

# Where Rainbows End

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Extract

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## *Chapter 1*

To Alex

You are invited to my 7th birthday party on Tuesday the 8th of April in my house. We are having a magician and you can come to my house at 2 o'clock. It is over at 5 o'clock. I hope you will come.

From your best friend Rosie

To Rosie

Yes I will come to your birthday party on Wednesday.

From Alex

To Alex

My birthday party is on Tuesday not Wednesday. You can't bring sandy to the party because mum says so. She is a smelly dog.

From Rosie

To Rosie

I do not care wot your stupid mum says sandy wants to come.

Form Alex

To Alex

My mum is not stupid you are. You are not aloud to bring the dog. She will brust the baloons.

From Rosie

To Rosie

Then I am not going.

Form Alex

To Alex

Fine.

From Rosie

Dear Mrs Stewart,

I just called by to have a word with you about my daughter Rosie's birthday on the 8th of April. Sorry you weren't in, but I'll drop by again later this afternoon and maybe we can talk then.

There seems to be some sort of little problem with Alex and Rosie lately. I think they're not quite on talking terms. I hope you can fill me in on the situation when we meet. Rosie would really love if he came to her birthday party.

I'm looking forward to meeting the mother of this charming young man!

See you then,  
Alice Dunne

To Rosie

I would be happy to go to your birthday party next week. Thank you for inviting me and Sandy.

From Alex your friend

To Rosie

Thanks for the great day at the party. I am sorry Sandy burst the balloons and ate your cake. She was hungry because Mum says Dad eats all our leftovers. See you at school tomorrow.

Alex

To Alex

Thanks for the present. It's ok about what Sandy did. Mum says she needed a new carpet anyway. Dad is a bit mad though. He said the old one was fine but Mum thinks the house smells of poo now, and it's not baby Kevin.

Look at Miss Casey's nose. It is the biggest nose I have ever seen. Ha ha ha.

Rosie

To Rosie

I no and she has a big snot hanging down too. She is the ugliest alien I have ever seen. I think we should tell the police we have an alien as a teacher who has a really smelly breath and—

Dear Mr and Mrs Stewart,

I would like to arrange a meeting with you to discuss how Alex is progressing at school. Specifically, I would like to talk about the recent change in his behaviour along with the problem of his note writing during class. I would appreciate it if you called the school to arrange a suitable time to meet.

Yours sincerely,  
Miss Casey

To Alex

I hate that we dont sit together anymore in class. I'm stuck beside stinky Steven who picks his nose and eats it. It is gross. What did your mum and dad say about Miss Big nose?

From Rosie

To Rosie

Mum did not say much because she kept laffing. I dont no why. It is reall boring up the front of the class. Smelly breath Miss Casey keeps on lucking at me. Have to go.

Alex

To Alex

You always spell know wrong. It is KNOW not NO.

From Rosie

To Rosie

Sorry miss prefect. I no how to spell it.

Form Alex

Hello form Spain! The weather is really nice. It is hot and sunny. There is a swimming pool with a big slide. It is cool. Met a freind called John. He is nice. See you in 2 weeks. I broke my arm coming down the slide. I went to the hopsital. I would like to work in a hopsital like the man that fixed my arm because he wore a white coat and had a chart in his hand and was really nice and he helped me to feel better. I would like to make people feel better and wear a white coat. My freind john signed my cast. You can too when I get home if you like.  
Alex

To Alex. Hello from Lundin. My hotel is the one in the picture on the front. My room is the one that is 7 up from the ground but you cant see me in the post card. I would like to work in a hotel when I grow up because you get free chocolates everyday and people are so nice that they tidy your room for you. The buses here are all red like the toy ones you got last Christmas. Everyone talks with a funny voice but are nice. Have met a frend called Jane. We go swimming together. Bye. Love from Rosie

To Alex

Why amnt I invited to your birthday party this year? I know all the boys from the class are going. Are you fighting with me?

Rosie

Dear Alice,

I'm sorry about Alex's behaviour this week. I know that Rosie is upset about not going to the party and she doesn't understand why she hasn't been invited. To be honest I can't quite understand it myself; I have tried to talk to Alex but I'm afraid I can't get inside the mind of a ten-year-old boy!

I think it's just a case of his not being able to invite her because the other boys don't want a girl to go. Unfortunately, he seems to be at that age . . . Please give my love to Rosie. It seems so unfair and when I spoke to her last week after school I could see how hurt she was.

Perhaps George and I can take the two of them out some other evening during the week.

Best wishes,

Sandra Stewart

To Rosie

The party was not very good. You did not miss anything. The boys are stupid. Brian threw his pizza in Jameses sleeping bag and when James woke up he had tomato and cheese stuck in his hair and everything and my mum tried to wash it and it would not go away and then Jameses mum

gave out to Brians mum and my mum went real red and my dad said something I didn't here and Jameses mum started to cry and then everyone went home. Do you want to go to the cimena on Friday and go to McDonalds after? My mum and dad will bring us.

Alex

To Alex

Sorry about your party. Brian is a weirdo anyway. I hate him. Brian the Whine is his name. I will ask my mum and dad about the cinema. Look at Miss Casey's skirt it looks like my grannys. Or it looks like sandy puked up all over it and the—

Dear Mr and Mrs Dunne,

I was hoping to arrange a meeting with you to discuss Rosie's recent behaviour in school and her note writing during class. How does Thursday at 3 p.m. sound?

Miss Casey

Alex,

My mum and dad won't let me go to the cinema tonight. I hate not sitting beside you. It's so boring. Frizzy Lizzys hair is blocking my view of the black-board. Why does this happen to us all the time?

Rosie



TO ALEX  
HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!  
MAY THERE BE SEX IN YOUR LIFE  
AND . . . LIFE IN YOUR SEX!  
LOVE FROM YOUR SECRET ADMIRER  
XXX

To Rosie

You wrote that card didn't you?

From Alex

To Alex

What card?

From Rosie

To Rosie

Very funny. I no it was you.

From Alex

To Alex

I really don't know what you're talking about.  
Why would I send you a Valentine's card?

From Rosie

To Rosie

Ha ha! How did you no it was a Valentine's  
Card! The only way you could no is if you sent  
it. You *love* me, you want to *marry* me.

From Alex

To Alex

Leave me alone I'm listening to Mrs O'Sullivan.  
If she catches us passing notes again we're dead meat.

From Rosie

To Rosie

What happened to you? You've turned into such  
a swot.

Alex

Yes Alex and that's why I'll go places in life, like  
going to college and being a big successful busi-  
ness person with loads of money . . . unlike you.

From Rosie

## *Chapter 2*

Dear Mr Byrne,

Alex will be unable to attend school tomorrow, the 8th of April, as he has a dental appointment.

Sandra Stewart

Dear Ms Quinn,

Rosie will be unable to attend school tomorrow, the 8th of April, as she has a doctor's appointment.

Alice Dunne

Rosie,

I'll meet you round the corner at 8.30 a.m. Remember to bring a change of clothes. We're not wandering around town in our uniforms. This is going to be the best birthday you ever had, Rosie Dunne, trust me! I can't believe we're actually getting away with this!

Alex

PS. Sweet 16 my arse!

St James's Hospital  
10 April

Dear Mr and Mrs Dunne,

Enclosed is the medical bill for Rosie Dunne's stomach pumping on 8 April.

Yours sincerely,  
Dr Montgomery

Rosie,

Your mum is guarding the door like a vicious dog so I don't think I'll get to see you for the next ten years or so. The kind big sis you love so much (not!) has agreed to pass this on to you. You owe her big time . . .

Sorry about the other day. Maybe you were right. Maybe the tequila wasn't such a good idea. The poor barman will probably be closed down for serving us. Told you that fake ID my mate got would work, even though yours did say you were born on the 31st of February!

Just wondering if you remember anything that happened the other day . . . write to me. You can trust Stephanie to pass it on. She's mad at your mum for not letting her drop out of college. Phil and Margaret have just announced that they're having another baby so it looks like I'll be an uncle for the second time round. At least that's taking the attention off me, which makes for a change. Phil just keeps laughing at what you and me did because we remind him of himself ten years ago.

Get well soon, you alco! Do you no I didn't think it was possible for a human being to go so green in the face. I think you have finally found your talent, Rosie, ha ha ha ha.

Alex/Mr Cocky,

I FEEL AWFUL. My head is pounding, I have never had such a headache, I have never felt so ill before in my life. Mum and Dad are going ape shit. Honestly, you never get any sympathy in this house. I'm gonna be grounded for about thirty years and I'm being 'prevented' from seeing you because you're 'such a bad influence'. Yeah right, whatever.

Anyway, it doesn't really matter what they do because I'm gonna see you at school tomorrow, unless they 'prevent' me from going there too, which is absolutely fine by me. Can't believe we have double maths on a Monday morning. I would rather get my stomach pumped again. Five times over. See you on Monday then.

Oh by the way, in answer to your question, apart from my face smashing against that filthy pub floor, flashing lights, loud sirens, speeding cars and puking, I can't remember anything else. But I bet that just about covers it. Anything else I should know about?

Rosie

To Rosie

Glad to hear everything is as normal as usual.

Mum and Dad are driving me crazy too. I can't believe I'm actually looking forward to going to school. At least no one will be able to nag us there.

From Alex

Dear Mr and Mrs Dunne,

Following the recent actions of your daughter Rosie, we request a meeting with you at the school immediately. We need to discuss her behaviour and come to an agreement on a reasonable punishment. I have no doubt you understand the necessity of this. Alex Stewart's parents will also be in attendance.

The scheduled time is Monday morning at 9 a.m.

Yours sincerely,

Mr Bogarty

Principal

From Rosie

To Alex

Subject Suspended!

Holy shit! I didn't think that old bogey would go ahead and suspend us! I'd swear we were axe murderers from the way that he was carrying on! Oh, this is the best punishment *ever*. I get to stay in bed for a whole week nursing a hangover instead of going to school!

From Alex  
To Rosie  
Subject I'm in hell

Glad life is going so wonderfully for you these days. I'm emailing you from the worst place in the world. An office. I have to work here with Dad for the entire week, filing shit and licking stamps. I swear to God I am NEVER EVER going to work in an office in my life.

The bastards aren't even paying me.

A very pissed off Alex

From Rosie  
To Alex  
Subject A very pissed off Alex

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha em . . . I've forgotten what I was going to write . . . oh yeah . . . ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Lots of love from an extremely comfy, snuggly, warm and happy Rosie typing from her bedroom.

From Alex  
To Rosie  
Subject Lazy

I don't care. There is an absolute babe working in this office. I am going to marry her. Now who's laughing?

From Rosie  
To Alex  
Subject Don Juan

Who is she?

From a non-lesbian so am therefore NOT  
jealous.

From Alex  
To Rosie  
Subject To non-lesbian

I will for the time being humour you by calling  
you that although I have yet to see any  
evidence to suggest otherwise.

Her name is Bethany Williams and she is  
seventeen (older woman!), blonde, has a massive  
pair of boobs and the longest legs I have ever  
seen.

From the sex god

From Rosie  
To Alex  
Subject Mr Sex God (puke puke gag vomit)

She sounds like a giraffe. I'm sure she is a really  
nice person (not!). Have you even said hello to  
her or has your future wife yet to acknowledge  
your existence? (Apart from handing you memos  
to photocopy, of course.)



You have an instant message from: ALEX.

Alex: Hey there, Rosie, got some news for you.

Rosie: Leave me alone, please. I'm trying to concentrate on what Mr Simpson is saying.

Alex: Hmmm wonder why . . . could it be those beautiful big blue eyes all you girls are always going on about?

Rosie: Nope, I have a great and growing interest in Excel. It's so exciting – I could just sit in and do it all weekend.

Alex: Oh, you're turning into such a bore.

Rosie: I WAS JOKING, YOU IDIOT! I hate this crap. I think my brain is turning to mush from listening to him. But go away anyway.

Alex: Do you not wanna hear my news?

Rosie: Nope.

Alex: Well, I'm telling you anyway.

Rosie: OK, what's the big exciting news?

Alex: Well, you can eat your words, my friend, because virgin boy is no longer.

Alex: Hello?

Alex: You still there?

Alex: Rosie, c'mon, stop messing!

Rosie: Sorry, I seem to have fallen off my chair and knocked myself out. I had an awful dream you said you are no longer virgin boy.

Alex: No dream.

Rosie: I suppose that means you won't be wearing your underwear over those tights any more.

Alex: I have no need for underwear at all now.

Rosie: Uuuugh! So who's the unlucky girl?

Please don't say Bethany please don't say

Bethany . . .

Alex: Tough shit. It's Bethany.

Alex: Hello?

Alex: Rosie?

Rosie: What?

Alex: Well?

Rosie: Well what?

Alex: Well say something.

Rosie: I really don't know what you want me to say, Alex. I think you need to get yourself some male friends because I'm not gonna slap you on the back and ask for gory details.

Alex: Just tell me what you think.

Rosie: To be honest, from what I hear about her, I think she's a slut.

Alex: Oh, come on, you don't even know the girl, you've never even met her. You call anyone who sleeps with anyone a slut.

Rosie: I've seen her around and, eh, SLIGHT exaggeration there, Alex. I call people who sleep with different people every day of the week sluts.

Alex: You know that's not true.

Rosie: You keep spelling KNOW wrong. It's KNOW not NO.

Alex: Shut up with the 'know' thing. You've been going on about that since we were about five!

Rosie: Yeah, exactly, so you think you would listen by now.

Alex: Oh forget I said anything.

Rosie: Oh, Alex, I'm just worried about you. I know you really like her, and all I'm saying is that she's not a one-man kind of girl.

Alex: Well, she is now.

Rosie: Are you two going out with each other?!

Alex: Yes.

Rosie: YES?????

Alex: You sound surprised.

Rosie: I just didn't think Bethany went out with people, I thought she just slept with them.

Rosie: Alex?

Rosie: OK, OK, I'm sorry.

Alex: Rosie, you need to stop doing that.

Rosie: I no I do.

Alex: Ha ha.

Mr Simpson: You two, get down to the principal's office now.

Rosie: WHAT??? OH, SIR, PLEASE, I WAS LISTENING TO YOU!

Mr Simpson: Rosie, I haven't spoken for the last fifteen minutes. You are supposed to be working on an assignment now.

Rosie: Oh. Well, it's not my fault. Alex is an awful influence on me. He just never lets me concentrate on my school work.

Alex: I just had something really important to tell Rosie and it just couldn't wait.

Mr Simpson: So I see, Alex. Congratulations.

Alex: Eh . . . how do you know what it was?

Mr Simpson: I think you two would find it interesting sometimes if you listen to me every now and again. You can really learn some useful tips, like how to keep an instant message private so everyone else can't see.

Alex: Are you telling me other people in the class can read this?

Mr Simpson: Yes I am.

Alex: Oh my God.

Rosie: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Mr Simpson: Rosie!

Rosie: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Mr Simpson: ROSIE!!!

Rosie: Yes, sir.

Mr Simpson: Get out of the class now.

Alex: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Mr Simpson: You too, Alex.