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Opening extract from
**Barry Loser and the Holiday of
Doom**

Written by
Jim Smith

Published by
Egmont Books Ltd

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EGMONT

First published in Great Britain 2014
by Jelly Pie, an imprint of Egmont UK Ltd
The Yellow Building, 1 Nicholas Road, London W8 4AN

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ISBN 978 1 4052 6802 8

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

barrylauer.com
www.jellypiecentral.co.uk
www.egmont.co.uk

A CP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library

Printed and bound in Great Britain by the CPI Group

55883/1

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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.

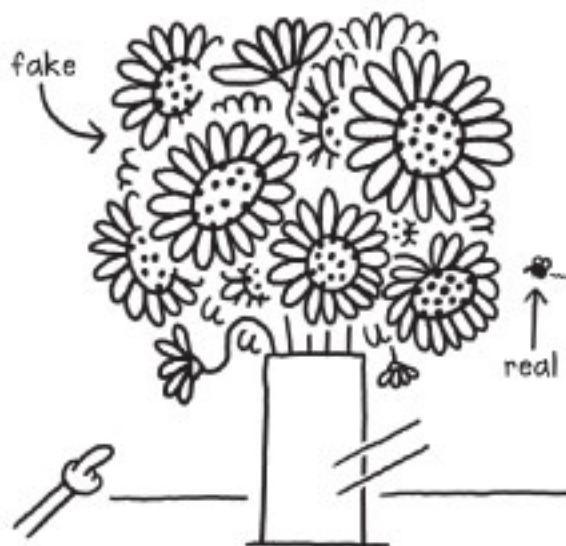


It was about eight million weeks ago and me and Bunky were walking home from school past a Feeko's Supermarket.



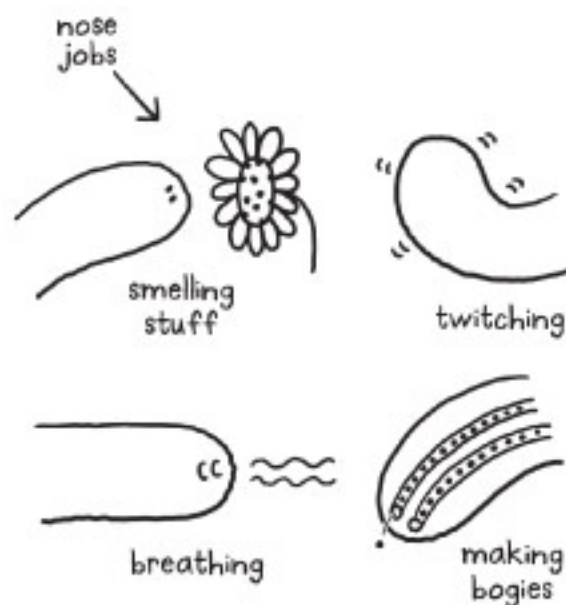
Summer was coming up, and the whole window was filled with swimming trunks and other holidayish things like that.

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

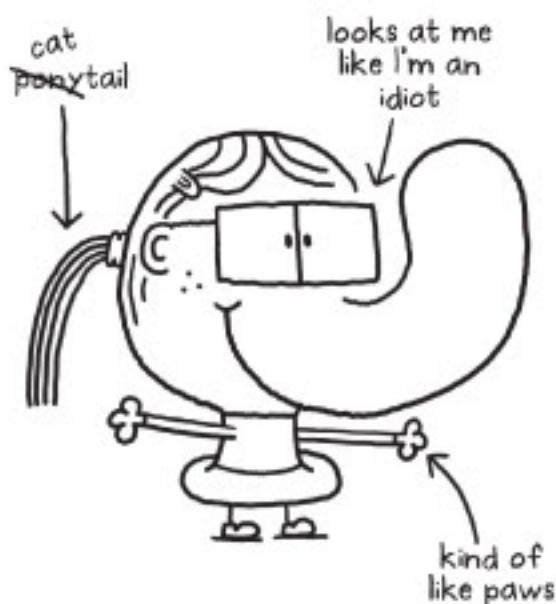


Bunky's been saying Sharonella from our class fancies me ever since she said I had a nice nose once.

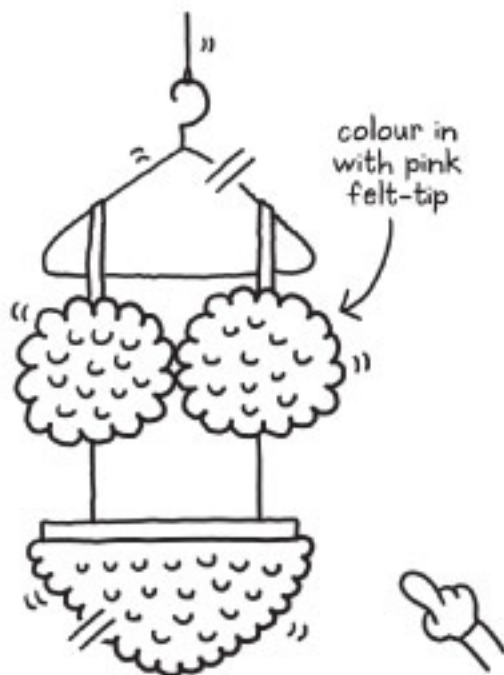
'Shut up, Bunky!' I said, looking down at my nose and trying to work out what was so good about it. 'How can someone like someone else's nose?' I mumbled, twitching it to see if that made it any better. 'It's just a nose for smelling stuff with.'



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.

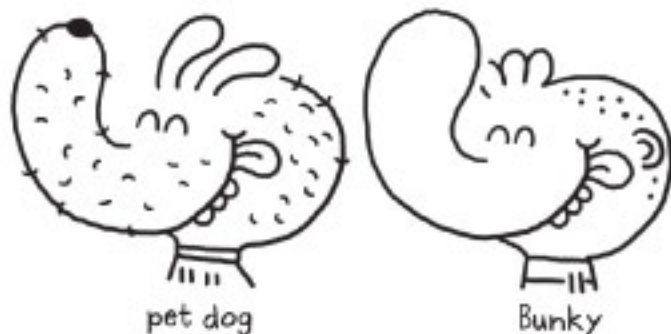


I was shouting because a plane had
started flying over, by the way.

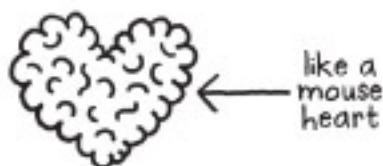
Bunky's whole face turned the same colour as the bikini, but less frilly. 'I DON'T FANCY NANCY!' he shouted, fiddling with a bit of old bubblegum someone had stuck on the wall.



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.

