

We didn't have much money, but Mum made food fit for a king. She grew vegetables of every kind. She baked bread and cakes and made ice cream. And we always had fresh fruit.

But it was all a waste of time. I ate like a bird. I picked at my meals until they got cold on my plate. I looked like a skeleton with my skinny arms and legs.

My big brother and I were really different. He was strong and had big muscles. I was a skinny little runt. The kids at school called us . . .

Muscle and Bones

"Hey, Bones!" my brother would say to me, laughing. "When are you going to put some muscle into that skin?"





Hey, Bones!

Sample pages