Lovereading4kids.co.uk

Helping you choose books for children

0-5 5-7 7-9 9-12 12+

Opening extract from

Grizzly Tales: Gruesome Grown-ups

Written by

Jamie Rix

Published by

Orion

All text is copyright of the author and illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.


SAFETY
CARD

SAFETY CARD

for The Twin-Engined Grizzly Paperback

In case of an emergency (such as an urgent need to wet yourself in fear or discovering a split in one of your sides) you will find a Life Jacket on page 50 and a pair of safety goggles also on page 50. Cut them out and put them on.

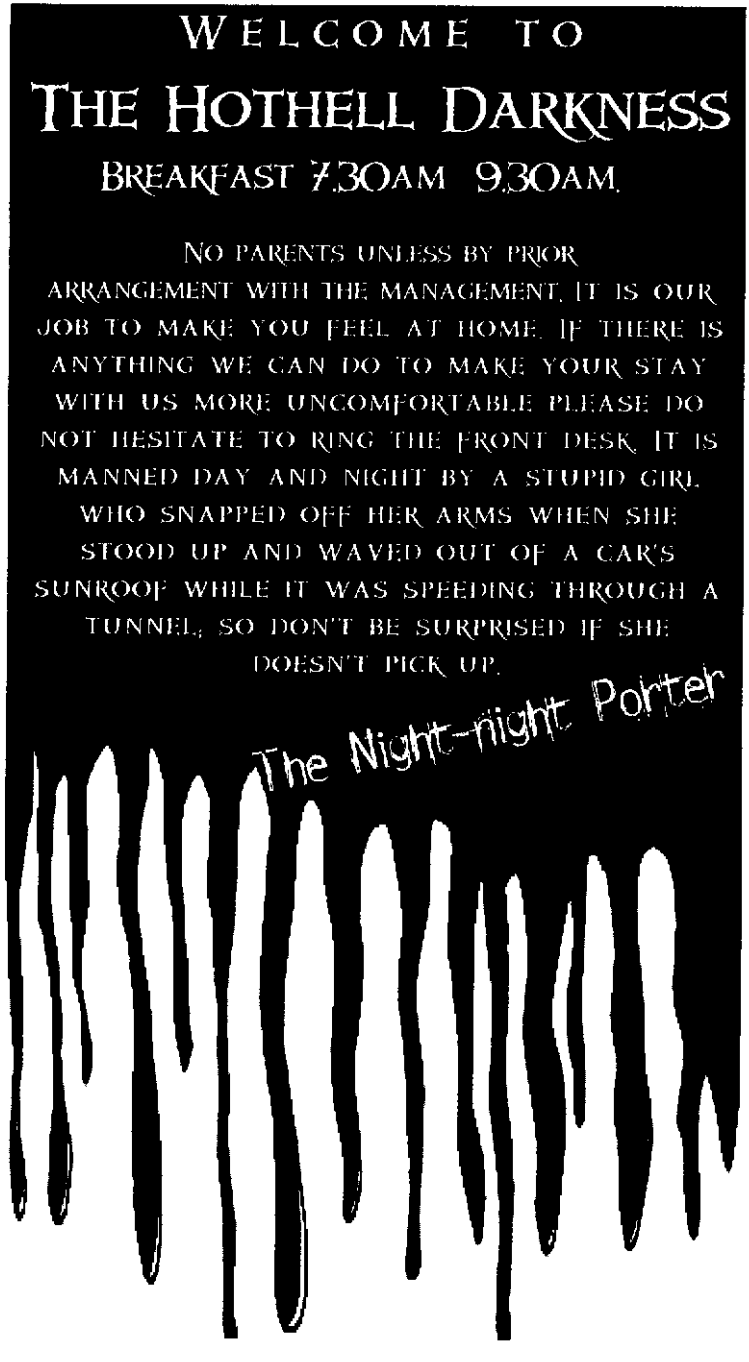
No sharp objects may be taken into this book in case the bad children inside get hold of them. Please surrender all sharp objects at the door. Sharp objects include knives, compasses, combs and scissors.*



Please adopt the safety position if you find yourself too scared to read on.

Enjoy your read and we look forward to welcoming you aboard another Grizzly Paperback soon!

*(Sorry. We forgot. You won't be able to cut out the Life Jacket and safety goggles after all. Oh well, it's wet trousers and spilled guts on the floor for you!)


WELCOME TO
THE HOTHELL DARKNESS
BREAKFAST 7.30AM 9.30AM.
NO PARENTS UNLESS BY PRIOR ARRANGEMENT WITH THE MANAGEMENT. IT IS OUR JOB TO MAKE YOU FEEL AT HOME. IF THERE IS ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO MAKE YOUR STAY WITH US MORE UNCOMFORTABLE PLEASE DO NOT HESITATE TO RING THE FRONT DESK. IT IS MANNED DAY AND NIGHT BY A STUPID GIRL WHO SNAPPED OFF HER ARMS WHEN SHE STOOD UP AND WAVED OUT OF A CAR'S SUNROOF WHILE IT WAS SPEEDING THROUGH A TUNNEL, SO DON'T BE SURPRISED IF SHE DOESN'T PICK UP.
The Night-night Porter

Hello. I didn't expect to see you back so soon.

Don't go. Your room is now ready.

You didn't know you were staying?

No. None of our guests does, but you are. You're a child and The Darkness is a place where children stay for ever. In you heart, you know that you belong here.

Let's see how bad you really are.

ANSWER TRUTHFULLY!

1) Have you ever shouted loudly near an old person? *Tut, tut.*

2) Do you sometimes wish that your parents would put their heads in a food blender and leave you alone? *Haven't we all.*

3) Do you eat with your mouth full? *You big pig!*

4) If you could bury the worst experiences of your life in a box to get rid of them, would your teachers be the first thing you put in? *That's right, nobody likes a teacher. Crabby know-alls!*

5) Are you smaller today than you will be tomorrow?

If you have answered YES to all of these questions you are BAD enough to stay. If you have answered NO to any of the above you have lied through your teeth so you are staying too!

You may help pass eternity by reading our visitor's book or, as I prefer to call it, The Book of Grizzly Tales. Measure your own badness against the stories of our wicked guests. These stories tell of children who have all fallen foul of grown-ups. You know grown-ups: those big, shouty, snoring, law-making machines that make your life so unbearable. Shall I tell you a secret?

Don't eat me again! Please don't eat me again!

Dig-diggerdy-do!

Bubble, bubble, bubble

Boo hoo hoo! Boo hoo hoo!

WHAT DID YOU SAY? SPEAK UP! I CAN'T HEAR YOU ..

Aaaaaaaaaaagh! This is a nightmare!

Ignore them. Come closer. Don't be scared.

Really close. I'm not going to grab you or nibble your ear.

As close as you dare. Put your eyeball on the page.

They all work for me!

It's true! How do you think I know when you're being bad? I don't have all-seeing eyes. I rely on my grown up spies!

Some grown-ups FIND naughty children and despatch them down here, dead or alive! Others turn GOOD children BAD. But most are under instructions to TEACH bad children a LESSON they will never, ever, ever forget!

How scary is that? It means you'll NEVER be able to trust a grown-up again! Not at home, not in the street and certainly not at school!

These days there's a lot of old tripe talked about school dinners, about how school food was SO MUCH BETTER for children in the olden days when they drenched their bread in dripping and dipped their chips in liver and horse fat. How much healthier it was, say the experts, when children ate brains for elevenses and lungs and lights for lunch; when children ate heart, kidneys,

liver, intestines and testicles, and went back for more. They say that today's children – that's YOU – are too sensitive to eat internal organs. That you grimace at guts and freak out at offal, which is why you eat nothing but chicken nuggets!

But I say, LET THEM EAT CHICKEN NUGGETS, because I know what goes into the making of them. One thing's for sure, it's NOT chicken!

WANTED
GROWN-UPS
who can bring up BAD CHILDREN

If you are a GROWN-UP who likes being particularly unpleasant and can dish out punishments without turning a hair, this is the job for you.

Do something useful with your life.

Join the Hothell Darkness Recruitment Police!

SPY on your own children!

SHOP the offspring of friends and neighbours!

CLEAR the streets of bad children and earn money while having fun!

FANTASTIC REWARDS

A world without children . . . for a start!

DON'T DELAY, BETRAY THEM TODAY!

Please display this poster in both the sitting room window and the downstairs loo so that all passing grown-ups can see.

JAMIE'S SCHOOL DINNERS

Jamie loved chicken nuggets. He loved all junk food, but chicken nuggets came top. He always said that if he was abducted by aliens and told that he could only eat one type of food for the rest of his life, he would choose chicken nuggets.



Other people, especially Mrs Saladbowl, the mother of Jamie's best friend Tom, thought Jamie was crazy. 'You want MORE chicken nuggets!' she gasped when Jamie went round for tea. 'Are you mad?'



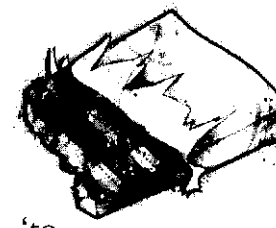
'I love chicken nuggets,' dribbled Jamie.

'As a matter of fact, he *is* mad,' said Tom. 'It's the lack of nutrition in his diet, it's shrunk his brain.'



In fact, Jamie's brain hadn't shrunk, because it had never been big in the first place. Up until the age of three he hadn't had a brain at all, then his parents had given him theirs and

now it was the size of two peanuts. They had made a ceremony out of it on a wet Sunday afternoon, going down on their knees and offering up their brains on a plush purple cushion.



'We want you to have these,' Jamie's father had said. 'We don't need them any more.'

'You can put our two little brains together,' his mother had whispered, 'to make one big brain.'

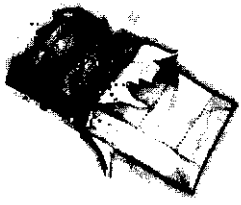
'I don't know what to say,' Jamie had said.

'Well, pop them in,' she had said, 'and maybe you'll think of something.'

Jamie's parents had stopped using their brains on the day they had explained to Jamie that a cola and a cheeseburger was a perfectly balanced meal.

'What do you mean by balanced?' he had asked.

'Well,' Jamie's mother had said, placing a cheeseburger in one hand and a can of cola in the other, then raising her arms until they were level with her shoulders. 'You can hold one in each hand, see. And because they're about the same weight it's balanced.'



'She couldn't fall over even if she wanted to,' Jamie's father had said. By now, Jamie's mother had eaten the

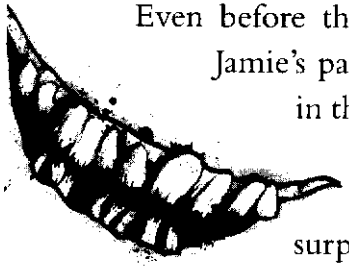
cheeseburger and replaced it with a pound of lard.

'Actually, a pound of lard would balance too,' she had added.

'It would,' Jamie's father had said.

'Unless I went and ate it,' Jamie's mother had said, tearing off the paper with her teeth and licking the lard like ice cream, 'because I would, because I love lard!'

***



Even before they had given their brains away, Jamie's parents weren't the sharpest knives in the block. And now that Jamie had their brains he thought exactly as they did. It was hardly surprising, therefore, that he thought processed slops were delicious. He loved the taste, and because he wouldn't eat anything he hadn't tasted before, all he ever ate was junk.

And if it's true that you are what you eat that meant that Jamie was JUNK too. which is why. quite frankly. nobody cried when he disappeared. Because he DID disappear. under villainous circumstances!

By the time Jamie went to big school, he was a

huge, indolent lump. Eleven years of fatty foods had changed his shape. He was as round as a beach ball with skin so tight that he looked like an overstuffed sausage. His friends from primary school didn't want to hang out with him any more.

'Why?' said Jamie, stuffing his face with a cheesy chilli kebab.



'Because all you ever think about is food,' said Tom Saladbowl.

'And if any of us have sweets in our pockets,' added Bethany Bramley, 'you steal them off us and stuff them in your face without even asking.'

'I love sweets,' grinned Jamie.

'And if I'm sitting next to you on a bus,' chipped in Mini Milo, whose doctors were predicting a growth spurt any day now, 'you sit on me without even knowing I'm there. It's horrible!'



'Take the train!' slobbered Jamie, who didn't seem to care that he was losing his friends just so long as he never lost his taste for bad food.

***

Dig-diggerdy-do!