

Release Mrs Terrortoes!

Joseph's world is full of monsters but some people think they're pests. Little do his parents know that he has his very own pet monster under his bed, Mrs Edith Terrortoes! Joseph can't go to sleep without listening to Edith's lovely loud snores. But

when Joseph returns home to find Edith taken by monster hunters, can he find a way to bring her home?



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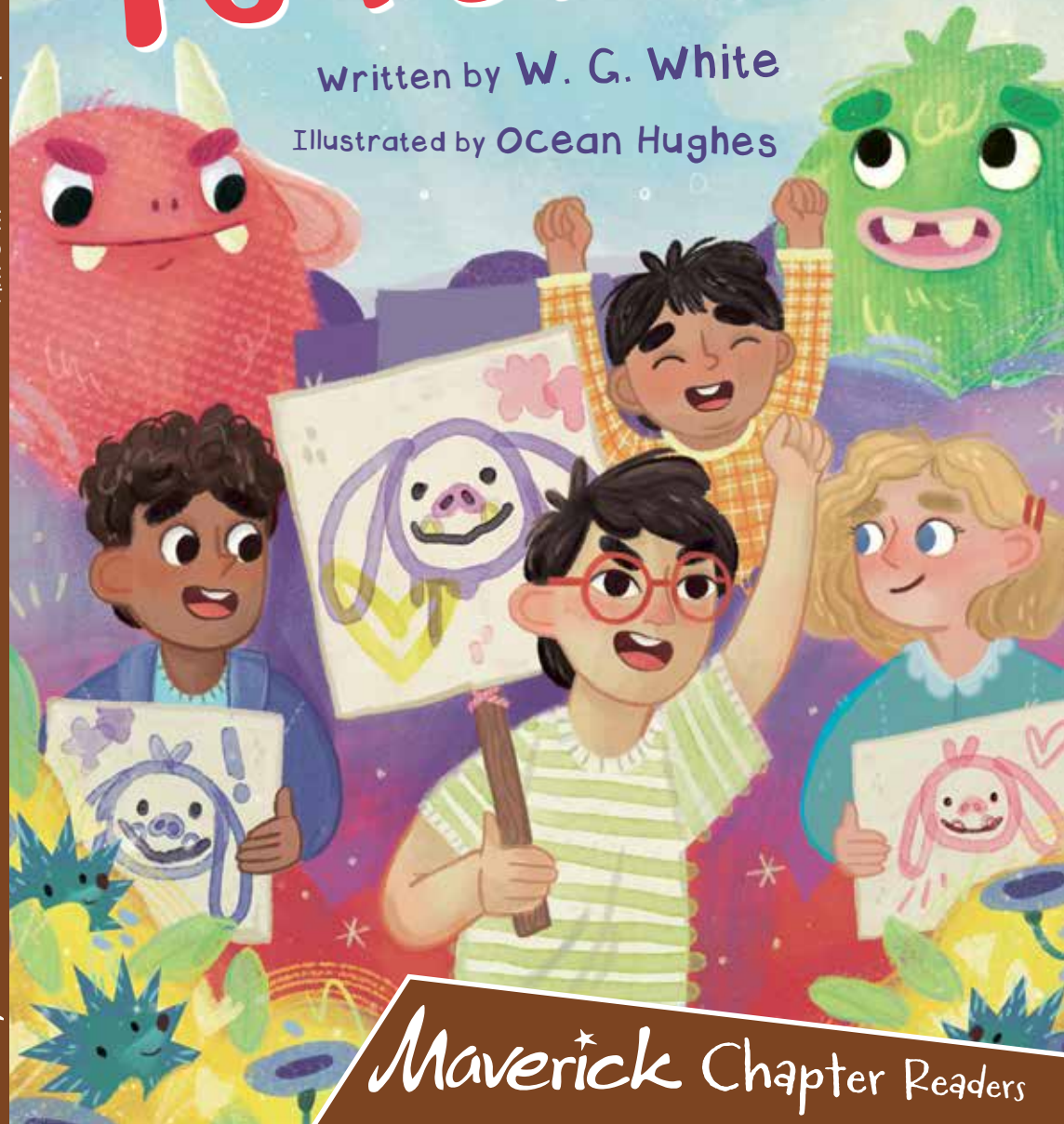
W. G. White

Maverick

Release Mrs Terrortoes!

Written by W. G. White

Illustrated by Ocean Hughes



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'Release Mrs Terrortoes!'

An original concept by W. G. White

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Illustrated by Ocean Hughes

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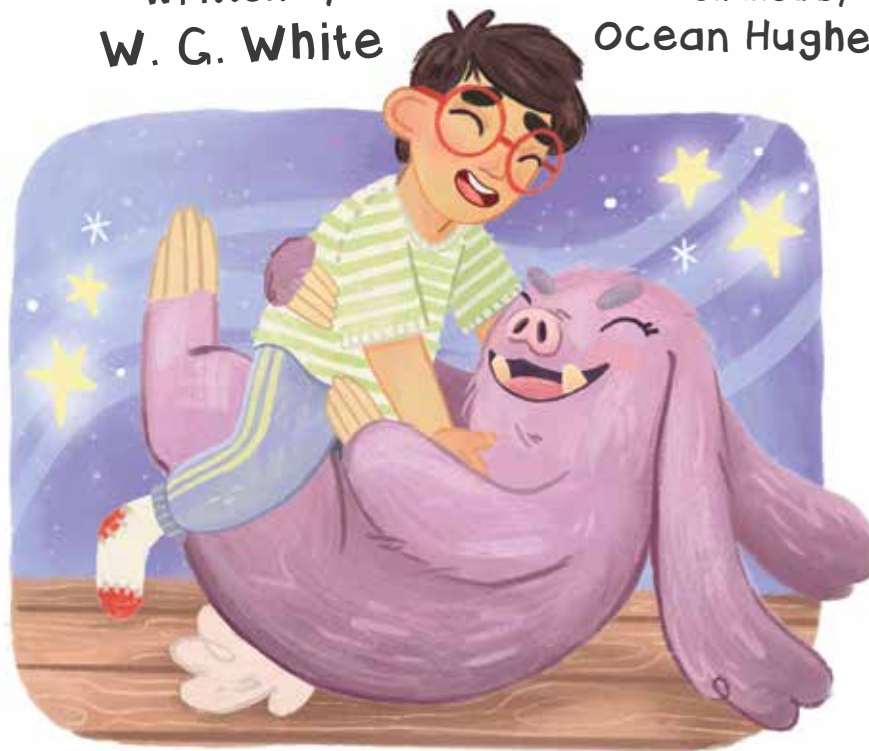


This book is rated as: Brown Band (Guided Reading)

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Chapter 1

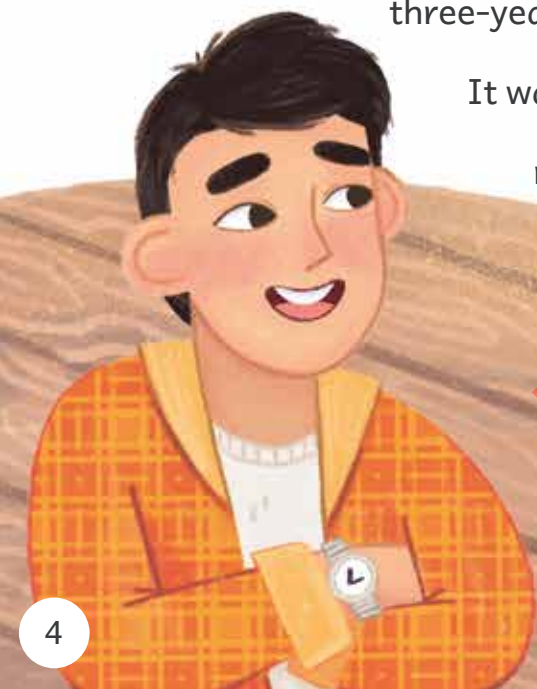
Joseph could clearly remember the first time he'd met Mrs Terrortoes. He was only three years old at the time, and he'd just received the greatest bed a three-year-old could ask for.

It was brand new, shaped like a rocket, and had astronauts

on the duvet.

Best of all, it was an *actual* bed, not a cot. Finally, Joseph was grown up. It'd been a long three years, but he'd made it.

Unable to contain his excitement, Joseph burst from Dad's arms and dived—headfirst—onto the mattress. It bounced and he squealed with joy.



“Someone’s happy.” Dad grinned.

“I’m a rocket. Zoom!” Joseph burrowed under the blankets and wiggled to get comfortable. “Nighty sleep,” he said.

“Nighty sleep?” Dad laughed. “It’s only 3pm, Joseph!”

Joseph pretended to snore.

“Well, I guess I’ll have to eat Joseph’s dessert tonight,” said Dad as he went to the door. “Oh well!”

Joseph almost jumped up. Dessert was the most important meal of the day. Still... his new bed trumped even Dad’s homemade apple pie. He kept still, snoring louder and louder until Dad left.

Joseph stopped his snoring and sat upright. He bounced, wiggled, and crawled all over his bed. Exhausted, he laid back and—what was that?

Someone was... snoring? But it wasn’t Joseph. This was a deep, terrible snore—like a chugging steam train or Dad! It was coming from underneath the bed! Although he was scared, Joseph knew he couldn’t hide under the blankets. He was a big kid now. Big kids were brave.

He slipped onto the floor and got on his hands and knees. It was dark under the bed, but he could see the outline of a lump.

His eyes adjusted and the lump became furry.

The furry lump grew big, floppy ears.

The furry lump with big, floppy ears bounced forward, knocked Joseph onto his back and sat on his chest. It looked like a rabbit crossed with a bear crossed with a pig. It had a wet, twitching nose and a pair of dull tusks sticking out of its bottom jaw.



But most obvious of all was the thing's massive, ridiculous, out-right-silly toes. They were *enormous*! Almost as big as the rest of its body. It twitched those toes as it sat on Joseph's chest. And—although they were terribly big and terribly scary—they were also terribly tickly.

"Stop!" Joseph laugh-cried as he wriggled but the monster didn't stop, and Joseph laughed until he had to roll away.

Joseph and the monster stared at one another.

"You snore loud," said Joseph. "I like you." He sat cross-legged and thought for a moment. His new friend needed a name. "Mrs Edith Terrortoes." He declared. And Edith, with her terribly big toes, did a little hop.