

The REVENGE



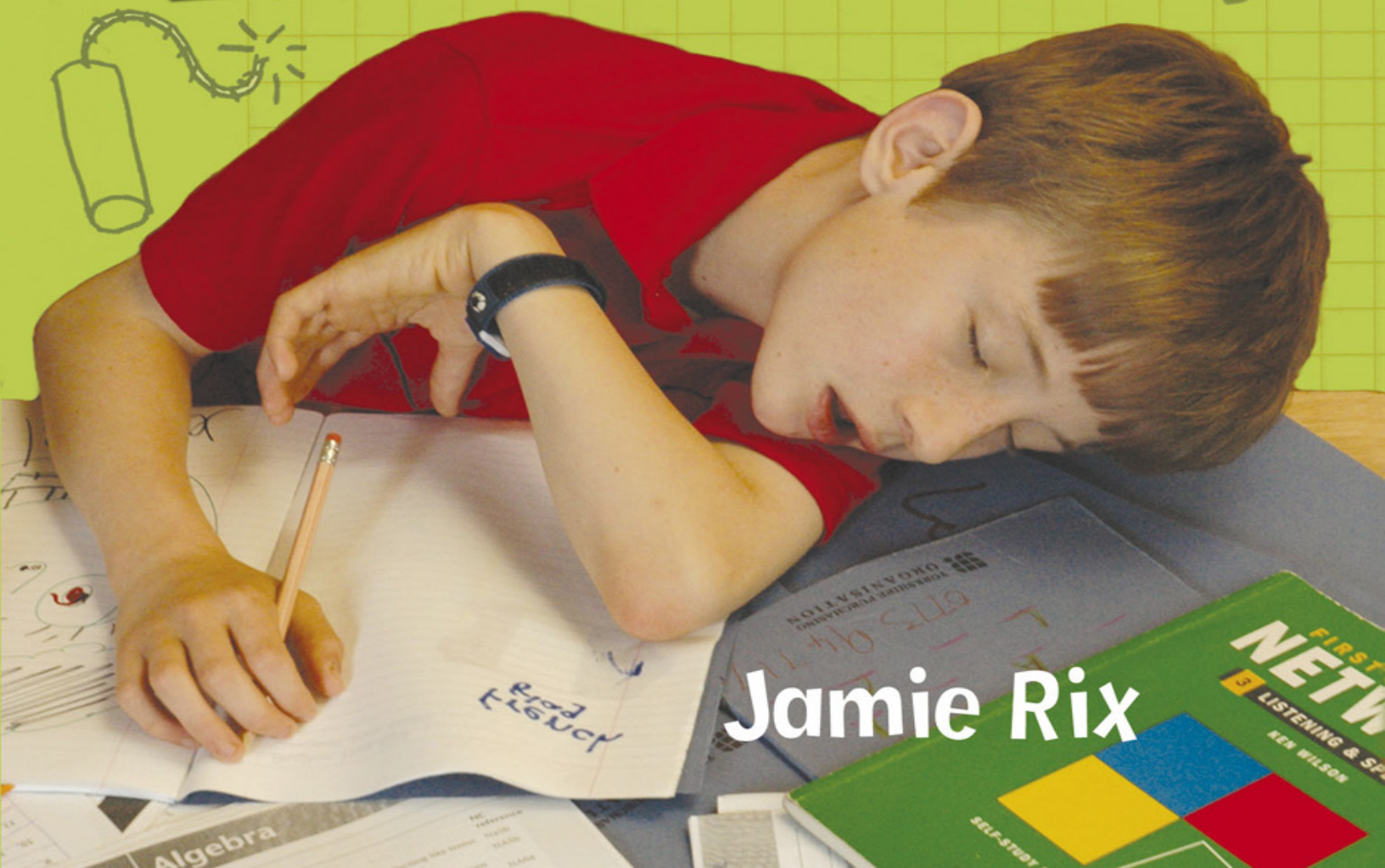
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OF
ALISTAIR



FURY

Exam Fever



Jamie Rix

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About the Author

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About the Book

Sharpen pencils, dust off lucky gonk and feel sick! It's exam time!!!

TEST FOR ALISTAIR

1. How can I stop Mum and Dad discovering that I am the thickest one in the family?

- a) Cheat at all my exams?
- b) Change my family?
- c) Make big brother and sister fail their exams too?

2. Why does big sister Mel need total silence when she's revising?

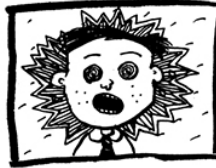
- a) So she can sleep?
- b) So she can hear the phone ring when boyfriend number 103,244 calls?
- c) Because she's training to become a nun?

Answers inside.

Another hilarious instalment in this brilliant series by award-winning author Jamie Rix.

The
REVENGE
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FURY

Exam Fever



JAMIE RIX

Illustrated by Nigel Baines

RHCP DIGITAL

For Shelley

The Scholar's Diary

This diary belongs to Alistair Fury

Age 11

**Address 47 Atrocity Road, Tooting,
England**

**Write down your LAST THREE grades on this
Academic Improvement Chart to create an
at-a-glance visual aid to your personal
intelligence growth:**

	WINTER	SUMMER	AUTUMN
English	31%	22%	Forgette
Maths	113%	.003%	-45%
Science	22%	21%	19% (nearly)
Geography	Couldn't find Geography classroom		
History	D	U	D
Foreign Languages	Je suis poo-poo.		
Sport	Sick note	Sick note	Sick note

What is your favourite subject? Revenge

Where

What would you like to sit for GCSE and A levels? Next to Pamela Whitby, because she is brainy as well as nice to look at, and she's got fat writing which is easy to read.

What are your plans for university? Arson

What would you like to be when you leave university? Taller (e.g. less little). And a fully professional stinkbomb-maker, with a Masters degree in 'Stinging red ants' and 'The effects of dipe-pear pills on big brothers' and sisters' guts', and a weekend QVD course in 'Brainwashing teachers and parents into begging me to give up exams'.

'Learn from your mistakes' is a good motto for life. Do you have any useful sayings to guide you through life?

- 1) Waste a big brother or sister, but never waste a chocolate milkshake.
- 2) If you've got exams to beat, cheat, cheat, cheat and cheat.
- 3) Are you especially fond of your gonads?

What is the biggest disappointment in your life? And what did you learn from it? Mum's cruel and vindictive cookery book dedications. Everyone tells me that it is a compliment to have a book dedicated to me, but here is my grievance. There is favouritism on the loose. Lounge-lizard Dad, moaning Granny Constance, cruel Will & Mel - even ugly pug Mr E and the stupid cat Napoleon with no personality or tail have got more dedications in Mum's cookery books than me! They have all got TWO! I am the only victim in the whole huge family to have got just ONE! The Art of Beating Meat to a Pulp by my mum was dedicated to:

Alan
My other son

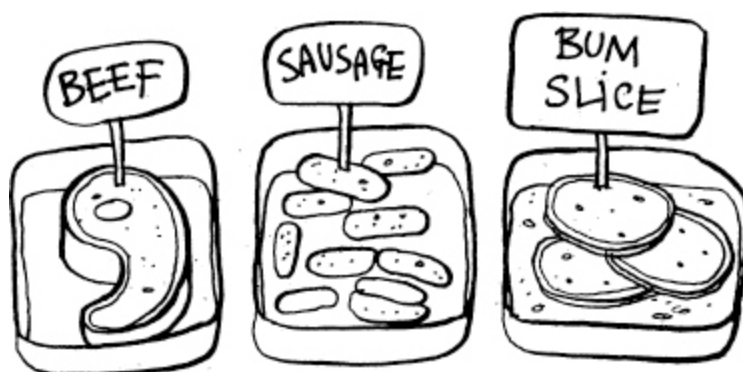
What did I learn from it? Where Mum's sock drawer was and how to handle tarantulas.

THURSDAY

Am stressed because of major exams next week. Here is my ridiculously hectic timetable:

WEDNESDAY	English
THURSDAY	Science, Maths

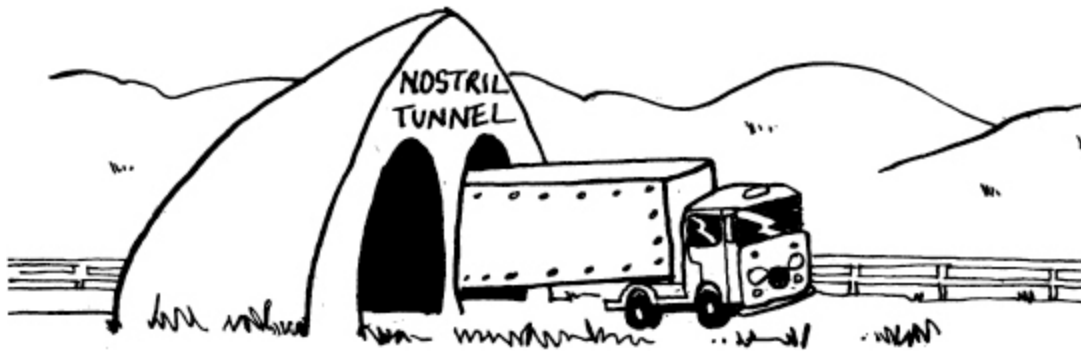
Doing exams doesn't bother me, but fact that I've done no work all year does. Have been way too busy dreaming up sweet revenges to do unto my revolting family. Like, if there were no laws or policemen or CCTV cameras or vicars or guilty consciences in the world, I would make my big brother and sister sit down on an escalator and laugh when their bums were shaved off like thin slices of Parma ham off a Parma pig!



Or (even better one) to get revenge against our fierce form teacher Miss Bird we hire George Clooney look-alike for the day (she gets misty specs at mention of George Clooney). We put him in the window-cleaning basket outside the window. She opens window, looks down to drool on her idol, and we accidentally push her out of window onto passing lorry on its way to dump rubble under new section of M25.

Aaron says the only problem with the plan is her huge pecking hooter. 'It's so big they won't be able to bury it.'

'They can leave it sticking out,' I said. 'Pretend it's a tunnel.'



Wish I knew who invented exams. I would throw them into a pit of poisonous snakes, then give them one and a half hours to climb out.

I AM THICK!

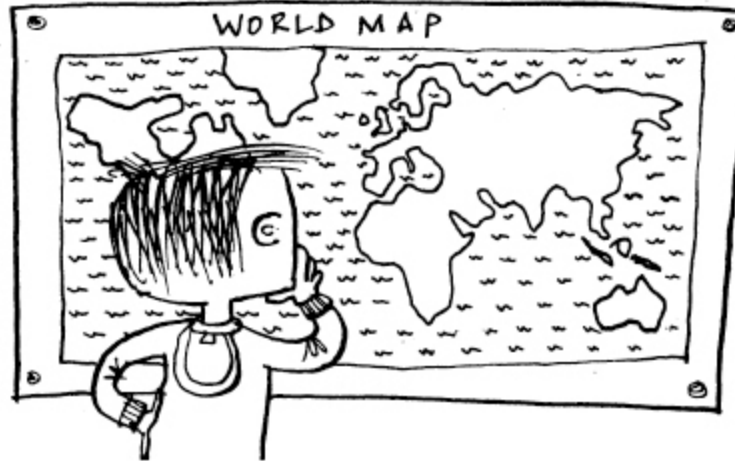
I must be, because Miss Bird just read out bits of my Biology homework and everyone in the class laughed.

'*Where are the kidneys to be found?* the question asked, and Alistair wrote, *In the cupboard next to the steak and pastry.*'

'My mum's a cook,' I protested.

'This is my favourite,' she continued. '*Where does semen come from?* Alistair answers thus: *Semen come from the Ukraine, Scotland and Iceland and generally have big beards.*'

'Semen comes from the testes,' said Ralph smugly. The Testes is not a group of islands I have ever heard of.



Miss Bird hates my guts because I lower her class average. She says my laziness has infected fellow Avengers, Ralph and Aaron, and that our combined thickness is putting her reputation as a good teacher in jeopardy. Passed highly amusing note to Aaron and Ralph:

Good teacher of WHAT?

Here are their highly amusing replies:

Good teacher of the most painfulest finger-grip for pinching ear-lobes.



Good teacher of how to wear hideously tight clothes to show off every blubber-bulge in your body and make you look like lumpy custard sucked through a straw then wrapped in clingfilm.

Good teacher of calling people hurtful names like Apple Puree.

Apple Puree is her funny name for me, but it is NOT funny.

I would never give myself to a teacher as a sweet, fruity treat – that would be illegal. And puree is food for gummy babies and toothless old people. I have all my own teeth and I'm not afraid to use them! *Grrrr!*

Unfortunately when I read Ralph and Aaron's notes I laughed and snorted green stuff into my hand. Miss Bird lost her rag – she was wiping the board with it and had to

give it to me to mop up the green slime, which had bungeed through my fingers onto the floor. Then she dragged me into the corridor and told me to wait until the end of school when she would take me home. This was cause of much class merriment. *Ho-ho. Must not forget to laugh.*



They said Miss Bird must love me passionately to take me home, but I will never be unfaithful. I'm in love with Pamela Whitby, especially since her gerbil died and she needs regular hugs. I might actually stand a chance now!

Secret Revengers' meeting after school on How to Avoid Exams and Revising for Them called off. Miss Bird kidnapped me and put me in her embarrassing car. It is bright pink and has dolls on back ledge. I pretended I wasn't bothered by the smirks of all children who pointed at me in teacher's car, but inside I was dying death of a thousand smirks. Journey home was like going to Hell and losing my willy in a bizarre toasting-fork mix-up.



Miss Bird and I entered house to complete silence. Mel has imposed an absolute-quiet-or-I'll-scream law on family, putting up signs all round the house to remind us. I say *us*- I mean *me*.

**SHUT UP, ALICE!
CAN'T YOU BE QUIET FOR ONE
NANO-SECOND, YOU ANNOYING
LITTLE COLD SORE?**

Mel gets loads of cold sores. She paints them Silver and pretends they're lip piercings.

And my personal favourite:

**SSSSSSSSSH! SILENCE! YOU MAY
NOT WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF
YOURSELF ALISTAIR, BUT I DO!!**

I wonder what she wants to make of herself? Seeing as she likes silence so much, probably a librarian or a nun. Or maybe a dead person – they don't make much noise either. *This one gets my vote!!!*

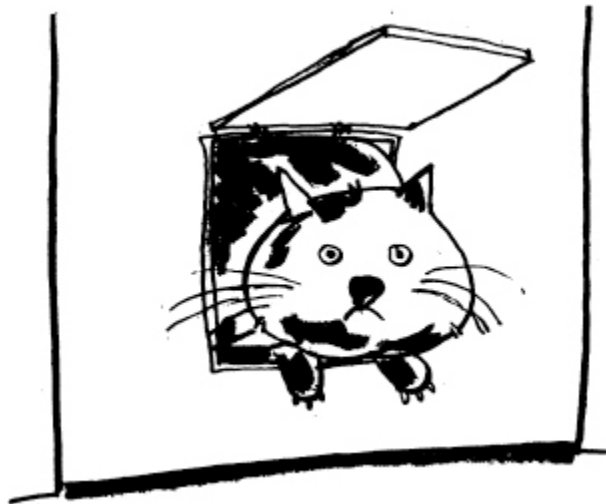
Mel is revising for her mock GCSEs. They are the most important exams ever sat by any student in the whole wide

world apparently. If she does badly, and it is my intention to see that she does, she is convinced she will end up working in an Odour Eater factory sniffing smelly trainers! *I told her this to make her cry!*

'Don't slam that door!' she screamed when I walked in. 'And oil those hinges! What's the point of me putting an oilcan on the mat if you don't use it!? And no coughing or spluttering. Sneezing's out and so are hiccups.'

'Where do you stand on breathing?' I asked wittily.

'Banned within five metres of my bedroom door,' she said. 'And put your slippers on!' She's made all of us wear slippers to silence our footsteps. Even the cat and dog have to wear them. Napoleon found them hard to keep on his paws so Mel tied them on with bin-bag ties. Now he can't walk at all and has stopped moving altogether. He's so fat he can't fit through the cat-flap unless we play tapes of hungry wolves howling behind him.



Melanie has also found superstition. She thinks that learning can fall out of her brain if everything's not normal. So when she saw Miss Bird she threw a fit.

'Oh my God! A bird in the house means everything I've ever learned's going to fly out of my head and migrate to

Africa!' Then she ran back into her bedroom chanting, 'Go, big bird! Go, big bird! Go, big bird! Go!'



Rather than offer me sympathy, Miss Bird said it was a shame that I could not be as committed to my work as my big sister.

'You're right. She *should* be committed,' I said. 'She's only invented these house rules so that she can complain about people breaking them instead of revising. And when she's not revising she can snog her boyfriend.'

'You have a nasty mind,' said Miss Bird.

And you've got a face like a toucan, I thought. I didn't say it, obviously. I was nervous about what she was going to tell Mum and Dad and didn't want to make things worse.



Didn't stop me from lying though. I told her that the dog was dying and this was why I had been doing badly at school.

'Your dog's been dying for *eight* years?!' she gasped. That was a bit below the belt. I had meant to imply that he'd been dying for the last couple of weeks when I should have been revising. Miss Bird obviously thinks that my entire school career from the age of three has been a hopeless waste of time! *I HATE HER WITH SLUGS ON!!!!*

That was when Mr E woke up and blew my dying story. He leapt out of his basket and turned somersaults to impress the stranger.

'Oh, look at the poor little chap,' I said, trying to make myself cry. 'He won't last the night. That means sitting up again watching, waiting, hoping he doesn't die. OH NO! Another night I can't revise.'

'He looks perfectly fit to me,' said Miss Bird.

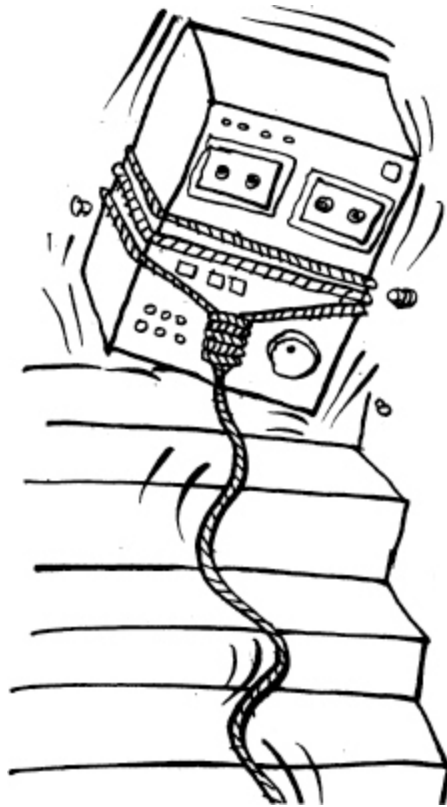
I picked Mr E up by his back legs and held him upside down. He stopped struggling. 'He's not,' I sobbed. 'Look. He Can't move his legs.'

'Because you're holding them together,' said Miss Bird. So I let go.

‘And now he’s fallen on his head,’ I said. ‘Is there no end to his suffering?’

Just then there was a *thump thump thump* down the stairs and Will’s head appeared over the banisters. He had a rope tied round his waist and the other end tied round my precious karaoke machine. *The ONLY present I got for my birthday when Will and Mel got at least fourteen each, which means I have NOTHING to sing about!*

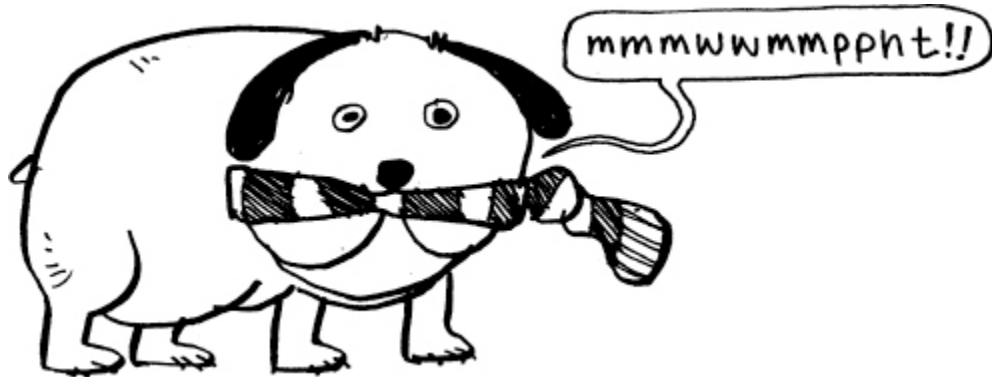
He was running up and down the stairs dragging this heavy weight behind him.



‘What are you doing?!’ I yelled. ‘You’ll break it.’

‘Training,’ he said. ‘For tomorrow’s match.’ Some people get addicted to cigarettes or chocolate, Will is addicted to smashing up my birthday presents. I screamed at him to stop, which started Mr E barking, which brought noise-warrior Mel storming out of her bedroom again. She

grabbed a sock off the banisters and tied it round Mr E's mouth.



'That'll shut him up,' she said.

Will looked on, flabbergasted. 'That's my lucky rugby sock,' he cried. 'If I play tomorrow without that sock on, I'll be pants!'



'Eat it!' I encouraged Mr E. 'Go on, eat it!' The thought of Will FAILING at anything was too exciting for words! But he had snatched his sock back and tied up the dog's mouth with *my* socks instead.

'Why aren't you revising, William?' asked Miss Bird.

William hadn't seen her there. 'Oh hello, Miss Bird. I've got a rugby semi-final tomorrow. I'm captain.'

'And he says he doesn't need to revise,' I sneered, trying to get him into trouble, 'because he's far too clever.'

'Always was,' smiled Miss Bird. Not another founder member of the William Fury Fan Club!

'You're the thick one, Alice,' gloated Will.

'Indeed,' agreed Miss Bird. 'Now, where's your mother?'

Mum was in the kitchen with a dead goat. She had the carcass laid out on the table and was drawing lines on it with a red marker pen. This was for a picture she was going to take to show the reader where different cuts of goat meat came from. It was for the centre of her new book, *All Goat* Miss Bird's mouth dropped open.



'It was sweet of you to give ... er ... whatsisname ... a lift home,' Mum said without looking up. *You named me Alistair! Remember?*

'I wanted a word,' said Miss Bird, 'about his work.'

Emergency! Instant interruption called for. Decided that a Vomit Fountain would stop their conversation. Ralph had shown me how to do it using two fingers and a nose flute. Before I could get gushing, however, Mum told Miss Bird that she was too busy broiling to listen and bunged a beast's-worth of hooves in a saucepan.