



The ~~REVENGE~~ Files OF ALISTAIR FURY

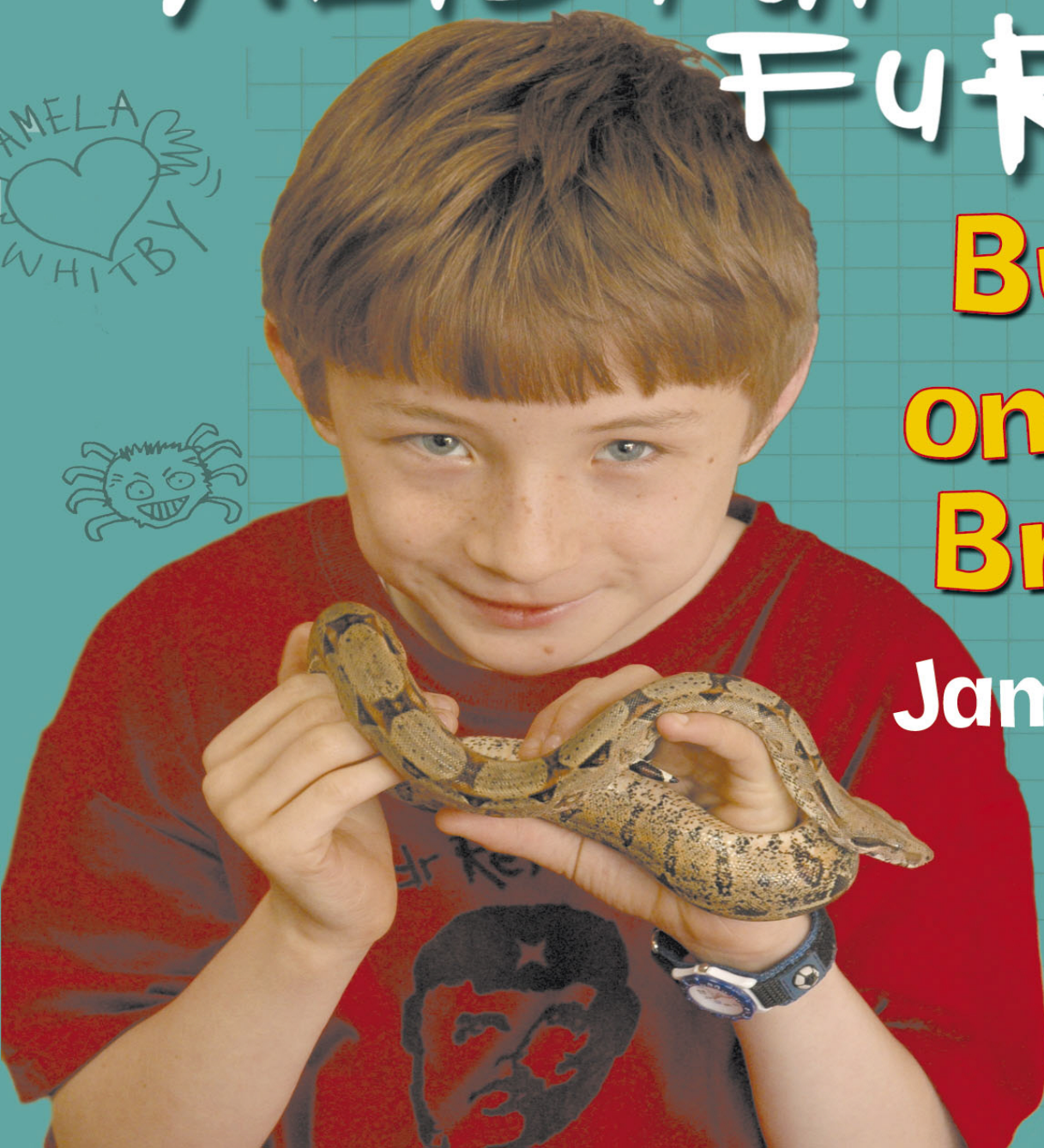


AMELA
WHITBY



**Bugs
on the
Brain**

Jamie Rix



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About the Author

Also by Jamie Rix

Copyright

About the Book

Alistair Fury is out for revenge. No more running errands. No more being called 'Alice'! It's payback time for his embarrassing mum, his bone-idle dad, and his constantly teasing older brother and sister.

Only Alistair's two best friends – and this, his private diary – share his secrets. Culminating in a scene involving a snake, a toupee and a live TV broadcast, Alistair tries to wreak spectacular revenge but it doesn't exactly go according to plan . . .

In lively and accessible diary form, this is a story of family life at its funniest, packed with schoolboy humour.

The
REVENGE
~~Files~~
OF
ALISTAIR
FURY

Bugs on the Brain



JAMIE RIX

Illustrated by Nigel Baines

RHCP DIGITAL

To Jonty
(or should I say Alistair?)

This diary belongs to: Alistair Fury

**NERVOUS
READERS
BEWARE**



I am a sweet and lovely brother, innocent of all wrong and doer of only good deeds . . . Some readers may be shocked by the appalling physical and mental torture to which I am subjected by my big brother and sister on a daily basis . . .

But now I have the power that comes from being a

REVENGER



My Daily Diary

This diary belongs to Alistair Fury

Age 11

Address 47 Atrocious Road, Tooting,
England

Favourite Colour Not pink!

Favourite Boy Band Oh no, is this a
drippy girl's diary?

Cuddly Teddy Bear's Name It is! That's
just typical! Everything in my life is
double pants with extra pongy cheese!

Person You Would Most

Like to Kiss Oh please!

Person You Would Most Like to kill -

William and Mel

Notes

I am a sweet little brother, innocent of all wrong and doer only of good deeds. Butter doesn't melt in my mouth. I am keeping this secret diary so that other little brothers in the world will know that they are not alone in being the most unloved and persecuted human life form on the planet. Is there *anybody* out there who loves us?



Sometimes, when poor little me is tortured by the vicious half-nelsons, dead legs and ear twists of my big brother (who's a lazy cheating liar), and the poisonous tongue and towel slaps of my big sister (who says she loves every boy in the world *except* me), I am forced to get even in any way I can. It is my hope that some of my revenge tactics might prove useful to other little brothers faced with evil brothers and sisters who are twice their size and half their intelligence!



NERVOUS READERS BEWARE

Some readers may be shocked by the appalling physical and mental torture to which I am subjected by my big brother and sister on a daily basis. Some may think me heroic and wonderful (*and handsome too, if you could see me*) for suffering this torture without a word of complaint. Some may want to send me money or put a statue of me up in Trafalgar Square. Some may even want to liken me to Gandhi or Jesus. But if it's a toss up, just send the money, because I'm saving up for a motorbike when I'm sixteen.

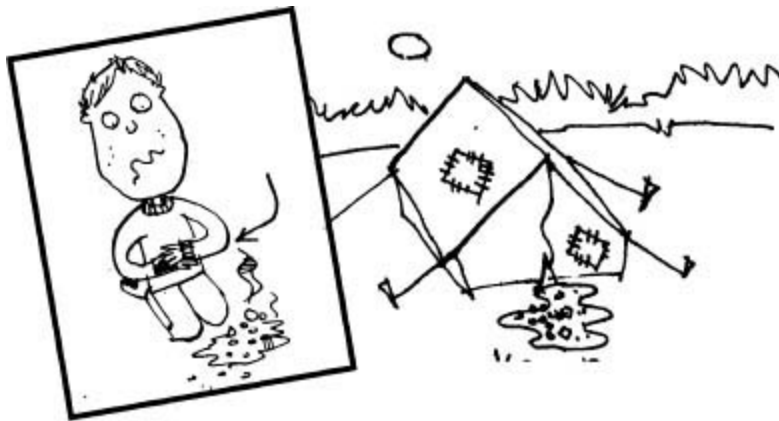


SATURDAY

We were in the tent in my garden.

'It's so unfair! My name is Alistair not Alice!' I cried. There were nearly tears in my eyes. My best friends, Aaron and Ralph, could see that I was suffering. We were sleeping in the Great Outdoors like wild bear trappers, only with the back door of the house open in case we needed the loo or got scared. I'd already been into the house four times. Once for blankets, once for fly spray, once for a 'spider hammer' and once for crisps. I was telling my best friends how utterly awful and tragic my life was as a little brother and they were listening and nodding in agreement.

By the way, Ralph had eaten so many chocolate biscuits that he'd been sick in a little puddle just outside the tent door. We'd been out to have a look at it twice already, because Aaron wanted to see how quickly the flies would eat it.



'My big brother was allowed to stay out in a tent when he was *five*,' I said indignantly. 'I'm eleven and this is my first time! I mean, that's not fair, is it?'

‘What about your big sister?’ said Ralph.

‘What *about* my big sister?’ I said. ‘When I was three, she was good at making pasta pictures, but otherwise I hate her. She’s so boring about her beautiful new boyfriend.’



His name is Luke, but Mel calls him Luke the Nuke, because she thinks he’s dynamite! **Ugh!** Luke the Puke more like, because they spend all their time snogging!

Also, Mel says she wants to be an actress, but I know that’s just so she can get on Mum’s telly show when she knows it’s my turn!

‘You’re going on telly?’ gasped Aaron, when I told him that.

‘William did it last year, but he’s not cute anymore like me. He’s got bigger and hairier and treats me like a slave! Mum said if I was well behaved for the whole next month she’d ask her producer.’



You should have seen the look of envy on my best friends' faces.

'But you'll be famous!' said Ralph.

'Yup! With my first million I'm buying a supermodel and a Ferrari Testosterone!'

'I know why they call you *Alice*,' said Aaron suddenly. He's never been quick off the mark. 'Maybe there was a mix-up at the hospital when you were born. Maybe the baby your mother gave birth to was a boy, but the baby they took home was a girl and they've never noticed!'

'You mean underneath all my dangly bits I'm really a girl?' I said.

'Question,' said Ralph. 'Did you cry at *The Ugly Duckling* first time you read it?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I did.'

'Girl,' he said.

I was stunned. I didn't want to be a girl, although it did explain why I was so bad at football.