so we have **A LOT** of each ingredient.' I gesture to the tons of bottles at our feet. 'Let's get going, because slime is of the essence.'

'Don't you mean, let's get **goo**-ing?' Vee laughs.

'I sure do!' I wink. 'Firstly, you'll need to find

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something to use as a big bowl, like a bucket or even a bathtub. Today, we're using the back of my Dad's truck as our mixing bowl.' Vee and I pour almost all of our ingredients into the metal tray attached to Dad's truck. I pick up the food colouring and ask, 'Should we go fairy floss pink or bubble-gum blue?'

'Why not do both?' Vee suggests.

'Inspired. This is exactly why we're best friends,' I say as we unleash drops of pink and blue into the slime. Then Vee and I take a *whole bottle* of glitter each and tip it in. I grab the back-up bottles and add those too because there is no such thing as too much sparkly dust. 'Now that all of our ingredients are in, it's time to get ...'

'*Mixing!*' we say together.

Vee boosts me up into the tray and I feel the *ooey-gooney* slime swallow my bare feet. I yank Vee up here



with me and she scrunches her face as she says, ‘Ooh, so pretty, even if it does feel like stepping in snot ... unicorn snot.’

We squish and squash the melty-marshmallowy **slime** under our feet until all the colours and ingredients **swirl** together. ‘Oh my gobstopper, this slime is **epic**. And how cool is this shade of purple that the colours made?’



Vee grabs some with her hands and stretches it up in front of her face. ‘So cool!’

‘Turns out, multiplying the recipe by a thousand works perfectly.’

Note to self: Test out this theory with **cookies** and make the world’s biggest batch.

Vee and I giggle as we play around in the slime. I say to the camera, ‘Look at all the fun things you can do with your creation.’

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1. 'Bubble making.' I hold a chunk up to the wind and giant bubbles emerge from the slime. 
2. 'Fashionable slime-wear,' says Vee, wrapping the slime around various parts of her body. 'Gloves, shoes, a scarf- the possibilities are endless.'
3. 'Surprise your friends or enemies,' I say, pouring some slime into Ryan's nearby sneakers. 

'Can you feel that?' Vee stops moving, her arms extended out by her sides.

'Feel what? The **fluttering** of joy in my heart from this awesome idea being a **success?** Why yes, I can feel that.'

‘No,’ says Vee, ‘it almost felt like the tray was moving or something.’

‘Maybe it’s saying, ‘put **more slime** in me,’ I laugh. ‘Whoever said less is more was **seriously** mistaken.’

‘What are you girls doing in the back of my ute?’ Dad rushes over to us.

‘Making **slime**,’ I answer. ‘You said you were happy to help us. Come on, Dad, jump in. You have **gigantic feet**; it will be totally mixed in **no time!**’

‘More like, in no slime!’ Vee chuckles.

When Dad finally sees the ute full of slime, his eyes fly open and his jaw **drops** to the floor. ‘I didn’t realise we were making it in the back of my truck.’

‘Well where did you think we were going to make the world’s biggest slime?’ I shake my head. **Dads!**

Suddenly, the tray creaks **extra loud** and Vee and I grasp onto each other. The very back of the truck



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explodes open at the force of the slime and bright purple gunk cascades out like a waterfall.

UH OH.



The slime got Dad.

It got him **good**. All we can see is the outline of his body buried deep in a mountain of gooey slime.

‘Do you think he’s okay in there?’ Vee asks.

I squint my eyes and survey the eighth wonder of the world, **Mt Slime-aroo**. ‘Yeah, he’s moving. See.’ I point to Dad’s arms as he starts to free himself.

We hear Ryan’s voice shout from the treehouse, ‘**MUM!** Look what Lola’s doing.’

My mum pokes her head out of the kitchen window and see’s the slime wave slowly spreading across the yard. Even from all the way over here, the redness of her face is unmissable. She yells, ‘**LOLA HART!**’



‘What?’ I say, ‘I was just making slime for the party.’

‘There will be **no** slime at your party, Lola.’

‘But Dad said—’

‘No.’ She holds up a finger, which in Mum language means my word is final. ‘You two, clean that up **immediately!**’ she adds.

‘Muuuum,’ I pout. ‘There’s **so much** of it.’

‘You should have thought of that before you made enough to fill a swimming pool,’ she says. ‘You do the slime, you do the time.’

Fudgesticks.

She’s right. Maybe I should have used the **swimming pool.**

‘Sorry, kiddo,’ says Dad. He shakes his head and little bits of slime fly out of his hair and onto us.

‘What do we do with all this slime now?’ Vee asks.

I pick up a handful, chuck it at her and shout, **‘SLIME-BALL FIGHT!’** Then she sends some

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goo flying my way and gets me right in the face. Dad mustn't be too mad, because he rolls a bunch of slime in his hand like a snowball and smooshes it **over my head** as if he's cracking an egg.

I hear Ryan laughing at me from the treehouse, so I collect up the biggest slime-ball I can fit in my hands and with **perfect** aim, launch it up into the treehouse window. Seconds later Ryan screams, 'Aghhh.'

'She shoots, she scores!' I cheer. 'Slime flies when you're having fun.'

CAMERA: 