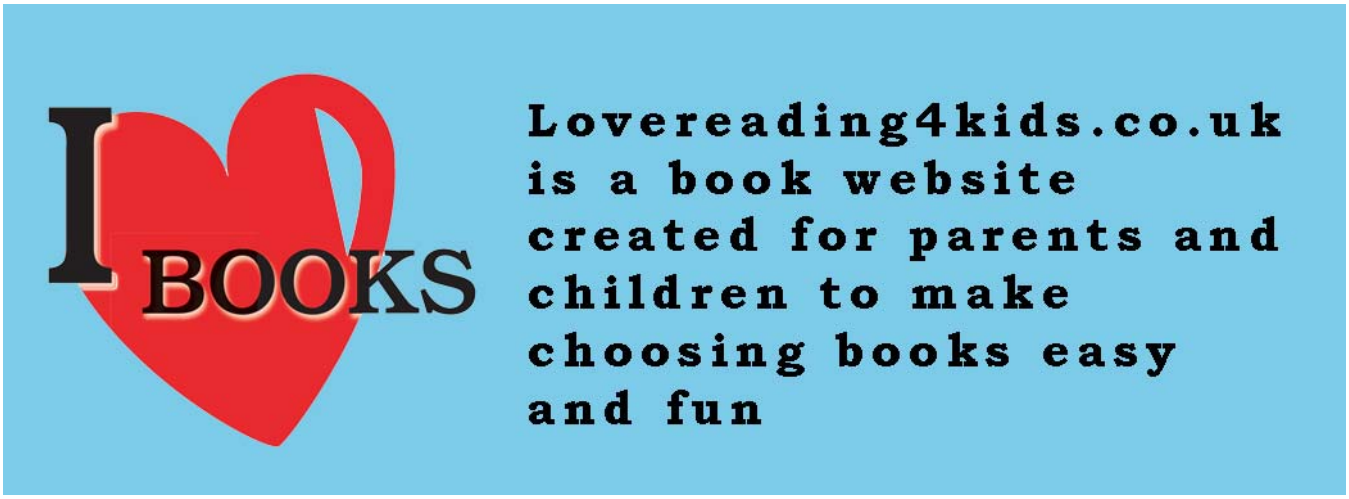


Opening extract from

The Great Farty Slob Beast

Written by

Charlie Farley

Illustrated by

Joe Barleymow

Published by

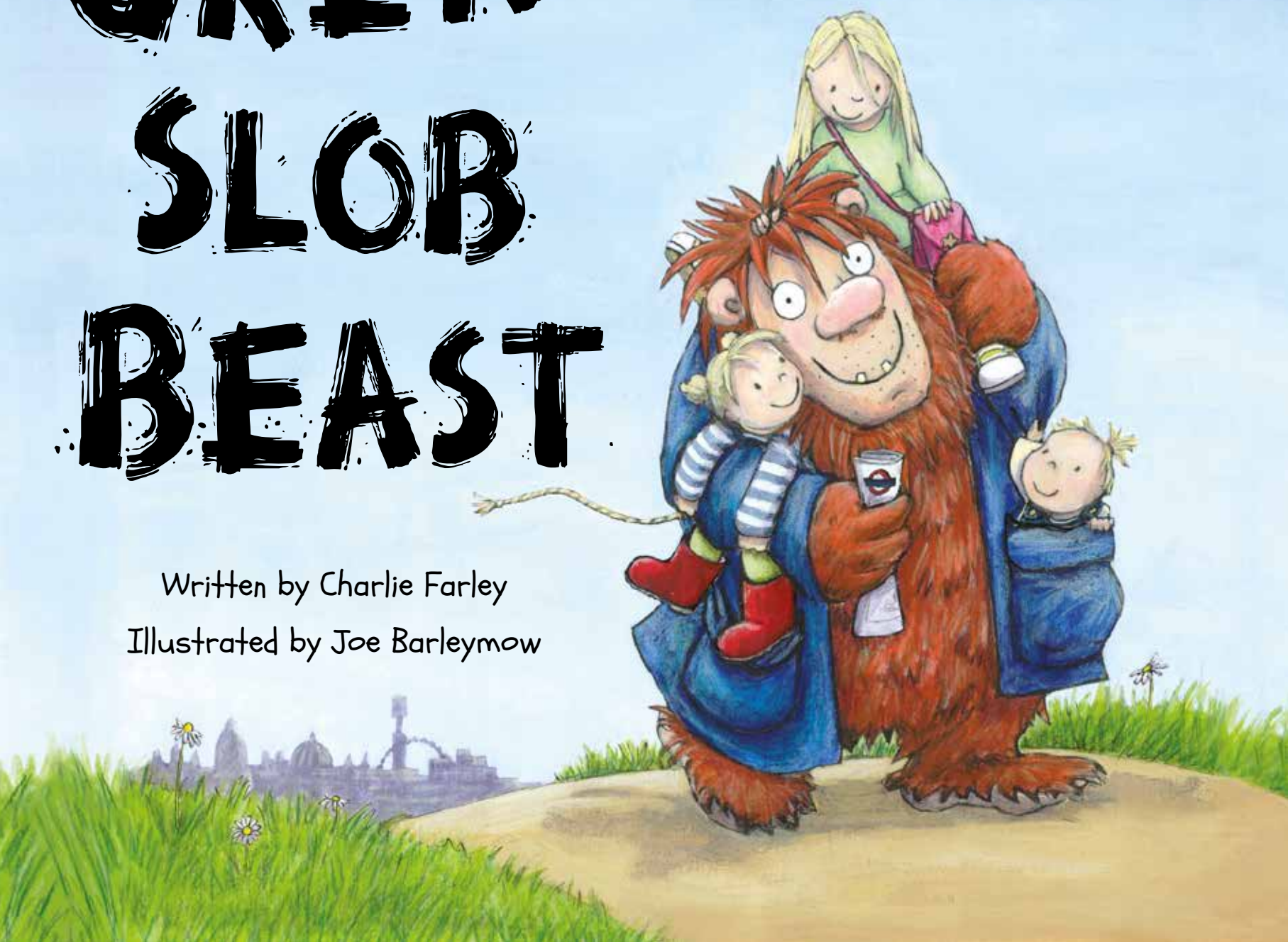
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THE GREAT FARTY SLOB BEAST



Written by Charlie Farley

Illustrated by Joe Barleymow



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THE GREAT FARTY SLOB BEAST







Written by Charlie Farley

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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.

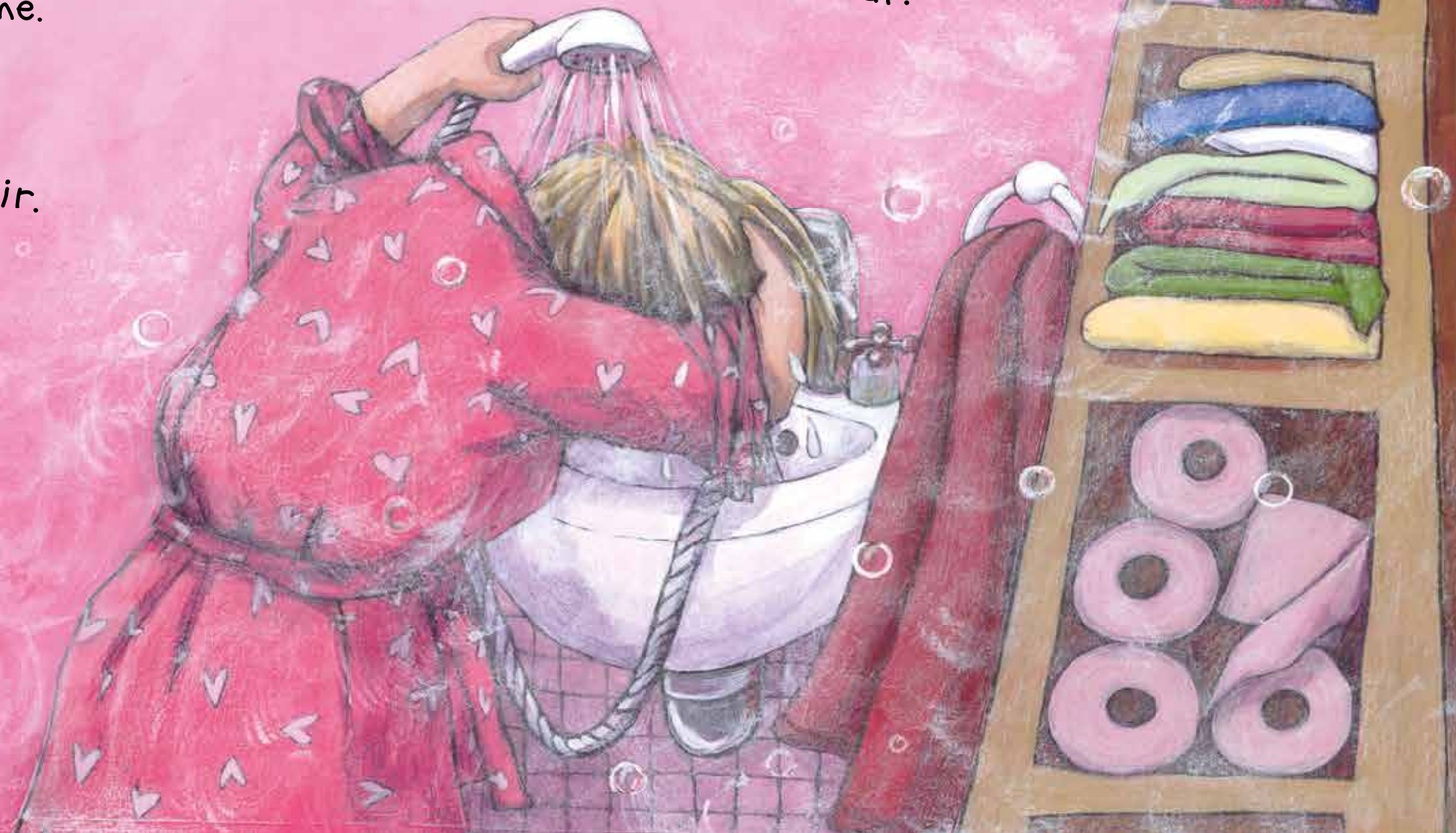
'We've played princesses, pirates and tea parties too,
We've played dancing and prancing and hullabaloo.

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.'



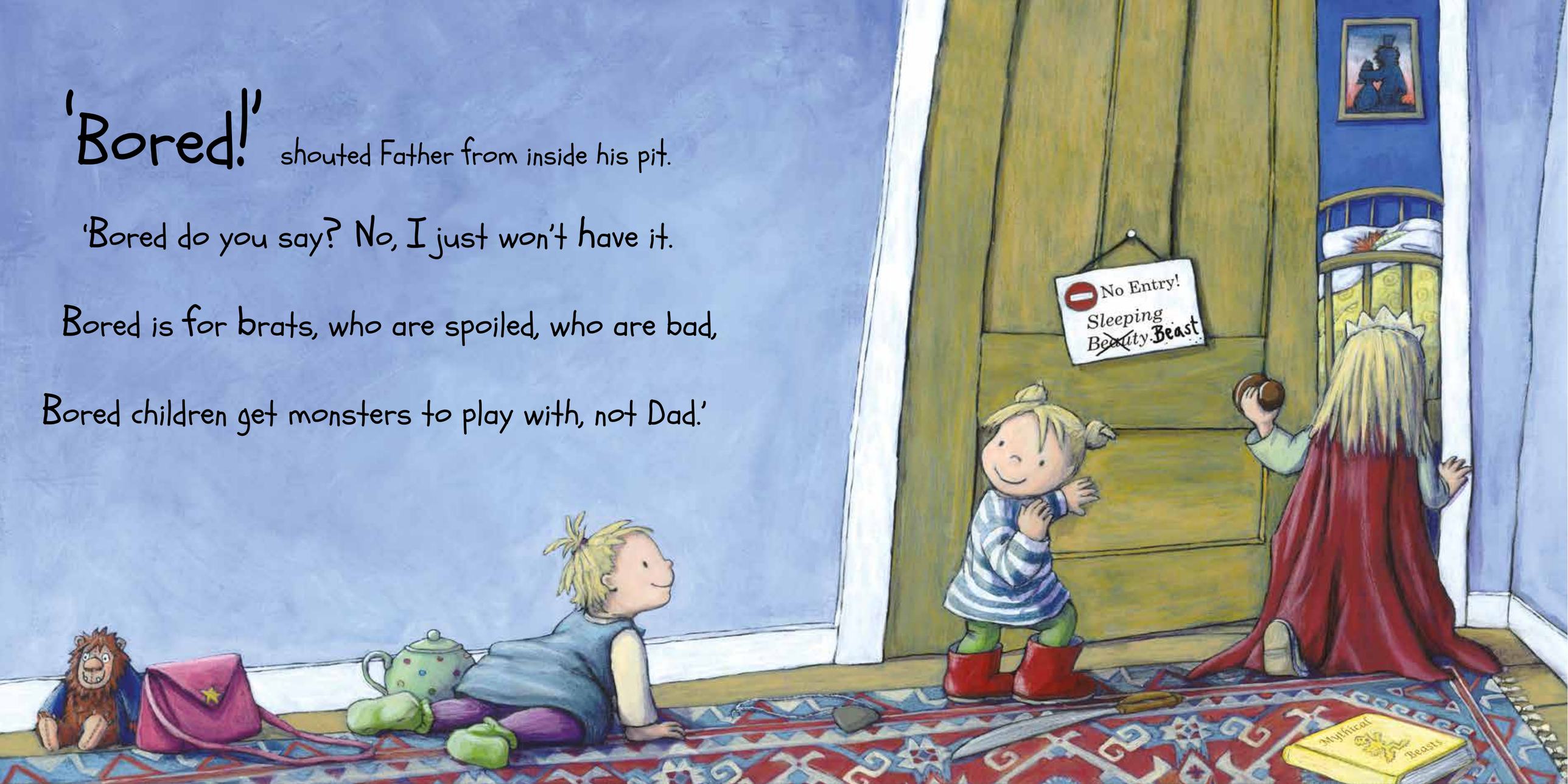


'Bored!' shouted Father from inside his pit.

'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.'