



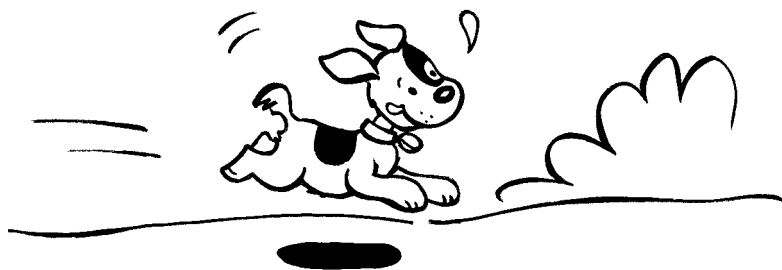
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**Tommy Tales feature the lovable rascal
Tommy Tomkins and his friends.**

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BOOK 1



The School Lunch Room



Tommy Tales

Thomas A. Tomkins is in third grade.
His friends call him Tommy. Tommy has
a dog. His name is Taffy. Taffy finds things
and brings them to Tommy.

Taffy found a hat and gave it to Tommy.
Taffy found a box and gave it to Tommy.
Taffy found a ball and gave it to Tommy.



One day, Tommy was playing with his
friend Lucy. Taffy ran to them. He had
found a TV remote control. It was not
an ordinary remote control. It was purple
with red stripes.

“Where did you find this clicker?” asked
Tommy. Taffy just wagged his tail. Tommy
took the clicker and started playing with
the buttons.



Suddenly, the clicker made a loud screeching noise. There was a flash of blue light and thick smoke. When the smoke cleared, Lucy and Taffy were gone!



Tommy was very surprised. He stood still for a moment with his mouth open.

He blinked his eyes and shouted,

“Where are you, Lucy?”

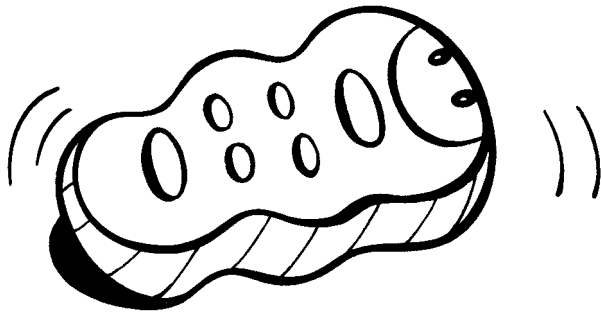
“Come here, Taffy!”



He looked for them behind the bushes.
He looked for them under the bench.
He looked for them on top of the wall.
He could not find them anywhere.

"I think I made them disappear with the clicker," he said to himself. He tried pressing the buttons on the clicker to get his friends back. Nothing happened.

"Perhaps the batteries are dead," he thought.



But there was no place for batteries. He studied the numbers and words on the buttons of the clicker. One read "forward." He pressed it. Nothing happened. Another read "back." He pressed it. Nothing happened.

"Perhaps I should point the clicker at myself and press," he thought.



He turned the clicker around and pressed "replay." Suddenly, the clicker made a loud screeching noise.

There was a flash of blue light and thick smoke. He felt himself leave the ground. He turned upside down.

Everything went black. Tommy fell to the ground with a bump.

He slowly opened his eyes. He looked around. He saw Lucy smiling at him.

He heard Taffy barking at him.

"Where am I?" asked Tommy.

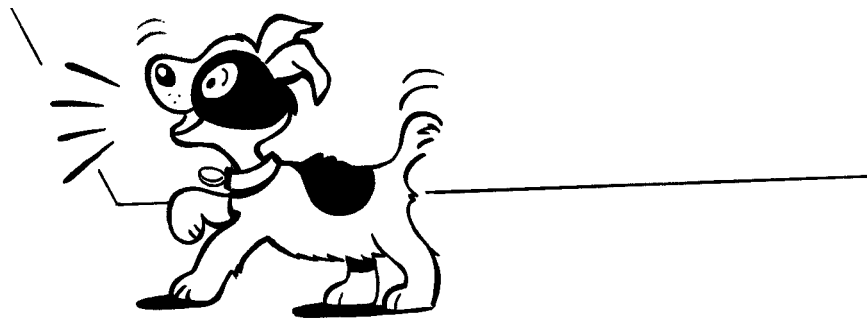


"We're in the school lunch room," answered Lucy. "But I don't know how we got here," she said.

Tommy told her that the magic clicker sent them there. "We shouldn't be here on a Saturday," said Tommy. "We'll be in big trouble if someone finds us."

They looked for a way to get out. They tried the doors. They were locked. They tried the windows. They were locked, too.

"What can we do?" cried Lucy. "We can't stay here until Monday."

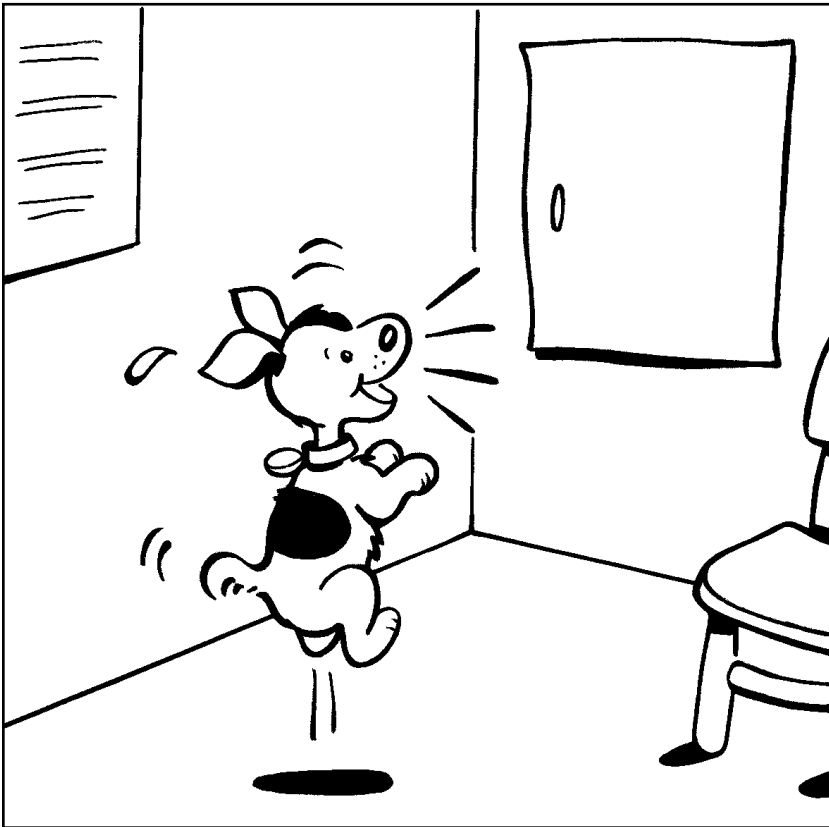


"We will not be hungry," said Tommy.

"We're in the lunch room. There must be lots of food here."

Taffy started barking loudly. He found a little door in the corner of the room.

"It's not locked," said Tommy. He opened the door.



They looked in, but it was as dark as night.

"Shall we try crawling in there?" asked Lucy.

Tommy picked up Taffy. "Let's go," he yelled. "It's the only way to get out of here."



Tommy and Taffy went through the door. They squeezed in. Lucy followed closely behind.

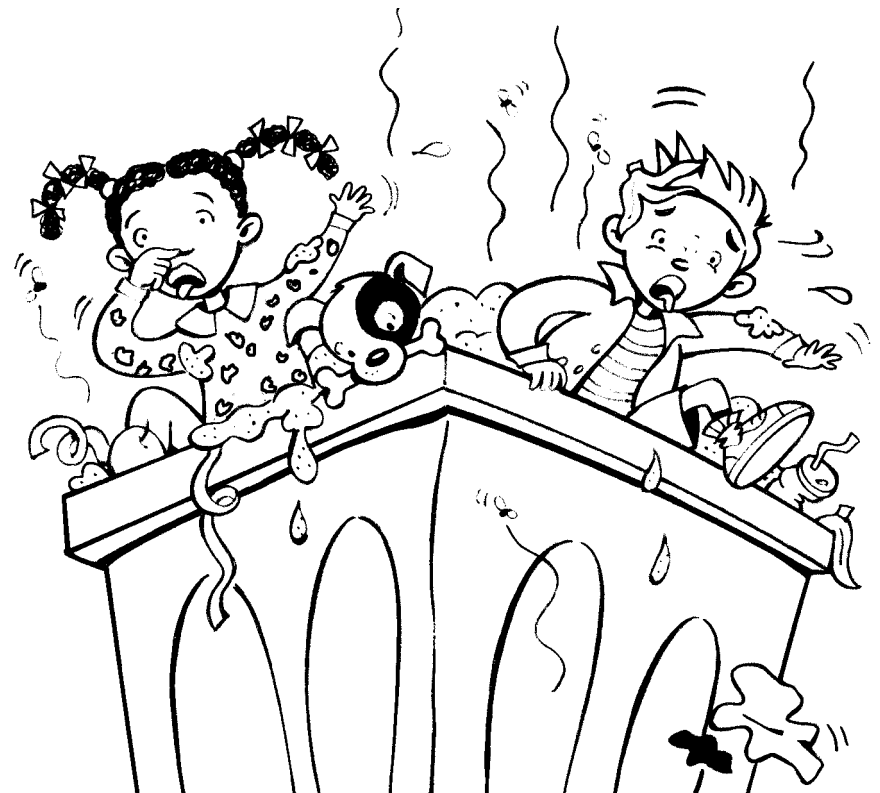
Suddenly, they were sliding down. It was like going down the playground slide, but faster.



At last, they reached the bottom. They landed in something soft and squishy. It was also stinky and smelly.

They looked around. They were in a big garbage bin. They were sitting in piles of smelly old food.

“Yuck, this is horrible. Let’s get out of here,” shouted Lucy.

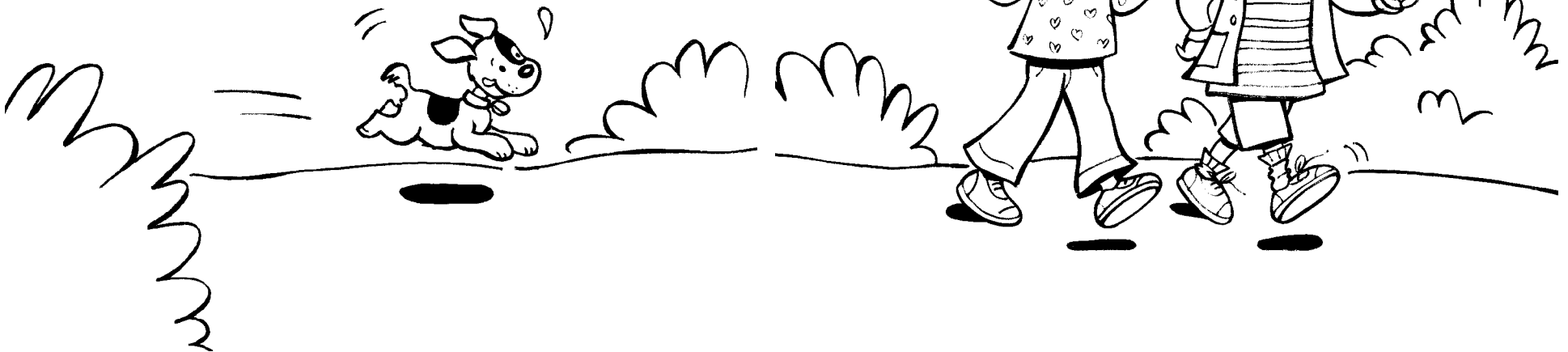


They jumped out of the garbage bin and ran out of the school gates. After five minutes, they stopped to catch their breath.

“What are you going to do with the magic clicker? I think it makes trouble,” said Lucy.

“I don’t know,” said Tommy.

They decided to ask their best friends. They would tell them about the clicker the next day, at the park.



“I’ll show Andy and Kim what the clicker can do. I may even send them to the school lunch room,” laughed Tommy.

They said “Good-bye” and both ran home.

“What will I tell Mom about my stinky clothes?” he thought.

As he ran, he safely hid the magic clicker in his pocket.