

BILLY

PLUS BONUS ACTIVITY
BOOK TO DOWNLOAD

AND ANT LIE



James Minter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HELEN RUSHWORTH

Billy And Ant Lie
Billy Growing Up Series:
Lying

James Minter

Helen Rushworth – Illustrator

www.billygrowingup.com

MINTER PUBLISHING LIMITED

Minter Publishing Limited (MPL)

4 Lauradale

Bracknell RG12 7DT

Copyright © James Minter 2016

James Minter has asserted his rights under the Copyright Design and Patents Act, 1988 to be the author of this work

Paperback ISBN: 978-1-910727-157

Hardback ISBN: 978-1-910727-171

eBook ISBN: 978-1-910727-164

Illustrations copyright © Helen Rushworth

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition, including this condition, being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

<<<<<

DEDICATED to those who think lying is acceptable. They are so wrong.

>>>>>

Table Of Contents

[1 - The Journey To School](#)

[2 - Late For School](#)

[3 - The Police Investigate](#)

[4 - We Got Away With It](#)

[5 - The Head Teacher's Office](#)

[6 - Consequences](#)

[What Children Can Learn From 'Billy And Ant Lie'](#)

[Get Your Free Activity Book](#)

[Book Review](#)

[Free Chapter: Billy Helps Max](#)

[For Parents, Teachers, & Guardians: About The 'Billy Growing Up' Series](#)

[About The Author](#)

[Acknowledgements](#)



1 - The Journey To School

The downhill ride to Ant's house, though not far, gave enough distance for a keen cyclist to get up a good speed with little effort. Billy always enjoyed this part of his morning journey to school. To feel the wind on his face, the rush of air pulling at his helmet, and the flapping of his bright yellow road safety jacket all added to his sense of excitement. When he travelled so free and fast, he felt like a bird

gliding over the ground. The feeling passed when the bus stop opposite Ant's house came into view. He had a new challenge to do a long skid.

Billy reached for his back brake lever. His fingers hovered over the shiny metal, waiting for the right time to squeeze. Experience had taught him that if he left it until the last moment and applied his brake really hard, he could get the back wheel to lock tight, sending the bike into a skid on the gravelly surface. Billy had practised many times and, most days, could manage at least a two-metre slide.

The gravel littering the bus stop came from passing cars, as their spinning wheels threw up small chippings. It made the surface extra slippery, and the noise of the stones gave a satisfying crunch while he skidded. Billy came to a sudden halt, and a dust cloud rose up behind him. The skid left a black rubber tyre mark on the road.

Billy looked across to Ant's house and, in particular, at his bedroom window. He hoped Ant had stood looking out for him to see today's slide. It turned out he had. Ant responded with a thumbs-up to show his approval before disappearing from view. Within a couple of minutes, Ant reappeared from the side of his house complete with bike, school bag, jacket, and safety gear. He walked across the road to the spot where Billy sat proudly on his bike.

"That was awesome. Look at the tyre mark." Ant pointed it out on the ground, although he had no need. It looked like a perfect example and clear for anyone to see. "Here," Ant said, pushing his handlebars toward Billy. "Hold this, mate."

Billy took hold of Ant's bike, thinking he needed both hands free to finish getting ready. Instead, Ant squatted down and pushed at the gravel next to the slide mark. As he brushed away the stones, Billy realised what Ant had found.

Ant held up a pound coin. "I guess someone must have dropped it when they looked for their bus fare. What a bit of luck." He slid it into his pocket.

"Oi, that's partly mine. My skid uncovered it."

"Yeah, but I found it." Ant shook his head in protest.

"But we're mates. Fifty-fifty, I reckon." Billy patted Ant on the shoulder.

Ant snapped shut the safety clip on his cycle helmet. "I know; let's go to the shop at the garage and get some sweets. We can share them easier than a pound coin."

"Do we have time before school?" Billy looked at his watch. "It's eight-forty."

"If we keep it quick." Ant checked up and down the road to make sure it was clear. "Come on, slowcoach."

Billy soon caught him up. "So, what do you fancy? Starburst or Haribos?"

"I dunno. Let's see what we can get for a quid." Ant peddled on.

They reached the main road. The garage stood on the far side, and the rush hour traffic moved bumper to bumper. The only safe way over was via the pelican crossing. As they reached it, the red man showed.

Billy got to the button first and pressed it.

"Come on," Ant said talking to the lights, before pressing the button several more times. "Hurry up, or we'll be late."

"It won't help." Billy hadn't finished speaking before the man turned green, accompanied by the familiar beeping sound of the safe-to-cross signal.

The garage forecourt had three rows of petrol pumps, an area for lorries to fill up with diesel, an automated car wash, a place to pump up tyres or vacuum a car's interior, and an assortment of display shelving complete with newspapers, bunches of flowers, piles of logs for firewood, and stacks of barbeque coals. There were people and vehicles everywhere.

The boys wove in and out of the cars and their owners and pushed their bikes toward the pile of logs. They left them padlocked together and set off to buy some sweets.

The door to the shop, a large single pane of glass, opened inward. Though it stood closed, through it, Billy and Ant could see the long queue waiting to get served.

“Look, it’s eight-forty-five.” Billy held out his watch arm. “We’ll end up late.”

“Yeah, but we’re here now. Anyway, Miss won’t notice. We can sneak in at the back of the assembly hall.” Ant leant in to push on the door.

From inside the shop, Ant heard a shout of, “Stop, thief!”

As Ant’s hand touched the glass of the door, it exploded into a thousand pieces. The cascade of glass didn’t fall downward but blasted outward, pushed from the other side by a person desperate to escape the shop in a hurry.

“Get out of my way!” the person shrieked.

Ant got knocked aside and tumbled backwards into the shelf of vases that held many bunches of flowers. Unable to support his weight, the shelf, with the vases, fell to the ground along with him.

Instinctively, Billy covered his face to protect it from the flying fragments. The running man sent him flying toward the petrol pumps. Billy bounced off the front wing of a car parked there and stumbled back toward the shop.

He tripped over Ant, and both boys lay in a tangled heap of arms, legs, school bags, and broken vases, all covered in a variety of colourful flowers.

Mayhem broke out inside the shop. An assistant burst through the broken door, shouting “stop him” while waving and pointing at the disappearing figure. Behind the counter, other assistants stood glued to the many CCTV monitors as the robber fled across the forecourt to disappear in the rush-hour traffic. They scribbled notes, determined to get as much information about the man as they could—hair colour, what he wore, and his height and build—anything to help the police find him.

Other staff dealt with the impatient customers focused on getting to work. Like a rugby scrum, they pushed forward, insisting on getting served next. The whole scene took place to the shrill, piercing sounds of the alarm triggered by the breaking glass. Shouts from Mr. Gupta, the petrol station manager, added to the racket while he tried to

reassure everyone that they had the situation under control.

"You okay?" Billy pulled himself into a crouching position. "Man, that felt scary." He brushed at his clothes. Pieces of glass, broken stems, petals, and leaves fell to the ground. "We'd better get out of here."

Ant offered him his arm. "Give us a hand."

"You all right, boys?" a chap asked as he came across from the direction of the petrol pumps. "You were lucky not to have gotten hurt." He bent and lifted Billy then Ant into a standing position.

"Thanks." Billy shot Ant a look. "Yeah, we're fine. Just need to get to school." Billy looked guarded. "He's Mr Glenn, the school gardener!" he whispered from behind his hand.

"Can you hear that?" The man turned toward the main road. "Look at all those flashing lights and sirens. I reckon the whole town's emergency services have turned out."

Billy and Ant nodded to each other and ran. "We sooo need to get out of here."

When Mr Glenn turned back, there was no sign of the boys. "How odd." He scratched his head. "Oh well, they must be all right."



2 - Late For School

When the school gates came into view, the boys could see that the playground lay empty.

"I bet they're still in assembly," Ant whispered. He didn't know why he whispered, but he thought it best under the circumstances. "If we're quick, we might manage to sneak in without anyone seeing us."

"No, I think we should go straight to the classroom and wait for them to come back. When Miss asks us why we came in late, we'll just tell her one of us had a puncture." Billy spun the tumblers on his bike lock and gave it a tug to make sure it held firm.

The boys reached the classroom together and listened. "They're back." Billy inched open the door, hoping not to get noticed.

“Ah, nice to see you, Billy Field. And you, Anthony Turner. Good of you to join us.” Miss Tompkins walked up to them. “Where have you been?” She held up her watch.

“Please, Miss, I had a puncture. I’d just left home with Billy, and he noticed my back tyre had gone flat. We pumped it up, but I could hear a hissing sound.” Ant looked to Billy for support. “We were so close to my house, we thought it would be best to mend it. Didn’t we, Billy?”

“Yes, Miss. He had a puncture.” Billy’s cheeks went red. He hoped she hadn’t noticed.

“Then we couldn’t find the tyre levers or repair kit. It had slipped down behind the cupboard where my dad keeps his tools.” Ant smiled up at Miss Tompkins. “Actually, Billy found it, but by the time he did, I’d got the tyre off with a screwdriver.”

“Very good, boys; you make quite a team. Well, go and sit at your table. We need to get on.” She turned to walk away.

“That’s not all, Miss. Once I’d stuck on the new patch and waited for the glue to dry, I needed a bowl of water.”

“A bowl of water?” Miss Tompkins’ forehead furrowed.

“Yes, Miss, to test if the puncture had mended. You know, if you blow up an inner tube and put it in a bowl, you get a load of bubbles if there’s a hole. So, I asked Billy to get the washing-up bowl from the kitchen.” Ant looked at Billy, who lifted his brow. “Didn’t I?” He dug Billy in the ribs.

“Urr, yes, Miss.” Billy nodded. “It was red, Miss.” Billy thought adding the colour would make Ant’s story more believable. Nervous, he shifted from foot to foot as he spoke.

“And did it bubble?”

“No, Miss, not from the patch. That’s why we’re here now. With the puncture mended, we rode straight to school, as fast as we could so we wouldn’t get here too late.” Ant stared up at her. Inwardly, he grinned; convinced she had totally believed their story.

“Well done, boys. That’s a good exercise in problem-solving, and you passed with flying colours.” She smiled at them both. “Why don’t

you write about what happened for the class storyboard? You could even draw a few pictures." Miss pivoted on her heels and set off back toward her desk.

"Yikes, Ant! What a pack of lies." Billy looked around to see if Miss had heard.

"Yeah, but we got away with it. Anyway, what's with the red bowl? You're just as much to blame."

"How can you say that? What about that stuff on tyre levers and bubbles?"

"Well, I had to make it sound real. It's my creative side." Ant smiled at the thought. "I know; how many kids does it take to mend a puncture?"

"What? Not one of your jokes. Not now." Billy felt confused.

"Go on, guess."

Billy shrugged.

"None, 'cos we didn't have one!"

Both boys laughed and exchanged a high five.

"Yeah, but what about this morning?" Billy asked.

"This morning?" Ant tilted his head. "What?"

"Down the garage. You forgotten already, or have you started to believe your lies?"

"No, I just haven't had time to think about it." Ant pulled his hand out of his pocket along with the pound coin and several coloured petals and leaves. Memories of what had happened came rushing back to them both. Ant shivered.

"Quick; shove them away. We don't want anyone asking questions. Nobody must know, not even Tom, or we'll get in real trouble." Billy glanced around the room to see if anyone watched them. Tom came their way. It gave no great surprise, as they shared the same table.

"Miss sent me to the office to return some books." Tom pulled out his chair, "Where have you two been?" He looked at each in turn.

"Flipping 'eck, Tom, you should have been there ..." Ant could not

control himself. Billy kicked him under the table.

"Yeah, we could have done with your help. Ant, here, had a puncture. Lucky it happened outside his house." Billy leant back in his chair to whisper to Ant behind Tom's back, "It's too risky; you can't tell him."

"But Tom's our friend," Ant mouthed back.

"Yeah, but the less people who know, then the better."

"Front or back?" Tom asked. "Front punctures are much easier 'cos you haven't got the chain in the way."

"Back, but it's all sorted now." Billy smiled at him.

"I wondered why I didn't see you in assembly." Tom shifted his gaze to Miss Tompkins.



3 - The Police Investigate

A queue of traffic wound its way along the main road, and many drivers had stopped altogether to get a better view. Two police patrol cars, an ambulance, and a fire engine attempted to weave through the lines of stationary vehicles but made little progress.

With sirens blaring and lights flashing, drivers became aware of them but had nowhere to go. Customers, desperate to leave the garage, also got stuck. Pedestrians and cyclists, curious to see what had happened, had formed a large group that spilled over onto the road. All in all, it became utter chaos.

Alerted by the blasts of car horns, sirens, and the shrill sound of the security alarm, PC Wright, the local policeman who lived only two streets away, gulped down his breakfast cuppa before jumping on his bicycle and heading toward the noise. He arrived before the other policemen.

PC Wright felt unsure if he should sort out the traffic to make it easier for his colleagues to get there, or secure the crime scene to make sure all useful evidence could get collected.

While he tried to make his mind up, two plain-clothes police officers, the ones who do the detective work, had abandoned their car a few streets away and ran to the garage.

"We'll take over now," Inspector Grant called to PC Wright. "You look after the traffic. See if you can clear this lot." He waved his arm in the direction of the main road. "Forensics will get here shortly. I need them here as quickly as possible." He and his colleague turned and headed for the broken door.

As Inspector Grant approached the shop, the sound grew louder. He could make out a good deal of pushing and shoving, and various members of staff trying to calm the situation.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" The boom of his voice cut through the din. "Can we have some quiet, please? The sooner we do, the sooner you'll get away." He looked around the shop. "I am Inspector Grant. I'll need statements from you all. Not now, but can you give your details to Detective Constable Jenkins, here." He pointed to a female standing a few feet away. "Once she has your name and address, you can leave. Who is the manager?"

"That would be me. I'm Mister Gupta. This is a terrible thing to have happened. But you got here nice and quickly, and on foot, too." Mr Gupta smiled at the Detective Inspector. "Why do people do such things?"

Inspector Grant drew him aside and took out his notebook. "That's what we've come here to find out. Tell me what you saw, from the beginning, please."

The two men talked for a while until the inspector had several pages of notes.

"And you say the CCTV caught it all."

"We have eight cameras: three in the shop and five outside. It's a big garage." Mr Gupta gestured with a sweep of his arm.

"Have you somewhere we can watch the video?" Inspector Grant hoped for a quick arrest.

"Please, follow me." Mr Gupta led the inspector to an office. "Here." He pointed to a wall of screens. "We can switch between cameras and replay video as you want."

"Very good. Can I see the recordings for the time of the robbery?"

"Of course." Mr Gupta hit the replay button, and up came a picture of the shop's interior. A man wandered between the different displays, working his way from the back of the shop and toward the front where the three cashiers sat.

"Do you know this man?" Inspector Grant asked.

"No, sorry, all these youngsters look alike to me."

Suddenly, the man in the video made a dash for the counter, grabbing at anything of value. He turned and, at top speed, ran for the shop door, shoulder first.

"I think he thought it opened outward," Mr Gupta said. "Unfortunately for him, it doesn't."

As they watched the man charge the door, Inspector Grant noticed two schoolboys approaching from the other side of the glass.

"Have you got an external camera that covers the door?"

"Oh, sure, here." Mr Gupta leant in and pressed another button. Up came Billy and Ant on the screen. "I didn't notice them before."

"It looks like they saw everything. They might be able to identify the man. Do you know them?"

"I've seen them, and they're local, but I don't know their names. Sorry, Inspector Grant."

"And him, that chap helping the boys to their feet. Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes, I know him; that's Mr Glenn. A regular customer; he works at Grove Road Primary School."

"Good. We need to speak to him." Inspector Grant wrote the name Glenn in his notebook. "Now, these lads, they're wearing school uniform. Do they come from Elliott's?"

“No, they seem younger; I would say they come from Grove Road Primary School also.”

“Not to worry; we have PC Wright outside. He’s local and should manage to identify them.”

“That he is. He’s such a good man and often comes in.”



4 - We Got Away With It

At the end of the school day, Billy reached the bike shed first. He twisted the dials on his lock to 1010, his birthday. Then he wound the security cable around the seat stem and looked across to check Ant's bike.

I am a clown. He thought. I've become as bad as Ant. Of course, the bike is okay. The puncture story was all a lie. But what he saw took Billy by

surprise.

"Oh, no! It's flat." Billy blurted out the words. He looked back toward the school to see if Ant had come in sight. He spotted him wandering along, talking to Tom. "Oi, you two, here, quick." Billy waved vigorously until they saw him.

Tom and Ant sprinted up to where he waited.

"You'll never believe it. Your tyre's as flat as a pancake." Billy pointed to Ant's front wheel.

"What?" Ant crouched down to check.

"It's all good practice," Tom said. "Obviously, you didn't do a good job of fixing it." Tom looked at his watch. "Yeah, sorry; got to get home." He rode off.

"Thanks, mate." Ant kicked his tyre.

"That won't help. I'll walk back with you." Billy pulled his bike from the rack. "I have to go to my grandad's, anyway, so I can help you fix it."

"Cheers." Ant slung his helmet over his handlebars.

As the two boys walked through the school gates, Miss Tompkins pulled alongside in her car and wound down the window.

"Bad luck, Anthony. Maybe your dad can help you mend it properly this time."

"I hope so, Miss."

She drove off.

"You know what, Ant? You getting a real puncture sort of helps our story from this morning. Miss won't get suspicious at all now." Billy patted his mate on the back. "It's not far to walk."

Billy made it home in time for tea. When he walked through the back door, he could smell his favourite food cooking: sausages. Jacko jumped up to greet him.

"Hi, Jacks." Billy ruffled the dog's fur. "I bet you can smell the sausages, too."

"Where's my peeler man been?" His mum looked up from mashing

potatoes, "You're late. I was just about to ring Grandad."

"Yeah, sorry, Mum; I went to Ant's. He had a puncture, so I helped him fix it." Billy dumped his jacket, school bag, and cycling gear in a pile on the floor.

"Billy! How many more times? Hang this lot up." His mum pointed to the heap. "Then wash your hands. Tea's ready." She watched him while he did as asked. "I had to peel the potatoes and carrots myself. I missed my cooking assistant." She reached out as he walked past to give him a hug.

"Oi, I'm ten now." He pulled away.

"You're still my boy." She pulled him closer and squeezed. "Did you hear about the robbery at the garage? Everyone's talking about it at school."

Billy flinched at her question.

"Hey, what was that for?" She kept her arm around him.

"Nothing, Mum. Your ring dug into my neck." Billy brushed her hand away. His stomach knotted.

Billy's mum saw his cheeks redden. "You all right, Billy? Do you have something you want to tell me?" She turned him around to face her.

"No, Mum. Look!" Billy pointed at the cooker. "The sausages are burning."

While they ate, Billy spoke only when he had to. He didn't want his mum to ask any more questions.

"I've got homework," he announced, pushing his chair back from the table. Jacko stood as well.

"Dishes in the dishwasher, please, young man." His mum passed her plate and cutlery to him.

Billy lay on his bedroom floor, using the dog as a headrest.

"Jacks, me and Ant told lies today. We didn't mean to; it just sort of happened."

Jacko didn't say anything; he just kept licking his paws.

"Can't you stay still? You're like a wriggling pillow."

Jacko licked even more.

"Some bloke robbed the garage this morning, and we were there. Basically, we ended up late for school, so we told Miss that Ant had a puncture, but he didn't really. We got away with it 'cos Ant actually did get a puncture later, and Miss saw. But Mum keeps asking questions."

He hoped telling Jacko would help him sort out in his mind what had happened. He needed to talk to Ant. Billy reached for his mobile phone on his desk.

His face glowed, lit up by the phone's screen. He tapped away at the buttons:

Mate ... Mum asked me about it!

Billy pressed send. He stretched up and stroked Jacko's fur. "You can't text 'cos you've got paws."

Jacko continued to lick them. He didn't seem to mind at all.

Billy's phone buzzed. Attracted by the noise, Jacko stopped licking and turned his head toward it.

What's it?? Ant's message said.

Quickly, Billy thumbed a response:

Come on, Ant. I can't say what it is in case someone looks at our phones. You know, IT this morning.

He pressed the send button again.

His phone buzzed once more. Jacko stood so that he could sniff the mobile.

"Oi, pillow, come back here."

What did you tell her

Billy read Ant's message out loud. "Do you know, Jacks, Ant's a real idiot at times."

Nothing, of course. Has ur mum said anything

Billy pressed send.

No. Talk at school 2moz

Billy read Ant's message and turned off his phone. "Fingers crossed, we'll be okay, Jacks."

Ant sat in his bedroom staring at his phone. He wanted to talk more to Billy about what had happened, but Max, his younger sister, had barged into his bedroom.

"Why have you got out your phone?" She made a grab for it.

"Get off. It's mine." Ant snatched away his hand.

"Mum says I can have one when I'm in year five. Go on; let me see yours." Max reached past him, trying to get hold of it.

"No, you'll break it." Ant stood and stretched his arm high above his head.

Even on her tiptoes, Max couldn't reach. "I'll tell Mum."

"Tell Mum what? It's my phone, and I'm allowed to use it after school."

"Yeah, but you should share your toys." Max flopped back onto his bed.

"Sis, this is a phone, not a toy." He waved it in her face.

"I know," she said, folding her arms. "But I can still play with it."

"Look." Ant walked to his bedroom door to check no one stood outside. He lowered his voice to a whisper, "Me and Billy might be in trouble."

"What have you done?" Max spoke around the back of her hand.

"I can't tell you. Billy said to tell no one, not even Tom."

"But I'm your sister. Go on; tell me. Pleeeaaase." She waited for Ant to reply. "I'll tell Mum if you don't."

"That's not fair. Anyway, you don't know anything." He pulled a face at her.

"I know you two missed assembly this morning."

"Okay, but you've got to promise you won't tell anyone, especially not Mum or Dad." Ant held out his hand. "Hook your little finger around mine ... now, say: "On my honour ...""

"On my honour."

"I promise to tell ..."

"I promise to tell ..." Max laughed.

"... no one. Come on; say it."

"It." Max laughed again.

"Stop messing. Say 'No one.'"

Ant stared at her.

"No one." Max hid her hand behind her back.

"Have you got your fingers crossed?" Ant sounded angry.

"No, honest." Max looked away.

"You're lying. Put your hand out front and say no one again."

She held out her hand. "No one. Satisfied?" She poked her tongue out at him.

"Okay, I'll tell you."



5 - The Head Teacher's Office

The next day, Billy and Ant made sure they got to school on time.

"Before we finish assembly," Mrs Johnston, the Head Teacher said.

She sounded serious. "I need to make an announcement." Her gaze roamed the rows of children seated before her. The Head Teacher looked menacing.

The door to the hall opened. The hinges made their usual irritating squeak. Still wearing his helmet, PC Wright had to duck down to avoid the door frame when he walked in. The thump of his heavy boots made all the children turn and look.

Billy's stomach tumbled the moment he saw him. Ant grabbed Billy's wrist and squeezed.

"What's he doing here?" Ant whispered in a panic.

"I dunno, but it isn't good." Billy pulled his arm from Ant's grip. "Remember, say nothing to no one."

"Yeah, but he's a policeman. We might end up in prison."

"Good morning, PC Wright. Please, join me up on stage." Mrs Johnston beckoned to him. The sound of the officer's clumping boots was amplified while he crossed the wooden stage.

"Now, school, pay attention. PC Wright has come here as part of his investigation into the robbery at the garage in London Road yesterday morning. I'm sure you've all heard about it. Several of our staff got caught up in the traffic, including our caretaker Mr Glenn."

Billy and Ant shot each other a knowing glance.

"It was him who pulled us up!" Billy swallowed hard.

Ant slid down in his chair, trying to make himself invisible.

"Of course," Mrs Johnston said. "The school will do everything it can to assist the police with their enquiries. PC Wright tells me that we have two boys who might be able to identify the criminal." She leant forward and peered at the assembled children. Billy and Ant were sat at the back of the hall with the other year five students, hoping her glower didn't land on them.

"Right, that's all for now. Please, return to your classroom with your form teachers. I'll send for the two individuals in due course." Mrs Johnston and PC Wright turned to leave the stage.

Miss Tompkins ushered her students from the back rows. "Come

on, quick."

"Okay, year five." All the children talked about what had happened in assembly and about the robbery. Miss Tompkins had to shout to make herself heard. "Settle down, please. This morning, I want you to read chapter two of our set text and write, in your own words, what you think the story is about." She looked around the room to make sure everyone paid attention. "I have to leave you for a few minutes. I'm needed in the Head Teacher's office."

"Hey, Miss, are you going to help the police with their enquires?" Khalid called out. Everyone else laughed. Though Billy and Ant joined in, laughing made for the last thing they felt like doing.

"What will we do?" Ant bounced in his chair. "My mum will go nuts."

"Shush; keep it down. We don't know if they know who they're looking for yet." Billy watched as Miss closed the classroom door behind her. "She thinks you had a puncture, and she saw you pushing your bike home last night. That's what she'll tell Mrs Johnston."

"Yeah, but what about Mr Glenn? He saw us." Ant's leg shook. "We might have to stand in one of those police line-ups. You know, where the baddies stand in line with a bunch of other people and someone has to pick out the naughty person." Both his legs shook now, and he felt sick. "And that policeman knows us!"

Assembled in the Head Teacher's office sat Mrs Johnston, PC Wright, Miss Tompkins, and the school secretary, Miss Wixen. Her job was to take notes of the proceedings. She wrote furiously in what looked like a secret code of funny shapes, lines, dots, and squiggles every time anyone said anything.

PC Wright watched the pages of her notebook fill rapidly. If he could write at that speed, his life would become so much easier.

"I've never understood this shorthand writing," PC Wright said, then, "but it looks like a real time saver."

Her pen didn't stop moving.

"PC Wright, how can the school help you with your investigation?" Mrs Johnston felt keen to get the meeting over. She had countless tasks to attend to.

"Well, it's Inspector Grant's investigation. I only came here because this is my patch, where I patrol, so I know most of the local people." He watched the secretary scribble. He spoke slower, thinking it would help her keep up. He wished the criminals and witnesses he interviewed would do the same. It would have made it better for him, too.

"Quite so," Mrs Johnston said. "Now, let's stick to the point."

PC Wright removed his notebook from his tunic pocket and flicked through the pages. He studied one, and then flicked through some more.

"Here we are. At eight-forty-six on the morning of the twenty-seventh of November at the BP garage on London Road, two schoolboys believed to be from this vicinity were recorded on CCTV outside the entrance to the shop that forms part of the garage. From the video, I've identified these two lads as Anthony Turner and William Field." He looked up to check that everyone understood what he had said.

"But that can't be the case." Miss Tompkins sounded surprised. "Anthony and William had to mend a puncture at Anthony's house at that time. That's why they arrived late for school."

"How do you know?" PC Wright wrote something on his pad as he asked the question.

"Because they told me, in a lot of detail, what they had done. Anthony sounded very clear about not being able to find the puncture kit and using a screwdriver to lever off the tyre. And Billy recounted how he fetched a washing up bowl—red, I think he said—so that they could test the repair."

She held her fingers to her temple to help her remember more details. "And the repair didn't work. At the end of the day, when I drove out of the staff car park, I saw them walking, pushing their bikes. They hadn't done a good job because Anthony's tyre had gone

flat again. So, it couldn't have been them."

The speed at which Miss Tompkins spoke caused the school secretary to write so fast that her notebook nearly burst into flames.

"Thank you, Miss Tompkins." Mrs Johnston looked at PC Wright. "So, what do you make of that?"

"CCTV doesn't lie, and I've known the two boys since they were born. I'd recognise them anywhere." PC Wright drummed his fingers on his helmet, which rested in his lap. "And another thing, we have a witness who saw them at the garage; your groundsman, Mr ..." He opened his notes and flicked through a couple of pages. "Ah, here it is. Mr Glenn. Apparently, he saw a white male in his late teens or early twenties exit the shop at a running pace through the closed, all-glass door, knocking the boys off their feet. One boy fell into a display of flowers, demolishing the stand and breaking some two dozen vases, while the other boy bounced off the front wing of his car before getting propelled back toward the shop entrance, where he collided with the first lad."

He looked up. "Both boys ended up in a heap of bodies, school bags, broken glass, and multi-coloured flowers." PC Wright took a deep breath. "Mr Glenn saw all this as he stood filling his car with petrol. He responded to the boys crashing to the ground by lifting each one to their feet. Before he could ask if they were okay, Mr Glenn became distracted by the sirens of the arriving emergency vehicles."

PC Wright flicked over a page. "When he turned back to ask the boys how they were, they had disappeared. Mr Glenn decided that both boys must have remained unharmed by the incident." PC Wright snapped shut his notepad.

"Well, we'd better talk to Mr Glenn." Mrs Johnston turned to Miss Wixen, "Would you fetch him, please?"

"Mr Glenn, please come in," Mrs Johnston said.

"I won't, thank you, if it's all the same. My boots are rather muddy. I'll just stay right here." Mr Glenn hovered at the door to her office. "So, how can I help?"

"PC Wright, here, says you were at the garage yesterday morning during the robbery."

"Yes, that's right."

"And you had occasion to help two of our pupils get back on their feet."

"Yes, that's right."

"Do you know the boys, Mr Glenn?"

"I do."

Mrs Johnston cocked her head to one side. "And?"

"Sorry?" Mr Glenn said.

"Well who were they? That's why we asked you to come here. We need to find out their identities."

"Field and Turner. Two year-five boys. I'd know them anywhere. I've been at this school over thirty years. Seen them all come and go; hundreds—if not thousands of children in my time. I always remember faces. We had one young man who came here, and his father, and his father before ..."

"Right, well, thank you, Mr Glenn, that will do. You've been most helpful." Mrs Johnston turned back to the others. "It seems young Anthony and William lied to you, Miss Tompkins."

Miss Tompkins' face dropped. She felt let down, disappointed, and sad. "Why would they?"

"That's what we need to find out. I think we'd better get them here quickly."

Before Mrs Johnston had finished speaking, Miss Wixen got to her feet and headed out of the office. "Leave it to me," she said as she left the room. She walked down the corridor and into Miss Tompkins' classroom.

The clumping sound of her sturdy brown leather shoes walking along the corridor echoed in Miss Tompkins' ears. *Oh boys, why did you lie?*

Ant looked up from his reading book. "I wonder why she's gone to

Mrs Johnston's office."

"Do you need to ask?" Focused on his own book, Billy didn't lift his head. "It's about us, of course."

"You don't know that."

"What are you two on about?" Tom asked.

"Oh, nothing. Ant just wondered if his tyre will be okay today." Billy smiled at Tom.

"Yeah, well, it's about time he knew how to fix a puncture properly. You'll get plenty, especially if you go riding down the woods."

"What's down the woods?" Billy asked, thinking it best to distract Tom.

"You not been? It has an awesome ramp at the bottom of a steep pit someone's built. Great for wheelies. Apparently, they are going to make it even higher."

Before Billy could say anything, the classroom door swung open, and in walked the school secretary.

"Anthony Turner and William Field," Miss Wixen called. Her stern voice made it clear she wasn't on a friendly mission.

The colour drained from Ant's face. He felt light-headed as if he would faint.

"Can you come with me? Quick, now, boys. We don't want to keep Mrs Johnston waiting." Miss Wixen strode up to their table and lifted Billy and Ant by the arm. "Chop, chop."

The walk from their classroom to the Head's office didn't take long. For Billy and Ant, it didn't take long enough. Miss Wixen marched them toward the office door, and then left them to wait in the corridor.

"Wait here," she said, and then passed through the office door and closed it behind her.

Both boys moved nearer, hoping to hear what the adults inside said. They could make out several voices, but the sounds came muffled. They stood absolutely still, both holding their breath so that they could listen better.

“What are they saying?” Billy gasped. He had to breathe.

Ant shrugged and shook his head. He let out the large breath he had held in. “Phew.”

“We’ll find out soon, I bet.” Billy pressed his ear to the door.

The school secretary swung it wide open, and Billy fell into the room. After stumbling, he managed to save himself by grabbing onto Mrs Johnston’s large wooden desk.

“Right, William, stand there,” Mrs Johnston said. “And you, Anthony. Stand next to him.”

The boys shuffled into a space between the front of the desk and the semicircle of chairs occupied by Miss Tompkins, PC Wright, and Miss Wixen.

“So, Anthony, what have you got to say for yourself?” Mrs Johnston started the interrogation.

Ant looked at Miss Tompkins, hoping she might answer for him. She didn’t. Instead, she cast her eyes down, not wanting to make eye contact.

Mrs Johnston broke the silence, “I’m waiting.” She looked at both boys. “We know you went to the garage yesterday morning. PC Wright just wants to know what you saw.” Her tone frightened the boys.

“But, Miss, it wasn’t us. I was at my house with Billy, mending a puncture.” Ant shuffled his feet as he spoke. His face grew hot. “Ask Miss Tompkins.” He looked at her again, but she refused to return his gaze.

“Anthony,” PC Wright said. “I’ve known you and your family for years. You’re not in trouble with the police; I just need to know what you saw. Could you identify the person who robbed the garage? He ran right at you. We have it all on CCTV.”

“We went there,” Billy said, and then glanced at Ant. “We found a pound coin on the way to school and went to get some sweets. We were just about to go into the shop when the door exploded. We never

broke it.”

“Of course, you didn’t break it,” PC Wright said, wanting to reassure the lads. “But did you get a look at the face of the man who did? Would you recognise him again? Is it anyone you know?”

“Sorry. No, sir. It all happened so fast. I showed Ant my watch ‘cos I felt worried about getting to school late, and the next second, we ended up on the ground covered in stuff.”

“Did you get hurt, boys?” Mrs Johnston sounded a little concerned.

“No, Miss,” they said together.

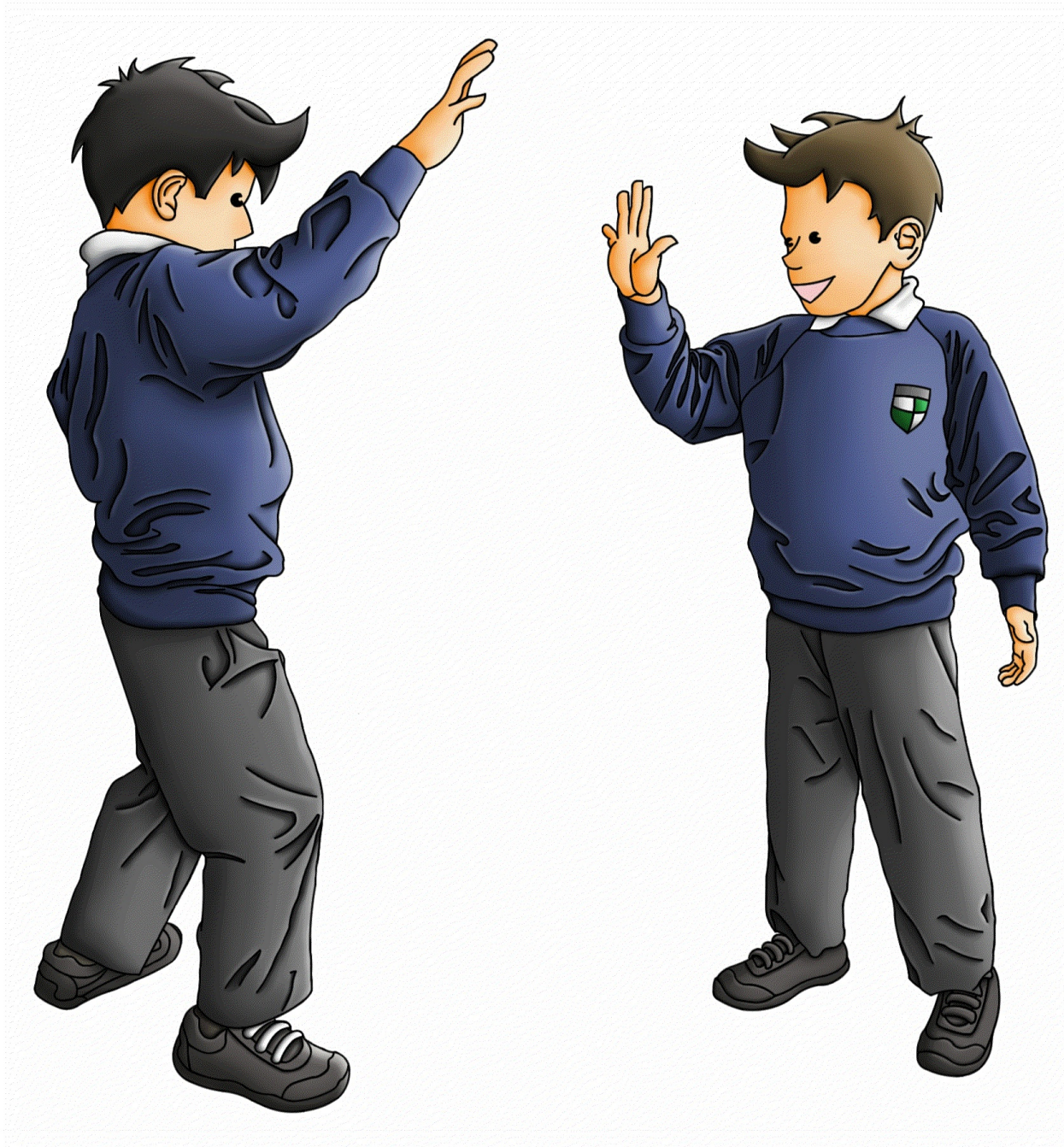
“And what about the man? Do either of you know him?” PC Wright wanted to get on.

The boys looked at each other before shaking their heads.

“Are you sure?” PC Wright sounded firm. “If you know something and don’t say it now, it’ll be bad for you later on. The courts take strong action against liars.” He looked into their eyes for any of the tell-tale signs that people make when they fib. He saw nothing. *Mind you, if they’d lied once, they may do it again*, he thought.

Satisfied that they couldn’t help any further, he decided the time had come to leave. “Well, thank you for your cooperation, Mrs Johnston.”

PC Wright stood. “I’m sure I’ll see you two soon,” he said, giving Billy and Ant a knowing look as he nodded to Mrs Johnston. Then he gathered his bits and pieces and left the room.



6 - Consequences

Billy and Ant stood motionless, their hands clasped behind their backs with their gaze firmly focused on the floor.

“Right, you two, please return to your classroom. I’ll deal

with you later.” Mrs Johnston walked to the front of her desk as she spoke. Billy and Ant filed out, and Miss Tompkins stood to leave.

“Please, wait here, Miss Tompkins. We need to discuss what’s happened.” The Head Teacher closed the office door. Miss Tompkins bowed her head. She knew she was in trouble.

“Miss Tompkins, do I have to remind you that we have responsibility for our pupils, and any lateness or absence needs to get recorded and investigated? What would have happened if those boys had gotten into an accident or had broken the law travelling to school? This is a serious matter.”

“Of course, Mrs Johnston, but Anthony and Billy are good students and have never behaved like this before.”

“So, why didn’t you report their lateness?”

“They had an excuse that sounded valid. I had no reason to doubt them. I trusted them, and since they arrived soon after assembly, I didn’t think it mattered.”

“We have procedures for a reason. I’m afraid that I have no choice but to make a note in your personnel file and hold a disciplinary hearing. This type of behaviour cannot and will not be tolerated. I suggest that you speak to the parents as soon as possible and decide what course of action needs to be taken to discipline the boys.”

As she walked back to her classroom, Miss Tompkins could hear the noise spilling out into the corridor.

“Children!” she called from the doorway. “Please, get on with your work.” She stared at them over the top of her glasses. Everyone knew that meant she was in a bad mood.

"Billy and Anthony, come and see me, now." She strode across the room to her desk.

All the students looked down at their books, not wanting to catch her eye in case she also called them out too.

She lowered her voice, "Well, explain yourselves, boys."

"Sorry, Miss," Ant spoke first.

"Sorry isn't good enough. I'm in trouble with the Head Teacher. I believed that story about punctures, tyre levers, and washing-up bowls. You told me a pack of lies. I trusted you." She looked at each in turn. "How can I trust you again?"

"We didn't think, Miss." Billy's comment came out as little more than a mumble. "The whole thing just sort of happened. Ant found the money, and we decided to go to the garage to get some sweets to share."

"Whose idea was it to lie about getting a puncture?" She watched for their reactions.

They both shrugged.

'It doesn't matter; you're both equally to blame. Mrs Johnston has asked me to speak to your parents. We'll see what you've got to say then.'

"But, Miss—"

"No 'but Miss'. You brought this on yourselves."

"How could we know some bloke would rob the garage?"

"Billy, that's enough. Now, back to your desk. Your lies got me into trouble with Mrs Johnston, and now I have to face a disciplinary hearing."

Ant stood with his mum and sister on Billy's grandad's

doorstep. Billy's grandad lived two doors down from the Turners and had asked everyone to come over so that they could discuss what had happened. Max clattered the doorknocker.

Jacko jumped to his feet and woofed, and Billy slid off the sofa to answer the door. He opened it, taking a step back to let them in. Nobody said a word. The two boys exchanged glances. When Ant passed by, Billy gave him a reassuring pat on the back.

They all sat in the front room and waited. Nobody spoke, and an awkward feeling hung in the air. Jacko sat next to Billy's legs and leant in. Billy stroked his dog, more for his own comfort than for Jacko's.

"This is a sorry occasion," Billy's mum said, appearing in the doorway and holding a cup of tea. "We let you two ride to school on your own because we thought you were sensible and could be trusted."

She looked over to Ant's mum for support, who nodded back. "As you get older, many more occasions will arise where we'll need to trust you. At secondary school, you'll need to behave in an even more grown-up manner. You will have visits to other schools, or field trips, and teachers and parents need to feel confident that you won't get up to anything that you shouldn't."

She took a sip of her tea. "Your grandad feels disappointed in you, Billy, as I'm sure Ant's grandparents will with him."

"Look, lads," Grandad said. "Fortunately, neither of you got hurt, but from what I hear, you got lucky not to have."

A heavy rapping on the doorknocker stopped him talking.

"Ah, good," Billy's mum said. "This will be PC Wright."

She went to let him in.

The officer's large figure dominated the room. He sat and listened to the conversation, adding snippets of detail about what had happened until everyone had spoken. He watched how the boys reacted to what the grown-ups said.

"I think these two have learned their lesson, now," PC Wright concluded. "I'm sure this was a one-off incident and won't get repeated."

"We hope so," Billy's mum said. "As parents, we've talked this over and have agreed to ground them for two Saturdays, and will confiscate their mobile phones for a month."

"Oh, and you, Max," Ant and Max's mum said. "Because Ant told you what he'd done, you need to understand that keeping secrets can make things even worse." She ruffled Max's hair. "If you do that again, you'll get into real trouble. Are you listening to me?"

"Hey, mate, do you know what?" Billy walked Ant back to his house. "I don't think we'll tell any more lies." He looked at his friend.

"Well, I know I'm good at making up stories, but I'd best keep them for Miss Tompkins' writing class."

"Miss! I'd forgotten about her," Billy said. "She got into trouble because of us. You know that pound coin you found? We should each add a pound of pocket money and buy her a present to say sorry."

"Great idea, and I'll write a joke to cheer her up." Ant looked up as he thought of one. "I know, what did the triangle say to the circle?"

"Go on; tell me."

“You’re pointless.” Ant skipped down the path. “Get it? Pointless. See, circles are round and—”

“Yeah, yet another Turner joke. You’ll have Miss in hysterics. Not!” Billy gave Ant a playful punch. “I’m not sure about your creative side if that’s the best you can do.”

The boys high-fived, and then they went their separate ways.

The End

What Children Can Learn From 'Billy And Ant Lie'

In this book, we discuss lying. A lie is deliberately saying something that is not true that you want someone else to believe. Lies are told to protect ourselves or someone else from getting into trouble, to avoid punishment or embarrassment, or to have other people think we are more interesting than we really are.

It's very hard to know when someone is lying. It would be so much easier if, like Pinocchio, the liars' noses got bigger! But for the very observant, people who are lying will avoid eye contact and tend to turn their bodies away from the person they're speaking to. They may also cover their faces or mouths as they speak. Twitching of the hands and legs, shuffling movements, confusion and muttering are also signs.

Nearly everyone has told a 'white' lie at some point, but lying becomes a problem when the person is compelled to frequently tell untruths, and over time they can even begin to believe their own stories. Lying then becomes a way of life. Frequent liars quickly lose people's trust as once a lie has been told, it becomes difficult for others to believe anything that's said. On the other hand, people who are lied to on a regular basis find it hard to believe anything that's told to them, and as a result they can become guarded and mistrusting of the world around them.

However, whatever you lie about and whenever you lie, it affects something or somebody and it can have serious consequences, as Billy and Ant discover in the story.

It is easy to embellish stories as you tell them. Did we need to know the colour of the washing-up bowl? We can see that Billy and Ant get carried away with their own storytelling. Of course, everyone hopes to get away with a lie—that's why they are told—but there is always a consequence. Even Miss Tompkins gets into trouble without having had anything to do with the lie itself. Every lie, no matter how small,

has an impact not only on the person who has told it, but on others too.

Avoid getting into a web of lies by admitting to any wrongdoing as soon as possible. Lying can be hard work as the people doing the lying need to have a really good memory to remember everything they have told and to whom they have told it. The best is to be honest, suffer the consequences at the time, and learn from the experience.

Billy and Ant's parents were very disappointed in their sons for lying and getting into trouble. Parents prefer to know the truth, no matter how bad it is; there is nothing worse than finding out that someone you love and trust has been deceiving you. It is also important that parents never lie to, or in front of their children, as this lesson is definitely best learned by example.

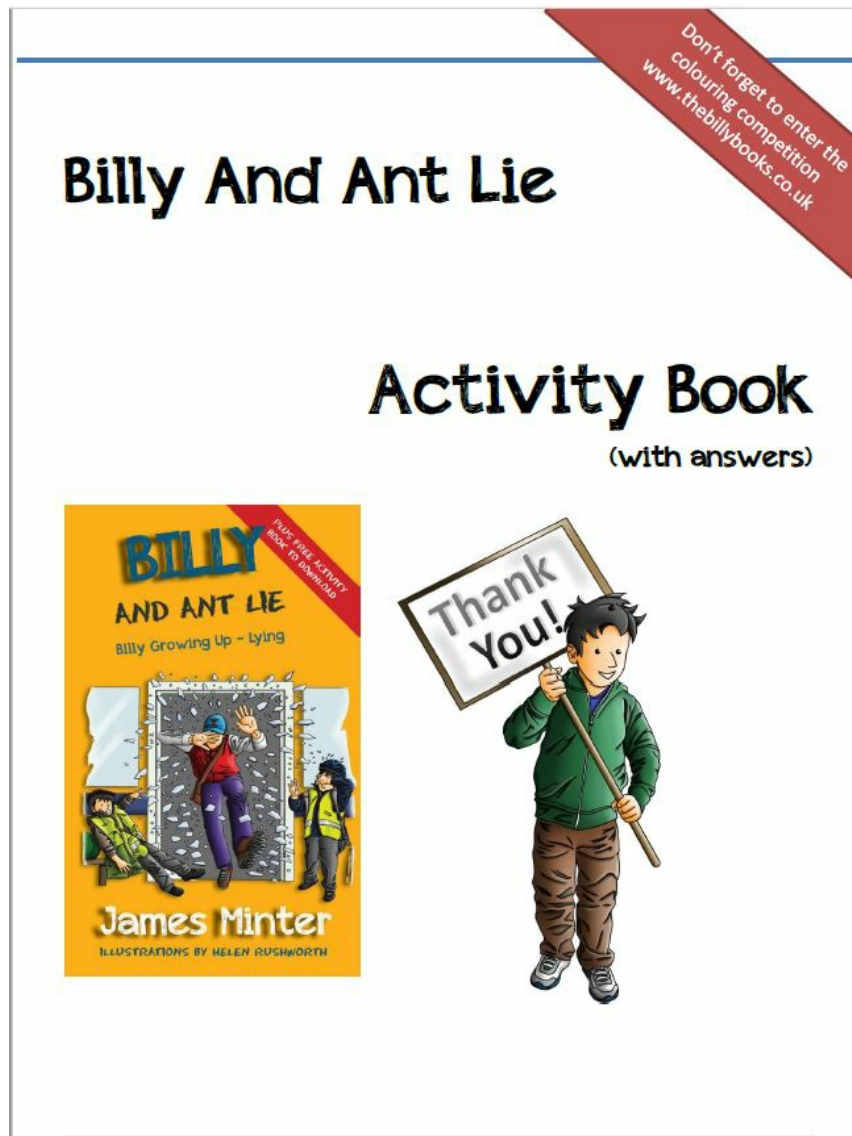
*If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything. **Mark Twain***

A lie gets halfway around the world before the truth has a chance to put its pants on.

Winston Churchill

Get Your **Free** Activity Book

Keep your enjoyment going—to accompany all the Billy Growing Up books there is a free activity book for each title. Each book includes word search, crossword, secret message, cryptogram and maze puzzles plus pictures for you to colour. **Tap on the cover below** to download your **free** activity book. Don't forget to print out the downloaded PDF file.



Book Review

If you found this book helpful, leaving a review on [Goodreads.com](https://www.goodreads.com) or other book related websites would be much appreciated by me and others who have yet to find it.



Read on for a Taster
of
Billy Helps Max
*Billy Growing Up Series:
Stealing*

James Minter

Helen Rushworth – Illustrator

www.billygrowingup.com



1 - It's Not Fair

"It's not fair!" Max said as she threw her bike to the ground. "Why won't you let me have a go?" She stormed off.

Ant looked, first, at his sister then at his best mate Billy. Both boys shrugged as they watched her walk across the lawn heading toward the backdoor.

The boys were kneeling in Ant's garden as they built a bike ramp out of two wooden planks—the type used by workmen when putting up scaffolding—and an upturned metal bucket. One end of each plank

rested on the ground while the other rested on the bucket. It seemed like a good idea; however, every time they tried to ride up the slope, the planks toppled off.

For the umpteenth time, Ant laid the planks back on the bucket, and now he was determined to secure them in place. He hurried off to look for extra support. Reaching his dad's shed, Ant disappeared inside. Amongst the tools, the lawn mower, and other Dad stuff, and after several bangs, clatters, and the use of words neither his mother nor Miss Tompkins, his form teacher, would tolerate, Ant re-emerged carrying four house bricks left over from the building of the garden wall.

Between strides, he announced, "This should do it." He looked at his mate.

Billy, was seated on his bike across the far side of the garden, waiting for Ant to place the bricks under the planks. After a few minutes, Ant gave him the thumbs up.

Billy raised himself off his seat and used his whole body weight to push down on the pedals. The bike lurched forward. With each rotation of the chain-wheel, it gained speed. Focussed on the ramp, and confident he would hit it square on, he went for the big one. *This is it.* He told himself. *Ant will be so impressed.* The wind blew in his face, and his helmet wobbled from side to side as he rode the hardest he could.

Ant squatted on his haunches to get a better view of the wheels striking the ramp. Since he wanted to build a slope that lasted, Ant needed to see what kept going wrong.

With both boys concentrating on the task, neither noticed Ant's sister Max hadn't made it to the backdoor. Her anger had reached boiling point. Instead, she turned and ran as fast as she could back toward the ramp. *If they wouldn't let me play, then they won't play either.* The thought drove her on. Max reached the first plank with only seconds to spare. Without stopping, she kicked at the wood, sending it off the bucket and clattering to the ground.

The front wheel of Billy's bike arrived where the jump should have been. With no ramp, he flew straight ahead, catching his bike's pedal in the handle of the spinning bucket. The bike swung violently off course, and now Billy headed directly toward Ant's dad's shed. Both boy and bike faced total disaster if it wasn't for Ant crouched in between.

Ant's instant response came automatically; he leapt like a frightened frog away from the path of the speeding bike. He rolled to a stop. Billy did not and hit the shed door with a loud bang.

"Max! Why on Earth did you do that?" Ant dusted himself down before jumping up and running after his sister. She had made it to the bottom of the garden and the gate that led out into the lane behind their house.

"Cos you said I couldn't have a go," she shouted over her shoulder while she ran down the hill.

"But you're a girl, and this is boy's stuff. Anyway, your bike is too prissy." Ant watched her until she ran out of sight. "Where are you going?" he called after her.

Either she didn't hear or chose not to answer. Ant turned and wandered back to Billy.

"You all right?" Ant gave Billy a slap on the back before setting about rebuilding the ramp.

Katie, Max's fifth best friend, lived only two streets away. The lane behind Max's house gave a quick and safe shortcut between their houses. Arriving at the backdoor, Max twisted the handle. Even though there was no one around, Max let herself in as she often did. Just as she crossed the threshold, Eddy (Katie's older brother) came up behind her. He barged passed, knocking the door out of her hand and grunting as he did.

"What do you want?" Eddy didn't stop walking.

Max spoke in a small, mouse-like voice, "Katie."

"Who?"

"Katie. Is she here?"

"No idea. Don't care." He strode off into the house. "Katie," he hollered at the top of his voice before disappearing upstairs.

Max felt unsure of what to do. She stood half in and half out of the backdoor. Then she tilted her head to one side, hoping to hear sounds of Katie approaching. She waited, even holding her breath to hear better, but no sound reached her. After a couple of minutes, she thought it best to leave. Max didn't want to go up to Katie's bedroom like usual, in case she met *him* on the stairs or in the hallway or some other place. Eddy scared her and he was nearly twice her age. Max didn't like to feel scared except at the funfair when she rode the ghost train.

Max decided to leave and pulled the door closed. She rotated the handle until it clicked shut; she was trying not to make a noise. With the door properly secure, she twisted herself around to walk off. As she did, she came face-to-face with Katie.

"Oh!" Katie had surprised her. "Don't do that." Max took a gasp of air and patted her chest to get her breath back. "You really scared me."

"Sorry, Max, I didn't mean to. I've just been up the shops for Mum. She wanted a loaf of bread." Katie held it up. "So, what are you doing here? Why didn't you go up to my bedroom like normal?"

"Eddy." Max looked around to see if he lurked nearby.

"Don't take any notice of him." Both girls went inside. "He makes loads of noise, but he's okay, really. Fancy an orange juice?"

Max said nothing. Staring straight ahead she seemed distant as if she was not there.

"You okay, Max?" Katie came up to her and looked directly into her face. "What's wrong?"

"It's my brother and Billy." Max cast her eyes downward.

"What do you mean?"

"They've been nasty to me."

"Have you told your mum?" Katie sounded concerned.

"They won't let me play with them." Max sniffed as she spoke.

Katie tried to console her, "My brothers are like that."

"You're just saying that. Tom's nice. I bet he's not nasty, and Eddy's too old."

Katie passed Max a glass of orange. "Come on; let's go up to my bedroom. We don't need boys." Katie led the way. "I've got Connect-Four and a Mr. Potato Head." She ran up the stairs.

"Your two brothers—" Max followed Katie. "—don't you play with them?"

"Not really. Well, not Eddy, anyway. When I was a lot younger, he played hide and seek with me, but that was years ago. Tom, maybe; he's nearer my age." She dropped a yellow counter into the Connect-Four frame.

"Wouldn't you like to do what they do?" Max asked.

Katie scrunched up her eyes, "What do you mean?"

"Skateboarding, or going down the woods on your bike, or acting out Star Wars battles; you know, boy's stuff."

"Yeah, but we've got dressing up, playing shop, or being mummies with our dolls. Anyway, I'm sure we could do boys things if we wanted to." Katie didn't look up; instead, she sat concentrating on her next Connect-Four move.

"Ant says my bike is too pretty or something like that. It's so pink, and it's got a basket and mudguards."

"But that's good if it rains isn't it?" Katie dropped another counter into the Connect-Four frame.

"I don't go out when it rains, and I hardly ever use my basket." Max's eyes glazed over as she thought about how she could make her bike more like a boy's. "That's it! I'll show them." Max jumped up and headed out of the bedroom. "See ya."

Kate dropped her counter. "What? Yeah, okay."

I hope you enjoyed this free chapter. Read '[Bill Helps Max](#)' to find out what happens next ...

For Parents, Teachers, And Guardians: About The 'Billy Growing Up' Series

Billy and his friends are children entering young adulthood, trying to make sense of the world around them. Like all children, they are confronted by a complex, diverse, fast-changing, exciting world full of opportunities, contradictions, and dangers through which they must navigate on their way to becoming responsible adults.

What underlies their journey are the values they gain through their experiences. In early childhood, children acquire their values by watching the behaviour of their parents. From around eight years old onwards, children are driven by exploration, and seeking independence; they are more outward looking. It is at this age they begin to think for themselves, and are capable of putting their own meaning to feelings, and the events and experiences they live through. They are developing their own identity.

The Billy Books series supports an initiative championing Values-based Education, (VbE) founded by Dr Neil Hawkes*. The VbE objective is to influence a child's capacity to succeed in life by encouraging them to adopt positive values that will serve them during their early lives, and sustain them throughout their adulthood. Building on the VbE objective, each Billy book uses the power of traditional storytelling to contrast negative behaviours with positive outcomes to illustrate, guide, and shape a child's understanding of the importance of values.

This series of books help parents, guardians and teachers to deal with the issues that challenge children who are coming of age. Dealt with in a gentle way through storytelling, children begin to understand the challenges they face, and the importance of introducing positive values into their everyday lives. Setting the issues in a meaningful context helps a child to see things from a different perspective. These books act as icebreakers, allowing easier communication between parents, or other significant adults, and children when it comes to discussing difficult subjects. They are

suitable for KS2, PSHE classes.

There are eight books in the series. Suggestions for other topics to be dealt with in this way are always welcome. To this end, contact the author by email: james@jamesminter.com.

*Values-Based Education, (VbE) is a programme that is being adopted in schools to inspire adults and pupils to embrace and live positive human values. In English schools, there is now a Government requirement to teach British values. More information can be found at:
www.valuesbasededucation.com/

Billy Gets Bullied

Bullies appear confident and strong. That is why they are scary and intimidating. Billy loses his birthday present, a twenty-pound note, to the school bully. With the help of a grown-up, he manages to get it back and the bully gets what he deserves.

Billy And Ant Fall Out

False pride can make you feel so important that you would rather do something wrong than admit you have made a mistake. In this story, Billy says something nasty to Ant and they row. Ant goes away and makes a new friend, leaving Billy feeling angry and abandoned. His pride will not let him apologise to his best friend until things get out of hand.

Billy Is Nasty To Ant

Jealousy only really hurts the person who feels it. It is useful to help children accept other people's successes without them feeling vulnerable. When Ant wins a school prize, Billy can't stop himself saying horrible things. Rather than being pleased for Ant, he is envious and wishes he had won instead.

Billy And Ant Lie

Lying is very common. It's wrong, but it's common. Lies are told for a number of different reasons, but one of the most frequent is to avoid trouble. While cycling to school, Billy and Ant mess around and lie about getting a flat tyre to cover up their lateness. The arrival of the police at school regarding a serious crime committed earlier that day means their lie puts them in a very difficult position.

Billy Helps Max

Stealing is taking something without permission or payment. Children may steal for a dare, or because they want something and have no money, or as a way of getting attention. Stealing shows a lack of self-control. Max sees some go-faster stripes for her bike. She has to

have them, but her birthday is ages away. She eventually gives in to temptation.

Billy Saves The Day

Children need belief in themselves and their abilities, but having an inflated ego can be detrimental. Lack of self-belief holds them back, but overpraising leads to unrealistic expectations. Billy fails to audition for the lead role in the school play, as he is convinced he is not good enough.

Billy Wants It All

The value of money is one of the most important subjects for children to learn and carry with them into adulthood, yet it is one of the least-taught subjects. Billy and Ant want skateboards, but soon realise a reasonable one will cost a significant amount of money. How will they get the amount they need?

Billy Knows A Secret

You keep secrets for a reason. It is usually to protect yourself or someone else. This story explores the issues of secret-keeping by Billy and Ant, and the consequences that arise. For children, the importance of finding a responsible adult with whom they can confide and share their concerns is a significant life lesson.

If something has to be kept a secret, there must be a reason. It is usually to protect yourself or someone else. This story explores the issues of secret-keeping by Billy and Ant, and the consequences that arise. For children, the importance of finding a responsible adult with whom they can confide in and share their concerns is a significant life lesson.

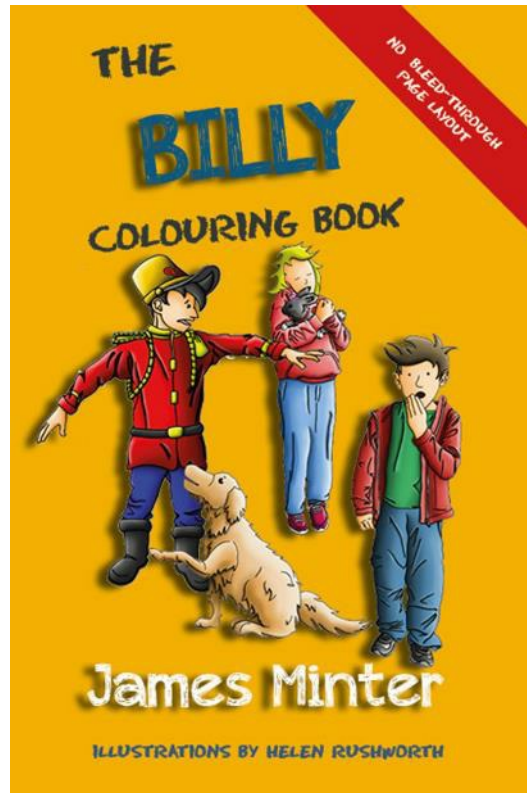
Multiple Formats

Each of the Billy books is available as a **paperback**, as a **hardback** including coloured pictures, as **eBooks** and in **audio-book** format.



The Billy Colouring Book

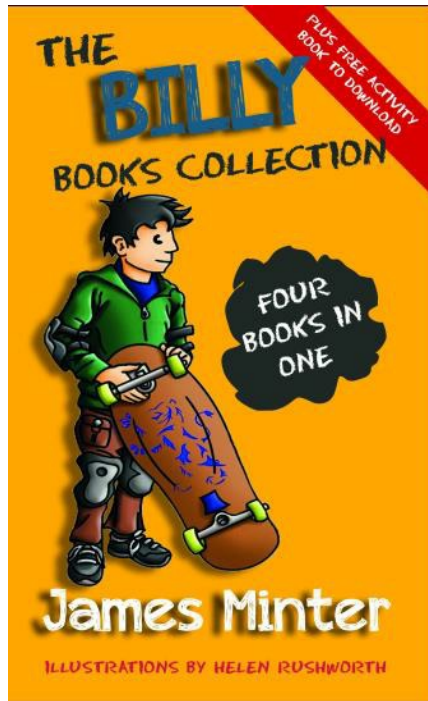
The Billy Colouring book is perfect for any budding artist to express themselves with fun and inspiring designs. Based on the Billy Series, it is filled with fan-favourite characters and has something for every Billy, Ant, Max and Jacko fan.



The Billy Books Collections Volumes 1 and 2

For those readers who cannot wait for the next book in the series, books 1, 2, 3, and 4 are combined into a single work — The Billy Collection, Volume 1, whilst books 5, 6, 7, and 8 make up Volume 2.

The collections are still eligible for the free activity books. Find them all at www.thebillybooks.co.uk or www.billygrowingup.com



About The Author

I am a dad of two grown children and a stepfather to three more. I started writing five years ago with books designed to appeal to the inner child in adults - very English humour. My daughter Louise, reminded me of the bedtime stories I told her and suggested I write them down for others to enjoy. I haven't yet, but instead, I wrote this eight-book series for 7 to 9-year-old boys and girls. They are traditional stories dealing with negative behaviours with positive outcomes.

Although the main characters, Billy and his friends, are made up, Billy's dog, Jacko, is based on our much-loved family pet, which, with our second dog Malibu, caused havoc and mayhem to the delight of my children and consternation of me.

Prior to writing, I was a college lecturer and later worked in the computer industry, at a time before smartphones and tablets, when computers were powered by steam and stood as high as a bus.

Websites

www.billygrowingup.com

www.thebillybooks.co.uk

www.jamesminter.com

E-mail

james@jamesminter.com

Twitter

https://twitter.com/james_minter

<https://twitter.com/thebillybooks>

Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/TheBillyBooks/>

<https://www.facebook.com/author.james.minter/>

Acknowledgements

Like all projects of this type, there are always a number of indispensable people who help bring it to completion. They include Amanda Horan, for her editing and incisive comments, suggestions and corrections, and Helen Rushworth of Ibex Illustrations, for her images that so capture the mood of the story. Gwen Gades for her cover design. And Maggie, my wife, for putting up with my endless pestering to read, comment and discuss my story, and, through her work as a personal development coach, her editorial input into the learnings designed to help children become responsible adults.





This edition of this free ebook was
brought to you by -

<https://www.freekidsbooks.org>

Preschool, early grades, picture books, learning to read,
early chapter books, middle grade, young adult

Always Free – Always will be!

Copyright – Legal Notice

This book has a standard copyright. The permission to publish this FKB version has been provided by the author or publisher to <https://www.FreeKidsBooks.org>. The book may not be re-posted online without the author's express permission.