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opening extract from

The Diary of a Monster Catcher

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published by

Scholastic

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The Very Important Diary of Gideon Potts Esq.

This is the diary of Gideon Potts, Monster Catcher by Royal Appointment; Intrepid Explorer and Professor of Magnificent Beasts at the Royal Society.

This book is Precious. It is TOP SECRET. It is the record of my most Dangerous Journey.

My mission: to find and capture monsters that will bring glory and service to our nation. I am sent by the King himself, and I will not fail him.

I set off shortly, with my crew, to travel the world. Who knows when – or if – I shall return!

Gideon Potts

23RD JANUARY, 1912

IDENTITY CARD



NAME: PROFESSOR GIDEON POTTS

D.O.B. 1ST APRIL, 1870

ADDRESS: C/O THE ROYAL SOCIETY, LONDON

PROFESSION: MONSTER CATCHER TO THE KING

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: SPLENDID MOUSTACHE



Gerbil Gun

Christmas Pudding

This is the diary of Gideon Potts, Monster Catcher by Royal Appointment; Intrepid Explorer and



1ST APRIL, 1912 — *We set off at last!*
There is just time for a few photographs before we climb aboard our airship.

Doesn't my moustache look splendid? If only the rest of the crew looked as smart!

Whose dog is this? Nobody knows. But the wretched animal sneaked into all our photographs!

FIG. 5: A LETTER FROM THE KING HIMSELF! TO ME!

His Majesty's parting gift is a new-fangled portable telephone. He says they will be all the rage, but I beg to disagree. It almost broke Jenkins' back!



FIG. 6: OUR MOBILE TELEPHONE

Fig. 2. *That silly dog again! And our model-maker, Mr Empson Bounderby. As shifty-looking a fellow as ever I saw. But, alas, I must put up with him, as his marvellous paper models will be the perfect addition to my diary.*





Fig. 3. *Our Keep[er] [Twizzle], accidentally [w]. How we l[au]*



Fig. 4. *Our airship! The gas bag is filled and we are ready for take-off?*

KING GEORGE V

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

17th January, 1912

To: Gideon Potts, Esq.,
Professor of Magnificent Beasts,
c/o The Royal Society,
London.

Dear Potts

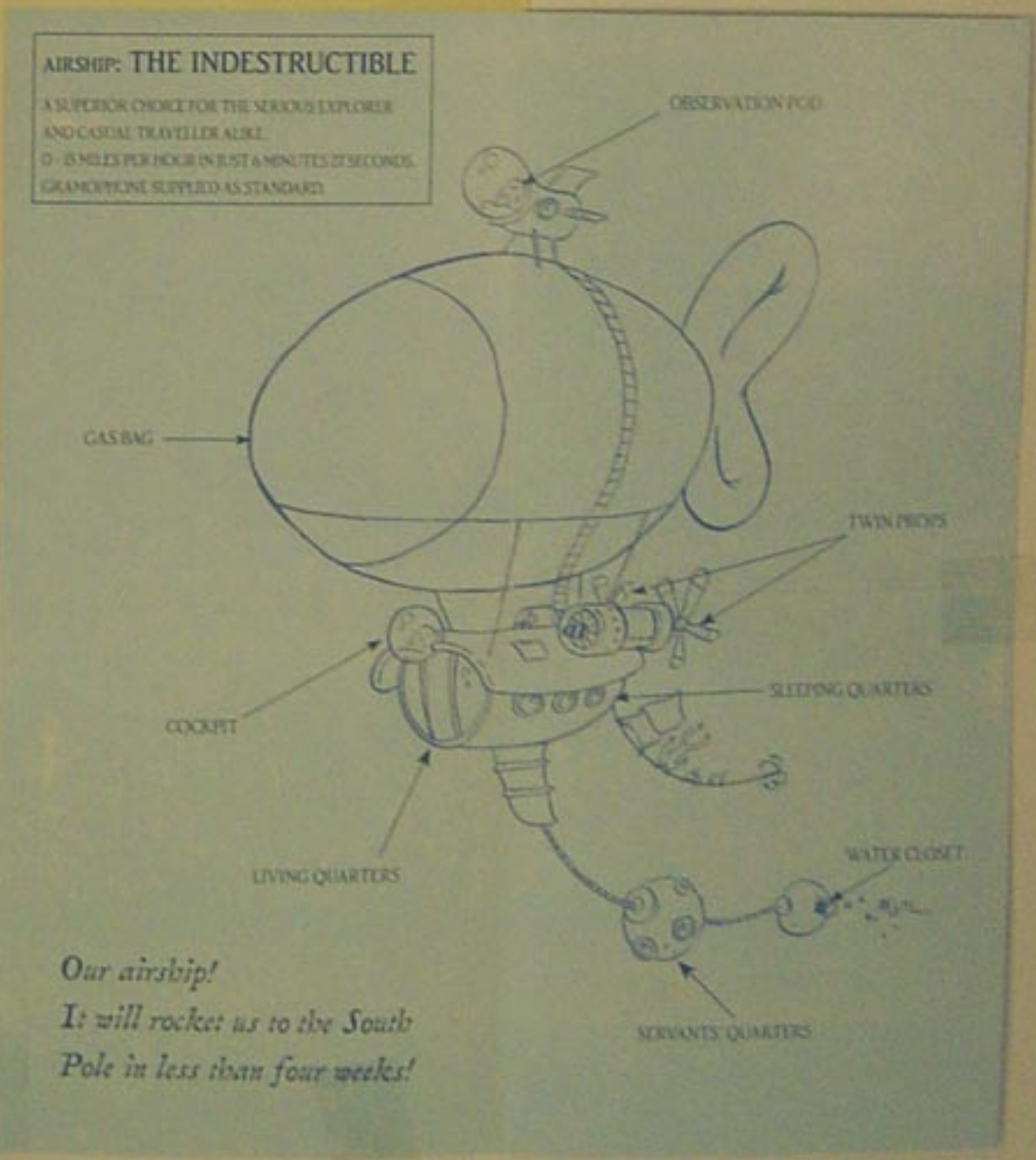
I am writing to confirm your appointment as Monster Catcher to the King (i.e. me).

Bag us some good ones, won't you, Potts? What would be really handy is some kind of monster that we can use in battle. You know the kind of thing - huge great teeth and eyes that shoot balls of fire.

Some beasts with magical powers would be good, too. The Queen's birthday is coming up in May, and I'd like to put on a show for her.

All the best, Potts. And don't mess it up.

George R



Our airship!
It will rocket us to the South
Pole in less than four weeks!

FIELD notes

The Lounging Howloon

my pants!

shockingly bad breath!

My suitcase! With my best pyjamas!

THE LOUNGING HOWLOON

We found this creature lounging in a swamp. It was tugging boa constrictors out of the trees, slurping them down like spaghetti, and sniggering as it did so. We proceeded with caution.

In return for not eating them, the Howloon forces a number of smaller monsters to tend to its every need. But every now and then, it eats one of them anyway. And laughs.

A TREMULOUS FRIMP
This small spiky animal rolls nervously over the Howloon's scaly back, scratching itches.





A STURDY BOOTLE
works tirelessly, polishing the Howloon's scales with coconut milk.



A PERKY RUMJUM
sits by its ear telling jokes, which the Howloon pretends not to find funny.

A WIBBLE files the Howloon's claws with flints.



