



opening extract from
the last noo-noo

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THE LAST NOO-NOO

Jill Murphy



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Marlon sat on the floor watching TV. Marlon's granny sat in the armchair, watching Marlon. "He's getting too old for that dummy," she said sternly to Marlon's mum.

"It's a noo-noo," said Marlon.



"He calls it a noo-noo," explained Marlon's mum. "Well, whatever he calls it," said Marlon's granny, "he looks like an idiot with that stupid great thing stuck in his mouth all the time."

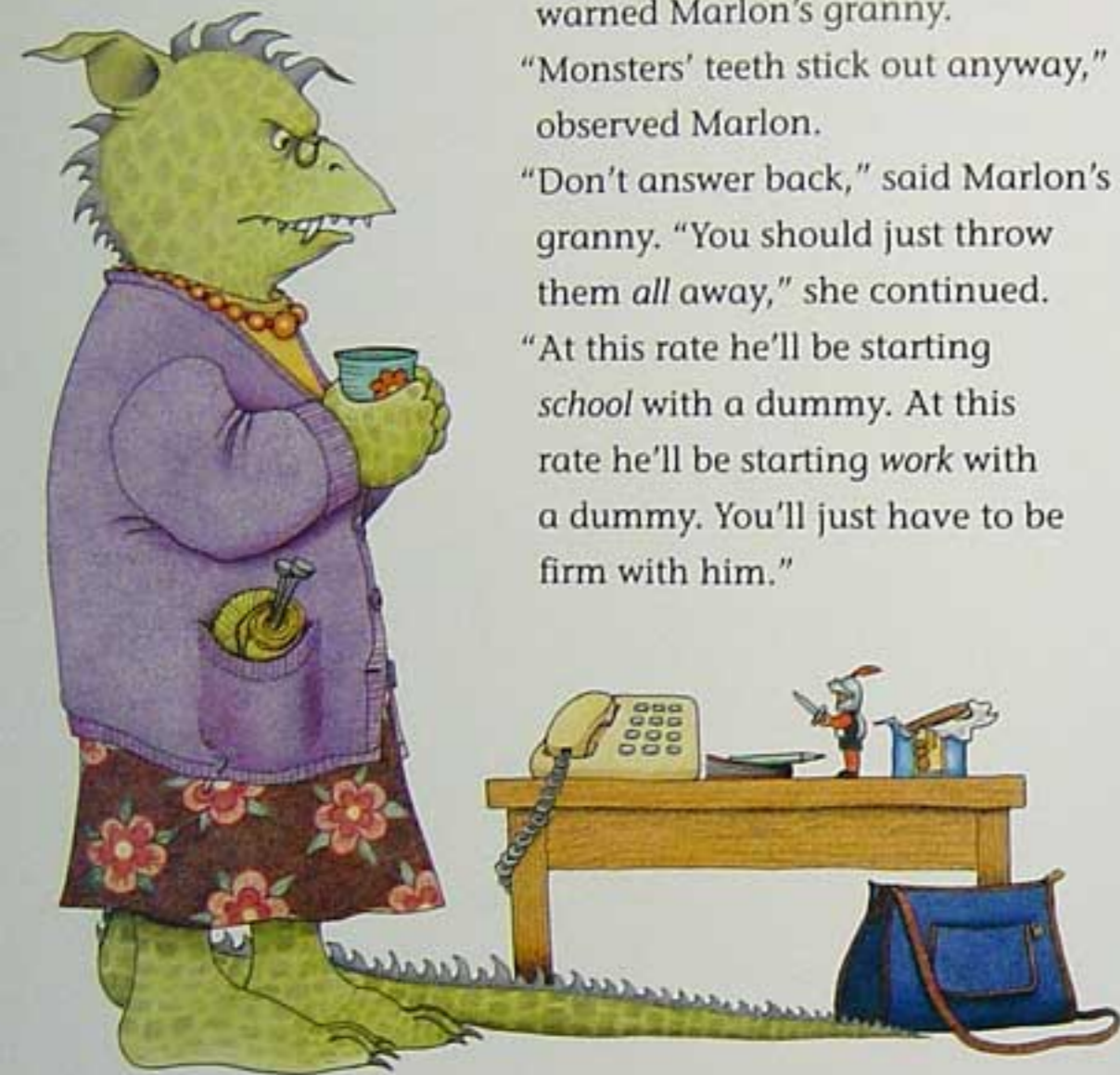
"He doesn't have it *all* the time," soothed Marlon's mum. "Only at night or if he's a bit tired.

He's a bit tired now – aren't you, pet?"

"Mmmmm," said Marlon.



"His teeth will start sticking out," warned Marlon's granny.
"Monsters' teeth stick out anyway," observed Marlon.
"Don't answer back," said Marlon's granny. "You should just throw them *all* away," she continued.
"At this rate he'll be starting *school* with a dummy. At this rate he'll be starting *work* with a dummy. You'll just have to be firm with him."



"Well," said Marlon's mum, "I am *thinking* about it. We'll start next week, won't we Marlon? Now you're a big boy, we'll just get rid of all those silly noo-noos, won't we?"
"No," said Marlon.
"You see!" said Marlon's granny. "One word from you and he does as he likes." There was no doubt about it. Marlon was a hopeless case.

