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Opening extract from

Boobela, Worm and Potion Powder

Written by

Joe Friedman

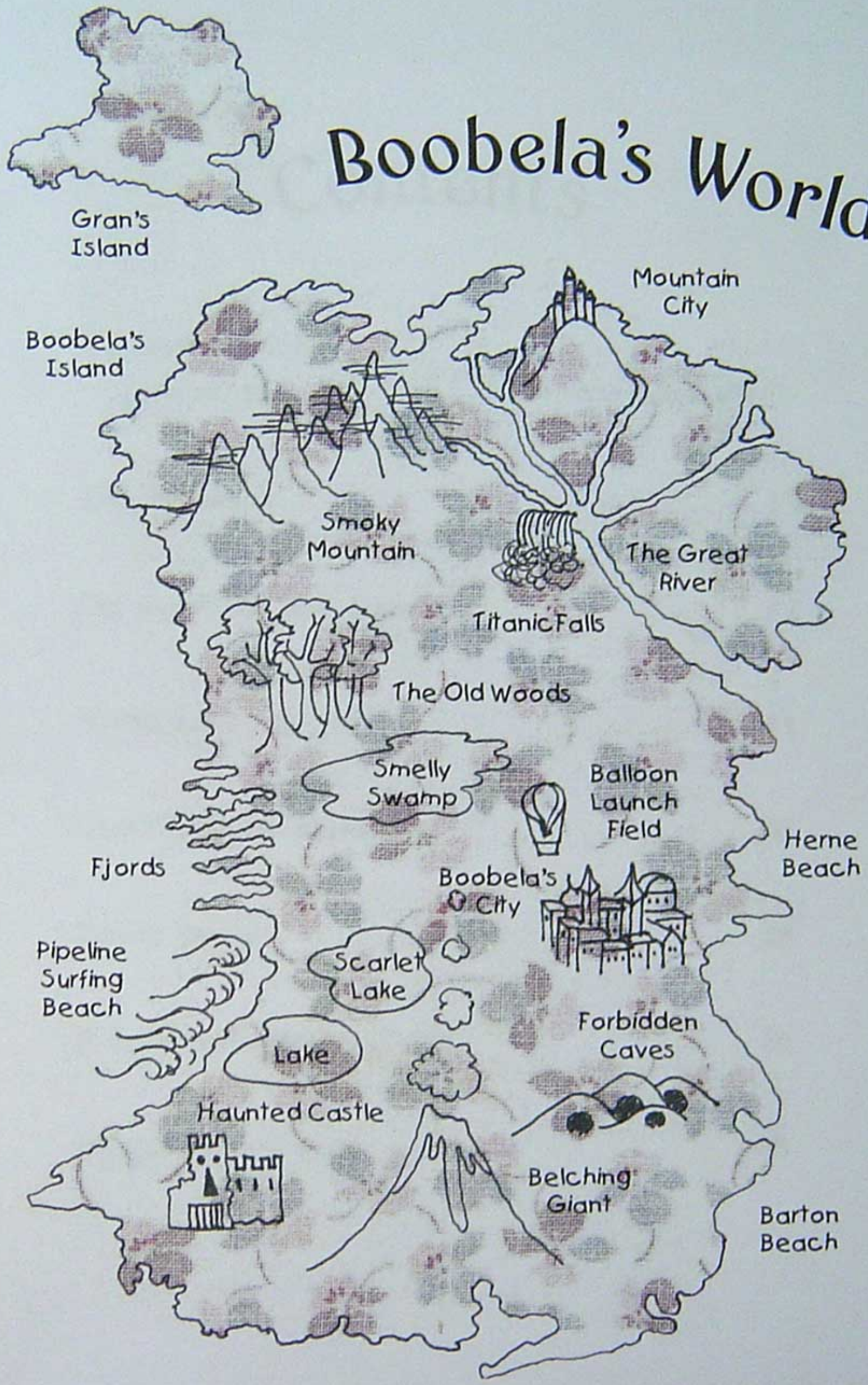
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Boobela's World



The Argument





Boobela was fed up. With everything . . .

Porridge for breakfast.

Tidying up her house and garden.

Having to take baths.

She knew her hair looked like rats were sleeping in it. And her feet probably stank. But she didn't care.

She glanced at the calendar. There was something written on the date but she couldn't be bothered to read it. It was just too hot. It had been for days.

She was supposed to meet Worm in the garden at ten for dowsing practice. This was part of Worm's new timetable for her. It was now half past. She knew he'd go on about how she'd missed her practice and what a mess the garden was.

She threw on a dirty T-shirt and went out.

Worm was sheltering under a leafy plant. He looked hot and irritated.

"What time do you call this?" he asked. "And what about our new schedule?"

"*Your* new schedule," said Boobela, crossly.





Worm looked at Boobela. "Who got out of bed on the wrong side then today?"

Boobela didn't say anything. She didn't want to be jollied out of her mood.

"OK," said Worm. "Be like that. Time to tidy the garden."

"I'm tired of tidying the garden," Boobela shouted. "I don't want to cut the lawn, prune the hedge or pick up the sweet wrappers. I'd like to cover it all with concrete!"

Worm looked at Boobela coolly. "Go ahead," he said. "But you can say goodbye to our friendship if you do."

Boobela couldn't stop herself. "Who needs your stupid friendship?"

"And who needs a spoilt giant baby?" Worm replied in a temper. With that, he disappeared into the ground.

Boobela was shocked. But also pleased. She'd got rid of that horrible interfering worm who was always telling her what to do. She kicked a couple of sweet wrappers around the garden and stomped on some grass.

Then she went into the house and put two pizzas in the oven. She threw the boxes on to the floor. She ate the pizzas with her fingers and left the sauce smeared all over her face. It was great he was gone! She could do whatever she wanted.

I'll go to the Balloon Club, she thought.

It felt a bit strange going down the road without Worm chattering away on her shoulder. But Boobela shrugged it off and walked faster.

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Worm chomped through a mouldy red pepper. He'd come to the compost bin because he thought he could eat and have a gossip.

But all his friends could talk about was how hot it was. Worm was bored. His thoughts wandered to the compost heap in the neighbouring garden. Maybe he could pop over to visit Hannah. Yes. That would be fun. He set off.

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