DISASTER DIARIES

THE WORST SHOW EVER

Daffodil

Madrigal

Mum

Lupin

Grandma

Dad

Colin

Uncle Malcolm

Aunt Rex

Muriel

Hugo

Nirmal

Tonks

Ariel

Books by Joanna Nadin

The Worst Class in the World series

The Worst Class in the World

The Worst Class in the World
Gets Worse

The Worst Class in the World
Dares You!

The Worst Class in the World
Goes Wild!

The Worst Class in the World:
Total Mayhem!

The Worst Class in the World:
Animal Uproar

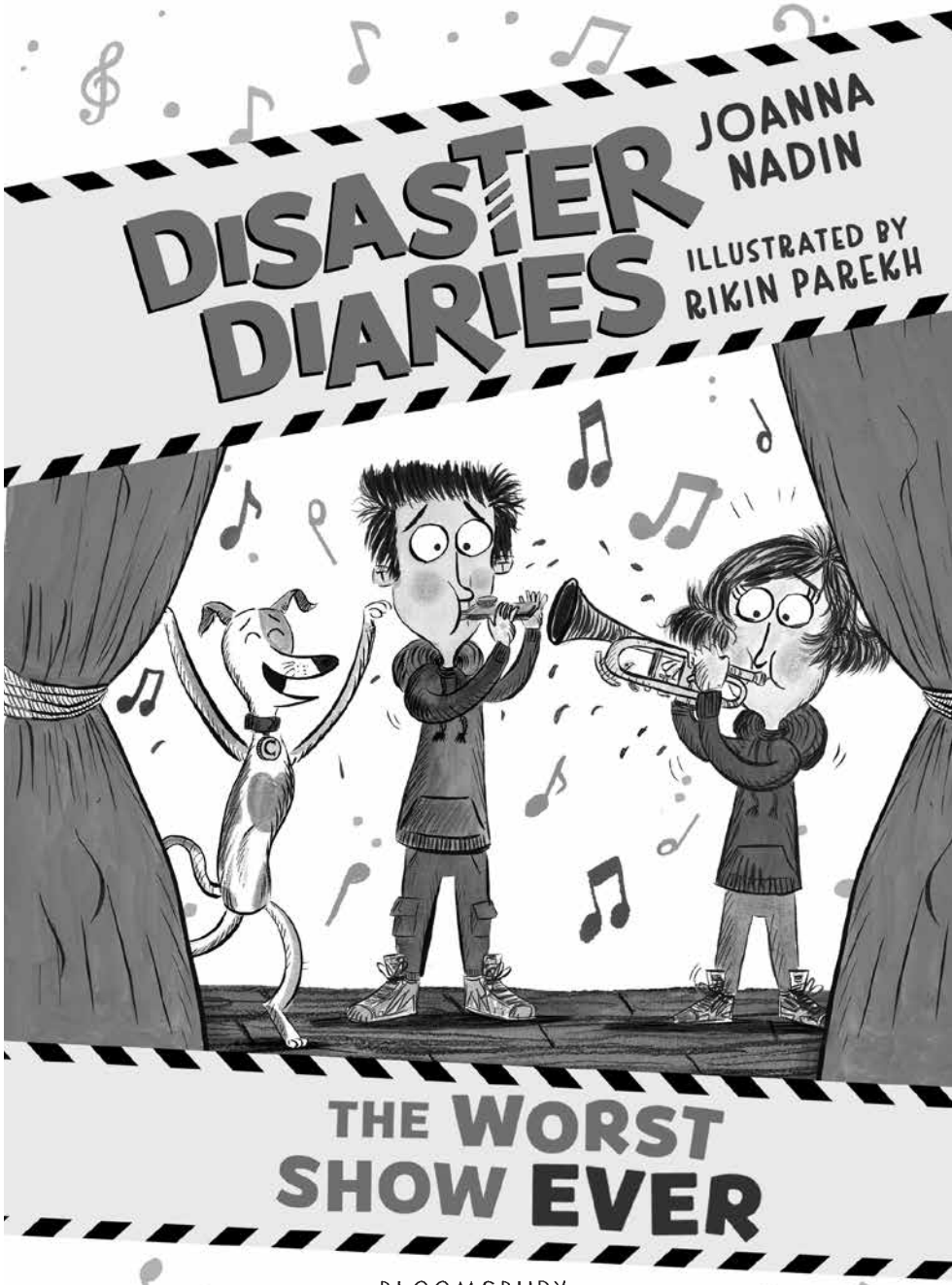
The Disaster Diaries series

Disaster Diaries: The Worst Birthday Ever

Disaster Diaries: The Worst Show Ever

Coming soon

Disaster Diaries: The Worst Holiday Ever



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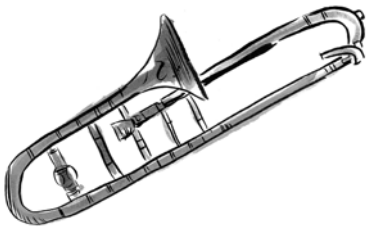
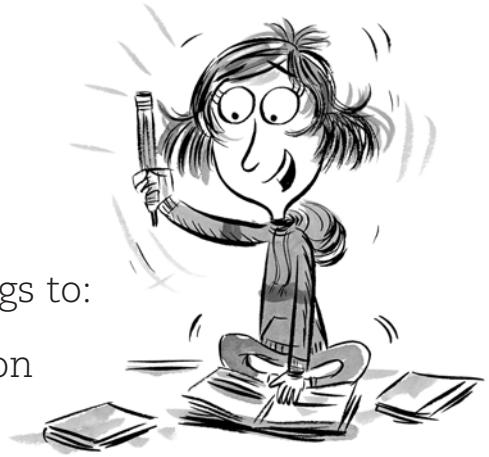


For Joey, Etta and Toby

– J.N.

For Bobby, the first ever dog I loved

– R.P.



This diary belongs to:

Daffodil Patterson

Age: 8ish

Height: **STILL** 107cm (which Madrigal, i.e. my big sister, who is thirteen and who is mostly protesting about things, says is **UNUSUALLY** short and so I am **SMALL FRY**. But I say she is **UNUSUALLY** annoying)

Hair colour: Brownish

Eye colour: Brownish

Likes:

a) Marmosets (which are a kind of TEENY-TINY monkey, and look a bit like this):

b) Nirmal-Next-Door (who is my best friend, because we agree about everything except the second-best flavour of Tooty Chew, which he says is red and I say is yellow and I am right).

3. Tiffin biscuits, but not when they have raisins in them, because they are too like squashed flies.

4. BOBBY DAZZLERS, which means

brilliant ideas (because Dad says ANYONE can have a BOBBY DAZZLER, i.e. look at Aunt Rex, who once had a BOBBY DAZZLER about photocopiers and now her house is massive and has eleventy million rules like NO SHOES ON THE CARPET and a pedigree cat called Juniper who only eats minced fish. Our house, i.e. 43 Bean Street, is SQUISHED and our dog Colin is a PEST and a MENACE (according to Mum) and he will eat anything, including shoes).

e) Lists.

Dislikes:

a) Flies (because they look like sky raisins, and Nirmal says they are always UP TO SOMETHING and I agree).

2. Norman Fazackerley's cat Measles (because she is always ANNOYING Colin by staring at him, and Nirmal says she is probably UP TO SOMETHING and I agree).

3. Being the smallest in our house because hardly anyone listens to me and sometimes I am UTTERLY forgotten.

4. Hugo Patterson-Dent (i.e. my cousin, because he is mostly saying things like 'I would not do THAT if I were you, Daffodil Patterson.' And I do THAT and he is right).

e) When BOBBY DAZZLERS go wrong (see 4) and Grandma calls us CATASTROPHE PATTERSONS and does a snort like a broken vacuum cleaner.

Aunt Rex says the going wrong is because of **ALL THE MAYHEM** at 43 Bean Street, and Mum says it is because me and Dad **DO NOT KNOW OUR LIMITS**, but I say I just need a better **BOBBY DAZZLER** and I will probably have one tomorrow.

Sunday

3ish

Usually on a Sunday it is **NORMAL SERVICE** at 43 Bean Street, i.e. Dad is busy enjoying not being a postman, Mum is busy enjoying not being at Glory Days Care Home with all the old people, Lupin is busy wearing black and smelling

of **STALE**, Madrigal is busy being **ANNOYING**, and Grandma is busy **MINDING HER OWN BUSINESS**, i.e. reading the newspapers and saying things like 'The world is a terrible place'. But if we say she is wrong and the world is quite nice (e.g. what about Cheesy Frizzles and capybaras?), she says, 'Not when you are as **OLD AS THE HILLS**.' And I do not know which hills, but she is quite old.

But today I am full of **GLOOM** and it is because everyone at

43 Bean Street is busy with the Chipping Grimley Annual Battles (which is lots of competitions in big tents) so they can win £25 and have their photo in the local paper and become **WORLD-FAMOUS**.

a) Lupin is in his bedroom with his band Vigorous Pigeon, i.e. Beef McKenzie and Oscar Boggins, practising a song about the moon being stolen by a space vampire, because his talent is music and he is entering Battle of the Talents.

2. Madrigal is in her bedroom with Luna Gilhoolie practising a poem about endangered animals and Luna does the words and Madrigal does four cartwheels and the splits both ways because her talent is gymnastics and SHE is entering Battle of the Talents.

3. Grandma is in the garden checking her vegetables so she can win 'Best Bean' because her talent is growing things and she is entering Battle of the Vegetables.

I said it was **NOT FAIR** because I do not even **KNOW** what my talent is yet, because I am only eight-ish. And so I cannot enter the Battle of the Talents and win £25 and have my photo in the local paper and become **WORLD-FAMOUS** and I am **VERY KEEN** on all of these things, especially winning £25, because then I can buy a month's supply of Cheesy Frizzles.

Dad said, 'Well, why don't you try to find out what your talent is? **WHO IS TO SAY** that you are not

the next **WORLD-FAMOUS** pole-vaulter, for example?'

And Mum said, 'She is not the next **WORLD-FAMOUS** pole-vaulter, Marv.'

And Dad said, 'How do we know, Jeanie, if she's never even tried it? I mean, I might be the next **WORLD-FAMOUS** inventor of **GOLD**, but I just haven't tried it yet.'

Which I said was true and Mum said was not, because someone has already invented gold and Dad cannot even invent a way to

rebuild the shed, and also that I was not to try pole-vaulting, especially not with the mop and the washing line, not after last time.

I said could I try other things instead then, and she said yes, but could I please go to Nirmal's to do it, and take Colin with me. Because Colin does not like poetry, i.e. he is mostly howling outside Madrigal's door, which Madrigal says is **AGAINST HER RIGHTS** and I say is **FOR HIS RIGHTS** and

Mum says is giving her a headache, which is against **HER** rights.

And so I am going.

5ish

Nirmal's house is **AMAZING** because his mums, i.e. Call-Me-Ariel, who is a therapist (which means burning candles and smiling a lot and telling people how not to be sad), and Tonks, who is an artist (and is famous for painting wonky kettles and once a dead heron), believe in **DREAMING BIG**, which means we can do whatever talent we like.

So I said, 'Can I be the first human girl to dive from a **MAGNIFICENT HEIGHT** into a pool of chocolate sauce and then eat all the chocolate sauce without being sick?'

But Tonks said, 'Maybe not that.'

So I said, 'Can I train wasps to do my bidding and my bidding is an aerial display of wasp acrobatics?'

But Tonks said, 'Maybe not that.'

So I said, 'Can I swim faster than a shark?'

But Tonks said maybe we should think of something that is actually scientifically possible, like e.g. tap-dancing or juggling. Only

we did not fancy tap-dancing or juggling, because Nirmal is **NOT GOOD** at tap-dancing and I am **NOT GOOD** at juggling, and I know because we tested it with a potato, a plastic frog that Colin had eaten and then sicked up, and a china monkey, and I dropped all of them. But what we did fancy was:

a) Seeing if we can balance a vase of flowers on our heads for more than a minute and it turns out we are not very talented at that.

2. Seeing if we can build a robot out of the bathroom radio and a remote-controlled car and it turns out we are not very talented at that.

3. Seeing if we can fit thirty marshmallows in our mouths without being sick and it turns out

we are not very talented at that either, but Colin is.

Which I said was **VERY DEPRESSING** and perhaps we need some candles and therapy from Call-Me-Ariel to get rid of the sadness. But Nirmal said actually perhaps we should eat some biscuits to **STIMULATE BRAIN POWER** and also watch TV, because you can learn a lot from TV, e.g.

1. Where eels live.

2. What the King is up to.

c) What to do if you are a cartoon cat and a mouse is really annoying you all day long.

And so we decided to eat Jam Badgers (which are biscuits shaped like a badger with blackberry jam in the middle) and watch a documentary (which means it is not made up, it all actually happened) about a man called Hoots Trombone, who is **WORLD-FAMOUS** for playing the trombone even while hanging

upside down. And most amazingly of all he did not have **EVEN ONE LESSON**, he just taught himself from a book and some videos and so **ANYONE CAN DO IT**. And now he lives in a loft with hot floors and six bedrooms and its own cinema, and has played a concert for the President of America.

This is when I had my **BOBBY DAZZLER**, which is that I am going to become **WORLD-FAMOUS** at trombone and

win £25 from Battle of the Talents, and also make my fortune. And then I will be able to live in a loft with hot floors and six bedrooms and its own cinema instead of at 43 Bean Street, which has four and a half bedrooms (I am in the half, which is a SQUISH) and one TV, and Grandma is always watching the racing channel so no one else is allowed near it, and a red carpet with stains from where Madrigal spilt custard, and Lupin spilt black paint (because he was painting his

bedroom to look like a LAIR) and I spilt a mouldy orange that me and Nirmal had been using as an EXPERIMENT and Colin ate it and then sicked it up again.

So I went home and told everyone my plan. Dad said it was definitely a BOBBY DAZZLER and WHO IS TO SAY that I will not be playing a concert for the President of America this time next year?

Mum said that she would say that right now.

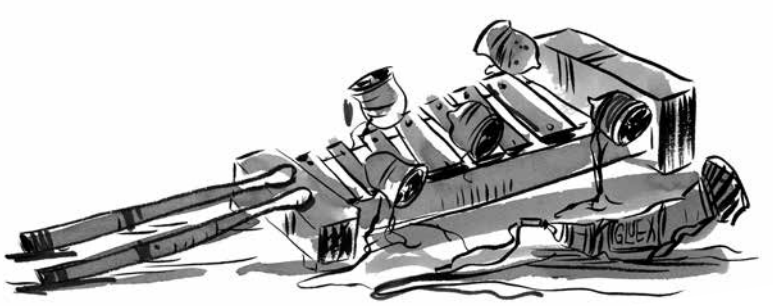
Dad said, 'It is very

disappointing that you do not **DREAM BIG**, Jeanie. If Dave hadn't **DREAMED BIG** then he wouldn't be Chipping Grimley Ultimate Frisbee Champion, he would just be a postman and the owner of East Anglia's third most popular mobile disco.'

And Mum said, 'I am all for **DREAMING BIG**, Marv, it is just that there is a minor flaw in the plan, and that is that Daffodil doesn't have a trombone and the school won't lend her an instrument,

not after last time, so becoming **WORLD-FAMOUS** in a year let alone winning Battle of the Talents by Saturday would be a **MIRACLE**. I am more likely to get Norbert Ogden to eat macaroni cheese.' (Because he does not like it, not one bit.)

And I said this was slightly true (because of when I tried to see what would happen if you stuck bells on to a xylophone,



e.g. does it sound like a musical cow? And it turns out it does not, and also that superglue and xylophones **DO NOT MIX**). But also that this was the **END OF THE WORLD** and **AGAINST MY RIGHTS** and in fact I might stage a sit-in protest (because Mum is **NOT KEEN** on sit-in protests ever since Madrigal and Luna staged one in the kitchen to protest against Mum doing the cooking because of **SEXISM** and so Dad cooked tea and no one could eat it,

not even one mouthful).

Dad said, 'And now *I* have a **BOBBY DAZZLER**, and it is that perhaps Dave has a trombone going cheap.' Because Disco Dave has a garage full of **BARGAINS** and he is often selling them to Dad, e.g.

1. A chicken that only lays double-yolkers.
2. A World's Biggest Cathedrals calendar with only May missing.
c) Colin.

And Mum said fine, but he was not to come home with anything **RIDICULOUS** this time, as she is still having nightmares about the chicken, and also Colin is **LIVING ON BORROWED TIME** (because last week he ate Grandma's second-best vest), and Dad said he absolutely promised he would not, and that I could go with him and we would do it tomorrow. And so now I am **MAD** with excitement because by next Saturday I might be **WORLD-FAMOUS**.

Monday

4ish

Mum has given me and Dad and Colin (who is coming with us because Grandma cannot be trusted to stop him trying to dig up the living room again) and Nirmal (who is coming with us because his mums have gone to look at some