

NEVER EVER TICKLE THE TICKLE MONSTER

Billy Bob Buttons



the WISHING SHELF press



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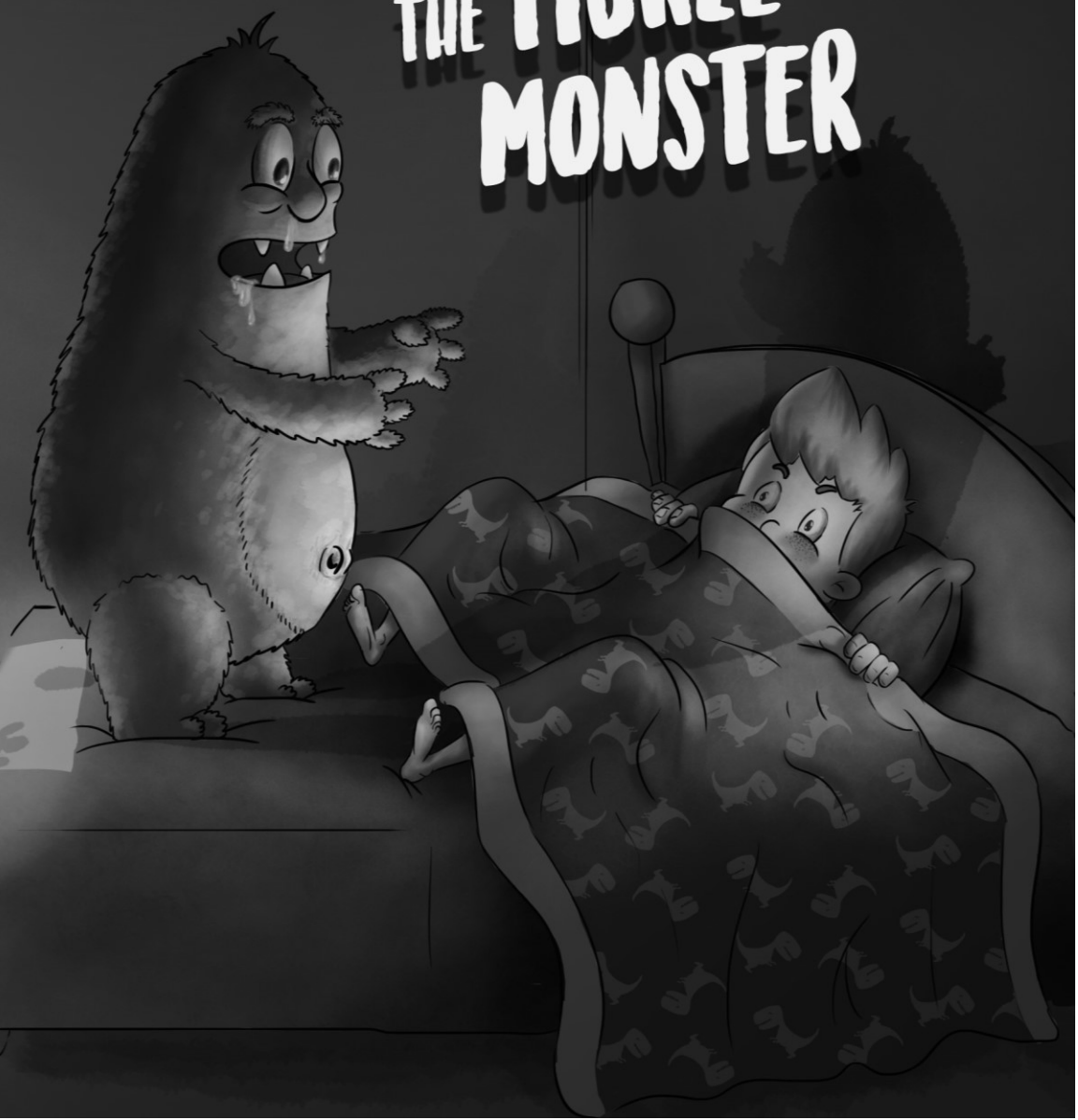
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For
REBECCA



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Once, there was a little boy.
Well, not SO little. He was,
in fact, seven. Now, if you
happen to be ten or, say, thirteen,
seven's little. But, if you happen to
be two or three, seven's very, very
BIG!

The boy's name was Jimmy.
Jimmy had super-freckly cheeks.
There were not just ten or eleven of
them – or even fifty or sixty – there
were **HUNDREDS!** There were so



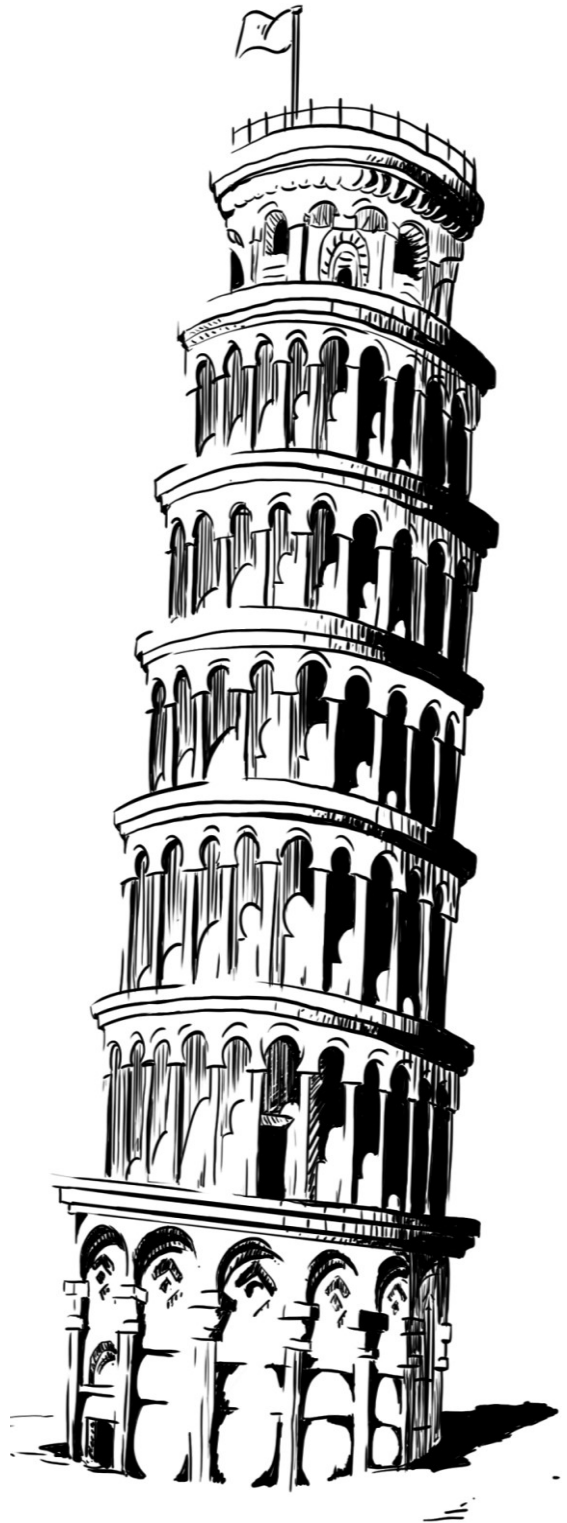
many, they almost overlapped, so Jimmy always looked tanned as if he'd just been on holiday to Corfu.

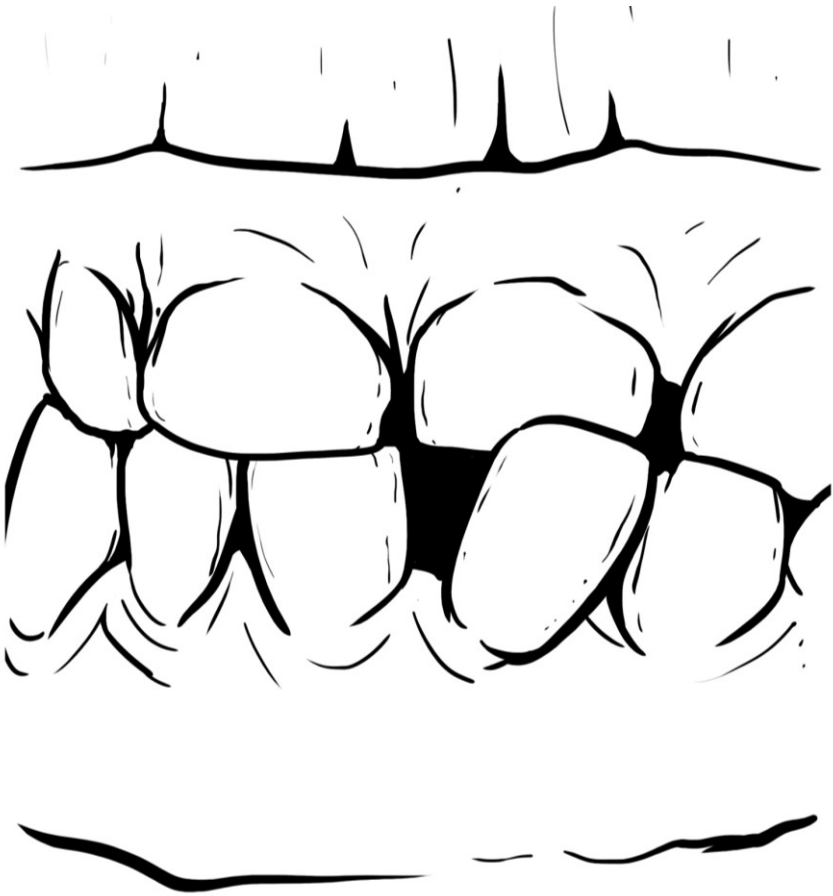
He also had a crooked tooth. It was his left incisor. It had not always been crooked. Up to the age of six, it had been perfectly lined up with the rest of his teeth. But, when his little sister, Jess, had tossed a bowl of yucky-looking baby food at him – and he'd been too slow to duck – the tooth had sort of keeled over, and now looked a lot like the Tower of Pisa.

If you didn't know, the Tower of Pisa is in Italy. Here is a picture of

the Tower of
Pisa. There is
also a picture
of Jimmy's
wonky tooth.
Identical,
don't you
think?

If you don't
mind, I'm not
going to
bother
describing
the rest of
Jimmy. It's
just too dull –





for you and for me. Let's just say he had knees, feet, two thumbs, a bottom, etc. etc.

Jimmy lived with his mum, dad, sister and dog. Jimmy's mum was a knobbly-elbowed woman who very



much enjoyed sitting down. She was also very good at it. Talented even. If it was an Olympic sport,

she'd win a gold medal. She could sit down almost anywhere – AND ON ANYTHING! On a picket fence. Skiing down a hill. Even on a prickly hedgehog.

She was also terribly frightened of any food

that was shaped like a ring.

Jammy doughnuts, bagels.

Hula

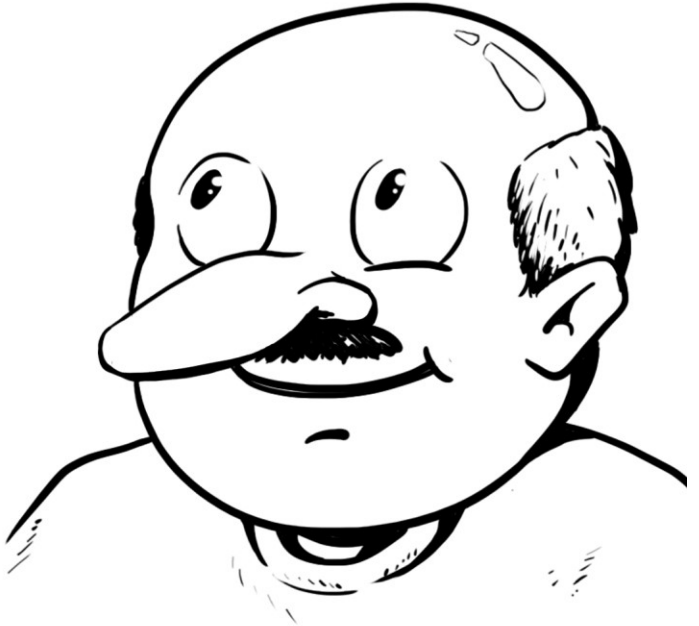
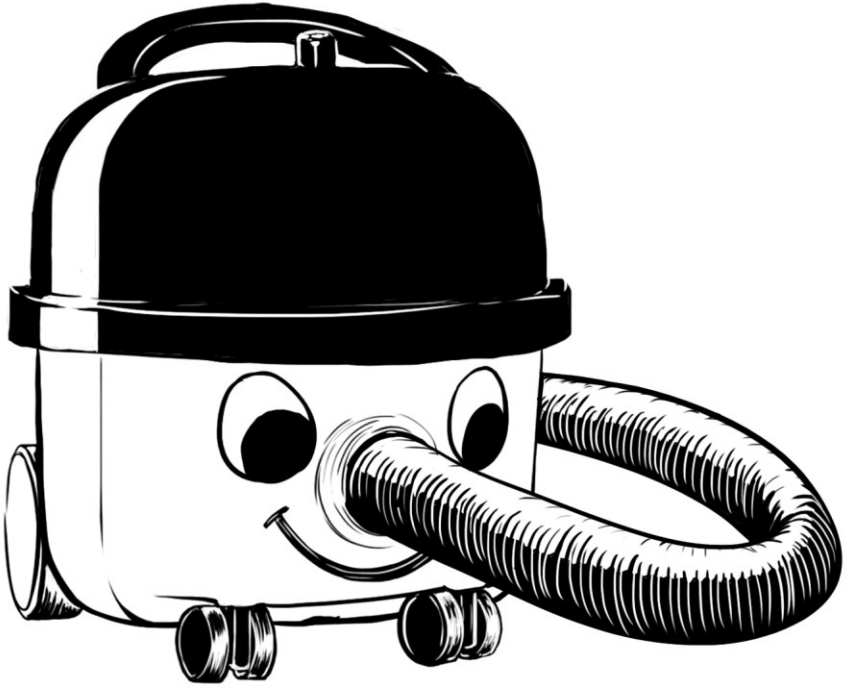
Hoops, she thought,



were particularly terrifying.

Jimmy's dad worked in portable loos. Well, not IN them. That'd be disgusting. His job was to SELL them. He worked for a company called Butt Hut. The motto of the company was 'NO JOB IS TOO BIG FOR A BUTT HUT LOO'.

Jimmy's dad had a shiny, bald skull, very big eyes and a very long, banana-shaped nose. He looked strikingly like Henry the Hoover. Here's a picture of Henry the Hoover. And here's a picture of Jimmy's dad. As you can see, it's impossible to tell them apart.



Jimmy's dad also had a big bottom. In fact, it was so big, it drooped all the way down to the backs of his knees.

Jimmy's little sister, Jess, was only three years old. She was clever for her age and knew lots of words, 'Stinky poo' being her favourite two. She loved to yell 'Stinky poo' whenever she was in Tesco or Aldi. But not in Marks and Spencer. Whenever she was in Marks and Spencer, she always stayed stubbornly silent. Nobody knew why.

And I must not forget the dog. His

name was Spark Plug, but everybody called him Sparky for short. Sparky was small but, like most small dogs, he liked to pretend he was big. His hobby was to bark at much larger dogs...
...and then run away.

