

Lissa Roveteh
70 Steven Court
Fairfax, CA 94930

ACCEPTED 4/10/12
SIGNED CONTRACT RECEIVED 4/25/12

**#89 REDO Arizona, December 2012, Sleepover
(Hopefully funnier but I'm afraid with way too many words)**

*Dear Arizona,
I'm having a sleepover party. Do you have any tips for guaranteed sleepover party fun?
Party Planner in Pennsylvania*

Dear Party Planner,

Well... I might not be the very best person to come to for this particular kind of advise. You see, even though I spent forever trying to make everything perfect for my sleepover party, pretty much nothing worked out the way I'd planned.

The morning of the party, my Dad took me to the movie store to pick out a DVD to watch after dinner. It took a while, but I finally found the perfect thing. It was called *Mystery in the Garden*, about these two goofy rabbit detective partners named Bunster and Hopscotch, who were always jumping to the wrong conclusions.

"I'm so glad we got this movie," I told my dad on the way home. "Even if nothing else at my party goes right, at least I know the movie part's going to go great!"

"What do you mean even if nothing else goes right?" Said my Dad. "Don't you worry about a thing Zona. Everything's gonna work out just exactly as it's supposed to."

Emma, Mareya and Natalie all came to the door at three o'clock on the dot. After they put their backpacks and sleeping bags in my room, I invited everyone to sit down for a proper English style tea party.

"Wow, this is so cool," said Emma. "A real, fancy tea with place cards, and a teapot and everything!"

"It's just like you'd have with the Queen of England," said Mareya.

"Exactly," said Natalie. "Let's all talk with British accents!"

"Very well," I said in my best British accent. "Would you like one spoon of sugar or two?"

"Just a half spoonful for me would be quite lovely," Mareya said, properly.

"One spoon for me, if you please," Emma giggled. "And a spot of cream if it isn't too much trouble."

"Why tisen't any trouble at all," I said. "And what about you Lady Natalie? Would you like cream or sugar?"

"Thank you ever so," said Natalie. "I'd like two teaspoonfuls of sugar."

"Seriously?" Emma said in a very un-Brittish accent. "Your tea's gonna taste more like syrup than a drink!"

Luckily, we all took very dainty sips of our tea. Unluckily, we all spat it out in the least dainty fashion imaginable!

"BLECHHHH!" Said Natalie, who'd been the one to ask for twice as much sugar as anyone else. That's not sugar, that's salt!"

"Oops!" I said, glugging down water as fast as I could. "I must have accidentally put salt instead of sugar in the sugar bowl!"

Luckily, we all laughed pretty hard about it, and even more luckily, we still had a big plate of fresh baked chocolate chip cookies cooling on the kitchen counter. But very, very unluckily, when I went to get them, I got an extremely annoying surprise. My overly curious cat named Cow had managed to hop up on the counter and was batting at the cookies with his paw, happily knocking them onto the floor.

"COW!" I yelled. "Those cookies are not kitty toys!"

My friends came running in to see what the commotion was about, and there was my silly kitty, who'd hopped down and landed on top of the whole pile of broken cookies. I was so sad our treats were ruined, but Cow was looking up with the funniest little guilty kitty expression, it was kind of impossible to be mad.

"Now *that*," said Emma, "Is what I call a real CATastrophe!"

And right then, we all just burst out into this total giggle fit.

My mom helped us find a few little treats to replace the cookies, and we started all over with the tea, making double sure that this time there was sugar – not salt in the sugar bowl.

After that, we ran around outside for a while. And after that we ate tacos for dinner, and after that, we helped clean up, and after that, it was time to watch the movie.

"You guys are going to love this!" I said popping the disk in the player. "It's called Mystery in the Garden, and it looks really, really funny!"

But instead of Bunster and Hopscotch, the two goofy rabbit detectives who were supposed to be jumping to the wrong conclusion, a boring old woman with a watering can came on the screen.

"Hello," she announced. "I'm Marjory Wilkinson and I'm going to help you find useful solutions to pesky snails, weeds of all kinds, and lots of other mysteries in your garden!"

"Woah!" I said. "This is definitely not the Mystery in the Garden movie that I was expecting!"

"The people at the store must have mixed up the disks," said Mareya.

"Oh well," I said. "I guess we should turn it off and find something else to watch."

"No, wait," said Natalie. "Marjory Wilkinson's saying something important!"

"Sneaky, slimy slugs!" The lady with the watering can exclaimed. "How on earth do we solve the mystery of those sneaky, slimy garden monsters?"

"Yes indeed!" Emma said, copying Marjory Wilkinson's voice perfectly. "How on earth do we solve the mystery of those sneaky, slimy garden monsters?"

We ended up watching the whole rest of the wrong Mystery in the Garden movie, making fun of it, munching on popcorn, and laughing at least as much if not more than we would have with the right Mystery in the Garden movie. And at the end of the night, when we were all snuggling inside our sleeping bags, I remembered what my dad had said that morning - "Don't you worry about a thing Zona. Everything's gonna work out just exactly as it's supposed to."

So Dear Party Planner, I'm sure you can see why I might not be the best person to ask for sleepover party advice, but here's what I learned. It's important to try to make the best plans you can for a great party, but it's even more important to relax, have fun, and try to have a sense of humor – even when nothing turns out the way you'd expected.

PS – If you decide to have tea be sure not to put the salt in the sugar bowl!

Ciao For Now!
Arizona

