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opening extract from

Dirty Bertie: Loo!

written by

Alan Macdonald

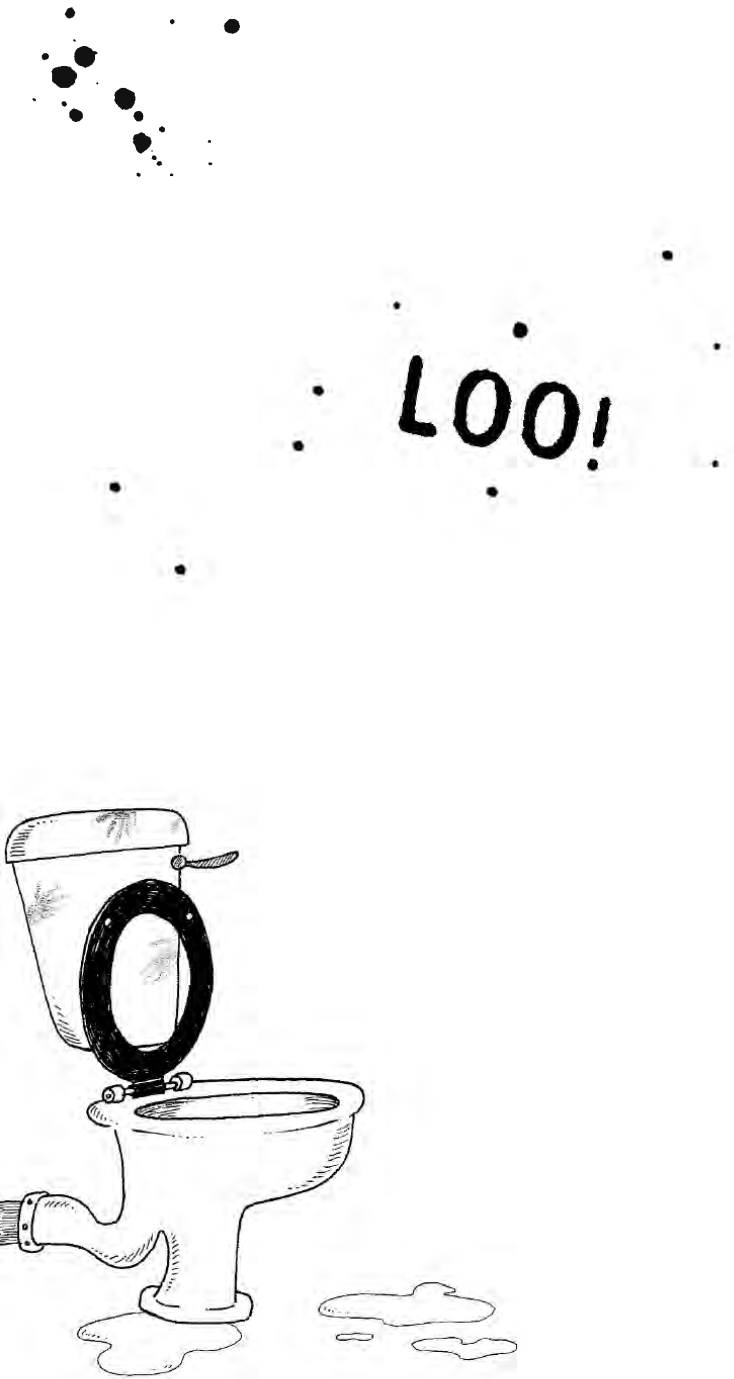
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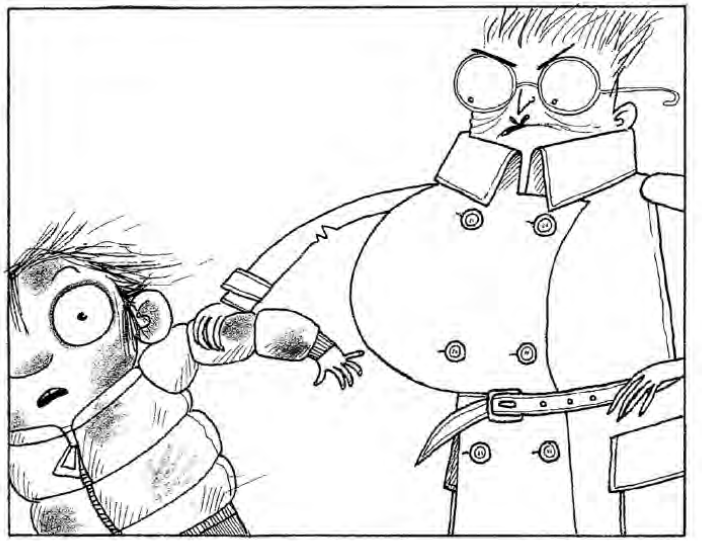
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CHAPTER 1

"NO RUNNING!" barked Miss Boot, grabbing Bertie's arm as he flew past. "And that means you, Bertie. Get on the coach in an orderly fashion."

The class stampeded up the steps as Mr Weakly counted them on board. Bertie, Darren and Eugene elbowed their way past, trying to reach the back seat.

Bertie raced down the aisle and skidded to a halt. Know-All Nick, and his weedy pal Trevor, had got there first.

"Sorry, Bertie," smirked Nick. "No room!"

"Yeah, no room!" grinned Trevor.

"But *we're* sitting there!" said Bertie.

Mr Weakly came down the gangway, looking flustered. He was a nervous young teacher who Bertie had once locked in the store cupboard for a dare.

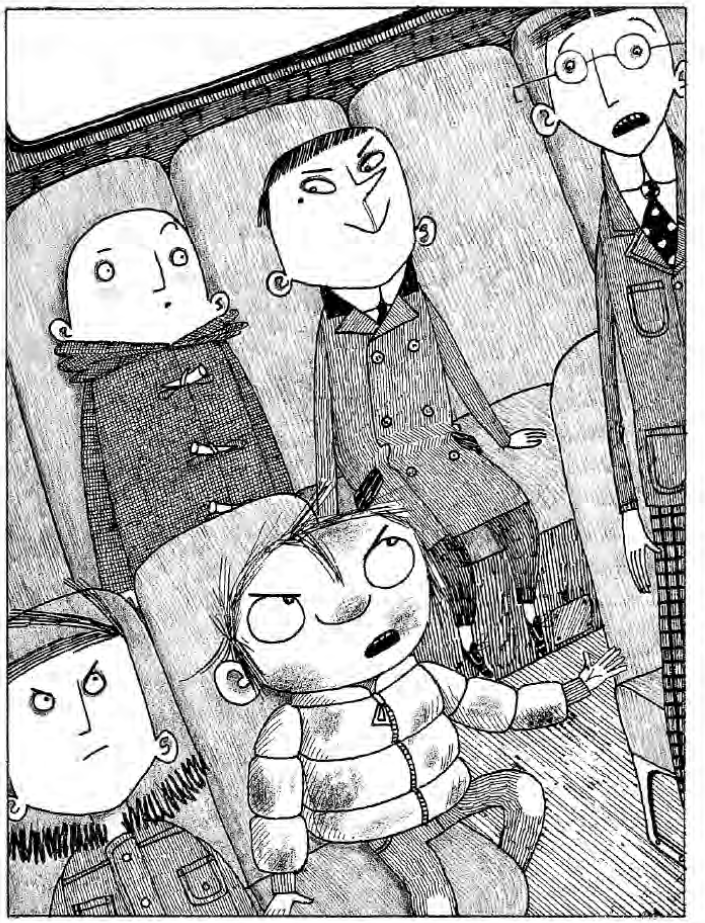
"Come on, boys," he sighed. "Sit down. We're waiting to go."

"But sir, they're in our seats!" complained Bertie.

"Yeah, they had the back seat on the way here," said Darren.

"Tough cheese! First come, first served," said Nick, smugly.

"Couldn't you all just share nicely?" pleaded Mr Weakly. He could see Miss Boot glaring at them like a black cloud.



Bertie pointed at the empty seat in front. "Oh, Nick, isn't that your money?"

"Where?"

"There – under the seat!"

Nick got up to look. "Where…?"

WHOOSH!

Bertie and his friends barged past him and hurled themselves on to the back seat, pushing Trevor out of the way.

"Sorry! First come first served!" grinned Bertie.

"Sir!" whined Nick. "They stole our seats! It's not fair!"

"NICHOLAS!" Miss Boot's voice shook the windows like a hurricane. "SIT DOWN, THIS MINUTE!"

Nick flopped sulkily into the seat in front. The coach set off.

Bertie stared out of the window.

The day had been one big let down. School trips were meant to be fun, but Miss Boot always chose something "educational". Why couldn't they go somewhere interesting – like a chocolate factory, or a space centre? Miss Boot's idea of a trip was to drag them hundreds of miles to the Costume Museum in Dribbleswick. Bertie had spent hours staring at dummies dressed in petticoats and frilly bloomers. Worse still, the museum shop didn't even sell sweets. He'd ended up buying a useless plastic ruler that said "I'VE BEEN TO THE COSTUME MUSEUM!" Bertie took it out of his bag and stared at it. Hang on, maybe he could find a use for it after all?



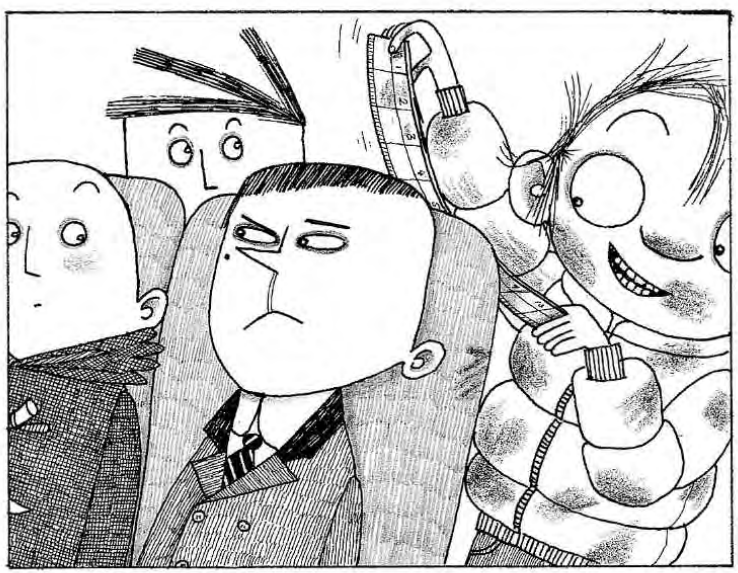
The back of Nick's head was poking up above the seat in front. Bertie reached out and prodded it with his ruler. Nick scratched his head.

PROD! PROD! Bertie did it again. Nick swung round.

"Was that you?"

"What?" said Bertie, innocently.

"I'll tell," warned Nick, turning back. Bertie bent back the ruler, taking aim.



Dirty Bertie

THWUCK!

"OWW!" howled Nick, clutching his head. "Miss! Bertie hit me!"

Miss Boot spun round. "BERTIE! IS THIS TRUE?"

"No, Miss," said Bertie. After all, he hadn't touched Nick, the ruler had.

Nick narrowed his eyes. There was a long journey ahead. He would get Bertie for this.