

BOOK
SAMPLE

JIMMY
SPENCE

8th Of June
1974

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BIRDIE'S FATE WAS FINALLY SEALED

Saturday the 8th of June 1974 would be etched in the memory of Jimmy Spence for the rest of his life. As midnight approached, he was sat up in bed wide awake and couldn't get to sleep. His mind was racing uncontrollably in umpteen directions, and his emotions were a tangled maze of bewilderment and confusion. Once again, he was experiencing really strange, unexplained feelings inside his body. Rushes of warm, tingly, pleasurable feelings suddenly appeared from nowhere. Jimmy Spence was on the roller-coaster ride called 'Puberty' and he couldn't get off.

One girl in particular made his whole body shake with excitement, sending his mind and imagination into overdrive. Her name was Julie Richardson, and although he didn't know

it at the time, she would become his first ever crush, bringing with her immense pleasure and unbearable heartache. Jimmy was eleven years old and had never kissed a girl. Up until recently, he'd never shown any interest in girls, and whenever girls were mentioned in conversation, he would either change the subject or remain silent.

But that all changed on Monday the 3rd of June 1974, at precisely 3.19pm. From that moment on, Jimmy Spence's life would never be the same again.

Jimmy lived at 34 Mountfield Drive, Kimberworth in Rotherham, South Yorkshire. He lived in a three bedroom council house, with his twin sister Melanie, his mum Carol and dad Brian. He went to Redclose Junior School. The school was situated right in the heart of a council estate, and the 450 pupils came from lower, working and middle class families.

The school catered for boys and girls aged 6-11 years old.

Every Monday afternoon at 3.00pm Jimmy had a games lesson on the school field. The lesson was shared between class nine and class ten. Jimmy was in class nine and Julie Richardson was in class ten. The boys played football and the girls played hockey. At exactly 3.10pm the boys did a lap around the football pitch to warm up. Jimmy was one of the fastest runners in his class. Simon Cook was the fastest, followed by Peter Riley and then it was Jimmy. Although it wasn't a race and only a warm-up lap, that didn't stop the three of them trying to beat each other and finish first. It was also a good reason to show off in front of the hockey girls. Simon Cook was in the lead, closely followed by Peter Riley. Jimmy was then slightly ahead of Johnny Simpson. The four of them were several

meters ahead of the remaining pack.

They'd ran over halfway around the football pitch, when a dramatic incident occurred. Jimmy was just about running flat out, trying to keep up with the front two. He was getting out of breath and looking a little ragged. Then all of a sudden, an object that seemed to come from nowhere, came hurtling towards him, and hit him right on the head. He collapsed in a heap on the floor, as if he'd been shot. Seconds later he was out cold.

Simon Cook and Peter Riley carried on running, while Johnny Simpson, (who almost fell over Jimmy) stopped to help. Mr Brown the PE teacher, saw the incident and ran at full pelt straight across the football pitch, like a world class sprinter. Considering he was at least five stone overweight and a twenty-a-day smoker, it was a miracle that he didn't collapse in a heap. By the time he reached

Jimmy, there was a large crowd around him. All the boys were there, apart from Simon Cook and Peter Riley. They were on the finishing straight, battling it out to see who came first, unaware of all the commotion. As they both crossed the line, with Simon Cook just in front, they soon realised that something wasn't quite right. They were shocked to see a large crowd gathering on the opposite side of the pitch. They both ran over at great pace to see what was going on. The hockey girls were there with the hockey coach Mrs Cartwright. Mr Brown was breathless, as he bent down and crouched over Jimmy, who was flat out on his back.

'What on earth's happened?' he said, (his voice noticeably trembling).

'I think he was hit on the head with a hockey ball sir!' shouted Billy Ellis.

'Is he dead!?' screamed Johnny Simpson.

‘Of course he’s not dead. Can’t you see him breathing?’ said Mrs Cartwright. She was knelt down on the floor next to Jimmy, and began rubbing his hands and hair gently, willing him to open his eyes.

‘Has anyone rung for an ambulance?’ asked Mr Brown. Mrs Cartwright nodded her head.

‘Yeah, I’ve just sent Sally Scrivens to the headmaster’s office to ring for one.’ Moments later Jimmy’s foot twitched slightly.

‘His foot’s just moved miss,’ said one of the girls. Fifty pairs of eyes locked onto Jimmy’s size seven Adidas football boots.

‘Which foot was it?’ asked Mr Brown.

‘I think it was his right one sir,’ replied the girl. Fifty pairs of eyes then locked onto Jimmy’s right football boot. Then the girl changed her mind. ‘Oh actually, I think it was his left foot..... Or was it his right?’ Then suddenly, a few of Jimmy’s fingers began to

wiggle, and seconds later his eyes flickered, before opening very slowly and precisely.

‘Where am I?’ he croaked. ‘Did I win the race?’ Everyone burst out laughing.

Jimmy was all confused. Firstly, he had no idea why he was laid on his back with a throbbing head. Secondly, why were all these kids stood around staring at him? Thirdly, why on earth was Mr Brown hovering over him with a worried look on his face? And finally, and most confusing of all, why was Mrs Cartwright knelt down next to him rubbing his hands and hair?

‘Yav been whacked with a hockey ball Jimmy! Yav got a right lump on ya head!’ shouted an over excited Martin Day. Jimmy had an enormous lump the size of an egg, right on the top of his forehead.

‘Wow.....! look at the size of that!’ screamed Tommy Platt. ‘I’ve never seen one that big

before! Does it hurt Jimmy!?’

Jimmy couldn’t see Tommy Platt in the crowd, but he recognised his high-pitched girly-like voice. ‘Yeah it does a bit Platty, and av got a right headache anall.’

Then Simon Sparrow (known as Birdie, who was the joker of the class), offered up his usual dollop of not so witty humour.

‘I’m surprised the hockey ball is still in one piece Jimmy, considering the size of your head.’ A ripple of laughter seeped from the crowd. Jimmy’s eyes zoned in on Birdie, who was stood right in front of him, wearing his usual all white Leeds United football kit.

‘Yeah, very funny Birdie, very funny pal,’ said Jimmy a little annoyed. He was used to Birdie’s silly jibes and jokes, and most of the time he was entertaining, especially when they were in boring lessons like maths and history. However, sometimes he was a pain in

the backside, and this was one of those occasions.

— Not only was Birdie the joker of the class, he was also renowned for telling a good yarn or two. One of his best ones was when he told everyone that Billy Bremner (the famous Leeds United captain), had signed his football shirt.

According to Birdie, he went to the 1973 FA Cup final at Wembley, between Leeds United from the first division, and Sunderland from the second. Sunderland (who were the big underdogs), won the match 1-0 with a goal from Ian Porterfield in the 32nd minute. It was the first time in 42 years that a second division team had won the FA Cup final at Wembley.

Birdie told anyone who was daft enough to listen, that he ran onto the pitch at full-time and got Billy Bremner to sign his Leeds

United shirt. However, after being cross-examined by several of his classmates, his story unravelled quicker than a ball of wool used by Granny Clitherow (the world's fastest knitter, who could knock up a cardie in just under an hour).

Firstly, spectators weren't even allowed on the pitch at Wembley, and the very few that managed it, were quickly wrestled to the ground by police officers or stewards, and either escorted from the ground or arrested.

Secondly, most of his classmates watched the cup final live on the telly, and no one saw any supporters on the pitch, and certainly not an eleven-year-old kid.

Thirdly, the signature on his football shirt didn't look anything like Billy Bremner's signature. Martin Day proved this beyond any reasonable doubt, when he brought a damning piece of evidence to school with him. It was a

copy of the popular weekly football magazine SHOOT. Inside on page eight was a big story on Billy Bremner, and his midfield partner Johnny Giles. The pair were seen as world-class players, and played a major role in the team, when Leeds United were crowned Division One champions in the 1968-69 and 1973-74 seasons, under manager Don Revie. The magazine article included an extensive interview with both players, with a signed photograph.

Martin Day arranged a meeting with a few of his classmates (including Birdie), to present his evidence. They met up after dinner at the far right corner of the playground, next to the tennis courts. They all sat down in a circle, determined to find out the truth once and for all. Birdie carefully arranged his Leeds United shirt on the floor, proudly displaying the Billy Bremner signature on the front.

There was intrigue and anticipation, as Martin Day pulled out his rolled up SHOOT magazine from his trouser pocket. He looked all serious and detective-like as he began waving it around in the air.

‘Right then,’ he said. ‘This is the piece of evidence that will prove to the jury without question, that the signature on that shirt is fake.’ (I think he must have been watching too much Columbo on TV.) He then unravelled the magazine and opened it up on page eight. The blood seemed to drain from Birdie’s face, as he caught sight of the signed pictures of Billy Bremner and Johnny Giles. Martin Day placed the magazine on top of the football shirt to compare the signatures. They didn’t match.

The Billy Bremner signature on Birdie’s shirt didn’t look anything like the one in the magazine. No one was surprised. It was

obvious to anyone with half a brain cell, that Birdie must have copied the signature and signed the shirt himself.

‘As you can all clearly see!’ shouted a victorious Martin Day. ‘The signatures look nothing like each other! I therefore conclude that Birdie is found guilty of lying and misleading his classmates, and should be punished accordingly!: I propose he’s sent to Coventry for a week! I rest my case!’

Birdie seemed to have shrunk to the size of a pea, as all eyes were scorning down on him. As usual when his back was up against the wall, he came out fighting.

‘Just a minute,’ he said. ‘Hold ya horses, not so fast. How do you know the signatures in the magazine aren’t fake, and the one on my shirt is genuine?’ All the boys cracked up, as Birdie was shot down like a German Messerschmitt bomber in the Battle of Britain.

‘Don’t be daft Birdie!’ said one boy.

‘Yeah, get a grip Birdie!’ said another.

‘Why would they be fake!?! They’ve been signed by the players themselves, you idiot!’

‘Keep digging the hole Birdie,’ said Martin Day. ‘A few more shovels should do the trick.’ Birdie’s defence was collapsing faster than a paper house in an earthquake, but still he continued.....

‘Look lads, I’ve honestly no idea why the signatures don’t match. Maybe Billy Bremner has two signatures, one for the magazines and one for the fans. All I know is my shirt was signed by Billy Bremner.’

Just as more bullets were about to be fired in Birdie’s direction, he was saved by the dinner lady, who rang the bell to end the dinner hour.

‘Right we’ll continue this later,’ said Martin Day. All the boys rose to their feet and headed back to class still hurtling insults at Birdie,

who was desperately pleading his case.

The final nail in Birdie's coffin came the next day. Jane Simpson revealed she'd seen Birdie at the local park on the day of the FA Cup final. She was in class twelve and was friends with his sister Angela. She'd watched the cup final with her dad on telly, while her mum took her little sister into town shopping. Her sister had been invited to a seventh birthday party the following weekend, and she went shopping for a new pair of shoes and a new dress. They returned back home just after the match had finished.

Jane Simpson took her sister to the park shortly after. It couldn't have been any later than 5.30pm when they got there, as they only lived two streets away. She saw Birdie on the field playing Keepie-Uppie, (the game where you keep the football up in the air, using your feet, legs, chest, shoulders and head). She

even remembered that his best score was 26. She shouted over to him to say hello, and to ask where his sister Angela was, but he never responded.

So unless Birdie flew back from Wembley stadium in a rocket, there was no way he could have been at the FA Cup final, let alone get Billy Bremner to sign his football shirt. As it turned out, he didn't even know that Wembley stadium was in London. No wonder people called him Billy Liar.

That was it..... Birdie's fate was finally sealed.

THE NOTORIOUS RUDOLF RAMSBOTTOM

Mrs Cartwright was still rubbing Jimmy's hands. 'Don't try to get up love,' she said. 'You may have concussion. The ambulance will be here soon. They'll take you to hospital and get you checked out.' Jimmy looked alarmed, as he nervously squeezed Mrs Cartwright's hand.

'I'm ok Mrs Cartwright, I don't need to go to hospital, honest,' he pleaded.

'You're going to hospital Jimmy, and that's final!' said Mr Brown firmly. 'We need to get you checked out, to make sure your brain's not been damaged.'

'What brain would that be sir!?' shouted Birdie. Mr Brown gave Birdie one of his menacing lingering stares. It was a stare that would have terrified the devil, and Birdie had been on the receiving end of it many times.

‘That’s enough of that Simon Sparrow!’ snarled Mr Brown. ‘Anymore of that lad and you’ll be in detention!’ Birdie was pushing his look, as he smirked at Mr Brown rather smugly. ‘Sorry sir, I was only joking.’

— Mr Brown, who was quite jovial most of the time and popular around school, also had a bit of a temper on him. He may not have looked all that threatening, but looks can be deceiving, and that was certainly true in his case. He was a small unassuming man, with a round frame and a bulging belly. His black brylcreemed hair was parted exactly down the middle, and neatly swept back over his ears. If you got on the wrong side of him, he could change instantly and become very angry and even aggressive.

He had two main weapons in his arsenal, which he used with precision and skill to keep unruly kids, (mainly boys) under control. His

first weapon was The Blackboard Eraser. The Blackboard Eraser was a small rectangle block of wood with soft felt on the front, and was used to remove chalk from the blackboard. Mr Brown would sneakily hide the eraser in his jacket pocket or behind his back, and slowly maneuver his way in and out of the desks, until he was standing right behind the unsuspecting kid. He would then hover the eraser over the kid's head before bringing it down with a guillotine thud.

He would always aim for the crown part of the head, as this was a sensitive area and would inflict the most damage. The kid would scream out in pain, and leap up from the chair like a jack in a box, frantically rubbing a very painful head. All the class thought it was hilarious. Suffice to say, the tearful, naughty kid thought twice before misbehaving again.

Mr Brown's second weapon was known as

The Death Stare. The Death Stare was more of a psychological punishment, but still had the same impact. It was well-known throughout the school, (especially among the gang of naughty kids), and was to be avoided at all costs. It worked like this.....

If someone in his class was misbehaving, Mr Brown would politely ask the culprit to stop. If that didn't work The Death Stare would be deployed. The idea was to make the kid feel as uncomfortable and nervous as possible. Mr Brown would stare relentlessly at the poor kid, who wasn't sure how to react. The brave ones tried to outstare him (which never worked), and the weaker ones would either look away, or cover up their red faces with their sweaty hands.

Mr Brown's wolf-like piercing green eyes would lock onto the target like a laser driven missile. His stare was that intense, it could

easily penetrate a brick wall at fifty paces. Once the eyes of Mr Brown were fixed firmly onto the eyes of the offending kid, the battle of the stare would begin.

In all honesty, none of the kids stood a chance, as Mr Brown had spent years perfecting his technique. He must have used The Death Stare hundreds if not thousands of times. In the twenty four years he'd been a teacher, he'd only been out-stared on one occasion. The victor was a funny looking kid called Rudolf Ramsbottom. That particular Death Stare lasted for a full ten minutes, and is the longest stare ever witnessed at Redclose Junior School.

Mr Brown told Rudolf to remove his glasses so he could clearly see his eyes, to make sure he wasn't cheating. The class were captivated as the stare began. Mr Brown started off well enough, but by the third minute he was really

struggling. Normally, it would have been all over after a minute or so, but he'd never come across a kid like Rudolf Ramsbottom before.

Mr Brown's strategy was not to blink, so by the fifth minute his eyes were welling up and becoming bloodshot. Rudolf on the other hand didn't look fazed at all. He just carried on staring..... and staring..... and staring..... He was just like a robot. As the tenth minute approached, Mr Brown's eyes began to flicker like dodgy light bulbs. Moments later he was finished.

The class was in uproar, as kids began screaming, banging fists on the desks, and stamping their feet in celebration. Mr Brown looked like a beaten man as he removed his handkerchief from his jacket pocket and dried his weary eyes. As the bell sounded to end the lesson, Rudolf Ramsbottom was surrounded by his classmates. There was a strange kind of

euphoria in the air, as he was lifted high, and escorted from the classroom like an emperor.

What Mr Brown didn't realise, was that without his glasses, Rudolf Ramsbottom was as blind as a bat and slightly boss-eyed. He couldn't see further than his nose, so in all honesty he wasn't really staring at Mr Brown, as he couldn't even see him, all he saw was a blur. Nevertheless, he was still the victor and enjoyed every minute of his popularity, (while it lasted).

The name Rudolf Ramsbottom was already infamous at Redclose Junior School, after he was involved in a very serious incident. It happened three years ago, and is still talked about to this day. The story would no doubt go down in Redclose folklore, for hundreds of years to come. Rudolf Ramsbottom was an unusual looking, stick-insect kid. It was obvious to anyone, that if you lived on a

council estate with a name like Rudolf Ramsbottom, you were in for a very rough ride. You would certainly get your fair share of teasing, bullying and violence from other kids. But that didn't deter his mother Mary, who named him after the famous Russian ballet dancer Rudolf Nureyev.

She was mesmerized after seeing Nureyev perform on television in 1963. He was dancing the lead role in Tchaikovsky's 'The Sleeping Beauty' partnered with Ninel Kurgapkina (the prima ballerina for the Kirov Ballet). They were magnificent together.

Mary (like so many other women around the world) instantly fell in love with Nureyev's striking good looks, his exceptional dancing ability, and the way he glided across the stage like a gazelle. Ninel Kurgapkina was also an incredibly beautiful woman and a graceful and captivating dancer. Mary had loved ballet ever

since she was a little girl, after her mum bought her a ballerina outfit for her birthday. At the time there were no local ballet classes, and the nearest one was several miles away.

Unfortunately her parents couldn't even afford the bus fares, let alone the expensive dance fees. Instead, she practiced relentlessly in front of the mirror in her small bedroom, determined to one day become a professional dancer. She would spend hours perfecting ballet moves like: Passe, Pirouette, Rond de Jambe, Grand Battement, Sous-Sus and Sissonne to name a few. She copied the moves from diagrams in magazines and books, and carefully studied the dancers when they occasionally appeared on television, (mainly on the BBC at Christmas time).

However, as she got older her dreams gradually diminished into thin air. She never did any dancing at school, and there was never

enough money to pay for dance classes.

Her parents and most of her friends didn't even like ballet, so the odds were stacked against her right from the start.

When her son was born on the 4th of February 1964, she was determined to give him the opportunities that she never had. The son's father was an unemployed local man, who didn't want anything to do with Mary or his son, and subsequently moved to Blackpool to get out of the way. Mary was relieved, as it wasn't much of a relationship anyway. He was a heavy drinker and not a very nice person.

She had big hopes for her son and desperately wanted him to be a famous dancer, travelling the world and performing on television. She named him Rudolf hoping he would somehow miraculously inherit the Nureyev gene. She worked long hours at the local sewing factory, while her parents looked after

Rudolf. She was earning enough money to send him to dance classes from the age of 4. However, she soon realised it wasn't going to be the fairytale she'd hoped for.

Rudolf didn't even like dancing, in fact he hated it. He had two left feet and not much in the way of rhythm. He found it difficult to keep in time with the music, let alone learn all the different dance moves. He couldn't even keep his role in the school nativity play. He was the back-end of the donkey, but kept tripping over his hooves and falling down, bringing Lucy Stapleton (the front-end of the donkey) with him. His mother was horrified as she sat in the audience, and had to endure all the screams of laughter from the other parents, who thought it was hilarious. Rudolf was replaced in the donkey by a smiling Patrick Jellyman, and sent to the back of the stage to be a shepherd. He couldn't mess that

role up, as all he had to do was stand there and say nothing.

If she thought Rudolf's good looks would compensate for his lack of dancing ability, she was very much mistaken. He was an ugly kid, there's no getting away from that fact. He was as blind as a Marabel potato, and had to wear blue tinted national health glasses. He also had two very large bat ears, (inherited from his father). For some reason his mother insisted on having his hair cut over his ears, which made him look even more hideous.

By the time he got to year four at Redclose Junior School, he was used to being picked on and bullied by other boys and girls. It was bad enough having a daft name like Rudolf Ramsbottom, without a funny looking face to go with it. Only the teachers, a few genuine friends and his mother called him Rudolf. The other kids had plenty of other names for him:

Bat Face, Specky-Four-Eyes, Rudolf Hitler, Rudolf The Red-Nosed Reindeer and many more.....

Rudolf had a torrid time at school, and on one occasion, he was even close to being expelled. It was a Friday dinnertime, and he was in the dining room looking for somewhere to sit. He was walking around with his dinner tray in his hands, searching for a table with an empty chair. As usual the dining room was heaving with hungry kids, and it was always a struggle to find an empty seat, especially if you were right at the back of the dinner queue. On this particular occasion, Rudolf was late getting into the dining room, as someone had thrown a smelly sock at the maths teacher Mrs Terry. She'd kept the whole class behind for an extra ten minutes to find the culprit, who turned out to be the number one suspect Jack Russell. He was always in

trouble, and got snitched on by several of his classmates, who were starving and desperate to get to the dining room for dinner. As a punishment, Jack Russell had to eat his dinner in the classroom in front of Mrs Terry, and he also got a week's detention.

Rudolf eventually found a table with a spare chair. There were four girls sat around the table including Rebecca Hindley (who was a bit of a tearaway to say the least). He put his tray on the table and sat down. He immediately received a dirty look from Rebecca. He stuck his fork into one of his new potatoes. (Fridays was always new potatoes, beef pie, peas and gravy, with sponge pudding and pink custard for afters.) Before the potato even reached his mouth he got a torrent of abuse from Rebecca: 'Ya not sitting there Specky.....! Go on get lost.....! That ugly face of yours is putting me off mi dinner.....!' The

other three girls were all laughing. Rudolf just sat there frozen to the spot. Rebecca continued.....

‘Are ya deaf or summat Specky!?! I said get lost!’ She then stabbed him on the back of his hand with her fork. The prongs sunk right into his skin, leaving four tiny red holes that began to bleed.

The pain was excruciating, but once again Rudolf didn’t move an inch. Rebecca was getting angrier by the second. She knew she would look silly in front of the girls, if Rudolf refused to move. She let rip once again:

‘What av I just said Specky-Four-Eyes!?! Shift ya self or does tha want stabbing again!?’

That was it. Rudolf could take no more. He’d had enough. Rebecca had finally pushed him right over the cliff edge, and there was no turning back. He’d suffered years of physical and mental abuse, and now it was payback

time. He'd been laughed at, bullied, ridiculed, humiliated, kicked, punched, spat at, and even headbutted on one occasion. All because he looked different from other kids, had a funny name, and was an easy target, as he never fought back. Only this time Rudolf Ramsbottom would be fighting back.

All his pent-up anger, frustrations, emotional turmoil, embarrassment, self-loathing, hatred and revenge, were finally about to be released.

He slowly rose to his feet and stood tall and proud, like an army general going into battle. Beams of sunlight crashed against his blue tinted specs, revealing two squinty eyes, (one looking straight ahead, and the other slightly to the right). Blood was now seeping from his hand, making small red pools on the table. Rebecca and the girls sat there all smug, giggling. If they thought he was leaving to find

another table, they were in for a big shock.

‘That’s it Specky!’ said Rebecca. ‘Do as ya told! Go on Bat Face! Get lost!!’ That would be the very last time that Rebecca Hindley would ever speak to Rudolf Ramsbottom.

With blood still dripping from his hand, he picked up the beef pie from his plate, and pushed it with great force into Rebecca Hindley’s smug face. She was instantly knocked off her chair and sent tumbling to the ground. She was in total shock and began screaming hysterically. Rudolf then picked up the bowl of sponge pudding with pink custard, and poured it slowly all over her head. She cried out in desperation and burst into tears, as the scalding custard ran down her face and neck, leaving a trail of unsightly red blotches.

She was laid on the floor in a great deal of pain and distress, totally humiliated. The other three girls looked stunned and terrified,

as they sprung to their feet in a panic and legged it towards the exit doors.

Then Rudolf completely lost the plot, as he went on the rampage like a mad dog. He began running around the dining room pushing over tables and launching plastic chairs in the air. Some of the chairs crashed against the light shades, sending shattered glass raining down, while others bounced off walls, missing terror-stricken kids by inches.

The floor was soon covered in jersey royal new potatoes, beef pie, peas, gravy, sponge pudding, pink custard, water, smashed plates and bowls, glass, knives, forks, spoons, salt and pepper pots, water jugs, and plastic cups. The dining room was in utter chaos, and no one knew quite what to do. Most of the kids scattered like petrified ants, managing to make it to safety. Mrs Beavers was the only teacher in the dining room, along with three

dinner ladies. She rushed over to Rudolf and desperately tried to calm him down, but there was very little she could do. She was only a slight woman, and didn't have the strength or the know-how to tackle an out of control kid. (Especially one that was having some kind of nervous breakdown.)

Rudolf tipped over the last table before leaving the dining room. He ran straight down the corridor, through the main doors, across the playground and out of the gates. He ran all the way home and didn't stop until he reached his front door. Home was the only place he felt safe.

Mr Bradley the headmaster, arranged a meeting for the following Monday. He asked Mary (Rudolf's mother), to bring Rudolf to school to sort things out. They spent all Monday morning unravelling the whole incident. Mary was angry with the school, for allowing

her son to be bullied, while the teachers did nothing. Mr Bradley insisted the school had a strict 'No Bullying' policy, but he would certainly look into her concerns.

It was established that Rebecca Hindley was partly to blame, for provoking Rudolf in the first place, by calling him names and stabbing him with a fork. She was suspended for three weeks, and told she would be expelled if she got into any more trouble. She was also told not to go anywhere near Rudolf or speak to him. Rudolf was also suspended for three weeks, and made to pay for all the damage in the dining room. It was mainly for new plates, bowls and light shades. His mum paid on his behalf.

That one particular event made Rudolf Ramsbottom notorious at Redclose Junior School, and instantly stopped all the bullying. Kids were terrified to upset him, in case he

went mental again. He was one of the most talked about kids in school, and was now respected and feared. No one would dare pick on Rudolf Ramsbottom again!

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