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Opening extract from

Dirty Bertie: Snow

Written by

Alan MacDonald

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Dirty Bertie

SNOW!



For Jane – without whom there wouldn't be a series ~ A M and D R



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Dirty Bertie

SNOW!



DAVID ROBERTS WRITTEN BY ALAN MACDONALD

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SNOW!





CHAPTER 1

Bertie woke up. He pulled back the curtains and gasped. SNOW! For weeks he'd been praying for snow and now it had finally come. Whoopee! Snowmen! Snowball fights! And even better, sledging on Pudsley Hill!

He burst into his parents' bedroom. "IT'S SNOWING!" he yelled.

"Uhh … what?" mumbled Mum.

"It's snowing! Look outside!" shouted Bertie, pulling back the curtains.

Dad squinted at the alarm clock and groaned. "Bertie, it's not even six o'clock!"

"But it's snowing!" said Bertie.

"I don't care – go back to bed!"

Bertie went. A moment later his head poked round the door. "Do you think school will be closed?" he asked.

"BACK TO BED!" bellowed Dad.

But Bertie was too excited – how could anyone sleep when it was snowing outside? He hurried downstairs.

"Hey, Whiffer! Look, it's snowing!"

They stood at the window watching the snow coming down. There was snow on the rooftops and snow carpeting the lawn. Bertie looked at Whiffer…

Dirty Bertie

Five minutes later they were in the garden. Bertie bounded around, chased excitedly by Whiffer. Snowflakes fell on his face and melted on his tongue. He scooped up a big ball of snow. *If only Darren and Eugene were here*, he thought, *we could have a snowball fight.*



CRUMP! His snowball thudded against the side of the shed.

"BERTIE!"

Uh oh. Mum stuck her head out of the back door.

"What on earth are you doing?" she cried.

"Playing," replied Bertie.

"You're still in your pyjamas! They'll get soaked!"

Bertie looked down. It was true, his pyjamas had got a little bit soggy.

"I'm wearing boots," he said.

"For heaven's sake, come in before you catch your death!"

Bertie drooped inside, trailing wet footprints through the kitchen. Whiffer shook himself, showering snow everywhere.



"Ugh!" said Mum. "Look at you, Bertie, you're wet through!"

"It's only snow," said Bertie.

"Go and get some clothes on."

In his bedroom Bertie quickly pulled on his jeans and thumped downstairs.

The phone was ringing in the hall.

"Yes?" he said, snatching up the receiver.

"Hey, Bertie!" It was Darren. "Have you heard? School's closed!"

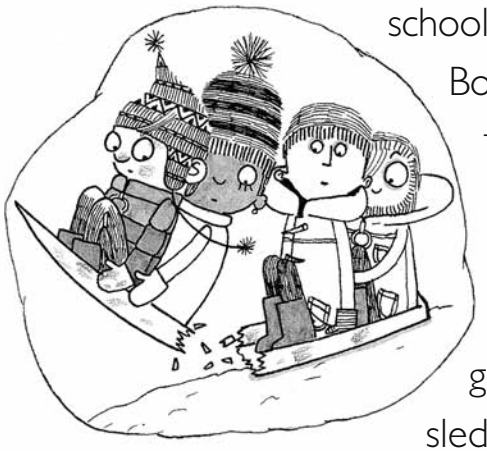
Bertie did a wild dance of joy. "We can have snowball fights!" he whooped.

"And go sledging!" cried Darren.

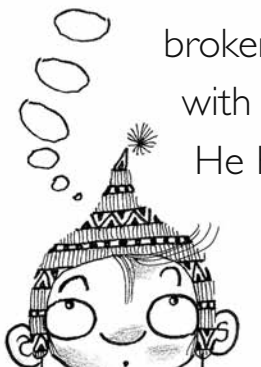
"I'll meet you at Pudsley Hill," said Bertie. "Tell Eugene."

"Okay. Bring your sledge!" said Darren.

Bertie slammed down the phone. This was going to be the greatest day ever. No school, no mean old Miss Boot – he could spend the whole day playing in the snow.



Wait a moment, though. Bertie gulped. Didn't his sledge accidentally get broken last year when they tried it with four people? Argh! Disaster! He had to find a sledge and fast.



"Guess what? School's closed!" cried Bertie, scooting into the kitchen.

Dad groaned. Suzy cheered.

"Can I go sledging with my friends?" asked Bertie.

Mum sighed. "After breakfast."

"And can we get a new sledge?"

"Certainly not," said Dad.

"But ours is broken!" moaned Bertie.

"And whose fault is that?" said Mum.

"It wasn't mine. I *told* Darren he was too heavy."

"Well, we're not wasting money on sledges so you can break them," said Mum. "If you're that desperate, go and ask your gran."

"Why, is she going sledging?"

"I mean, ask if she's got a sledge. I'm sure she used to have one."