

The REVENGE



Files

OF

ALiSTAIR

FuRY

**Summer
Helliday**

Jamie Rix

YOUR
GLORIOUS
Eade



Contents

Cover

About the Book

Title Page

Dedication

My Daily Diary

Notes

Thursday (Day -1)

Friday (Day 0)

Saturday (Day 1 of Holidays)

Sunday (Day 2)

Monday (Day 3)

Tuesday (Day 4)

Wednesday (Day 5)

Thursday (Day 6)

Friday (Day 7)

Saturday (Day 8)

Sunday (Day 9)

Friday (Day 14)

Saturday (Day 15)

Wednesday (Day 26)

Thursday (Day 27)

Monday (Day 38)

Tuesday (Day 46 end of World)

About the Author

Also by Jamie Rix

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About the Book

Howzat! Strawberries and cream! Hayfever!

School's broken up and I've got the chance to be a celebrity at last! There's a film audition in my neighbourhood and I'm determined to get the main part even if it means having to kiss Mrs Muttley's warty hands to get dancing lessons. Mum wants to drag me off on a family holiday with Granny, but that clapped-out old toilet-on-wheels won't come between me and superstardom. Nor will the caravan. My big brother and sister want to ruin my chance of fame but I've got friends in high places, and I'm not just talking about Mr. E when he's on top of a skip. So watch out Mel and William! RIP. Revenge Is Planned.

The
REVENGE
~~Files~~
OF
ALISTAIR
FURY
Summer Helliday



JAMIE RIX
Illustrated by Nigel Baines

RHCP DIGITAL

For Milo,
who makes Alistair look positively angelic



**EVERY DAYS IN EVERY
WAYS I'M SAVING
THE PLANET FROM
HARMFUL RAYS!**

This ECO-diary belongs to – Alistair
Fury

Age – 11

Address – 47 Atrocity Road, Tooting,
England

Favourite Flower – Poisoned Ivy or
Hemlock

Favourite Tree – Willow, because it
makes great bats to bash evil big brothers
and sisters with.

Favourite Animal – Not Mr E our pukey
pug dog & not Napoleon our unbalanced cat.
My favourite animal is a KILLER BEE! I
know it sounds little and silly, but it is
more worse than a shark for killing people.
This is because there are more killer bees
nearer to humans than there are sharks. I
mean how many picnics have you been on when
a swarm of white sharks has descended on
your fairy cakes? Good point, Alistair.
Perhaps with your amazing powers of deduc-
tion (and handsome nose) you should join
the police going straight in at rank of
Sherlock Holmes!

**BEEES ARE COOL AND
SO ARE BEETLES
POWER TO THE LITTLE
PEOPLES!!!**

Favourite Eco-Charities – Freds of the Earth (what I don't understand is how a Society of Freds can have a man called Jonathan¹ in charge), Greenpeas, I'm Nasty International, the National Rust, CND (Campaign for Non Distressing of me).

Person You Most Admire After Alan Titchmarsh – Apart from his daughter Charlie Dimmock, who is an obvious choice, I would have to say - Don Bellini, inventor of the Concrete Overcoat, which for a period in 1920s was more popular than the Macintosh. But the Concrete Overcoat was too heavy and people kept falling off bridges into rivers and sinking, so it was taken out of shops, leaving a gap in the

¹ Jonathan Porridge for those of you ignorants in the No-Know!

market for Donkey Jackets. But donkeys hated wearing jackets so the coat factories switched to making Anoraks instead - which are made from the nylon fleece of the Tibetan Rak, I believe.

List Your Plans to Save Our Planet - Put a plug up my big brother whose farts not only blow holes in his jeans but blow holes in the ozone layer too.

We hold our planet in trust for future generations. What are the guiding principles that help you to live your life in harmony with nature? - If it moves shoot it. If it looks at you in a suspect way, shoot it. If it blows in the wind, or smells funny or dares to block your lovely view of nature's glorious bounty, shoot it and bury it out of sight.

Notes

'O glorious summer' - Many great poets have written about the summer. William Shakespeare himselfeth wrote: 'Now is the summer of our disco tent, where the Duke of York had his 40th birthday bash.' And was it not Wordsworth who wrote famously about a sea of daffodils pushing up towards the sun through sloshy cowpats?

Yes, summer is the best time of the year, because I can get out of the house and escape the murderous clutches of my big brother and sister who shun the sun like vampires. My big brother doesn't like the sun in case it dries up his spots and makes him look attractive. And my big sister is such a fat blob she refuses to wear a bikini, because she says her stomach hangs down to her knees. She's not wrong - she looks like a human boa-constrictor who's just eaten a baby hippo. Also this summer we are going on a brilliant holiday to Spain, which is a phat place for revenges apparently. There are bulls everywhere. So I have secretly bought a red rag, which I shall cunningly pin to the back of my big brother and sister's T-shirts when we see our first angry bull on the streets of Torremolinos! kersplat! Ulay!

THURSDAY (DAY -1)

Last day of term tomorrow - quarter day really. Only in school for two hate-filled hours to say untruths like 'happy holidays' and 'really hope you don't drown in a freak white-water rafting accident over the Niagara Falls' to a bunch of teachers who hate children and are hated back with knobs on. So *today* is the last day really. Why school doesn't let us off one day early and save our weary brains tomorrow I will never know!



Actually then today would be the last day so they'd have to let us off yesterday. Then yesterday would be the last day so they'd have to let us off the day before yesterday ... What a spunky-monkey idea! Eventually we wouldn't have

to go to school at all! Life would be one long lazy summer holiday. Howzat! Strawberries and cream! Hayfever!

Miss Bird has said we can bring games in today. Have brought Mum's laptop and my new webcam. Webcam cost me load of wonga-wonga that I was saving to muck up big sister Mel's love life. She is a Txt maniac. Without phone she would have no boyfriends. My brilliant plan was to cut out her mobile phone signal by secretly lining her bedroom with roofing lead. Tried test bit over bed, but Blu-tak failed. Lead fell off in middle of afternoon and put Boyfriend Number 1032 in hospital with high voice and no chance of children, which was probably for best as he was butt-ugly anyway. Besides, webcam offers opportunity for spying, which is much more immoral!

Revengeurs (*that's Aaron, Ralph and me - we are the grit that gets in your swimming trunks on the beach and gives you a rash on your unmentionables!*) slid cam under loo doors and saw three people sitting on the loo! Actually excitement wears off after first time, because all you can see are shoes and wrinkled pants. Aaron and Ralph wanted to push it under door when Miss Bird was in there, but who wants to see hairy legs with fleas on? I can see that at home with big brother, Will.



Ralph put cam up nostril so we could see his bogeys and Aaron put it in his mouth so we could see his voice talking.



It got stuck. Nurse had to slide it out by lining Aaron's mouth with soap. Saw what Aaron had had for breakfast

after that.

At home, Mum busy making phone calls. She has three weeks to come up with new cookery programme or the BBC will give her a free transfer to ITV to host a new celebrity quiz show called *I'm a Celebrity Cook Get Me Out of this Cannibal's Cook Pot*. For some reason she's not keen.

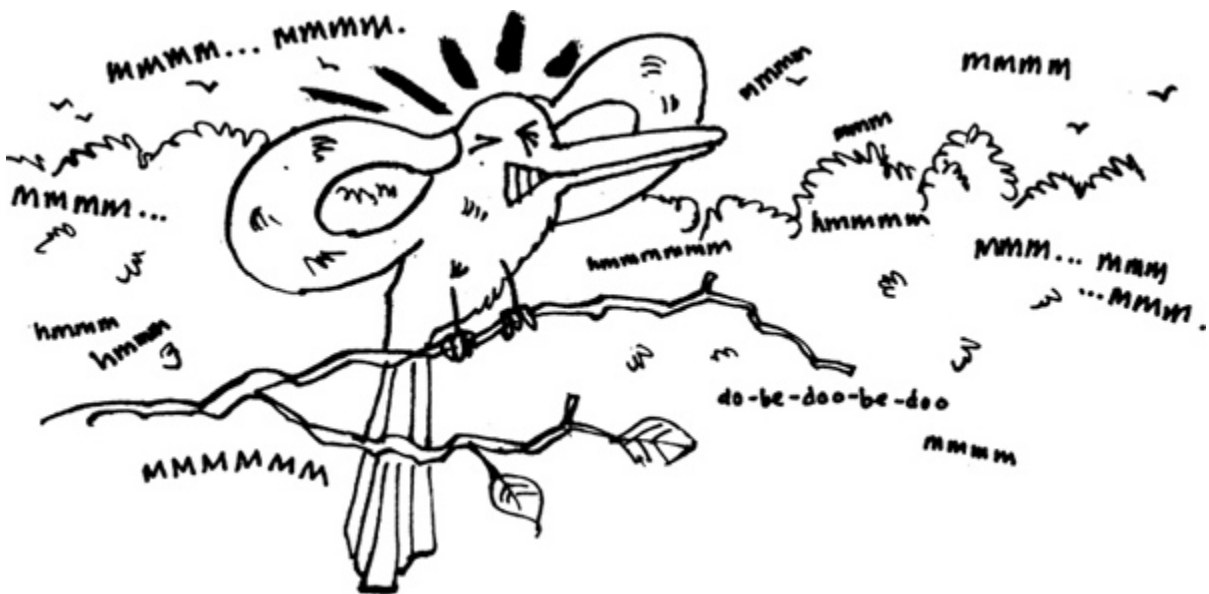
Dad was out and Granny was playing Scrabble with herself in the sitting room. She is sad. Words so far: MISERY, WEEP, EMPTY and JANXY.

'What's Janxy?' I asked.

'Sixty points,' she said. 'It's on a triple letter word.'

'You can't just make up words, Granny,' I said. 'The whole point is to do words that exist.'

'Of course Janxy exists,' she blushed. 'It's ... It's the nectar feather of a hummingbird. It's a tiny tail feather that looks like a scary face and frightens off other hummingbirds while the greedy hummingbird's got his real face stuffed up to his ears in a flower.' Hummingbirds don't have ears otherwise all that humming would drive them bonkers.



She is the biggest lying cheat in the world and hides court cards in her underwear.

To pay her back for her sins we told her we could read minds and proved it by sitting in front of her and telling her what letters she had in her hand.



‘MUHLOBE,’ I said. She could have made BUMHOLE but that’s rude and Scrabble is a game for decent church-going folk so I didn’t help her. Granny was impressed and called me Madame Alistair, which I did not find funny. ‘I am not a girl!’ I said. I am not a mind reader either. We just hid the cam on the mantelpiece behind her and read the letters over her shoulder. She did wonder why I needed a computer on my lap and a wire leading out the back of the computer, across the carpet and into a bunch of dried flowers in a vase on the mantelpiece, but I think she believed my excuse:

‘This computer is powered by dried flowers instead of batteries, Granny. And I need the computer, because I am the American President’s right-hand man. This computer fires the nuclear bomb. I have to be attached to it at all times in case he calls and wants it dropping.’ *She believed me!*



Pushed cam under big brother's bedroom door, but couldn't see much due to fug and gloom. Heard him shuffling and grunting like a troll. Will has become a Neanderthal caveman. All he needs is a loincloth and a pair of strap-on bootees made from the kidneys of a dinosaur and he could fit into a Stone Age family. We pushed J-cloth and flip-flops under door, which was nearest we could find. It is since he stopped washing that Will has been smelling like a primitive man. He won't touch water. He just stares at himself in the bathroom mirror and squeezes spots. Also, he doesn't speak any more. I think that when his voice broke it must have broken for ever. He should have got it mended.

Mel was in her bedroom snogging, or should I say eating, Boyfriend Number 1033, Tarquin - apparently he's going to be a famous actor one day when he's got some talent. I think he's already the best actor in the world, because my big sister actually believes that he likes her! *Nobody likes my sister. Except my sister.*



Unfortunately we got too bold with spycam. We pushed it nearer bed to get closer look at saucy lip action. Ralph wanted to pick up some hot tips. Mel saw something move across the floor, thought it was a rat, screamed and leaped off the bed with Tarquin's tongue still in her mouth. He had to rush home for an ice pack and tongue plaster while Mel had screaming habjabs.



She called me and my friends 'dirty little peeping toms with the minds of dead hedgehogs and the manners of bears doing you-know-what in the woods!' I told her I'd remember that.

'To pay me back later?' she sneered.

'No,' I said. 'It makes us sound well hard.'

Then she put her hands on her hips and said, 'Right! I've got a huge secret that I was going to tell you, Alice, but now I'm *not*.'

Spoilsport! I *love* secrets. Knowing someone's secrets, whether they know you know or not, is like being a cameraman on *Big Brother*!

So not knowing a secret, that I now knew was being kept secret from me, gnawed away at my mental stability. *That is the greatest job in the world. You are paid to peep through walls at girls!*

A MEDICAL THOUGHT AND GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION TO THE FUTURE OF MANKIND ABOUT MENTAL STABILITY

If madness runs in the family, change your family. End of madness. End of family. Double result. Alistair wins Nobel Prize and quite right too.



Had hot bath to calm down. Was blowing up duck with underwater nuclear fart bubbles when door burst open.



Will pinned me down while Mel filmed me with Dad's video camera. Tried to cover dangle-monster with flannel, but Will chucked it out of the window. *Not dangle-monster. The flannel. If he'd chucked my dangle-monster out of the window I wouldn't be writing this now. I would be bandaged in hospital with an invitation from the Girl Guides to join up!*

When I got out of bath, heard hoots of laughter from Mel's bedroom. Banged on locked door but big brother and sister wouldn't let me in.

'Frut garn,' grunted Will. Took ten minutes to work out what he'd said - front garden.

To say I was humiliated would be exactly right. To pay me back for spying they had rigged up a TV screen in Mel's bedroom window overlooking the street, and were playing the video of me naked in the bath to passersby! Over the window they had strung a sheet on which they had painted the message:

HOOT IF YOU
THINK HE'S GOT
A BIG WILLY

In the two minutes I was standing on the path, I counted twenty-three cars go past. None of them hooted.

Then, just as I was turning to run indoors, one did! I was so happy I cried.

'Thank you,' I shouted, turning to wave at the car ... only, there wasn't a car. Just an old lady walking a tortoise. The road was empty. The honker was Mel hanging out the window with a car horn in her hand.

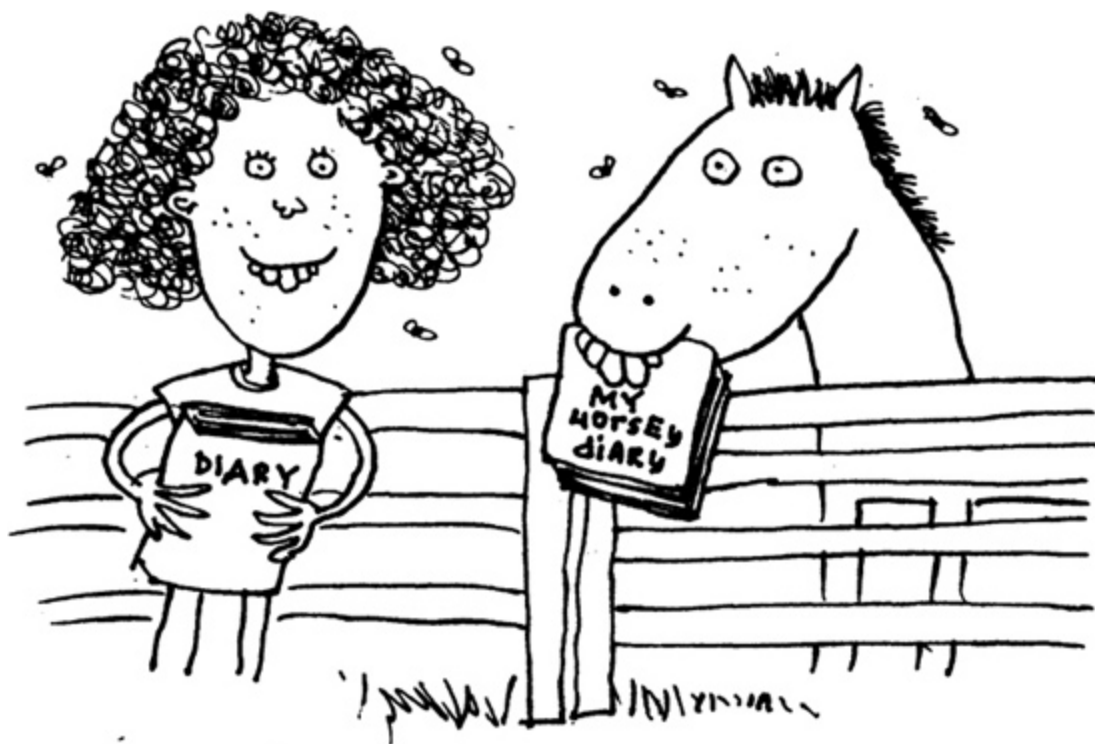
'You really are a *little* brother!' she shouted.

'HONK! HONK!' Have gone to bed bitter and twisted. My big brother and sister have wrecked my whole summer holiday ALREADY! For this act of unspeakable cruelty I now declare a summer war. I shall show no mercy. I shall fight them on the beaches and water down their suncream till they burn!



FRIDAY (DAY 0)

Chamber of horrors of chamber of horrors! Last day at school was a chamber of horrors. *Horrors* because Miss Bird gave us homework for the holiday - may she find nothing but deadly piranha fish and men with poisonous blowpipes waiting for her on her British Waterways break on the Macclesfield Canal - and *chamber of* because, like a chamberpot, she stinks. She has given us a holiday diary to write. I mean, perlease! Who keeps a diary nowadays? Nobody except giggly horsey-loving girls and saddoes with no friends!



After Miss Bird had left the classroom, us Revengers made our protest loud and clear via Operation Compost!