

Wednesday 13th May

Mr Gum and the Biscuit Billionaire by Andy Stanton

Mr Gum was standing in front of the cracked mirror in the lonely bedroom of his grimsters old house. Blow me down with an oil tanker, he was a horror. He hated children, animals, fun and every cartoon ever made. What he liked was snoozing in bed all day. In fact, although it was eight o'clock in the evening Mr Gum had only just got up. For not only was he a horror, he was a lazer too.

So anyway, there he was in front of the mirror getting ready to go out.

'You're up early, you handsome devil,' he said to his reflection. 'What do you fancy doing today?'

'I fancies bein' even more evil that usual,' replied his reflection with a nasty laugh.

'Good idea, stupid' said Mr Gum. 'In that case, I'd better look me most frightful.'

He got a felt-tip pen and drew some extra scowls on his forehead. Then he scruffed up his big red beard to make it as wild and as frightening as possible. It wasn't quite terrifying enough so he stuck a couple of beetles in it and a photo of a shark.

'That should do it,' he growled. Then he sproinged downstairs, jumped on a skateboard he'd nicked of a six-year-old and headed into town.