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opening extract from

Yuck's Slime Monster

written by

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YUCK'S SLIME MONSTER

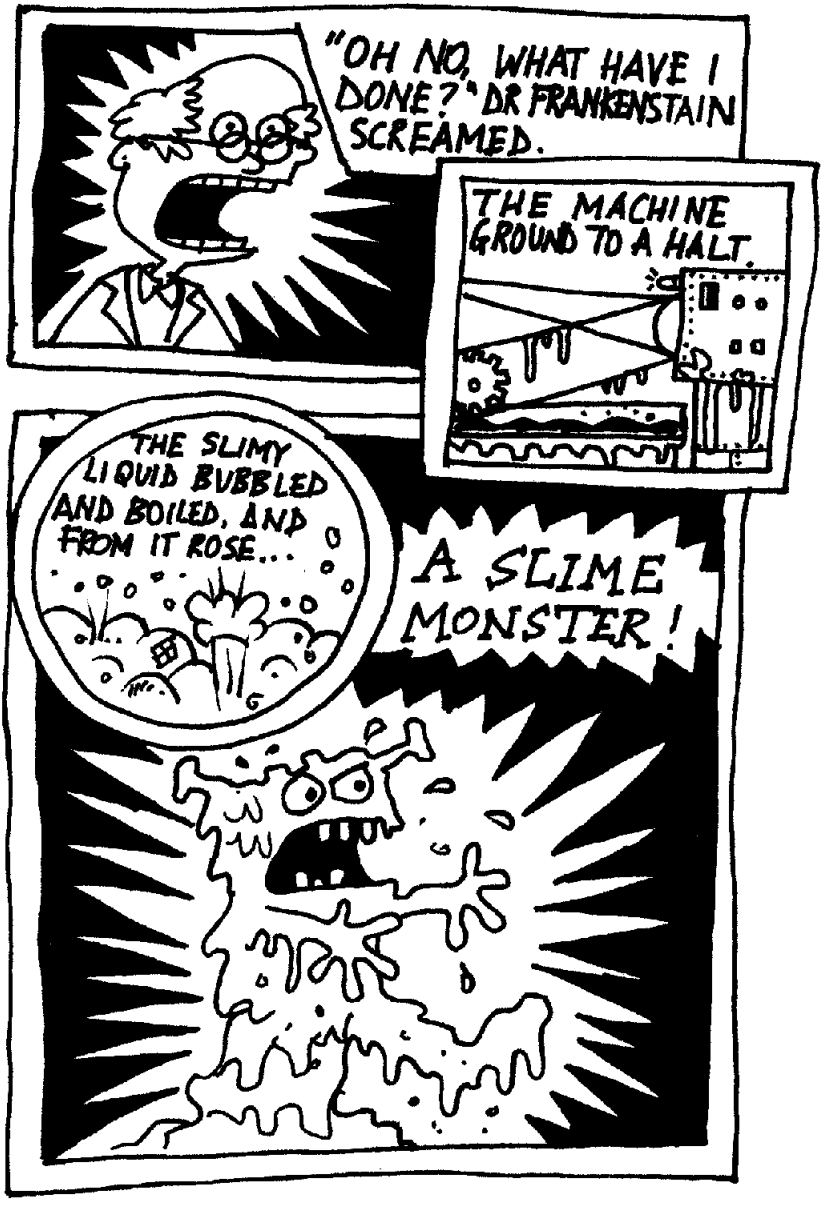




"Yuck, look what you've done!"

Polly Princess stood in Yuck's bedroom doorway clutching her *GLITTERGIRL* magazine. The pages were sticky and sloppy and covered in slime.

"It wasn't me," Yuck said. "I didn't touch your silly magazine." He was lying on his bed reading *OINK*. He turned the page...


"OH NO, WHAT HAVE I DONE?" DR FRANKENSTAIN SCREAMED.
THE MACHINE GROUND TO A HALT.
THE SLIMY LIQUID BUBBLED AND BOILED, AND FROM IT ROSE...
A SLIME MONSTER!


THE SLIME MONSTER ROARED. GREAT GOBS OF SLIME SPEWED FROM ITS LIPS.
"IT'S THE SLIME MONSTER!" EVERYONE SCREAMED. "RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!"
RUN!

Polly whacked Yuck with her slimy copy of *GLITTERGIRL*. "Don't you dare touch my magazine again!"

"But it wasn't me."

"Then who was it?"

Yuck got out of bed and put *OINK* in his school bag.

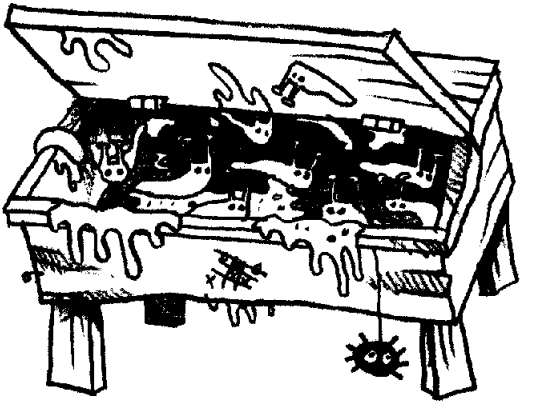
"It must have been the Slime Monster," he said. Yuck held his arms out in front of him like a Slime Monster and stomped in a circle.



"There's no such thing as a Slime Monster," Polly said. "It was you and your slugs."

She opened the lid of Yuck's desk and peered inside. It was full of slugs.

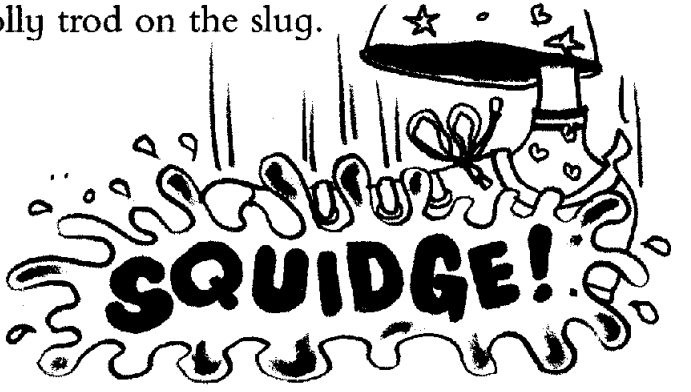
"Hey, get your nose out of Slime City!"



Polly picked out a slug, threw it on the floor and...

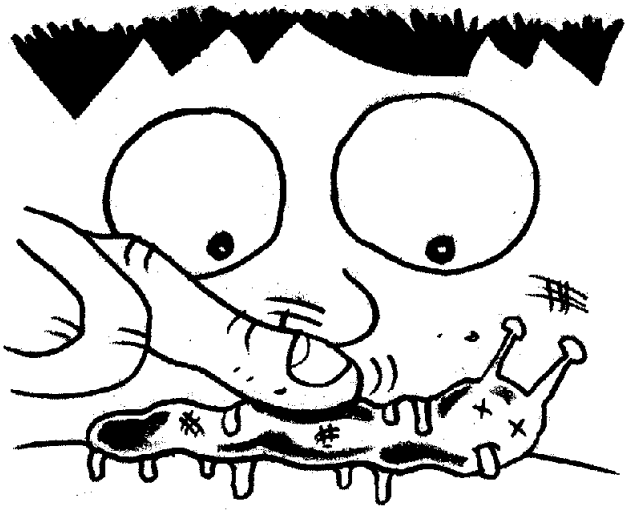
"Stop! Don't!" Yuck yelled.

Polly trod on the slug.



Polly raced out of the room.

Yuck looked at the squashed slug on his carpet. He scooped it up. Slime was leaking from the slug's body.



"Are you alive?" he said, stroking it.

The slug's antennae twitched feebly.

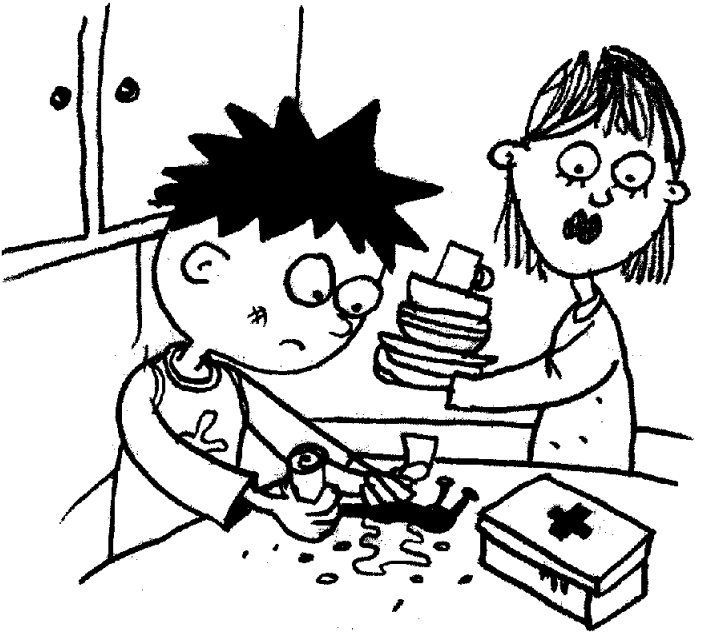
"You'll be OK. I'll fix you," Yuck said. "And then we'll fix Polly for what she did!"

Yuck raced downstairs with the slug in his hand.

Polly was waiting at the front door. "Hurry up, Yuck! I don't want to be late for school."

Yuck dashed past her and into the kitchen. He fetched the First Aid box from the shelf in the corner, took out a bandage and wrapped it around the slug.

Mum was putting the breakfast things away. "What have you got there, Yuck?" she asked.



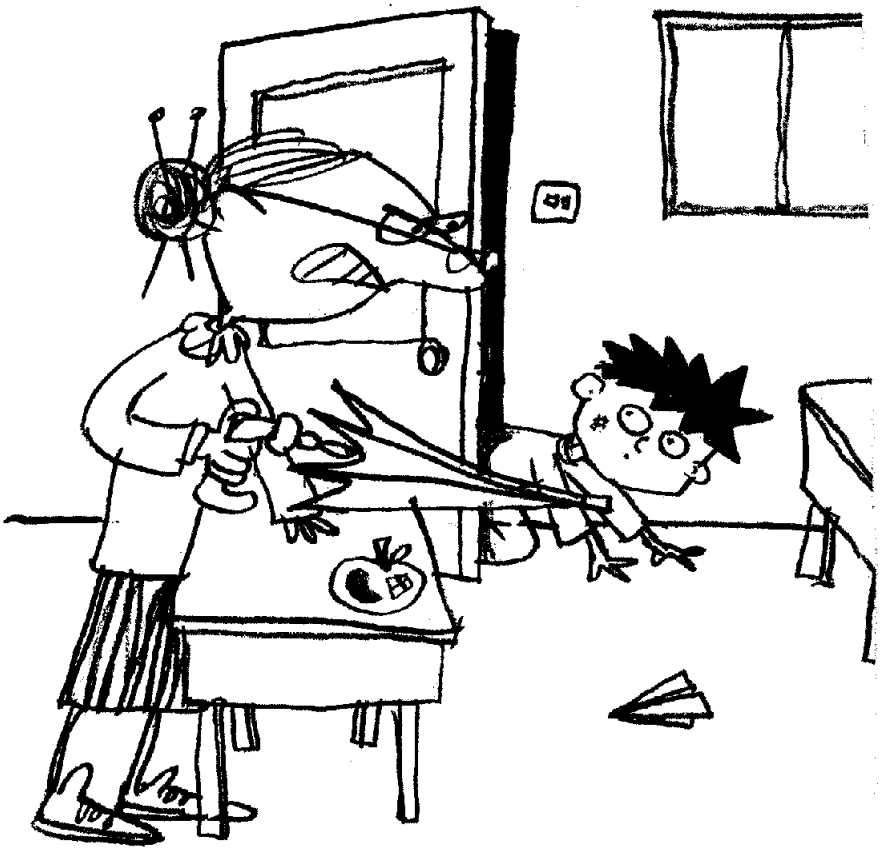
"My slug," Yuck told her. "His name's Hero. I'm making him better."

Yuck slipped the bandaged slug into his bag and left for school with Polly.

He arrived ten minutes late. Mrs Wagon the Dragon was already pacing up and down at the front of the classroom.

Yuck opened the door quietly.

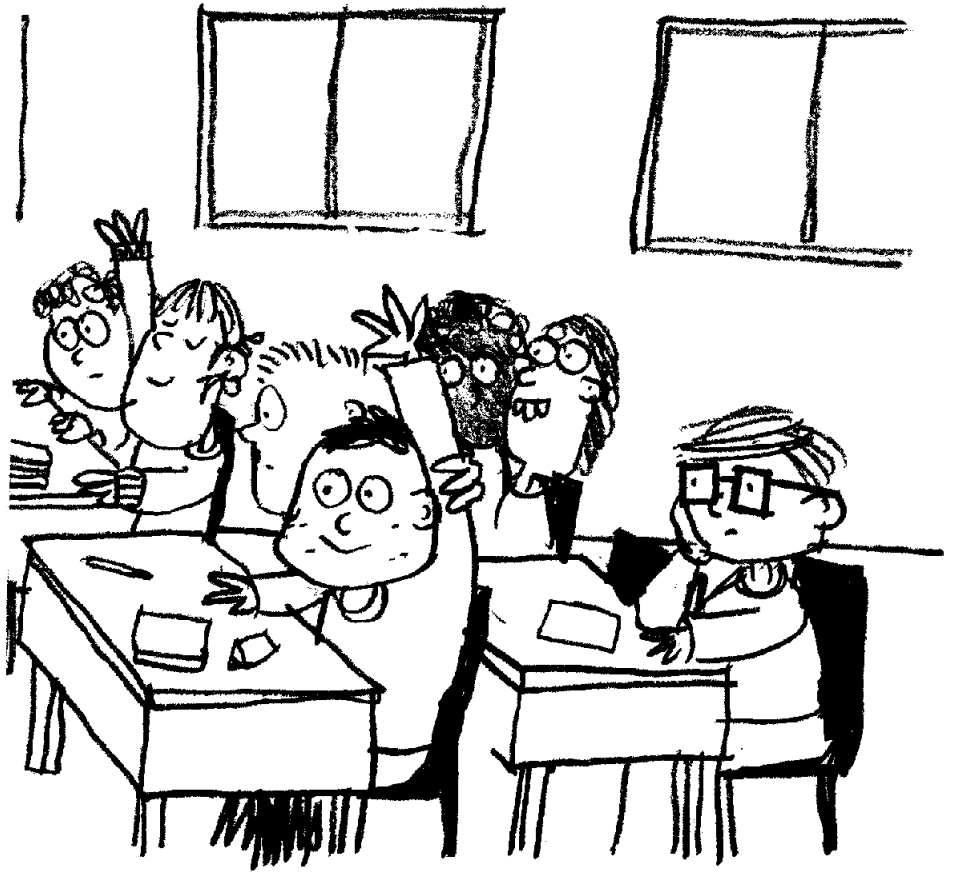
"Who's going to be in charge of Cuddly Corner this week?" the Dragon asked, pointing her umbrella.



Schoolie Julie put her hand up. "Me, Miss, please, Miss!"

Ben Bong put his hand up. "Me, Miss!"

Yuck crept along the floor on all fours, past the line of desks.

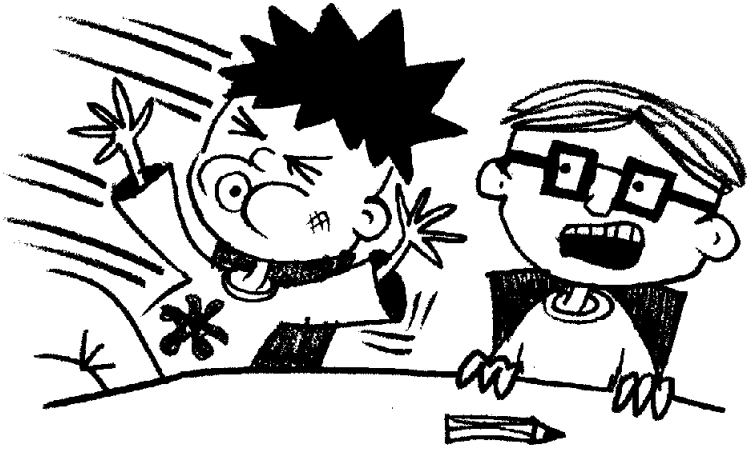


"Late AGAIN, Yuck!" the Dragon said.

"Sorry Miss," Yuck said, "there was an emergency."

The Dragon kicked Yuck's bottom, booting him to the back of the room.

He landed on his chair next to Little Eric.



Yuck sneaked the slug from his bag, unravelled its bandage and showed it to Little Eric.

"What happened?" Little Eric whispered.

"Polly squashed him. But he's going to be OK," Yuck said. "His name's Hero."

"What's THAT you've got?" the Dragon boomed.