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The Bolds

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The Bolds on Holiday

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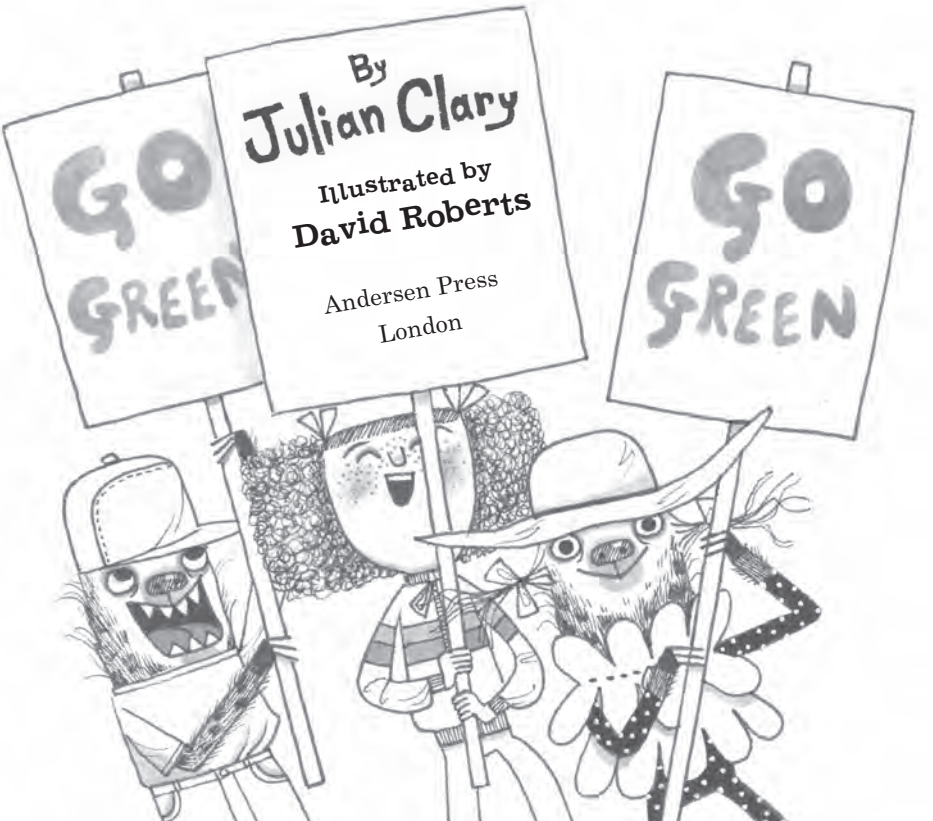
The Bolds Go Wild

The Bolds' Christmas Cracker
(a festive puzzle book)

The Bolds' Great Adventure
(a World Book Day book)

The Bolds

Go Green





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For
Charlie and Harriet

JC



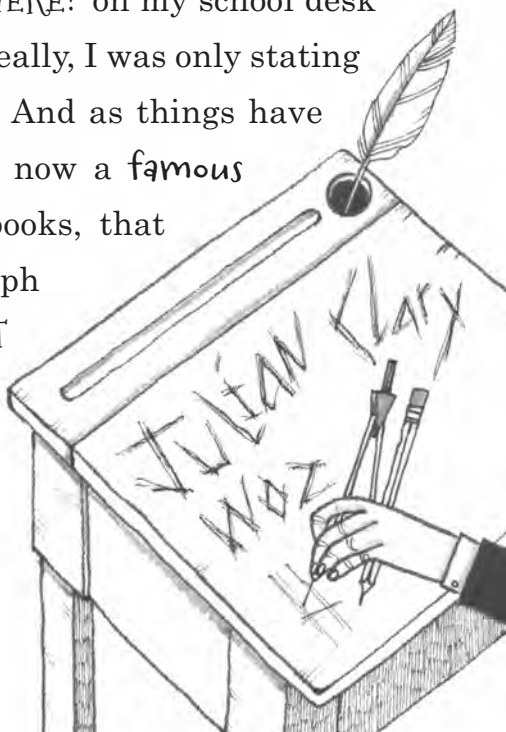
For
Kirsten Grant

DR



Chapter 1

Would you believe me if I said I had never done anything **wrong**? It's true! I am as good as gold. (Unless we count that time I scratched 'JULIAN CLARY WOZ HERE!' on my school desk with a compass. But really, I was only stating a fact as I woz there. And as things have turned out and I am now a **famous** writer of children's books, that desk with my autograph on will be worth a LOT of money, I imagine. So there.)



But lately I've been wondering . . . is it possible to do something **right**, but still be **wrong**?

Suppose the person you were sitting next to at school was miserable because their hamster had died and you told them their hamster had gone to Heaven or you offered to buy them a new one. Then the teacher told you off because you were talking in class and gave you a detention. Were you doing something **right** or **wrong**? It isn't always an easy question to answer, is it?

I was once in Regent's Park's formal flower garden, admiring the red-hot pokers (or *kniphofia*, if you're posh) and a woman sitting on a bench was distraught because the silk scarf, which her daughter had given her for Christmas, had blown away and landed in the middle of a rosebed. I retrieved it for her, even though it meant walking on the grass and ignoring the Do Not Walk on the Grass sign.

The woman was very grateful and thanked me with tears in her eyes. I felt sure I had done the right thing. But the park-keeper saw me on the grass and was quite angry about it. Veins standing out on his forehead and all that sort of thing.

'That sign is there for a reason, young man!' he shouted. (I *was* young at the time, before you say anything.)

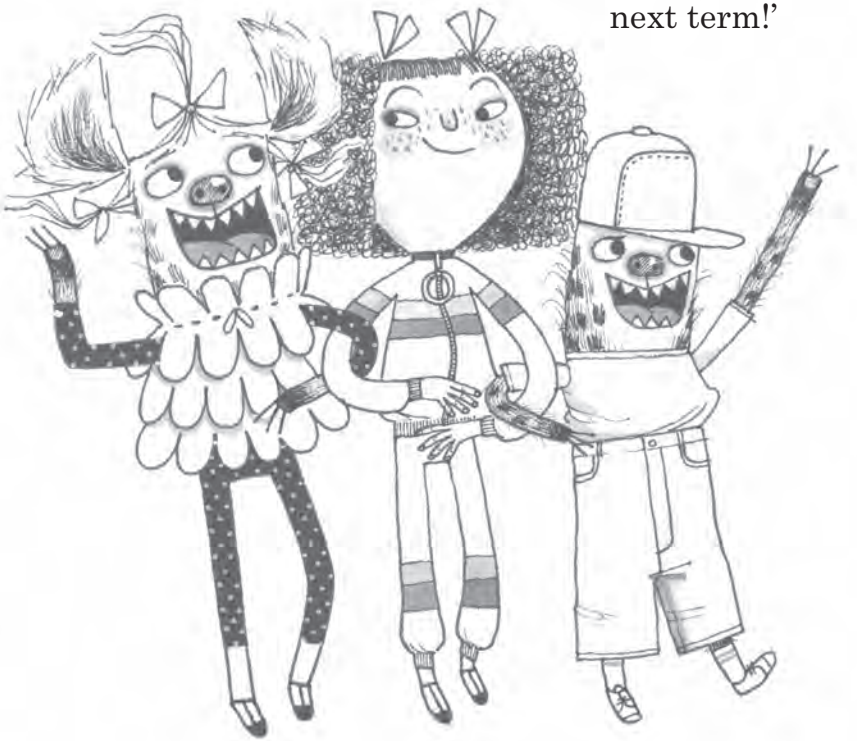
So, tell me, what Should I have done? Tell the woman she couldn't have her scarf back? Or break the park rules and reunite her with her precious top-of-the-range neckwear?

I don't know the answer. But it may be that this conflict between right and wrong is what this book will be about. (I don't know yet as I've only just started writing it. More news on this as I get it.) Let's talk about the Bolds.

At Number 41 Fairfield Road, the twins, Bobby and Betty Bold, had just got home from school with their best friend Minnie.

'How was the last day of term?' asked Mrs Bold – they were now on their Easter break.

'Well, we've got some important news,' said Betty. 'Bobby and I are going to be Green Monitors for the whole school next term!'



‘Gosh, that’s wonderful,’ said Mrs Bold, a little surprised. Her children, delightful as they were, didn’t often get chosen for positions of responsibility. They were, as she well knew, a little inclined to silliness and easily distracted.

‘We have to go on patrol!’ Bobby informed her. ‘We check that no one has thrown rubbish on the floor, or left taps dripping, or lights on when they leave a room.’

‘And if we find anyone doing anything wrong, or not green in any way, we will be forced to arrest them!’ said Betty, her eyes glinting in anticipation.

‘Really?’ exclaimed Mrs Bold. ‘And do you know how to arrest someone?’

‘Of course!’ said Bobby. ‘We restrain the culprit, subdue them if necessary and march them to the headteacher’s office quick sharp.’

Mrs Bold looked a little worried about this, but as it wasn't going to happen till next term, she decided to think about it another time.

'How was the *rest* of your last day?' she asked.

'It was great!' said Bobby. 'We didn't do proper lessons. No maths, or anything awful like that.'

'Oh, that's good,' said his mother. 'What did you do instead?'

'We watched a film about Planet Earth!' said Betty.

'That sounds interesting. What did you learn?' asked Mrs Bold, pouring sparkling lemonade into three tumblers.

'Well,' began Minnie, 'first we learned that there are millions of planets in the universe – but Planet Earth is special.'



'Because we live here?' asked Mrs Bold.

'Er, yes. But we can only live here because Earth has just the right combination of water, atmosphere and climate,' explained Minnie seriously.

'And jokes!' said Mr Bold, who'd just arrived home from his shift at the Christmas cracker factory where he worked. 'Which reminds me . . .'



Betty giggled at her father's joke but then her face became quite serious. 'But now the planet is suffering,' she informed her parents. 'Global warming. Climate change. Pollution. Rising sea levels.'

'And all because of humans,' said Bobby, looking accusingly at Minnie.

'Sorry,' she said. 'But I, for one, am very keen that we make things better while we still can.'

'Well, what's to be *done*?' asked Mrs Bold, slicing up a delicious home-made chocolate cake.

'That's why Green Monitors are so important,' said Bobby proudly. 'We're here to help and remind you.'

'We must turn off electrical devices when they're not needed and reduce our carbon footprint,' said Betty.

'Don't waste water!' said Bobby.

'Reuse and recycle!' chipped in Minnie. 'And grow more plants to eat.'

'And enjoy nature,' said Betty.

'This all sounds much like the way we hyenas live already,' pondered Mr Bold.

'Hmmm,' said Mrs Bold. 'Yes, it does sound a lot like the hyena way of life. But we do eat rather a lot of meat.'

'What's wrong with that?' asked her husband.

'Well, it's not like we hunt and catch our own meat these days, dear. We buy most of it from the supermarket and I read somewhere that the meat industry is the worst cause of climate change in the world.'

'Really? How?' asked Mr Bold.

'Well, it's all the **burps** and farts the cows do,' said Mrs Bold. 'They release lots of methane gas into the atmosphere and that's what's heating up the planet and melting the polar ice caps.'

Mr Bold rolled on his back, laughing. 'Cow burps! Cow farts?' he said.



But Mrs Bold looked at him crossly. 'Do get up, dear. We have a guest.'



'Is that really true, Mum?' asked Betty. 'Cow burps are causing climate change?'

'Yes, it is,' said her mother.

(She's right. If you don't believe her or me, look it up. Cow burps are a major factor in climate change.)

'So I've been thinking,' continued Mrs Bold. 'From now on we shall go veggie twice a week.'

'Go veggie?' asked Mr Bold. 'What does that mean? No chops?'

'Precisely. And tonight we'll have a cheese and vegetable pasta bake,' his wife informed him. 'It will be delicious.'

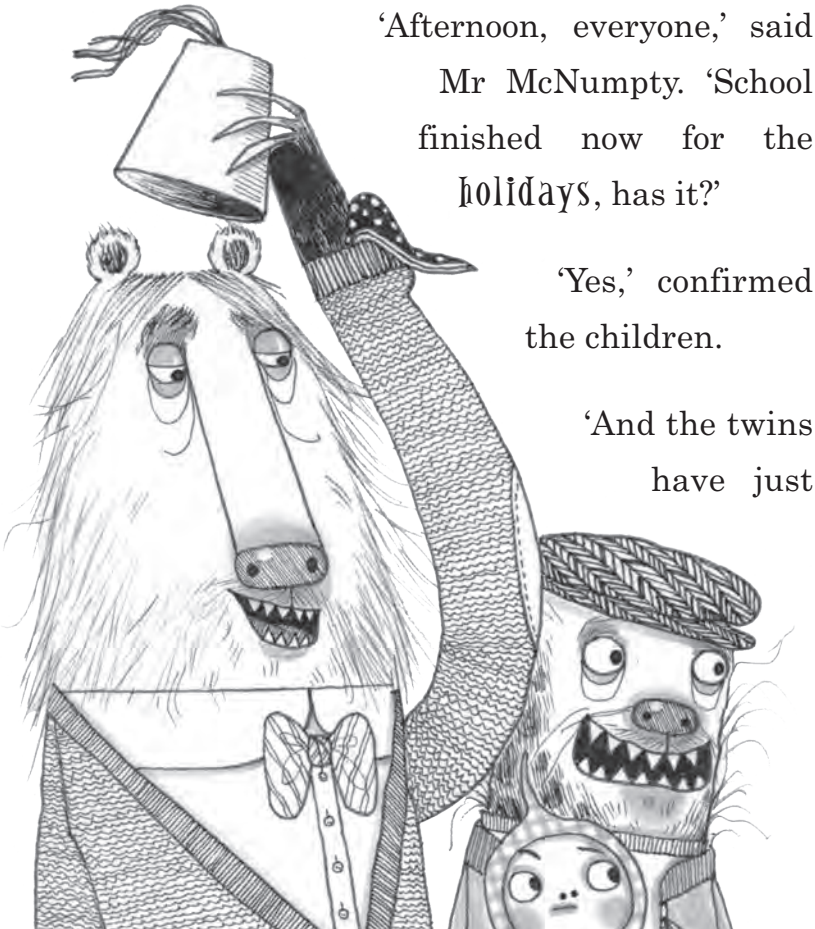
'I hope so,' said Mr Bold, looking doubtful.



'I hope so too,' said Mrs Bold. 'Because *you're* doing the cooking.'

'Oh,' said Mr Bold.

Just then the door opened and in wandered Uncle Tony with Mr McNumpty, their next-door neighbour, back from a walk in Bushy Park.



'Afternoon, everyone,' said Mr McNumpty. 'School finished now for the holidays, has it?'

'Yes,' confirmed the children.

'And the twins have just

been telling us they've been made Green Monitors,' said their mother proudly.

'Green Monitors, eh!' said Uncle Tony, not really sure what a Green Monitor was.

'How about you, Nigel?' Mr Bold asked Mr McNumpty. 'Do you fancy going green?'

'But I've just bought myself a new blue coat. It would clash horribly . . . you know what they say: blue and green should never be seen.'

'No, silly. Go green, as in save the planet!' cried Bobby.

'Oh, I see. All right then. I'm all for saving the planet. Will it take long? Only I want to go to the library and it closes at five.'

'Well, according to the children we all have to do our bit. Er, grow vegetables, mind our footprints and stop emitting gas.'

Mr McNumpty patted his tummy thoughtfully. 'Ahem. No more sprouts for me then.'

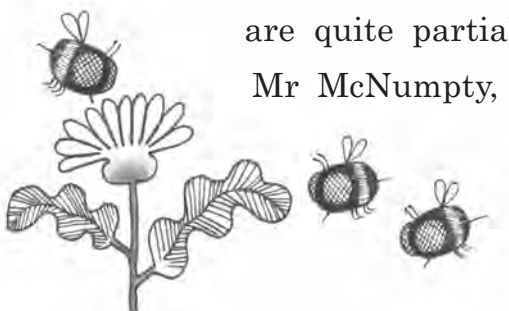
'At school we now have a green area,' Betty informed the adults. 'Some of it's a wild meadow and some of it is for growing vegetables. And there's a **beehive**, a worm hotel and an ant farm.'

'Beehive!' said Mr McNumpty.

'Yes, bees are easy to keep and do lots of good for the environment,' said Betty.

'You could have one in your garden, Mr McNumpty,' suggested Bobby.

'I could indeed, old chap. And then I could help myself to some honey every now and then. Excellent idea! Bears, as you know, are quite partial to honey,' said Mr McNumpty, licking his lips.



'There, now I've turned green. What fun!'

'What can *I* do?' asked Uncle Tony.

'Well, we're all going to be doing our bit in this house by eating less meat,' Mrs Bold informed him.

'Oh,' he said sadly. 'But I love meat.'

'And we must never drop litter and always clear up our streets,' said Bobby. 'In fact we did some of that on our way home from school, didn't we, Sis?'

There was something in the tone of Bobby's voice that worried Mrs Bold.

'And what did you do exactly, Bobby?' she asked with a growing sense of foreboding.

The twins looked at each other and giggled. Minnie nudged them. 'I told you not to!'

'We noticed that the front garden at Number 10 needed some attention, that's all,' said Betty innocently.

'Number 10? That's the Binghams' house. They're so easily upset,' exclaimed Mrs Bold.

'And?' asked Mr Bold.

'And so we gave it some,' said Bobby. 'That's all.'

'Some attention?' frowned his mother.

'Some liquid fertiliser . . .' said Bobby. The words hung in the air.

Mrs Bold rubbed her forehead. 'Oh no. You'd better give me more details, please.'

'Well, we were walking along Fairfield Road, picking up bits of litter. In the front garden of Number 10 we spotted a sweet wrapper,' explained Betty. 'It seemed a shame to leave it there, polluting our lovely street.'

‘Quite right!’ said Mr Bold.

‘So we jumped over the wall to get it,’ continued Bobby.

‘I *didn’t*. I knew it would lead to trouble,’ said Minnie.

‘I picked up the sweet wrapper and then I noticed the marigolds in the flowerbed were wilting,’ said Bobby.

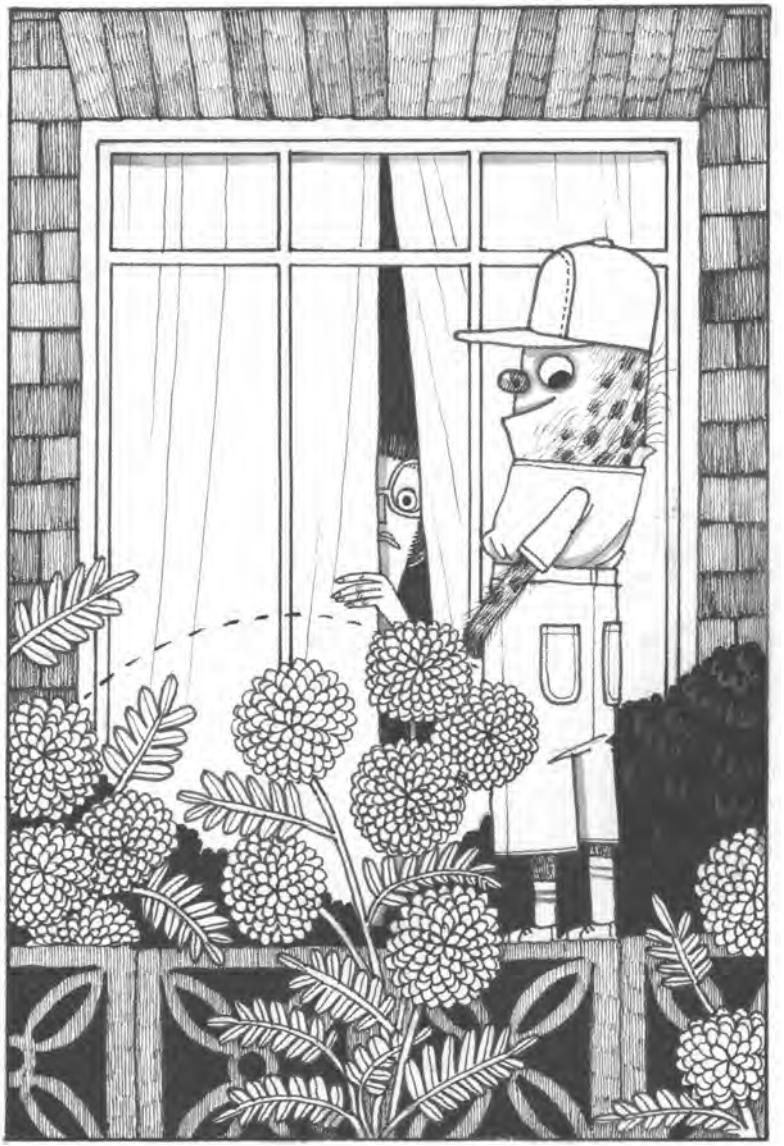
‘It *is* quite a hot day out there,’ mused Uncle Tony.

‘And as it happened I needed a **wee**.’ Bobby’s voice became strangely quiet. Minnie shook her head.

‘So . . .’

‘You *didn’t*, Bobby!’ cried Mrs Bold.

‘Yes. I did.’



‘Good for the marigolds and good for the planet,’ said Betty helpfully. ‘Much better than using the loo and flushing it away.’

‘Think of the gallons of water you’ve saved!’ said Mr Bold, patting his son on the back affectionately. ‘Well done, my son!’

Mr McNumpty helped himself to a French fancy. ‘Oh well, as long as Mr and Mrs Bingham didn’t see you, I guess there’s no harm done.’

‘Er, they *might* have seen me,’ said Bobby.

‘Oh dear. “Might have”?’ asked Mrs Bold.

‘The net curtains twitched,’ recalled Minnie. ‘And there was a high-pitched scream.’

‘Maybe they were watching something scary on television?’ said Mr Bold reasonably. ‘They are quite a nervous couple.’

'Then the window opened and Mr Bingham shook his fist and shouted something.'

'What did he shout?'

'We couldn't hear because we ran away,' said Betty.

'The correct response to being shouted at,' said Mr Bold approvingly.

Mrs Bold put her head in her hands.

Just then, Uncle Tony changed the subject by producing a postcard. 'Oh,' he said. 'I nearly forgot. This was on the doormat.'

'How exciting,' said Mrs Bold, taking it and reading it quickly.

'Who's it from?' asked the twins.

'See if you can guess,' said Mrs Bold, holding up the card with an excited glint in

her eyes. 'I'll give you a clue. What's this?'

The twins and Minnie leaned over to look at the photo on the card.

'Triangles!' said Bobby.

'No, dear,' said Mrs Bold. 'Think wonders of the world.'

'The Pyramids!' cried Minnie.

'Correct! Well done, Minnie. And where are the Pyramids?'

'Egypt,' said Betty confidently.

'Not necessarily,' warned Minnie. 'We shouldn't forget the Great Pyramid of Cholula in Mexico.'



Bobby rolled his eyes. Sometimes Minnie was too clever for her own good these days.

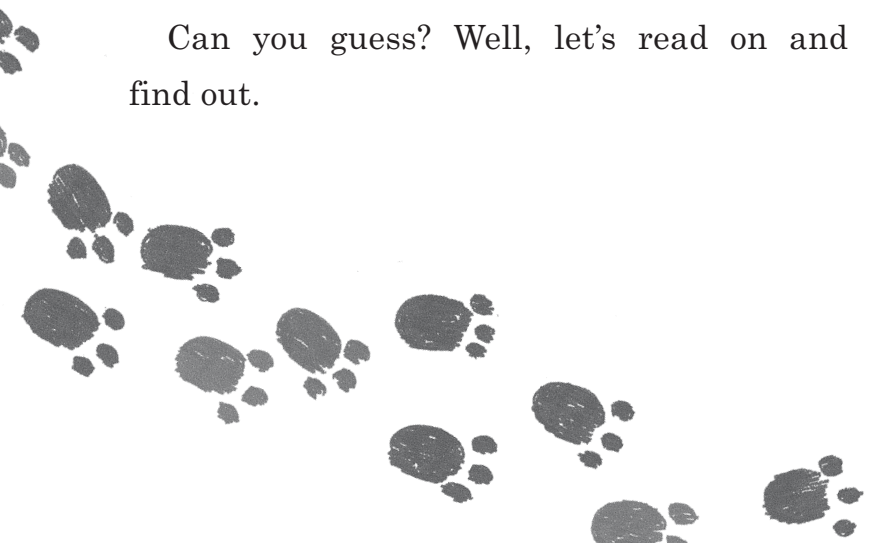
Then Minnie peered closely at the postcard. 'No. Betty is right. These are Egyptian! The Giza Pyramid Complex, which includes the Great Sphinx.'

'Thank you,' said Betty.

'Well done, Sis,' said Bobby, nudging her so her slice of cake slid across her face. Betty's extra-long tongue wiped it clean in a second.

'And who might be writing to us Bolds from Egypt?' asked Mrs Bold with a knowing look.

Can you guess? Well, let's read on and find out.



MR BOLD'S JOKES

Why did the jellybean go to school?
To become a Smartie!

'I used to work in a recycling centre, crushing cans.'
'Did you really?'
'Yes. But I had to give it up. It was soda pressing.'

How does a penguin build its house?
Igloos it together!



What kind of flowers grow on your face?
Tu-lips!

Why did the ant smell?
Because he didn't wear deodorANT!

What do you call an ant who skips school?
A truANT!

Where do ants go on holiday?
FrANTS!

What do you call the tallest ant in the world?
A giANT!

How did Noah see in the dark?
He used floodlights!



What do baby footballers do in their sleep?
Dribble!

Why didn't the nose want to go to school?
Because he was tired of being picked on!

Why were the Middle Ages called the Dark Ages?
Because there were too many knights!

How do bees get to school?
On the school buzz!

Why is a school like an old bus?
Because it's full of nuts and has a crank up front!

What did the French skeleton call his friend?
Bone ami!

What do you call a cow on a trampoline?
A milkshake!

How do you make an octopus laugh?
With ten tickles!



When Julian Clary isn't having a silly time dressing up and telling jokes on stage, he loves to be at home with his pets. He has lots of them: dogs, cats, ducks and chickens. His life-long love of animals inspired him to tell a story about what would happen if they pretended to be like us. Julian loves going on tour reading his books aloud to children and animals around the country.

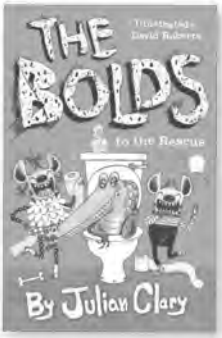


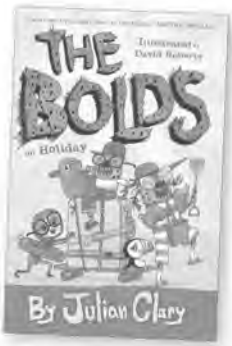
David Roberts always loved to draw and paint as a child, and when he grew up his talents took him all the way to Hong Kong where he got a job making beautiful hats. But he always wanted to illustrate children's books, and so he came back to England to work with the finest authors in the land. David loves drawing animals and clothes and hats, so what could be better than a book about animals *in* clothes and hats?

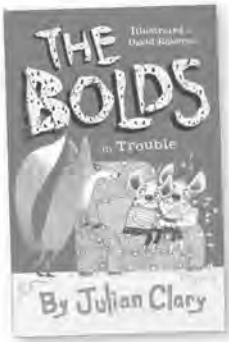
Have you read them all?

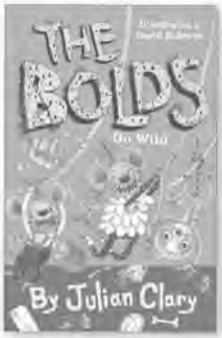
Join the Bolds on lots more
'howling' adventures!













'Wonderful'
Guardian

'Joyful'
Telegraph

'Glorious'
Daily Mail