# BEANO

## MINNIE'S MISSION OF MAXIMUM MISCHIEF!




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Gasworks Road, Beanotown
Today (is gonna be MY day)

Dear AWESOME READER!

You expected another boomic about Dennis, huh? Good news! This story is going to be about someone far more awesome, witty, smart, talented, cooler-looking and interesting than him: ME!

I know, I know. I'm so ~~[illegible]~~ generous. You can thank me later.

I've taken part in other Boomics before, but this is the one where I TAKE OVER!

I feel the need – the need to read!
Let's get this party started.

MINNIE MAKEPEACE!!

P.S. I've snuck in some of my own secret diary pages, to make this a bit more ME!

## Chapter One

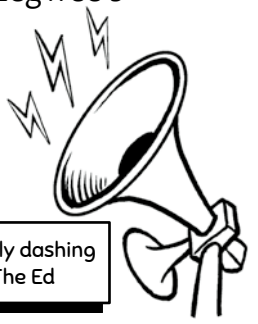
# MINNIE OF THE MATCH

WOOFT! It was the best of goals; it was the worst of goals.

An amazing scorpion kick. Sensational. The type of goal Hermione 'Minnie' Makepeace had always dreamed of scoring.

Except, she hadn't scored it. A loudspeaker confirmed the worst.

'LEGWEE DRIBBLERS 1, BASH STREET NIBBLERS* 1 – and what a STRIKE from Legwee's team captain, Whelan! GAME ON! Legwee's Ready to RUUUUMBLE!' shouted a Legwee student commentator.



*A nickname awarded due to Gnasher's habit of illegally dashing onto the field and 'gnipping' opponent's shorts! – The Ed

It was the quarter final of the Super Epic Turbo Cricket European Tour of Mischief, versus the Legwee Academy Dribblers, in County Cavan, Ireland.

Icy rain fell – thick, mean and heavy – and Minnie had faceplanted in the mud trying to stop the scorer.




'Stinking butt-warts,' she cursed.

At least she'd missed his celebration, where he'd skidded on his knees towards a gaggle of adoring fans standing underneath a banner dedicated to him.




'Whelan' looked like he belonged in a boy band: golden brown skin and dark curls, which bounced as he ran.

'C'mon, Minnie, get off your butt. We need to hit back, NOW!' yelled Dennis. He'd scored the opening goal and was annoyed they were level.

Her cousin tried to haul her up, but she shrugged him off so quickly he slipped and plopped into the mud bath beside her.




'Easy, Cuz – save that for the opposition!' he smirked.

Dennis was team captain. That miffed Minnie. She knew she was the better player. Dennis just had the knack of always being in the right place at the right time . . . to steal the glory!

But not today. Nope. This was her moment to shine.

Minnie knew her entire family back home were watching on a You-Hoo livestream. She imagined her five older brothers laughing at the state she was in.

None of them had ever won this tournament and Mum had promised this was her chance to shut them up. But so far, things weren't going to plan.

It was March 17th, St Patrick's Day, a national holiday in Ireland. Minnie had never played in front of such a noisy crowd before.

**PWEEEEEEP!**

The half-time whistle was blown by Miss Mistry, Minnie's coach. One of the quirks of Super Epic Turbo Cricket was that the team playing away from home provided the referee.

'Give us a penalty in the second half, please?' begged Dennis.

Unfortunately for them, Miss Mistry was too fair for that, which was a bit of a pain today. But no one complained. She was an ex-Bash Street Kid herself, so when she spoke, the team listened.





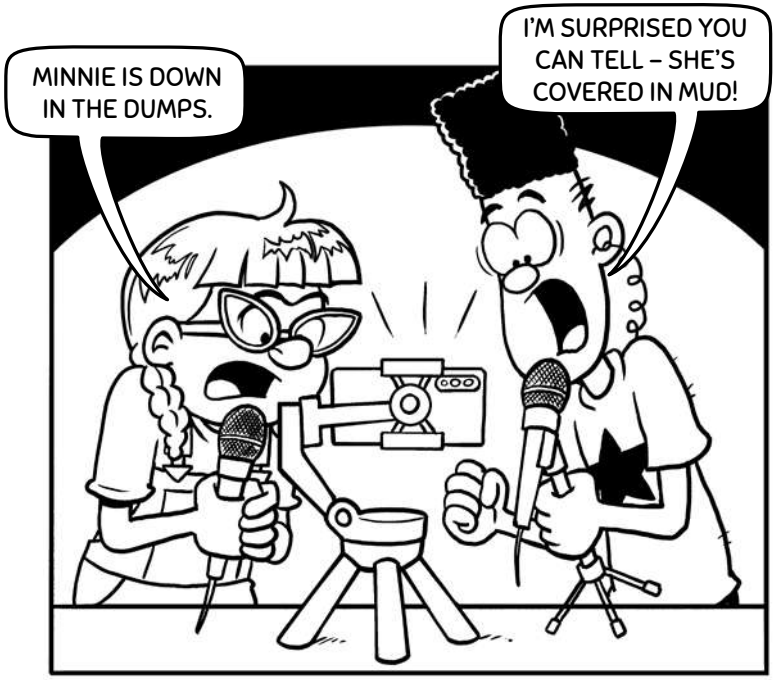

She explained the opposition was a one-star team. They just needed to pull together to win. They just needed to pass more and work together. 'Teamwork makes the dreamwork.'

Minnie gazed at the ground. She knew she was the main target for that message.

'Did you hear that at home? With just a bit

of teamwork, Bash Street has this game in the bag!' Stevie Star said into his microphone.

He was enthusiastically presenting a livestream for those back home in Beanotown. Stevie loved making videos. He was excited as he knew the whole town was watching.




He was interrupted by his co-presenter, Harsha Chandra, Beanotown's most precocious prankster!

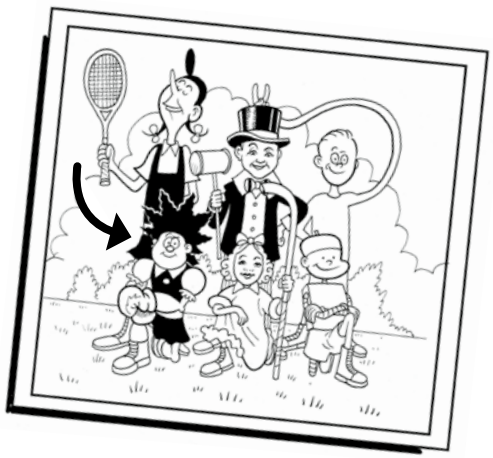
'Today is Dennis's 10th birthday. Can he celebrate by saving his team, after his cousin's epic fail?!' she asked.

'We'll see,' laughed Stevie. 'Super Epic Turbo Cricket is the greatest sport in the universe.'

'We'd maybe even think about playing it ourselves, if it wasn't so ridiculously dangerous,' she kidded herself.

'In case they've been living under a rock, let's remind the fans at home why Super Epic Turbo Cricket is so awesome. Here's something we made earlier,' said Harsha as a video explaining the history and rules of the game started.

**Harsha:** Super Epic Turbo Cricket was invented in 1938 by Pansy Potter, a former Bash Street Kid, and it is one of the best pranks to ever be played on teachers in Bash Street's history. Why?



Because it's not cricket at all – she just told the teachers that, so that they'd think it was a civilised sport and say yes to them playing it! She's our hero.



**Stevie:** The first rule is to break as many rules as possible. The pitch is a footy pitch, with the same goals and nets, but the ball is oval-shaped.

**Harsha:** Players can kick, throw, or hold onto the ball, but must bounce it every three steps. This stops the 'belly ball' dodge, where players stuff the ball up their shirt and run straight into the goal.

**Stevie:** It's a game of two halves, twenty-five mins each, with no injury time. Which is lucky, cos slide tackles, rugby tackles, body checks and kung-fu kicks are all encouraged. Watch out!



**Harsha:** You can kit yourself out with equipment from any other sport. Hockey or hurling sticks, baseball bats, golf clubs, tennis and badminton racquets. Anything goes. But you're only allowed to hit the ball with them, not opposition players or teammates. Lassos and tripwires are banned. For now.

Stevie interrupted. 'The teams are back out for the second half. Twenty-five minutes until triumph or disaster.'

Bash Street School were less than three matches away from becoming champions for the first time ever. And Minnie wasn't about to mess that up.

Minnie intercepted a pass that was intended for Whelan.



'Gotcha! That's what I call Min-tutition!'

She'd sussed the Dribbler's game plan: to set up Whelan for a scorpion kick at every opportunity. Mistry had been right all along.

'MINNIEEEEEEEEEEE!'

Minnie heard her cousin's scream. Dennis had an open goal on the other side of the penalty area.

'No way, cuzzy wuzzy. This one's mine.'

There was no chance she was passing. This was her chance to prove that she was every bit as good as any boy – and one boy in particular. She was going to perform the perfect scorpion kick. She bounced the ball ready to strike. Her foot flashed towards it, and . . .

. . . she missed completely! Minnie's boot bashed into her nose, knocking her back into the mud. The crowd roared with laughter.




As she toppled, a pair of hands nabbed the ball. It was Whelan – who else?

He shimmied past Jem and bounced the ball as he closed in upon on Rubi in goal.

Dennis tried to distract Whelan.



'There's a lion on the pitch chasing you!'

'Argh! It's been eaten by a shark!'

'Whoa! A T. rex has grabbed the shark!'

The only danger for Whelan was that he pulled a muscle giggling. A T. rex couldn't grab a shark with those funny little arms.




He wound up to clinch the match!

Just then, from out of nowhere, a furry blur bowled Whelan over.

'STRIKE!' yelled Dennis, laughing as Whelan hit the deck.

Whelan was skittled. He'd lost his chance of glory, had two grazed knees PLUS a MAHŌŌSIVE gaping hole in his shorts!

'Butt-tastic! I knew you were pants,' mocked Dennis, as Whelan frantically tried to cover his embarrassment.




The blur had been Gnasher! Dennis's Abyssinian wire-haired tripe hound had taken direct action to clear the danger.

The crowd gasped. Then an angry chant started up.

'Who let the dog out? Who? **Boo! BOO! BOO!!'**

This wasn't covered in the Super Epic Turbo Cricket rulebook. Miss Mistry looked utterly bemused. She had to make a call.

'Rules are highly overrated,' offered Dennis.

Miss Mistry fumbled in her pocket, then raised a RED CARD!

Dennis sniggered. She'd ordered Gnasher off. Result! He hadn't even been on the team to start with.

Then it dawned slowly on him that Miss Mistry was pointing at him!

'Worst! Ref! Ever! You've just lost us the match,' he spluttered. But there was no changing her mind. Gnasher was his dog, so was his responsibility.




He trudged off miserably. Gnasher was waiting apologetically behind the goals, the



match ball clamped – burst and deflated – in his jaws.

'Disaster for Dennis. That's another fine mess Minnie has gotten him into! Bang go Bash Street's chances,' shrieked Harsha. She had a fair point. If Minnie had passed, none of this might have happened.

'It's the first time in the sport's history that a player's been sent off!' said Stevie. 'Miss Mistry looks devastated.'

'It's not all bad,' chuckled Harsha. 'There's no way Legwee's star player can continue after such a terrible injury . . . to his shorts.'

But, as she laughed, one of Whelan's adoring fans threw him some fresh shorts, which landed on his head. They were vomit-

orange, with green shamrocks woven into them with itchy-looking wool.

Best of all, across the butt, embroidered in bright-pink lettering, it said 'Sweet Cheeks'.

But Whelan pulled them on and blew a kiss towards his saviour. He winked at Minnie. The cheek!




Miss Mistry just shook her head. If Minnie had only listened and passed to her teammate, they could've been in the lead with a full team ready to see the game out.

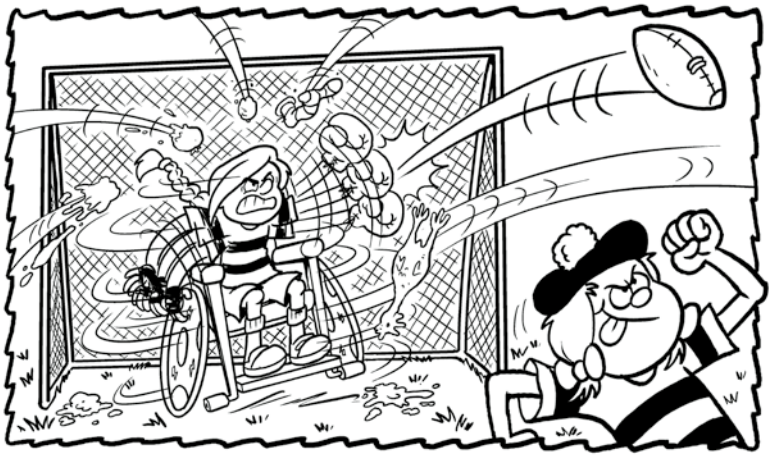
Instead, she'd had to award Legwee a dreaded 'penalty flick'.

It allowed the opposition to flick mud, bogies and bubblegum to distract the goalie, while the fouled player aimed a free shot!

Rubi Von Screwtop twirled on the middle of her goal line. Partly to dodge the boogers, partly to put Whelan off. You couldn't scorpion kick a penalty, so she had a chance. A tiny chance.

'Here comes Whelan, the star of the match,' said Stevie. 'He shoots! It's a . . . '

'MISS!' yelled Harsha.



But Harsha was talking about Miss Mistry, who she'd spotted sneakily pointing to where Whelan was aiming, to help Rubi make the save! Well I never!

It worked! Rubi deflected the ball towards Minnie, who raced towards her shot at glory. Whelan zoomed after her, like a shark chasing a jet skier!

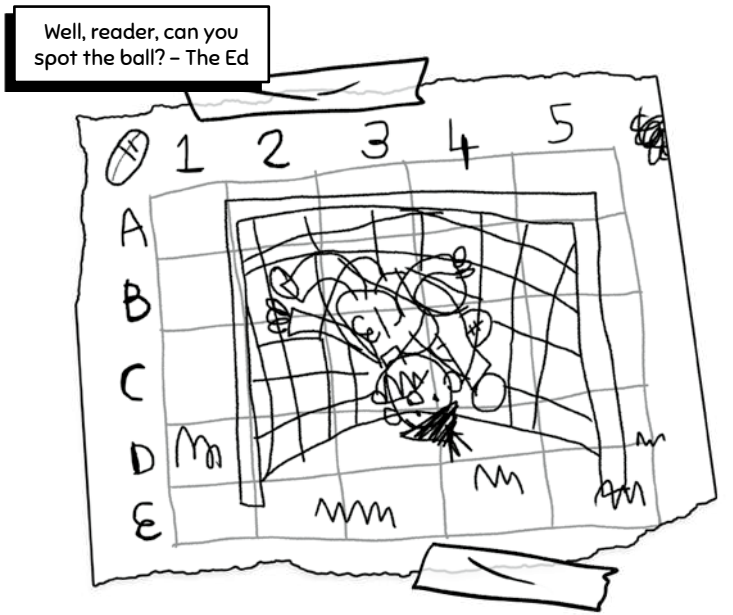
'Pass!' yelled Dennis, from the side-lines. **'GNASH!'** barked Gnasher. Surely Minnie wouldn't mess up again?



Whelan heard the bark and was reminded of how he'd been cheated. He launched himself into a vicious slide tackle.

The last thing Minnie heard, before being hacked, was Miss Mistry shouting, 'Remember, make the dream work, Min!'

For the first time ever, Minnie listened to a teacher. She passed the ball to James, who tripped over it and tumbled head over heels, tangling himself into the back of the net.



Minnie was dazed. Whelan was frantically apologising. She shushed him and asked what everyone was thinking . . .

'Where's the ball?'

There was an eery silence, as if both sides were too scared to imagine their best and worst fears coming true.

Harsha spotted the reality first and shared the answer:

'IT'S IN THE NET! BASH STREET WINS!'

The ball had wedged between James's knees before he tumbled into the goal. The unluckiest kid in the world, had scored the jammiest winning goal of all-time.

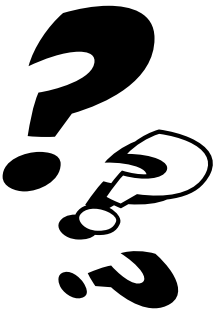
Whelan extended a muddy hand towards Minnie and smiled. 'It's St. Paddy's Day and he's discovered the luck of the Irish. You deserve it.'




The final whistle blasted!

Calamity James was carried off shoulder high by his teammates (falling twice in the process) but it was Minnie who was awarded player of the match.

Dennis spotted Miss Mistry comforting Whelan, of all people.



'Hang on . . . she's hugging him! BIZARRE!'

Minnie shook her head, 'I'll *never* understand teachers.'

The inspirational, wise and extremely mischievous Miss Mistry spotted them staring. She was unfazed. 'You made our dream work, Minnie – Bash Street's in the semi-final!'

