

Opening extract from

That Pesky Rat

Written by

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Published by

Orchard Books

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Please print off and read at your leisure.

This is me.

I'm the one with the **pointy**
nose and **b e a d y** eyes.

The **cutesy** one
in the middle.

I live in

dustbin

number **3**,

Grubby

Alley.



Every now and again I come back to find
someone has emptied **all** my belongings
into a **big** van and driven off with them.

It's very **upsetting.**

I'm a brown rat, a street rat.
But people call me that pesky rat.
I don't know why.
They say I smell,
but that's not my fault, it's the dirt.

Sometimes when I am tucked into
my crisp packet,
I look up at all the COSY windows
and wonder what it would be like
to live with creature comforts.
To belong to somebody.
To be an actual pet.



Most of all I would like

to have a name, instead of just

that pesky rat.