

Helping your children choose books they will love



Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from
I Never Liked Wednesdays

Written by
Roger McGough

Illustrated by
Michael Broad

Published by
Barrington Stoke Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.



First published in 2015 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

This story was first published in a different form in
Stowaways (Viking Kestrel, 1986)

Text © 1986 Roger McGough
Illustrations © 2015 Michael Broad

The moral right of Roger McGough and Michael Broad to
be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has
been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and
Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be
reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the
written permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-462-8

Printed in China by Leo

CONTENTS

1.	The Call of the Sea	1
2.	Perfect Child	5
3.	A Lot to Think About	8
4.	The Only People Alive	11
5.	Down the Funnel	15
6.	Stowed Away	21
7.	Fish, Chips and Bubbles	23
8.	A Sniggerly Lot	26
9.	Under the Bed	32
10.	Cartoon Cats	37
11.	A String of Buts	44



Chapter 1

The Call of the Sea

When I was young, I lived in Liverpool and my best friend was a boy called Midge. His real name was Kevin Midgeley, but we called him Midge for short. And he was short, only about three cornflake packets high.

Midge was my best friend and we had lots of things in common. We enjoyed the same things like ... climbing trees, playing footy, going to the pictures and hitting each other really hard. And there were things we didn't enjoy like ... sums, washing behind our ears and eating cabbage.



But there was one big thing that bound Midge and I together, one big thing we had in common. A love of the sea.

The River Mersey is not so busy today. In the old days – but not long, long ago – it was very busy indeed. Those were the days of cargo boats and the big liners that took people across the sea. Large ships sailed out of Liverpool for Canada, America, South Africa, the West Indies, all over the world.

My family had all been to sea. My grandfather and all my uncles, and my great-grandfather too. Six foot six, strong arms rippling in the wind, huge hands grappling with the wheel, soaked in rum and as fierce as a wounded shark – and that was just my granny!

By the time they were 20, most young men in Liverpool had visited parts of the globe I can't even spell.

In my bedroom each night, I used to lie in bed – it's the best place to lie really. I used to lie there, in the winter, and listen to the foghorns sounding all down the river. I could picture ships nosing their way out of the docks into the shipping channel of the River Mersey and out into the Irish Sea. It was exciting. All those far-off places. All those exciting adventures.

Midge and I knew what we wanted to do when we left school – we wanted to become sailors. A captain, an admiral, perhaps one day even a steward. Of course we were only about 10 or 11 at the time, so we thought we'd have a long time to wait.

In fact, the call of the sea came sooner than we'd expected.