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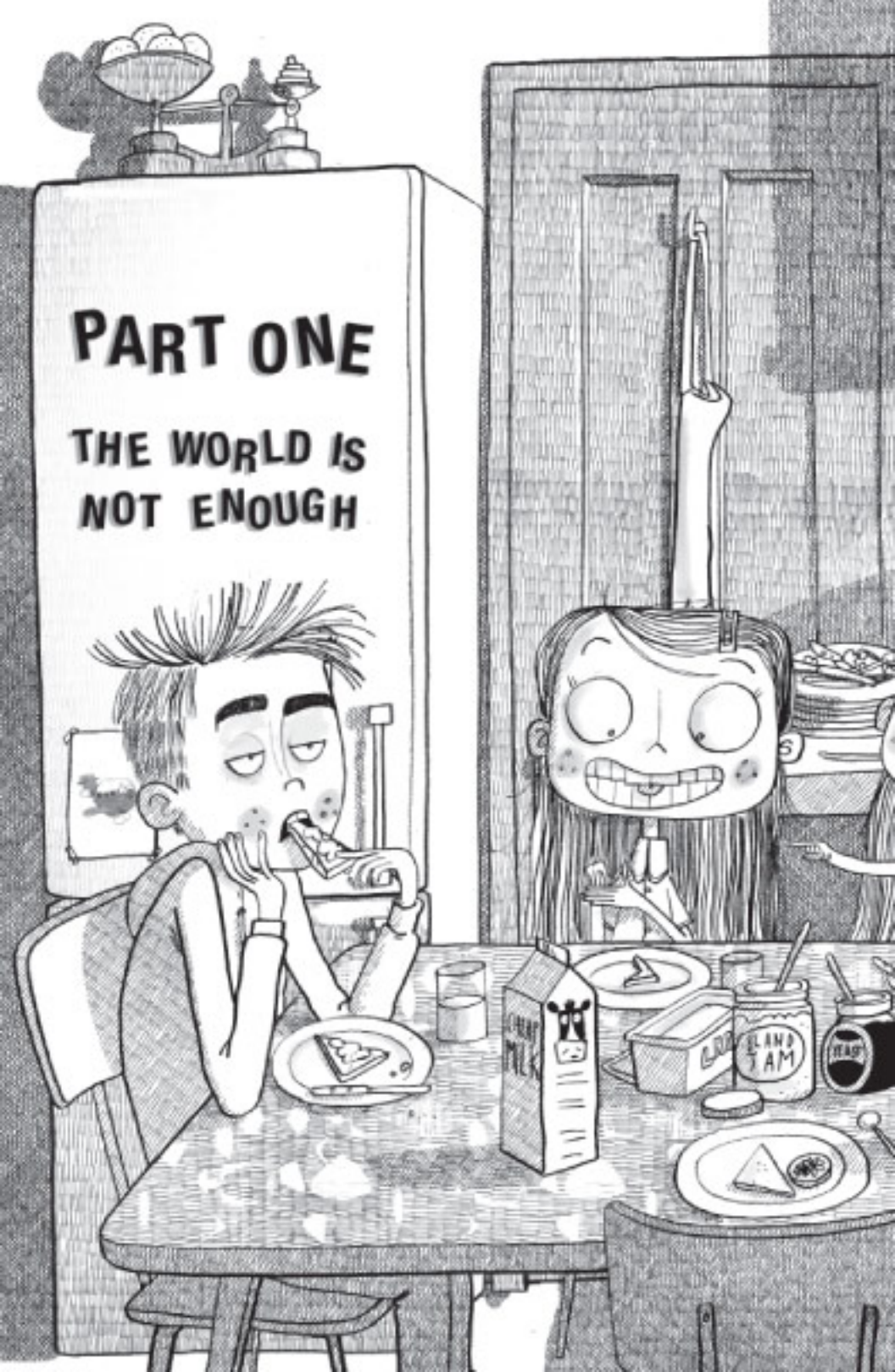
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PART ONE
THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH



CHAPTER ONE

Barry Bennett was always very upset at being called Barry. It was a stupid name for a modern nine (nearly ten) year old boy. All his friends were called things like Jake and Lukas and Taj.

In fact, they weren't called things like that, they were called *exactly* that. Jake was his best friend, Lukas was his second best and Taj was his third. Although sometimes that order was reversed and Taj was first. But, either way, none of them were

called anything like Barry. Barry didn't even *know* anyone called anything like Barry. He didn't know, for example, anyone called Brian. Or Colin. Or Derek. Or any other name that no boy had been called since 1953.

Being called Barry was just one – although it was pretty near the top of the list – of the many things Barry blamed his parents (*Susan* and *Geoff*: go figure...) for.

Here, in fact, is that list, which Barry kept hidden under the pillow on his bed (a bed that *didn't*, by the way, have the fantastic Lionel Messi duvet on it that Lukas had):

THINGS I BLAME MY PARENTS FOR

1. Being boring.
2. Calling me Barry. (You see – told you it was near the top of the list.)

3. Being tired all the time.
4. Not letting me play video games.
5. Not buying me any video games. Or a Lionel Messi duvet.
6. Being REALLY, REALLY, REALLY strict. Examples: making me go to bed at 8.30 when all my friends stay up MUCH later; not letting me eat any sour Haribos in case they give me a tummy ache; and saying, "That's a swear," when all I've done is say BUM, which isn't even a proper swear.
7. Being always much nicer to ~~my twin sisters~~ TSE than to me, just because they're a pair of goody two-shoes.
8. Not being glamorous or famous or all the things that the grown-ups in Mum's magazines are. (Barry realised after he'd written this that it was a bit similar to Number 1, but he'd already started the list when he got to this point,

and had written in pen, not pencil, so didn't want to cross it out and start again.)

9. Being poor. (Barry felt a bit bad about writing this one as he did sort of know it wasn't his parents' fault. His dad worked in IKEA, checking the flat-packed stuff into the warehouses or something, and his mum was a primary school assistant. So he knew that meant they didn't earn very much. But he did think that if only they had more money then a fair amount of issues 1 to 8 – although not being called Barry – would probably not apply.)
10. NOT EVER MAKING MY BIRTHDAY REALLY GOOD.

This was the biggest thing. All his friends had had their tenth birthdays recently, and all of them had been fantastic. Jake had had a go-kart party. Lukas had had a bowling party. And Taj had had a limo!

They'd all gone in it to the cinema to see the latest James Bond film!

Barry loved James Bond. It was partly why he hated being called Barry, as he knew that James Bond would never have been called that. I mean, he knew James Bond's name was James, but even if it hadn't been it would probably have been John or David or Michael. Or – as Jake often pointed out – Jake. Barry said this wasn't true, although in his heart he knew it kind of was, what with Jake being, in name terms, really quite like James.

Sometimes, Jake would even raise one eyebrow – which Barry, try as he might, just couldn't do: both of them always went up at once – and say, "The name's Bond. Jake Bond."

Barry agreed, without saying so, that it sounded kind of OK. Certainly better than, "The name's Bond. Barry Bond."

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