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TOM GATES

Everything's

AMAZING

(sort of)

By L. Pichon

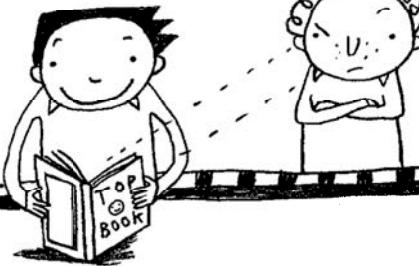
1st

FOOL

This book belongs to:

(Very smart!)

Nosy



YEAH!



First Prize



EVERYTHING'S AMAZING

(Sort of)

By
Liz Pichon

CANDLEWICK PRESS

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or, if real, are used fictitiously.

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I'm in a **VERY**
GOOD mood



TODAY for

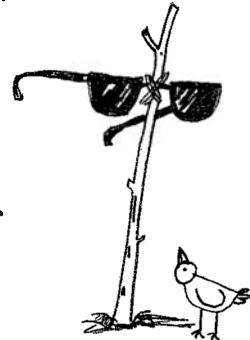
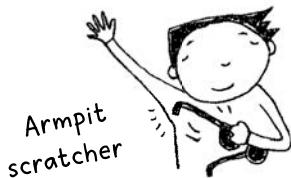
LOTS

of reasons. . . .



1. I've found MORE

excellent ways to use Delia's sunglasses
(that she doesn't know about).



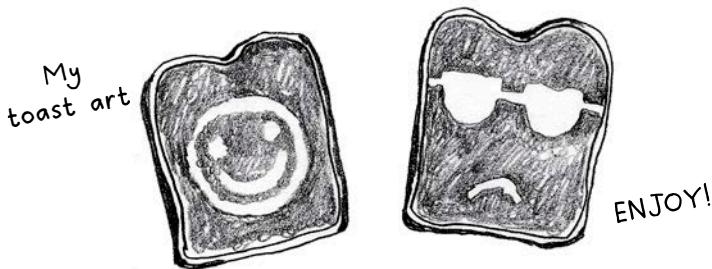
2. I RAN TWICE around the
garden before my toast popped up.

Which is a NEW



TOM GATES WORLD RECORD.

3. My TOAST DOODLES* looked AMAZING!



Especially the one of Delia.

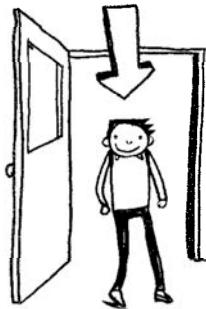
AND I'm EVEN a 'bit'
 EARLY for school.



—
*See page 407 for how I make TOAST DOODLES.



Mr. Fullerman looks **SHOCKED** to see me in class on time.



He says,



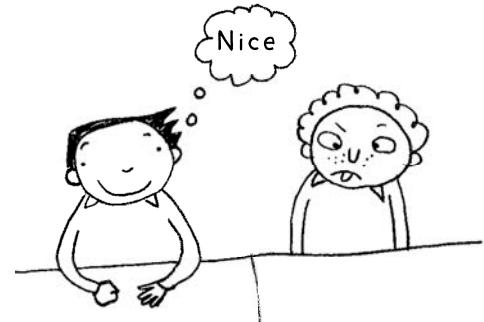
This is a nice surprise, Tom.

and smiles.

(Which doesn't happen very often.)

Then Marcus pulls a face at me.

(Which does happen a lot.)



But **NOTHING** can put me in a **BAD** mood today!

Apart from these two words . . .

"Math lesson."

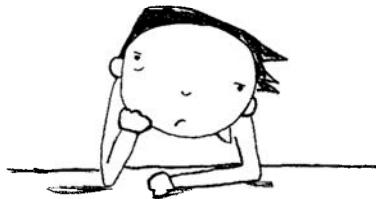
Then it gets worse . . .

"Math lesson with Mrs. Worthington."

and worse . . .

"Now."

I've stopped smiling.

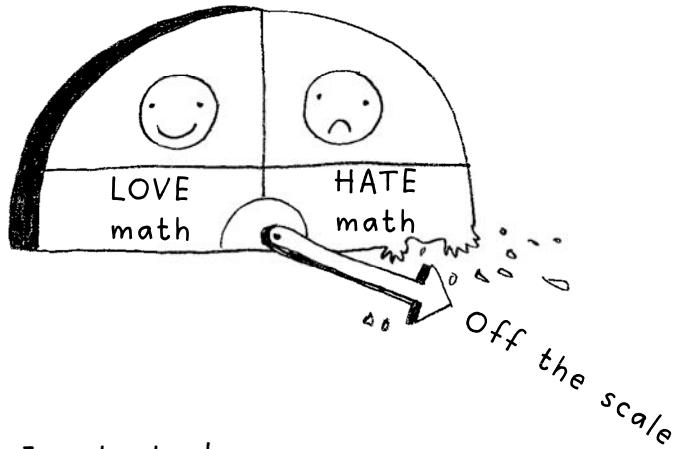


LUCKILY AMY PORTER → 

sits next to me in class and she

L O V E S math. She can't

get enough of math, which is handy for me
because **THIS** is how much I like math:



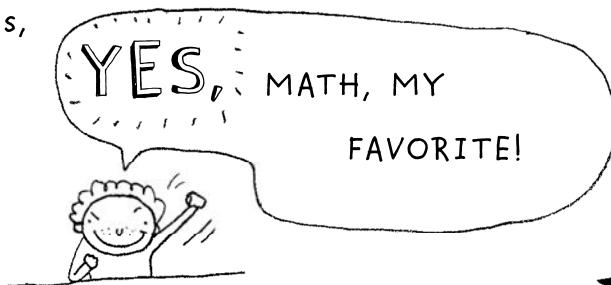
So WHEN I get stuck
on something tricky, I can take a
speedy look at **AMY**'s correct ✓ answers
like this: 

But if I look the other way like this:

All I get is  Marcus Meldrew's rubbish

answers. He's almost as bad at math as me.

But from the way he **PUNCHES** the air
and says,



you'd think he was a math



(He's not.)

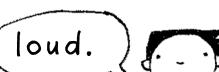


Then Mrs. Worthing **TASH** appears.

I call her that because she has a slightly

FURRY top lip. → 

Just to be clear, I **NEVER EVER**

say "Mrs. Worthing **TASH**" out  loud.

She announces to the WHOLE CLASS that if
we're **REALLY** good all lesson,
we can do her **SPECIAL MATH QUIZ.**

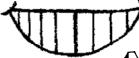
"*If* will be **SUCH** fabulous fun with numbers,"
she says enthusiastically.

I doubt it.

Marcus tells **AMY**, "You can be on my team."



Amy looks thrilled.

Marcus is behaving like a total **TWIT**. He keeps grinning  and nodding at **EVERYTHING** **Mrs. Worthing TASH**  is saying. (Yes, yes.)

Ever since Marcus was caught **CHEATING** on

GOLD STAR  **AWARD CHART**, he's been trying to get back into **ALL** the teachers' good books.

It's sort of working, too, because

Mrs. Worthing TASH congratulates Marcus
on being

so wonderfully

KEEN today.



He's sitting up STRAIGHT, looking EVEN
MORE pleased with himself now



(if that's possible).

smug

I tell AMY that "KEEN" is just
another word for

"IRRITATING."

Which makes her laugh.



Then Mrs. Worthing TASH asks, "Would you
like to share your joke with the whole class?"
We both keep very quiet.

Unlike Marcus, who won't shut up. He's got his hand up and wants to know if we'll be doing MULTIPLICATION-TABLES today. Groan. . . .

Then he says, "I've been **PRACTICING** a LOT, Mrs. Worthington."



And **Mrs. Worthing TASH** says,



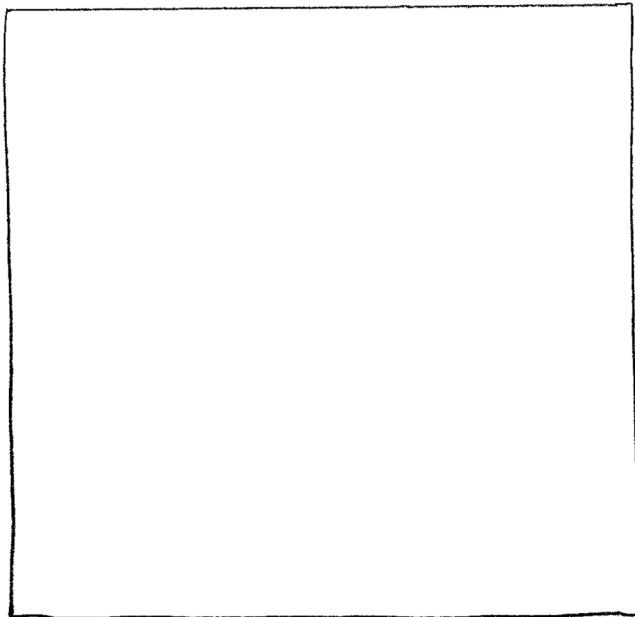
"Well done for reminding me, Marcus. Yes, we will be doing multiplication tables today.

Is everyone ready?"

Nice work, Marcus. . . .

Still, it could be worse. At least I get to do a bit of drawing, even if it is just lines and numbers.

Here goes. . . .



So far, so good.

12 squares this way

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6								30		
4	8								40		
5	10								50		
6	12								60		
7	14								70		
8	16								80		
9	18								90		
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22								110		
12	24								120		

I'm busy trying to fill in my table (doing the ones I know first: two- and ten-times table).

Marcus keeps saying,



This is **SO** easy.

But I can see that he's made loads of mistakes already.

Ha! Ha!

I take a quick glance in **AMY'S**
direction just to check I'm doing  OK.
(She's nearly FINISHED hers.)

Then it gets a bit tricky.
I have to use my fingers to
count. (Doesn't everyone?)



 **M**arcus starts DELIBERATELY
counting **LOUDER** than me, which
is really putting me off.

I **keep** losing my place.

 **TEN, FIFTEEN, TWENTY . . .**

TWO, FOUR, SIX . . . 

I'VE LOST MY PLACE AGAIN.

He's driving me . . .

BONKERS!

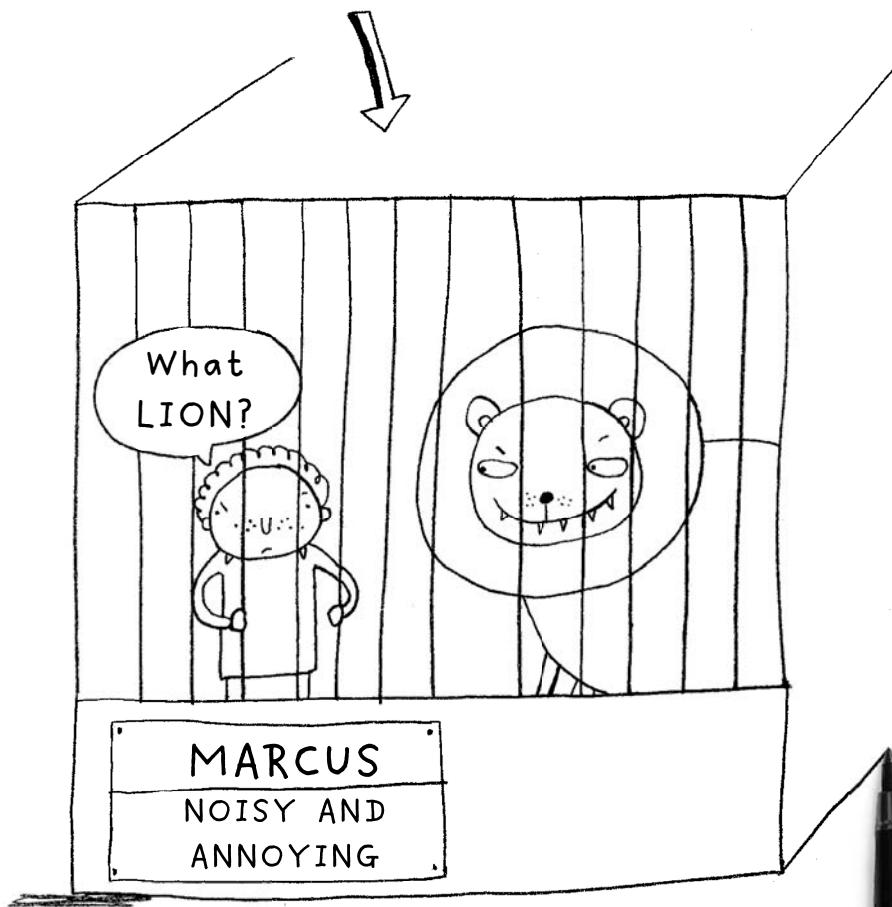
I can't concentrate with him NEXT to me being all **SMUG** and **NOISY**.

SEVEN . . .
FOURteen . . .
TWENTy-ONE.



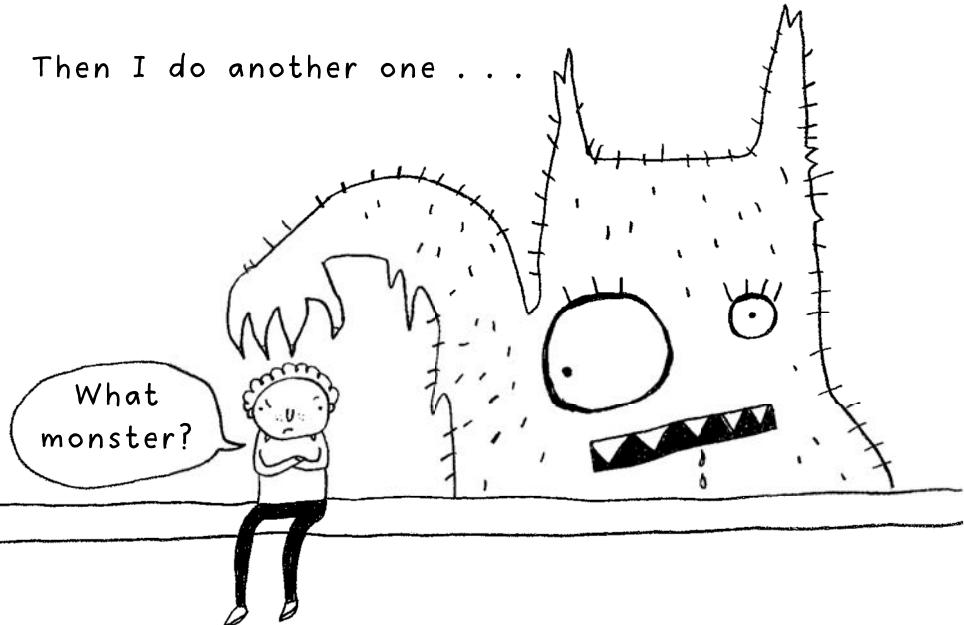
It's **impossible** to write my numbers proper.

So I start to **doodle** instead . . .

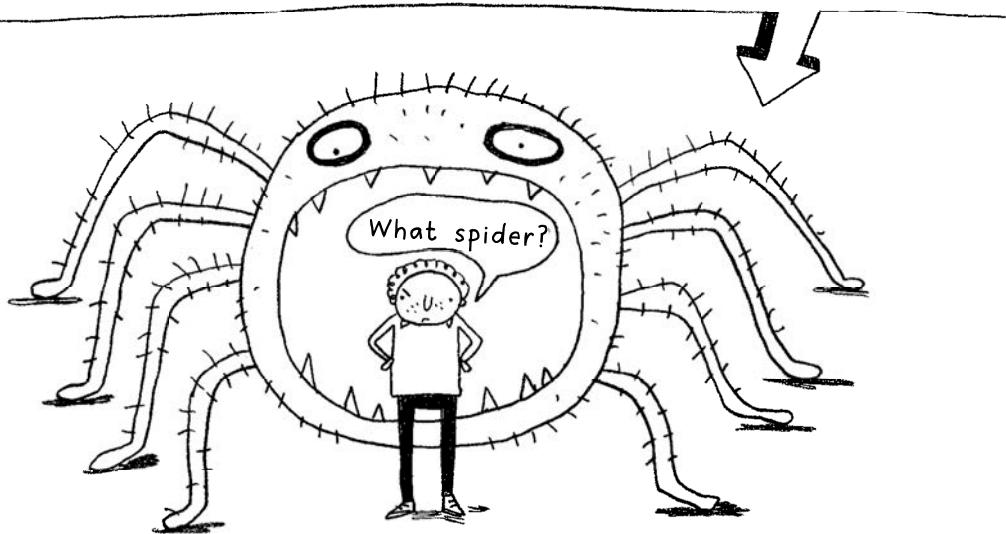


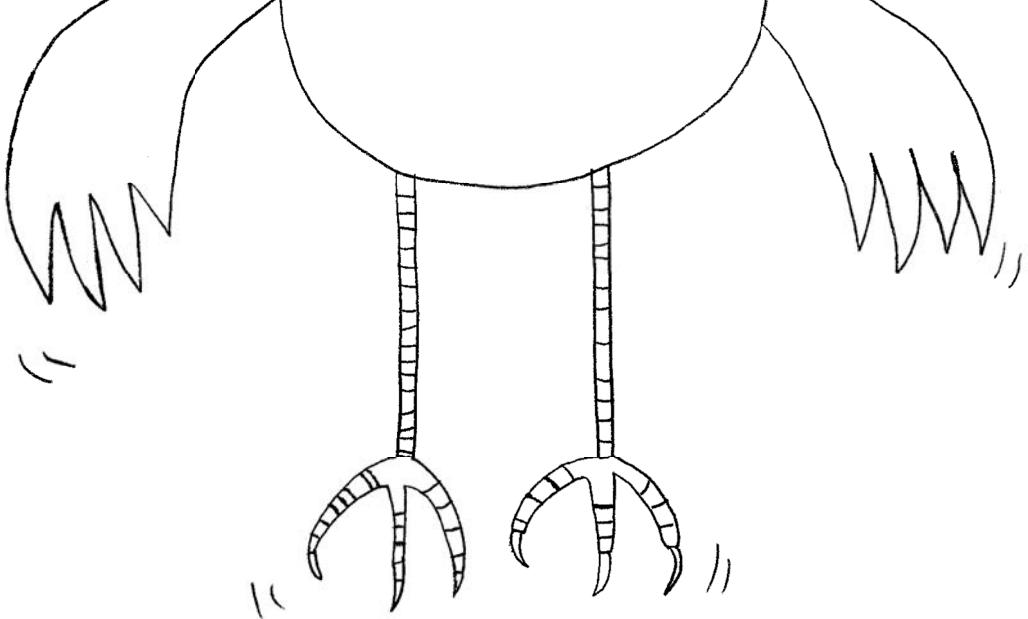
and draw this.

Then I do another one . . .

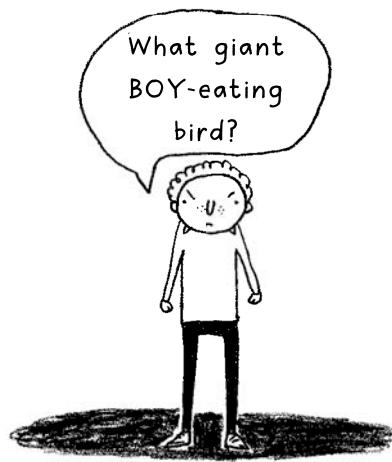


and another.





One more.



Mrs. Worthing TASH spots 
Norman Watson leaning
back in his chair.



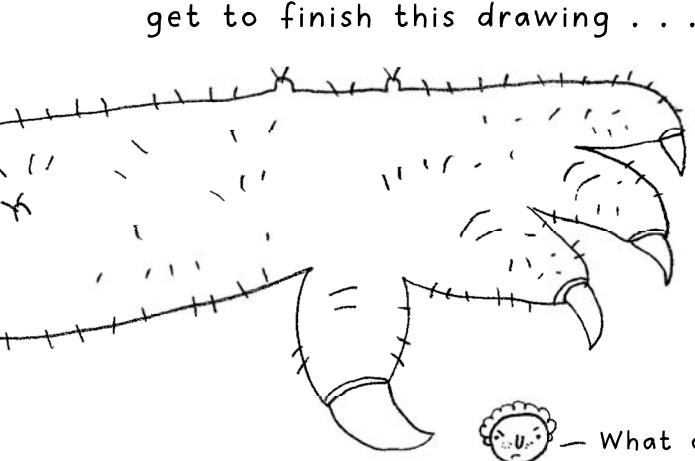
She tells him to



"SIT UP PROPERLY."

Then she says, "Now, everyone, put down your pens and LISTEN carefully."

Which is a shame because I didn't
get to finish this drawing . . .



OR my
multiplication
table.



— What ogre?

Oh, well. I'll fill it all in during the rest of the lesson.

I'm trying VERY hard to pay attention to Mrs. Worthing TASH.

She is busy teaching the lesson and saying things like:

Count how many

dots there are.

Then TIMES that by the
number of squares.

Blah, blah, blah...



Mysteriously my eyelids seem to be getting heavier and heavier and heavier

I force them back OPEN • • by trying
to **CONCENTRATE** on what she is saying.

The trouble is, it sounds like she's speaking another language (one I don't understand).



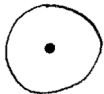
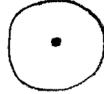
And to make things worse,

Mrs. Worthing TASH keeps moving
aaaaa

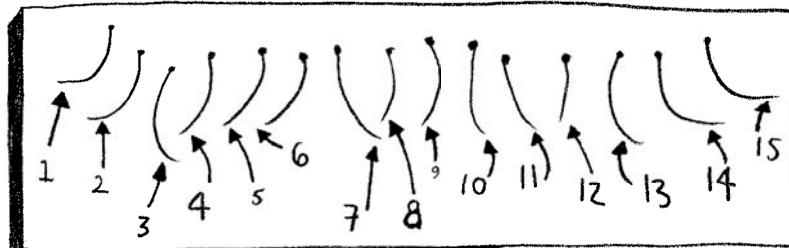
CLOSER and CLOSER

to me so I can see  her mustache
a bit too clearly for my liking.

(It's even HARDER to concentrate now.)

I find myself   STARING at the
number of hairs she has under her nose 
and counting them. Which is helping me
keep my eyes OPEN.

I have counted almost fifteen hairs when

Mrs. Worthing TASH asks me,
aaaaa

"Are you all right, Tom?"



I don't want to be rude or bring attention to the fact that I HAVEN'T finished my MULTIPLICATION TABLE yet. So I am VERY polite and say,

"I'm FINE, thank you,
MRS. WORTHINGTON TASH."

And she says, "I'm sorry, Tom, what did you say?"

So I say it a BIT LOUDER.

"I'm FINE, thank you,
MRS. WORTHINGTON TASH."

(Did I just say that out loud?)

From the way Mrs. Worthington



is **GLARING** ☺ at me,

I'm guessing I did.



Yep . . . I did.

This might take some explaining.

I try my best.

"Because I have a TERRIBLE cold, this SNEEZE" 
just crept up on me unexpectedly
when I said your name like this . . .

Mrs. Worthingaaaa TASHHOoooooo!"



Sniff,
sniff.

I'm not sure Mrs. WorthingTON is convinced.



Luckily for ME, Norman Watson comes to my rescue by falling backwards in his chair again.



NOW he's waving his legs around in the air like an upturned turtle because he's stuck.



Mrs. Worthington goes to help him and tells me:

J'll deal with you later.

Tom.



That doesn't sound good.

LATER

My math teacher's name is:

MRS. WORTHINGTON MRS. WORTHINGTON

MRS. WORTHINGTON MRS. WORTHING~~TASHTON~~

MRS. WORTHINGTON MRS. WORTHINGTON

MRS. WORTHINGTON MRS. WORTHINGTON MRS.

WORTHINGTON MRS. WORTHINGTASHTON MRS.

WORTHINGTON MRS. WORTHINGTON

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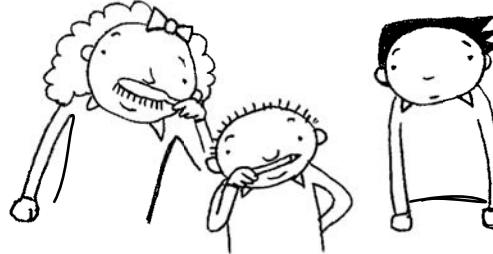
I won't make that
mistake again (out loud).





News travels *FAST* in our school.

Everyone seems to know about my
MUSTACHE MISTAKE.



 Derek is laughing a **LOT**
until I tell him about the lines I had to do
AND the **EXTRA** math homework, too.

Which he thinks is harsh.



So, to cheer me up, Derek suggests we go and have a game of

CHAMP.

It's an EXCELLENT idea.

CHAMP is a GREAT game to play for lots of reasons:

1. You don't need much stuff:

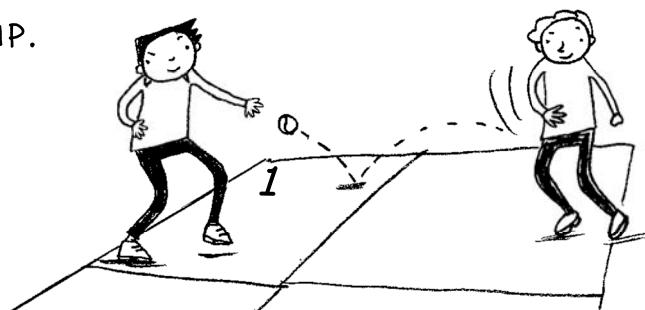
and chalk.



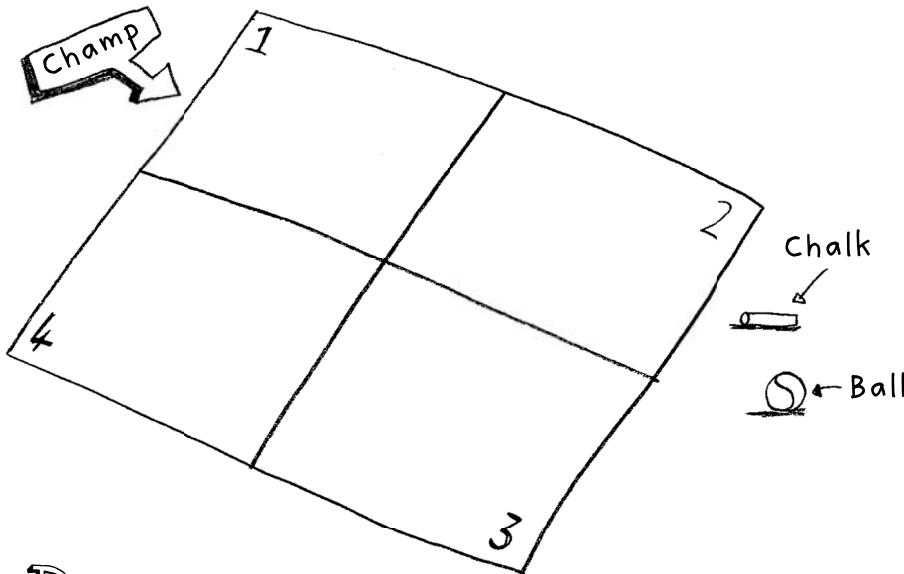
2. It's super ~~slow~~ FAST . . .

so you never get bored.

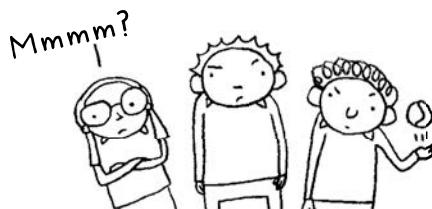
3. Me and Derek are pretty good at CHAMP.



When we get to **CHAMP CORNER**
some little kids have already drawn
out a **CHAMP** square and are about to
start playing.



Derek asks if we can join in the game, but
they don't seem THAT keen.



"I promise we won't hit the ball **hard**," 
I say in case they're worried. 

"I will, because I am **CHAMP**," 
the smallest girl says.

Derek whispers, 

"She won't be CHAMP for very long!"

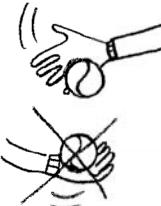
Here are the rules of CHAMP, in case
you don't know. . . .



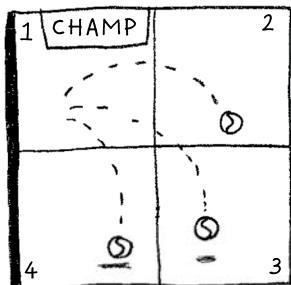
RULES of CHAMP

(It's a bit like cheap tennis.)

- ① Use your hand to hit the ball
(no scooping).

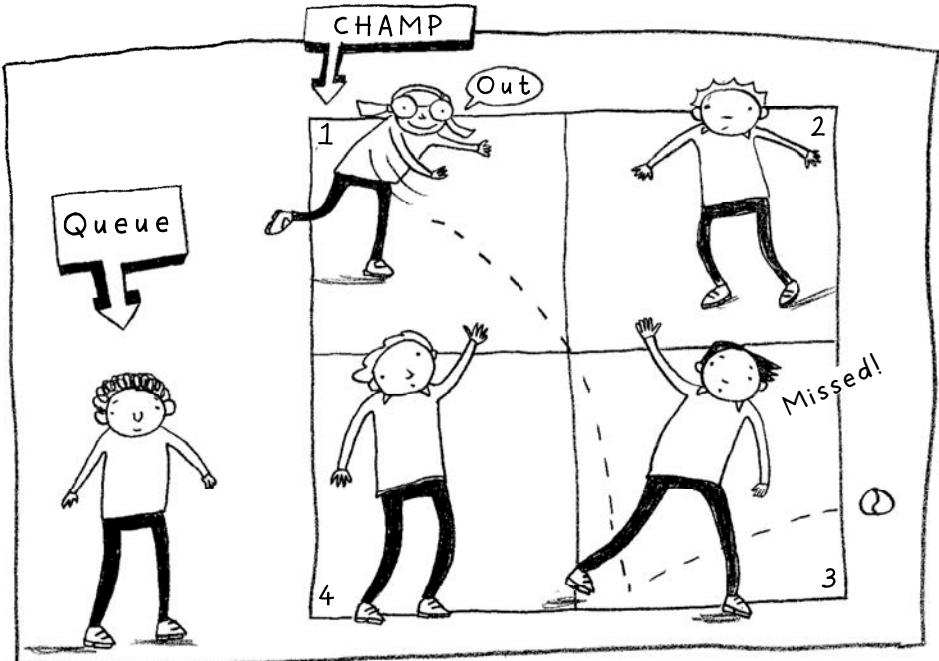


- ② Only one bounce allowed
but the ball can go to any
of the four squares.



To BECOME the
CHAMP you
move around the squares.

But if you're OUT
you go to the back of
the queue, or to square
four if there's no one waiting.



Y
O
U must try to stay in CHAMP SQUARE
for as long as possible to become the

**ULTIMATE
CHAMP**

(Oh, yes!)

Tom Gates: Everything's Amazing (Sort Of)

L. Pichon



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