NOAH SCAPE

CAN'T STOP REPEATING HIMSELF

Guy Bass

NOAH SCAPE

CAN'T STOP REPEATING HIMSELF

With illustrations by
Steve May

Barrington Stoke

To my dad

First published in 2018 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text © 2018 Guy Bass
Illustrations © 2018 Steve May

The moral right of Guy Bass and Steve May to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the written permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-772-8

Printed in China by Leo

CONTENTS

1 Spaghetti and Tomato Sauce 3

2 Dinosaurs 9

3 Another Noah 14

4 Noah and the Other Noah 21

5 More Noahs 26

6 Miss Fiddy Faints 33

7 What a Difference a Weekend Makes . . 38

8 You Can't Always Get What You Want . . . 43

9 Enough Is (Not) Enough 48

10 You Might Get What You Need 57



“Welcome to BTVC News. I am Anne Finally, and you join me here, live from the sleepy village of Dundlewick. I was here last month at the start of the so-called ‘Dundlewick Doubling’. Today, I look back at how it all began. A month in, the doubling goes on, and on … and on. Scientists say the number of doubles is set to rise to one billion by tomorrow morning. Today, I examine how the doubling began, and what it means for the future of Dundlewick … and the human race.”

One Month Before ...

Chapter 1
Spaghetti and Tomato Sauce

Dundlewick Doubling – Day Zero
Number Of Noahs – 1

"What's that?" Noah asked. He looked down at the tray of food and screwed up his face.

The dinner lady, Mrs Tuckin, stared back at him.

"Meat pie," she said. Her spatula hovered over the tray, ready to serve him a slice.

"What's in it?" Noah asked.

Mrs Tuckin raised an eyebrow.

"Meat," she said.

"I want spaghetti and tomato sauce," Noah said.

Mrs Tuckin sighed. "And yet here we both are, staring at a tray of meat pie," she replied. "I'll spell it out to you, Noah. I'm sure it won't be for the last time. Monday is spaghetti day. Tuesday is meat pie day. Wednesday is pizza day. Thursday is chicken day. And then, as sure as sugar lumps, it's Friday. And what is Friday otherwise known as?"

"*Fish Friday*," Noah said with a roll of his eyes.

"Fish Friday! From the sea to your plate!" Mrs Tuckin declared.

"Yeah, but –" Noah began.

“But every single day you ask me for spaghetti and tomato sauce,” Mrs Tuckin said. “Every. Single. Day.”

“That’s because I want spaghetti and tomato sauce every day,” Noah said in a matter-of-fact way.

“And I want my cat to stop pooing in the fruit bowl,” Mrs Tuckin said. “But every day I go home to find that Catilla the Hun has done her business on my satsumas.”

“It’s like the song says,” Mrs Tuckin went on, “‘*you can’t always get what you want – but, if you try, sometimes you might get what you need …*’”

“I have no idea what that means,” Noah said.

“Give it time,” Mrs Tuckin said. “Now, look, Noah, I have a lot of mouths to feed and I know it’s hard to believe but they don’t all

want to eat spaghetti and tomato sauce," she said. Mrs Tuckin pointed to the line of children behind Noah. And, as he looked back at them, she slapped a spatula full of meat pie down on Noah's plate. "*Bon appetit!* Enjoy!" she added. "I look forward to our little chat again tomorrow."

'Why would anyone *not* want to eat spaghetti and tomato sauce?' Noah thought, as he stared down at his plate of meat pie.

If it was up to him, Noah would eat spaghetti and tomato sauce for lunch *and* dinner. He would get up every morning at exactly 06.45 a.m. and go to bed at exactly 10.10 p.m. every night. He would only drink cold milk, and only if it was in a tall glass with a straw. And he would read nothing but books about dinosaurs.

If Noah had his way, everybody else would live by his rules too. But life wasn't like that. Everyone was different. It was *very* frustrating.



‘Why can’t everyone be like me?’ Noah thought. He had to do something about it.

But what?