

Chapter 1

'This is Ben Buck. He is going to come to this school,' Miss Fit told the kids.

A hand went up.

'Yes, Max?'

'Ben Bum, Miss Fit?'

'No, Max. Ben Buck.'

'Just checking, Miss.'

'Ben will need some help this week,'

Miss Fit went on. 'Will you do that? Jack, Adam, Liv, Jess, Zac, will you help him?'

'Yes, Miss Fit,' they chanted.

'Max, can I trust you to help him too?'

'You bet,' grinned Max. He had I AM THE BOSS printed in black on his red top.

Jess's hand shot up. 'But what will he need help with, Miss Fit?'

'Well, he will need a peg to hang his bag on. You could go with him to get his lunch from the canteen. Get him a cricket bat from the shed. Help him to catch the bus.'

Jess nodded. 'I would be glad to help him. Ben can come with me to the canteen to get his lunch.'

I had my lunch box in my bag. I did not want Jess dragging me to the canteen. If I had to go to a canteen, I would go by myself.

'I will be OK,' I said.

Chapter 2

Miss Fit told me to sit at the desk next to Max.

It was not much of a desk. The top had been smashed in and it was filled with rubbish. There were old soft drink cans, jam, egg shells, sweets that had been sucked, crab legs with a bad smell, a lump of bun with cheese on top, and a bunch of ants, in there.

‘I will tell Fred the School Fix-It Man to come and mend your desk when he can,’ Miss Fit went on. ‘But he tells me he has a lot to do, so it could be next week. Or the next.’

Miss Fit told us to get up and do ten

star jumps, then she handed us some maths sheets.

What could I do with a maths sheet? I had no flat spot on my smashed up desk for a maths sheet. When I rested my pen on the lid, it rolled across the top and fell into the pit of rubbish.

Max grinned. He fished in this pocket and got out a match-box. He tipped something into his hand and tossed it into my desk.

