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Opening extract from

# Monster and Chips

Written by

**David O'Connell**

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# Chapter 1

# Mr Fuzzby Bixington

Joe had been sent on a perilous quest - to get chips for dinner. Mum had given him some magic tokens, or "money", as she liked to call it, and ordered him to find the finest chips in the land or die in the process. Now Joe the Fearless faced the stronghold of McGreasy's takeaway, the treasure of golden fried potato almost within his grasp. But alas! What monstrous





horror blocked our hero's path?

"Oh look, it's that squirming little bum-toot, Joe Shoe!" sneered Grotty Grace, the school bully, snapping Joe out of his heroic daydream.

Grotty Grace was one of McGreasy's best customers, and had the body to prove it. Even a fire-breathing dragon with fearsome teeth and mighty jaws would have had trouble digesting Grotty Grace. She was standing in front of the takeaway door, munching messily on a McGreasy burger with extra everything.

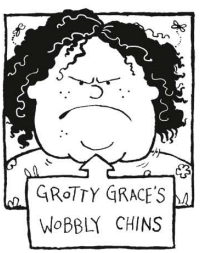


Joe attempted to slide past her, but

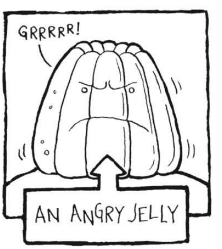

Grotty Grace pressed her spotty face up close to his so that her smelly burger-breath swept up his nose and poked his brain like stinky fingers.
PHEW! GEROFF!
HEE HEE HEE!

"Let me get past, Grace!" said Joe. "I'm fetching some chips for my mum."

He tried to sound like Joe the Fearless, but with his nose screwed up he sounded more like a posh duck.




Grotty Grace laughed, her chins wobbling like angry jelly.




"Say that you're nothing but a squirming little bum-toot and I'll let you pass," said Grace, with a menacing growl. "And if you let me have some of your chips I might not thump you."

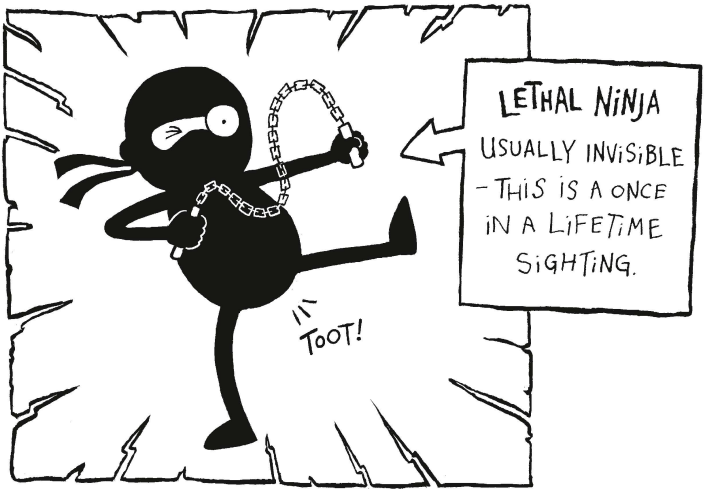
Joe needed a plan. He didn't want to

get thumped but he wasn't going to give Grace any of his chips. He had to get her away from the door to the takeaway.

Then Joe remembered that there was a little alley at the end of the street. It looked a bit spooky but he could hide there until Grace had finished devouring her burger and gone home.

"The advantage of being a bum-toot," said Joe, summoning Joe the Fearless once more, "is that they are both lethal and invisible. Like ninjas. So I'm quite proud to say that I am a squirming little bum-toot. In fact, I thank you for the compliment."

Grotty Grace looked puzzled.




She had not expected this. No one had ever thanked her before. She opened her mouth to give Joe another insult. But Joe had already gone.

"That's two thumpings you'll get now!" Grace yelled after him.

The alley lay ahead, narrow and dark. Tall, rickety buildings loomed over it and filled it with shadow. Joe sped down its twisting path, searching for somewhere to hide. He was sure Grace would soon leave the takeaway and then he could get his chips.

But - disaster! Grotty Grace had followed him, sniffing about like a hungry wolf after a rabbit. "I know you're down there, bum-toot!" he heard her bellow. There was no escape - the alley ended in a high wall. The heavy footsteps of doom grew louder. Grace wasn't giving up. Joe was in a panic - what could he do?

Then he noticed a door he hadn't seen before, even though he must have gone past it. On the door was a sign that said: FUZZBY'S DINER. Underneath that it said: TRY OUR FAMOUS CHIPS!




Chips! He'd be safe in the diner with people around AND get chips to take back home. All his problems solved in one go.