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Opening extract from
Blamehounds

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This book has dyslexia friendly features

For Nate

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Chapter 1

Fart

Fart Number 1 made no sound.

The bum that was to blame belonged to Mr Lime. But as far as Mr Lime knew, only he could smell anything. He decided to say nothing about it.

Fart Number 2 made a small noise, like a mouse in distress. It was a great deal more smelly – like dead fish in a harbour at low tide.

Mrs Lime’s nose twitched. She was dishing out potato salad for the children’s tea and the smell did nothing for her appetite.

No one could ignore Fart Number 3. A loud noise like a car skidding on a wet road was followed by a smell like a very hot day in a butcher’s shop.

“POOOOOOOOOO-EEEEEEEEEE!” Olive Lime yelled. She jumped down from her seat and pinched her nose with her fingers.

“Nobody said you could leave the table!” Mrs Lime snapped. She raised her hand to her face to try to protect her nostrils.

“Something’s crawled up someone’s bum and died,” Gregor Lime sniggered.



“We won’t have that sort of language at the table!” Mrs Lime barked. Her face turned as green as her name as the smell seeped up her nose.

Mr Lime saw his chance. He pulled back his chair to reveal a sleepy dog curled up under the table. Mr Lime pointed his finger at the dog, who had just been having a nice dream about dropping cats off bridges.



“BAD NORMAN!” Mr Lime shouted.

“FARTY DOG!”

Mr Lime gave Norman a good kick up the bum with his size-11 shoes.

Norman howled in pain and then took in a big gulp of the terrible smell. It wasn't the best way to be woken up.

Norman didn't stop to find out why this had happened. He fled from the room before Mr Lime's foot could make contact again.

