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Opening extract from
Nathalia Buttface and the Most Embarrassing Five Minutes of Fame Ever

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*Nathalia Buttface and the Most Embarrassing
Five Minutes of Fame Ever*

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CHAPTER ONE



“**A**RE YOU SURE NO ONE ELSE IS GOING TO see this video?” asked Penny Posnitch doubtfully.

“I’m not an idiot,” said Nat. “I’m not my dad.”

“Will you hurry up? My arms are getting tired,” complained Darius.

“Just hold the camera straight and press the record button when I tell you,” snapped Nat.

The three of them were in Nat’s back garden. It was a lovely warm afternoon at the end of

the school holidays. The sun was shining, the flowers were out, Dad was upstairs trying to write Christmas cracker jokes and shouting rude words at his laptop, and the three friends were making a dance video.

The dance video was going very badly.

And so was Dad's joke writing; every so often they would hear him yell: "Oh heck, that's not funny. I'm doomed..."

"I wonder if he needs a hand," said Darius, putting the camera down. "I've got a great joke about a monkey who needs to go to the toilet."

"The 'monkey who needs to go to the toilet' joke is not a joke anyone wants in their cracker while they're eating their Christmas pudding," said Nat. "Can we please do our dance video?"

"I want to hear the monkey joke," said Penny.

Nat started hopping up and down. "I've been trying to make this video all morning," she shouted. "Will you both CONCENTRATE."

"I only came round to show Nathalia the new Dinky Blue, Girl Guru episode online,"

grumbled Penny. “And now I’ve been roped into this.”

“She’s rubbish,” said Darius, making sick noises. “You should watch Doom Ninja Pete instead. He blew up a pig last week.”

“That’s disgusting,” said Penny, who was an animal lover.

Darius started doing his impression of a pig blowing up in slow motion, until Nat ran over and started throttling him.

“Pick-up-the-camera-and-film-us-doing-the-dance...”

“OK,” he squawked.

“Play the song on the phone, Penny.”

“I can’t remember the dance move after the song goes: ‘Baby baby ooh baby,’” said Penny.

“Which ‘Baby baby ooh baby?’” asked Nat. “She sings ‘Baby baby ooh baby’ about a ZILLION times. The song is CALLED ‘Baby baby ooh baby’.”

“Er – the first time,” said Penny.

“That’s the START of the song,” shouted Nat

in frustration. “I’ve shown you the moves about a thousand million billion times at least and I’m not even exaggerating. What is the matter with you? It’s step left, arms cross, turn, arms up, bend, slide and wiggle. Got it?”

“You’re not a very good dance teacher,” said Penny sulkily. “You’re always shouting.”

“That’s how good dance teachers teach dance,” shouted Nat.

“Do you want me to film this bit?” asked Darius, filming that bit.

“Of course I don’t want you to film this bit; stop filming this bit,” said Nat.

“When I saw Flora Marling’s dance video there was no one shouting,” grumbled Penny.

“That’s because Flora Marling is flipping perfect, we all know that,” said Nat. “So this dance video has to be better than perfect.”

“You can’t be better than perfect,” corrected Darius, who was filming with one hand while picking his nose with the other.

“I’m not doing anything while he’s doing

THAT,” said Penny, pulling a face.

Eventually Nat got Penny to concentrate and Darius to wash his hands and after a few more shouty rehearsals, she and Penny were doing the dance.

Nat was especially proud of a new move she had invented called the Prancing Pony. It was super-tricky and Penny had already got it wrong once and ended up in a hedge.

But finally it was going well.

“...Up and hop and jump and slide and hop,” whispered Nat, reminding Penny what to do, as they reached the tricky bit. To her delight Penny was doing it BETTER THAN PERFECTLY when...

“I’ve gotta go,” said Darius, putting the camera down on the ground. “See you.”

“WHAT? We haven’t finished, you total chimp,” said Nat.

“Then you shouldn’t have taken so long, Buttface,” said Darius. “I’m busy.”

“Doing what? Where are you going?” Nat

asked, infuriated, but she didn't get an answer because at that moment Dad appeared from the house.

"Just thought I'd see if you were OK," he said. "I was watching you jiggle about and it looked like you'd swallowed space hoppers."

"THAT'S IT!" yelled Nat, throwing herself on the grass. "I can't work like this."

"Ooh, you taking selfies?" said Dad, picking up the camera. "Urgh, why's this camera all sticky?" Darius, standing by the back gate, grinned.

"We are NOT taking selfies," said Nat. "And I don't even know how you know about selfies, you're so old."

"What are you up to then?" said Dad, adding jokingly, "I hope you're not thinking of putting anything on to the online inter cyber-space web."

Nat hadn't been intending to put her dance video online, but she didn't want to be told she COULDN'T.

"Can if I want," she said. She wasn't usually

this rude, but was hot and tired and frustrated and scratchy.

“Stop showing off in front of your friends,” said Dad gently, which was one of the MOST ANNOYING THINGS HE COULD SAY. It was up there with:

You’re only grumpy because you’re tired.

You’re only grumpy because you’re hungry.

You’re only grumpy because you’ve found Nan’s false teeth in the biscuit tin again. AFTER you’ve eaten a digestive.

“I am NOT showing off, baldy,” said Nat, showing off, “but if I wanted to, I could put this dance routine online and get a million hits and make us rich and famous and THEN you’d be sorry.”

“You’re very grumpy,” said Dad. “You must be tired. Or possibly hungry. Or have you been in the biscuit tin?”

“You said you wouldn’t put this video online,” hissed Penny. “I don’t want anyone else to see it. You promised.”

“I’m not saying I’m GOING to put it online, I’m just saying I COULD,” said Nat stubbornly.

“Online is a very dangerous place,” said Dad, patiently. “Do you remember when you and Daddy had that talk and Daddy said it was like a big nasty dark cave with monsters in it and you said it sounded very scary and you promised to stay outside the cave forever and ever?”

“Yes, when I was SIX, Dad,” shouted Nat.

Penny sniggered. Nat felt herself getting red in the face.



“Every flipping day,” she yelled, waving her arms about like mad, “you always EMBARRASS me. People are watching, Dad. Can’t you be NORMAL?”

She did one last furious high hop, but landed awkwardly on a damp patch of grass.

Her feet shot out from under her, her legs went straight up in the air and she landed heavily on something. Something alive.

There was a pause. Then a look of horror. Then she yelled:

“AAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGH!”

There was something buzzing in her pants! It was as cross as any bee could be. Especially a bee that had then been happily slurping pollen off a flower when it was rudely sat on.

Nat ran around the garden smacking herself on the bum like she was trying to ride herself to victory in the Grand National. Finally, inevitably, she felt the sting.

“OOOOOH!” she yelled in pain. “EEEEEE!”

With that she dashed out of the garden.

And into... fame.

