Praise for the 

series!

'The perfect books for anyone starting secondary school. Warm, funny and wise.'
Holly Bourne

'A funny, sweet and touching "big school" book, ideal for 9+ fans of Jacqueline Wilson.'
Guardian

'This funny and touching coming-of-age story will reflect the experiences of many youngsters making the transition to secondary school or experiencing changes in the family.'
BookTrust

'Williamson's empathy for young people shines through . . . As good as Jacqueline Wilson at her best.'
The Bookseller

'Heartfelt and funny, this is a story about staying true to yourself, no matter what – and about real friendship.'
Sinead O'Hart, author of *The Time Tider*

'This warm, true-to-life story will hit the spot with so many readers!'
Karen McCombie, author of *Catching Falling Stars*

'A fresh, funny story filled with feelings around the highs and lows and ins and outs of friendship.'
Jake Hope, *Youth Libraries Group*

‘A delight! It’s warm and engaging, and perfectly pitched. We are all Lola and we all know a Cleo!’
Abie Longstaff, author

‘A warm, funny and bittersweet story of growing up and growing apart . . . just loved it.’
Tamsin Winter, author

‘Williamson shows a rich insight into the emotional life of a Year 6–7 child . . . I can’t wait to get this into my school library.’
Jenny Jones, librarian, Clifton College

‘A perfect read to show how tricky that timeless, gut-wrenching experience of changing friendships can feel.’
Ros Roberts, author

‘It made me laugh and cringe in equal measures . . . I absolutely loved it. A perfect transitional read!’
Jo Clarke, author of *The Travelling School Mysteries* series

‘Another perfectly observed and pitched story of Year 7 life, funny, warm and true.’
Lovereading

‘Daniel Littleton navigates challenges at home and Henry Bigg Academy in this relatable early secondary school story. Children aged 9–12 will connect with Daniel’s journey of self-discovery.’
School Reading List

Lisa Williamson

Dare Devil

illustrated by
Jess Bradley





GUPPY
BOOKS

DARE DEVIL
is a GUPPY BOOK

Manufacturer: First published in Great Britain in 2026 by
Guppy Publishing Ltd, Bracken Hill, Cotswold Road, Oxford OX2 9JG
guppybooks.co.uk

Represented by: Authorised Rep Compliance Ltd, Ground Floor,
71 Lower Baggot Street, Dublin D02 P593, Ireland
www.arccompliance.com

Text copyright © Lisa Williamson, 2026
Inside illustrations © Jess Bradley, 2026

978 1 916558 700

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

The rights of Lisa Williamson to be identified as the
author of this work have been asserted in accordance
with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by
any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or
otherwise, without the prior permissions of the publishers.

Papers used by Guppy Books are from well-managed
forests and other responsible sources.



GUPPY PUBLISHING LTD Reg. No. 11565833

A CIP catalogue record for this book is
available from the British Library.

Typeset by Falcon Oast Graphic Art Ltd
Printed and bound in Great Britain by CPI Books Ltd

For Nelson
(my favourite dare devil)
LW

For the Boyz, Mark and James
JB



Chapter One

'Are you sure this is a good idea, Ollie?' Alex said.

I turned to him and pulled a face. 'What are you talking about, Al? It's an *amazing* idea.'

In fact, it was probably one of the best ideas I've ever had (and I have a *lot* of really great ideas).



'Ollie's right,' Jenson said. 'If we pull this off, we could go viral!'

'We'd be famous!' Josh chimed in excitedly.

'But what if we crash?' Alex asked, eyeing the BMX track nervously.

'We're not going to crash,' I said, turning to the others. 'Right, guys?'

'Right,' Jenson, Josh and Rohan replied.

'Yeah, but what if we do?' Alex asked.

'Then we crash,' I said with a shrug. 'It's not like it's that big a deal.'

'But I didn't bring my bike helmet,' Alex said.

'Helmets are for people who don't know what they're doing.'



'Yeah, *Alex*,' Jenson said. 'Only babies wear helmets.'

The other snickered.

'I just don't see why *I* have to be the one in the trolley,' Alex said.

I rolled my eyes. 'We've gone over this ten times already – because you're the smallest.'

'But when we stood back-to-back the other day, we were the exact same height.'

'No, we weren't.'

'Yes, we were.' Alex turned to Rohan. 'Tell him, Rohan. You were there.'

'It doesn't matter either way,' I said quickly before Rohan had the chance to reply. 'It's been decided – *you're* going in the trolley, Alex.'

'But this was *your* idea.'

'Exactly. So that means *I* get to say who does what.'

I dreamed up the idea last Saturday when I just so happened to watch a YouTube clip of the Shopping Trolley Racing World Championships.

Teams competed to see who could get around the course the fastest. Later that day, while riding my bike around the BMX park, I had a brainwave. We could recreate the race, only ours would be way better because instead of racing in a straight line, we'd be on a twisty-turny BMX track!

I shared my plan at school on Monday, and we'd been waiting all week to put it into action, whispering excitedly about it any second we got.

'We might need to get on with it,' Josh said, checking his watch. 'My curfew is up in twenty minutes and my mum says she'll ground me if I'm late again.'

It had taken a lot longer to smuggle a trolley out of the Sainsbury's car park than we thought it would.

'Don't worry,' I said. 'We'll only need a few minutes tops once we get going. C'mon, Alex, stop holding us up and get in.'

Alex took a step backwards instead.

'If he really doesn't want to, we probably shouldn't make him,' Rohan said.

I turned to him. 'Fine, you get in then.'

Rohan's eyes grew wide.

'That's not what I meant,' he said quickly.

'Well, *someone's* got to go in the trolley. How else are we going to go viral?'

I glanced at Josh. He immediately looked at his feet.

'I thought you wanted to be famous,' I pointed out.

'I do. It's just that I get travel sick.'

I turned to Jenson. He wouldn't let me down, I was certain.

'Looks like you're up, Jens.'

'Me?'

'Yeah.'

'But I'm the biggest by miles.'

This was true. In fact, Jenson was one of the tallest boys in the whole of Year Seven at Henry Bigg Academy. But if none of the others were brave enough to step up, it didn't leave me with much choice.

'The extra weight will give us some speed,' I said.

'But I thought I was going to be the cameraman.'

'Alex can do that instead.'

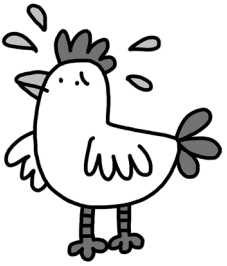
'Yeah, totally,' Alex said eagerly.

'But Alex's phone is rubbish,' Jenson said.

'Let him borrow yours then.'

Jenson hesitated. 'I dunno, Ollie, I'm not really prepared.'

'What do you mean – *prepared*? All you have to do is sit in a trolley. Easy peasy. It's the rest of us doing all the hard work pushing you around.'



'Yeah, but . . .'

'But what? You're not too chicken, are you?'

I began to cluck and flap my arms.

It did the trick. Within seconds, Jenson had given Alex his phone and hopped in the shopping trolley.

'Make sure you get all the action,' I told Alex.

If we really were going to go viral, we needed to record every second.

Carefully, Josh, Rohan and I guided the trolley up the slope to the starting line. I was in the middle, my hands gripping the handle tightly, with Josh clinging onto the left side of the

trolley, Rohan doing the same on the right, and Jenson crouching in the trolley itself, his long legs jammed up under his chin. Meanwhile, Alex had scampered ahead so he could capture the moment we set off.



'It's pretty steep,' Rohan said as we stood at the top of the slope.

'Yeah, isn't it great?' I said. 'The speed will give us the momentum to get us over the first jump.'

I gave Alex the thumbs-up to start filming.

'And . . . action!' he yelled.

'Hey, guys,' I bellowed at the camera. 'I'm Dare Devil Ollie, and you're about to watch us make it around this BMX track in record time. On your marks . . .'

Jenson peered over his shoulder. 'Um, Ollie . . .'

'Get set . . .'

'. . . I think I might have changed my—'

'Go!' I roared.

As we set off down the slope, Jenson let out a blood-curdling scream that I couldn't *wait* to tease him about later.

The trolley flew, just like I knew it would, but we still had to push pretty hard to get it up and over the first jump. On the way down, we picked up speed again, only for Rohan to get his foot stuck under the back wheel.

'Man down! Man down!' I yelled in glee as he tumbled down the grass verge.

I hoped Alex was getting all of this on film. It was content gold!

The next jump was even steeper, the trolley almost tipping backwards as Josh and I used all our might to push it up the slope, laughing our heads off the entire time.

As we clattered down the other side, I jumped on the back of the trolley and let out a whoop of triumph. This was turning out even better than I hoped!

'Corner!' Jenson screamed. 'Corner!'

I put my feet back on the ground and did my best to lean into the turn, the way I did when I was on my bike, but the trolley was too heavy and travelling way too fast.

Realising we were about to leave the track, I let go, hurling my body sideways, landing on

the grass commando style. On the other side of the trolley, Josh tried to do the same, only he didn't quite make the grass, hitting the asphalt track instead. Meanwhile Jenson let out a yell as the trolley careered up and over the bank like a runaway train, disappearing from view before slamming into the chain-link fence with an almighty crash.



For a second there was silence. I jumped to my feet and sprinted up the bank, Alex close behind.

'Oh my God, Jens!' I cried as I scrambled over the top. 'That was epic, totally epic!'

I froze.

The trolley was turned on its side while Jenson lay on the ground, one hand clasped over his mouth.

Then I saw the blood on the grass.

Alex hurried past me down the bank. 'You OK, Jens?' he asked.

Jenson didn't reply, just stared up at Alex with big, frightened eyes.

Rohan and Josh appeared at my side.

'Is he all right?' Rohan asked, the panic in his voice obvious.

'I think he's in shock,' Alex reported, crouching at Jenson's side. 'Jens, mate,' he said. 'Can you take your hand away for a second?'

Slowly, Jenson removed his hand. I heard Rohan and Josh let out a gasp.

Jenson's face was covered with blood. Not only that, there was a massive gap where his front teeth used to be.

My stomach lurched. I didn't know why but suddenly I felt really sick and dizzy.

'He must have knocked them on the front of the trolley or something,' Alex said.

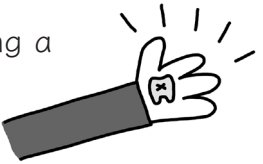
'We need to find them then,' Rohan said. 'And fast!'

I remained glued to the spot as Alex, Rohan and Josh immediately started combing the grass for Jenson's missing teeth.

'C'mon, Ollie, help!' Josh yelled over his shoulder.

I wanted to, I swear, but every time I even looked in Jenson's direction, I went all wobbly.

It must have been something I ate. Come to think of it, the paella they served in the canteen at lunch today did taste a bit fishier than usual . . .



'Found one!' Alex cried, holding a bloodied tooth in the air.

My stomach did a somersault. *Seriously, I'm never having paella ever again.*

'What are you doing, Ollie?' Rohan demanded.

I was about to answer him when I realised I couldn't. I was scared that if I opened my mouth, I'd be sick there and then, and I couldn't do that because everyone would assume it was down to all the blood, which it absolutely wasn't because everyone knows only wimps and losers are afraid of blood.



And so I did what anyone else in my shoes would have done.

I turned and I ran.