

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
**Future Ratboy and the Attack of
the Killer Robot Grannies**

Written by
Jim Smith

Published by
Egmont Books Ltd

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.





First published in Great Britain 2015
by Jelly Pie an imprint of Egmont UK Ltd
The Yellow Building, 1 Nicholas Road, London W11 4AN

Text and illustration copyright © Jim Smith 2015
The moral rights of the author-illustrator have been asserted.

ISBN 978 1 4052 6913 1

www.futureatboy.com
www.jellypiecentral.co.uk
www.egmont.co.uk

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the
British Library

Printed and bound in Great Britain by the CPI Group

56628/1

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be
reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted,
in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical,
photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior
permission of the publisher and copyright owner.

Stay safe online. Any website addresses listed in this book
are correct at the time of going to print. However, Egmont
is not responsible for content hosted by third parties.
Please be aware that online content can be subject to change
and websites can contain content that is unsuitable for
children. We advise that all children are supervised when using
the internet.



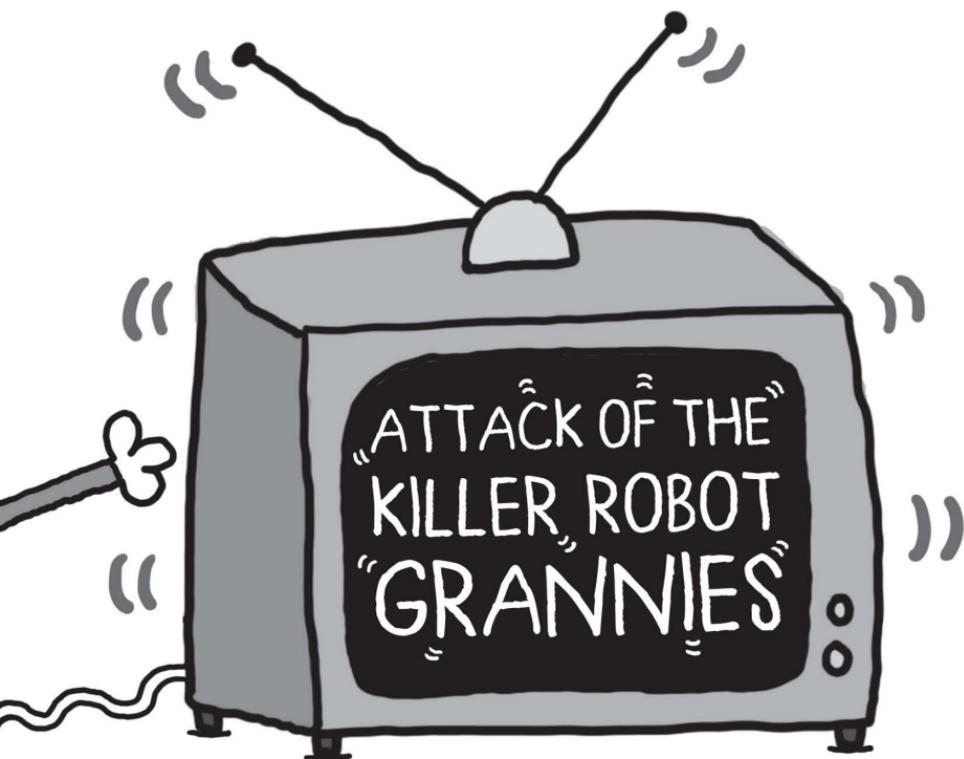
"SATURDAY NIGHT" IN "SHNOZVILLE"

Hello, my name is Colin Lamppost and this is the story of how I got zapped millions of years into the future and turned into a superhero rat.



It all started one Saturday night when I was at home in Shnozville, sitting on the sofa with my cuddly toy bird, Bird.

My mum and dad and little sister were on the sofa too, and we were all waiting for . . .



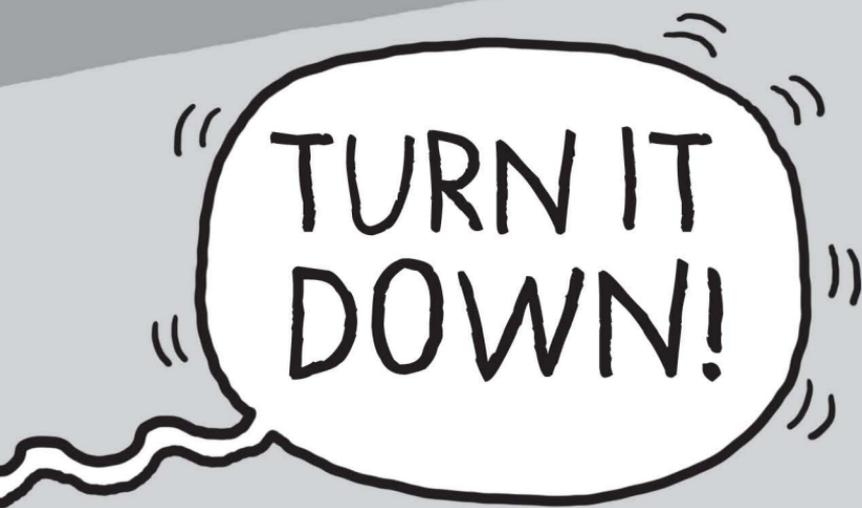
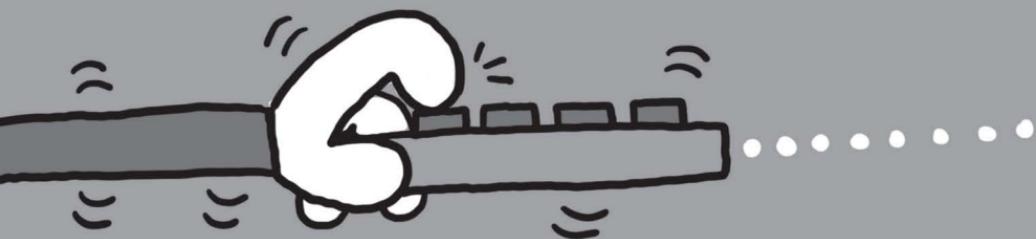
to start on our really old TV.



said my mum, and my dad
scrabbled his hand down the
side of the sofa, looking for
the remote control. He pulled
it out and pointed it at the
TV.

“NOTHING”
“HAPPENED.”

'Stupid twiddler!' he grumbled, banging it against his knee, and the volume zoomed up to a hundred.



cried my mum, and my dad got up and plodded over to the telly. 'Blooming telly!' he growled.

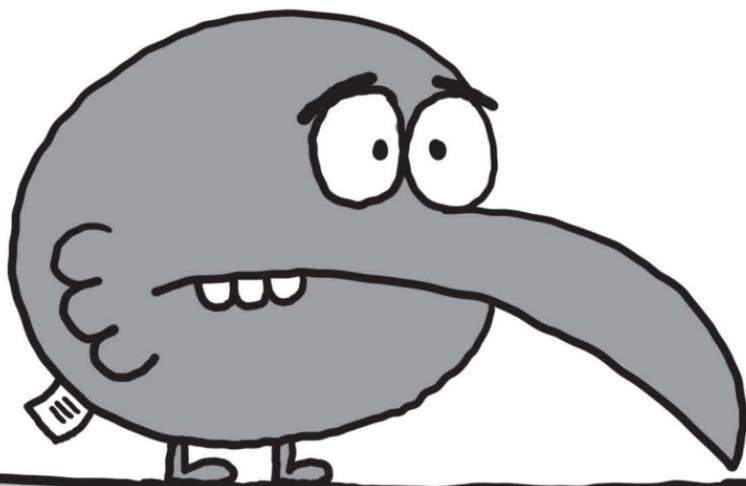
“TAP!”

Suddenly there was a tap on the window. A raindrop had hit the glass and was zigzagging down it like a tear.

‘Aw, don’t cry, little window!’ said my sister, who’s one of those sisters who feels sorry for things like windows.

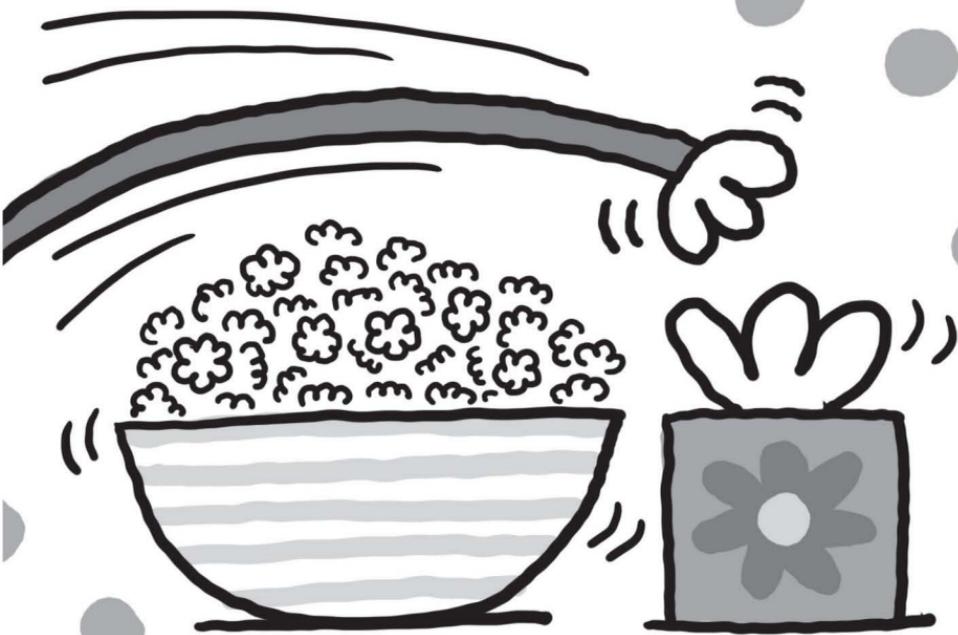


'Hmmm, looks like we've got a problem, Bird,' I said to Bird, even though he was just a cuddly toy bird who didn't understand anything. 'Mr Window's sad, and if we don't cheer him up, my sister's gonna be going on about it all the way through **ATTACK OF THE KILLER ROBOT GRANNIES!**'



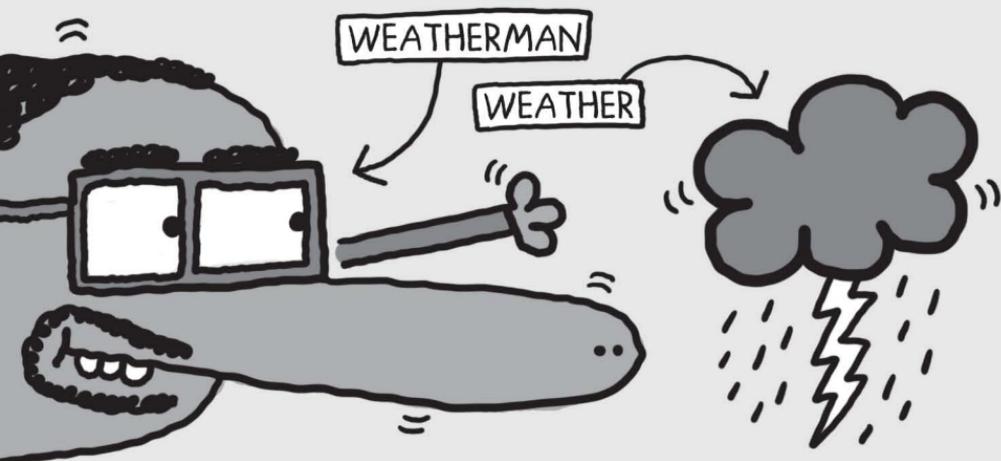
Bird's shiny plastic eyes stared at the bowl of popcorn on the table. But only because that was the way he was facing.

I grabbed a tissue, leapt off the sofa and forward-rolled across the living room towards the glass.



'Colin Lamppost to the rescue!' I boomed in my best superhero voice, and I handed the tissue to the window. But because the window didn't have hands, it couldn't take it. 'Argh, foiled again!' I said, crumpling the tissue up in my hand.

Another raindrop tapped against the glass, then about seventeen more. 'Hmmm . . . must be that storm the weatherman was talking about,' I said to Bird.



'Brilliant thinking, Colin!' I squawked, doing Bird's voice for him. 'Thanks, Bird!' I smiled, and I forward-rolled back to the sofa and grabbed a handful of popcorn.

AND THAT WAS WHEN
THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING
LIT UP THE WHOLE ROOM.