



opening extract from
the last noo-noo

written by
jill murphy

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THE LAST NOO-NOO

Jill Murphy



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Marlon sat on the floor watching TV. Marlon's granny sat in the armchair, watching Marlon. "He's getting too old for that dummy," she said sternly to Marlon's mum.

"It's a noo-noo," said Marlon.



"He calls it a noo-noo," explained Marlon's mum. "Well, whatever he calls it," said Marlon's granny, "he looks like an idiot with that stupid great *thing* stuck in his mouth all the time."

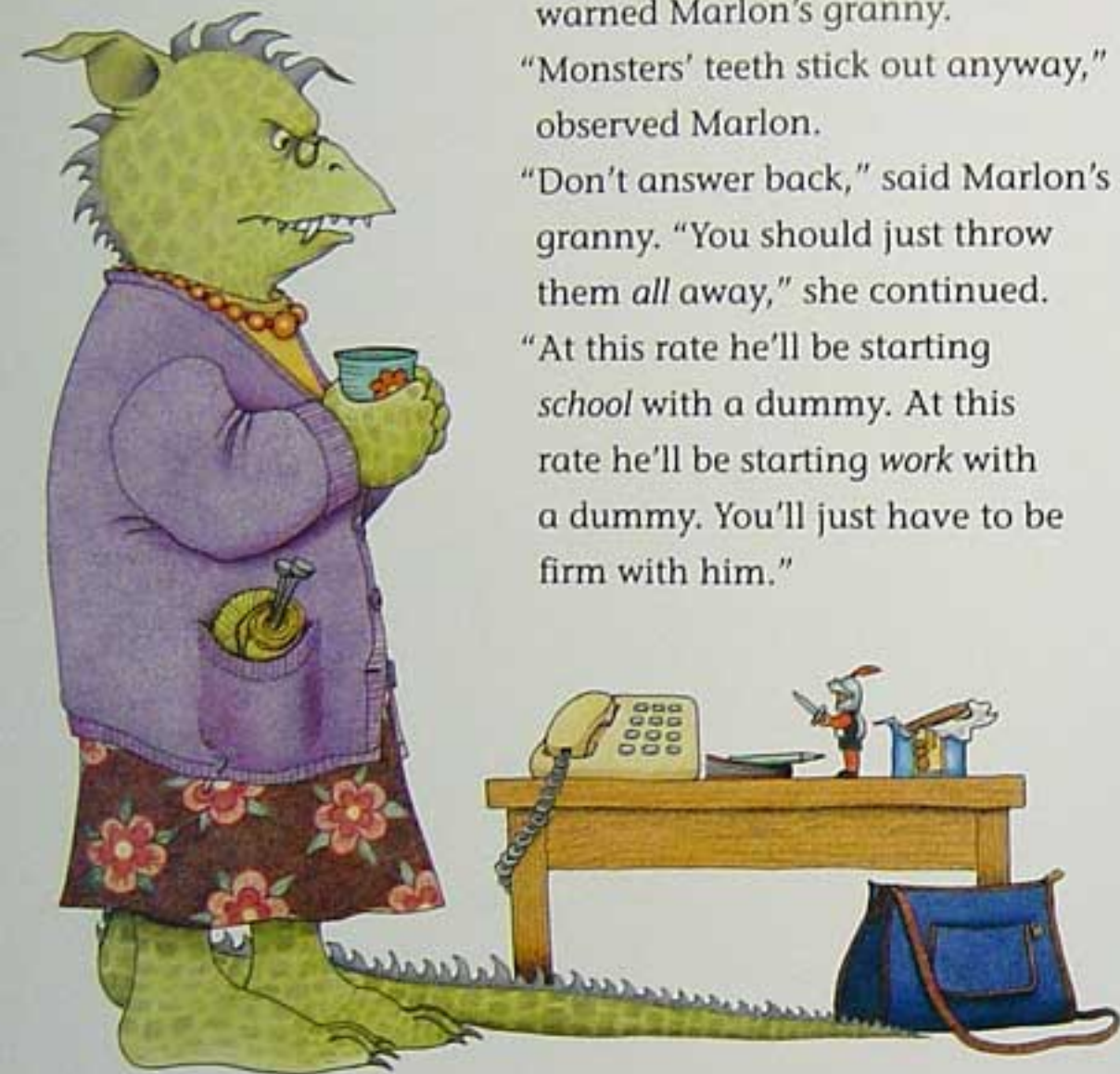
"He doesn't have it *all* the time," soothed Marlon's mum. "Only at night or if he's a bit tired.

He's a bit tired now – aren't you, pet?"

"Mmmmm," said Marlon.



"His teeth will start sticking out," warned Marlon's granny.
"Monsters' teeth stick out anyway," observed Marlon.
"Don't answer back," said Marlon's granny. "You should just throw them *all* away," she continued.
"At this rate he'll be starting *school* with a dummy. At this rate he'll be starting *work* with a dummy. You'll just have to be firm with him."



"Well," said Marlon's mum, "I am *thinking* about it. We'll start next week, won't we Marlon? Now you're a big boy, we'll just get rid of all those silly noo-noos, won't we?"
"No," said Marlon.
"You see!" said Marlon's granny. "One word from you and he does as he likes." There was no doubt about it. Marlon was a hopeless case.

