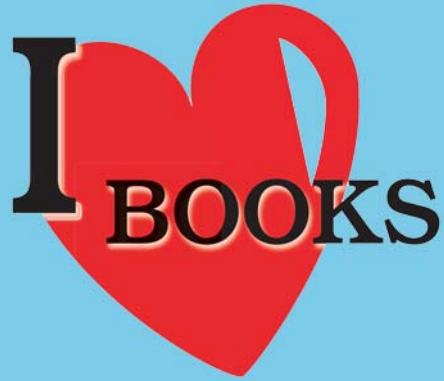




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Opening extract from
The Great Farty Slob Beast

Written by
Charlie Farley

Illustrated by
Joe Barleymow

Published by
Wacky Bee Books

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This edition published by Wacky Bee Books in 2015

Wacky Bee Books
Shakespeare House
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London SW11 5TG
www.wackybeebooks.com

Text © Charlie Farley 2015
Illustrations © Joe Barleymow 2015

Production by Head & Heart Publishing Services

Title font by Nigel Babb

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data: a catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978-0-9931109-6-2

Printed in Czech Republic by PB Print



THE GREAT FARTY SLOB BEAST



Written by Charlie Farley
Illustrated by Joe Barleymow

One slovenly, slumbering, midsummer day,

We three had run out of games

we could play.

So being the oldest I said I'd protest,

And went to find grown-ups

and tried my most best.



'We've played princesses, pirates and tea parties too,
We've played dancing and prancing and hullabaloo.

And now we are bored,' I said, 'Sure as can be,'
While my two little sisters hid right behind me.

'Not now Molly dear,
I'm doing my hair.'



Try Father if he's not
a bad-headed bear.'

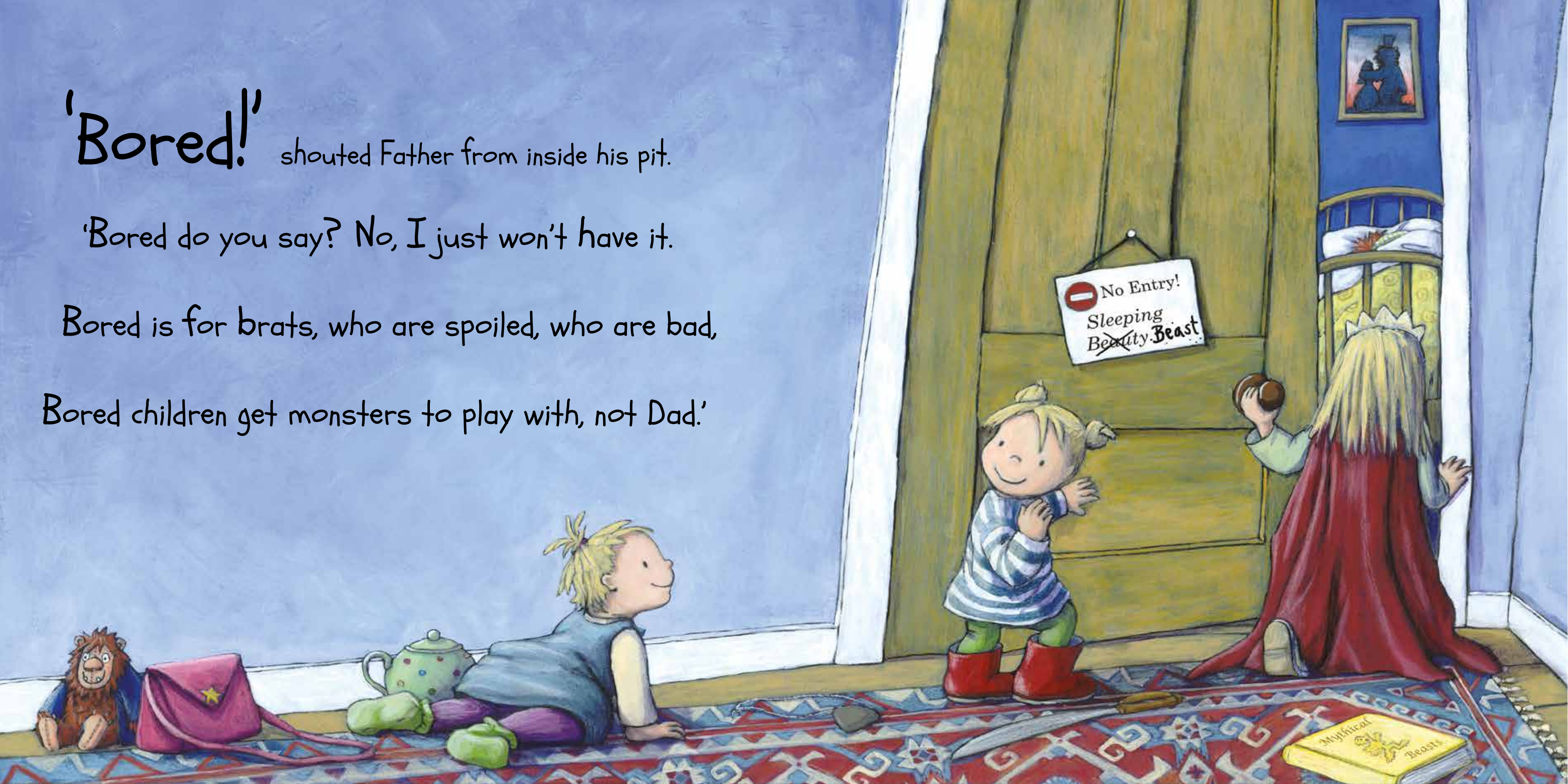


'Bored!' shouted Father from inside his pit.

'Bored do you say? No, I just won't have it.

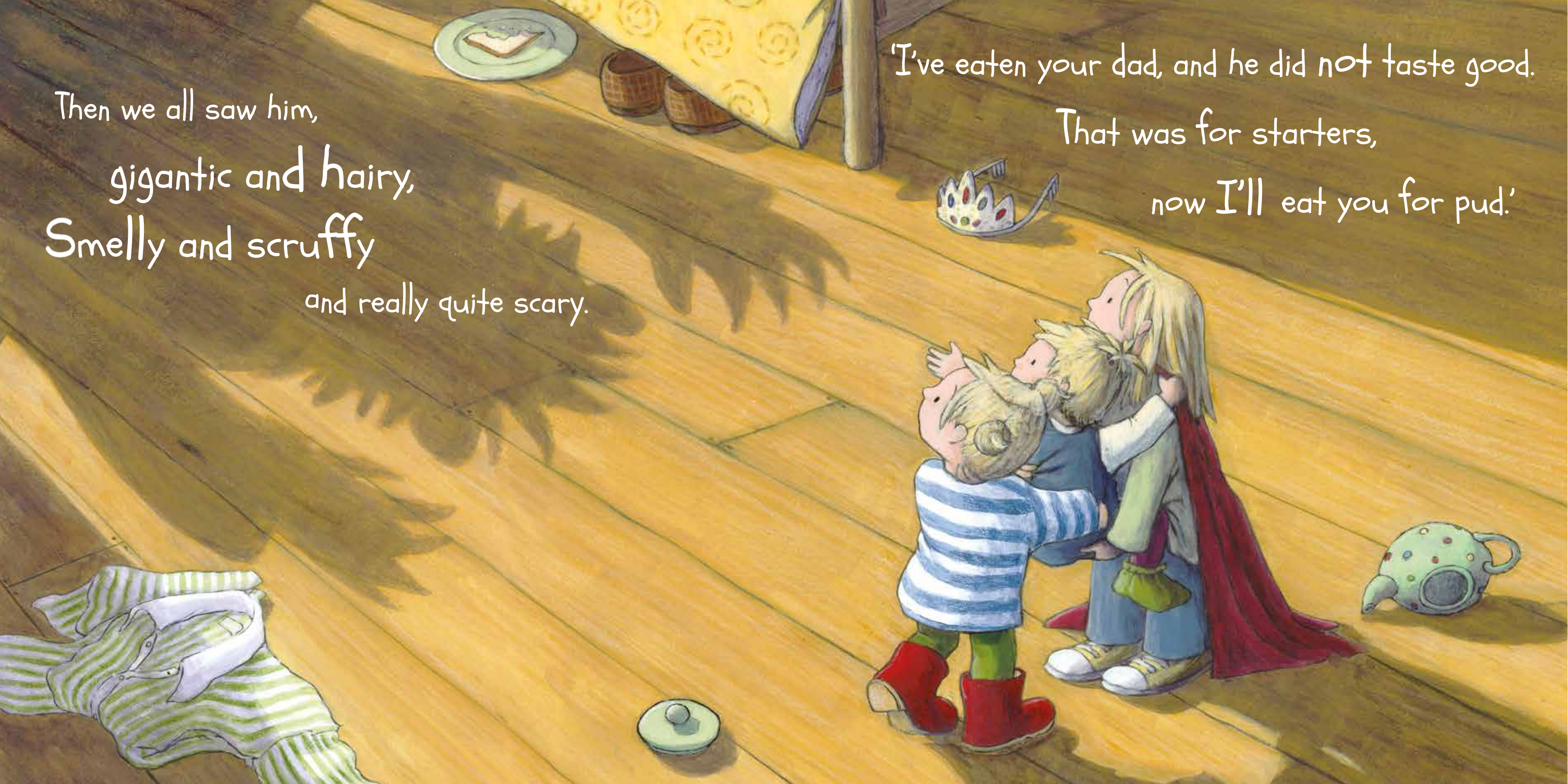
Bored is for brats, who are spoiled, who are bad,

Bored children get monsters to play with, not Dad.'



Then we all saw him,
gigantic and hairy,
Smelly and scruffy
and really quite scary.

'I've eaten your dad, and he did not taste good.
That was for starters,
now I'll eat you for pud.'



He scooped us all up – Amy, Lola and me.

'You'll be breakfast, washed down
with peppermint tea.'

Amy laughed, Lola squeaked, I pretended to cry.
Then thought, I'm no baby like Lola, not I.

'Stop, we won't taste any good,'
I said quickly.

'We'll taste bitter and yucky
and really quite sickly.'

