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opening extract from

Dirty Bertie: Loo!

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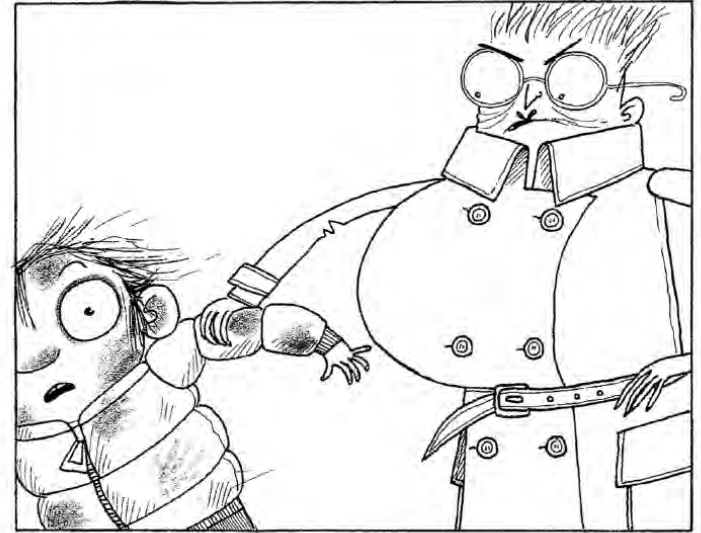
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LOO!



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.

Dirty Bertie

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."

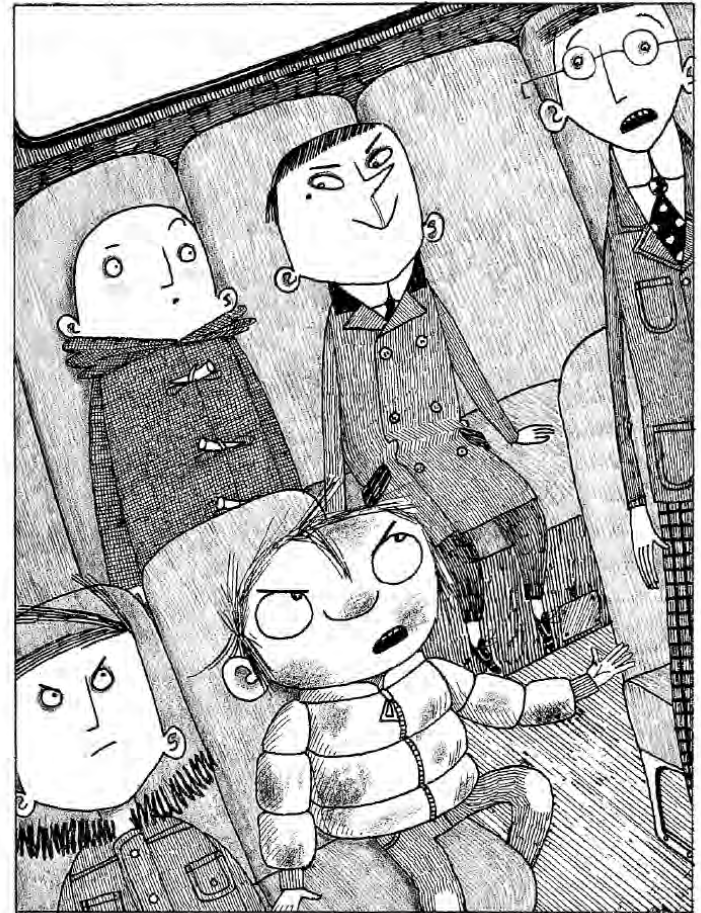
"But sir, they're in our seats!" complained Bertie.

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

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

Dirty Bertie

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



Dirty Bertie

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.

Dirty Bertie

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?



Dirty Bertie

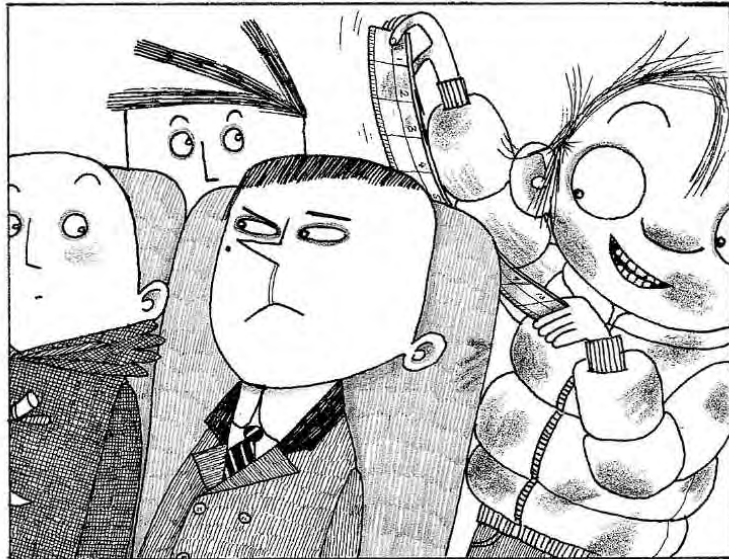
The back of Nick's head was poking up above the seat in front. Bertie reached out and prodded it with his ruler. Nick scratched his head.

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!

"OWWW!" 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.