



THE



'ABSOLUTELY HILARIOUS'

Katie Kirby, author of Lottie Brooks



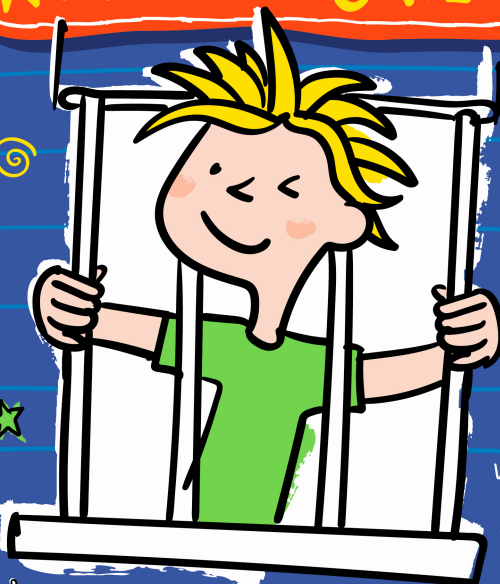
DETENTION

DIARIES

WORSE THAN JAIL



Carlos Chickens
(My best friend)



My shorts!



Camila
Wither-Kay
(goody
two-shoes)



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BLOOMSBURY



BLOOMSBURY CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
50 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3DP, UK
Bloomsbury Publishing Ireland Limited
29 Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin 2, D02 AY28, Ireland

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First published in Great Britain in 2026 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

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Directive (EU) 2019/790

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

ISBN: PB: 978-1-0372-0223-0; eBook: 978-1-0372-0226-1

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A.



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ARTHUR'S NOTE

You are holding in your hands a copy of my diary, written by me, Arthur Guppy.



I have written these notes after I wrote the diary. It's like bonus downloadable content which you don't actually have to download.

As you will see from this amazingly drawn picture, it looks very much like I'm in jail. I'm not. It's worse. I'm in DETENTION. At least in jail you are allowed mobile phones and PlayStation.



And how did a boy who everybody knows is all-round awesome end up in detention?

Well, I'll tell you: a BIG, **HUGE** injustice.

And this diary is the story of how I got sent to detention. Get ready to be outraged by how unfairly treated the innocent hero (me, Arthur Guppy) is treated!

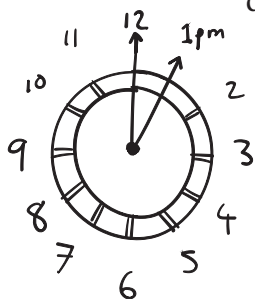
Get ready for **THE**
DETENTION
 DIARY!



New school year,
new me! It's the first
day of school and I
have made a solemn
promise to Mum and Dad
that I will not get ANY
detentions.

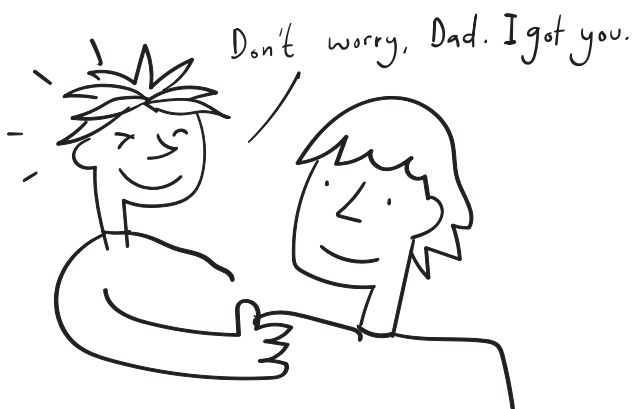


My school is the only one I know that has
detentions, because our
headteacher thinks they
prepare us for the 'real
world'. Detentions happen
at lunchtime and you
miss the whole of
break, which is the worst.



When Mum started making breakfast, Dad put
his hand on my shoulder and looked around
nervously to make sure nobody could hear.

Then he whispered to me that if I get to Christmas without a detention, he will get me a MetaVR 3000, the top of the range virtual reality headset. I think he really wants to get one but Mum won't let him, so that's why he waited for her to leave and he did the whole hand on the shoulder/whispering thing.



'Don't worry, Dad. I got you.' I gave him a wink and put my hand on *his* shoulder. 'I'm absolutely certain I won't get a detention before Christmas.'¹

¹ I'm absolutely certain I shouldn't have been so absolutely certain here.

I left the house determined to be **EVEN MORE** well-behaved and polite, which would not be easy because I was already **VERY** well-behaved and polite.

We all crowded into school, and there was a crush on the stairs, and it took ages to get into class. There was a deafening din, and all the chat was about who our new form teacher was going to be.

‘HEY, GUPPY!’ Carlos
shouted over the all the noise.²
‘WANT TO PLAY AROUND
YOUR BUMFLAPS?’



² Carlos Chickens is my best friend. You might be suspicious that somebody called Carlos Chickens is best friends with somebody called Arthur Guppy, but it's true. And he is called Carlos because his great-great-great-grandfather was from Mexico. He doesn't even

speak Spanish, apart from a few words, and his name is ACTUALLY Carl, but he prefers being called Carlos. Carlos really comes from a place called Swindon.

‘DO I WANT TO PLAY AROUND WITH MY BUMFLAPS?!’ I shouted back. ‘NO, CARLOS. I DO NOT WANT TO PLAY AROUND WITH MY BUMFLAPS. YOU BIG WEIRDO.’

‘NO!!’ Carlos shouted. ‘I SAID, “*DO YOU WANT TO PLAY A ROUND OF BUMFLAPS?*”’

‘OH! WHAT’S THAT?’



We bundled into the classroom, and the teacher was already there waiting for us. Everybody stopped talking immediately.

Ugh. Our new teacher was Mrs Otine.³



³ Everybody knows Mrs Gill Otine is the WORST TEACHER IN THE WHOLE SCHOOL. She looks old and pleasant, like a lovely grandma who has sweets in her pocket, but the only things she has in her pocket are detention forms and poison. Probably.

‘OK,’ Carlos whispered, as he flumped down next to me. ‘So, we take turns saying Bumflaps, but you say it louder and louder each time. You up for the challenge, amigo?’

I had seen a version of this game last year. It ended with Small Zack getting detention for shouting ‘Fudge Nuggets’ in a Maths test.

I remembered my promise to Dad.

No detentions.

★ ‘No, Carlos. My dad has ★
told me if I don’t get any
detentions before Christmas,
we get a MetaVR 3000. And
★ my dad *really* wants a MetaVR
3000. So I will not be playing a game of
Bumflaps. Or Fudge Nuggets.’



Carlos gave me an impressed look that I was pretty sure meant ‘I respect your decision, amigo, and I shall not lead you astray’. But about twenty seconds later, Carlos leaned over to me and whispered ...

‘Bumflaps!’



He nodded at me and grinned. I squeezed my eyes shut and clutched my hands into fists, trying to resist the heady temptation of Bumflaps.

I HAD TO BE GOOD!

But then Carlos whispered slightly louder.

'Bumflaps!'

There is only so much
temptation a boy can take.

I am only human.

I couldn't resist.

'Bumflaps!' I whispered
back, a little louder.



'Bumflaps!' Carlos replied, getting louder.

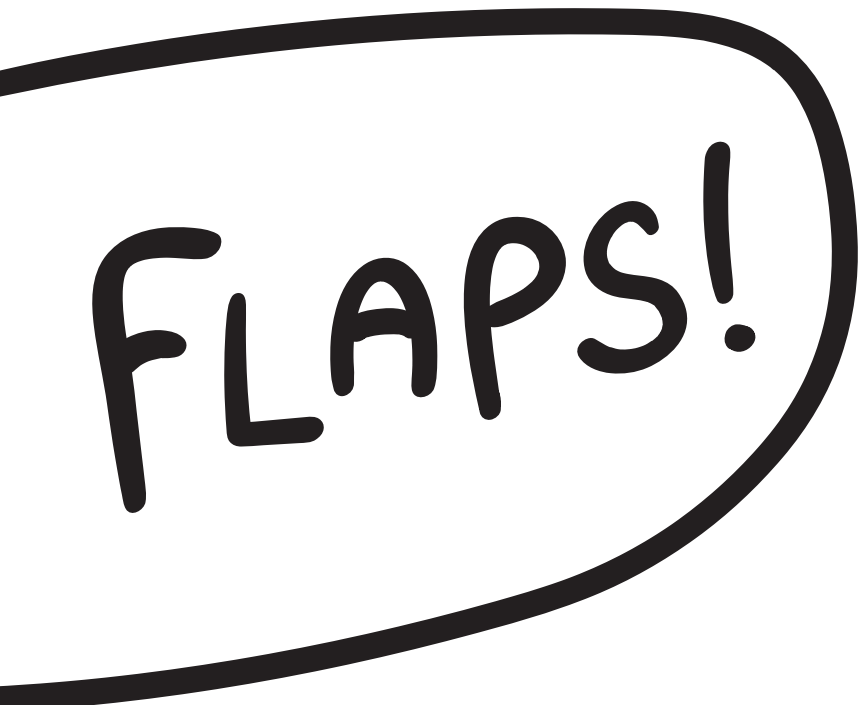
'Bumflaps!' I said, quite loud.

'Bumflaps!'

'BUMFLAPS!' I shouted.

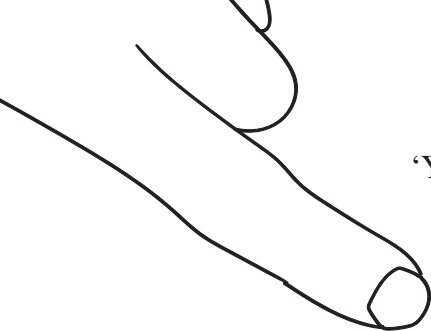
'BUMFLAPS!'





FLAPS!

I shouted at the top of my voice.



‘You, boy!’ shouted Mrs
Oline, pointing a bony
finger straight at me.

This was it. I was done for.

I was getting a detention.



And on the very first day! Before the first lesson
had even started!

‘You, boy!’ she shouted again. ‘What are you
muttering about to the boy next to you?’

Muttering? Wha ... What?! How could she not
have heard me ... ?

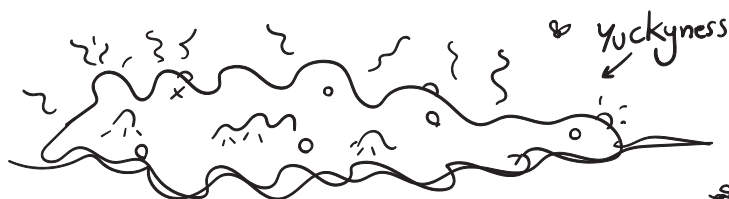
And then Mrs Oline did something
UNSPEAKABLE.

‘Ah!’ she said, her eyebrows lifting. Then she
slowly tugged and pulled something hideous –

822



a gruesome, green lump of grimness – from deep inside each of her ears.



‘That’s better,’ she said. ‘Left cotton wool in my ears. What a ninnyhammer⁴ I am. Martyr to my earwax, you see. Now. On with the class! And no more muttering.’



⁴ I have no idea what a ninnyhammer is and I wasn't about to ask. I like the sound of it though, and I am going to start calling people ninnyhammers. Maybe you should too? I recommend trying it on a friend first, before you progress to calling your teacher or parents ninnyhammers. Best not to rush into these things.

I had got away with Bumflaps. No detention. Carlos gave me a wink.



ARTHUR'S NOTE

Now, you might have been thinking 'Ah-ha!
So this is how he gets put in detention!
He gets caught shouting

"Bumflaps"

really loudly in class!' But no.
You were wrong. That
would have made
for a really short,
disappointing book.
And this is not a
short book.

The real story of how
I got a detention begins
after the describey bit ...

