



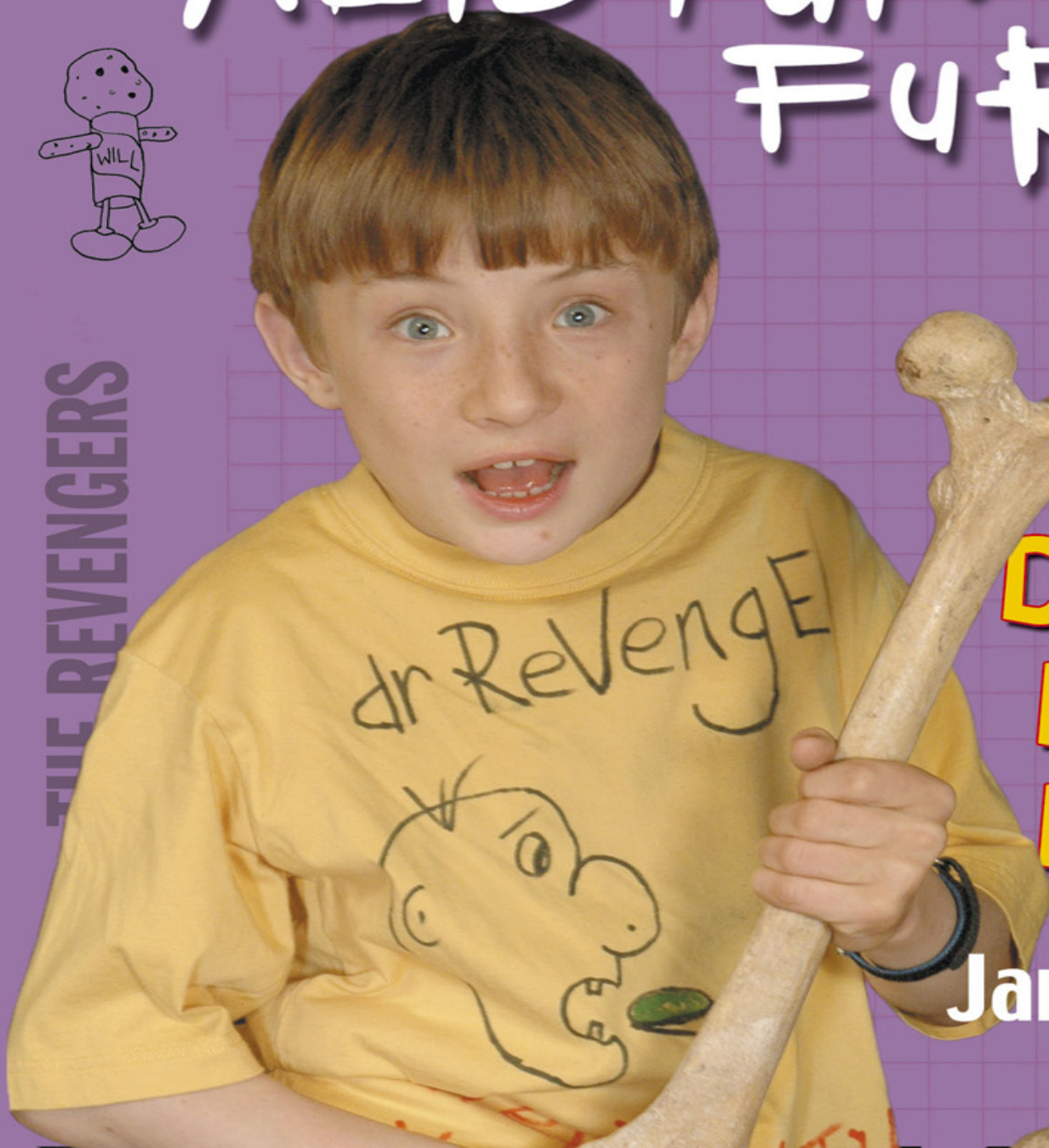
The REVENGE Files



OF ALiSTair FuRY



THE REVENGERS



**Dead
Dad
Dog**

Jamie Rix

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About the Author
Also by Jamie Rix
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About the Book

Everyone in my family's got the I-can't-do-anything-for-myself-I'm-dying lurgy. I am now a slave. 'Oh Alistair, make me soup. Oh Alistair, wipe my nose...'

They will all be sorry when I take my revenge!

But first I have to sort out Mrs Muttley. I've told her I can't take any more piano lessons as my fingers have fallen off but she won't believe me! Then there's the canary suit Mum wants me to wear on a hot date – that's got to go. Luckily I can count on the support of the Revengers – my ONLY friends. We'll invoke the spirits of the dead and scare the willies off the rest of them.

The second book in a brilliant and hilarious series by award-winning comic writer, Jamie Rix.

Don't miss: *The Revenge of Alistair Fury: Bugs on the Brain.*

The
REVENGE
~~Files~~
OF
ALISTAIR
FURY

Dead Dad Dog



JAMIE RIX
Illustrated by Nigel Baines

RHCP DIGITAL

For Max and Harry who can show this to their friends

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 Furry

Age 11

Address 47 Atrocity Road, Tooting, England

Country of Birth Slaveland *Nationality* Slavish

Place of Birth That's disgusting! Where does everyone get born from?

Next of kin I have kin that are 'next' in the sense that I clear their hairs out of the sink before I can brush my teeth and they're next in line for the payback treatment, but 'next' in the sense of the people who love me most in the world no matter what . . . I have none. I am as an orphan.

Any distinguishing scars Only mental and they're too deep to see. Except they may show through in my writing, because I'm only human after all. As it says in Shakespeare's *Two Merchants of Verona* by somebody whose name I forget - 'If you stab me with a compass and twiddle the sharp bit round in the hole, do I not bleed?'

Profession Hit boy

Hobbies Revenge

Notes

'Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead! Come on everyone sling 'em out the windows!' This is an authentic and true reconstruction of what it must have been like during the plague. Around our house, it is like that again only without the dead bodies, the shouting and the plague. We've got the flu. I have been ill with this fatal lurgy for nearly five days and have missed school all this week. So in case I should die here is my last will and testicle.



The Last Will and Testicle of Alistair Fury

To the Revengers

I leave all my evil thoughts, plus my armoured go-kart-building diagrams and my plans for breaking into the zoo and releasing all the tigers through the sewers so they can pop up in Miss Bird's class at school and eat her, obviously. I also leave them my brain (which may not go to medical science, however much mad scientists might want to harness its genius) so that any brilliant thoughts I might have in the future can belong to my best friends too.

To my family

I leave my toenails, because they will keep growing for ever, and one day will be so big that they will fill the house in every room and therefore I will have got a great revenge on my big brother and sister and my uncaring parents by making them move out and become homeless.

I am of sound mind.

Alistair Fury

Alistair Fury

THURSDAY

My first mistake was getting ill; my second was getting better, because now I am a slave. The rest of my family has caught flu too and is blaming me for giving it to them. Mum and Dad can't work (*which is brilliant, because that means my TV-chef mum can't cook, so we can't be poisoned!*) and my big brother and sister, William and Mel, can't go to school. Nor apparently can they get out of bed, make a cup of tea, switch on the radio, scratch their noses or warm the loo seat for themselves! I think I must have got into a time machine and travelled back to Victorian England, because I am nothing more than a scullery maid!

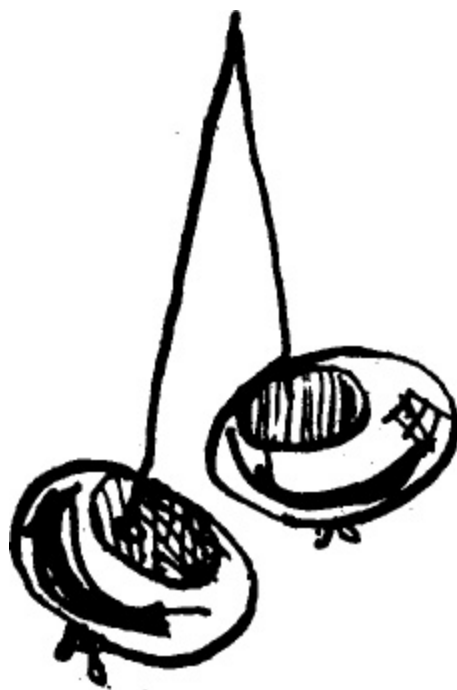


It is outrageous. When I complain about my slave duties, I am told to shut up, because it is my fault that everyone's

in bed in the first place and I must suffer too (*which I will do silently, but only so I have a reason to take revenge on my family later!*).

‘So stop being so inconsiderate,’ said William. ‘If you hadn’t got us all so terribly ill, Alice, we’d all be being nice to you.’

He could start by *not* calling me Alice. I AM A BOY! I have conkers in my pocket to prove it.



What’s with this ‘we’re *all* so terribly ill’ rubbish? Mum is ill. I can tell that by the way she keeps trying to get up and do stuff (*like make soup - which she thinks that all ill people should eat always*), but faints every time she does.



And Dad is ill, because he hasn't been to work at the leisure centre (where as the manager he earns more than a Second Division footballer) for a week. Actually Dad is more than ill, he's dying! At least that's what he says, and he should know because he reads *Gray's Anatomy* and *The Complete Home Medical Encyclopaedia* all the time.

But William and Mel are having a laugh. Over the last twenty-four hours these are just some of the things I've had to do for my big brother and sister.

'Alistair! Run me a bath. Not too hot and not too cold. And Alistair, don't leave the house in case I need you to pass me a moistened cotton bud to de-wax my ears.'

'Alistair! The radio needs new batteries.'

'Alistair! Change my sheets.'

'Alistair! I need another magazine from the newsagent.'

'Alistair! The video's finished.'

'Alistair! I can't reach my tissues.'

'Alistair!'

'What?'

'Did you put sugar in my tea?'

'Yes.'

'Then it needs more stirring. Would you do it for me?'

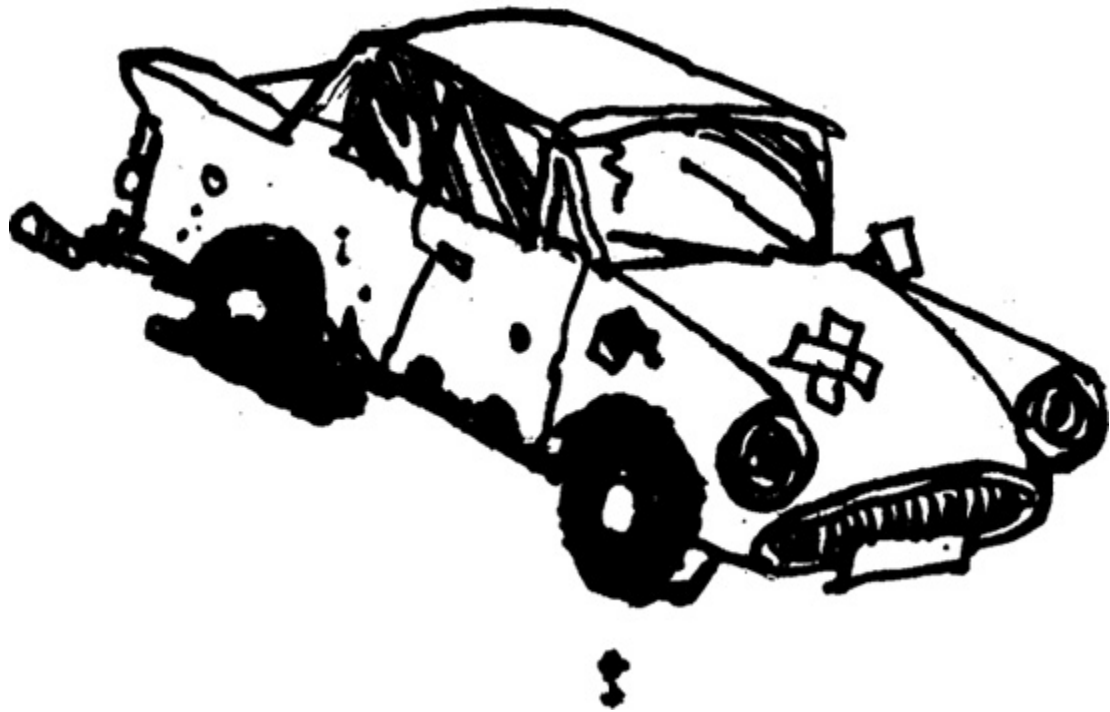
Never a please or thank you. Just 'Alistair!' then orders.

And Mel's only staying in bed so she can be well and beautiful again for next weekend when her new boyfriend, Andy (*or should I say Randy Andy, because he's got a car with a back seat!*), is taking her out for dinner at the Ritz. At least that's what Mel's expecting. *Ha ha! If she believes this she must be iller than I thought - ill in the head!*

She said to me. 'My new boyfriend's rich. He's got a car.'

'What sort?' I said.

'A Ford Anglia I think.'



'Ooh,' I said. 'Classy.'

'It is, isn't it?' she said.

'Oh yes, it's like a Porsche,' I said.

'A Porsche!' she squealed. 'I knew he was rich!'

'So where's he taking you on this date?' I asked.

'I don't know,' she said. 'It's a secret. Probably the Ritz!'

‘Only probably?’ I said. ‘No way. It’s a dead cert!’

Anyway the point is, how ill can Mel be if she can spend two hours a night giggling on the phone to Mr Hot Rod?

I’m exhausted. Home is like a hospital and it is making me ill.