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opening extract from

Yuck's Pet Worm

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YUCK'S PET WORM





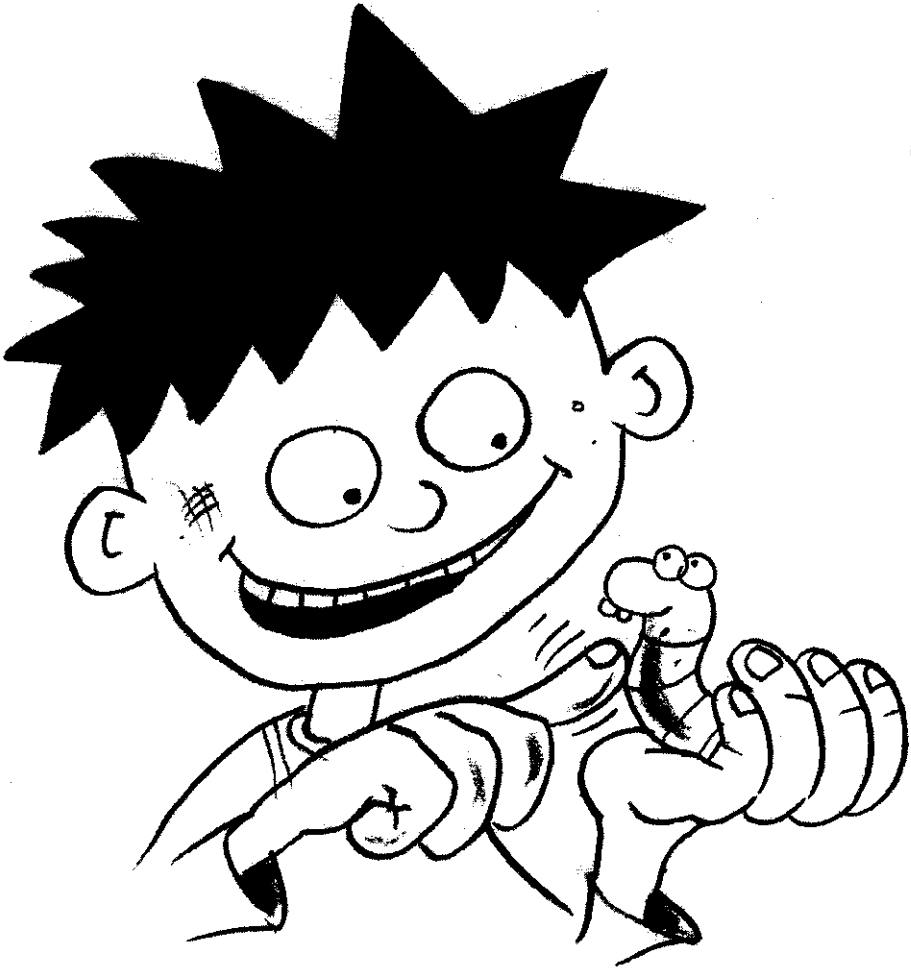
Yuck was wriggling across the living room carpet. Polly Princess walked in.

"That's disgusting, Yuck," she said.

Yuck was playing with a worm.

He laid his hand on the carpet and the worm wriggled between his fingers and up his arm.

"He's my pet," Yuck said.



"You can't have a worm for a pet. Worms are disgusting," Polly said.

Yuck gave his worm a stroke. "His name's Fang."



Polly sat on the sofa and opened her copy of *GLITTERGIRL*.

"Why can't you have a normal pet like a bunny or a puppy or a pony? One you can feed or teach tricks or ride."

Fang wriggled over Yuck's tummy.

"I like worms," Yuck said.

Fang wriggled into Yuck's pocket.

"Fang can do anything I tell him to."

"Then tell him to go away," Polly said.

"You're just jealous," Yuck told her, wriggling out of the living room.

"We'll show her, Fang," he whispered.

Yuck wriggled upstairs to the bathroom and grabbed the basket full of dirty laundry. He wriggled to Polly's room and borrowed her recorder from her school bag. Then he wriggled to his bedroom and closed the door. Yuck placed the basket of laundry in the middle of his floor. He took the lid off and dropped Fang on top of the dirty clothes inside.

Fang wriggled through the straps of Mum's bra.

Yuck picked up Polly's recorder and sat cross-legged on the floor. He'd seen it done in a film – a snake charmer had hypnotized a snake.

"Prepare to be hypnotized, Fang," he whispered. He put the recorder to his lips and blew.

The recorder whistled.



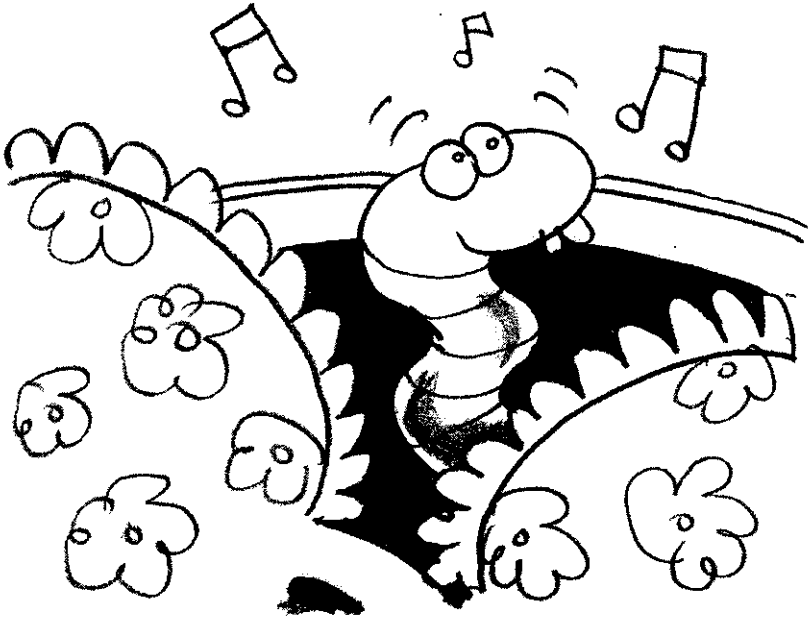
"I'm a worm charmer. Come out, come out," Yuck called.

He blew harder.

The recorder squealed.

As Yuck played, Mum's bra began to wriggle.

Yuck kept blowing and, from the top of the basket, a slimy pink head appeared.



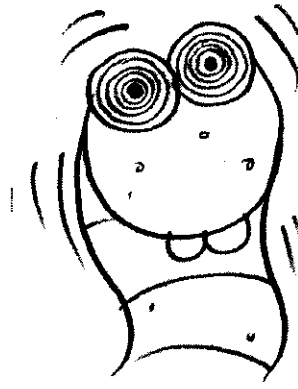
"Good boy, Fang," he said.

As Fang heard the sound of the recorder, he wriggled further up out of the laundry.

"You are under my power," Yuck whispered.

Yuck blew higher and higher notes on the recorder.

Fang rose higher out of the basket, standing tall, like he was being pulled by an invisible string.



Yuck kept playing.

Fang swayed from side to side, hypnotized!

"You will do anything that I say," Yuck commanded.

At that moment, the door flew open. In walked Polly. "What are you doing with my recorder?" she asked.

"I was practising."

"But you don't play the recorder," Polly said. She pointed at Fang. "And what's that worm doing in the laundry basket?"

Fang was still swaying from side to side.



"None of your business," Yuck told her.

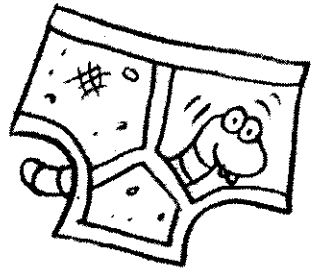
Polly snatched the recorder from Yuck's hands.

She stomped out of Yuck's room and down the stairs.

Yuck looked at Fang.

Fang was still hypnotized.

"Go and annoy Polly," Yuck commanded.



Fang wriggled down the side of the basket onto the floor. He wriggled through a pair of Yuck's underpants



and around a can of fart spray. He wriggled out of the door and down the stairs – tumbling head over tail, down each step and onto the next – until he reached the hallway.



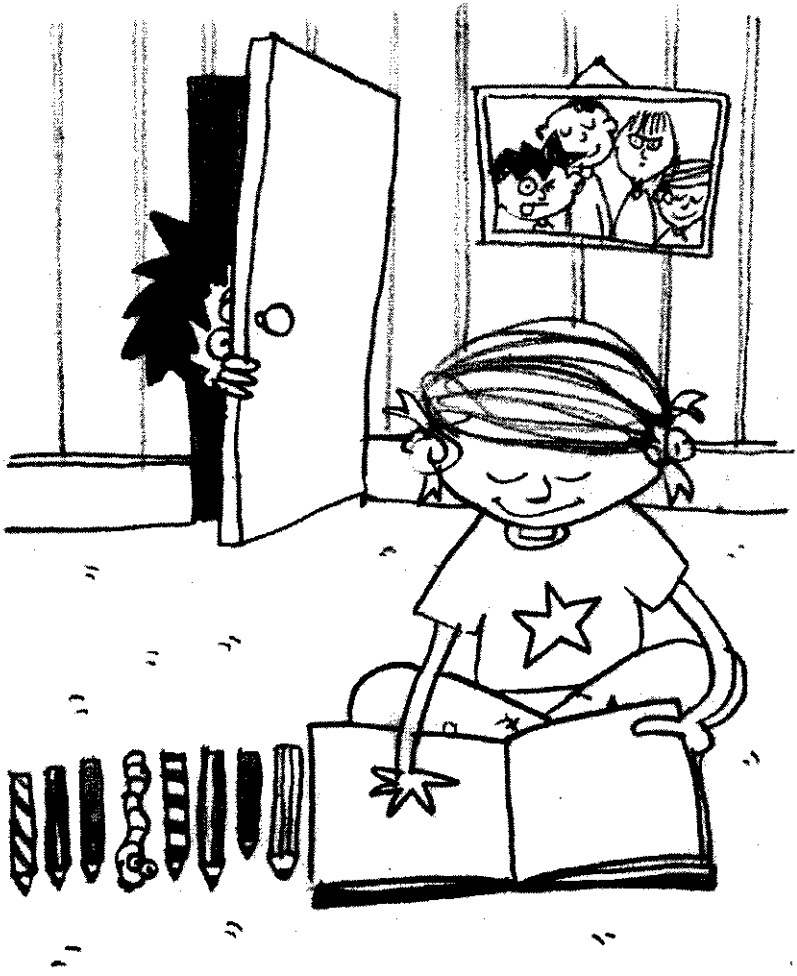
Yuck followed. "Keep going, Fang."

Fang wriggled across the hallway to the living room door.

"Go and annoy Polly," Yuck whispered. Quietly, he nudged open the door and watched as Fang wriggled into the living room.

Polly was sitting on the floor. Her coloured pencils were arranged neatly in front of her.

Fang wriggled across the carpet and lay among them, hiding.



"What are you doing, Polly?" Yuck asked.

"I'm drawing a picture," Polly said.

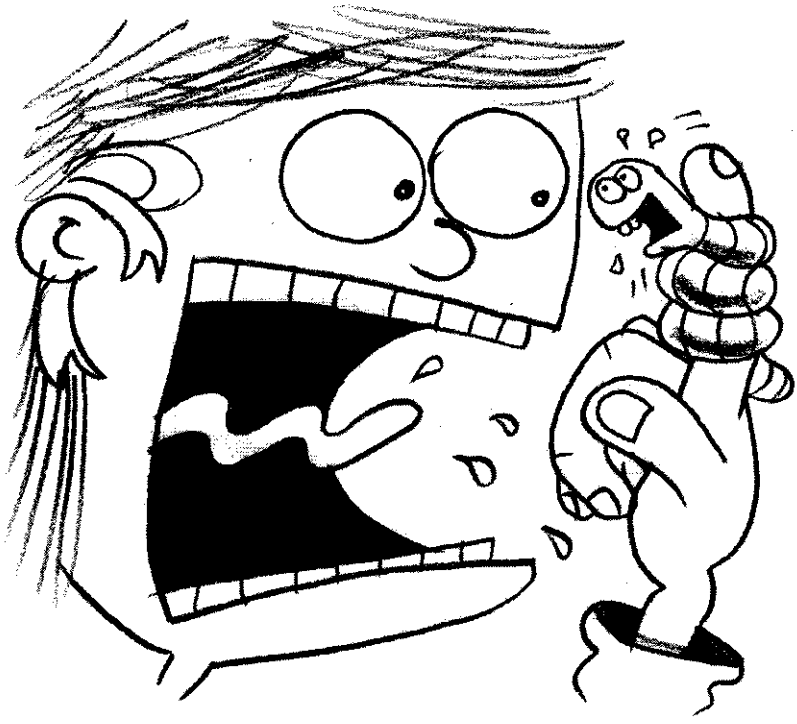
Polly picked up a pink pencil.

It wriggled in her hand.

"Urrgghh!" she screamed, looking at what she was holding.

The pencil was cold and slimy. It coiled around her finger.

"A worm!"



She jumped up and threw Fang on the floor.

"YUCK!" she screamed, wiping her hand on her dress.

"What?" Yuck said, trying not to laugh.

"Your worm! Your worm was in my pencils!"

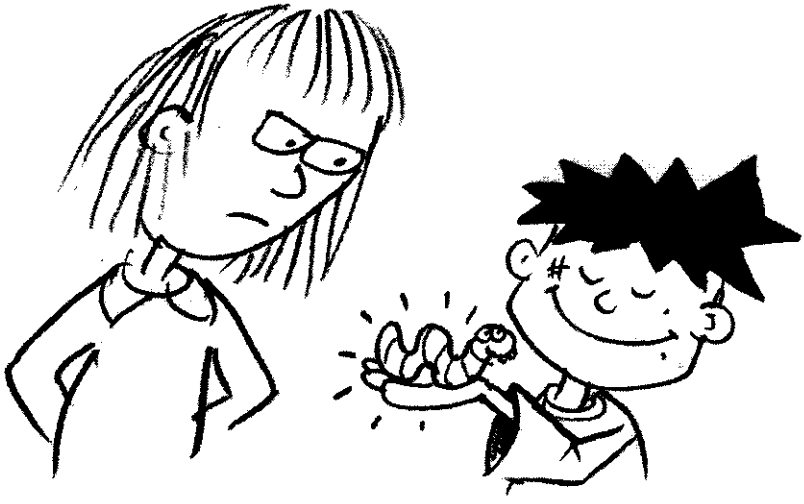
"Oh, I was wondering where he'd got to."

Yuck scooped Fang into his hand and stroked him better.

At that moment, Mum came in.

"Mum, Yuck put a worm in my pencils!" Polly cried.

Mum looked at Fang wriggling in Yuck's hand.



"Fang must have escaped," Yuck said. From his pocket he took out a little crumb of mud and gave it to Fang to eat.

"What are you doing with a worm in the house?" Mum asked.

"Fang's my new pet."

"You can't have a worm for a pet. Worms are dirty," Mum said.

"Worms are brilliant!" Yuck told her. He tucked Fang behind his ear, giggled, and ran out of the room.

