

# 1. Snowboard Practice

Maltliquor MacSnigger shot right through the fence, his snowboard went flying into the air before landing on top of a sun umbrella in the sports centre's café. This made people sitting at the table dive out of the way with loud screams. "Ow, ow, that really hurt my butt," cried Maltliquor.

"Wow, that was the best! I have never seen anything like that before, you almost did a somersault flip," shouted Flyer MacHigher.

"Well, I didn't mean to do it, I just want to get the hang of using this thing, or do I?" complained

Maltliquor, as he rubbed his butt.

"You better go and retrieve your snowboard, those people in the café don't look too happy about you

knocking over their coffees. You might have to buy them two more," laughed Prancer MacDancer.

"I'll show you how it's done when you get back," screamed Chaffy MacTaffy, as he whizzed past Maltliquor. This week was the first week that Chaffy MacTaffy was able to stand up on his snowboard and go further than two metres. But he seemed to have got the hang of it now.

"Come over here Maltliquor, I'm going to give you one last lesson before we go home," shouted Prancer. Broozer MacDoozer and Scruffy were watching them from high up on the climbing board. Both had been on skiing holidays with their parents and were good at snowboarding, so they both had decided to learn how to rock climb. They were all looking forward to a holiday of a lifetime.

Broozer's uncle was a scientist with something to do with climate change and glaciers melting. He spent time at the Makalu Barun National Park in Nepal and had arranged for the Six Macs to go out with him for a whole month with their mums and dads. They were really looking forward to it, so for the last five weeks they had been learning how to snowboard. Prancer and Flyer found it really easy because their skateboarding skills had come in handy.

They all strapped their snowboards to their backs and headed back to their camp. It was quite a long bicycle ride of five miles. There was one stretch of very busy traffic, so they tended to cycle on the pavement. It was the worst part of the journey because there was an ex-policeman on that stretch, who always told them off. Just as a wind-up, Broozer MacDoozer always threw an empty drink can into his front garden, which was made of concrete, to make a clattering noise. The other five didn't like him doing it, but it always made the policeman come running out of his house to chase them. Broozer didn't do it to annoy him, he did it to wind up Chaffy, who always lagged behind the rest. Because his bike was smaller, he had to cycle harder to stop himself from being caught, which Broozer thought was hilarious. Chaffy

and Broozer are really good mates, but they have a sort of love-hate relationship and are always teasing each other.

This week was no exception, Broozer threw the can, and sure enough out came the policeman, who chased them down the road until they were out of reach. “That’s not funny, Broozer, you always catch me out. One day he will catch me,” puffed Chaffy, who was totally out of breath.

Broozer just sniggered. Back at camp, Chaffy was looking forward to playing a get-you-back trick on Broozer which he had read about in a book. So he volunteered to make them all cups of tea. He boiled the water on an old camping stove they had found next to a small gas cylinder on the tip next to their camp. Broozer’s mug had a picture of Dennis the Mennis on it. After making his tea, Chaffy took a raw egg out of his saddlebag and sneakily broke its shell, dropping the raw egg into Broozer’s tea. It immediately sank to the bottom of his drink and could not be seen. The Six Macs were all enjoying their tea while discussing how good their holiday was going to be, when suddenly Broozer let out a “GLuuuuug, goooooor, yuk” sound while spitting out a slimy raw egg. Chaffy laughed so much that he nearly wet his pants. “Got you, that’ll teach you for making me cycle faster,” he laughed.

“That’s not a joke, I don’t class that as a joke, it’s cruel. I could have been sick or choked to death. That’s taking it too far,” complained Broozer. The others didn’t know whether to laugh, or be annoyed with Chaffy, so they just kept quiet. Chaffy sulked for a few minutes when he realised the trick wasn’t a good one.

All of them had received special written permission from school to take the time off, as long as they wrote an essay about their experiences. The Six Macs had been told that it was very cold where they were going. But further down the mountain, near a small village where they would be staying, it was slightly warmer. All the Six Macs had been given extra special very warm skiing jackets and trousers, supplied by Broozer’s uncle’s university, with “Edinburgh University Climate Change Team One” written on the back of each jacket.

On the last Sunday of practice, they decided to stay until the sports centre closed. Maltliquor was still very wobbly but was slowly getting better. Flyer was showing off most of the day, so was Prancer. “We should go home, we have an early start tomorrow morning,” suggested Scruffy, who was really excited.

Suddenly Chaffy shouted, “Look at me I have been practising all afternoon and now I think I have perfected the perfect move.” He was right at the top looking down at them. Most of the other snowboarders had gone home so he had an empty slope.

“Here I come,” Chaffy shouted. The others looked with surprise on their faces as he shot down like a fired bullet, then did a flip just like one of Flyer MacHigher’s moves. But then everything seemed to go wrong as he wobbled like a buckled fish, before crashing down head first onto the crisscrossed hard slope.

“Ow, ow, OW, that hurt,” as he rubbed his head.

“Are you all right?” asked Flyer. “You came down with quite a bump. You don’t want to break anything before our holiday, are you sure you’re not hurt?”

“Yes, I’m fine apart from a bit of a sore head.” Broozer and Scruffy thought it was funny and were trying very hard to hide their grins.

“We should go now, I want to pack my final bits and pieces,” suggested Prancer.