NOOT by Paul Delaney, illustrated by Christine

er Monday morning arrived at Vicarage Primary School. Childre , open space of the playground. They filled it with brightly collawks of laughter. nd girls chatted away, discussing their weekend. Huddled togetl

ne latest news. Then, a tall roll of carpet appeared at the sc eyes locked onto it.

irpet hopped down the path towards the playground, like a le nother new school, Norris Snoot thought, wrapped inside the thick

to make friends - when everybody's stopped laughing.

' two arms hung out of large holes cut into his carpet's sid of the bottom, completed the picture. The peculiar carpet boy p xing into the distance.

d's voice echoed around his young son's head. 'Remember t three months left and then we'll be millionaires!'

Cooper-West walked away but was soon back for more...

ig up to the carpet's back, Clive crashed his big shoulders int and started to roll forwards. The path was on a slight hill, so the and faster it gathered speed, heading for the busy, bustling pl lling material crashed into a crowd of children and parents. pody screamed. Bodies catapulted up into the air, dropping ireds of football cards blasted up like a fountain. Parents plou ing a deadly and dangerous domino effect. But the carpet contin hat thing!' the head-teacher, Mr Hooper yelled. But it was too several rows of colourful, prize-winning flowers. It squashed th lips!' Mr Hooper cried, throwing his head into his hands. The of a tree and finally stopped.

re am I?' Norris asked as his head spun around. 'What happened poper dashed over, his pink, stripy tie dancing in the wind. He laback an army of parents, all jostling to get a grip of Carpet Boy thing's under control,' Mr Hooper said. 'But who's under the

ayground emptied. Several parents hobbled away, taking their lift Hooper turned on the tap. He squirted the carpet with a shot aterial.

for wrecking my Tulips,' he said. He pulled the wet carpet up f boy's arms.

get into class,' the head-teacher said, pushing Carpet Boy away.

And I don't mean electrical ones.'



Broderick opened her register. 'We have a new boy starting too ne's Norris Snoot and he's from a travelling circus.'

nildren chatted and chuckled, twisting their heads around. 'Reş nounced, casting her wide angled gaze. 'Suzie Davies?' sick, Miss,' a voice shouted. 'But she was ice-skating last night.'

ps she's got a cold,' Miss Broderick said, running her fingers tl Norris Snoot?'

n the cloakroom, Miss,' somebody said. Miss Broderick strolled on a pile of fallen bags and coats.

sn't exactly school uniform,' she said, stroking the thick, damp reto wear it, Miss,' Norris whispered. 'And here's a note to prove

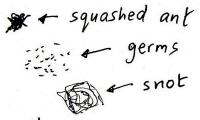
handed his new teacher a crumpled up piece of paper. Miss I

om her blouse pocket and started to read:

g her head, Miss Broderick puffed out a long blow. '9/10 ris,' she said.

spelling's improved, Miss,' Norris said, 'since he swallowed a

Cyril Snoot 25 Chunkly Street Clunkton England Planet Earth E1



Dear Miss Broderick,

Norris MUST wear his carpet at all times. He's not allowed to remove it, just in case a teacher attacks him. He's not allowed to do mental maths either, as we're worried he'll go mental!

Norris is not allowed to study the 'Great Fire of London' too, as he might burst into flames.

He's also not allowed to play cricket or rounders, just in case he catches something.

Cynl Snootex

Lolly-ice licking world record holder - 6.7 } 13425 licks in 3 hours - 376 lolly ices. MISS

'Doggy droppings' European champion - \
75 bags of dog dirt collected in one hour.

PS I will forget about everything in this letter is you'll allow our Norris to use his special pencil sharpener in class. 1er bony chin, peeping into Norris's eye-holes. 'Your dad's note b like his silent k idea and as it's your first day, I'll allow you to v k, Norris, why do you have to wear such a thing?' long story, Miss,' Norris answered. 'Whilst touring Ireland, npetition on a T.V. show. The challenge was simple – to live i ear and appear on the front page of the Clunkton Weekly News nating,' Miss Broderick said. this is the good part, Miss,' Norris added. 'We're the onl e has given up.' nat sounds so interesting,' Norris' teacher said, throwing her a e prize if your family wins?' lion pounds,' Norris replied. 'But we haven't appeared in the (

et, Miss, so time's running out. And the competition ends in thr he best of luck, Norris,' Miss Broderick said, rubbing the sides of ve to check with Mr Hooper whether or not you can wear your once he hears about this competition of yours, I'm sure he'll e you can use your special pencil sharpener in class.' shark, swimming around in a shoal of goldfish. Although smathickness of a small ham. And his arms looked as if he'd borrorngest man.

s hopped towards his desk, staring at the powerful predator. Just pered. Till get my own back. One day...'

for maths,' Miss Broderick shouted. 'Sharpen your pencils, pleas pody scrambled around the classroom. From his backpack, No udge tin, punctured with little holes. He removed its lid and wai suddenly screamed, almost shaking the bricks out of the built clamped her eyes shut. Then she pulled them open, droppi mall, brown hamster, scampering around on Norris's desk. collar hung around the rodent's neck, attached to a long, brown on earth's that thing doing in here?' Miss Broderick asked. nool.' 's a few in the staffroom, Miss,' Clive Cooper-West shouted.

on earth's that thing doing in here?' Miss Broderick asked.

nool.'
's a few in the staffroom, Miss,' Clive Cooper-West shouted.

be silly, Clive,' Miss Broderick snapped. 'Or it's Mr Hooper for ot scared of old Hooper,' Clive snapped back. 'He's about as is with a broken leg!'

ig over to Norris, Miss Broderick pretended not to hear Clive's so going on?' she asked, folding her arms. 'Hamsters are *obvious*, nary School.'



e to admit, that's quite amazing,' Miss Broderick said. 'I train troking Larry's fur.

have a go, please?' Miss Broderick asked. 'I don't like touchin y's tail for me, I'll be fine.'

nildren cheered, scattering around the classroom on a mass per do, Norris?' Olivia asked.

ull Larry's tail softly and he'll get to work...'

placed her pencil in front of the happy hamster. She was ju vhen Clive Cooper-West rushed over. He knocked into Oli highs up against a desk.

Olivia cried, rubbing her leg. Clive Coope vn pencil in front of Norris' peculiar pet.

Parder the pull, the sharper the pencil, he said, his black eye

ry's tail, pulling it tight.

ied, high-pitched squeal escaped from Larry's mouth. He spr h surface. Then, reaching the table's edge, he sprung into the air

funniest books I've ever read!' Korky Paul (Winnie the witch

