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Dirty Bertie: Fetch

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ROYAL!





CHAPTER 1

Bertie opened the front door.

Gran zoomed past him and burst into the kitchen where Mum, Dad and Suzy were having tea. Bertie had never seen her so excited. She looked like she might take off.

"You'll never guess what!" she panted. "I'm going to meet the Queen!"

"No!" gasped Mum.

"Yes!"

"Never!"

"I am. Look – here's the invitation!"

She fished in her handbag and pulled out a silver-trimmed card with an important-looking coat of arms.

Bertie, Suzy, Mum and Dad crowded round to look.



Dirty Bertie

"Goodness! A royal garden party?" said Mum.

"Isn't it exciting?" said Gran. "I can hardly wait!"

Suzy read the invitation again.

"And guest," she said. "What does that mean?"

"It means I can bring a friend or relative," explained Gran.

"What? To meet the Queen?" asked Bertie, wide-eyed.

"Yes!"

"Actually really MEET her?"

"Yes, actually really."

Bertie could hardly believe his ears. Imagine that – going to a party at the Queen's house! Bertie loved parties and this would be the greatest ever. Think of the food – royal jelly and king-sized

ice creams. Think of the games – Musical Thrones, Pass the Diamonds and Hide and Seek with a hundred rooms to choose from. Maybe the Queen would decide to knight him? Maybe she'd even let him borrow her crown for a day to wear to school? Hang on though, didn't Gran say she could only take *one* guest to the party? And she hadn't said who it would be!



"Let me take your coat, Dotty," said Mum, steering Gran into a chair.

"Are you comfy? I'll get you a cushion!" simpered Suzy.

"Have some cake!" offered Dad, cutting a huge slice of sponge.



Bertie scowled. He could see what his sneaky family were up to. They wanted Gran to choose them!

"Well? Have you decided?" asked Mum.

"Decided what?"

"Who you're taking to the garden party?"

"Oh yes," said Gran. She dabbed her lips with a napkin. "Well, it wasn't easy, I've got so many friends. But in the end I thought – who do I know that's never been to London? Who's never even seen Buckingham Palace?"

"ME!" yelled Bertie, banging into the table and spilling the cups.

"BERTIE?" gasped Suzy.

"Is that a good idea?" said Dad. "I mean Bertie – meeting the Queen?"

"Why shouldn't I meet her?" demanded Bertie.

"Well, it's just … sometimes you forget your manners."

"I don't!" said Bertie, grabbing another slice of cake.

Of course there was the time the lady Mayoress visited his school. That was a

bit of a disaster. But it wasn't easy to shake hands with a bogey stuck to your finger. Still, Bertie was sure he wouldn't make the same mistake with the Queen. She probably had servants to deal with that sort of thing.

