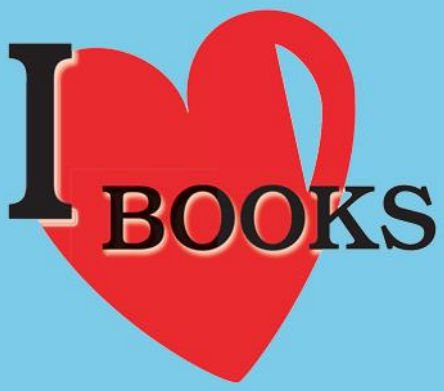


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Opening extract from

Uncle Gobb and the Green Heads

Written by

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Illustrated by

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a story in twenty-three chapters and two half-chapters (with helpful advice, helpful information, genies, baked beans, flashbacks, lizards, jumblies, weasels and mud supplied at no extra cost)

by

MICHAEL ROSEN



UNCLE GOBB AND THE GREEN HEADS

with excruciatingly superb pictures full of helpful advice, weasels and baked beans by

NEAL LAYTON



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CHAPTER 1

The Roar ...
(Or Is It A ROARRRRRRRRR?)

'... 23, 24, 25 …' said Malcolm.

'Tell them to stop doing that,' said Uncle Gobb very loudly.

'… 26, 27, 28 …'

'Oh for goodness' sake, Derek,' said Malcolm's mum, Tess. 'They can have a bit of a laugh counting their baked beans, can't they?'

'Beans are for eating, not counting,' said Uncle Gobb. 'I have one basic rule when it comes to eating: "Eat it, or leave it!"'



Malcolm looked at Uncle Gobb. He thought: the thing I hate most in the world is Uncle Gobb being here. The thing I hate next-most is having hair in my mouth. I've figured out how to get rid of hair in my mouth. So far, I haven't figured out how to get rid of Uncle Gobb. I've managed to bamboozle and confuzle him. But I haven't managed to get rid of him.

'… 32, 33, 34 – I win!' shouted Crackersnacker.

Crackersnacker is Malcolm's greatest, bestest, most brilliantest and terrifickest friend. They love thinking about that time they escaped from Uncle Gobb's DREAD SHED and bamboozled and confuzled him.

Malcolm dipped the serving spoon in the beans bowl and served himself some more beans.

Uncle Gobb leaned across the table and put his shiny face up close to Malcolm's not-so-shiny face.

'Are you going to eat those extra beans? Because if you're not going to eat those beans, those beans will be wasted. They don't waste beans in China!'



'Oh no,' said Crackersnacker. 'They won't be wasted, Mr Gobb. We'll play "Flick-bean" with them.' He mimed flicking a bean and did the sound effect to go with it: '**Pfffflerk!**'

'**Pfffflerk**' was Crackersnacker's very own invented bean-flicking sound.

Malcolm looked hard at Uncle Gobb again. He was bright red and panting in a shiny sort of a way. Malcolm thought that Uncle Gobb was so angry with him and Crackersnacker that he must be very near to exploding. At any second, he could blow up.

I wonder which bit of Uncle Gobb would fly off first if he started to explode, Malcolm thought. His ears? His nose?

‘Tessa!’ shouted Uncle Gobb at Malcom’s mum. ‘Do something! Say something!’

Mum said, ‘It’s Friday. I’ve said something.’

Uncle Gobb put his head in his hands and slumped forwards. ‘I don’t mean, “say anything”. I mean say something about the boys’ outrageous behaviour. This is about discipline.’

‘No,’ said Malcolm. ‘It’s about beans.’

‘It could be about discipline AND beans,’ said Crackersnacker.

‘What? At the same time?’ Malcolm asked.

Uncle Gobb stood up and roared.


ROARRRRRRRR!!!!!!