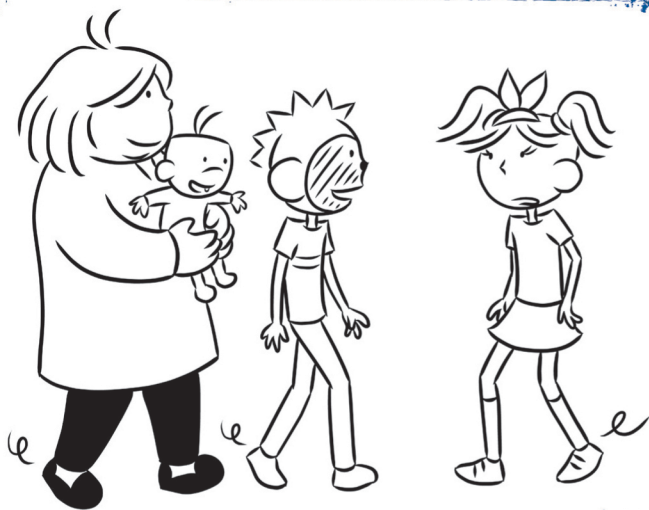
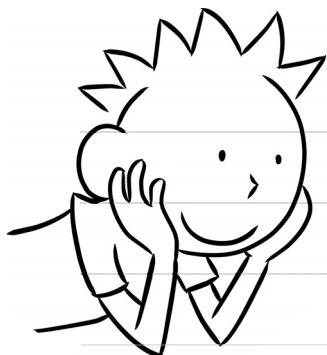


PIG



is a
Blue Baboon's
Bottom

Barbara Catchpole



How many PIG books have you read? It's best to read them in this order:

- 1 **PIG** and the Talking Poo
- 2 **PIG** and the Fancy Pants
- 3 **PIG** and the Long Fart
- 4 **PIG** plays Cupid
- 5 **PIG** gets the Black Death (nearly)
- 6 **PIG** Saves the Day
- 7 **PIG** and the Ice-cream Cake
- 8 **PIG** Skives off School
- 9 **PIG** is a Blue Baboon's Bottom
- 10 Super**PIG**!
- 11 **PIG** and the Baldy Cat
- 12 **PIG** Leaves Home (for a bit)

PIG is a Blue Baboon's Bottom
by Barbara Catchpole
Illustrated by metaphrog

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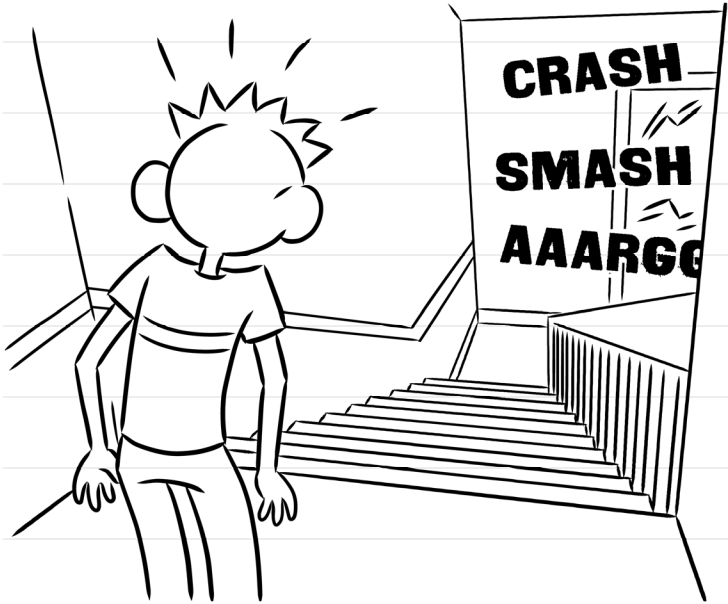
Illustrated by metaphrog



Suki sets something on fire

CRASH! SMASH! AAARGGGHHHHHHH! AAIIEEE!

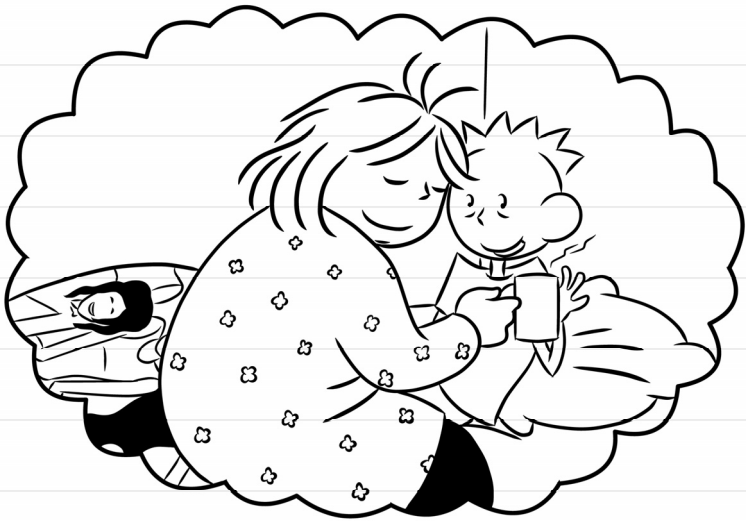
Something was being killed in our kitchen.



'Oh *!***!!!*!. Pig, get your bottom down here!'

It was Suki. I was scared to go down!

Suki. What was Suki doing in the kitchen? It was a school morning. On schooldays Mum always wakes me up with some hot chocolate and a hug. Then she goes to work at Tesco's while I get up.



I always get dressed under my Spice Girls duvet cover (tent), in case I get frostbite, because my room is freezing.

I get icicles on the inside of my bedroom window up to the end of May. In summer Mum uses my cupboard to keep her wine cold.

No, honestly, if you stopped moving, you could freeze to death in my room.

I find a lot of dead spiders there. They come in to get out of the cold and then die trying to get back out where it's warmer.



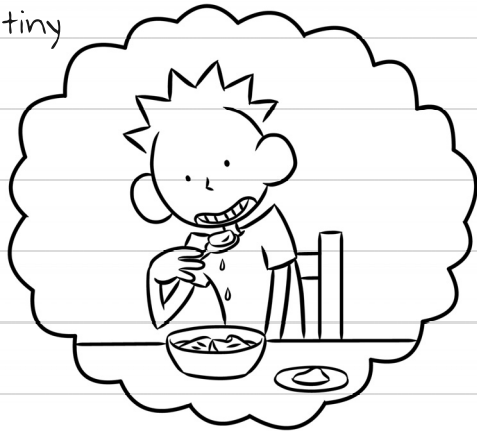
The duvet cover is Suki's. Raj used to laugh at it, but now he's a bit older I think he likes it. He looks at it a lot and he says things like:

'Which one do you like best, Pig?'

He means which Spice Girl. The other day he thought Posh Spice was winking at him.

The Spice Girls must be senior citizens by now. Maybe Gran knows them. Maybe she meets them down the Day Centre she goes to.

Anyway. My breakfast (two Weetabix with milk and honey and a tiny splodge of plum jam on a different plate) is always on the table.



I eat it, leave my homework on the kitchen table, leave my PE kit in the hall, forget my key and go to school. Unless it's a Monday, when I forget the ingredients for cookery as well.

That is what happens. Every. Normal. Schoolday. Morning.

Today is not a normal schoolday morning

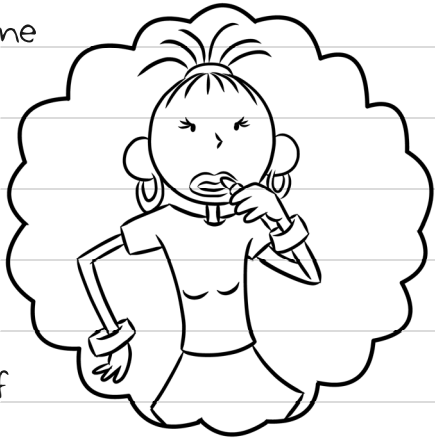
I was scared to go down if Suki was in the kitchen. Last time she boiled an egg, Mum had to dial 112. Suki isn't even allowed in the kitchen.

I ran downstairs in my pink pyjamas. (They are

Suki's - you've guessed it. So what? You want to make something of it?)

Suki was in the kitchen. This was so wrong! Suki never gets up before us.

She always gets up one minute before I want to go in the bathroom. She spends an hour in there sticking bits of her face on.



Then she drinks a cup of coffee downstairs, smokes a cigarette next to the dustbin and totters off to work on her six-inch heels.

She is always forty-five minutes late for work and her boss never says anything:

a) because he is in love with her

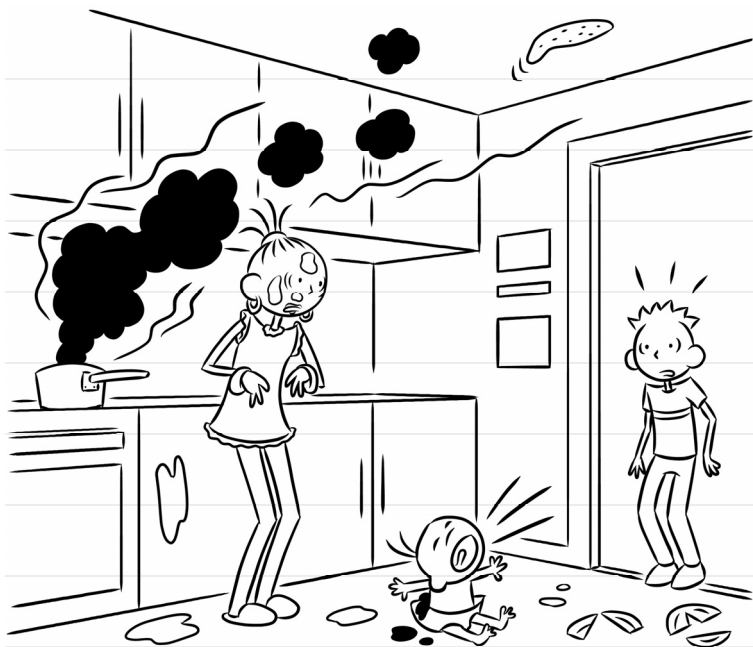
b) because he is terrified of her.

It's just the same with every other bloke she knows. She has already made Kim into her Lurve Slave. He would do anything for her.

But Suki was in the kitchen.

The kitchen was a tip. There was a pile of smashed plates on the floor, 'because the table moved' (Suki said).

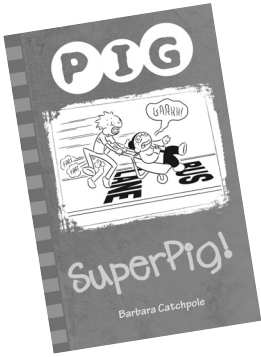
Vampire Baby was sitting on the floor and was



screaming at the top of his voice. He was bright red in the face and I could smell him from the hall. It made my eyes water.

Suki was wearing a frilly pink nightdress and lots of babyfood was dripping down her face.

Something was on fire on the cooker.



The next **PIG** book is

SuperPIG!

About the author

Barbara Catchpole was a teacher for thirty years and enjoyed every minute. She has three sons of her own who were always perfectly behaved and never gave her a second of worry.

Barbara also tells lies.

