

RUDY

AND THE

MONSTER AT SCHOOL



WRITTEN BY
PAUL WESTMORELAND

PICTURES BY
GEORGE ERMOS

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RUDY'S HOUSE



GNARLYBARK
FOREST



WELCOME TO
COBBLE CROSS



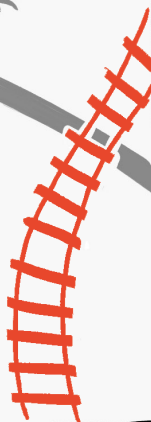
HIGH CRAG
CASTLE



E



ST RIGAMORE'S
ACADEMY










RUDY

WEREWOLF






-  Lives with:
Mum and Dad
-  Likes: skateboarding,
pizza, adventure!
-  Dislikes: baths
-  Personality: brave,
impulsive, mischievous,
kind
-  Best skateboard move:
The Daring Double!



FEMI MUMMY

-  **Lives with:** Mum, Dad, Nan, and his three sisters—Raziya, Tabia, and Zahara
-  **Likes:** skateboarding, biscuits, computer games
-  **Dislikes:** pressure
-  **Personality:** funny, loyal, slightly shy but the power of the pack brings out his confidence
-  **Best skateboard move:** Riding the Vert Ramp!

EDIE GHOST

-  **Lives with:** every member of her family tree and a whole host of others. The list is literally endless.
-  **Likes:** BMXing, stating the obvious, spending time with her friends
-  **Dislikes:** dishonesty
-  **Personality:** confident, calm in a crisis, quick-witted
-  **Best BMX move:** The Floating Flip



CHAPTER ONE



‘It’s a place where, they say, the lightning never stops flashing.’ Edie’s ghostly eyes glowed as she spoke. ‘And the thunder is so loud it shakes your brain out of your ears!’

Femi was quaking in his bandages.

‘High Crag Castle doesn’t scare me,’ Rudy said, rocking back on his chair. He let go of his desk and stretched out his wolf claws to keep his balance.

His friends stared at him.

‘R-r-really?’ Femi stammered. ‘I’m glad that creepy castle is on the other side of Cobble Cross!’

‘They also say monsters roam the

corridors,' Edie whispered. 'And it's haunted!'

'Err, everywhere you go is haunted,' Rudy replied, and the ghost girl rolled her eyes. 'We should go there tonight, after school. See if it's true.'

'Are you kidding?' Edie stared at him. 'We might never come back!'

'I wouldn't go even if you promised me one of these!' Femi said and held up a review of the new Pitbull-360 skateboard. 'Besides, I have to hit the Skateway tonight. I want to try out a Ramp Slam.'

'Wow! They'll be supreme!' Edie said.



Before Rudy could persuade them, a flurry of black smoke rushed into the room and the door shut with a . . .

SLAMMMM!

The smoke whipped up in a tornado with a stomach-sickening hissss and whirled into the form of a wizened and dusty old vampire.

‘Good-morning-Mr-Hunter,’ said the class in a monotone chorus. No one was quite sure why they did this; they just felt oddly compelled to.

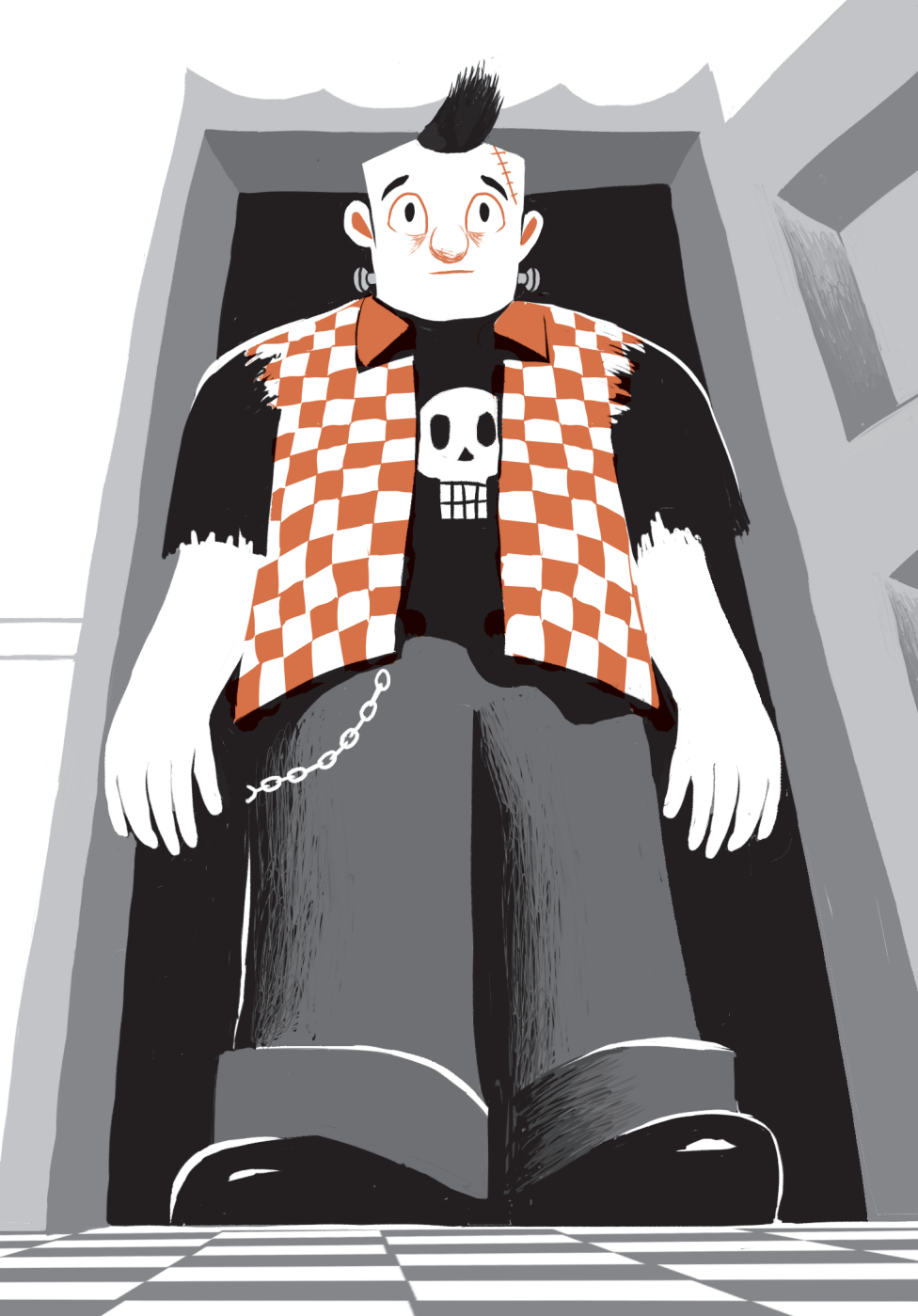


‘Good morning, everybody,’ the vampire replied with a lick of his fangs. ‘I have some wonderful news.’

Mr Hunter snapped his fingers and the class fell silent. Even the banshee sisters, Wailer and Screech, and Jimmy Voll, the mouthy devilish captain of the school football team, listened intently.

Mr Hunter smiled. ‘We have a new boy starting today. I suggest you make him feel very welcome.’

With a flick of his hand, the door flew open, and there stood a huge, imposing boy with heavy skater chains hanging off the belt of his baggy jeans. His muscles were bursting through the tears in his faded skull T-shirt while his beefy arms dangled out from the sleeves of his chequered shirt, almost touching the floor.



He wasn't just big and tall for his age,
he was a clear head and shoulders above the
entire class!

Rudy blinked in surprise as the whole
class gawped at the monstrous new boy.

With an awkward, twisting shove of his
shoulders and the sound of splintering wood,
he muscled into the room. It was like a teddy
bear visiting a doll's house!

First came his flat-top—not the
hairstyle, the top of his head was actually



flat! His hair was blackened and singed and sprouted out in awkward clumps. And across his forehead was a deep train-track scar.

The huge boy looked at the class with two drooping eyes that had bags like he hadn't slept in years. He swallowed, drawing everyone's eyes to the tightened bolts in his neck, and made a grimacing smile.



No one knew what to say. They hadn't seen anyone like this before.

'Frankie, welcome to our school. Won't you please sit down?' Mr Hunter smiled and pointed a long, bony finger at an empty place on the table with Rudy, Femi, and Edie.

Frankie needed a seat, but he was big enough to fill two.

As he stepped over, one of Frankie's hulking metal boots caught on Femi's bandages. In one step, it wound around Frankie's ankles, pulled tight, and he toppled over like a felled tree . . .

**BANG-
DRANNNNG!**



He crashed onto the table, snapping all four legs and karate-chopping the top in two.

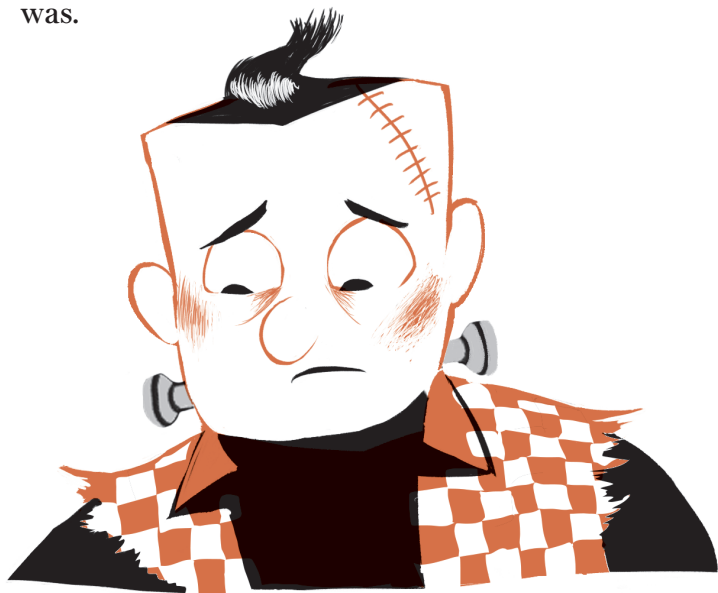
Rudy pulled his legs out just in time. And it was lucky Edie was already a ghost!



Before the splinters could settle, Wailer and Screech started screaming. And Jimmy Voll burst out laughing like it was the funniest thing he'd seen since Femi tried out for the school football team. The rest of the class saw this as a green light to join in.

'Suuuuussssssssssssssh!' Mr Hunter
hissed across the room. Everyone fell silent
. . . and strangely sleepy.

Frankie sat up. His face didn't work very well, but Rudy could see how embarrassed he was.



‘Sorry,’ Frankie said. He spoke slowly, as though he thought about each word in turn. ‘That stuff always happens to me.’

‘Me too,’ Femi replied as he untangled his bandages from Frankie’s boots.

As Frankie found a chair, Mr Hunter sighed. ‘Mr Abomasquash can’t fix the table now. So please work on your knees.’

‘It’s OK, sir,’ Rudy said as an idea jumped into his head. He set his skateboard across his lap. ‘We can lean on these!’



Frankie's thighs were as big as tree trunks, so he just used them.

'Very good.' Mr Hunter smiled. 'Now everybody, please open your maths books and start working out the sums.'

Soon numbers and division, multiplication and minuses were filling Rudy's head. But he began to feel like he was the only person who was working.

Rudy looked up to see what was going on. Everyone around him kept checking Mr Hunter wasn't watching before stealing glances at Frankie. And Jimmy Voll was staring at him.

Rudy frowned.

He turned and looked at Frankie to see what everyone else was staring at.

But Frankie wasn't doing anything besides his maths. He was good at it, too, and was getting through the sums faster than Rudy!

Suddenly, Rudy felt a ghostly breath rush past his ear. ‘Don’t be mean,’ Edie whispered.

‘I wasn’t!’ Rudy replied.

‘It’s rude to stare,’ she said.



Rudy realized Edie was right—as always!

Rudy got back to work, but his brain was buzzing about Frankie. He was a conundrum.

An oversized, awkward misfit who spoke slowly. But he wasn't stupid. One look at his maths book said that much!

But the rest of the class couldn't see that. Certainly not from where Jimmy Voll was sitting!

People must stare at Frankie all the time, Rudy thought and began to feel bad for him.

Unfortunately, there was nothing Rudy could do about it now. His sums wouldn't do themselves . . .

Before Rudy knew it, his tummy was rumbling, and the lunchtime bell was ringing.