

Lady Sophia-Sparkleton adjusted her sparkly parasol and gasped so loudly that three butterflies fainted.



"Lady Katy-Catastrophina!" she whispered in her fanciest voice, "You will NOT believe what I heard about Mummy!"



Lady Katy-Catastrophina leaned forward
so far she nearly fell into her teacup.

"Tell me EVERYTHING!"



"She put peanut butter... on her PIZZA!
And then she ate it with a FORK!"



Lady Katy-Catastrophina clutched her pearls (which were actually rainbow beads, but still very fancy). "Well! That's nothing compared to what Daddio did!"





"He sang opera to the toaster
this morning! Called it
'Toastopher' and gave it a
standing ovation when it
dinged!"



Lady Sophia-Sparkleton spit her pretend tea back into her cup (very unfancy, but necessary).
“That’s PREPOSTEROUS! That’s RIDICU-LICIOUS!”



"But wait," she whispered even more dramatically, "have you heard about Uncle Steve?"



“Uncle Steve has been teaching the garden gnomes to do the cha-cha-cha! He says Gerald is getting quite good!”



“GERALD?!” Lady Katy-Catastrophina twirled her parasol so fast it created a small tornado of glitter. “The gnome has a NAME?”



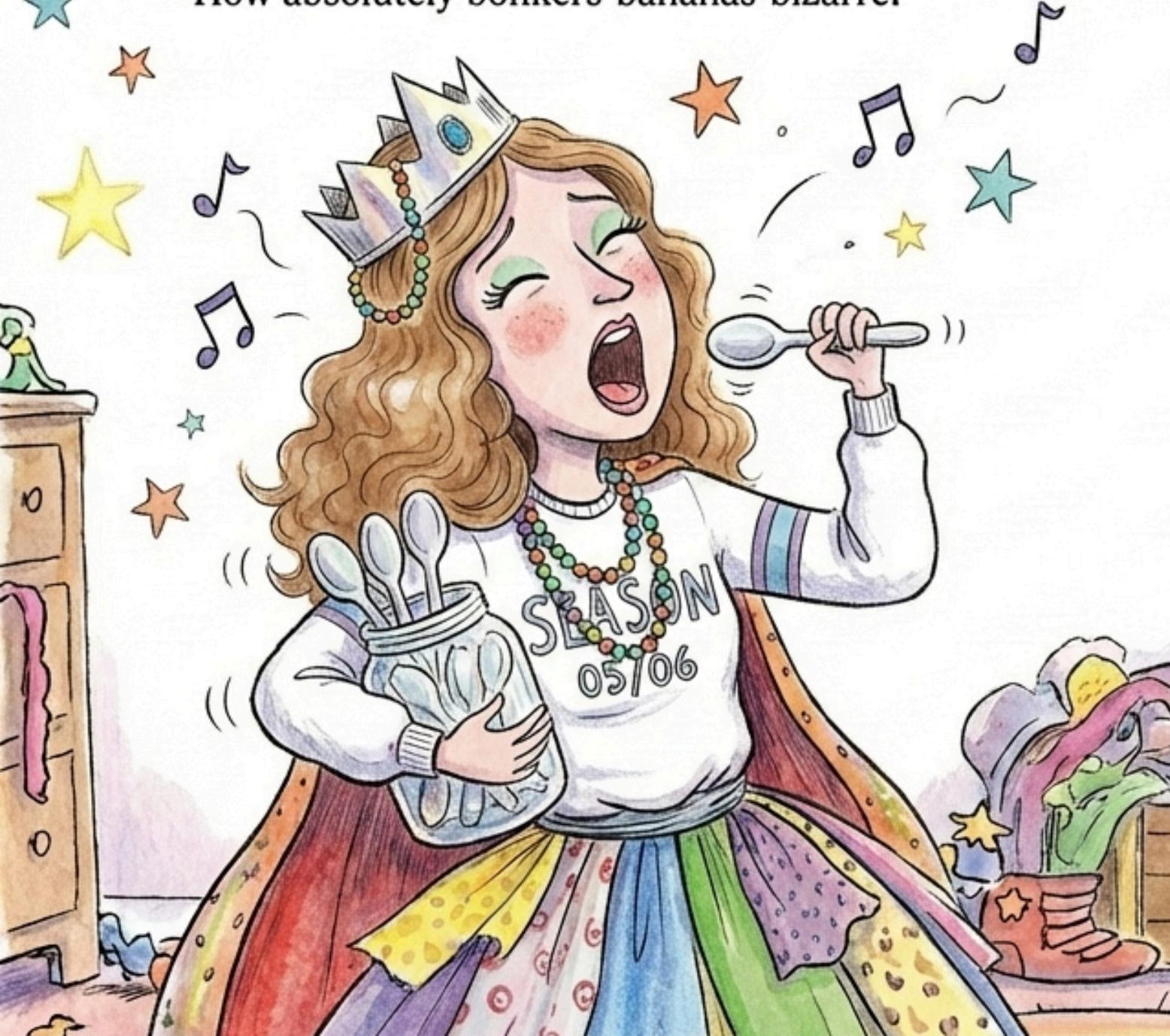
“Indeed! But that’s not even the MOST
shocking part about our family!”



Lady Sophia-Sparkleton took a very loud slurp of air-tea. "Grandma has been secretly learning to yodel! In the bathtub! At midnight!"



“YODEL-AY-HEE-HOO!” Lady Katy-Catastrop-hina practiced, making the plastic spoons rattle.
“How absolutely bonkers-bananas-bizarre!”



"Speaking of bananas," whispered Lady Sophia-Sparkleton, "the fictional brother has been wearing a banana costume to bed and calling himself 'Captain Potassium'!"



Lady Katy-Catastrophina fanned herself with a napkin. "My word! My stars! My fancy lady sensibilities!"



"And the fictional sister? She's been teaching the houseplants to speak French! Bonjour, fern! Comment allez-vous, cactus?"



"THIS IS TOO MUCH!" they both shouted,
then remembered to be fancy and covered
their mouths daintily.



"But there's more," Lady Sophia-Sparkleton said, her eyes growing wider than teacup saucers.



“Aunty Charlotte has been collecting spoons from every restaurant in town and building a spoon castle in her closet!”



"A SPOON CASTLE?! With spoon towers?
And spoon turrets? And a spoon
drawbridge?!"



“The very same! She calls it ‘Spoontopia’ and charges the teddy bears three buttons for admission!”



Lady Katy-Catastrophina stood up (fancy ladies sometimes stand when gossip gets THIS good). ‘This family is absolutely MAGNIFICENTLY MAD!’



"STUPENDOUSLY SILLY!" added Lady Sophia-Sparkleton, twirling three times.



"WONDERFULLY WACKY AND WEIRD!"
they shouted together, parasols spinning
like disco balls.



Then Lady Katy-Catastrophina looked at their empty teacups and got a wonderfully wicked idea.



"Bottoms up!" she declared, and they both tipped their teacups completely upside down on their heads like fancy lady hats, giggling so hard they nearly toppled off their tiny chairs.



“Same time tomorrow?” asked Lady Sophia-Sparkleton, adjusting her teacup-hat with great dignity.



"Absolutely," said Lady Katy-Catastrophina, linking arms with her fellow fancy lady. "I hear the mailman has been teaching pigeons to tap-dance, and we simply MUST discuss it!"

