Helping your children choose books they will love

I ♥ reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

The Clumsies Make a Mess of the Zoo

Written by

Sorrel Anderson

Published by

HarperCollins Children's Books

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

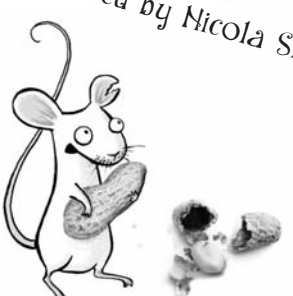


BY SORREL ANDERSON

813072

The Clumsies make a mess of the zoo

Illustrated by Nicola Slater

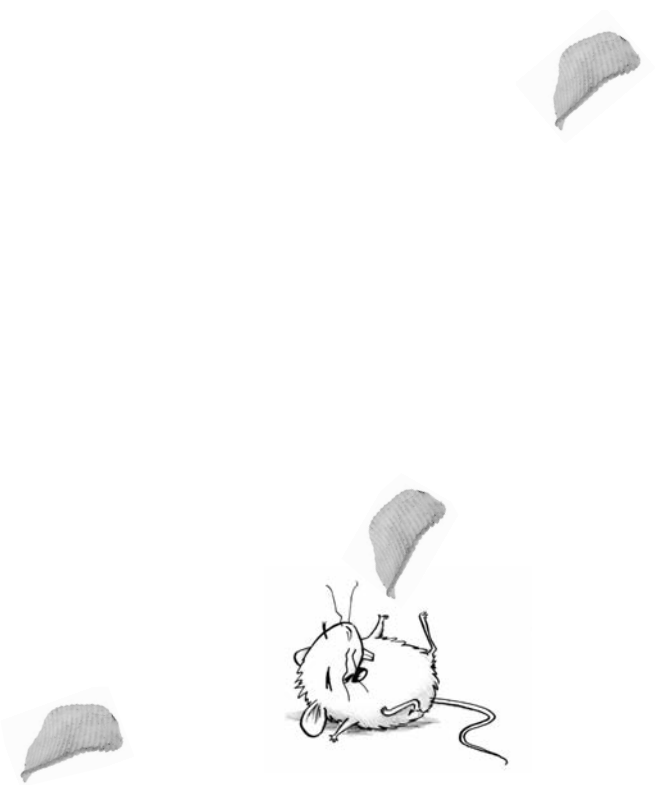


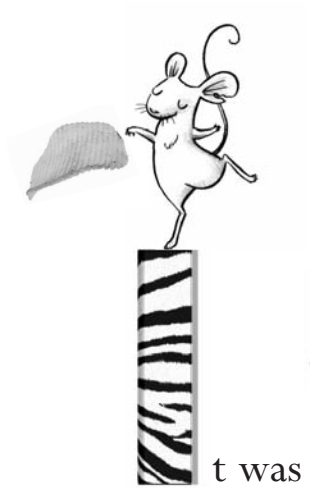


HarperCollins *Children's Books*

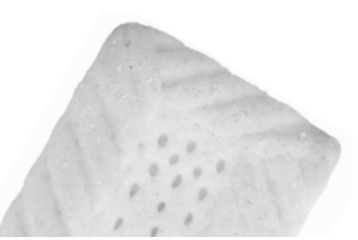
Nervous Exhaustion





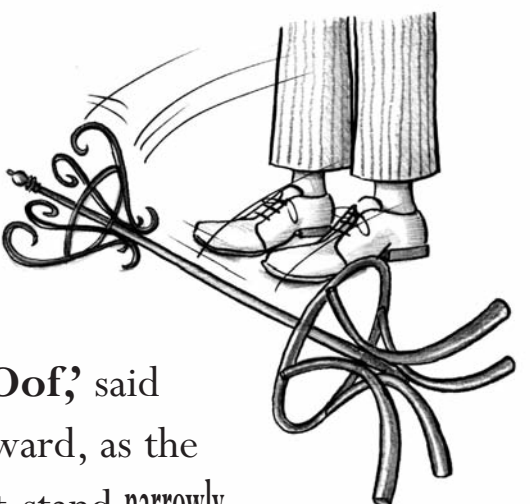


It was a Tuesday morning and everyone in the office was feeling cheerful. Howard was **humming** a tune and reading a magazine. Purvis and Mickey Thompson were playing a game and eating crisps. And Ortrud the very small elephant was frolicking, knocking things over.



‘LOOK OUT, HOWARD,’

shouted Purvis, as Ortrud crashed into the coat-stand.



‘Oof,’ said Howard, as the coat-stand narrowly missed him.

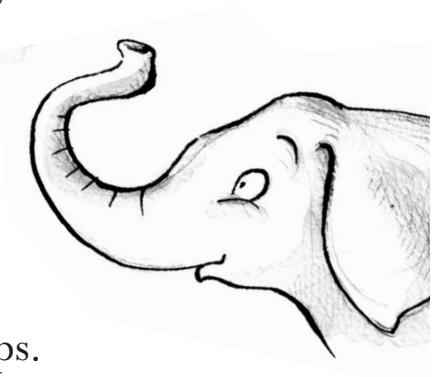
‘That was close,’ said Mickey Thompson.

'It's ever so nice when Mr Bullerton's away, isn't it, Howard?'

'Yes,' said Howard. 'Ever so.'

'How long do you think he'll be gone?' asked Purvis.

'Who can tell?' said Howard. 'I heard he's been told by his doctor to have a long rest. He's suffering from **Nervous Exhaustion.**'



Purvis gasped and Mickey Thompson dropped his bag of crisps.

'Quite,' said Howard.

'Are you sure?' asked Purvis.

'I have it on good authority,' said Howard.

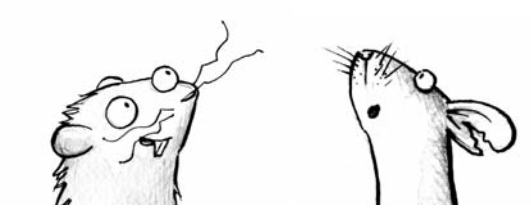
'Gosh,' said Mickey Thompson. '**Nervous Exhaustion**, eh?'

'Bit of a **shock**, isn't it?' said Howard, flicking through his magazine.

'Yes,' chorused the mice.

'I wouldn't have thought it, would you?' said Howard.

'No,' chorused the mice.



Howard resumed his humming and the mice exchanged glances. Mickey Thompson **r^aise^d** an eyebrow at Purvis, and Purvis shrugged. Mickey Thompson prodded Purvis, and Purvis **coughed**.

'Er, Howard?' said Purvis.

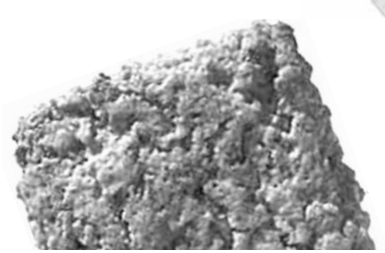
'Mmm?' said Howard.

'What's **Nervous Exhaustion**?'

'Hazard a wild guess,' said Howard.

'Feeling nervous?' hazarded Purvis.

'And?' said Howard.



'Exhausted,' said Purvis.

'Exactly,' said Howard.

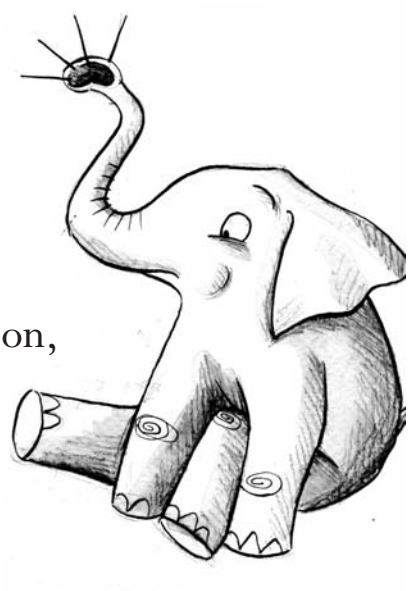
Mickey Thompson selected a crisp and ate it, *worriedly*.



'So what you're saying,' he said, 'is he's **spooked** and **pooped**.'

'If you must,' said Howard.

'Poop poopedy pooped', said Mickey Thompson, loudly, and Ortrud started **trumpeting.**



'Enough,' said Howard.

'But it isn't like him,' said Purvis. 'Mr Bullerton's normally so... so...'

'BOSSY,' said Mickey Thompson.

'Yes,' said Howard, 'and...'

'Shouty,' said Purvis.

'Yes,' said Howard, 'and...'

'Stompy,' said Mickey Thompson.



'Yes,' said Howard, 'and...'

'Angry,' said Purvis.

Howard **thumped** the magazine down on the desk.

'And,' he said.



'And what, Howard?' asked Purvis.

'And now I can't remember what I wanted to say,' said Howard.

'He's getting forgetful,' *muttered* Mickey Thompson, to Purvis.





'What?' said Howard.

'It's a symptom,' said Mickey Thompson.

'What is?' said Howard.

'Forgetfulness,' said Mickey Thompson, cheerfully. 'You're growing elderly.'



'WHAT!' **shouted** Howard.

'We were discussing Mr Bullerton,' explained Purvis.

'I know we were,' said Howard. 'I am well aware of that, thank you very much, and I am NOT forgetful.'

'Of course not, Howard,' said Purvis.

'I'm a young man in the prime of life,' said Howard.

'Yes, Howard,' said Purvis, rummaging for tea bags. 'But what do you think caused it? The **Nervous Exhaustion**, I mean.'

'I don't know,' said Howard, 'but I expect I shall get the blame, as usual.'

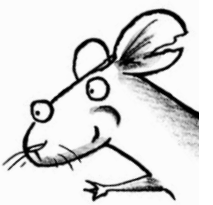
'Maybe we should make him a get well card,' suggested Mickey Thompson.

'Maybe we shouldn't,' said



Howard. 'I've been given strict instructions to leave him alone, in peace and quiet.'

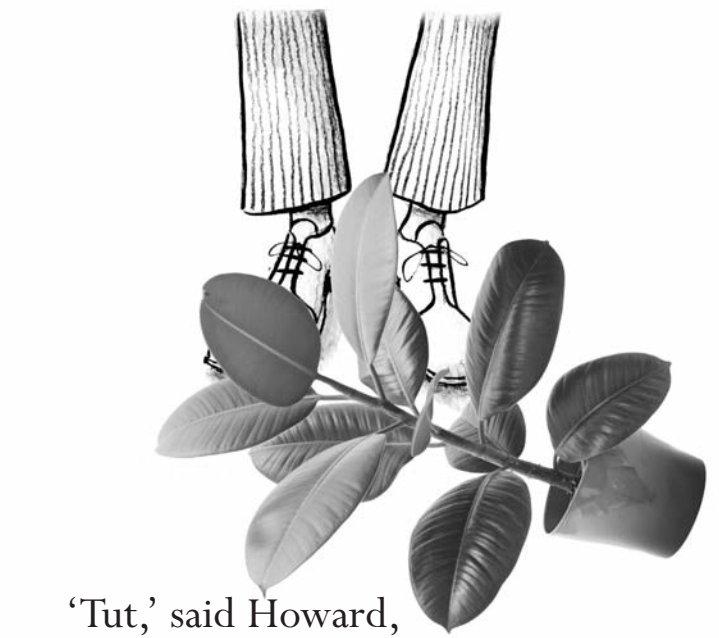
Purvis handed Howard a cup of tea, and Howard brightened.





'And I'll tell you what,' he continued. 'While Mr Bullerton's away, I intend to enjoy some peace and quiet of my own.'

'TRUMPET!'
trumpeted Ortrud,
crashing into a rubber plant.



'Tut,' said Howard,
as the rubber plant narrowly
missed him. 'What's wrong with

Ortrud? Why's she hurtling?'

'I'm not sure,' said Purvis. 'Why are you hurtling, Ortrud?'

Ortrud tooted, and hurtled faster.

'LOOK OUT, HOW— Whoops, too late,' said Mickey Thompson, as Ortrud smashed into a cupboard, and the cupboard landed on Howard.

'Harrumph,' said Howard, extricating himself. 'What this elephant needs is fresh air and exercise.'

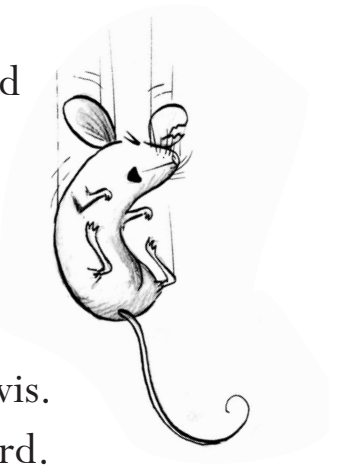


'Shall I open the window?' offered Purvis.

'That won't be nearly airy enough for this situation,' said Howard, taking a gulp of tea. 'I think we'd better take the day off and go out somewhere.'

'HURRAY!' cheered Mickey Thompson, bouncing.





'Where shall we go?' said Purvis, **hopping**.

'Where? Where?'

'Where do you fancy?' said Howard.

'Seaside?' suggested Purvis.

'**Too salty.**' said Howard.

'Countryside?' suggested Purvis.

'Too muddy,' said Howard.

'A woodland walk?' suggested Purvis.

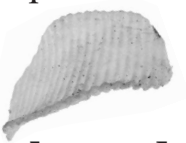
'Too woody,' said Howard.

'Ooh. Ooh,' said Mickey Thompson, waving his hand in the air.



'Yes, Mickey Thompson?' said Howard.

'CRISP FACTORY,' **shouted** Mickey Thompson.



'Too… What do you mean, *crisp factory*?' said Howard.

'They conduct guided tours, and provide free samples. It says so, here,' said Mickey Thompson, ***jabbing*** the back of his crisp packet.



'No,' said Howard.

'But, Howard,' said Mickey Thompson.



'No crisp factories,' said Howard.

Mickey Thompson sighed, and ate another crisp, dejectedly.

'I wonder what Ortrud would like to do,' said Purvis. Everyone looked at Ortrud, as she started on another circuit of the room.

'It's difficult to tell,' said Howard.

'If only we could speak elephant,' said Mickey Thompson.

