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

Blamehounds

Written & Illustrated by

Ross Collins

Published by

Barrington Stoke Ltd

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

First published in 2014 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text © 2014 Ross Collins
Illustrations © 2014 Ross Collins

The moral right of Ross Collins to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the written permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library upon request

With thanks to the Consulate General of Japan in Edinburgh for their translation of the Japanese newspaper headlines

ISBN: 978-1-78112-392-8

Printed in China by Leo

This book has dyslexia friendly features

For Nate

Contents

1	Fart	1
2	Paint	10
3	Whack!	20
4	Eggs	31
5	Toffee?	40
6	Business	46
7	Toilet	57
8	Global	62
9	Sancho	73
10	Rumbled	86
11	Next ...	90

Chapter 1
Fart

Fart Number 1 made no sound.

The bum that was to blame belonged to Mr Lime. But as far as Mr Lime knew, only he could smell anything. He decided to say nothing about it.

Fart Number 2 made a small noise, like a mouse in distress. It was a great deal more smelly – like dead fish in a harbour at low tide.

Mrs Lime's nose twitched. She was dishing out potato salad for the children's tea and the smell did nothing for her appetite.

No one could ignore Fart Number 3. A loud noise like a car skidding on a wet road was followed by a smell like a very hot day in a butcher's shop.

"POOOOOOOOO-EEEEEEEEEE!" Olive Lime yelled. She jumped down from her seat and pinched her nose with her fingers.

"Nobody said you could leave the table!" Mrs Lime snapped. She raised her hand to her face to try to protect her nostrils.

"Something's crawled up someone's bum and died," Gregor Lime sniggered.



"We won't have that sort of language at the table!" Mrs Lime barked. Her face turned as green as her name as the smell seeped up her nose.

Mr Lime saw his chance. He pulled back his chair to reveal a sleepy dog curled up under the table. Mr Lime pointed his finger at the dog, who had just been having a nice dream about dropping cats off bridges.



"BAD NORMAN!" Mr Lime shouted. "FARTY DOG!"

Mr Lime gave Norman a good kick up the bum with his size-11 shoes.

Norman howled in pain and then took in a big gulp of the terrible smell. It wasn't the best way to be woken up.

Norman didn't stop to find out why this had happened. He fled from the room before Mr Lime's foot could make contact again.

