

*For Elias*

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

*A Waste of Good Paper* copyright © Frances Lincoln Limited 2012

Text copyright © Sean Taylor 2012

The right of Sean Taylor to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988 (United Kingdom).

First published in Great Britain in 2012 and in the USA in 2013 by

Frances Lincoln Children's Books, 4 Torriano Mews,  
Torriano Avenue, London NW5 2RZ

[www.franceslincoln.com](http://www.franceslincoln.com)

All rights reserved

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means, electrical, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher or a licence permitting restricted copying. In the United Kingdom such licences are issued by the Copyright Licensing Agency, Saffron House, 6-10 Kirby Street, London EC1N 8TS.

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978-1-84780-268-2

Set in Zemke Hand and Scala Sans

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY in March, 2012

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

# A Waste of Good Paper

Sean Taylor

**F**

FRANCES LINCOLN  
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Friday the 6th of March

Pete says this is a writing book that he's only giving me and he says it's called JASON'S JOURNAL.

And it's so I can write in it every day. And he said what did I think about that? So I said it sounded like A WASTE OF GOOD PAPER. And Pete says I can call it A WASTE OF GOOD PAPER if I want and I can write what I want. But SORRY PETE there's nothing I want to write.

Monday the 9th of March

I knew Pete was going to say I've got to keep writing in this book he got me because he reckons I'm good at writing. But that's not even actually true. I'm just ordinary at writing. But at least I can do it which is more than most of the dumb boys in this school can. I'm only good if you compare me to most of them because it takes them half a morning to write like TWO LINES.

Anyway Pete's getting on my nerves about it now and I haven't even got anything more to write except here's a joke.

A bear does a poo and out comes this great big STINKING PILE OF POO. Then along comes this rabbit and does a poo too. Except when the rabbit does the poo the poo comes out in these little round balls PLIP PLIP PLIP PLIP PLIP. And the bear's poo's this great big stinking pile. So the bear

asks the rabbit, "How do you poo so neatly like that?"

And the rabbit says, "Oh it's easy for us rabbits. It just comes out in these little balls PLIP PLIP PLIP PLIP PLIP. What about you Bear? Look at all that stinky mess you do. I don't know how you ever clean your bum after making all that big mess."

And the bear says, "OH it's easy for us bears. We just pick up any rabbit that's going past and WIPE OUR BUM WITH THAT!"

Tuesday the 10th

I thought Pete would be sticking his nose in this book to see what I've done and be smiling away and telling me it's VERY GOOD like usual when we do writing work. But now he just told me it's PRIVATE so if I tell him DON'T LOOK AT IT then he won't. But if I want him to look at it then he's going to look at it.

And Pete will stick to that because he might be a smiley and jokey bloke most of the time but when he tells us he's going to do something he sticks to it like frigging SUPERGLUE. He's that kind of teacher. Which can be a pain in the bum.

But this time it's good news by me because I'm going to tell him DON'T LOOK AT IT. Then that means I don't even have to write ANYTHING now. Pete's clever at teaching and noticing things like when someone's going to punch someone in the

head which happens all the time in our school.

But you can trick him in other ways so easily it's a joke. Like now I can just sit here pretending that I'm WRITING WRITING WRITING WRITING WRITING WRITING WRITING WRITING WRITING and it's something really THOUGHTFUL.

But actually it's just a load of crap and squiggles

A series of approximately 12 lines of handwritten scribbles and nonsense characters, including loops, zig-zags, and random letters, intended to represent meaningless text.

and things that don't make sense BLAH BLAH BLAH BLADY BLUE BLUE BLUE BLUEDY BING BANG BANG BODDER BADDER B B B B B

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM ————  
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO ————  
———  
—————

Pete thinks I'm writing. Pete thinks I'm writing.  
Pete thinks I'm writing something ALL ABOUT ME.  
Pete thinks I've written two and a half frigging  
pages about me. In fact I've written a pile of crap  
nothing to do with me because **WHAT'S**  
**THE POINT** of writing anything about me?

Wednesday 11th of March

I knew that would work yesterday. Pete looked as  
happy as a dog with two tails because I was writing  
away. But actually it was just like when he was  
taking me to see about going to Halimer which  
is a normal school unlike HERONFORD which is  
where I am now and which is full of psychos with  
BEHAVIOUR DIFFICULTIES who nobody wants in  
a normal school. But maybe they're going to let  
me into Halimer next year which is a bit amazing  
and everyone says is GOOD NEWS.

So Pete went with me there to see it. And we got  
the bus and then we were walking down this street  
and Pete was chatting on about something he  
thought I was going to be interested in which is  
HOW YOU PLAY RUGBY. But I wasn't interested in  
it and then we got to some road works and there's  
a sign in the road on a stand with signs facing both

ways about the road works. And I ducked under it and hid there. And Pete keeps on walking and even talking as if I'm still there. And then he realises I'm not. And he looks round with a face like he's just swallowed a tin opener.

And he says, "Jason? **JASON?**"

**BECAUSE HE CAN'T FIND WHERE I AM.**

And he looks ahead to see if I've like run ahead.

When how could I?

And he looks back to see if I've run back.

And he looks over the road and everywhere.

But I keep quiet.

And he walks back and he still can't see me.

And then I step out and say, "Just tying my shoelace Pete."

And he comes out with all this stuff about how I'll never get a place at Halimer if I don't stop mucking about. And we're late. And we've got

to get there on time because of the impression.

**BLAH BLAH.**

But the thing was you could see he actually thought it was funny how I tricked him. And what I was writing yesterday tricked him again because today he never looked at it. He just made me sit and

**TRY**

**TO**

**WRITE**

**SOME**

**MORE.**

So I asked him **WHY AND WHAT'S THE POINT?**

And he says the point is because of the storyteller and the drummer which is **RICHARD AND AARON**. Richard is a **DRUMMER**. And Aaron does **STORIES** and he does **RIDDLES** which