



# The REVENGE Files OF Alistair FURY



**Tough  
Turkey**

**Jamie Rix**



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About the Author

Also by Jamie Rix

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## About the Book

Stop messing with my Christmas!

Christmas is the best time of year. Only dead people or people without a telly don't enjoy Christmas. Or little brothers (i.e. me)! My family are doing their best to ruin my childhood. I wish I was King Herod and could do them in.

My big brother and sister are making sure I get no presents. Mum has got a celebrity magazine taking festive photos of the family at war. The turkey's been dumped for a goose. Dad's turning green, and orange, and ever so slightly lobster as well. And Gran is going abroad - we hope.

But with a ton of help from my fellow Revengers, Mr E and the little baby Wayne . . .

Hark The Herald Angels sing  
I will get my revenge in!

The  
**REVENGE**  

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**Files**  
OF  
**ALISTAIR**  
**FURY**

**Tough Turkey**



**JAMIE RIX**

Illustrated by Nigel Baines

**RHCP DIGITAL**



For Helen and Jacky with love



# My Daily Diary



**This diary belongs to** Alistair Fuffy

**Age** 11

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

**Mobile Phone Number** Dnt hv 1

**e-mail address** don't.h@ve.one

**Club** Revengers (Secret). Ralph and Aaron are like my brothers except in this one respect: I like Ralph and Aaron, whereas my real brother I don't. He is like a hornet in a car on a long journey. You can't take your eyes off him for a second in case he stings you and he MUST be squashed.

**Bank Details** It is a big building in the high street where money is kept. The people inside always smile, because they've got all your money. The outdoor doors open into a glass cupboard ONLY when the indoor doors are closed. This glass cupboard is to stop bank robbing. Also, in the hot weather it is a convenient place to bake bread. If it was a spaceship it would be the decontamination area where you would have to sit for six hours reading comics and eating Mars Bars while all the bugs on your space-walking suit got zapped.

**Religion** All religions preach love and forgiveness, and I don't agree. Smack back first and pray they don't find you later is my motto. My religion is looking after Numero Uno. Instead of kissing prayer mats I kiss mirrors a lot...

**Blood Type** Red.

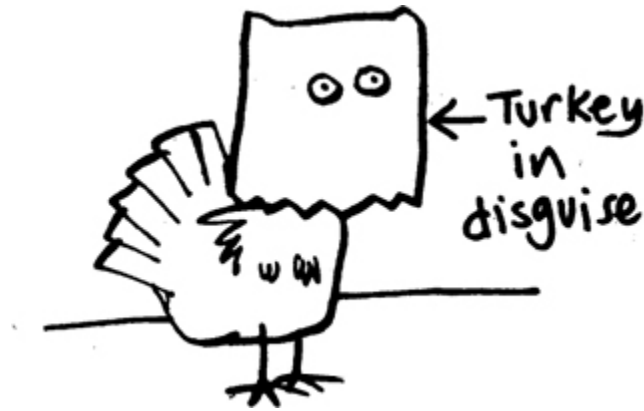
**Allergies** To my big brother and big sister. If they are even within five metres of me I feel sick and have a violent reaction.

**Important birthdays** Me and Jesus. His = December 25. Best day of the year.

# Notes

For some people Christmas is good: people who think up bad jokes for crackers, people who grow tinsel, people who murder turkeys, people who write modern carols that nobody knows the tune to, people who like eating and eating till their stomachs burst all over the table like big bags of maggots.





For some it is bad. Mum and Dad hate Christmas, because their children (*that's me, William and Mel*), cost them an arm and a leg and another arm and a few fingers as well. They say that we are like little money vampires bleeding them of money. They say the cost of children is like having a one-armed bandit in the corner of the sitting room. You put in tons more money than you ever get out.

But listen up, parents. Christmas should not be about money. Christmas should be a time for sharing and caring. A time to think about all those unlucky people who can't enjoy Christmas. Dead people. People without a telly. Vegetarians. Vicars. Overpaid footballers who have to work on Boxing Day. And unlucky people stuck on desert islands with no access to a calendar. By mistake, they probably celebrate Christmas in July and NEVER know. Except they *would* know, because there wouldn't be any presents in their stockings, because Father Christmas would still be on his summer holiday, wouldn't he?

But for me, Christmas is brilliant because I get loads of presents.

P.S. Did I mention that I hate my big brother and sister?



# DECEMBER 18

## 7 days to Christmas

### **TODAY'S TV**

**BBC2, 10.30: Twerpies**

**Sports 1, 11.30: Xtreme Conkers**

**C5, 13.30: Quizmaster Funk**

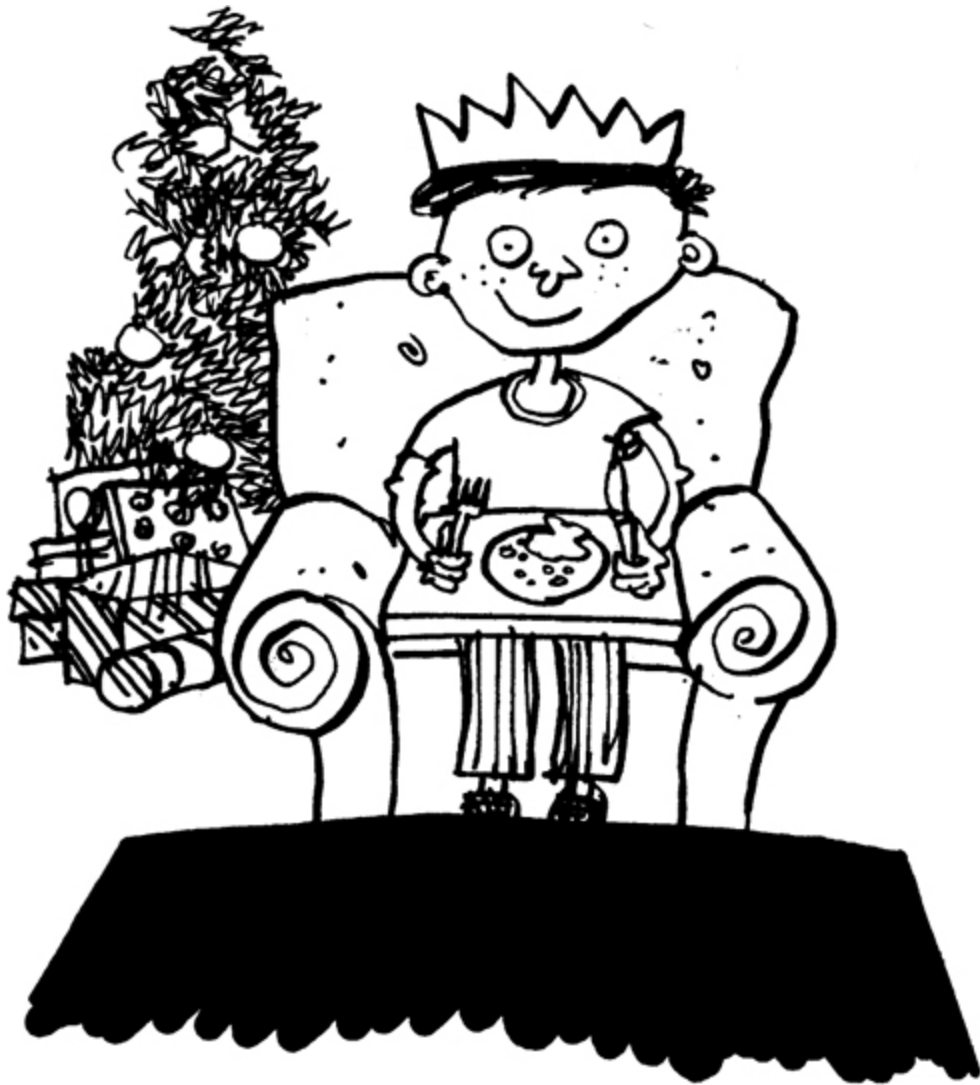
**Yoof Channel, 16.00, 16.30, 17.00, 17.30:**

**Bunty the Mozzie Slayer**

**BBC1, 19.30: When Dinosaurs Walked in  
Cleethorpes**

**ITV, 20.30: TV's Rudest \*\*\* Off-Cuts!**

**Groovy Movie Channel, 22.00: Six Cents!**



I love Christmas. I love the way it comes round every year whether you like it or not. I love the lights and watching the telly, and the log fires and turkey and shopping in the dark. But most of all I love Father Christmas, because that is the neatest job. He's loved by everyone in the world, he only works one day a year, and he drives a magic sleigh which can loop the loop fifty times quicker than the Spiral-Spew-Looper at Thorpe Park. And this sleigh is pulled by flying, talking reindeer! They are also fart-free, which is a blessing if you're sitting right behind them.



Today Mum and I performed the ceremony of the Stirring of the Christmas Pudding. We buried money in it. William did it last year but buried the money in his pocket instead of in the pudding, and when Mum said, 'This pudding seems a bit light,' he panicked. He added extra weight to the pudding by bulking it out with his dirty rugby socks. When the rugby socks were extracted at the Xmas dinner table I got the blame, of course, until everyone remembered that I don't play rugby because I'm a coward. As I recall, the pudding had that vomititious tang of sweat. Mind you, the socks came out clean, which was a bonus. As Granny Constance said seventy-three times, 'That's the wonder of steaming for you.'

William came in to stick his finger in the mix, but Mum told him to go away. 'Alistair is Mummy's Little Helper this year,' she said.

'Thief!' I shouted, hiding behind Mum's apron.

'Creep!' he said.

'Alistair is not a creep,' said Mum. 'He's lovely. He still believes in Christmas, which is more than can be said for you and Melanie, William.'

'I've wrapped my presents already,' I said. 'And this year they're the best ever.'

‘See,’ said Mum. ‘And Alistair appreciates my cooking.’



Whoa! Stop this bus full of people saying loving things about each other! I want to get off! I wouldn't go as far as 'appreciate'. I eat her food, because otherwise I'd starve, but I don't appreciate it. *Only a deranged five-bellied pig would appreciate banana kidneys with aniseed tofu balls.*



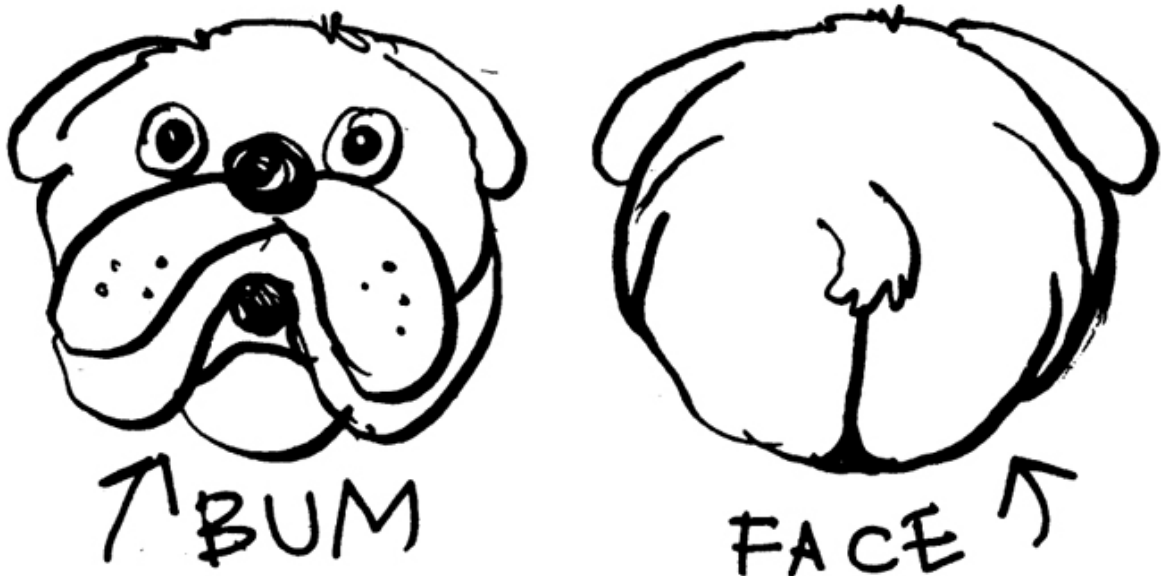
I appreciate looking at Pamela Whitby, but then she's a dish of quite a different sort!

'Only Alistair understands what a super-human effort it takes to get this house looking nice for Christmas Day,' said Mum.

'He understands what it takes to get a bigger Christmas present,' sneered William.

'Go away,' said Mum, 'and put some clothes on.' William had come straight from his bath to show off his verruca. 'I don't want to see it,' she told him.

'But it's funny,' he said. 'You know how sometimes clouds can look like sheep, or carrots look like two people doing it in a lift, well my verruca looks just like Mr E's bottom.' Mr E is our ugly pug dog whose bottom is not very pretty. It's prettier than his face, but then so is everything in the world, from warthogs to Luke Chadwick.



William stormed off while I flicked V signs at him behind Mum's back. V for Victory, V for Verruca and V for 'Go boil your head in a vat of worms, loser!'

Then Mum dropped her bombshell. 'I'm going to let you into a secret,' she said, 'seeing as how much you like my food.' She took a cookery book out of the drawer. 'This is



my new one,' she said. It's called Celia Fury Cooks Her Goose at Christmas. It's in all good bookshops now, priced twenty-nine pounds ninety-nine p.'



'Goose?' I said suspiciously. 'Christmas?' It did not take a genius to put two and two together, which was lucky, because I'm not a genius. *It's five.*

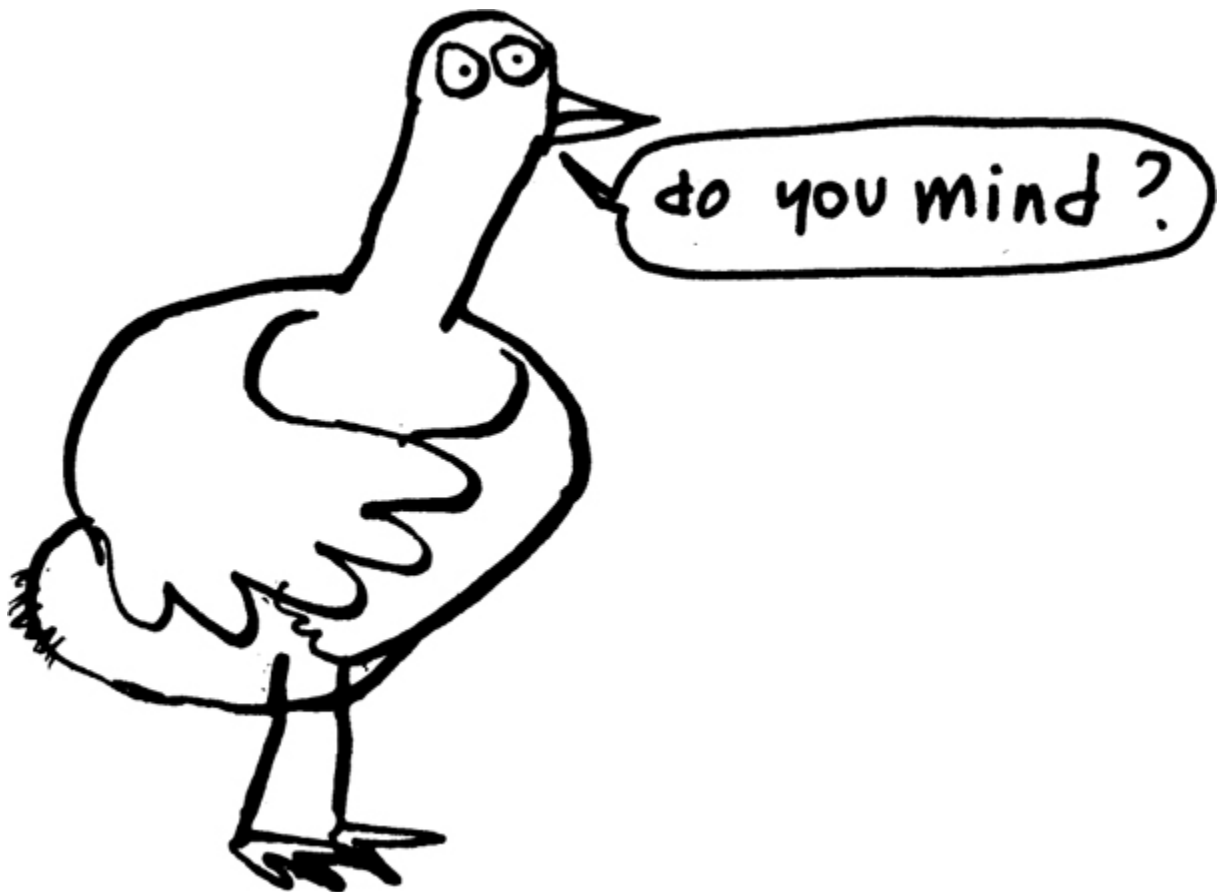
I'd been told that *Hello!* magazine was coming over on Christmas Day to take photos of us in our own home, but I didn't know why. Now I do. To publicize Mum's new book. And now I find out there's a catch! No turkey. No succulent,

juicy-breasted, drumstick-licking, worth-the-torture-of-a-year-long-wait turkey. *I love turkey!*



‘We’re having a goose-tastic Christmas this year,’ Mum said in her sad Youth-TV presenter voice. ‘Pâte de foie gras with melba toast. Roast goose, with polenta, celeriac, porcini mushrooms and sprouts. Followed by Christmas pud and gooseberries.’

‘Which part of the goose are the berries?’ I asked nervously. Dangleberries, apparently, wherever they might hang.



Mum saw the look of disappointment on my face. She knows how much I love turkey. 'Not everything's changed,' she said defensively. 'I've kept sprouts on the menu.'

'I hate sprouts,' I said.

Treachery! Betrayal! My mother was a Christmas Judas! It was a thunder-mungous shock to find out that a precious cornerstone of my childhood (*i.e. Christmas lunch*), something that had been one thing for eleven years, was suddenly going to be something completely different.



'It's no big deal,' said Mum. 'It's goose for turkey - so what? There's a photographer here on Christmas Day - yawn, yawn! Nothing important's going to change, Alistair.'

**OH YES IT IS!**

*('Oh no it's not!' I love arguments in pantomime, because they're so true and life-like that it makes me want to join in. And by that I DO NOT mean that I want to put on a bra and lipstick and kiss Buttons like a Dame!)*

Here's proof. Instead of making the stuffing for the turkey like he usually does, Dad went off to the gym to tone himself up for the Hello! photos.

NOT FIT Was once lapped  
in the 100 metres sprint



He said he was fed up with running a leisure centre and wanted to be discovered and turned into a supermodel. Every model in the world would have to be dead before Dad got a modelling job, unless it was modelling swimming trunks for baby hippos with big fat bellies.



Mel has changed too. For the first time ever she's taken a job over Christmas. It's only for three weeks until school starts again, but it's still a job. It's still caring more about MONEY than Christmas. *I am seriously wondering if somehow I am not related to Mother Theresa of Calcutta seeing as how much I'm Not concerned with money. Maybe I am a saint and don't know it. Must ask doctor to check for halo next time I'm in.*

Mel is working as an elf at Thomas Brothers department store, selling tickets for Santa's Grotto. If I was an elf I'd be furious that a grumpy no-brain like my sister was impersonating me. Elves are pretty creatures with nimble fingers that can make toys. Mel's got clumsy dinosaur bones and a ring through her nose like a bull. (Because she's sixteen now and Mum and Dad can't stop her!) Apparently, she's too grown up for Christmas this year.





‘So count me out!’ she said. ‘It’s all so boring. And I’m cutting out food too, in solidarity with our starving cousins in the Third World.’

‘And not because you don’t want to look fat in that skimpy red dress you’ve bought to look sexy in the *Hello!* photos on Christmas Day?’ I said.

‘Tell him to shut up,’ she said to Mum, who asked her what had brought this on.

‘Gabriel,’ I said. Mel looked daggers at me. ‘He’s the new Christmas postman. He’s twenty-five and she thinks he’s gorgeous! That’s why she’s always late for work. She hangs about in the window making gooey eyes at him through the glass. He probably thinks you’ve got conjunctivitis.’

Mel lunged at me, but Mum held her off. ‘Well, tell him to stop!’ Mel said.

‘Why?’ I said. ‘Scared you won’t get to handle his packages?’



Mum said that that was enough, but I'd only just started. Mel was the enemy. By being older and joyless she was ruining my Christmas! 'Tell me,' I said, 'is it true you only like him because he's got a huge sack?'

Mel ran wailing through the house while I was relieved of pudding duty and sent to my room.



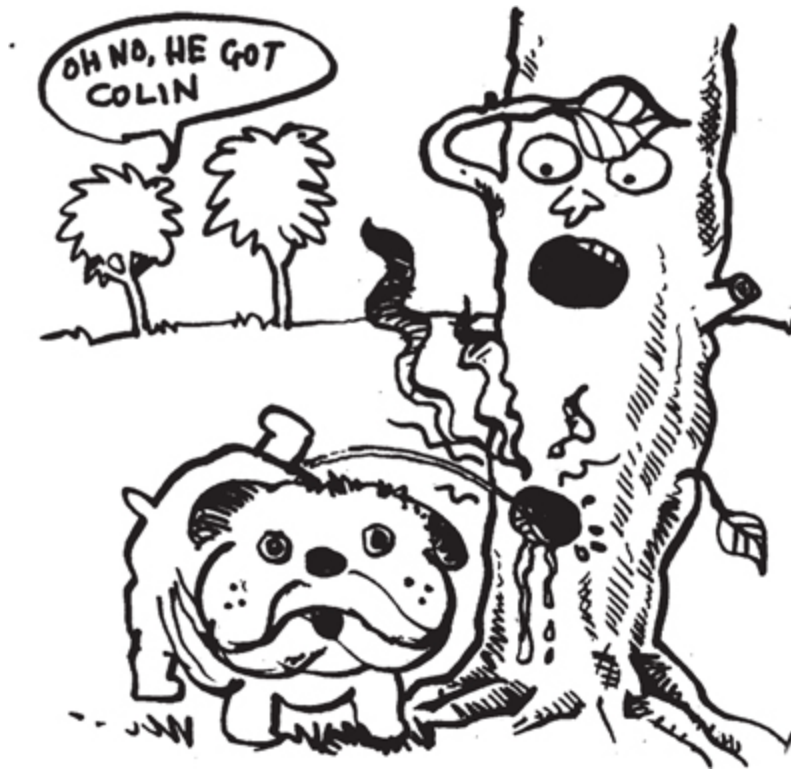
I never made it. My big brother and sister ambushed me on the landing, rolled me up in a rug and chucked me out with the rubbish. Apparently, this was where I belonged. I protested and said things like, 'But 'tis the season of goodwill to all men!' and, 'Peace and love, brother and sister!' and, 'Help!!!' But it had no effect. They tied rope round both ends of the rug and pulled it tight, then

propped me up against the front wall with a sign pinned to the rug:

I AM A GIANT  
CHRISTMAS CRACKER.  
PLEASE PULL ME TILL I EXPLODE  
INTO LOTS OF LITTLE BITS.  
UNFUNNIEST JOKE IN THE WORLD  
**INSIDE.**

*I think they meant ME! Ho-ho!!*

They left me there. Most passers-by ignored my cries for help, a couple of tramps ran off to rejoin Alcoholics Anonymous, thinking they'd just heard voices, Napoleon (our no-tailed cat) used me as a scratching post and Mr E decided I was a talking tree and cocked his leg on me. Now, I don't know what that pug dog manufactures inside his bladder but it isn't pee. It's acid. Five minutes after he'd drained his worm there was a steaming hole in the rug. It gave me a chance to escape. I sang 'Yellow River' several times to get him to pee again so the hole would get bigger and I could crawl out, but he had nothing left to give. So I stuck my foot out of the hole and waved it up and down in the hope that some kind soul would see my sole and save it.



Luckily, Dad was staggering back from the gym, where he'd just put his back out. Not on the heavy weights, but taking his socks off in the changing room.



It took him ages to release me because of the excruciating pain he was in, and when I finally saw daylight again, a tiny white insect flew out of my hair. I have Christmas moths, which just about sums up my luck right now.

# Official Unfunniest Joke in the World

Actually the unfunniest joke in the world is NOT me. It is this:

***Knock Knock.***

***Who's there?***

***Alistair.***

***Alistair Who?***

***Precisely. Who is he? A nobody***



← Tumbleweed moment

Only two morons sharing the genetic make-up of an orang-utan (e.g. my big brother and sister) find it remotely funny.