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opening extract from

The Monster Crisp-Guzzler

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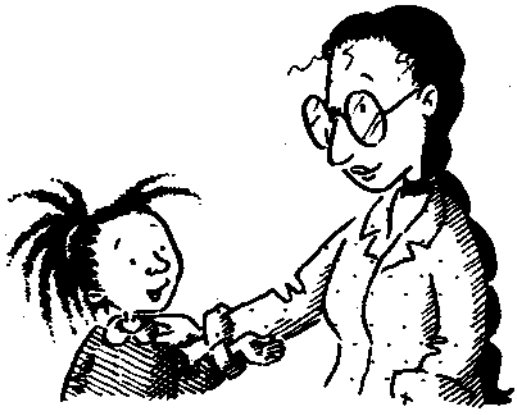
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Chapter One
Miss Porter's Secret



Hi everyone! This is me, Mira Morris. And this is Miss Porter, my teacher. Miss Porter has long black hair which she wears in a French plait down her back, and dark brown eyes which sparkle and fizz when she looks at you.

She looks quite ordinary, doesn't she? BUT SHE'S NOT! Not a bit of it. She has a *secret* – and I know what it is. And if you promise not to tell anyone, I'll tell you too. D'you promise? OK then. This is how I found out Miss Porter's secret.



On my very first day at my new school, I sat next to Hannah who was very friendly. Hannah showed me around the classroom and told me where everything was.

"What's Miss Porter like?" I whispered.



Hannah looked around. Miss Porter was at the other side of the classroom, helping one of the boys with his spelling.

"She's great!" Hannah replied. "But watch out!

Sometimes she can be a bit of a dragon!"

And for some reason Hannah and Josie and Nicole and all the others around me burst out laughing.



"Er, what's so funny?" Miss Porter called across the classroom.

"Nothing." The laughter stopped at once.



"Back to your tables then," said Miss Porter. "It's nearly break time."

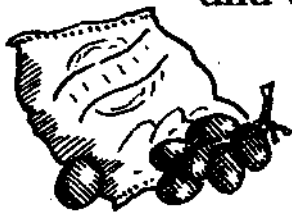
Hannah, Josie, Nicole and I sat at our table just as the mid-morning buzzer sounded.



Yippee! It was time to get out our break-boxes – and I was *starving*! I took out my Betsy Bear break-box, eager to see what Mum had packed for me.



There was a honey sandwich (my favourite sandwich), a blackcurrant drink (my favourite drink!), a few grapes (my favourite fruit) and a packet of salt and vinegar crisps – my favourite food in the whole, wide world. I opened up the crisp packet first.





"Oh no!" Hannah exclaimed. "You've got crisps!"



"Hide them! Hide them!" Josie urged.



Nicole just stared at me like I was crazy.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

But I didn't get any further. Something strange was happening at the other side of the classroom. Miss Porter had been putting some books back on the bottom shelf of the bookcase

when she suddenly sprang to her feet, her eyes wide and staring.

"Who's got crisps?" she demanded. "Who's got crisps?"

And then her tongue came out to lick her lips. Only it wasn't a normal tongue. It was



forked, split in the middle like a snake's tongue and it was at least as long as my whole arm!