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An extract from
Don't Lie to Me, Robbie Wilkins

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Published by
Walker Books Ltd

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So I decided to check whether she was in the loo and spotted her and Gary propped up against the wall beside the fire exit – snogging!!

“Your sister,” Gary said when he realized I was gawping at them, “is the most stunning girl I’ve ever met.” 😊

Malibu’s proper. She says it’s a big sister’s job to educate. And she’s put all her years of reading every WAG interview ever to good use by making the WAG Charter. It’s a five-point plan that Malibu reckons will get us a footballer quicker than we can say Frank Lampard. And it seems to be working. Yay!

I’m going to write it down so that in weak moments I can look at it and think of the big picture, because I’d love to marry Robbie. So I can jack in my job – and shop FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!!

THE WAG CHARTER

1. At first, pretend you don't know he's a footballer.
2. Stick to kissing on the first date.
3. Don't let him see you drunk, or he won't trust you when he's away on a pre-season tour.
4. Wait eight weeks to hit fourth base.
(Footballers marry “good” girls they can take home to their mums.)
5. Never dispute a thing his mum says.
(They worship their mums.)

2.42 a.m.

PS He's calling at 11 a.m. How will I survive till then?!

2.43 a.m.

PPS I'll only shop half of the time because I'm still going to open a beauty salon that'll blow Kara's out of the water. And I'll pay proper wages that allow my beauticians to buy their own houses, so they won't have to live with their parents, like we do.

2.49 a.m.

PPPS Wondering whether I should take his surname or combine mine with his – Remy Wilkins (hmm). Remy Bennet Wilkins (nah). Remy Wilkins Bennet (has a certain ring to it).

2.55 a.m.

PPPPS Just want to big Malibu up for taking me to the Lounge. It was the best half-birthday present ever! 😊

EEK! Getting this diary from the girls at Kara's is up there too. (Even though my lip curled like it was dog muck when they gave it to me – how was I supposed to know I'd have so much to write about?!)

3.00 a.m.

PPPPPS Eight hours to go!

10.59 a.m.!!!

Phone: Clutched in hand.

Eyes: Fixed on phone.

Brain: Counting down! Ten, nine, eight...

11.15 a.m.

No Robbie.

11.25 a.m.

I've been checking my phone like a nutcase. Is it on silent? Have I run out of credit? (Which is stupid because I can still receive calls if I'm out of credit!) Did I accidentally pick up someone else's mobile?

Answer: No, no and triple no.

11.28 a.m.

Maybe he's asleep. Or... Maybe *I* should phone *him*? But if he didn't mean to call, I'll look like a right idiot! Definitely won't phone first. I have some self-respect.

11.33 a.m.

If I hide my number, call to check whether he's awake, then put the phone down if he answers, will that make me a bunny boiler?

I'll ask Malibu.

11.40 a.m.

I hate Malibu. She said not to call him and – now it's past the thirty-minute deadline – not to answer his call either. So that he can learn to respect me. First of all, the thirty-minute deadline is *her* stupid rule. Second of all, I reckon she was harping on about respect because she's all right ... Gary (Chelsea player) has been texting her ballistically all night. Third of all, she had the nerve to twist the situation by suggesting Robbie probably has a girlfriend and can't phone because he's with her right now. And the only reason I'm not crying is because Mum and Dad called me into the kitchen to give me a half-birthday prezzie: a brand-new pink iPod with a matching base station. Yay! And to top it off, Mum just popped into my room, said she forgot to give me one last thing, then handed over a card from my godfather, Alan, with £100 in it! He's the best. Even though he's lived in Australia since I was ten, he always remembers I celebrate half-birthdays because my real one's so close to Christmas.

2.30 P.M.

Still no Robbie. I'll answer his call, but like an ice queen.
"Oh... Robbie who?"

Malibu has apologized. She says I should get myself a fail-safe, which is someone that loves you so much, you can always get back with him if things go wrong with someone else. I asked her why you wouldn't just stick with the fail-safe and she said because they're boring. Then I checked if she had one and she said yes, Roger Miller. (Who's nice but majorly boring.)

"Roger Miller?" I said, surprised.

"Yeah. What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing," I mumbled, but inside I was thinking, *Roger Miller's no Lance Wilson.*

Lance is most definitely the best-looking boyfriend Malibu's ever had. Their relationship was sort of like Carrie and Big's in *Sex and the City* but without the happy ending. (Basically she dumped him because he wouldn't take the relationship to the next level and get engaged.) And now she rips into anyone who says anything good about him.

Anyway, she said no matter how well things go with Gary (Chelsea player), she doesn't trust him as far as she can throw him, and will always keep Roger as her back-up plan.

Now we're going to watch Leonardo DiCaprio in *Romeo and Juliet* for the thousandth time. Malibu knows that Leo

always cheers me up. Maybe she's not too bad after all.

Wherefore art thou, Robbie?

10.00 P.M.

He called!

"Happy half-birthday, princess," he whispered.

"You remembered," swooned I.

He had to whisper because he's caught a bad throat infection. Said he couldn't even speak this morning, and that's why he didn't phone. Phew! He wants to take me out on Wednesday. I asked where, but he said he had bad reception, then the line went dead. Got his voicemail when I called back.

10.01 P.M.

Voicemail.

10.02 P.M.

Voicemail.

10.10 P.M.

Voicemail x 12.

Dear God, please don't let Malibu be right about him having a girlfriend!

Monday 23 June - 7 p.m.

Over breakfast this morning Malibu bragged that Gary had texted to say she's beautiful. So I bragged that Robbie had called.

"Why did he phone so late?" she asked.

"Because he was sick... With a throat infection."

"Do you believe him?"

I had my doubts, especially when his call ended so suddenly and all I got was his voicemail for the rest of the night – but why tell her that and make him look bad next to Gary Goldenballs?

"Yeah," I said, "he could just about whisper when he spoke to me."

And then she tutted and told me I was so—ooo naïve, as if I was a little kid.

When we got to work, the first thing Malibu did was announce that we'd pulled some footballers. And everyone went, "Woo-oo!"

"Were they fit?" Natasha asked. Which was a bit of a trick question because according to Natasha, not even Brad Pitt is fit.

"My one looks like Will Smith," Malibu said.

Yeah right, I thought.

Then before I could get a word in she told them, "Unfortunately, though, Remy ended up with a tosser." She claimed that Robbie called twelve hours later than he was supposed to. (What a liar! It was ten hours, fifty-six

minutes!) “And get this: he was whispering because of a ‘throat infection’ – purlease,” she sneered.

While I stood there cringing, they all debated whether Robbie was lying and does in fact have a girlfriend.

Verdict: Blatantly.

“Told ya he’s a lyin’, cheatin’ toerag!” Malibu shouted, doing her Pat Butcher impression.

I went bright red and fled to the kitchen area.

How humiliating. She should be done for sadism. They should lock her up and bury the bloody key.

When she came to apologize, I pretended I had something in my eye. But she knew I’d been crying. She said she didn’t mean to be a cow, she just wanted me to understand that all men are dogs. “But,” she added, “a lying, cheating footballer is better than a lying, cheating bin man.”

8 P.M.

Can’t find the half-birthday card I got from my godfather, which sucks because he wrote his new mobile number in it. OK, I probably wouldn’t phone him – Australia kills credit and all that – but I was thinking about surprising him with a thank-you text instead of the usual email. Hmm... Took the money out of it, then I’m sure I put it on the bedside table beside my iPod...

8.05 P.M.

That nosy knickers Nicole Walker just phoned. Haven't hooked up with her since we left school but she still rings every now and then – when she wants to find something out. Nobody loves gossip as much as Nicole.

“A little birdie tells me you've pulled a footballer,” she said.

“Might have,” I answered with a smirk.

“And apparently he's a right—”

“Nic,” I interrupted before she could finish, “I'm in the middle of looking for something. Can I call you back?”

“Oh. All right then.”

Bloody hell, news spreads like wildfire in west London. Now, where's my half-birthday card?

8.15 P.M.

Asked Mum where Godfather Alan's card was, and she said how the hell would she know.

But I bet she moved it when she tidied my room. She's such a cleaning freak! Grr.

8.30 P.M.

Malibu's gone to see Boring Roger. She said that holding out with Gary means she has to get it somewhere.

Before she left, she handed me a box of four Krispy Kreme doughnuts and said, “Forgiven?”

I told her she was.

I love Krispy Kremes, but I’d be proper lardy for my Wednesday night date if I ate all four of them. And the words “fat” and “WAG” just don’t go together. FACT. (Posh – boobs on a stick; Alex Curran – skinny; Coleen, my fave, the biggest and a size 10/12 like me, but that’s rare.) So basically I can’t afford to push it. Gave two to Dad, one to Mum and ate the original glazed one. Still, it’s the thought that counts. Malibu’s definitely back in my good books.

11.35 P.M.

I was in bed wondering if Robbie really was a lying, cheating scumbag when my phone bleeped and it was a text from him! This coincidence was a sign, proving that he does NOT have a girlfriend.

He wrote: *Gagging 2 c u on Wednesday princess x*

I wrote back: *Can't wait 2 c u 2 gorgeous 😊*

11.45 P.M.

Can’t sleep. Mum and Dad are arguing in that hiss they think we can’t hear. It works up to a point, but every now and then they lose control and the odd word or phrase pops out.

Dad: “IT’S something, something, something, TO GO BEHIND MY BACK!”

Mum: "Something, something WORRY something, something, something, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY."

Dad: "YOU'RE ONE TO something PREACH!"

Now Mum's crying.

Please don't break up again. At least not until I've bought a house and moved out.

Tuesday 24 June - 8.30 a.m.

Can't believe I ate that Krispy Kreme last night. Especially when I'm going out with Robbie tomorrow. And especially when I know that Fat Girl + Footballer = Impossibility. Doh! This is my chance to shop till I drop, get my own magazine column (like Alex) or my own TV programme (like Coleen) and I'm blowing it. Big time. So, no more thigh-bulging, bum-spreading doughnuts. Today is detox day, which means I will stick strictly to water, lettuce leaves and one apple.

(To the tune of "Rehab") *"Try to make me eat a Krispy and I'll say, 'No, no, no.'"*

6.25 p.m.

Malibu's a dark horse. Turns out she's going out with Gary Goldenballs tonight. And I only heard about it at work, when Blow-dry Sarah told me. (We'd gone on a coffee run.)

"Oi!" I hissed to Malibu when I got back. "When did Blow-dry become your news feed?"

Allegedly the date was arranged at the last minute and Blow-dry only knew about it because she was covering Malibu's 5 p.m. pedicure so that Malibu could leave work early. Blow-dry is Malibu's lackey. But still, I'm her sister – she's supposed to tell me first!

Anyhoo. Looked for date outfits in my lunch break. And because of my generous godfather, I could actually afford to go into Warehouse and Oasis. 😊 Shopping helped take my mind off how starving I was too. How the hell do models live on lettuce leaves? They taste like crap (no matter how much salt you put on them).

I bought an LBD, a flowery maxi dress and some killer heels. And now I'm going to eat an apple. Yesss!

7 P.M.

OMG! Malibu's wearing high-waisted hot pants with a black vest and black-patent wedges for her date with Goldenballs. Before she left work Natasha topped up her spray tan, so she looks double, triple hot. She put on a French accent and said to me, "Monsieur Gary Johnson we'll find me irreeseestible."

"Remember you've got to hold out," I reminded her.

"Of course. It's my bloody rule," she replied.

She's meeting him at the top of our road because she doesn't want Mum and Dad sticking their noses in.

I asked her why. Mum would love to know she's finally pulled a footballer.

“Yeah, but she’ll probably make it really obvious that it’s her dream come true and scare him off. He’s not in the bag yet... Plus Dad will just give him the eyes,” she added, imitating the look Dad gives to boys when we first bring them home. The one that says, “Mess with my girl and I’ll knock you into next week!” And we giggled.

“Good point,” I told her.

When she was leaving, Dad said, “You can’t go out like that!”

And Mum shouted at him, “Just bloody leave her alone,” because she’s still upset with Dad after their (secret) argument last night.

7.45 P.M.

Googled Robbie and zoomed in on a picture of him in his football kit. He has thighs like a Greek god! His birthday’s on 3 November, which makes him a Scorpio – just like Leonardo DiCaprio. And there’s no mention of a girlfriend. Yesss! Move over Leonardo, there’s a new Scorpio in town.

7.51 P.M.

I’m depressed. Went on Robbie’s Facebook page and it’s full of blonde, skinny “friends” with pneumatic bazookas. Need to lose weight, pronto! ☹️

Wednesday 25 June - 2.30 a.m.

Malibu woke me up to boast about eating in a posh restaurant called Nobu.

She said Gary has a Bentley convertible and it's like riding around on a £120,000 sofa. One hundred and twenty grand!! That could buy me a flat!

"What car does Robbie drive?" she asked.

I shrugged, then moaned, "I was sleeping, you know."

Now feel guilty about cutting her off in her prime, but think I'm still hurt that Blow-dry Sarah knew she was going out with Gary before me. 😊

Plus I'm bloody starving!! 😊

And I need beauty sleep for my big date tomorrow. (Can't believe I'm going out with an actual Premiership footballer!) 😊

Now I feel like this: 😊 😊 😊 😊 😊

*scan the code to hear about
Michelle Gayle's first date...*





Date Night!!!! - 8.10 a.m.

Robbie just texted: *Will pick you up at 6 princess. Just tell me where. x*

So I gave him the salon address. (Malibu's right – don't need Mum or Dad getting involved this early.)

It's so-oo exciting!

8.20 a.m.

Shall I wear the new LBD or the maxi dress? Hmm... I'll phone Kellie and see what she thinks.

8.22 a.m.

Kellie said she can't tell without seeing them both. She's

the crappiest best friend ever. I'll phone my BMF – James is a fashion guru, he'll know.

8.23 a.m.

Just remembered, James isn't my best male friend any more – after our little disagreement about me “borrowing” his GHDs. ☹️ I managed to end the call a microsecond before his phone rang. Phew!

As Robbie's picking me up from work, I'll take both dresses in with me and see what the girls think.

1.15 p.m.

Used the lunch break to bring the maxi dress back home because all the girls agreed that the LBD was better. Well, actually, all except that feminazi Kara. She thought I should wear the maxi dress because it left more to the imagination, and when I chose the LBD she went into one and said it was too short.

Why on earth does she think it's called a LITTLE black dress?!

Whatever.

Now Malibu has just called and wound me up even more. “Look, Remy,” she said, “you know I don't usually agree with a thing Kara says, and I think you should wear the LBD, OK? But it is a bit ... well... All I'm saying is, no matter what he says to you, just remember this rhyme: *Play*

hard to get and you won't regret. OK? Because men—”

“Are dogs. OK—aaay. I get it,” I told her.

Right. Back to work.

11.30 P.M.

OMG! Robbie is the fittest, sexiest, most amazing boy ever!

He was *perfect* from the moment he picked me up and he had no idea what I'd been going through. The bloody girls at Kara's must have been discussing his “throat infection” when I took the maxi dress home, and by the time I got back he was as popular as the credit crunch.

I know they were telling me to be careful to protect me, but it was really doing my head in. And then the Femi-nazi made things worse by saying, “He sounds like a cad.”

None of us had ever heard of the word “cad”.

“That's probably because it's mainly used by the upper classes,” she explained.

No. That's probably because it was mainly used 150 years ago, I thought.

But I didn't dare say that out loud. Because Kara's the same age as Madonna, and looks all right for herself (who wouldn't if they owned a beauty salon?), she likes to think she's still young.

Anyway, when she said, “A cad is probably what YOU girls would describe as a player,” the girls loved it and kept saying in fake posh voices, “So, we'll finally get to meet the cad!”

I laughed it off, but I really wanted them to shut up. Especially the Feminazi. And it was like Robbie read my mind, because when he arrived he politely introduced himself to the girls and shook their hands. Then he walked me to his spanking new black Range Rover and held the passenger door open for me like in the movies. His white linen suit was spotless. His hair (with the highlights I'm going to fix) was blowing in the breeze and he looked absolutely drop-dead! But the best bit was that the Feminazi looked like she was actually about to! In. Her. Wannabe Madonna. Face.

Robbie's car is unbelievable. It has wheel rims I've only ever seen on *Pimp My Ride*, cream leather seats with his initials on the headrests, an Xbox, a DVD player and a sat-nav that's actually set IN the dashboard!

"It's a secret, princess," he said when I asked where he was taking me. And I really did feel like one – Princess Remy Louise (Wilkins) Bennet. 😊

Robbie weaved his way through rush-hour traffic and then we hit a chock-a-blocked M1, but I wouldn't have cared if it had taken for ever to get there, because he was full of banter and kept telling me how nice I looked. He had me laughing and blushing all the way, until we finally turned into a gravel drive that took us past a golf course and led us up to the front of a HUGE cream-stoned mansion.

A doorman dressed in a smart grey uniform said, "Welcome to Le Grove, madam," and it was so—oo unbelievable – him calling ME madam – that I had to fight off the giggles.