

“still” not Lama Loser



Barry Loser

Commas put in by Jim Smith



EGMONT



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EGMONT LUCKY COIN

Our story began over a century ago, when seventeen-year-old Egmont Harald Petersen found a coin in the street.

He was on his way to buy a flyswatter, a small hand-operated printing machine that he then set up in his tiny apartment.

The coin brought him such good luck that today Egmont has offices in over 30 countries around the world. And that lucky coin is still kept at the company's head offices in Denmark.

Praise for my first book

“Guaranteed to make
you laugh and cringe
in equal measure”
-The Book Zone

As soon as I finished
it I started reading
the same book
all over again
-Daisy, aged 9

“The review of the eight
year old boy in our house...”

“CAN I KEEP IT TO GIVE
TO A FRIEND?”
Best recommendation
you can get”
-Observer

BARRY WILL
DEFINITELY
BE A WINNER
Creative Steps

“A book that
seven to nine
year olds will
devour!”
Primary Times

“a really
funny and
weird
book”
-Martha at
Me and My
Big Mouth

I would give this book
10/10 because it made me
laugh a lot. Christopher, aged 8

“MADCAP
MUST-READ”
LoveReading4Kids

“Twice as good as Diary of a Wimpy Kid”
Ben, aged 7

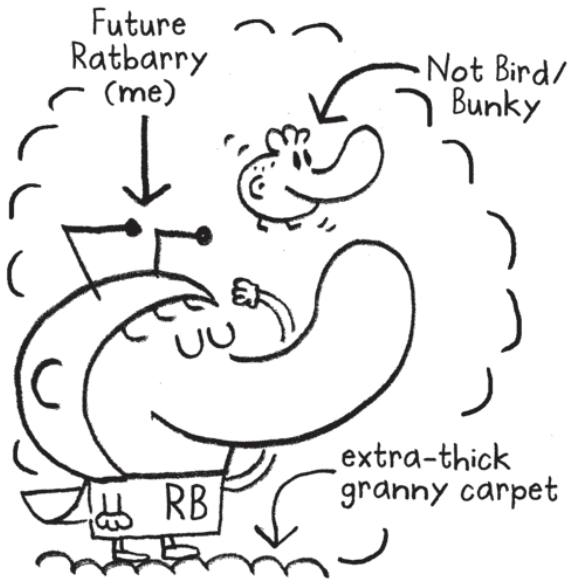


Hover-poops

You know when someone's horrible to you in a dream and you wake up really annoyed with them? That's what happened to me with my best friend Bunky.

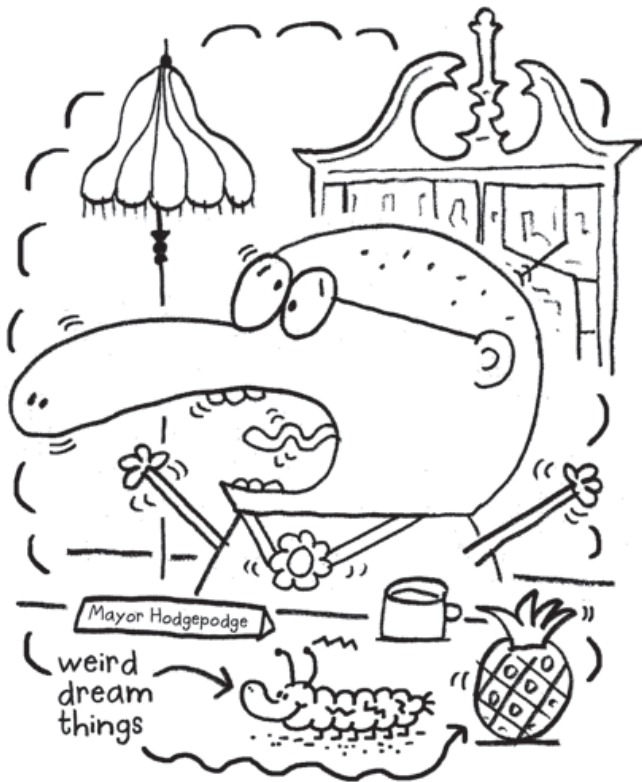


In the dream I was my favourite TV character, Future Ratboy, and Bunky was his annoying sidekick Not Bird.



We were in the mayor's office, which looked exactly like my granny's house.

'You're the only ones who can save us from the hoverpoos!' said the mayor, who was played by my teacher, Mr Hodgepodge.

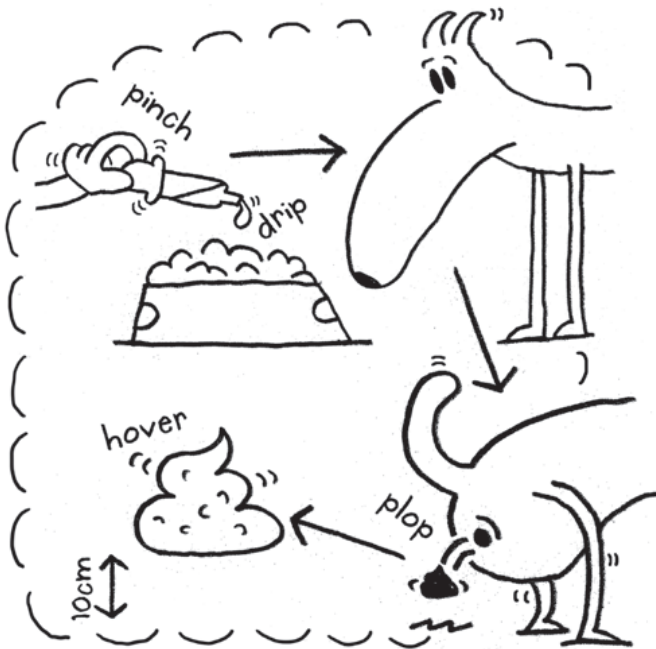


Hoverpoos were the invention of Professor Smugly, who in the dream was Gordon Smugly from our class at school.



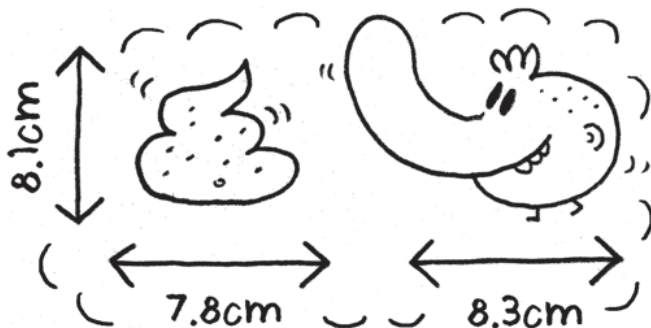
Gordon Smugly has the most perfect name for himself ever in the history of having a name, because he looks like a Gordon and is smug and ugly.

Professor Smugly had given all the dogs in town his hoverpoo potion so that now, instead of their poos landing splat on the ground, they hovered ten centimetres above it.



'They're everywhere!' said the mayor, screaming as a hoverpoo floated up and bumped into his sock.

It was about the same size as Not Bird (Bunky) and the same colour (brown) and also floated (like birds can).



'Don't worry, Mayor Hodgepodge, we'll stop Professor Smugly!' I said, and I looked at his face to see if he was impressed, but he was too busy screaming and kicking at the hoverpoo to notice.

Because it was a dream, all of a sudden we were in Professor Smugly's laboratory and I'd turned myself into a fly, and was sitting on Not Bird's beak.



'What's all this craziness about?' said Professor Smugly, holding a test tube with brown bubbling potion in it.

'Ooh, can I have a sip?' said Not Bird,
flying over to the test tube.

He perched on the edge and dipped his
beak in. 'Ahhhhhhh,' he said, and he
turned straight into a hoverpoo.



'Hmmm . . . a talking hoverpoo. That could be useful,' said Professor Smugly, flicking me off Not Bird's head.



'Not Bird, how do you fancy being my right-hand man?' he said.
'Or should I say right-hand poo?'

'But Bunky's MY right-hand pool!'
I screamed, but because I was a fly
it came out as a whisper.

'Barrrrrr-yyyyy, you'll be late for
schooo-oooll!' my mum shouted up the
stairs, and I woke up, not a fly any
more, and late for school.



Grandpa Hodge- podge

'Thanks for making me late!' said Bunky at the top of my road where he waits for me in the morning, and he wasn't being sarcastic either.

'Oh I'm SOOOO sorry, what, do you have to meet Professor Smugly or something?' I said, in full Future Ratboy sarcastic mode.

'Who's Professor Smugly?' said Bunky, picking his nose and eating it for breakfast.



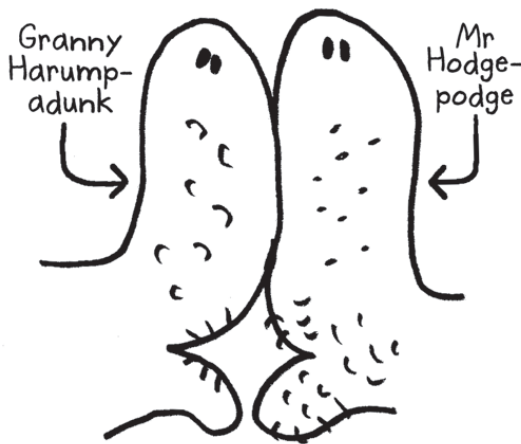
'Don't pretend you don't know, HOVERPOO,' I said, and I gave him my evil stare.



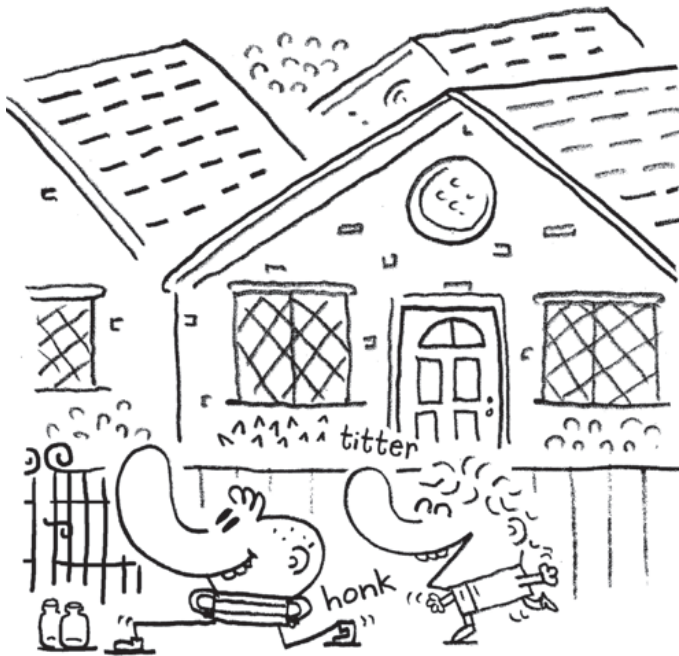
'What's a hoverpoo?' said Bunky, and he scrunched himself up into a poo shape and pretended to hover around, doing blowoffs, and I crumpled to the floor like a deckchair being folded up, weeing myself with laughter.

The walk to school takes us past Granny Harumpadunk's house, which I've been trying to avoid ever since she started going out with my teacher, Mr Hodgepodge.

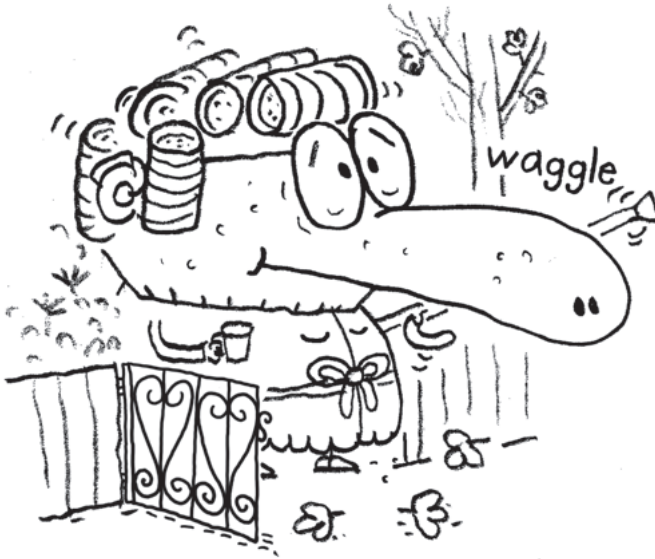
I usually manage to sneak past just before they have their disgusting morning kiss at the front gate, but because we were late, Bunky and me got there the exact millisecond their dried-up old lips started snogging.



I closed my eyes to stop myself being sick and tried to tiptoe past, but what with Bunky doing his hoverpoo impression and me tripping over Granny's empty milk bottles, and Mr Hodgepodge kissing Granny with his eyes open anyway, it didn't really work.



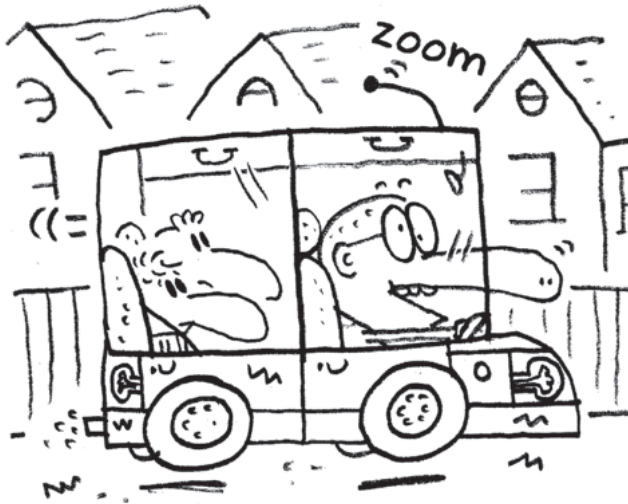
'Ooh, Hodge, you can give Barry and Blinky a lift!' said Granny, so that was how we ended up in Mr Hodgepodge's car.



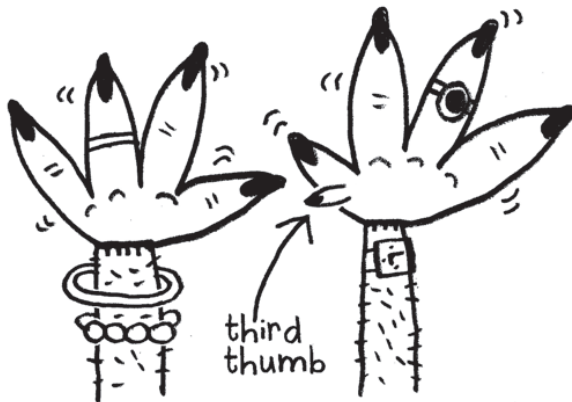
'Hodge' is Granny Harumpadunk's nickname for Mr Hodgepodge, who's the happiest person in the whole wide world amen now that he's going out with her.

'Isn't it the most incredibly beautiful day!' he said, in his new woolly jumper that matches Granny's.

He was squeezing into the front seat of his car, all wheezing and blowing off, and I looked at Bunky's eyes in the rear-view mirror and did a little snortle.



I was a bit annoyed that we were getting a lift with Mr Hodgepodge, mainly because of how embarrassing it was, but also because I couldn't go into Three Thumb Rita's.



Three Thumb Rita's is the tiny sweet shop halfway between my house and school. It's owned by Rita, who has an extra thumb on one of her hands, which sounds disgusting but actually isn't once you've seen it every day for a million years.

She even sells little Thumb Sweets,
which are my complete and utter
favourites.

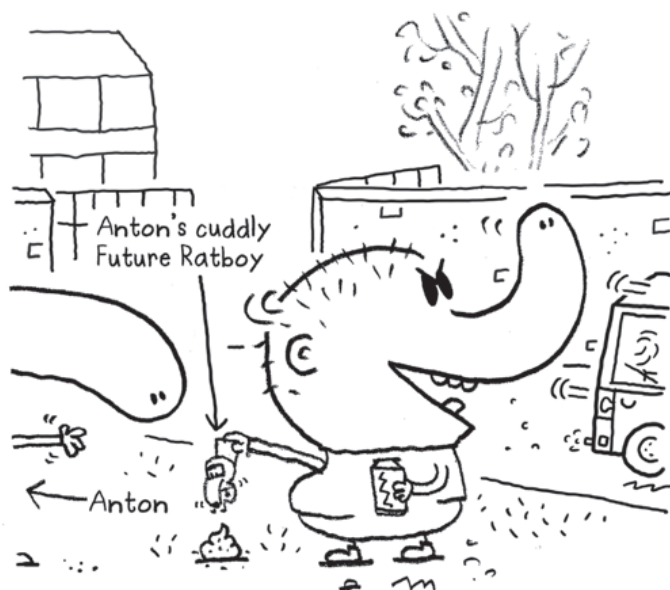


'Moouoooooorrrrrrrnnnniiiiinnnnngggggg
Riiiiitttttaaaaa!' I screamed out of the
car as we zoomed past, because I didn't
want her to think I'd started going to
another sweet shop because of her
third thumb or something.



I don't think she heard or saw
me though.

'There's Barry and Bunky with their new granddad!' shouted Darren Darrenofski as we drove through the front gates at school, Mr Hodgepodge blowing off to the song on the radio.



'I'm not with them!' shouted Bunky out of the window as we parked, and he got out and zoomed off like a talking hoverpoo, not that it mattered because his first lesson was with me and Mr Hodgepodge anyway.

