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Opening extract from

My Uncle Foulpest: Dinosaur Disaster

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EXTRACT FROM MY UNCLE FOULPEST: DINOSAUR DISASTER

It's the day of Tommy's birthday party and Wally has woken up with chicken-pox. He's desperate to go to the party, so Foulpest cooks up a plan…

'You remember how I said that my Gran cooked me up a chicken-pox mixture so I'd grow extra boils?' said Foulpest.

'Yes,' said Wally grimly. He'd been doing his best to forget everything Foulpest had told him about his school's prize for disgusting boils.

'Well, it turns out I've got the recipe with me!' said Foulpest. He pulled a torn bit of rag out of his pocket. 'That's a stroke of perishing luck, isn't it?'

'Is it?' said Wally. 'What good is that going to do me? I want to get *rid* of my blisters, not grow extra ones.'

'That's just the blooming point,' said Foulpest, 'because I'm going to cook the recipe *backwards*. If I do that, the mixture is bound to *work* backwards. It won't *give* you blisters, it will *take them away!* It stands to reason, don't it?'

'Does it?' said Wally, who wasn't at all sure. 'Ooh, my goodness! What's that awful pong?'

'That's the mixture,' said Foulpest, pointing to the stinky ooze bubbling in his cooking bucket. 'Oh, fill your hooter with it!' Foulpest took a big sniff. 'That's the smell of my Gran's cooking. Nothing in the world quite like it.'

'It smells like armpits,' said Wally.

'It's got armpits in it,' said Foulpest.

Wally grabbed the torn bit of rag and looked at the recipe.

1 handful fish heads, rotten
1 ear of cheese-so-old-it's-grown-ears
3 cups ooky gunk
2 ripe armpits
8 teaspoons verruca juice
sprinkling of dried head lice
1 roast chicken

'One roast chicken?' said Wally.

'Of course,' said Foulpest. 'It's for chicken-pox, isn't it? You should see the one for German measles. You have to add an actual German. They put up quite a fight.'

And half a sock (smelly)

'I think the sock's just there to make it look nice,' said Foulpest.

'I think I'm going to be ill,' said Wally.

‘You *are* ill,’ said Foulpest. ‘The question is: do you want to get better?’

Wally thought of Tommy’s party. He thought of all the wonderful fun he could have there, doing…

Doing *what* exactly?

He still couldn’t remember what kind of party it was going to be!

He so wanted to go. But he wasn’t at all sure about Foulpest’s backwards mixture. He needed to think long and hard about what to do.

Which was a shame, because while Wally was busy thinking, Foulpest pinched his nose and poured a cupful of the horrible mixture straight down his throat.

‘Fleurk!’ Wally spluttered. ‘Neurk! Bleurk!’

‘Delicious, isn’t it?’ said Foulpest. ‘My Gran’s a brilliant cook. You should try her Sneeze on Toast. I can see it now, all green and crispy and bubbling. And the things she could do with scabs! Scab puffs, scab salad sandwiches… Yum!’

Foulpest licked his lips, but Wally wasn’t listening. He was far too busy feeling peculiar.

His skin tingled. His blisters twitched. He felt a huge hot bezoinging in his bottom.

‘Yeuch!’ he cried. ‘What did you do that for, uncle? Pouring funny mixtures into people is very dangerous! Who knows what it’s done to me? My skin tingled, my blisters twitched and I felt a huge hot bezoinging in my…’

Wally stopped speaking. He’d just caught sight of himself in the mirror.

‘I don’t believe it!’ he said. He looked closer. ‘Foulpest! Look at me! My blisters have vanished.’

‘Erm, yeah,’ said Foulpest.

‘Never mind “Erm, yeah”,’ said Wally. He grabbed Foulpest and kissed him. ‘You’re a marvel! And so is your Gran!’

‘Hmmm,’ Foulpest mumbled.

‘What’s the matter?’ said Wally. ‘I thought you’d be pleased. It worked! I’m going to the party after all!’

‘You might want to take a closer look…’ said Foulpest.

‘What are you talking about?’ said Wally. ‘I’m cured. My chicken-pox has gone. My head doesn’t throb any more. My body doesn’t ache. My tail feels fantastic… Hang on a minute.’

‘I think I’ll just pop out for a walk,’ said Foulpest.

‘You’re going nowhere!’ said Wally. ‘I’ve got a *tail*!’

‘Yes,’ said Foulpest. ‘I had noticed that. Shame.’

‘And not just any tail!’ said Wally. ‘It’s a great big *dinosaur* tail! So *that’s* what that huge hot bezoinging in my bottom was! I was growing a tail - and a pair of dinosaur legs to go with it! But how did that happen?’

Foulpest poked around inside his cooking bucket.

‘That’s how,’ he said. He reached in and brought out a scrap of wrapping paper with dinosaurs on it. ‘It must have been stuck to the ooky gunk. Or the cheese-so-old-it’s-grown-ears. It’s the problem with cooking things out of the bin. You can’t be sure they’re completely *clean*.’