

Opening extract from
**Frank N. Stein And
The Great Green
Garbage Monster**

Written by
Ann Jungman

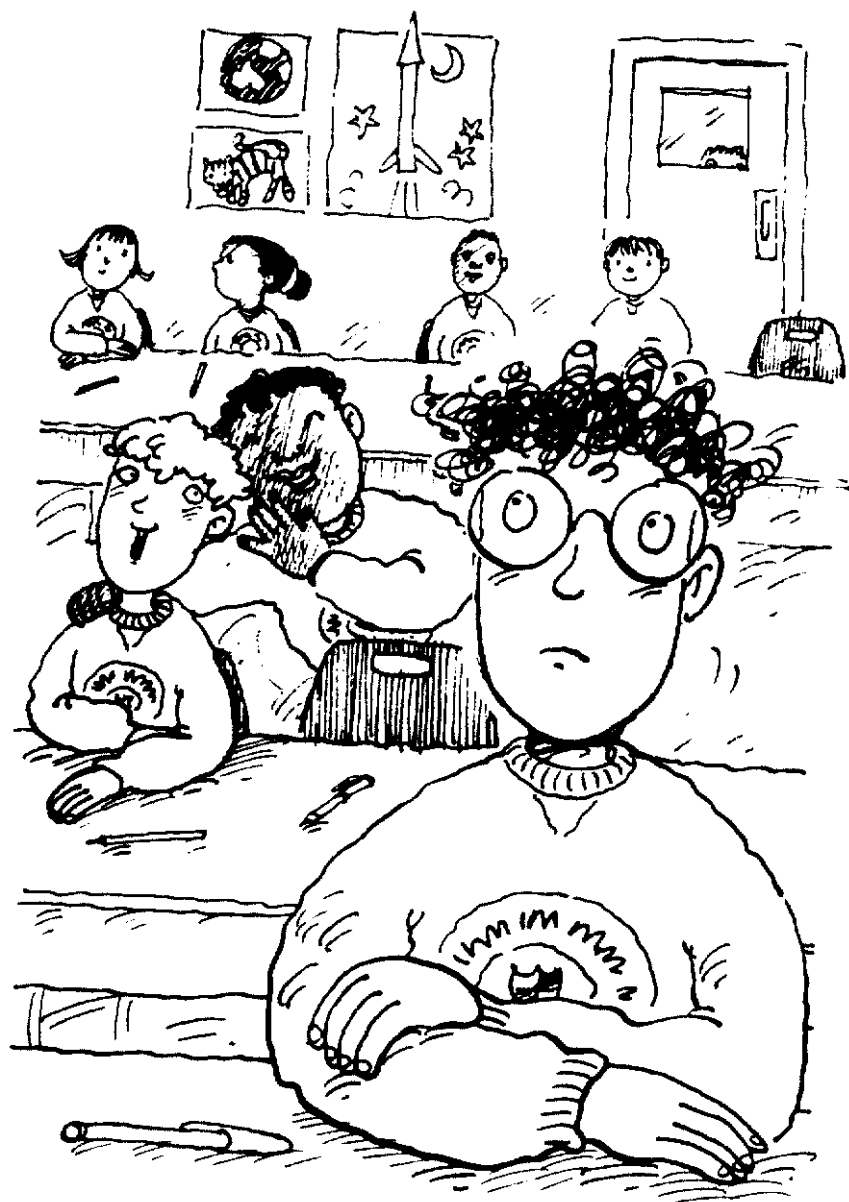
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A Monster Idea	7
Alive!	19
Kidnapped?	33
Steinasaurus Rex	54
A Very Royal Occasion	62
The Monster Hut	69
Missing	85
Nessie Or Not?	93
Found?	103
To The Rescue!	112





‘Mark?’

‘Yes, Miss.’

‘Gary?’

‘He’s ill, Miss.’

‘Frank?’

‘Yes, Miss.’

‘Jason?’

‘Yes, Miss.’

‘Good, everyone here except Gary. Now let’s see, who’s sitting up very straight? Mark what a lovely straight back, can you take the register to the office.’

Mark came back into the room giggling to himself and whispered something to Jason, as he sat down. They both stared hard at Frank and tried not to laugh.

At break Frank was kicking a football around on his own and wondering how long it

would take to make friends at this new school, when Mark came up to him and shouted.

‘Your name’s Frank N. Stein. I saw it in the register. You’re a monster, Frankenstein.’

A group of laughing boys gathered round Frank.

‘So, what does the “N” stand for Frankenstein?’

‘Norman,’ sighed Frank. ‘After my grandad.’

For about the five hundredth time in his life Frank wished his parents had thought before they chose his names. Frank *or* Norman, but not both together. Even Norman Frank would have been all right, but this way it was nothing but trouble.

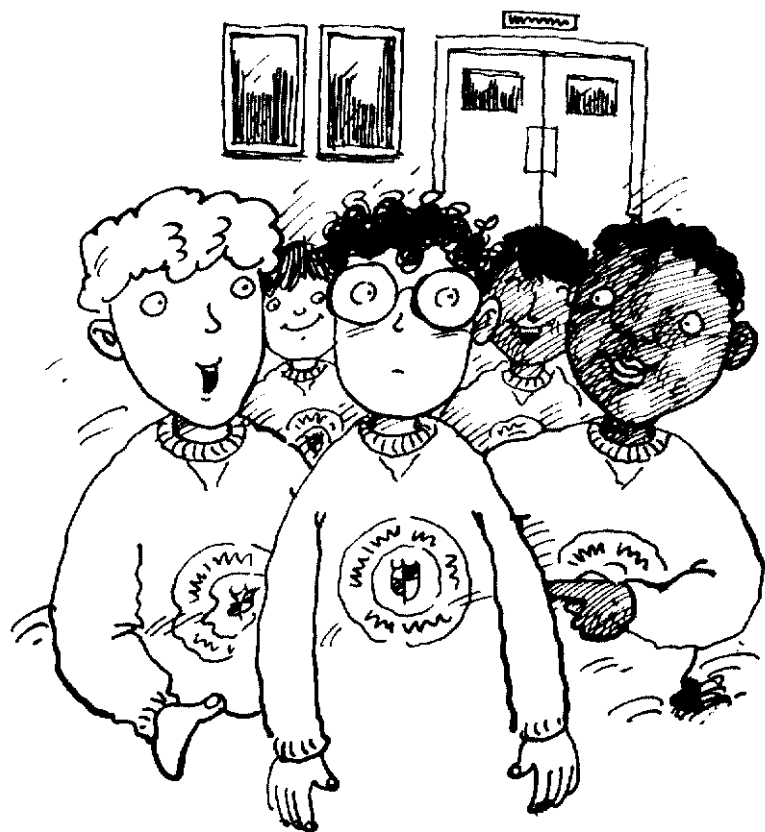
‘You’ve got it all wrong,’ Frank explained wearily. ‘Frankenstein was a scientist who made the monster, Dr. Victor Frankenstein. The monster didn’t have a name.’

‘Oh,’ said Achmed looking puzzled. ‘I always thought the monster was called Frankenstein.’

‘So did I,’ insisted Mark. ‘You’re pulling our leg, Frankenstein.’

‘I am not,’ said Frank indignantly. ‘If you look at the book you’ll see.’

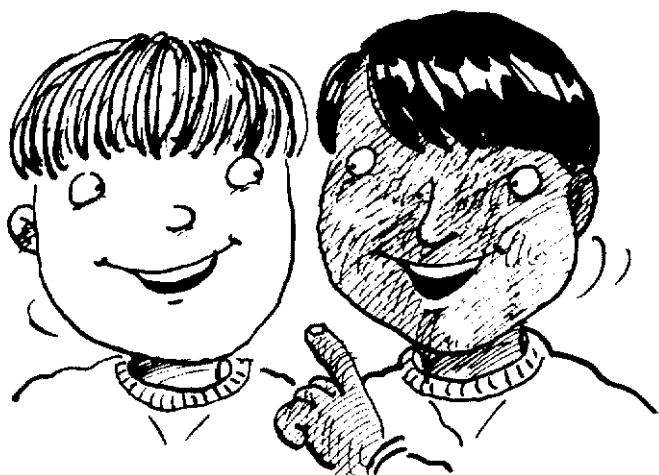
There was a moments silence as the group took this in.



‘I’ve got a great idea, why don’t we help Frankenstein build a monster,’ suggested Achmed who was always having good ideas.

‘Great idea!’ shouted Chris, ‘Let’s do that, let’s build a mega monster.’

Achmed and Chris’s excitement was catching. Soon all five boys were fired with enthusiasm for building the best and biggest monster ever. Frank even began to think his name wasn’t so bad after all. It had certainly helped to make him friends at his new school.



And it would be fun building a monster.

‘The problem,’ said Achmed, ‘is where to build it. We can’t build it at school. This has to be top secret.’

‘No, of course not here,’ snapped Mark, who was bossy and always liked to be in charge, and was a bit annoyed that the monster hadn’t been his idea. ‘After school somewhere.’

‘Could I say something please,’ said Jason. Everyone looked at him. Jason rarely said anything.

‘We could meet in my dad’s garage and make our monster there.’ volunteered Jason. ‘My dad is away working for two weeks and he’s taken the car. My mum comes home quite late from work, she wouldn’t notice what we were up to.’

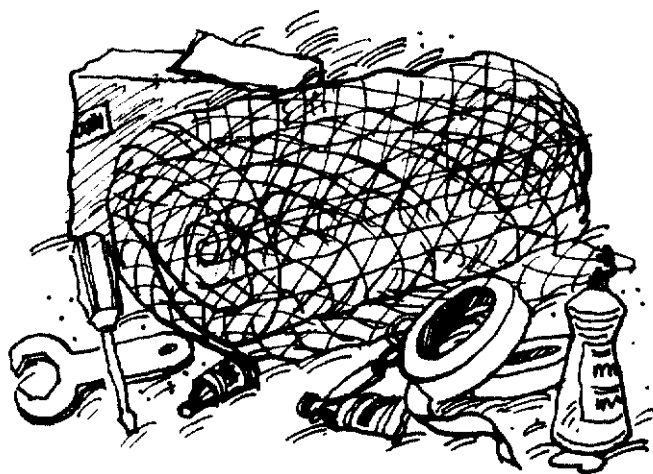
‘Sounds great,’ said Mark, taking charge. ‘Can everyone come tonight?’

They all nodded.

‘Right then. Everyone has to bring something to start the monster going. See you at Jason’s garage about four o’clock.’

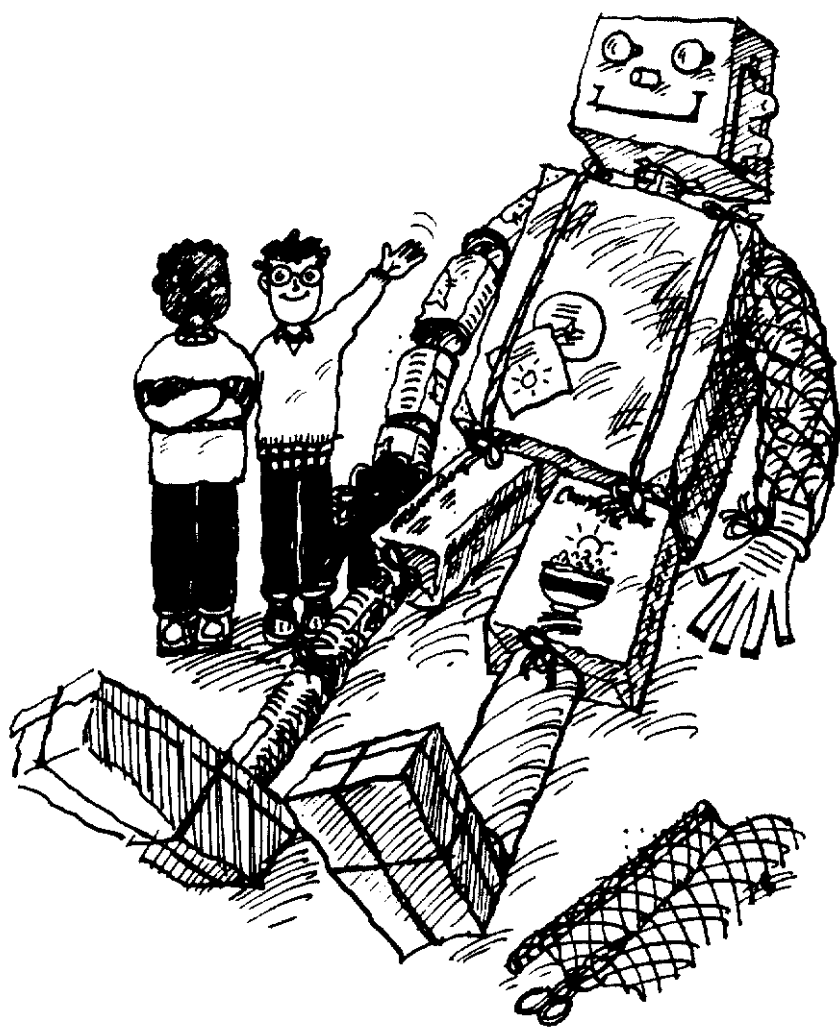
That afternoon Frank turned up with the battered door of an ancient car, Achmed brought a cracked vase, Chris brought some material his mum had thrown away and Mark arrived triumphantly with a battered suitcase full of newspapers. Jason had found an old tyre in his dad's garage. The five boys surveyed their loot.





‘Right,’ said Achmed, looking at Mark. ‘Professor Frankenstein should be in charge. Come on, Professor, you tell us how to build this monster.’

For days the boys turned up at the garage with a vast variety of bits and pieces. The garage looked like a bomb had hit it. Glue, sticky tape, cardboard boxes, paper, paints, scissors and the contents of Jason’s dad’s tool box littered the floor. Mark had even found some chicken wire one day, which made an excellent framework for the body. The boys couldn’t wait to finish school each day so they could get on with their building



plans. Slowly Frank's initial drawing of a monster began to materialize until it looked like a real monster.

The huge creation lay on the floor of the garage sitting up against the back wall. It was as long as the garage and nearly as high. Frank had to stand on a ladder with two orange light bulbs for eyes and ears made out of egg box cartons.

The boys stood back and admired their work. It had been worth all the days of hard work. They had built the best mega monster ever.

'He's fantastic,' breathed Frank.

The monster was almost life-like.

'*Could* you bring it alive, Frankenstein?' asked Achmed.

'Course not,' sniffed Frank. 'We'd need a proper laboratory with all kinds of machines and equipment and electrodes and things. Even then, in the book it only happens because he uses the power of lightning to give the monster life.'



At that moment there was a clap of thunder and the boys heard rain beating down on the roof.

‘We’d better not go home till the rain stops,’ said Mark. ‘Let’s play a game or something to make the time go quicker.’

‘Actually, it’s a bit scary in here with the monster,’ commented Chris.

‘Don’t be ridiculous,’ replied Frank. ‘It’s just made out of all the bits and pieces we brought here – you couldn’t be frightened of that.’

‘Well, let’s hope there isn’t any lightning,’ said Jason a bit nervously. ‘Let’s hope the rain stops soon.’

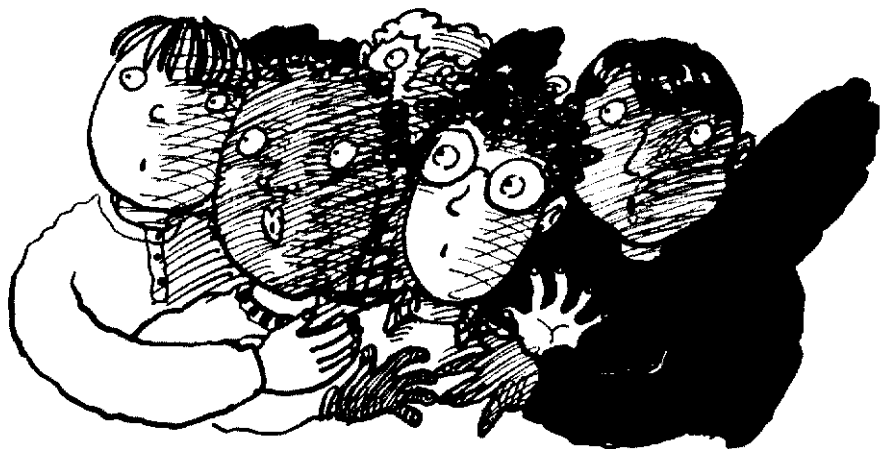
Just then a flash of lightning sped past the tiny window in the garage and seemed to streak into the building.



‘Of course there’s lightning,’ said Frank.
‘There’s always lightning when there’s thunder.’

‘Quite right,’ came a strange voice
‘Always lightning with thunder. Now, where
am I?’

Horried, the boys looked at the monster.
It was very slowly sitting up and looking round.
None of them could believe their ears or their
eyes. The boys just huddled in a corner of the
garage and stared.





‘Well,’ boomed the monster. ‘Where am I?’

‘Um, er,’ stammered Frank N. Stein. ‘You are in a garage in England.’

‘Oh,’ said the monster. ‘England. Well it’s a good thing that I speak English then. Now I’m hungry. How about getting me a little something for my tea?’

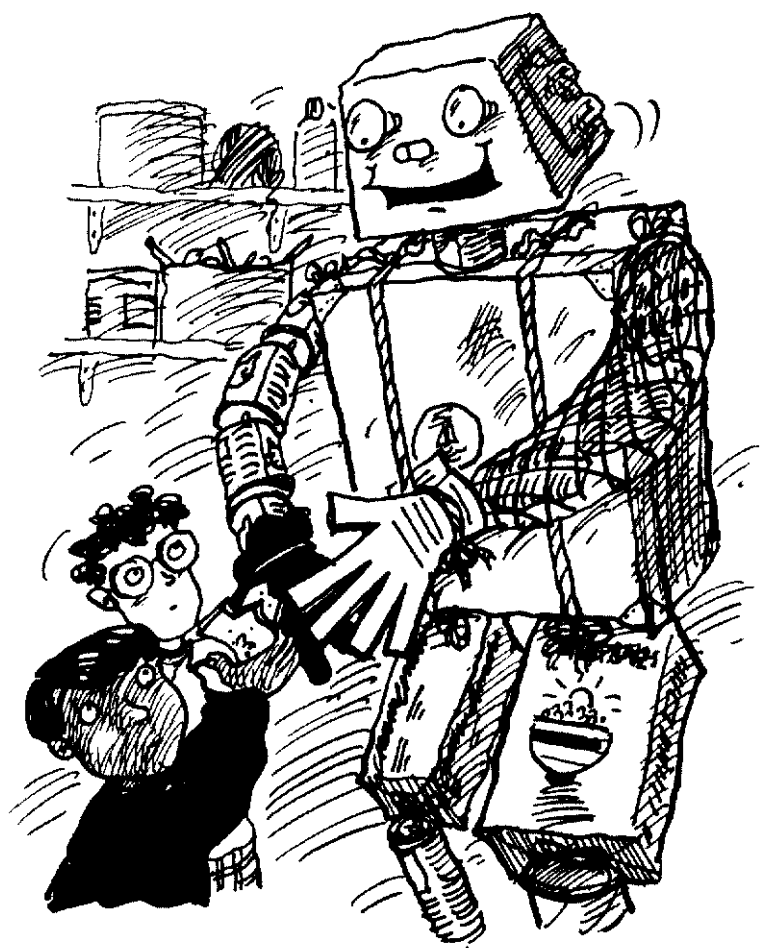
The boys continued to huddle in the corner and shook with fear.

‘What kind of something?’ whispered Frank.

‘I’m not fussy,’ said the monster. ‘I’ll eat almost anything.’

No one moved. They were frozen to the spot.

‘Well, if you’re not going to bring me anything,’ said the monster, ‘I’ll go and search for food myself.’



‘No!’ shouted Frank N. Stein quickly. ‘Here try this!’ and he picked up some wood shavings off the floor.

The monster munched away and then smiled. ‘That was quite nice,’ he said, ‘Not a bad little snack at all.’

The five boys stared at him with fascination.

‘You can eat anything in here except us,’ Frank told him. ‘Eating people is strictly forbidden.’

‘Don’t talk so daft,’ grumbled the monster. ‘Why should I want to eat people, they don’t look tasty at all.’

The boys breathed a sigh of relief. Achmed picked up some broken china left over from making the monster.

‘Here try this.’

The monster ate it and licked his lips.

‘Delicious,’ he declared. ‘I wouldn’t mind a bit more of that.’

Soon the monster had eaten everything in the garage, including Jason’s dad’s tools.

‘I feel quite full up now,’ he assured the boys. ‘Think I’ll have a little sleep.’

For a moment the boys were too stunned to say anything. It was incredible. The monster they had built out of cardboard boxes and chicken wire had come alive.

‘We weren’t dreaming were we?’ Frank asked excitedly. ‘He did really move and talk, didn’t he?’

There was no doubt about it. The monster was now snoring.

