

# NOOT by Paul Delaney, illustrated by Christine

er Monday morning arrived at Vicarage Primary School. Children  
, open space of the playground. They filled it with brightly colored  
lawks of laughter.

nd girls chatted away, discussing their weekend. Huddled together  
ie latest news. Then, a tall roll of carpet appeared at the scene  
eyes locked onto it.

urpet hopped down the path towards the playground, like a lion.  
*another 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 sides  
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 that  
three months left and then we'll be millionaires!'

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

ing up to the carpet's back, Clive crashed his big shoulders into it and started to roll forwards. The path was on a slight hill, so the carpet and faster it gathered speed, heading for the busy, bustling playground. The rolling material crashed into a crowd of children and parents.

Nobody screamed. Bodies catapulted up into the air, dropping hundreds of football cards blasted up like a fountain. Parents plotting a deadly and dangerous domino effect. But the carpet continued. 'What that thing!' the head-teacher, Mr Hooper yelled. But it was too late. The carpet rolled over several rows of colourful, prize-winning flowers. It squashed them. 'What a mess!' Mr Hooper cried, throwing his head into his hands. The carpet rolled under the shade of a tree and finally stopped.

'What are we doing?' Norris asked as his head spun around. 'What happened?' Mr Hooper dashed over, his pink, stripy tie dancing in the wind. He turned back an army of parents, all jostling to get a grip of Carpet Boy. 'The situation's under control,' Mr Hooper said. 'But who's under the control?'

ayground emptied. Several parents hobbled away, taking their li  
r 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 tomorrow's Norris Snoot and he's from a travelling circus.'

Children chatted and chuckled, twisting their heads around. 'Registered, Miss,' a voice shouted. 'Suzie Davies?'

'Sick, Miss,' a voice shouted. 'But she was ice-skating last night.' 'Perhaps she's got a cold,' Miss Broderick said, running her fingers through the register. 'Norris Snoot?'

'In the cloakroom, Miss,' somebody said. Miss Broderick strolled through the cloakroom, looking at a pile of fallen bags and coats.


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

Norris handed his new teacher a crumpled up piece of paper. Miss Broderick took it from her blouse pocket and started to read:

'I'm sorry, Miss Broderick, I puffed out a long blow. '9/10', Norris,' she said.

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

Cyril Snoot  
25 Chunky Street  
Clunkton  
England  
Planet Earth E1

 ← squashed ant

 ← germs

 ← snot

Dear Miss Brodenick,

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.

Cyril Snoot xxx

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

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



PS I will forget about everything in this letter if you'll allow our Norris to use his special pencil sharpener in class.

er bony chin, peeping into Norris's eye-holes. 'Your dad's not  
o 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  
ating,' Miss Broderick said.

this is the good part, Miss,' Norris added. 'We're the onl  
e has given up.'

at 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 C  
et, Miss, so time's running out. And the competition ends in thr  
he best of luck, Norris,' Miss Broderick said, rubbing the sides c  
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.'

had a round, chubby face, with black, lifeless eyes, all sunken in. He was a Shark, swimming around in a shoal of goldfish. Although small, his neck was the thickness of a small ham. And his arms looked as if he'd borrowed strength from the strongest man.

He hopped towards his desk, staring at the powerful predator. 'Just you and me, pered. I'll get my own back. One day...'







to admit, that's quite amazing,' Miss Broderick said. 'I train Larry to do tricks, like balancing on a ball and performing stunts. I'm not stroking Larry's fur.'

'Can you have a go, please?' Miss Broderick asked. 'I don't like touching Larry's tail for me, I'll be fine.'

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

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

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

'Gripper, that hurt!' Olivia cried, rubbing her leg. Clive Coop  
own pencil in front of Norris' peculiar pet.

'Harder the pull, the sharper the pencil,' he said, his black eye  
Larry's tail, pulling it tight.

'Aiee, 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.

