

The REVENGE



Files

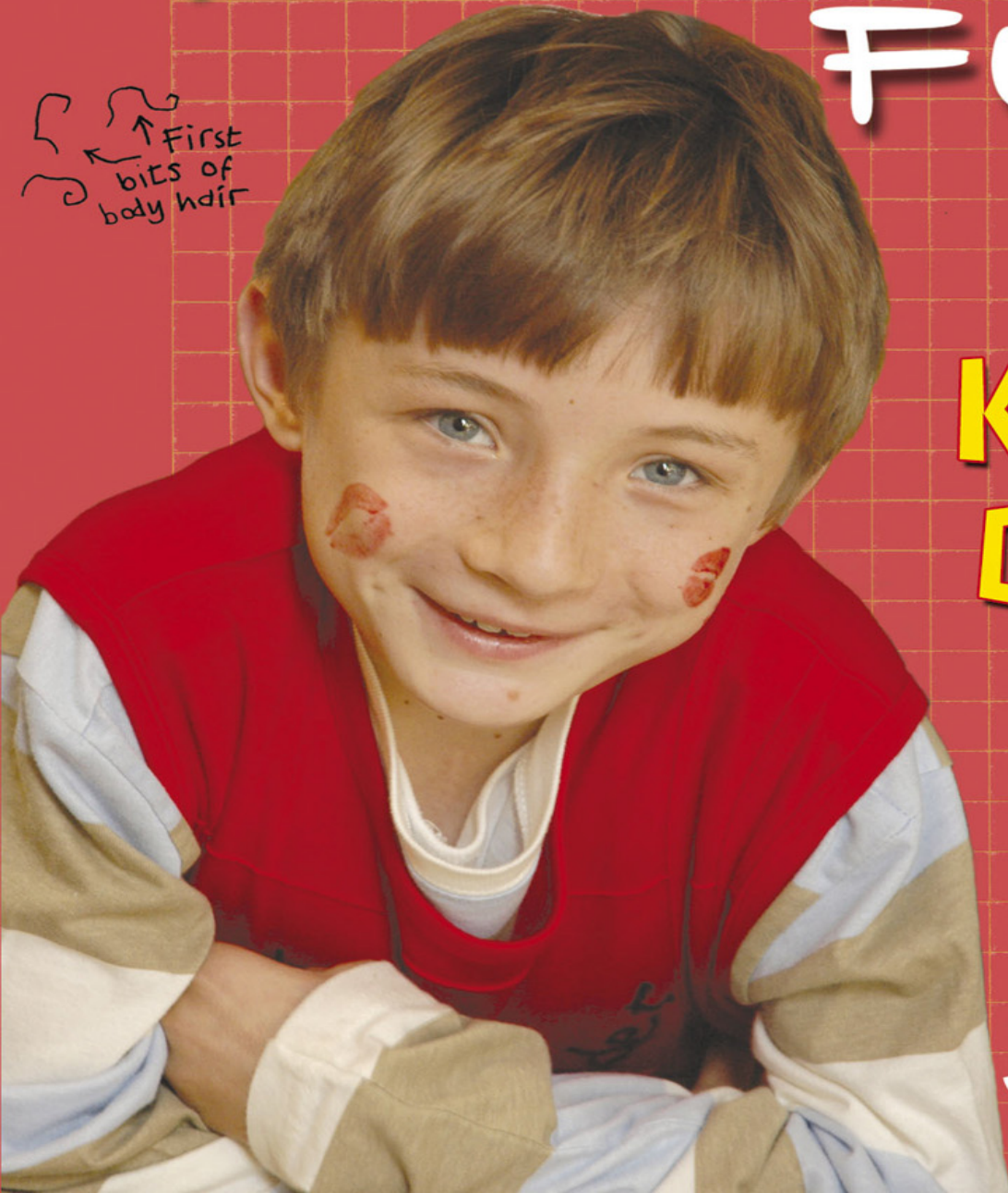
OF
ALISTAIR

FURY



Will, le mal
dans le derrier

First
bits of
body hair



The
Kiss of
Death



Jamie Rix

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About the Book

British beef and French mustard go together like snail and custard.

I know that sounds like one of Mum's gross TV-chef recipes. But actually it's a love poem for Giselle, our French exchange girl. Everyone's trying to impress her - my brother, William, the Revengers, Colin the builder - they're all after her.

I thought if I said something beautiful to Giselle in French she'd like me best, but I could only think of "Bonjovi, J'apple Alistair".

That didn't exactly set her heart on fire, unlike the shed which turned into the barbecue at Mum's boring bondi beach party! Me and the Revengers want to throw a proper party with people our own age, kissing and crisps. If Giselle comes to that, she'll be able to see how attractive and mature I am. Ooh la la!

The
REVENGE
Files
OF
ALISTAIR
FURY

The Kiss of Death



JAMIE RIX
Illustrated by Nigel Baines

RHCP DIGITAL

For Louisa
(Mel made flesh)

Daily Diary

This diary belongs to Alistair Furfy

Age 11

*Address 47 Atrocity Road,
Tooting, England*

Star Sign Only once, when I waved at Hugh Grant and he waved back. Or he might have been hailing a cab - hard to tell. Or it might not have been Hugh Grant. It was definitely a cab, though.

Wife's Name Give me a chance. I haven't even had a kiss yet.

Children's Names I do not want children ever. I would be too embarrassed to talk to my children about the birds and the beans stuff which is frankly silly and actually not something I know anything about, except for what Ralph's told me. But as it's not possible for a human being to turn inside out like a rubber glove and grow fur in shady places, I do not believe him.



Notes

I am writing this very small so that no one can read it . . .

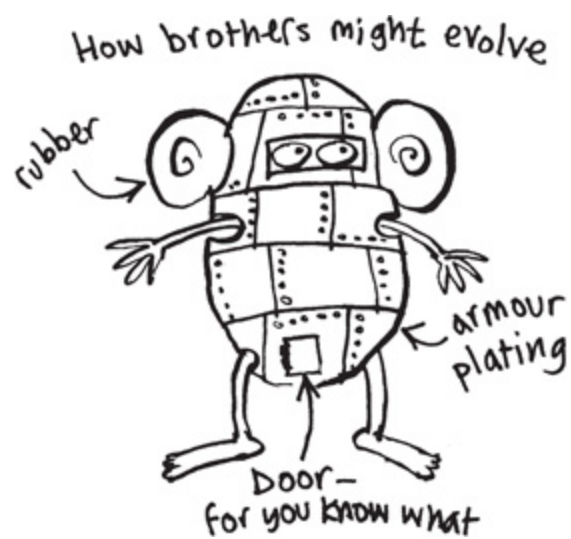
Actually that's stupid, because how will I read it when I'm old and mouldy, and want to know what I was thinking when I was nearly a teenager? I shall write in code so that only I will understand my secret confession:

Q: Who is my favourite *lumpy-bumpy thing with a giggle gob* in the world?

A: I only know six and it's definitely not my big sotter-botter, Melodramaticus. It's not my mumble-bumble or Grinny Codface neither, because both of them only exist to stop me having fun. Nor is it Miss Tweetie-Tweet-Tweet (the teacher from Hell) or Mrs Muckly (Piano Warte Taught Here). So it's between Pamela Whitby and Pamela Whitby, but Pamela Whitby hates my clothes, so I don't know. *This is a brilliant code. Better than the Germans in WW2. It is three days after I wrote it and even I don't know who all these people are! I know they're Mum, Granny, Mrs Muttley, Mel and Miss Bird but IN WHAT ORDER?!*

I know what SusSEX is, but I'm still too young and innocent to have been there and got the T-shirt. I'm old enough to quiss now too, but I am worried. What do I do if I can taste what she's had for lunch and don't like it (*e.g. roll-mop herrings*)?

My last two diaries were confiscated on account of them being too rude about certain people who then found them and beat me up. By the way, if God wants some advice on how to build little brothers in future, I think he should build them with armour-plated shells instead of skin, to withstand all the terrible blows what I get chucked at me from everyone (*especially my big brother will and big sister Mel.*)



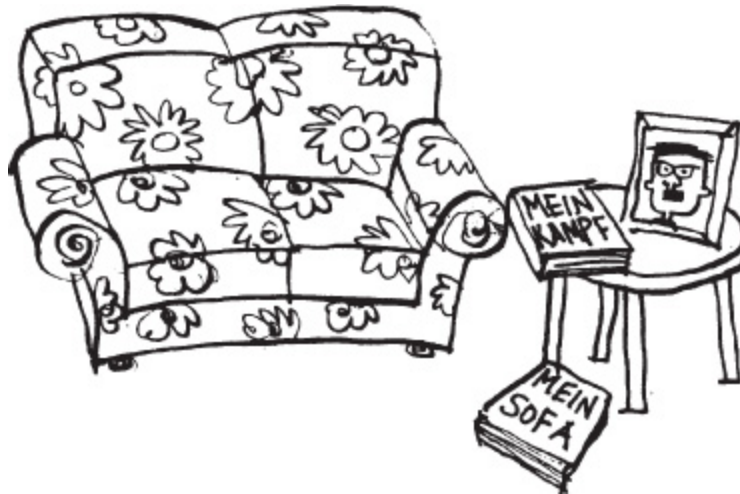
And rubber ears too, so the verbal shoutings just bounce off.

SUNDAY

Here is a list of most-hated people in history:

Genghis Khan
Jack the Ripper
Adolf Hitler
Alistair Fury

What do they all have in common? They all had sofas in their bedrooms.



'Is it true?' said Aaron.

'It must be,' I said. 'Ever since my new sofa was delivered, William and Mel have hated me because I won't let them use it for snogging sessions.' Actually this was the only reason I got the sofa in the first place - to annoy my big brother and sister. And also because Ralph had said it was time us Revengers got into kissing. *Not each other, of course. I checked with Ralph and he didn't mean in that way at all.*

Ralph has changed. His body is sprouting hairs like the way blotting-paper sprouts watercress in Reception Class. And he uses a deodorant now at weekends. We were meeting in our secret bus shelter by the McDrive-In, because Ralph had brought along a Shower Catalogue and didn't want anyone seeing us looking at it.



'What's so naughty about showers?' I asked. He turned the page to a picture of a naked woman behind a shower curtain. You could see her ankles and shower cap. I tried to look at the bath mat and pretend I wasn't interested, but my eyes kept drifting upwards. My mouth went dry and my heart beat so loudly that everyone in the street could hear it. I had to think of the most boring thing in the universe to stop the noise. I thought of French vocab:

Le can-can is a bird called a 'twocan'.

Mon père a un moustache is 'my pear has a moustache'.

Le chat is 'the chat' as in the common phrase, *Un telephone chat-line*.

We Revengers have a secret code to stop us talking if a stranger stands next to us and waits for a bus. The secret code is 'Shhhhh'. Sometimes buses pull in to pick us up and drivers get angry when we don't get on. A bus stopped today and the driver was a psychopath. He had scary sideburns growing out of his mouth. So we got on and held the rest of our meeting at the back of the bus in little fairy whispers.



I wanted to know how Ralph thought we were going to get a kiss when none of us knew any girls who weren't our sisters or cousins.

'Girls prefer to kiss people they don't know,' he said, 'because they don't know enough about you to hate you yet.'



'Yeah, but if you don't know them,' I said, 'how can you ask for a kiss?'

'You don't ask,' said Ralph, 'you trick them. You pretend you're dying and need the kiss of life. Or switch the lights off at a party and steal a kiss in the dark. Or tell her you're a spy like James Bond and have to pass her a secret message mouth to mouth!'



The party sounded most practical. Trouble was, none of us had ever thrown one before. We weren't exactly sure what to do. We knew we had to move all the furniture against the walls and put newspaper on the floor, but we didn't know why.

'Do people bring their pets to parties?' asked Aaron.

'Maybe the newspaper's there to give you something to read while you're kissing,' said Ralph.

'When it gets boring, you mean? Because I have heard,' I said, 'that some kisses can go on for so long that worried parents report their children as missing.'

Aaron and Ralph wanted to have the kissing party as soon as possible. 'Next Sunday, your place,' they said.

'Can't,' I said. 'Next Sunday is Mum's new cookbook launch.'

‘Saturday then,’ said Ralph.

‘Mrs Muttley’s piano concert,’ I said.

They accused me of making excuses because I was scared of kissing, but I really am that busy next weekend.

‘Then when can we come?’ said a disappointed Ralph.



‘In about five years,’ I said. ‘When Mum isn’t precious about her new kitchen any more.’

Mum’s just had a new kitchen fitted for her TV show. The lights are so bright that it makes us all sweat like heavyweight boxers, which is nice in the food. ‘Mmmm! What’s on the Sweat Trolley tonight, Mum?’

Walked five miles home after bus conductor threw us off the bus for not having any money to pay our fares. The three of us are now outlaws, which is good because girls love bad boys.



At home my big brother and sister were waiting for me. Both wanted to borrow my sofa tonight as they'd got hottotty lined up. But when I said no, they said, 'Right, you tightwad, you're dead!' Which was a nice thing to say on the holiest day of the week.

Mel's current boyfriend is called Roger. She never stops telling us how beautiful he is, but he's got spots like a Chelsea Bun and nasty cheap trainers, which is why I secretly call him Roger the Todger. He gave Mel a bracelet made from hairs that grow on top of an elephant's head and she thinks it's a sign of endless love. It's a sign of endless bald elephants, stupid!



William thinks he's a babe magnet because he says he's got more girlfriends than all of Westlife put together. *Ho-ho! Bring me a dry pair of pants!*



He's not a magnet. He's flypaper and it's all the dirty flies what nobody else wants who stick to him! The present girlfriend is a bad-tempered bluebottle called Rosie.



HORROR!

Granny Constance blew in for Sunday supper like a cold arctic wind. She doesn't like me. In fact there's not much she does like, except nattering on about her aches and pains, and her Scrabble Club, which she thinks is the centre of the universe. Like we should all care deeply that Elsie made 'carbuncle' last week on a triple-word score using a 'car' that was already down there!



'Not a real car, you understand, just the word,' she kept saying.

'Yes, Granny! For the fifty millionth time, I'd worked that out for myself!'

We don't eat Sunday lunch in the Fury household. That would be too normal. Because my mum is a TV chef we have to eat at supper, and never beef or lamb, always disgusting food like sturgeon and chicken livers and raw goat in gravy. Today it is pheasant. Yuck!

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS

Tomorrow I have a French test with Miss Bird. She calls it her *Grand Examination de French*. Here is an actual conversation I once had with a French teacher:



'J'ai numque been any bonbon a French.'