

Chapter 1

I hate school trips. I was only going on this one to keep my mother happy. "Try not to get into bother this time," she said as I was leaving. "Make me proud for once."

I always try to make my mother proud! I'm not bad, just unlucky. When something happens, I'm there, and I get the blame.

Somebody kicked the football through the school window. We were all playing football; I just happened to be the one who kicked the ball. See what I mean? Unlucky.

And when the PE teacher told me to throw away my chewing gum, how was I to know it would land in Chelsea's hair? Unlucky, I tell you.



Now I was on a final warning. "Behave, or else, MacDuff!" the teacher, Mr Hoss, had told me. "This school trip is your last chance!"

Last Chance MacDuff, that's me.

So here I was on a ferry heading for some island. It was raining so hard the seagulls were wearing wellies. I was standing on my own, trying to keep dry, and Mr Hoss (perfect name, by the way – with a face like his, he should be wearing a saddle) comes up to me.

"Mark MacDuff! Come over here with the rest of the class or I'll throw you over the side and you can swim home."

