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Opening extract from  
**Danny Baker's  
Silly Olympics**

Written by  
**Steve Hartley**

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STEVE HARTLEY



The  
Wibbly  
Wobbly

100%  
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JELLY BELLY FLOP

ILLUSTRATED BY KATE PANKHURST

MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS



This publication is entirely unofficial and is not associated with the London Olympics or the Olympic Games.



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# *The Wibbly Wobbly Jelly Belly Flop*

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# A Smashing Attempt

To the Keeper of the Records  
The Great Big Book of World Records  
London

Dear Mr Bibby

My head teacher, Mr Rogers, has banned me from doing world records at school again. It was lunchtime and I was trying to break the record for carrying dirty dishes, but I ended up breaking 24 bowls, 8 glasses and an egg cup instead!



My best friend, Matthew, had stacked 12 bowls along each of my arms in piles of two, with



spoons wedged in between and glasses balanced on each bowl. It was going well until I slipped on a big dollop of banana split, and went flying.

Mandy Badegg, a girl in my class, ended up with a gooey bowl on her head, and my teacher, Mrs Woodcock, got bopped on the bum by a flying spoon. They weren't



happy. Four glasses

landed upright on the table and caught falling spoons in them - Mega Ace! The dishes and the rest of the glasses hit the floor and smashed into a trillion sticky pieces. The dinner ladies weren't happy either.



Matt measured the distance I walked before I

slipped at 19.63 metres. I don't suppose this is far enough to break the record, but I thought I'd ask.

Best wishes

Danny Baker

PS The Penleydale Safety Police have banned dishes and glasses and knives and forks from our school, because they say they're too dangerous. We've got to drink from plastic cups and eat off paper plates with our fingers. Munching rhubarb crumble and custard without a spoon will be mega gross! I can't wait!



The Great Big Book  
of World Records  
London



Dear Danny

Manual Used-crockery Conveyance ('Dish-carrying') is a skill that requires years of practice.

One man stands above the rest. Italian Franco Gennaro holds the world records for Single Arm, Double Arm, and Whole Body Manual Used-crockery Conveyance. In all his years of waiting on tables, Franco has never dropped a single item. He will clear tables by holding spoons in his mouth, knives and forks behind his ears, and uneaten bread rolls in his armpits. On 20 July 2007 Franco safely carried, from the restaurant to the kitchen, 103 full-sized dinner plates, 103 small side plates, and 309 pieces of cutlery a distance of 34.97 metres. He smashed

his own record (but not the plates!) with ease.

Bad luck on your latest attempt, Danny. I hope you didn't hurt yourself when you slipped!

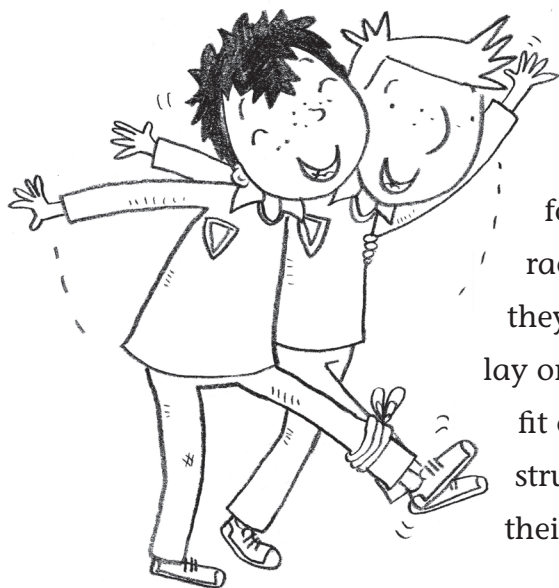
Best wishes

Eric Bibby

Keeper of the Records

It was sports day at Coalclough Primary School. The place buzzed with activity and excitement. The sun was shining, the Big Field had just been mown, and the summery scent of freshly cut grass mingled with the delicious aroma of sausage rolls and pizzas cooking in the school kitchens.

Everyone was outside getting things ready for the afternoon's events: untangling skipping ropes, putting boiled eggs and spoons together, and setting out rows of chairs along each side of the straight running track for the spectators.



Danny and Matthew were doing some last-minute practice for the three-legged race. Every few paces they tumbled over and lay on the ground in a fit of giggles as they struggled to get on their feet again.

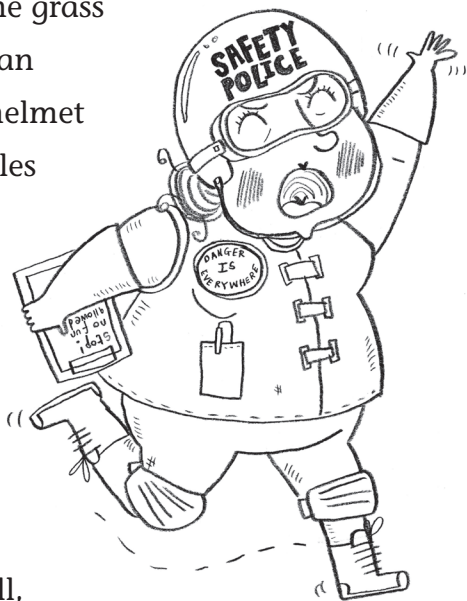
Suddenly a shrill, icy voice pierced the warm summer air.

‘Not on your nelly!’

The children and teachers froze.

‘This is *outrageous!*’ bellowed the voice. ‘This is *unsafe!*’

Danny looked round to see a huge barrel-shaped woman striding across the grass towards them. She wore an orange overall, a crash helmet on her head, safety goggles over her eyes, thick rubber gloves on her hands, and black protective pads on her knees. She trundled through a gaggle of startled children like a huge orange bowling ball, scattering them like skittles.



‘I am Mrs Meaney, Chief of the Safety Police,’ she announced, glaring at Danny and Matthew. ‘You

stupid boys could tumble and break your legs! The three-legged race is banned!

The woman pointed a quivering finger at the goalposts at one end of the field. 'And what is *that* for?'

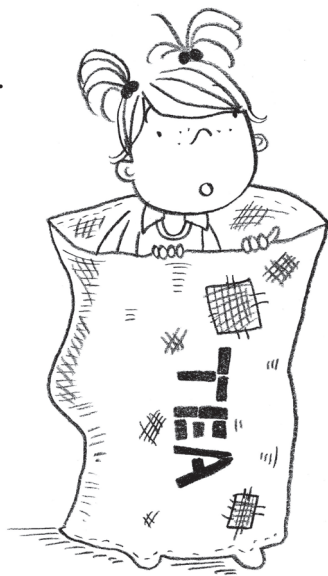
'It's for the penalty shoot-out competition,' said Danny. 'I'm in goal, and everyone has to try to score past me.'

'Not on your nelly! You could stub your toe kicking the ball! You could crack your ribs diving on to the hard ground! The penalty shoot-out is banned!'

Her fierce eyes scanned the field. 'It's a good thing I was tipped off about this,' she said, pointing at the various objects set up for each event.

'Skipping! You could trip and break your ankles!  
Banned!

'Sack races! You could crash and break your skull!  
Banned!



'Egg-and-spoon races! You could stumble and break your wrists! Banned!

'Tug of war! You could slip and break your bottoms! Banned!'

Mrs Meaney gasped as she picked up a 'First Place' certificate. She pointed at the edge of the thin card. 'This paper is sharper than a knife blade. It could slice your thumb off! Banned!'

'But we've been planning sports day for weeks,' said

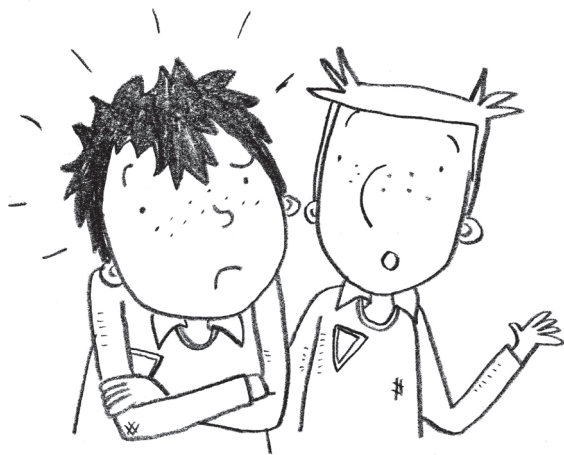
Matthew.

'All our families are coming to watch. It has to go ahead!'

'Not on your nelly!' replied Mrs Meaney. 'Sports day. Banned!'

'Party pooper,' whispered Danny.

'Spoilsport,' agreed Matthew under his breath.



'Think of some *safe* events to do,' said the safety chief. 'Like . . . making daisy chains.'

Danny snorted. 'But if you got a *really* tough daisy you could break your finger trying to pick it,' he said.

Mrs Meaney looked shocked. 'You're right!' she gasped. 'Daisy chains! Banned!'

