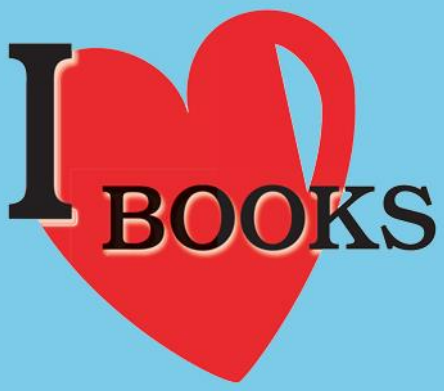


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Opening extract from

The World's Greatest Space Cadet

Written by

James Carter

Illustrated by

Ed Boxall

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For Stephen Blackburn – one of the finest,
kindest humans on the planet

'School Library' is for the marvellous Mrs P and everyone
at the rather wonderful Falkland Primary School in Newbury,

'Five Ways To Cross The River' is for Down-Under-David,

'So You Want To Build A Bear...' is for Yukon John,

'Baby Ukulele' is for Chris and Daisy,

'What Is It?' is for Ardingly College
(and their uber-librarian Denise Reed),

'A Hill' is for Sarah, Lauren and Madeleine.

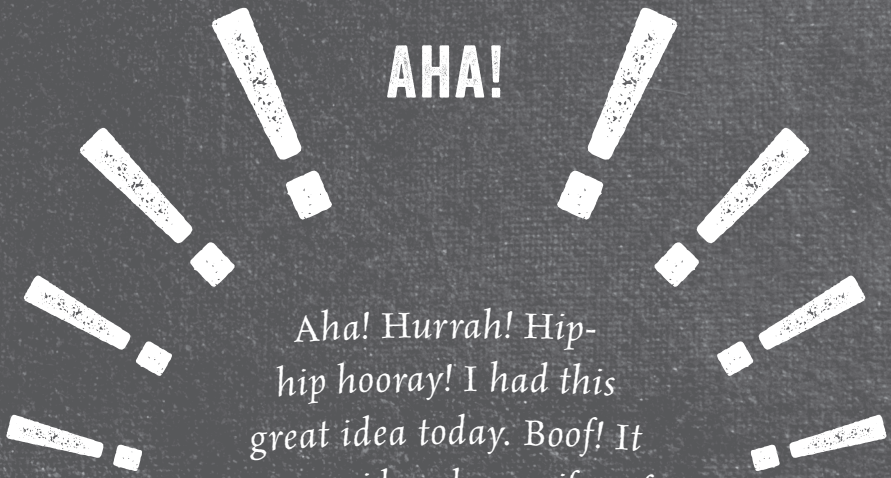
And more than thanks to Ed Boxall
for bringing so much of his magic to this book.



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AHA!

Aha! Hurrah! Hip-
hip hooray! I had this
great idea today. Boof! It
came, as ideas do – as if a gift
from out the blue. What was
it now, you want to know?
Oh, botherations, drat and
blow. How absolutely
jolly rotten. See,
I've utterly
forgotten
!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!
!! !!

FOR MY FRIEND

WHO'S
THE HOT DOG
THE COOL BEANS
THE BEE'S KNEES
THE BIG CHEESE
THE TOP BANANA
CAT'S PYJAMAS
CHERRY COLA
SUPERNOVA
EVER-STELLAR
MEGASTAR
BESTEST BOD
ON EARTH
BY FAR?

DON'T YOU KNOW?

YOU ARE!



SPACE CADET



A ***dreamer?***
Me? Err, you bet, the
world's greatest space cadet!
I'm ***alien*** *in* ***human*** *form. Some*
distant ***planet*** *I was born. Although*
these feet are on the ***ground****, my head*
is firmly in a ***cloud****.* A ***dolly daydream***
you might say, my ***mind*** *is always miles*
away, cruisin' 'round the ***Milky Way*** *–*
or maybe further, sure is far, for all
I hear is ***blah blah blah****.*
Me? I've been like this
since ***birth...***

ARE YOU LISTENING

PLANET EARTH?!?

THE MOUSE THAT FELL TO EARTH

(HAIKU)

A grey mouse, still warm,
but limp and newly lifeless,
lies on the back lawn.

A red kite swoops, squeals,
screeches angrily above,
having dropped its meal.

A black cat arrives,
grabs the gift between its teeth;
leaves, eats in private.

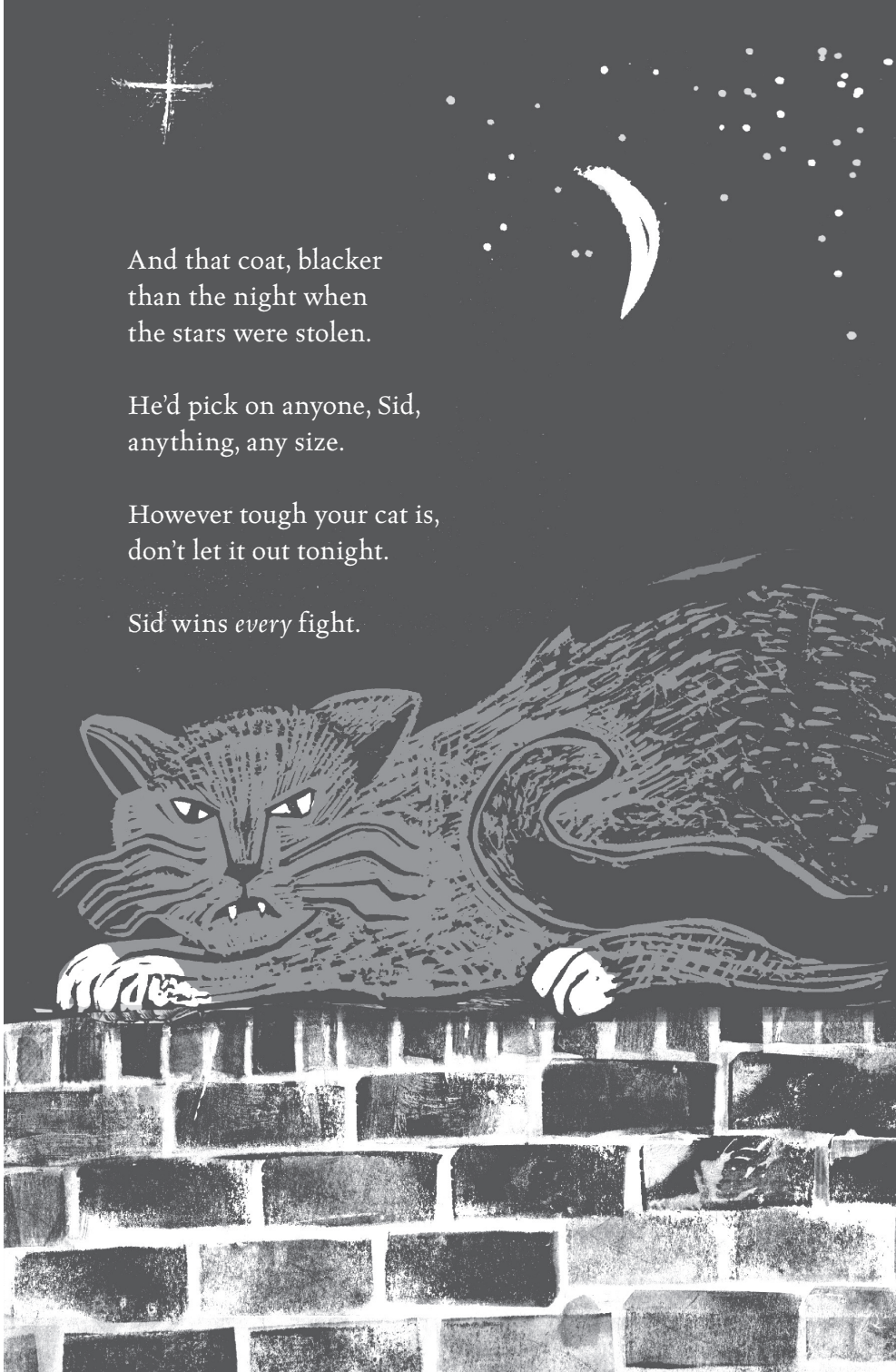
SID

You've never met a cat
quite like Sid. He's a brute.
He's a bruiser. He's a bully, he is,
that cat from two doors down.

Sid Vicious I call him.
You should see the way
he terrifies and torments
our kittens. He's fearless.
He'd take the kill from an eagle,
the carrion from a crow.
If he was human, he'd be
forever behind bars.

When he walks, he doesn't slink
as much as plod and stomp.
He breathes heavy.
He snarls. He scowls.

And don't you be fooled by
those delicate whiskers, those
pretty white mittens. Check out
those eyes. Deeper
than an old well. Greener
than a witch's brew.



And that coat, blacker
than the night when
the stars were stolen.

He'd pick on anyone, Sid,
anything, any size.

However tough your cat is,
don't let it out tonight.

Sid wins *every* fight.