

Reddy or  
Knott!



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### **What this story is about**

Learning a new pupil's name shouldn't be a problem for a teacher.

But things can go wrong when a whole bunch of new pupils arrive at once, all with unusual names.

And when one of the newcomers decides to mix up the names and confuse the teacher, poor Mr Pott's head is sent spinning as the whole class join in some seriously silly name games.

## Reddy or Knott!

'I'm Mike Reddy,' I told my teacher, Mr Potts, when I arrived that first Monday.

'I won't forget that name,' he said. 'Reddy, as in ready, steady, go.'

'No, sir,' I replied. 'Ready, as in "ready to go home".'

He chuckled and his chins wobbled. 'Excellent. I like a boy with a sense of humour.'

He'd soon change his mind.

The next morning, Tuesday, another new boy arrived in class.

I'm only average height and blonde and the new boy was tall and dark, but Mr Potts made us stand side by side and repeat our names.

'I'm Reddy,' I said.

'And I'm Knott,' said the tall boy.

'Not what?' asked the teacher.

'Not Reddy,' I said. 'I'm Reddy.'

Mr Potts gave me a strange look.

On Wednesday, two more new kids arrived.

Mr Potts called up the week's new students.

'So, your name's Angela Reel,' he said, starting with the new girl who wore giant earrings. 'Reel, as in dance?'

She shook her head and the earrings spun. 'I've never been to a real dance.'

Mr Potts coughed. 'And you,' he said, pointing at the new boy with the mole on the end of his nose, 'must be Badd.'

'That's not fair, Mr Potts,' I said. 'His name's Angus and he can't be all bad.'

'I am,' said Angus. 'Badd's my real name.'

'I thought Reel was her name,' said Mr Potts, pointing at Angela.

'That's a real bad mistake to make,' I said.

He pointed at each of us as he repeated our names. 'So, in order, it's Reel, Reddy, Knott, Badd.'

'No,' I said. 'It's Greg, then me, then Angela, then Angus. That makes it Knott, Reddy, Reel, Badd.'

Thursday brought three new problems for our teacher.

Melvin Butt had arms like a gorilla. Niki Jolly had a pudding bowl haircut. The biggest thing about Gareth Bigg was the ginger curls on his head.

No one could mix those three up. But Mr Potts tried as he stood the trio in front of the class.

'Welcome, Butt,' said Mr Potts.

'But what?' asked Melvin.

The teacher ignored him and turned to Niki. 'And you're Jolly?'

'Not with this haircut,' she said.

Mr Potts turned to the ginger-headed boy. 'And you must be Bigg.'

'Only when my curls stand on end,' said Gareth.

Mr Potts added the other four new arrivals and ran down the line.

'So class, here we have Knott, Reddy, Reel, Badd, Butt, Jolly, Bigg.'

'No, Mr Potts,' I pointed out. 'You've got the last three mixed up. It's Niki, Gareth, then Melvin. Which means it's Knott, Reddy, Reel, Badd, Jolly, Bigg, Butt.'

'I knew that,' said Mr Potts. 'Just checking to see if you were still awake.'

Friday morning brought four new arrivals.

'Mary-Lee Rong,' the new girl told us. She had a ponytail that reached to her waist.

'Brett Verry,' said the boy with spiky black hair.

'Damien Good,' said the second boy, the one with the patch over his eye.

'Benjamin Wright,' said the fourth new kid, peering through thick spectacles.

Mr Potts stood in front of the new girl. 'So, you're Rong.'

'You sound just like my mum,' she told him. 'I get blamed for everything.'

Mr Potts moved along the line. 'And you're Verry,' he said to the first boy. 'A very, very simple name to remember.'

He stopped and squinted at the boy with the eye patch. 'And you have to be Good.'

'That's what my dad reckons,' said Damien, sulking. 'I'd rather be bad.'

'We've already got one of those,' I yelled.

Mr Potts ignored me and moved on to the student with the spectacles. 'And you must be Wright.'

'He has to be Wright,' I said. 'He's the only one left.'

Mr Potts counted off the four new arrivals. 'Rong, Verry, Good, Wright.'

I put up my hand and waved it around.

'Please, sir,' could you run through all this week's new kids just one more time? I'm still a bit confused.'

Mr Potts bared his false teeth and glared at me. He was more confused than any of us, but he was trapped.

He called up the week's eleven newcomers and started.

'The line-up,' he said in a shaky voice, 'is Knott, Badd, Reel, Reddy, Verry, Jolly, Rong, Wright, Good, Butt, Bigg.'

'You've mixed it up in the middle,' I said. 'See? Reel, Jolly, Good.'

'No,' he insisted, 'That's Wright, Knott, Rong.'

He turned to the class looking for support. While his back was turned, several kids swapped places.

'Look, Mr Potts,' I said. 'Anyone can see it's Badd, Butt, Good.'

'Nonsense, whatever-your-name-is,' said Mr Potts, 'it's Knott, Verry, Badd. Isn't it?'

He turned away to cough and the line reshuffled again.

I called out the new lineup.

'Actually, Sir, I think it's Verry, Rong, Knott, Reddy, Jolly, Wright, Reel, Good, Bigg, Badd, Butt. Could you double check that for us, please, sir?'

His face turned three shades of green as he marched along the line, tapping each kid on the shoulder.

'Um...This is Verry... Jolly... Badd...'

'Can't be,' I said, 'Jolly's down the other end.'

'Um...' he began again, 'I meant to say Wright and Rong...'

'What about the Butt in between,' I said. 'Wright, Butt, Rong.'

Mr Potts shuddered like a scarecrow in a strong wind. I sensed his brain was about to explode.

That's when a new boy with braces on his teeth appeared in the doorway.

'I'm about to call an early recess for the weekend,' Mr Potts told him. 'You're just in time.'

'How did you know that?' asked the boy.

'Know what?' asked the teacher.

'My name. Justin Time.'

I was the one who caught Mr Potts just before his head hit the floor.

The End