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Opening extract from

Barry Loser and the Holiday of Doom

Written by

Jim Smith

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EGMONT

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EGMONT LUCKY COIN

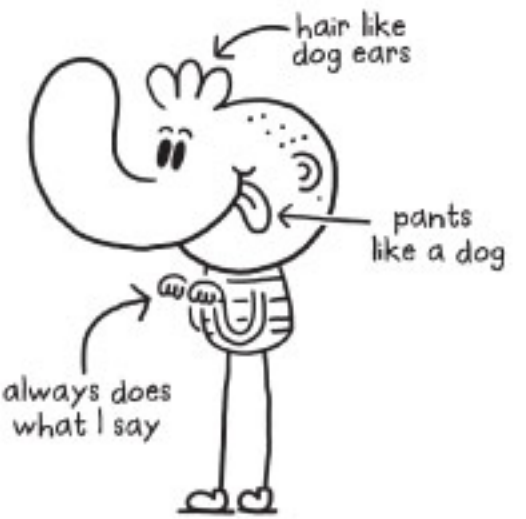
Our story began over a century ago, when seventeen-year-old Egmont Harald Petersen found a coin in the street.

He was on his way to buy a flyswatter, a small hand-operated printing machine that he then set up in his tiny apartment.

The coin brought him such good luck that today Egmont has offices in over 30 countries around the world. And that lucky coin is still kept at the company's head offices in Denmark.

Frilly pink bikini

My best friend Bunky is sort of like my pet dog, so it was weird when he suddenly started fancying a cat one day.

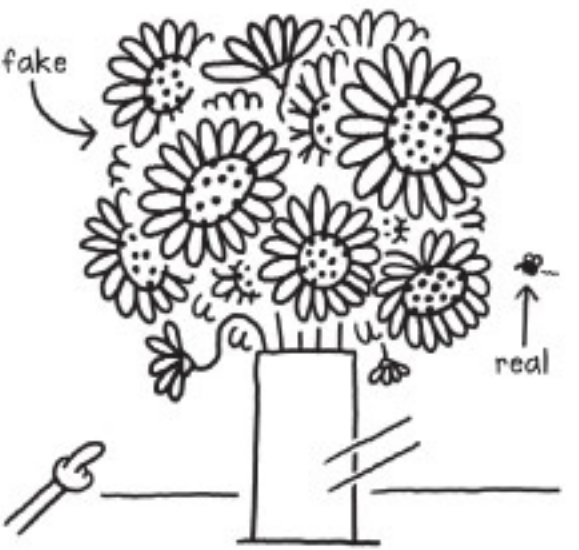


It was about eight million weeks ago and me and Bunky were walking home from school past a Feeko's Supermarket.



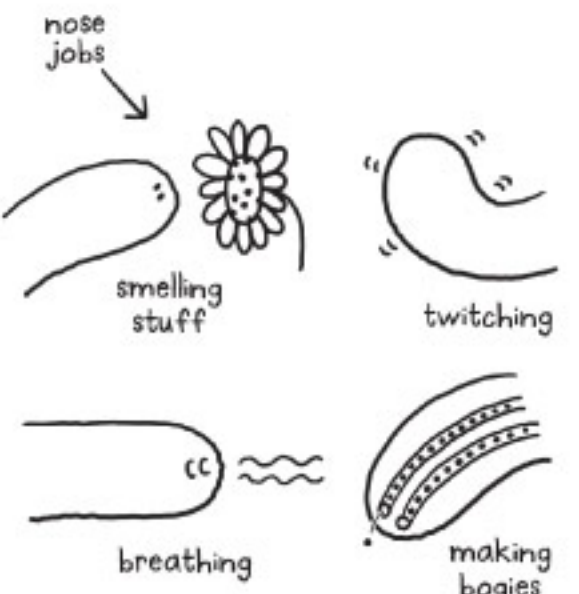
Summer was coming up, and the whole window was filled with swimming trunks and other holidayish things like that.

'You should buy those for Sharonella!' giggled Bunky, pointing at a bunch of fake plastic sunflowers.

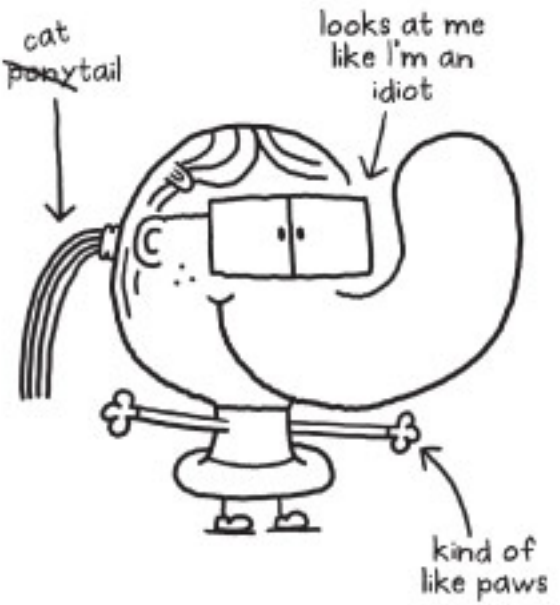


Bunky's been saying Sharonella from our class fancies me ever since she said I had a nice nose once.

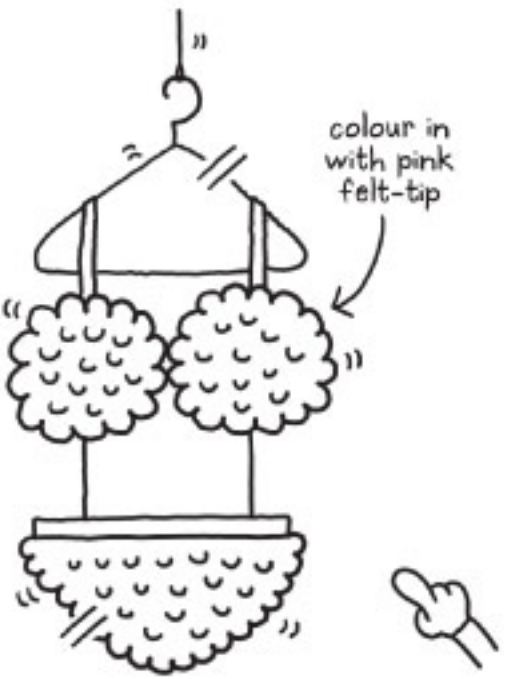
'Shut up, Bunky!' I said, looking down at my nose and trying to work out what was so good about it. 'How can someone like someone else's nose?' I mumbled, twitching it to see if that made it any better. 'It's just a nose for smelling stuff with.'



I tried to think of someone who fancied Bunky's nose, but all I could come up with was my other best friend Nancy Verkenwerken, who's sort of like my pet cat.



'YOU SHOULD BUY THAT FOR NANCY!' I shouted, pointing at a pink frilly bikini.

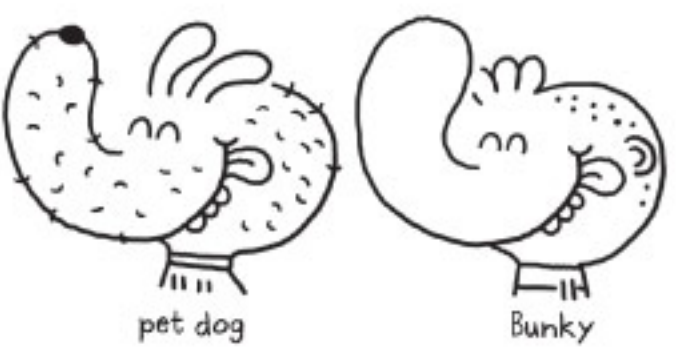


I was shouting because a plane had started flying over, by the way.

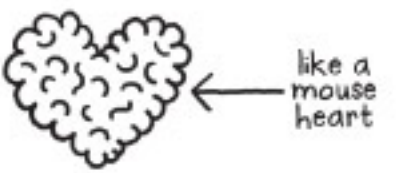
Bunky's whole face turned the same colour as the bikini, but less frilly.
'I DON'T FANCY NANCY!' he shouted, fiddling with a bit of old bubblegum someone had stuck on the wall.



I looked at Bunky. Something about the way he'd said it made me wonder if he actually DID fancy her. He'd definitely been smiling a lot at Nancy recently, but then Bunky smiles at everyone. That's what sort-of pet dogs do.



And that's when I noticed something. The whole time we'd been standing there, Bunky had been busy squidging the bubblegum into the shape of a heart.



'WHAT IN THE NAME OF UNKEELNESS?!' I gasped, which is what my favourite TV star **Future Ratboy** says when he can't believe his eyes.

