

NOAH GOES NUCLEAR

ORIGINAL
SHORT
STORY!



SIMON JAMES GREEN

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“Roll, roll, roll your spliff,
Twist it at the end,
Take a puff,
That’s enough,
Pass it to a friend!
ROLL, ROLL, ROLL YOUR
SPLIFF...”

Noah removed one of his protective earplugs and turned to Harry. “For the love of god, tell me we’re nearly there.”

The coach trip had been a DISGRACE so far. The journey of over two hundred miles had been hampered by a myriad of unscheduled stops, including Jess Jackson going into labour (false alarm), the coach engine overheating (because it was cheap and poorly maintained, Noah had no doubt), and the driver threatening to abort the entire trip after some of

the bad kids on the back seat created a giant penis mosaic on the window with jelly babies, M&Ms and a Gregg's cheese-and-bacon bake. Noah finally understood why so many of Agatha Christie's stories included a murder on some form of public transport – other people were incredibly annoying and selfish, and fully deserved a violent end.

Nevertheless, Noah was looking forward to this Geography field trip to the nuclear power station. If there was one thing Noah enjoyed, it was nuclear fission. Plus, they were staying overnight in a hotel. That would mean a private bedroom, just him and Harry, and it was obvious what that meant! A comforting hot chocolate from the complimentary selection of refreshments, a luxurious bath, and,

with the promise of the hotel's famous "Best Snooze Guarantee", slipping into his jim-jams and enjoying an excellent night's rest, undisturbed by his selfish mother or the lumpy old mattress in his own bedroom.

"Right, Year 11 geographers!" Ms O'Malley boomed down the microphone at the front of the coach. "We're about to pull up at the hotel, so I need you to pay attention."

Noah removed his other earplug and tried to look attentive. It felt like he was permanently on thin ice with The Malley, and he desperately wanted to get back in her good books.

"As you know," Ms O'Malley continued, "along with Ms Palmer," she glanced at the frail figure of Ms Palmer, who rumour had it was quitting at the

end of the academic year due to stress and disappointment, “I am a designated adult in charge of this expedition. In addition, to help with supervision, we are fortunate to have a number of Sixth Formers joining us, and you will afford them the same respect as you would any other teacher.” Noah glanced behind, to where Josh Lewis, and Danny (the sugar daddy boyfriend of Connor Evans) were sitting, looking all smug and important.

“Furthermore,” Ms O’Malley said, “to prevent any jiggery-pokery, I have personally assigned your room partners at the hotel.”

There was a groan from the students.

Ms O’Malley held her hand up. “None of you have done anything to give me hope that you’re mature enough to share with the person of your choice,

and the school can't be responsible for ... ill-advised nocturnal liaisons."

Harry giggled and pressed his leg up against Noah's.

Ms O'Malley rattled through an appalling list of mismatched groups: Harry had been put in a family room with Connor Evans and Josh Lewis; Jess Jackson had a room to herself because her dad had paid extra due to the pregnancy (which Noah was *beyond* jealous about. The room to herself, not the pregnancy); and Noah himself was with manipulator and blackmailer extraordinaire, the grubby, criminal low-life *Eric Smith*. Who, funny story, happened to be his secret half-brother. It was almost like Ms O'Malley had deliberately selected the groups to cause as much upset and misery as possible.

“And I warn you now,” Ms O’Malley said, “if I discover anyone in the wrong rooms, anyone who is not where they are meant to be, there will be repercussions of the highest order. Sanctions will follow, and I will hold you *all* responsible *as a group*. Be. Warned.”

Noah felt Harry’s hand slide over his inner thigh. “Guess there’s no jiggy-pokery tonight then,” Harry pouted.

“Huh. I guess not,” Noah said. Although, in truth, that was probably a good thing. Noah was so looking forward to his jim-jams and that freshly laundered, crisp hotel bed. It was going to be *blissful*.

“For heaven’s sake!” Noah hissed, shooting daggers at Eric, who was firing off texts on his phone, whilst pulling

all manner of assorted crap out of his case, which he was flinging about the room. “Can’t you just retire for the night? What the hell are you up to?”

“Keep your snout out!” Eric said, picking up a carrier bag of what sounded distinctly like bottles, and hiding it at the back of the wardrobe.

“Just to remind you,” Noah said, “we have a big day tomorrow. We’re seeing the reactor itself!”

There was a knock at the bedroom door. Eric turned to Noah and gave him a toothy grin. “Ah!” Eric said.

Noah’s eyes widened. “*Eric?* We are not expecting visitors. In fact, they are expressly forbidden!”

“Chill out, dickwad,” Eric said. “This visitor you’ll like.”

Eric opened the door with a flourish,

and Harry walked in, followed by Connor Evans. “See?” Eric said. “Now you can have a gay party or something.”

Noah smarted. “Eric! I don’t want a ‘gay party’!” He turned to Harry, who was looking cute in his grey joggers and red hoodie. “Hi, Harry. Nice to see you.” Noah nodded at Connor, who was dressed in chinos, boots and a New York University sweat top, even though he wasn’t at university, or indeed, in America. “Connor.” Noah hadn’t been thrilled that Haz and Connor were in the same room together, but if there was one thing he had learned since getting together with Harry, it was that he could one hundred per cent trust him – even with boys like Connor around, looking all successful and gay.

“I’ve got alcohol,” Eric said. “Anyone

fancy a snifter?”

Noah slid out from under the duvet. “Right. No. This cannot happen. It’s nice to see everyone, but this is not allowed. I’m sorry. If Ms O’Malley were to find out about this—”

Connor held his hand up. “Mate, don’t worry. I’m out of here anyway.”

“Oh?” Eric said.

“I arranged with Jess Jackson that I could use her room for a bit.” A dirty grin flickered across Connor’s mouth. “You know, me and *Danny*.”

Eric froze and swallowed. “So, where’s Jess going then?”

“She’s off round to Josh Lewis.”

Noah shook his head. “This is ridiculous.”

“FUCK!” Eric squealed. “No! No, no, no!”
Everyone looked at Eric, who had

gone bright red with what appeared to be panic.

“OK, listen up, total truth,” Eric babbled. “Josh Lewis paid me to get Harry and Connor out of his room so he could... He’s seeing Mel.”

Noah sucked his cheeks in. “Josh Lewis is dating Jess Jackson’s best friend? But Jess is pregnant!”

“Not dating. They’re just having regular sex behind her back. Mel’s round there now. We’ve got to stop Jess from getting there, else all hell will break loose.”

“And we’ll all be held responsible!” Noah wailed. “Oh, SCREW YOU, Eric! Why did you have to agree to be part of this?!”

“Josh gave me a tenner!” Eric protested. “We’ve gotta stall Jess! Just enough for me

to message Josh, and for Mel to get out of the room!" He turned to Noah again. "Jess likes you. You can do it."

"Er ... *no*," Noah said.

"She does like you, mate," Connor agreed.

"She's never been anything other than *vile* to me!" Noah said.

"Yeah, but that's a classic sign!" Connor countered. "When people are mean to you, it means they secretly like you."

"It's some fucked-up psychological thing," Eric added.

Noah was about to open his mouth to protest, but Eric grabbed him and manhandled him out of the door, shoving a key card into his hand, before slamming the door behind him.

"Oh, hi, No-ah!"

It was Jess Jackson – on her way to Josh’s room. Oh shitting hell.

Noah swallowed and tried to smile. “Oh! Ho, ho, ho ... Jess! Mmmm.”

“Nice pyjamas.”

“Marks and Spencers,” Noah said. “So, er, Jess, I was wondering if... I need to speak to you. Really ... need to chat. About stuff.”

“Maybe later, Noah,” Jess said. “I’m off to see Josh right now.”

“NO!” Noah squealed. “Er, I mean ... no, please don’t yet, for I need to tell you ... a really secret thing about...” Noah’s mind raced through innumerable depraved possibilities that might be “clickbaity” enough to snag Jess’s interest. “...Someone in our year who kissed someone they shouldn’t have, and you won’t believe what happened next!”

A little smile played on Jess's perfect, glossy lips. "Yeah, OK, quickly then."

Noah nodded, pressed the key card against the door and ushered Jess into his room, which was now apparently empty. Noah guessed the others must be hiding in the en suite.

"Is this for us?" Jess cooed, picking up the bottle of Blossom Hill rosé that Eric had left on the bedside table.

Noah swallowed. "Yes. Yes, it is. But, of course, you are pregnant so must not consume it," Noah added through gritted teeth.

From the bathroom, Noah heard the sound of someone slapping their forehead.

"What was that noise?" Jess frowned.

"Hm? Oh, just the ... sound of my heart going *boom, boom, boom*, whenever

I do look on you, Jess!”

Jess giggled. “You’re so cute and funny.” She leant down and pecked Noah on the cheek. “And if I was a boy, I totally would, just so you know.”

Noah started going red. “Huh. Well, that’s great. And I would ... too.”

Jess glanced at him, looking slightly unimpressed. “So what were you going to tell me?”

Noah licked his lips. “Oh! Yes, let’s see now. So...” Noah blew a breath out. “Yeah, it’s really, really good this, if I could just remember exactly what it is...”

“You’re wasting my time,” Jess said, turning back towards the door.

“NO, WAIT!” Noah screamed, quickly unbuttoning his pyjama top and flinging it off, revealing his skinny

chest. “Ta-dah!”

Jess stared at him, open-mouthed. “What the hell are you doing?”

Noah didn’t know, but before he could even think of a reason, there was a hammering at the door. “This is Ms O’Malley! Bedroom spot checks are now in operation! Open up!”

Noah mouthed a “Fuck!” at Jess.

Jess mouthed one back.

“Into the wardrobe!” Noah hissed.

He bundled a fully compliant Jess into the wardrobe, hid the wine under a pillow, and padded over to the door to let Ms O’Malley in. “Good evening, everything’s normal,” he told her.

Ms O’Malley glanced around the room. “Where’s Eric?” she said.

“He ... he...” Noah stammered.

“I’m in the bathroom!” Eric called out.

“He’s in the bathroom,” Noah nodded.

“I’ll wait until he’s done,” Ms O’Malley smiled. “Just to make sure he’s in there *alone*.”

Noah swallowed five times in quick succession. “No, because, he’s *very* ill. You should check the other rooms then come back.”

Ms O’Malley raised an eyebrow. “Oh?”

“Yes,” Noah nodded. “See, he ... ill-advisedly used a Ouija board and has become possessed by—”

“I’VE GOT FOOD POISONING!” Eric shouted. “Fuck’s sake.”

“Yes, of course, food poisoning, that’s more sensible,” Noah said. “Please return presently, and in the meantime I’ll help him clean up all the puke and other unpleasantness.”

Ms O'Malley sighed, heavily. "I'll be back in five minutes, after I've checked on the others." And she strode back out the door.

Eric was straight out the bathroom door. "Stop her! She'll go right to Josh's room!"

"Stop her how?!" Noah said, increasingly close to tears.

"Run and tell her I've had a turn, get her to come back, and meanwhile," he lowered his voice to the barest whisper, "warn Josh and Mel and get her to leave the room! He hasn't replied to confirm he got my text – he must be banging her right now!"

Noah nodded, furious and afraid. "I am going to murder your sorry arse after this!"

"Yeah, yeah," Eric said, bundling a

half-naked Noah back out the door, and shoving a key card for the other room in Noah's hands.

"Miss! Miss!" Noah puffed, running up the corridor towards Ms O'Malley, using his GCSE drama skills to look as worried as possible. "It's poor Eric, miss! He's having an episode!"

"Well, he sounded fine a moment ago," Ms O'Malley scowled.

"No! He's frightfully poorly, I fear! You must see him RIGHT NOW! Also, remember that schools have faced legal action for not looking after kids properly, so, just saying."

Ms O'Malley glared at him. "Come on then."

"Me? No!" Noah said, flapping his arms about. "Eric is dangerously low on energy, so I'm going to the vending

machine to procure a Mars Bar, which may prove vital to his survival.”

“Be quick!” she demanded, striding back towards Noah’s room.

Noah hurried the other way and around the corner to room 326, from where the sound of various groans, heavy sighs and giggles could be heard. “Ugh,” Noah said, tapping the card on the door and pushing it open. He shielded his eyes. “Alert! Alert! Jess and Ms O’Malley are both on their way here now. Abort all intercourse!”

“Duuuude!” Josh squealed, as he jumped and fell straight off the bed.

Noah took his hand away, watching as a (thankfully) still boxer-short clad Josh stumbled to his feet, clutching a pillow to his crotch, and a (thankfully) still underwear-intact Mel sat bolt upright,

pulling a bed sheet up over herself.

“Oh my fucking god, Josh!” Mel hissed. “I knew this was a bad idea! Now Noah’s seen!”

“Noah’s cool,” Josh said.

Mel looked incredulously at Noah. “Fucking hell.”

“You’re cool aren’t you, dude?”

“Seriously though!” Noah shouted, failing to see how Josh and Mel didn’t comprehend the gravity of the crisis. “This is an A1 emergency!” Noah’s eyes drifted down from Josh’s face, past his perfect pecs, his rock hard abs... “It’s urgent...” Noah muttered, eyes reaching the pillow, which allowed only the mind to visualize what was concealed behind. “So ... very ... urgent...” Noah repeated.

There was a knock at the door.

“Oh no!” Noah said, snapping out of it.

“Shit! This is your fault!” Mel hissed, shooting an accusing glance at Josh.

“Fuck! Into the wardrobe!” Josh said, pushing Noah and Mel inside.

“Stupid horny boys can never wait for an appropriate time!” Mel was muttering, as she clambered in.

“Shut up!” Josh said.

“Don’t you dare tell me to—”

Josh closed the doors on them, as they tried to get comfortable on their opposite sides, knees drawn up to their ears in the impossibly cramped space. Noah strained to hear as Josh walked over and opened the bedroom door.

“Jess! Babe!” he heard Josh say.

“*You* look ready for action!” Jess giggled.

“Thinkin’ ’bout you, babe!” Josh said.

Noah felt sick listening to this shit,

and by the sounds of Mel's furious breathing, she did too.

"Something really weird is going on with Noah," Jess was saying. "He said he wanted to talk to me about something, then blatantly tried to seduce me..."

Noah stifled a squeak.

"And then he ran off, and Eric, Harry and Connor were all in the en suite."

"Kids," Josh said. "They all need to grow up."

"Mmm, like you," Jess cooed. "All. Grown. Up."

Noah would have actually vomited, but a more pressing matter had now arisen. Mel was wearing a fragrance – some sort of perfume, to enhance her seductiveness, Noah imagined. Regrettably, it was also currently enhancing Noah's allergies, and he was precious seconds away from

a sneezing fit.

“Oh, oh, baaaaabe,” Josh purred. “Oh, yeah...”

“Oh. My. God.” Mel muttered.

“Is that good?” Jess said.

“That fucking slut!” Mel spat, under her breath. It was unclear if she was talking about Jess, Josh or both.

“Uh ... yeeeeeah. So good, you know how to do it, babe, so good...”

“ACHOO! ACHOO! A-A-A-ACHOOOOOO!”

There was a short scuffle, before Jess Jackson flung the wardrobe doors open, looking aghast at an underwear-clad Mel, and Noah with just his jim-jam bottoms on. “Shit!” Noah bleated. “ACHOO!”

“What the hell is this?!” Jess said.

Josh looked wildly between Mel and

Noah.

For all Mel's muttering and snide remarks, she was apparently now struck mute, which was really bloody useful.

He had no choice. It would have to be Noah to the rescue.

"Mel and I are having a torrid affair!" Noah said. "When you knocked we thought you were Ms O'Malley, so we hid. Josh agreed to let us consummate our love in his room, whilst keeping our secret!"

Jess looked appalled. "You try it on with me, and all the while you're getting with Mel?! And what about Harry?"

"What about me?" Harry said, suddenly walking in.

"Oh no," Noah said, weakly. "The shame!" He winked desperately at Harry, as Jess had her back turned.

"Er ... what's happening here?"

Harry said, returning Noah's winking as Jess turned back to look at Noah and Mel.

For reasons Noah didn't understand, Jess chose now to become some sort of shining moral beacon. "It's terrible, Harry!" she said, hands on hips. "Noah and Mel are having an illicit affair behind your back! I found them – shagging in the wardrobe!"

Harry raised an eyebrow and did a half-decent job of looking slightly surprised. "Yes!" Noah said. "All this is true. I can no longer lie, for all the secrets are too much to bear." He looked desperately at Harry again, hoping he would pick up the charade from here.

Harry sighed. "Oh ... you ... pig!" he said.

Noah cringed slightly. Is that the

best you can do?

Harry went for a second attempt. “You ... vile ... beast! I hate you. I really, really... Oh, I’m so mad, I really am. This...”

“Betrayal?” Noah offered.

“Yes!” Harry said. “I am betrayed! You ... goat!”

Oh, come on!

“You ... creature from the foulest lagoon! I ... I’m so cross I could do anything...” Harry said, throwing a pillow lamely on the floor. “See?! I’m mad! Ooooooh!” Harry said, flapping about, apparently aware that Jess may not buy any of this. If only Harry had taken Noah’s advice and opted to do GCSE drama too, his performance might at least be half-convincing!

“Please don’t be mad, Harry, but I am

in love with Mel and we have had a lot of sex,” Noah said, hoping to provoke a better response. “It’s been bonk, bonk, bonk, I can tell you. We have been having it off, a lot.”

“GRAWWWH!” Harry roared, which was utterly ridiculous, throwing a glass of white wine from the bedside table at Noah.

“ARGH!” Noah screamed, “My M&S jim-jams!” A huge patch of wine had now soaked all down the front.

“Oh, god, I’m so sorry!” Harry said.

“Now I look like I’ve pissed myself!”

“Well, that’s what you get for being a ... RAT!” Harry said, back to being in character.

Jess held her hands up. “Right, I’m out of here – this is too much for a pregnant lady. I’m sorry, Harry. I’ve

always liked you, I thought it best you knew.” Jess stifled a smile. “So very sad.”

And she breezed out the door.

“*Twats*,” Mel said, walking out after her.

Noah shook his head. That was gratitude for you. He sighed, looking down at the massive wet patch on his jim-jam bottoms.

“Here, have these,” Harry said, handing Noah a pair of boxers from his bag. “You can change in the bathroom.”

“Thanks,” Noah said, taking the boxers, and popping into the en suite. At least disaster had been averted. Noah pulled his jim-jams off just as Josh’s phone beeped.

“SHIT!” Josh shouted, suddenly grabbing a fully naked Noah and pulling him out from around the door. “No time,

dude! Eric just texted and Ms O'Malley is ON HER WAY HERE NOW! Out! Out! I can't be involved in this!"

And Josh bundled Noah straight into the corridor, slamming the door behind him.

"GAAAHHH!" Noah squealed, as he desperately looked for anything in the corridor that he could either hide behind, or use to shield perverted eyes from his nether regions.

"GRIMES!" shouted Ms O'Malley as she strode up the corridor. "What the HELL are you doing?"

Noah folded himself into a hunched ball on the floor. "I just needed some air," Noah explained, in a small voice.

"Naked?"

"Mm. I was hot," Noah said, shivering. Ms O'Malley looked about ready to

explode. “You sent me to see Eric, but when I got there the room was empty! What the hell is going on?! If this turns out to be jiggery-pokery, you *especially* will be *for it!*”

Noah opened his mouth, about to tell all, when the fire alarm suddenly went off.

“Everyone out!” Ms O’Malley shouted.

“But I’m naked!” Noah protested.

“Too bad! What does it say on all the fire safety signs? *Do not stop to collect belongings!* Get the hell out – NOW!”

Harry had kindly donated his joggers, so Noah was able to stand at least semi-clothed in the car park of the hotel, along with Harry (hoodie, boxers, no joggers), Josh (boxers only), Mel (bra

and knickers) and the rest of Year 11 Geography, most of whom had, based on the fact they were barely able to stand, been drinking.

Ms Palmer looked ready to curl into a ball and die.

“I’m really looking forward to seeing the nuclear reactor tomorrow, miss!” Noah said, trying to buck up her spirits.

Ms Palmer didn’t even look at him. “I sincerely hope it malfunctions and vaporizes you all in the worst nuclear accident this country has ever seen.”

“That’s a bit harsh, miss!” Connor said.

But Ms Palmer just slunk off to the far corner of the car park, sinking down on to the ground with her head in her hands.

Noah glanced over to where Ms

O'Malley was taking a furtive and desperate chug from a hip flask. She released a heavy sigh, and distinctly muttered, "I'm not paid enough for this shit." She clapped her hands together, weakly, as the fire alarm finally stopped wailing. "Right! It's been established this was a false alarm, so I'm off to bed. We're meeting tomorrow at eight a.m. in the restaurant for breakfast. If I'm disturbed by anything less than one of you simultaneously suffering multiple organ failure, complete cardiac arrest and a brain haemorrhage, I will kill you. I am a woman pushed to my limit, and I will kill."

She shook her head, helped Ms Palmer to her feet, and the pair of them went back inside.

There were a few seconds of silence

before the kids all realized they were teacher-less and, if they were careful, free to do as they pleased.

“All right, squad!” Josh Lewis said. “We’ve got thirty rooms, so take your preferred roomie, grab a key card, and keep it down, *capiche?*”

Josh basked in the cheers and round of applause he received, before nodding to Eric and handing him a few ten pound notes. Noah’s eyes widened. *What the hell?*

“Eric!” Noah said, walking up to him. “Tell me this wasn’t all some cleverly orchestrated and incredibly complex plan just so certain people could sleep in the same room together?!”

Eric just smiled. “When have I ever been the person responsible for all the shit that goes on?”

Noah nearly choked on the indignation.

Eric ruffled Noah's hair, as Harry bounded up with their key card. "Enjoy your night, boys. And, *you're welcome.*"

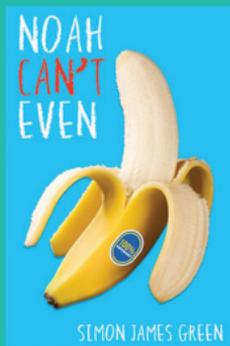


NOAH GRIMES IS BACK, IN A NEW, ORIGINAL SHORT STORY!

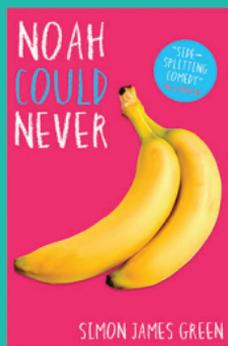
NOAH is v excited: his class have been shipped off to a hotel in the Lake District to study a nearby **NUCLEAR POWER STATION!** On arrival, all Noah wants to do is settle in to his crisp hotel sheets and get proper rest, but his conniving secret half-brother **ERIC SMETH** has other plans. Soon everyone is sneaking in and out of their rooms, setting Noah into a **TALLSPIN...**

There's only so much Noah can take!

A hilarious short story by the author of **NOAH CAN'T EVEN** and **NOAH COULD NEVER**



#NOAHCANTEVEN



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