

## **Chapter 5 - Result!**

Gemma was standing in the middle of a crowd.

“I’ll get the score any minute now,” she promised the others. “We’ll soon see how the match is going.”

Then Kirsty’s phone bleeped. She had got used to it now. The texts seemed to come whenever she was in trouble, or needed help. This time she stared in amazement. Then she read aloud:

“REAL 1 MAN U 2”

The Man U supporters began to shout and clap, except for Gemma Roberts who looked furious.

She was blinking at the screen on her phone. Then the score flashed through. But it was too late. Kirsty's old phone had beaten her.

Then one of her gang called out, "Check out the chart, Gemma. I want to know if that track made number one."

Right on cue, Kirsty's phone bleeped. "Yeah, it has," she said casually.

Gemma was still staring at her phone. Kirsty had beaten her yet again.

But where were these texts coming from? It seemed like they were magic.

She sent a text back.

<b>M8S. 4EVR. AGN D RST.</b>
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