Spangles McNasty and the Diamond Skull



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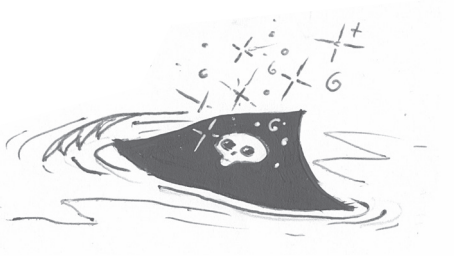
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For Scary Mary

SW



For Spangles fans everywhere

CM



The List

Spangles McNasty was as grumpy as a walnut with a face to match. 'Who likes **walnuts** anyway?' he moaned, lost in thought. 'No one, that's who, not even walnut trees.'

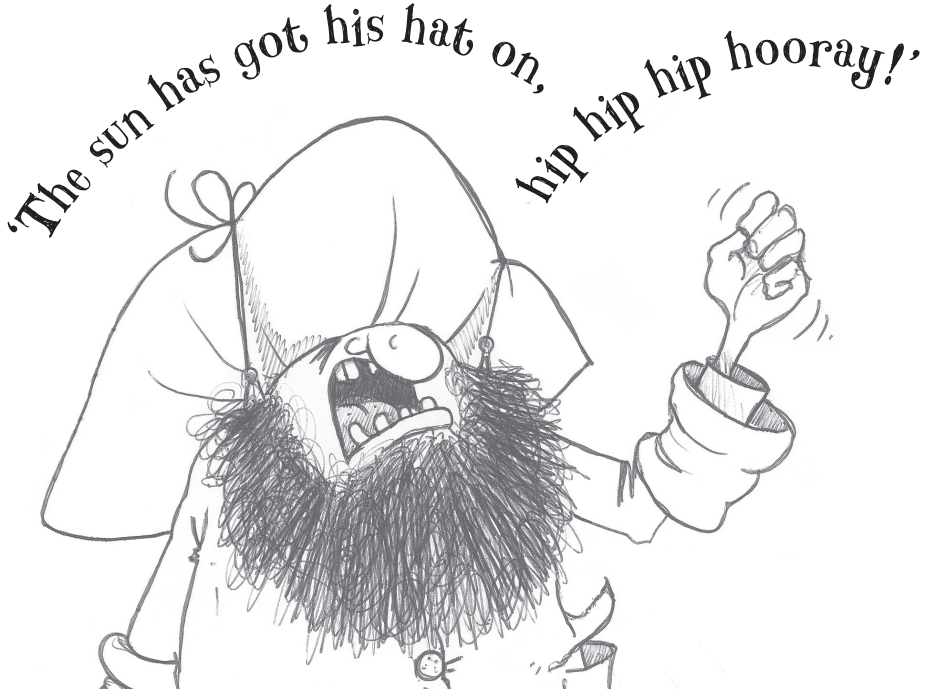
He was rarely found in a good mood, in fact he was more likely to be found farting in the library.

'There's nothin' like a **good trump** down

the **science-fiction end**,' he said as he sulked along Bitterly High Street with his best friend and **collecting** accomplice, Sausage-face Pete.

But even the mention of one of his favourite hobbies didn't raise his spirits. Spangles had the shopping glooms, big time.

Sausage-face Pete sang awfully, in an attempt to cheer him up.



The sun shone down on Spangles and Sausage-face Pete, and wondered what they were up to and also what sort of hat it would like if it could have a hat, which it couldn't. It decided a fireproof one would be best and even more quickly concluded it was unlikely it would ever have a cold head.

'You **sure** you couldn't have just done the shoppin' bit **without** me, Sausage?' Spangles grumbled, although in reality he knew Sausage-face Pete couldn't be trusted with anything more complicated than 'Which welly goes where?' He even got *that* wrong half the time and put his bright yellow wellies on the wrong feet. Sometimes not even his own.

'Oh flip to the flops,' Spangles sighed, remembering how important the **MARBLES** bit

of the shopping business was. 'They do 'ave to be just right I suppose,' he admitted. Then he spotted an interesting distraction approaching.

'WHO'S A TINY BABY THEN?!'

he suddenly yelled at a baby in a pushchair.

The baby **giggled** in response, but the old lady pushing the pushchair **tutted** dismissively at Spangles, who replied by pulling the silliest face he could right back at her.

'Ahh, **that's better**, Sausage. Flippin' shoppin' list's got me **right stressed**,' Spangles said, screwing up the tiny list of only two items:



Spangles relaxed a little. He poked the screwed-up list into a passing ice cream while its licker wasn't looking.

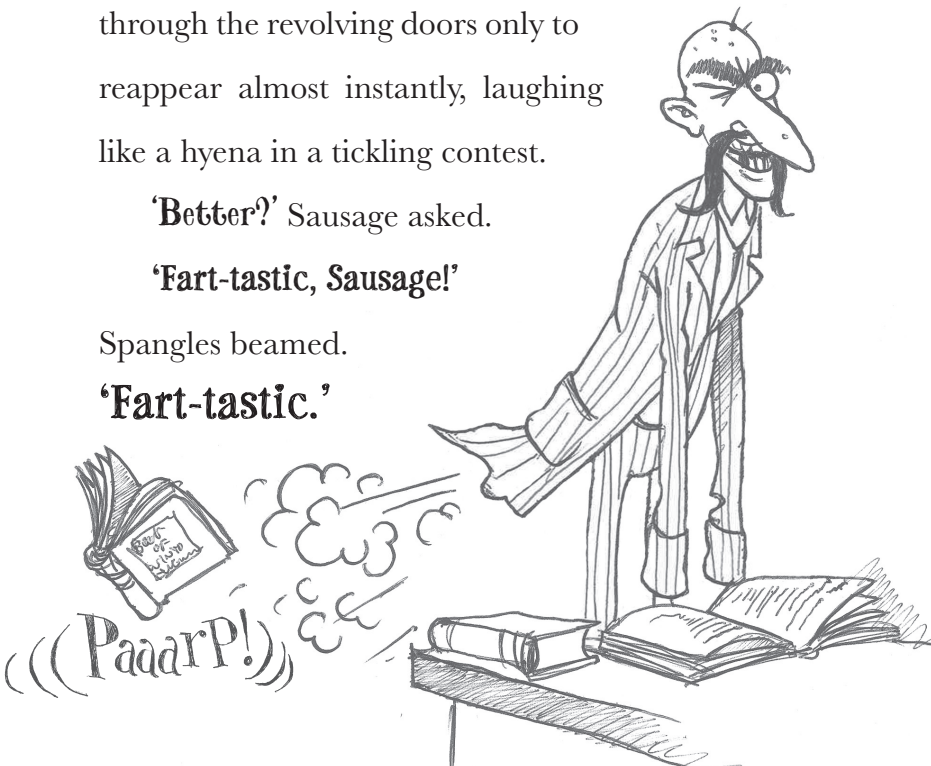
Seeing Bitterly Library ahead, he suddenly ran off, his long pin-stripe-suited legs gangling him up the library steps like a baldy pelican. **'Just time for a quickie!'** he yelled back as he disappeared through the revolving doors only to reappear almost instantly, laughing like a hyena in a tickling contest.

'Better?' Sausage asked.

'Fart-tastic, Sausage!'

Spangles beamed.

'Fart-tastic.'



Spangles had another list, which had nothing to do with shopping and everything to do with being nasty. It was a list of his top five favourite nasties, all of which he tried to do every day.

'That's the **shoutin' at babies**, **pullin' faces at old ladies** and **farting in the library** ticked off my nasty list!' He grinned happily as he scooped up a handful of cold greasy chips from a bin and stuffed them into his mouth. '**An'** nom-nom-nom – **the** – mmm – **eatin'** – nom-nom – **cold chips from bins**,' he added, and **burped** noisily at another passing baby.

