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Opening extract from
**Further adventures of
Frank N. Stein**

Written by
**Ann Jungman and Jan
Smith**

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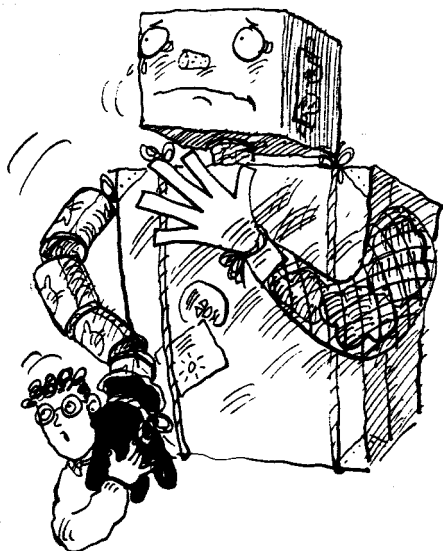
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Frank N. Stein and the Monster in Trouble

Written by Ann Jungman

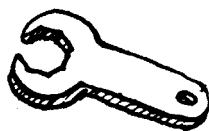
Illustrated by Jan Smith



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Other brilliant Frank N. Stein stories are:

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For Oscar, with love

AJ

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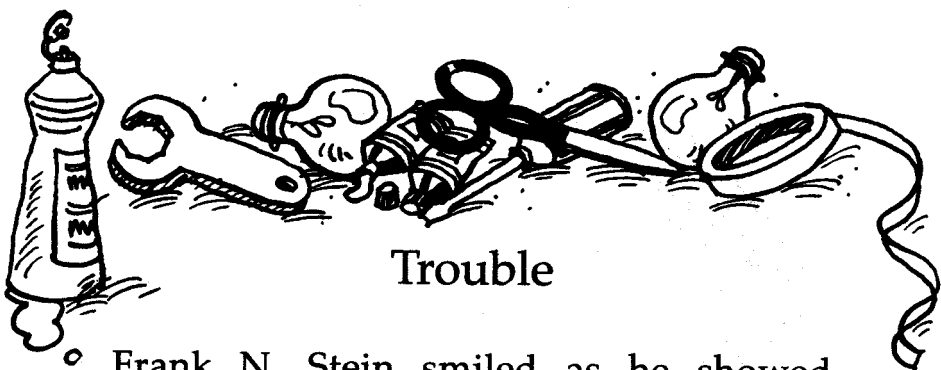
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Trouble

Frank N. Stein smiled as he showed Steinasaurus Rex their picture in the paper.

"Read out what it says, my boy Frank," said the monster, grinning broadly.

So Frank read, "Ever since nine-year-old Frank N. Stein and his friends built the monster, Steinasaurus Rex, in a garage and he came to life, they have been best friends. Steinasaurus Rex has proved very valuable to the country as the world's biggest Rubbish Disposing Machine."

The monster giggled. "I'm in the papers a lot aren't I, my boy Frank?"

"You certainly are," agreed Frank.

Each day a huge lorry arrived to collect the monster and take him off to work. Frank would stand at the front gate and wave, then he would set off for school.

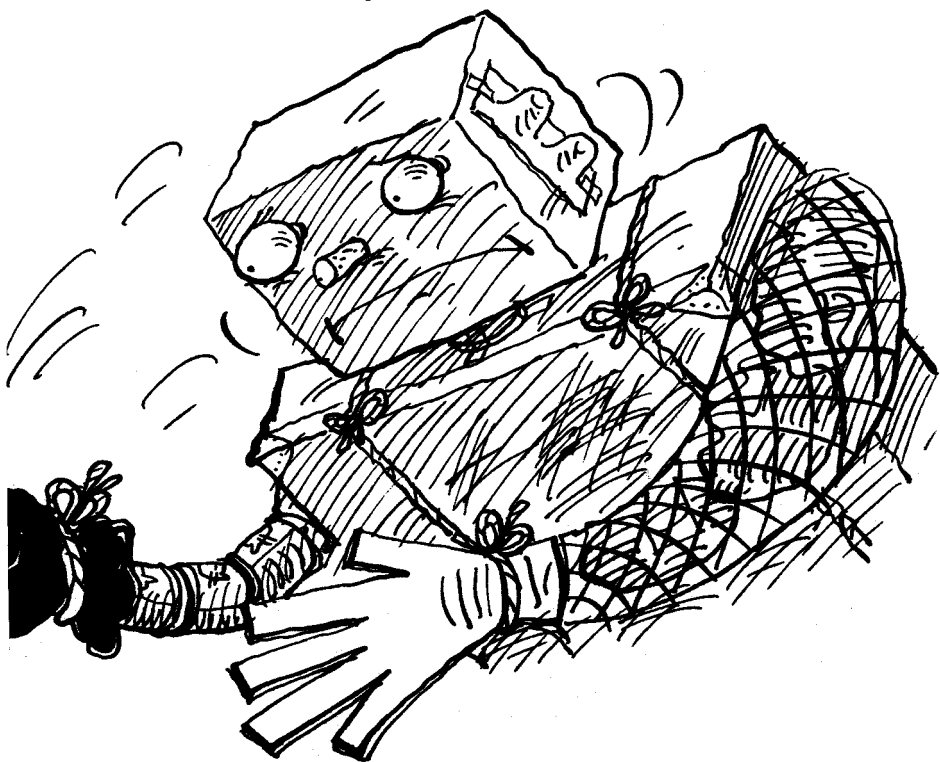
Each evening Frank would wait by the gate until the monster came home. As the monster was driven back down the road, people would lean out of their windows to welcome him back.

Steinasaurus Rex lived in a specially built shed at the bottom of the Steins' garden. He had his own television and sometimes the Steins would go and watch it with him.



Some evenings the monster would walk up the garden and sit outside the Stein's front room with his head inside the French windows. He would chat or watch something with them. But one evening Frank said to Steinasaurus Rex, "I can't play with you yet, I've got loads of homework to do."

"What's homework then?" asked the monster sulkily.



"Work that I have to do for school," Frank explained.

"Then why don't you do it at school?" complained the monster. "Who am I going to play with if you're busy doing this homework stuff?"

"I'll ring round my friends and find someone to come and keep you company," Frank told him "You know Jason or Mark or Achmed or one of the others who helped to make you."

"It won't be the same. I want to be with my boy Frank after a long day at work."

"It's not that I don't want to be with you," Frank explained. "But I have to get this work done. If I don't I'll get into trouble at school."

"I see," sniffed the monster sadly. "All right – you do this homework and I'll have an early night."

"Come on – who would you like me to ring and ask to keep you company?" asked Frank desperately.

"No one. Don't bother about me, I'll be OK. Goodnight, my boy Frank."

The monster went into his hut and lay down with his back to Frank.

"Goodnight monster," whispered Frank and he walked up to his house feeling miserable.

"What's up?" asked his mother.

"My monster is upset because I've got to do my homework and I can't spend the evening with him."



"Oh dear," said Mrs Stein. "I've been worried that something like this would happen. Still, you must keep up with your school work. We have to give that priority."

"I offered to phone Jason or one of the others but my monster only wants me."

"We've got to sort this out," declared Mrs Stein. "You've got to be able to do your school work. We'll have to do something without hurting his feelings."

One day shortly afterwards, Frank was sitting in the garden trying to do his homework. The monster sat next to him doing his best not to distract Frank.

Eventually the monster asked, "What's in that book that's so good, my boy Frank?"

"It's a story and I've got to read it tonight for my homework."

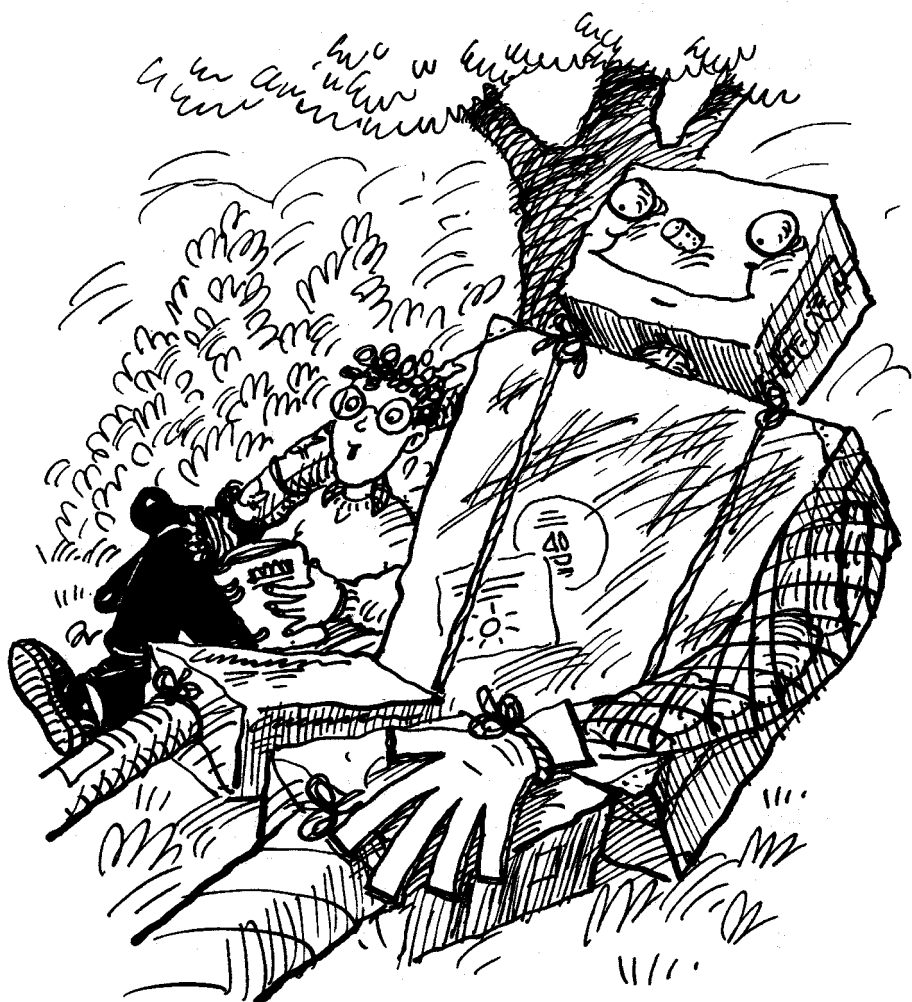
"Read it to me then, my boy Frank."

So Frank sat and read the story to the monster. The monster listened in total silence, his eyes open wide. When Frank got to the end the monster looked up.

"Don't stop reading, Frank, I was really enjoying that."

"But it's the end of the story, Monster."

"Oh, can't I hear it again then?"



"There are other stories you know."

"Other stories. Lots of other stories?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

"And they're all in books?"

"Ummm,"

"That's wonderful, Frank. Can I learn to read so I can read the stories myself."

