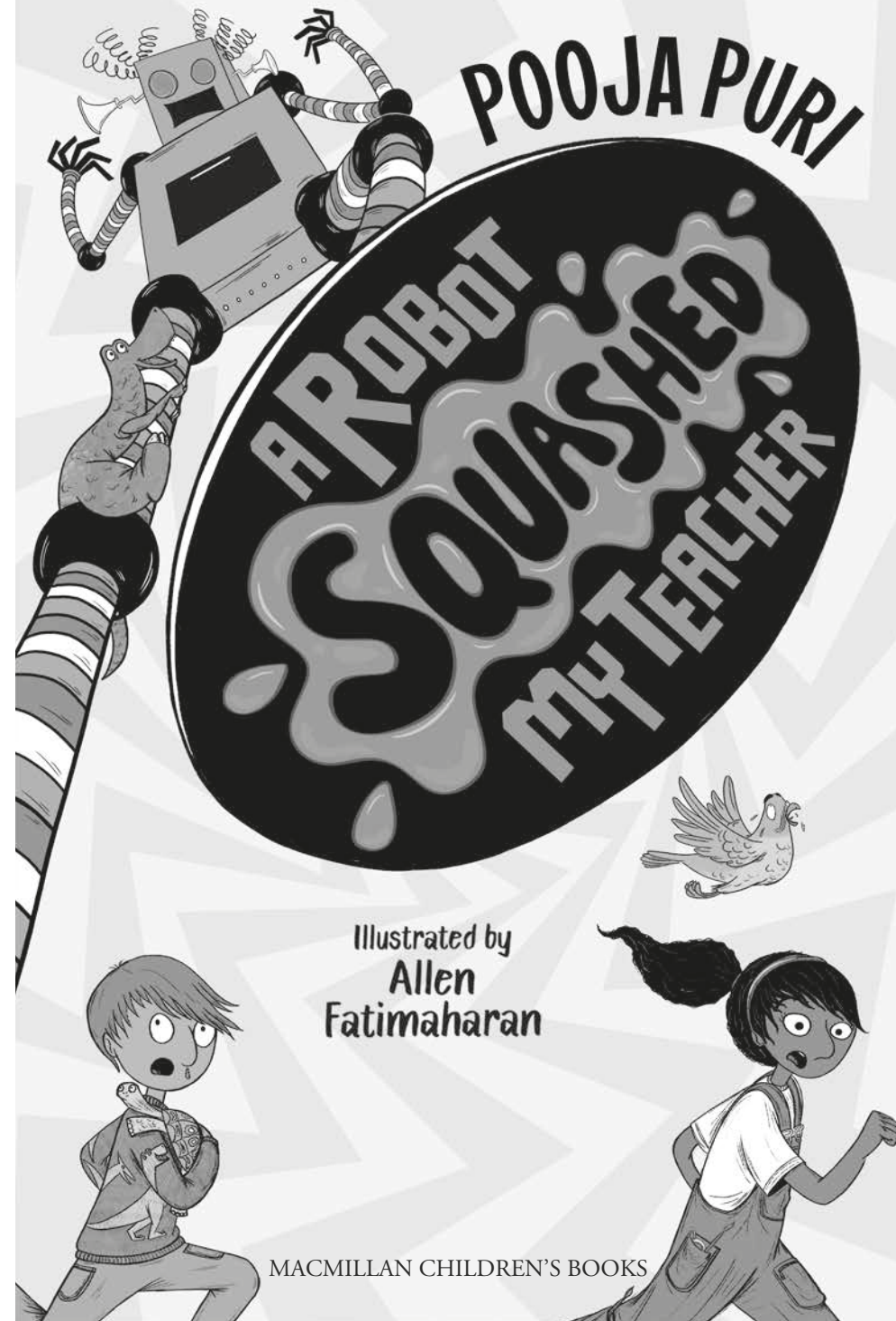


A ROBOT SQUASHED MY TEACHER

This book belongs to

Also by Pooja Puri

A Dinosaur Ate My Sister



Illustrated by
**Allen
Fatimaharan**

MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS



Published 2022 by Macmillan Children's Books
an imprint of Pan Macmillan
The Smithson, 6 Brisset Street, London EC1M 5NR
EU representative: Macmillan Publishers Ireland Ltd,
1st Floor, The Liffey Trust Centre, 117-126 Sheriff Street Upper
Dublin 1, D01 YC43
Associated companies throughout the world
www.panmacmillan.com

ISBN 978-1-5290-7069-9

Text copyright © Pooja Puri 2022
Illustrations copyright © Allen Fatimaharan 2022

The right of Pooja Puri and Allen Fatimaharan to be identified as
the author and illustrator of this work has been asserted by them
in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

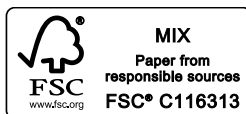
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means
(electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise),
without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Pan Macmillan does not have any control over, or any responsibility for,
any author or third-party websites referred to in or on this book.

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

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

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY
Designed by Suzanne Cooper



This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise,
be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent
in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a
similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

To all my teachers.
P.P.

Note From The Author

No robots teachers were harmed in the writing of this book.



Not really.

A Second Important Note From The Author

Before you start reading, there are a few things you should know:

- ① I, Esha Verma, am a **genius inventor** extraordinaire.
- ② I like lists.
- ③ I did not mean to turn my teacher into a pigeon.

Some things just can't be helped.

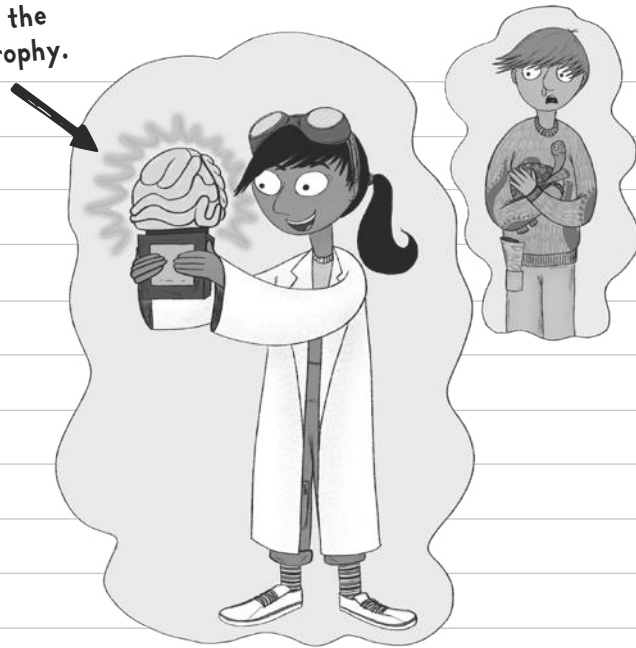
- ④ Like all **genius inventors**, I have an apprentice.

★ His name is **Broccoli**. ★ ★

- ★ ⑤ It is **my** our **dream of dreams** to win the ★
Young Inventor of the Year contest.

- ⑥ If you've read my first **genius** journal, you will know this already.
- ⑦ If you have not read my first **genius** journal, I order you to stop being a **DRONG**, put down this book immediately and locate a copy. If you cannot find one in your nearest bookshop or library, I would have **VERY STERN WORDS** with the bookshop manager or the librarian.

This is the
Brain Trophy.



- ⑧ Ready? Excellent. Then you will know that in our last adventure Broccoli and I travelled through time, were almost eaten by a T-rex, were actually eaten by a Guzzler and returned home without a time machine but with a dinosaur bone that turned out to be an egg.
- ⑨ Broccoli says that I have just given away a big SPOILER. I told him that I already warned you to read my first genius journal. If you hadn't read it yet, that is **YOUR OWN FAULT.**

A Letter from Secundus

TOOT TOOT, Esha, Broccoli and reptile,

Thank you for your letter and the *fifty* others before it. As I have already said *many times*, T.O.O.T. is very grateful for the Throat Ticklers you supplied, but they are definitely *not* looking for any new inventions at the moment.



I would also kindly remind you (again) that I am now a MOOT (Middle Officer of Time) and I am on a very important mission. Please *do not contact me* unless it is urgent. Situations classified as urgent are those that threaten all of time and space. They most definitely do NOT include: requiring a part for an invention, fixing an invention or anything else related to inventing.

TOOT TOOT,

Secundus Secundi

Another Letter from Secondus

No, I cannot tell you what the mission is because it is TOP SECRET.

No, I cannot take you on trips through time and space to help you find inspiration for genius inventions. That is against Section 55, Regulation 2.8 of Time Policies and Principles.

The Trouble with Being a Genius Inventor

The trouble with being a **genius inventor** is that you will always face obstacles in your quest for **genius-ness**.

Obstacles like:

- ① **DRONGS** of sisters who steal your priceless inventions (like time machines).
- ② Parents who cannot understand your **genius**. Take the Hole-in-the-floor Incident, for example. (If you haven't read my first **genius** journal, you won't know what I'm talking about and that's your own fault.)
When Mum and Dad saw it, their faces **puffed up** bigger than an exploding volcano.

I tried explaining to them that:

- ① The Hole-in-the-floor Incident was **NOT** my fault, but Nishi's.
- ② All **genius inventors** throughout history experienced setbacks.



③ The cost of fixing the floor was really nothing in the Grand Scheme of Becoming a **Genius Inventor**.

Unfortunately, they did not see it the same way.

(Parents can be annoying like that.)

Instead they gave me an **ULTIMATUM**: 'Esha Verma, this is our final warning. One more inventing accident and you will not be allowed to enter the Young Inventor of the Year contest. You are skating on very thin ice. Do you understand?'

Albertus hatched a week later.

the dinosaur bone
that turned out
to be an egg



How (Not) to Train a T-rex



That was nine months ago.

In that time, Mum and Dad have grown extremely fond of Albertus. This is probably because they think he is a lizard. Nishi has tried telling them that he's a dinosaur, but fortunately they do not believe her. Unfortunately, training a T-rex is **EXTREMELY** difficult. Almost as difficult as winning the Brain Trophy. Absolutely more difficult than building a time machine.

For those of you who might be thinking about keeping a pet T-rex, you should know that there are no guides on caring for a dinosaur. Not a single one. Instead, you have to learn **ON THE JOB**.

~~[A note from Broccoli: A tortoise is far less trouble. A rabbit. Hamsters. Anything but a T-rex.]~~

During the last nine months, I have learnt seven important lessons about training a T-rex:

① Toilet train your T-rex as soon as possible.

② Do not leave any important objects near your T-rex.

③ They do not like loud noises (including Hoovers).

④ Do not say H-I-D-E or H-I-D-I-N-G in front of your T-rex. They will think you want to play hide-and-seek.

(You will lose.)

⑤ Do not let them sleep on your bed.

⑥ They do not like baths. **AT ALL.**

⑦ They eat almost **ANYTHING.**

So far,
Albertus
has eaten
exactly

SIX AND

A HALF of my **genius**
inventions. After I

found him chewing
the third prototype
of my Gecko

Gloves, I decided that enough
was enough. It was time for

SERIOUS ACTION.

And that, Reader, is how I

came up with my **NEW genius**

invention. That single, sparkling

BRAIN-ZINGER that would win

me the Brain Trophy, get me inside the headquarters of
Genius and Extraordinary Inventions Inc. (GENIE)
and transform me into an

inventing legend

FOREVER.

[A note from Broccoli: Or so we thought.]



The Brain-zinger



'Broccoli, I have it!' I announced as I sped into our classroom on Monday morning. He was hunched over his notebook at our corner table (specially selected by myself to hide our important conversations from nosey teachers and the less-genius members of my class). 'I finally have it!'

'So do I!' he said. He waved his notebook at me, which was covered in a complicated arrangement of formulae.

'I figured out what the Skunkles are missing.



NISHI'S WELLINGTON WHIFF!



It's the perfect nose-wrinkling ingredient. I've even calculated the concentration—'

'I'm not talking about the Skunkles,' I scoffed. 'I'm talking about a brain-zinger!'

'A brain-zinger?' He looked down at his notebook and sniffed. 'But I thought we were perfecting the Skunkles?'

'They can wait,' I said. 'This cannot.' I waved my brand-new, latest-edition *Inventor's Handbook* at him (selling