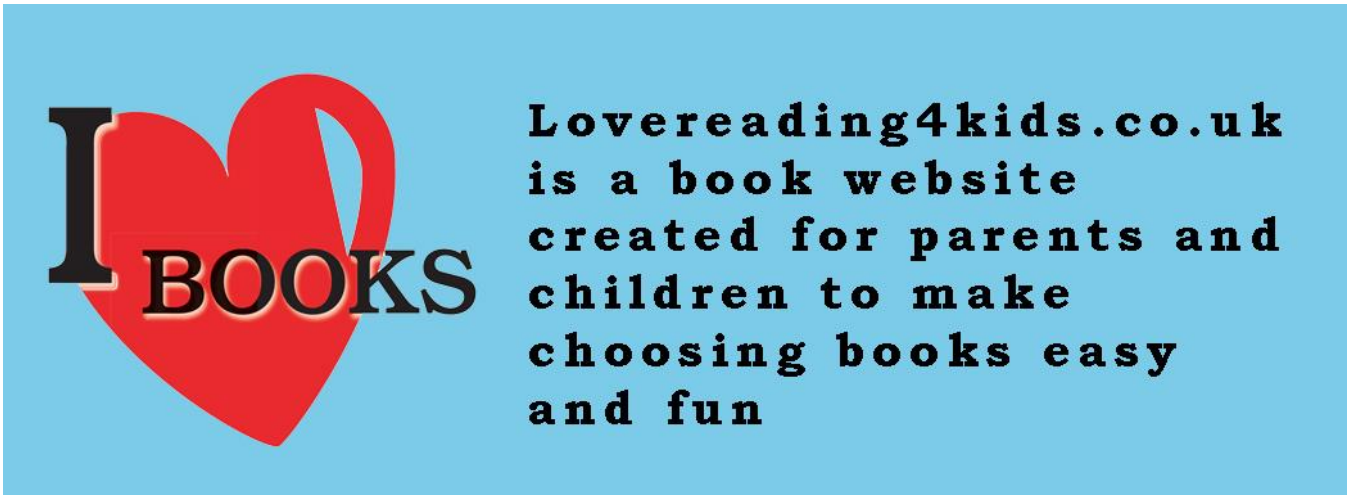


Opening extract from

The Liar's Handbook

Written by

Keren David

Published by

Barrington Stoke Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.





First published in 2017 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text © 2017 Keren David
Illustrations © 2017 Tom Morgan-Jones

The moral right of Keren David to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the written permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-680-6

Printed in China by Leo

CONTENTS

1: Don't get addicted to lying 1

2: Don't tell pointless lies.
Don't tell lies that are obviously false 5

3: Tell too many lies and no one
believes it when you tell the truth 12

4: Everyone tells lies 16

5: You can't tell lies to
people who aren't there 23

6: Football is a breeding ground for lies 26

7: Liars need good friends 34

8: People lie to be liked 40

9: Real liars fake everything 46

10: Sometimes the truth is easier 53

11: Lies can't get you out of
trouble all the time 58

12: Think through your lies
beforehand if possible 61

13: The truth hurts as much as some lies 67

14: Sometimes things that
sound like lies are true 71

15: Some truths are as hard
to swallow as lies 77

16: Some lies are evil 82

17: If you're a known liar,
no one believes you when you tell the truth 86

18: You can't run away from your lies 90

19: You need to know who you can trust 96

20: Lies can trap you.
Lies can make you do stupid stuff 102

21: Sometimes the truth feels like a film.
Like a story 108

22: Sometimes you have to lie.
To protect the innocent 111

23: You know it's true when it makes sense 116

24: I'm telling the truth,
but I'm also telling stories 121

1: DON'T GET ADDICTED TO LYING

My name is River and I am a liar.

Well, that's what everyone else says, anyway.

I don't think that I do lie most of the time. I just think of interesting stuff to say to fill the gaps in what I know.

Here's an example. Last week Miss Shah, my Science teacher, asked where my homework was. I had no idea that she'd even set us any homework. So there was no actual true answer to that question, as my homework had never existed. So technically it wasn't a lie when I told Miss Shah that I'd had a doctor's appointment, but as my doctor is a specialist based off-shore I had to go by helicopter.

And the helicopter pilot had a Doberman puppy and my mum trod on its tail and it nipped her ankle and I used my homework to staunch the flow of blood.

It's not my fault if the rest of the class started laughing and it took Miss Shah ten minutes to calm them down again.

The same rule applies if someone asks where I've been on holiday. We never go anywhere on holiday except to Cornwall and to festivals. So it's not a lie to make something up.

Half of my year still believes that I was a champion snow-boarder at the age of six, and my career was ruined by an encounter with a polar bear during the world junior snow-boarding championships. It was later proved that the bear had been planted on the course by the crazed manager of the Danish team, but by then I'd given up snow-boarding and had a small but vital role in the latest James Bond film, playing an Alsatian. It took hours in costume and make-up.

The other half of my year doesn't believe me even when I do tell the truth. Somehow the truth is never quite enough. No one believed me when I told them I'd learned to surf in Newquay in the summer holidays, even though I'd got really good at it.

But perhaps that was because I also told them that a massive mutant octopus had wrapped its tentacles around my surfboard, but I was lucky

and I had a knife on me. (I'd saved an old lady from being mugged earlier that day and hadn't had a chance to hand the thief's blade in to the police.) So I hacked off the tentacles one by one, until the sea churned with blood and bits of octopus and then ...

My stories didn't hurt anyone and I liked how they made me super popular. People called me a legend. I was King of Bants. Even the teachers seemed to look forward to my answer when they asked, "River? What happened this time?"

River is my real name, by the way. No lies there, even though a few years ago I told everyone that my name was actually Egbert Swordhand and I was last in a line descended from the ancient Saxon kings, and my lawyers were preparing a case against the Royal Family for gazillions of pounds.

Four years later, some of the kids at school still call me Eggs.

Anyway, those lies are just one sort of lie. Flights of fancy, my mum calls them. But now I have a mission to complete, and I'm up against someone who tells proper lies all the time. Who's a total fake. And that means I might have to start telling real lies too.

Lies about where I've been and who with. Lies about what I've been up to. Lies about how I feel and what I think. Lies to protect my privacy. Lies to undermine and expose the Enemy.

The Enemy is called Jason. He claims to be in love with my mum. But that's a lie and so is everything else about him.