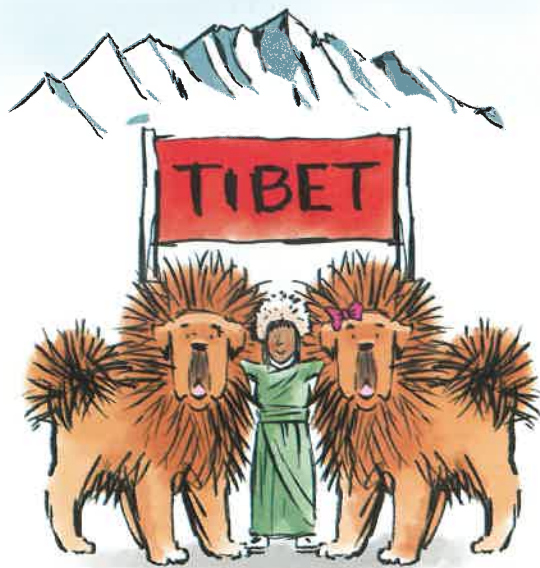


THE WORLD'S WORST PARENTS

Soon the giant dogs were nothing more than dots on the horizon.

"Not sure where they are all off to in such a hurry," remarked Dad.

"By the look of it," began Peaches, "**Nigel** is running all the way back to **Tibet!**"



TERRY TETCH

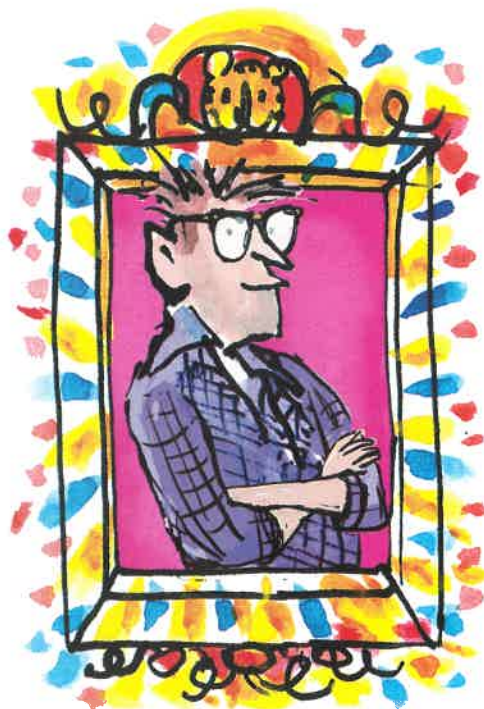
The father who refused to queue



NO!

NOOO!

NOOOOOO!



TERRY TETCH

NO ONE LIKES QUEUEING. You never meet a single person who says, "My favourite hobby is standing in queues all day long. Then, when I finally get to the front, I go straight to the back so I can queue all over again!"

Queues are boring. Queues are time-consuming.

TERRY TETCH

Queues make your feet ache. But they are a necessity. You have to queue to get to the thing you want to do.

Get on the bus. Have your school dinner. Go on a ride at the fair.



British people are exceptionally good at queueing. Queueing was invented by a British lady, Duchess Queenie Queue, in 1766.

Her husband had just invented the toilet. As it was the only toilet in Britain at that time, there were a lot of people clamouring to use it. Everyone in Britain, in fact. There was nothing short of a stampede of people who needed to go. So the duchess made everyone stand in line to take turns to use her husband's great invention.



The queue for the one and only toilet in the country stretched the **entire** length of the British Isles. As soon as you had gone, it was sensible to go and join the end of the queue again, as by the time you reached the front you would most likely need to go again.

Now, everyone is expected to queue. However, there once was a man who **refused** to queue. Terry Tetch. If he saw a queue for anything, even a queue of one person (which isn't really a queue until you join it), he would have an **EXTREME REACTION**.

His red hair would stand on **END**.



His glasses would **STEAM UP**.

His legs would **SHAKE**.



His nostrils would **FLARE**.



And his ears would **FLAP** so much you might think he was going to **TAKE OFF**.

Terry always embarrassed his two sons, Ted and Todd, by coming up with the most **extraordinary** excuses for why he should **never** queue.

If there was a long line at their local burger chain, Terry would tell the server,

"I've been lost at sea! I haven't eaten anything for three years except seagull poop. Please, please, I beg you! Let me get my chicken nuggets, chips and chocolate milkshake first!"



Everyone in the line would give the trio dirty looks as Terry dragged the twins to the front.

When there was a crocodile of people waiting to enter the football stadium, Terry would shout,

"I am England's new star striker! I know I am old and a bit podgy, but I am playing today! Let me through!"



Todd and Ted's faces would blush **BRIGHT RED** as their father elbowed his way to the front.

Worst of all was when Terry was faced with a really long queue to get on the bus.

"Let me through!" he shouted, pulling the twins along, and barging people out of the way. "This bus isn't going anywhere without me!"

"How is that so?" called out an elderly lady struggling with her shopping trolley.

"Because I have to sit at the back and pedal!"

Todd and Ted wished the ground would swallow them up!

The twin brothers were turning ten, so their father asked them what they would like to do as a special birthday treat.

"I promise to take you anywhere you like!" he said. "Just name it! Anywhere at all!"

The twins looked at each other, and then both said in unison...

"Loopyland!"

"Noooooooooooo!" cried Dad.

Wilt Loopy was an American billionaire who made cartoon films and who had built the world's greatest theme park. He'd died as an old man many years ago, but he'd had his head deep-frozen, so he could be brought back to life in the future. Now the future had arrived, and his head was attached to a robot body, and he was back running his *Loopy* empire.

Wilt Loopy's most famous character was *Loopy* the Leopard, a leopard who was – you guessed it – loopy.

The character had been around for nearly a hundred years, and could be found on children's lunchboxes, pencil cases and underpants, often hollering his catchphrase...

"LOOPY! LOOPY! LOO!"

So loved were all things *Loopy* that children from all over the world dreamed of one day going to *Loopyland*.

The only problem with *Loopyland* was the queues.



The queues for the most popular rides were so long that they snaked for miles around the park. You could spend the entire day queueing for the *Loop-the-loop* Loopycoaster, or the *Loopy* Logflume, or Little *Loopyland*, and then the ride would be over in a matter of moments. The *Loopy* Haunted House attraction lasted just one second. You walked in the front door, a teenager in a *Loopy* the Leopard costume shouted, "BOO!" at you, and then shoved you out through the back door.



There was nowhere on earth that Terry Tetch would rather NOT be than *Loopyland*. *Loopyland* was a NIGHTMARE for someone who hated queues, but but but...! He had promised his boys.

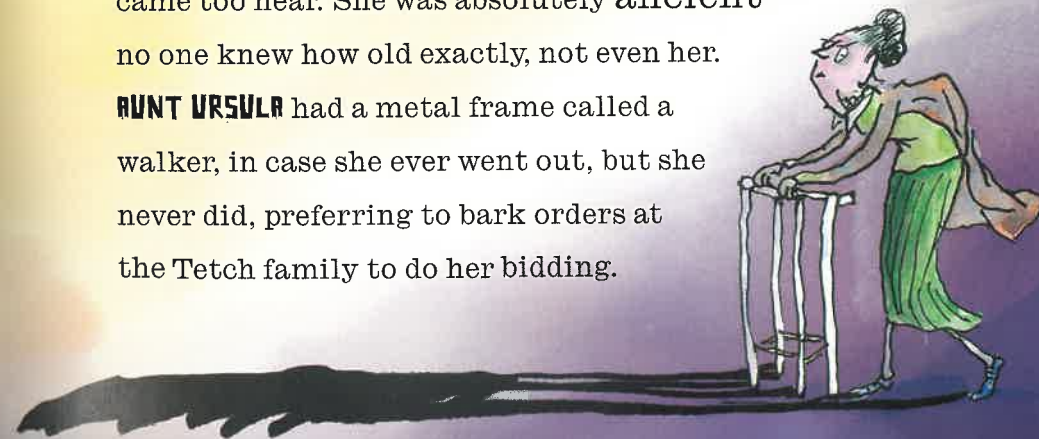
So, how could Terry take his twins to *Loopyland* and not have to queue?

The man needed a plan.



Terry's great-great-great-aunt lived in the attic of the family home.

AUNT URSULA was a terrifying snake of a lady, forever hissing and baring her **FALSE FANGS** if the boys came too near. She was absolutely ancient – no one knew how old exactly, not even her. **AUNT URSULA** had a metal frame called a walker, in case she ever went out, but she never did, preferring to bark orders at the Tetch family to do her bidding.



Terry had a naughty idea. If only he could "borrow" the walker for the trip to *Loopyland*, then he could pretend he couldn't stand well enough to wait in line. The staff at *Loopyland* would let him go straight to the front of the queue for every single ride!

The plan was so simple it was brilliant.

There was one big problem: how would Terry get his hands on his great-great-great-aunt's walker?

There was no way the old snake would let him have it. Even though she lived in the attic of his home, she loathed her great-great-great-nephew.

Terry decided a dawn raid was the best plan. So, on the day of the trip to *Loopyland*, Terry crept upstairs to the attic and, without a sound, opened the door.

"ZZZ! ZZZZ! ZZZZZ!" **AUNT URSULA** was snoring away. Her false teeth or, rather, fangs were sunk in a glass of water on her bedside table, and her walker squatted next to it. Terry tiptoed over to the walker, picked it up and swung it over the bed. As he did so, one of the walker's four metal legs clunked into the glass of water containing the old snake's **FALSE FANGS**.

KERP LINK!



NOOO! thought Terry as the glass, water and **FALSE FANGS** hit the floor.

TINK! SPLOSH! DOOF!

The fangs clattered across the floorboards as if they were alive!

CLATTER!

CLATTER!

CLATTER!

The noise woke up **HUNT URSULA** with a start. She opened one **beady** eye. Then another.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY WALKER, YOU NASTY LITTLE SQUIRT?" she bawled, though her words sounded a bit muffled as she didn't have her **FALSE FANGS** in.

"Erm, just borrowing it, **HUNT URSULA!**" Terry replied, dashing to the door with the walker.

Stupidly, he was holding the walker widthways, so it smashed into the doorframe.

TWUNK!

It allowed just enough time for the old snake to slide out of bed and on to the floor.

SLUMP!

Then she scooped up her escaping **FALSE FANGS** with her long, **bony** fingers, and pushed them into her mouth.

"SSSSSSSSSS!" she hissed.

Next she slithered across the floor on her tummy, and dug her fangs into her great-great-great-nephew's ankle.

CHOMP!

"AARRGGHH!" screamed Terry.

He speedily spun the walker round, and charged down the stairs.

STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!

HUNT URSULA was still biting his ankle! And she was **NOT** letting go. She slid down the staircase behind him...

SLUNK! SLUNK! SLUNK!

...all the time sinking her fangs deeper and deeper into Terry's flesh.

"AAARRRRGGGHHH!"

On hearing their father scream, Ted and Todd leaped up out of their bunk beds.

"D-A-D?" yelled Ted.

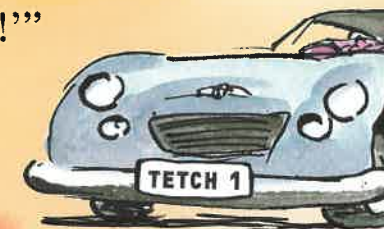
"WHAT'S GOING ON?" shouted Todd.

"GET IN THE CAR!" ordered their father.

"BUT," they replied, "WE ARE STILL IN OUR PYJAMAS!"

"I SAID, 'GET IN THE CAR!'"

The boys did as they were told.



They hurtled down the stairs, hurried out of the front door and bundled themselves into the back of the car. Meanwhile, **RUNT URSULA** was slowing Terry down to a stop. As much as he tried to shake her off, the old snake just wouldn't let go.

There was only one thing for it. Terry leaned down, and tickled his great-great-great-aunt under her chin. She half laughed, half screamed, opening her mouth...

"HAAAAAAAH!"

...leaving her **FANGS** still biting into his ankle!

Terry made a dash for it, slamming the front door behind him.

SHUNT!

Still holding the walker, he tried to force it into the car through the door, but it was too wide and just wouldn't go.

KERPLUNK! KERCHUNK! KERNUNK!

Thinking fast, he whipped the belt off his dressing gown, and lashed the walker to the roof of the car. Then he leaped into the driver's seat, and started the engine.



When the plane (with the walker strapped to its roof) finally landed in America, Terry stopped off at the first shop at the airport. There he bought a tin of **talcum powder** and a black pen.

"What do you need those for, Dad?" asked Ted, still in his pyjamas.

"Just you watch!" he replied.

Then he proceeded to tip the whole tin of **talcum powder** over his head.

WOOMPH!

A huge white cloud exploded into the airport, which made the boys cough and splutter.

"HUH!"

"HUH!"

"What on earth are you doing?" demanded Todd, also still in his pyjamas.

"I haven't finished yet!" replied Terry, proceeding to draw lines on his face with the pen.

"Have you gone **nuts**, Dad?" asked Ted, not unreasonably.

"FAR FROM IT!" replied the man with a mischievous grin. "And don't call me 'Dad' any more – call me 'Granddad'! In fact, don't call me 'Granddad' – call me 'Great-Granddad'! Watch!"

With that, Dad grabbed the walker and shuffled along the airport walkway.

SHIFFLE! SHUFFLE! SHAFFLE!

He was pretending to be a very, very, very old man, complete with white hair and thick lines all over his face.



"This way we won't have to queue for a single ride at *Loopyland!*"

"But we don't mind queueing, do we, Todd?" asked Ted.

"No. Everyone else has to, so why shouldn't we?" agreed Todd.

"BECAUSE I CANNOT QUEUE!" yelled Terry Tetch.

He was so loud that everyone in the airport looked round. Realising his mistake, Terry instantly went back to being the boys' great-grandfather and shuffled off towards the exit.

SHUFFLE! SHUFFLE! SHUFFLE!

"I've got a **bad** feeling about this!" remarked Ted.

"Me too!" added Todd.

A short while later, the three found themselves outside the tall gates to the world's greatest theme park.

Ted and Todd could barely contain their excitement. The boys were literally jumping up and down with joy.

BOING! BOING! BOING!



Of course, their father was doing no such thing. Instead, he was holding tightly to the walker, and shuffling slowly towards the ticket office, past the mile-long line of folks queueing to buy their tickets.

"H-h-hello!" began Terry, even putting on an old **wobbly** voice to go with his supposedly old **wobbly** legs. "P-p-please can you help me?" he asked the ticket-seller. "I am one hundred and one years old."

"So?" asked the bored bubble-gum-blowing teenager behind the window.

"So, I am **VERY** old, and don't w-w-walk too good – that's why I have got this old thing!" he said, rattling his walker.

RITTLE! RUTTLE! RATTLE!

"And, young man, I definitely, one hundred per cent, without any doubt whatsoever, **cannot** queue. Not even for a second! Do you hear me? **NOT ONE SECOND!**"

The ticket-seller rolled his eyes, and reached for a metal box.



"Here you go, Grandpa!" he said as he slid three **GOLD PASSES** under the window.

"**YES! NO QUEUEING!**" exclaimed Terry, jumping up and down.

As he did so, a fog of **talcum powder** clouded the air.

"What's that?"

asked the ticket-seller.

"Erm, it's, well..."

he spluttered.

Dad was in

TROUBLE.

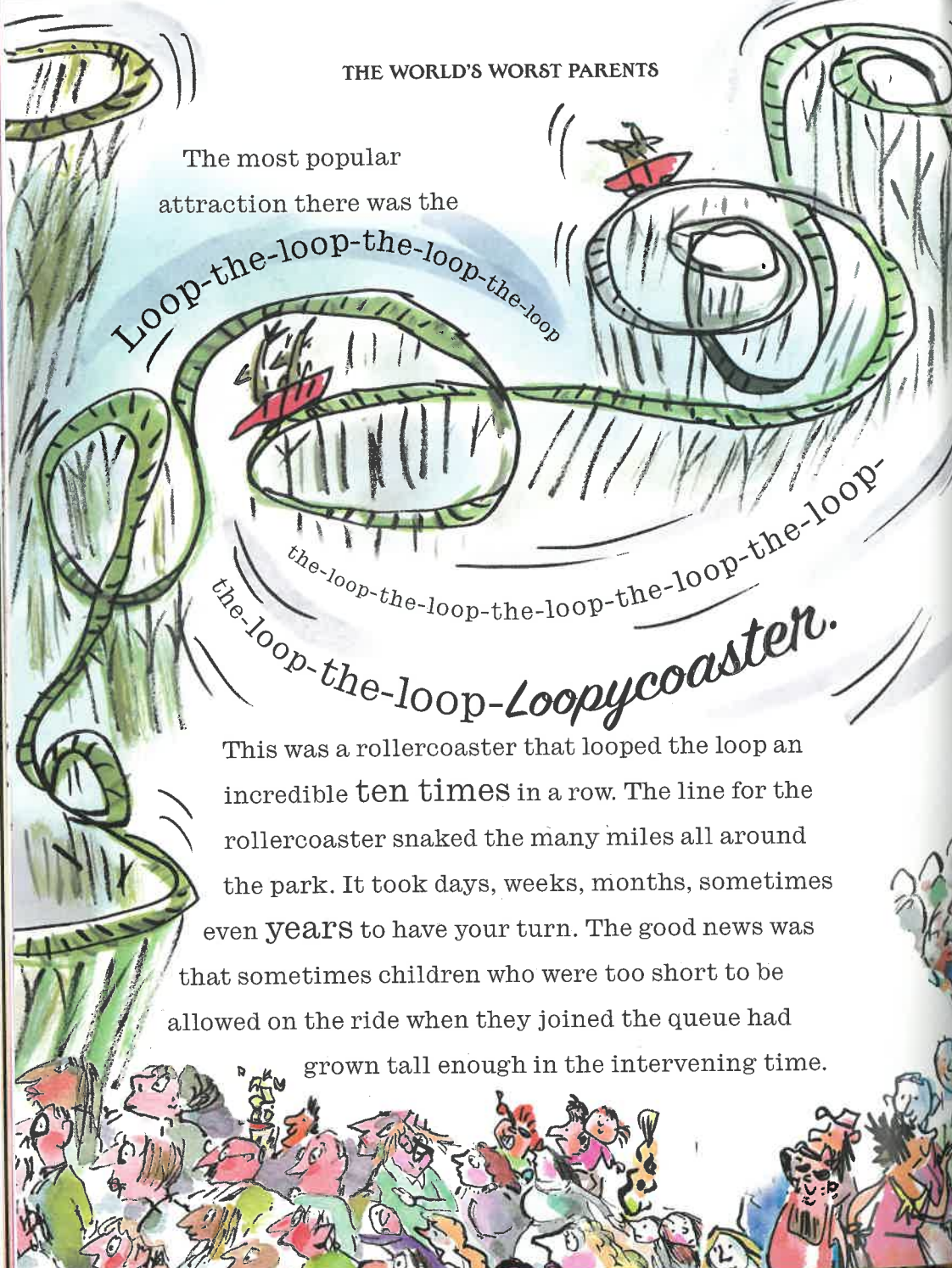
The impossibly long queue of folks waiting began eyeballing him suspiciously.

"**DANDRUFF!**" cried Terry, thinking fast.

"That's a heck of a lot of dandruff! Welcome to **Loopyland!**" said the ticket-seller. "**NEXT!**"

GOLD PASSES meant they could go straight to the front of **any** queue in the whole of **Loopyland**.





THE WORLD'S WORST PARENTS

The most popular attraction there was the

Loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop

the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-Loopycoaster.

This was a rollercoaster that looped the loop an incredible ten times in a row. The line for the rollercoaster snaked the many miles all around the park. It took days, weeks, months, sometimes even years to have your turn. The good news was that sometimes children who were too short to be allowed on the ride when they joined the queue had grown tall enough in the intervening time.



So, after a huge lunch of *Loopyburger*, *Loopyfries* and *Loopychocoshake*, the Tetch family made their way to the rollercoaster.

"I'm not sure about this," hissed Ted.

"It's the longest line I've ever seen!" added Todd.

"People are going to hate us, Dad!"

"SHUSH!" shushed their father. "It's Great-Grandfather, remember! Trust me. We will go straight to the front!"

The two boys shook their heads as they followed their father to the front of the queue, Terry shuffling on **RUNT URSULA**'s walker all the way.

SHIFFLE! SHUFFLE! SHAFFLE!

The old snake's **FALSE FANGS** were still locked on to his ankle.

Those families who had been waiting to ride the rollercoaster for an eternity, some holding babies that had been born during the time their parents had been queueing, **fumed** at seeing the three push past them.

"HEY!"

"WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?"

"GET TO THE BACK OF THE LINE!"

"C-c-come along, my g-g-great-g-g-grandsons!" called Terry in his best **wobbly** voice.

Ted and Todd looked at each other nervously and walked through the gates to the ride. Instantly, they were seated in the front row of the *Loopycoaster*. Terry had the **smuggest** of **smug** grins on his face as the carriages **chugged** up the impossibly steep slope that seemed to stretch all the way to the sky.

This was the **calm** before the **storm**.
The storm came.

As soon as the peak had been reached, the carriages careered down at terrific speed.

ZOOM!

They looped the first loop. Ted and Todd noticed that their father's face was beginning to turn **green**. That *Loopyburger*, those *Loopyfries* and that *Loopychocoshake* were coming back for an encore.

LOOP!

As each loop passed, Terry Tetch's face became greener and greener.

LOOP!

At first it was a light green.



LOOP!

Then a dark green.



LOOP!

Before becoming a parrot green.

The next thing they knew, their father's face had turned a putrid green.

LOOP!

No! A luminous green!

LOOP!

A DAYGLO GREEN!

LOOP!

A FLUORESCENT GREEN!

LOOP!

Before settling on a VOMIT GREEN!

This meant only one thing.
Their father was about to spew.



SPLURGE!

And spew he did. Because of the G-force of travelling so fast upside down, the **CHUNDER THUNDER** came out of his mouth...

HURL!

...and splurged right back in his face.

SPLAT!

As the final loop was looped, Terry Tetch found himself covered from head to toe in his own **YACK ATTACK**.

At last the rollercoaster came to an abrupt halt.

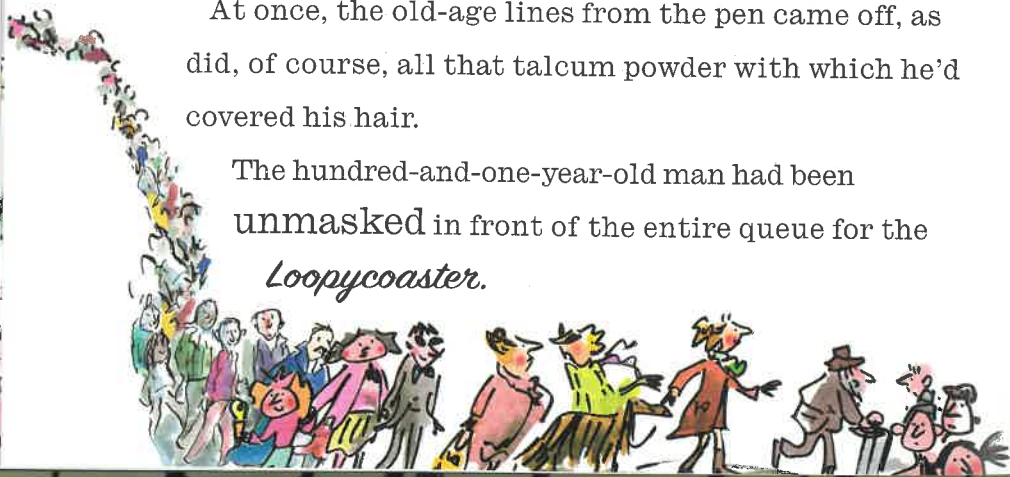
SCHTUM!

Ted and Todd helped their poor father off the ride. The man couldn't see a thing, and rubbed his head with his sleeve.

WIPE!

At once, the old-age lines from the pen came off, as did, of course, all that talcum powder with which he'd covered his hair.

The hundred-and-one-year-old man had been unmasked in front of the entire queue for the *Loopycoaster*.



"HE'S A FAKER!"

"HE'S NO OLD DUDE!"

"HE JUMPED THE QUEUE!"

The angry shouts came thick and fast.

"I, er, um, I am a g-g-great-g-g-grandpa!" protested Terry.

"LIAR!"

"CHEAT!"

"PHONY!"

Looking at the angry mob circling, Terry shouted,

"RUN!"

Run he did, his boys trailing close behind.

There was no time to grab **RUNT URSULA**'s walker, which was left discarded by the side of the rollercoaster.

"HE NEVER EVEN NEEDED THAT THING!"

"WHAT A PIECE OF WORK!"

"GET HIM!"

In no time, the entire queue of people for the *Loopycoaster* was chasing the Tetch family.



The three ran straight into
a huge *Loopyland* musical parade.

The great Wilt Loopy himself was at the front, his old head on his new robot body, with all his cartoon animal chums following on behind, singing the *Loopyland* song.

"WE LOVE *Loopyland*!
Loopyland WE LOVE!
IF YOU DON'T LOVE *Loopyland*,
OFF YOU CAN SHOVE!"



There was *Loopy* the Leopard, of course.

BARMY the Baboon. **WACKY** the Walrus.

Nutty the Newt. **Crackers** the Crocodile.

And **WOMBA** the Wombat.

As Terry Tetch barged through the parade, he did the unthinkable. He knocked over Wilt Loopy!

THUD!

"Argh!" yelped the billionaire as his old head became detached from his new robot body, and rolled off.

TRUNDLE!

As Terry and his sons raced away, the detached head shouted,

"Cartoon animals of *Loopyland*! After them!"

"DAD! I CAN'T RUN ANY MORE! I'VE GOT A STITCH!" called Ted, clutching his tummy.

"AND I'VE GOT WOBBLY WOBBLY LEGS!" complained Todd.

Ahead was a *Loopyland Loopymobile*. Terry pulled the driver out and jumped in.

"COME ON, BOYS!" he shouted, and Ted and

Todd leaped in the back. As the *Loopymobile* raced off, the cartoon animals caught up and pounced on it.

Loopy the Leopard was on the bonnet.

BARMY the Baboon was on the roof.

WACKY the Walrus was on the windscreen.

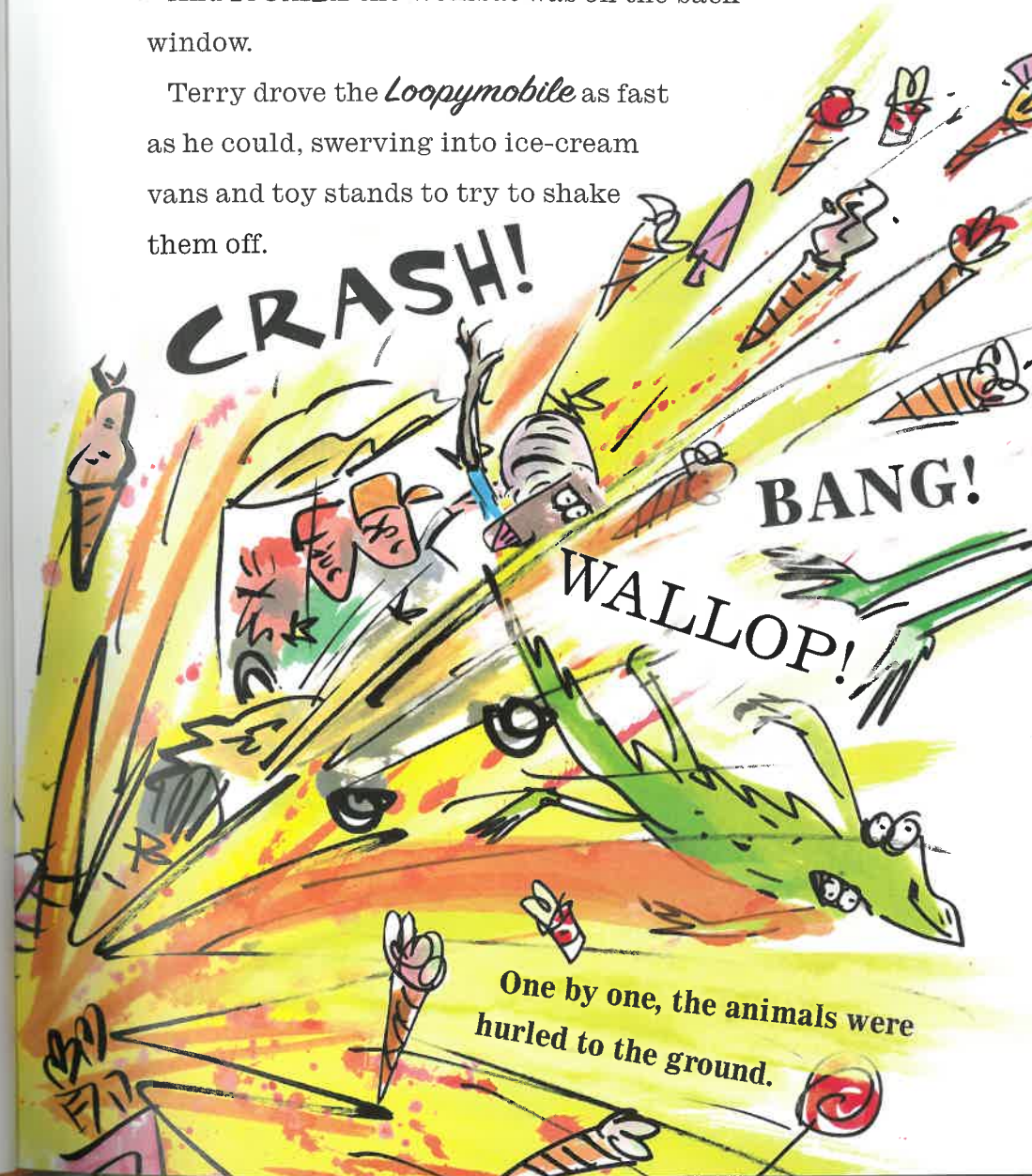
Nutty the Newt was on the boot.



Crackers the Crocodile was clinging on to the door.

And **WOMBA** the Wombat was on the back window.

Terry drove the *Loopymobile* as fast as he could, swerving into ice-cream vans and toy stands to try to shake them off.



Only *Loopy* the Leopard remained. The cartoon animal crawled around into the footwell of the buggy.

"GET OFF!" shouted Terry.

But *Loopy* the Leopard went to grab the man's ankle to stop him pushing down on the accelerator pedal. As he did so, *Loopy* pressed hard on **HUNT URSULA'S FALSE FANGS** that were still locked on to Terry's flesh!

screamed Terry. His foot came off the accelerator pedal, and the *Loopymobile* lurched to a halt.

Ted turned to Todd. "We are in big trouble."

"The biggest," replied Todd to Ted.

WOMBA the Wombat had picked up Wilt Loopy's head, and brought it over to them. The old man had gone scarlet with fury. "Think you don't need to queue, do you? I am going to teach you a lesson you will never forget!"

The cartoon animals grabbed the Tetch family and

marched them through *Loopyland* as the crowds of visitors all jeered.

"BOOO!"

"*Loopyland* fans," called out Wilt Loopy's detached head, "I need your help! I need you all to form the longest queue you can for the

Loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-the-loop-Loopycoster.

There's a *Loopyland* pencil for everyone who does! Completely free!"

Instantly, everyone did what the kindly billionaire's head asked.

"Thanks a billion!" said the head. "Now take this man to the back of it!"

Terry was sweating and shaking as the cartoon animals dragged him to the back of the queue. As he was placed there, his hair stood up on end, his glasses steamed up, his nostrils flared, his legs shook and his ears flapped so much he actually lifted off the ground.

WHOOSH!

Terry was shaking so much that the old snake's **FALSE FANGS** fell off his ankle.

CLATTER!



"Whose are these?" asked Wilt Loopy's head.
 "My great-great-great-**HUNT URSULA**'s," replied Terry.
 "Well, the poor old dear must be needing them back! I bet she is a kindly soul. Pick them up, please, somebody. I would, but I have no hands, arms or, indeed, body. I will call this **HUNT URSULA**, such a *pretty* name, and reunite her with her teeth. Now, your boys have done nothing wrong. Their only crime is having a **terrible** father. Boys, you can have a **free Loopynugget**."

Ted and Todd smiled. "Thank you."

"Just one *Loopynugget* to share," continued Wilt Loopy's head, before returning his gaze to Terry.
"YOU! You will be made to stand and wait. For the **longest** time anyone has ever waited for **anything!**"

So Terry waited. And waited. And waited.

His ears flapped so much that he had to be tied to the ground to stop him from flying off.

His glasses cracked.

FLAP!
FLAP!
FLAP!



And then he waited some more.

His hair stood on end.

What seemed like a lifetime passed before Terry was finally at the front of the queue, and ready to take his seat on the *Loopycoaster*.

The safety bar came down, pinning him to his seat, and the *Loopycoaster* began its slow ascent to the sky. Terry turned his head to see who was sitting next to him.

HORROR UPON HORROR!

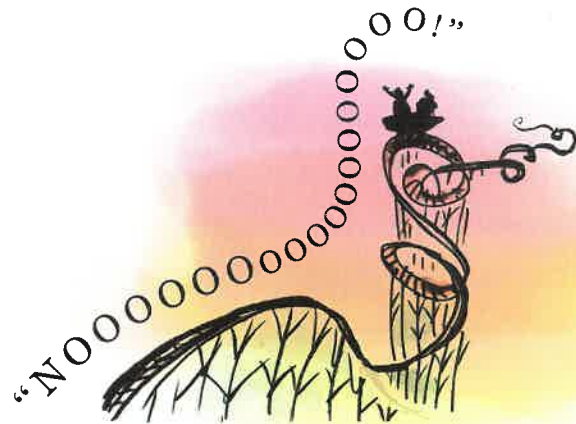
It was **HUNT URSULA!**



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

