THE SNOTTY DRIBBLER

EFFUA GLEED

ILLUSTRATED BY KAMALA NAIR



BLOOMSBURY EDUCATION

LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY

BLOOMSBURY EDUCATION
Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
50 Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3DP, UK
29 Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin 2, Ireland

BLOOMSBURY, BLOOMSBURY EDUCATION and the Diana logo
are trademarks of Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

First published in Great Britain in 2022 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

Text copyright © Effua Gleed, 2022
Illustrations copyright © Kamala Nair, 2022

Effua Gleed and Kamala Nair have asserted their rights under the
Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988, to be identified as Author and Illustrator of this work

This is a work of fiction. Names and characters are the product of the author's imagination and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without prior permission in writing from the publishers

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

ISBN: PB: 978-1-80199-075-2; ePDF: 978-1-80199-072-1; ePub: 978-1-80199-073-8;
Enhanced ePub: 978-1-80199-074-5

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Text design by Sarah Malley

Printed and bound in China by Leo Paper Products, Heshan, Guangdong

MIX
Paper from responsible sources
FSC® C020056
FSC
www.fsc.org

To find out more about our authors and books visit www.bloomsbury.com
and sign up for our newsletters

Chapter One

Blay thought his little sister Bethany was boring and annoying. *Very* annoying. But he appeared to be the only person who had realised this about her.



Everyone called Bethany, Baby Bee.

When Mum wasn't around, Blay called Bethany the Snotty Dribbler, because that's the stuff she was always covered in. In Blay's opinion, they were nothing alike. At seven, he was clearly almost grown up. He was big and strong, brave and cool. Fifteen-month-old Bethany wasn't.



He often wondered why nobody else was fed up with finding her snotty dribbles all over everything.
Or how she managed to always start crying just before dinner or as the best cartoons came on TV.

waaaahh!!!

Not to mention how the whole house could tell whenever she'd done a 'you know what' in her nappy!



Their mother simply adored her... obviously. Their grandparents said she was sweet enough to eat. And their neighbours were constantly buying her gifts that she ignored, preferring to play with the boxes instead.

There were rare times when Blay thought the Snotty Dribbler was a little bit cute. But he kept that to himself, of course.



As far as Blay was concerned, on the average day, having a baby sister wasn't cool.

Especially when she was eating his homework, rearranging his drawers or fussing with his toes.



Once, he opened his lunch box and found some magnetic letters, his sandwiches rolled up like play dough and only the aftermath of his chocolate chip cookies.



Last weekend, he'd been looking forward to his mates coming over to hang out with him.
But somehow, the Snotty Dribbler just took over the whole afternoon, managing to steal everyone's attention.





No matter how many times Blay tried to get away from his annoying little sister, she loved him to bits and crawled after him wherever he went.

Chapter Two

Eventually, Blay decided that it would be best for them to have some time apart. Just for a week or two. Then his toys and toes wouldn't be snot and dribble-covered. He'd be free of those nappy smells and he could do homework and play his PlayStation in peace.

