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Nathalia Buttface and the Most Epically Embarrassing Trip Ever

Written by

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Published by

HarperCollins Children's Books

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Nathalia BUTTFACE

and the MOST Epically Embarrassing trip EVER

HarperCollins *Children's Books*

First published in Great Britain by HarperCollins *Children's Books* 2015
HarperCollins *Children's Books* is a division of HarperCollins*Publishers* Ltd,
HarperCollins Publishers,
1 London Bridge Street,
London SE1 9GF

The HarperCollins *Children's Books* website address is
www.harpercollins.co.uk

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ISBN 978-0-00-754523-0

Printed and bound in England by
Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

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CHAPTER ONE

"I'M NOT GOING ON HOLIDAY TO FRANCE, DAD," SAID Nathalia Bumolé, crossly. "It's rubbish."

The Most Embarrassing Dad in the World paused. He hadn't expected this reaction. In fact, he had come home from the pub with his Great French Holiday Idea feeling really pleased with himself.

Dad *liked* France. He liked the weather and the food and the wine and talking to local people.

"You wear STUPID shorts, your bald spot goes pink and peely, you drink red wine every day and

get silly and even more embarrassing than usual and your teeth look like a vampire's," Nat went on, not pausing for breath, "and THE VERY WORST thing is, you talk in a funny accent."

"It's called speaking French."

"It is *not*, Dad, it's called 'speaking English in a silly voice'. You don't even bother to change the words. You are literally supposed to change the words to *actual* French ones. I know that and I'm eleven. BUT I didn't know it at my primary school, did I? In my first French lesson."

Dad put the kettle on. He knew what was coming; he'd heard this story about Nat's first French lesson *a lot*. He looked around the kitchen for support from Mum but she was in the living room. She was pretending to do emails, but she was really playing a game on her phone and having a quiet giggle at Dad being in trouble again.

"Cos of you, when Madame Hérisson asked us who could speak any French, I put my hand up."

"Biscuit?" said Dad, still trying to avoid the story. "There might be one left as your nan's not

been here for a couple of days."

But Nat wasn't going to let him escape. She was an angry blur of stick arms and legs and flying blonde hair. Dad was already regretting getting her out of bed to tell her about the Great French Holiday Idea.

Nat advanced on her father. "I put my hand up and said 'Yes, I know French,' and Madame Hérisson said 'Wonderful, come up and tell the class what you had for breakfast, in French.'"

"No custard creams," said Dad, popping the lid of the biscuit tin back on. "I could do you a cheese toastie though?"

But Nat was too busy remembering that horribly embarrassing lesson.

"'Ello my leetle class mateys," Nat had said, confidently, "for brek-farst, I 'ad a sliss of tost." She waited for applause.

"Very amusing," said Madame Hérisson coldly. She didn't look amused. Nat's classmates giggled.

"Zere is nuffink zat iss fuh-nee about a sliss of

tost," Nat continued, still speaking what she now called 'Dad French'.

"Do it properly or sit down," snapped Madame Hérisson, marking Nat out for special attention that year.

Nat pressed on. Perhaps her accent wasn't big enough. She tried Dad French again. "I 'ad ze sliss off tost, and I 'ad a leetle beet of butt-urgh wheech I spred weeeth a ker-nurf." The giggling got louder.

"A ker-nurf?" said Madame Hérisson. "A KER-NURF? What are you talking about, girl?"

"Like a ker-nurf and furk," said Nat. By now the class was in uproar.

"Class clown, are you?" said Madame Hérisson. "Detention."

Dad was *always* embarrassing her. He could even do it when he WASN'T THERE. Of course, it was way worse when he was there. Which was why she had tried so very hard to stop him interfering at her new school.