

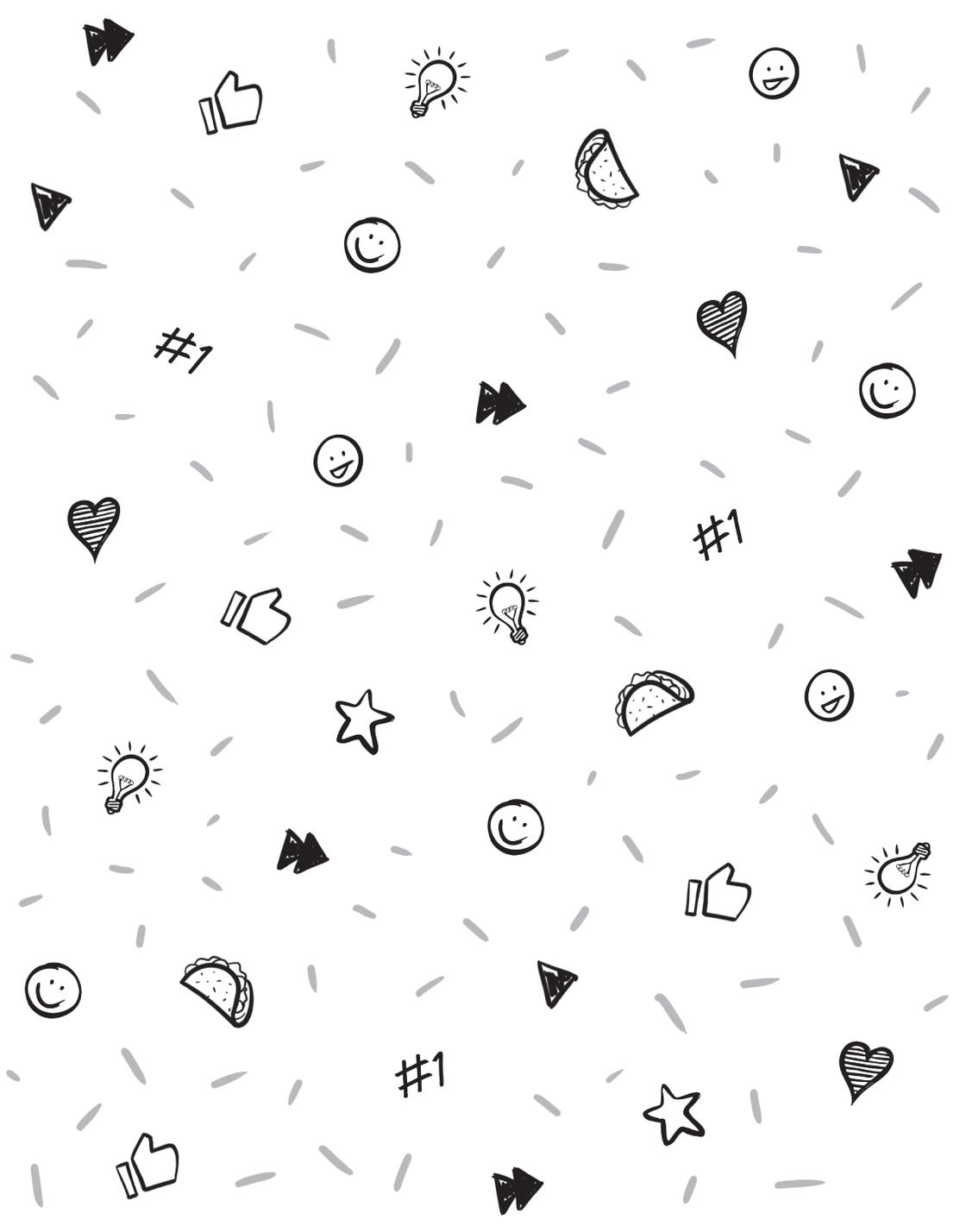
Shannan & Tayla Stedman

*Bonus
Chapter*

Lola
OUT LOUD

#THE RECIPE FOR DISASTER

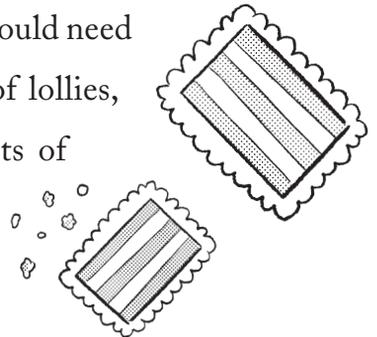
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Bonus Chapter

#FlyingHighInTheSkyLikeAPizzaPie

It's the first night of school holidays, my soul sister, Vee, is over at my house and we are having the ultimate sleepover. We've got matching pjs on, YouTube videos playing in the background and we're prepared for a very long night of prank calls. We're loaded up with all the sustenance we could need aka junk food galore. Lots of lollies, cartons of chocolate bars and packets of



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popcorn and pretzels. If only my *evil* dentist Belinda could see me, my teeth practically soaked in sugar. Look at me now, Belinda, look at me now.

Not to mention, we've also built the greatest pillow fort in the history of all *pillow-related architecture*. It's about a *million* on the softness scale. We used every single cushion and blanket in the entire house. Even the occasional marshmallow. We're inventive like that and will probably take the construction world by storm someday.

Note to self: film a DIY vlog on how to build a *pillow fort extraordinaire*.

'You know, Vee,' I say as I recline back into my pillowy pile. 'If there was a bathroom in this thing, I could probably live here forever.'

'*Wait*, there isn't one?' asks Vee, shifting her eyes around.

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I go to take a bite of my Caramello Koala when we hear the ding of a bicycle bell and it's *sweet, sweet music* to my ears. 'It's Lenny!' I shout. Lenny is our pizza delivery boy. And if you want a *fifty-eight per cent* chance that the pizza will actually make it to the door, he's your guy. He tends to get a little distracted before his deliveries are done.

Just as we open my bedroom door to go downstairs and get the pizza, we hear a terrible, awful, eardrum-shattering sound. Is that a *goat* practising *opera*? A million cats scratching their claws down a chalkboard at once? No, it's *worse*.

Much worse.

It's my Aunt Helen, *scream-cry-singing* the lyrics to 'My Heart Will Go On', at the top of her lungs. *Yikes*. My Aunt Helen, who is usually the coolest person in the world, is here babysitting us

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while my parents are on a cruise. But she's just been dumped by her boyfriend, Deathblade, so now she's broken-hearted and watching *Titanic* on repeat.

I turn to Vee. 'On second thought, why don't you go down and get the pizza? You don't want it to get cold,' I say with a **grin**.

'Me?' Vee raises her eyebrows. 'I'm not going down there. You go. She's your aunt.'

'**No way**, I'm not going!'

'It's your house!'

'But you're the guest!' I say.

We both look to my cat, Stampy, with the best 'pretty please' eyes we can muster, but he simply shakes his head and continues flipping through his recipe book, 'Fantastic Feline Feasts'. He's really into **cooking** at the moment.

'Okay, new plan,' I say. 'The window?'

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‘The window.’ Vee nods with a smile.

We bolt over to my bedroom window and just happen to catch Lenny before he reaches the front door. ‘Lenny!’ I shout. ‘Don’t go in there!’

After explaining to Lenny that if he so much as steps foot in the house, he’ll be pulled into Aunt Helen’s *vortex of gloom* and be forever stuck singing the soundtrack to *Titanic*, we devise another plan to get our hands on the cheesy goods.

‘This plan is a little crazy,’ he yells up to the window.

‘So crazy it just might work,’ I reply. ‘Let’s go!’

Lenny grabs a pizza from the stack on his bike and takes a deep breath. Eyes locked onto his target; he slings the pizza through the air like a *frisbee*. But instead of flying through my window, it falls shorts and slaps onto the front walkway below, *ooey gooey cheese* exploding from the box. I shake my head.

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Mum is not going to like that. But then I remember that Mum is *far, far away* on a cruise, and what she doesn't know won't hurt her.

'Give it a bit more *backswing* this time,' I say.

'Gotcha!' Lenny nods and grabs the next pizza. He winds up his arm like he's about to make the throw of his life, but the pizza slips out of his hand and *soars* into the distance behind him, somewhere across the street and into the night.

Fudgesticks. 'Too much backswing, Lenny!' I shout. With two failed pizza-throwing attempts already, the stakes are *higher than ever* as he grabs a third box from his bicycle. He takes his aim, releases the pizza and it flies straight through my open window landing perfectly on my bed. **'YES!'**

'He's done it,' shouts Vee, 'the pizza sticks the landing! The crowd goes wild!'

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I drum my hands along the windowsill for extra emphasis and chant, 'Lenny! Lenny! Lenny!' The boy's got talent.



'This should be an **Olympic sport**,' Vee says, and I completely agree. With wide eyes and rumbling tummies we eagerly open the pizza box to find ...

ANCHOVIES?!

'EWWW!' we say together.



Never in a million, trillion years would we ever order a pizza covered in stinky fish! It smells like Ryan. I run back to the window and shout, 'Lenny this is the wrong pizza!'

'My bad,' Lenny responds, before throwing us up another box.

I open it and my skin crawls, like little insects are walking all over it. 'This is **definitely** not the right one either. It's got **mushrooms!**'





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MEGA YUCK!

‘Okay, well this is the last one,’ Lenny says before launching it into the air and into my room.

My nose tingles at the sweet scent of pineapple and I open the final box to find the most perfect Hawaiian pizza I’ve ever seen. *I think I’m in love.*

‘Thanks, Lenny!’ says Vee. ‘You’re a champ!’

‘You’re welcome! Now can you throw the others back down? I’ve got deliveries to make.’



‘Right!’ I glance around my room for the other pizza boxes, but would you look at that? They seem to be gone. ‘The *others...*’ I scratch my head.

‘Do you hear something?’ Vee asks.

‘The sound of rumbling tummies and disappointment from empty dinner tables everywhere, because there’s people waiting for pizzas that will never arrive?’

‘No, listen.’ She covers my mouth with her hand.

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That's when I hear the faint sound of munching coming from underneath my bed. After taking a peek,



I find the most annoying creature on planet earth.

My brother, Ryan. 'What are you doing under my bed, Cheese-brain?' I demand.

He crawls out, jumps to his feet and says, 'The laser tag tournament is coming up, so I was practising my stealth mode. I'm clearly at expert level, because I've been under there for hours and you guys had no idea.'



'I knew,' says Vee. 'I just thought we were playing hide-and-seek, and I was letting you win. You're welcome.'

'Man, I have to go to the bathroom,' says Ryan, bouncing around on the spot. 'Is there one inside that pillow fort?'

'If there were, it would only be for private guests of Lola and Vee's pillow fort extraordinaire, which you

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are not.’ I roll my eyes and examine the boxes that Ryan stole. ‘Ugh! Did you have to take a bite out of every slice of pizza?’

‘Yep,’ he cackles, before running out the door.

Back at the window, I yell, ‘Sorry Lenny! Ryan ate all the pizza.’



‘No worries,’ he replies. ‘Happens all the time.’

Just as Lenny’s about to leave, without the rest of the neighbourhood’s pizza, I have a **brilliant idea**.

I turn to find Stampy tying an apron around his waist and give him a look. He knows **exactly** what I’m about to ask because he nods and heads for the kitchen.



Me and Stampy just get each other. It’s like we share **brain waves** or something.

‘Stampy is going to cook up some replacement pizzas for you,’ I tell Lenny. ‘Hang tight.’

Lenny shrugs and says, ‘No rush,’ as he picks up a

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slice from the front driveway and takes a bite.

Me and Vee settle back into our super-soft pillow fort, box of ham and pineapple pizza in hand and begin to devour it. Vee adds gummy worms and skittles to her slice. Talk about a **creative masterpiece**. Just as I bite into a juicy piece of pineapple, the phone starts ringing.

‘Hello?’

‘Guys!’ My friend Mitch’s voice sounds on the other end of the phone. ‘You’ll never believe what just happened. I was sitting in my room, minding my own business and a **pepperoni pizza** flew in through my window!’

I cover the phone as Vee and I burst out into laughter. ‘**Oh my gobstopper**, Vee. Lenny’s backswing pizza must have soared straight into Mitch’s window down the street!’ I uncover the phone and say to Mitch,



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‘Really? You don’t say.’

‘It was **epic!**’ mumbles Mitch with a full mouth.

‘I hear sky-pizza is all the rage now,’ adds Vee with a shrug.

‘It certainly is,’ I say.

