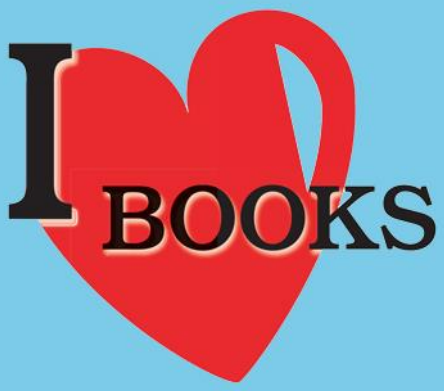


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Opening extract from

The Naughty Naughty Baddies

Written by

Mark Sperring

Illustrated by

David Tazzyman

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For Lucy, who once told me about some BADDIES! – M. S.

For my own Naughty, Naughty Baddies – D. T. x



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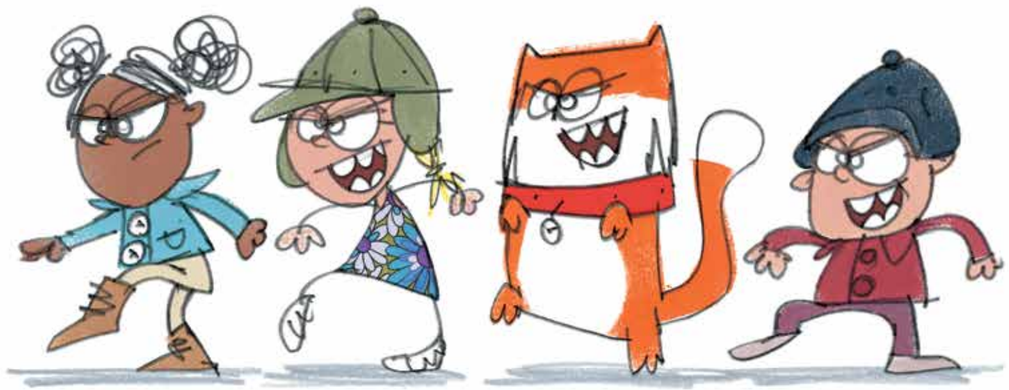
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The Naughty NAUGHTY Baddies



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Once there were FOUR

Naughty, Naughty Baddies.

One



Two



Three



Four.



And each one was as naughty as the next.

The Naughty, Naughty Baddies liked nothing more
than being WICKEDLY wicked,
AWFULLY awful and
DIABOLICALLY dreadful.

But best of all, the Naughty, Naughty Baddies
loved to creep . . .



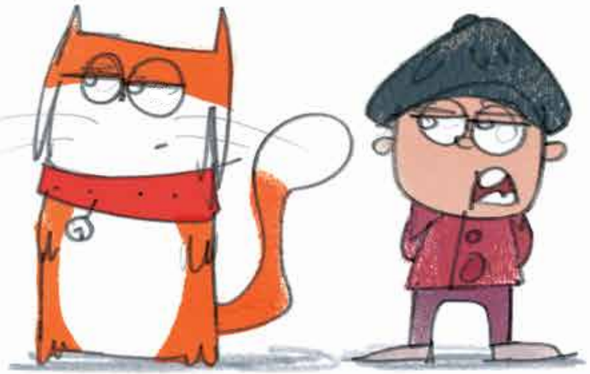
(they really were AWFULLY good at creeping!)

One mischievous day they were creeping about,
looking for something naughty to do . . .



They looked this way
and THAT,

THAT way
and this,



but they couldn't spot a single thing.



"Maybe we could STICK OUT our tongues and blow raspberries!" said **One**.





"Or JUMP in puddles and go home soaking wet!" said **Two**.



"Or PULL on a dangling thread and tie everyone up in naughty knots!" thought **Three**.





But **Four** had a plan – a plan so AWFULLY bad and WICKEDLY wicked that, if they were caught, something truly terrible would happen to them . . .

"We should JUMP on our trampoline . . ." said **Four**.

