

Helping your children choose books they will love



Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from
Barry Loser and the Case of the Crumpled Carton

Written by
Jim Smith

Published by
Egmont Books Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading .co.uk



First published in Great Britain 2015
by Jelly Pie an imprint of Egmont UK Ltd
The Yellow Building, 1 Nicholas Road, London W11 4AN

Text and illustration copyright © Jim Smith 2015
The moral rights of the author-illustrator have been asserted.

ISBN 978 1 4052 6803 5

barryloser.com
www.jellypiecentral.co.uk
www.egmont.co.uk

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library

Printed and bound in Great Britain by the CPI Group

55384/1

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior
permission of the publisher and copyright owner.

Stay safe online. Any website addresses listed in this book are correct at the time of going to print.

However, Egmont is not responsible for content hosted by third parties. Please be aware that
online content can be subject to change and websites can contain content that is unsuitable for
children. We advise that all children are supervised when using the internet.

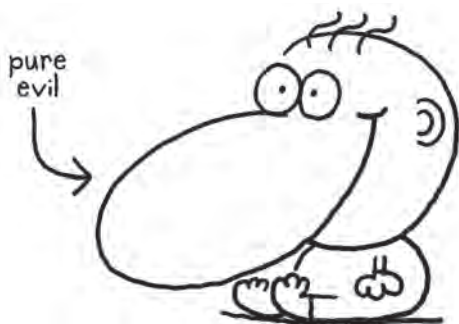


MIX
Paper

FSC FSC® C018306

Worst name ever

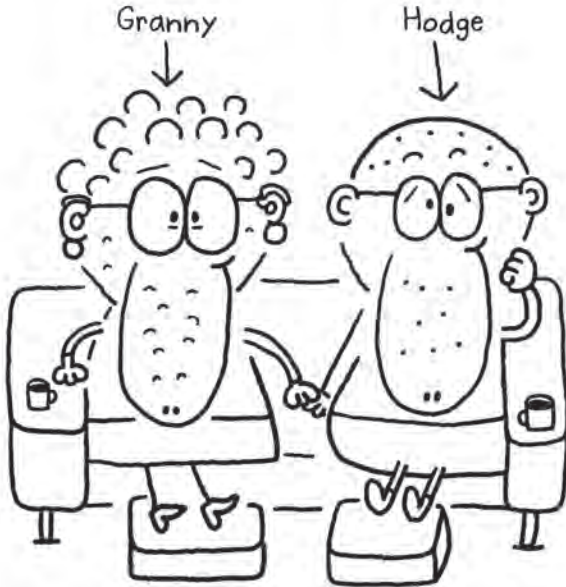
My mum and dad are so busy looking after my brand new baby brother, Desmond Loser the Second, I sometimes wonder if they know I even exist.



Like the other day, when my Granny Harumpadunk and her boyfriend Mr Hodgepodge came round to visit. My mum's favourite show, Detective Manksniff, was on TV, and I'd snuggled up to her on the comfy sofa, using her belly as a pillow.



Granny Harumpadunk and Mr Hodgepodge were squigged on the uncomfy sofa, squinting through their matching glasses at the TV.



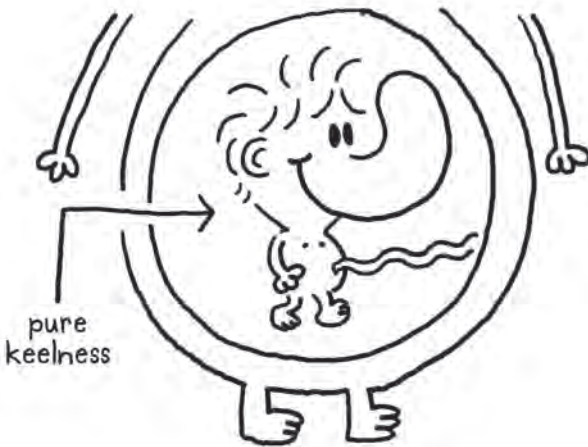
'Ooh, now there's a good-looking man,' warbled my granny as Detective Manksniff stirred his cocktail with a straw, and Mr Hodgepodge rolled his eyes.

'SHHH!' shushed my mum. 'I'm trying to enjoy my show,' she said, and I sniggled at her loseriness, even though I was secretly quite enjoying it too.



'WAAHHH!!!' screamed my dad from the downstairs bathroom, where he was changing Desmond Loser the Second's nappy for the nineteenth time that morning. 'DESMOND'S WEED IN MY FACE AGAIN!'

I heard my mum's belly do a gurgle and imagined myself curled up inside it, the same size as my annoying little brother.

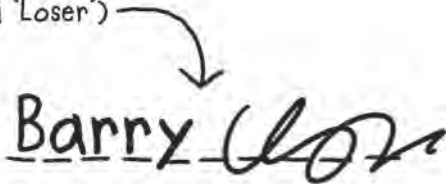


'What was I like when I was a baby, Mum?' I said.

'I'm coming, Desmond!' cried my mum, comperleeterly ignoring my question, and she leaped off the sofa, wobbling down the hallway to help.

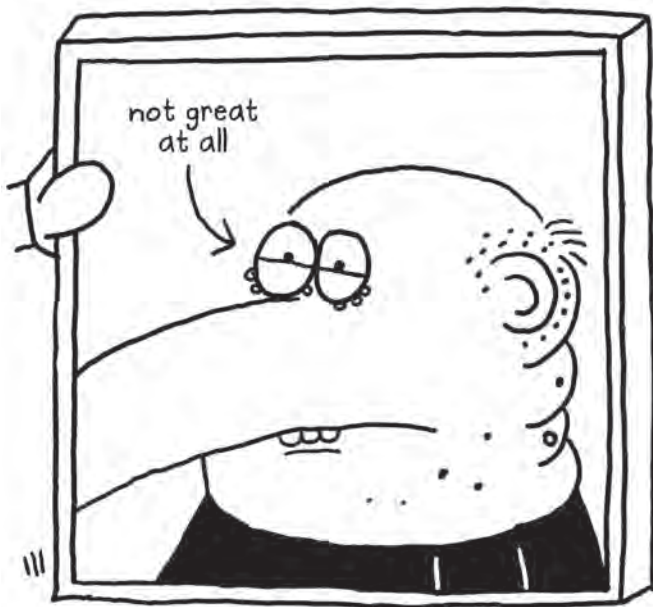
'Des-mond,' murmured Mr Hodgepodge, as if he'd only just heard it for the first time. 'What a terrific name for a little boy!' he smiled, and I wondered why everyone in my whole entire life had to have such loserish names, me included.

my autograph
(so you can't
read 'Loser')

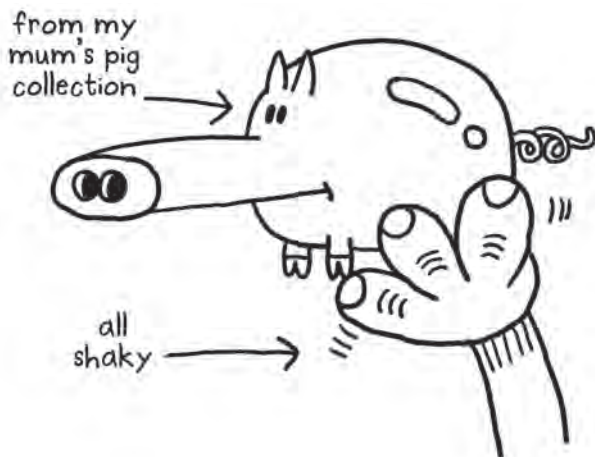


Barry Loser

'Desmond Loser the First would've been proud!' beamed Granny Harumpadunk, heaving herself off the uncomfy sofa and doddering over to the mantelpiece, and she lifted up a photo of my Great Uncle Desmond, who was the biggest Loser that ever lived.



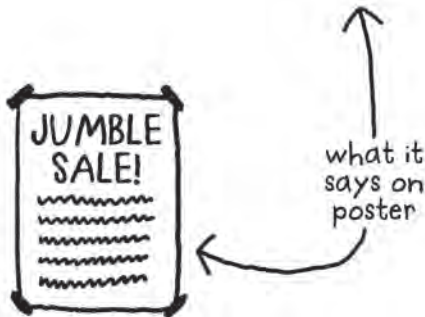
She put the picture back on the mantelpiece and picked up a little pig made out of china.



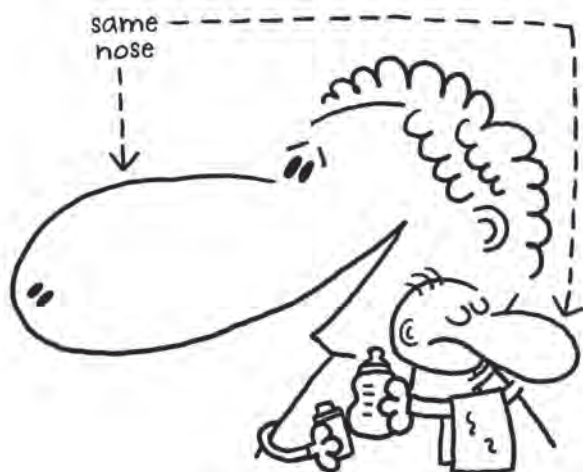
'Do you think your mum wants this, Barry?' she said, and I shrugged, not listening at all, because Detective Manksniff had finished and MY favourite TV show, Future Ratboy, was on next.

'MAUREEN, DO YOU WANT THIS PIG OR CAN I SELL IT AT THE JUMBLE SALE?' screeched Granny Harumpadunk down the hallway to my mum, and I blew off into my sofa cushion out of shock.

That's all Granny Harumpadunk's been doing recently, collecting stuff for her boring old jumble sale, which is in Mogden Hall on Saturday from 10am till 3pm with a live magic show by The Great Hodgepodge and his glamorous assistant, Madame Harumpadunk, at 1pm sharp.



'Sell it. She's got millions of them,'
whispered my dad, tiptoeing into the
lounge with Desmond Loser the Second
asleep on his shoulder.



'Barry, turn that TV down,' he mouthed,
and I was just about to press the mute
button on the remote control, seeing
as it was only the adverts, when I saw
a carton of Tears of Granny Laughter
pop up on the screen.