



Our class is the **WORST CLASS IN THE WORLD.**

I know it is the **WORST CLASS IN THE WORLD** because Mrs Bottomley-Blunt (who is our headmistress, and who makes

a noise like a horse when she is annoyed, which is a lot) is always taking our teacher into the corridor and saying,



‘Mr Nidgett, I have come across some rotten eggs in my time, but 4B is **LITERALLY** the **WORST CLASS IN THE WORLD!**

LITERALLY means actually scientifically **TRUE**. Mrs Bottomley-Blunt pointed that out when Manjit Morris (who is my best friend, and who is going to be the First Human Boy to Teach a Chicken to Play Chess) said his head had **LITERALLY** exploded when he got a dog called Killer for his birthday, and it actually hadn't.

It is true that a lot of things do not go as well as they could in class 4B.

For example:

1. The time Lacey Braithwaite bet Bruce Bingley he could not hop along the Smelly Death Log without touching the poo and he fell into the newt pond.
2. The time Manjit lost the class monkey mascot inside a space simulator.
3. The time we went to the museum and Keith Mears borrowed a mummified cat to do modern art.

Plus no one has won a prize all year, and 4A have won:

1. Best Interpretative Dancing
2. Best Project on Fleas
3. Best Beanbag Race without Throwing a Single Beanbag

Although this is not surprising, as their class captain is Eustace Troy, who is president of chess club, first violin in the school orchestra and team leader on the Shining Examples competitive spelling squad.



Our class captain is Bruce Bingley, who can only burp the national anthem, which I think is quite impressive, but Mrs Bottomley-Blunt does not.



She says school is not about
footling or fiddle-faddling or **FUN**.
It is about **LEARNING** and it is high
time we tried harder to **EXCEL** at it.

Dad says well at least I haven't
been arrested. Grandpa says being
arrested would be getting off lightly
and **IN HIS DAY** he had to walk
five miles to school barefoot and
eat gravel for lunch.

Mum, who works at the council,
says, 'I have spent all day listening
to Mr Butterworth bang on about
bollards and the last thing I need

is a heated debate about eating gravel. As long as Stanley's happy, that's all that matters.'

And you know what? I am happy, because:

1. According to Mr Nidgett, everyone excels at something, even Harvey Barlow - they just have to look very hard to find it.

2. According to the laws of probability, we have had all our bad luck and nothing else can possibly go wrong.

3. According to Manjit, even if it does

go wrong we have a **FOOLPROOF PLAN**
to get away with it, which is **DO NOT**
TELL ANYONE.

You see, 4B may be the **WORST**
CLASS IN THE WORLD. But I
like it.

