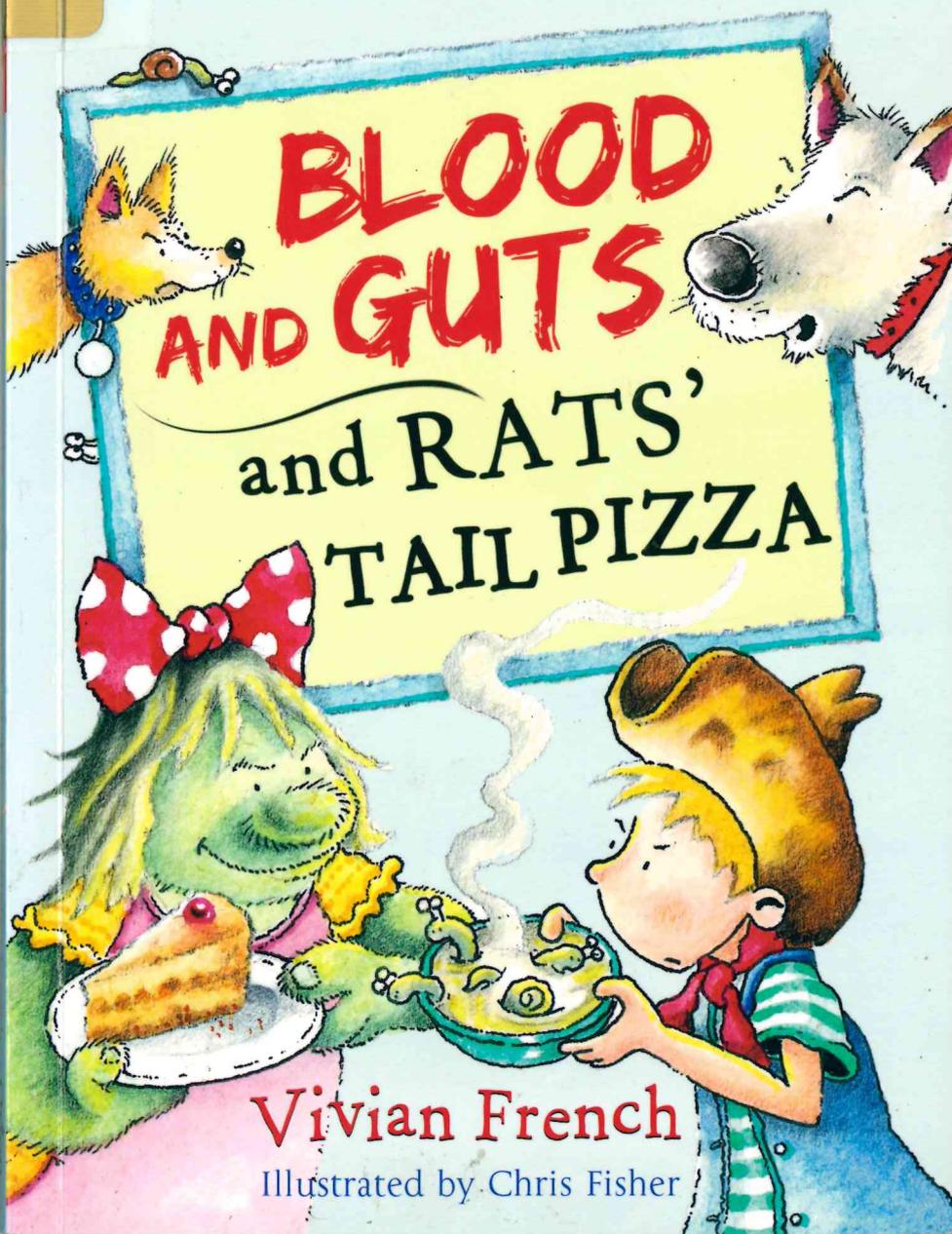


Early Reader



**BLOOD
AND GUTS**
and RATS'
TAIL PIZZA

Vivian French

Illustrated by Chris Fisher

**BLOOD
AND GUTS
and
RATS' TAIL
PIZZA**



**BLOOD
AND GUTS**
and
RATS' TAIL PIZZA

Vivian French

Illustrated by
Chris Fisher



Orion
Children's Books

First published in Great Britain in 2013 by Orion Children's Books
a division of the Orion Publishing Group Ltd

Orion House
5 Upper Saint Martin's Lane
London WC2H 9EA
An Hachette UK Company

3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Text © Vivian French 2013
Illustrations © Chris Fisher 2013

The right of Vivian French and Chris Fisher to be identified as
author and illustrator of this work has been asserted.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by
any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or
otherwise, without the prior permission of Orion Children's Books.

The Orion Publishing Group's policy is to use papers that are
natural, renewable and recyclable products and made from wood
grown in sustainable forests. The logging and manufacturing
processes are expected to conform to the environmental regulations
of the country of origin.

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978 1 4440 0729 9

Printed in China

www.orionbooks.co.uk

*For Nat (of course)
and for Chris and Chris as well -
with much love*



Contents

Chapter One	11
Chapter Two	23
Chapter Three	39
Chapter Four	51
Chapter Five	67



Chapter One

The Blood and Guts Café was open.



Big Billy Bones, the owner,
was snoring behind the
counter.

Cruncher the dog was
asleep under a table.

Hank was staring out of the
window.

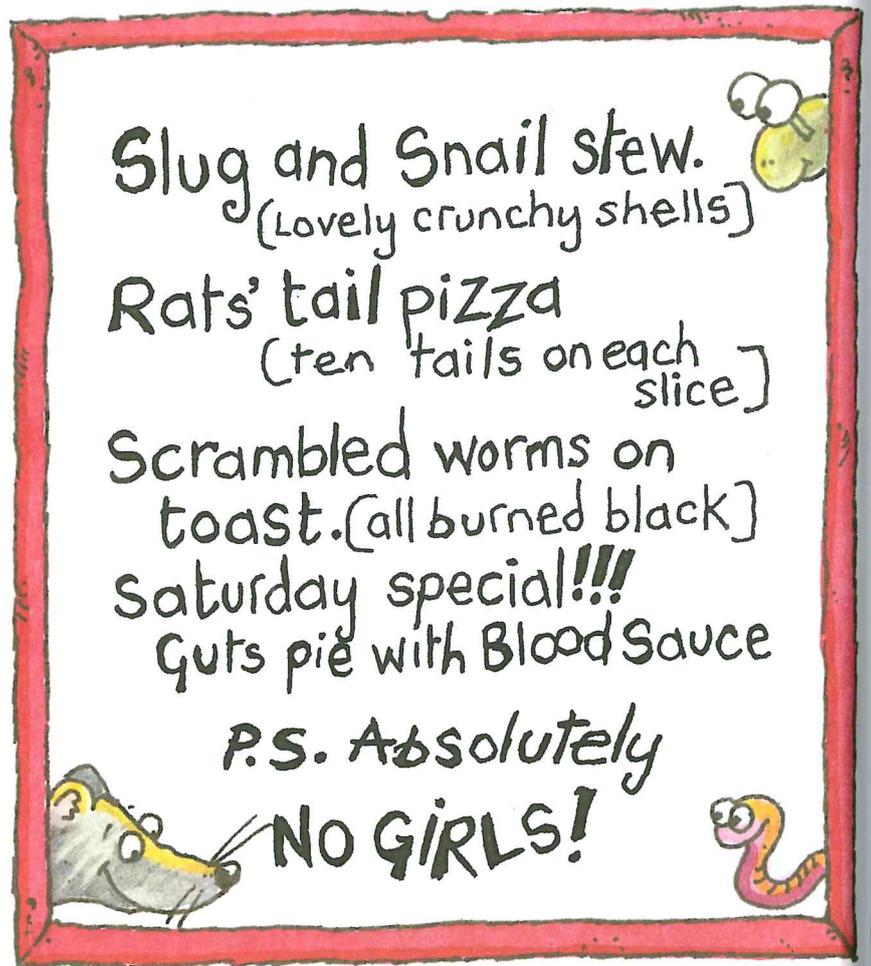


There were no customers.
Hank opened the door and
looked out. The street was
empty.

“That’s weird,” said Hank.



He looked up at the sign in the window.



Hank wiped the sign with a cloth. Big Billy Bones didn't like girls.

Hank agreed. He had five sisters, and he had to wait to use the bathroom every single morning.



He gave 'Absolutely No Girls' an extra polish, then looked out of the door again. The street was still empty.



"VERY weird," said Hank.

He shut the door and went into the kitchen.

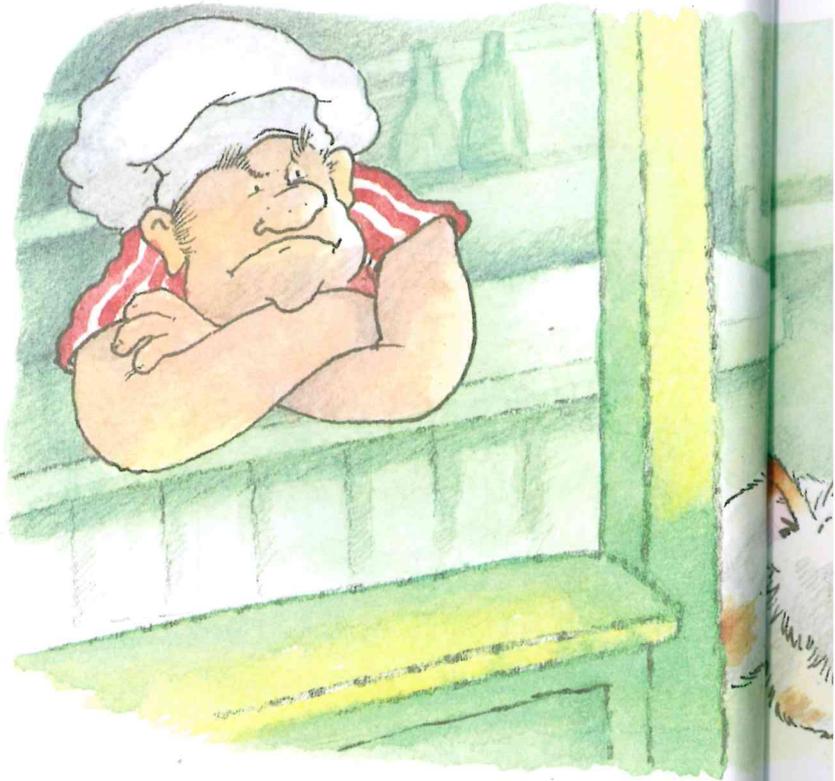
The stew was bubbling on the cooker. The pies were in the oven. The rats' tail pizzas were laid out in rows. The worms were wriggling in a bowl.



Hank went to see Big Billy.

“Please, Sir,” he said. “What should I do? There’s nobody here.”

Big Billy Bones woke up and frowned. Big Billy only looked happy when his café was full of customers.



"Nobody here? Why not?"

"I don't know," said Hank.

"Then go and find out," said Big Billy. "No customers means no money. No money means no job. If you want your job, get going."



Hank and Cruncher walked
down the road.

“There’s Spotty Pete’s house,”
said Hank. “He comes every day
for Slug and Snail stew.”

“Woof!” said Cruncher.
Hank rang the doorbell
There was no answer.



Hank and Cruncher walked to
Three Legs Larry's cottage.

"Larry always wants
scrambled worms," said Hank.

"Woof!" said Cruncher.

Hank knocked on the door.
There was no answer.



Hank and Cruncher went
round the corner ... and stopped.

“Look!” Hank said. “There’s
Spotty Pete and Three Legs
Larry and Fingers Fred!”

Cruncher wagged his tail.
“Woof!”

“They’re eating!” said Hank.
“They’re eating ... cake!”



Chapter Two



Hank rubbed his eyes.

Pete and Larry and Fred
were sitting outside a café,
but there had never been a
café there before.

The café was on wheels, and the tables were outside. Tables with fancy table cloths, and chairs with fancy cushions.

“Hi, Hank!” Pete shouted.
“Come and have some cake!”



Hank came closer. There was a sign above the window.



“Hi, Hank!” Larry waved at him. “Come and try a Dainty Daisy Cupcake! They’re yummy!”

Fred rubbed his tummy. “Ug.”

“Millie?” Hank thought.
“Huh! Just like a girl to steal
our customers.”

A big hairy monster came
out of the café.

“That’s Mighty Millie,” Pete
whispered.



Beside Mighty Millie was a much smaller hairy monster.

“Hello, boy, I’m Little Mo,” she said. “Want some cake?”

“No,” said Hank. “I don’t like girls and I don’t like cake.”



“Fancy that,” said Mighty Millie. “All girls and all cake?”

Hank scowled. “I don’t like girls who steal Big Billy Bones’ customers.”

“And I don’t like rude boys,” said Little Mo. She tipped the jug over Hank’s head. “Try some Buttercup Custard.”



“Oooooof!” spluttered Hank.
“Oooooof!”

Pete, Larry and Fred
laughed. Cruncher barked
loudly.



Hank sneezed. "Atchoo! I'm going to tell Big Billy Bones!"

"We'll be shaking in our shoes," Little Mo said. "Nipper! Come here!"

A very little dog came running round the corner.

"Nipper," said Little Mo. "Chase them!"



“Yip!” said Nipper, and he nipped Hank’s ankles.

“Ow!” yelled Hank. “Ow! Nipper bit Cruncher’s tail.

“YOW!” howled Cruncher.

Hank ran, and Cruncher ran too.

Nipper ran after them.

“Yip! Yip! Yip!”



They ran all the way back to
the Blood and Guts café.



Big Billy Bones stared at him.
“What’s that dripping off the
end of your nose?” he asked.
“Buttercup Custard,” said
Hank.

“Buttercup Custard? Yuck!”
said Big Billy. “Did you find
our customers?”

Hank nodded. “They were
eating cake. With girls.”



“What?” roared Big Billy.

Hank nodded again as he wiped his nose and licked his fingers.

“They’ve gone to a cake shop? With girls?” Big Billy growled.



Hank wasn't listening.
He was licking his fingers.
"Hey, Big Billy! This tastes
amazing!"

"Won't be any good," said
Big Billy. Not if it's made by
girls."



“Just try it,” Hank said.

Big Billy scooped a blob from behind Hank’s ear and put his finger in his mouth. A slow smile spread across his face.



“By my ding dong trousers, you’re right. That custard’s the best! Off you go, boy!”

Hank stared. "Go where?"
"To find out how to make"
Buttercup Custard. Think of it...

Slug and Snail Stew
with Buttercup Custard.

Rats' Tail Pizza with
Buttercup Custard.

Scrambled worms with
Buttercup Custard.

Guts Pie with Blood
SAUCE and Buttercup Custard!



Why, we'd make our
fortune! I want that custard,
and I want it NOW."

