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# Grace the Amazing

Aleesah Darlison

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*Grace the Amazing*

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the  
Amazing

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*To my teacher, Pamela:*

*I lost you all those years ago  
and never knew. Thank you for  
all you did and all you were.  
I'll never forget you.*

*To Grace:*

*For your funny, quirky style.  
You're an inspiration!*



# Chapter 1

I am Grace.

Grace the Awesome.

Grace the Incredible.

Grace the Miraculous.

Well, that's the Grace I'd like to be. Usually, I'm something else.

Sometimes Mum says that I'm *Grace-less*.

Sometimes she says that I'm a handful.

And that I'm 'quite challenging'.

Apparently, they're not good things to be.

Some days I feel like Grace the Princess.

Some days I feel like Super Grace.

Some days I feel like Grace the Terrible. RAGH!

Those are the days I get sent to my room. A lot.

And some days, I'm plain old Grace Elizabeth Marshall.

No matter what, I am never boring Grace. I am Grace of many things. Many colours. Many moods.

Rarely am I filled with grace, although from what Mum tells me, I could and should try harder on that score.

Mum named me after my grandma, who was also called Grace. I often wonder if Grandma Grace was a better behaved Grace than me when she was little.

It probably wouldn't be that hard.

When I grow up, I want to be a fashion designer. Or a librarian. Or a rock star. I can't quite decide. I'm only eleven, so I'm keeping my options open.

Right now, I want to be a magician. I've even invented a name for myself. It is ... (drum roll please) ...

*Grace the Amazing!*

Ta-da!

And AMAZING I will be.

Not everyone believes in Grace the Amazing. Or my magic.

'There's no room for magic in the world,' Mum told me last Wednesday morning when I was practising my illusions instead of brushing my teeth before school.

I don't think she appreciated my 'Disappearing Lunch Box' trick.

That's because she's old and wise and boringly grown up and practical and has lost most of her imagination. Grown-ups do that. Especially Mum. She's always stressed about the traffic or work or that our baby pet crocodile,

Steven, has escaped again.

Mum's name is Coco. We don't agree on some things like whether honey or jam tastes the best (definitely jam) and whether roses or sweet peas smell better (definitely roses). We do always agree on how awesome animals are, though. I love them as much as she does.

Mum works at the zoo. Sometimes she even brings the sick, injured, or baby animals home to care for them. She loves animals, but isn't so keen on magic. Or the glitter that goes with some of my illusions. She fusses when I forget to take the magic glitter out of my pockets and it gets mixed up in the laundry.

Or when it spills on the carpet.

I don't mind random glitter in my hair or the bed or my shoes. Mum gets freaky about it, though. She's the same with sand.

Besides working at the zoo, Mum has her own business called 'Party Pets'. She runs animal parties for kids on the weekend. Her parties are super popular.

Our house is like a zoo because we have snakes (not the venomous kind), a crocodile (as mentioned previously), two lizards, three frogs, seven chickens and two guinea pigs. They're all stars of the 'Party Pets' show.

The guinea pigs are my favourite. We have a girl guinea pig named Trixie and a boy guinea pig named Munchero. I'll tell you a secret: Trixie and Munchero are in love!

How do I know?

Because Trixie is expecting a litter of babies in a few months. Mum told me so. She'd know because she's an expert animal handler.

It's very exciting. When they're born, the babies will only be eight centimetres long and will fit in my hand. Or even my pocket, although I don't think Mum will let me put a baby guinea pig in my pocket.

Which is probably just as well.

We also have a Jack Russell dog called Flea, who is rather old and quite deaf but still sprightly. He's fourteen in dog years, which makes him seventy-two in human years. Old enough to be my grandfather. Or grand-dog, whichever way you want to look at it!

My dad's name is Max. He works for an oil company. He's a FIFO dad. Fly-in fly-out. He works on the other side of the country three weeks out of every four. We don't see him much and I miss him heaps when he's away.

My brother, Jet, is seven. He's super annoying. All he talks about is soccer, soccer, and more soccer, which I can't stand. His favourite team is Manchester United. They're also called the Red Devils because their mascot is a red devil.

My knowledge of soccer is extremely limited, but I do know that Jet acts like their red devil mascot most of the time.

He drives me wild!

Whenever we argue, Mum tells me that I should try

to 'be the better person', which basically means that I have to let Jet do whatever he wants.

Being the better person is not one of my strengths.

'You're the oldest,' Mum always says. 'I expect more from you. You need to be more responsible, Grace. More sensible. More calm. More steady.'

I always need to be *more* for my mum.

Being me, being just Grace, is never enough.

# About the Author



Aleesah Darlison is an award-winning author of over 65 books for children. She is known for her books that champion the cause of animals and the environment and for her stories that empower children.

Aleesah has won or been shortlisted for many awards including the WAYBRA Awards, the Book Excellence Awards, the Environment Award for Children's Literature, the CBCA Awards, and the Speech Pathology Book of the Year Awards.

Find out more at: [www.aleesahdarlison.com](http://www.aleesahdarlison.com).