

MEGAN'S THIRTEENTH

A SPIRIT GUIDE, A GHOST TIGER, AND ONE
SCARY MOTHER!



OWEN JONES

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Megan's Thirteenth

DEDICATION

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GLOSSARY

1 MAM'S SURPRISE

Megan's mother, Suzanne, had been a different woman since the last time she had locked Megan in the coal cellar six months ago. She knew that Megan could still tell her father about it at any time, but as time receded from that awful day, it was becoming less and less likely that she would do so. Megan had let her off the hook and she knew that she owed her something for that. Megan had also more or less stopped talking about her supernatural, psychic powers too, at least in front of her mother.

From Megan's point of view, she finally had her mother as an ally again, as she always should have been, in their unspoken mother-daughter pact. Megan had been aware that, in the beginning, her mother had been worried that she would use the incident to blackmail her for favours. She knew that that was what her own mother was thinking about her and it hurt her. However, when it didn't happen, she had begun to warm to her young daughter again.

Slowly at first, but with gradual, definite progress all the same.

Both Megan and her mother were well aware of this 'Entente Cordiale', but it was Megan who fostered it rather than her mother. Megan thought that she was behaving particularly filial.

She helped her mother prepare food and do the beds; she offered to carry the shopping and, when she saw her mother tending the vegetable patch, she tried to find the time to work with her. Suzanne did nothing special, because she was waiting for the axe to fall. She did not have the sense, literally, to see that Megan would never let her down on purpose, whereas Megan knew what her mother was thinking so well, that she could probably have transcribed her thoughts verbatim.

However, one Saturday morning at the breakfast table, a week before Megan's thirteenth birthday, Suzanne surprised both her husband and Megan:

"It's your thirteenth next Saturday, what would you like to do for it, Megan? Thirteen is a very special birthday, you will no longer be our little girl, – you'll be a teenager. Won't she, Dad?"

"Yes, all grown up... Thirteen! My gosh, doesn't time fly? How about a party in the garden? Or we could put a marquee on The Green.

Then you could have some music so you and your friends can have a dance after the jelly and blancmange.”

“Daddy! I hope you won’t embarrass me by giving me and my friends food like jelly and blancmange... What are you like?”

“What? Too big for all that now are we, little Miss Grown-up? Well, I’m not even if you are. I love it. I love kids’ food. Yum, yum! Never mind, I’ll have yours. How about a birthday cake? Or are you too big for that too?”

“Oh, I want a birthday cake – a birthday cake is cool. I’ll have to think about the rest of the food though... Maybe, pizzas and curry.”

“Pizzas and curry? I’ve never heard of that before. Curry and rice, sure, pizzas and cheese, sure, but never pizzas and curry.”

“Not on the same plate! Mam, Daddy’s being silly.”

“He’s only joking with you, darling, take no notice. He has these silly turns sometimes. Always has had,... haven’t you noticed before? He’s still just a boy at heart, aren’t you, Bobby Boy?”

They all laughed.

It was what had been missing in their family life for years... even before the first time that Megan had been locked in the cellar and the pact had been broken, in fact.

“Can I be excused, so I can phone my friends, please?”

“May, I be excused, sure you can, er, may and don’t forget to ask them which type of curry goes with which type of pizza topping?”

“Oh, Daddy!” she mock-sighed as she kissed them both. “Thanks ever so much for my party. It’s going to be my best party ever, you wait and see.”

The first thing that Megan noticed as she opened the door to her bedroom was Grrr, her friend and spirit tiger, who was lying stretched out on her bed. Grrr raised her head slowly, looked at her friend and purred loudly.

“Come on, puss, move over, I’ve got some serious organizing to do.” She nudged Grrr, who rolled over onto her back hoping to be tickled. Megan leaped onto the space that Grrr had created and reached over to her bedside table for her mobile phone.

“Jane? Megan. Mam and Dad just told me I can have a 13th birthday party! Cool, eh? Next Saturday, the 13th. Yeah, I’ll be thirteen on

the 13th. You will come, won't you? You are the first person I've asked, but I'll ring all the guys from school too."

"Dad suggested hiring a marquee on The Green. Food, disco, lights, the whole works... What do you think?"

"Pizza, curry, jelly, ice cream, cake and kebabs?"

"Sounds great! I'll ask Mam to order that."

"How about a DJ?"

"Oh, yes, great idea! Jack Hammer! He's so cool and so fit! OK, I've got to go now, Jane. Tell everyone you see that they are welcome too. I'll ring you when I know the exact times. Bye."

Two hours later, Megan had invited all her best friends and had given them all carte blanche to invite anyone else as well. When she finally put the phone down, she closed her eyes and just felt the warmth of Grrr and the mingling of their lights, as Megan had used to call them, but which she had since learned to call their Auras from her Guide Wacinhinsha.

As Megan felt their Auras mix, she experienced complete and utter peace from the tiger. The tiger has no serious enemies except man, but as Grrr was dead anyway, she had no fear of anything or anyone at all in any world or in any life.

Megan bathed in the feeling of utter contentment, but knew that she would have to get up soon, because she had promised to go shopping with her parents.

"OK, Grrr, are you coming with us or are you staying here?" The big cat was purring, but she may have been asleep - it was impossible to tell, especially with a dead cat - even a tiger.

"Well, I have to go now... I'll see you later." There was no answer, as she knew there wouldn't be, but she liked to talk to Grrr, as people like to speak to their living pets without expecting a reply.

Grrr was a big cat and cats can't speak human languages when they are alive or dead, but they can still make someone feel happy or afraid whether alive or not. Megan had learned that nothing changed just because something or someone died, except that it did not have a body any longer.

Megan's father drove them to the local, out-of-town shopping complex to do the normal weekly shopping and pick up some basic supplies for the forthcoming party. Her parents treated her to a new party

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