

Mrs Bilks

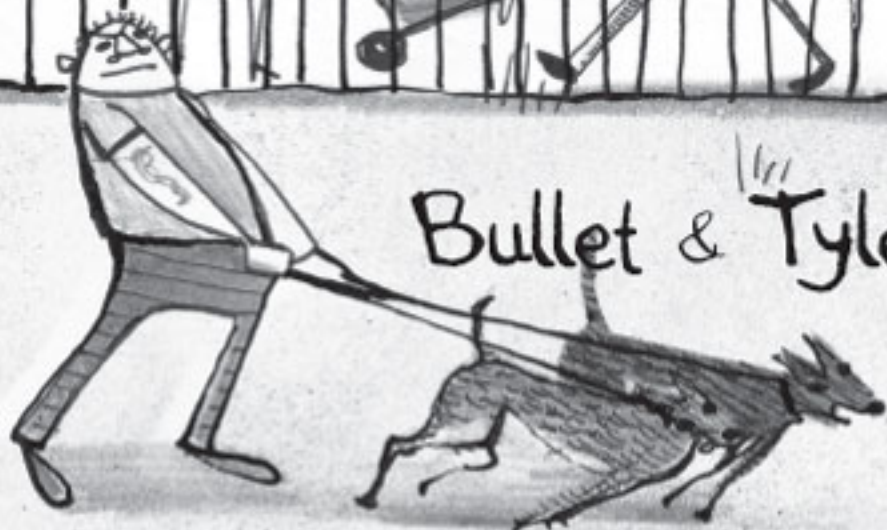
Mr Bilks

Miss Pinkerton Potts

Mrs Gumbleton



Bullet & Tyler



Sara-Jane



Mr Basbo



Samantha



Olivia Basket

Marty Mills

Wayne

Dylan



Will



Basbo



Twig



Mr Papadopoulos

Grandma & Grandpa

Mrs Hamilton-Talbot

Mrs Scott

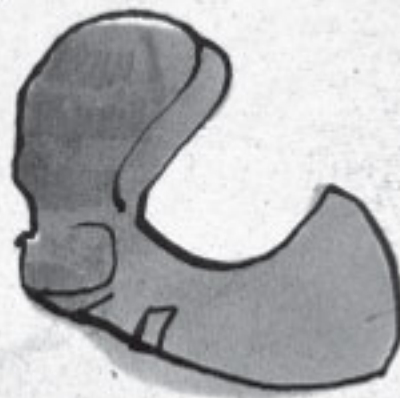
Mrs Basket

Mr Croft



Ashley Binkerton

Miss Troutson

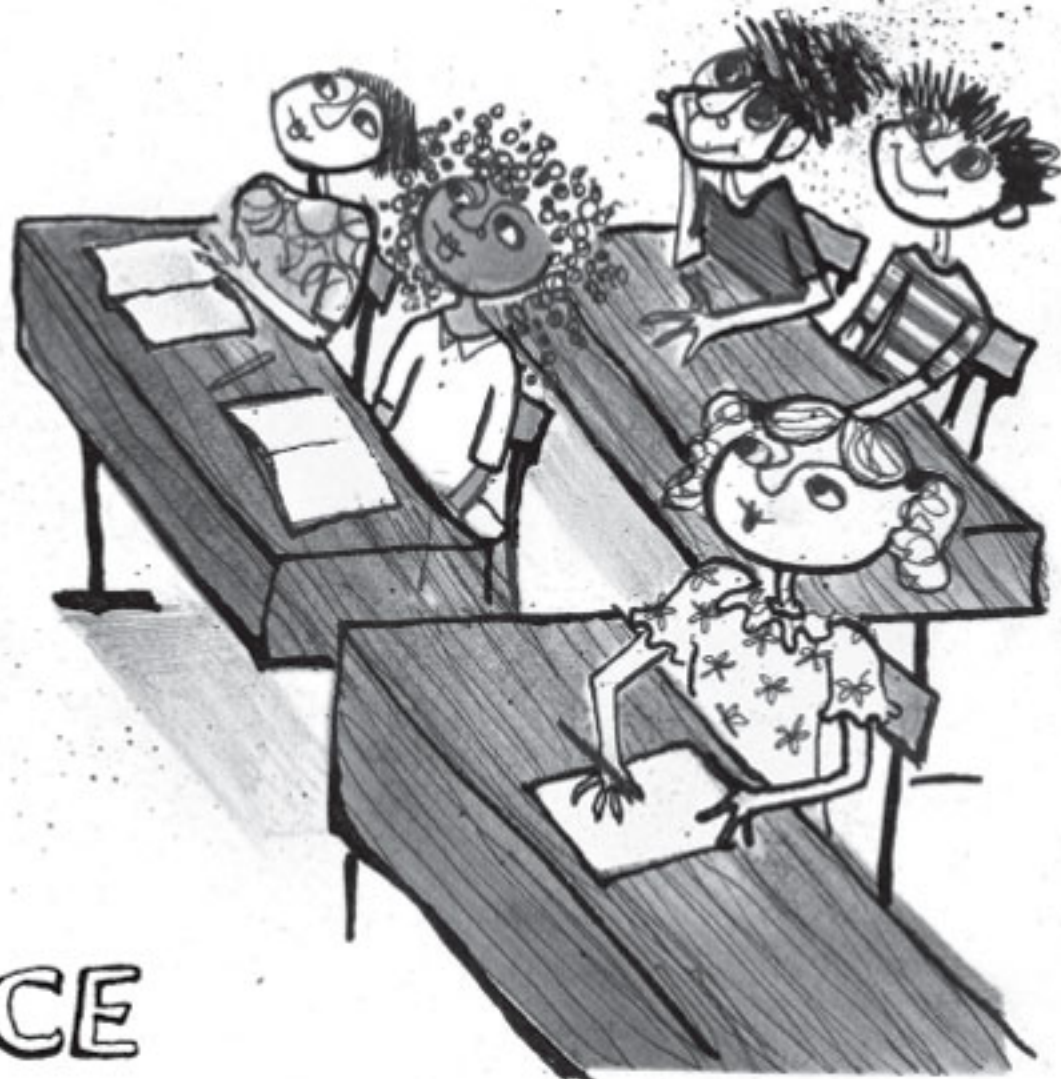
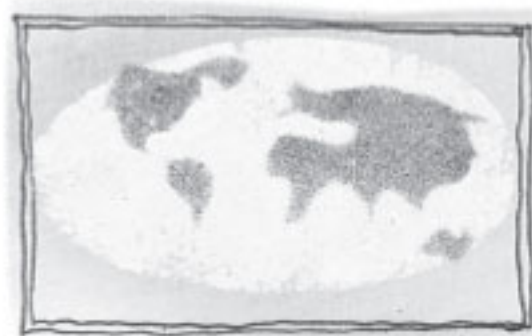


Dingbat

Hooley

Kayleigh Hawkins





GREECE IS THE WORD

“This term,” said Miss Troutson, pointing to a picture of a man in a tunic, “our project is about Ancient Greece.”

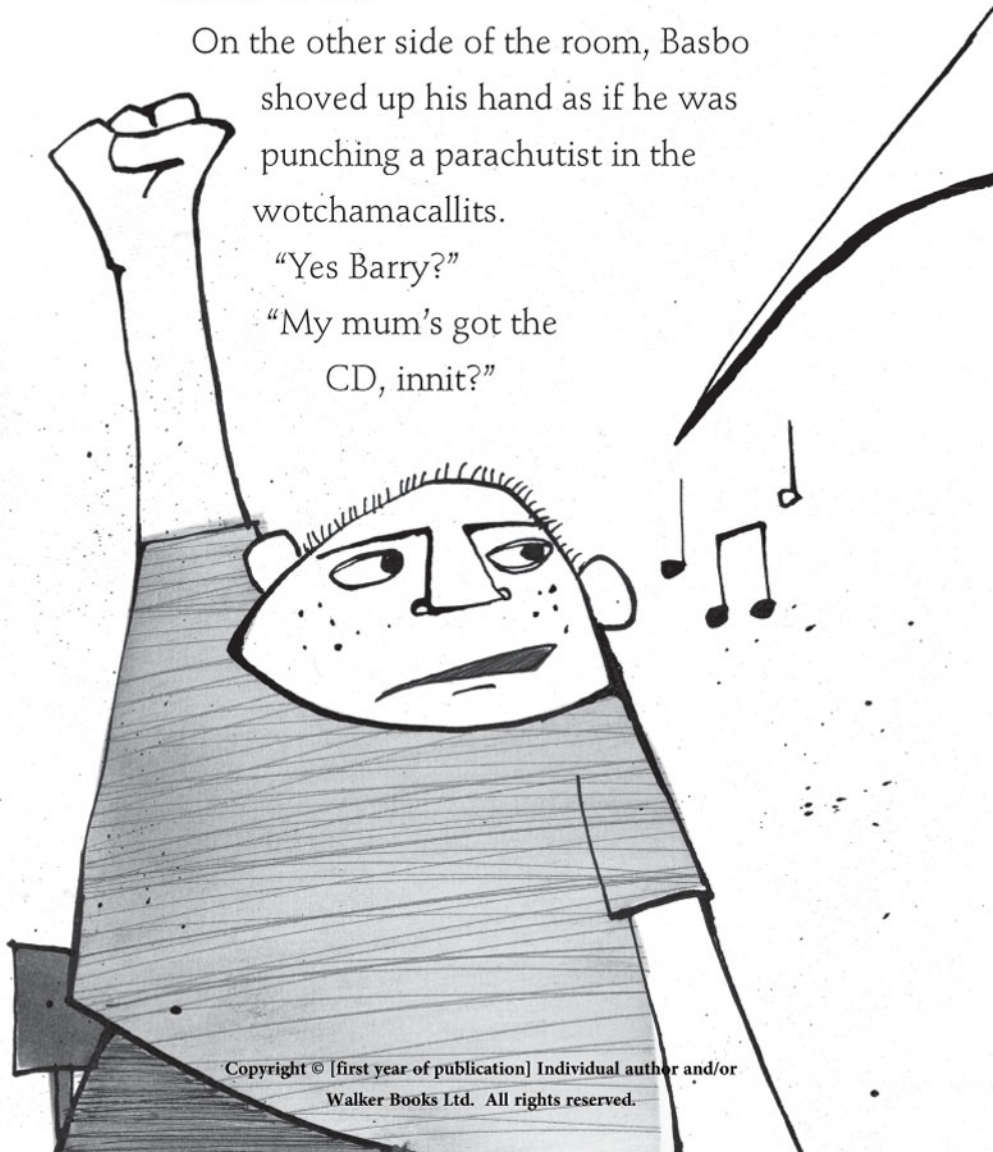
“I could get my cousin Nigel in,” whispered Twig. “His hair’s full of it.”

“What we need is facts,” continued Miss Troutson, stabbing at the air with her finger. “Facts, facts, facts. So, come on. Who’s going to start us off?”

On the other side of the room, Basbo shoved up his hand as if he was punching a parachutist in the wotchamacallits.

“Yes Barry?”

“My mum’s got the CD, innit?”



"I'm sorry, Barry, I don't quite—"

Greece izza
word izza word
izza word—



"I think he's talking about *Grease* the musical," said Sarah-Jane Silverton, who went to singing lessons and knew about such things.

"Thassit," said Basbo, thumping his fist on the table. "Greece izza word izza word izza word—"

"Well it *is* a word, Barry," agreed Miss Troutson, "but just for now I would very much like you to stop saying it."





Basbo folded his arms and growled at Twig.

“Why’s he looking at me?” asked Twig. “I didn’t do anything.”

“Don’t take it personally,” said Hooey.

“He probably just wants to kill someone.”

“Now then,” said Miss Troutson, looking around the room. “Has anyone got a *sensible* suggestion?”

Samantha Curbitt put her hand up.

“Yes Samantha?”

“The Ancient Greeks lived over two thousand years ago. They wrote plays and did maths and invented things.”

