

Chapter 3

The Teacher

Who Wasn't Herself

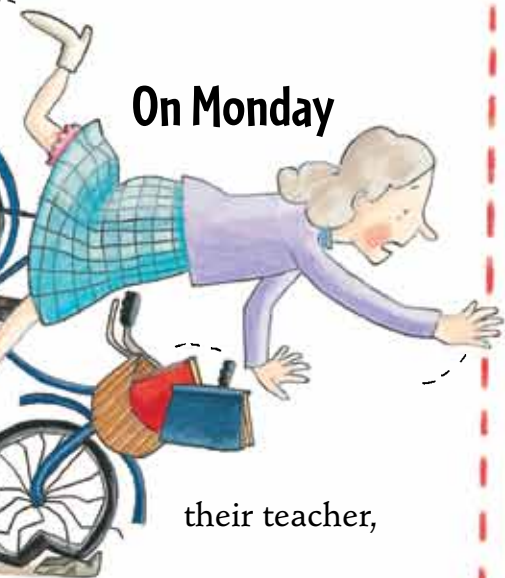
So there we are,
a bad day for a little bird,
a bad day for a little baby,
and a bad day, too,
come to think of it,
for Gus and Gloria.





Actually, they had had a bad *week*.

On Monday



their teacher,

Mrs Fritter, fell off

her bike at the school gates

and had to go home.

And the supply

teacher was ...

Hands on heads!

... Mr Blotter.



On Tuesday

Mrs Fritter came back,
tripped over a skipping rope
and went away again.



And the supply

teacher was ...

Ooer! ... Mr Cruncher.



On Wednesday and Thursday

Mrs Fritter was
run over by a lady
with a pushchair



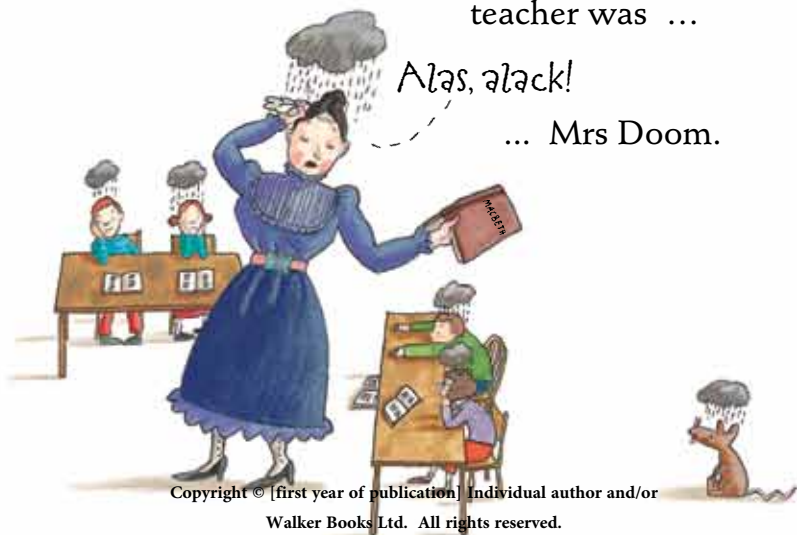
and trodden on
in the doctor's
waiting room.



And the supply
teacher was ...

Alas, alack!

... Mrs Doom.



Now it was Friday, and Mrs Fritter,
with her arm in a sling, was back again,
well, sort of.

But the children were puzzled.

Mrs Fritter had a funny look in her eye.



She seemed to have forgotten
where things were kept,
and – worse still –

Where's the chalk,
Thingy?

ALL THEIR NAMES.



Chapter 4

Little Lost Bird

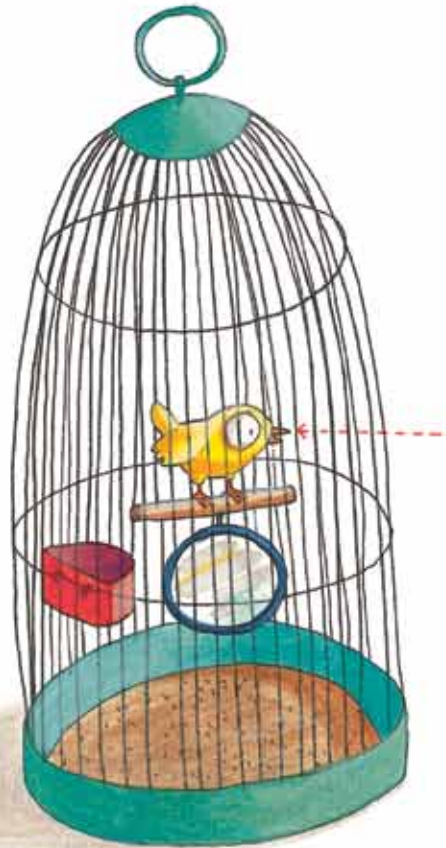
Horace was back at the house watching the bird.

“A bird,” he thought. “A teeny,
tiny, little bird, lost and all alone.”

And he thought,

“Cats eat birds ... hm.”

The bird was watching
Horace. She fluffed her
feathers, flicked her
tail, opened her teeny,
tiny beak and spoke.



“Come here,” said the bird.

“Er ... right,” said Horace.

“Look into my eyes,” said the bird.

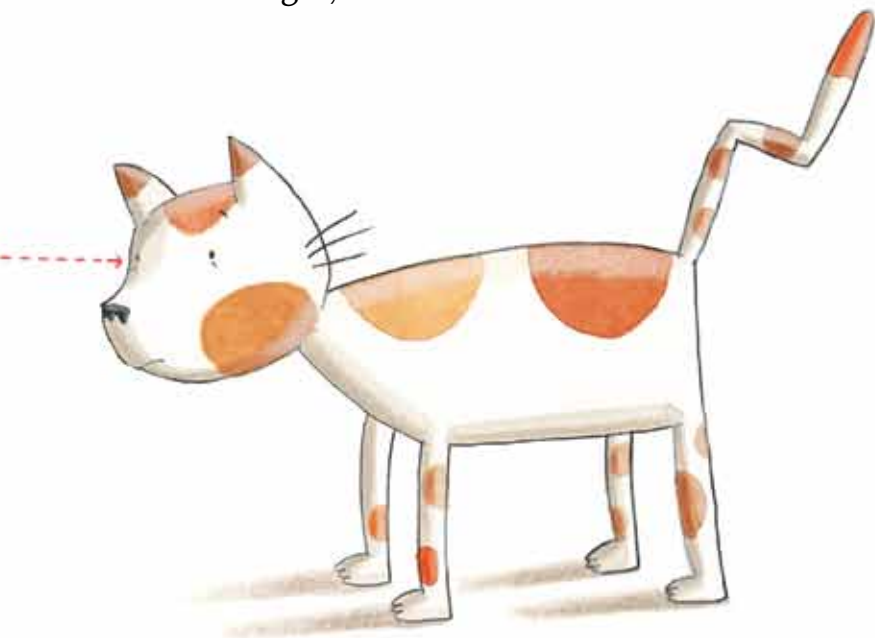
“Right,” said Horace.

“Do as I say,” said the bird.

“Why should I?” said Horace.

“Do as I say!”

“Er ... right,” said Horace.

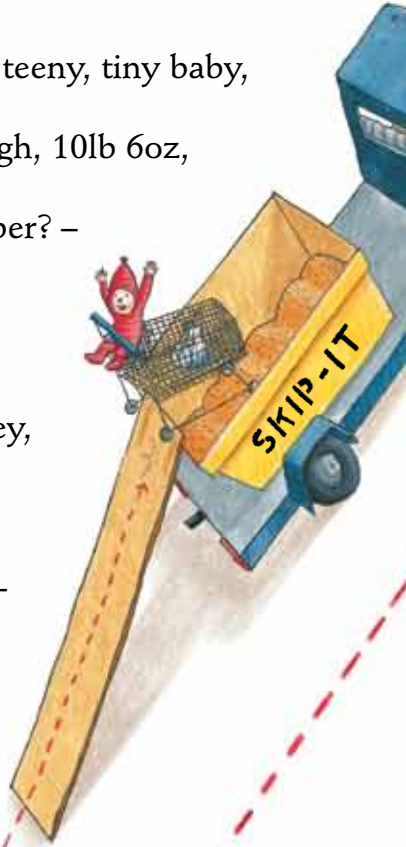


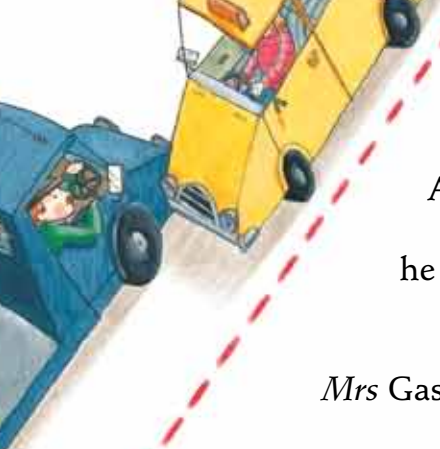


Meanwhile, one teeny, tiny baby,
getting bigger though, 10lb 6oz,
was – do you remember? –
still rolling away.

Still in the shopping trolley,
but now on the back of a
lorry – did you see that? –
and being chased
by his dad.

Mr Gaskitt was
running
hard.

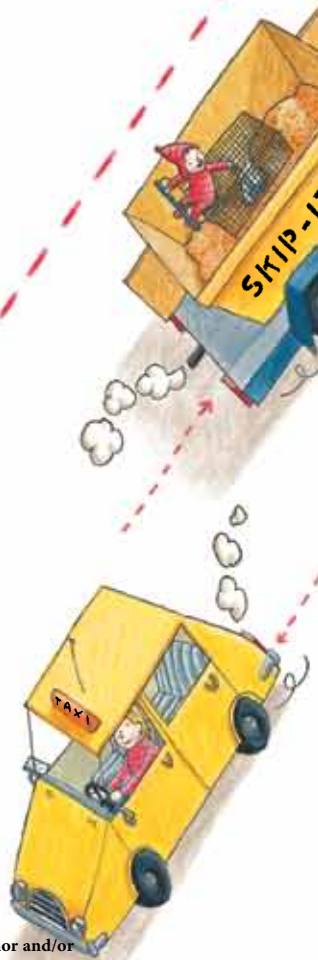




Actually, if he'd only known it,
he could have caught a taxi.

Mrs Gaskitt, at that very moment,
was driving by.

But Mrs Gaskitt never saw
him, or the baby.
She was watching the car in
front, sucking a humbug,
thinking of getting her
hair cut, puzzling
over that little bird,
and *looking the
other way.*



Meanwhile, back at the house ...



BIRD SEED!

... said the bird.

Chapter 5

Frightening Mrs Fritter

Gus and Gloria's class liked Mrs Fritter.

She was the kindest,



SILENCE,
THINGY!

friendliest,

THINGIES -
SIT STILL!



and most popular

STOP THAT,
THINGY!

teacher in the whole school.



Well, usually.

But today, as you can see and *hear* –

LOST YOUR BOOK?
MONSTROUS!

things (and thingies) were different.





Mrs Fritter frightened
everybody.



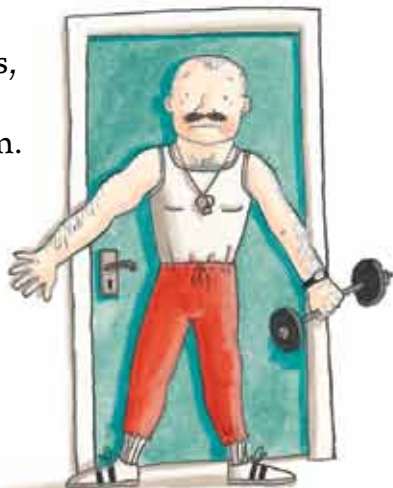
She frightened Randolph,
the class rat, who hid in his cage,

and Mr Blagg,
the headmaster,
who hid in his office.

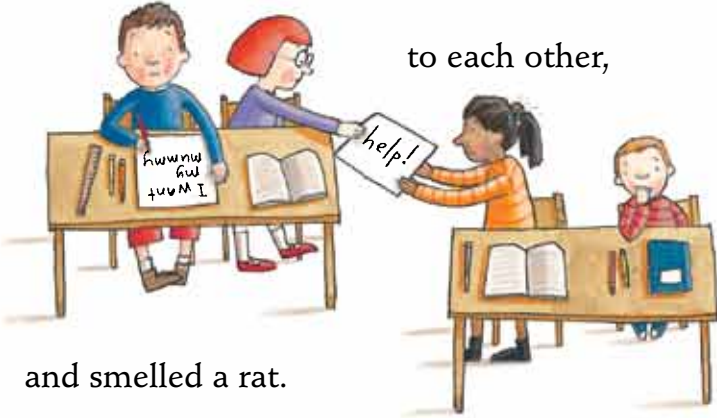


When Mr Cruncher

came back
for his dumbbells,
she even frightened him.



The children whispered
and passed little notes
to each other,

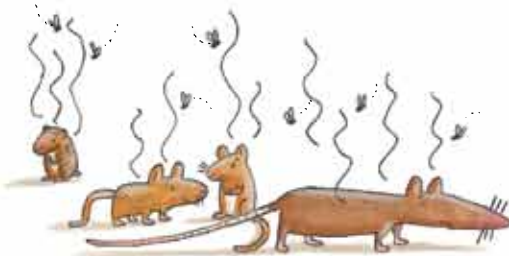


and smelled a rat.

Actually, they really did smell a rat.

Mrs Fritter wouldn't let them
clean Randolph's cage out.

They smelled a couple of
gerbils too, and a hamster.



At playtime

Mrs Fritter went to the staffroom

and ...

MORE TEA,
MR THINGY?

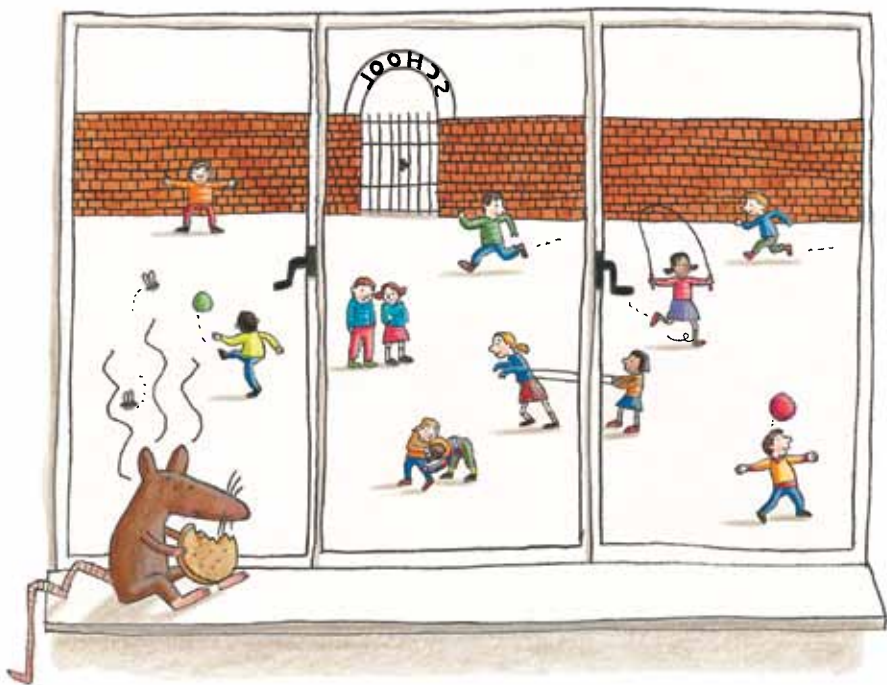


frightened the teachers.

Mr Blagg sneaked in, grabbed a cup of coffee
and a Kit Kat and sneaked out again.

Back in the classroom Randolph
sneaked out for a bit of biscuit.

Out in the playground
Gus, Gloria and the others
frowned and scratched their heads,
cudgelled their little brains
and ran around ...





... and *shouted*.

“What’s going on?”

“Stop shovin’ ... Thingy!”

“It’s a puzzle to me!”

“And me!”

“And me!”

“Shoot, shoot!”

“I think –”*



“My name’s not ‘Thingy!’”

“It’s a mystery to me!”

“She’s a changed woman!”



“My theory is –”*



“Who wants a Prott?”

“It’s a conundrum!”



“Foul, foul!”



“If you ask me –”*

“Goal!”



“An *enigma*.”



“... Thingy.”

