

SUNNY
AND
STORM



For Ashlea, Thank you for always being my light. You're beyond special - you're my favourite person. Thank you for inspiring this book. I love you. Endlessly
- Tanya 🌸



For Madonna and Tammie - the best schoolyard friends a girl could ever have
- Rachael 🌈

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TANYA HENNESSY

SUNNY AND STORM

ILLUSTRATED BY RACHAEL MCLEAN

PENGUIN BOOKS



CHAPTER 1

The burly police officer shook his head and looked down at us. 'I think we need to have a chat,' he said.

My **besticle** Sunny and I looked at each other.

'**WAIT!**' said Sunny. 'Are we in trouble? Again?'

'**I'm too young and attractive to go to prison!**' I said, terrified. 'OMG! Am I going to be locked away for life!?'

Holding a bearded dragon in each hand, I tried not to squeeze them.



‘It’s okay,’ the policeman said, trying to calm me down.

I’ll be honest, being at the police station wasn’t the way I saw this all ending. And I certainly didn’t see the lizards coming!

But **let me rewind**. To get to this we have to go right back to the beginning. Cause the whole thing was **fluffit**.

You’re probably thinking, ‘What the heck does **THAT** mean?’ I’ll explain in a sec. I promise! Here we go!

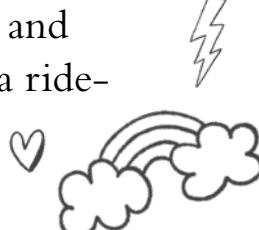


Okay, hi! I’m Storm and I’m nine.

I know, I know, I know! It’s a full-on name. Kinda makes me sound like I’m a **wrestler**. My older brother’s name is Thunder. My mum just named us after things she saw or heard when we were born. I’m lucky my name isn’t Cherry Ripe or Sprite or . . . **toilet**.

Thunder is fourteen and we live with my mum Dayle in a remote country town. Dad left town a while ago and got remarried. **Blah blah blah**.

Living in the country is kind of boring and super fun at the same time. Everyone has a ride-



on mower or quad bikes so when it's fun – it's **SUPER FUN**. But when it's boring it's **SOOOO BORRRRRRINNNNG**. Once we literally watched paint dry – that's how boring it can be. Worst seven hours of my life.

Lucky I have Sunny to keep things interesting. This is a portrait of me and Sunny drawn by Sunny. She's my **besticle**. That means she's my best best best bestest best friend.



Sunny is nine years old too, but in her family she is one of eight . . . Yes, **EIGHT KIDS!**

She's third from the bottom. So she's quiet, mainly because she can't get a word in with seven siblings. It's okay that she's quiet, though, because **I can talk for the both of us**. My mum says I can talk enough for the whole town!

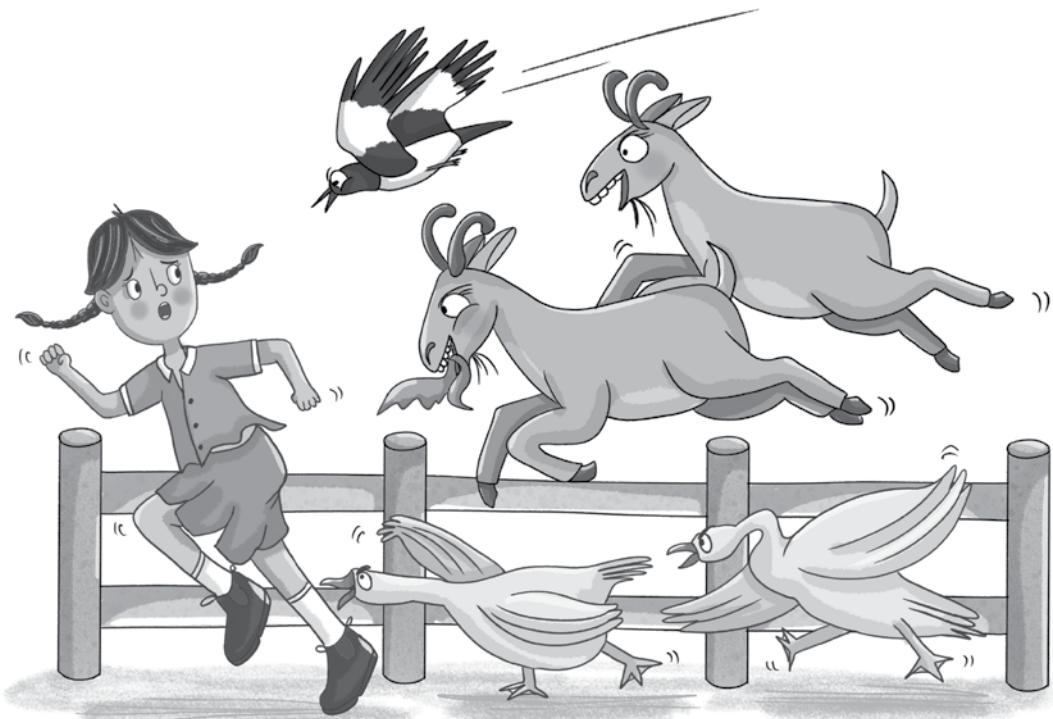
Sunny is like me . . . a queeeeen! She's an Aries and has an unnatural love of plain pasta with just cheese. Like, she would eat that **EVERY SINGLE DAY** if she could. Oh, and she is an incredible artist with long wavy brown hair and tanned skin from being in the bush on the weekends. That, and her mum is Fijian. She has a little nose covered in freckles and she has giant brown eyes.

She lives on a huge farm with her mum and dad. It's a dairy farm, which is **cool**. Well . . . not if you're lactose intolerant. The farm is big but the town is tiny. And so is our school! Only forty-five students. Oh, and I should tell you that since almost everyone has a farm, we don't have



normal streets like in the city. It's just land with long driveways and houses set far back and animals everywhere.

Not all the animals are friendly. The number of geese I'm currently fighting with is **extreme**. I'm also not talking to a magpie who swooped very close to my head last week, and I lost two of my best school shirts to a goat's mouth last month.



The coolest thing about being **besticles** with Sunny is that we have a book of words we've invented. We write letters to each other in the book too, like a diary. It's filled with words we thought should exist, words we have invented – words that only we understand!

We basically have a . . .



On the first day I met Sunny, years ago, I knew straightaway I had found my **besticle**. It was totally **FLUFFIT**. (That word will make sense soon, I promise.)

It was in our first roll call . . .

'Okay, do we have a Storm Wilson?' asked our teacher, Mrs Mitsy.

‘YES! I’m here! 200% here!’ I said, standing, waving both hands in the air.

Mrs Mitsy smiled. ‘Great. Thank you, Storm. You don’t need to stand. Sit back down, please.’

‘Okay, Mrs Mitsy. I just wanted you to **REALLY** know I was here.’

‘Oh, I know! Moving on. Do we have a Sunny? Sunny Burchmore?’ Mrs Mitsy looked around the class, unable to see a hand up.

‘Uh, um . . . here,’ Sunny said quietly, hiding behind her book.

‘You’ll have to take talking and confidence lessons from Miss Storm, Sunny. Actually, we’re breaking into pairs now, so you two can be a pair for the next activity,’ Mrs Mitsy said.

‘**OMG!** What are the chances both of us are named after the weather?’ I said to Sunny.

‘Yeah, it’s **crazy**,’ Sunny replied softly.

Then we said together – ‘I was named after whatever Mum was looking at when I was born.’

‘**NO WAY!**’ I screamed, because interrupting class is **my special skill**. ‘She just looked around and it was stormy out the window.’

‘Yes,’ Sunny whispered excitedly, trying not to interrupt our whole class. (Sunny isn’t a yeller or over-the-top dramatic like me, even when she’s excited. She hates attention, which I will never understand.) ‘There was a strong chance my name was gunna be stethoscope, clock or . . .’

‘**TOILET!**’ I said.

‘Yes! It’s **fluffit!**’ Sunny said. ‘Oh, man . . . I’m so sorry, I meant to say “It’s fate” or “It’s meant to be”, but I got nervous and confused and I made up a word.’

Sunny sounded totally awkward. But it wasn’t awkward.

IT GAVE US THE BEST IDEA EVER!

‘We should make up a dictionary of words! From now on and forever, **fluffit** means when something is so amazing, meant to be and perfect!’ (I told you I would explain.)



'Yes! Let's do it,' Sunny whispered, giving me the quietest high five ever.

So, that's how it started. That's our **Origin Story**. That is how we and our book came to be.



CHAPTER 3



Because we live in a country town, there's heaps of farms and heaps of animals around. So, most days you WILL step in poo.

Most of the time it's duck poo, horse poo or goat poo, but on bad days it's cow poo. Cow poo is big. Cow poo is smelly. **IT'S HUGE**. I like to think of it as a **disgusting frisbee**. Cow poo might look dry on the top, but inside it's **SLOPPY**.

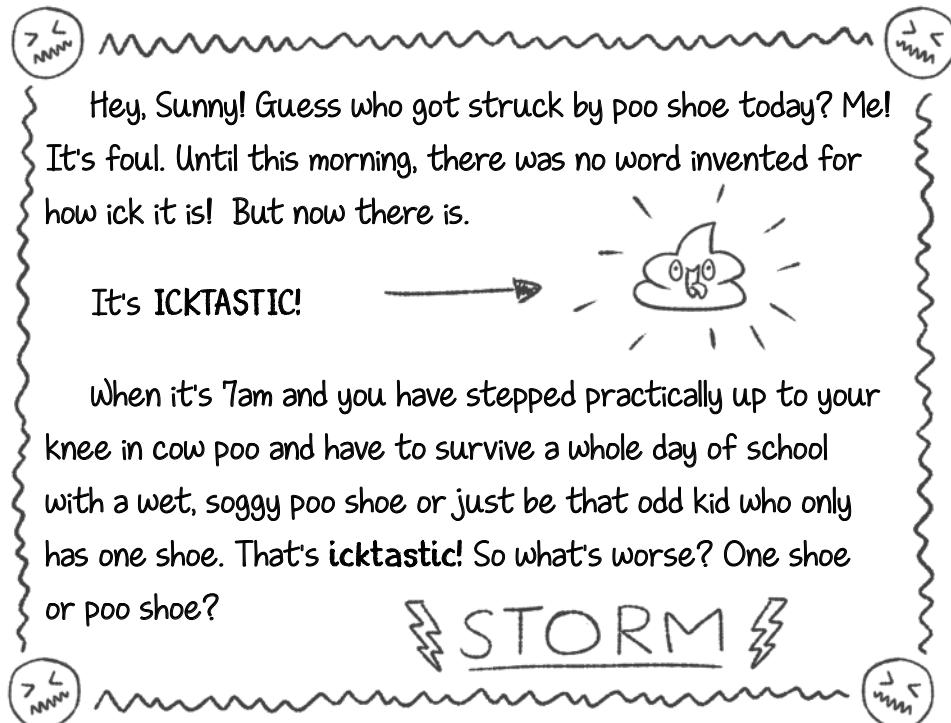


The outer shell is firm and then you stand on it and **SQUISHHHHHH**, out pours a brown, squirty, slushy, soupy liquid.

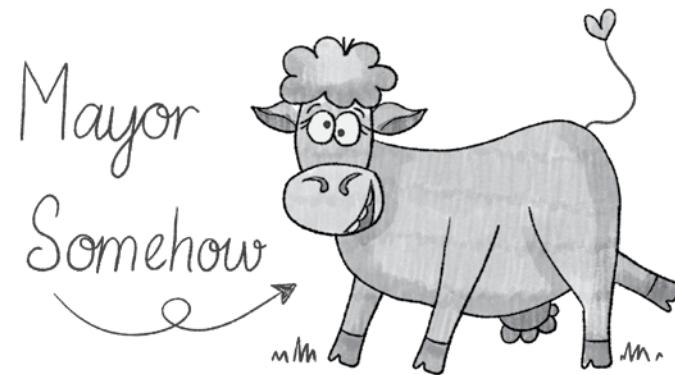
Ugh.

That's when you get your white school sock saturated with cow poo. Like I did yesterday!

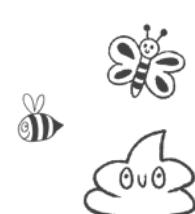
Feral. **EWWWW**. It is **BEYOND icky**, rank and gross.



And it's not just any cow poo. It's always the **SAME cow**. We have this cow in our neighbourhood who doesn't belong to anyone – she's just a rogue cow. **Legit**. No one owns her. She just gets about the town like the unofficial mayor. It's **SO weird**.



Her name is Somehow the Cow, which didn't start out as a name. It was more how she was described. For example: 'Somehow she got into the swimming pool!' 'Somehow she sat on a car!' 'Somehow she is in the middle of the road and won't move and now Mum is five hours late for work!'



Actually, Somehow the Cow is how we got some of the best words in our book of secret words.

We started with a word that already exists. You know how when fancy people say goodbye, they say **tootle-oo**? Well, Sunny ran with it and wrote this:

Tootle moo - saying goodbye to someone near a cow.

Tootle poo - saying goodbye whilst you're standing in poo.

Tootle shoe - saying goodbye whilst reminding whoever you're talking to that they need to tie their shoelaces.

Tootle view - saying goodbye with a nice view.

Tootle Sue - saying goodbye specifically to a woman named Sue. That's my mum's name so that one gets used A LOT.



See, the book of words is **kind of epic**. We take turns taking it home to write in it. And the very best thing is, it's our secret.

