

## Chapter 1: Friday

Friday was a young relatively healthy little boy, hair neatly parted, shoes tied and polished. He always spoke in a polite manner and did good deeds every day – there was only one tiny little problem, Friday was very short sighted he could see things; but almost always making a mistake!

In this particular story Friday, himself, was reading a magazine he found in the woods which he thought to be called do you want to be a clever boy?

But as always this was not the case it actually said: Do you want to be a stupid boy? So, Friday carried on reading the magazine and eventually found himself peering at a page which very clearly said 'If you want to be a clever boy go to new York' Unfortunately the real words typed on this page were ' If you want to be a stupid boy go to new Dork!' Friday in utter glee rapidly sprinted home to ask his parents to take him there.



## Chapter 2: Mum and Dad

Now I know what your pea brain minds are thinking!! Friday's parents said no darling that place is for idiots, but your in fact wrong as Friday's parents were both idiots.

"Oh yes of course my dear little Friday widay!"  
Exclaimed

"Yes Yes Yes!" Replied his Father.

Do you know what? In a matter of hours Friday and is family, were on the bus on the way to New Dork.



### Chapter 3: New Dork

Once young Friday stepped out of the big red bus his mouth stretched into a wide ear to ear smile for Friday's bad eyes tricked him and made him think stupid people were walking in the huge tower and clever people were walking out – as you should know by now of course it was the complete opposite to that!

“Oh Mummy, Daddy!” He cried “How lovely!”  
“Well son, are you going in?” Questioned his father,

Poor Friday nodded and walked inside the tower waiting for the moment where he would be seriously clever.



## Chapter 4: An all-new Friday

Friday strolled back out beaming he went up to his parents,  
“I feel great!” He said, his eyes going all googley  
“Oh you certainly look it!!” mother pronounced  
“I’m so proud!” Giggled his father.

There was a deadly silence, then Friday with no warning at all shouted:

“The truth is a lemon meringue!”

