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My Sleepover Dream

FEATURING LUNA™

BY LAURA LEIGH MOTTE
ILLUSTRATED BY GÉRALDINE CHARETTE



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DREAM

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An Our Generation® book

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Chapter One

THE PJ QUEEN

When I woke up this morning, the birds were singing outside my window. My curtains were closed but I could see the light shining through the gaps. I was just about to roll over and doze off again when I remembered what day it was.

PJ Day at Middlestone Elementary!

In a flash, I leapt out of bed and headed straight for my pajama trunk. One by one, I took out all of my pajamas. I put them on hangers, on hooks, on top of my desk, over the back of my chair, and even on the cat scratching post. I wanted to lay them out, side by side, so I could study them and compare. It was hard to find room.

Mom calls me “PJ Queen” because I have so many pajamas. Whenever we go shopping, I always head straight for the PJs. What can I say? I



love the fuzziness, the coziness, the snuggliness of pajamas. Going to bed is much more inviting when I have a new pair of PJs to break in*. I'll even go to bed early!

Dad doesn't get it. "Who sees you when you are sleeping?" he asks.

It's a good point and also why PJ Day is so important. It's a chance for my adorable PJs to be seen and appreciated by the entire world, and not just by Mom, Dad, and my cat, Moondrop.

But which pajamas would be the star? That was the question.

Some pajamas were too small for me (I'm growing so fast my pajamas can't keep up). I put those in my "Baby Sister" box. She's going to be born in a few months. My mom's belly is already as big as a basketball.

The Christmas PJs were the easiest to eliminate* because it's not Christmas, even though I personally think reindeer rule. My pizza-themed pajamas were the next to go. They had a tomato stain, so I put them in my laundry bag.





I had finally narrowed it down to two when I heard a knock on my door.

“Hurry up, sweetie. You’re going to be late.” It was my dad.

“I’m not ready,” I moaned. “It’s PJ Day, and I don’t know which pajamas to wear.”

“Why don’t you just wear the ones you slept in?” my dad suggested.

“This?” I gasped, tugging on the ruffled collar of my nightie. “Nobody wears a nightie for PJ Day. Sheesh!”

“Oh, sorry,” Dad mumbled, scratching his chin. He obviously knows nothing about pajama fashion.

“This is important, Daddy,” I said. “PJ Day was my idea. So, it’s up to me to show everyone the jamaliciousness of it all.”

“In other words, you have to put your best footsie forward?” Dad held up a pair of pajamas with the feet attached.

“Exactly!” Finally, my dad understood the seriousness of the situation. “Can you help?”



“What if we let the fairies decide?” he suggested. I looked at the clock. The bus would be here soon.

“All right. The fairies it is.” I took a deep breath and recited our special fairy rhyme. With each beat, I pointed to a pair of pajamas.

*Flipsie Flopsie Floopsie Flo
Where did all the fairies go?
If you see one, let me know
Flipsie Flopsie Floopsie Flo*

On the last word, my finger landed on my moon-and-stars pajamas. Dad picked them up and handed them to me. “This is *Flo*, now let’s go!”

When Dad left, I put on the PJs and looked at myself in the mirror. I smiled. The fairies were right. I looked so cute. Mom had given me the pajamas for my birthday because they go with my name, “Luna,” which means “moon” in Spanish. They still had the creases from being folded in the gift box.



“LUNA CONSUELA CONSTANTINA JULIETTA...” bellowed my dad from downstairs.

That’s me, all of them. My *abuela** made sure I was named after all of my *tías**. “You can never have too many middle names,” she says, which is exactly how I feel about pajamas.

This gave me an idea. I grabbed the other pair of pajamas from the bed and shoved them in my backpack.

The PJ Queen was ready to shine.



As I walked to the bus stop, my neighbor, Mrs. Matthews, was picking up her newspaper. She does the crossword every morning. She says it keeps her sharp.

Did she notice I was in my PJs? I waved at her. Mrs. Matthews looked me up and down, frowned, and then walked back into her house, shaking her head. I imagined her telling Mr. Matthews, “Hey, that girl forgot to get dressed this morning!” I couldn’t help but giggle.



Then I heard feet shuffling. Someone was walking behind me. I knew exactly who it was. I whipped around.

On the sidewalk, waddling like a duck with her big baby belly, looking like she was going to tip over any minute, was my mother. She gave me a sweet smile.

“Hello dear, I was just going for a walk.”

I frowned. I wasn’t going to let her lopsided cuteness fool me.

“No, you weren’t. You were following me. Mom, you promised to stop.”

“Sorry but I can’t,” she said. “I need to be sure you’re safe on the bus before I can start my day. Otherwise, I can’t concentrate.”

Mom’s a writer. She has a big imagination. It helps with her books, but it’s bad for my life.

“What can possibly happen while I’m waiting for the bus?” I asked.

“All kinds of terrible things. Like...”

“Like?”

“Well, you could stop to tie your shoelaces



and get all tied up in your laces and then fall down and scrape your knee.”

I rolled my eyes. When I first started taking the bus, Mom followed me all the way to school in her car. Finally, Dad suggested that she stop wasting gas and let the bus driver do his job.

“Mom, none of the other fourth graders have their moms wait for the bus with them. At least hide behind a tree.”

The bus pulled up. Karl, our bus driver, opened the door. He was wearing pajamas too.

When I got to my seat, I looked out the window and noticed a fuzzy yellow bump sticking out from behind a tree. It was my mother’s baby belly.

“Why is that lady hiding behind a tree?” asked a first grader.

“No idea,” I replied.



Chapter Two

DON'T BE A LLAMA

I worried about them. I feared them. But I'd also prepared for them.

I am talking about The Pajama Day Party Poopers. They're a snarky* gang of kids, mostly boys, who like to make fun of stuff. The head honcho* is Presley Shine.

When I first presented the idea of a PJ Day for the fourth grade, Presley had been the first to snicker. He'd said, "PJ Day is for babies." I said, "Pajama Day is a school thing. Babies don't go to school. Therefore, PJ Day isn't for babies."

I obviously won the argument. Because when Mrs. Koob, our homeroom teacher, took a vote it was twenty-one to three in my favor. But I still worried that Presley might be a problem.

He's the main reason I created the "PJ Day



Code of Conduct.” I wrote it out on the blackboard the day before, just above my reminder: PJ Day Is Tomorrow. Don’t Be a Llama, Wear Your Pajama.

The first, the only, and the most important rule in my PJ Day Code of Conduct was this:

1. NO TEASING

Today, I looked around the cloakroom*. My hard work had paid off. No one was teasing anyone, and *everyone* was wearing pajamas.

Milton Windala was wearing dark blue PJs with a button-up top and white trim. He looked as serious as a Monday morning math test, which made sense since he is President of the Math Club.

The top of Gloria’s pajamas had a picture of a flower garden with the words, “I Like My Bed.” When she saw me, she pointed to her top with a big grin.

“Get it?” Gloria said. “It’s a *flower* bed.”

“Cute,” I said, giving her a high-five, elbow tap, pinkie finger hug, hip bump, and spin around.



That’s our special way of saying “you’re awesome.” Gloria is my best friend. She loves flowers and spends a lot of time in our school’s community garden. Her PJs were spot-on. As I twirled around to show off my PJs, Presley Shine came strutting* into the cloakroom. I took a sharp breath. *Here we go.*

He gave me a quick look, then took off his jean jacket. I couldn’t believe my eyes. Presley Shine, the coolest, snarkiest boy in the fourth grade, was wearing one-piece footsie pajamas covered in teddy bears.

When he turned around, I noticed that his PJs had a little trapdoor on the back—you know, that square piece of fabric that snaps open and closed so you can do your business easily, and which, in my professional PJ-loving opinion, never works but is adorable all the same.

I smiled and gave him the thumbs-up. He gave me a friendly nod.

Turns out that PJ Day brings out the best in everyone, even snarky party poopers like Presley.



“Good morning children,” Mrs. Koob said in a singsong voice. When I saw her, I grinned. She was wearing a long nightie, fuzzy slippers, and a hat she called a “bonnet.” She looked like one of the ladies we saw when we visited a historic village, with old buildings and farms that showed how the early settlers of Baltimore used to live.

“They’re the latest fashion,” boasted Mrs. Koob. “They’re not your Gramma Jammias.”

We all laughed then, even Mrs. Koob.

Because. They. So. Were.

“Hey, Luna, can you do the moonwalk*?” Milton asked.

“No,” I said, shuffling backwards *and doing the best moonwalk ever*, right up until I bumped into Lake. She was sitting at her desk, wearing her school uniform. She wasn’t smiling.

“Why all the drama? Just wear a pajama,” said Presley, quoting* one of the PJ Day posters that Gloria and I had made.

“No drama,” Lake said in a voice so soft I could barely hear. “I just didn’t know. Pajama Day





wasn't in my calendar." That made sense. Lake is new to the school, so her calendar probably wasn't up to date. And, since Lake wasn't at school yesterday, she had missed my reminder.

"Would you like my sleep bonnet?" asked Mrs. Koob, pulling off her hat and placing it on Lake's desk.

Lake didn't put it on.

"Great PJs, Luna," Georgina said to me.

"Yeah, super cute," Quinn chimed in. Georgina and Quinn are best friends. They were wearing matching PJs.

I should have felt happy and proud. PJ Day was a great success. But I couldn't stop looking over at Lake. Her shoulders were stooped over, and she looked sad.

I knew just how she felt.

I've been left out of the fun many times at school. Like the time the class went to an adventure park that had a bunch of big trees connected by ropes for climbing. I wanted to go so badly, but my mother wouldn't sign the permission form. She



said it was too dangerous.

Instead, I spent the day in the library drawing pictures of farm animals with Mrs. Koob and Mary Anne, who had a broken leg. The next day was even worse, when everyone was talking about how much fun it had been. I had felt so left out. That must be how Lake was feeling now.

I wanted to help her. But how? Then I remembered something.

I reached for my backpack.



Chapter Three

SAVED BY A PJ

“These are adorable,” said Lake, spinning around. She was wearing my blue PJs with the white cloud pattern. On the top were the words “PJs All Day,” printed in gold.

I’d given my extra pair of pajamas to Lake. She’d changed in the washroom, and then joined us in the cafeteria to show us how she looked. Lake was so happy in my PJs she was practically dancing. I felt like a PJ Day Super-Hero.

“How come you had extra PJs in your bag anyway?” Gloria asked me.

“It was hard to choose,” I explained. “So, I decided to bring two: one for the morning and one for after lunch.”

“I have a lot of pajamas too,” said Lake. “Everything feels more cozy when you do it in





your PJs. Last weekend, I raked the leaves in my PJs.”

“I do homework in my PJs,” I boasted. “Long division is much easier when you’re wearing PJs.”

“Even this egg salad is tastier in my PJs,” Gloria chimed in, taking a bite of her sandwich.

We all agreed. Pajamas have powers. They had even brought Gloria and me a new friend. The new girl. Lake. PJ Day was full of surprises.

“I love the footsies on these,” Lake said, lifting up her feet. “They don’t slip at all!”

“My mom sewed on the anti-slip pads,” I explained “She takes pajama safety very seriously.”

Lake and Gloria laughed. That’s when Lake leapt out of her seat.

“Hey girls, what do you say we take these pajamas on the road to a real sleepover. At my house.”

“A sleepover?” I felt my heart skip a beat.

“Yes. My mom says sleepovers are a great way to catch up. That’s important when you start



at a new school because everyone already knows each other. We did the math together and we discovered that one sleepover is worth at least a month of recesses and lunchtimes all rolled into one. Plus, we get to wear pajamas,” she said with a grin.

Gloria gave me a worried look, as Lake opened her school calendar.

“How about next Friday night?” Lake asked brightly. “Is that good?”

“Uh...” I fumbled for my words. I wasn’t sure what to do. Lake’s invitation was the best thing to happen to me in my entire life. And yet, it was also a big problem.

“Can you come?” asked Lake.

Gloria looked at me, her eyes filled with panic.

“Yes! We’d be thrilled,” I found myself saying, even though that is not at all what I thought I’d say.

“Cool,” said Lake and left the table to refill her water bottle. Gloria whipped her head around



to face me, eyebrows raised.

“What are we going to do?” Gloria whispered so Lake couldn’t hear.

“I have no idea,” I whispered back. “She obviously doesn’t know about our *situation*.”

“Do we tell her?” Gloria asked.

“Shhh!” I said, spotting Lake. She was heading back to our table.

“Everything good?” she asked. “You guys look so serious.”

“*Seriously* cozy,” I replied, thinking fast.

Lake grinned. She spent the rest of the lunch talking about the sleepover and how great it was going to be.

“We’ll have a PJ Fashion Show,” said Lake. “You can bring all your pajamas.”

“Sounds great.” I smiled and nodded. But it was all a lie. You see, there was something Lake didn’t know about Gloria and me.

And it was *major*.



Chapter Four

THE PROBLEM WITH MAMA BEARS

Let me tell you about my mother.

Remember the adventure park, and how she wouldn't let me go? And the bus stop babysitting drama? Well, there's more.

For my sixth birthday, I wanted a loft bed so I could pretend I was sleeping in a tree. Mom said no. She said I could fall. As for climbing *actual* trees? Forget it. Trampoline parks? Another no-no. Zip lines? Out of the question.

Dad calls her a "Mama Bear," because she's very protective.

"Better safe than sorry." That's her motto*, but it may as well be: "Have No Fun."

And there's one more thing Mom won't let me do. Can you guess?

Sleepovers.



When I was six, Mom said I was too young and to wait until I was seven. When I was seven, Mom said eight. When I was eight, she said nine. Eventually the other girls at school, like Georgina and Quinn, stopped inviting me. They all know my deal: Luna doesn't do sleepovers.

My friend Gloria's problem is different. She's allowed to go to sleepovers. All her older brothers do. Her parents call it free babysitting. But Gloria doesn't like sleeping away from home. She likes her own bed, and her plushies, and Ginger, her Chihuahua, who's allowed to sleep with her.

At her past three sleepovers, Gloria never made it past eight thirty at night. And the last sleepover was at her own grandparents' house. The minute the sun dips low in the sky, she gets nervous and calls her parents to come pick her up. The first time it happened, they were in a movie theater. The second time, they were at a fancy dinner. The third time, they decided to stay home with the phone nearby. They knew better. Sleepovers weren't free babysitting. They had to be on call.



That's why Gloria and I are in the same club. We call it "The No Sleepover Club."

But Lake's invitation could change all that. I couldn't let this chance go. I'd learned from experience how my mom does things. This time, I had a plan. There was no way my Mama Bear could escape.



The spare room is going to be my baby sister's room. Mom calls it the nursery.

Mom and I had chosen the nursery colors together. We were also going to design a piece of Name Art, like the one I have in my room. We had the frame already, but we couldn't start designing until we had a name for my baby sister.

I suggested we call her "Frances Firefly," which is the name of a fairy in my favorite book series, but Mom said it was a bit too creative. That's her polite way of saying *weird*.

Mom and Dad were discussing baby name ideas when I arrived in the doorway of the nursery.



Dad was on the ladder, wiring a new light fixture. There were plastic sheets covering the furniture, cans of paint on the floor, a new lamp still in the box, and several pieces of what was going to be my sister's crib. Mom was using a screwdriver to put the pieces together.

"What about Gwyneth?" Mom asked. "It's pretty, don't you think?"

"Never. One year I had a teacher named Miss Gwyneth," said Dad. "She used to give out gold stars when we were good. I never got a gold star."

"Ah, Luna," said Mom when she saw me. "You're dressed?" Normally I wear my pajamas all weekend long. But today wasn't a sleepy, snuggly sort of Saturday. This Saturday, I was on a bear hunt. A Mama Bear hunt. And I was dressed for it.

I took a big breath and got straight to the point.

"I'm invited to a sleepover. It's at Lake's house. She's new and she's really nice and fun. It's





next Friday. Gloria is invited too.”

I didn't tell her I'd already said yes.

Mom placed the screwdriver on the floor.

“Oh,” she said, trying to make her voice sound light. “That’s so funny because I was thinking of doing a sleepover at home that night. Dad will be away on a gig*.”

A “sleepover at home” is something Mom and I do when Dad goes away. He’s a drummer in a rock band. Sometimes he has to perform out of town. On those nights, Mom and I choose a room in the house and sleep there. It could be the living room, or her room, or Dad’s studio. One time we camped in Mom’s walk-in closet.

“We can wear our matching pineapple PJs,” Mom said, patting her belly. “That is, if I can still get into mine.” Mom threw me an extra-cute, extra-sweet smile. But I wasn’t going to fall for it.

“I don’t want a fake sleepover,” I said. “I want a real sleepover. With a friend. At their house.”

I laid out my trap.



“Remember this?” I said, holding out a piece of paper.

Mom looked at the paper. This is what it said:

At nine years old, I, Luna, of 345 North Mill Street, will be allowed to go to a sleepover at someone else's house. No changing it to ten years old, or ten and a half, or eleven.

This contract is signed and pinky-sweared to on a Tuesday afternoon, by:

Mom

Mom sighed and sat down in the new rocking chair, which was covered in plastic. It made a crinkly sound.

“I thought you liked our sleepovers at home,” she said, sadly.

“Yes, but I also want a regular sleepover. A sleepover away. All the other girls at school go to sleepovers at their friends’ houses. You promised.” I waved the paper at her. “You can’t go back on a pinky-swear promise.”



Mom looked at me. “Alright,” she said. She wasn’t smiling, but I didn’t care.

“Yes!” I shouted, pumping my elbow. *Victory at last.*

“I’m going to a sleepover. I’m going to a sleepover!” I jumped up and down like a wild ape.

“But I’ll have to meet her parents first,” Mom added.

I stopped jumping. “What?”

“I have a few questions I’d like to ask Lake’s mother or father. If I feel satisfied and comfortable with the answers,” she continued, “you can go to the sleepover.”

I looked at Dad for help. “That wasn’t in the contract.”

“No,” he said. “But it’s a reasonable request, Luna.”

I frowned. *Mama Bear strikes again.*



Chapter Five

THE TEST

“It’s going to be sooooo embarrassing!” I moaned, laying my forehead on the cool metal frame of my locker.

“She’ll have all these annoying questions,” I continued. “Besides, I already told Lake I’d go. What if Lake’s parents don’t say just the right things? What am I going to say? *Thanks for the invitation, but my mother doesn’t think your house is good enough for me.* Lake will never talk to me again. And I’ll never get invited to another sleepover for the rest of elementary school, maybe not even middle or high school. I’ll be a lifetime member of the No Sleepover Club.”

“So, let’s just cancel,” Gloria said, sounding relieved. “We can tell Lake we have a recital or swim meet or something like that. It’s probably



better like this anyway. I wouldn't have made it past eight thirty. I'm like Cinderella, or not even. I can't even make it to midnight!"

"You just need some practice," I reassured her. "Sleepovers are like riding a bike. You have to fall a few times before you get it right."

I glanced at Gloria's knees, which were covered in band-aids from a recent bike riding spill.

"Practice," she repeated, scratching her chin.

The two of us stood quietly in the hallway for a moment. We had to think this through carefully.

"I just have to figure out how to organize a meeting with Lake's parents," I said. "It has to seem ordinary, like when you run into someone on the street—or in a store."

Then I remembered something Lake had mentioned during our lunch.

"Gloria, I've got it!" I exclaimed.



When I suggested an outing to the “Paint a Pretty Cup Café,” Mom was excited.

“It’s new,” I said. “I saw an ad for it in the school newsletter.” I didn’t mention that Lake’s mother was the owner. If I did, she’d have too much time to start preparing her Mama Bear attack.

At the café, the shelves were lined with cups, vases, planters, cat bowls, dog bowls, and statues of gnomes and owls. They were all plain white and screaming “Paint Me!”

“Definitely more than just cups,” Mom said, looking around the café. It was busy.

At one table, a teenage boy and girl were painting gnomes and sipping smoothies. “I want mine to look just like the gnome in my grandpa’s garden,” I overheard the girl say.

At another table, a little girl and her mother were painting cups. The girl was crying because she didn’t like how her color had turned out.

“It looks purple, not pink!” she cried. Her mother tried to help her fix it, but that only made



the girl cry louder.

“This would be fun to paint,” I said, lifting up a giant ceramic cat. “I can make it look just like Moondrop!”

“But Moondrop is already all white,” my mom pointed out.

After looking around the shelves for a while, Mom and I decided we’d paint cereal bowls, one for each member of the family, with their names on them. We still didn’t know my baby sister’s name, so Mom said we’d just write “Baby Sister.” It would be a nice story for when she’s older.

At our table, Mom and I started painting our bowls. I was doing Baby Sister first, in colors to go with her nursery. Mom was making detailed flowers on her bowl.

“I’m so glad we’re spending this time together,” she said, dabbing her brush in yellow paint. “When the baby is born, I will be so busy for the first little while.”

“Right,” I said, not really listening. I was looking around for Lake’s mother. Lake had



mentioned that she had red hair.

Finally, I spotted her. She was helping the teary-eyed little girl make pink flowers on her cup.

“See how nice the pink goes with the purple?” she said. The girl nodded. “Sometimes accidents can be a little gift!” The woman caught my eye and walked right over.

“Are you enjoying your experience at Paint a Pretty Cup?” she asked us.

My heart started beating fast. This was it.

“Yes,” Mom said. “What a great addition to Hampden!” That’s the neighborhood where we live in Baltimore.

“Actually, I’m at school with Lake,” I said.

Annabelle’s face lit up. “Are you Quinn? Georgina?”

“Luna,” I replied.

“Oh...Luna! I’ve heard so much about you. Lake is very excited about having you come for a sleepover!”

“Is she?” Mom whipped around to face me. I pretended not to hear, looking down and





dipping my brush in water. *With some bears, you gotta play dead.*

“I’m Luna’s mom. Martina. I’m glad to finally meet you,” Mom said, playing it cool. “Actually, I have a few questions about the sleepover.”

“I’m Annabelle, and I’m all ears*,” said Lake’s mom, taking a seat.

I bit my lip nervously, as my Mama Bear leapt into action.

Fortunately, Lake’s mother answered all the questions with a calm smile. It couldn’t have been easy. Mom’s questions went on and on.

How many adults will be present? Is there a pool? If so, how deep? Is there a first aid kit, a smoke detector? Does the trampoline have a net? Will it be supervised? Are there dogs in the house?

Finally, my mother stopped herself. “Sorry. Is this too much? I am kind of obsessed with safety.”

Lake’s mother smiled warmly. “You don’t need to apologize. Our children are precious and it’s our job to protect them.”

When Mom left to get more speckled paint



for her bowl, Annabelle leaned over and whispered
in my ear.

“So, did I pass?”

I blushed and smiled. “I hope so.”



Chapter Six

LUNA, OVER THE MOON

I'm going to a sleepover! I'm going to a sleepover! I'm going to a sleepover!

I was saying it, I was singing it—all week long, on the bus, in the schoolyard, and even Friday afternoon in the car on our way to Lake's house.

Dad was happy too. He had made plans to take Mom to a movie, since his gig had been canceled. It was the first movie they'd seen since my Tía Julietta came to visit last year.

Things were changing. I was growing up. And soon, I'd be a big sister. It was exciting.

Gloria was trying to be excited too. It wasn't easy. She had a shaky smile on her face when she climbed into the back seat beside me.

“Last night, I practiced by sleeping in the



den,” she confided. “I pulled out the sofa bed and Mom made a tent with the sheets and the quilt we use for guests. I had none of my stuffed animals with me, *not even Ginger.*”

“How did it go?” I asked.

“Made it to ten o’clock. Then I went back to my room for the rest of the night.” Gloria gave me a sheepish* smile.

“Not bad!” I said, giving her one of our special handshakes.

Dad pulled our car to the curb. “This is it.”

We looked at her house in awe. It was a large wood house and had a turquoise-colored front door. It was three stories high with a pretty round window in the center. It looked like something out of a storybook.

“Should I come in and say hello?” Mom asked, reaching for the car door handle.

“No!” Dad and I shouted at the same time.

“Bye Mom,” I said, leaping out of the car. I didn’t want to give her time to change her mind.

“See you tomorrow morning. At eleven.





Don't come early."

"Not even a good-bye hug?" I heard her say as I lugged my sleepover gear up the front walk to the house. When my parents drove away, Gloria lingered* behind on the sidewalk, biting her nails. It's something she does when she's nervous.

I tugged her arm gently. "Come on! What are you waiting for? Let's get this sleepover started!"

Inside, Lake's house was just as pretty as the outside, and so very unique! The wallpaper had parrots on it. There was a small sofa in the shape of a pair of lips. There were interesting bowls and vases everywhere. The house smelled great too. Like a combination of flowers and freshly baked cookies.

"Lake will be with you shortly," Annabelle said, greeting us. "She's getting her dog. He's so big, it's hard to get him through the doors. I told her he was a frightful beast and that I didn't want him, but nobody listens to me."

"You have a dog?" I asked. This was surprising. My mother had asked if there was



a dog and Lake's mother had said no. Did she forget? How do you forget having a dog?

I backed out onto the porch, terrified.

This sleepover was off to a very BAD start.



Chapter Seven

ME AND DOGS

Let me tell you about me and dogs.

I was six years old, playing in the park. Suddenly, a big white dog with big teeth ran over to us. The dog jumped up on me. The owners of the dog came running after him. They apologized and said the dog just wanted to say hello. But I shrieked and scrambled up the slide. My mother had to bring me down. Ever since then, I decided to put dogs on my Things to Avoid List, along with onions, lakes with slimy stuff in the bottom, and scary movies.

And now, there was a dog at Lake's house! What could I do?

I looked back at the street, wishing my parents' car was still there. Gloria had recommended asking them to stick around for a while in case we needed



a quick escape. Why hadn't I listened to her?

“I’m going to have to call my parents,” I said, “and the sleepover hasn’t even started. I’m breaking your record for shortest sleepover ever.”

Gloria patted my arm. “I’ll protect you,” she promised. For a moment, all her sleepover fears were forgotten, because she had to be brave—for me. “You’re OK with my dog, Ginger, right?” she reminded me.

“Ginger’s not a normal dog. She’s the size of a teacup!”

Gloria shrugged. “More like a coffee mug. And completely normal, thank you very much!”

That’s when we heard a squeak. Lake appeared, tugging a wagon behind her, and in it was the most enormous stuffed animal I have ever seen. Yes, it was a dog, but not a real one. The fact that it was pink added to its harmless appearance.

“Meet Cutie,” said Lake proudly. “Isn’t he adorable?”

I let out a huge sigh and looked at Gloria. She immediately started giggling. Then I started



giggling, because when Gloria giggles, I giggle too.
My sleepover was back on track.



“Push!” I moaned.

“Harder,” said Lake.

“She won’t fit,” said Gloria.

“Careful. Don’t break the zipper!” Lake’s mother shouted.

We were in Lake’s backyard, trying to get Cutie on the trampoline. But he wouldn’t make it through the opening of the zippered net. He was too big.

Finally, we decided to throw Cutie over the net. It took a few tries. Annabelle had to help.

The trampoline was in a corner of Lake’s backyard surrounded by trees. Her mother was seated at the patio table. She had laid out some crackers, veggies, and dip, along with a pitcher of fresh-squeezed lemonade.

“It tastes different,” I said, taking a sip of lemonade and smacking my lips*.



“It’s the lavender,” she said. “I tossed in a sprig* from the garden.”

Everything was different here, I thought to myself. Being at Lake’s house was like visiting the moon. When Lake’s mother gave me some lavender, I carefully placed the sprig in the jam jar she gave me. It might as well have been a moon rock.

“DON’T FORGET TO CLOSE THE ZIPPER!” Annabelle shouted, as we all climbed onto the trampoline.

“Yes Mom,” said Lake, hurrying to zip the net closed behind me.

We jumped and bounced and flipped and twirled until we were dizzy. On the trampoline, I felt like an astronaut. I was free of gravity*. When we were tired of jumping, we lay down on the trampoline and looked up at the sky. Then I noticed something.

“Look. The moon!” I pointed. It stood out like a faint white circle on the light blue sky.

“It’s still daytime,” said Gloria. “That’s strange.”





“As strange as PJs during the day?” said Lake, giving me a wink.

“Not that strange,” I said. “The moon is always there during the day. We just can’t see it because the sun is so bright it drowns it out. When it’s dark, it’ll be even clearer. I packed my telescope so we can look at it later if you want.”

“Yes!” said Lake, asking her mother to add “Telescope Time” to the sleepover schedule, which was attached to a clipboard on the patio table.

“Luna—your name, that means moon, am I right?” Annabelle asked. I suddenly realized how close her chair was to the trampoline. It felt like she was sitting inside the trampoline with us.

“Yes,” I replied.

“That’s why you’re such a moon expert!”

“Yes,” I said proudly. “I was born on a full moon.”

I’d heard the story so often I knew it by heart. I like telling it.

“It was late at night. My mom was still in the hospital after having me. Suddenly, a bright light



filled the room. She looked out the window and saw a full moon. It was so big it took up half the sky. *Luna hermosa*, she had thought. That means ‘beautiful moon’ in Spanish. At that moment, Mom knew exactly what to call me.”

“I’m named Gloria because...that’s my name,” said Gloria. “There’s no special reason. But I like my name. It’s pretty to write too. Mrs. Koob says my Gs are magnificent*.”

“I’m named after my mom’s side of the family,” Lake said. “Before she got married, her last name was Lake. I am not named after an actual lake, like some people think.”

“A last name for a first name? That’s cool,” said Gloria.

“My sister’s name is River,” Lake continued. “That’s for an actual river. Mom chose it because it goes with Lake. It suits her too. She’s always on the move. Like a river.”

“Where is she now?” I asked, looking around. There had been no little girl running around when I arrived.



“She was jealous about my sleepover, so my dad took her to a playground. They’ll be back soon,” Lake explained.

A timer beeped. Lake looked at her watch.

“OK, everyone! Ready for the next sleepover activity?” Lake shouted. “It’s already six o’clock. It’s hide-and-seek time!”

Suddenly, Gloria looked nervous. “Two and a half more hours until my Cinderella moment,” she whispered to me. “Should we add ‘Gloria Gets Homesick and Leaves’ to the sleepover schedule?”

“Don’t think about the time,” I said. “Think about all the fun we’re having. And think about hide-and-seek.” I started running. “Last one to the house is *it*.”

Gloria ran after me at top speed. My distraction had worked. For now.

As I closed the back door behind us, I thought I saw something moving in the trees between the houses. Was it my mother? I looked again. There was nothing. Just a false alarm.



Chapter Eight

A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT

My legs were sore from crouching.

I was tucked inside a cubbyhole under the stairs. It was funny seeing everyone walk right past me.

“Where is she?” I heard Lake say. Her voice was loud, so I knew she was close.

At one point, Gloria peered inside. I ducked behind a suitcase. I had to cover my mouth to stop from laughing.

Suddenly, I felt something wiggle beside me. Then a foot stepped on mine.

“I found her!” a voice said.

I looked down to see a little girl with long dark hair in pigtails and big green eyes. The girl grinned and stepped out into the hallway.

“She’s here! I found her!”



“Don’t spoil the game, River,” Lake said, running over. “We are supposed to be the ones looking.”

River crossed her arms. “You’re not nice.”

“Sorry Luna, my sister can be a real pain,” said Lake. “That was a really good spot.”

“It’s OK,” I said, turning to River. “You’re good at this game,”

River beamed. “I want to play again!”

“It’s my sleepover. These are my friends,” growled Lake.

“I want a sleepover too! With *my* friends.” River’s face turned red. Tears poured down her cheek. Annabelle tried to comfort her, but River just cried more.

“Looks like the river is overflowing,” Gloria whispered in my ear.

Luckily, I knew just how to stop it from flooding our sleepover.

“You can have a sleepover if you want,” I told River.

“I can?” River stopped crying instantly.



“Sure,” I said. “Do you have any big socks?”



“Mister Big Ears doesn’t like to be by the window,” River said. “He gets cold.” She moved the small stuffed elephant, and his sleeping bag sock, away from the window.

As she busily started putting her other stuffed animals and dolls into the woolly socks Lake’s dad had given us, I looked around the room. I noticed the Name Art on the wall. It was an “R” with a river winding around it. It made me think about the nursery at home, and our empty picture frame, and my nameless baby sister.

“What are you guys still doing here?” River asked, crawling into her bed. “This is my sleepover. You’re having your own sleepover. We’re all going to sleep now.” She yawned.

As we left the room, Lake leaned over and whispered in my ear.

“Nice job, Luna.”

I shrugged. “It’s fun. I’m getting practice at





being a big sister.” But the truth was, I’d had lots of practice throwing pretend sleepovers. I was glad to finally be at a real one.

Just then, the front doorbell rang. I heard Lake’s father call from downstairs.

“Luna. It’s your mother!”

“My mother?” I groaned. I had a feeling my Mama Bear was up to something.



Chapter Nine

SLEEPOVER SABOTAGE

My mother stood at the front door, a little out of breath, which she often is now, thanks to her big baby belly. She was holding my yellow tote bag.

“Mom, what are you doing here?” I asked.

“You forgot your Magic Moon Pillow. So, I thought I’d bring it for you. I know how much you love it.” Mom gave me a sweet smile.

“Thanks,” I said, taking the tote bag. But we both knew it was just an excuse for her to check up on me. She knew perfectly well that I didn’t forget the pillow. I’d told her many times that it was too babyish to bring to a sleepover.

“How is everything going?” she asked, peeking into the house. I don’t know what she expected to see. A pet tiger? A bunch of children



tangled up in their own shoelaces? Now I was sure it was her I'd seen moving in the trees.

"I'm fine," I replied. "Thanks for the pillow." I closed the door.

A moment later, the doorbell rang again. I rolled my eyes. *What did my Mama Bear want now?*

I opened the door. But this time, it wasn't my mom. It was Arnel, Gloria's older brother. He was tossing a set of car keys up and down.

"Just checking to see if Cinderella needs a lift home. My parents said I couldn't use the car tonight unless I checked with you first. If I take her home now there's still time for me to make a movie with my friends."

"Why would she need a ride home?" I heard Lake ask. I looked up. She and Gloria were standing at the top of the stairs.

Arnel glanced at Gloria, who said nothing.

"Yeah, silly!" I chimed in, nudging him on his way. "It's a sleepover. Now go home." I slammed the door shut.



A sleepover disaster had been avoided.



“Let’s mix and match!” I shouted excitedly.

All of our PJs were in a huge pile in the center of Lake’s room. Lake pulled out some daisy-print bottoms and paired them with my “pandatastic” top. Then she strutted down the catwalk*. She called it “Panda Garden” and dedicated* it to Gloria. But where was Gloria? I hoped she hadn’t suddenly changed her mind and run after Arnel.

“Good morning children!” Out of the bathroom came Gloria, in a nightie and shower cap. “I’m Mrs. Koob, and these are NOT your Gramma Jammies!”

We fell onto the pile of PJs. I was laughing so hard I thought I would burst.

Lake handed out the awards for The Prettiest Jammies, The Silliest Jammies, and The Coziest Jammies. There was also a special award for Best Holiday PJs.

Then we had to decide which ones we’d





wear for bedtime.

“It’s too hard!” said Lake.

“Yeah,” Gloria agreed. “They’re all so cute.”

It was a pajama pickle. Fortunately, I knew exactly what to do. It was time to call in the fairies.

*Flipsie Flopsie Floopsie Flo
Where did all the fairies go?
If you see one, let me know
Flipsie Flopsie Floopsie Flo*

I ended up with my pink-and-blue tie-dyed pajamas. Dad calls them my “pastel spacesuit” because they are one piece, like an astronaut wears.

Then Lake said it was time for us to settle into our beds. I looked around Lake’s room. There was just one bed.

“Where are we sleeping?” I asked.

“Follow me,” said Lake, with a mysterious smile, leading us back downstairs and into the front hallway. Beside a set of double wooden doors, Annabelle was waiting for us. She pushed



the doors open.

“This is where you girls are sleeping tonight,”
she said.

My mouth dropped open when I saw it.

It was the most wonderful thing I'd ever
seen!



Chapter Ten

ENCHANTED SLEEPOVER

Three tents were set up, each with a mattress and pillow. There were colored flags, and sparkling star lights, and canopies made of gauze*. It looked like something out of a magazine or a dream!

The walls of the room were lined with bookshelves. Lake's library was obviously our special campsite. No wonder the room had been off-limits for our game of hide-and-seek. And was it ever special!

Each tent had a tray at the foot of the bed. On each tray was a folded card with our name written on it.

"The tray is for our breakfast," said Lake. "Breakfast in bed, in our jammies."

"This isn't camping," said Gloria, "it's too fancy."





“It’s *glamping*,” said Annabelle. “That means glamorous* camping.”

“Well, I like it much better than regular camping,” said Gloria. “I went camping with my parents last summer and there were too many bugs.”

“And bears too?” asked Lake’s dad, who’d come into the room with some marshmallows and sticks. He was carrying a mini electric campfire! We used it to roast the marshmallows, while her dad told us a scary story about the time he saw a real bear. The bear sniffed around his campsite and knocked over his cooler and took his peanut butter!

Then he showed us how to make shadow puppets on the walls of our tents with a flashlight. He made a bear-shaped shadow and growled. We all screamed and laughed.

That’s when I noticed a grandfather clock* in the corner, and just then, it chimed.

It was eight o’ clock. Gloria’s Cinderella moment was just a half hour away. To prevent



her from noticing, I quickly handed her another marshmallow to roast.

“Fluffy white cloud of sugary goodness?”

But this time, the distraction didn't work. Gloria looked at the clock and started biting her nails.

How could I help? Then I remembered that earlier, Gloria had seemed to forget about her fear when I had been afraid, so I racked my brain to find something I was scared of. What could Gloria save me from?

“Do you think there are bears in Hampden?” I whispered to her. “I'm worried,” I lied. I wasn't worried—who's afraid of bears in the city? But just as I expected, Gloria proudly puffed out her chest. “Leave it to me! I'll protect you,” she said, patting my arm and guiding me past the clock and toward the stairs.

“It's time to brush before bed,” she said.

We all brushed the sugar off of our teeth together at the same time. I used Lake's toothpaste, which was raspberry-flavored. When it was time



to spit, we all had to take turns. It was crowded but that's what made it fun.

So, on our way back downstairs, I wasn't expecting it when Gloria whispered, "Oh no. I'm feeling it."

"Feeling what?"

"The homesicky feeling. It started when I was brushing my teeth. I always brush with Mom." Tears welled up in her eyes as she moaned, "Oh, why didn't I just go home with Arnel?"

"I'm going to ask Lake if I can call my parents," she said. She walked towards the hallway, hoping to catch up with Lake, who'd left to get a pitcher of water in case we were thirsty during the night.

"No!" I said, grabbing the waistband of her pajamas. "You made it this far, Gloria. C'mon! Don't give up now."

"I'm not as brave as you are," Gloria said. She tried to keep walking, but I held on tightly. She couldn't get very far.

"Yes, you are. Trust me. It's like we said.



We're both getting out of the No Sleepover Club together!"

I let go of her pajamas and Gloria turned around to face me. "What if I wake up in the night and it's too dark and I'm scared? Or I have to go to the bathroom and get lost?"

"You can take my Magic Moon Pillow," I said, pulling it out of the tote bag. "It has a night-light."

Gloria's fear turned into curiosity.

I showed her how it works. "When you press this button, a light goes on. When you press the other button, it plays Moonlight Sonata*. My dad says it's a famous piece of music. I like it because it makes me sleepy—which is a good thing at bedtime, right?" I gave her the pillow.

"Just try it," I said.

Gloria sat down on her mattress and pressed the buttons.

"Is it working?" I asked.

"Yes," said Gloria, leaning back and holding the pillow next to her ear.



That's when Lake came back with our water. "Is what working?" she asked.

"My telescope," I said, covering for Gloria. "It's dark now. We can see the stars." I placed my telescope by the window. The cool night air was refreshing. There were many stars, twinkling away like mad.

"When you see the shapes made by groups of stars, they are called constellations," I explained.

"I know those!" said Lake, proudly. "There's the Big Dipper, the Little Dipper, and the Big Bear."

"Right. In the olden days, people saw bears and soup ladles*. But who wants to see those? I like to make up my own constellations."

I gave Lake my telescope.

"See the Big Dipper, it's part of the Big Bear. That pointy section is supposed to be the bear's head. Right?"

"It looks more like a rat," said Lake.

"Exactly," I said. "Now look at it backward. See the tail of the bear? That's a horn. Bye-bye Big Rat. Hello Unicorn!"



“Yes,” said Lake, adjusting the telescope. “It really does look like a unicorn.”

After that, Lake made up a few constellations of her own. She saw a witch’s broom, a scooter, and a lady with a parrot on her shoulder. I decided we should write them down in a notebook. We called it “The Sleepover Club’s Guide to the Stars.”

“Gloria, you want to make a constellation for our book?”

When I turned around, Gloria was curled up in her sleeping bag, her head resting next to the Magic Moonlight Pillow. She was fast asleep. The music and light had shut off long ago and all that could be heard was Gloria’s soft, steady breathing.

“My sleepover schedule must have tired her out,” Lake said proudly.

“It was pretty jam-packed*,” I replied, still smiling at Gloria. Lake turned her attention back to the telescope.

“The moon and the stars,” she said, peering through the viewfinder. “They look so happy together.”



That's when it came to me. I don't know why I didn't think of it before. I'd finally found it. The perfect name for my baby sister.

When I told Lake, she nodded. "I like it." Then she let out a big yawn. I yawned too. It was contagious. Once we were back in our tents, Lake fell asleep right away. But for some reason, I couldn't sleep.

I kept thinking about the sleepover. I thought about the lavender in the lemonade, and River's pretend pajama party, and how fun our hide-and-seek game had been. I hoped we could play again in the morning. Then I thought of my Magic Moon Pillow. I looked over at Gloria, her cheek resting on top of it.

Mom had been right to bring it. How did she know it would save the day? Then, as if just by thinking about my mom, the strangest thing happened. I started missing her. I missed the way she tucks me in at night, and the way her hair smells, and even the way she worries about me and wants me to be safe.



I missed Dad too. And my cat Moondrop. And even my own bed. The missing was like an ache. It started in my tummy and worked its way up to my heart. I took a sharp breath as I realized what was happening.

I was homesick! *Was this how Gloria felt? How could this be? I am Brave Adventurous Luna. The Luna who wants to catch the bus alone in the morning. The Luna who dreams of traveling to the moon and using a zip line to come home! If I can't survive one sleepover away, how will I ever make it to the moon?*

As if the moon agreed, it disappeared behind the clouds, and our indoor campsite fell into darkness. That's when I heard something. It started out as a soft snarl, then a wheeze, building to a loud rumbling GROWL!

Suddenly, my homesickness turned into pure fear.

There was something outside my tent!



Chapter Eleven

DANGER CLOSE BY

I sat up on my mattress and looked around at my friends. Did they hear the scary sound too? Should I ask them for help?

Gloria was still asleep. I couldn't wake her up now. She'd end up calling her parents and the whole night would be ruined. What if I was just imagining it?

Lake was asleep too. I didn't want to look like a scaredy-cat to my new friend.

Peering out from behind my tent, I could see that the room was empty. The growling and hissing seemed to be coming from the other side of the double doors.

It sounded like a wild animal. Was it a bear? I gulped hard. Lake's dad's bear story had obviously gotten into my head. Mom had warned me about



not listening to scary stories. Once again, she was right. *Oh, where was my Mama Bear now to protect me from the REAL bear growling outside my tent?*

I tried to reason with myself. *I am not in the woods. I am in a house, in a town. There are no bears in my town. At least none that I'd ever heard of so far!*

I had to be brave. I could handle this! First step: Light. But there was a problem. The star lights on the tent were solar powered and had already gone dim. I shuffled over to the edge of the room, letting my fingers run along the wall, trying to find a light switch. There was nothing. The light on my little Magic Moon Pillow would have to do. Luckily, Gloria's head was no longer resting on top of it. I could easily take it without waking her.

Slowly, I opened the doors. The pillow's soft light guided me toward the sound.

The mysterious noise seemed to be coming from a big lump on the lip-shaped sofa.

GROWL. SNORT. WHEEZE.





The lump moved. It was alive! I was about to run back into the library when Lake appeared behind me. I almost ran into her. The noise must have woken her up too. But she didn't seem afraid. She looked angry.

"Mom!" she said in a stern voice, whisking the blanket off the couch.

Underneath the blanket, looking surprised, was Annabelle.

"What are you doing here?" Lake asked.

Annabelle sat up and rubbed her eyes, which were puffy from sleep.

"Sorry dear. I just wanted to be nearby in case there was an emergency. What if I couldn't hear you up in my bedroom on the third floor?"

"Sheesh, Mom," Lake pouted. "We're not babies! We're nine years old. If there was a problem, we'd just go up and get you."

I was still puzzled. "But what were those scary noises?"

"My mom snores," said Lake.

Annabelle laughed. "It's true. I do that



sometimes when I am sleeping in an awkward position. And this sofa is a real backbreaker*!" she said and rubbed her back.

"So go to your own bed," Lake said, gently nudging her mother toward the staircase. As Annabelle trudged up the stairs, Lake turned back to me and shrugged. "Sorry, Luna. My mom is a bit of a Mama Bear."

My jaw dropped open. *Lake had a Mama Bear too?*

"But you have a trampoline," was all I could say.

"Yes. And it took me a whole year and a lot of help from my dad to convince her to get it in the first place. Plus, I'm only allowed to use it if she's sitting right beside it. If I have to hear her say 'Keep the zipper closed!' one more time, I'll explode!"

I nodded. *So that's why Annabelle sat so close to the trampoline.*

"There's something else I want to tell you," Lake said. "You might as well know now before the whole world finds out."



I wondered what could be more shocking than Annabelle being a Mama Bear.

“I’ve never been to a sleepover party,” Lake admitted. “My mom says I’m too young. That’s why she only lets me have people over to *our* house. Can you believe it?”

“Actually, I can,” I said.

When we got back in our sleeping bags, I told Lake everything about the No Sleepover Club and how the meeting at the Paint a Pretty Cup Café wasn’t an accident. I also told her how Gloria had been to three sleepovers and never made it past eight thirty.

“She seems fine now,” said Lake, pointing to Gloria, who was breathing softly and snuggling Cutie.

Lake and I stayed up a long while, telling Mama Bear stories and giggling. I don’t even remember when I fell asleep.



Chapter Twelve

EARTH TO LUNA

There was no gravity.

I was floating. In my pastel spacesuit PJs, I took a few steps, front-flipping over a giant crater* and then landing softly at the foot of a small mountain. I bent my knees and leapt towards the top. I was flying!

In the distance, I saw the Earth. I waved to it. When I reached the peak of the mountain, I opened my moon pack. I took a flag out and planted it in the moon dust. A slice of fiery brightness flashed out from behind the Earth. It was the sun.

Suddenly, the radio inside my space helmet crackled and I heard a voice. “Earth to Luna. Do you copy? Luna?”

I opened my eyes. It took me a moment to remember where I was.



Sunlight was pouring through the library window at Lake's house.

"Luna!" I heard the voice again. I turned my head. It was Gloria. She was sitting up in her sleeping bag with a big smile. "I made it!"

That's when I smelled something sweet and heard the sound of feet pattering across the floor. A moment later, Lake barreled into the tent.

"Rise and shine sleepyheads!" she shouted, clapping her hands. "It's breakfast time. My dad made cinnamon buns!"

Behind her, Lake's dad was carrying a big basket of buns and waving a pair of serving tongs.

Gloria and I looked at each other and smiled.

It had been our first real sleepover, and we'd done it together.

I glanced out the library window, and my eyes locked with another pair of eyes. I raced to the door, and I yelled out, "Mom! Come in for breakfast!"



Epilogue

A STAR IS BORN

My baby sister came into the world on a starry night in June, which couldn't be more perfect.

Can you guess why?





Glossary

*Many words have more than one meaning. Here are the definitions of words marked with this symbol * (an asterisk) as they are used in this story.*

abuela: *“grandmother” in Spanish*

“all ears”: *listening with great interest*

backbreaker: *something that makes
your back hurt*

break in: *get new clothing or shoes to feel
more comfortable as you wear them*

catwalk: *a pathway that models walk
along in a fashion show*

cloakroom: *a space beside a classroom
where coats and hats are kept*

crater: *a hole on the surface of the moon*

dedicated: *let others know that you created
something especially in honor
of someone else*

eliminate: *decide not to include*



gauze: *lightweight woven fabric*

gig: *a job a that a musician has, usually for a certain short period of time*

glamorous: *very fancy, beautiful, and exciting*

grandfather clock: *a tall clock in a wooden case that stands on the floor*

gravity: *the force that keeps people and objects on Earth from floating away*

head honcho: *leader*

jam-packed: *loaded with things to do*

ladles: *a long spoon with a bowl shape at the end, used for serving soup*

lingered: *stayed a little bit longer*

magnificent: *amazing*

Moonlight Sonata: *a song written in 1801*

by Ludwig van Beethoven, a famous composer, that has a soothing melody at the beginning and is played on a piano

moonwalk: *a type of dance in which the dancer looks like they are sliding forward, but they are actually*



moving backwards

motto: *a saying that guides how a person acts or behaves*

quoting: *repeating someone's words exactly as they were written or spoken*

sheepish: *showing slight embarrassment*

“smacking my lips”: *opening and closing your lips noisily as you are tasting something delicious*

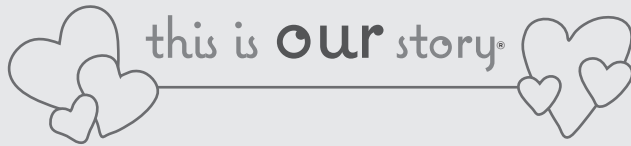
snarky: *using words that usually mean one thing in a way that means just the opposite that could make someone feel bad*

sprig: *a tiny piece of a plant's stem with a leaf*

strutting: *walking in a way that shows you are sure of yourself*

tía: *“aunt” in Spanish*





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And have we got a story to tell.

Our Generation® is unlike any that has come before. We're making a positive impact on our community by performing small, but powerful, acts of kindness, standing tall for causes we believe in, and creating a narrative where everyone can make a difference.

We're speaking up for those around us, taking leaps to develop big ideas, and embracing new opportunities without ever forgetting to build lasting memories along the way. From playing sports outdoors and learning new instruments, to singing out loud and dancing around, we're laughing together with friends as we share in the best moments of being a kid.

Our dreams have no limits, our voices echo around every corner, and we have the strongest belief that we can make anything and everything possible with our greatest gift: imagination.

This is our time. This is our story.

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About the Author

Laura Leigh Motte walks her eleven-year-old son to the bus stop each morning, even though he insists he's fine going on his own. She lives in the Laurentian Mountains, where Mama Bears roam the forest freely. This is her sixth OG book.

About the Illustrator

Passionate about drawing from an early age, Géraldine Charette decided to pursue her studies in computer multimedia in order to further develop her style and technique. Her favorite themes to explore in her illustrations are fashion and urban life. In her free time, Géraldine loves to paint and travel. She is passionate about horses and loves spending time at the stable. It's where she feels most at peace and gives her time to think and fuel her creativity.



My Sleepover Dream became the book that you are holding in your hands with the assistance of the talented people at Maison Battat Inc., including Joe Battat, Dany Battat, Ananda Guarany, Loredana Ramacieri, Sandy Jacinto, Véronique Casavant, Cynthia Lopez, Laurie Gaudreau-Levesque, Alexandra Bonfà, Jenny Gambino, Arlee Stewart, Natalie Cohen, Sophie Trudel, Zeynep Yasar, Joanne Burke Casey, and Pamela Shrimpton.

A special thanks from the author to Valentina Quan, developmental editor.

My Sleepover Dream

Why all the drama? Just wear a pajama!

Luna™ has a passion for pajamas. Onesies, twosies, footsies, holiday PJs, and PJs covered in pineapples, pandas, and pizzas. She loves the snuggliness, the fuzziness, the pure *jamaliciousness* of them. She loves her PJs so much she'll wear them all weekend long. If only she could wear them to school...

That's why PJ Day at Middlestone Elementary School is so important to her. (Actually, it was her idea.) But there's one thing Luna dreams of even more than PJ Day. Can you guess?

When pajamas end up saving the day, she'll find a new friend and have another chance to wear her beloved PJs. But there'll be a few challenges in her way before Luna can finally make her Sleepover Dream come true.

It's impossible to separate Our Generation® characters from the generation of girls who read about and play with them, for they are one and the same.

They're changing the world by making their households greener. They're baking cupcakes to help charities. They're writing in their journals, practicing for recitals, doing cartwheels down the block and giggling with their friends until they can hardly breathe. Our Generation is about girls growing up together. "This is our story" reflects the community of these amazing girls as they laugh, learn and create the narrative of their own generation.

Ages 7 and up

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