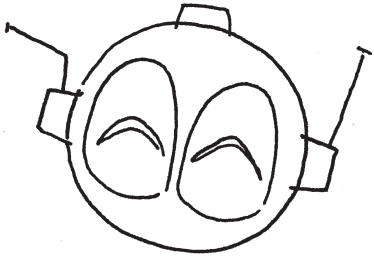
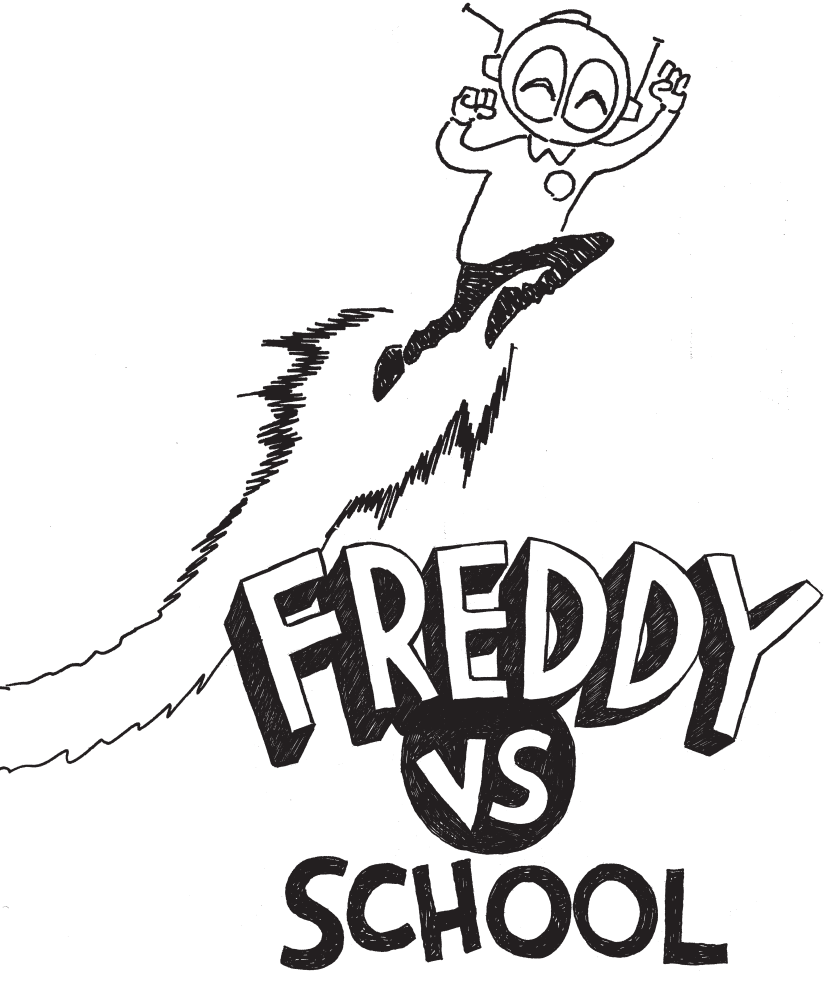
FREDDY VS SCHOOL



by NEILL CAMERON


CRICKET
(???)
SWOOSH!!
RAGE!
GRRRR
AWESOME!



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by NEILL CAMERON

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David Fickling Books

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Okay humans, listen up! Here are the . . .

TOP 5 THINGS YOU SHOULD PROBABLY KNOW ABOUT ME!

1. My name is ***FREDDY***.
2. I live in London with my mum and dad.
3. I go to school.
4. I have a big brother called Alex.
5. Oh yeah, the **MAIN** thing: I am an

AWESOME ROBOT!



. . . I should maybe have started with that?

I have many ***AMAZING ROBOTIC ABILITIES***.

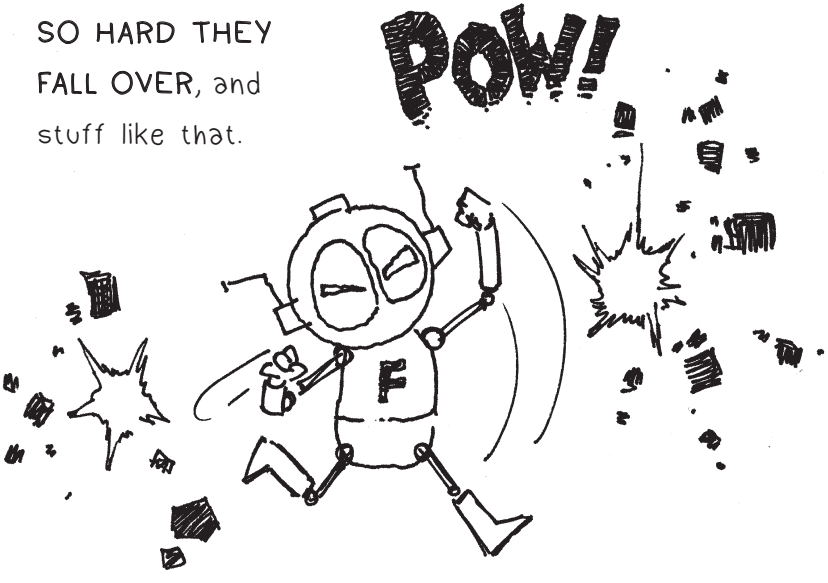
I can . . .



And also I have



And also I am **SUPER STRONG** and I can **LIFT REALLY HEAVY STUFF** and also ***PUNCH*** **BUILDINGS SO HARD THEY FALL OVER**, and stuff like that.



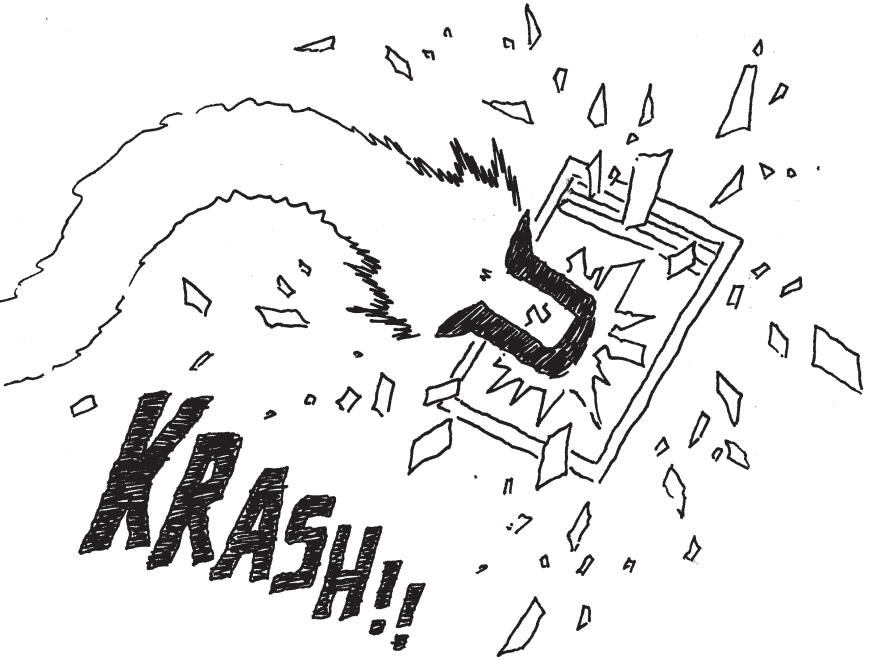


The only thing that sucks though, is that I am hardly ever allowed to actually **DO** any of this stuff.

I am only supposed to ***FLY*** or use my ***LASERS*** and stuff "under strictly supervised conditions" at my mum's work. Not at home, not in the street. And definitely not at school.

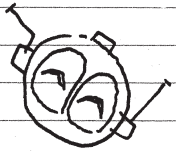
Which is why everyone got so annoyed just because I flew through the staff-room window **ONE TIME**.

Anyway, that . . .

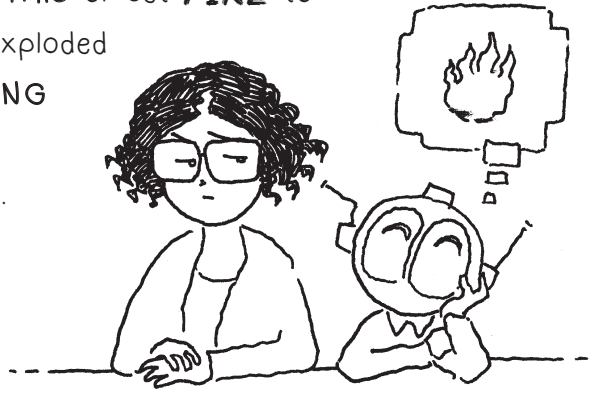


. . . that was how everything started.

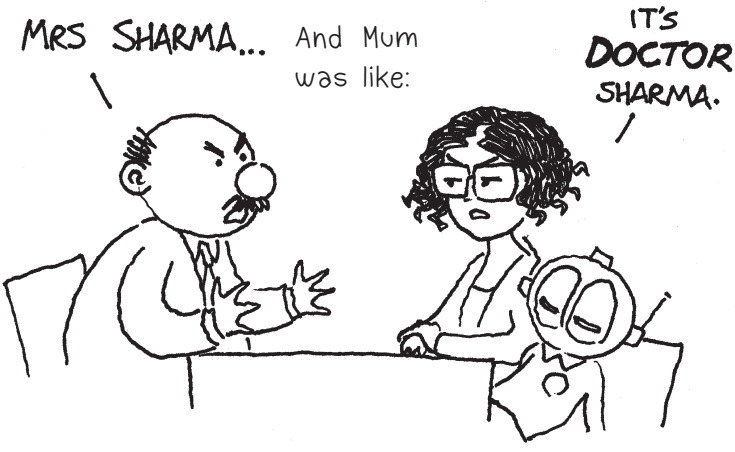
CHAPTER 1



My mum has had to come into school to have Meetings about me lots of times. Like, **LOTS** of times. And the thing that annoys me is, not **ONCE** has it been about anything good. It's never "Oh hey, we just wanted to tell you that Freddy is really awesome and is doing great in school", oh no. It's always "We regret to inform you that Freddy has accidentally destroyed **THIS** or set ***FIRE*** to **THAT** or exploded **SOMETHING ELSE** with ***LASERS***".



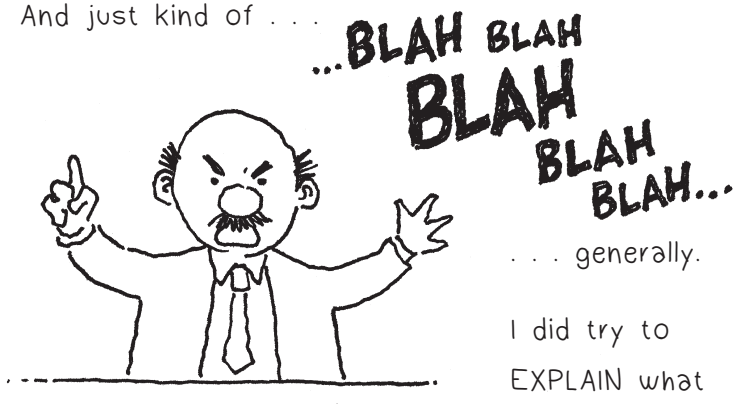
THIS time, Mr Javid – he's the deputy head – was all:



And he didn't like that, either.

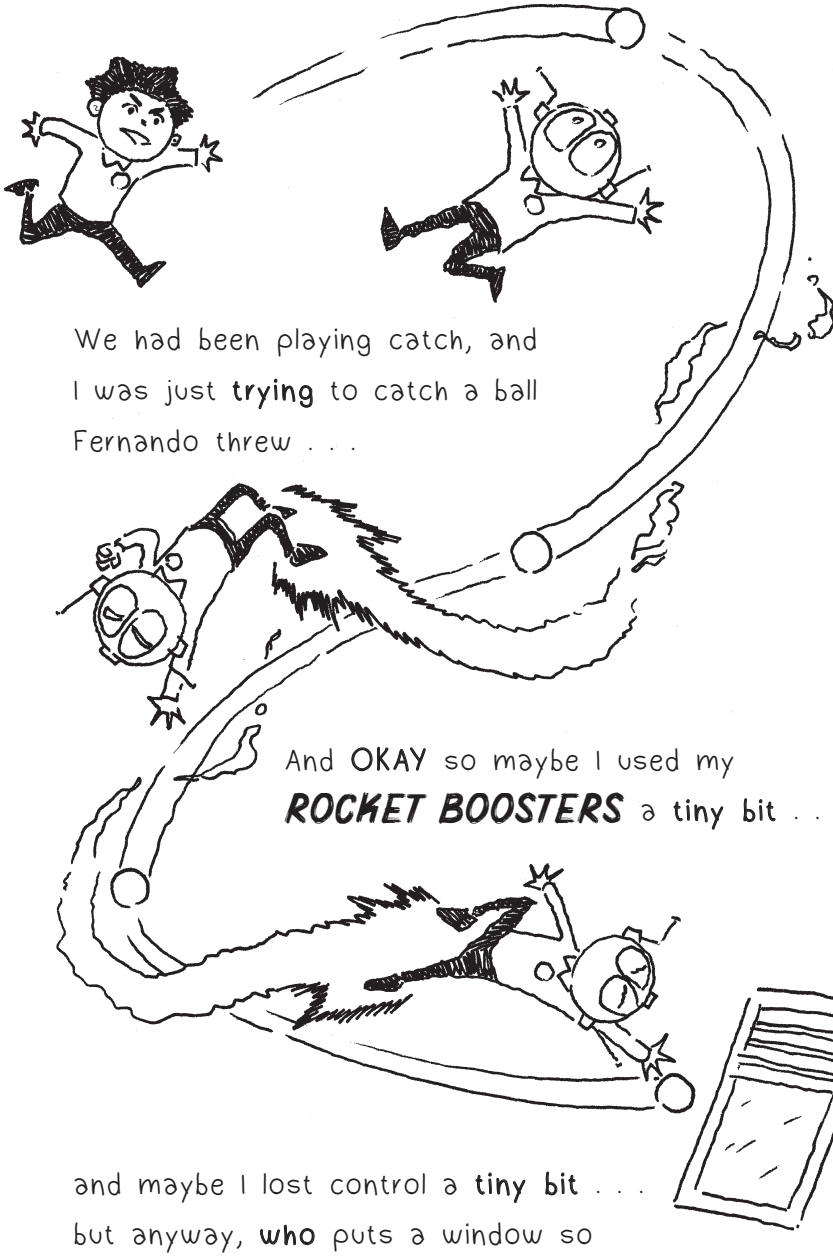
So he was all: "Doctor Sharma, I'm sure you appreciate . . . incidents like this put the school in a very difficult position . . . We have tried to be sensitive to your children's, ah . . . particular needs . . . But we have to think of the other pupils . . ."

And just kind of . . .



. . . generally.

I did try to EXPLAIN what had happened . . .



We had been playing catch, and
I was just **trying** to catch a ball
Fernando threw . . .

And **OKAY** so maybe I used my
ROCKET BOOSTERS a **tiny bit** . . .

and maybe I lost control a **tiny bit** . . .
but anyway, **who** puts a window so
near to where people are playing ***CATCH?***

Anyway, of **COURSE** it turned out that the window I accidentally flew through was the one in the staff room. The teachers were all sitting around in there drinking coffee and, I dunno, doing whatever teachers do in there. They are all quite old, so . . . talking about **BUYING HOUSES** and how much their **BACKS HURT**, probably?



Then I came ***CRASHING*** through the glass, and our class teacher Miss Obasi jumped like three feet in the air and spilled her coffee all over the carpet and had to be taken off for a Nice Quiet Lie Down.



"Freddy," said Mum, "you know you're not supposed to use your **ROCKET BOOSTERS** at school."

"I know," I said. "But we were playing, and I forgot. I was just—"

"Showing off?" she asked.

"I wasn't showing off!" I protested. Although YES, okay, I totally had been showing off.

"The point," said Mr Javid, "is that we cannot afford to have any more incidents like this. And therefore, starting this term we will be requiring Freddy to sign up to a new **CODE OF CONDUCT** . . ."

Then he pulled out this piece of paper that he clearly had all ready to go, with printed on it in BIG BOLD LETTERS . . .

ROBOTIC CODE OF CONDUCT

USE OF SUPERHUMAN ROBOTIC ABILITIES IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN ON SCHOOL GROUNDS.

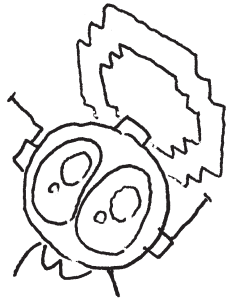
NO SUPER-STRENGTH

NO LASERS

NO ROCKET BOOSTERS

As I am the only one in our year who even **HAS *SUPER-STRENGTH*** or ***LASERS*** or ***ROCKET BOOSTERS***, this seemed **SUPER UNFAIR** and also possibly discrimination? But Mum just sighed, and said she wished she'd never told me about discrimination, and promised Mr Javid there wouldn't be any more incidents.

". . . will there, Freddy?" she said.



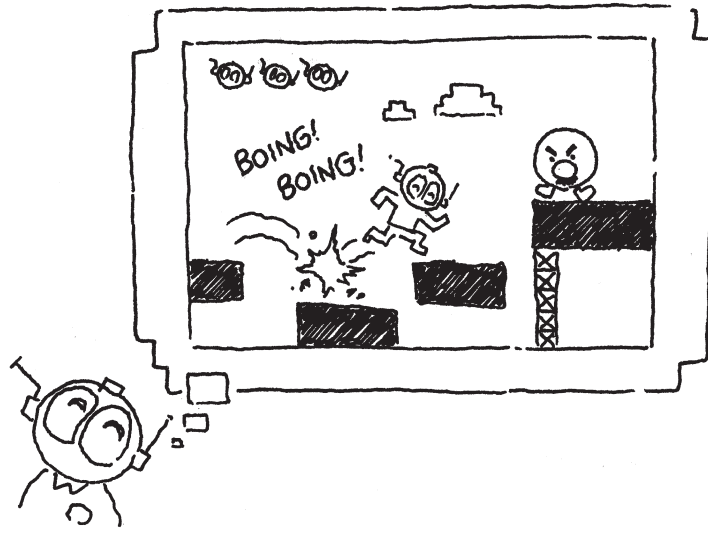
"No! I can be good!" I said. And then, because I felt like I should be honest here, I added, "I mean, I'll try."

But Mr Javid wasn't having it. He was all: "I'm afraid try isn't going to be enough. We are implementing a strict three strikes policy with regard to the **CODE OF CONDUCT**."

"Three strikes!" Which actually sounded kind of cool, like having lives in a video game or something.



So **THEN** I started daydreaming about there being an awesome video game about **ME** and my adventures . . .



"Freddy!" my mum said, sounding cross. "Are you even listening?"

"Yes!" I said. Although **FINE**, okay, I totally hadn't been listening. "So, wait, what happens if I use up my three lives? Do I, like, start again, or . . .?"

"As I just explained," said Mr Javid, looking **PARTICULARLY** annoyed, "if you break the rules three times, you will be . . .

EXPELLED!

