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Opening extract from

The Django

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Papa was still as mad as an ape the next morning, I'll tell you that.

He told me I was to work to earn the money for a new banjo, starting with fetching some water for Wilfred the Old Horse. So off I went, through the trees and down to the waterside. When I got there I started to fill up my pail.

"Hello," said a voice behind me.

"Not you again! can't you go away?" I cried.

"Not likely," the Django said. "I'm always about. What are we doing today?"

"Well, *I'm* doing extra chores because of *you*." I snapped and stomped off with the full water pail.

I went a loopy way back to the camp, a real screwy path, and I thought I'd lost the horrible little rotter when I got back.

I was wrong.

As I carried the pail to Wilfred, that tricksy little Django's face popped out. Before I could jump, it opened its gob. Before I could move, out blurted a shout – an almighty ear scrunching yell. A monsterous, massive, "GOBBLE-O-GOBBLE-O!"

Poor old Wilfred clearly didn't know what to think, so he reared up on his hind legs and ran for it.

It took ages for everybody to find him and calm him down, and guess who got the blame? ME.

Certainly not that thug, that scallywag, Django!





The next few days were a nightmare. The Django got worse and worse.

Not only was it appearing and disappearing all over the place, it was managing to do other things too. Impossible things.

When we went through town, it did something to my tongue. My words went all jumbled and I said them wrong. Horrible nicknames shot out of my mouth: "Chatty-bum! Goon! Giglet! Slug! Ditch-drone! Voidwit! Fishface! Stinker!"

The Django thought this was tremendously funny. Papa didn't.