

By Tom Ellen

THE CARTOONS THAT CAME TO LIFE



Illustrated by
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Chicken
House

2 PALMER STREET, FROME,
SOMERSET BA11 1DS





To my brother, Rob

Text © Tom Ellen 2021
Illustrations © Phil Corbett 2021

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3.07 p.m. on a drizzly Thursday ...

ARLEY & TAPPER VS PROFESSOR FART-MUNCH

BY FINN MORRIS

♪ LA DI DA ♪
I ♥ MY JOB AS A
BUS DRIVER FOR THE
ADORABLE
KITTEN SANCTUARY

NEARLY
HOME NOW
KITTENS

ST MEREDITH'S TINY ADORABLE
KITTEN SANCTUARY
FOR TINY ADORABLE KITTENS

BUT THEN...

WAAAHHH A BOULDER!

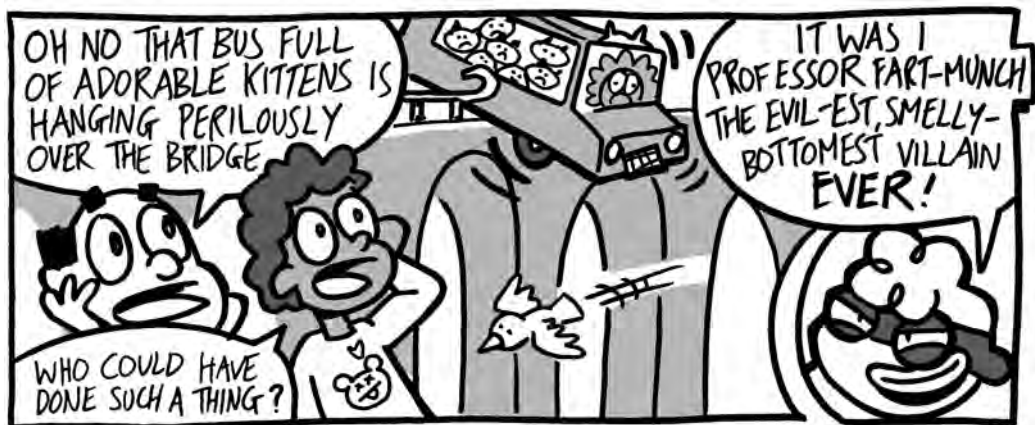
BOUNCE

BOUNCE

CRASH!

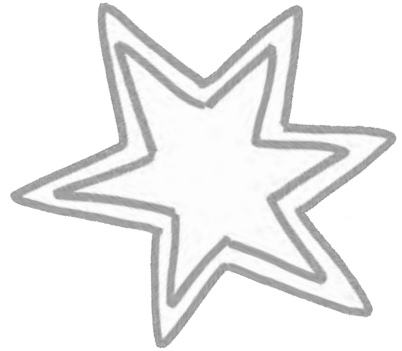
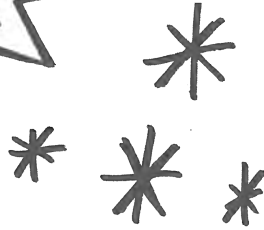
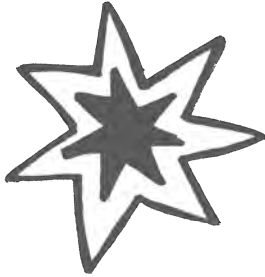
MEOW!











CHAPTER ONE

DAYDREAMING AND DOODLING

‘**F**inn Morris . . . Daydreaming and doodling again, are we?’ My maths teacher, Mrs Orlick, is standing over me, her fingers tapping the comic strip I’m drawing.

I blink and look up. Ten seconds ago, I was lost in my own cartoon fantasy world. And now I’m right back in maths at 3.07 p.m. on a drizzly Thursday.

Arley →



Oh, **MONKEY NUTS.**

‘Dearie me, Finn,’ Mrs Orlick sighs. ‘You ALWAYS seem to have your head in the clouds, don’t you?’

Tapper ↓



People start giggling and I can feel myself going red. It’s not like I MEANT for this to happen. I honestly didn’t.

I started this maths lesson the same way I start EVERY maths lesson – by telling myself: ‘I WILL focus this time. I WILL listen to what boring old Mrs Orlick is droooooooning on about.’ But the problem is, as soon as Mrs Orlick opens her mouth, ideas for cartoons start flooding into my brain. And they’re always WAY more interesting than school.

See, I’ve wanted to be a cartoonist since . . . well, for ever. I love drawing cartoons of anything – cars, birds, my bad cat Milligan. You name it, I’ll cartoonify it.

But what I REALLY love drawing is **ARLEY & TAPPER!** Because unlike cars, birds and my bad cat Milligan, Arley and Tapper are my creations. I made them up,

all on my own.


Mrs Orlick gives me a crinkly smile. ‘You’ve only been at this school two months, Finn, but this must be the TENTH time I’ve caught you drawing cartoons when you SHOULD be working.’

There’s a snuffly SNORT of laughter, and I know without even looking that it came from the nose of Barney Divney. You’d probably recognize him if you saw him, because I’ve made him the baddie in my **ARLEY & TAPPER** cartoons – the evil **PROFESSOR FART-MUNCH!**

Just like Fart-Munch, Barney’s a big, blonde, windy-bottomed BULLY. He stomps around school with his two super-awful sidekicks, Gus and Dolly, using anyone smaller than him as a punch bag.



Mrs Orlick picks up my sketchbook and squints at it through her ridonkulously thick glasses.



*What do we have here?
'Arley and Tapper'*

The whole class is laughing now, and my face is bright TOMATO red. Everyone is staring at me. Well, nearly everyone. A girl called Isha Kapesa – who I’ve never spoken to, but who has an AWESOME Marvel Avengers pencil case – is just looking blankly out of the window. I feel weirdly grateful to her.

Mrs Orlick squints harder at my cartoon. ‘And who’s this . . . ?’ she says. “**PROFESSOR FART-MUNCH**”?’

OH, MONKEY NUTS.

She turns to Barney. ‘Why, Barney . . . he looks rather like YOU!’

OH, FAMILY-SIZED BAG OF MONKEY NUTS.

The whole class goes quiet. No one would ever DARE

laugh at Barney Divney.

Barney is glaring at me like he wants to do keepy-uppies with my tonsils.

‘Anyway,’ Mrs Orlick says. ‘That’s enough daydreaming and doodling. Let’s get back to our six times tables, shall we?’

She walks back to the whiteboard, and Barney gives me a horrid scowl.

‘I’M GONNA GET YOU, FINN MORRIS!’ he whispers.

