

HORROR UPON HORROR!

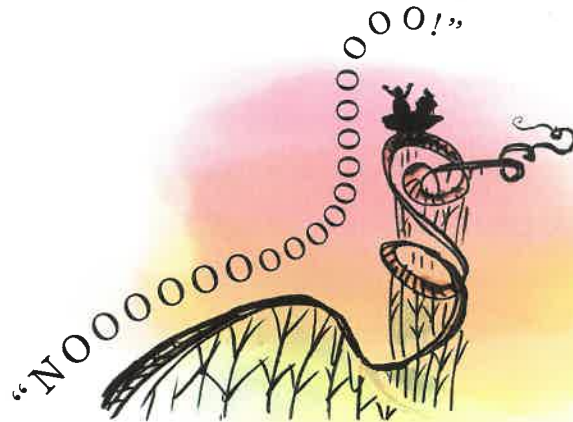
It was **HUNT URSULA!**



The old snake turned to him, opened her mouth and bared her **FANGS**.

"REVENGE!" she **hissed** as she leaned over to take a bite.

"**NOOOO!**" screamed Terry.



MISS TUTELAGE

The mother who was
also her son's teacher

BOOKS

BOOKS

AND MORE BOOKS





MISS TUTELAGE

HORROR UPON HORROR upon horror. Just imagine if your mum was also... your teacher. It is the **WORST** of both worlds!

Think: you are in your room, lying on your bed, listening to some music, when your mum/teacher bursts

in and demands, "SPELL 'EMBARRASSMENT'!"

Or, even worse, you are at school in the middle of a Maths lesson when your mum/teacher bursts in and says, "Can I have your dirty socks and underpants now? I am nipping home to put on a boil wash!"

And the entire classroom of thirty children laugh their heads off.

"HA! HA! HA!"

This is exactly the nightmare that Thomas Tutelage was facing when moving up from little school to big school. His mother, Tudor Tutelage, was an English teacher at **WHOPPING HIGH**, the school where Thomas was about to become one of her pupils.

The pair lived together in a tiny house bursting with books. There were books on shelves, piled up on the floor and stacked on tables. They were Miss Tutelage's passion, and one she shared with her son.

Thomas was something of a swot, and always had his nose in a book.



His mother was an old-fashioned lady, who wore thick glasses and had an explosion of **frizzy** hair. The first thing anyone noticed about her, though, was her height, or, rather, lack of it. Miss Tutelage only came up to most people's waists.

Thomas had inherited the same explosion of **frizzy** hair, the need to wear thick glasses and the lack of height from his mother. Of course, the boy loved his mum, but he did find her **embarrassing** at times.



She was the kind of mother who, when you were out at the shops, would ask every ten seconds if you needed a pee. Or say in front of your friends, "Now, son, did you remember to wipe your botty?"

So it will come as no surprise to you that Thomas had grave misgivings about becoming a pupil at his mother's school.

The night before his first day, the boy sat up in his bed and asked, "Mum, what's it going to be like tomorrow? Us both being at the same school and all that?"

"Oh, **Tiny Tom-Tom...**!" she began, putting down her son's hot milk and perching on the edge of his bed.

The boy grimaced. How he hated being called **Tiny Tom-Tom!**

"It will be **magically wondrous** and **wondrously magical**," continued Mother. "Just think, first thing tomorrow morning, we'll be sitting side by side on the school bus like two peas in a pod! Together we can recite all the times tables to pass the time! Or, even better, sing the Alphabet Song! **A, B, C...**! What larks!"

NO! thought Thomas. He wanted to be laughing



and joking with the other kids on the school bus, not doing the two-times table and singing his way through all the letters of the alphabet!

"Then Mummy can take the register!" she continued. "I've made sure you are in my class! And I won't need to call out your name, **Tom-Tom** – I can just say, 'Darling, are you here?' and you can reply, 'Here, Mummy dearest!'"

NOO! thought Thomas. This was getting worse and worse.

"Then we can share refreshing squash and yummy scrummy biscuits at breaktime! Fiddle-dee-dee!"

NOOO! Nothing fiddle-dee-dee or indeed fiddle-dum-dum about it!

"Now I know what you're thinking – I will be missing my mummy until lunchtime!"

I WILL NOT BE THINKING THAT! he thought. *NOT IN A BILLION YEARS!*

"We won't be missing each other too much, because we will have our lessons together, silly-billy bumkins!"



NOOOO! DON'T CALL ME SILLY-BILLY BUMKINS!

"And I know you will always be tip-top of the class, as you will have extra lessons at home!"

NOOOOOO! The boy wanted to spend his weekends playing footy in the park, not inside doing extra lessons!

"All the other boys and girls will think you are so cool coming top of the class every single time!"

NOOOOOOOO, THEY WON'T! IT WILL REALLY ANNOY THEM!

"And then, instead of having lunch in the noisy old dining hall, me and you can have our own delightful little picnic on the lawn outside! Just the two of us!"

NOOOOOOOOOO!

"You won't be missing your friends, because any time you like we can give them a little wave together: 'Woo-hoo!'"

NOOOOOOOOOOOO! NO ONE IS EVER GOING 'Woo-hoo!' TO ANYONE!



"Then after school Mummy will have to take detention, so instead of going home and watching cartoons you can sit in on detention with me! It's only an hour or two, and you can get on with your homework or, if you fancy, you can write some lines yourself! Lines can be fun, fun, fun! Don't worry, I will tell the naughty children that you haven't done anything bad and are, in fact, the bestest boy in the whole of **WHOPPING HIGH**, if not the world!"

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THIS SOUNDS LIKE THE WORST DAY EVER!



"So, how does all that sound, Tiny Tom-

Tom? Pretty perfect, if you ask me!"

Perfectly awful, more like,

thought the boy. Thomas didn't know where to start. It was all toe-curlingly, tummy-turningly, buttock-clenchingly **HIDEOUS!**

None of what his mother said could ever happen, or his life would be **OVER**.

Thomas would be a laughing stock, not just with the kids but with the teachers too.

A laughing stock for **ever** and **ever** and **ever** and then for some more on top.

**"HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!"**

"Mum?" began Thomas hesitantly. He was a nice boy and didn't want to be cruel. He had to choose his words carefully.

"Yes, Tom-Tom?" she replied brightly.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but..."

"But?"

"But when I go to **WHOPPING HIGH**, can we please pretend we **aren't** related?"

Silence.

Mother's eyes welled with tears, and a look of terrible sadness settled on her face.

"You are joking, Tom-Tom?"

"No, I am not joking, Mother!"

"B-b-but why on earth would we pretend not to know

each other, **Tom-Tom?**" she stammered. "There is no greater bond than that special bond between mother and son."

Thomas sighed. He didn't want to say it, but he had to. "Because if everyone knows you are my mum it is going to be **REALLY** embarrassing!"

Silence again.

"But why? **Tom-Tom**, you are not ashamed of your dear old mother, are you?" she pleaded.

"No!" he replied, a little too quickly to be believed. "It's just..."

"Just what?" she pressed.

"Just it will be better this way. This way I can just blend in with all the other kids. And don't worry. We don't have to pretend not to know each other for long. It's only for the next **seven years!**"

His mother's eyes blossomed with tears. "I just have some marking to do!" she lied as she fled from her son's bedroom.

"Oops!" said the boy. His hot milk was now cold milk, so he lay down to sleep.

*



Dawn broke on Thomas's first day at **WHOPPING HIGH**.

After a frosty breakfast,* mother and son walked to the bus stop without a word. Then when the school bus came the pair sat at different ends, Mother at the very front and Thomas at the very back.

An older girl with sticky-out ears sat down next to a nervous-looking Thomas. The boy's eyes were darting around the bus, checking no one was staring at him. The girl, Clodagh, leaned closer and peered at him.

"New boy, are you?" she asked.

"Me? Yes."

"Do you know, you look exactly like Miss Tutelage," she observed.

"Who is she?" asked the boy, mock innocently.

"The English teacher! She is sitting right there!" said Clodagh, pointing to the front of the school bus.

Thomas looked at the lady. "I have never seen her before in my life!" he replied.



* I mean they ate in chilly silence, not that they had Frosties. They actually had cornflakes.

Clodagh was not convinced. "Same hair. Same thick glasses. Same problem reaching for things on high shelves. I would bet a year's pocket money she's your mother!"

"No!" he snapped. "She's not! I don't know that woman at all. Now please let me get on with some private reading!" He then brought out the complete works of *William Shakespeare* from his satchel and began to flick through the pages.

Clodagh smiled to herself. She knew the boy was hiding something.

Thomas sighed with relief when the bus ride came to an end. Still not looking at each other, mother and son passed through the school gates. A tall sign outside read **WHOPPING HIGH**. Thomas was immediately struck by how much the other children towered over him. Some of the bigger boys even had moustaches. Not *bushy ones* or *fluffy ones*, but moustaches all the same.

Miss Tutelage peeled off towards her classroom, while Thomas Tutelage peeled off towards his. The boy looked to check his mother had kept going, when...

THWUNT!

Thomas Tutelage bounded into the two biggest boys in school.

TROUBLE!

These two didn't just have moustaches – they had fluff all over their faces. Bearded boys! If you could call these brutes boys... They were *men*, really. They must have been eighteen years old, even though they looked older. Maybe they'd been kept down a school year every year for about twenty years for failing all their exams. Whatever – they were definitely the biggest boys in the school, and Thomas Tutelage was the littlest.

The pair were actually identical twins.

DOUBLE TROUBLE!

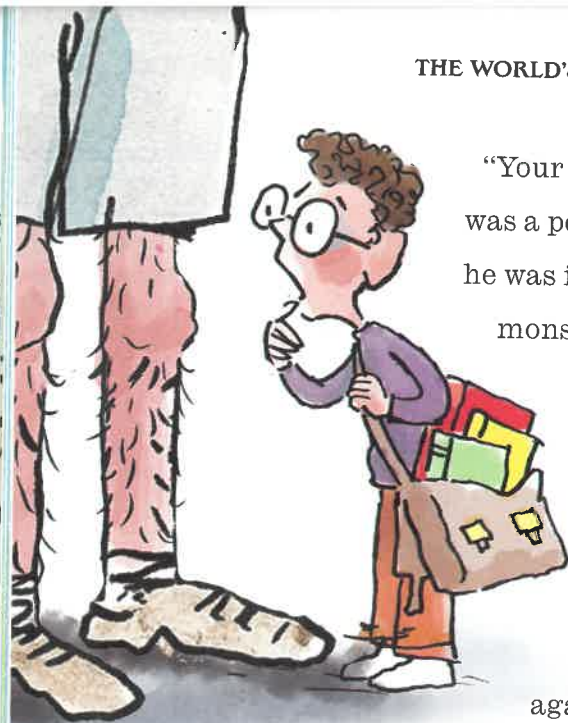
Ray and Roy Slab.

"Sorry!" chirped Thomas, hoping that would be the end of it. Sadly, that was only the start of it.

"WOT YOU LOOKING AT?" one of them barked. It was Ray.

Anyone who has ever been asked this question by a bully will know that there is no good answer. Whatever you say, there will be trouble.

TRIPLE TROUBLE!



"Your knee," replied Thomas. It was a perfectly reasonable reply, as he was indeed head height with this monster's knobby knee.

"ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?" barked the other. That was Roy.

Now, anyone who has been asked this question by a bully will know that, once again, any answer you give is going to make things worse.

YES – you get a **thump**.

NO – you also get a **thump**.

"Not sure," spluttered the boy.

"He's not sure!"

sneered Ray.

"He said he's not sure!"

sneered Roy.

"Yes! I just said that!"

"So did I!"

"I said it first, though!"

"Did you?"

"Yes!"



The being-kept-back-a-year-every-year-for-twenty-years thing seemed increasingly likely. Ray and Roy were not destined to solve the world's energy crisis any time soon. As they argued between themselves, Thomas began to tiptoe off to his classroom.

"WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?" demanded Ray.

Once again, there was no answer that could make things better.

"Sneaky little runt!" growled Roy. "He looks like that English teacher, Miss... er... Tutti-Frutti, no, I mean Miss... um... Tutankhamun, Miss... erm... Archbishop Desmond Tutu!"

"No, I don't look like Miss Tutelage, if that is who you mean!" protested Thomas.

"Oh! Aren't you a **clever clogs**, being able to pronounce Tuta... Tuty... Tuto..."

The brute still couldn't pronounce it.

"We need to teach the sneaky little swot a lesson!" said Ray.

With that, the terrible twins began bearing down on the boy.

By now a crowd was forming a circle round them in the playground.

"He's taken on the Slab twins!" shouted a dark-haired boy named Michael.

"On his first day at school!" cried out the spotty girl standing near him.

"He's BANANAS!" concluded a boy with a broken nose.

"LET'S PLAY BASKETBALL WITH HIM!" said Roy.

"I-I-I'm t-t-too short t-t-to p-p-play b-b-basket-b-b-ball!" stammered Thomas.

"You don't need to be tall! You are going to be the ball!" said Ray, picking the boy up by his collar, before scrunching him up into the shape of a ball.

Then Ray tossed him to Roy.

WHOOSH!

went Thomas through the air.

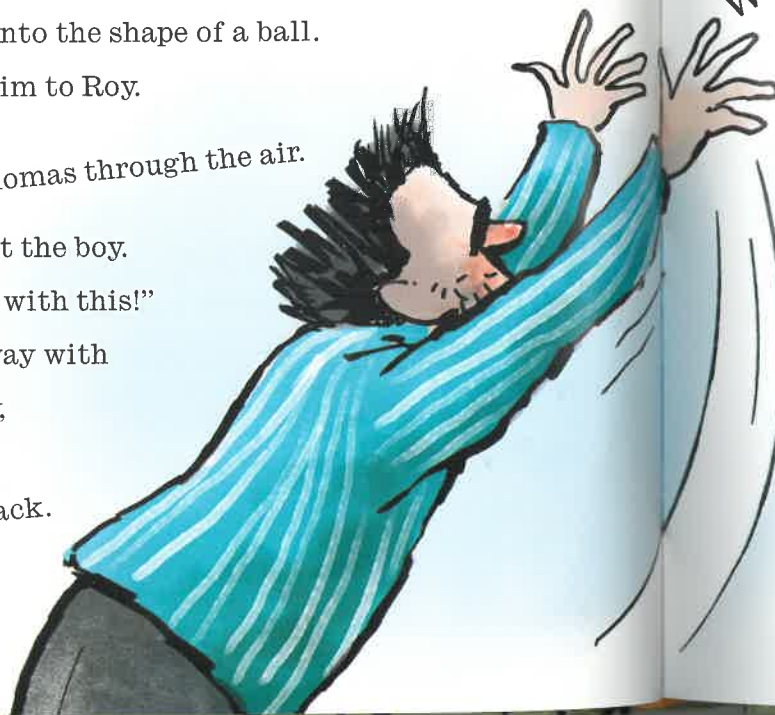
"HELP!" called out the boy.

"You can't get away with this!"

"Oh, we can get away with anything!" said Roy,

catching him and

hurling him back.



"HOW?"

demanded a flying

Thomas.

"OUR DAD, MR SLAB, TEACHES HERE!"

It was difficult to imagine things getting worse, but worse things got. Instead of tossing the boy across

the playground, the Slab twins now began bouncing him up and down on his bottom.

BOING! BOING! BOING!

The bullies dribbled and passed the boyball or ballboy all the way along to the hoop at the end of the playground. Before he knew it, Thomas was lobbed high into the air...

WHOOSH!



...and landed in the hoop.

TWANG!

Despite being small for his age, Thomas was bigger than a basketball, and had become stuck in the hoop.

"HELP!" he cried. "SOMEBODY GET A TEACHER!"

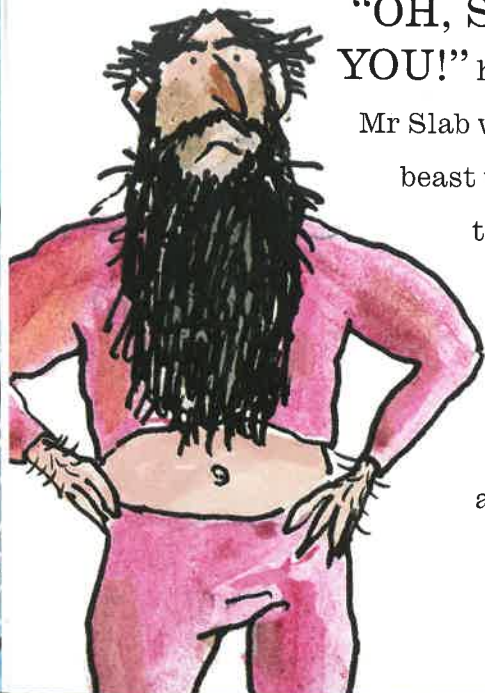
"WE'LL GET A TEACHER, YOU LITTLE SNITCH!" snapped Roy, and in no time their father had appeared.

"BOO!" booed the children in the playground as Mr Slab appeared from round the corner of the sports hall. They all loathed the great big brutish bully. He made them do cross-country runs in rain, wind and snow.

"OH, SHUT UP! THE LOT OF YOU!" he barked back.

Mr Slab was even taller than his sons. The beast was bulging out of his bright-red tracksuit and had a thick black

beard that went all the way down to his belly button, which was on display. His eyebrows were like two big furry caterpillars, and hair sprouted from every place



imaginable. His ears. His nose. His ankles. His neck. Even the palms of his hands were hairy, and that isn't even true of an orang-utan.*

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

MR SLAB'S HAND



ORANG-UTAN'S HAND



"What's going on here, then?" muttered Slab Senior. He was so tall he was able to reach up to the hoop and pluck the boy out by his collar.

"Thank you, Mr Slab!" exclaimed Thomas.

If the boy thought the teacher had come to rescue him, he was wrong.

"Oh! Got your ball stuck, did you, boys?" the man chuckled.

* **WALLYFACE:** The word "orang-utan" means "great, big, long-haired orange ape thingummy" in Latin.

"Yeah, Dad!" snorted his sons.

"Here you go!" he said, before hurling the boy back to his twins.

WHOOSH!

"ARGH!" screamed Thomas.

"For goodness' sake, call for your mum, Miss Tutelage!" cried out Clodagh, the girl from the bus. She had rushed into the playground with the growing hordes of children.

"For the last time, Miss Tutelage is **not** my mother!" called the boy.

"What is the matter with you?" huffed Clodagh, steam coming from her sticky-out ears. She darted out of the playground as the boy was hurled from one Slab to another.



Some of the children tried to help Thomas by jumping up on the three monsters.



But none could match the **might** of the Slabs, and they were hurled to the ground.

Thomas closed his eyes. He couldn't take any more. What he didn't see was his mother charging out of the school building, pulling a trolley full of books, with Clodagh trailing behind.



bellowed the little teacher.



"I WAS RIGHT!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes! She's my mother! And, Mother, I am sorry but I really need you to save me right now!"

"CLEAR OFF, FOUR-EYES!" shouted Mr Slab at Miss Tutelage. "WE'RE HAVING FUN!"

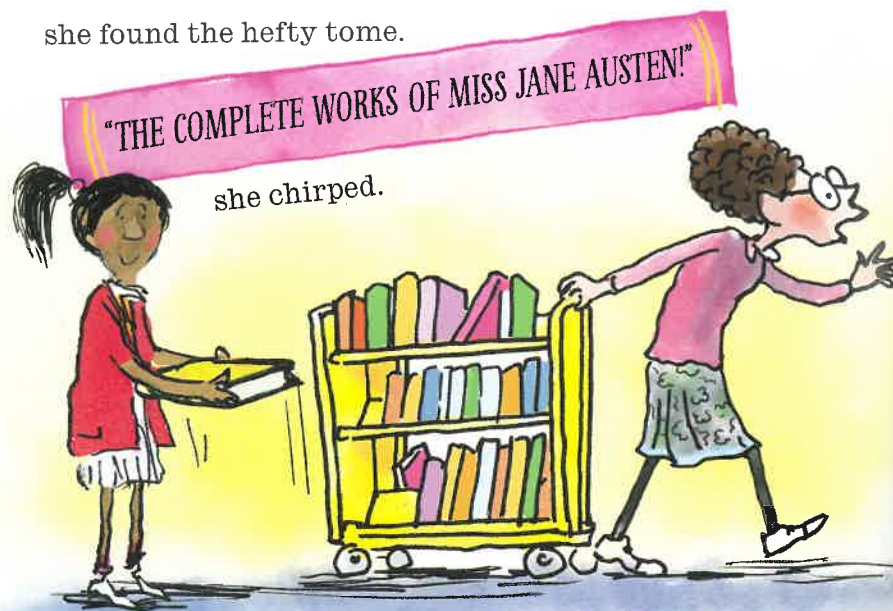
The worried mother watched as her son sailed past her through the sky.

"RIGHT! YOU ASKED FOR IT!" she declared. She turned to the girl. "Clodagh, Austen, please!"

"*Pride and Prejudice*?"

"No! *The Complete Works*, please!"

Clodagh ran her eyes along the long line of books until she found the hefty tome.



she chirped.

"Thank you kindly, Clodagh! **GOLD STAR!**" said Miss Tutelage.

"Thank you, miss!"

Then the teacher marched over to Ray and thwacked him so hard with the book...

THWUCK!

...that he flew all the way over the fence...

WHOOSH!

"**ARGH!**"

...and landed headfirst in a pond.

SPLOSH!

Ray's big fat feet could be seen poking out of the water as ducks pecked at his bottom.

All the kids in the playground cheered to see this bully finally get his comeuppance.

"**HURRAH!**"

"One down, two to go," muttered the lady. "Wilde, I think, next!"

"Yes, miss!" said Clodagh, and in an instant she found the right book. One of her favourites.



**"THE PLAYS AND POEMS
OF MR OSCAR WILDE."**

"Another GOLD STAR,
Clodagh!" said the

teacher, taking the weighty volume.

"Thank you, miss!"

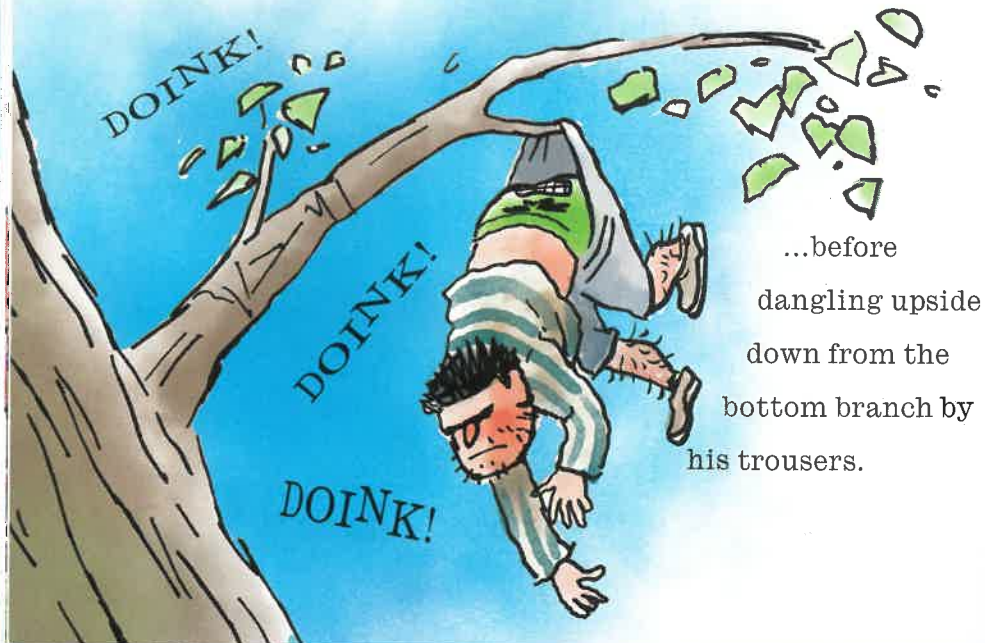
Brandishing the book, Miss Tutelage charged at Roy,
who was in the middle of hurling her son back to his dad.

THWUCK!

She thwacked Roy so wildly with Wilde that he shot up
into the air...

WHOOSH!
"NOOOOOO!"

...before coming back down and landing on a very tall
tree. Roy hit every branch on the way down...



...before
dangling upside
down from the
bottom branch by
his trousers.

Everyone could see Roy's bright-green Incredible Hulk
underpants!

"ARGH!"

Once again, all the kids roared their approval.

"HURRAH!"

This left only one Slab standing. Mr Slab.

"You wouldn't dare, Frizzball!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I do dare, Mr Slab, I do dare. Now, let me think...
DICKENS!"

**"THE COMPLETE
NOVELS OF
CHARLES DICKENS!"**

announced Clodagh as
she strained to lift the
leather-bound book, the
heftiest of the lot.

"I can't lift it, miss! I am sorry!" she cried. "Charles
Dickens wrote a lot of novels."

"Fifteen novels! But we can do it together, Clodagh!"
Miss Tutelage chirped, and together they charged at
Mr Slab with the book.

"I WILL THROW YOUR SON!" he threatened.

"CAREFUL, MOTHER!" shouted Thomas.

"KIDS!" she called out to the children in the
playground.

"YES?" they called back.

"GET READY TO CATCH MY **TOM-TOM!**"

"WHAT THE—?" began Thomas.

But before he could say whatever he was going to say next his mother and her **STAR** pupil charged at the PE teacher.

Mr Slab threw the boy high into the air.

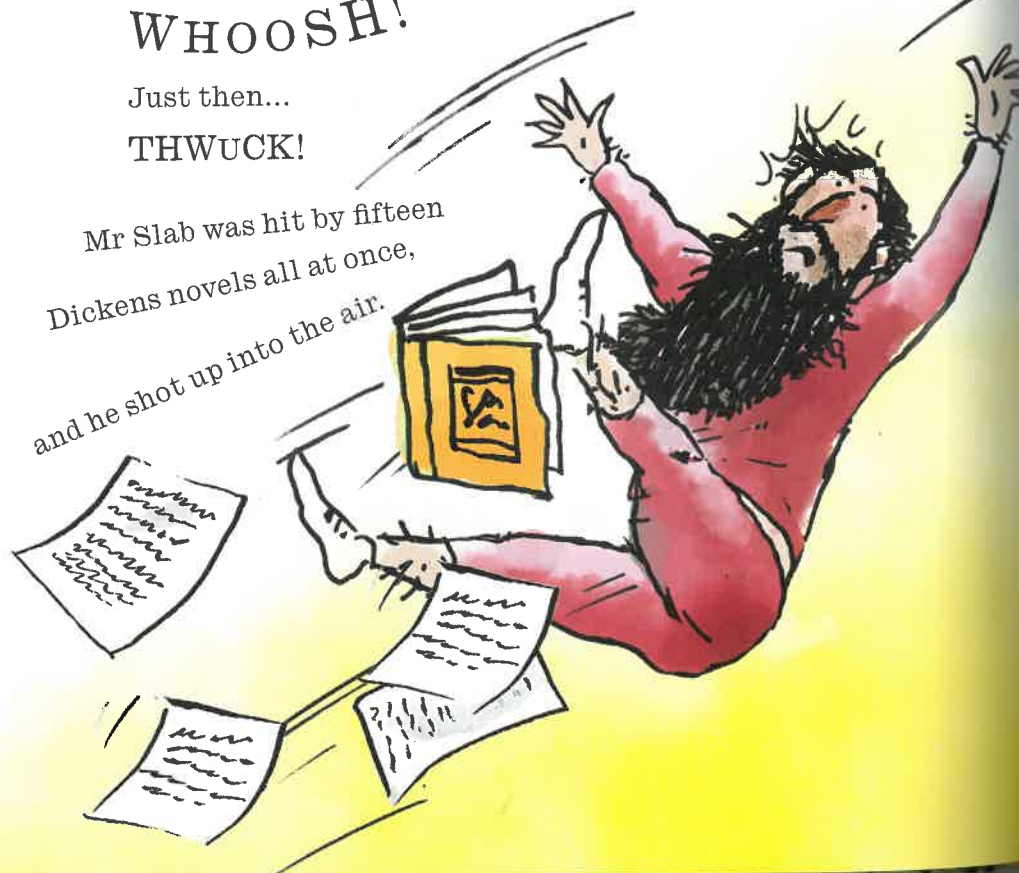
"**N000!**" cried Thomas as he flew upwards.

WHOOSH!

Just then...

THWUCK!

Mr Slab was hit by fifteen
Dickens novels all at once,
and he shot up into the air.



"**AAARRRGGGHHH!!!**" he screamed.

WHOOSH!

Travelling up
through the sky,
Mr Slab met
Thomas on his
way down.

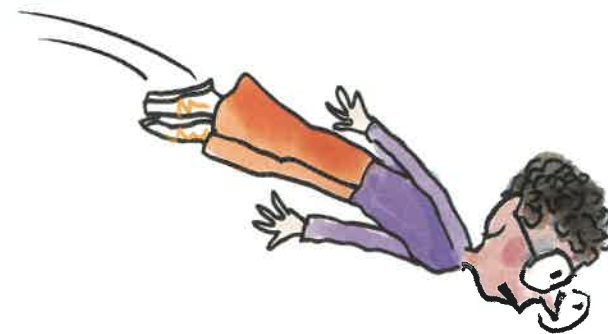


WHOOSH!

"Bad luck, sir!" said the boy as he landed on a sea of
little arms.

Slab could feel himself slowing. He lingered in the air
for a moment, before
beginning

his descent.



"CATCH ME!" he called out to the kids below, but they all scattered out of the way and he landed in a dustbin.

CLANK!

"Best place for him!" remarked Miss Tutelage as the kids in the playground celebrated.

"HURRAH!"

Thomas ran into his mother's arms, and she scooped him up.

"Thank you, Mother dearest!" he said.

"Oh!" smarted the lady. "I thought you were embarrassed by me!"

"I'm sorry. No. You are the **best, bravest** mother in the whole wide world, and I love you!"



Right in front of everyone, he gave his mum a great big kiss.



"And I love you too, my precious, adorable, delightful Tiny Tom-Tom."

"I can see why he pretended not to know her," muttered Clodagh.

BRRING!

The bell rang for the start of lessons.

"Well, what an eventful first day!" remarked Miss Tutelage.

"It certainly has been," replied her son.

"Now, after all that excitement, **Tom-Tom**," she said, "are you sure you don't need a poo-poo?"

"MOTHER!" cried the boy, before they both burst out laughing.

"HA! HA! HA!"

All the other children laughed too.

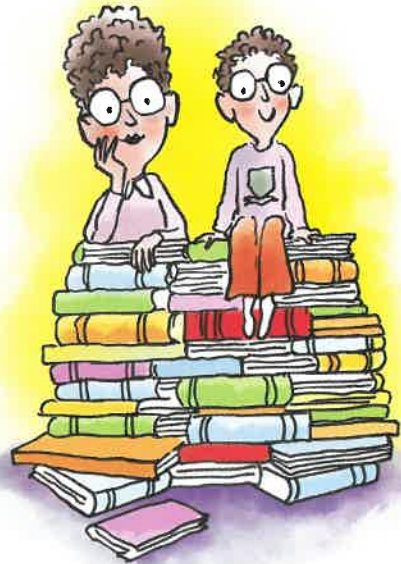
"HA! HA! HA!"



THE WORLD'S WORST PARENTS

Even though his mother taught at the school, Thomas was never, ever bullied or teased again. That's because everyone now knew that Miss Tudor Tutelage was

ONE MEAN MOMMA!



MONTY MONOPOLIZE

The father who kept his boys' toys all for himself

