

# DAISY



and the TROUBLE with

# COCONUTS

by Kes Gray



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## About the Book

Whooppee!!! The funfair has come to town and Daisy's nanny and grampy are going to take her. Daisy has never been to a funfair before! She can't wait to go on all the rides and play all the games, but she is even more determined to win her very first actual coconut.

Trouble is, just how easy will it be to win one?

# DAISY



and the **TROUBLE** with

# COCONUTS

by Kes Gray

RHCP DIGITAL



To Oliver Edward Andrews





# CHAPTER 1

THE **TROUBLE WITH coconuts** is they are the worst type of nuts in the whole wide world.



If I was a monkey living in a jungle that was totally made up of coconut trees, and one of the coconuts on one of the trees asked me to be their friend, then there is absolutely no way that I would say yes. I'd rather be friends with Jack Beechwhistle, who's the worst boy on earth, than be friends with a coconut.

If you ask me, coconuts shouldn't be allowed in a funfair. If you double ask me, they shouldn't even be allowed to grow. Coconuts are too big. Coconuts are too hairy. Plus, if you try to win one, they just get you into trouble.

**WHICH ISN'T MY FAULT!**

## CHAPTER 2

I WAS REALLY excited when I heard that the funfair was coming to town. Gabby was the first person at school to tell me. Nishta Bagwhat was second. Daniel McNicholl was third. Fiona Tucker was fourth, I think. Or it might have been Colin Kettle, I'm not sure. So I'll call it a draw.

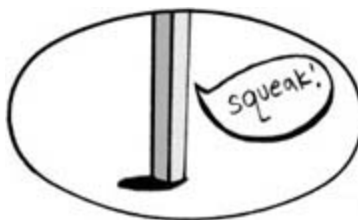


Everyone in the playground was really excited about the funfair. Trouble is, everyone was still really excited when we went into class too. Being excited about funfairs in class is against school rules. Because it makes you forget your times tables. And it makes you fidget.

The **trouble with fidgeting** is it makes your chair squeak.



The **trouble with chairs squeaking** is it makes your teacher look right at you. Which is a bit of a problem if you've just said six sevens are 93.



If you've just told your teacher that six sevens are 93, you really want her to ask someone else the next sum.

Trouble is, when Mrs Peters heard my chair squeak again, she asked me two sums in a row. Which is probably against the law. But there was no one around to stop her.

The **trouble with nine times eight** is it's an even harder sum to do than six times seven. Especially if there's a funfair coming to town.





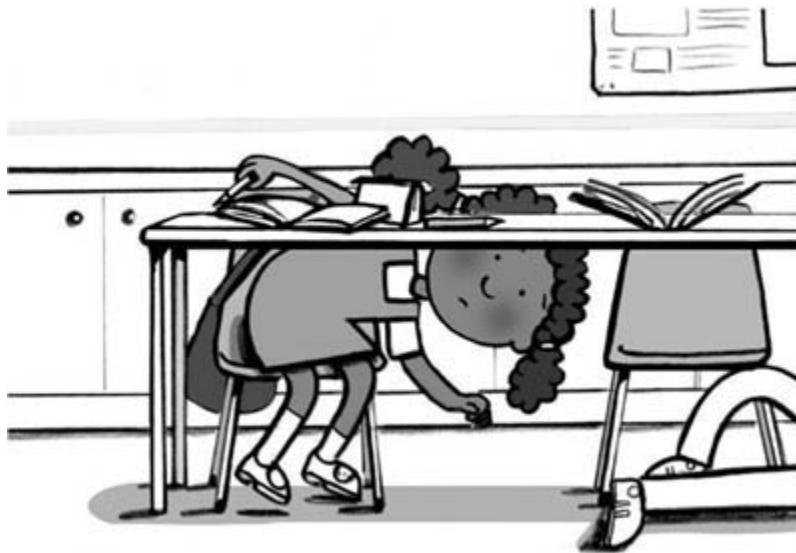
When Mrs Peters said it wasn't even close, everyone in my class started looking at me. Which made me go all hot.

The **trouble with going all hot in class** is it makes your brain shrink. Which means it's even harder to do sums in your head.



Luckily for me, Jack Beechwhistle fell off his chair just before I was going to change my mind to 76. Which was a good job really. Because 76 wasn't the right answer either.

Thank goodness Jack *did* fall off his chair, because everyone was looking at him now, instead of me. Including Mrs Peters.



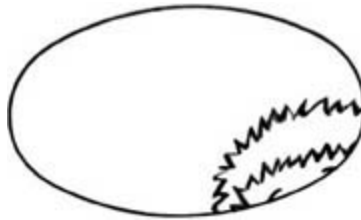
Except no one could see him. Because he hadn't got back up off the floor.

When Fiona Tucker looked down by her feet and told us that Jack was dead on the floor, Mrs Peters forgot about

nine times eight altogether. She ran to the back of the class where Fiona and Jack sit and looked under the desk to see if it was true.

But it wasn't. Jack Beechwhistle wasn't even slightly dead. He was just pretending.

That's the **trouble with Jack Beechwhistle**. He is soooooooooooooo badly behaved.



The **trouble with pretending you're dead in class** is Mrs Peters doesn't think it's a very funny thing to do.

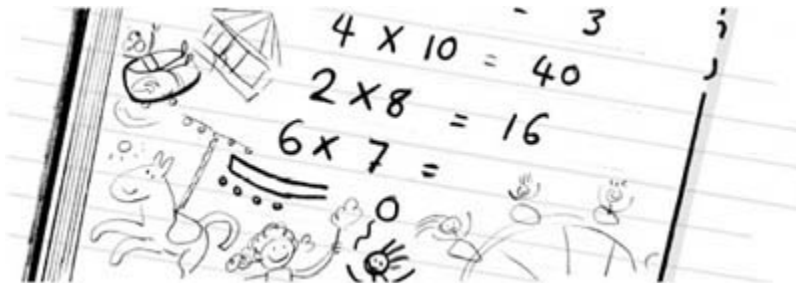


Everyone else in class thought it was funny, but Mrs Peters is a teacher. Which means she's had her funny bones taken out and replaced with cross bones.

Her cross bones got even crosser when she noticed that Jack had been drawing funfair pictures all over his maths book.



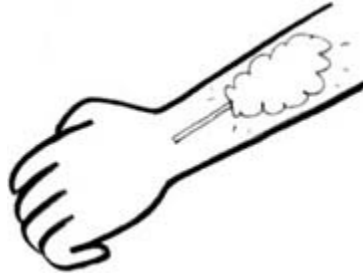
Then she got even crosser than crosser when she noticed that Fiona Tucker had been drawing funfair pictures too.



It wasn't just Jack and Fiona either.

Nishta had drawn a big wheel on the back of her hand, Harry Bayliss had done a candyfloss tattoo on his arm and David Alexander had drawn a rifle range with exploding ducks right across the top of his school bag.





No wonder no one could get their sums right.

Luckily I'd never been to a funfair before, so I didn't know what kind of pictures to draw. But I still got told off for squeaking.

Mrs Peters told us that fidgeting and drawing funfair pictures in mental arithmetic was completely unacceptable behaviour. She said that if Pythagoras had spent all his time fidgeting and drawing candyfloss tattoos on his arms, then mathematics would still be in the Dark Ages.

She said that from now on we must start concentrating on the important things in life. Then she said we had to stay in at break time to catch up on our sums. Plus we got banned from even thinking about funfairs for the rest of the day.

But I still did. Only in secret and without fidgeting!



## CHAPTER 3

THE **TROUBLE WITH funfair posters** is when a funfair comes to town, they stick them everywhere!



When me and Mum went into town after school, I saw funfair posters stuck on the fence down by the roundabout. There were funfair posters stuck on the window of an empty shop in the high street. There were even bits of a funfair poster stuck on the back of a lorry parked outside the baker's.

It was so exciting!

It got even more exciting when Mum told me that Nanny and Grampy had phoned while I was at school and offered to take me to the funfair on Saturday afternoon! I didn't even know that my nanny and grampy liked funfairs! I thought they were far too old to like fun things.

Mum said that just because people are over the age of sixty it doesn't mean they should give up the will to live. She said that, for a lot of people, retirement is the most enjoyable time of life. She said that when you're Nanny and Grampy's age you can do anything you want, any time you want to.

Which is a good job really, because Mum would never have taken me to a funfair. Because Mum doesn't like

funfairs at all.

Whenever the funfair has come to town before, my mum has always pulled a grumpy face. As far as she is concerned, funfairs are a complete waste of money. Plus she says the games at a funfair are too expensive and the rides spin you round so much they make you sick.

Sometimes I think my mum should have been a teacher.

Luckily for me, Mum wasn't invited. I reckon Nanny and Grampy had probably taken Mum to a funfair when she was a little girl and had decided never to do it again. Funfairs are no fun at all if you take the wrong sort of children.

Luckily for Nanny and Grampy, I was exactly the right sort of child to take to a funfair. I didn't mind if the rides were too expensive because Nanny and Grampy would be paying! I didn't even mind if the rides made me feel sick, because at least I'd be having brilliant fun at the same time! Plus I was absolutely sure I wasn't going to be sick anyway.



When I spoke to Grampy on the phone on Friday, he sounded even more excited about the funfair than me! He asked me if I'd ever been in a bumper car, and I said I hadn't. He asked me if I'd ever been down a helter-skelter,