

THE
ADVENTURES
OF LONG
ARM

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SAM & MARK

THE
ADVENTURES
OF



**LONG
ARM**

 SCHOLASTIC

CHAPTER 1

A NOT SO TALL STORY

You're here for a superhero story, I guess?

Batman, the Hulk, one of that crowd?

Well ... you're in the right place. Except this is a superhero story with a difference.

Meet schoolboy Ricky Mitre.

Oh, and there is an angry teacher called Mr Pinkerton, but I'm afraid he isn't green.



So if you're still interested, make yourself comfy, strap yourself in and get ready for a brand new hero ... one who's going to be around for a loooooooooooooooooooooooooong time.



The first thing you'll notice is that Ricky has two arms of equal length. That's because the picture opposite was taken five weeks ago, when he was testing his friend Simon's new invention – the HeadCopter Mark II™

Simon is Ricky's best friend, and he is a genius. That's a word bandied about too often these days, but with Simon it's completely true. He can recite the entire alphabet...

What, not impressed?

... backwards...

Still not impressed?

... in Russian...

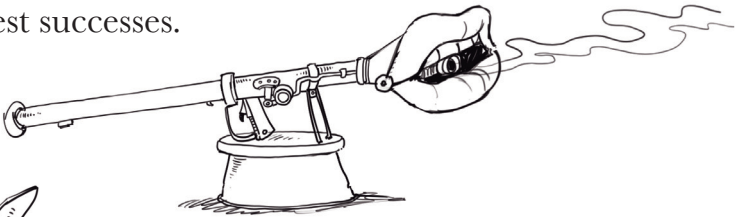
Still won't admit it?

... while jumping on a pogo stick.

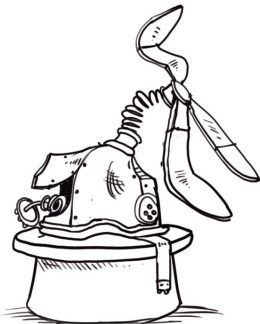
Yeah, beat that, clever clogs!

Simon also knows all the ingredients in toothpaste and he once taught his goldfish how to dance like Lady Gaga.

Simon is always inventing incredible things. Sadly, the HeadCopter Mark II™ was not one his greatest successes.



Burp-Zooker
3000



HeadCopter
Mark I™

Simon's
Hall of Shame



Grab-@-It
2.0

Ricky's dad was not happy that he had to take Ricky to casualty. He missed his favourite TV show, *Bottom Gear*.



It's a show all about motorized toilets hosted by three men with BIG bottoms.

Would you jump off a cliff if Simon told you to?

Ricky's
dad

Erm...

Ricky

With some modifications, The HeadCopter Mark III™ should be fine for a cliff.

Simon

Having two broken arms isn't much fun.

- You can't play **ZOMBIE CHASE**
- You can't walk the dog properly...



- You can't turn the TV over when your Dad is watching his second-favourite programme, *Neil Or No Neil*. It's a game

show where twenty-two men stand in a row but only one of the men is actually called Neil... Find Neil and win twenty zillion pounds.

Scarlett, Ricky's sister, isn't happy about the broken arms either. It means she has to help out.



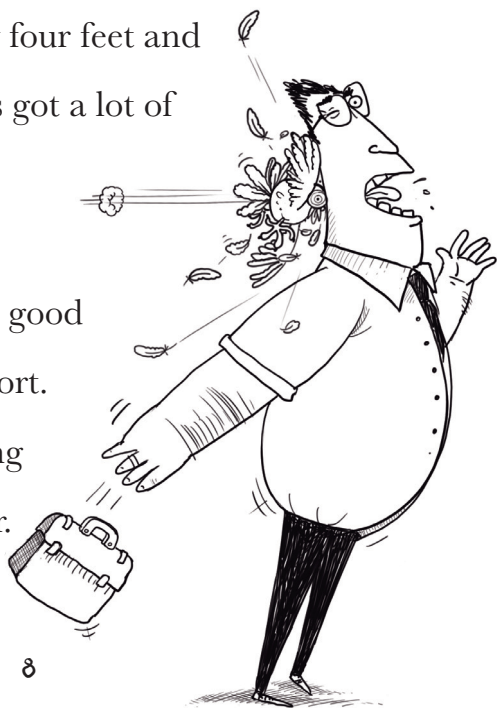
But the worst thing for Ricky Mitre is not being able to play his favourite sport – basketball. Ricky absolutely loves basketball.

He dreams of basketball every night. . .

He longs to be on the basketball team at school, but there is a problem (besides the broken arms).

Ricky Mitre is only four feet and five inches tall, so he's got a lot of growing to do.

Being tall is not everything. There are good things about being short. For instance, low-flying birds are not a danger.



Hmm, what else? What else? Give me a
minute...

...

...

...

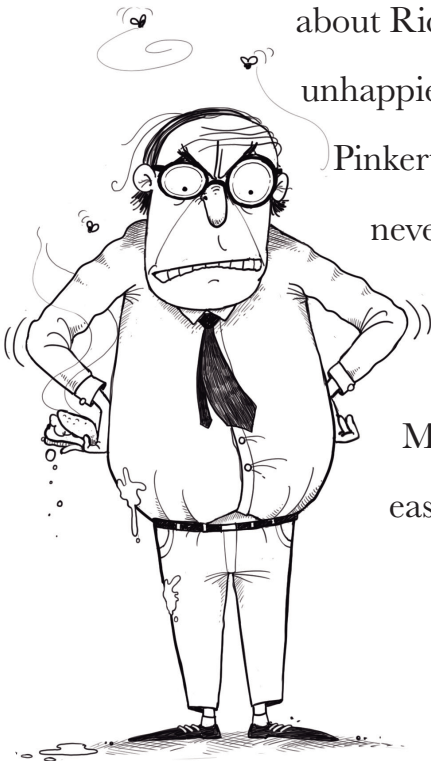
...

...Well, to be honest, that's about it.

CHAPTER 2

THE CASE OF THE MISSING CURRIED EGG SANDWICHES

Among all the other people unhappy about Ricky's broken arms, the unhappiest was his teacher, Mr Pinkerton. Mr Pinkerton had never liked Ricky Mitre since the day Ricky accidentally called him Mr Stinkerton. It was an easy mistake to make.



Mr Pinkerton was unhappy about Ricky's broken arms because it got Ricky out of PE. Though Ricky loved basketball, he hated PE – or “Pointless Exercise” as he called it. PE was second on Mr Pinkerton's List of Favourite Things (L.O.F.T.):

L.O.F.T. #2 - PE

Basketball was L.O.F.T. #1,552,101. Mr Pinkerton said team sports were for wimps. He believed in “self-improvement” through solitary exercise.

Also, without his arms, Ricky was unable to write lines, and Mr Pinkerton liked that too.

L.O.F.T. #3 - Giving lines to Ricky Mitre



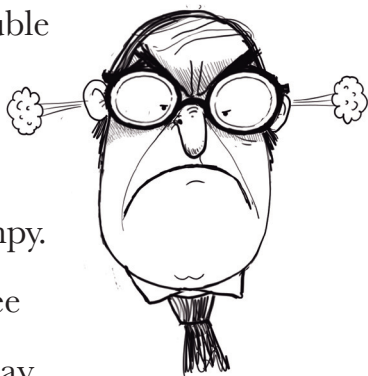
Often, Ricky hadn't even done anything wrong, but that wasn't the point. He was just the sort of boy who got the blame. He had "one of those faces". Last year alone, Simon calculated Ricky had written close to two thousand lines. Here are a few of the more memorable ones.

I will not put a whoopee cushion on my teacher's chair.

Milk is for drinking, not pouring over Katie Locke's hair.

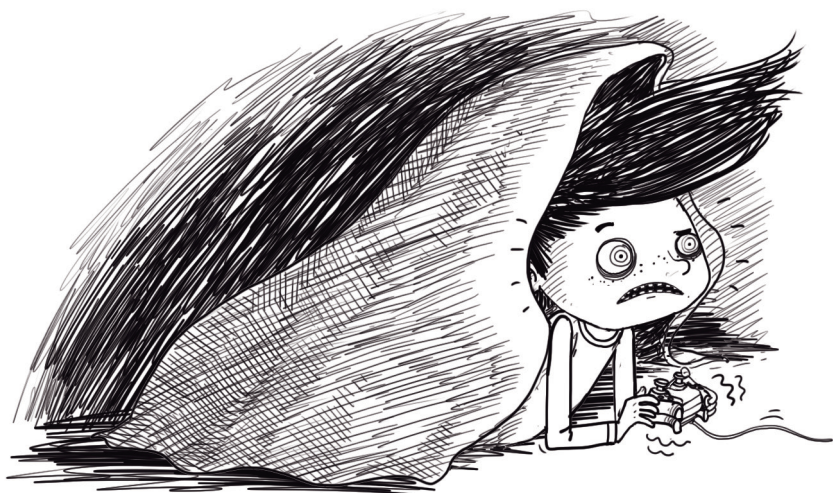
Butter is for spreading on bread, not in the corridor.

Ricky's casts remained on for five weeks, and in that time he couldn't get the blame for anything. After all, what trouble can a boy get up to without his arms? For five weeks, Mr Pinkerton was very grumpy.



Ricky's casts came off three days before his eighth birthday.

The first thing he did was shoot hoops in his garden. Then he played **ZOMBIE CHASE** for three hours straight.



Then he decided to have a biscuit. Sadly, Scarlett had put the tin on the top shelf, out of reach.

The next day, Ricky was bouncing his basketball all the way to school, high-fiving everyone he came across. On the way, he saw a poster on a noticeboard outside the newsagent.

**McRusty's Travelling Funfair
comes to Wolvesley!
Friday Only!
Fun 4 all the Family!**

“Cool!” said Ricky.

Further up the street was another poster tacked to a lamp post.

**Don't miss McRusty's!
Back by popular demand!
Health and Safety checked!
Rides and refreshments.**

“Awesome!” said Ricky.

There was a third poster on the school gates.

**No accidents this year!
Join us at McRusty's!
You will not get hurt!
We promise!
Don't believe the stories!**

“I can’t wait!” said Ricky. Thank goodness his casts had come off in time.

Simon was already in the classroom, working on some sort of drawing. He hid it in his desk when Ricky arrived.

“What’s that?” asked Ricky.

“A surprise for your birthday,” said Simon.

“My greatest invention yet!”

“Is it the HeadCopter Mark III?”

“Even better!” said Simon.

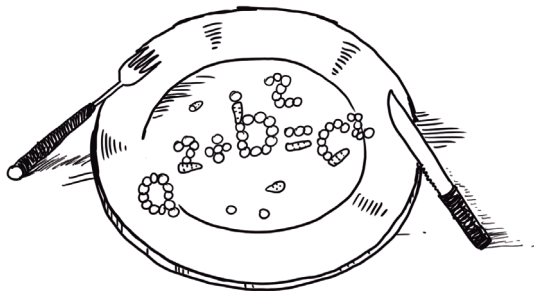
The bell went for the morning’s lesson, and Mr Pinkerton strode into the room. He put his curried-egg sandwiches in his desk drawer.

L.O.F.T. #1 - Curried-egg sandwiches

Mr Pinkerton's eyes lit up when he saw Ricky's arms were back to normal.

"Right, everyone, maths books out!" he said, rubbing his hands together.

The room groaned. No one liked maths except for Simon. He even ate his dinner mathematically.



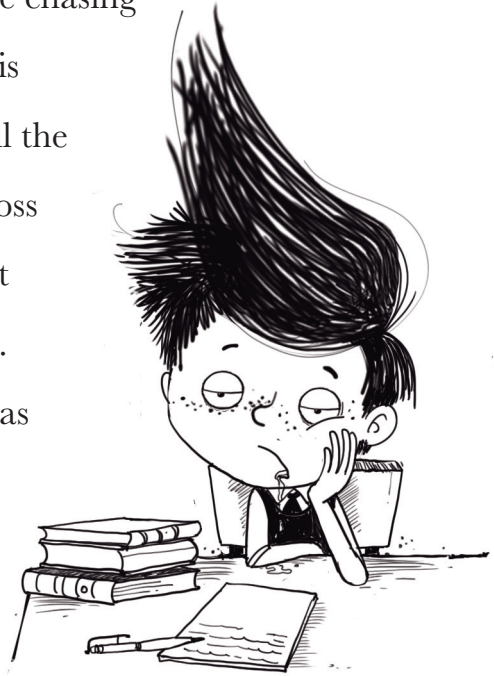
"We're having a maths test on Thursday," said Mr Pinkerton. "Everyone who passes gets to go to the funfair. Anyone who doesn't ..." he grinned at Ricky "... can stay here."

"Don't worry," whispered Simon. "I'll give

you some coaching to make sure you pass.”

As the lesson went on, Ricky began to feel sleepy. All the zombie chasing was taking its toll. His pen felt heavy and all the numbers swirled across his page. He couldn't keep his eyes open. . .

He dreamed he was playing in the NBA, dribbling around zombie players. Past one, past another. . .



The crowd were chanting.

He leapt for the net.

“MITRE!”

Ricky woke up with a jump.

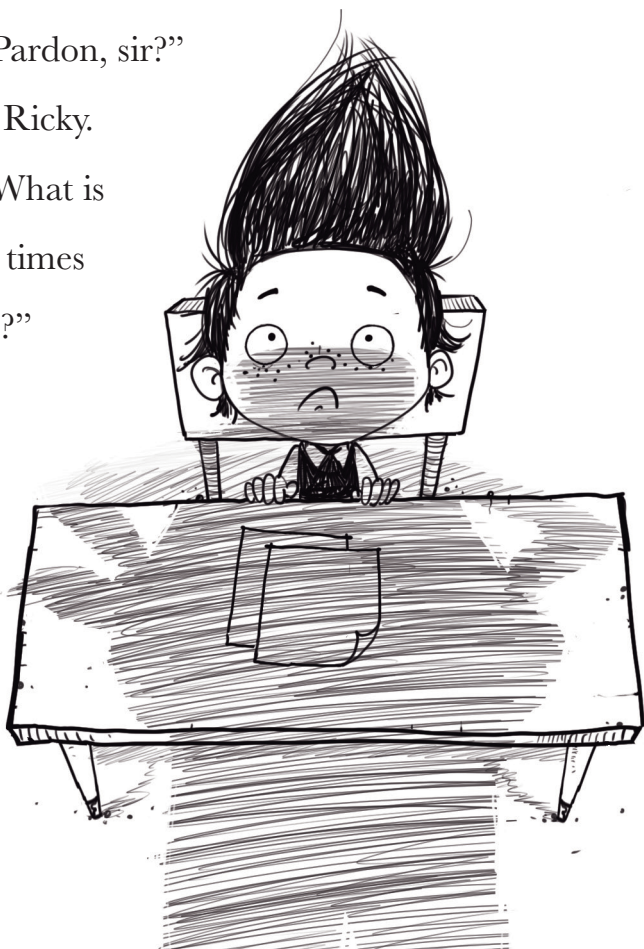
“What is four times nine?”

Mr Pinkerton was standing in front of his desk.

“Pardon, sir?”

said Ricky.

“What is
four times
nine?”

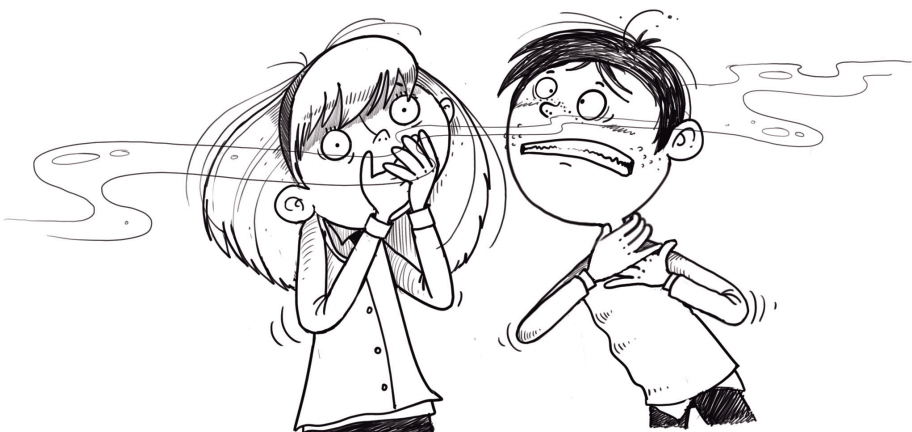


Everyone was watching him. Simon was waving his hands behind the teacher. Three fingers, then five on one hand and one on the other.

“Three hundred and fifty-one?” said Ricky.

Mr Pinkerton’s face went red. “Three hundred and fifty-one?” he shrieked. “Of course it isn’t! It’s thirty-six, you imbecile!”

Then, as he often did when he was angry, Mr Pinkerton let out a little trump. Behind him, brother and sister Max and Meridon Foxtrot started to retch.



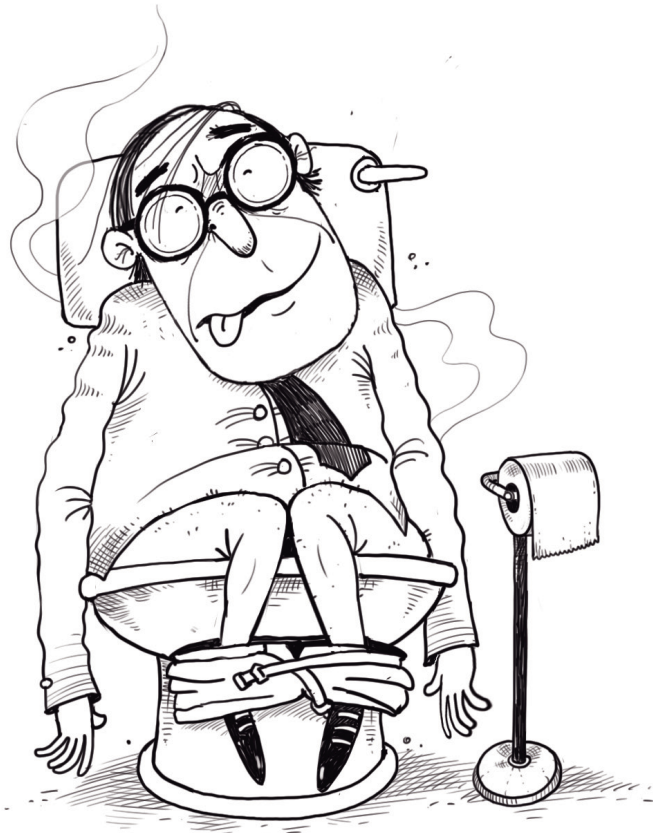
“I have to take a break,” Mr Pinkerton said, edging towards the door. “Mitre – start writing lines. *I will not fall asleep in maths*. Thirty-six times. The rest of you, keep quiet!”

As soon as he left the room, Max staggered to the window and opened it. When it was safe to breathe again, Ricky went to the board to write his lines. Behind him, the rest of the class was anything but quiet. Paper aeroplanes were being thrown, Katie Locke and her inseparable best friend Rachel Quay (known throughout the school as Locke and Quay) were plaiting each other’s hair and Nick Chalmers was busy tucking into his lunch box. Simon acted as a lookout by the door, until...

“Stinkerton’s coming!”

And by the time he came back into the room, the class were back in their seats . . . and Mr Pinkerton looked a lot happier.

L.O.F.T. #4. Having a nice sit-down on the toilet.



And Ricky had written his line thirty-six times.

“Sit down, Mitre,” said Mr Pinkerton. “And try to stay awake this time.”

Ricky sat down and Mr Pinkerton took out the board rubber and erased the thirty-six lines.

“Right then, the nine times table,” said Mr Pinkerton. “Let’s carry. . .” He paused, his beady eyes fixed on his desk drawer. In two strides, he reached it and peered inside. His face went red. His nostrils quivered with rage.

MITRE!

WHERE ARE MY
SANDWICHES?

WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE WITH THEM?

Yes, sir?

Your sandwiches, sir?

Nothing, sir.

“Mr Pinkerton,” said Katie Locke. “There’s a smell coming from Ricky’s desk.”

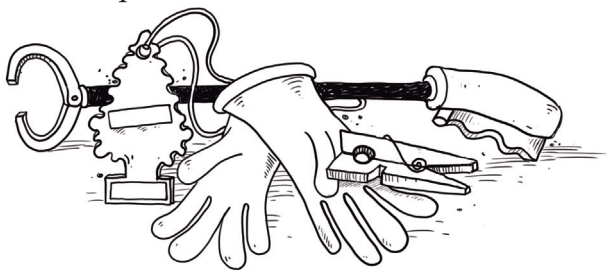
(Katie Locke had never forgiven Ricky for the milk-pouring incident. She had smelt like baby sick all day.)

Mr Pinkerton marched across the room and flung open Ricky’s desk. The smell hit Ricky like a hammer. A hammer made of curried egg. Smearred all over his maths book were the remains of a sandwich.

“Oh, dear!” said Mr Pinkerton. But he said it in a way that didn’t sound very upset at all.

Ricky didn’t know how the sandwiches had got there. He wouldn’t go near Mr Pinkerton’s

foul-smelling sandwiches without taking serious precautions.



“It wasn’t me, sir,” he said.

Someone at the back of the classroom chuckled.

“Of course it wasn’t, Ricky!” said Mr Pinkerton.

So who did steal the sandwiches?

Let’s rewind. You heard that chuckle, right?

Well, that horrible sneaky laugh belonged to Vince.

Vince is the sort of boy who sits at the back of the classroom and who everyone is scared of. Last year in the playground he threw a potato at a pigeon.

Vince is also the sort of lad who plays tricks and gets away with it. Tricks like putting a whoopee cushion on a teacher's chair...

Pouring milk on someone's hair...

And buttering the corridor...

But it was Ricky who'd been caught red-handed. So poor Ricky was accused, tried and convicted in the time it took Mr Pinkerton

to blink his stink-eye.

“I’ve got a special punishment for you, Mitre,” he said.

Something told Ricky that it would be a lot worse than writing lines this time. And he was right.