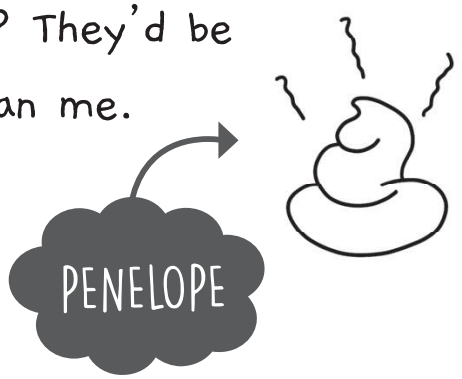
NEVER 'BUG' ME



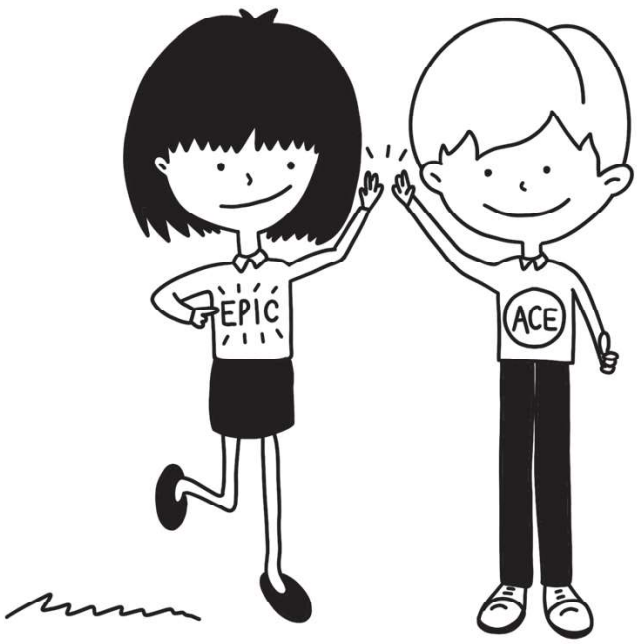
Hello! My name is **B**elinda **U**pton **G**reen and my number-one rule, which I'll make perfectly clear before we go any further, is:

DON'T EVER CALL ME **BUG**!

Well, how would you like it if someone called you by your initials? Most of you would be called ridiculous, impossible-to-pronounce things like Hjm or Evbc or Vms. But what about your friends with names such as **P**enelope **O**livia **O**rwell or **B**obby **U**nderwood-**M**iller? They'd be even more embarrassed than me. You get my point . . .



In my opinion, you should only allow this very silly NICKNAME TREND, which went round my SCHOOL last week, if you're lucky enough to be called something like **A**nthony **C**harles **E**gan or **E**liza **P**oppy **I**sobelle **C**arter.



Don't say I didn't warn you. Especially you, **F**rederick **A**rchibald **R**ushton-**T**arbuck!



Anyway, you can call me Billie.

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

I totally know how annoying it can be to begin a new book and only realize at Page 10 that it's not actually your cup of tea, so, now that I've politely introduced myself, I'm about to do you a HUGE favour before we get down to the nitty-gritty.



Here are four decision charts (all unscientifically proven) to help people who find EXTREMELY important decisions a bit tricky. Like me . . .



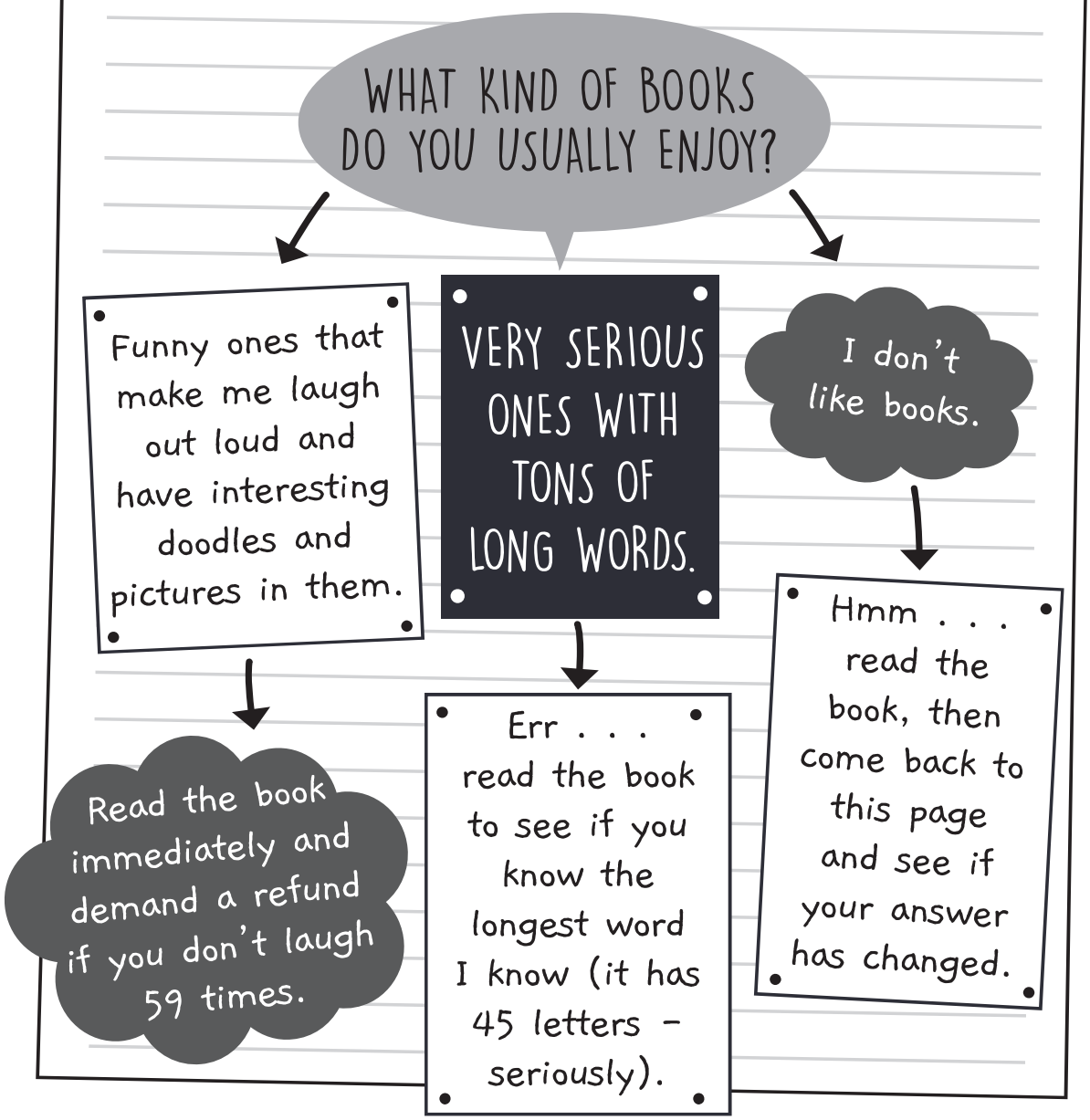
Don't worry – the questions are EASY-PEASY and basically your answers will 100% help you decide whether to give up or dive further in.



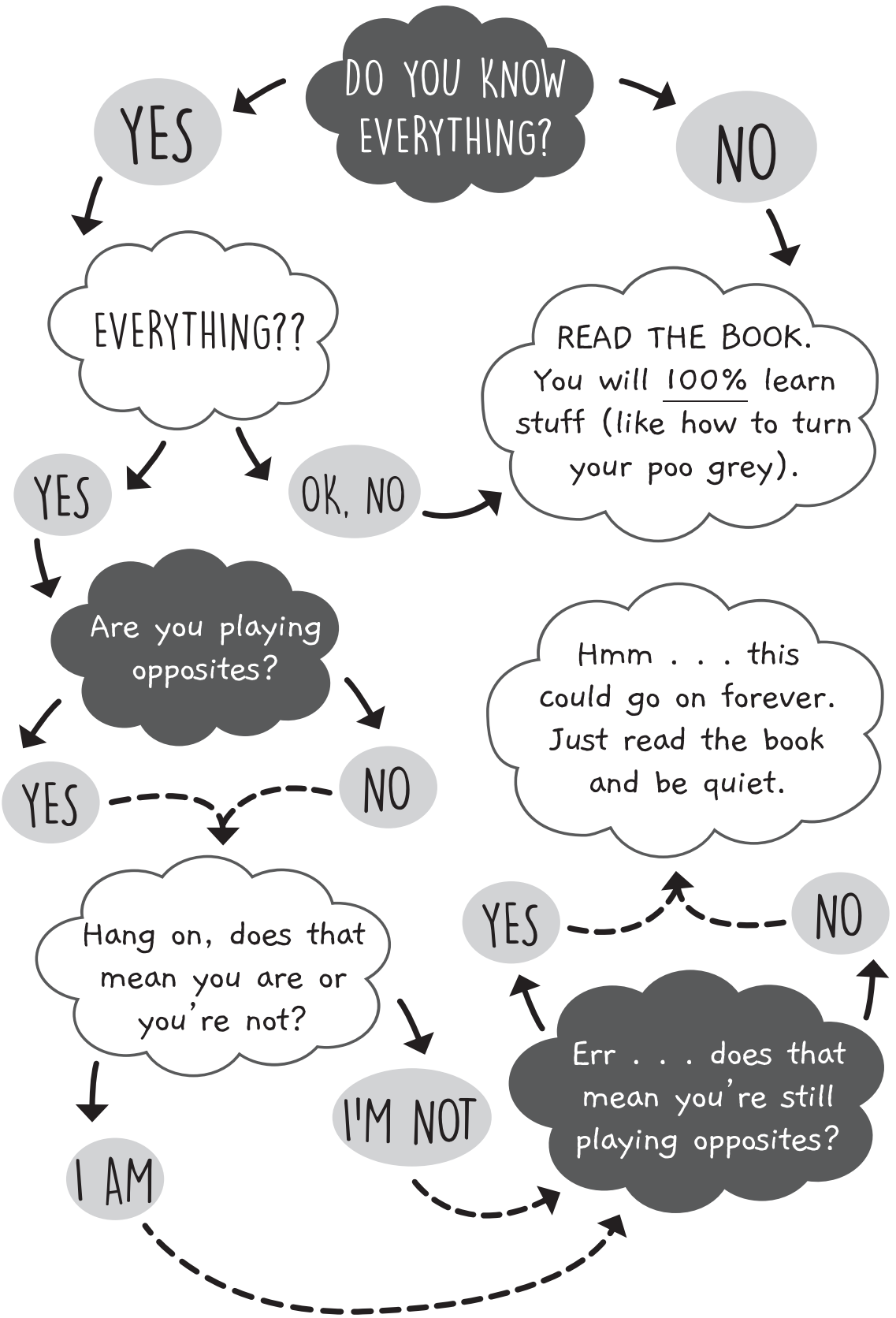


READY . . . ? GO!

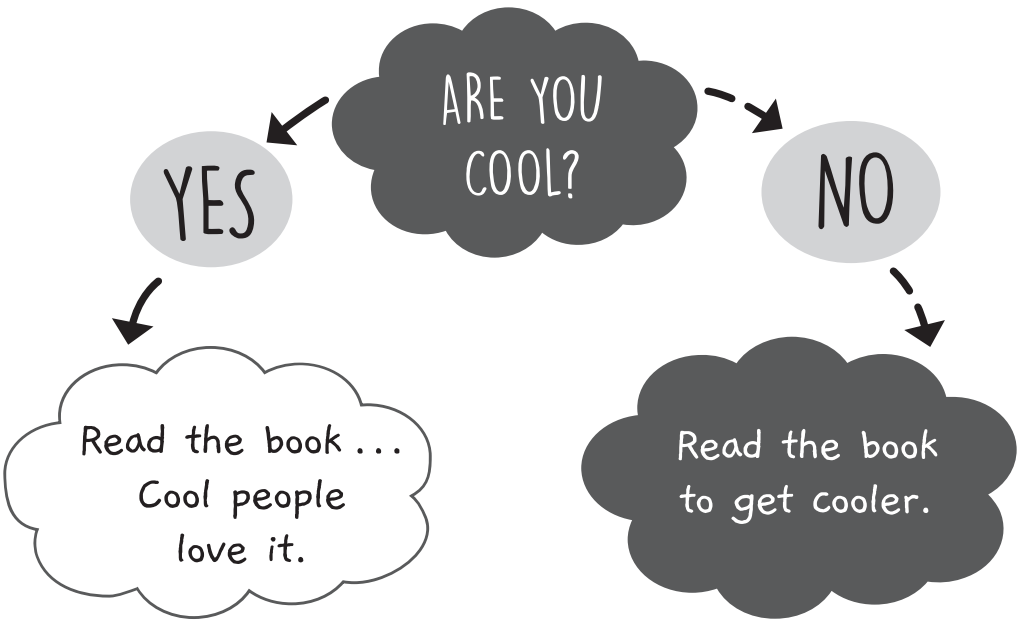
SHOULD YOU READ THIS BOOK DECISION MAKER (1)



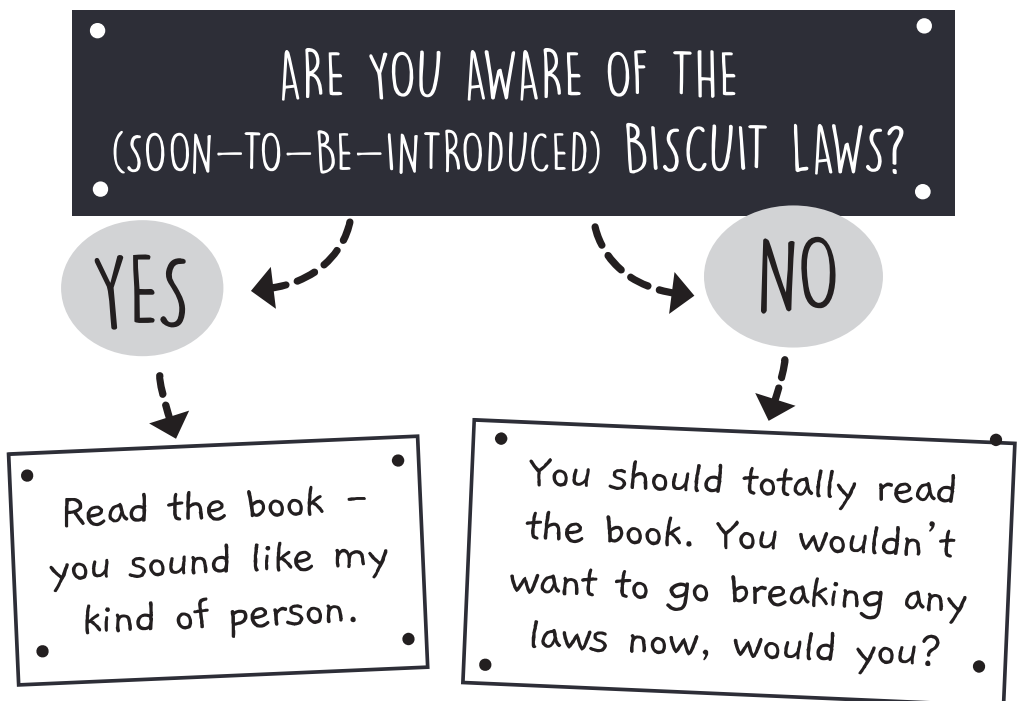
SHOULD YOU READ THIS BOOK DECISION MAKER (2)



SHOULD YOU READ THIS BOOK DECISION MAKER (3)



SHOULD YOU READ THIS BOOK DECISION MAKER (4)



Made your decision?

Ready to start for real?

LET'S GO!

NEW INVENTION



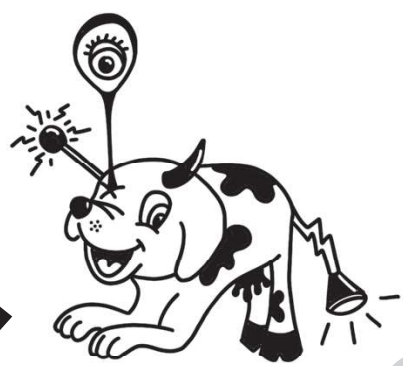
I'll let you in on a secret . . . Mum bought me this jotter last week after my teacher felt the need to call her in for a quiet word. Which, by the way, was:

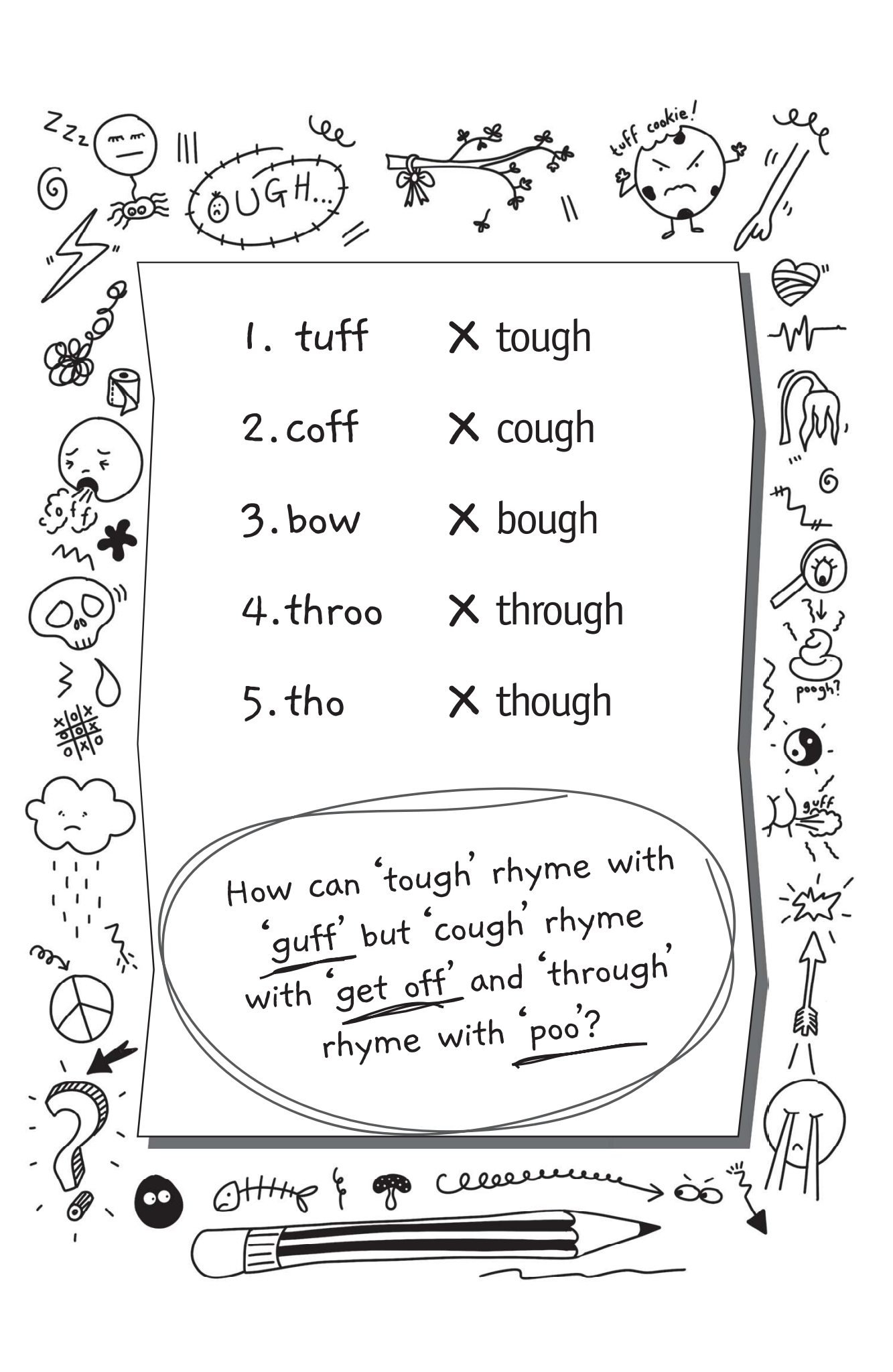
1. NOT AT ALL QUIET, and
2. DEFINITELY MORE THAN ONE WORD.

She told me it was for practising my SPELLINGS . . .

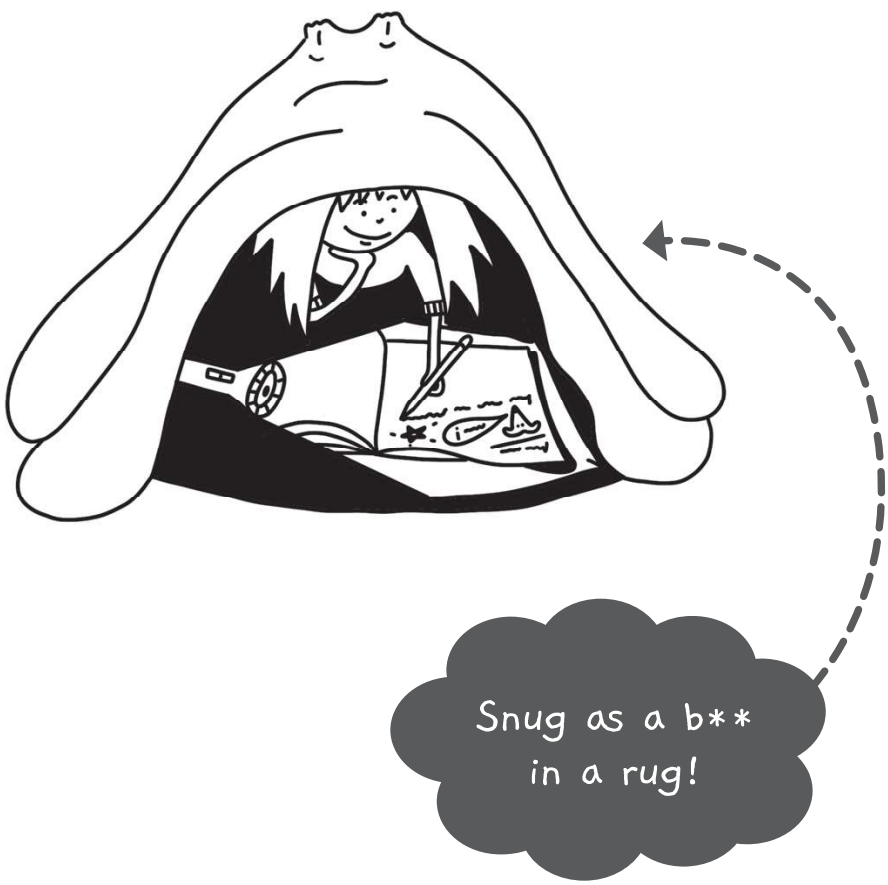
As that sounded like the WORST IDEA EVER, I've decided to put it to much better use. I mean, how could it be AT ALL time-wasty to invent an alien-cow-puppy instead of practising a frankly ridiculous set of words?

LOOK →




Zzz
OUGH...
tuff cookie!
1. tuff ✕ tough
2. coff ✕ cough
3. bow ✕ bough
4. throo ✕ through
5. tho ✕ though
poogh?
guff
How can 'tough' rhyme with 'guff' but 'cough' rhyme with 'get off' and 'through' rhyme with 'poo'?

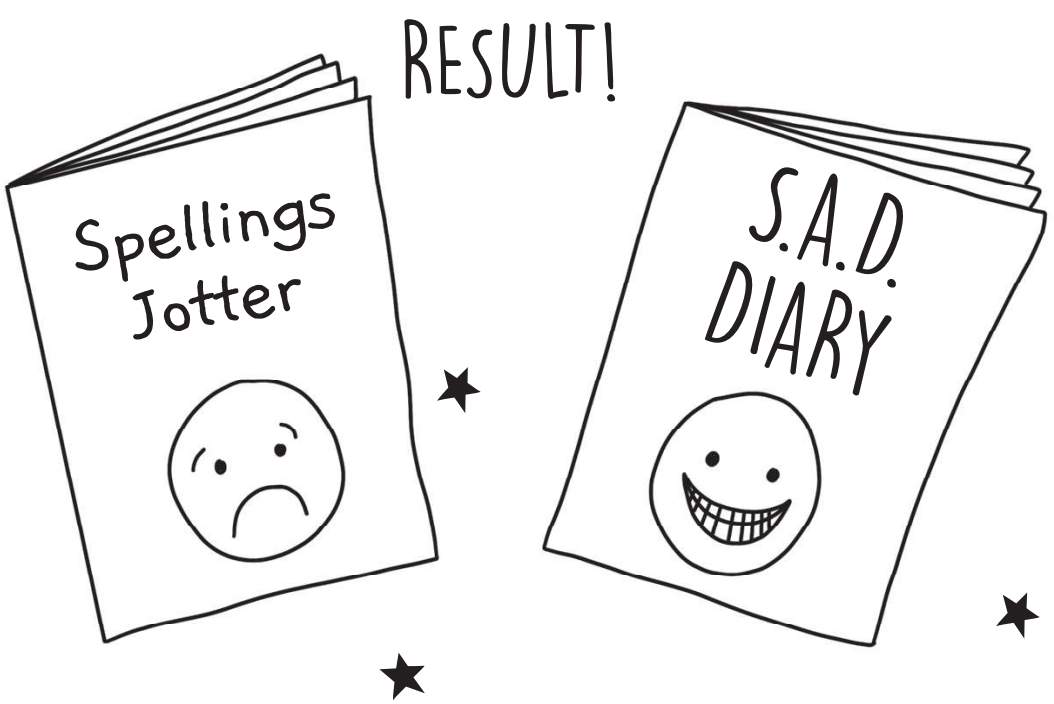
Right now it's Sunday night and, as usual, Mum has sent me up to bed at what she calls 'A REASONABLE HOUR', but what is actually 'TOO EARLY TO EVEN THINK ABOUT PYJAMAS'. I expect she thinks I'm fast asleep already, but look – I'm under my covers, writing in this jotter (which will *probably* contain one of the SPELLINGS I need to learn at some point) so it's basically her fault I'm wide awake IMHO.



In fact . . .

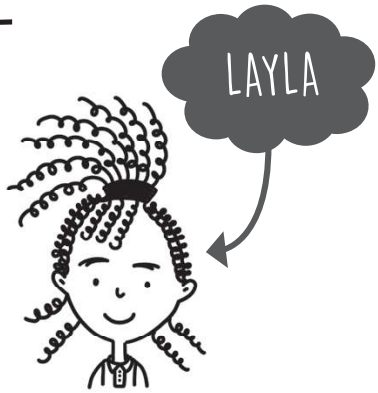
TOTALLY EXCELLENT IDEA ALERT!

GOODBYE, dreadfully depressing SPELLINGS jotter.
HELLO, incredibly handy **S**TAY–**A**WAKE **D**OODLE **DIARY**.



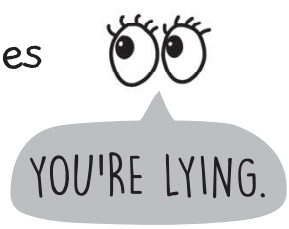
FORBIDDEN SNACK

A totally AMAZING thing happened at morning break today. Layla had two actual genuine real-life Jaffa Cakes for her snack!



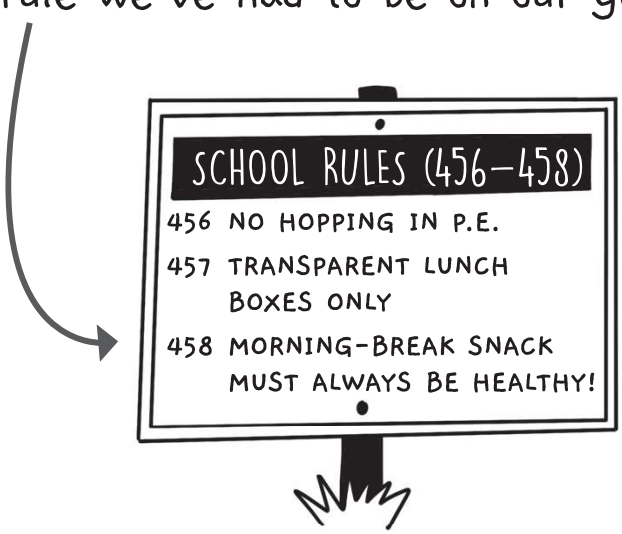


I couldn't believe my eyes when she showed me.



'Hide them quick!' I whispered, checking to see if a teacher was nearby.

Now I know this might sound a bit extreme but since my school introduced this completely INSANE rule we've had to be on our guard.



Last week Dale Redman had a cereal bar with the teeniest-tiniest bit of chocolate on it confiscated, so, although they **definitely** contain oranges, I knew for sure and certain the Jaffa Cakes would be considered HIGHLY ILLEGAL.





Layla immediately stuffed them up her jumper and pulled me over to the big tree near the railings so we could figure out what to do.

You should probably know that, as well as being 100% #BFFs, Layla Dixon and I ALWAYS share snacks. We find it keeps morning break

interesting. Well, as interesting as it can be now chocolate and crisps have been banned. I get the better deal most days if I'm honest, as Layla's mum often packs her snacks like yoghurt-covered raisins (basically sweets) and Cheestrings (basically toys), whereas I'm usually lumbered with things like plain rice cakes (aka cardboard) or slices of apple (brown by break time).

We made a PROMISE, though, and we both keep to it.

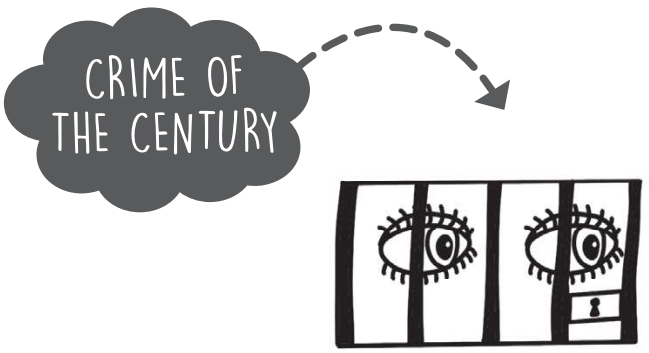


Unfortunately, Patrick North was already behind the big tree looking for worms. Patrick North is the biggest PEST in Class Five.

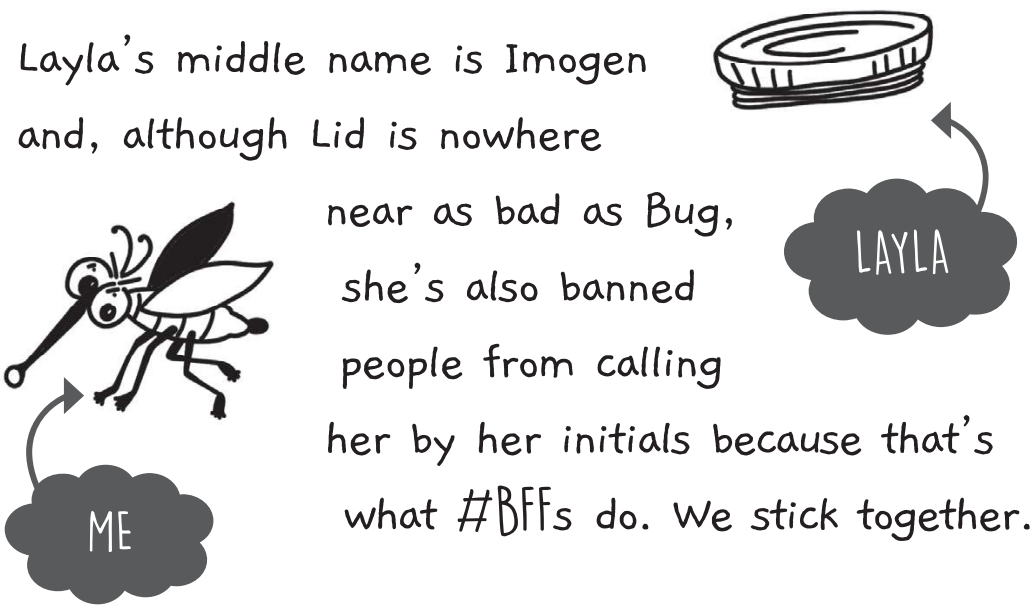


'Hello, Lid and Bug!' he said. 'What are you two doing?'

Patrick tells tales about absolutely everything (once, and this is 100% true, he complained to Mrs Patterson that I'd **'looked at him'**) so we knew we couldn't enjoy our illegal snack there.

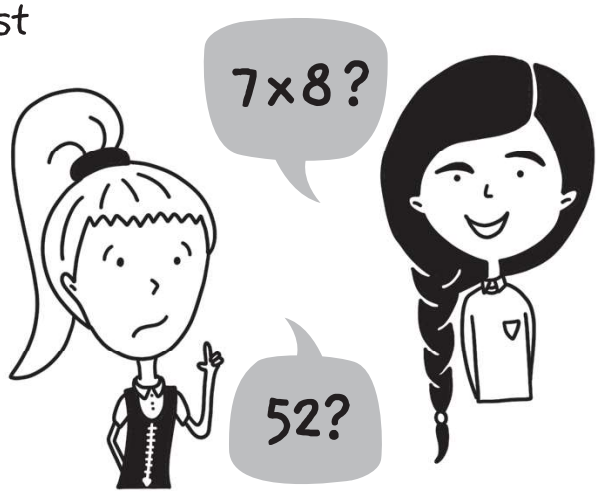


'DO NOT call me Bug!' I shouted, before grabbing Layla's hand and running towards the girls' cloakroom.

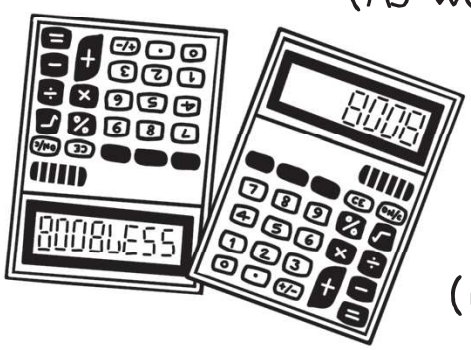


Layla's middle name is Imogen and, although Lid is nowhere near as bad as Bug, she's also banned people from calling her by her initials because that's what #BFFs do. We stick together.

When we got to the cloakroom, Daisy Muirhead and Farida Banerjee were there practising their seven times tables in preparation for the test Mrs Patterson had announced would happen after break. Seriously, WHO CARES who can work out seven times eight the fastest? That's what calculators were invented for.



(As well as making words out of numbers – obviously.)



'Hi, Bug!' said Farida. (Farida Banerjee is desperate for the initials-as-your-nickname thing to stick. She says her middle name is Anita . . . I bet it's actually Ingrid.)

'Stop calling her that!' said Layla, distracting me from getting into an argument with Farida by showing me the time on her watch.

It was getting seriously near the end of break – this was becoming an

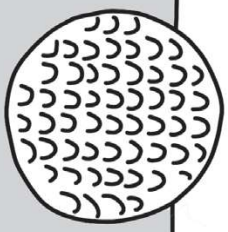


I expect you're wondering why we didn't simply stuff the Jaffa Cakes into our mouths and hope for the best. Well, I'll tell you. That, my friend, would have involved us breaking one of the extremely serious BISCUIT LAWS we developed during a completely crumby (but mega marvellous) sleepover last year:

BISCUIT LAW



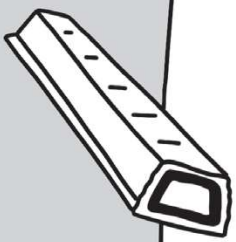
1. THE CREAM-FILLED COMMANDMENT **(for things like custard creams):** Thou shalt ALWAYS remove the top layer and scrape out the cream with thy teeth.



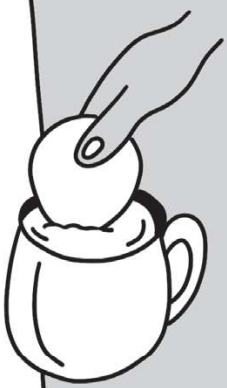
2. THE LICK-IT-ALL-OFF LAW **(for things like chocolate digestives):** Every last scrap of chocolate must be removed with the tongue before eating (or binning) the BISCUIT.

3. THE COMPLETELY-DECONSTRUCT-IT CHARTER **(mainly for Jaffa Cakes):** Thou shalt endeavour to take it apart completely, saving the sweet disc of jelly till last.





4. THE CODE OF REMOVAL **(this applies to things like Clubs):** Without fail, thou shalt nibble off as much chocolate as possible before eating the remaining BISCUIT.



5. THE DUNKING DEMAND **(for anything dullish like a rich tea):** Thou must always dunk it - preferably in a large mug of hot chocolate.

We're still waiting to hear back from the prime minister about these laws but to ensure you're ready for when they become compulsory I suggest you immediately ask an adult for one of each variety so you can practise.

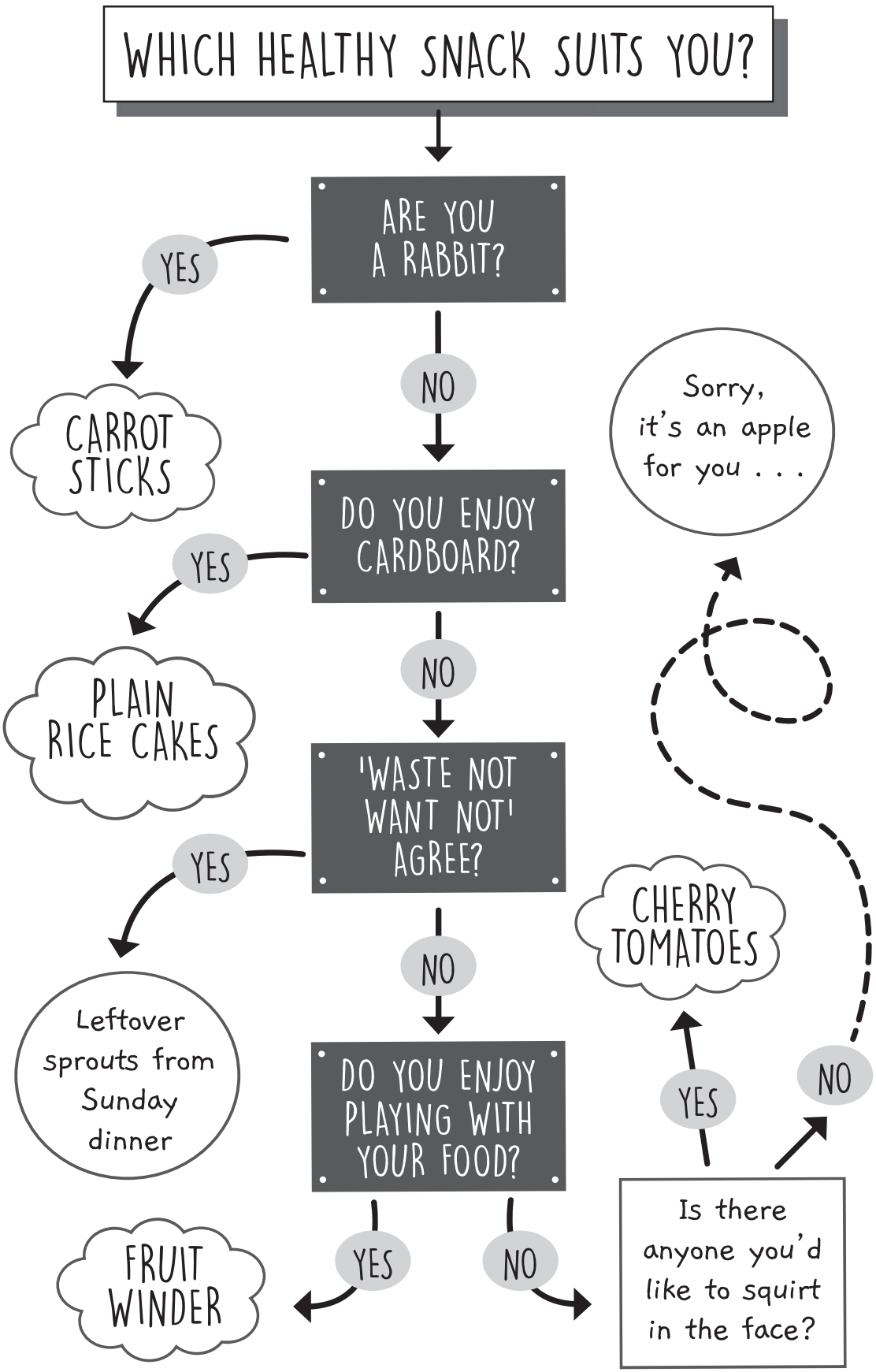
Anyway . . .

Back to break time . . .

Our last option was the girls' toilets.



It was mega ~~unhijeanik~~ ~~unhyjeenic~~ grubby to deconstruct our illegal discs of chocolatey-orangey-cakey-BISCUITY heaven in a toilet cubicle, but it was totally worth it. Jaffa Cakes are ULTRA AMAZING and swapping three wrinkly carrot batons for one disc of heaven was an EPICALLY EXCELLENT EXCHANGE.


WHICH HEALTHY SNACK SUITS YOU?
ARE YOU A RABBIT?
YES
CARROT STICKS
NO
DO YOU ENJOY CARDBOARD?
YES
PLAIN RICE CAKES
NO
'WASTE NOT WANT NOT' AGREE?
YES
Leftover sprouts from Sunday dinner
NO
DO YOU ENJOY PLAYING WITH YOUR FOOD?
YES
FRUIT WINDER
NO
Is there anyone you'd like to squirt in the face?
YES
CHERRY TOMATOES
NO
Sorry, it's an apple for you . . .