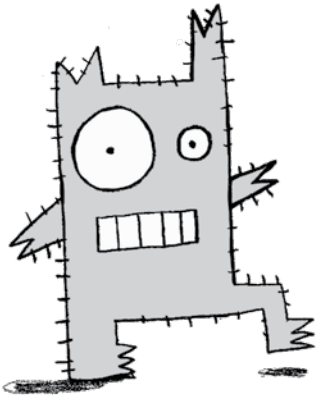


# WHAT MoNStEr?

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By Liz Pichon



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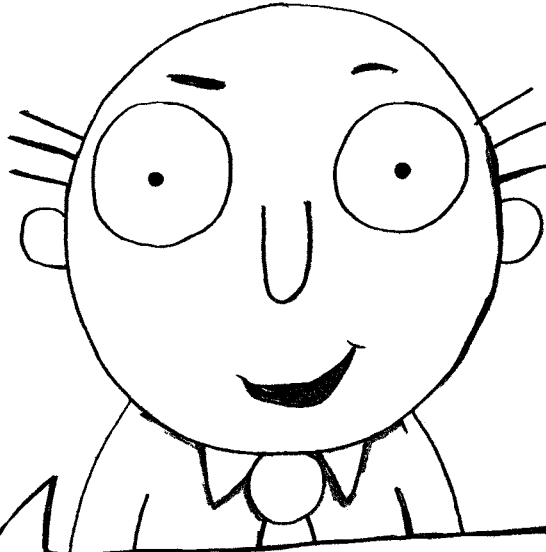
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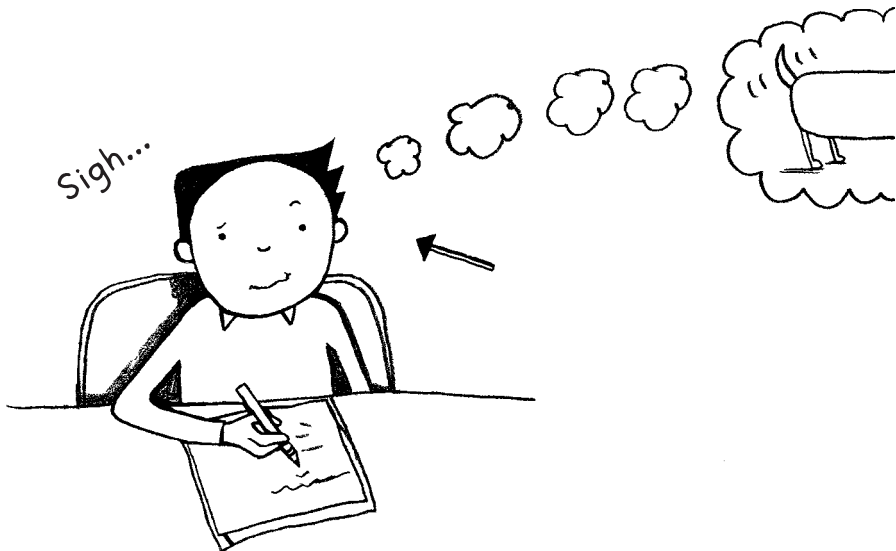
Mr Fullerman is standing RIGHT in front of me and saying the word **NEW** a lot.




We have a **NEW** school play ... blah  
blah ... and a **NEW** teacher ... blah  
blah... Who needs a **NEW** worksheet?

(Not me - I haven't finished THIS one yet.) ☹️

I put on my **BEST** "I'm concentrating" face so it looks like I'm working.  **BUT** really I'm thinking about all the different things that **HAPPENED** this morning...



(It's hard NOT to ... and here's WHY. )

Derek and I were on our way to school when we

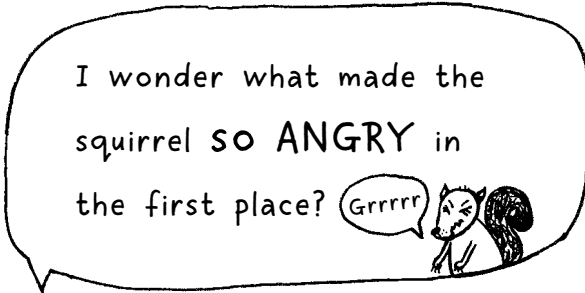


**SPOTTED** a funny sign  
outside the shop.

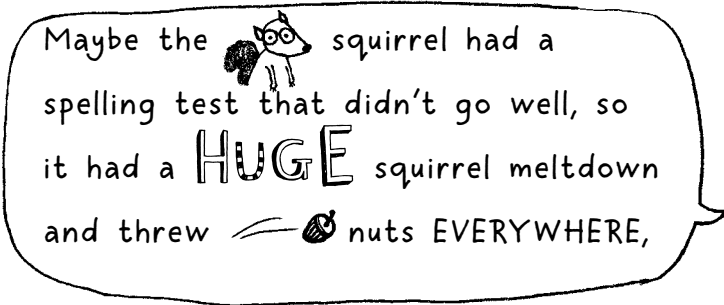
It was for the local **NEWSPAPER** and

the headline said:

Which made us **LAUGH!**



I said.



Derek told me in a really serious voice, which made it sound even funnier.



"Do squirrels have spelling tests?"



I wondered.

"They might do - you never know,"



Derek said, like that explained EVERYTHING.

Then I thought of something else that could have happened.




"Maybe the squirrel's got an annoying sister who keeps pinching all the best acorns and driving it **CRAZY!**"

(If my sister Delia was a squirrel, that's exactly what she'd do to me.)



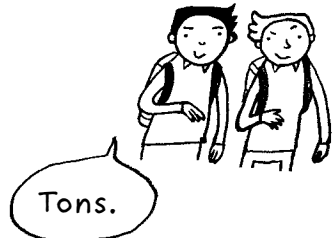
Whatever...

We decided to go into the shop and take a sneaky  read of the **NEWSPAPER** to find out what really happened.

"Have we got enough time?"

Derek asked.

I looked at my digital watch.



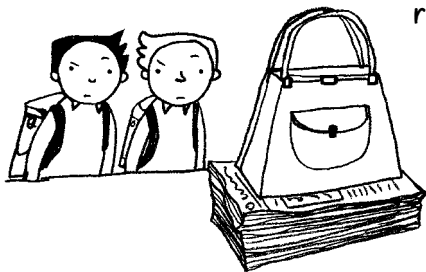
(Ten minutes, to be precise. I thought we'd be OK.)

The trouble was a lady had put her bag

right on top of the

newspapers, which meant

we couldn't read ANYTHING.



"That's annoying," I muttered.

"There's more papers over there," Derek whispered and pointed to a small stack in the corner.

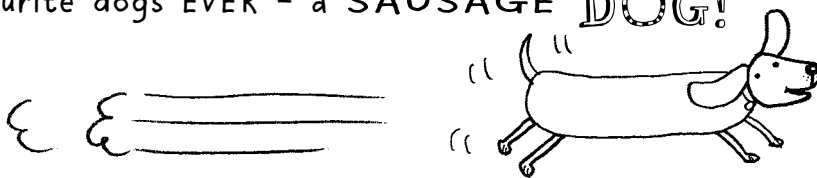
We snuck over for a quick read, trying to avoid the shopkeeper, who doesn't like it when we **LOOK** but don't buy anything.



I'd only just picked the paper up when, out of the corner of my EYE, I saw something running towards us.

"Derek! Derek! **LOOK! LOOK!**"

I shouted excitedly because it was only one of my favourite dogs EVER - a **SAUSAGE DOG!**



We forgot all about the ANGRY squirrel story and sat down to play with the dog instead.



"I wish I had a dog like this," I sighed. As we were patting its head, a lady came to join us.



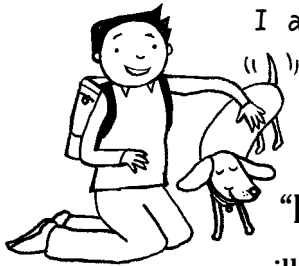
"Is this your dog?" Derek asked her.



"Yes, he's mine. He's very friendly," the lady said. "Do you both go to Oakfield School?"

"Yup. What's your dog's name?"

I asked, as that was a MUCH more important question.



"His name's Bandit. I'm worried you two will be late for school if you don't hurry up."







"Nah, we'll be fine. Besides, I've discovered a *sneaky* way into school through the dinner hall that avoids the teachers who hand out the late marks." 😞



I kept patting **Bandit**, who seemed to be enjoying himself.



"A secret entrance, that's good to know.



Who's your teacher then, boys?"

The lady was asking a **LOT** of questions, but I didn't mind as I got more time with **Bandit**.



"My teacher's **Mr Fullerman** 😊

and **Derek's** is **Mr Sprocket**,"






I replied. "**Mr Fullerman's** got these **BIG** beady eyes 🙄


and he sees **EVERYTHING**. Well, maybe


not everything. He didn't notice me doodling the other day or when I pretended to do a ...

**BIG**  **YAWN** and ate a sweet,"   
I laughed.

 "I do that **too!** It works well if you do a **FAKE SNEEZE** like this,"   
Derek said while demonstrating.

 "Hey, Tom - we'd better go now or we really will be late," he added.

"Awwwww! I want to stroke **Bandit** some more!" 

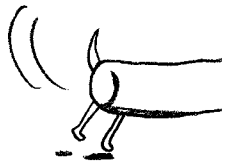
 "Sorry, boys, I need to get going as well, but I enjoyed our chat. It was **VERY** interesting and informative,"  
the lady said.

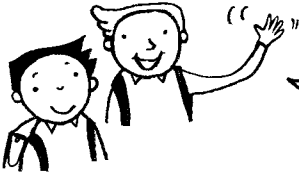
I gave **Bandit** a few more **PATS**  
as they both left the shop.

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See you again soon, I hope!

Derek said and waved.

You will!

the lady called back.



I meant the dog, but I suppose we'll probably see that lady too,

Derek told me.

OK, boys, are you BUYING anything or just looking?



the shopkeeper asked us, so we made a quick *exit* and ran all the way to school. We managed to



avoid getting a late mark from Mr Sprocket by sneaking in

through our secret dinner hall door. Then

Derek went to his class and I nipped into mine.

