

# CHAPTER 1: Zombie Apocalypse

Thursday, 30 January

2.14pm

Mum said when I was twelve, things would start to change.

**I didn't think she meant *everything*.**

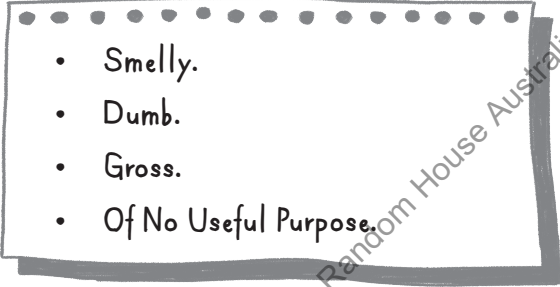
It's nearly the end of the holidays, and I'm about to start actual high school. After escaping primary school mostly unscathed, Year 6 got **very weird**. *Literally everyone* started changing! I wondered if there were subliminal messages on YouTube telling us kids to all copy each other but I wasn't picking up on them.

It was like a zombie apocalypse!

My best friend Abby used to be fun. Then out of nowhere she became **obsessed** with hair. And even worse – boys.

### **I thought we hated boys.**

They had been clinically proven to be:

- 
- Smelly.
  - Dumb.
  - Gross.
  - Of No Useful Purpose.

Not to mention, if you look for long enough (which I strongly suggest you do not), they are apparently concealing a prawn cocktail\* in their swimmers.

**I can't even.**



\* A prawn cocktail is a completely gross thing people used to serve at parties – prawns all nestled in a glass – like a drink. Just WHY?!

Abby is going to the same high school as me and most of the kids from our Year 6 class, but there will also be a whole bunch of **randoms**. She says she is excited to meet **New People**.

## **I thought we hated New People.**

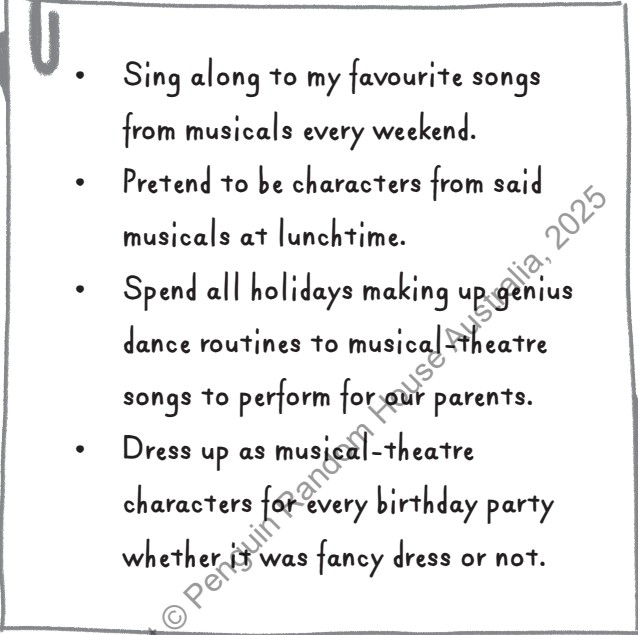
I wonder if maybe I just show up to my old school, in my old school uniform, and slip into a Year 6 class, anybody will notice. I still look like I'm in Year 6. When I tried on my new uniform, my legs looked like two pieces of string hanging out of a paper bag. I wish we could wear trousers like the boys. Why do boys get to be comfortable and cover up *their* scraggly legs? Maybe it's something to do with the prawn cocktail.

**\*Vom\***

The worst part is, Abby says she doesn't even like musicals anymore. She says she's 'grown out of them'.

**How could a person *grow out of* the best thing in the world?**

She says it was always more my thing anyway,  
which makes it sound like I actually *forced* her to:

- 
- Sing along to my favourite songs from musicals every weekend.
  - Pretend to be characters from said musicals at lunchtime.
  - Spend all holidays making up genius dance routines to musical-theatre songs to perform for our parents.
  - Dress up as musical-theatre characters for every birthday party whether it was fancy dress or not.

I don't remember hearing her complain. We're besties. We do everything together. Or we *did* until about two months ago when Abby started wanting to do other things like **shopping** and **hairdos** and **make-up**.



**SNORE!**

It's true, I've been **obsessed** with musicals ever since I was seven, when my mum took me to see my first live theatre show, *Annie*\*, and my *entire life* suddenly made sense.

I couldn't believe that the girl playing Annie was only a kid, but she was the **star** of the whole show! In front of hundreds of people!



\**Annie* is a musical about a little girl in an orphanage who sings her heart out and tries to find her real parents while escaping the clutches of Bad People.

I was so happy; I cried all the way home in the car. My mum couldn't understand it. She made pizza to cheer me up, but I couldn't even eat it. (Well, not at first.) It was even better than the movie musicals I already loved, like *Frozen* and *The Little Mermaid* and even **really, really old ones** like *The Wizard of Oz*, where Judy Garland was only a teenager when she played the main character, Dorothy. Abby and I watched that movie a **squillion** times. We used to dance around and around my bedroom singing 'We're Off to See the Wizard'.

Now she says musicals are **lame**.

## **LAME?**

Try telling that to Lin-Manuel Miranda! He wrote *Hamilton*, by the way, which is the coolest musical ever written, but also the songs in *Moana* and *Encanto*. He is a **gazillionaire** now because of his **genius**. Is being a gazillionaire lame? I think not, Abby. I think not.

Mum said Year 7 would be all about 'navigating new directions'.

### **Like, do I get a GPS?**

She works in marketing, so she says things like that. She also watches a lot of cooking shows and likes 'experimenting with flavour', which makes me her **lab rat**.

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**\*Help\***

Oh and BTW, my name is **Melody Moss** and I live in Sydney, Australia, with my mum, my big sister Ash and my dog Toto, aka 'Lady Farts-a-lot', who is very cute but quite **stinky**.

My dad lives around the corner. He and mum split up when I was a baby but they're like **best friends** now, which some people think is weird but, what can I say? We're a weird family ☺.



## CHAPTER 2: Passing as Human

Saturday, 1 February

9.17am

Texts to Abby:

wanna come over and listen to wicked

i can't im getting a new haircut for monday

but your hair is really cool already

it really isnt

its way cooler than mine

maybe you should get yours done



yeah maybe LOL

OK see you monday I guess

wanna hang tomorrow

we have a family thing sorry

k

1.24pm

I've spent the morning alone in my room listening to *Wicked*, which is about two best friends who drift apart because one of them (Glinda) is really annoying and wrong but by the time she realises it, they can't be friends anymore because life is **totally unfair**.

I've cried so much my face looked like I stuck it in an air fryer. A girl in my Year 6 class got third-degree burns from sticking her face in an air fryer trying to get a tan. This is the kind of stuff I was talking about.

Abby is always Glinda because she's blonde and can sing really high and I'm always Elphaba because I'm, well, maybe a bit **unusual**. Elphaba is entirely green, but she has the best songs, so – **you win some, you lose some.**

I don't know how I'm supposed to start at my new school on Monday if Abby isn't going to be my Glinda.

At least Toto is **loyal**. Although, she is also capable of some **face-melting farts**. It's beyond me how such a cute little body can produce such an unearthly smell. Like a nappy full of bin juice. Or walrus vomit.

I named her after Dorothy's dog, Toto, from *The Wizard of Oz* – however, farting was not one of Toto's character traits in the movie. In fact, farting doesn't really feature in musicals at all. I guess nobody would pay to see an 'all-singing, all-dancing, all-farting extravaganza'.

7.48pm

I just took a good look at my hair in the mirror. I don't know why Abby is so obsessed with it. It's just hair. I'm not sure what else it is supposed to do.

It's:

- Brown.
- Straight.
- Shoulder-length (but I put it in a ponytail every day because Mum says it's 'efficient').

My face is **mostly normal**, nothing to report there.  
It contains:

- Two eyes.
- Two ears.
- One nose.
- One mouth.

I think I'll pass as a human on Monday.