

DAISY



and the TROUBLE with

MAGGOTS

by Kes Gray

Contents

Cover

Some Words about Maggots

More Daisy adventures!

Daisy and the Trouble with Maggots

Dedication

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

Chapter 22

Chapter 23

Copyright

Some words about maggots:

“Strike, Daisy! Strike!”

Uncle Clive



“Help help! I’ve been turned into a dog poo!”

An unlucky fisherman



“Duck!”

A duck



“Aaaaarrrrghhhh! There’s a maggot in my tea!”

An angry river boater



“EEEEKKK!! There’s something wriggling in my pants!”

Jack Beechwhistle



“Oh my word, Daisy. What have you done this time!”

Daisy’s mum

www.daisyclub.co.uk

More Daisy adventures!

DAISY AND THE TROUBLE
WITH LIFE

DAISY AND THE TROUBLE
WITH ZOOS

DAISY AND THE TROUBLE
WITH GIANTS

DAISY AND THE TROUBLE
WITH KITTENS

DAISY AND THE TROUBLE
WITH CHRISTMAS

DAISY AND THE TROUBLE WITH MAGGOTS



by Kes Gray

RED FOX

To Mr Crabtree





CHAPTER 1

The **trouble with maggots** is they are too wriggly. If maggots weren't so wriggly, then what happened yesterday, when I went fishing with my Uncle Clive, would never have happened at all.



It's not my fault maggots are so wriggly.
Or tiggly.

Maggots are about the wriggliest, tiggliest things in the world. Especially when you shoot them through the air with a fishing catapult.

Fishing catapults make maggots REALLY wriggle tiddle. And go a long way.

AND land in places where you were only kind of, but not actually definitely aiming for.

Especially when it's windy.

Well, sort of windy.

OK, not that windy.

Allright, not very windy at all.

But the sun was definitely shining in my eyes. Which meant I couldn't really see where I was aiming with the catapult.

WHICH ISN'T MY FAULT!

CHAPTER 2

Fishing is the BEST!

When my Uncle Clive asked me if I wanted to go fishing with him on Sunday, I didn't even know what fishing was!

I didn't even know what a maggot looked like!

Or a bait box!

Now I do.

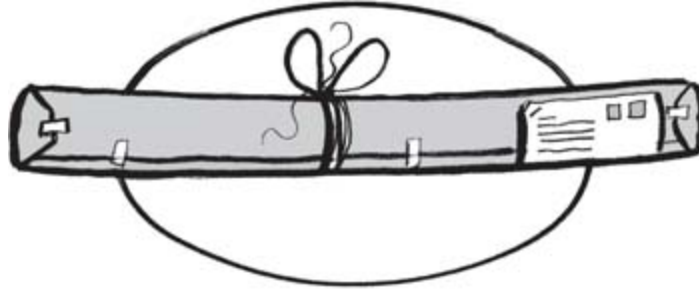
Now I know loads about fishing. More than Jack Beechwhistle anyway.

And Harry Bayliss.



It was two Sundays ago that Uncle Clive asked me if I wanted to go fishing with him. He came over to our house with Auntie Sue, and said he had bought a new fishing rod and was busting to try it out.

That's the **trouble with new fishing rods**. They make you want to go fishing even more!



First of all he asked my mum if she thought I would like to go fishing with him. And then he asked my mum if she wanted to come too.

The **trouble with asking my mum if she wants to go fishing** is my mum doesn't really like fishing as much as me.



I don't know why, because fishing is absolutely brilliant!

Maybe she thought she'd have to touch the maggots!

Anyway, it didn't really matter, because my Auntie Sue doesn't like fishing as much as me and Uncle Clive either. But she does like picnics! And so does my mum!

So that's what we did! We went FISHING AND PICNICKING all together at the same time!! Picnics and fishing go really well together. Especially if it's a nice hot summery day like yesterday was!

And especially if you go to the river at Paper Mill lock where all the river boats are!

CHAPTER 3

The **trouble with river boats** is Jack Beechwhistle thinks he knows everything about them.



When I went to school last Monday, I couldn't wait to tell Gabby I was going to be going fishing with my Uncle Clive. Trouble is, Jack Beechwhistle was listening when I told her.



That's the **trouble with Jack Beechwhistle**. He's got ears the size of an elephant.



Jack Beechwhistle thinks he knows everything about rivers. Especially river boats.

Just because he goes to Paper Mill lock on Sundays to do canoeing lessons, he thinks that makes him an expert on everything in the whole world.

Jack Beechwhistle says he's canoed past loads of river boats, which definitely makes him an expert on them. PLUS, he said being the captain of his own boat makes him a double expert.



Me and Gabby said that a canoe wasn't a type of boat at all, because it didn't have an anchor. Plus proper boat captains wear hats.

But Jack Beechwhistle said he did wear a hat when he was canoeing. It was a special safety hat, like a crash helmet, with straps that did up and everything. And he wore a life jacket.

Jack Beechwhistle said that life jackets and canoe hats were better than captains' hats any day.

Then he said he knew more about fishing than me too!

And ducks.

So I called him a Poopy Face.

But he didn't listen.

He just kept telling me about fishing.

Jack Beechwhistle says he has canoed past loads of people when they were fishing. Which means he knows all about fishing AND river boats and everything. Which makes him a TRIPLE DIPPLE expert.

So I said he was a triple dipple Poopy Head.

But he didn't listen AGAIN!

Even with those great big elephant ears he didn't listen!

So I ignored him for the total rest of the day.