

THE SNOTTY DRIBBLER

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Chapter One

Blay thought his little sister Bethany was boring and annoying. *Very* annoying. But he appeared to be the only person who had realised this about her.



Everyone called Bethany, Baby Bee.

When Mum wasn't around, Blay called Bethany the Snotty Dribbler, because that's the stuff she was always covered in. In Blay's opinion, they were nothing alike. At seven, he was clearly almost grown up. He was big and strong, brave and cool. Fifteen-month-old Bethany wasn't.



He often wondered why nobody else was fed up with finding her snotty dribbles all over everything. Or how she managed to always start crying just before dinner or as the best cartoons came on TV.

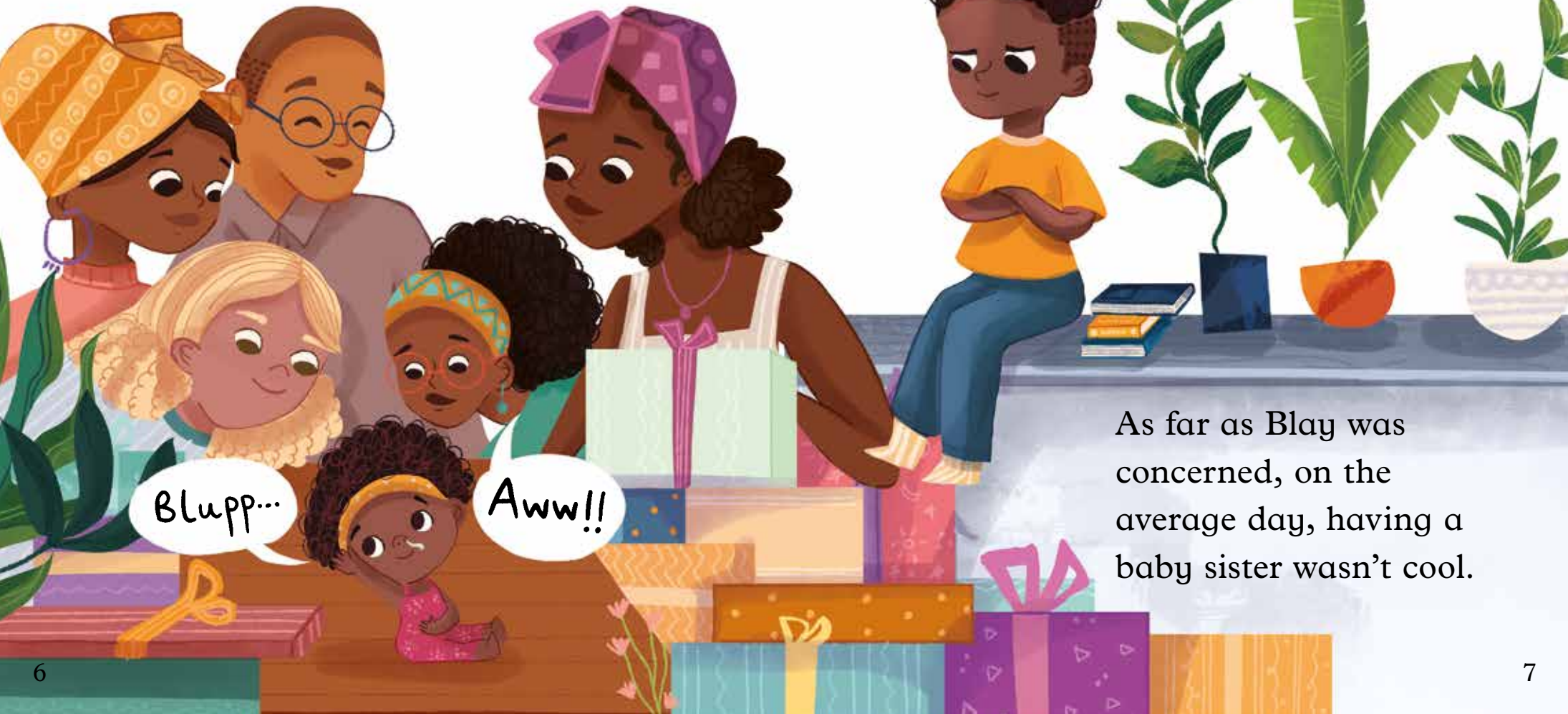
Waaaahh!!!

Not to mention how the whole house could tell whenever she'd done a 'you know what' in her nappy!



Their mother simply adored her... obviously. Their grandparents said she was sweet enough to eat. And their neighbours were constantly buying her gifts that she ignored, preferring to play with the boxes instead.

There were rare times when Blay thought the Snotty Dribbler was a little bit cute. But he kept that to himself, of course.



As far as Blay was concerned, on the average day, having a baby sister wasn't cool.

Especially when she was eating his homework, rearranging his drawers or fussing with his toes.



Once, he opened his lunch box and found some magnetic letters, his sandwiches rolled up like play dough and only the aftermath of his chocolate chip cookies.



Last weekend, he'd been looking forward to his mates coming over to hang out with him. But somehow, the Snotty Dribbler just took over the whole afternoon, managing to steal everyone's attention.



BLAY'S
room

No matter how many times Blay tried to get away from his annoying little sister, she loved him to bits and crawled after him wherever he went.



Chapter Two

Eventually, Blay decided that it would be best for them to have some time apart. Just for a week or two. Then his toys and toes wouldn't be snot and dribble-covered. He'd be free of those nappy smells and he could do homework and play his PlayStation in peace.

