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Opening extract from

The Wrong Pong

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Published by

Puffin Books

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'He's a rare breed,' said Clod, thinking quickly. 'He got swapped with my Pong so he's mine now till I can put him back or swap him. Them's the rules.'

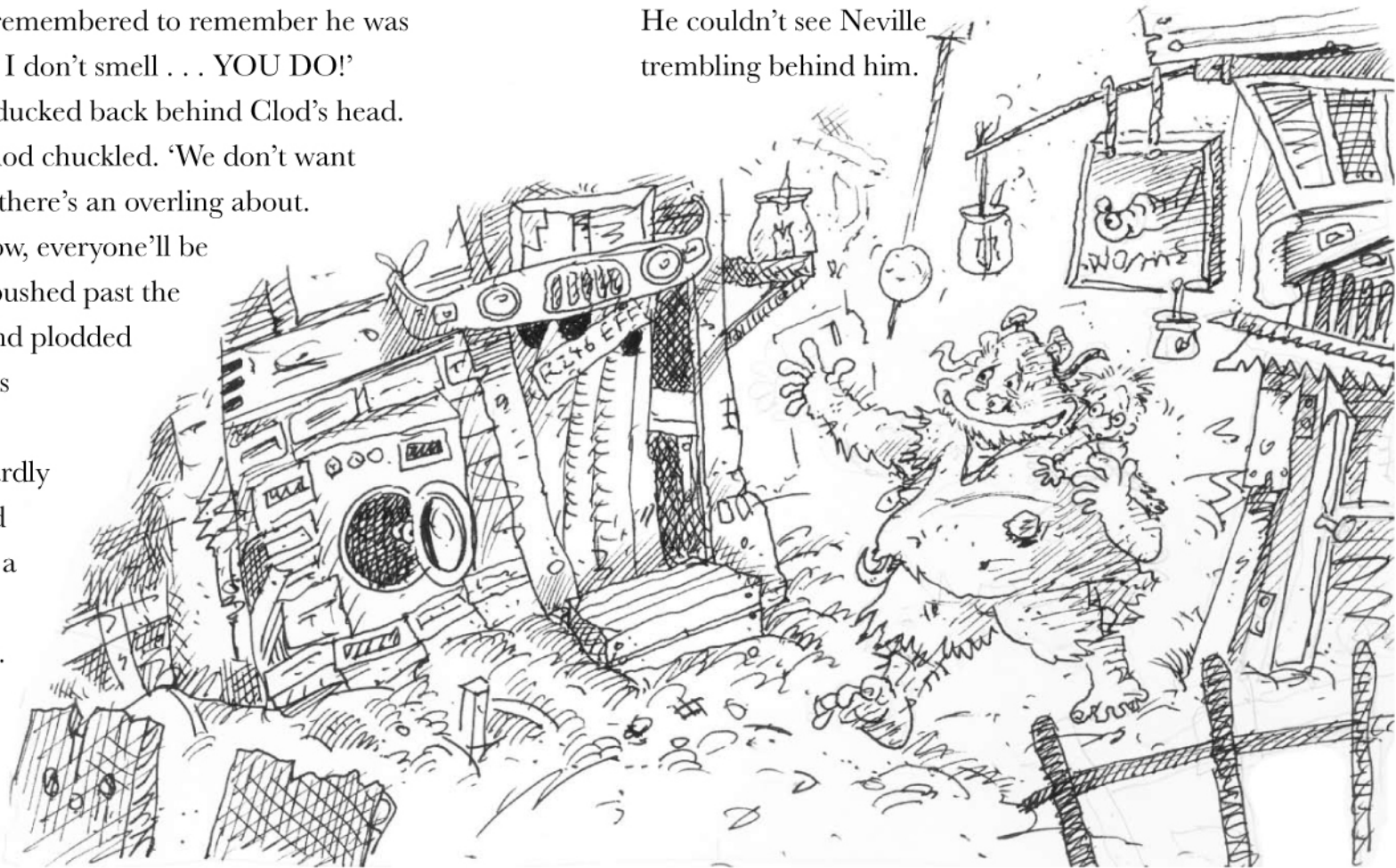
The troll looked at Neville suspiciously. 'Don't seem natural,' he said. 'I've never heard of a Neville in these parts. Whatever it is, it's weird and don't half smell.'

'You're the one with weeds on his face,' said Neville, before he remembered to remember he was a 'fraidy-lion. 'And I don't smell . . . YOU DO!' Then he instantly ducked back behind Clod's head.

'Steady, Nev,' Clod chuckled. 'We don't want everyone knowing there's an overling about. Next thing you know, everyone'll be wanting one.' He pushed past the nettle-faced troll and plodded into the busy streets beyond.

Neville could hardly believe his eyes and ears. They were in a town. An actual underground town. It was one big, dark, noisy, clangy, rumbly, smoky rubbish dump. Everything was made from old junk. In the light of a thousand flickering lanterns, he saw shops and houses of all shapes and sizes, made from metal railings and twisted car parts, crumbly bricks and cardboard, tin cans and rope, sticks, string, boxes and mud.

'Lovely, isn't it?' said Clod proudly. He couldn't see Neville trembling behind him.





came up here by yourself!' With that, a large grey-green hand shot up and grabbed Neville's thigh. Neville opened his mouth to scream but nothing came out. He grabbed hold of the toilet seat and held on tightly.

'Come on!' the voice said, as the grey-green hand pulled harder. Neville's hands slipped off the edge of the toilet seat and he grabbed at anything he could to stop himself from being pulled downwards. His hand clutched at something cold and metallic and, before he even realized what he had done, he pulled the flush.

There was a great surge and Neville lost his grip. Just as he found his voice to scream, he was swept below the water and could only gurgle. In an instant, Neville and the grey-green hand were gone. Vanished down the toilet.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHH . . .