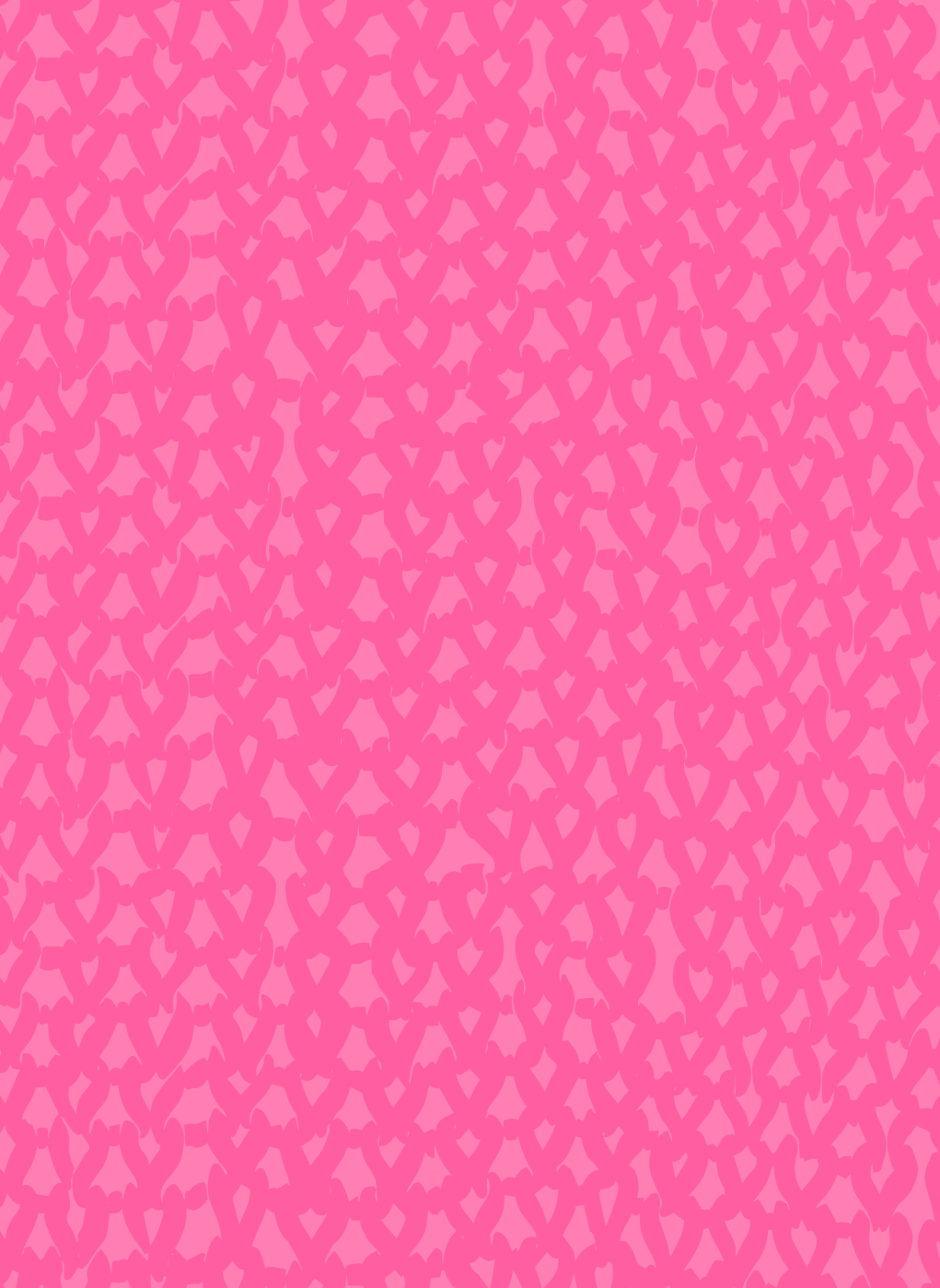


Sophy Henn

BAD Mama

BETTER GAs safe
ThAN sORRY





BAD
Mania



BETTER
gAs
safe
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*Sophy
Henn*



WEAR
BADGES

KAPOW

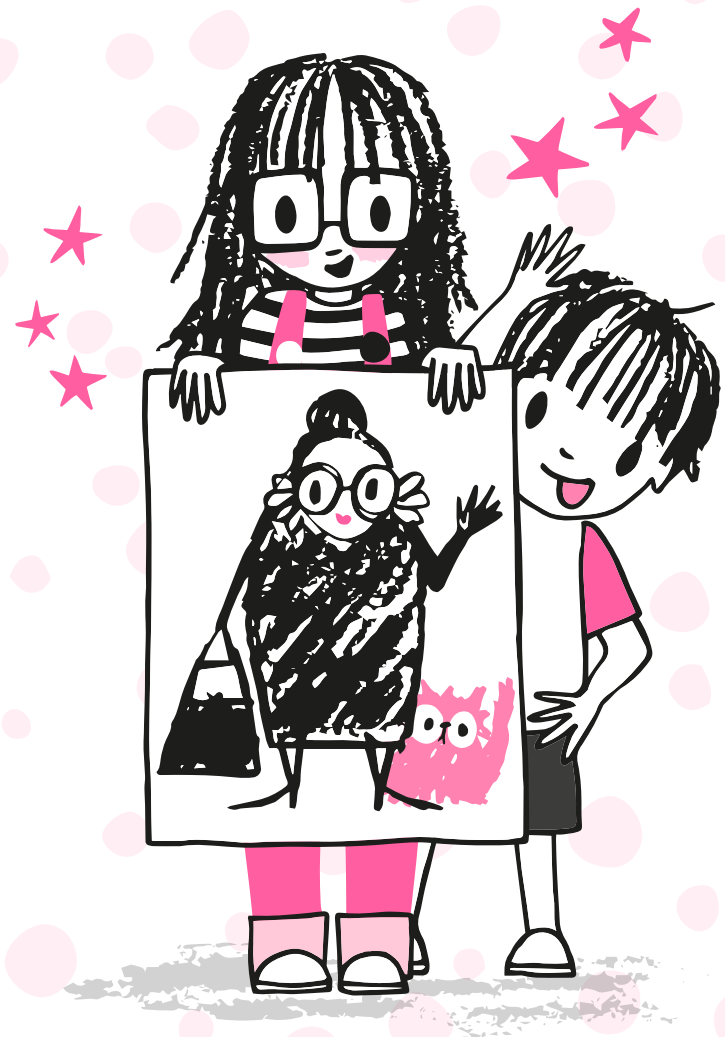


Hello! My name is Jeanie and I am $7\frac{3}{4}$. My ABSOLUTE best things in the whole wide world are badges, my brand new school bag and **BAD NANA**. Well, she's not so much a thing as a person, my favourite person in fact, which is pretty handy as I spend A LOT of time at **BAD NANA'S** house.

Unlucky for me my least favourite thing in the whole world does too...



FUNNY
BADGE



That's my little brother Jack. And yes, he **IS** a thing. UGH.

In actual fact me and Jack were at **BAD NANA'S** when she decided we absolutely **HAD** to go and visit Barbara Two Doors Down as apparently she hadn't been at **Bingo** the night before and **BAD NANA** said Barbara Two Doors Down never misses Tuesday at **Bingo** as it's her lucky day **AND** first prize is a box of sausages.

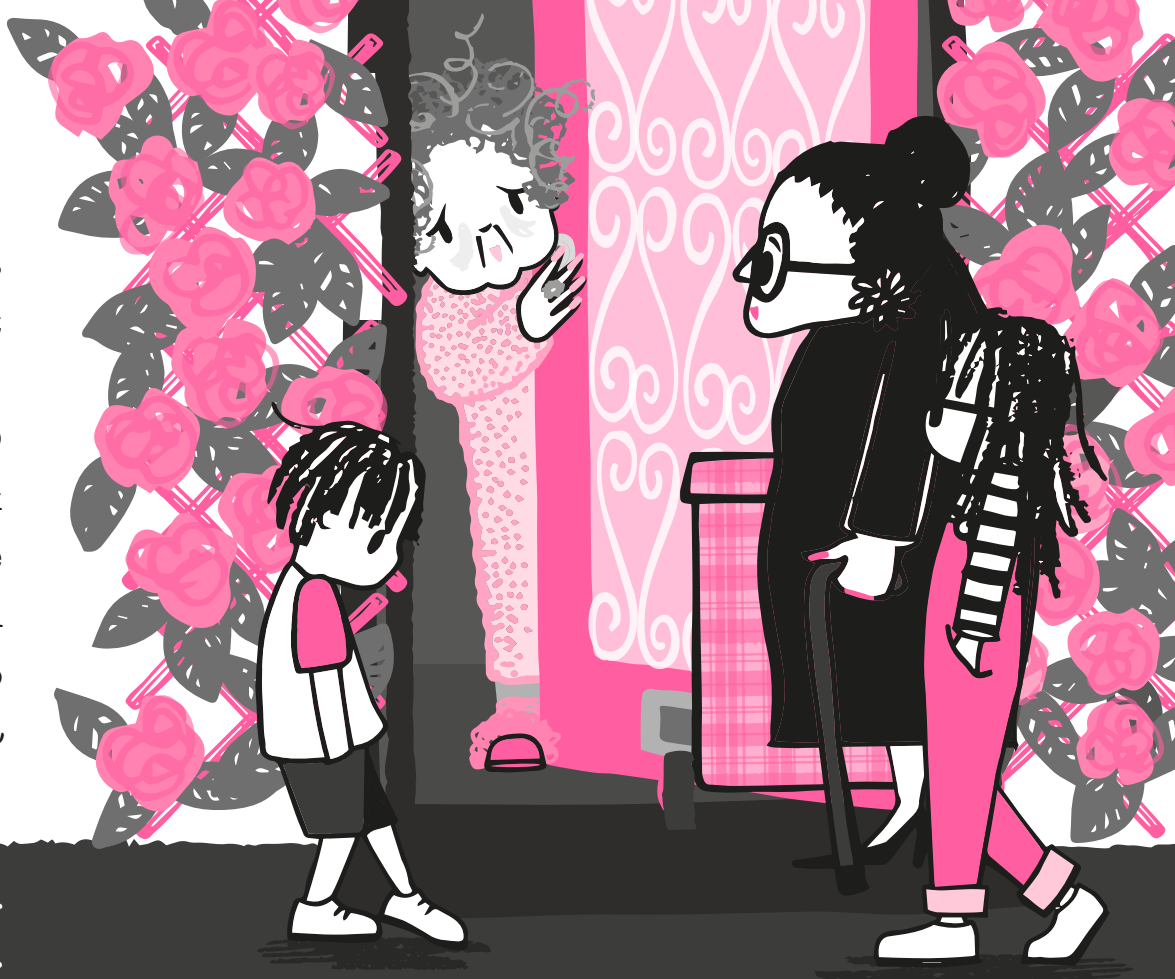
I tried to imagine a world where a box of sausages was an **EXCITING** prize and

I couldn't. So we popped along the road to check on Barbara Two Doors Down and see if everything was OK.



BAD NANA let Jack ring the door bell, which he did about a million times until **BAD NANA** told him to pack it in, but Barbara Two Doors Down didn't answer. Then we **KNOCKED** and **KNOCKED** in case the bell wasn't working or Jack wasn't pressing it properly (because he is an idiot), but still no one answered and we were just wondering what to do next when Barbara Two Doors Down **FINALLY** opened the door.

I got a funny feeling that something was not quite right as I usually see her power walking up and down the street, which is like normal walking but **FAST** and **wiggly**. But now she was just walking **s l o w** and **wobbly**, and she wasn't



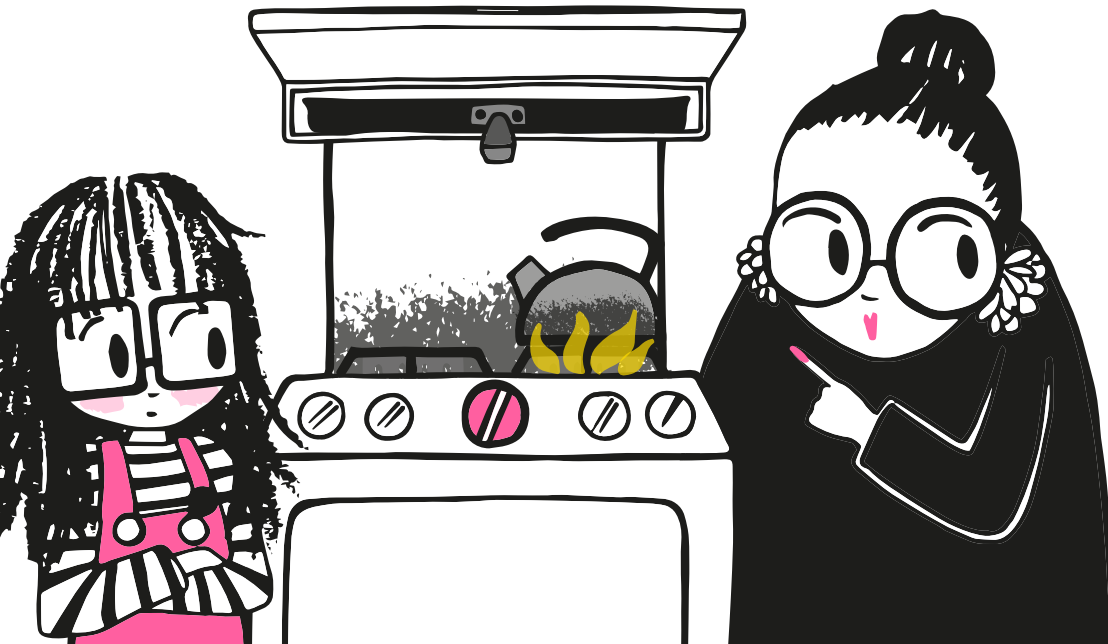
even wearing leg warmers. I could see **BAD NANA** thought this was odd too because she popped in a lemon sherbet and that usually means she is having a think.



BAD NANA hustled *Barbara Two Doors Down* into the kitchen and suggested a cup of tea. *Barbara Two Doors Down* just held her head like it was about to break and told us that she hadn't felt like this since the morning after *Deidre's* hen-do and while I am not really allowed to repeat what went on, everyone knows that when you mix a lot of old ladies, even more sherry and not enough snacks you are asking for **trouble**. But *Barbara Two Doors Down* swore on her **TOM JONES GOLD IP** she hadn't had a drop of sherry since the *Betty's Birthday* and that was ages ago, so it was all a bit strange.

As the kettle was taking ages to boil, Jack and I decided to cheer the place up a bit by drawing nice pictures in the condensation on *Barbara Two Doors Down's* patio doors. Once **BAD NANA** saw that Jack had actually taken things **TOO FAR** and drawn something not at all suitable, she gave us cloths to wipe it all off and it took **A A A A A G E S** on account of all the **CONDENSATION**. It was almost like we were **Victorian chimney sweep children** which I learnt about at school, except we weren't **Victorian** or **chimney sweeps**.

When we had **FINALLY** finished, **BAD NANA** gave me a nudge and pointed out lots of **SOOT** on the cooker and the kettle while rolling her eyes which I thought was ever so rude because you could see that *Barbara Two Doors Down* was actually quite particular, what with all the little lace mats under everything and small china animals everywhere, just like my *Granny Rose*. This made me think that the



SOOT and the **CONDENSATION** were even odder and what with *Barbara Two Doors Down* being all wobbly I started to wonder what on earth was going on and I felt quite a lot like I wanted to leave **IMMEDIATELY** but the kettle was taking **SO LONG** to boil and I had no idea why. I double checked the hob and saw there was only a **FLOPPY YELLOW FLAME** coming out of the cooker, not the usual bright blue one and I felt a bit panicky as it looked like we would be here for forever.

Well, it turned out I was completely wrong about that and things all got rather **SURPRISING...**

All the **PANICKY** thoughts I was having got so bubbly inside me I couldn't help but blurt them out. But it turned out that was a **GOOD THING** because after I had listed all the **WEIRD** things I had spotted at Barbara Two Doors Down's house, Jack said maybe it might be gas. **BAD NANA** said not to be so rude and she was sure Barbara Two Doors Down would never eat a falafel again after the last time and Jack said no not that gas, the gas that cooks food and heats water and radiators and stuff.

This made me even more **PANICKY** as Jack was saying properly useful things that made actual sense which was **extremely surprising** and not at all usual.

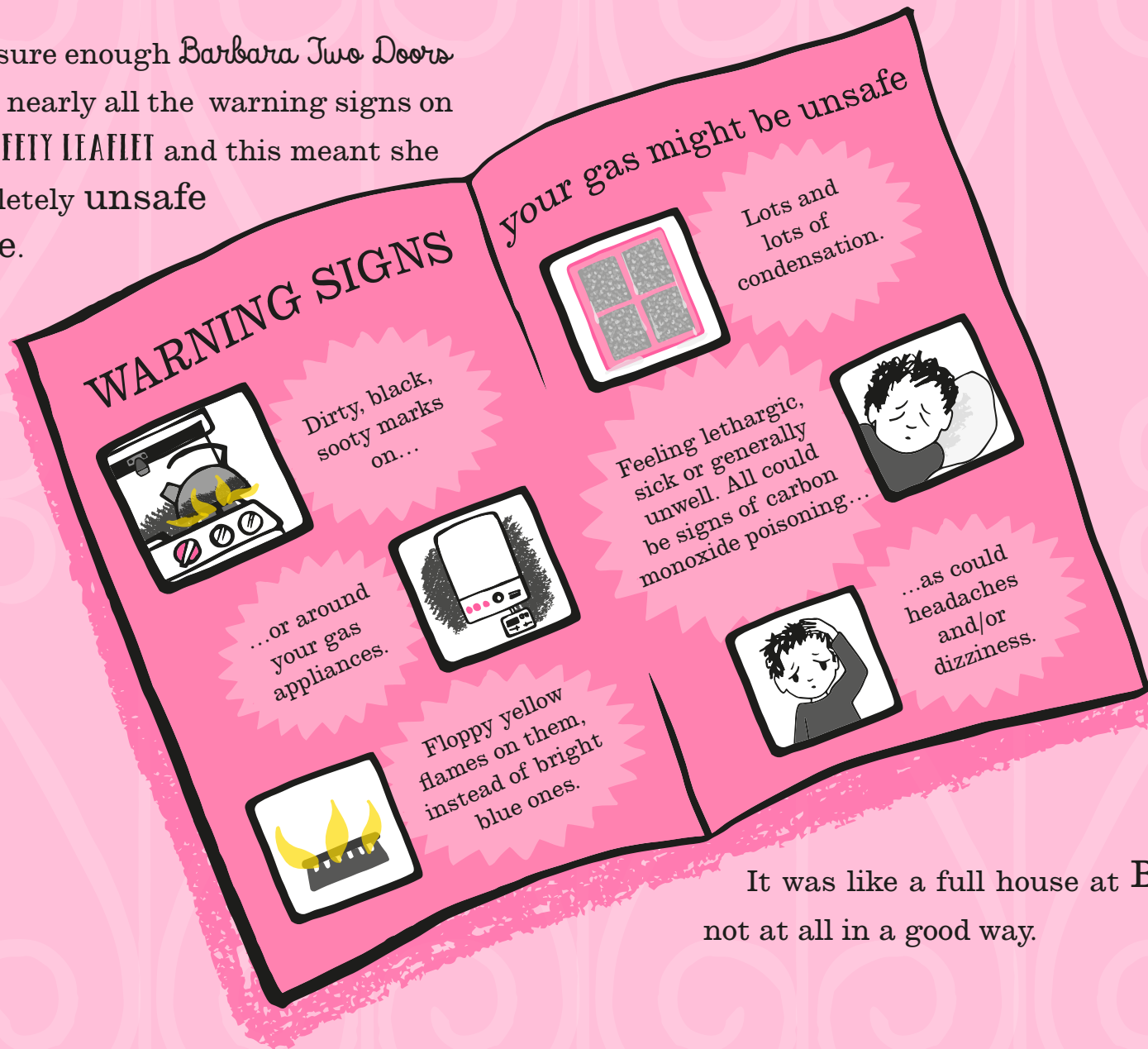
But then I suddenly remembered we had both had an assembly about **GAS SAFETY** at school (when Mr Holmewood had told



us about it we all **GROANED** but then he said we had better pay attention because it could be the difference between **LIFE** and **DEATH**, so we did).

Then Jack rummaged around in his pocket and gave **BAD NANA** the **GAS SAFETY LEAFLET** they had given us at school, which had a list of all the **warning signs** to look out for that meant your gas appliances may be **UNSAFE**. Once **BAD NANA** had given the leaflet a good wipe (**UGH**) we had a look....

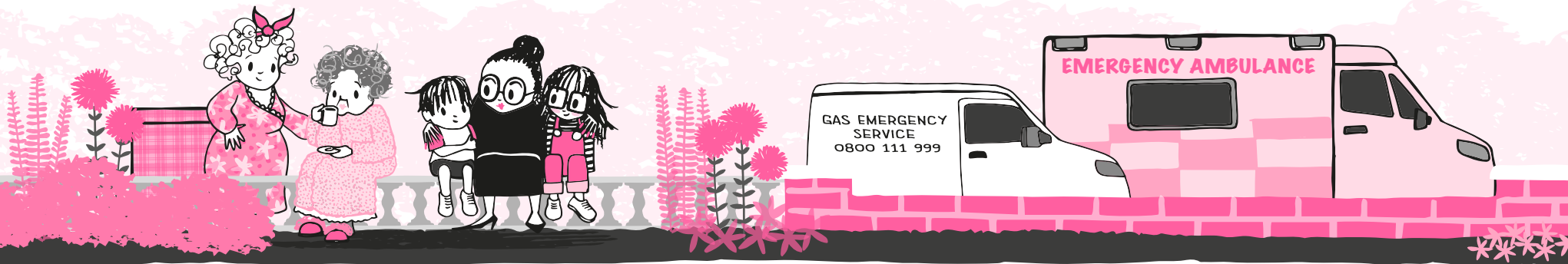
...and sure enough Barbara Two Doors Down had nearly all the warning signs on the GAS SAFETY LEAFLET and this meant she was completely unsafe gas wise.



It was like a full house at **Bingo** but not at all in a good way.

BAD NANA didn't even have time to pop in a **LEMON SHERBET** for a think as she quickly turned off the hob and **bundled** us all out of the house as **fast** as she could, which wasn't ever so fast (especially as we had to get *Barbara Two Doors Down* into **BAD NANA'S** tartan trolley on account of her being too **wobbly** by now) but it was as speedy as possible.





Once we had got outside, we all sat on Barbara Two Doors Down's ornamental front wall for a breather and **BAD NANA** said we were lucky to have got out alive and that the unsafe gas could have **blown up** at any moment and then we were all a bit **wobbly** after that.

BAD NANA'S best friend Sylv, who lives opposite, called an ambulance and the **GAS EMERGENCY PEOPLE**, and after they made everything safe they explained to **BAD NANA** while she was right to get us out the house quickly it wasn't actually ever going to **blow up** as that was a different type of **unsafe gas**, one where

gas leaks and **SMELLS** a bit like **EGGS**. Well, I was very glad Barbara Two Doors Down hadn't had that **unsafe gas** as I would have just put the smell down to Jack and not got at all **panicky**.

It turned out that Barbara Two Doors Down actually had something called **CARBON MONOXIDE POISONING** from her type of **unsafe gas** and had to spend a few days in hospital. This ended up working out **OK** as she needed to get her boiler and her cooker and everything checked to make double sure it was all **TICKETY BOO**, so there would be no more **unsafe gas** when she came home.



Well, Barbara Two Doors Down (now also known as Barbara Who Had The Gas) was back to her power walking self as quick as a flash and **BAD NANA** wasted no time in popping us all round to take her a welcome home present of a **CARBON MONOXIDE ALARM** and to have our thank you tea. I don't think I had ever seen so many biscuits in one place (other than the supermarket), it was **AMAZING**. Barbara Two Doors Down told us she had been a bit silly and used an unregistered person to fit her gas boiler **AND** her gas cooker and he had done a very **UNSAFE JOB** of it and that was why she had had a problem with her gas.

BAD NANA said hmmm and slipped her **WHOOPEE** cushion on Barbara Two Doors Down's chair just before she sat down and... **PPFFFTTTTTTTT**...

We all had to laugh, but obviously she really meant the other gas that cooks things and heats water and radiators and stuff, which isn't at all funny and **absolutely** must be properly checked and fitted and everything.



And on the way home, with **TUMMY ACHE** from too many biscuits, I realised **SIX** things....

1. Always listen in assembly as it really could mean **LIFE** or **DEATH**.

2. Jack might not be as **POINTLESS** and completely **ANNOYING** as I originally thought.

3. That when I am a grown up I will only get proper **OFFICIAL REGISTERED** people to work on my house, especially with **dangerous** things like **GAS**.

4. You actually can eat **too many** biscuits.

5. That if I ever see **SOOT**, **CONDENSATION**, **FLOPPY YELLOW FLAMES** and feel like I've drunk too much sherry (I think I can imagine what that feels like) I will get out and get help.

6. That **BAD NANA** really is **AWESOME** and thoughtful and brave and kind and....



....a little bit like an action hero!

"I'LL BE BACK!"



Jeanie's

~~Jack's~~ How to Stay Gas Safe Guide

What to keep an eye out for...

Floppy yellow flames, sooty, black marks around gas appliances, and lots of condensation on your windows could all be signs your gas is unsafe.

Headaches, dizziness and feeling sick (a bit like a yucky stomach bug) could all be symptoms of carbon monoxide poisoning, especially if you feel better when you leave home. Other symptoms include breathlessness and even loss of consciousness.

Eggy smells could mean you have a gas leak. (not just a smelly brother)

What to do...

If you suspect carbon monoxide poisoning, get some fresh air - leave the house as fast as you can and get help. See a doctor and if you are very unwell call 999 for an ambulance.

If you can smell eggs tell a grown up. They can turn off the gas, open all the doors and windows, get everyone out the house and then get help.

Get gas appliances checked every year by a proper Gas Safe registered engineer to help avoid all this kerfuffle in the first place.

You can't see, smell or even taste carbon monoxide so you should get a carbon monoxide alarm which will go off if it detects the gas.

Always tell a grown up if you think there is a gas risk as they quite often know what to do about stuff like this. And if they don't, then tell them to call 0800 111 999, the National Gas Emergency Helpline. There is always someone there. Always. Even in the middle of the night.

For more information about gas safety in the home and carbon monoxide poisoning, or to find a **GAS SAFE REGISTERED ENGINEER**, visit GasSafeRegister.co.uk or call 0800 408 5500.

If you think you have a **GAS EMERGENCY** or are worried someone is acting a bit like *Barbara Two Doors Down* – you can call the free 24-hour National Gas Emergency Helpline on 0800 111 999.



BAD Nana



Hello! My name is Jeanie and I am $7\frac{3}{4}$. I have three grandmas but my favourite one is **BAD NANA**. Things always seem to happen when she's around, even when she makes us visit her friends like Barbara Two Doors Down. Something wasn't quite right at Barbara Two Doors Down's house, but we weren't quite sure what until, unbelievably, my nitwit brother Jack had an idea...



A short story for THE GAS SAFE REGISTER
based on the original series "BAD NANA" written and
illustrated by Sophy Henn for
HarperCollins Children's Books.

