



**MONSTER
BOGEY**

A MESSAGE FROM CHICKEN HOUSE

Bogeys, snot, gloop, boogers . . . what do you call the stuff up your nose? Whatever you call it, could you make a monster out of it? Well, Frank does. And when lightning strikes, he gets a lot more than he bargained for when it comes to life. It's a sticky situation, but Bogey monster might just be the answer to defeating the true evil facing Frank and his friends. Full of gross-out laughter, loyalty and adventure, this debut is a top pick by brand-new talent, Anna Brooke.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Barry Cunningham', with a stylized, flowing script.

BARRY CUNNINGHAM

Publisher
Chicken House



MONSTER BOGEY

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Somerset BA11 1DS

Text © Anna Brooke 2023
Illustrations © Owen Lindsay 2023

First published in Great Britain in 2023

Chicken House
2 Palmer Street
Frome, Somerset BA11 1DS
United Kingdom
www.chickenhousebooks.com

Chicken House/Scholastic Ireland, 89E Lagan Road, Dublin Industrial Estate,
Glasnevin, Dublin D11 HP5F, Republic of Ireland

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Designed and typeset by Steve Wells
Printed and bound in Great Britain by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY



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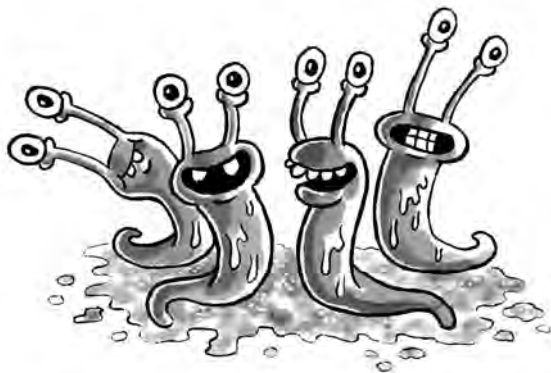



British Library Cataloguing in Publication data available.

PB ISBN 978-1-913696-58-0
eISBN 978-1-913696-81-8

*For Maximillian,
my own little miracle of life!*




BOOK WARNING





Dear _____

(insert your name here),



Don't tell grown-ups about this book. They'll think it's so ghastly, they'll be sick in their socks. For inside is a terrifying tale about revolting things like:



- ✱ bogey towers
- ✱ squelchy monsters
- ✱ slug goo
- ✱ slimy moats

and

- ✱ snot trails

And at the end . . . well, at the end, there's an enormous . . . Hang on! I'm not telling you about the end. You can start at Chapter 1 just like everyone else.

Honestly!





Frank



CHAPTER 1

A LITTLE MAN!

Have you ever picked your nose?

Don't lie, now.

I bet you have. I haven't, of course. I would never do anything revolting like that.

But I bet *you* have. And that's OK, because if you have, you can be friends with Frank.

Here he is, a skinny, freckly boy with curly red hair and his finger always up his nozzle.

His full name is **Frank Bear Horace Pickerty-Boop**, but for the sake of this story, we'll just call him Frank.

Frank had grown up in Snuzzle Castle on the edge of Honkerty Village. Snuzzle Castle was an old spooky-looking building with:

- ✿ **overgrown gardens**
- ✿ **a rickety bell tower**
- ✿ **a holey roof**
- ✿ **a forbidden dungeon**
- ✿ **a gloopy green moat**

and


- ✿ **cross-eyed gargoyles with dribbling chops**

It sounds grand, but it wasn't.

Frank's dad, a horror film maker, had received it as a gift from his 'biggest fan', but he and Mum, an opera singer, couldn't afford the repairs, so the family lived in the West Wing - in two tiny bedrooms, a teensy lounge with a teeny kitchen, and a tiddly bathroom with a toilet that did a little burp when it flushed. **Buurpp!** The East Wing lay abandoned except for old furniture, dangerous potholes, dusty paintings, bats and spiders that sang cabaret. And it was (like the dungeon) strictly OFF LIMITS to Frank.







So, as I was saying, Frank was a nose-picker, though he never ate his bogeys (for that would be really disgusting). Instead, he rolled them into little balls and saved them in his pocket until he got home from school. Then, when no one was looking, he emptied them into the wood-panelled cupboard in his bedroom.

Not even his mum or dad knew about the cupboard. They HATED bogeys (like all parents do) and were always telling him to ‘stop picking’. Frank was sure they’d stop loving him if they found out. But he couldn’t stop himself. He was proud of his heap, and over time, he’d piled so many boogers, he had a big bogey tower . . .

75 centimetres . . .

81 centimetres . . .

97 centimetres . . .

Frank was aiming for a metre.

Tiffany is Frank’s best friend. She has curly brown ringlets and stick-outy ears. She lives on the other side of the village, with her mum, dad and 102-year-old great-gran.





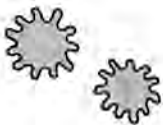
Frank and Tiffany did everything together. Tiffany was the only other person in the entire world to know about the tower and the cupboard. But she didn't collect bogeys. She loved animals and collected slugs, and dreamt about one day setting up her own slug circus act. She carried four pet ones around with her in a jar: Sammy, Violet, Peach and Slim.




Every day after school, or in the holidays like now, the friends would play together in Frank's bedroom until teatime, setting agility courses for the slugs and collecting lovely trails of slug goo, which was perfect for holding the bogey tower together. It was funny, but the bigger the tower, the more it looked like a little man . . .


Now, on the evening this story begins, there was a . . . Oh, hang on. Have you got your wellies on?

No? Well, go and get them. And grab an umbrella too, because on the evening this story begins, there was a thunderstorm. And not just any thunderstorm. A thunderstorm so huge that the wind howled down the chimneypots like a ghost train whistle and the thunder





rumbled so loudly that Frank's sweet old neighbour, Mrs Sniff, mistook the growl for her own little burp and said, 'Pardon me.'



And the rain. Oh, the rain. How it hammered, how it poured. Even the drooling gargoyles on Snuzzle Castle had to take shelter inside the bell tower, and Lucy Longlegs, the star of the spiders' cabaret, sang 'Singin' in the Rain' from underneath a bucket in the East Wing.

But worst of all, the rainwater battered extra holes into Snuzzle Castle's roof, and droplets started to fall through the rafters and the cobwebs into Frank's bogey cupboard.

