

Helping your children choose books they will love



Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from
Timmy Failure: Sanitized for Your Protection

Written by
Stephan Pastis

Published by
Walker Books Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or, if real, used fictitiously. All statements, activities, stunts, descriptions, information and material of any other kind contained herein are included for entertainment purposes only and should not be relied on for accuracy or replicated as they may result in injury.

First published in Great Britain 2015 by Walker Books Ltd
87 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HJ

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

© 2015 Stephan Pastis

Timmy Failure font © 2012 Stephan Pastis

The right of Stephan Pastis to be identified as author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

This book has been typeset in Nimrod

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, transmitted or stored in an information retrieval system in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, taping and recording, without prior written permission from the publisher.

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data:
a catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-1-4063-6349-4

www.walker.co.uk

www.timmyfailure.com



A Shocking Prologue That If All Goes Right Will Make You Want to Read the Rest of This Book

We're all in trouble when we can't tell the good guys from the bad.

But tell that to the photographers that surround the entrance to the hotel.

And tell it to the crowd of onlookers who want a glimpse.

And tell it to the police who try in vain to clear a path.

For the bad guy.

Who at precisely 9:07 p.m. is escorted out of the revolving glass doors of the hotel to an explosion of flashbulbs.

The lingering effect of which produces a bright ball of light in the center of his gaze.

Making it impossible to see the faces of the surging crowd.

As a cop shoves a photographer. And someone screams. And a woman faints.

And the bad guy is pushed through the throng.

His hands now cuffed.

His shoes quite scuffed.

A world gone mad.

The good now bad.



CHAPTER

1

Let the Fireworks Begin

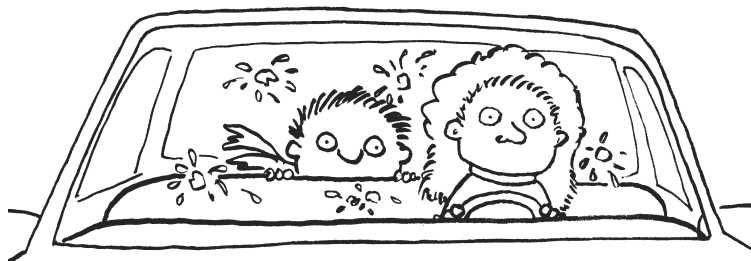
It is a fireworks show like no other.

“Sit back, Timmy,” says my mom.

“But I want to watch.”

“There’s nothing to watch,” she says.

And as she says that, another large bug explodes across the windshield of our car.



“Ooooh, that was a big one,” I say. “Very colorful, too.”

“Timmy, we have hundreds of miles left on this drive,” says my mother. “Now sit back or I’m stopping the car.”

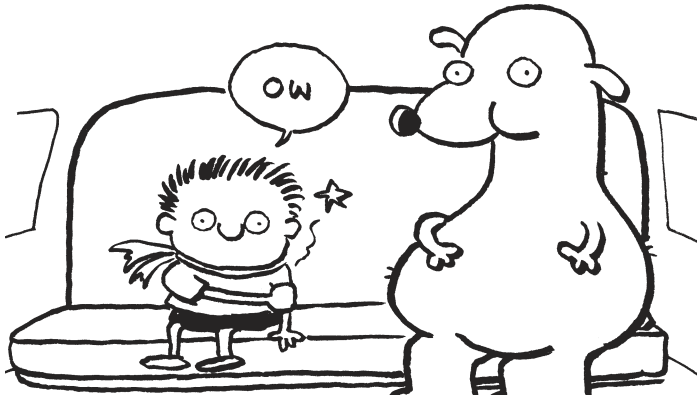
I sit back. But am hit in the arm by my polar bear.

“Ow!” I yell.

“What now?” asks my mom.

“My polar bear hit me.”

It’s true. He does it every time he sees a Volkswagen.



“That does it,” says my mom, who before I know it is pulling our rental car into the parking lot of an E-Z Daze Motel.

“You can’t stop here,” I tell my mother.
“We’re in the middle of nowhere.”

But she doesn’t answer. She just gets out of the car and says something to Doorman Dave, who has pulled his car in next to ours.

Doorman Dave is my mother’s boyfriend. He’s called Doorman Dave because he used to be the doorman in our apartment building. But now he got a job far away, so we’re using my precious spring break to help him move.

And it is tragic beyond comprehension.

Tragic because I have stared at nothing but cornfields for hundreds of miles.



Tragic because it has all been to the tune of my mother’s favorite country musician, Slim Chitlins.

WHEN WILL HE STOP SINGING
ABOUT HIS PICKUP TRUCK?



And tragic because of the effect it is having
on a boy a world away.

A boy named Yergi Plimkin.



**YERGI
PLIMKIN**
(DON'T WORRY.
I'LL EXPLAIN
LATER.)