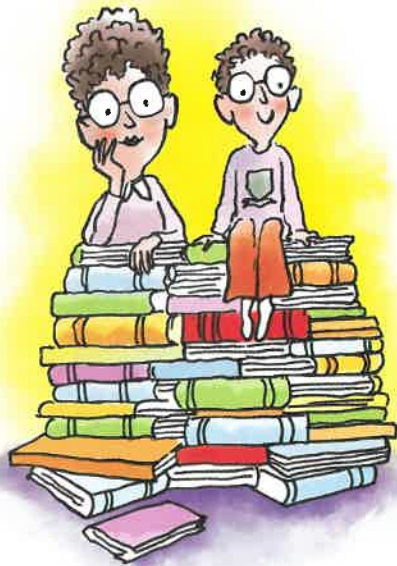


THE WORLD'S WORST PARENTS

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

MINE



MINE

MINE



MONTY MONOPOLIZE

ONCE THERE WERE two brothers who **dreaded** their birthdays, Christmas time and even Easter. Surely all children love receiving presents?

No. Not these two.

Moe and Curly loathed those times of the year. The

MONTY MONOPOLIZE

reason was simple. Their father, Monty Monopolize, would give the boys toys, and then **NEVER** let them play with them.

Instead, he would hog them all for himself.

A car-and-racing-track set went straight into the garage for Monty to amuse himself with alone. Moe and Curly were not even allowed to look at it "in case they broke it with their eyes".



A train set suffered a similar fate. It was kept under lock and key in the attic. And Father had hidden the key!

A remote-controlled fighter plane would be taken to the park, and only flown by Monty. Although when he crashed into the park keeper he handed the remote control to his sons so they had to take the blame.



However, Monty's favourite toy in the world was **BRICKO**. **BRICKO** is a line of building sets, with bricks made of different-coloured plastic. Monty bought his two sons boxes and boxes of the stuff.

"Merry Christmas, chaps!" Monty would announce.

"Thank you, Father!" they would reply, their little eyes lighting up with glee. Then, as soon as they had unwrapped it and exclaimed, "**BRICKO!** BRILLIANT!", the man would snatch it back from them.

"Don't you worry, chaps. Father will put this one together for you!"



With that, he would disappear up to his bedroom and start building.

Over the years, Monty had collected every single **BRICKO** set.



A **BRICKO**
Queen
Victoria



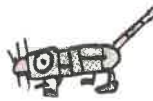
A **BRICKO**
clog



A **BRICKO**
jelly



A **BRICKO**
beard



A **BRICKO**
gerbil



A **BRICKO**
mobility
scooter



A **BRICKO**
cactus



A **BRICKO**
marshmallow



A **BRICKO**
microwave
oven



A **BRICKO**
poop*

Mr Monopolize was bananas about **BRICKO**. He would snap the bricks to one another all day.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

And all night.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

If Moe and Curly tried to help snap the bricks together, he would shoo them out of his bedroom.

"BEGONE! **BRICKO** IS ONLY TO BE PLAYED WITH BY GROWN-UPS! NOT CHILDREN!"

Kids love to use **BRICKO** to build their own weird and wonderful creations. Not Monty. No, he followed the impossibly long instruction booklets to the absolute letter. **BRICKO** sets had to be built perfectly to plan.

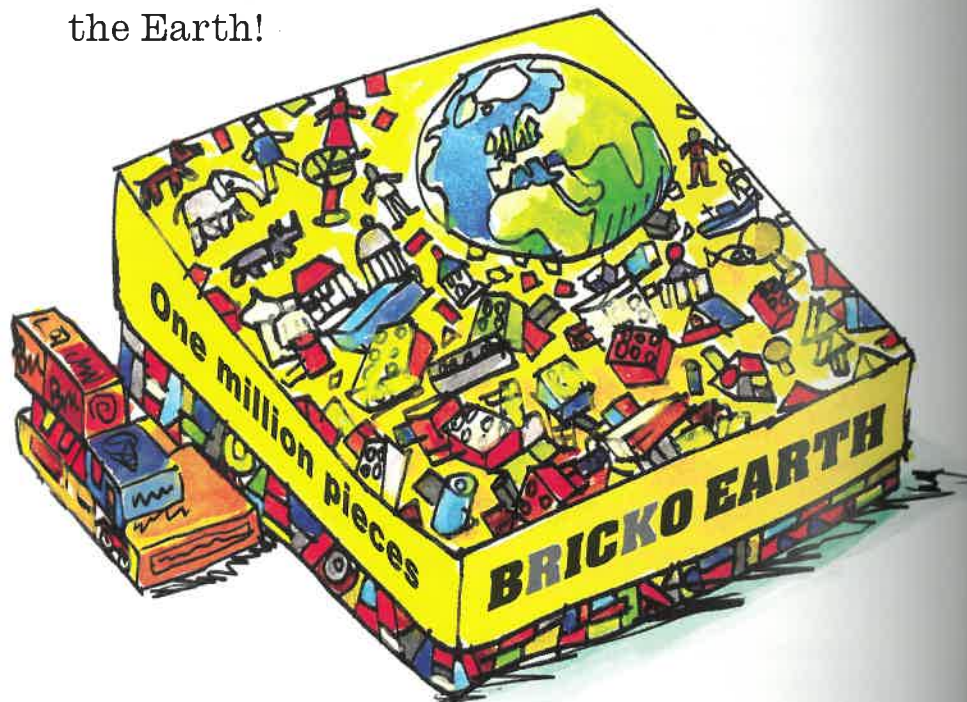
* **WALLYFACT:** **BRICKO** poop comes in three different sizes: small, medium and elephant.

One afternoon, Monty Monopolize was on his way home from work at the frozen-pea factory. His job was counting out the peas for each bag: 327. Not one more. Not one less. The man always walked home the long way round so that he could go past the **BRICKO** superstore. That afternoon Monty spotted a gigantic new building-set box that took up the whole of the shop window. It was the largest set **BRICKO** had ever produced.

One million pieces!

The Earth.

Yes! A gigantic model of the Earth!



Monty's eyes widened with delight. This was the most detailed model **BRICKO** had ever produced. Every continent, every ocean, every mountain range was represented. There were people, animals, fish swimming in the seas. Even Monty and the family home were there. And the model wasn't that much smaller than the real Earth. This could be Monty Monopolize's **million-piece masterpiece!** He had to have it!

So he waited until Christmas and announced to his sons, "This year I have bought you two boys a joint present."

"Is it **BRICKO?**" asked Moe, already knowing the answer.

"Just you wait and see."

"It is **BRICKO**, though, isn't it?" added Curly, rolling his eyes.

"Well, don't spoil it for yourselves! But, yes, it is. **DARLING!**" he called out. "**BRING IN THE PRESENT!**"

Moir Monopolize, the boys' mother, was so fed up with her husband's **BRICKO** obsession that she rarely uttered a word. So, without saying a thing, Mother pushed the

biggest gift you've ever seen into the living room. The box was the size of a double-decker bus. Using all her might, she slid it through the door.



The family cat, Bricko, leaped out of the way...

"MIAOW!"

...as the box hit the **BRICKO** Christmas tree.

DOINK!

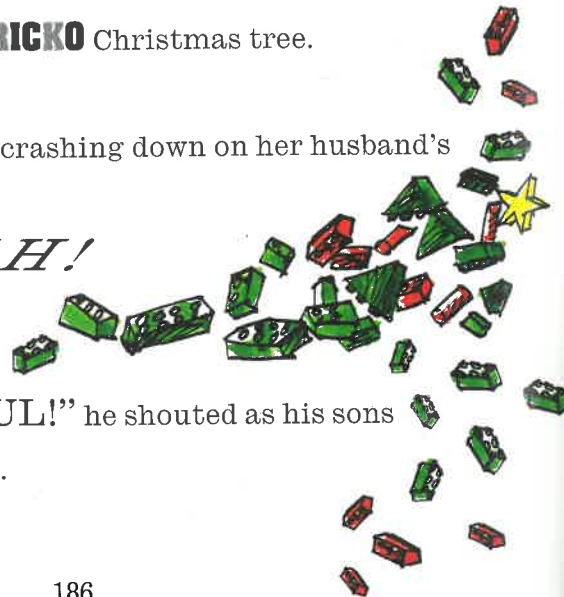
The plastic tree came crashing down on her husband's head.

WHOOSH!

BOINK!

Breaking into pieces.

"ARGH! CAREFUL!" he shouted as his sons chuckled to themselves.



"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

For a brief moment, a flicker of a smile crossed Moira's mouth. She must have knocked over the Christmas tree on purpose!

Naughty Mummy! thought the boys.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" announced Father. "ON THE COUNT OF THREE YOU MAY UNWRAP! THREE, TWO..."



"Father, why don't you just open it?" asked Moe.

"Cut out the middleman," added Curly.



"Moe, Curly, I have absolutely no idea what you mean! This is YOUR Christmas present. And I want you two boys to enjoy it! **ONE! UNWRAP!**"

The boys shook their heads, and reluctantly went to work ripping the wrapping paper off.

RIP! RAP! RUP!

Finally, the box was revealed in all its glory.

"**BRICKO** Earth?" uttered Moe, not quite believing what he was reading.

"One million pieces!" added Curly. "That is **NUTS!**"

"Well, I think you have both enjoyed your Christmas present long enough. Darling, please take the box upstairs to our bedroom!"

Mother shook her head in disbelief, and pushed the box back out of the living room, running over her husband's foot in the process.

"OUCH!" he cried.

Once again, she smirked to herself.

Just then Moe whispered something in Curly's ear.

"What's that?" demanded Father.

"Nothing!" chirped the boys together.

"You two are up to something!"

"Never!" replied Moe.

"Enjoy playing with our latest present, Father!" added Curly.

"Mmm. Yes. I will! Merry Christmas, one and all!"



That Christmas morning, Monty set to work. He banned anyone from entering the bedroom, putting up a sign on the door made with **BRICKO** bricks that read:



Monty laid out all the hundreds of instruction booklets and thousands of individual bags of plastic bricks meticulously on the floor. This operation needed military precision. Even if it was with only an army of one. But, as soon as they heard their father take his first pee break, the two boys crawled over to his bedroom door. The brothers had timed their father's pees, and knew he took **exactly** twenty-seven seconds to pass water. So, with Father in the bathroom, Moe slid into the man's bedroom on his tummy, while Curly studied a stopwatch. Curly counted down from twenty-seven so his brother would be out of the bedroom in the nick of time.

"**Twenty-seven, twenty-six, twenty-five, twenty-four...**" he whispered.

The boys' plan was simple. Moe needed to find the smallest piece of the **BRICKO** Earth set.



"Twenty-three, twenty-two, twenty-one, twenty, nineteen..."



One that would take time for his father to realise that it was missing.

"Eighteen, seventeen, sixteen, fifteen..."

One that came right at the end of the building process.

"Fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven..."



So they could teach their father a lesson.

"Ten, nine, eight, seven..."



BINGO! Moe found it! A tiny plastic brick of Monty himself!

"Six, five, four..."

Moe slid out of their father's bedroom, just catching his foot on one of the **BRICKO** models.

"Three, two, one!" hissed Curly.



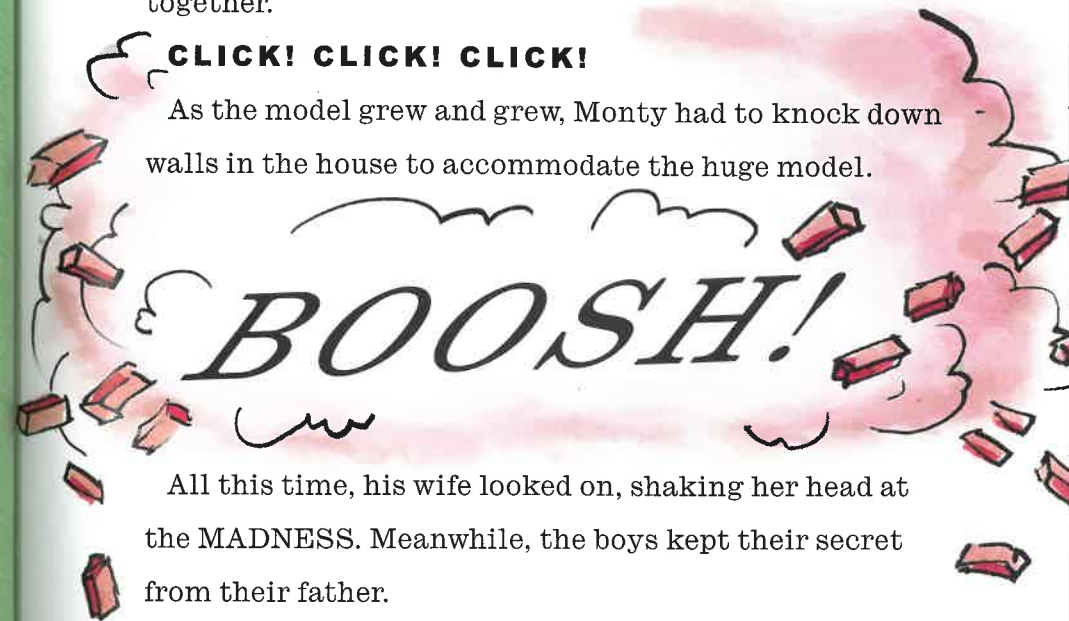
Just then their father returned from his pee. The man noticed that the life-sized **BRICKO** model of Queen Victoria was wobbling. He looked around the room with suspicion. Seeing nobody there but him, he shrugged and returned to building the Earth.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Night and day, brick after brick after brick was snapped together.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

As the model grew and grew, Monty had to knock down walls in the house to accommodate the huge model.



All this time, his wife looked on, shaking her head at the MADNESS. Meanwhile, the boys kept their secret from their father.

"Psst! Moe, have you still got it?" asked Curly as he lay on the bottom bunk.

"Shush! Yes, I have!" replied Moe as he lay on the top



bunk. "I have it right here!" He opened his hand and showed his brother the treasure. The one tiny brick of Father that he'd taken.

Now all they had to do was play a waiting game.

Days, weeks and months went by until the entire house had been taken over by this **gigantic model** of the Earth. Monty had not just demolished the walls, but all the floors of the house to accommodate his masterpiece. The South Pole was at the very bottom of the house in the cellar, with the North Pole at the very top, poking out of the roof. Now Monty was standing on a very tall ladder, on the home straight.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Just a few more bricks to snap together until **BRICKO** Earth was complete.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

It had taken from Christmas Day to Christmas Day.

An entire year!

The two boys could hardly contain their glee at what was about to come.

CLICK! CLICK...



"One more piece to go!

ME!" announced Monty to himself, and then...

Silence.

"Where is it? NO! This can't be! There's a piece missing!"

He called down to his sons,

"HAVE YOU SEEN A **BRICKO** PIECE ANYWHERE?"

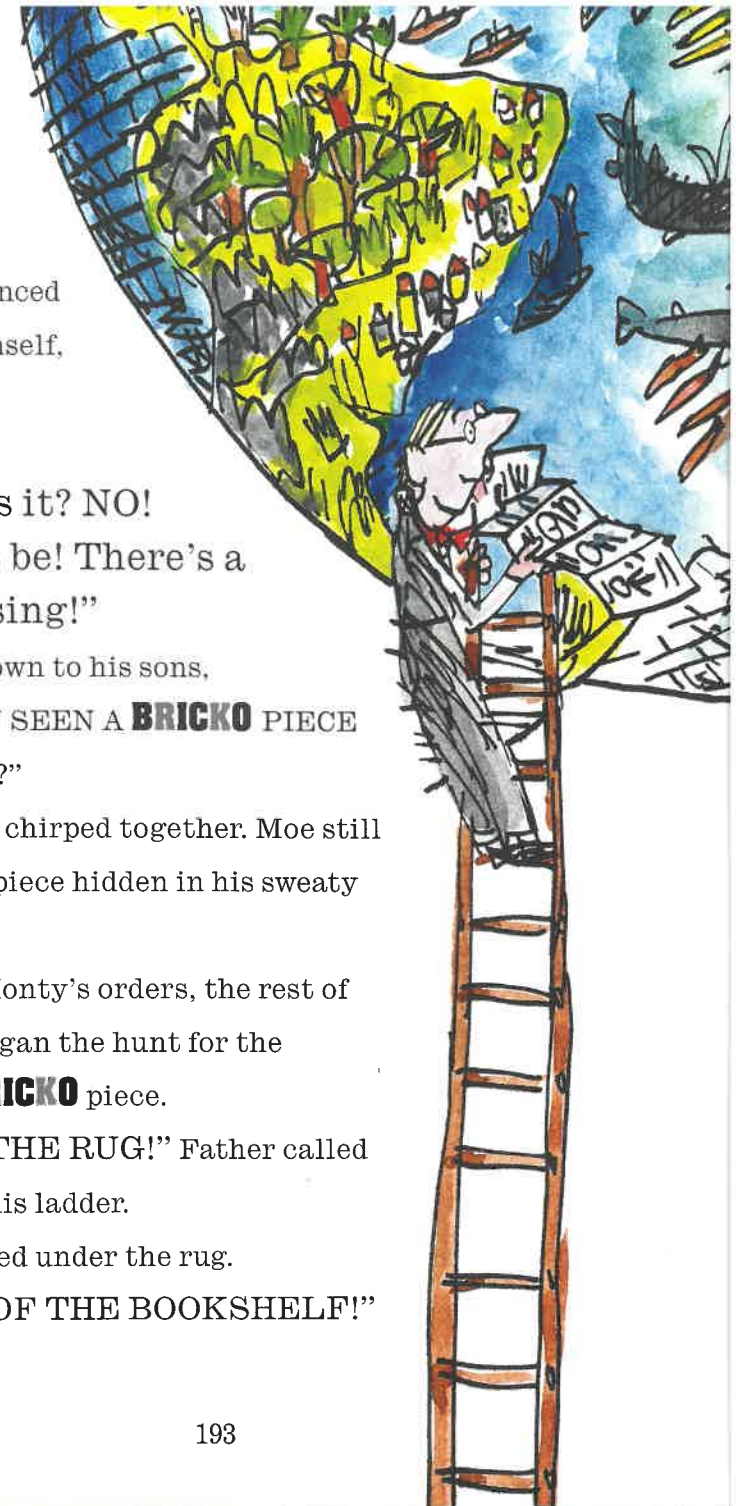
"NO!" they chirped together. Moe still had the tiny piece hidden in his sweaty little hand.

So, under Monty's orders, the rest of the family began the hunt for the "missing" **BRICKO** piece.

"UNDER THE RUG!" Father called out from up his ladder.

They checked under the rug.

"ON TOP OF THE BOOKSHELF!"



They checked on top of the bookshelf.

"INSIDE THE CAT!"

They picked up Bricko the cat and shook her a little.

"MIAOW!"

But, of course, there was no sign of it in her either.

Soon poor Mother looked exhausted, and Moe and Curly began to feel guilty that she'd been sent on this wild-goose chase.

"PSST! MOTHER!" whispered Moe. "Shush! Don't tell Father, but look..."

The boy opened his hand to reveal the tiny **BRICKO** Monty.

Moirra beamed from ear to ear, clearly delighted her sons were playing a trick on their annoying father.

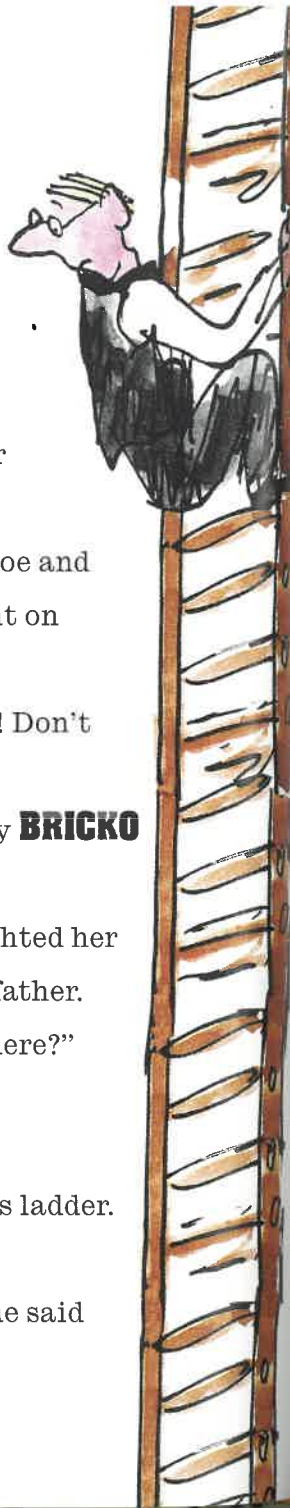
"What are you all conspiring about down there?" demanded Monty.

"NOTHING!" lied the boys.

Father didn't believe them. He slid down his ladder.

W H I Z Z !

"You know where the final piece is, boys!" he said



accusingly when he reached the bottom.

"No, we don't!" they replied.

"HOLD OUT YOUR HANDS!"

he barked.

Curly opened his hands. Nothing.

"NOW YOU!"

Moe was sweating. He opened his left hand, keeping the other behind his back. Nothing.

Then he swapped the piece into the other hand behind his back and opened his right hand. Nothing.

"Both at the same time!" ordered Father.

The boy sighed. He looked to his mother, who nodded. Reluctantly Moe opened his hand.

There was the missing piece.



"I knew it!" exclaimed Monty. "We will have words, you and I! Wicked, wicked child! Now I will finish my masterpiece!"

Father went to snatch the last piece of plastic, but, just before he could, his wife picked it up, popped it in her mouth and swallowed.



GULP!

The boys burst out laughing.

"HA! HA! HA!"

"REGURGITATE THAT **BRICKO** PIÈCE AT ONCE!" Monty boomed.

Mother shook her head as her sons took her by the hands.

"COME ON, MUM! LET'S NOT LET HIM HAVE IT!"

Together the three raced up the ladder.

CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK!

Monty charged up after them.

CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK!

"COME BACK THIS INSTANT!" he shouted.

They were now at the very top of the wobbling ladder. The only way to get away from Monty was to run right across the **BRICKO** Earth.

"DON'T YOU DARE!" bawled Monty. "STEP AWAY FROM MY CREATION!"

"It was actually meant to be our present!" shouted Curly.

"Well, er, um, technically it is!" blustered Father.

"Then we can do what we like with it!" replied Moe.

Still holding their mother's hands, the three ran across the North Pole, doing their best to avoid the **BRICKO** polar bears.

Monty jumped on to the Earth in pursuit. The weight of all four of them on the model made it rock out of its base.

TRUNDLE!

Suddenly the Monopolize family were running along the Earth as it rolled across the floor.





It smashed through the back wall of the house...

CRASH!

...spun through the garden and rolled over the garden shed, crushing it instantly.

CRUNCH!

It was like being part of some kind of circus act, trying to stay upright on this giant globe. But, as fast as Monty went, he couldn't catch up with his family. They ran down through Greenland, Scandinavia, Russia, China, India, Australia, New Zealand, until they hit the South Pole. Then they ran up through South America, America, Canada and back up to the North Pole again.

The Earth was rolling through garden fences...

SMASH!

...demolishing walls...



BOOSH!

...even flattening houses.

CRUNDLE!

Soon the Monopolize family found themselves speeding down a steep hill. The **BRICKO** Earth rolled faster and faster, and as it did so it began to rattle.

RITTLE! RATTLE! RUTTLE!

Soon, like all **BRICKO** models, it began to come apart. Plastic bricks every colour of the rainbow showered all over the road.

CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK!

"NOOOOO!" screamed Monty.

"JUMP!" shouted Moe. Still clasping his mother's hand, he and Curly took their chances, and leaped off into a hedge.

RUSTLE!

RUSTLE!

RUSTLE!



Still Monty sped on down the hill, the bricks coming loose here, there and everywhere.

CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK!

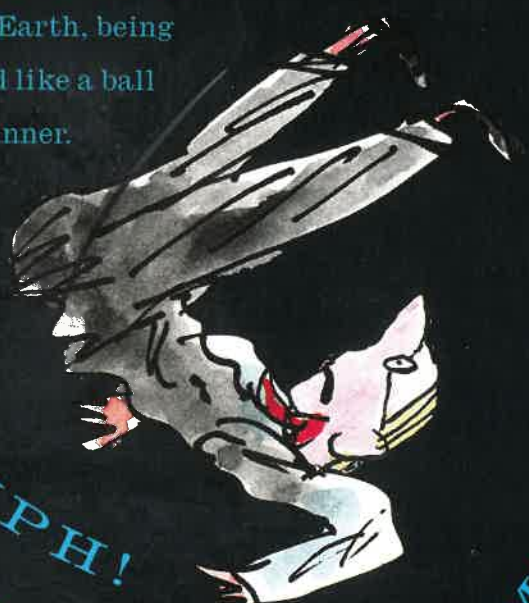
A giant hole appeared on the surface of the **BRICKO** Earth, through which Monty tumbled.

WHOOSH!

"ARGH!"

Father was now inside the model of the Earth, being tossed around like a ball in a Bingo spinner.

DOOMP!
DOOMP!
DOOMP!



Then the **BRICKO** Earth smashed into a little car that was chugging up the road.

BANG!

"WATCH WHERE YOU ARE GOING WITH THAT PLANET!" cried the man inside, a newsagent named Raj.

The model shot up over the car, high into the air...

WHOOSH!



...and began separating into hundreds of thousands of pieces.

CRACK! CRUCK! CRICK!

"ARGH!" cried Monty as he tumbled towards the ground.

WHOOSH!

BOOF!

Father hit the ground hard...

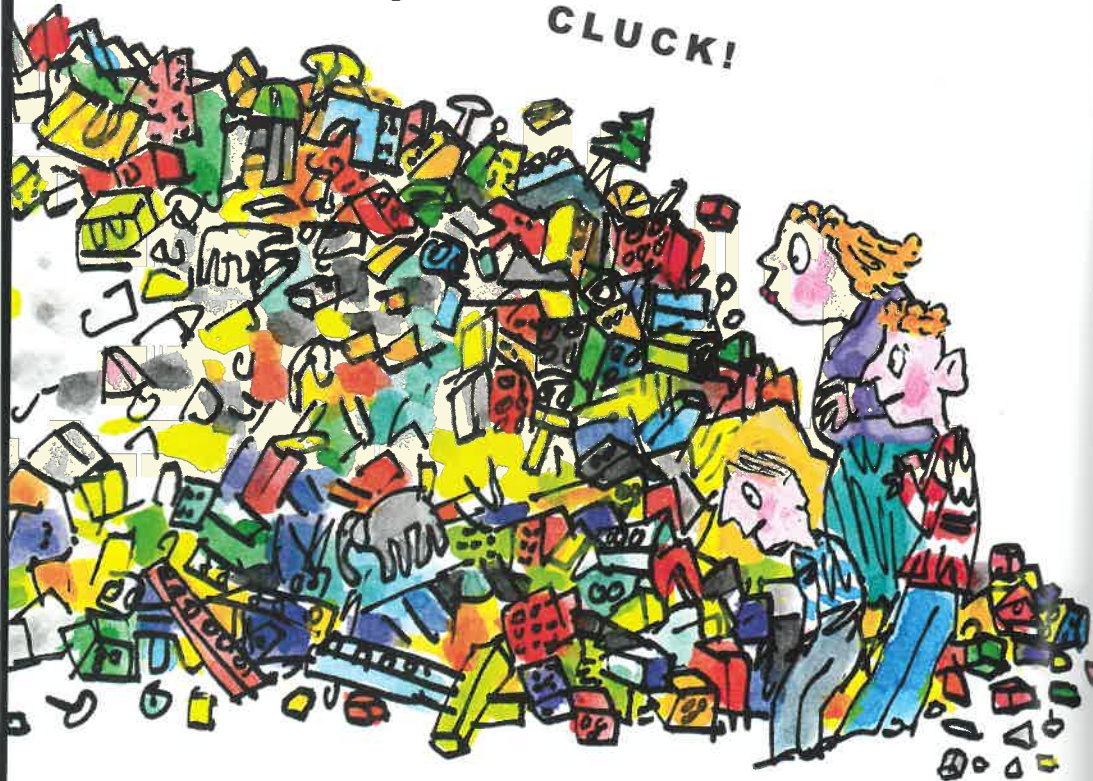
SPLAT!

...as an avalanche of plastic bricks landed on top of him...

CLICK!

CLACK!

CLUCK!



...burying him alive.

His family ran over to him.

"FATHER!" shouted the boys.

There was no answer.

Then Mother put her finger in her ear and began making bizarre honking noises. Her sons looked on in amazement as she began summoning something from the depths of her tummy.

"HONK! HOO! HUH!"

Eventually the **BRICKO** piece she had swallowed shot out of her mouth...

W H I Z Z !

...and landed in the palm of her hand.

TING!

She then picked up the tiny plastic model of her husband and dropped it on top of the mountain of **BRICKO** pieces under which he was buried.

"One more won't hurt!" she remarked.

Moe and Curly laughed.

"HA! HA!"

"Father will be fine! He can dig his way out. So, shall we head home?" she asked, taking her boys by their hands.

"Mum?" said Moe.

"Yes?"

"I don't think we have a home any more."



"It's been smashed to pieces!" added Curly.

"You are right – it has."

The three thought for a moment.

"I know!" exclaimed Moe. "We can build a new one!"

"OUT OF **BRICKO!**" added Curly.

"PERFECT!" agreed Mother.

Behind them, they failed to see Monty Monopolize's hand emerge from the mountain of plastic bricks. Father was alive!

Immediately Moe and Curly set to work. They used all the **BRICKO** bricks they had in order to build a whole new house. The boys had oodles of fun, not following any boring booklets, but instead making it up as they went along.

So, if you ever pass by a crazy multicoloured castle made entirely of little plastic bricks, chances are it belongs to the Monopolize family. Mother, Moe, Curly and Bricko the cat couldn't be happier in their **BONKERS** new home.



THE WORLD'S WORST PARENTS

You may even spot a tiny shed also made out of plastic bricks in the garden. In case you were wondering, that is where Monty Monopolize now lives. And the annoying father is only allowed two **BRICKO** bricks to play with.



CLICK!

CLICK!

HARRIET HURRY

The mother with a need for speed

WHIZZ

ZOOM

WHOOSH

