THE FIENDISH REVENGE OF LEROY JONES

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Barrington Stoke

For Ross Anderson, and all at
Preston Street Primary, Edinburgh,
with much love

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CHAPTER 1

A lie ... and the truth

Hi!

This is me.

My name is Leroy Jones, and I'm in my first year at Fairlawn High.

Sorry. That's a lie.

My name isn't Leroy. My mum went utterly bonkers when I was born. She called me Glorious Heavenly Baby Jones. Mad, or what?

I never tell anyone. It's my biggest secret. Would you believe my mum's PROUD of my

name? She likes chatting to people, and she tells them how she chose a Very Special Name for a Very Special Baby. Then, when they find out what it is, they look at me as if I've dropped in from Outer Space.

Gah!

So it was my mum's fault that Amy Strundle ended up the way she did.

It wasn't my fault.

Well ... not much.

*

It all started on a Friday morning. I was walking out of assembly when Mr Mitchell pounced on me.

"Leroy Jones!" he yelled, and I jumped. "Come here!"

I tried to look as if I was in a huge hurry. “I’ve got maths, sir,” I told him. “Got to dash!”

Mr Mitchell came closer. He wears glasses, and they make his big green eyes look like gooseberries. “Rubbish!” he said. “Now, listen to me. I’ve had a good idea, and you’re the lad I need.”

“Me, sir?” I said. “I don’t think I am, sir. I’m no good at anything.”

“Quite right,” Mr Mitchell agreed. “Leroy Jones, school failure. But I don’t like failures, Leroy. I want you to be a success! So I’m sending you out of school.”

I blinked. Was I being expelled?

“You’re going to be our school ambassador, Leroy,” Mr Mitchell explained. “You, my boy, are going to spend three days at Hilltop Infants’ School!” And he beamed at me as if he’d just given me the best present ever.

This was even worse than being expelled. Hilltop Infants was my old school, and I was being sent back there!

"Erm ..." I gulped. "Erm ..."

Mr Mitchell banged me on the back. "No need to thank me!" he said. "You'll have a ball, Leroy! You'll be helping the youngest children with their show for a special assembly. What an opportunity! And remember ... you'll be an ambassador for Fairlawn High. Wear your blazer, and make sure you look tidy. I'll be there to see the show, so don't let us down."

My head was spinning. A SPECIAL ASSEMBLY? What did I know about special assemblies? And I hated standing up in front of people. What if I had to be in it? But then I had a thought. Mr Mitchell said I was going to help the little ones.

I began to feel better. Small children would think I was really grown up. They'd do just

what I said. Maybe it wouldn't be too bad ...
and I'd have three whole days out of school.