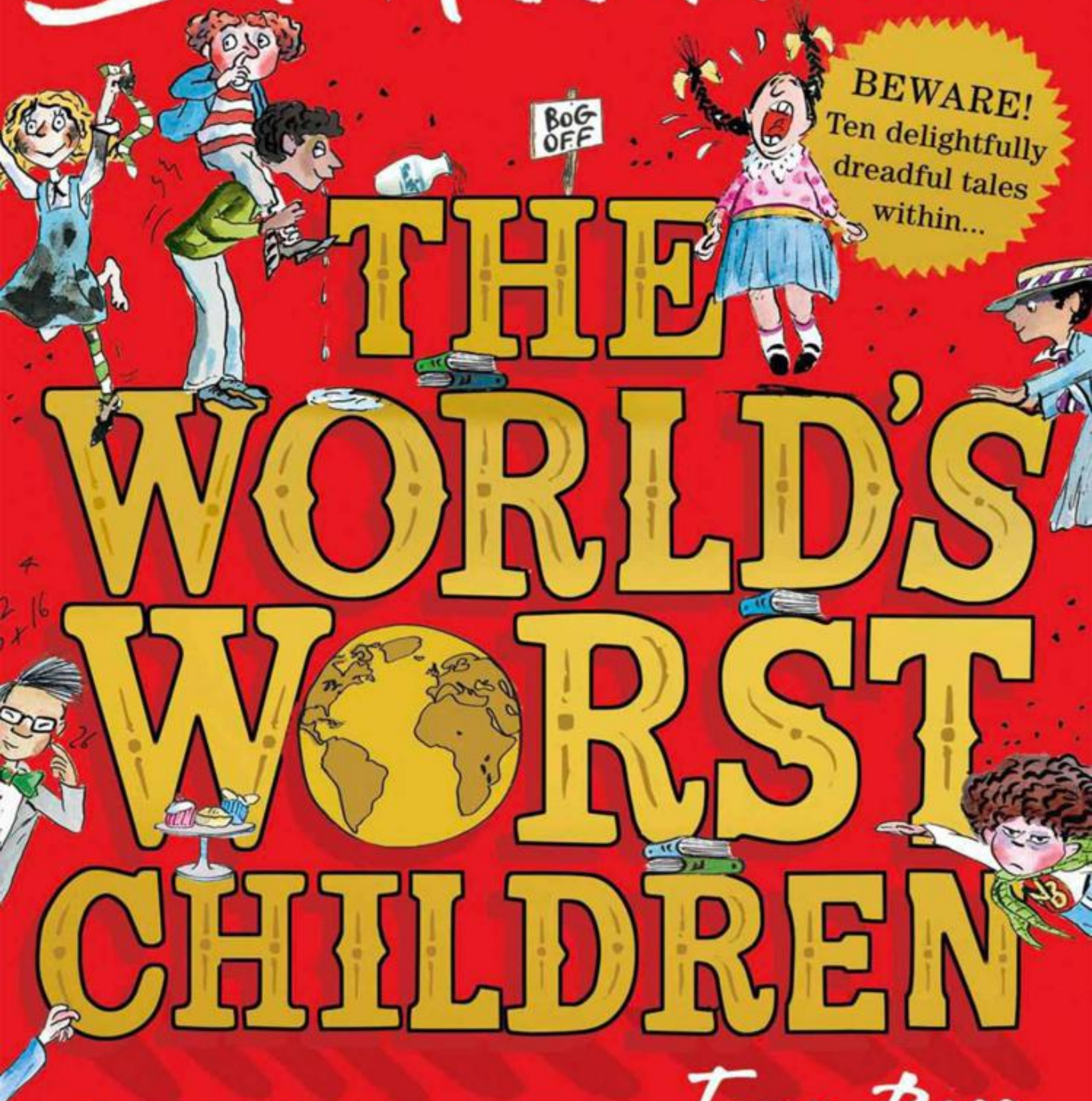


from the NUMBER ONE bestselling author

David Walliams



**BEWARE!**  
Ten delightfully  
dreadful tales  
within...

THE  
WORLD'S  
WORST  
CHILDREN

Illustrated in glorious colour by *Tony Ross*

**THE  
WORLD'S  
WORST  
CHILDREN**

The image features a stylized title in a bold, blocky, yellow font with a red drop shadow. The text is arranged in four lines: 'THE', 'WORLD'S', 'WORST', and 'CHILDREN'. The letter 'O' in 'WORST' is replaced by a small, detailed globe of the Earth, showing continents and oceans. The overall style is reminiscent of a classic children's book cover or a graphic design for a documentary.



PREVIOUSLY BY DAVID WALLIAMS:

*The Boy in the Dress*

*Mr Stink*

*Billionaire Boy*

*Gangsta Granny*

*Ratburger*

*Demon Dentist*

*Awful Auntie*

*Grandpa's Great Escape*



ALSO AVAILABLE IN PICTURE BOOK:

*The Slightly Annoying Elephant*

*The First Hippo on the Moon*

*The Bear Who Went Boo!*

*The Queen's Orang-utan*



David Walliams

THE  
WORLD'S  
WORST  
CHILDREN

Illustrated in glorious colour by *Tony Ross*



HarperCollins *Children's Books*



For  
Tom & George,  
two of the World's  
Best Children  
D.W.



For  
Wendy,  
& the Savannahs  
T.R.

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# THANK YOUS



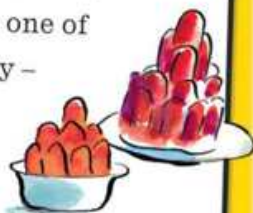
*I would like to thank...*



**Tony Ross, *illustrator*** – who, aged 6, filled a tin with tadpoles, left it in his grandmother’s bedroom and forgot about it... until, several weeks later, his grandmother’s screams reminded him as dozens of frogs hopped across her bed!

Zzzzz  
Zzzzz

**Ann-Janine Murtagh, *my publisher*** – who as a little girl refused to go to sleep each night until every one of her 6 big sisters and brothers had told her a story – often making bedtime well past midnight!



**Charlie Redmayne, *CEO*** – who let his little sister take the blame for stealing a packet of jelly from the kitchen when in fact it was him – he never admitted the truth. Until now.



**Paul Stevens, *my literary agent*** – who as a little boy cut a hole in his dad’s best suit jacket.

**Ruth Alltimes, *my editor*** – who, aged 5, poured a jug of orange squash over her little sister’s head.

**Rachel Denwood, *Publishing and Creative Director*** – who, aged 6, decided to see how many peas she could put up her nose.



**Sally Griffin, *Designer*** – who, aged 7, picked ALL her mum’s daffodils to sell in her ‘flower shop’.



**Anna Lubecka**, *Designer* – who as a young girl cut off all of her hair with nail scissors.

**Nia Roberts**, *Art Director* – who, aged 6, painted over her parents' wedding photos with red nail varnish.

**Kate Clarke**, *my cover designer* – who as a young child cut up her mum's favourite – and very expensive – scarf, to use in a collage she was working on.

**Geraldine Stroud**, *PR Director* – who as a toddler mixed the contents of her mum's dressing table into a cake-shaped, perfumed mulch and spread it all over the house.

**Sam White**, *my publicist* – who as a small child did a wee in her mum's bed and didn't tell her.

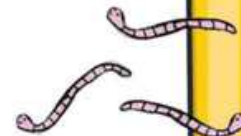
**Nicola Way**, *Marketing Director* – who, aged 5, kidnapped her little brother and the dog and went on the run for a whole hour!

**Alison Ruane**, *Brand Director* – who, aged 10, would bake chilli powder scones and make her little brothers eat them.

**Georgia Monroe**, *Desk Editor* – who as a toddler splattered nappy cream all over her bedroom when she was meant to be having a nap!

**Tanya Brennand-Roper**, *my audio editor* – who as a young child collected worms from the garden and put them in the kitchen so her mum would scream!

David Walker's



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...blandit

# INTRODUCTION

by Raj, a newsagent.



Please, please, please, a thousand  
pleases, and yet one more please  
**DO NOT READ THIS BOOK!**

If you have already bought it, destroy it. If you are browsing through it in your local librarium, take it outside, tear it up, stamp on it, tear it up again just to be sure and then bury the pieces DEEP underground. To be totally safe.

This AWFUL book, and it is awful, especially the speling, will have a very bad influence on young minds. It will give children lots and lots of ideas about how to be even naughtier than they already are, and some of them are already EXTREMELY naughty. It is an outrage and I for one will be calling for this book to be banned. **Mr Wallybottom** (or whatever his stupid made-up name is) should be ashamed of himself.

Why can't the oversized BUFFOON who looks like a cupboard in a suit write a nice book about nice children who do nice things? Why not write a story about a little girl who is kind to a kitten? Or a tale about a nice boy who helps an injured butterfly cross a busy road? Or a story about two children who go to a meadow and pick wild flowers for their mummy who is very ill with a slight headache?

**DEST**

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avida morbi  
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m sociis, imp  
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tur massa  
entum eros  
ignissim  
cras  
utram. Etiam  
hymenaeos.  
ipsum.

imperdiet quis. Non rhoncus  
imperdiet ullamcorper molestie  
volutpamodo taciti ridiculus  
sollicitudin vestibulum felis

venit mattis interdum hendrerit,  
non viverra enim tortor  
scelerisque, pede consectetur  
massa hendrerit hymenaeos. Sem

TOP SELI  
TRES

It could be called  
**THE WORLD'S NICEST, KINDEST, BESTEST, MOST  
LOVELIEST CHILDREN IN THE WHOLE WORLD.**

But no.

Instead we get a BUCKETLOAD of stories about  
children with bottoms that don't stop blowing off,  
children who teach their nits to do terrible things  
and children who won't stop picking their noses until  
they create the world's largest booger.

These are children who I would NEVER ever allow  
in my newsagent's shop, which I am extremely proud to  
say was recently voted best newsagent in the parade.\*

\* RAJ'S NEWSAGENT IS CURRENTLY THE ONLY NEWSAGENT IN THE PARADE. SAYING THAT, MY SHOP  
DID COME SECOND LAST YEAR IN A POLL OF BEST NEWSAGENTS. THE LAUNDERETTE CAME FIRST.

I would never let the frankly APPALLING children  
featured in this book take advantage of the very  
special offers in my shop, such as my 103 sherbert fountains  
for the price of 102, or buy your own bodyweight in mints, get one mint free.  
Hurry while stocks last!\*\*

\*\* ACTUALLY I HAVE PLENTY OF STOCK, AND IT IS ALREADY OUT OF DATE,  
SO THERE IS NO NEED TO HURRY. MAYBE A BRISE WALK WOULD DO IT.

What's worst of all is that I am hardly in this  
book. It's an insult! I am by far the most cleverest  
and handsomest character that ever came out of  
**Mr Wallywilly's** dark and troubled mind! Yet I was only  
asked to contribute an introduction, and was under  
strict instructions that said introduction be no  
longer than two pages. Two pages!

How dare **Mr Willywillybumbum?** Surely I, the

**GREAT RAJ OF RAJ'S NEWSAGENT**

istrique libero  
s dis, sagittis  
vulputate  
lectus felis

lectus. Aenean nonummy  
vestibulum laoreet tristique libero  
dapibus sodales eros dis, sagittis  
faculis habitasse vulputate

Quam gravida vivamus risus mori consequat  
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metus aliquam faucibus vitae ullamcorper

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hendrerit  
hymenaeos  
augue eros  
tatis egestas  
maleuada  
et bibendum  
consequat  
tiam lacus  
per rutrum  
gravida  
morbi.  
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natoque v  
tempus gra

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# Dribbling DREW





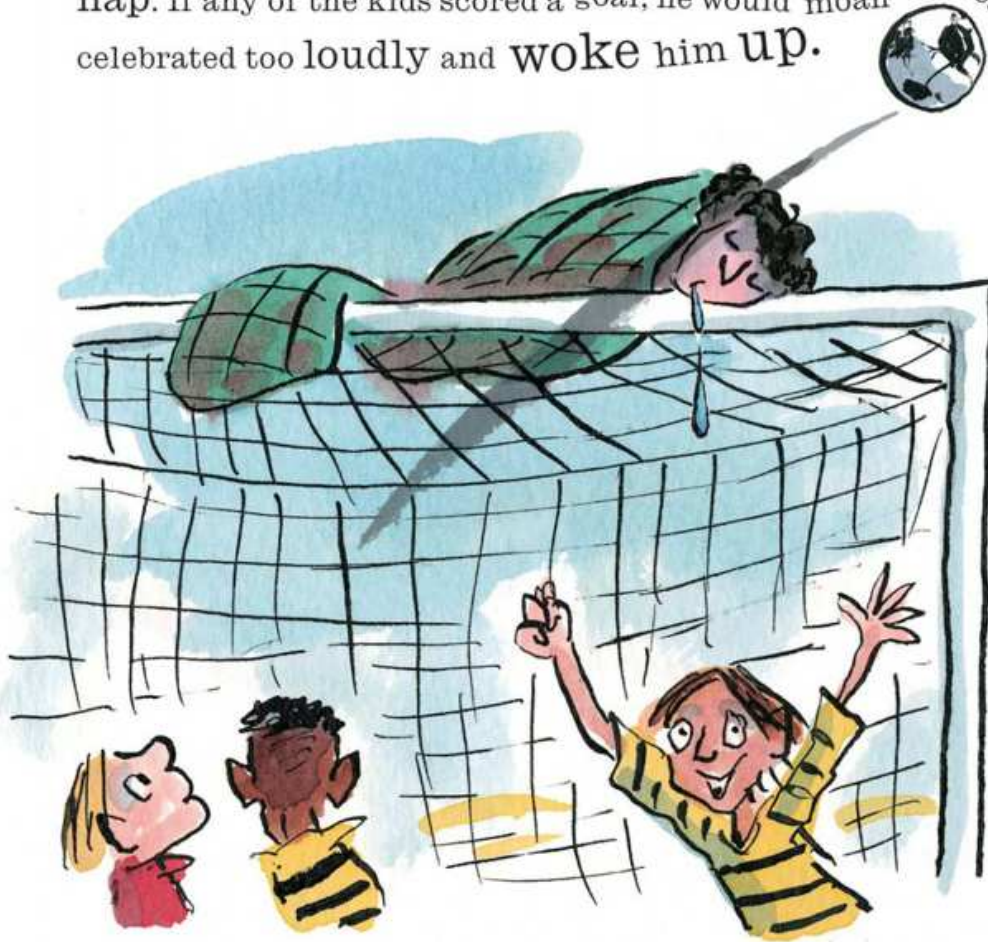
# Dribbling DREW

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a boy named Drew. Drew **dribbled** a lot. This wasn't just normal everyday dribbling, the odd globule of gob gloop running down your chin. Oh no, this was dribbling on an **INDUSTRIAL SCALE**. Here was a boy who could dribble litre upon litre of dribble a day.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

PE was a hard one to sleep through, but Drew found a way. For example, during football matches he would ask to be in goal and then climb up on to the net and have a nap. If any of the kids scored a goal, he would moan <sup>if they</sup> celebrated too loudly and **woke him up.**



Because Drew slept through every lesson, he always found himself **bottom** of the class.

DRIBBLING DREW

When Drew SNOOZED in lessons, he would **dribble** all over his desk.



The **dribble** would *t r i c k l e* down to the floor, where a large puddle of drool would collect. If the lesson was **DREADED** double history, the dribble would end up as something of a pool.

No one knew quite what was in Drew's dribble. It was transparent like water, but **thick** and **sticky** like glue.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

One time his history teacher, Miss Past, ran over to Drew's desk to shout at him for falling asleep in class again. The

unfortunate lady **slipped** on the **dribble**, shot across the floor and flew straight out of the **window**.  
"AAARRGGGHH!"



She was found upside down in a nearby hedgerow with her tweed skirt over her head, her **BIG** frilly **knickers** flapping in the wind.



## DRIBBLING DREW

The day our story starts, there was a school trip to the

### • NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM •

This was a wondrous place, full of all sorts of treasures from Moon rock to dinosaur skeletons. The museum even housed a life-sized cast of a blue whale.

As Drew's class pulled up outside the museum in the school coach, Mr Numbings, the science teacher, handed out his dreaded worksheets. "Now listen carefully, children. On these worksheets I want you to make a list of all the exhibits you see in the museum today!"

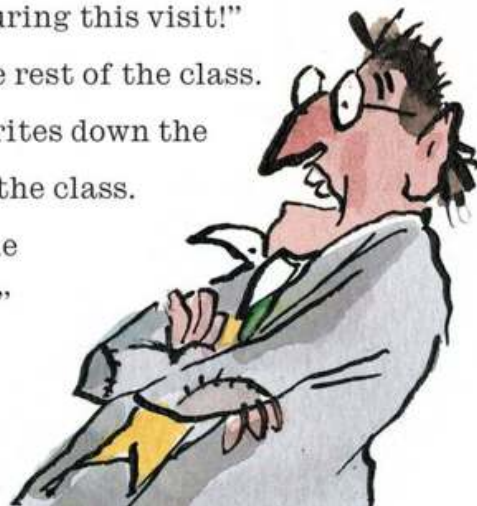
"Do we have to, sir?" moaned Dribbling Drew, stifling a yawn. Dozing on the coach for an hour had tired the boy out and now he was ready for bed. A pool of drool had collected at his feet.

"Yes, Drew, we do have to!" yelled the teacher. "And I want you to stay awake during this visit!"

Mr Numbings turned back to the rest of the class.

"Now, everyone, the pupil who writes down the most exhibits will come TOP of the class.

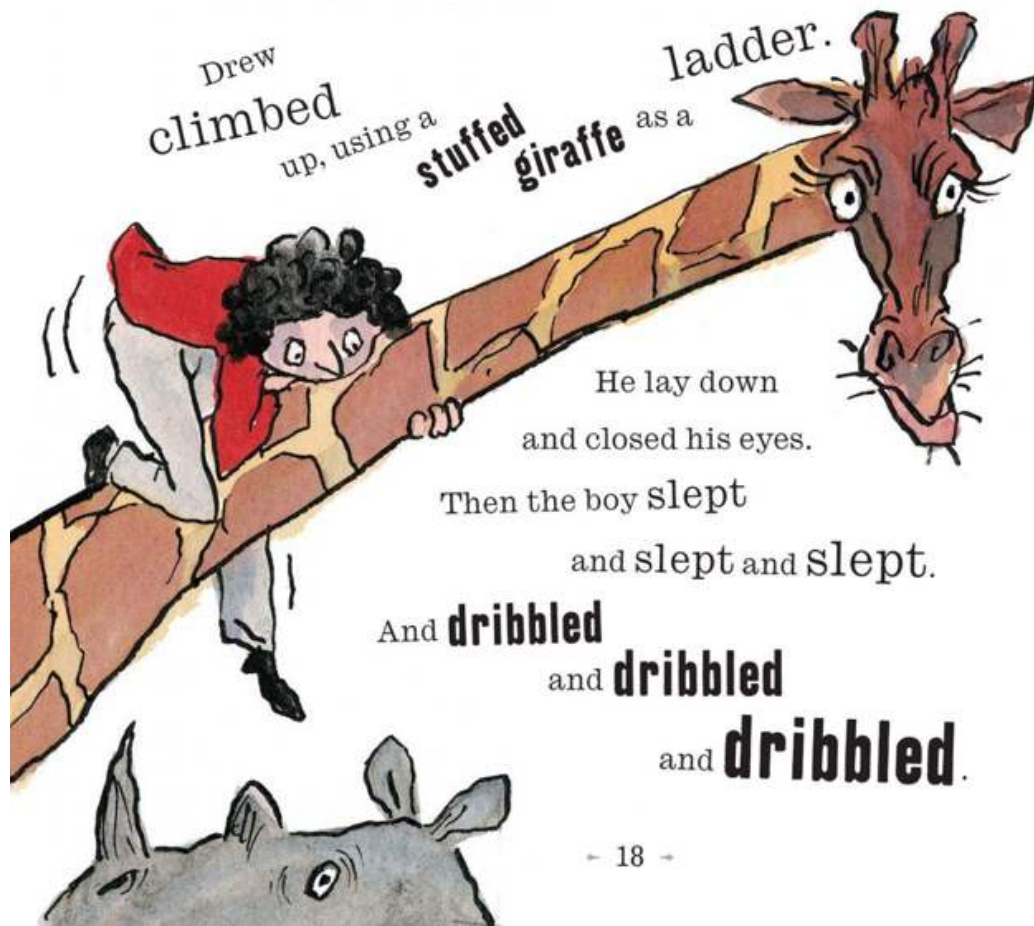
So keep looking and listening the whole time. Right, OUT you get!"



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

As they walked in through the museum's giant wooden doors, all the children marvelled at the huge skeleton of a **diplodocus**, which took pride of place in the great hall. But Drew simply YAWNED.

Then he broke away from his teacher and classmates and found a nice quiet place to nap. It was on top of a glass case housing a **stuffed dodo**, a bird that had become extinct centuries before. No one would disturb him up there.



Drew  
climbed  
up, using a  
**stuffed giraffe** as a  
ladder.

He lay down  
and closed his eyes.

Then the boy slept  
and slept and slept.

And **dribbled**  
and **dribbled**  
and **dribbled**.

## DRIBBLING DREW

The boy could sleep absolutely anywhere. Standing up during a rock concert, hanging N M O D E D I S I N from a tree, even on a rollercoaster as everyone around him screamed.

This particular day, Drew slept for so long that he was still asleep when the • NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM • was locked up for the night. Without anyone realising, he was still there when all the lights were turned off.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

All night Drew slept and, as he slept, he **dribbled**.



Drew **dribbled** and **dribbled** and **dribbled**.  
Then he **dribbled** some more. The spot of drool beneath  
him spread into a puddle. Soon it was a lake of  
spittle. By dawn, Drew's **Sea of dribble** had filled  
the entire • NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM •

## DRIBBLING DREW

In the morning, Winston, the burly security guard, arrived bright and early to unlock the doors and open the museum as he did every day. **However**, this was **no ordinary day**. The first thing Winston noticed was a transparent fluid oozing underneath the doors.

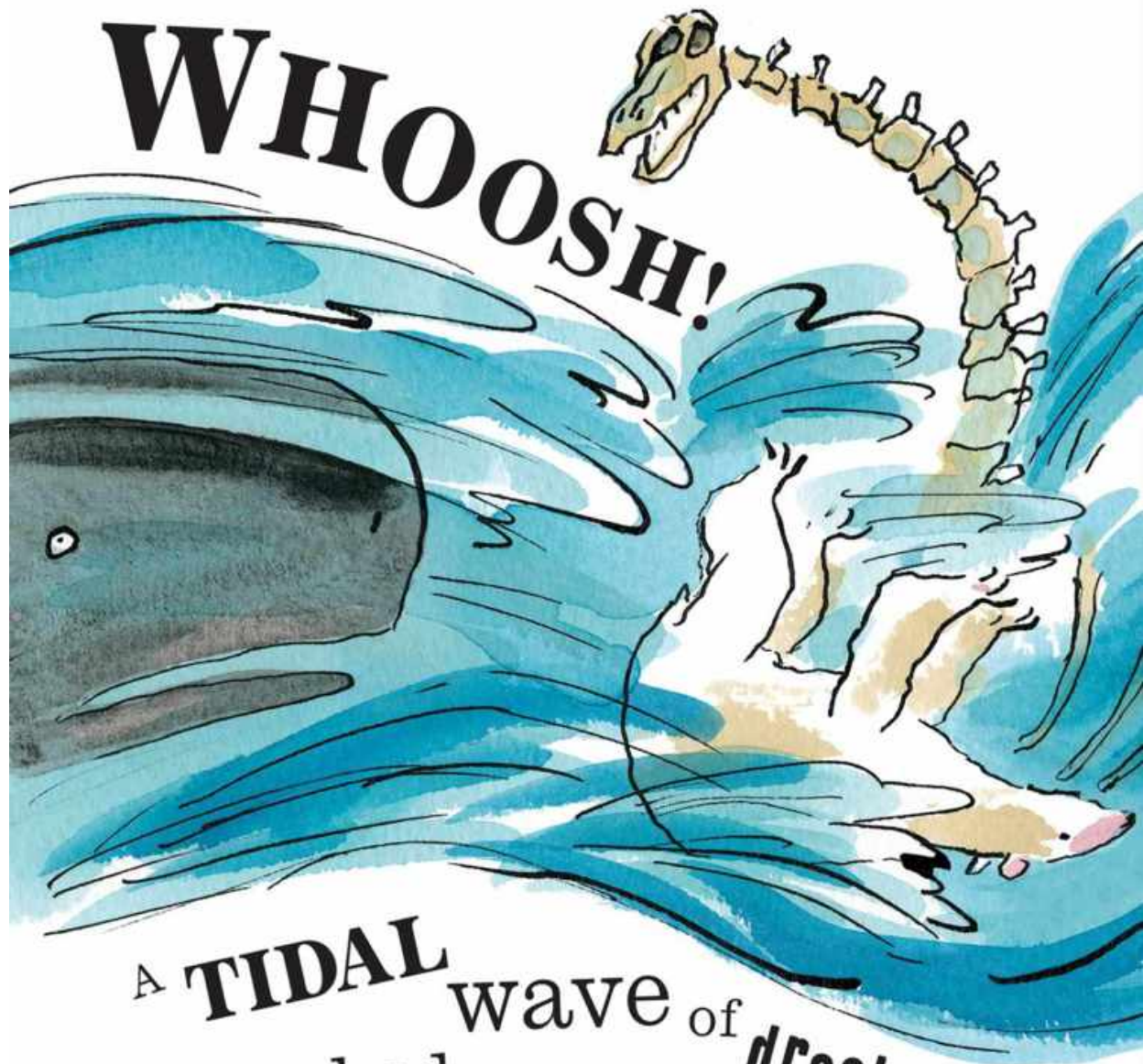
“That’s very **strange**,” he thought out loud. “Maybe one of the daft old professors has left a tap running.”

Next, the security guard dipped the toe of his boot into the liquid, and realised it couldn’t be water from a leaky pipe. Whatever this was, it was **THICK** and **STICKY**.

Worried that the museum might have been flooded, Winston flung open the **giant** wooden doors as fast as he could.

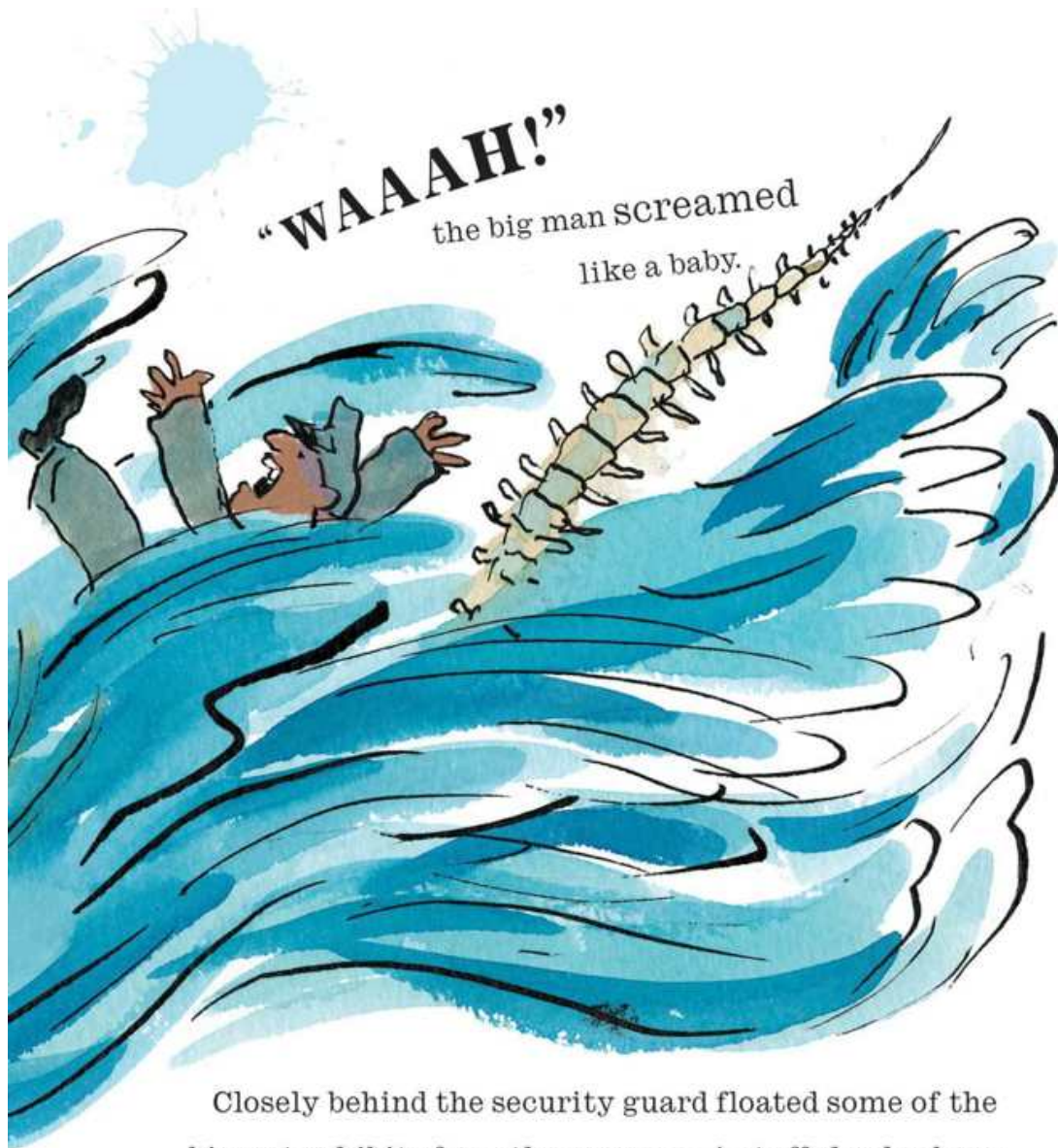
**Nothing** could have prepared Winston for what happened **next...**





**WHOOSH!**

A **TIDAL** wave of **drool**  
washed him **CLEAN** off his **feet**  
and he found himself travelling  
at **SPEED** down the street.



Closely behind the security guard floated some of the biggest exhibits from the museum. A stuffed polar bear, the life-sized cast of the blue whale, even the **diplodocus** skeleton.

They all bobbed along the streets of London on this rushing river of **dribble**.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Atop the glass case that housed the dodo was Drew. In all the commotion, he had finally woken up from his long sleep. As he floated down the road, the flood of his own spittle destroyed everything in its path.

Cars, lorries and even buses

were swept off the ground and

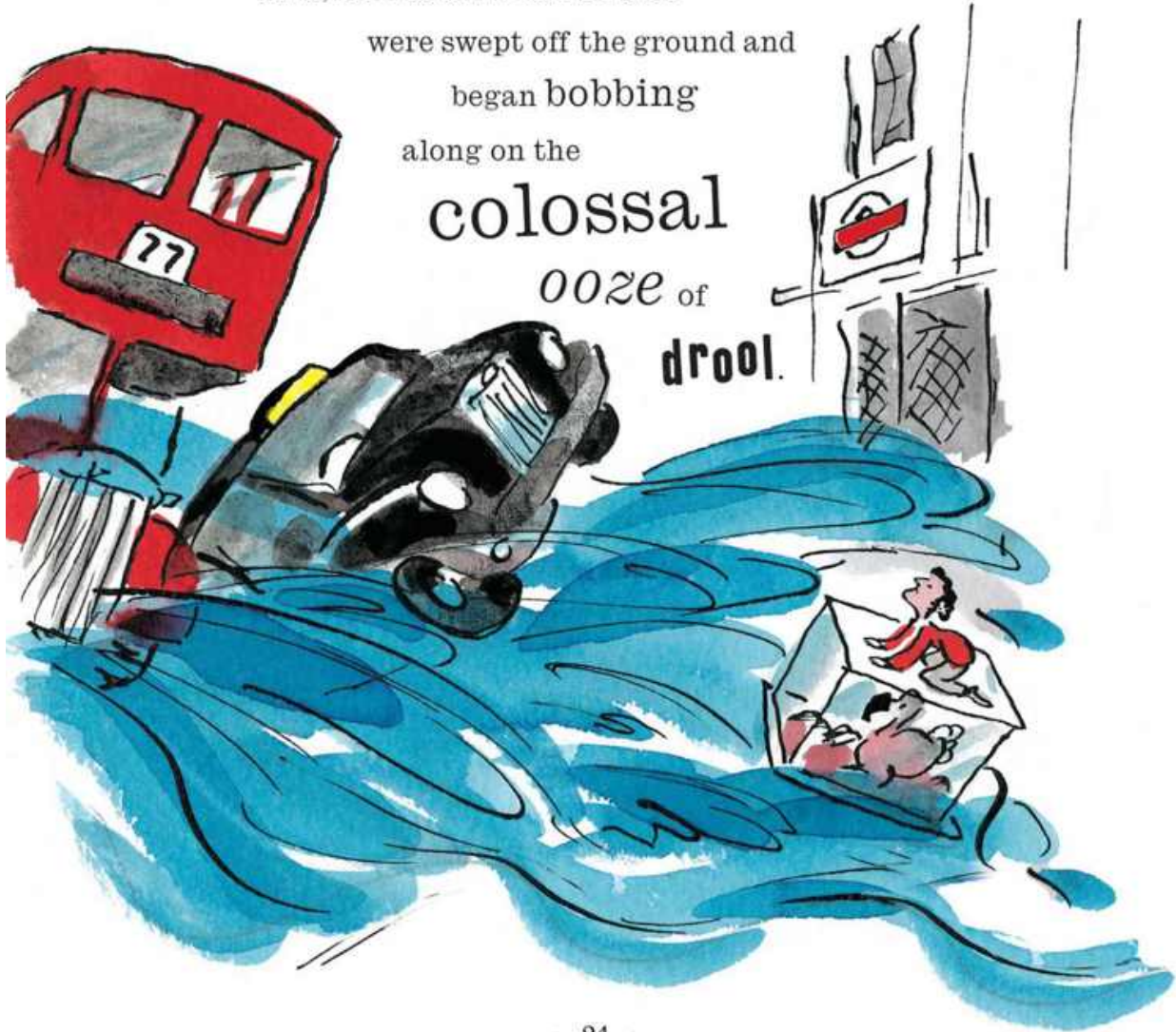
began bobbing

along on the

colossal

ooze of

drool.



DRIBBLING DREW

Drew leaped off the glass case on to the roof of a nearby building.



From that safe place he watched more of the exhibits from the museum pass by.



The boy reached into his blazer pocket. He still had the worksheet his teacher, Mr Numbings, had given him at the start of the school trip. Drew made a note of everything he saw.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Every single exhibit from the museum floated past,  
and he wrote them all down.

“Mars rock,

a Neanderthal skull,



a marble statue of Charles Darwin,



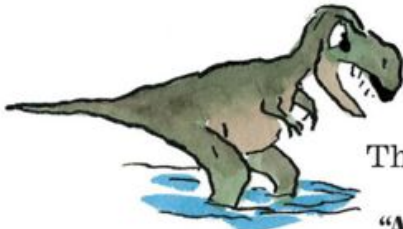
a giant squid,



a stuffed vulture,

an earthquake machine,

a model T-Rex...”



The list went ON and ON.



“A sea horse pickled in a jar,

a model volcano,

a fossil of a prehistoric fish,

a spacesuit,

a stuffed giraffe,



an old lady clinging on to her shopper –

*hang on, that's a real old lady –*

a model of a woolly mammoth...”



## DRIBBLING DREW

To his credit, Dribbling Drew spent hours listing everything he saw as the gushing river of **drool** swept all the museum's precious exhibits out to sea.



The next day in class Drew proudly handed in his worksheet to Mr Numbings. Aside from a few spots of **dribble**, it was perfect. After looking through all of his pupils' work, the science teacher announced the results.

"I can reveal that the winner, with one hundred per cent, is **Drew!**" said Mr Numbings.

The boy was **top** of the class for the very first time in his life.



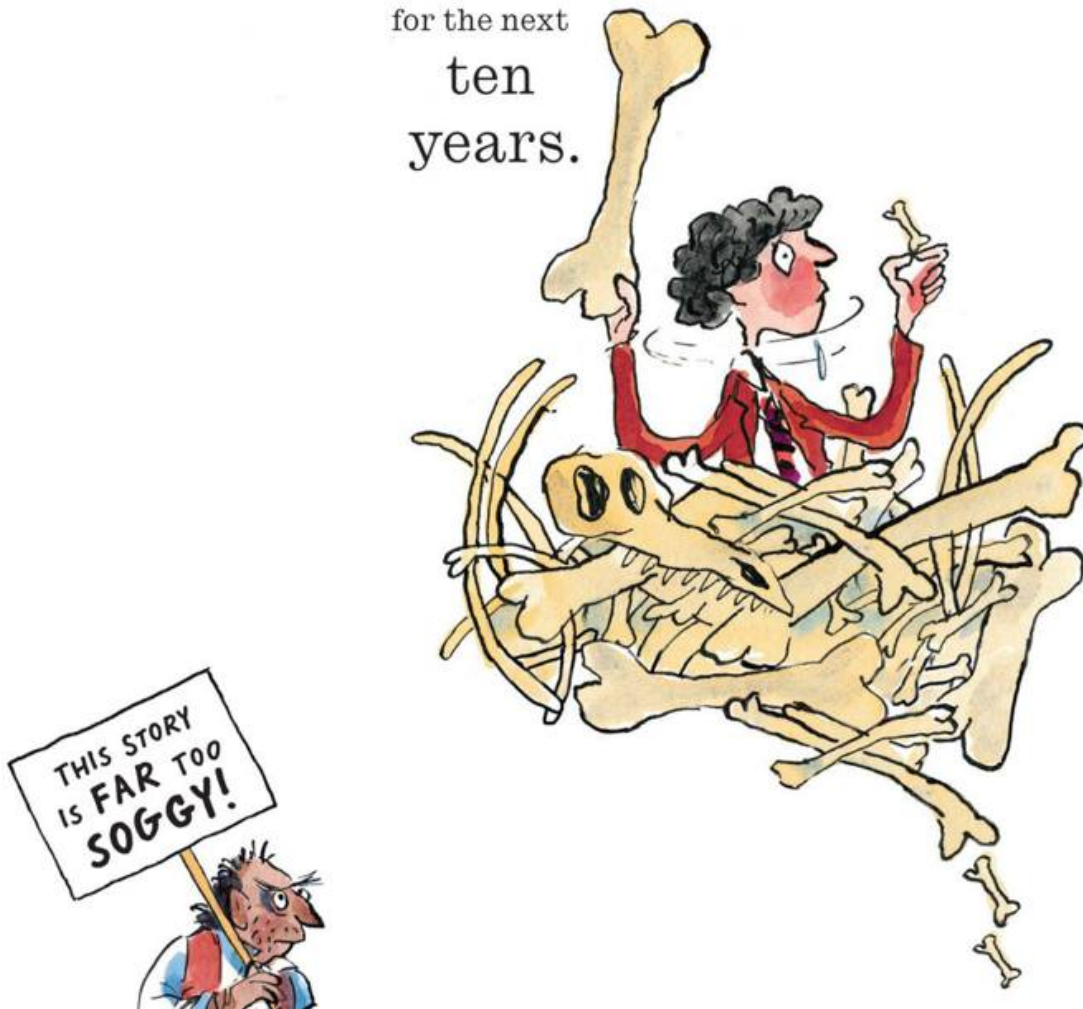
## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Before he was promptly expelled!

As a punishment for destroying everything in the  
• NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM •, Drew was put to work  
there. His job was to reassemble the **diplodocus skeleton**  
that had been recovered from the bottom of the sea.  
He was not to stop until this giant jigsaw was finished.

Dribbling Drew didn't get any sleep

for the next  
ten  
years.



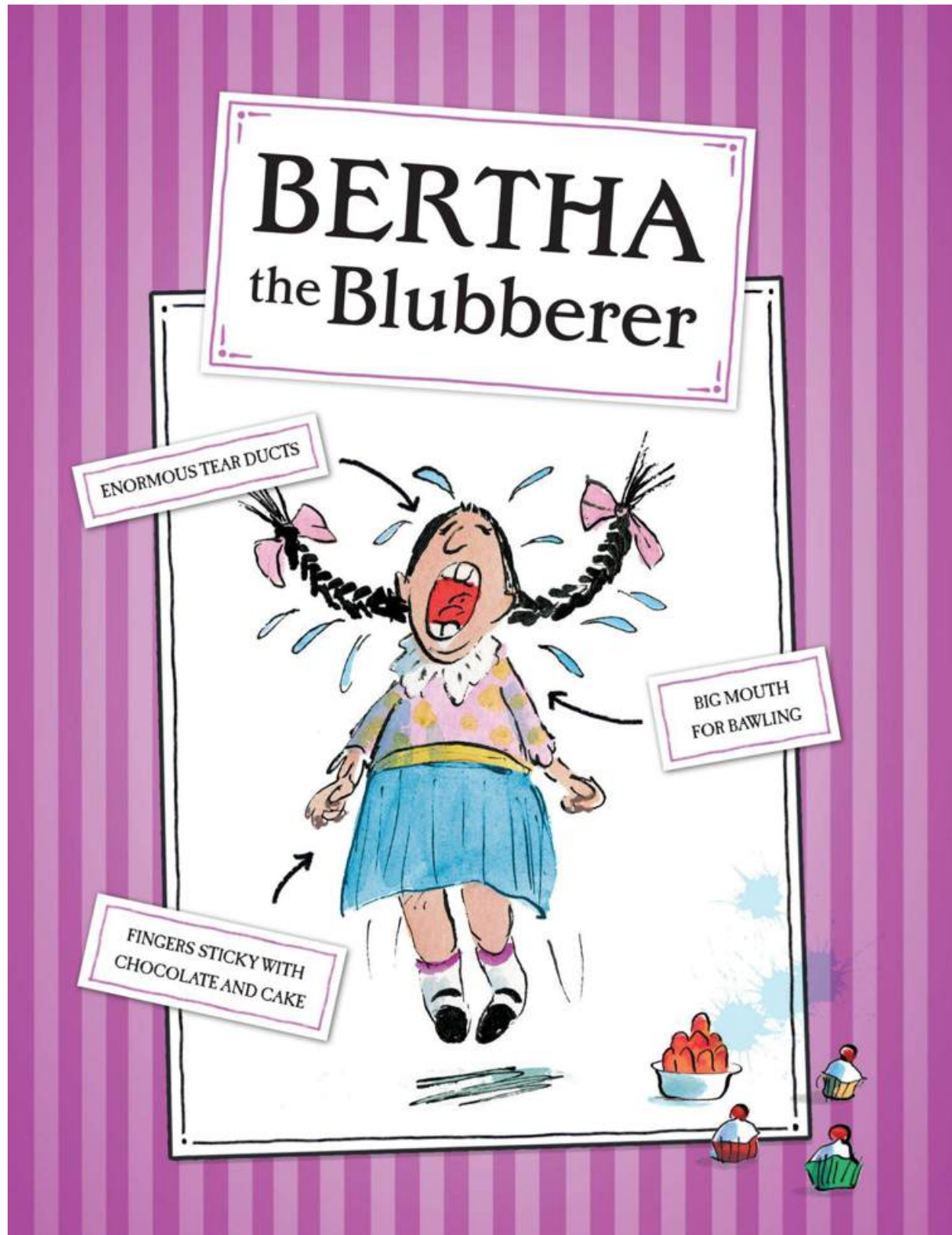
# BERTHA

the Blubberer

ENORMOUS TEAR DUCTS

BIG MOUTH  
FOR BAWLING

FINGERS STICKY WITH  
CHOCOLATE AND CAKE





# BERTHA

## the Blubberer

BERTHA WAS A BLUBBERER. She would SOB. She would howl. She would bawl. The little girl was only eight years old, but she must have spent seven of them **blubbering**.

Anything and EVERYTHING  
would set her Off.

Loud noise



Silence

Bright lights

The dark

Small dogs



Large dogs

Medium-sized dogs

Rodents of any kind

Red socks



Frogs

Toads



Tadpoles especially

Bouncing balls



Fireworks

Dust

The heat

The cold



Ducks, geese and swans

Orange juice with bits in

Burnt toast

Kettles



Stickers

Wet grass

Park benches



Men with tattoos

Low-flying aircraft

The colour purple

Cat hair

Rain



Waterslides

Mud

Anything made of plastic

Christmas crackers



The raisins in raisin biscuits

Bouncy castles



Smells of any kind,  
even nice ones

Clouds

Moustaches

Vegetables

Burps

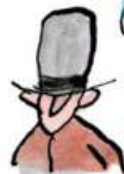


Monobrows

Nostril hair

Ear hair

Anyone in a hat





## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The little girl had a younger brother called William. From the day he was born Bertha was **beastly** to him. She hated having to share her parents' attention. Then one day Bertha discovered a **wonderful** thing. She could cry and **blame it** all on her little brother. And the more she cried, the more attention **SHE** got.

So the girl thought up **more** and **more** wicked plans to make William look **horrid**. Bertha's favourite ploy was to cry and **CRY** and **CRY** alone in her bedroom, pretending her brother had hurt her. When Mother bounded up the stairs to see what was wrong, Bertha would blub through a river of tears, "Mama, it was **William!** He **pinched** me! William **pinched** me, hard, on the **arm!**"

Sometimes she would elaborate on the lie by actually **pinching** herself. Bertha would then offer up the very tiny red **BLOTCH** on her arm as **evidence** of her brother's **beastliness**.



"WAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"  
she would wail.

## BERTHA THE BLUBBERER

Then Mother would burst into her son's room next door to confront the boy. Young William was usually reading or playing quietly with his earplugs in. He had endured a lifetime of bawling, and had therefore fashioned earplugs out of **marshmallows** so he could get on with things in peace.

"Why did you pinch your darling sister?" Mother would demand.

"What?" William would reply. It was hard to hear with **marshmallows** in his ears.

"And why have you got **marshmallows** in your ears?"

William would take out the **marshmallows** and protest his innocence.

"I haven't touched her, Mother," the boy would plead. "I have been reading in my room the **whole time!**"

AH AH AH AH AH!



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

"A likely story!" Mother would declare. "No **pudding** for you after dinner tonight!"

"But...!"

"No **pudding** for a week!"

"But...!" "No **pudding** for a month!"

Eventually the boy would fall silent. He liked **pudding**. But not as much as his sister. The little girl loved **pudding**. Even more than she loved crying.



Once, at the local bakery, she even offered to **SWAP** her brother for a slice of chocolate fudge cake. It was a **large** slice, but still...



## BERTHA THE BLUBBERER

And, if there was no **pudding** for William, Bertha would be allowed to eat his. **DOUBLE pudding!** All Bertha had to do was roll around on her bed and **blubber**.

On the day our story begins, the two children were left alone inside the house. Mother was in the garden, tending to her beloved roses as Father mowed the lawn.

Spotting that her parents were outside, a fiendish **scheme** crossed Bertha's mind. It was her most devilish plot yet, breathtakingly simple and all the more brilliant for it. The plan was this: Bertha would pull out a clump of her hair and then **bawl** the house down. When Mother and Father came running, the finger of **blame** would be pointed at poor William. Pulling out a clump of hair would appear to be William's worst crime yet. It trumped **pinching, PRODDING, poking, biting, dead arms** and **DEAD LEGS**. He would surely be packed straight off to an orphanage. And Bertha would have **DOUBLE pudding** – maybe even **TRIPLE pudding** – every night for the rest of her life.

It was glorious. **Pudding, pudding and more pudding!**



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The wicked little girl tiptoed over to her brother's room to check he was there. Indeed he was, quietly getting on with his homework with his **marshmallow** earplugs in as usual.

Next Bertha sneaked back to her room. She looked at herself in the mirror and began phase one of her **plan**. She reached up to her head and grabbed a clump of hair. Shutting her eyes, she yanked as **hard** as she could. Bertha didn't need to pretend to cry. The pain was so intense that she couldn't help but yell.



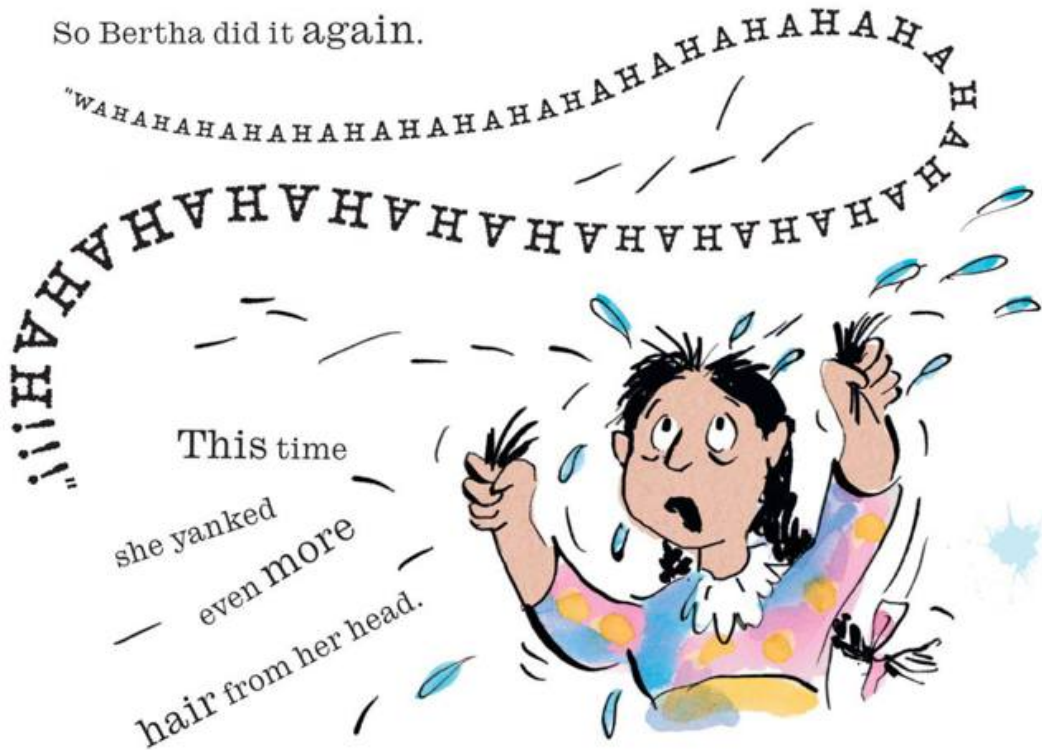
**BERTHA THE BLUBBERER**



She examined the strands of her hair in her hand and the bald spot she had made on her head. It was about the size of a **ping-pong** ball.

Bertha then put her ear to her bedroom door, to see if her parents were on their way. Strangely they were **not**.

So Bertha did it again.



This time she yanked even **more** hair from her head.

Now there was **another** bald spot. This one was the size of a **TENNIS** ball. Still no one came running.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

So Bertha did it again.



"WAHAHAHAHA!"

And again.

"WAHAHA!!"

And again.

"WAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA

BERTHA THE BLUBBERER

HAHAHAHA  
HAHAHAHAHA  
HAHAHAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA!!!"



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The pain was so extreme that Bertha's eyes were now stinging with tears. She could barely see what she was doing any more.

Yet still the girl

**yanked** out  
more and  
**more**  
of her hair.



Eventually, wiping the tears from her face, she stared in the mirror. Bertha was now completely bald, except for **one** lonely strand of hair on the top of her head.

## BERTHA THE BLUBBERER

Just then she heard a noise. Bertha's eyes darted to her bedroom door. To her **horrOR**, her mother, father and brother were **all** looking at her through the door-crack.



Bertha stared at them for a moment and  
they stared back at her.

How was she going to  
explain this?

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Bertha didn't know what to do, so she did what she always did. The girl screwed up her face, and began bawling.

"WAHAHAHAHAHA!"

It never failed.

"WAHAHAHAHAHA!"

Except THIS time.

"What on earth are you crying for?" demanded Father.

"Because, Mama and Papa, that beastly brother of mine pulled out ALL of my hair!" replied the girl through her theatrical sobs.

William couldn't help but *smirk* at the sight of his wicked sister, who had at last been well and truly **BUSTED!**

"Actually, you've *still* got one hair sticking out of the top of your head!" proclaimed the boy.

Bertha examined herself in the mirror again. It did look rather strange having just the ONE lonely strand, so she plucked it out between her fingers.

"WAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"That can't have hurt," protested William.

"It was just one little hair."

Bertha was becoming desperate now.

"B-b-but YOU pulled out all the others, William, you evil little **WRETCH!**"

## BERTHA THE BLUBBERER

"We have been standing here for the last few minutes, young lady," began Mother.

"We saw the whole thing," added Father.

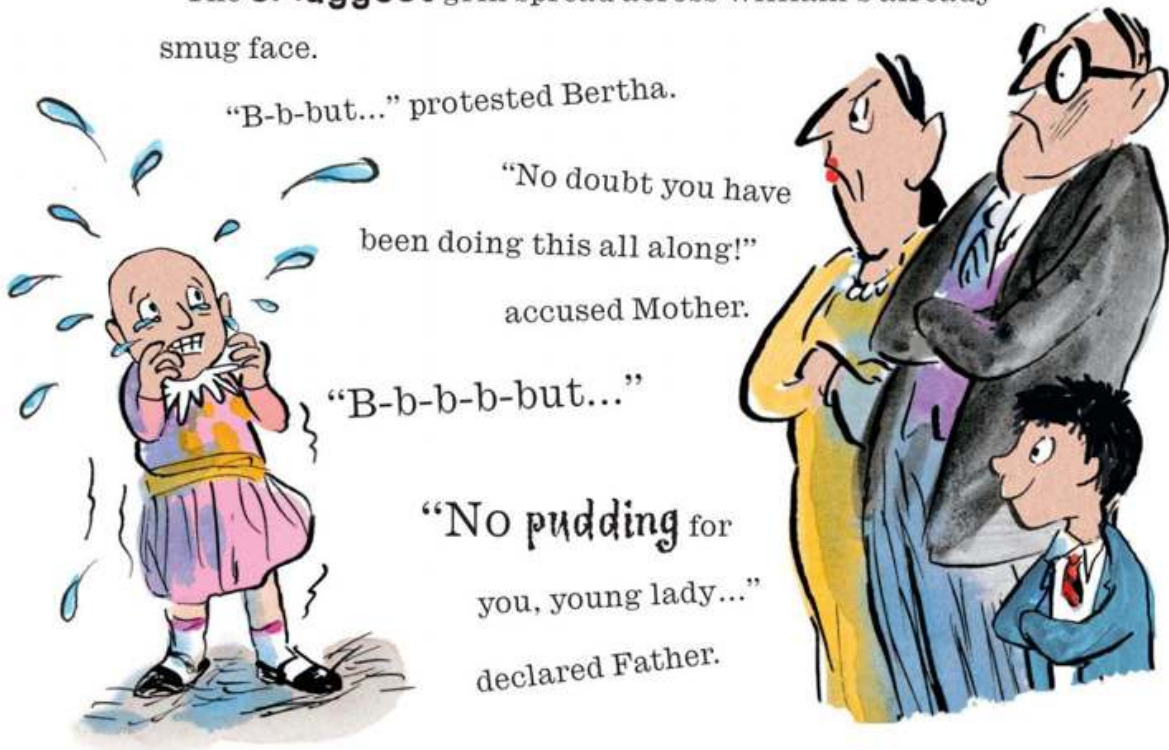
The **smuggest** grin spread across William's already smug face.

"B-b-but..." protested Bertha.

"No doubt you have been doing this all along!" accused Mother.

"B-b-b-b-but..."

"No pudding for you, young lady..." declared Father.



Bertha stopped protesting for a moment. The punishment didn't seem so bad. Missing **one pudding**. She had a stash of chocolate under her bed anyway. The girl gave her brother a self-satisfied look. Then, like a prizefighter, Mother delivered the knockout blow.

**"...EVER AGAIN!"**

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Bertha froze. This was worse than having no hair. No puddings! But Bertha loved puddings. If she could, she would only eat puddings, puddings, puddings.

How could anyone live without:

**CAKE**



and



ice cream



and



meringues and cream

and

sponge cake



and



and

**ETON MESS**

custard tarts



and

and



French fancies



treacle sponge



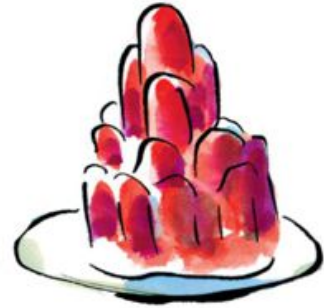
BERTHA THE BLUBBERER



and



apple crumble and custard



and

jelly



and



and

spotted dick



and

cupcakes



and

sticky toffee pudding

JAM ROLY-POLY



and

and



chocolate mousse

trifle?



and



brandy snaps

All preferably eaten  
in ONE sitting.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“Really, Mama?” pleaded the girl. “This can’t be true. No puddings forever?”

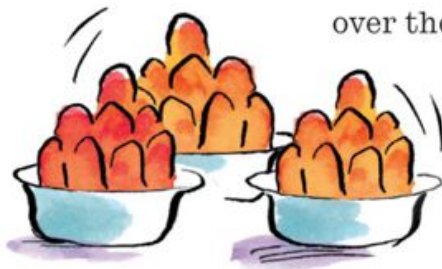
“Forever and ever and EVER,” replied Mother, who was mightily cross that her daughter had fooled her for so long.

Now every night Bertha would have to watch her brother across the dinner table, savouring every last morsel of not only his delicious pudding, but what would have been Bertha’s too.

**DOUBLE pudding!**



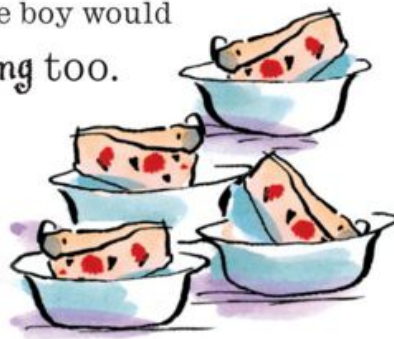
Most evenings Mother would give William her OWN pudding as well, to make up for his harsh treatment over the years.



**TRIPLE pudding!**

Often the boy would be allowed to eat his father’s pudding too.

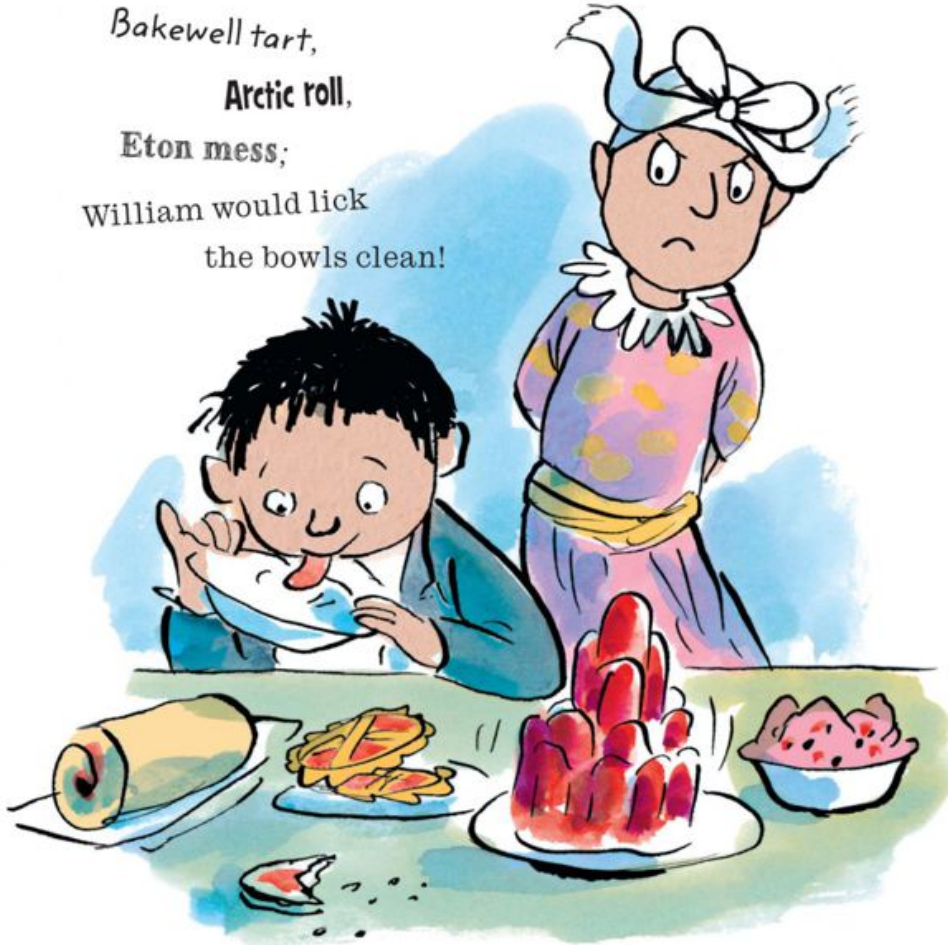
**QUADRUPLE pudding!**



## BERTHA THE BLUBBERER

It was **torture** for the girl to watch her brother eat all her favourite **pudding** night after night after night while she had not a crumb of one.

*Bakewell tart,*  
**Arctic roll,**  
**Eton mess;**  
William would lick  
the bowls clean!



To make matters worse, under the table the boy would **pinch** his sister's leg as he **scoffed** away.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN



"He pinched me!" Bertha would cry.

Nobody **EVER** believed her.

## **BERTHA THE BLUBBERER**

had **blubbered**  
one too many **blubbers**.



# NIGEL Nit-Boy

NITS, NITS AND MORE NITS

MR HENDERSON

GREAT BIG  
BUSH OF HAIR





# NIGEL Nit-Boy

NITS ARE ITCHY. Nits are scratchy. Nits are scritchty.

Nits are a NUISANCE.

Not for Nigel. Nigel was a boy who could never have enough nits. He wanted his hair **crawling** with them.

Our tale begins on the morning that Nigel woke up to discover he had a **nit** living in his hair. Most of us would be appalled and immediately try to evict the nit.

Not Nigel. He was **delighted**.

NIGEL NIT-BOY

The boy called this nit MR HENDERSON. Nigel didn't have a dog or a cat or a hamster, so he treated his nit like a pet. He made sure he never combed his hair (nits hate combs). Soon Nigel's hair was *wild* and *frizzy*, like a great big bush.

A jungle paradise for nits.



Nigel fed Mr Henderson titbits of dandruff (nits love dandruff) in the hope of training him up to do tricks, like leaping from one side of Nigel's head to the other.

Soon afterwards, Nigel heard of another child at school who had nits. Her name was Tina Ting. Nigel wanted Tina's nits more than anything in the world. He wanted nits, nits and more nits! At break-time Nigel chased the poor girl round the playground.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“What do you want?” cried Tina tearfully. “I am not playing ‘it!’”

“I want your nits!” replied the boy.

“My nits? You are nuts!” yelled the girl.

“Yes, I am **NUTS** for nits!” said Nigel.

The boy tripped over a skateboard and flew through the air towards her.

**CLONK!** Their heads bashed and, in an instant,

Tina's nits crawled over to Nigel's head...



A little dazed, the boy was nonetheless happy. Now Mr Henderson had some company.

The next day Nigel heard of a boy in school who had nits: Colin Clont. Nigel wanted those nits SO badly. So he chased Colin down the corridor and cornered him in the toilets.



NIGEL NIT-BOY

The trembling boy locked himself in a cubicle, but Nigel would not give up. He climbed over the top of the next cubicle and dangled upside down from the ceiling. Nigel's and Colin's heads knocked together.

Once again the nits sprang across to Nigel's head.

**BONK!**

Even the school cat was not safe from Nigel's advances. When Nigel was told that Minky the cat also had nits, he pursued the poor creature across the football field. Once he had caught the cat, he Sellotaped it to his head. It looked like a very unconvincing wig.

Still, one by one the cat's nits bounded on to Nigel's head.

Soon Nigel had so many nits that even his nits had nits. He stopped counting them

at a million and three.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

\* \* \*

Now you may be wondering why Nigel wanted a headful of nits. Please let me explain. Ever since he was a toddler, Nigel had spent his days reading comics. The boy was short for his age (if you don't count the wild bush of hair on top of his head) and he wanted to be **strong** and **POWERFUL** like the characters in his comics. However, Nigel had had a very normal upbringing. He'd not been lucky enough to have been



bitten by a **RADIOACTIVE SPIDER**,

or come from a **VIKING PLANET**,

or fallen down a well of **BATS**.



Besides, he found superheroes a bit boring. They were always doing good. The **SUPERVILLAINS** were so much more thrilling. Before long, **naughty** Nigel had a plan.

One morning as the boy was standing in the bathroom cleaning his teeth, he looked at himself in the mirror. His hair was now not so much a bush, more of a **hedgerow**. Nigel could not remember the last time he had either cut or combed it.





Buzzing in and out of this hedgerow of hair were billions of nits, forming a dark cloud around him.

“The day has finally come. My nit-based superpower is ready! From this day on the world will know me only as...

## ***NIT-BOY!***”

Best of all, the name hadn't already been taken.

So now that Nigel had all his nits, he went about getting a costume made. Fortunately, the boy's Auntie Pat was quite good at sewing and put together a SUPERVILLAIN costume for her nephew in no time.







Nigel had his superpower.

He had his name.

His costume was ON.

He was **NIT-BOY!**

At once he began his SUPERVILLAINY.

NIGEL NIT-BOY

The next morning he strode into school, his cape flapping in the wind. First, Nigel vowed to get revenge on his geography teacher, Mr Drumhum. Nigel found geography boring and spent most of his lessons reading comic books. Mr Drumhum had given the boy detention after detention. Now **NIT-BOY** stood at the door to the classroom. Initially there were hoots of laughter from the other children. What with his costume and shrubland of hair, the would-be SUPERVILLAIN did look quite a sight. **“HA HA HA!”**



However, the laughter turned to silent awe as **NIT-BOY** called out his first command. **“NITS! SWARM!”**

The billions of nits that were whirling round his head formed a black mass next to him.

“Nigel, what on earth do you think you are doing?” demanded Mr Drumhum.

**“NITS! ATTACK!”** shouted the boy.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

They swarmed the geography teacher, nipping him all over with their tiny nit claws.

“**Argh!**” screamed Mr Drumhum as he raced out of the classroom.

All his pupils pressed their faces up against the windows to watch their teacher.

The man was trying desperately to fend off the nits. He was hop<sup>ping</sup> and sp<sup>inning</sup> and slapping himself as

he sped across the playing field towards the school pond.

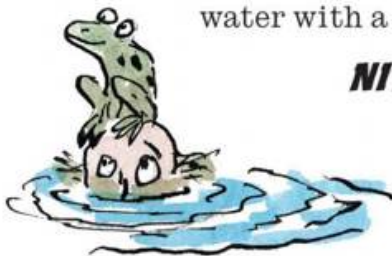
Mr Drumhum then leaped in with a giant **SPLOSH!**

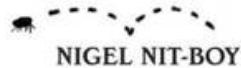
He finally had some relief from the nit nips.

Though now he was submerged in green water with a fat frog sitting on his head.

**NIT-BOY** smiled to himself.

This was going to be fun.





Next he marched across the playground to the dining hall. The dinner lady, Mrs Droop, was something of a dragon. Boiled broccoli was her signature dish. Whatever you chose, even jam roly-poly and custard, Mrs Droop would spoon heaps of her green watery mush on top. Then she would stalk up and down the dining tables, twirling her ladle like a baton, threatening to rap the knuckles of anyone who didn't eat up every last mouthful.

Nigel hated broccoli. If Superman feared Kryptonite, **NIT-BOY** was terrified of broccoli. Now he was to have his revenge on the woman who had made him eat a mountain of it.

"Nigel..." she purred as he strode in. "Why have you got your pants on over your trousers?"

**Ha ha ha!"**

Mrs Droop's smile was wiped off her face as soon as **NIT-BOY** shouted out his next command.

**"NITS!  
TO THE BROCCOLI!"**

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

"I am not having your blasted head lice messing with my delicious broccoli!" protested the dinner lady.

Too late. The nits had swarmed into a whirling tornado. Mrs Droop stood open-mouthed in shock as this twisting VORTEX spun over to her precious trays of broccoli. Then the tornado started firing the damp, limp vegetable

straight at Mrs Droop.

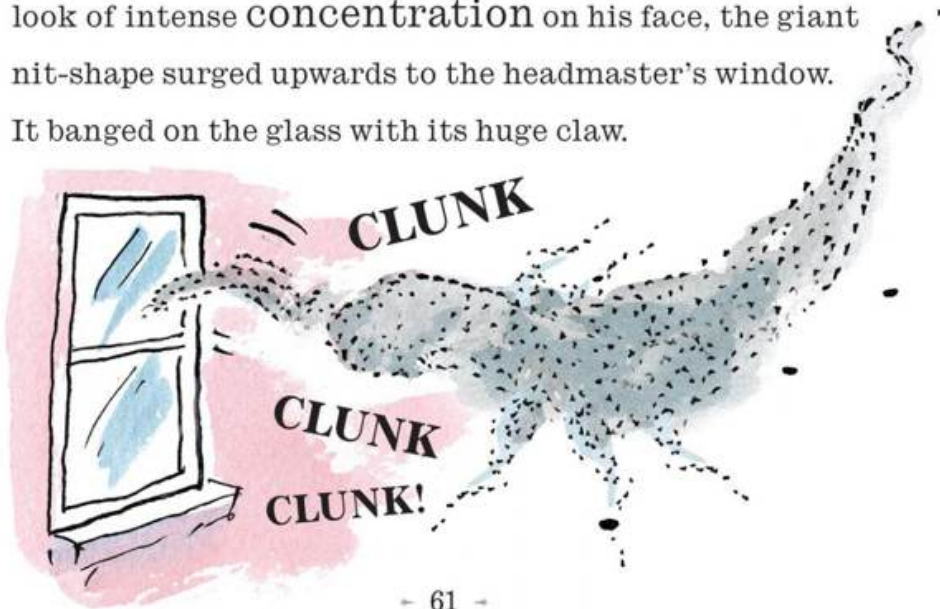


Soggy floret after soggy floret splattered across the woman's face until Mrs Droop was a damp, green, vegetably mess.

Now **NIT-BOY** was ready to have his revenge on his headmaster. The elderly Mr Sourchops had suspended Nigel from school after his tenth detention for reading comic books in lessons. The headmaster was a small and timid man, so **NIT-BOY** thought he would frighten him. Nigel stood in the playground just below the window of the headmaster's office. He closed his eyes in concentration.

**“NITS! SHAPE-SHIFT!”** he ordered.

Slowly the tiny insects swarmed together into the shape of a giant **supernit**. They were able to read their master's mind. As the boy kept his eyes tightly shut, a look of intense **concentration** on his face, the giant nit-shape surged upwards to the headmaster's window. It banged on the glass with its huge claw.



Mr Sourchops swivelled round in his chair and shrieked.

**“NOOOOOOOOOO!”**

The giant nit bashed its great head against the window, breaking the glass.

**CRACK!**

**“HELP!”** screamed the headmaster as he dashed out of his office. Running into the playground, Mr Sourchops spotted a wheelie bin.

Checking behind himself all the time for the giant supernit, the little old man pushed the bin as hard as he could before leaping into it as it was speeding away.

Finally **NIT-BOY** opened his eyes and watched in glee as his headmaster trundled across the playground in the bin.



NIGEL NIT-BOY



It bashed into a low wall...

**CLANG!**

...sending the little old man  
flying through the air straight  
into a tree trunk.

**CLUNK!**

The nits swarmed back to their  
master's head as Nigel strode out of  
the school gates.

There was plenty more **SUPERVILLAINY** to be done.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Not long after, **NIT-BOY** arrived in the market square, which was teeming with bargain-hunters. Using his nits Nigel spelled out the letters of a very rude word in the sky.

bottoms

One old lady was so shocked she fainted at the sight.

Next **NIT-BOY** turned his attention to the local toyshop. The SUPERVILLAIN ordered his nits to steal every single item in the store, including the till.



NIGEL NIT-BOY

The shop owner chased the boy down the street, but he was **whacked** over the head by the nits with one of his own giant teddy bears.



Yet there was still more chaos  
and destruction to come.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Suddenly lights flashed and a siren wailed. The police had been sent to stop Nigel from creating further mayhem. But **NIT-BOY** ordered his nits to attack the police car and they swarmed on to its windscreen. The glass became so thick with nits that the policeman crashed straight into the window of an optician's.



Nothing could stop **NIT-BOY** now. He felt invincible. Soon the whole world would kneel before him.

ALL HAIL, **NIT-BOY!**

Later that night, Nigel had put on his pyjamas and was lying in bed. Even SUPERVILLAINS need their sleep. The boy was dreaming up the next day's evil schemes.

However, outside in the street stood a throng of townsfolk, armed not with flaming torches and pitchforks, as is the tradition with angry mobs, but with an array of combs. **NIT-BOY** had to be robbed of his powers. And there was only **ONE** way to do that.

They began to chant,

**“COMB HIS HAIR!  
COMB HIS HAIR!”**



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The chant became louder and louder as the mob grew angrier and angrier.

Nigel leaped from his bed and peeked out of his window. Looking down, he saw more and more people rushing out of their houses to join the horde.

In a swirling *whirl* of nits, Nigel changed out of his pyjamas to become... **NIT-BOY!**

He marched outside and approached the mob. With his Wellington boots on and his cape (which was really one of his mum's old skirts) flapping in the wind, **NIT-BOY** felt ready to take on the world.

His millions of nits had now multiplied into billions or maybe even trillions\*.

They buzzed round the boy's head, blacking out the scattering of stars in the night sky.

\*It would be hard to give you an exact number because nits won't stay still, making counting them IMPOSSIBLE.



NIGEL NIT-BOY

“THERE HE IS!” shouted someone.

“IT’S **NIT-BOY!**”

“GET HIM!”

The mob surged forwards, brandishing their combs. The old lady who had fainted in the market square was holding a large bottle of anti-nit shampoo called **Nit-Blitz**. On the label it said:

*The sworn enemy of the  
**NIT!** This **HIGHLY TOXIC**  
and foul-smelling shampoo  
is poisonous to all known  
nits. It is **GUARANTEED** to  
kill nits until they are totally  
and utterly **COMPLETELY**  
**DEAD!***



Unable to contain her anger a moment longer, the old lady hurled the bottle at Nigel. It bounced off his hair and hit her on the head, knocking her out cold.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The boy still stood his ground. Once again he commanded his nits.

**“NITS! LIFT!”**

The nits swooped downwards to create a hoverboard under their master's feet. Then they lifted him off the ground with laughable ease.

The crowd gasped in shock. This SUPERVILLAIN could actually fly!



NIGEL NIT-BOY

The boy zoomed through the night sky, performing an impressive



“NOW GO BACK TO YOUR HOMES OR YOU WILL FEEL THE FULL FORCE OF **NIT-BOY!**”

The townsfolk began muttering to each other dejectedly. They knew they were beaten, yet still no one moved.

“**DISPERSE!**” **NIT-BOY** ordered the crowd.

But his nits must have thought he was talking to them. Nits are not known for their intelligence. As far as I know, no nit has performed brain surgery or been involved in rocket science. So the nits...





# ...DISPERSED.



Led by Mr Henderson,  
they all buzzed Off in different directions,  
disappearing  
into the sky.

**NIT-BOY** looked down at the people below.

He gulped as he began to plummet d o w n  
He tumbled through  
the air, desperately  
flapping his arms.

n  
w  
a  
r  
d  
s.

# “HELP!”



NIGEL NIT-BOY

The crowd surged out of the way, and Nigel landed headfirst on the pavement. Fortunately, such was the volume of hair on his head that he survived the fall without injury.

“GRAB HIM!”

shouted someone.



Nigel was carted off to the local hairdresser's where his hair was washed with **Nit-Blitz** shampoo

and he was given a very sensible short back and sides.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

All remaining nits or nit eggs were combed out of Nigel's hair and he had to make a promise in front of the whole town.

"I solemnly **SWEAR** never,  
ever to become  
**NIT-BOY** again."



You might be surprised to learn that, even though he was one of the world's **WORST** children, Nigel kept his promise. **NIT-BOY** was never seen again.

However, some time later Nigel came up with another **SUPERVILLAIN** to be.

From now on he would be known as...



NIGEL NIT-BOY

# VERRUCA-BOY!\*

A SUPERVILLAIN who refused to wear a plastic SOCK at the swimming pool, thereby unleashing a plague of **verrucas** on the world.

And the best part was that Nigel could REUSE the cape that was really his mum's old **skirt**.



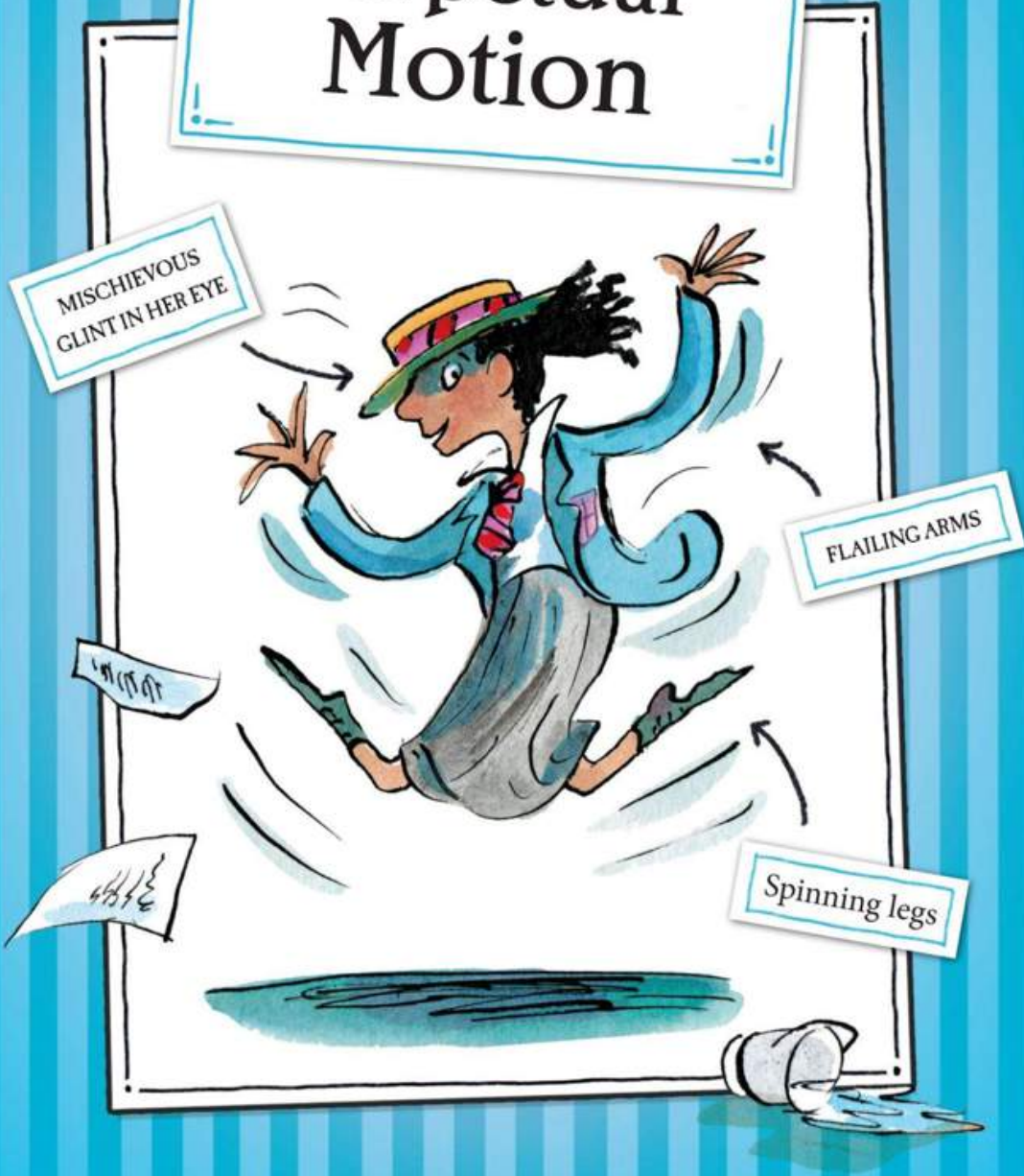
\*Again, fortunately the name had **NOT** already been taken.

# Miss PETULA Perpetual- Motion

MISCHIEVOUS  
GLINT IN HER EYE

FLAILING ARMS

Spinning legs





# Miss **PETULA** Perpetual-Motion

THIS IS THE STORY OF A GIRL who would **NOT** sit still.

*Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion* was forever in motion.

Whether she was in a lesson, in church or even playing Musical Statues, some part of her would always be **moving**. It might be her **foot**, or her **arm**, or even her entire **body**.

## MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION



It would start with

a little wiggle, then

become a waggle,

before turning

into a jiggle and

progressing to a JOGGLE.

Next she would be cartwheeling across the room, creating pandemonium wherever she went.

Petula was even in motion as she slept. Sometimes the other girls at her posh boarding school, *Modesty Place*, would hear a noise in the dead of night. They would peek out from under their bedcovers and see Petula ballet-dancing across the dormitory with her eyes closed.

One day, Petula's rather grand headmistress announced that the girls of *Modesty Place* were to go on an awfully special trip.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“Quiet, girls!” ordered the lady as she stood on stage at assembly. Miss Prigg’s grey hair was styled in a magnificent bouffant hairdo and a pair of half-moon spectacles hung from her neck on a gold chain. If she was about to tell someone off (which was often), the spectacles would be lifted up to her eyes so she could stare her victim down and give them the *willies*.

“Now, girls, we are going to take a school trip to somewhere I – your beloved headmistress – have chosen myself. We are going to visit my favourite **PORCELAIN** museum. Needless to say, I expect you to be on your absolute best behaviour. I don’t want any mishaps.”





MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

Suddenly all eyes were on Petula.

**OH NO!** thought the *good* girls sitting in the front row.

**OH YES!** thought the *bad* girls sitting in the back row.

To make matters worse (or better, depending on whether you were a good or bad girl), Petula was bouncing up and down on her seat like it was a space hopper.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“**PORCELAIN** has long been a personal passion of mine,” continued the headmistress, who loved making lengthy speeches. “Now I – your beloved headmistress – want to share that passion with **YOU**. This museum is the best in Europe. Every single piece on display is a **priceless** antique. There shall be no ‘*accidents*’. Do I make myself clear?”

There was a faint murmur from the pupils.

“**I SAID DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?!**”  
she bellowed.

“**Yes, Headmistress,**” chimed the girls in unison.

“Excellent! Now, *Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion*, I need to see you in my study right away.”

The girl glowed as **red** as a tomato driving a fire engine. What had she done wrong **now**?

**Surely** the time when she accidentally spun backwards into the science block had been put behind her? Yes, the experiment taking place that day went badly wrong. Yes, there was still a huge hole in the floor where the acid burned through it. But Petula swore it was an **accident**.

MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

Yes, her triple jump on sports day became an *octuple* jump (taking in eight different moves) and resulted in Petula karate-kicking the local mayor, sending



But again the girl insisted it was an accident.

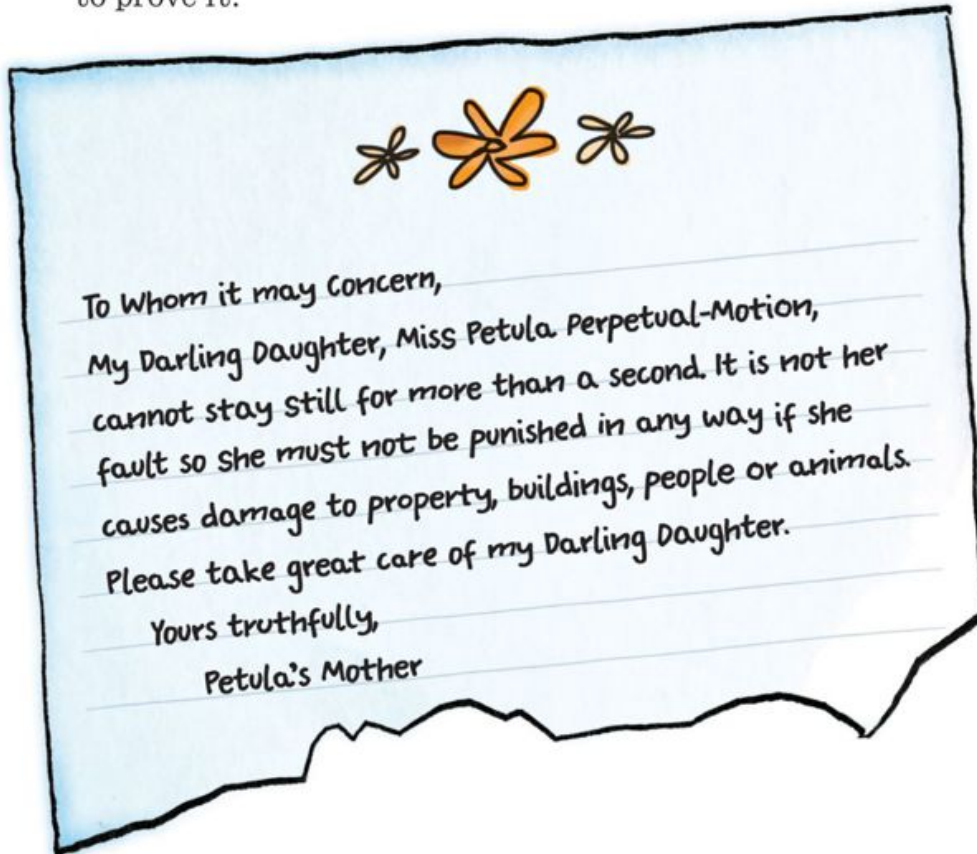
And yes, **of course**, who could forget the time at the school Christmas Carol Concert when Petula couldn't stand still in church, cartwheeled up the aisle and sent the vicar flying headfirst into the choir?



But these were all accidents.  
It wasn't her fault she couldn't sit still.

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Petula even had a note from her mother to prove it.



With some trepidation, the girl knocked on the door of the headmistress's study.

**“KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!”**

“Come!” barked the headmistress from inside.

MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

“**KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!**”

Petula’s hand did not stop knocking.

“**I SAID COME!**” came an angry-sounding voice.

Still Petula couldn’t stop her hand from knocking.

“**KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!**”

“Oh, for goodness’ sake!” roared the headmistress.

Miss Prigg yanked open the door and Petula  
**KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKED** the lady  
slap-bang on her nose.

“**BOINK!**”

“Ow!”

“Sorry, Miss Prigg,” replied the  
girl with a hint of a smile.  
It was amusing to see the  
lady fuming.

“**COME INTO MY STUDY  
THIS INSTANT!**”  
ordered the headmistress.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Petula forward-rolled into the room, which Miss Prigg always had kept spotless. In fact an old cleaner was in there at that moment, busily polishing some school trophies on a table.

“You – out!” ordered the headmistress. Miss Prigg was curt to anyone she considered below her.

The cleaner picked up her dusters and shuffled towards the door.

“Quickly!” shouted Miss Prigg, and the poor old dear picked up her pace until at last she disappeared.

“Now take a seat,  
*Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion.*”  
said the headmistress.

Petula did just that. She took a seat, and **danced** round the study with it.

“I meant, sit down!”  
barked Miss Prigg.

The girl whisked and whirled the chair to the floor, and slowly lowered herself on to it.



MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

As soon as her bottom touched the chair she felt an overwhelming urge to bounce up and down on it, so she did.

“Be still!” demanded Miss Prigg. But Petula continued to bounce up and down, the chair squeaking along rhythmically with her bounces.



BOUNCE  
SQUEAK!  
BOUNCE  
SQUEAK!  
BOUNCE  
SQUEAK!

“Now, needless to say, I want you on your absolute best behaviour during the school trip.”

“Of course, Miss Prigg. As if I would be anything else.”

BOUNCE  
SQUEAK!  
BOUNCE  
SQUEAK!  
BOUNCE  
SQUEAK!



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The headmistress was not convinced. She lifted her half-moon spectacles up to her eyes and studied the girl.

“The truth is, you have left a trail of **destruction** behind you wherever you’ve been at *Modesty Place*, which is the **finest** girls’ boarding school in the country. I hardly need remind you of the **incident** in the school dining hall yesterday lunchtime. You began by juggling huge bowls of **trifle**. Before long they were **Z Z Z O O O m m i n g** through the air, heading



“At least it saved you all the bother of queuing for dessert, Headmistress,” replied the little girl. If this was designed to stop Miss Prigg from becoming further enraged, it failed **miserably**.



MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

“I WAS COVERED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN TRIFLE!” boomed the headmistress, her face now boiling with fury, her teeth on the verge of gnashing. “Only this morning I found a piece of *jelly* in my ear.”

“Did you eat it, miss?” enquired the girl politely.

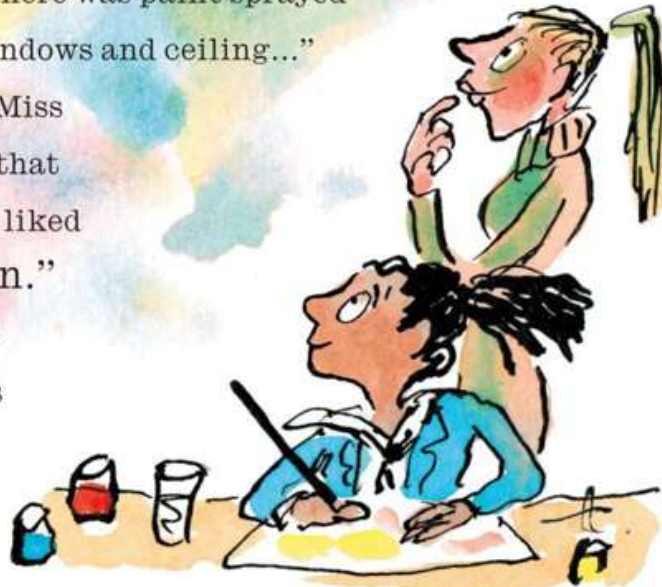
“No! I did NOT eat it!”

BOUNCE SQUEAK! BOUNCE SQUEAK! BOUNCE SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

This noise was really distracting the headmistress now, but she pressed on. “Then there was the time you caused chaos in your art class. You jiggled and wiggled and, before we knew it, there was paint sprayed across the walls, windows and ceiling...”

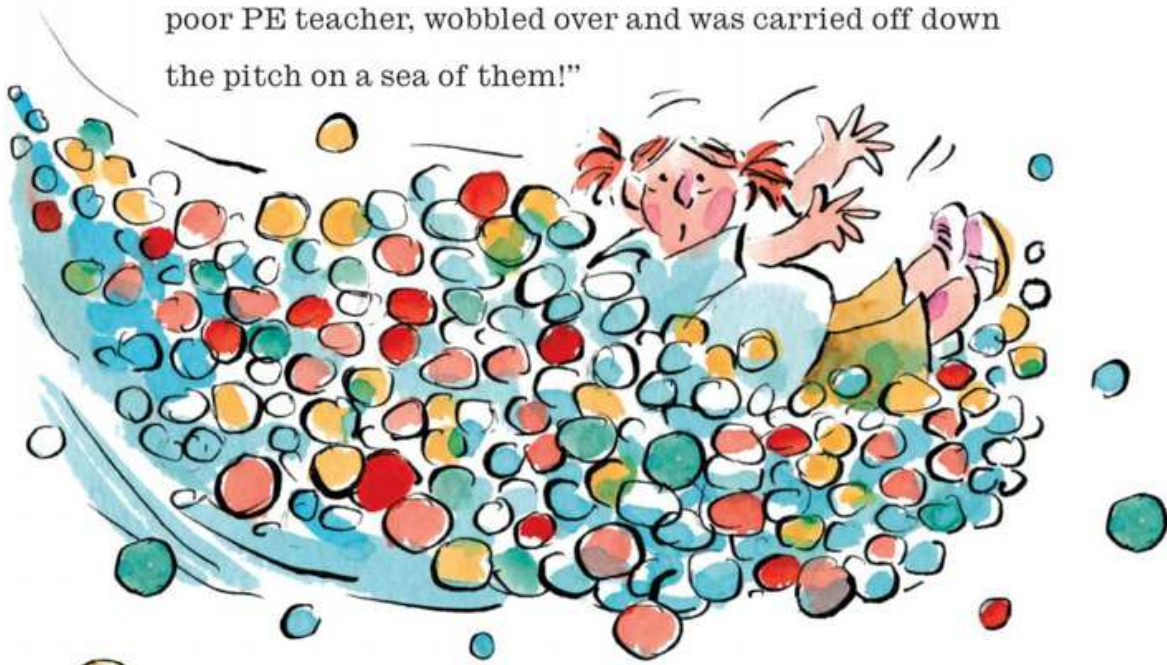
“Our art teacher, Miss Splurge, remarked that she actually rather liked the redecoration.”

The headmistress chose to ignore this *smarty-pants* reply.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“And the time when you managed to release ALL the lacrosse balls from the games cupboard. Miss Heft, your poor PE teacher, wobbled over and was carried off down the pitch on a sea of them!”



“I do hope they eventually find her,” remarked Petula.

“I DO TOO!” bellowed the headmistress.

**BOUNCE BOUNCE BOUNCE**  
**SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!**

Miss Prigg couldn't take it a moment longer.

**“WILL YOU BE STILL?!”** she ordered.

“Sorry, miss,” muttered the girl. For a moment Petula was still. But the moment soon passed.

## MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

There was a wobble, then a wibble, ending up in a huge wubble. The girl performed a dive roll on to the floor, before finishing her acrobatics display with a handstand.

“Now, *Miss Perpetual-Motion*,” purred Miss Prigg with a new hint of menace in her voice,

“I need the trip to the **PORCELAIN** museum to pass without incident or *Modesty Place* – founded one thousand years ago by a nun, no less – could become a laughing stock.”

“Of course, miss,” said the **N M O D - E D I S E D U** girl who was now scuttling about the headmistress’s office on her hands like a performing poodle.

“So I have ordered *Modesty Place*’s science teacher, Professor Blink, to come up with a contraption to stop you causing any damage to the priceless antiques.”

*Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion* did not like the sound of this at all. “I will be fine without it, thank you, miss,” she said. The girl’s legs were now doing **SCISSOR** kicks.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

As she spoke, her legs sent a pile of school reports  
flying off the headmistress's desk.

They looked like a flock of sea gulls taking flight.

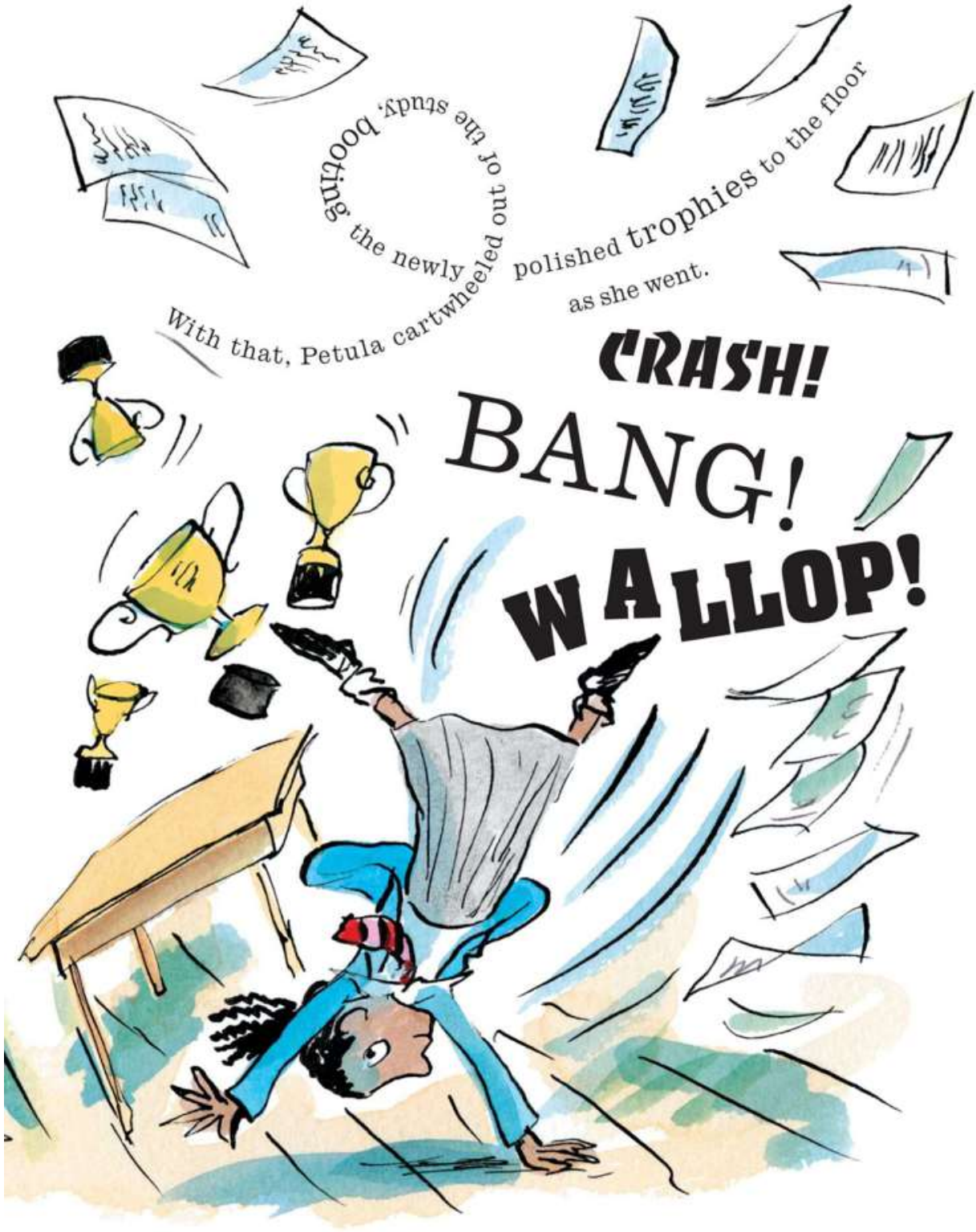
"No, you will not!" barked the headmistress.

"What is this contraption, miss?"

"Oh, you'll see!" said Miss Prigg ominously,  
desperately trying to pluck the  
sheets of paper from the air.

**"NOW GET OUT!"**





With that, Petula cartwheeled the newly polished trophies to the floor as she went.

**CRASH!**  
**BANG!**  
**WALLOP!**

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

\* \* \*

The day of the school trip arrived, and Professor Blink proudly wheeled her **invention** out of the science block and into the playground.

“There we are, Headmistress!” said the lady, still sporting her white lab coat and safety goggles. “Just as you asked.”

“It’s marvellous, Professor!” replied Miss Prigg.



## MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

The science teacher had created a huge, round, see-through inflatable ball, large enough for someone to be placed inside. Of course, that someone was *Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion*.

“I am proud to finally unveil my invention!” announced the professor. “I have named it

# the Bouncing **BOOM-BOOM** Ball.

“It is destined to stop **jiggling** children all over the world from destroying **everything** in their paths.”

“KEEP IT BRIEF!” ordered the headmistress, who only liked the sound of her own voice.

“Yes, yes, Headmistress,” replied the science teacher hurriedly. “It’s very simple – the child who **cannot stay still** is stuffed in here,” she began, indicating a small hatch in the ball. “Then, when the child does fidget, the **Bouncing BOOM-BOOM** Ball will simply bounce off any precious objects nearby, causing **ZERO** damage.”

At least that was the idea.

“Splendid!” said the headmistress. “You may go!”

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

It was a long coach ride to the **PORCELAIN** museum. Despite the driver's protestations, the headmistress insisted that Petula travel in the boot so she couldn't cause any **damage** on the way.

As soon as they arrived, the headmistress stuffed *Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion* into the Bouncing **BOOM-BOOM** Ball. Then she led her party of schoolgirls inside the museum as Petula bounced along, bringing up the rear. Despite her initial reluctance, once inside the Bouncing **BOOM-BOOM** Ball the girl began to **enjoy** it. A smile spread across her face.

The museum was a treasure trove of all things





## MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

“Now, girls, needless to say, there is absolutely NO touching of any of the items on display,” announced the headmistress. “I know most of your mamas and papas are filthy rich since they send you to *Modesty Place*, which I am proud to say is the most expensive school in the country. However, if you do touch anything and cause it to break, you will have to pay for it yourselves, every last penny. Does your beloved headmistress make herself clear?”

The pupils murmured.

“I SAID, DOES YOUR BELOVED HEADMISTRESS  
MAKE HERSELF CLEAR?!”

“Yes, miss,” replied the girls.

“Now gather round!”

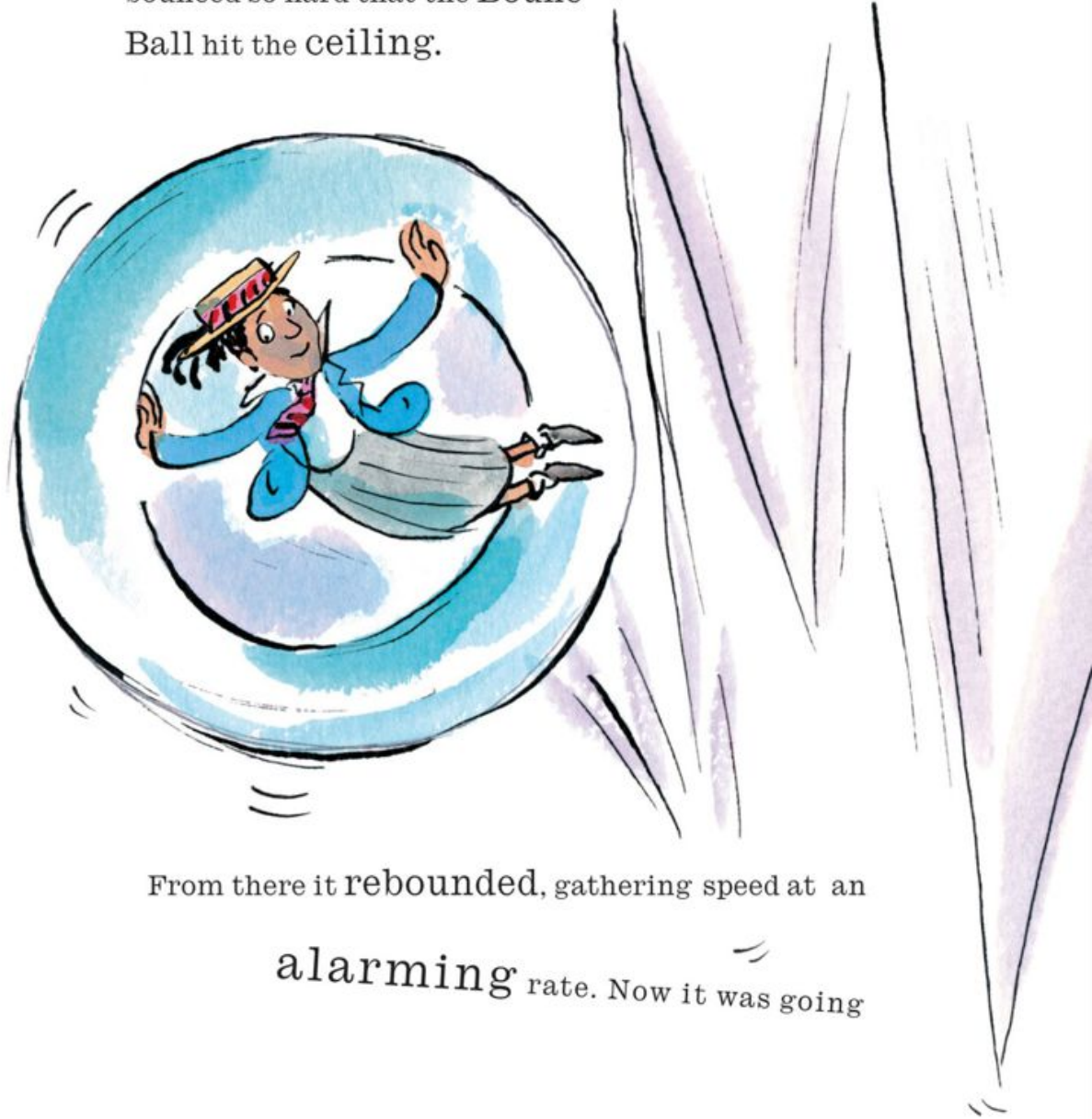
The girls huddled round a plinth. On it sat a large bowl, with hundreds of tiny flowers hand-painted round the outside. Petula bounced up and down in her giant ball to try to get a better look. Miss Prigg raised her half-moon spectacles to her eyes.

“This bowl was made in Paris. It once belonged to the last queen of France, Marie Antoinette, and dates back to the eighteenth century.”



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Suddenly, in her eagerness to see, *Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion* bounced so hard that the Bounc<sup>i</sup>ng **BOOM-BOOM** Ball hit the ceiling.



From there it rebounded, gathering speed at an  
alar<sup>m</sup>ing rate. Now it was going

WHAM!

up and down, up and down, up  
and down, shaking the room as it  
bounce  
bounce  
bounced.

BOOM!



BOOM!

BOOM!

The headmistress gasped in horror. Miss Petula  
*Perpetual-Motion* was bouncing dangerously close  
to the priceless **PORCELAIN** pieces.

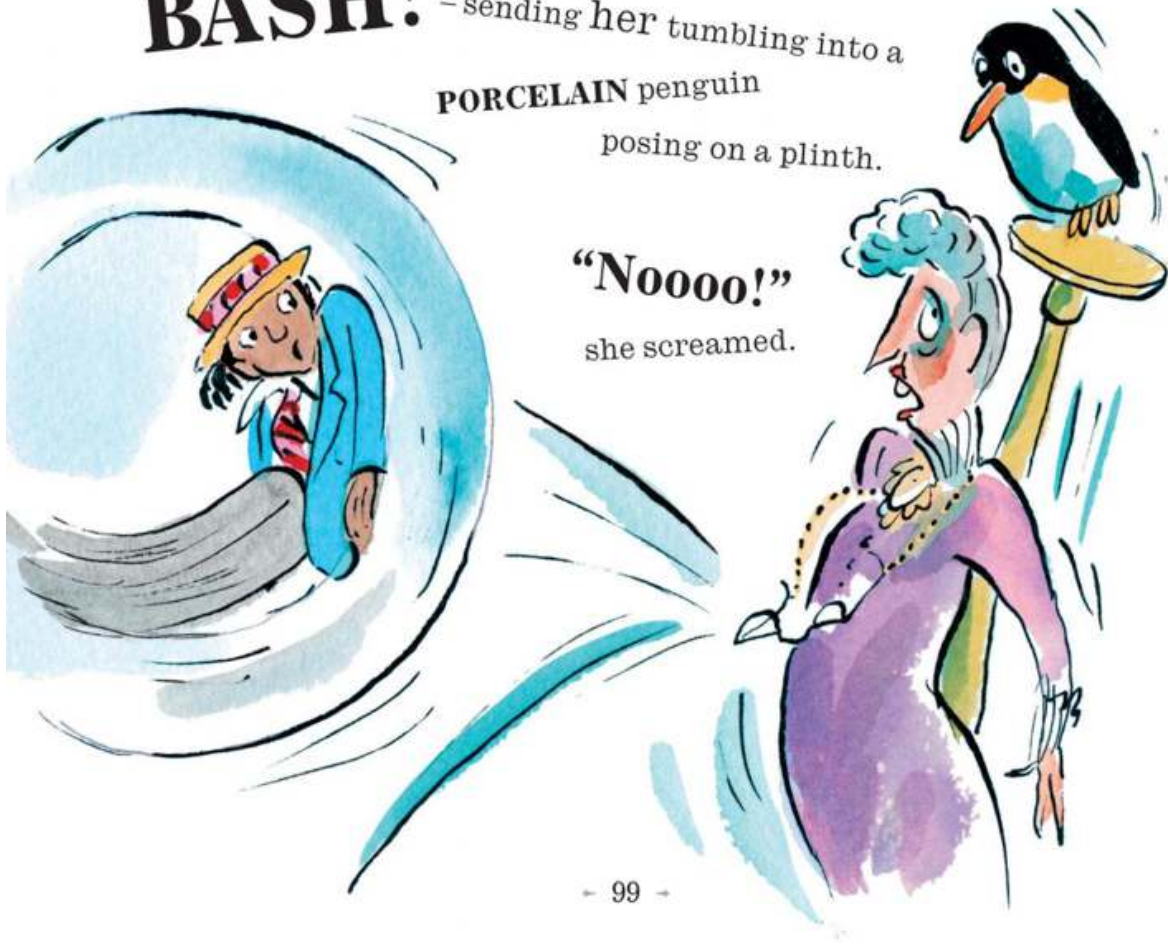


THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

As the Bouncing **BOOM-BOOM** Ball bounced closer and closer, Miss Prigg stretched out her long thin arms and gave it a **shove**. This caused the contraption to start ricocheting off the walls. As all the other schoolgirls watched with their mouths open, it **walloped** off the priceless **PORCELAIN** without damaging it at all, and then bounced **back** into the headmistress –

**BASH!** – sending her tumbling into a  
**PORCELAIN** penguin  
posing on a plinth.

**“Noooo!”**  
she screamed.



MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

The penguin went flying through the air.



It was an unusual sight as penguins are, of course, flightless birds. But the wonder of seeing such a bird finally taking flight was soon brought to an abrupt halt. The **PORCELAIN** penguin smashed against the wall...

**CRASH!**



...shattering into hundreds of tiny pieces.

All the schoolgirls gasped in horror and delight.

“You’ll pay for that, *Perpetual-Motion!*” shouted the headmistress.

“But I didn’t touch the priceless **PORCELAIN**, Headmistress! You did!” reasoned the girl.

Needless to say, this made Miss Prigg blaze with rage. She chased after *Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion* as the girl bounce-bounce-bounced off to the other side of *the* room.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The headmistress raced towards the Bouncing **BOOM-BOOM** Ball, this time with her arms and legs outstretched to **stop** it. But as it bounced off the wall, it sent the lady flying backwards through the air once more.

The first thing she hit was a **PORCELAIN** statue of a *swan*.

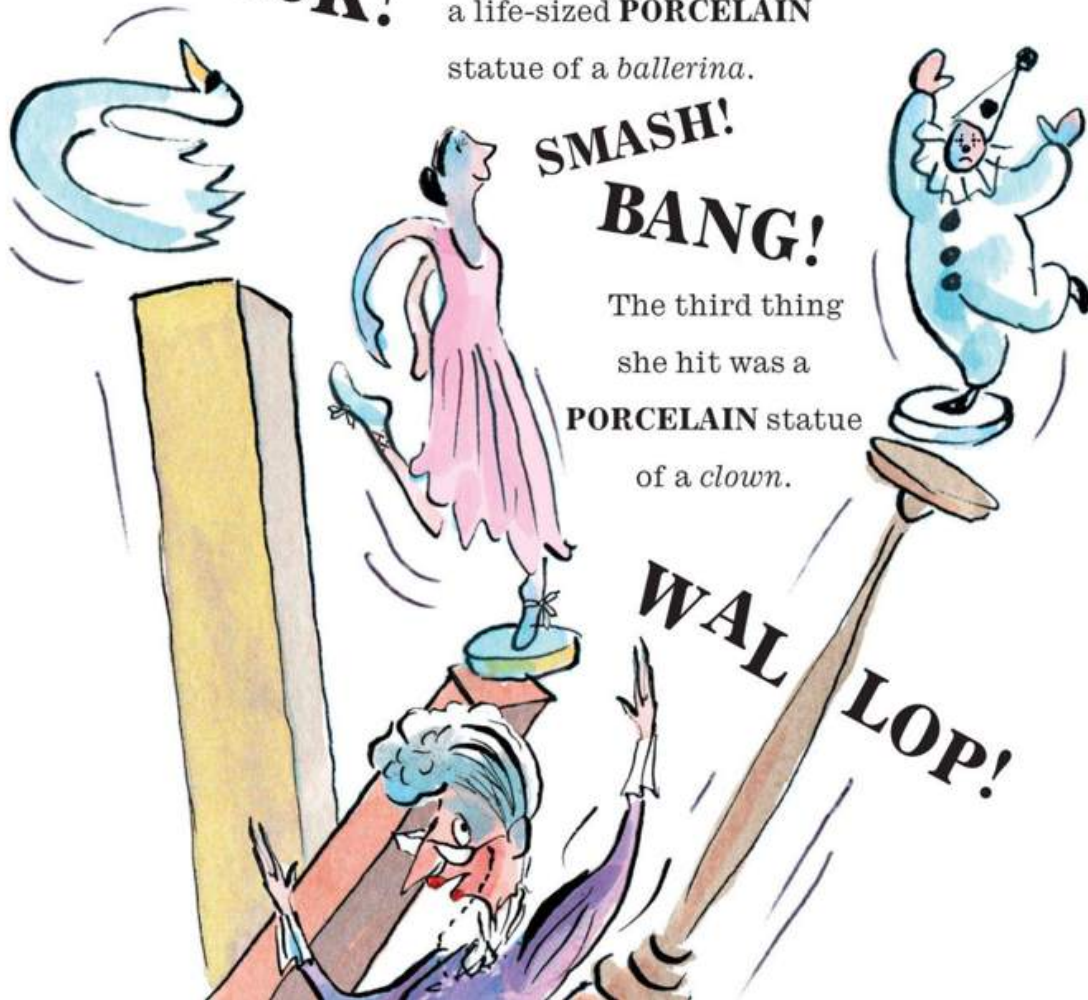
**THWACK!**

The second thing was a life-sized **PORCELAIN** statue of a *ballerina*.

**SMASH!**  
**BANG!**

The third thing she hit was a **PORCELAIN** statue of a *clown*.

**WALLOP!**



MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

It wasn't one of those happy clowns. It was one of those sad clowns. Sadly there isn't time to fully explore the clown's emotional state. That's because said clown, along with those other objects flying through the air, was soon nothing more than a **SHOWER** of **PORCELAIN** scattering across the floor.

**SHATTER!**

At this very moment, hearing all the commotion, the elderly museum director came dashing out of his office. He popped his monocle into place to survey the damage. Every single one of the museum's most priceless pieces of **PORCELAIN** was in pieces.

“What is the meaning of this?!”

he bellowed, waving one of his walking sticks aloft in fury.

The headmistress wobbled to her feet, crunching **PORCELAIN** gravel underfoot as she did so.

**CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH.**

“I can explain!” pleaded the lady.





“Who touched the precious, priceless, pleasing **PORCELAIN** pieces?” demanded the museum director.

“Well...” The headmistress glanced over at *Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion* who, to her surprise, was now bouncing only very gently in her plastic ball.

“Well, technically it was **ME**, but—”

“No buts!” shouted the museum director.

“Lady! **You** will pay for every last piece!”

**“Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!”**

screamed the headmistress.

The girl who couldn't keep **still** smirked.

\* \* \*

The museum’s bill came to many **millions**. On a headmistress’s salary, even at the most expensive school in the country, it would have taken a **thousand years** for Miss Prigg to pay everything back. So she had to take on lots of other jobs at **Modesty Place**.

Despite being a very grand woman, the headmistress now had to be up at dawn every morning with a mop and bucket, **cleaning** the school corridors.





MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

At lunchtime she would be dishing out soup in the dining hall.

And after school most days, Miss Prigg could be seen up a ladder, clearing wet leaves and dead pigeons from the guttering.

And if there was one person guaranteed to

**KICK** over the  
headmistress's *bucket,*

send the *soup*  
**FLYING**  
through the air,

or **TRIP** over  
her *ladder,*

it was of course...

***Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion!***



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

\* \* \*

Some years later it was Petula's very **last** day at **Modesty Place**. She was eighteen years old now, and ready to somersault off into the world.

That morning the headmistress had been up at dawn **unblocking the toilets** and she had been called to the library to clear up some vomit after the librarian had come down with food poisoning.

As Miss Prigg angrily plonked down her mop and bucket, she spotted her **nemesis**, Petula, sitting in a corner of the library reading a book.

The strange thing was that the girl was sitting perfectly **motionless**.



Miss Prigg hid behind some shelves of books, and spied on her most-hated pupil. Apart from turning a page every couple of minutes, *Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion* did not move a muscle.

After an hour of **snooping** the headmistress leaped out from behind the shelves.

“AHA!” exclaimed the lady. “GOTCHA!”

“Shush!” shushed Petula, her eyes indicating a sign on the wall of the library that said

**SILENCE!**

“But, but, but...!” The headmistress couldn’t contain herself. “You can sit still if you want to!”

“Yes, I can!” replied the girl. “And I have ALWAYS been able to!”

“But what about that **letter** from your mother?”

“Oh, that silly old thing? I wrote that myself!”

“ONE HUNDRED  
**YEARS**  
OF  
DETENTION!”

bellowed

Miss Prigg.



“I’d love to, I really would, but today is my very last day at **Modesty Place**. And for old times’ sake I am going to...

...cartwheel out.

## Farewell, Headmistress!”

With that *Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion* leaped on to her hands and spun out of the library, sending every single book flying through the air.

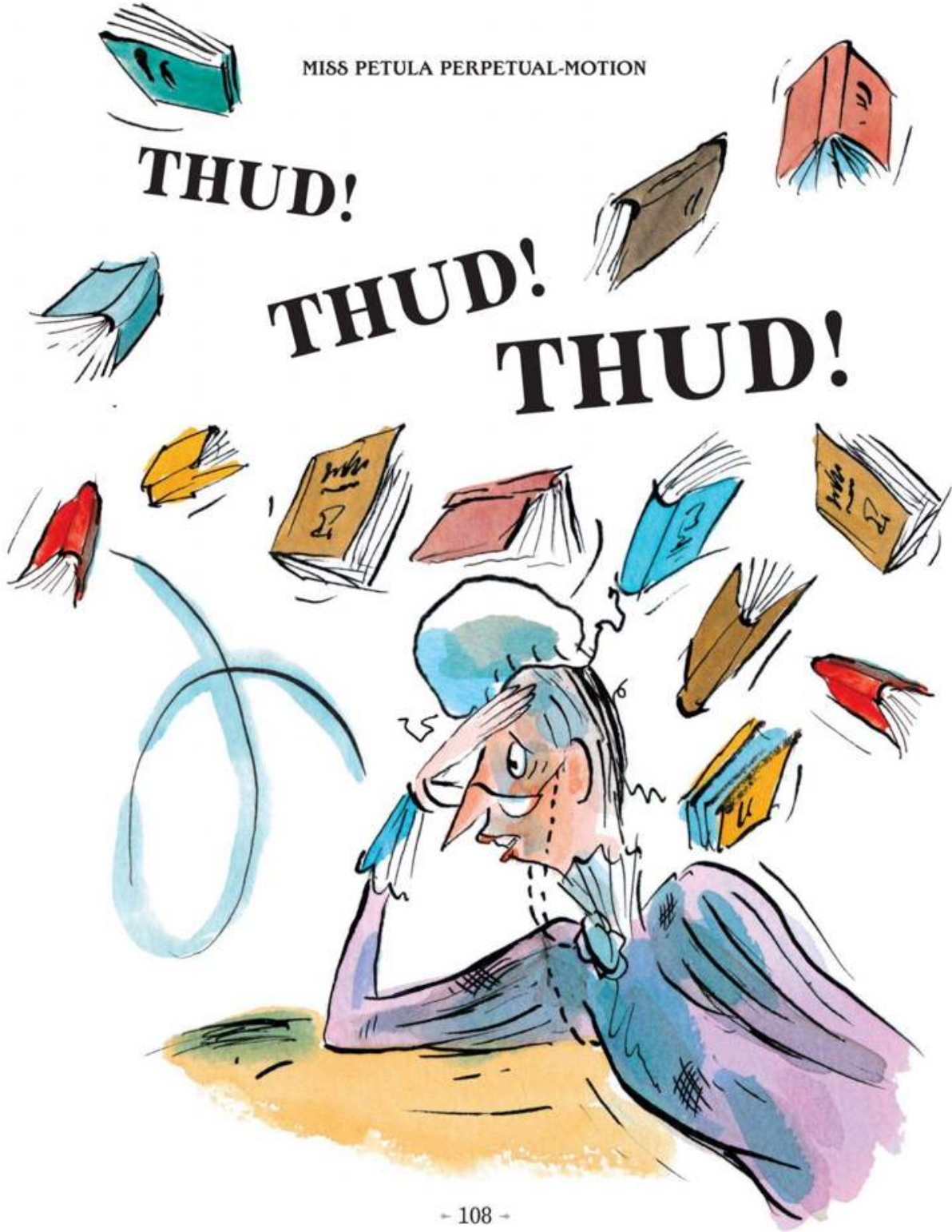


MISS PETULA PERPETUAL-MOTION

**THUD!**

**THUD!**

**THUD!**

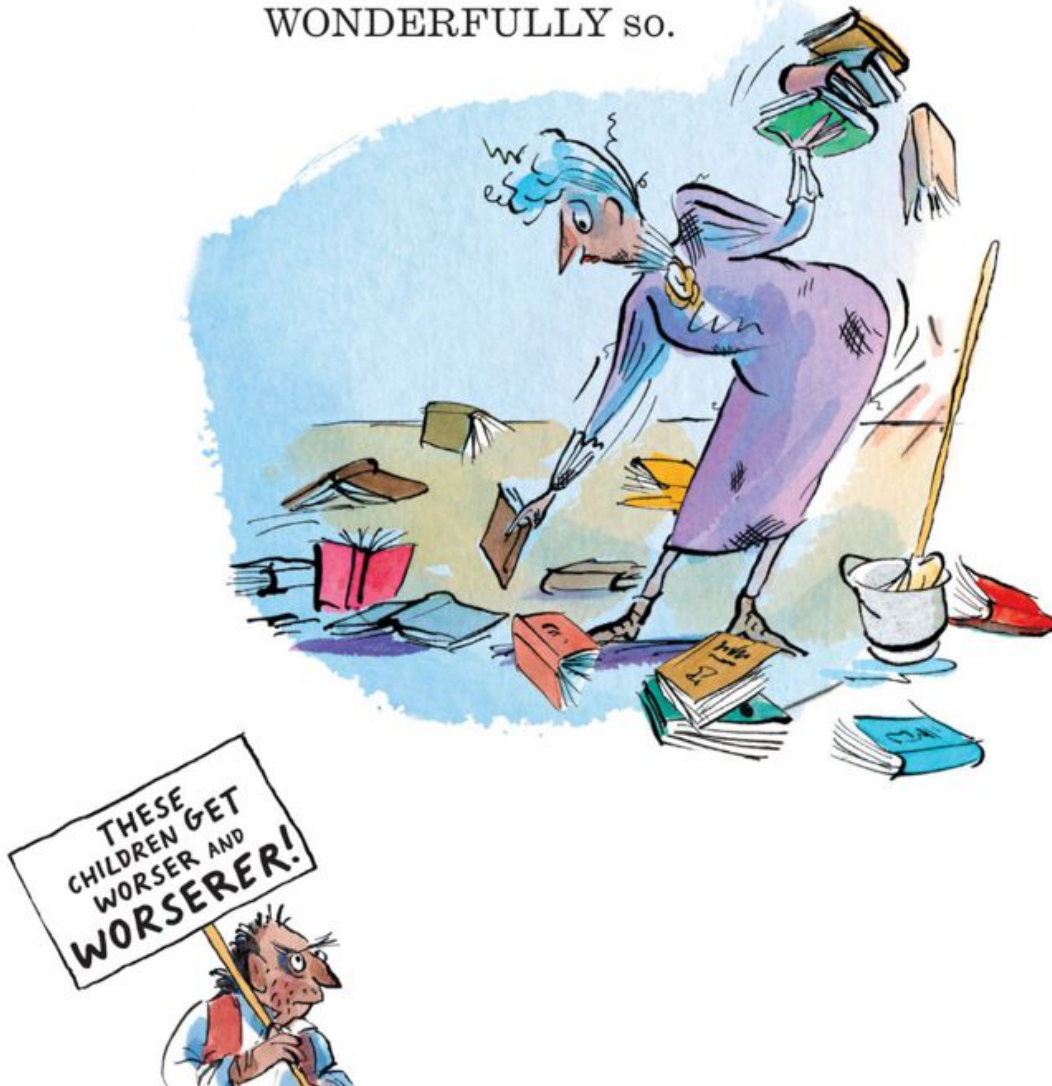


## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The headmistress was in the library until midnight, picking up all the books and putting them back on the shelves. Then she still had to mop up the vomit.

So now you know, *Miss Petula Perpetual-Motion* really was one of the world's WORST children.

WONDERFULLY so.



# PETER Picker

WET FINGERS

STRETCHED NOSTRILS

EVER GROWING  
PILE OF SNOT





# PETER Picker

SOME CHILDREN LIKE to blow their nose; some like to pick. Peter was a **picker**. The boy always had a finger up his nose. Sometimes **TWO**. One in each nostril.

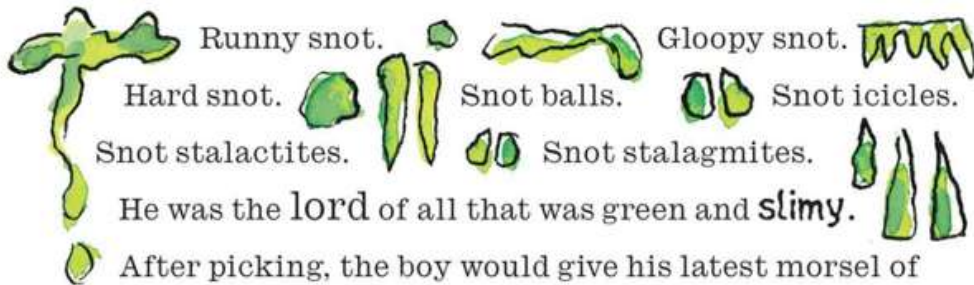
The buried treasure he was searching  
for was of purest green:

**SNOT.**



PETER PICKER

Although he was short for his age, **Peter Picker** could pick an extensive and seemingly endless supply of it.



He was the lord of all that was green and slimy. After picking, the boy would give his latest morsel of snot a quick inspection, and then add it to his **BALL** of **BOGEYS**.

He had read in a book of world records that the biggest EVER bogey recorded was produced by a rather hefty German girl named *Fräulein Schleim*. Hers was the size of a **cannonball**, and weighed as much as a medium-sized pig.\*

\*Although only twelve, *Fräulein Schleim* already had a number of unsavoury world records to her name. The girl had produced the world's biggest block of **EARWAX**, which was the size of a tub of ice cream. Next she was responsible for the world's largest shower of **DANDRUFF**, managing to completely cover a football pitch just by untying her pigtails. The world record *Fräulein Schleim* was proudest of, however, was the one for the smelliest **FOOT CHEESE**. When she took off her steel-toe-capped boots, the stench flattened every tree within a ten-mile radius.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Propelled by the idea that he too could earn a place in *The Book of World Records*, **Peter Picker** set about attempting to smash his rival's effort. He was determined to produce the bogey to end all bogeys — a **GARGANTUAN** ball of snot.

He had started with just one ordinary, medium-sized bogey. However, once he had stuck bogey after bogey to it, it became a super-bogey.

Then a **MEGA-BOGEY**. Finally it progressed to being an **ULTRA-BOGEY**.

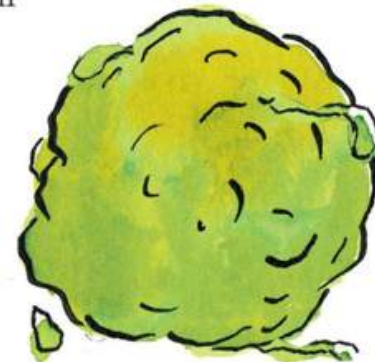


Now, every time the boy picked his nose (which was at least once every few seconds),



he added to it. When Peter started, it was just the size of a pea. But with each new green globule it grew. Soon it was the size of a conker, then a melon, then a football, then a **SNOWMAN**.

The boy became so focused on entering the record books that he often bunked off school so he could spend all day *picking his nose*.



## PETER PICKER

At first Peter was able to carry this ball of snot around with him. When it became too big and heavy, the boy simply rolled it along the street.

However, one morning on the way to school, Peter had accidentally run over his neighbour's cat, Ginger, and the poor creature had become embedded in the snot ball.

The bogey was so sticky Peter had to shave the cat's hair off to remove it.

"MMMMEEEEEOOWWWW!!!"

Now the boy kept the sphere of snot safe in his bedroom. By the time of this story, the sphere of snot (or **SNOT-SPHERE** for short) was the size of an asteroid. It looked like it had come from outer space too.

A kaleidoscope of greens.

Light green.

Dark green.

Green green.

Not-so-green green.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

But, with new bogeys being picked, licked and flicked on to it by the minute, Peter's **SNOT-SPHERE** was becoming too **big** even for his bedroom. The boy's bed and wardrobe were crushed by the size and weight of this truly evil-looking **ULTRA-BOGEY**.

One morning, while rooting around in his nostril, Peter found a particularly large booger. Without a second thought he wiped it on the **SNOT-SPHERE**, but this was one final piece too many, and the boy heard a buckling sound. **TWANG!**

It was the floorboards **creaking** under the enormous weight of the **ULTRA-BOGEY**.

Peter raced out of his room and downstairs to the kitchen. Looking up at the ceiling, he saw cracks shooting across it.



**CRACK!**

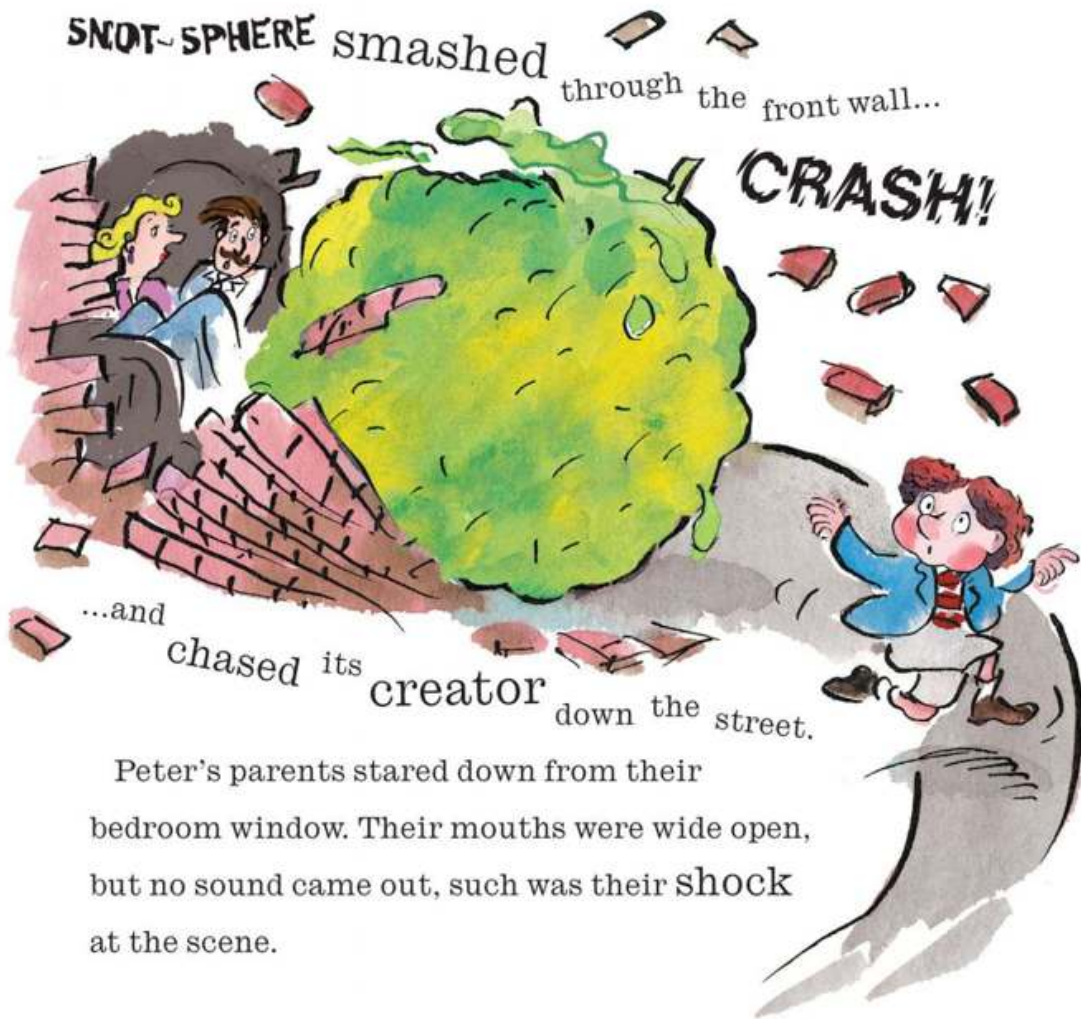
Then, before Peter could pick his nose again, the **SNOT-SPHERE** crashed down through the ceiling and landed next to him.

**BOOM!**



“Argh!” screamed the boy as dust and debris covered him. Peter had very nearly been killed by his own mucus.

And it was on a roll now, literally, and heading straight for the boy. Peter dashed out of his house, but the



**SNOT-SPHERE** smashed through the front wall...

**CRASH!**

...and chased its creator down the street.

Peter's parents stared down from their bedroom window. Their mouths were wide open, but no sound came out, such was their shock at the scene.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Being made of compacted bogeys, the **SNOT-SPHERE** was incredibly **STICKY**. As a result, it picked up everything in its path as it rolled:



A little dog,  
an old lady who was walking said little dog,  
a bicycle,  
a boy riding said bicycle,  
a lawnmower,  
a gardener using said lawnmower.

Soon all these things and more were spinning wildly down the road, stuck to the **SNOT-SPHERE**.

Peter's bogey was growing bigger and bigger. The bigger the bogey became, the faster it ROLLED.



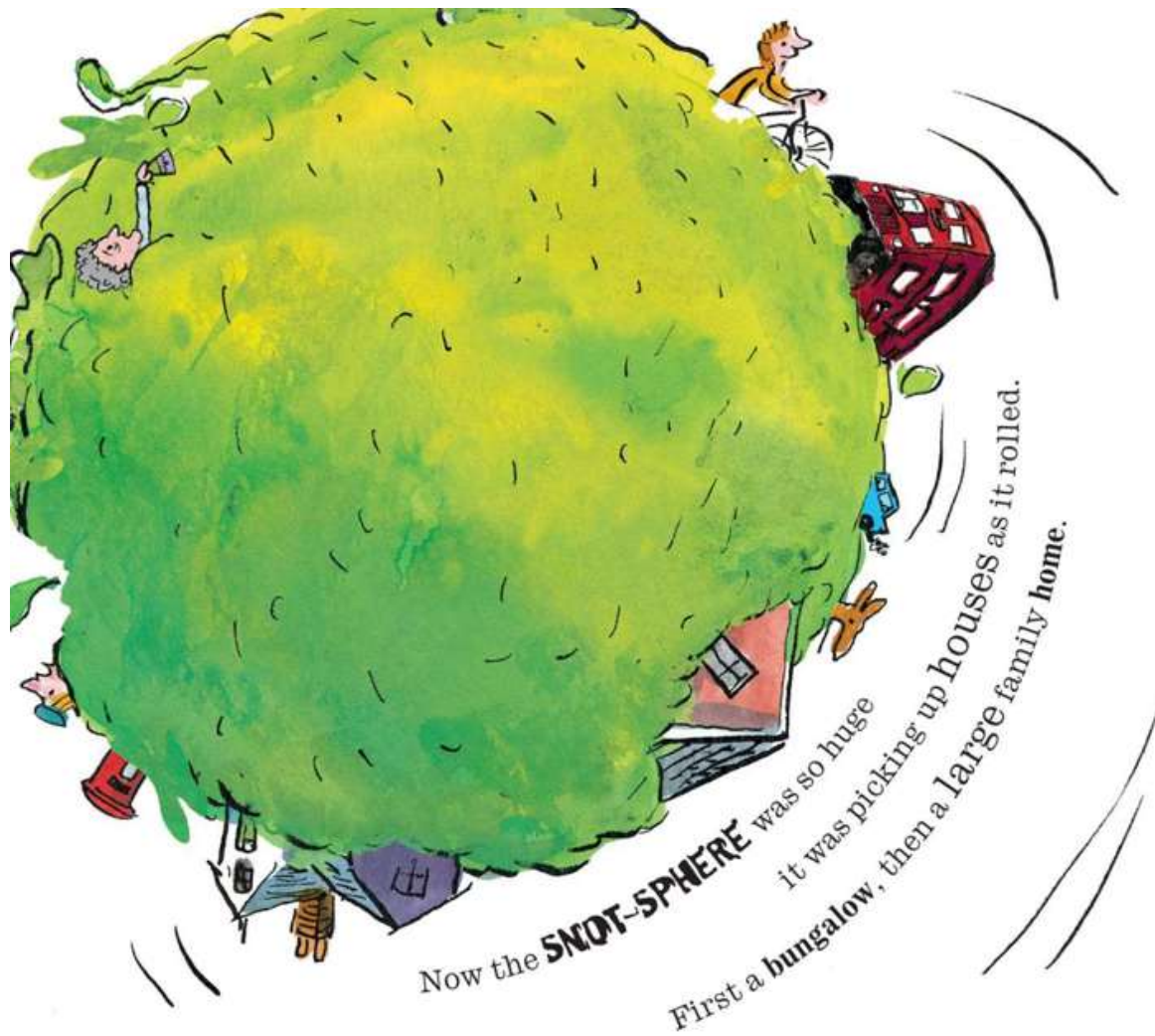
PETER PICKER

As Peter kept running and running and running away from it, the **SNOT-SPHERE** picked up a **postbox** and uprooted a **tree**. Even a **car** became stuck to it.

When the ever-growing **SNOT-SPHERE** rolled on top of a **bus** full of people and managed to glue itself to the roof, Peter really began to panic.

As the people on the bus spun round and round, like visitors to some **nightmarish, snot-themed AMUSEMENT PARK**, the boy realised he was running for his life.





Now the **SNOT-SPHERE** was so huge

it was picking up houses as it rolled.  
First a bungalow, then a large family home.

What with the house,  
the bungalow, the bus, the car, the tree, the postbox,  
the lawnmower, the gardener using the lawnmower,  
the bicycle, the boy riding the bicycle,  
the little dog and, of course, let's not forget the old lady  
who was out walking her little dog, all stuck to it,  
the **SNOT-SPHERE** was growing at a truly  
alarming rate.





PETER PICKER

Peter had a plan. The only way he could survive was to go underground. That's where the **SNOT~SPHERE** could not reach him. Up ahead the boy spied a drain and dashed towards it. Desperately, he pulled on the grate with all his strength.

"Please, please, please!" he incanted.

His fingers slipped on the metal. They were wet and **withered** from being up his nose all day.

Just in time Peter managed to pull the grate off and leap down into the murky depths below.

**SPLASH!**

The **SNOT~SPHERE** rumbled overhead.

**RUMBLE!**

Peter breathed a huge sigh of relief, which echoed around the drain.

**"AH!"**

**AH!**

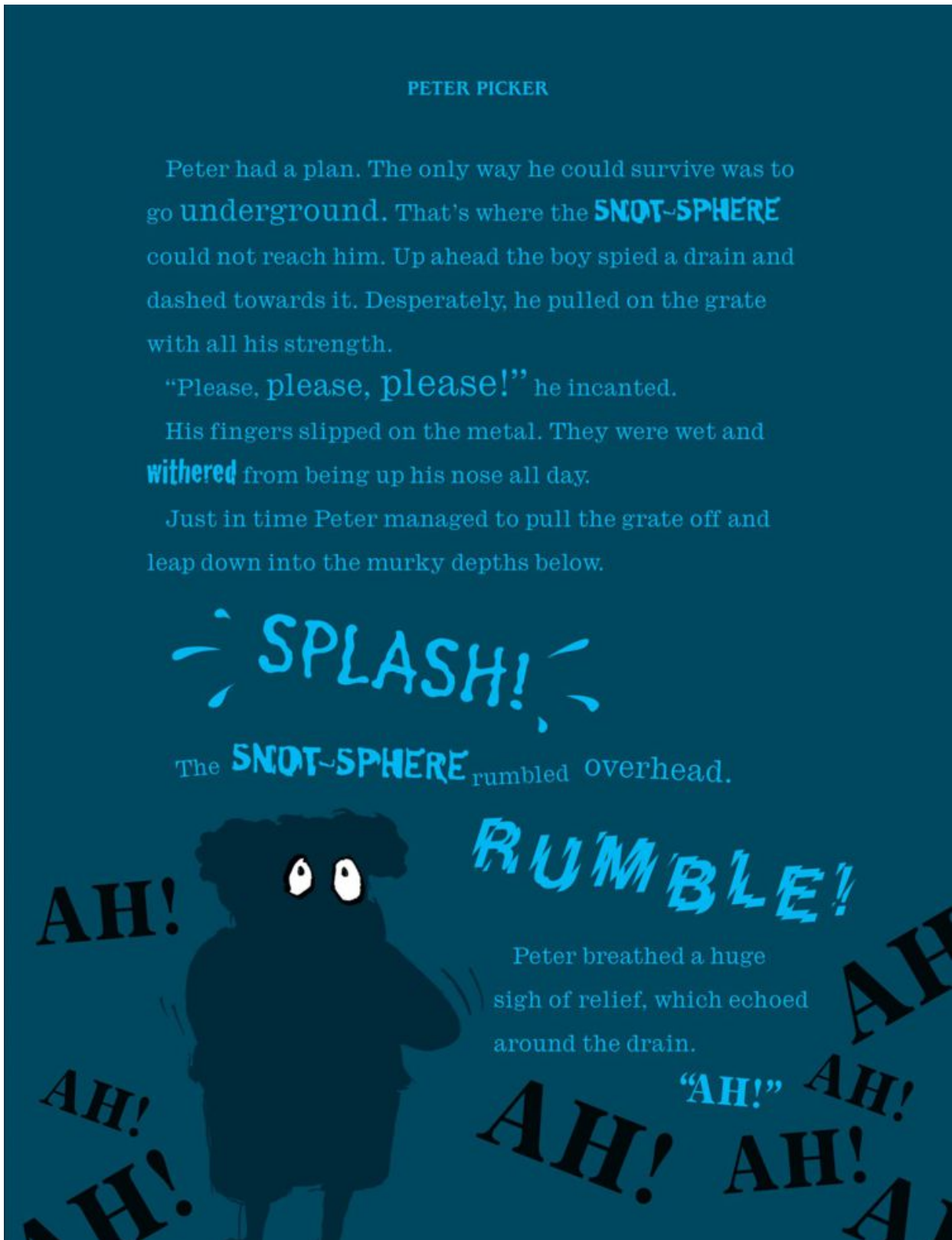
**AH!**

**AH!**

**AH!**

**AH!**

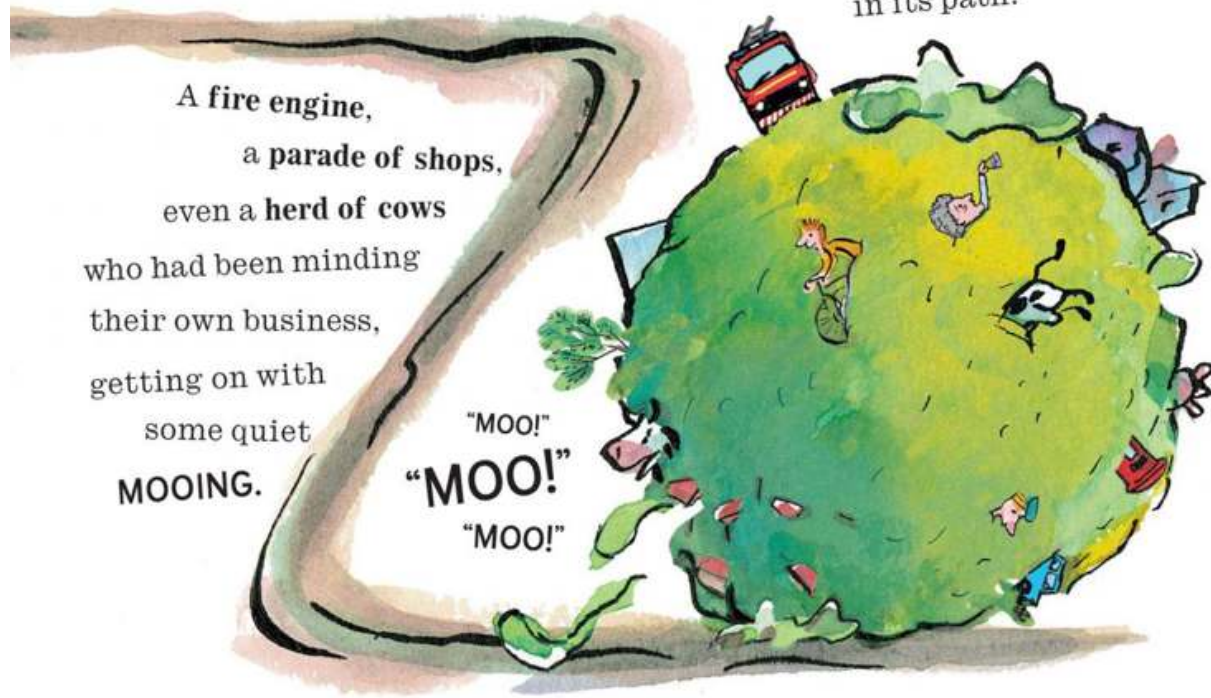
**AH!**



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

When he felt it was safe again, the boy climbed back up to the surface, covered in grot from the drain.

Peter watched as the giant **SNOT-SPHERE** spun off into the distance, picking up everything in its path.



Seeing the mass destruction his creation had caused, **Peter Picker** decided it was probably best not to mention to anyone that he was the creator of this snot-based ball of **TERROR**. With all that had happened, he was willing to let *Fräulein Schleim* retain the title for

## PETER PICKER

the world's **biggest** bogey.

So Peter ambled down the road towards school. It was the first time he had attended for weeks. However, when Peter arrived at the school gates, he realised his school was, in fact, **no longer there**.

There were just dark patches on the playground where the school buildings used to be.

Peter's spinning ball of **DOOM** must have rolled ahead of him this way too and sucked **all** the school buildings up into it.



All that could be seen was a lone pair of Wellington boots, standing where the dining hall used to be. The boots had belonged to the fearsome dinner lady, Mrs Slaughter. No doubt she and all the teachers had been plucked up by the **MEGA-BOGEY** too.

Peter smirked. **“Ha ha!**

At least now I don't have to go to school **ever** again!” he chuckled, as he stood alone in the playground, feeling like the last man on **Earth**.

Then, just as he was about to turn round and head home (or at least to what was left of his home), Peter heard a **sound** behind him...

It was getting  
louder and louder  
by the moment.

A **rumbling**  
sound,  
a **thundering**  
sound,

a **DEAFENING**  
sound.

The ground was shaking  
beneath the boy's feet.

Peter gulped in fear.

**GULP!**

He knew full well what it was.  
He could barely bring himself to turn  
round to face it. But he had to. Slowly  
he twisted his neck, and saw that the great  
**SNOT-SPHERE** must have rolled all the way round  
the Earth and was now heading **back** – straight for him!





By now it was the size of a **moon**, and had picked up various landmarks on its epic journey. The Eiffel Tower, the Roman Colosseum, the Sydney Opera House, the Taj Mahal, St Basil's Cathedral, an Egyptian pyramid, and the Houses of Parliament – all were sticking out of it like Flakes in a Mr. Whippy ice cream.

**Buckingham Palace** had been pulled out of the ground and rolled away too, exposing *Her Majesty the Queen*, red-faced and sitting on the loo.



Peter screamed as the thing sped closer and closer.

The **MEGA-BOGEY** was by now so **MEGATASTICAL** that it blocked out the sun. A **HUGE** dark shadow fell across the boy and he felt cold.

PETER PICKER

Peter closed his eyes in terror as the **SNOT-SPHERE** rolled over him and plucked him clean off the ground.

**“NOOOOO!!!”**

The top of the boy’s head was instantly embedded in the ball as it **thundered** its way off back round the Earth.

But *Her Majesty the Queen* was angry that everyone had seen her on the **loo** so she ordered her palace guards to fire their cannon at the **SNOT-SPHERE**.

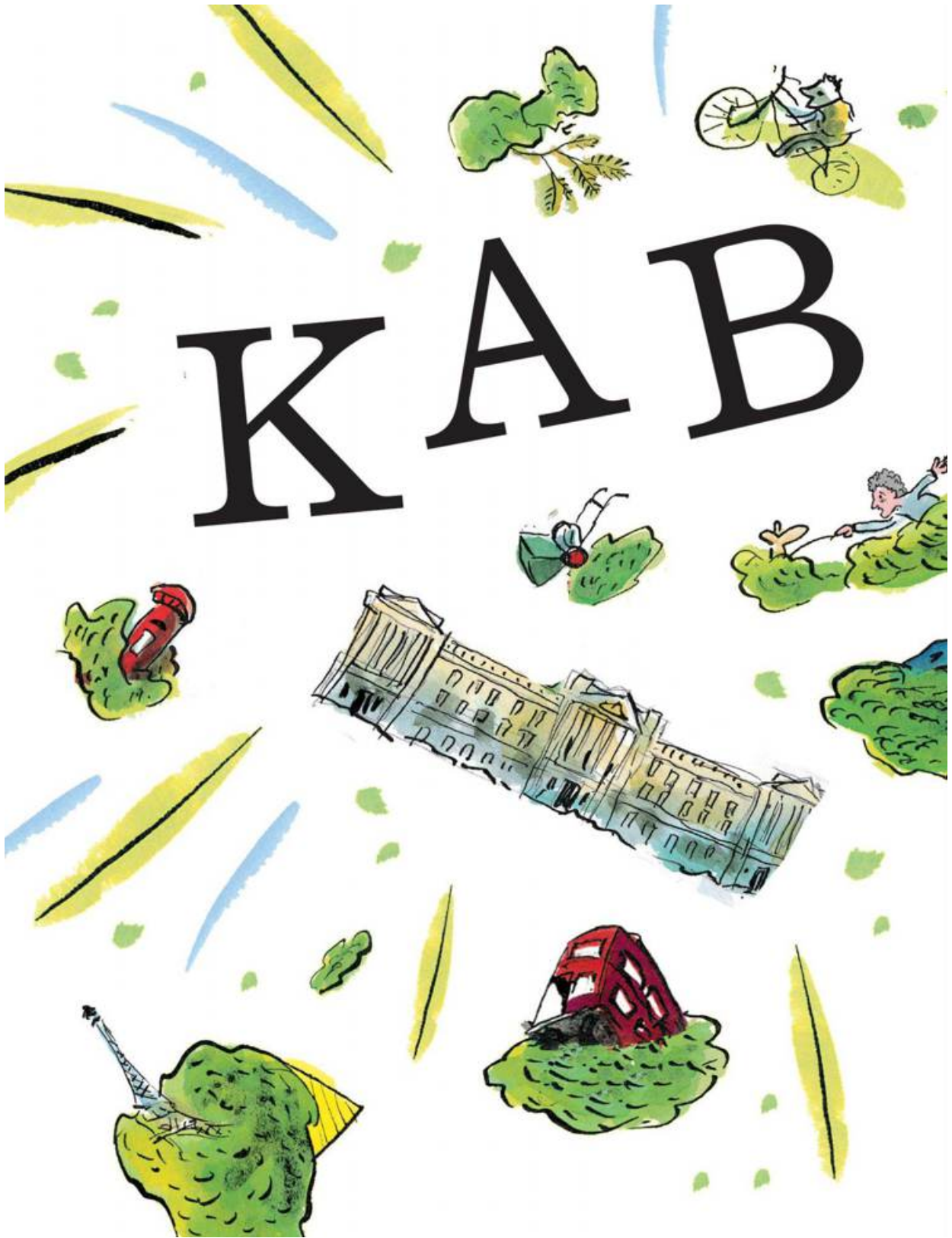


**“Fire at will!”**

The **cannonball zooooomed** towards the giant bogey.



# KAB





# O O M !

The **SNOT-SPHERE**

exploded

into pieces

that began

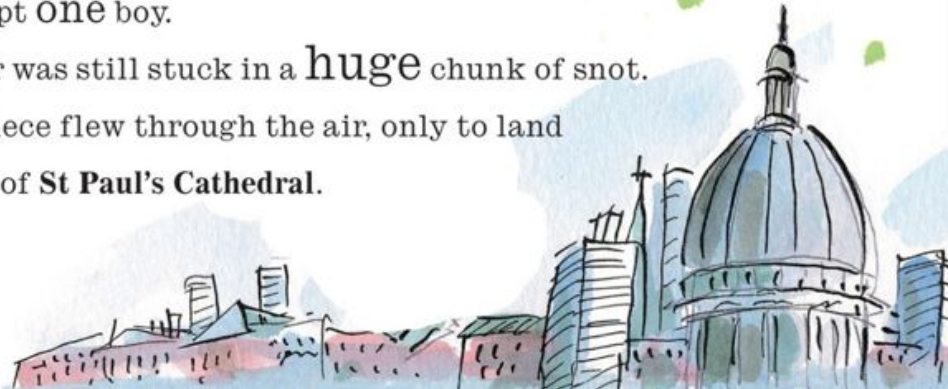
to fall back

down to earth,

returning everyone and  
everything to their rightful places.

Except **ONE** boy.

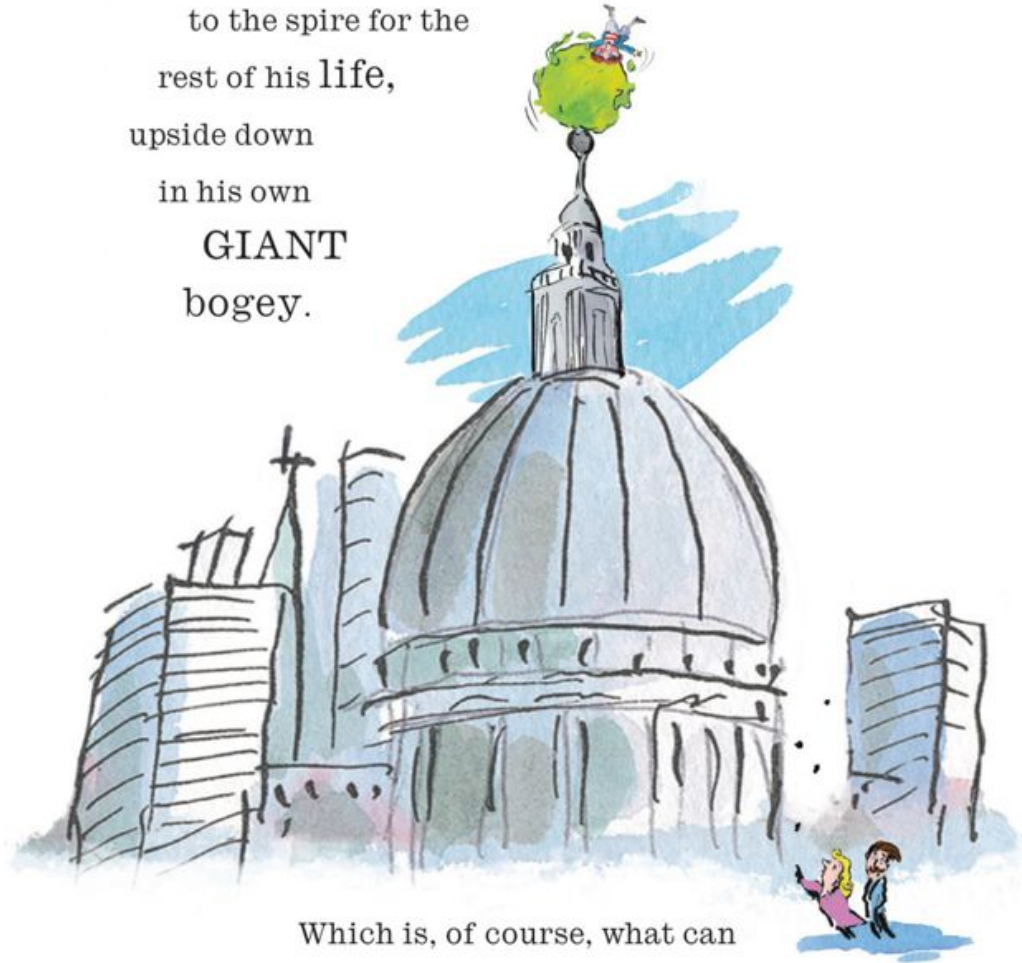
Peter was still stuck in a **huge** chunk of snot.  
This piece flew through the air, only to land  
on top of **St Paul's Cathedral**.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

His parents visited **EVERY** Sunday and hurled him  
titbits from the ground. **Peter Picker** remained stuck

to the spire for the  
rest of his life,  
upside down  
in his own  
**GIANT**  
bogey.



Which is, of course, what can  
happen if **YOU** pick your nose.

Next time, have a **blow**.



# Grubby GERTRUDE



DELIGHTED LOOK  
ON HER FACE

STINKING SOCKS

CLOUD OF PONG

GRIMY UNWASHED  
CLOTHES



# Grubby GERTRUDE

DO YOU KNOW an extremely **dirty** child? A grimy girl? A foul-smelling boy? However dirty and stinky they might be, they could never compare to Grubby Gertrude. This was a girl who delighted in being the dirtiest child in the world! Soap and water were complete strangers to Gertrude. Everywhere she went, a huge cloud of dust and dirt and **pong** followed her.

## GRUBBY GERTRUDE

Needless to say, everything Grubby Gertrude touched became grubby too. Her schoolbooks were splattered and stained with *unspeakable* things. And, despite her mother's protestations, Gertrude refused to let her clothes be washed, so in no time they became encrusted with dirt too.





However, the grubbiest thing in Gertrude's life was her bedroom. Although her mother begged her to tidy it, Gertrude never, ever did.

She simply dropped  
everything on the floor.

It was as if her room  
was her own personal  
**rubbish dump.**

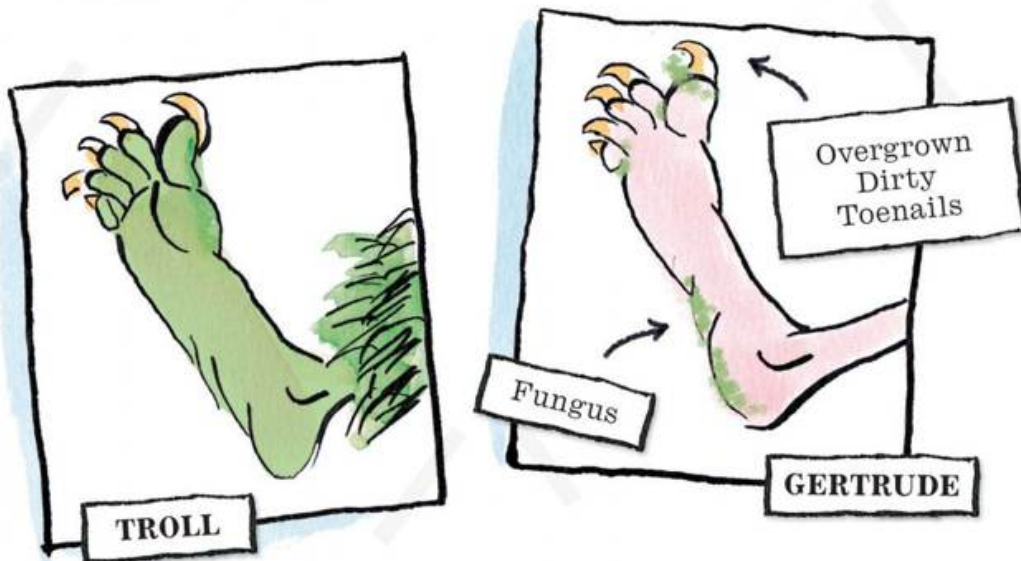


## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Over time the pile of **pongy trainers**,  **snotty tissues**,  **half-eaten egg sandwiches**  and **hamster droppings**  that had gone white and crumbly\* came up to Gertrude's knees.

The only way Gertrude could make it to her **mucky** bed was to **wade** through tons of rubbish. The bedroom carpet was a distant memory: it had not been seen for years. But, being one of the world's **WORST** children, Gertrude loved living knee-deep in filth. The **grubbier** the **better**.

Now let me take a moment to tell you about Gertrude's **feet**. They were so grubby they looked like those of a troll.



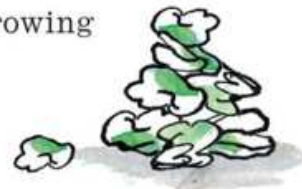
\* Doo-Doo the hamster had long since disappeared.

## GRUBBY GERTRUDE

Each foot was covered in a green fungus, and she had long *curling* toenails that she refused to cut. As a result, her feet smelled even worse than runny cheese that had gone off decades ago. When Gertrude peeled each sock off at the end of the day, she would lift it to her nose.



You or I would have screamed at the smell or, at the very least, projectile-vomited. Not Gertrude. She was over the moon that her socks were the pongiest in the world. Then, like everything else, Gertrude would simply drop them on top of the ever-growing mountain of *muck* on her bedroom floor.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“Please tidy your room this instant!” Gertrude’s mother would plead. The poor lady was in torment.

She prided herself on keeping the rest of her house utterly **spotless**. If a single biscuit crumb dropped on to the carpet, Mother would get the vacuum cleaner out. The **grubbiness** of Gertrude’s bedroom was absolutely horrifying to her. How had she, a lady who always kept a vase of fresh flowers on the dining table, given birth to a child who chose to live in a... **swamp?**

“**BOG OFF!**” Gertrude would reply with a laugh. She knew that her mother (always immaculately turned out with her hair in a swirl and a string of pearls round her neck) loathed her saying the word ‘BOG’. So Gertrude always, **always, always** made sure she used it when speaking to her.

“Daughter! I **forbid** you from using that foul word!” Mother would wail.

“What? ‘BOG’?” Gertrude would answer mischievously.

“Yes. It’s a *frightful* word that has no place in my otherwise delightful home. Now, young lady, I need you to **tidy** your room this **instant!**”

“**BOG OFF!**” Gertrude would shout back.





## GRUBBY GERTRUDE

If the girl **wouldn't** tidy her room then her mother decided that *she* would. As soon as Gertrude left for school one morning, Mother put her plan into action. Armed with **thick** rubber gloves and a roll of a hundred pink perfumed bin bags, she hurtled upstairs with her sleeve over her nose and mouth (such was the **STINKORAMA**).

**“CHARGE!”**

she bellowed as if going into battle.

With all her might Mother hurled herself against her daughter's bedroom door.

**“HUMPH!”**

But the door would only open a tiny bit. The pile of *grot* had grown to waist height.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN



**“ARGH!”** screamed Mother as she sneaked a peek through the crack in the door at the sea of filth.

**“URGH!”** she bellowed as the pong hit her smack on the nose.

The problem was that, try as she might, Gertrude’s mother couldn’t get inside her daughter’s room. Gertrude could just about squeeze her little body through and surf over the rubbish. For her mother that was impossible.

The lady was about to admit defeat when...

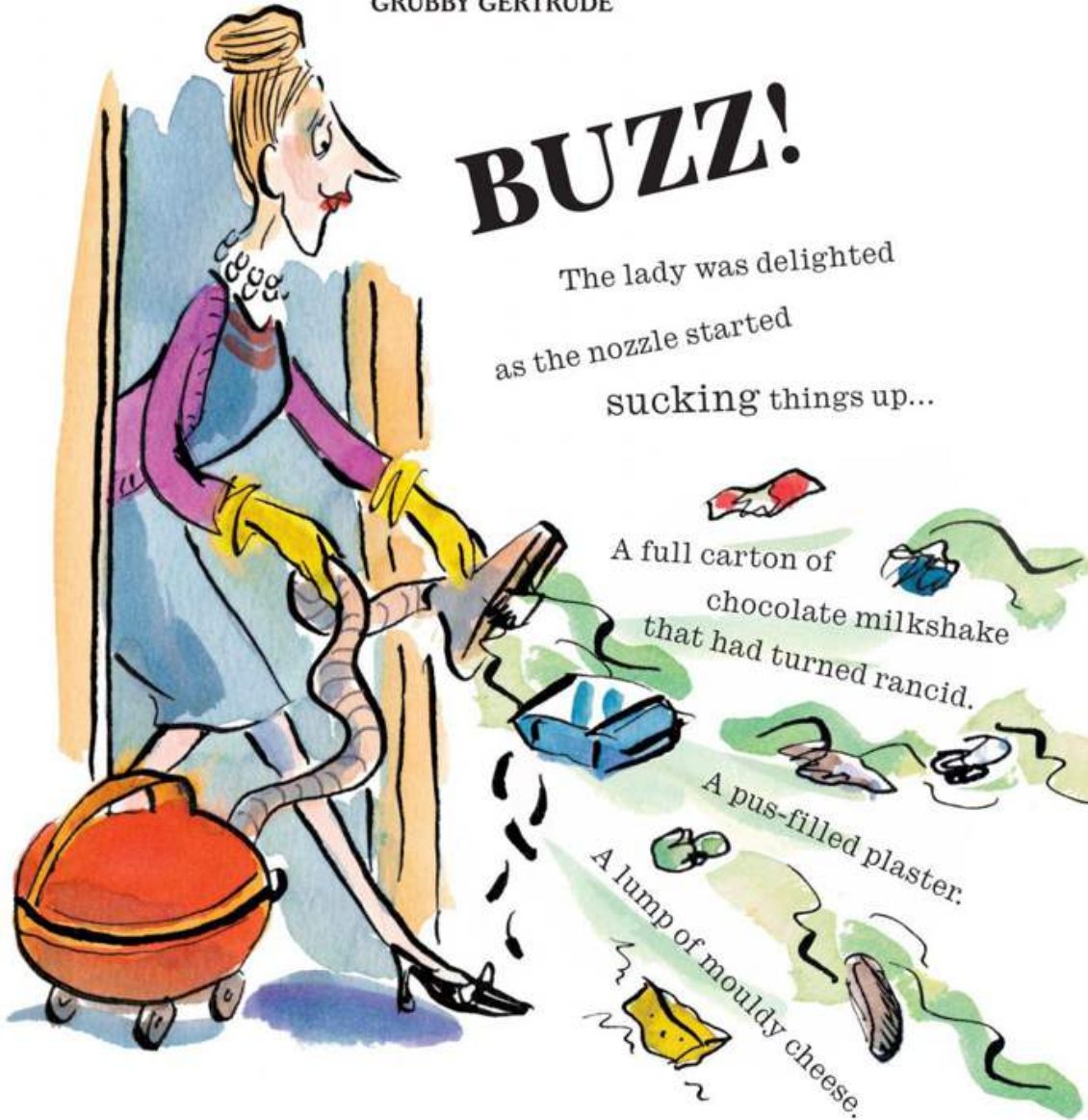
# PING!

...she had an idea.

Keeping the door wedged open with her shoe, she hopped back down the stairs to grab her vacuum cleaner. She pushed the long hose of the machine through the gap in Gertrude’s door, and flicked the switch.

# BUZZ!

The lady was delighted  
as the nozzle started  
sucking things up...



A full carton of  
chocolate milkshake  
that had turned rancid.

A pus-filled plaster.

A lump of mouldy cheese.

Mother smiled to herself. By the time her  
daughter was back from school, she might just have  
the rubbish down to ankle height.

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

At that moment the vacuum cleaner made an awful  
droning noise...

**UGUGUGUGUG!**

...before there was a sound of metal being crunched. **CRUNK!**

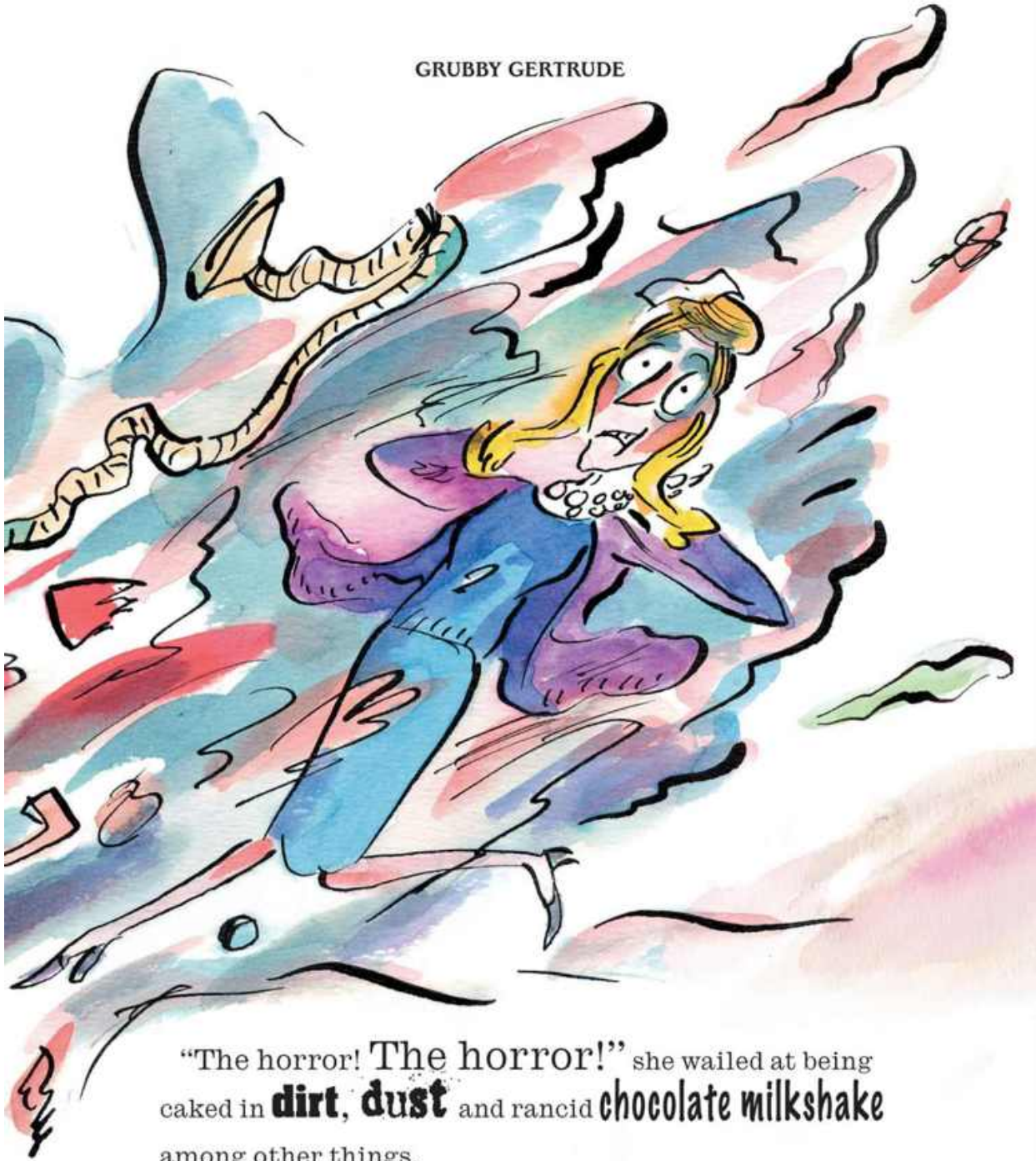
The vacuum cleaner shook violently and  
exploded.

**BANG!**



Mother was covered from head to toe in all  
the things the machine had sucked up.

GRUBBY GERTRUDE



“The horror! The horror!” she wailed at being caked in **dirt, dust** and rancid **chocolate milkshake** among other things.

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

She bent down to examine her vacuum cleaner.  
It had been smashed to pieces.

Something  
EXTREMELY big  
and strong must  
have broken it.



Was there *something* lurking under the rubbish in her  
daughter's bedroom that could have done that?

“Hell-o?” called Mother.

There was **NO** answer.

The lady dismissed it as a foolish thought. The  
vacuum cleaner must have somehow destroyed itself. She  
staggered to the bathroom, desperate to get clean.

When Gertrude returned from school her mother was

## GRUBBY GERTRUDE

still in the bath, her **twenty-seventh** that day. Before the lady could say anything, the girl had **dashed** up the stairs and squeezed herself back into her bedroom.

Using an old plastic tray from a fast-food restaurant, Gertrude **surfed** across the rubbish to her bed. There she peeled off her damp socks. A pair that had been worn hundreds of times without ever being washed. Gertrude was delighted to see that **fungus** had begun to appear on them.

Rummaging deep down in the murky depths of her **muck**, the girl found **another** sock that she had dropped there many years before.

This one had a number of unusual-looking **growths** sprouting out of it – like misshapen **vegetables** from distant solar systems. Gertrude realised her grubbiness had reached such an **epic** level that things were **growing** out of it.

However, nothing could prepare the girl for what was **about to** happen...



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Lying in her filthy bed that night, between sheets that were *slimy* with grime, Gertrude noticed something **MOVING AROUND** in the mucky darkness.

Surely the girl's mind was playing **tricks** on her.

Was she *dreaming*?

**"BOG OFF!"** she called out, just in case there really was *something* hiding down there.

Whatever it was moved **again**.

The smaller bits of rubbish on the grot-surface  
rustled as something **swam** underneath..





GRUBBY GERTRUDE

This was NO dream. Or even nightmare. This was really happening. There was something living UNDER the rubbish in Grubby Gertrude's bedroom.

Could it be a *rat*?

No, this thing seemed too big to be a rat.

A giant *cockroach* perhaps?

No, it didn't SCUTTLE like a *cockroach*.

Surely not a *deadly snake*?

No, this thing didn't hiss...



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

It growled.

“GRRRRRRRR!”

There was only **ONE** explanation.

This was some other kind of... **creature**.

A creature that had hatched out of the *murky* depths of the girl's **muck**.

A creature previously **unknown** to humankind.

In a desperate attempt to keep the thing at bay, Gertrude bounced on her bed until she reached high

enough to leap up on to the

top of her wardrobe. There she had stockpiled some **grot** for a special occasion.

No matter, she needed it **this instant**.



GRUBBY GERTRUDE

With all her might she threw down

some half-empty yogurt pots,



a stash of pepperoni **pizza crusts**

and a bag of  
**elephant dung** that  
she had collected on  
a school visit to the zoo.



Next, Gertrude threw herself off the wardrobe  
to land heavily on top of her new pile of rubbish,  
trying to **squash** the thing *underneath*.

Little did the girl know that all she was really  
doing was **feeding** the creature.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

After stamping about for a while, Gertrude had a lie-down on her bed once more. Exhausted, she closed her eyes.

But, in that place between awake and asleep, Gertrude heard the growling noise again.

**“GRRRRRRR!”**

The girl sat bolt upright in her bed and shouted, “BOG OFF!

Whatever is under there, can you just

**BOG RIGHT OFF?!”**

Her mother must have heard this as she rushed out of the bathroom, her frilly pink dressing gown wafting as she ran.

“GERTRUDE? Is everything all right in there, dear?” she called from the other side of the door.

“Yeah. Just BOG OFF!”

“No, I will not, you *foul*-mouthed child! Now tell me, who were you talking to?” demanded Mother.

**“YOU! NOW BOG RIGHT OFF!!!”**



## GRUBBY GERTRUDE

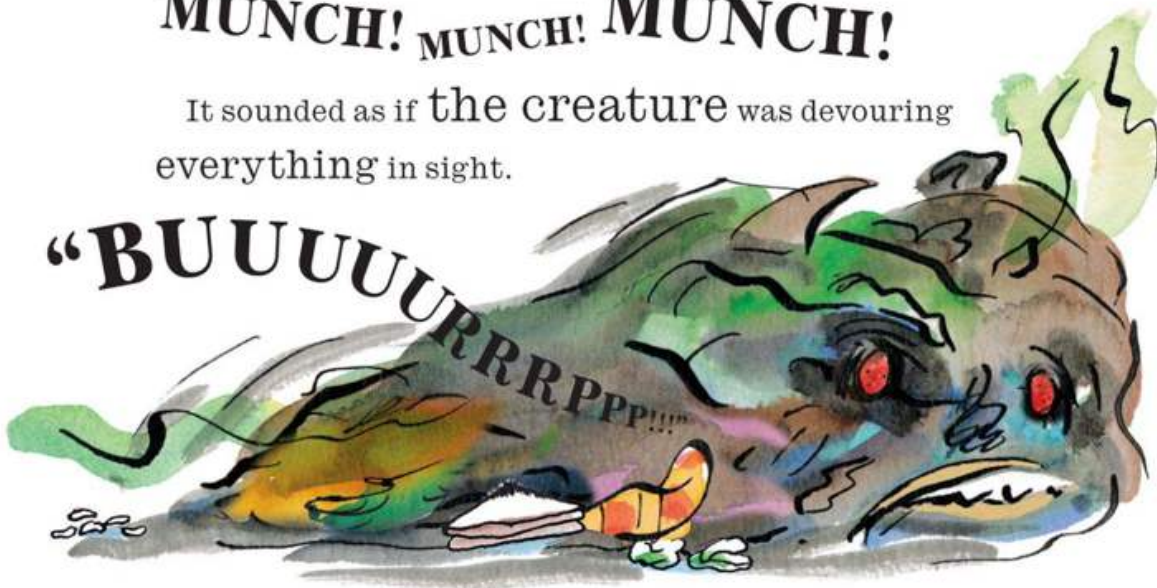
Once again the lady tried to **push** against the bedroom door. But the mountain of **grot** was even **higher** than before and now it was impossible to open the door **AT ALL**.

“I want you to tidy your room **first** thing in the morning!” declared Mother. Then she rushed back to the bathroom to try and scrub the last of the **rancid** chocolate milkshake off her body.

In Gertrude’s bedroom, there was a **distinctive** sound of munching.

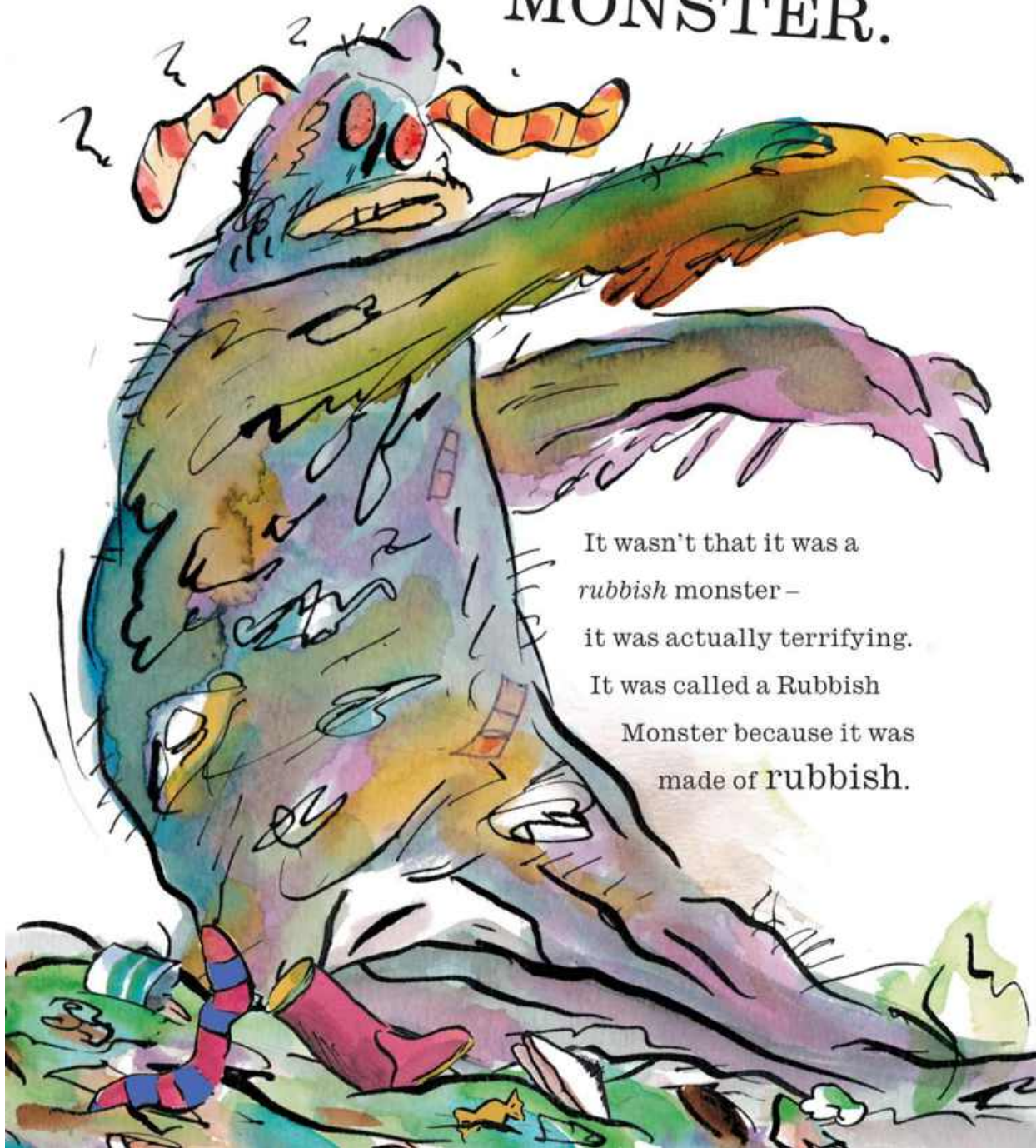
**MUNCH! MUNCH! MUNCH!**

It sounded as if **the creature** was devouring everything in sight.



Then, from out of the **sea of filth**, it finally emerged...

# ...THE RUBBISH MONSTER.



It wasn't that it was a  
*rubbish* monster –  
it was actually terrifying.  
It was called a Rubbish  
Monster because it was  
made of rubbish.

## GRUBBY GERTRUDE

Every part of it was made from something the girl had deposited on her bedroom floor.

Two ears sat atop the monster's head that had once been a pair of Gertrude's **pongy socks**.

Its eyes were a couple of slices of pepperoni from an old, **furry pizza**.

The monster's mouth was a **mould-encrusted burger**.

Its bulging body was made up of everything from **soggy PE kit** and **snotty tissues**

to **sweaty Wellington boots**

and **half-sucked sweets** covered in **dog hair**.

All bound together by **manky plasters**.

It was a truly **MONSTROUS** sight. Which is what you would expect from a monster.

**"BOG OFF!"** shouted Gertrude.

She couldn't believe her eyes.

Somehow her **rubbish** had *fused* together to create a **mutant** being.

Pacing the girl's bedroom, the monster began **SCOOPING** up the rest of the **MESS** that Gertrude had dropped on the floor.



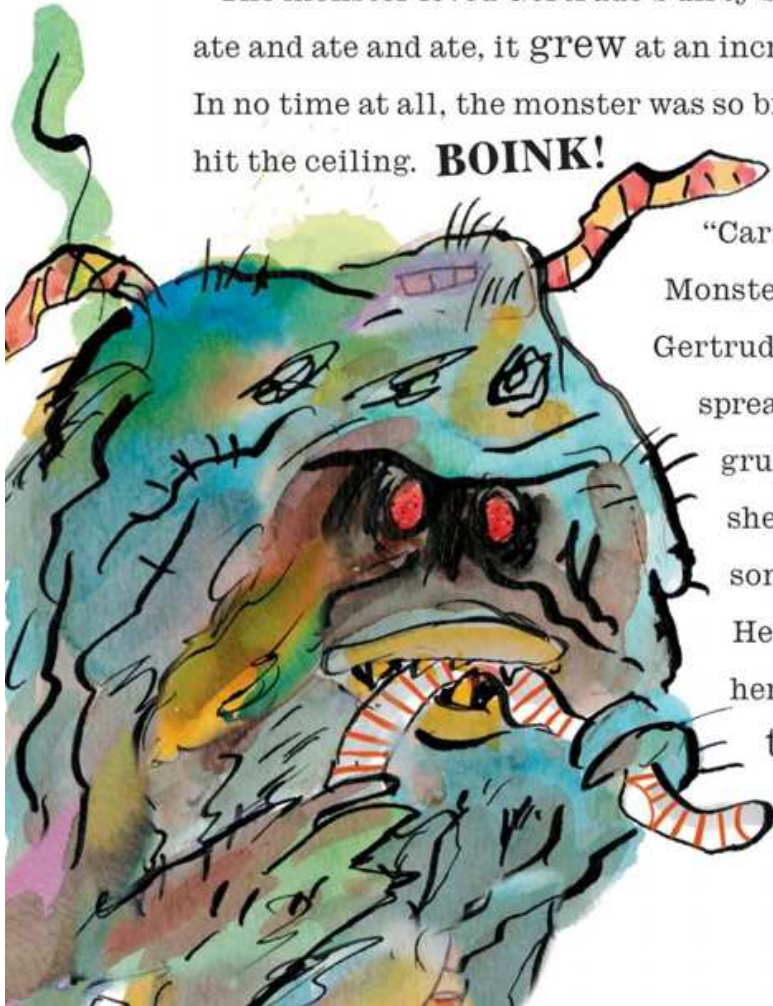
## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

It was quick work as the monster's hands were enormous. Each scoop was then stuffed into its mouth.

Old damp magazines, dog-chewed slippers, withered balloons, a long-forgotten dolly and dirty socks. Mouthfuls and mouthfuls of **dirty** socks.

The monster loved Gertrude's dirty socks. As it ate and ate and ate, it grew at an incredible rate. In no time at all, the monster was so big its head hit the ceiling. **BOINK!**

"Carry on eating, Monster!" ordered Gertrude, a smug smile spreading across her grubby face, because she had realised something... Her mother had told her to tidy her room thousands of times.





GRUBBY GERTRUDE

Now a monster was doing it FOR her!

In no time at all, the room was perfectly clean and tidy. Finally you could see the carpet again. And now that the monster had cleared her bedroom Gertrude could start filling it with rubbish *all over again*.

“Thank you SO much,” she said. “You may kindly **BOG OFF** now.”

But the monster didn't go. Oh no. It still looked **HUNGRY**. It turned to face the girl. Its gruesome **pepperoni** eyes focused directly on Gertrude.

“*Noooooo!*” she pleaded as it advanced towards her.

That the monster moved so slowly made it all the more terrifying.

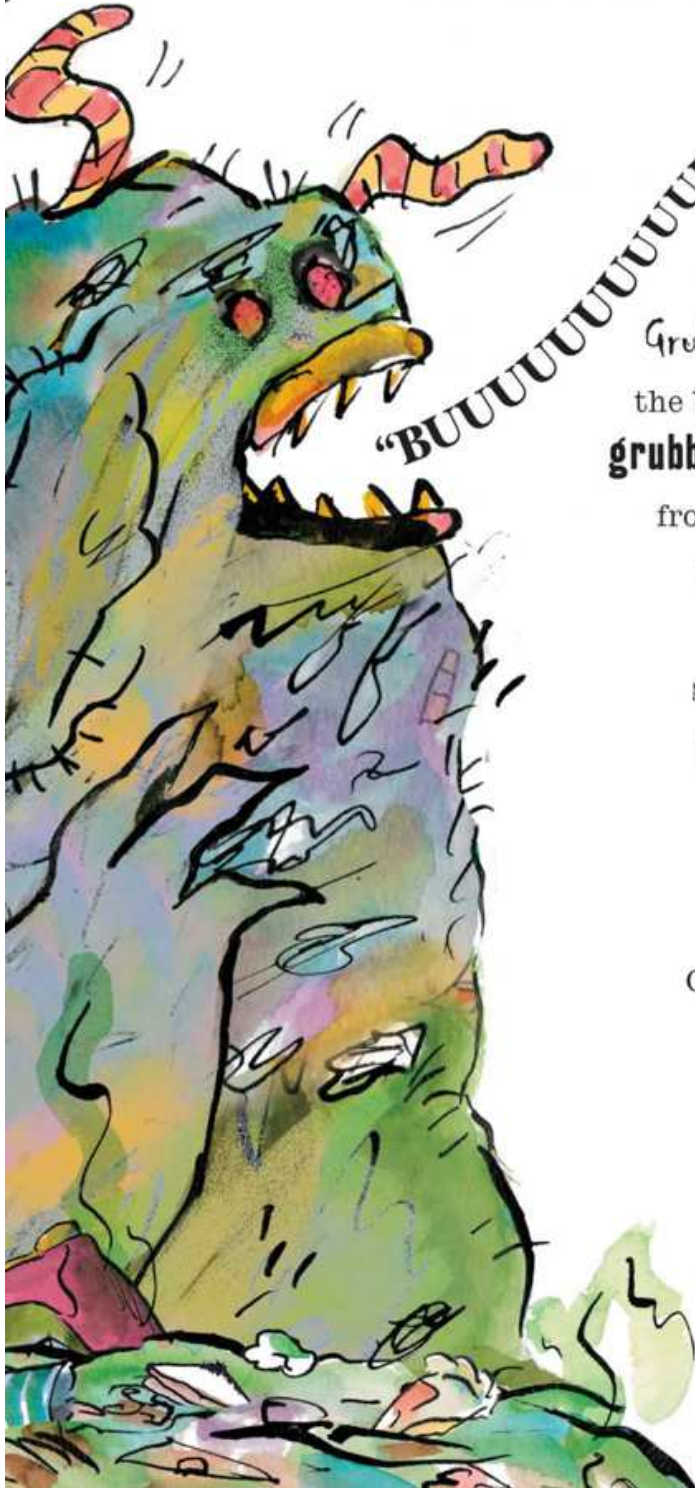
**PLOD. PLOD. PLOD.**

**“BOG OFF!”** she shouted.

It was too late. The monster picked Gertrude up and *swallowed* her in one **GULP**.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN



“BUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRP!!!!!!!”

burped the monster.  
Grubby Gertrude had paid  
the ultimate price for her  
**grubbiness**. A monster made  
from the girl's own muck  
had devoured her.

So, next time a  
grown-up tells you to

**TIDY YOUR  
ROOM, just  
DO IT.**

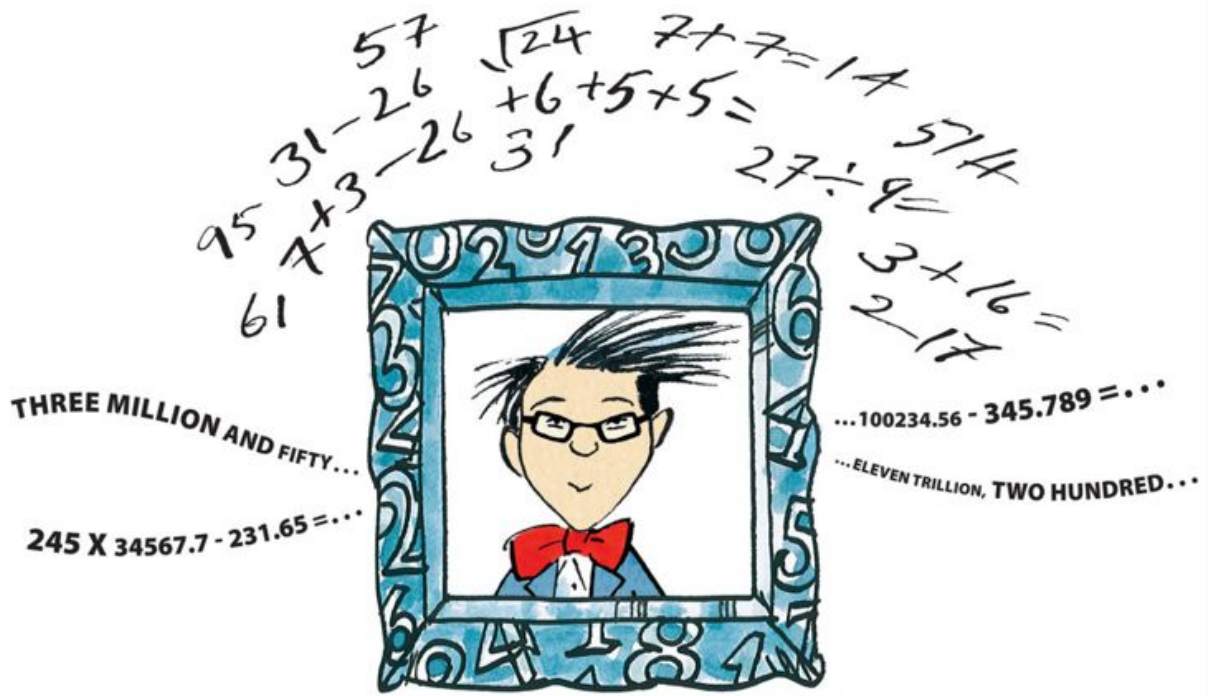
Or this may happen to  
you...



# BRIAN WONG,

WHO WAS NEVER,  
EVER Wrong





# BRIAN WONG,

## WHO WAS NEVER, EVER Wrong

MANY YEARS AGO there lived a boy named Brian Wong. Wong was a total and utter **swot**. Not only was he the swottiest swot who ever swotted, he *had* to be **right** about EVERYTHING. "*Brian Wong is never, ever wrong!*" he would exclaim, much to the annoyance of everyone around him.

BRIAN WONG, WHO WAS NEVER, EVER WRONG

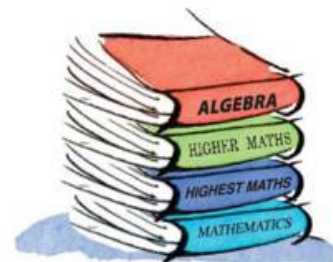
The boy's favourite subject was **mathematics**. His favourite pastime was working out what looked like impossible *sums* and **equations**. Even if he didn't have any maths homework to do, Wong would set himself some.

$$\frac{3}{4}\sqrt{3} + 24 \int_0^{\frac{1}{4}} \sqrt{x-x^2} dx = ?$$

These he did with **ease**. All Wong's evenings, weekends and holidays would be spent working out **hundreds** of answers to incredibly complicated equations. Equations that would leave even his cleverest teachers scratching their heads.

As a result of all this maths, maths, **maths** and yet more **maths**, Brian rarely saw daylight and was a rather *pale* child. And working out equations until long into the night had *weakened* his eyesight, so he wore wire-framed glasses with lenses so **thick** that they magnified his eyes to the size of tennis balls.

\*The answer is pi, obviously.

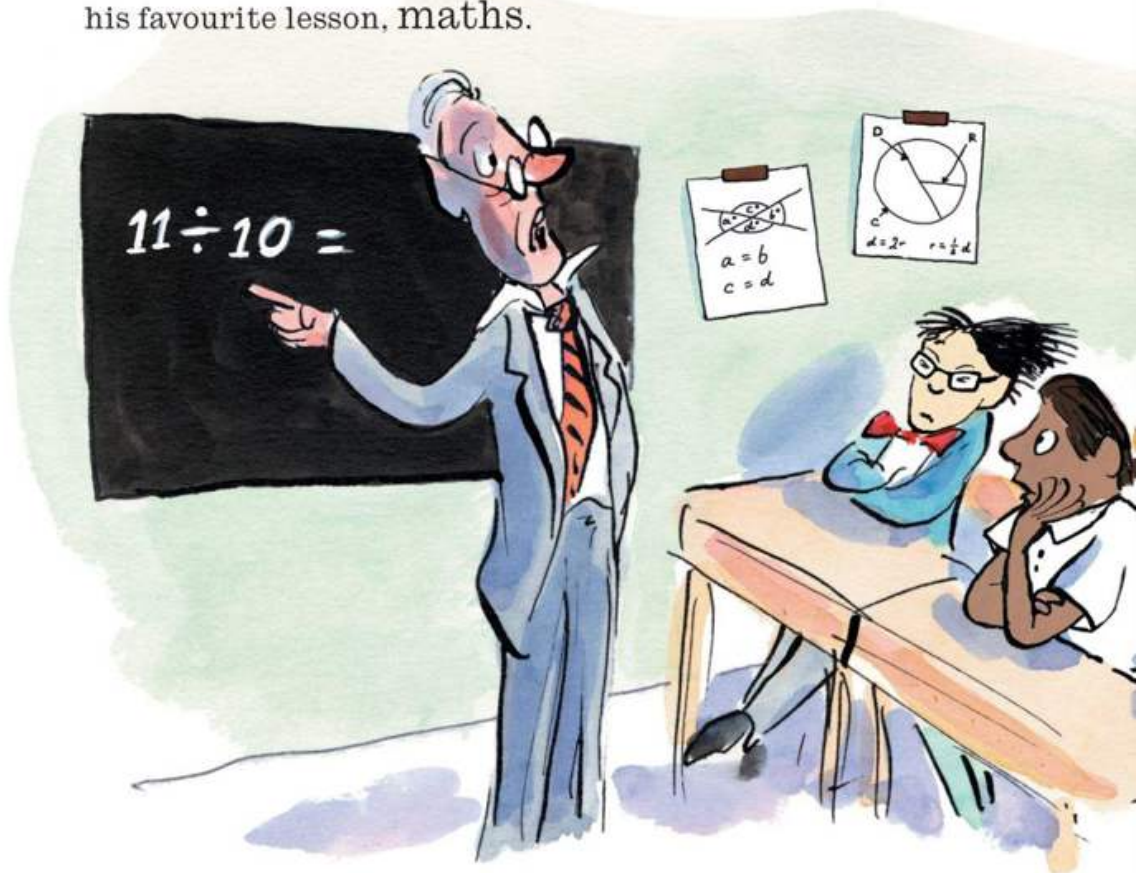


## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

So as you can see, Wong prided himself on being a mathematical **genius** and cleverer than everyone around him. Every single answer Wong would get right. Despite this, what the boy **MOST** feared was the thought that one day he might be proved *wrong*.

**This** is the story of **THAT DAY**.

It was a Monday morning and Brian was at school in his favourite lesson, **maths**.



BRIAN WONG, WHO WAS NEVER, EVER WRONG

As he stood at the front of the classroom, the old maths teacher, Mr Shrewdly, addressed his pupils. "One thing you must always remember, boys and girls, is that numbers are **INFINITE.**"

"What does '*infinite*' mean, sir?" asked a girl at the back.

Brian Wong, who was sitting right at the front of the class, tutted loudly. "**Tut, tut, tut.**" The boy tutted anyone he considered **not** as clever as him, which was everyone.

"That is a **good** question," replied the teacher, giving Wong a stern sideways glance. "Because you can always add one to any number, they go on **forever.**

They are therefore **INFINITE.**"

The children all looked around at each other, attempting to grasp this idea.

"Now, I want you to think of the **biggest** number you can," continued the teacher.

Lots of eager little hands shot up.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“A million!” said one boy.



“A billion!”  
shouted another –  
Nitin Singh.



“A trillion!”  
called out Kenneth Chan.

“A trillion trillion trillion!”

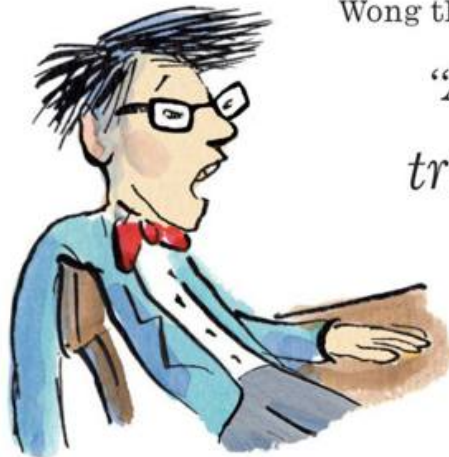
announced Francis Françoise behind him,

in a *triumphant* tone. Surely no one could  
think of a bigger number than **that**.

The teacher was most amused by his pupils' efforts.

“Ha ha! Very good, children. Very good. But can anyone  
top a trillion trillion trillion?”

Wong thought for a moment.



“A trillion  
trillion trillion  
and **ONE.**”





BRIAN WONG, WHO WAS NEVER, EVER WRONG

“Good answer, Wong!” announced Mr Shrewdly as the class **groaned** in annoyance. The **swot** had struck again! “Now can anyone top a trillion trillion trillion and one?”

“I can,” replied Brian. “A *trillion trillion trillion* and **TWO.**”

“A trillion trillion trillion and two. **Indeed.** Now can anyone **TOP** that?” asked the teacher.

“I can,” replied Wong. “A *trillion trillion trillion* and **THREE.**”

“Yes, yes, well done, thank you, Wong. So, moving **ON**, the **point** I am trying to make is...”

“A *trillion trillion trillion* and **FOUR.**”

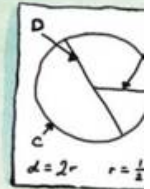
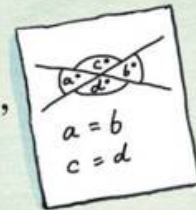
“Yes, that’s quite enough now, Wong!”

The normally mild-mannered teacher was becoming irritated.

“A *trillion trillion trillion* and—”

**“PLEASE BE QUIET,  
WONG!”**

shouted Mr Shrewdly.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Silence descended on the classroom.

“Thank you.” The teacher was shocked by his own outburst, but quickly gathered his thoughts. “As I was about to say, this shows you that numbers are endless because you can **always** add one. Therefore, try as you might, **no one** can **EVER** count to **INFINITY**.

Not **EVEN** you, Brian Wong!”

There was a **pause** for a moment as the class took this in. Wong looked at the teacher, his goggly glasses enlarging his eyes to the size of cymbals.

The boy blinked and announced, “I can.”

All the other children in the class laughed.

**“Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!”**



BRIAN WONG, WHO WAS NEVER, EVER WRONG

“Settle down, please!” Mr Shrewdly tried to quieten them before turning back to Brian. “This may be the **first** time in your life you’ve heard this, but... you are **WRONG**, Wong.”

“*Brian Wong is never, ever wrong,*” replied the boy with great certainty.

Mr Shrewdly shook his head and said, “This time Brian Wong is *very* **WRONG**. **No one** can count to **INFINITY**. Not any of the great thinkers of the world. **No one**. Not even **YOU**.”

Wong had **never** been wrong in his life and he was **not** going to start **now**.

This was the moment he began his doomed mission. A mission that would change the course of his life **forever**.

“*Brian Wong is never, ever wrong,*” insisted the boy. “I am a **genius** and therefore **I can** count to infinity. I can, I can, **I CAN**.”

“**Go on then!**” shouted Chan from the back of the class.

“**YES!**” joined in the other pupils.

Even the normally **sensible** Mr Shrewdly felt inclined to egg the **swot** on. By now they all wanted the **same** thing: to prove Wong **WRONG**.

2 “We are waiting!” announced the teacher, with a  
wink to the rest of the class.

8

Wong briefly cleared his throat and then began.

4

“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX...”

There were gales of laughter from the other children  
in the class.

“Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!”

Wong really was going to try to count to INFINITY.

10

Just so he wouldn't be proved wrong!

“SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE, TEN, ELEVEN...” continued Wong.

The class could not believe he was really going  
through with it.

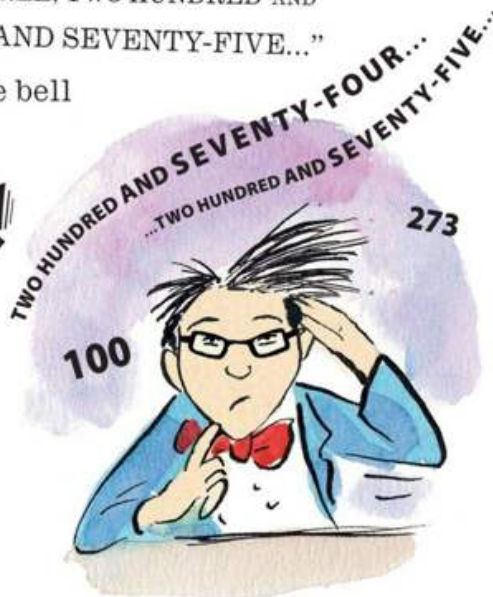
“TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE, TWO HUNDRED AND  
SEVENTY-FOUR, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE...”

On and on went Wong until the bell  
clanged for the end of the lesson.



RRRIINNNGGG!!!

“Thank you very much, Wong!  
You can stop now,” announced  
Mr Shrewdly with a chuckle.



14

65

But the teacher UNDERESTIMATED Wong. This was a matter of pride for the boy. He was **NOT** going to stop until he reached INFINITY.

“TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT...”

Brian strode out of the classroom, still counting, as Mr Shrewdly shook his head in disbelief. How long would Wong keep this up?

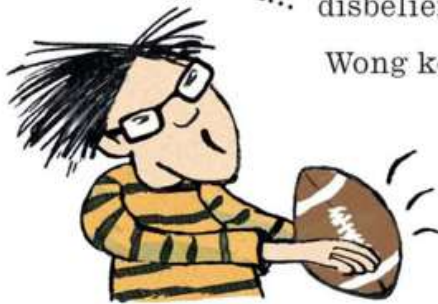
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE...

FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY...  
...FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO...

36

108

27



The boy counted all the way through break-time, then through some more lessons (even including PE), then through lunchtime, then through some more lessons before the bell clanged one last time for the end of the school day.

18

34

280



SIX HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE...

9

RRRIINNNGGG!!!

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

As Wong marched out of the school gates, he carried on **counting**. By this time, he had reached the high thousands.

“**NINE THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX, NINE THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN.**”

As the other boys **laughed** at Wong at the bus stop, Chan felt a pang of guilt.

He tapped his classmate on the shoulder and said, “Come on, Wong. Let’s get an ice cream. This is **stupid.**”

A **furious** look crossed Wong’s face.

“**YOU HAVE MADE ME LOSE COUNT!**” he raged.

“Now I have to go back to the **beginning** again.”



BRIAN WONG, WHO WAS NEVER, EVER WRONG

When he returned home,  
Wong counted all  
through his dinner...

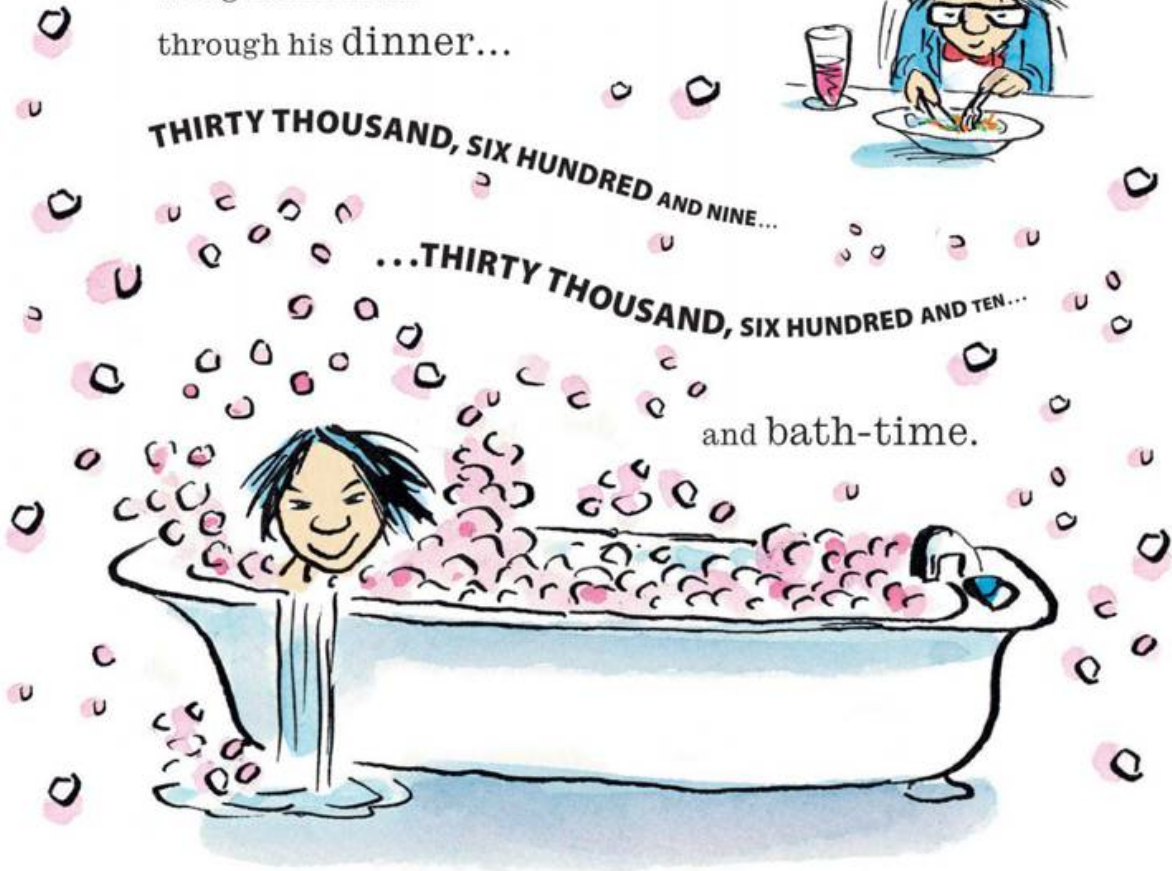
ONE THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE...



THIRTY THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED AND NINE...

...THIRTY THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED AND TEN...

and bath-time.



When he went to bed, he wrote down the last number  
he had counted on a piece of paper.

48,392

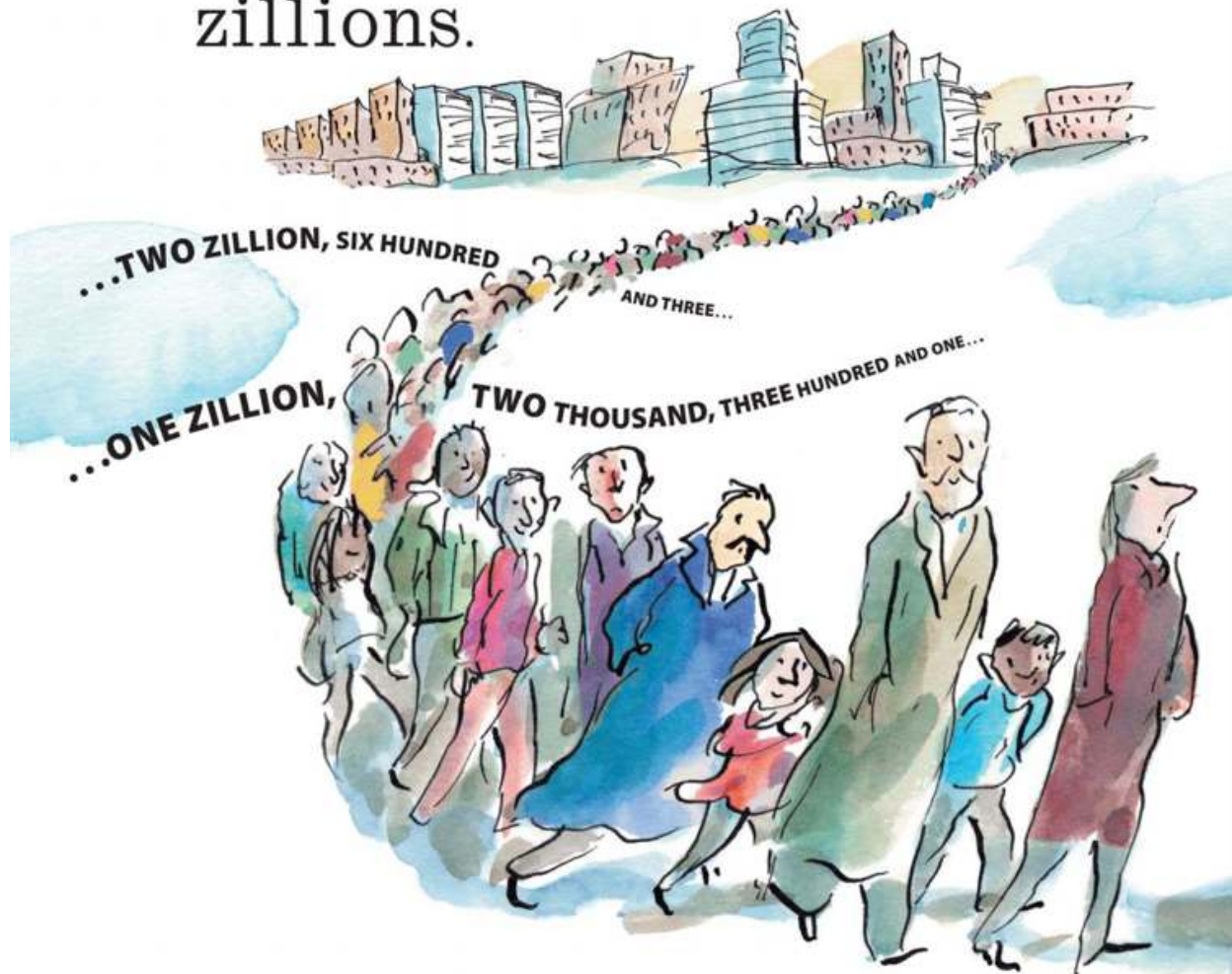
That way he could start again as soon as he woke up  
with 48,393. Which he did.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

All through the **next** day and the **next** day and the **next**, Brian Wong *counted* and *counted* and *counted*.

Soon he had reached the **millions** and, after a couple of years, the **billions**.

When he reached a **trillion**, he felt it was too late to stop now, so he carried on into the **zillions**.

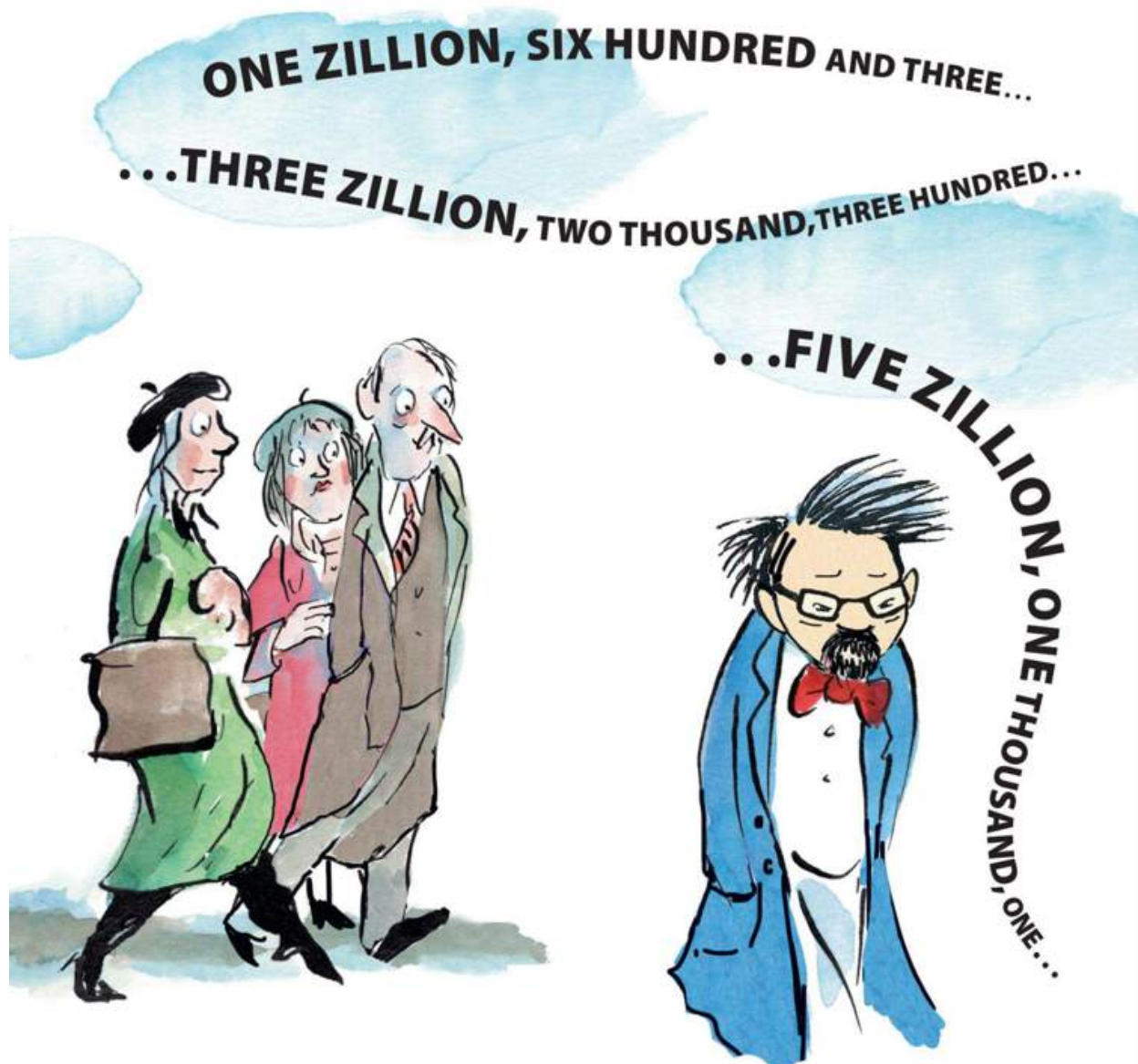




BRIAN WONG, WHO WAS NEVER, EVER WRONG

People from surrounding villages and towns would often come to watch Wong's never-ending task.

They called him '*Counting Boy*', but in time they had to change that to '*Counting Man*' as he grew older.





## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN



His hair was turning grey, he had to put even **thicker** lenses in his glasses so now his eyes were the size of footballs, but still Wong would **not** be proved **WRONG**. He was going to count to **INFINITY** if it was the last thing he did.

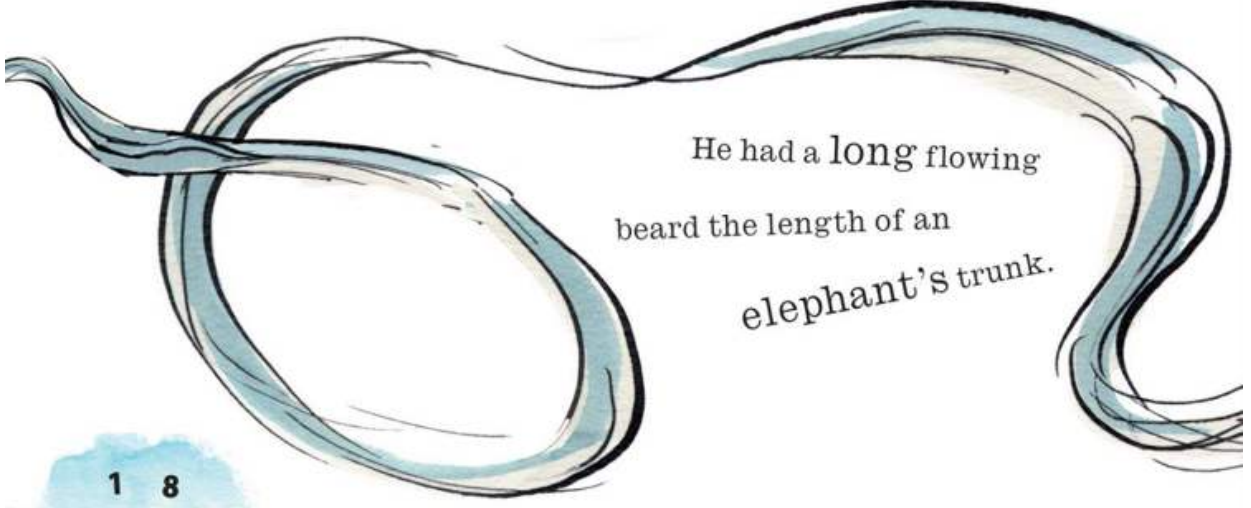
Even when his maths teacher, Mr Shrewdly, died of old age at 103, Wong **refused** to stop.

**NINE GAZILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY ZILLION,  
FORTY TRILLION, THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY BILLION, NINETY-TWO  
MILLION, FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWO...**

The numbers were becoming quite a mouthful.  
As time passed, Wong himself became an old man.  
He had been counting **NON-STOP** for sixty years.



0 2 3  
5 8



He had a long flowing  
beard the length of an  
elephant's trunk.

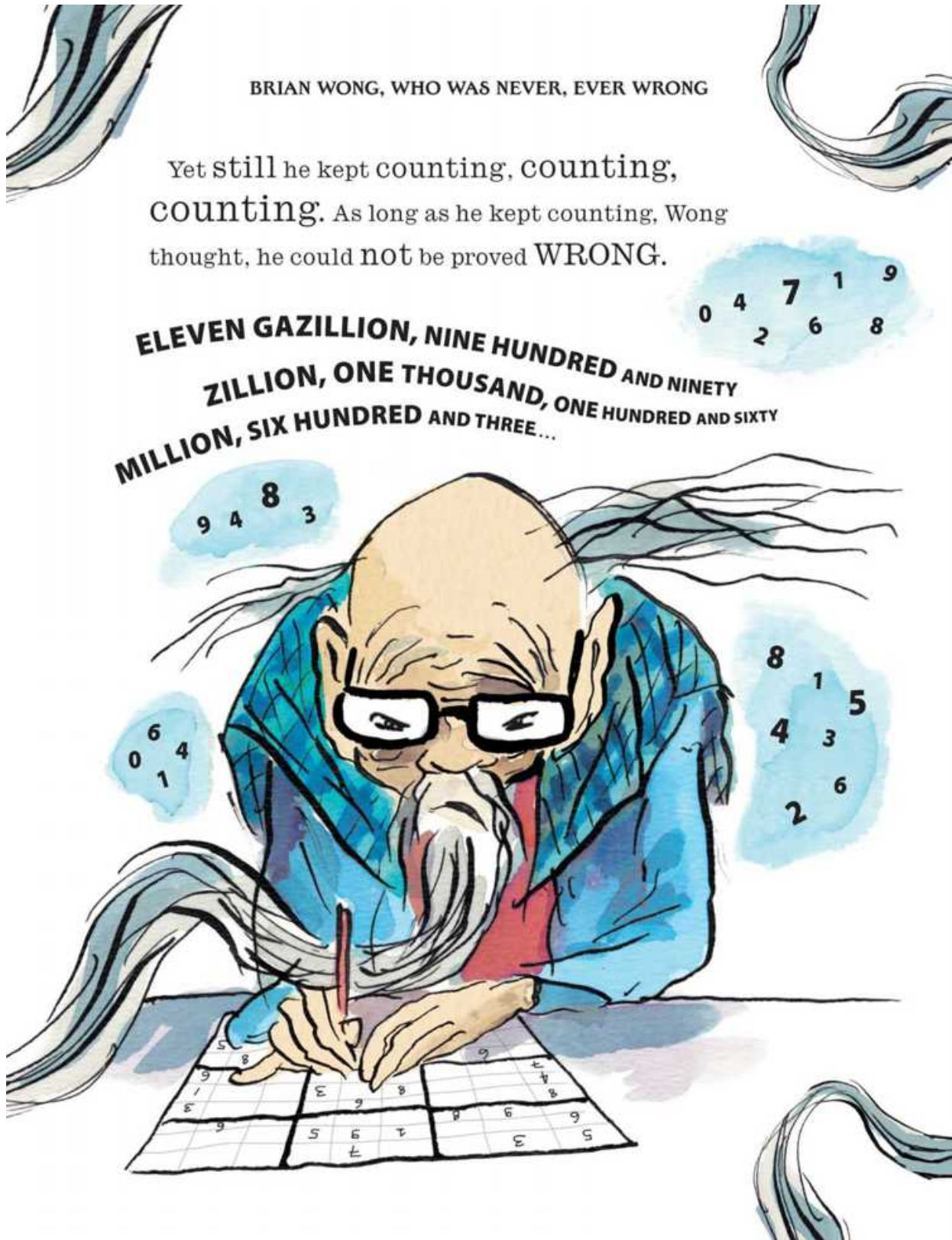


1 8  
0 9

BRIAN WONG, WHO WAS NEVER, EVER WRONG

Yet still he kept counting, counting, counting. As long as he kept counting, Wong thought, he could not be proved WRONG.

**ELEVEN GAZILLION, NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY  
ZILLION, ONE THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY  
MILLION, SIX HUNDRED AND THREE...**



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Finally, one night Brian Wong was lying on his deathbed. He was now **111 years old**, and life was slipping away from him.

Yet he was still *counting, counting, counting*, hoping that somehow the **next** number might just be **INFINITY**, though it never, **EVER** was.

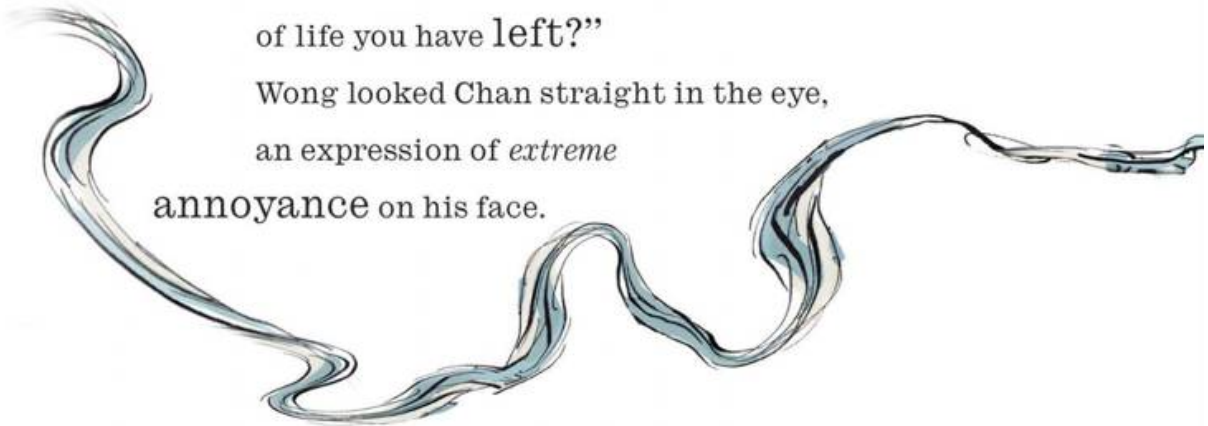


TWELVE GAZILLION **ZILLION** TRILLION BILLION MILLION AND **THREE...**  
TWELVE GAZILLION **ZILLION** TRILLION BILLION MILLION AND **FOUR...**

His old classmate Kenneth Chan came to visit him one last time. Wong was fading fast.

Chan perched on the edge of Wong's bed and said, "You don't have long left, my friend. Perhaps it is time to **stop** counting and enjoy the last few moments of life you have left?"

Wong looked Chan straight in the eye, an expression of *extreme* annoyance on his face.



BRIAN WONG, WHO WAS NEVER, EVER WRONG

“You stupid fool!  
You made me lose count **again!**”

Now I have to start back at the beginning!”

“WONG, **NO!**”

pleaded Chan.

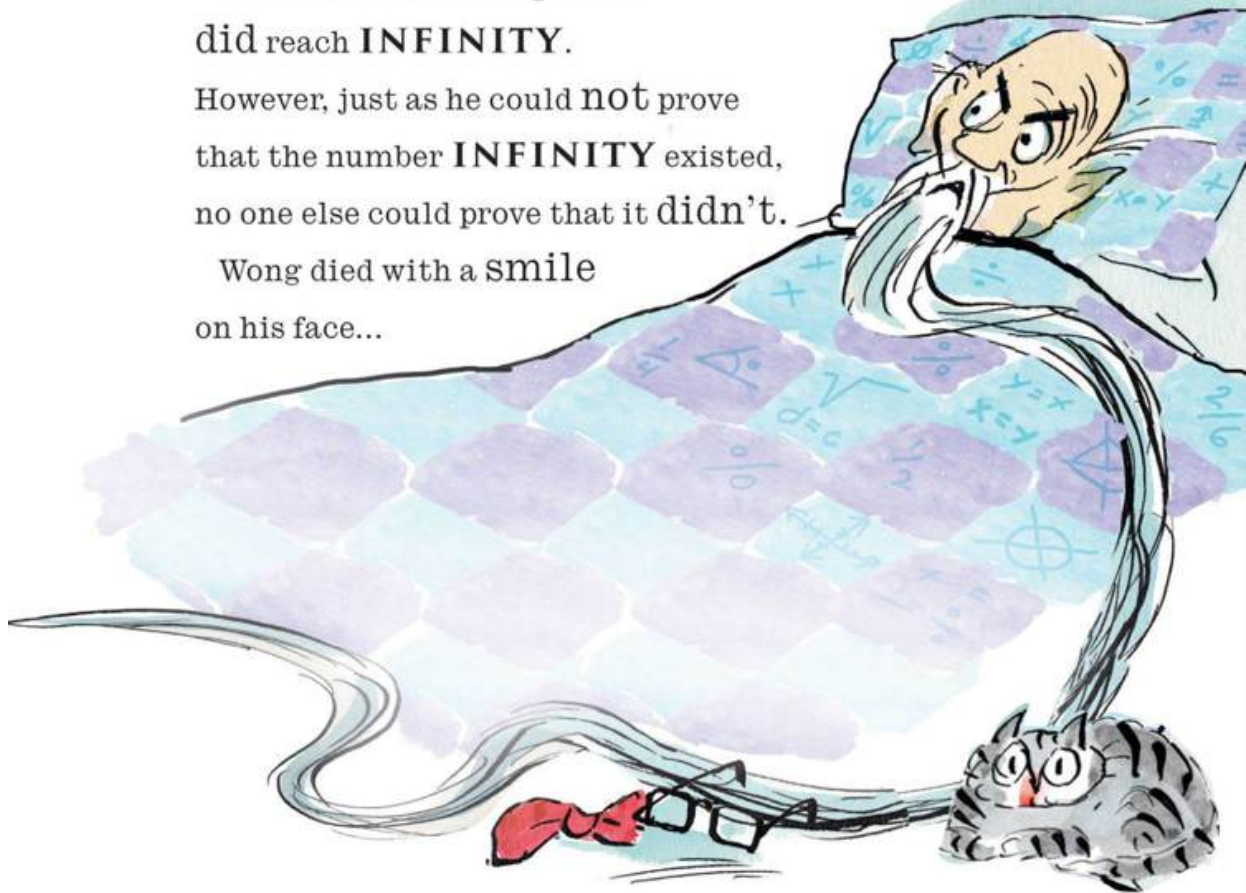
“ONE,  
TWO,  
THREE...”

Wong began.

Of course Brian Wong never  
did reach **INFINITY**.

However, just as he could **NOT** prove  
that the number **INFINITY** existed,  
no one else could prove that it didn't.

Wong died with a smile  
on his face...



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

He had wasted his entire life *counting*, but what was much more important to him was that he had not been proved **WRONG**.

On his gravestone it read:



# Windy MINDY

WICKED GRIN

TUMMY FULL OF GAS

BOTTOM BURP





# Windy MINDY

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little girl who was known as *Windy Mindy*.

Way back when she was a baby, Mindy discovered she had the most awful talent for breaking *wind*. *Bubble bombs*, *thurps*, **TOILET TUNES**, *putt-putts*, **UNDER-BURPS**, *trouser toots*, **BLURTS**, *bench-warmers*, **LITTLE TOMMY SQUEAKERS**, **HONKERS**, **bottom yodels**, call them what you will, Mindy would delight in letting them rip.



## WINDY MINDY

The little girl was so good at trumping, she could compete in it for her country.\*

Mindy's wind took on many different shapes and sizes. The little girl could do SILENT ones, **LOUD** ones, **DEAFENING** ones, **long** ones, SHORT ones, ones that went **rat-tat-tat** like a machine gun and even **explosive** ones.

Mindy's was a talent that appalled everyone unfortunate enough to be near her. But the little girl was full of mischief and absolutely loved the chaos her wind caused. There would be STAMPEDES in supermarkets, CHARGES in churches and PANDEMONIUM in patisseries.

People would often be trampled underfoot as they tried to escape the smell.



\*If there was an international competition that awarded medals for particularly loud or smelly trumps which, at the time of this book going to print, there sadly is not.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Mindy would deliberately fill herself up with food she knew would make her bottom burp. She would devour all of the following in gigantic quantities:

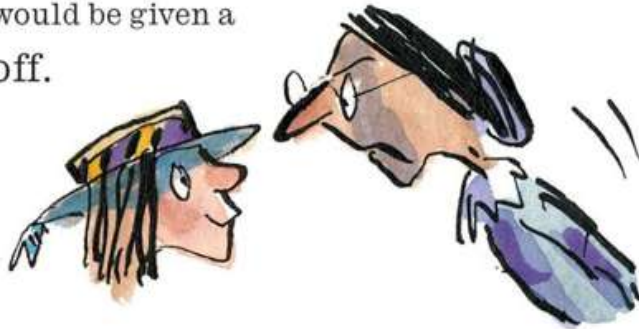


## WINDY MINDY

At school the teachers would often send Mindy out of lessons for her 'outbursts'. Mindy would claim it was an accident, but the truth was she did it on purpose.

Every single time.

Either the noise would be so disruptive, or the smell so overpowering, that the classroom had to be evacuated. Then off Mindy would be sent to the headmistress's office, where she would be given a stern ticking-off.



"Mindy, I am extremely disappointed in you," announced the headmistress on the particular morning that our story begins. The lady kept the door of her office open as a precaution, just in case the little girl let another one go.

"Sorry, Headmistress," said Mindy with a smirk.

"This is the *twelfth* time this week a teacher has sent you to my office. And it's only Tuesday."

"I said SORRY!"

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“Sorry isn’t **GOOD** enough! Today Miss Prism had to send you out of her maths lesson for making ‘a noise like *thunder*’. Yesterday your poor history teacher, Miss Ping, actually fainted in the classroom at the **pong** and had to be taken to the sickbay.”

“I think **Ping** did the **pong**,” suggested Mindy with another smirk.

“It’s *Miss Ping* and, for your information, in the twenty years she has worked at this school I have never known the fragrant Miss Ping to make a **pong**. Now what do you have to say for yourself?”

An evil **thought** shot across the girl’s mind.

**ppppffttt!** came a sound.

There was a short delay as the **pong**tastic aroma floated across the room. Finally the dark and dirty **SMELL** snaked its way up the headmistress’s nostrils. The lady hastily covered her mouth and nose with her handkerchief.

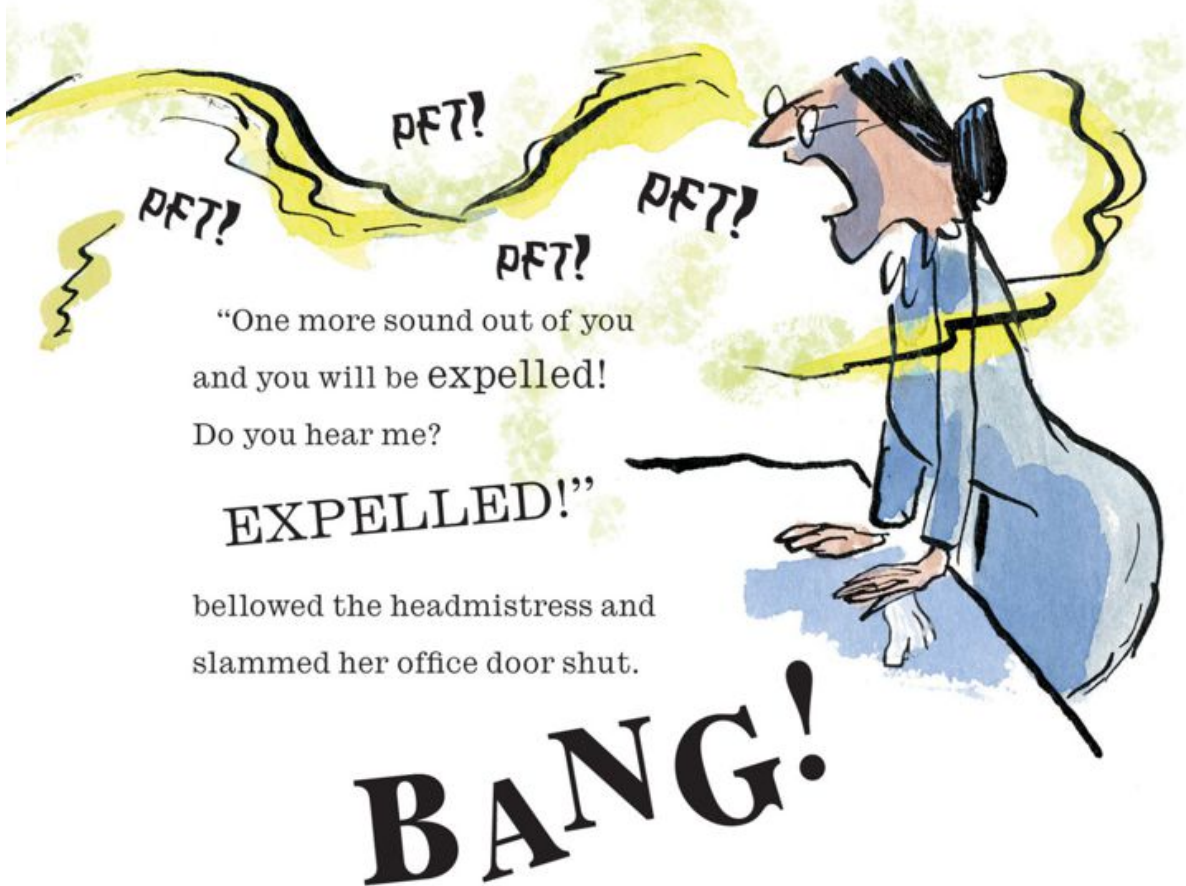


WINDY MINDY

“You wicked child!” she shouted as *Windy Mindy* stifled a giggle. “Get out! Get out of my office at **once!**”

She shooed the little girl out of the room as quickly as she could. “Shoo! Shoo! **SHOO!**”

As Mindy took each step towards the door, she blew a little *bottom bubble* in the direction of the lady.



bellowed the headmistress and slammed her office door shut.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Mindy stood alone in the corridor once more. Feeling rather pleased with herself, she skipped off, *tooting* all the way.

**PFT! PFT! PFT! PFT!**

Not wishing to return to her maths lesson, Mindy looked for an empty classroom to hide in until break-time. She slipped into the **MUSIC** room. An array of instruments stood ready to be plucked, played or blown into.

Unsurprisingly, Mindy was drawn to the **wind** instruments. *The saxophone, the trumpet, the trombone, the tuba* all stood glistening on their stands. The biggest of them all was the tuba, and Mindy walked slowly towards it, as if in a **trance**. The little girl had no musical ability she knew of and when she tried to blow into the instrument, a pathetic rumbling sound came out.

But just as she was about to give up Mindy had a **mischievous** thought. She held the end of the tuba behind her behind, blowing **wind** from her bottom towards the tuba as

**hard** as **she** could.

WINDY MINDY

A long low note came from the tuba.

DOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Pleasantly surprised at the sound, Mindy tried again.

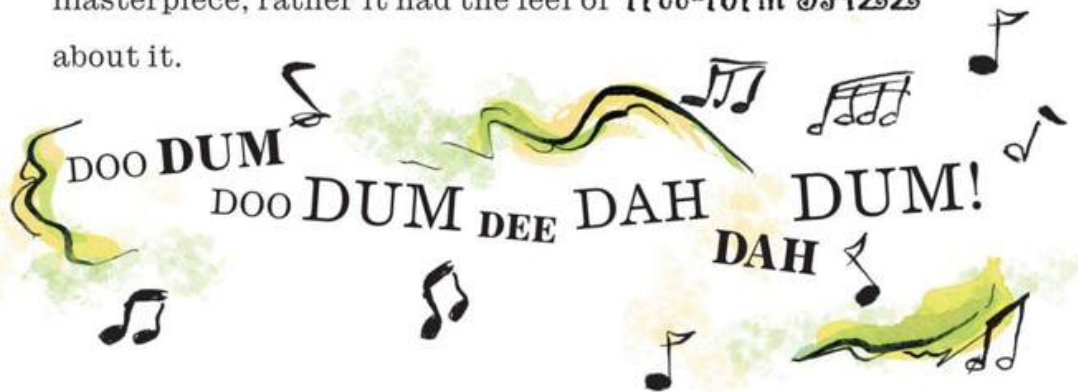
Three higher notes this time, in quick succession.



DEE DAH! DEE DAH! DEE DAH!

The girl was beginning to get a feel for the instrument now.

Soon Mindy started putting the notes together in something resembling a tune. It wasn't a classical masterpiece; rather it had the feel of free-form JAZZ about it.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Delighted at this discovery, Mindy began to whirl round the room with the tuba at her behind. The sound the girl was making by now was nothing short of wondrous.



Outside the classroom the elderly music teacher, Mr Tinkle, was passing by. The music stopped him in his tracks. In all his years of teaching,

he had never heard a pupil play so superbly. It brought tears to his eyes. When Mr Tinkle opened the door to the music room, so did the *smell*.



DUM  
DEE  
DAH  
DEE  
DUM  
DAH

DUM!!!



## WINDY MINDY

At first the music teacher was **horrified** at what he saw. One of his **beloved** instruments being powered by a windy child's bottom. He was about to shout at Mindy to stop, but the sheer beauty of the music made him pause. As the music **soared**, so did his heart. This young girl was a **musical prodigy**. She could become one of the all-time greats, playing huge sell-out concerts all over the world! As for Mr Tinkle, he would be remembered as the humble teacher who discovered a musical **superstar**.

"Mindy!" he exclaimed.  
"You are a genius!"

"It's just my  
bottom burping, sir,"  
replied the little girl.



"I know. But please keep those beautiful *bottom burps* coming. The sound they make is **magnificent!**"

"If you say so, sir."

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

That night the music teacher rushed over to **Windy** **Mindy's** house to talk to her long-suffering parents about his master plan.

They were delighted that their daughter's dubious 'gift' could at last be put to good use, and even more delighted that it would get her out of the house.

Now they wouldn't have to sit watching television with **pegs** on their noses.



The next morning at school, Mr Tinkle presented the girl with a very special present. A shiny **new** tuba.

"Now, Mindy," began Mr Tinkle, "I need you to practise, practise, **practise** until your bum goes numb!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I have booked the greatest **music** venue in the world to launch your **glittering** career!

**THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL!"**

**PFT!** went the girl's bottom.

"Was that on purpose?" asked the music teacher.

"No, sir, just **nerves.**"

## WINDY MINDY

So enthused was Mr Tinkle about his protégée's talents that he set about inviting the **greatest** composers and conductors from all over the world to her concert debut. He even invited royalty – the Duke and Duchess of *Somewhere or Other*.

Meanwhile Mindy did just as Mr Tinkle said. **Every** night after school she spent hours in the music room

practising on her tuba. There was so much

**toxic gas** in the room that the paint peeled off the walls, much to the

delight of the little girl.

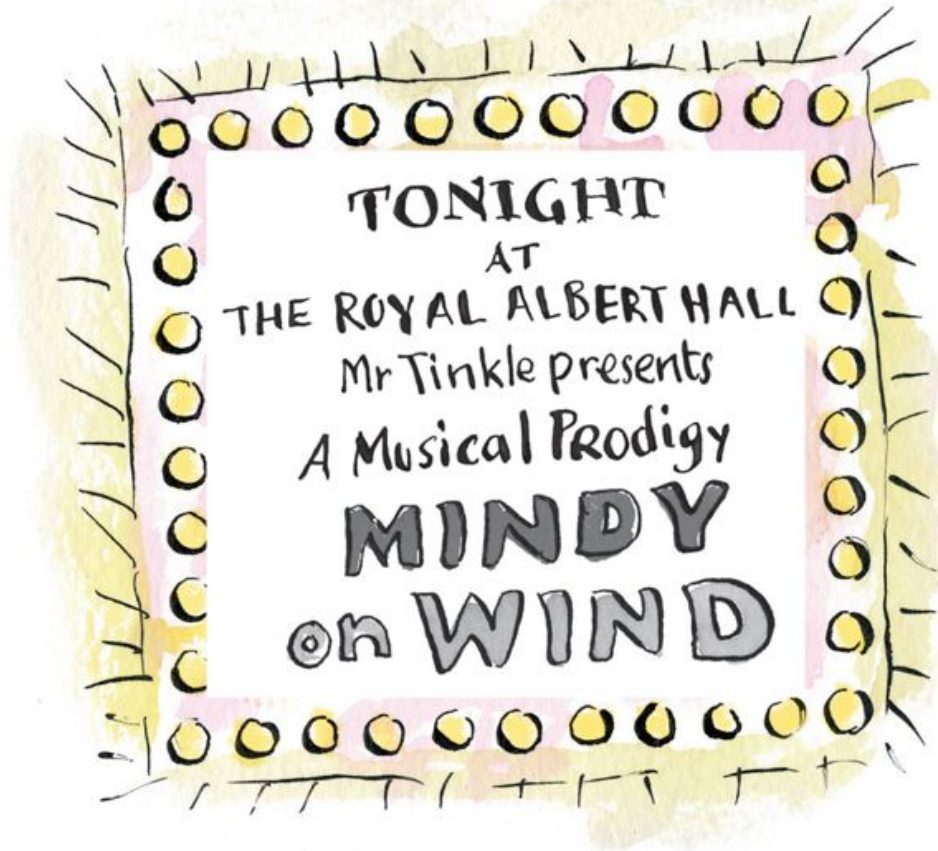
And her **big** night was **FAST** approaching...



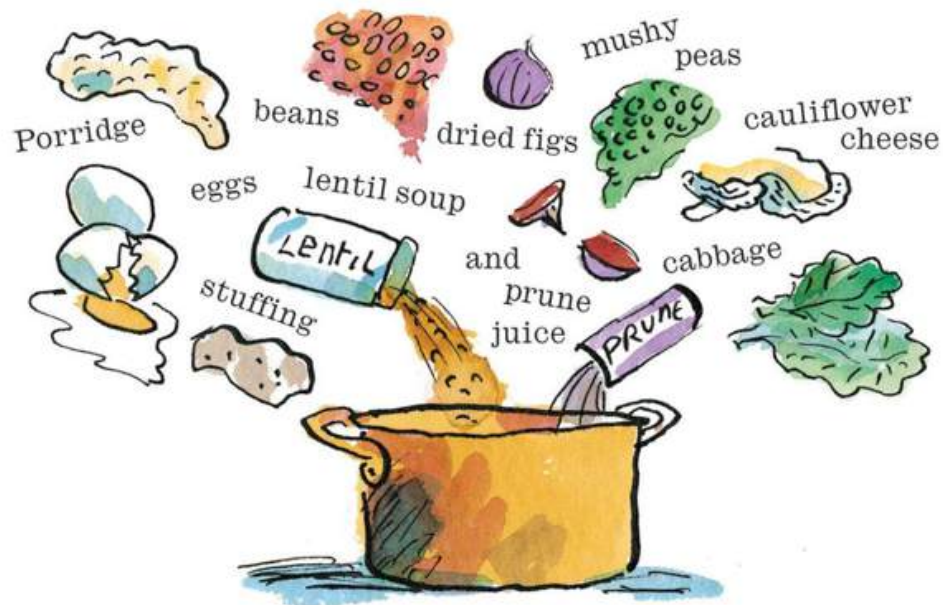
THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

\* \* \*

Finally the day came. *Windy Mindy* was to make her world debut at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL.



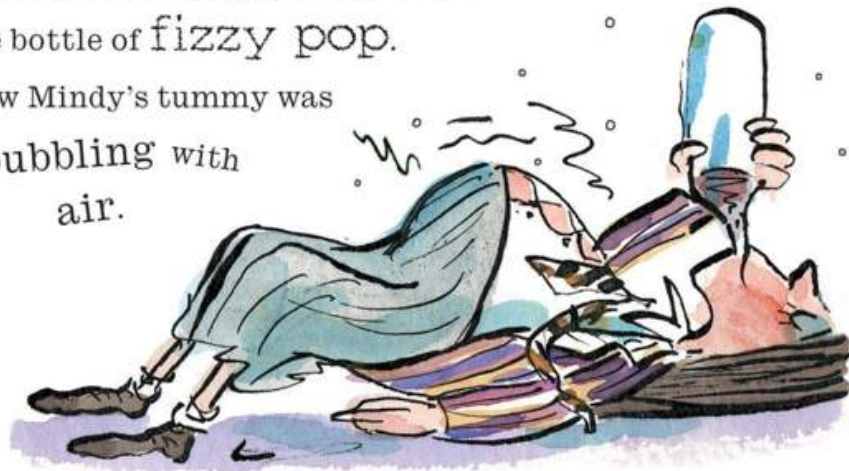
In Mindy's vast dressing room backstage, there were some last-minute preparations. The little girl was delighted to devour as many of her special *windy* foods as she possibly could.



were all mixed together in a giant vat before she poured them down her throat.

To ensure that she would have enough *wind* for the performance, she topped it off with a huge bottle of fizzy pop.

Now Mindy's tummy was bubbling with air.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“Isn’t it great? I think I am going to **explode**, sir!” she said. “I will have enough **wind** to play for **hours**,” she added, before excitedly clambering on to a trampoline. As soon as she started bouncing up and down, she began counting.

*“Three hundred!*

*Two hundred and ninety-nine!*

*Two hundred and ninety-eight!”*

A tiny  
tommy squeaker  
escaped from Mindy’s  
bottom with every jump.



After bouncing for over an hour, the food and drink in the girl’s tummy had been **mixed together** nicely, or horribly, depending on how you **look** at it.

## WINDY MINDY



Meanwhile all of the distinguished guests had been seated in the auditorium. Even the Duke and Duchess of *Somewhere or Other* had come, he in a velvet dinner suit, she in a ball gown with a diamond tiara atop her head.

The lights dimmed and a spotlight shone on Mr Tinkle as he shuffled on to the huge stage of the ROYAL ALBERT HALL.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

“Your Royal Highnesses, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to this **VERY** special evening. Tonight I am going to introduce to you my **musical discovery**. A girl who just one month ago had never played a **note** of music in her life!”

There was a **gasp** from the audience. They could hardly believe their ears.

“Please! Please!” called Mr Tinkle over murmurs that were growing louder by the moment.

“You will **not** be disappointed. This young girl is one of the greatest **free-form JAZZ TUBA** players of our age.

**NO – OF ALL TIME!”**

The audience broke into wild applause. Mr Tinkle smiled and bowed his head before continuing.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I give you...

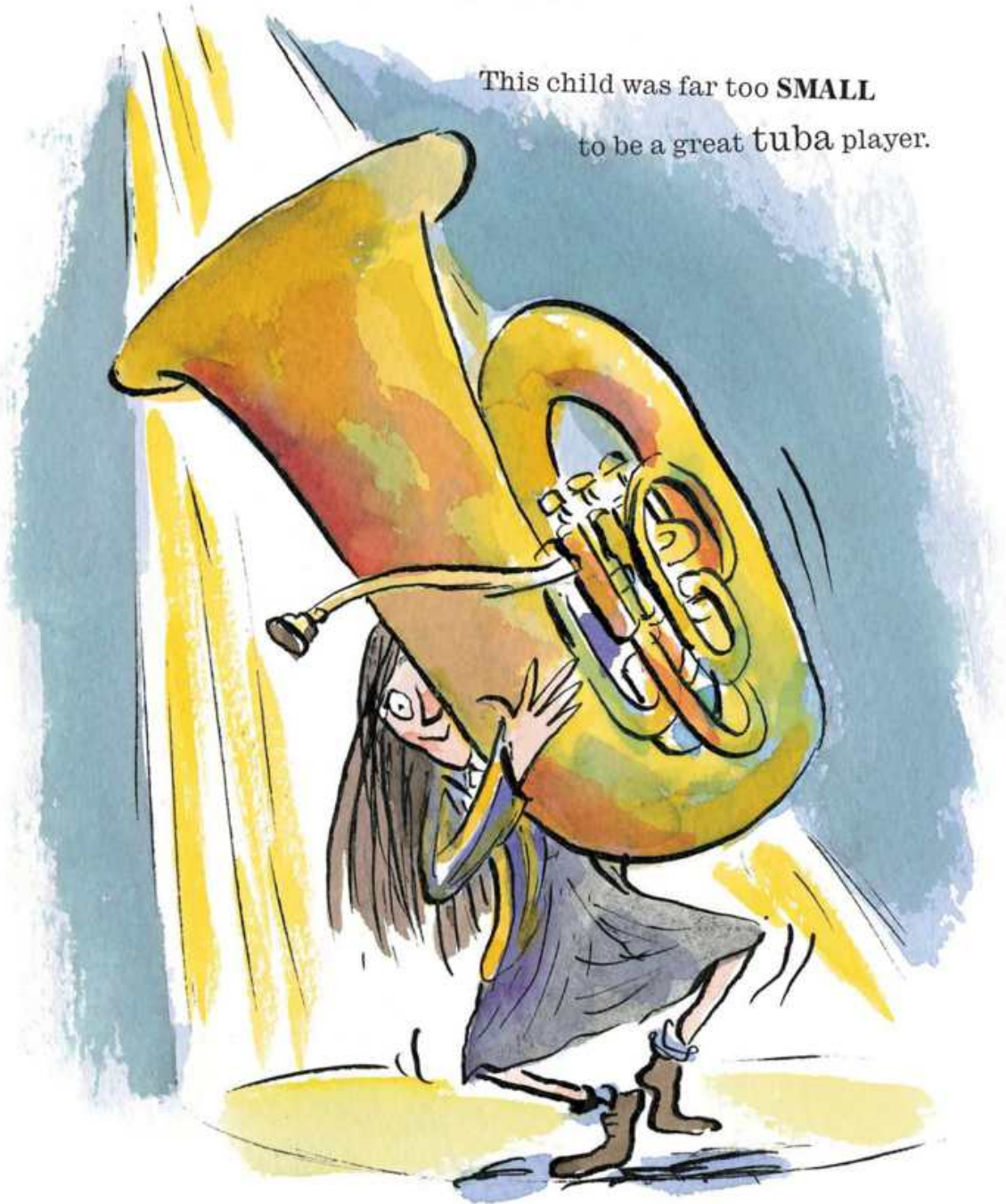
**WINDY MINDY!”**

The audience shook their heads in disbelief as the little girl strolled on to the stage. Surely there was some mistake?



WINDY MINDY

This child was far too **SMALL**  
to be a great tuba player.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Mindy smiled and bowed to the audience. As she did so, a little *pop-pop* pop-popped out of her bottom. Mr Tinkle looked on nervously from the side of the stage. Fortunately, as it was downstage, no one seemed to hear, though one of the backstage workers did faint.

Next, Mindy turned round and placed the tuba behind her **bottom**, ready to blow her *wind* towards it.



# GASP!

The audience were scandalised. They had never seen anything so rude. And in the ROYAL ALBERT HALL indeed. Which is not just a big hall, but is actually *royal*!

## WINDY MINDY

For a moment it seemed like a riot might break out. Mindy looked across to Mr Tinkle, who gestured frantically for the girl to begin.

So she did.

Immediately sweet music filled the hall. The audience were shocked into silence. The sound *Windy Mindy* made was beautiful beyond words. After just a few notes, she had everyone entranced. They were all in the palm of her bottom.



This was a moment in music history that the world would NEVER forget, Mr Tinkle was sure of it.

However...

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

...after all that gassy food and fizzy pop plus, of course, all the bouncing <sup>up</sup> and down on a trampoline, Mindy's *wind* was particularly fierce.

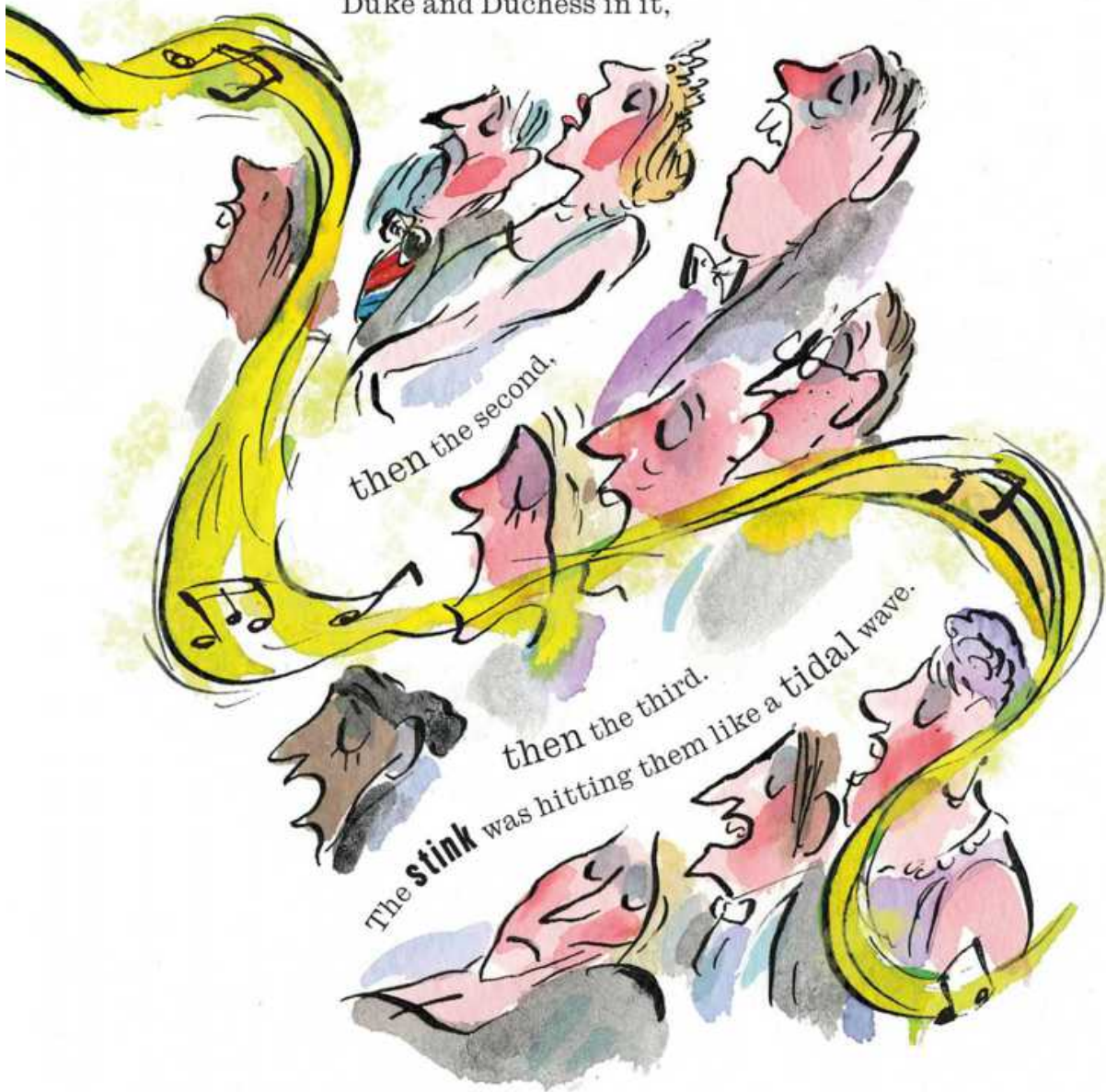


The  
smell was  
so appalling it  
actually  
**BURNED** the nostrils  
when it went  
up the  
nose.

Needless to say, dear reader, this is the point in the story where things began to go **horribly wrong**.

WINDY MINDY

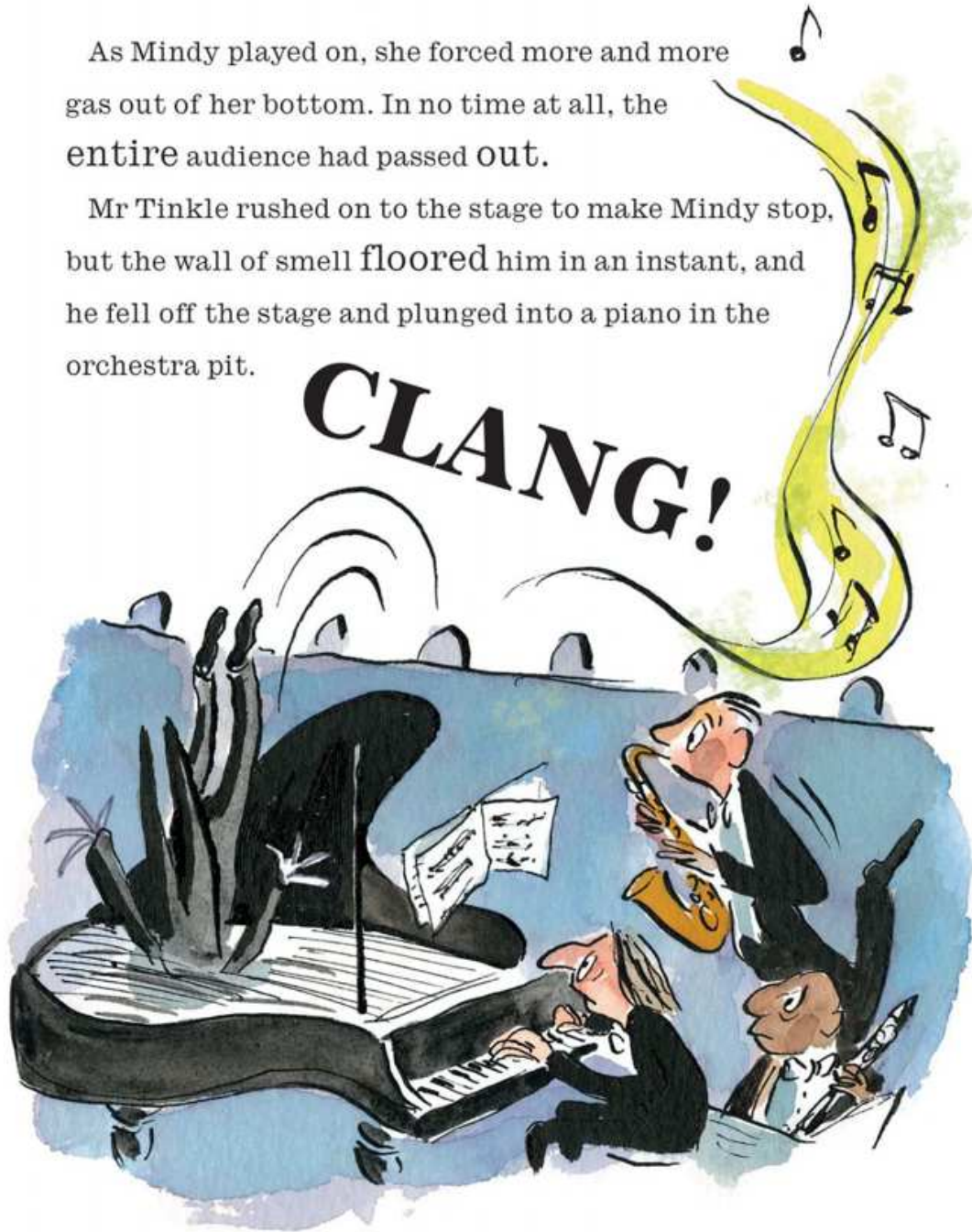
Suddenly the music teacher noticed that **one** by **one**  
the rows of audience members were **withering** like  
dead flowers. **F**irst the front row with the  
Duke and Duchess in it,



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

As Mindy played on, she forced more and more gas out of her bottom. In no time at all, the entire audience had passed out.

Mr Tinkle rushed on to the stage to make Mindy stop, but the wall of smell floored him in an instant, and he fell off the stage and plunged into a piano in the orchestra pit.



WINDY MINDY

Suddenly Mindy realised that, as much as she  
WANTED to, she just

**COULDN'T STOP BLOWING OFF.**

Up until today she had always enjoyed being able to  
deliver her trumps to order.

But now her bottom  
was buzzing way out  
of control

and her bubbly tummy  
was **EXPANDING**  
at an alarming rate.

Nothing  
could **HOLD**  
the gas back.



Her  
bottom  
was about to go

**NUCLEAR!**

There was an eerie silence for a few seconds before...

Mindy shot SO much air out of her behind so unbelievably fast that she actually took off like a rocket.

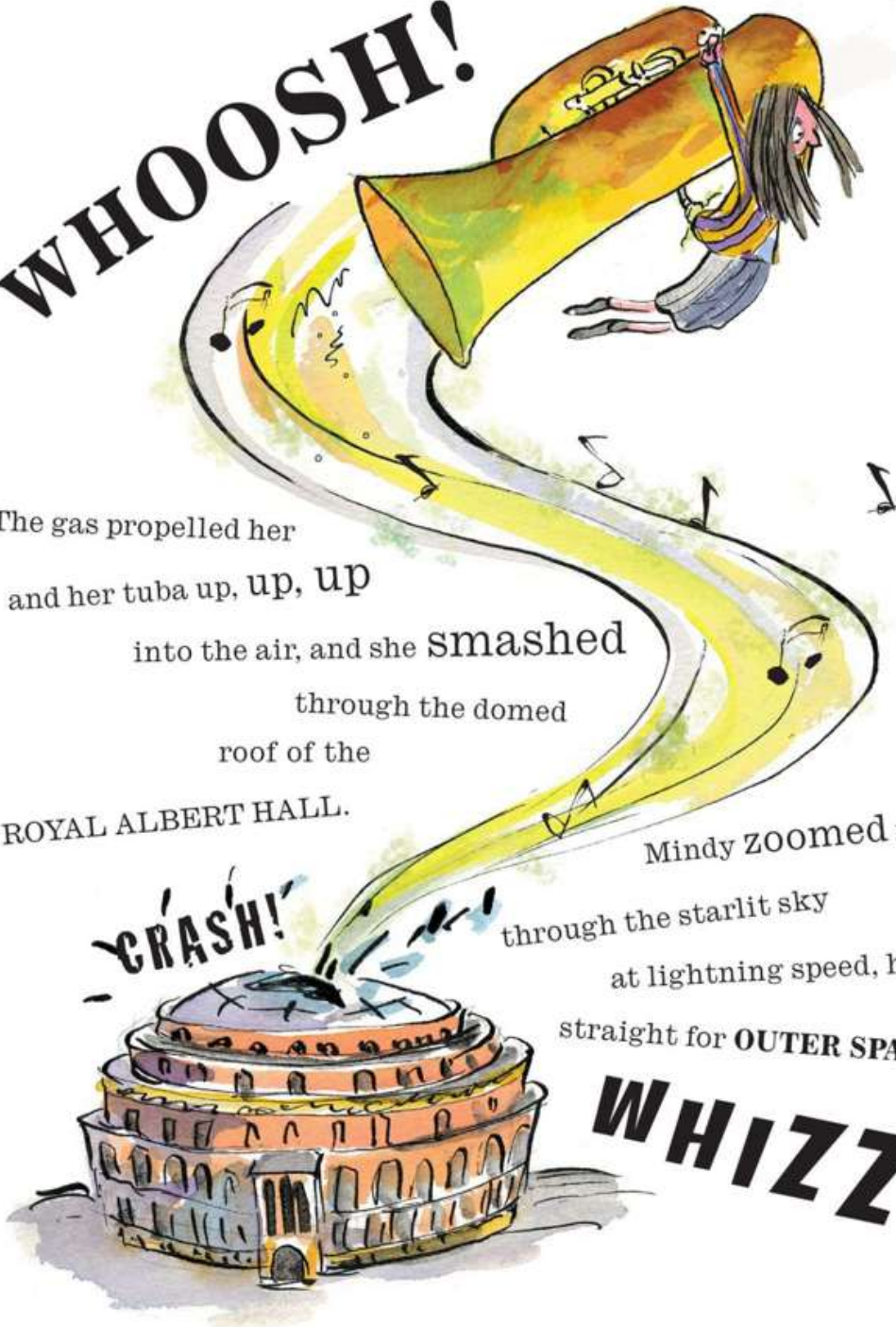
**WHOOSH!**

The gas propelled her  
and her tuba up, up, up  
into the air, and she smashed  
through the domed  
roof of the  
ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Mindy zoomed up  
through the starlit sky  
at lightning speed, heading  
straight for OUTER SPACE.

**CRASH!**

**WHIZZ!**

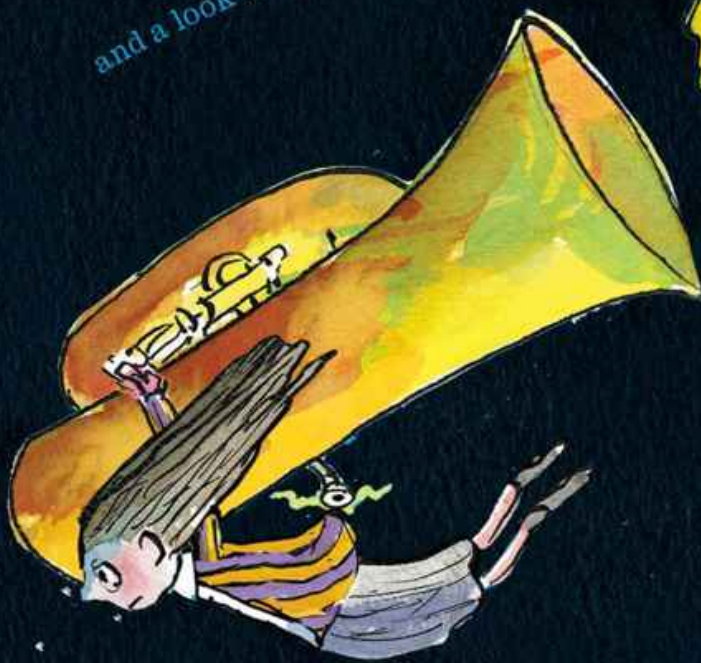




WINDY MINDY

Up there on an **International Space Station**, the **astronauts** on board reported hearing some rather impressive **free-form JAZZ**. Thinking it might be **alien life** attempting to make contact, they put on their space suits and rushed outside, only to find themselves gazing **open-mouthed** in shock at...

a little girl hurtling past  
with a tuba behind her behind,  
and a look of terrible panic on her face.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN



That was the very last sighting of *Windy Mindy*.

WINDY MINDY

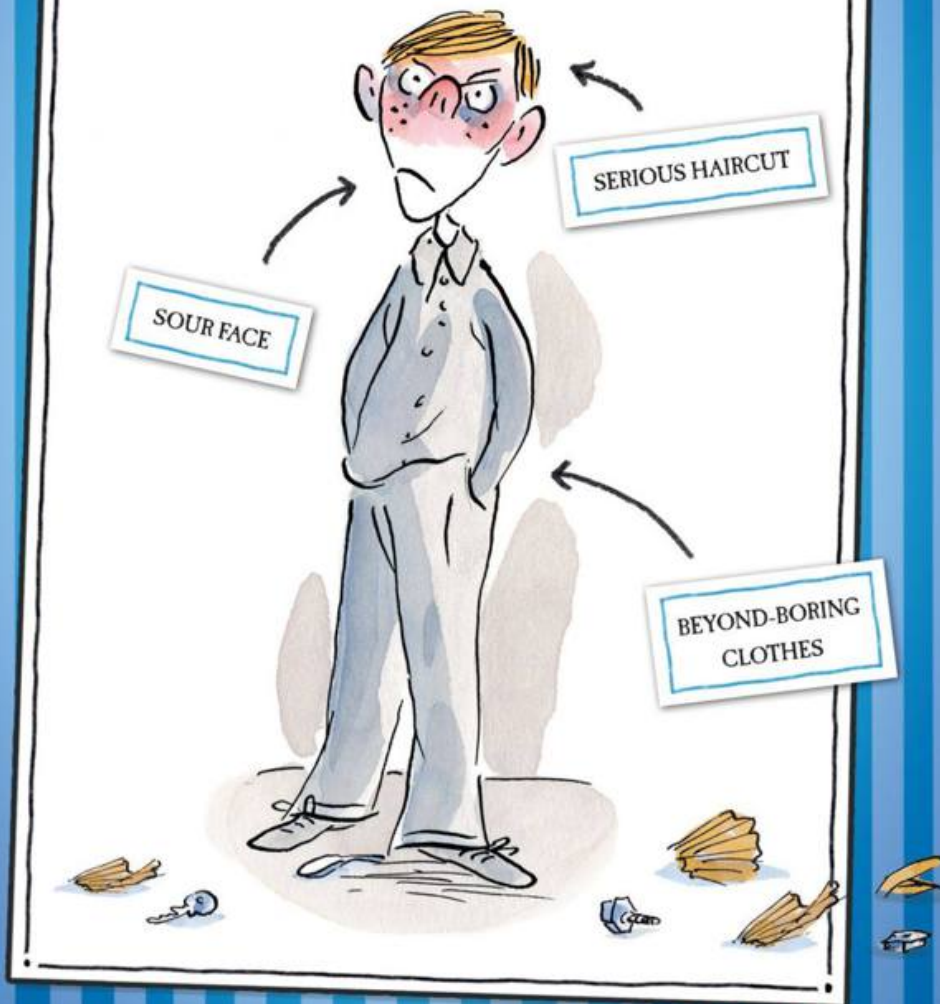
So what is the **moral** of this tale, I hear you ask?

It's that there is absolutely  
nothing funny about **breaking wind**.

Which is why I would *never* write a story about it.



# Earnest ERNEST





# Ernest ERNEST

EARNEST ERNEST HAD MADE IT to twelve years old without ONCE cracking a smile. The boy loved to be deadly serious all of the time. He was far too **pompous** to involve himself in anything that might be considered 'FUN'. Joy and laughter were strangers to him. He never watched cartoons or played games or went to birthday parties.

## EARNEST ERNEST

The other children in school would try to include him, but the boy chose to spend all his time **alone**, immersed in some incredibly **boring** hobbies.

Ernest had an unrivalled collection of



*pencil-sharpenings*



and on weekends he would photograph **traffic lights**, then stick the pictures in a series of scrapbooks labelled *Traffic Lights 1-217*.

However, Ernest's most favourite hobby of all was a guessing game of his own invention, where he would attempt to deduce what types of **metal** various objects were made of.

"Mother, I do believe that said **toaster** has been manufactured from the metal *steel*," declared the boy one morning, as he sat in the kitchen with his long-suffering mother. Ernest's clothes were like a **uniform**. He always wore the same **grey** lace-up shoes, **grey** trousers and **grey** shirt buttoned right up to the collar.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

In contrast to **Ernest Ernest**, his mother was a jolly soul. A large lively lady who wore brightly-coloured clothes with loud flowery patterns. However, her face was increasingly lined with worry about the fact that her son had **NEVER** laughed or even smiled.



Dutifully she picked up the toaster, and studied the engraving on its underside.

“Correct  
AGAIN,  
Ernest!”

she muttered with as much enthusiasm as she could muster.

## EARNEST ERNEST

“Now, Mother, let us move on to said toilet-roll holder. I do believe it has been manufactured from the metal *aluminium*.”

“Correct again, Ernest! What a splendid game this is. I **never** tire of it,” she lied. Then

Mother plucked up the courage to ask a question.

“Ernest, I was wondering if you might want to go and do something **FUN** today.”



“**FUN?**” Ernest exclaimed.

“Mother, what is this ‘**FUN**’ that you speak of?”

“Well, you know... *amusement*.”

“**Amusement?**”

“Yes. **FUN** could be *anything*, like... going to the *zoo*. Watching the orang-utans playing together can be very *amusing*,” replied the woman.

“I hardly think so, Mother,” stated the boy **coldly**. “Said orang-utans are merely apes that are orange. What on earth is ‘*amusing*’ about that?”



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

His mother sighed and tried again. "Then we could go to the fairground. It's always *funny* looking at yourself in a hall of mirrors."

"Mother, why on earth would that be..." Ernest could barely bring himself to say the word, "...**FUNNY?**"

"Well..." It wasn't easy to describe such a thing to someone with absolutely **NO** sense of humour. "Well, you look in one mirror and you are *tall and thin!*"

The boy was unmoved. "Pray continue, Mother..."

"And then you... **ERM...**"

Ernest stared at his mother, his lip curling in disdain.



"...you look in the **next** mirror and, would you believe it, you are *short and fat!* **Ha ha ha!**"

## EARNEST ERNEST

Her laughter came to an abrupt halt as Ernest frowned at her with **contempt**.

“Mother, I am neither tall and thin, nor short and fat. Why cannot the hall of mirrors just be normal mirrors, coated, of course, with the metal *aluminium*?”

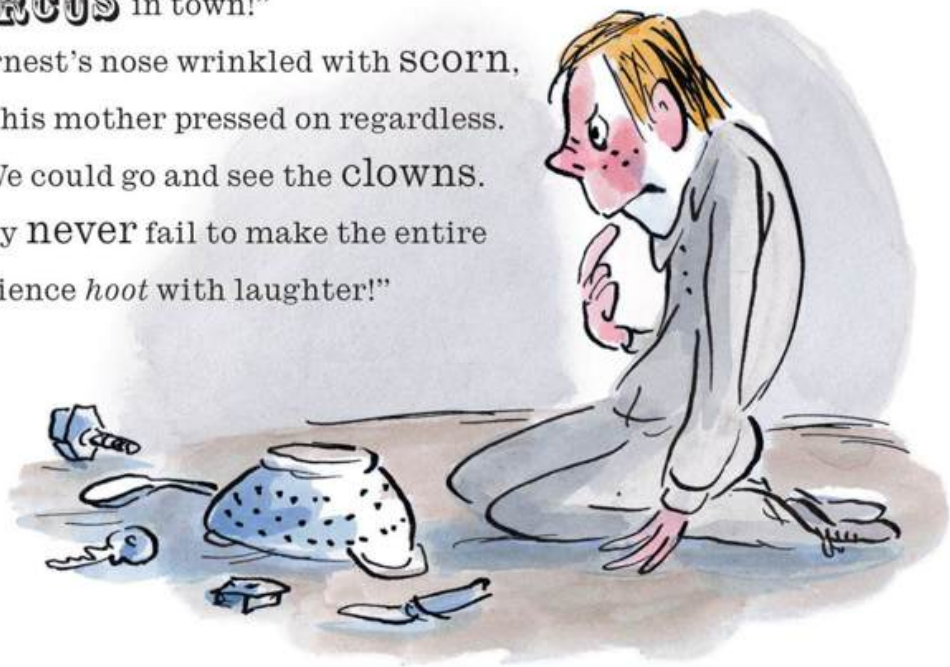
“Because, Ernest, then the funny mirrors wouldn’t be **FUNNY!**” The woman was exasperated now. “Look, son, please let’s just forget the zoo and the fairground because there is something **even better.**”

“Really?”

“**YES!** I found out this morning there is a **CIRCUS** in town!”

Ernest’s nose wrinkled with **SCORN**, but his mother pressed on regardless.

“We could go and see the **clowns**. They **NEVER** fail to make the entire audience *hoot* with laughter!”



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN



“These ‘clowns’ of which you speak are amusing, are they, Mother?”

“Oh yes, Ernest! **Hilarious!**” replied the lady in a flash. It seemed she might have hooked the boy at last; now she just had to reel him in.



“They drive into the circus tent in a little clown car and, before they can even get out of the car, the doors fall off!

**Ha ha ha ha!**”

Ernest was lost in thought.

“Mother, what metal is said car made of?”

Mother shook her head. “I don’t know, son. That’s not really the point.”

“Is it the metal *steel*?”

“I don’t know. And then the clowns get out of the car and they all have these big buckets of water and—”

EARNEST ERNEST

“Mother, what **metals** are said buckets made of?”

“I don’t **know!**”

“*Zinc?*”

“Ernest, **please**, for goodness’ sake!

It’s not important what stupid metal the buckets are made of!”

Ernest shot his mother a stare that could kill an elephant.

“There is nothing stupid about **metal**, Mother. Ever since I was two years old, I have been studying it,” Ernest continued in his monotonous monotone. “I find its properties **fascinating**. Did you know, for example, that the chemical symbol for silver is **Ag** from the Latin word for silver – *argentum?*”



“Yes, yes, yes, I am sure that is **fascinating**, but—”

“Correct, Mother, it is **fascinating**. So it is a resounding **NO** to said offers of visits to said zoo, said fairground or said circus. Now, if you will excuse me, I

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

must get back to my collection of **cheese graters.**"

With that he marched out of the kitchen and upstairs to his bedroom.

The walls of Ernest's room were painted **grey**. The bed was **grey**, the duvet was **grey**, the curtains were **grey**. Sometimes it was hard to spot Ernest in there since his clothes were all **grey** too.\*



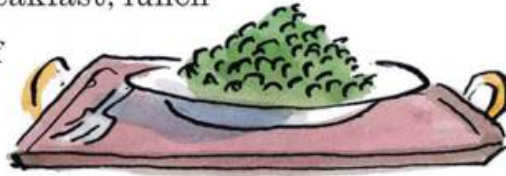
\*Grey was Ernest's favourite colour because it was the colour of most metals. Except gold, which is gold; and silver, which is silver. Which is a bit like grey. Ernest regarded all colours that were not grey to be "far too colourful".

## EARNEST ERNEST

Up in his bedroom, Ernest spent the remainder of the day studying his **cheese graters**.



Mother was ordered to leave his dinner outside his bedroom on a tray. It was a plate of cold peas. That was all Ernest ever ate for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Bowls or plates of the most boring vegetable in the world.



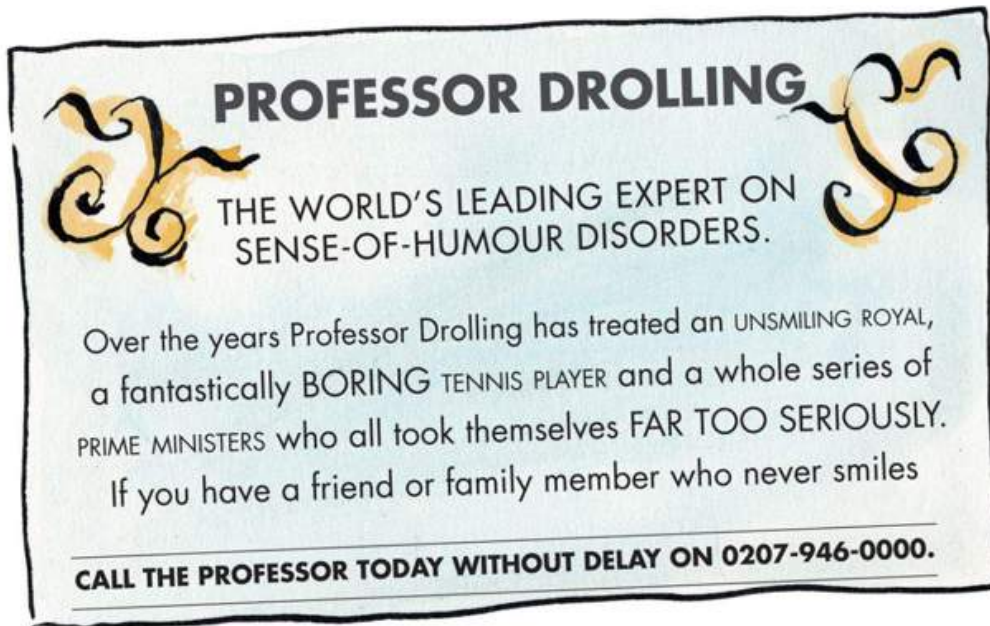
The next morning Ernest's mother woke more sick with **WORRY** than ever before. Her son was twelve years old. Soon he would be a teenager. She was desperate for him to experience all those things children should before it was too late. *Joy. Laughter. Fun. Friends.*

As she took yet **another** bag of frozen peas out of the freezer for Ernest's pea-based breakfast, she realised that **DRASTIC ACTION WAS NEEDED**

**IF SHE WAS EVER TO SEE HER BOY SMILE.**

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

So Mother did some research and in a newspaper found the following advertisement:



**PROFESSOR DROLLING**

THE WORLD'S LEADING EXPERT ON  
SENSE-OF-HUMOUR DISORDERS.

Over the years Professor Drolling has treated an UNSMILING ROYAL,  
a fantastically BORING TENNIS PLAYER and a whole series of  
PRIME MINISTERS who all took themselves FAR TOO SERIOUSLY.  
If you have a friend or family member who never smiles

**CALL THE PROFESSOR TODAY WITHOUT DELAY ON 0207-946-0000.**

Ernest's mother made an appointment for the very next day.

Professor Drolling's study was situated on the hundredth floor of a hospital. Medical certificates adorned the walls, there was a glass case full of awards and the professor even had a vast oil painting of himself hung behind his desk. This was a man at the absolute **TIP-TOP** of his profession.

## EARNEST ERNEST

As Ernest sat outside in the waiting area, flicking through a copy of *Spoon Monthly*, Mother told the man everything. She told him about her son's *pencil-sharpenings* collection, the diet of cold peas and the scrapbooks of **photographs of traffic lights** that had now reached 558 volumes. Then she told him how Ernest had never, **ever** laughed or even smiled.

"In all my years in the medical profession, this is by far the most **SERIOUS** case of **NO-SENSE-OF-HUMOUR DISORDER**

I have **EVER** heard of!" exclaimed Professor Drolling excitedly. "If I can make your son Ernest smile, I will go down in history as one of the **greatest** scientists of all time!"

Mother was not convinced he could do it, despite all his expertise. "But how on earth are you going to manage it, Professor? I have tried absolutely everything."

With a theatrical flourish the professor yanked back a long curtain.

"Let me introduce you to my latest invention..."



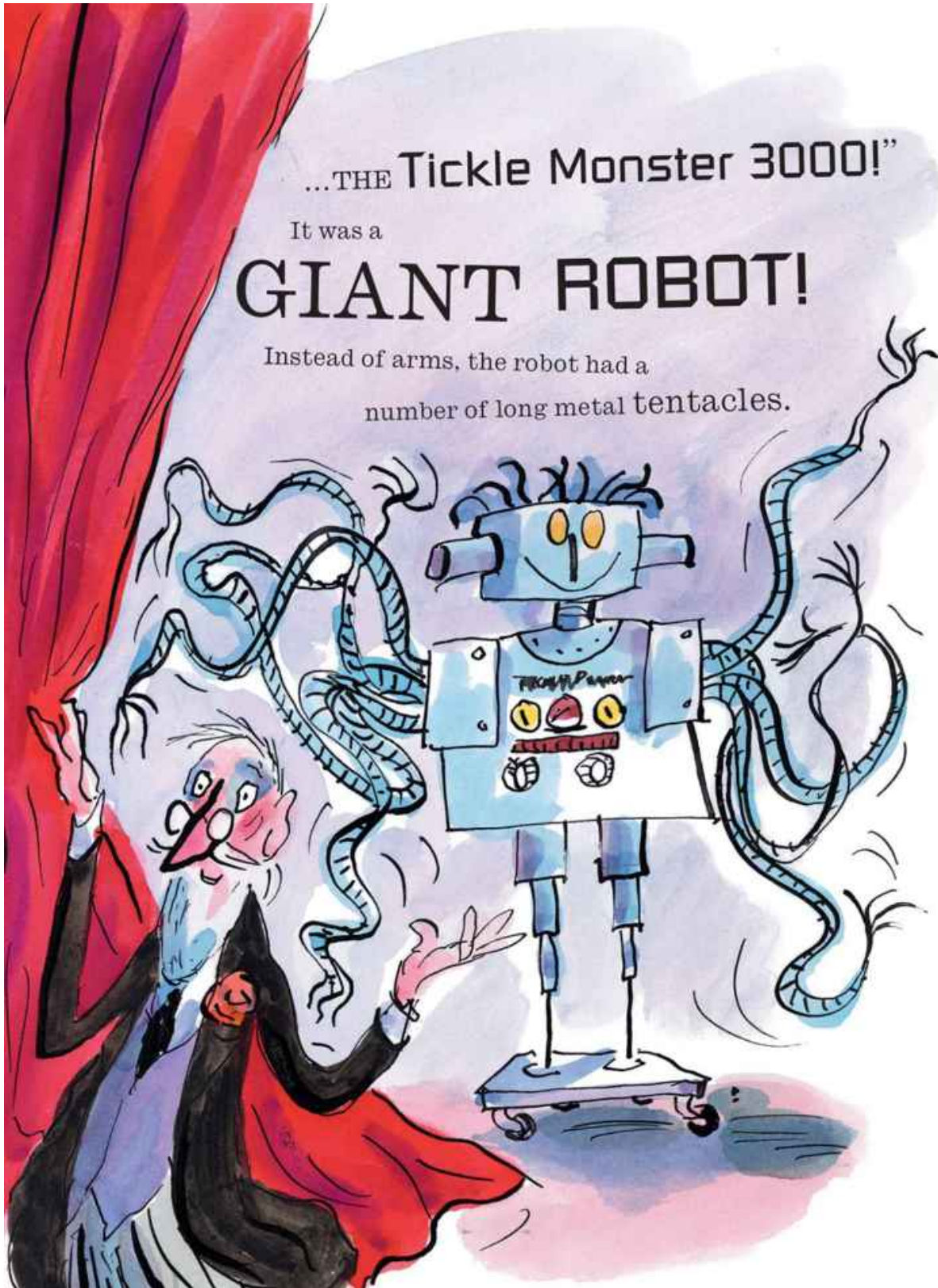


...THE Tickle Monster 3000!"

It was a

# GIANT ROBOT!

Instead of arms, the robot had a  
number of long metal tentacles.



EARNEST ERNEST

“Oh my!” gasped Ernest’s mother.

“Oh my, indeed!” agreed the professor. “My **Tickle Monster 3000** will tickle your boy into helpless gales of laughter in no time. Bring him in, right this instant!”

Mother opened the door of the study. “Ernest, can you come in now, please?”

“But Mother, I am just reading a fascinating article about the different types of **metal** used in spoons of all shapes and sizes,” he replied without looking up from his magazine.

“I said **NOW!**” she replied angrily.

Reluctantly the boy put *Spoon Monthly* down and marched into the professor’s study.

“A great pleasure to meet you, young Ernest,” said Professor Drolling warmly.

The boy simply stood and stared at the man, the usual sour look on his face as if he had swallowed a **WASP**.

“I know you may think **not**, but this robot of mine is finally going to make you **laugh!**”

announced the professor.

“What metal is said robot made of?”  
enquired the boy.



“I beg your pardon?” replied the professor,  
rather taken aback by the irrelevance  
of the question.

“What metal is said robot made of? I am  
guessing...” Ernest scrutinised the machine, “...**TIN!**”

“He does this a lot,” muttered Ernest’s mother. The  
professor sighed and checked the back of his robot.

“You are right!

It is tin.

Well, now we all know that fascinating piece

of information I am going to turn the



**Tickle Monster  
3000**

on in

three,

two,

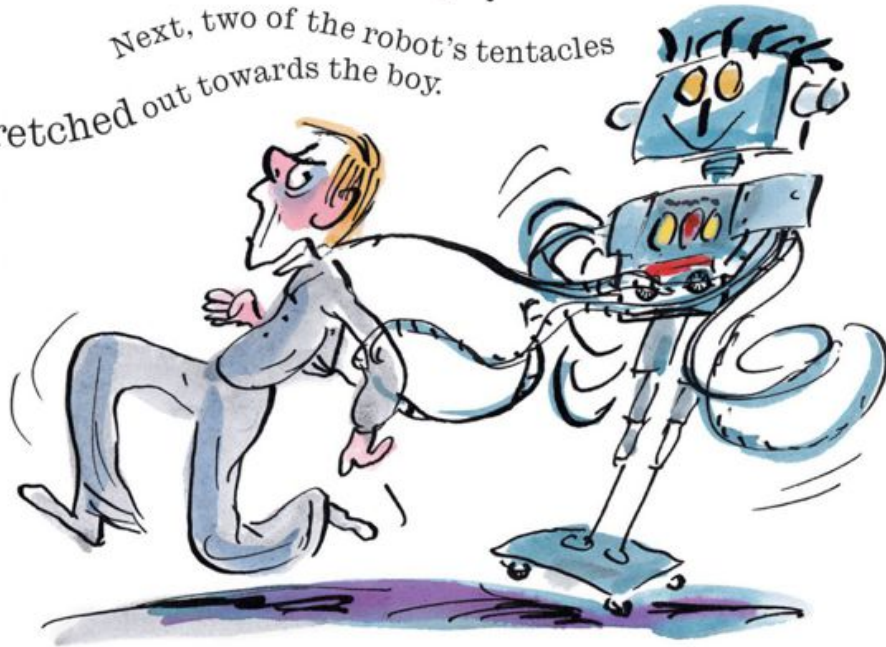
one...”

EARNEST ERNEST

With that he flicked a switch on the side and the machine flickered into life. Lights came on and it started to beep.

**BEEP! BLEEP! BLOOP!**

*Next, two of the robot's tentacles stretched out towards the boy.*



Ernest tried to run but the grabbers at the end of the tentacles held him still.

“I don’t like it!” he complained.

“I promise you, Ernest, it won’t hurt,” said the professor. He pressed more buttons and two other robot tentacles reached out and started **tickling** the boy.

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The tentacles tickled Ernest in all those places where you are most ticklesome.

First under the **chin**,



moving on to the **feet**

and finishing off with the most dreaded place of all, the **armpit**.



The professor and the boy's mother studied Ernest's face for even the flicker of a smile.

**Nothing.**

Not even the slightest suggestion of one.



EARNEST ERNEST

“This is most peculiar. **Most** peculiar indeed. Let me turn up the **power!**” declared the professor.

On the robot’s chest was a dial that read ‘TICKLE POWER’. As the professor turned it, the arrow went from number **THREE** to number **NINE**.

Beyond that was **TEN**, and beyond that a patch of red labelled ‘**DANGER LEVEL**’.

The tentacles were now moving with much greater haste than before. What’s more, they were darting all over the boy’s body, finding **new** places to tickle.



His *knees*. His *tummy*. Even his *ears*.

All felt the full **force** of Professor Drolling’s invention.

Again he and the boy’s mother studied Ernest’s face.

Again, **nothing**.

“Mother, can we go home now so I can play with my collection of **IRON FILINGS?**”

But before the lady could answer the professor shouted, “**NO!**”

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

He shouted so loudly that it made Mother jump.  
“Ooh!” she cried.

Then, with a whip of his wrist, the professor spun the dial on his robot to **‘DANGER LEVEL’**.

“Are you sure this is safe?” said

Ernest’s mother, a look of panic  
shooting across her face.

“I don’t know,” replied the professor,

“but I will get this blasted boy

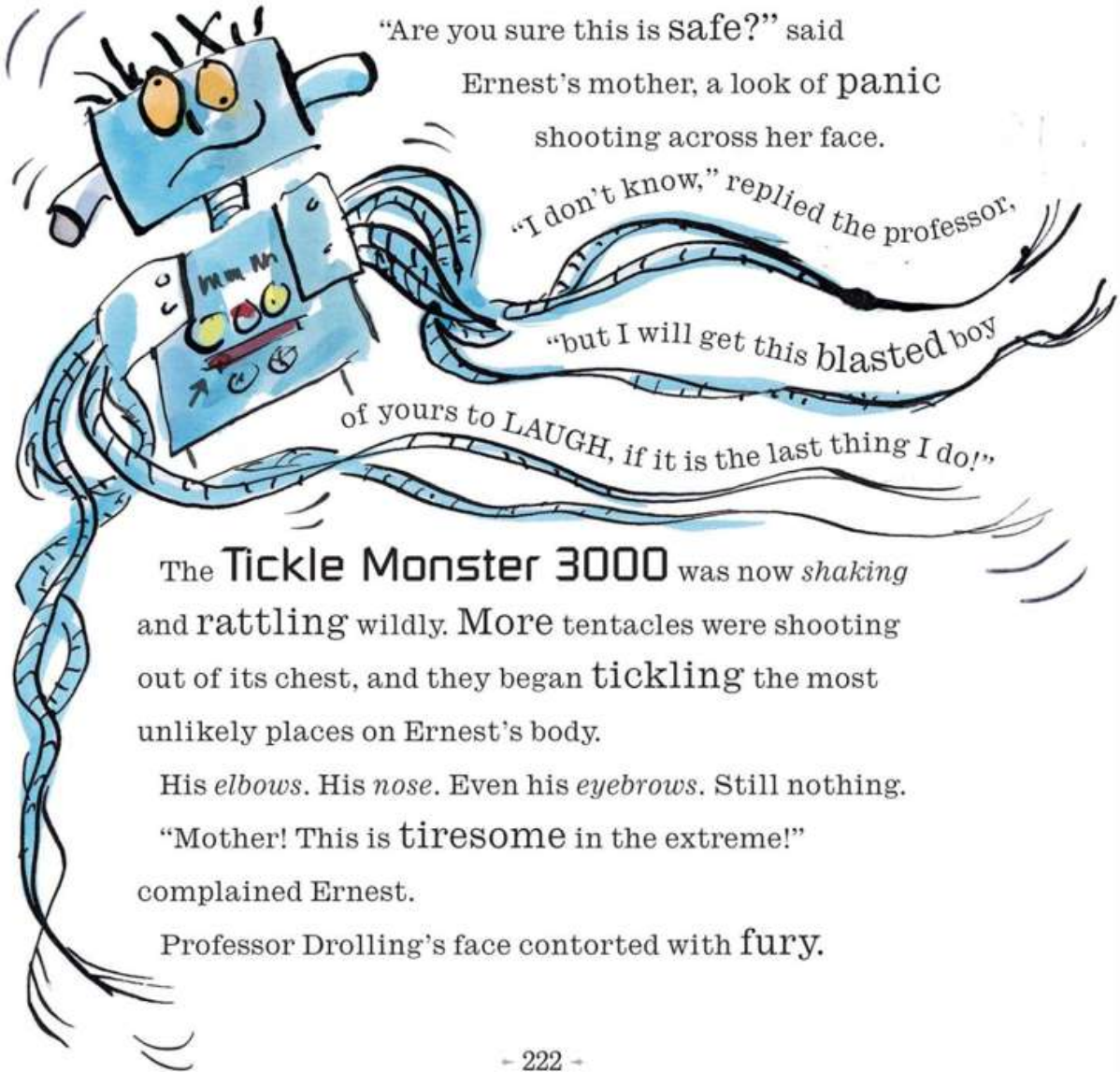
of yours to LAUGH, if it is the last thing I do!”

The **Tickle Monster 3000** was now *shaking* and rattling wildly. More tentacles were shooting out of its chest, and they began tickling the most unlikely places on Ernest’s body.

His *elbows*. His *nose*. Even his *eyebrows*. Still nothing.

“Mother! This is tiresome in the extreme!”  
complained Ernest.

Professor Drolling’s face contorted with fury.



EARNEST ERNEST

“Tickle Monster 3000!” he shouted.

“YOU ARE MY LIFE’S WORK!

MY GREATEST INVENTION!

BUT YOU HAVE **FAILED ME!**”

With that he took off his shoe and began banging the robot on the head with it.

**CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!**





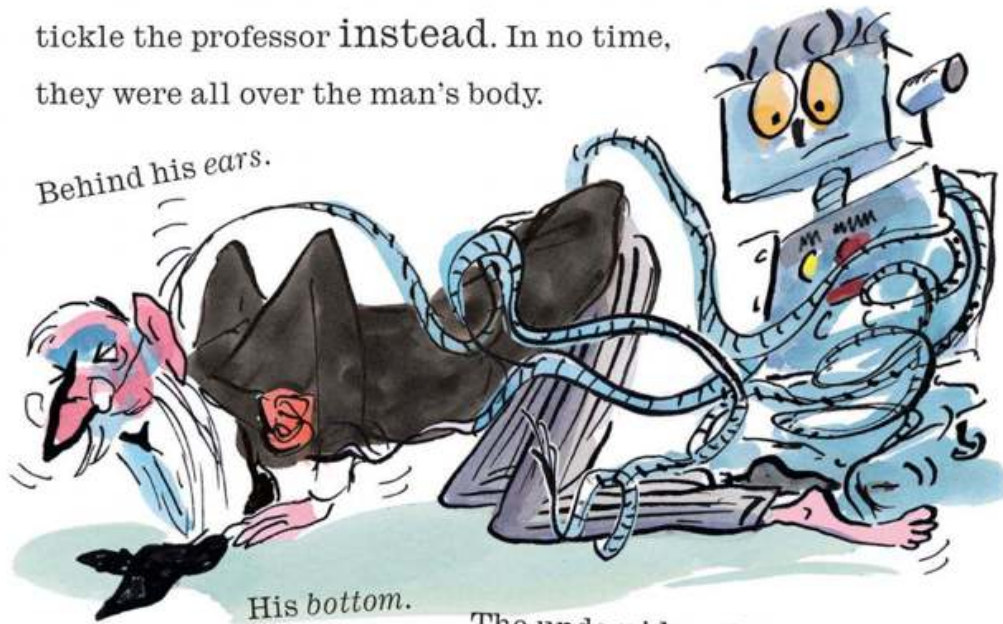
THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The robot *beeped* and hissed.

**BLEEP! BLOOP! HISS!**

Although it was a machine, it actually sounded **angry**. It stopped tickling Ernest, and slowly turned to face its master. Then its tentacles stretched out to tickle the professor **instead**. In no time, they were all over the man's body.

Behind his ears.



His bottom.

The undersides of his feet.

**“Ha ha! NO! NO!”** cried Professor Drolling.

“I hate being... **Ha ha ha ha! TICKLED!**”

The man's body was shaking with laughter.

**“Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!”**

EARNEST ERNEST

However, this wasn't *joyful* laughter. It was agonised laughter. Being tickled like this was *torture*. Especially with the **Tickle Monster 3000** on **FULL!**

**“Ha ha ha ha ha ha! HELP! HELP!**

**PLEASE, SOMEONE HELP!”**

Mother had to do something. And fast.

In desperation, she made a lunge for the dial on the robot's chest. But the **Tickle Monster 3000** turned its tentacles on her too. Soon Ernest's mother was flat on the floor, her arms and legs flapping, like a beetle stuck on its back.

**“Ha ha ha ha ha!”**  
she wailed.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Meanwhile the robot's movements were becoming increasingly jerky and unpredictable. It was making even more *beeping* and *buzzing* noises.

**BLEEP!**      **BLOOP!**      **BING!**  
                         **BING!**      **BING!**



EARNEST ERNEST

Soon sparks were flying out of its eyes; smoke was billowing from its head.

The robot's tickling tentacles were now moving so fast they were becoming a blur.

**"NO! HA HA! NO!"** cried Professor Drolling as tentacles tickled every conceivable part of his body.

**"I THINK I AM GOING TO WET MYSELF!"**

Trying desperately to escape from his own creation, he wrestled the robot, biting its tentacles. But the machine had him pinned against the wall.

**"Ha ha ha ha! NO! NO! NO!"**

A BIT OF WEE HAS COME OUT!

**Ha ha ha ha ha!**

I CAN'T TAKE IT  
ANY MORE!"



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

With that, the professor leaped out of the window.  
As his study was on the hundredth floor of the  
hospital, he fell for long enough to shout,



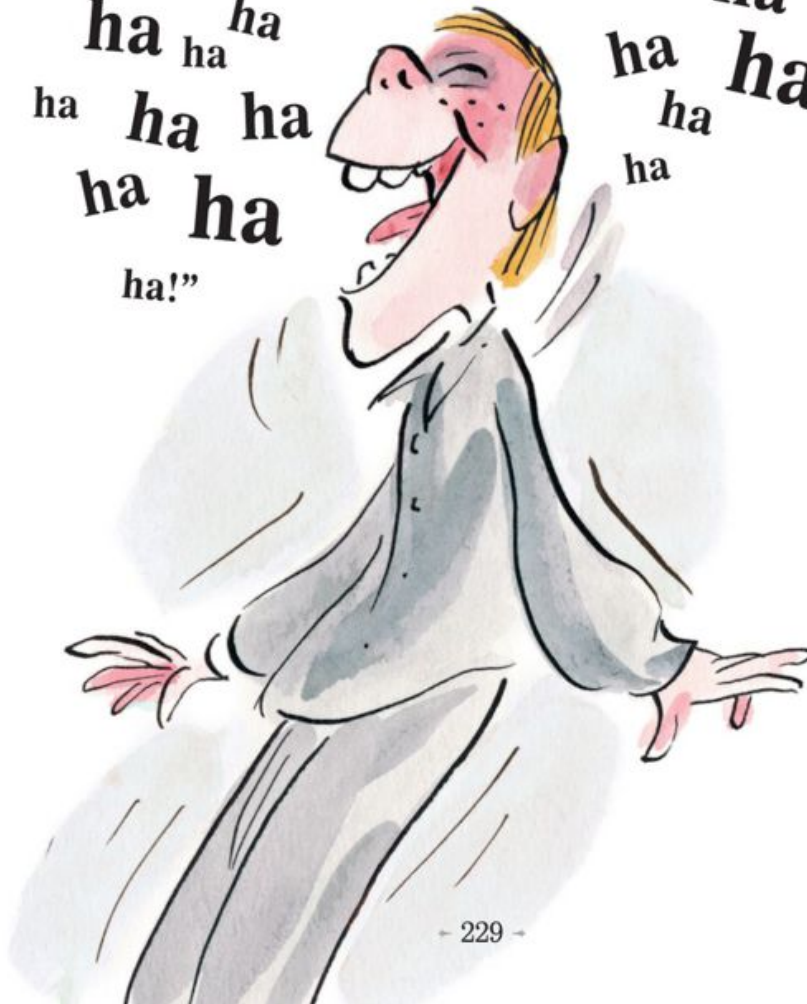
EARNEST ERNEST

Inside the study, **Ernest Ernest** exploded  
into helpless laughter.

“**Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha**”

Tears were even rolling down the boy's cheeks  
and his face had turned pink with joy.

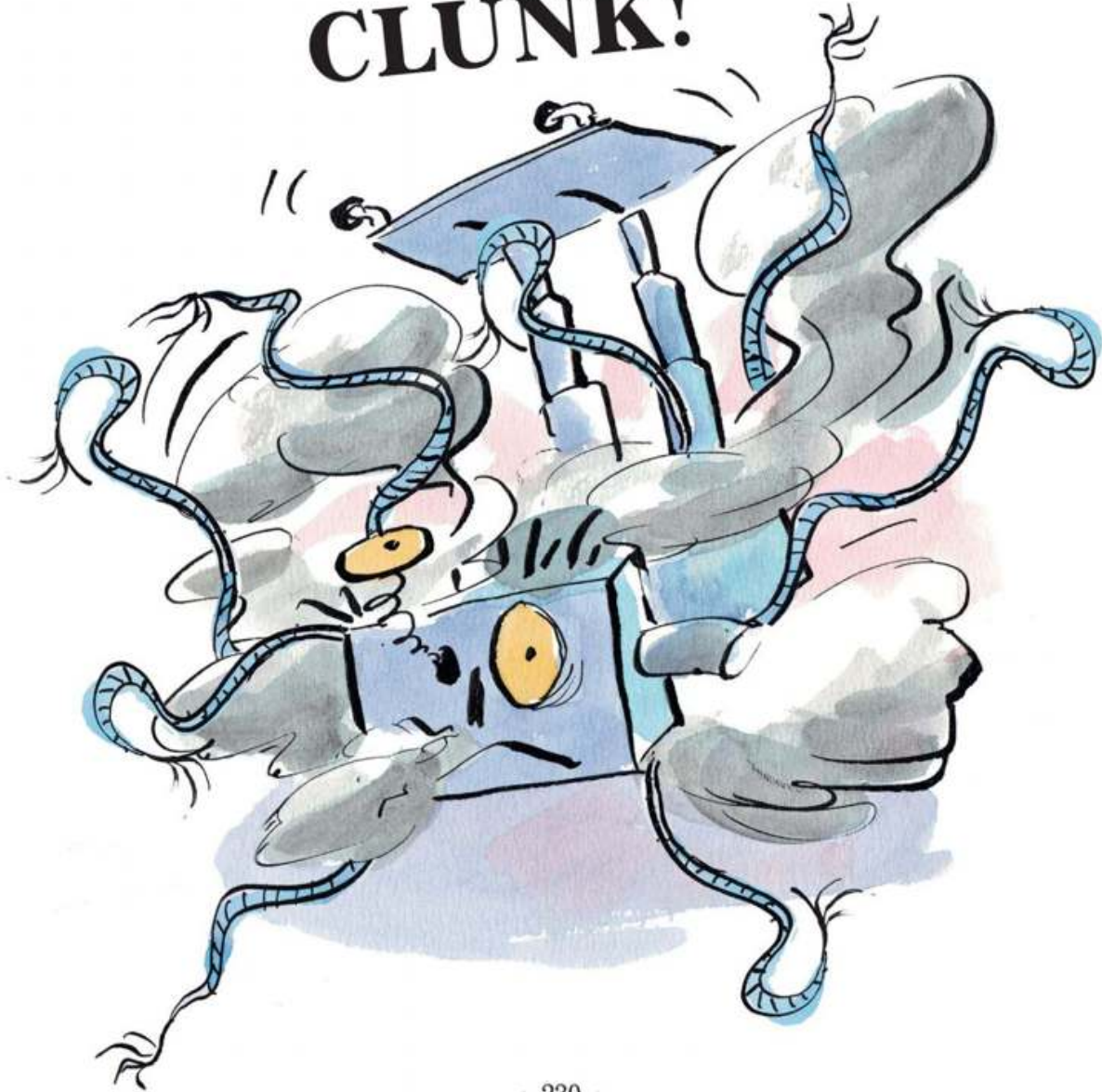
**ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha**



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

At that moment the **Tickle Monster 3000** finally broke down and keeled OVER. It hit the floor with a loud...

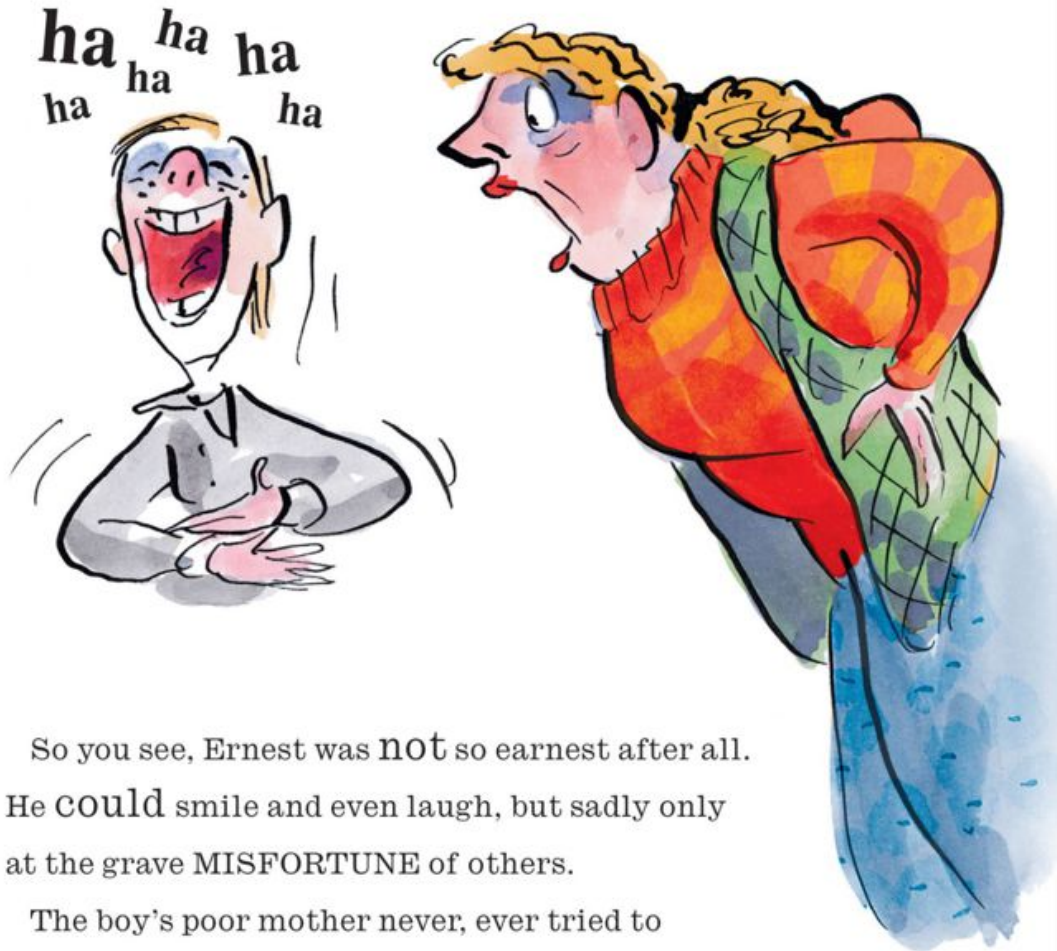
**CLUNK!**



EARNEST ERNEST

“Ernest. You are laughing.  
You are finally laughing!  
But why?” demanded his shocked mother.

“Because THAT was funny!” replied Ernest.



So you see, Ernest was **NOT** so earnest after all.  
He **COULD** smile and even laugh, but sadly only  
at the grave **MISFORTUNE** of others.

The boy's poor mother never, ever tried to  
make her son laugh again.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

As for Ernest, when he grew up, he found his perfect job. He became a science teacher. Ernest worked at the same school for forty years and none of the teachers or pupils EVER saw him laugh. He bored everyone day in and day out with his bum-numbing seriousness.



Until one day an experiment went badly wrong in his classroom and there was a massive explosion.



## EARNEST ERNEST

Flames flew and his poor lab technician's **bottom** caught fire. All the pupils looked on in shock as their teacher **hooted** with laughter.

**“Ha ha ha ha!”** snorted Ernest, pointing at the **smouldering** assistant.



In fact, he **hooted** so hard that a little bit of **WEE** came out. It ran down Ernest's trouser leg and formed a **puddle** on the classroom floor.

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

And at that moment the whole class laughed at him.

Suddenly **Earnest Ernest** didn't  
see the funny side at all.



# SOFIA Sofa

SORE EYES FROM WATCHING  
TV ALL DAY AND NIGHT

ONE LIMBER FINGER  
USED TO CHANGE  
TV CHANNELS

ACHING BOTTOM FROM  
NEVER GETTING UP





# SOFIA

## Sofa



ALL SOFIA WANTED TO DO was sit on the sofa all day, watching television. **Sofia Sofa** was without doubt one of the absolute **WORST** children in the world.

She never went to school, or helped her mum with chores around the house, or even got up to have dinner at the dining table. All she did was sit and watch TV.

SOFIA SOFA

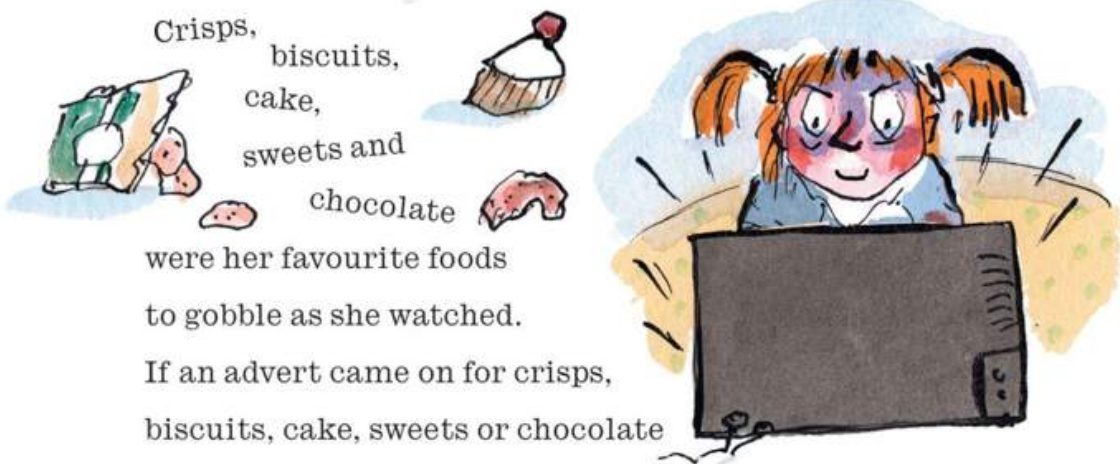
It didn't matter what was on: *soap operas*, **GAME SHOWS**, detective shows, *gardening programmes*, **talent shows**, **CARTOONS**, POLITICAL PROGRAMMES, even shows about old boring **junk** that the presenter pretended were priceless ANTIQUES. As long as the screen was flickering, Sofia was glued to it. Adverts were her absolute favourite. Sometimes she felt that the programmes got in the way of the adverts.

All day and all night Sofia would sit slumped on the sofa in front of the TV, eating and watching.

Crisps,  
biscuits,  
cake,  
sweets and  
chocolate

were her favourite foods to gobble as she watched.

If an advert came on for crisps, biscuits, cake, sweets or chocolate then she would shout out to her mum to bring her more.



**“M-U-V-V-E-R!”** she would yell.

**“CHOCOLATE - NOW!”**



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The girl's poor mum (she was poor because she had to spend all her money on **COLOSSAL** amounts of food for her daughter) would have to dash out to the corner shop to buy Sofia a bar of chocolate.

However, by the time the woman returned home, Sofia would have seen another advert for something else she wanted to scoff and she'd send her mum straight back out the door again.



**“M-U-V-V-E-R! CAKE!”**

*Watching and eating. Eating and watching.* That is all Sofia did. Her eyes had actually become **SQUARE** from staring at the box all day. The only exercise Sofia took was changing channels on the television. But because she had a remote control this was nothing more than pressing a button with her finger. Still sometimes her finger would get tired and she would shout out to her mum, **“M-U-V-V-E-R! CHANNEL THREE.**

**NOW!”**

It will come as no surprise to you that one day Sofia's mum decided enough was **enough**.

SOFIA SOFA

“It’s time you **stopped** watching television and got **Off** your bottom for once, young lady!” commanded the woman.

“Nah, Muvver,” muttered Sofia, not looking up from the television. “I just gotta find out what happens at the end of this programme *fingy*.”

“What do you mean, Sofia? The end of the **episode**?” asked Mum.

“Nah, the end of the **series**,” replied **Sofia Sofa**.

“There is **NO** end! You are watching a soap opera! It will go on **FOREVER**! Come on, young lady! **UP!**”

With that Mum put her hands under her daughter’s armpits and attempted to hoist her upwards.

“Three, two, one... **HEAVE!**”

Eventually she managed it, but the sofa came **with** Sofia.

The girl had been sitting there for so long she had become completely **wedged** in! In fact the two had somehow fused and it was impossible to tell where the girl **ended** and the piece of furniture **began**. Sofia had become...





THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN



...half girl,  
half sofa.

Not that she was bothered. The girl just carried on staring at the television throughout the whole process.

When Dad returned home from work, Mum enlisted his help. Together the pair of them tried to prise their daughter from the sofa.

SOFIA SOFA

Dad put a foot up on one arm of the sofa to create leverage and directed his wife to do the same.

“Three, two, one...

**HEAVE!”**



But the girl simply would not budge.

So Sofia's parents called upon the neighbours in their street of terraced houses to help. The plan was to create a *human chain*. The combined strength of a **hundred** people would surely separate Sofia from the sofa.



## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Some folk huddled inside the living room while many others lined up behind them outside.

“GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THE TV!” shouted Sofia.

Dad was at the front, with his arms wrapped round his daughter. Mum held on to him. Indira from next door held on to her and so on.





## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN



But still the girl wouldn't budge an **inch**. Sofia's dad fell backwards and the neighbours toppled over each other like dominoes and ended up lying in a big heap, some of them in front of Sofia.

"YOU'RE STILL BLOCKIN' THE TV!" she moaned.

There was nothing else for it. Dad decided to call the **EMERGENCY SERVICES**.

"What service do you require?" said the operator. "POLICE, FIRE or AMBULANCE?"

"I am not sure," began Dad as Mum looked on anxiously. "You see, my daughter has become attached to a sofa."

"As in she likes it a lot?" enquired the operator.

"No, as in they are joined together," answered Sofia's dad.

"Oh dear. That is an unusual one," replied the operator.

"We had a man the other day whose **BOTTOM** had become **JAMMED** in a bucket, and a lady whose **HEAD** had become **LODGED** in a melon, but we have never had anyone **WEDGED** in a **SOFA**. I COULD SEND THE FIRE BRIGADE TO CUT HER OUT."

"That seems a bit drastic," said Dad.



“KEEP IT DOWN! I IS WATCHIN’ TV!”

shouted Sofia.

“What was that?” asked the operator.

“Nothing,” whispered Dad.

“Just my lovely daughter, the one who is half girl, half sofa.”



“Oh.” The operator thought for a moment. “I could send the police to arrest somebody?”

“Who?” asked Dad.

“The sofa?”

Sofia’s dad pondered this. “No... The sofa hasn’t done anything wrong and we rather like it.”

Mum nodded her head in agreement.

“How about an ambulance? They can take your daughter to the hospital and perhaps a surgeon can perform an operation to separate her from the sofa?”

“Yes, yes, that’s a **super** idea,” replied Dad. “Please send an ambulance **right away!** Thank you.”



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

NEE-NAW  
NEE-NAW NEE-NAW!

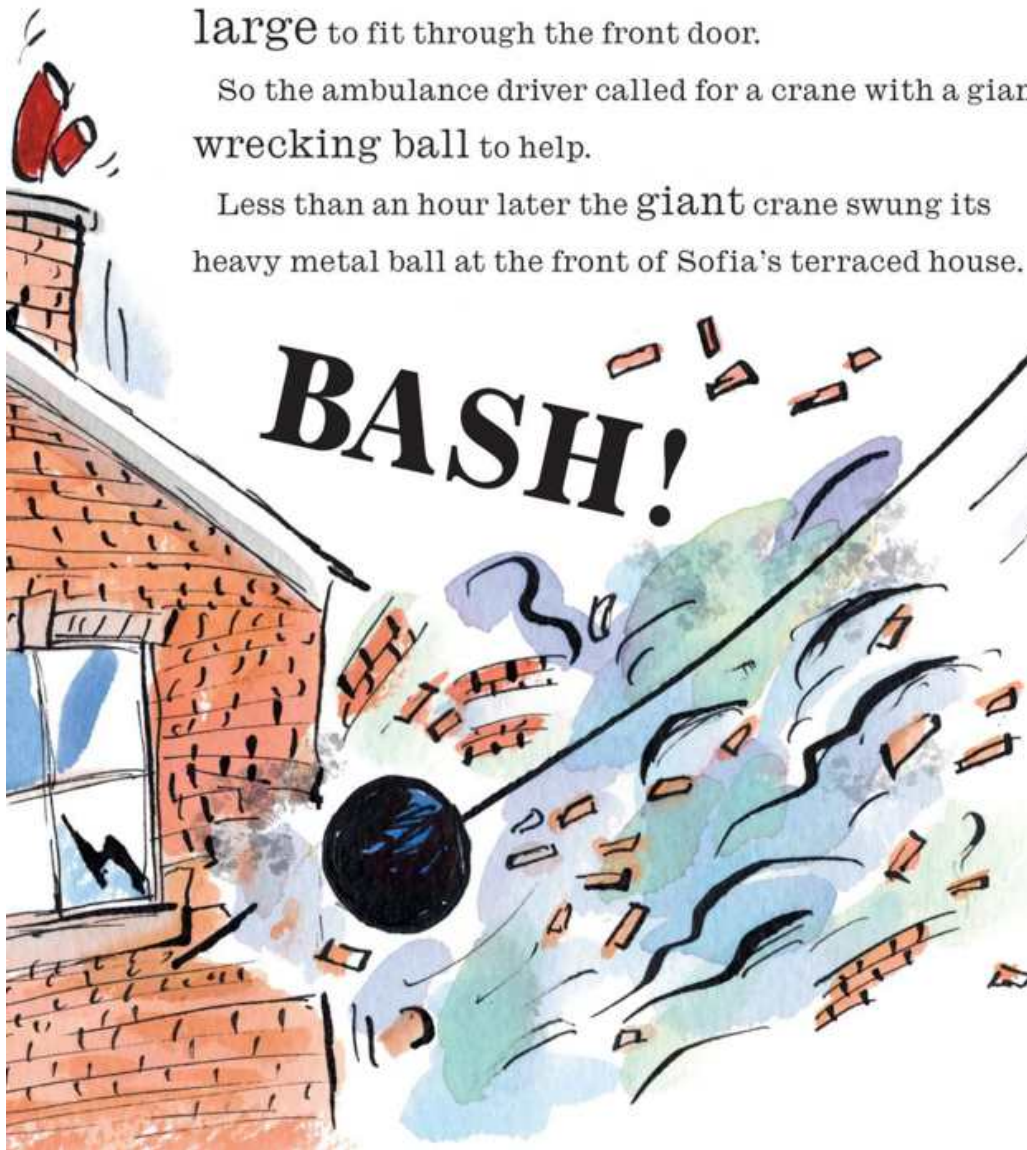
The ambulance arrived in minutes.

But there was a problem.

Being half *girl*, half *sofa*, **Sofia Sofa** was too large to fit through the front door.

So the ambulance driver called for a crane with a giant wrecking ball to help.

Less than an hour later the giant crane swung its heavy metal ball at the front of Sofia's terraced house.



## SOFIA SOFA

The wall was smashed to pieces. As a cloud of dust enveloped everyone in the street, still Sofia sat watching her beloved television.



“GET THAT DUST OUT OF ME WAY NOW!

I CAN'T SEE THE TV!” she shouted.

When the dust cleared, the ambulance driver found there was another problem. The half *girl*, half *sofa* was too heavy to lift. So the ball was taken off the crane's chain, and the chain was secured round the bottom of the sofa.





When Sofia could no longer see her beloved television, she started making an awful racket.

**"TV! TV! TV!"**

she chanted.



SOFIA SOFA

The crane operator panicked and pulled the **WRONG** lever, sending his load swinging through the air. It **smashed** into the row of houses on the other side of the road. **CRASH!**

The houses came tumbling down in an explosion of dust and debris. **BOOM!**

There wasn't much of the terraced street left.



Not that Sofia cared; all she cared about was watching television.

## THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

When the noise of falling brickwork and the screams of innocent bystanders had subsided, all that could be heard was the girl chanting loudly,

**“TV! TV! TV! TV! TV! TV!”**

As quickly as she could, the ambulance driver opened the back doors of her vehicle. The crane driver attempted to swing the *half girl, half sofa* inside. After around five hundred tries it became clear it was **not** going to **fit**. So the ambulance driver had an idea. Using a rope she secured the *half girl, half sofa* to the rear of her ambulance so she could pull **Sofia Sofa** all the way to the hospital.

**“TV! TV! TV! TV! TV! TV! TV! TV!”**

came the chant.



By now the driver was so desperate to stop this ear-torturing noise, she was willing to try anything. So she plugged the television into the back of the ambulance.

## SOFIA SOFA

It flickered to life once more in front of Sofia. That was the longest she had gone without watching television since she could remember. The TV had been off for a whole **minute**, and she was relieved it was back on again.



The ambulance driver drove off as slowly and gently as possible. The girl's parents sat upfront in the cab as their daughter and the television trailed **behind**.

The **half girl, half sofa** seemed happy enough as she trundled along in the direction of the hospital. After all she could watch **TV** for the entire journey.

And all went well until...

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

The ambulance took a sharp corner...

**SCREECH!**

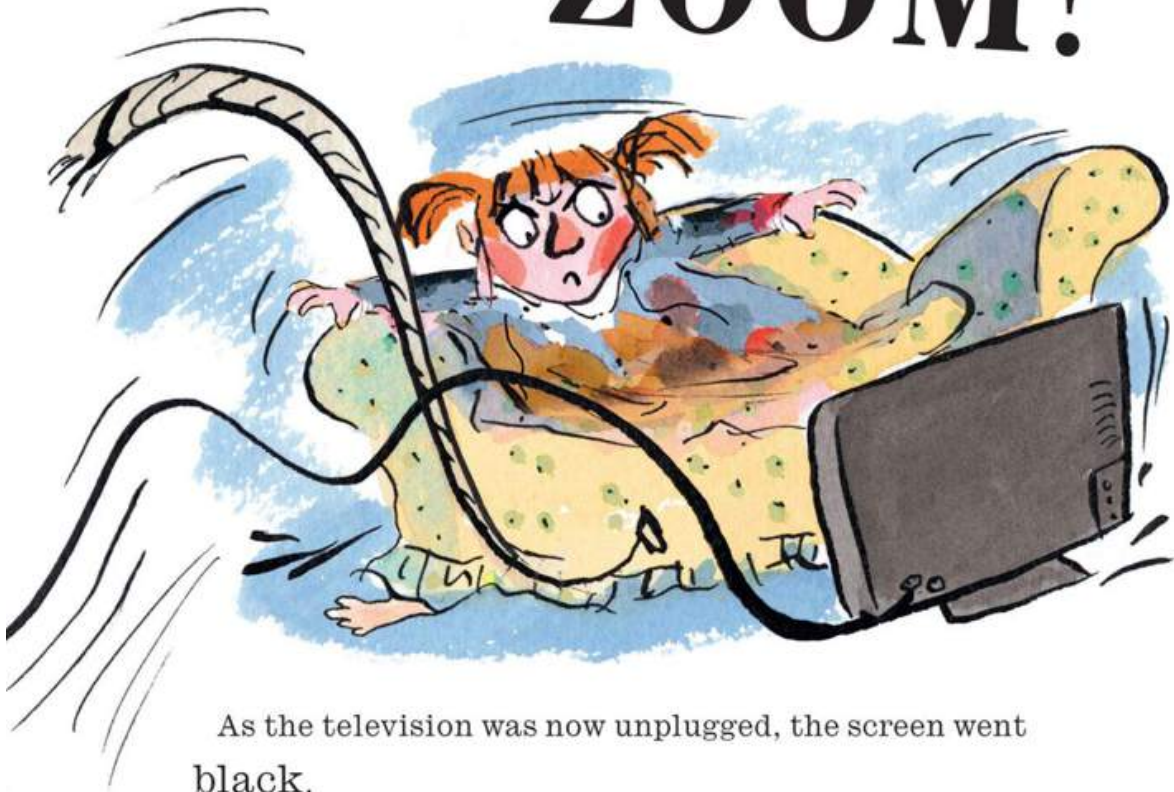
...and both the rope and the  
electricity cable on the TV snapped.



SOFIA SOFA

The ambulance driver sped on unaware, but the television and half *girl*, half *sofa* flew across the road untethered.

# ZOOM!



As the television was now unplugged, the screen went black.

Sofia began chanting wildly.

**“TV! TV! TV! TV! TV! TV!”**

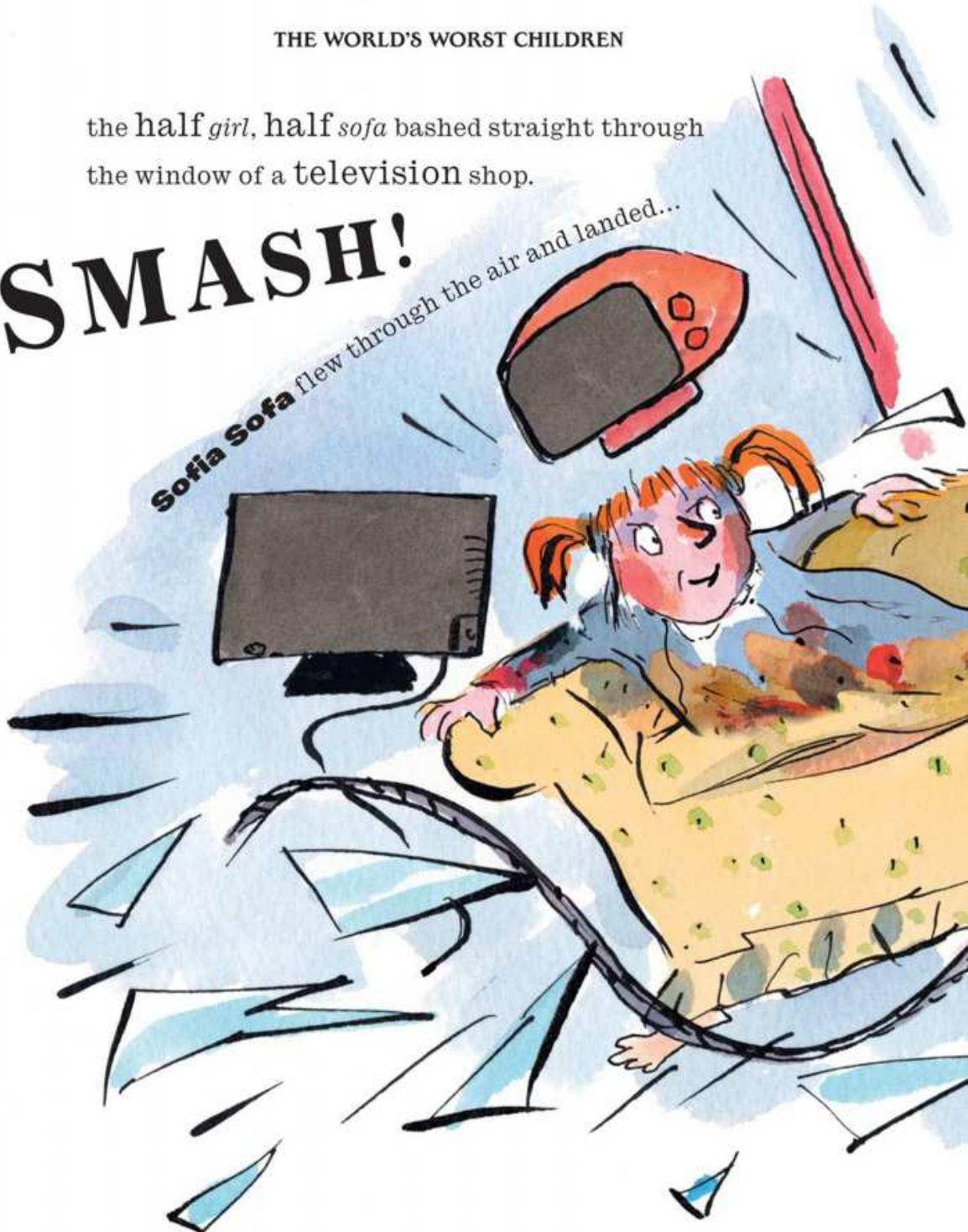
But, as luck would have it, at that very moment...

THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

the half *girl*, half *sofa* bashed straight through  
the window of a television shop.

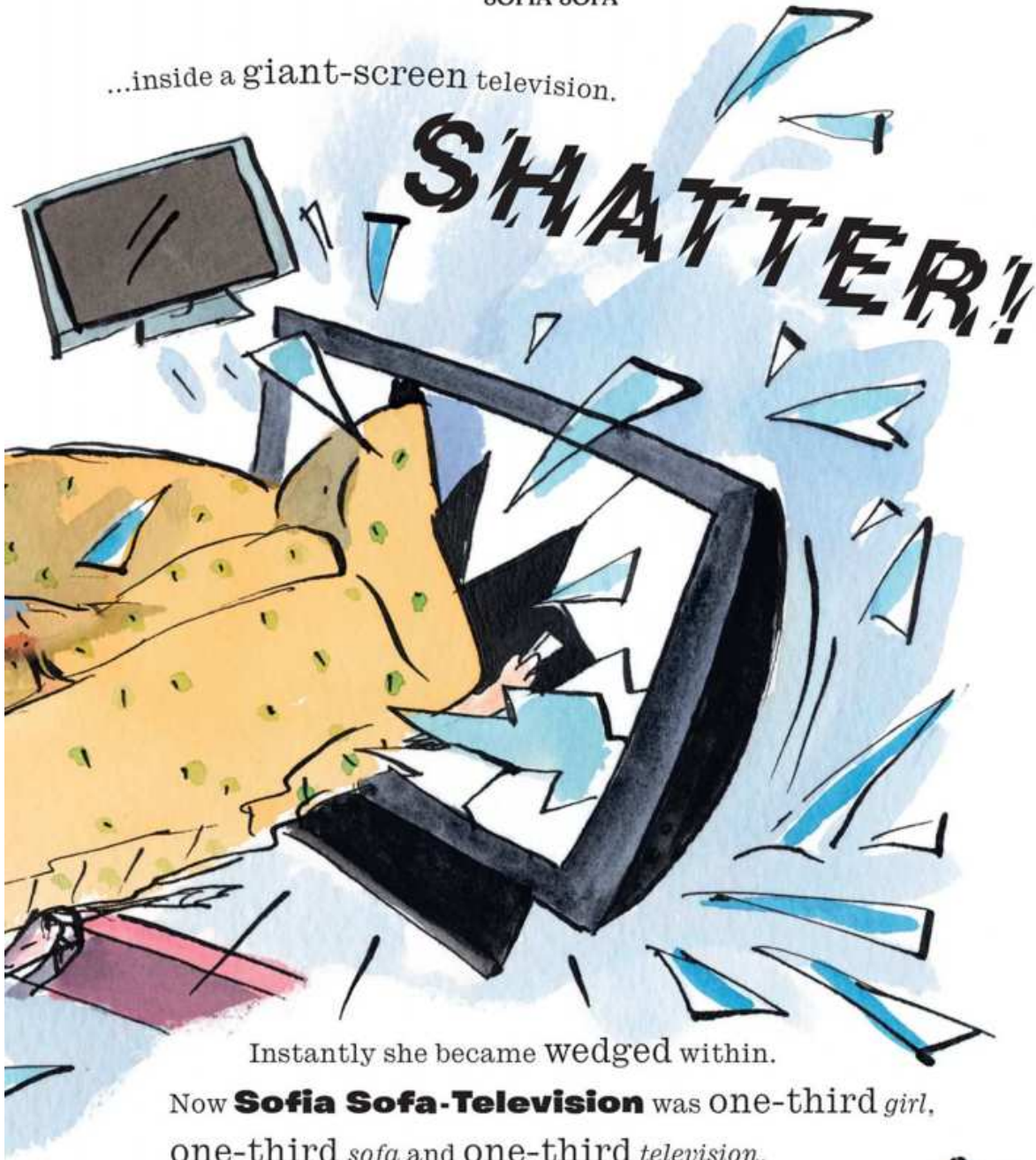
**SMASH!**

*Sofia Sofa* flew through the air and landed...



SOFIA SOFA

...inside a giant-screen television.



Instantly she became wedged within.  
Now **Sofia Sofa-Television** was one-third *girl*,  
one-third *sofa* and one-third *television*.



THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN

Which is exactly what can happen  
if you watch too much TV.





**THE  
END**

bye,bye!





From the desk of  
**David Walliams**

Dear reader,

Sadly this collection of stories must come to an end. I do hope you have enjoyed reading it. These truly are the most horrendous children who ever lived.

But, having spoken to your parents and teachers, I realise I have missed an opportunity to include the world's very worst child. You!

Do not fear, I will redress this balance and make sure to include you in my forthcoming publication

**THE WORLD'S WORST CHILDREN,  
VOLUME TWO!**

*David Walliams*



VOLUME TWO?! NOOOOOOOOOOO!





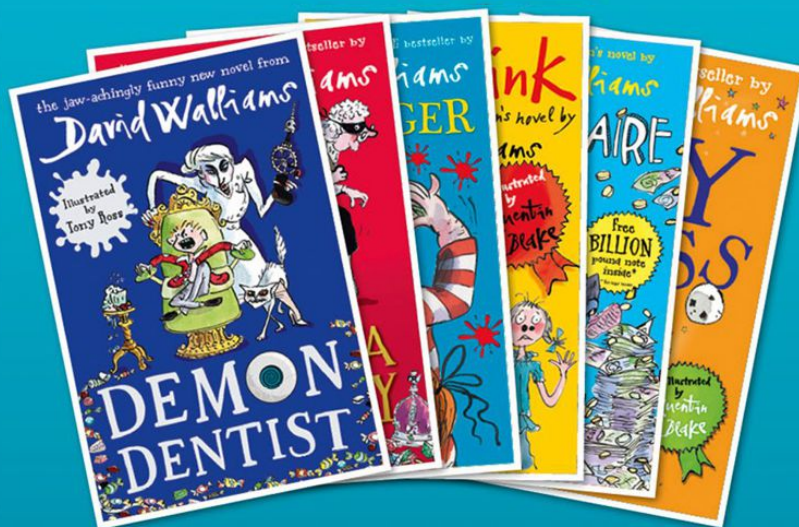
Don't miss any of these  
**hilarious**  
bestsellers!



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# The world of David Walliams



6 BOOK COLLECTION

SIX of David Walliams' jaw-achingly funny stories in one collection with seriously silly ebook-exclusives, including an author Q&A, character profiles, awesome activities and much more!