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Opening extract from
The Naughty Naughty Baddies

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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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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 . . .

Creep

Creep

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**.



Miaow!



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**.

Boing

Boing!

Boing

