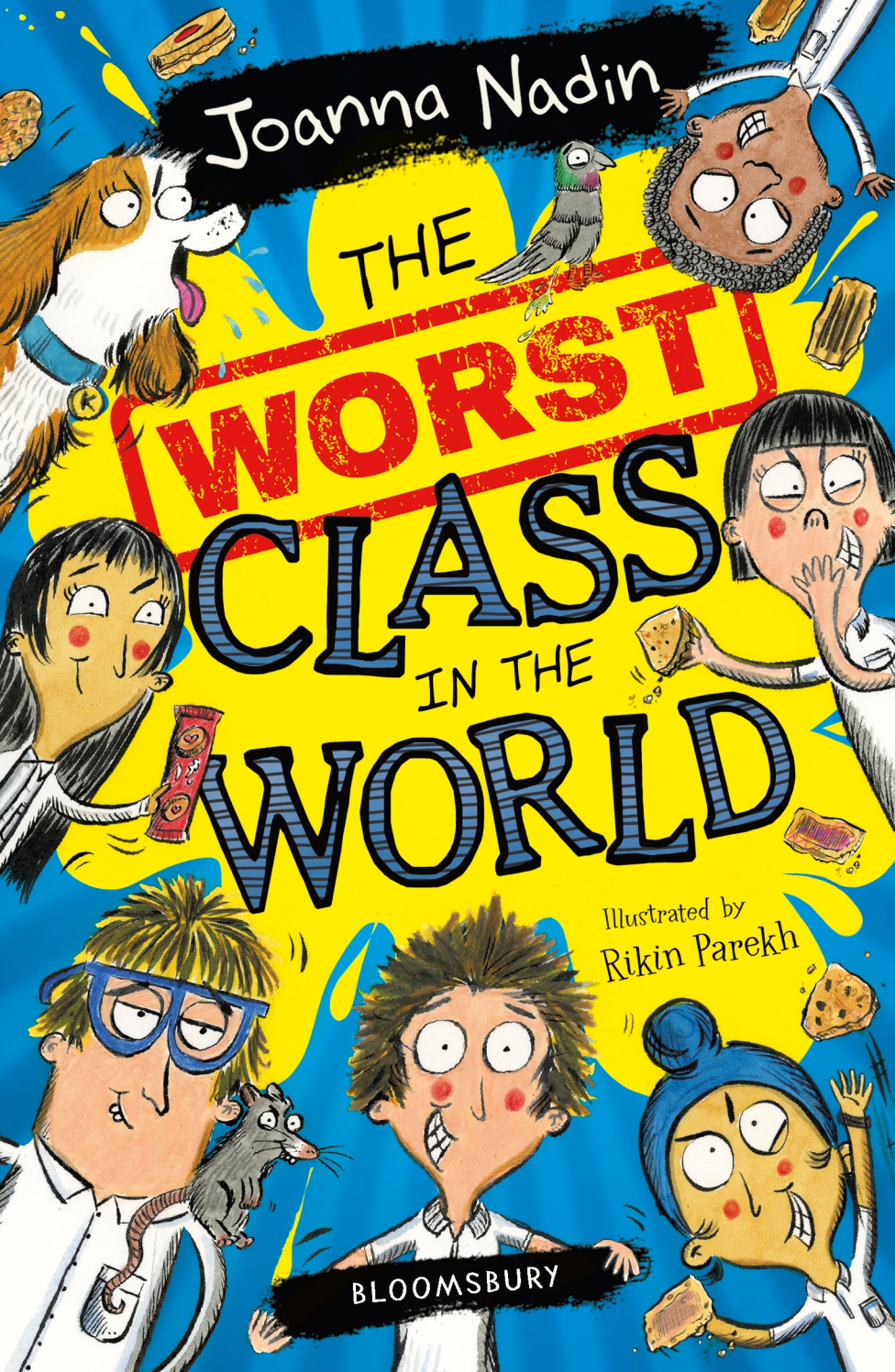
Joanna Nadin

THE WORST CLASS IN THE WORLD

Illustrated by Rikin Parekh



BLOOMSBURY

ST REGINA'S PRIMARY

CLASS 4B

Mrs Bottomley-Blunt

Headmistress.
Has a long, laminated List of Rules.
Makes a noise like a horse when she is annoyed, which is a lot.

Mr Nidgett

Teacher of 4B.
Firm believer that everything can be mended with kindness.
Often proved wrong.

Stanley Bradshaw

Fond of footling, fiddle-faddling and shilly-shallying, much to Mrs Bottomley-Blunt's annoyance.

Manjit Morris

Stanley's best friend.
Determined to be the First Human Boy ever to do a lot of dangerous, foolish and impossible things.

Keith Mears

Self-proclaimed King of the Internet.
Falls asleep in class a lot.

Lionel Dawes

Called Lionel, even though she is a girl, because her mum says names do not have genders, they are just words, which is true if you think about it, but Mrs Bottomley-Blunt does not agree.

Bruce Bingley

Once got a plastic brontosaurus stuck up his nose for a week.
Can burp the national anthem.

Lacey Braithwaite

Compulsive liar.

Penelope Potts

Annoying telltale.
Identical twin of Hermione Potts in 4A, and determined to join her by fair means or foul.

Muriel Lemon

Knows too many medical facts. Fond of warning Mr Nidgett of the dangers of everything.

Harvey Barlow

Eater of many biscuits. Often mistaken for a Year 6.

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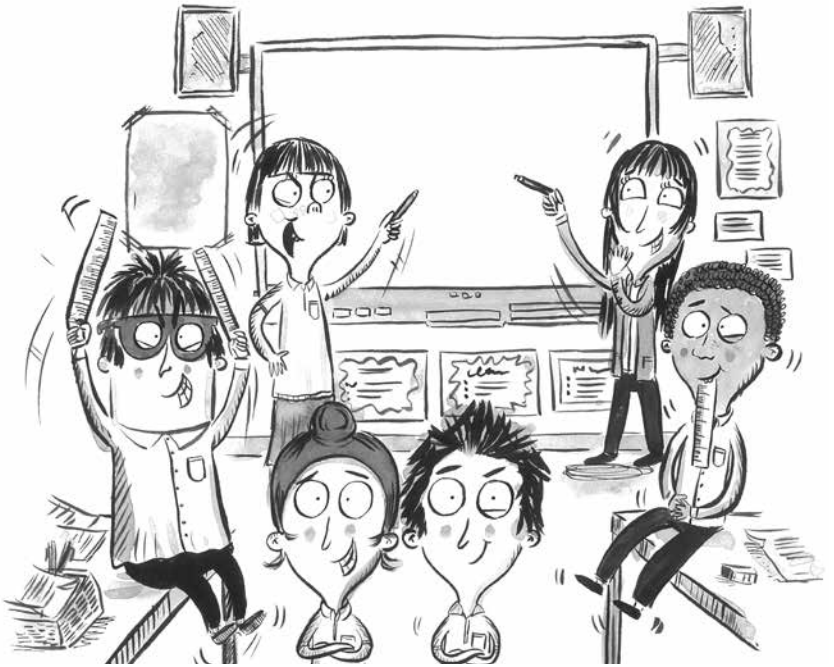
In memory of my deputy headmaster, Mr Pett,
who was as terrifying to us as Mrs Bottomley-Blunt,
but also as kind as Mr Nidgett, as clever as Manjit
and as funny as Stanley

– J.N.

For the following teachers, who were THE best in
their individual, magical ways: Ms Wilson, Mrs Shah,
Señor Campos, Mr Meyer, Ms McGinn and Mr Alden.
A special BIG UP to Mrs Williams and Ms Bickle,
two of THE most eloquent teachers EVER!

– R.P.



Our class is the **WORST CLASS IN THE WORLD**.

I know it is the **WORST CLASS IN THE WORLD** because Mrs Bottomley-Blunt (who is our headmistress, and who makes

a noise like a horse when she is annoyed, which is a lot) is always taking our teacher into the corridor and saying,

'Mr Nidgett, I have come across some rotten eggs in my time, but 4B is **LITERALLY** the **WORST CLASS IN THE WORLD**.'

LITERALLY means actually scientifically **TRUE**. Mrs Bottomley-Blunt pointed that out when Manjit Morris (who is my best friend, and who is going to be the First Human Boy to Swim Faster than a Shark) said his head had **LITERALLY** exploded when he got a dog called Killer for his birthday, and it actually hadn't.

It is true that a lot of things do not go as well as they could in class 4B. For example:

1. The time Penelope Potts became Playground Monitor and reported us all for trying to tunnel to Finland.
2. The time we went on a school trip to Grimley Zoo and Harvey Barlow smuggled a penguin back on the bus.
3. The time Manjit brought Killer in for Show and Tell and she ate four gel pens, Lacey Braithwaite's rubber that smells of strawberry and Mr Nidgett's Emergency Shoes.

Plus no one has won a prize all year, and 4A have won:

1. Best Assembly About Monkeys.
2. Best Being Silent when Mrs Bottomley-Blunt Bangs Her Gong.
3. Best Raffia Owl Display.

Although this is not surprising as their class captain is Eustace Troy, who is president of chess club, first violin in the school orchestra and team leader on the Shining Examples competitive spelling squad.

Our class captain is Bruce Bingley, who can only burp the national anthem, which I think is quite impressive, but Mrs Bottomley-Blunt does not.

She says school is not about footling or fiddle-faddling or **FUN**. It is about **LEARNING** and it is high time we tried harder to **EXCEL** at it.

Dad says well at least I haven't been arrested. Grandpa says being arrested would be getting off lightly and **IN HIS DAY** he had to walk five miles to school barefoot and eat gravel for lunch.

Mum, who works at the council, says, 'I have spent all day listening to Mr Butterworth bang on about bollards and the last thing I need

is a heated debate about eating gravel. As long as Stanley's happy, that's all that matters.'

And you know what? I am happy, because:

1. According to Mr Nidgett, everyone excels at something, even Harvey Barlow – they just have to look very hard to find it.
2. According to the laws of probability, we have had all our bad luck and nothing else can possibly go wrong.
3. According to Manjit, even if it does go wrong, we have a FOOLPROOF PLAN to get away with it, which is DO NOT TELL ANYONE.

You see, 4B may be the **WORST CLASS IN THE WORLD**. But I like it.