

'This book is laugh-out-loud hilarious!' - PETER HELLIAR, author of the Frankie Fish series



DRUM ROLL
PLEASE...

IT'S
BIG

STEVIE LOUISE



ART BY
LEIGH HEDSTROM



TANYA HENNESSY

DRUM ROLL
PLEASE...

IT'S

STEVIE
LOUISE

*This book is dedicated to every
kid who is a bit dramatic. T.H.*

For Ben and James. L.H.



First published by Albert Street Books, an imprint of Allen & Unwin, in 2021

Copyright © Text, Tanya Hennessy 2021

Copyright © Illustrations, Leigh Hedstrom 2021

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without prior permission in writing from the publisher. The Australian Copyright Act 1968 (the Act) allows a maximum of one chapter or ten per cent of this book, whichever is the greater, to be photocopied by any educational institution for its educational purposes provided that the educational institution (or body that administers it) has given a remuneration notice to the Copyright Agency (Australia) under the Act.

Allen & Unwin
83 Alexander Street
Crows Nest NSW 2065
Australia
Phone: (61 2) 8425 0100
Email: info@allenandunwin.com
Web: www.allenandunwin.com



A catalogue record for this
book is available from the
National Library of Australia

ISBN 978 1 76052 641 2

For teaching resources, explore www.allenandunwin.com/resources/for-teachers

Cover and text design by Kristy Lund-White
Set in 11 pt Queulat by Kristy Lund-White
Printed in Australia in March 2021 by McPhersons Printing Group

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

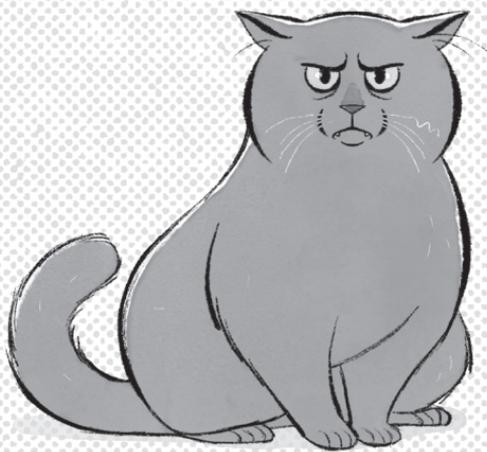


The paper in this book is FSC® certified.
FSC® promotes environmentally responsible,
socially beneficial and economically viable
management of the world's forests.



ART BY
LEIGH HEDSTROM

TANYA HENNESSY



ONE

I don't know how many more times I can tell my baby brother to stop riding the cat.

'Riley, off. Get off the cat. Don't ride the cat. The cat is not a horse. He is a sad, old, moody cat who doesn't like people. **GET OFF HIM.** Also, why are you in my room? I know you're only two years old, but respect my boundaries,

you feral baby. **I AM TRYING TO RUN A BUSINESS** in here.'

Babies don't understand business. Babies also smell. This baby currently in my room, riding the cat, smells like off milk. Oh, and he's sticky. You touch that baby and you **WILL** need gloves and a mask. He always has a runny nose, even **IN SUMMER**. Why? Grosssssss.

'**Stevie, get up. NOW.** You'll miss the bus,' Mum yells from the hallway. 'Steven, get up.'

My name is **Stevie**. But Mum thinks calling me Steven is funny. She is not funny. She is, in fact, weird. She's going through a phase. A 'there's a crystal for everything', hippy dippy, incense in every room, phase. Mum insists on wearing tie-dyed house muu-muus, which are giant dresses that look like she cut a hole in a bed sheet, put her head through it and called it an outfit.



Last year she made us go to a meditation and yoga course for the summer holidays, as though that's what every twelve-year-old wants to do. Although, it was funny when she farted in the quiet yoga room.

'Steven!!!!' Mum is now at my door. The cat has since run away in fear of its life, so Riley has moved on to chewing on my Maths book. (And honestly, I hope he eats it – I hate Maths.) I'm wrapped in my doona, looking like a burrito. I am **NOT** a morning person. (But I am a burrito person.)

'STEVEN. You are going to miss the bus. And if you miss the bus, I will take you to school in the car, and I will get out of the car and wave you off in front of all your classmates. I will yell, "*I love you, Steven Louise. I miss you already, my little joy.*" Mum's really on a roll now. 'It will be embarrassing, Steven. It's my day off today and I'm as free as a bird to embarrass you if you don't get on that bus!'



Mum picks up Riley and pulls a bit of Maths book out of his sticky hands. 'And when you get home you can clean up your bedroom.'

Um. This is not just my bedroom. It's my creative space and temporary office, it's where **THE MAGIC** happens. But yes. Fine. I get out of bed. The thing is, I know Mum really will do all that. She did it last year. It's her hobby to embarrass me. Mum used to be a comedian, so she thinks she's hilarious. I think Mum knows that I secretly think she is a tiny bit funny. But I would definitely not ever tell her that or encourage her by laughing at her jokes.

Mum hasn't done comedy in years. The only person she can make laugh is my dad ...and he laughs at insurance ads, so he is an easy crowd. Insurance is really not funny. Dad laughs all the time. If he's not laughing, he's eating. Dad won the local meat pie eating competition. He ate 89 pies. He also vomited



up 89 pies...in Mum's car. He laughed about it though. Mum didn't.



I throw on my clothes and walk into my school shoes. Anytime I'm *NOT* at school I wear my gold boots, but today it's ugly black school shoes. Dad is about to leave for work, and Mum is serving hot dogs for breakfast. Which I don't hate, I just really question why... I told you she's weird. Riley is still smelly and sticky.



My sister Hannah is eating her breakfast hot dog, looking very confused.

Hannah is nine and wearing my hand-me-downs better than I ever could. It's so annoying. I wish I could wear clothes like her. She is fashion. *Farshun*. But she can't spell very well...so all is right and fair in the world.

I've barely sat down to eat my breakfast hot dog before Mum starts herding Hannah and I out of the house.

'Get out to that bus stop,' she says. 'You won't always have such glorious wake-up calls, you know. You'll be off to high school soon enough, Steven!'

When I think about going to a new school and making new friends, I want to get back into my doona burrito. But actually, today is going to be an **AMAZING DAY**, because I have an **AMAZING PLAN** to share with my friends.



Hannah and I have mouths *FULL* of breakfast dog as our ridiculous mother, who for no reason is wearing only one shoe, pushes us out the front door.

‘Bye! Love you, Miss Hannah and Steven McStevenson.’

‘BYE, MUM,’ we say. But then I turn around and say, ‘Can we have hot dogs for dinner?’

Mum laughs at my joke, but the real joke is we probably will.



'This book is laugh-out-loud hilarious!' – **PETER HELLIAR**
author of the Frankie Fish series



FROM COMEDY SENSATION

TANYA HENNESSY



OUT NOW

