

FROM THE TOTALLY  
BRILLIANT BEST-  
SELLING U.K. SERIES

# TOM GATES

# EXTRA

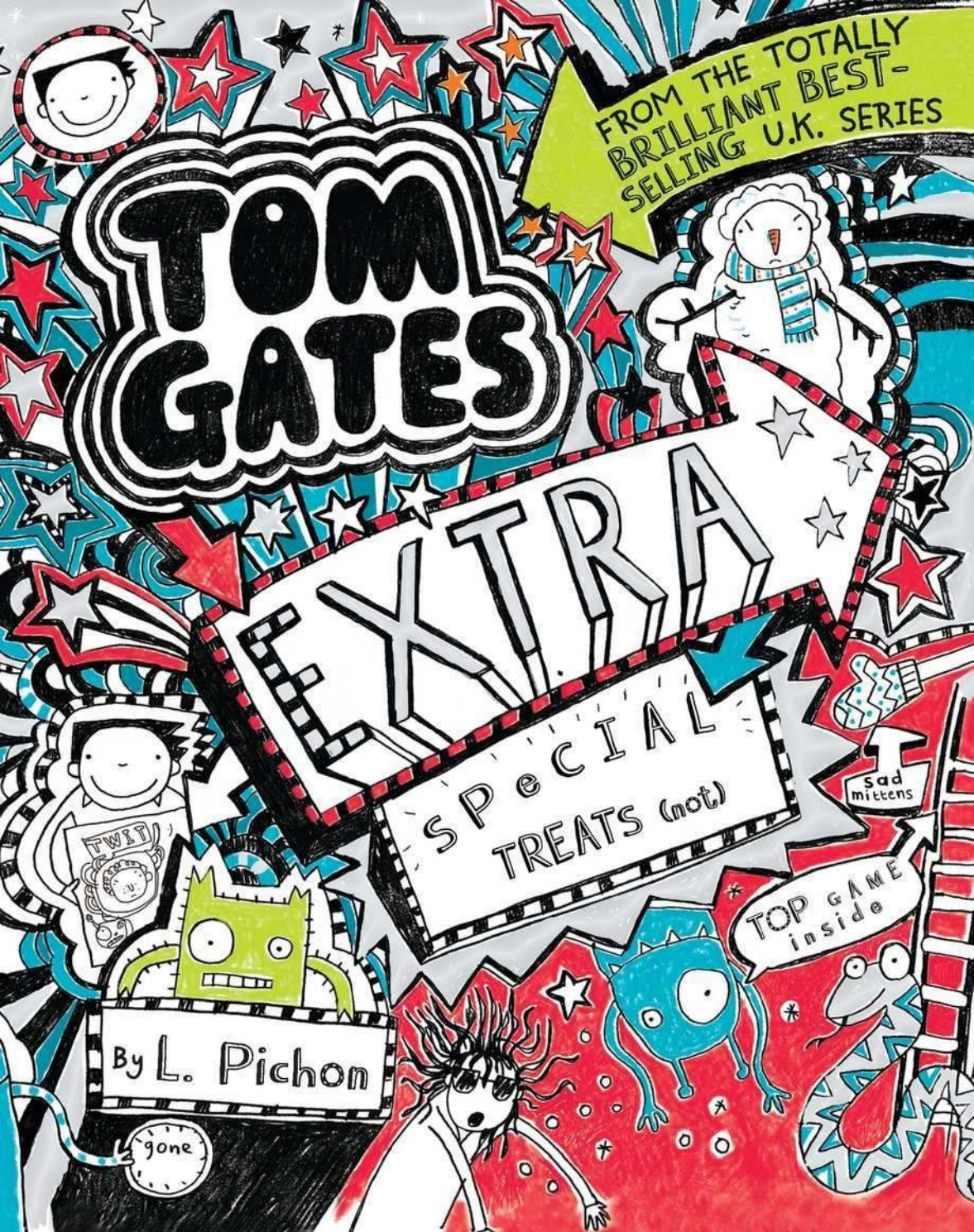
SPECIAL  
TREATS (not)

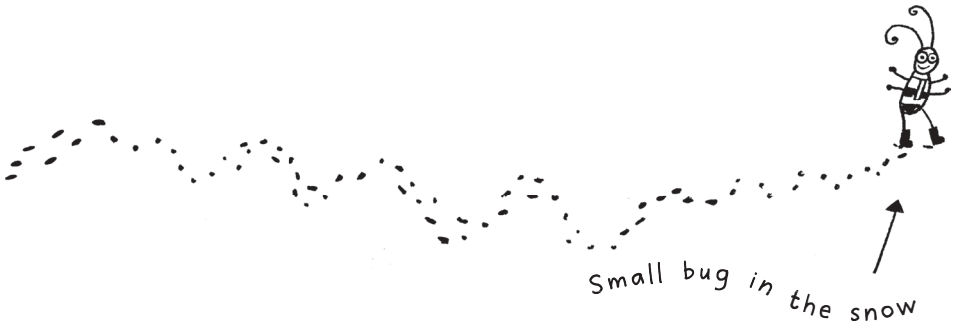
By L. Pichon

gone

Sad  
mittens

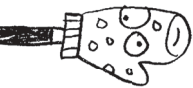
TOP GAME  
inside

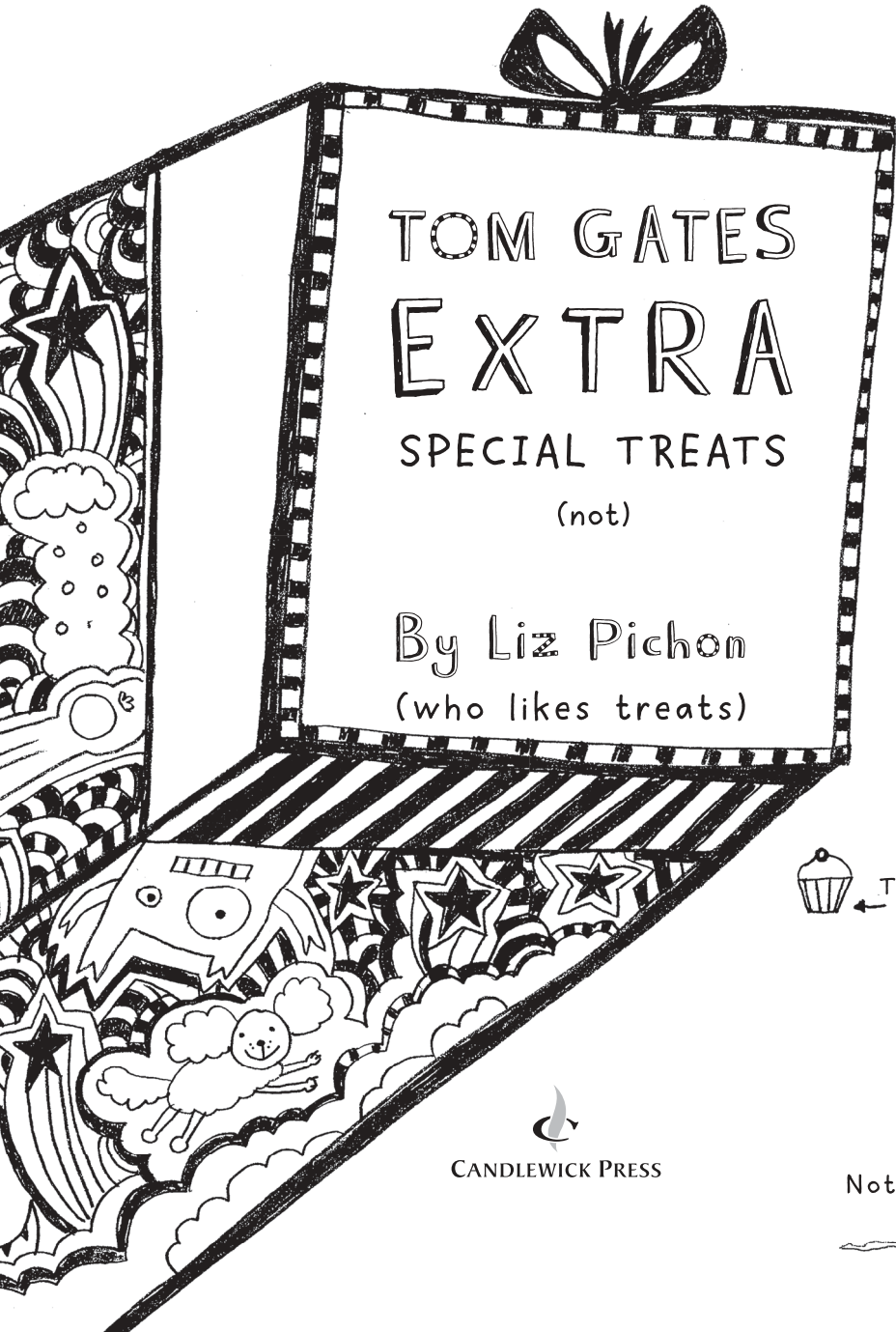




Small bug in the snow

Mittens!  
No!





TOM GATES  
EXTRA

SPECIAL TREATS

(not)

By Liz Pichon  
(who likes treats)



← Treat



CANDLEWICK PRESS

Not a treat →



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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Thank you



ありがとう



Cảm ơn



Grazie



תודה רבה



Obrigada



A BIG THANK-YOU to all the publishers around the world who've helped introduce the books, caramel wafers, and doodling to kids everywhere!

고맙습니다



ευχαριστώ

Obrigada



dziękuję



спасибо!



Děkuji



Dakujem



Special thanks to Mark xx

Paldies!



谢谢

Gràcies



Danke

Takk fyrir



Thanks to Andrew

Merci

感謝



Thanks, Jason and Jess

mulțumesc

Dankjewel



Teşekkürler

Gracias



Thanks, Zöe and Corinne

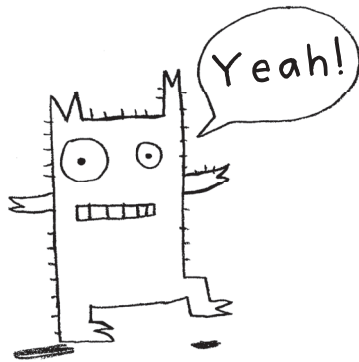


diolch



ačiū







Ha!

TOM

DOGZON



DUDES

Yeah!

TOON




What!

Grrr

No!

BIBES

THIS is a  
STAR  
PUPIL  
BADGE.

It's not mine. It belongs to  
MARCUS MELDREW.    
I found it under my desk  
and  picked it up.



He hasn't noticed it's gone yet.

The **BADGE** must have fallen off



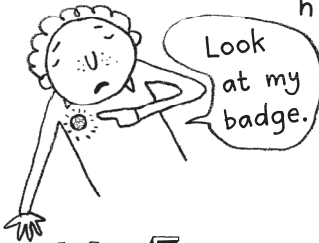
his sweater.

I **a m** going to give it back to him (eventually).

Mr. Fullerman  made Marcus a **STAR PUPIL** because he'd done all his homework on time and apparently he's been

**making a BIG effort in class.** 

Marcus hasn't stopped **BRAGGING** about his **BADGE** ever since he put it on.

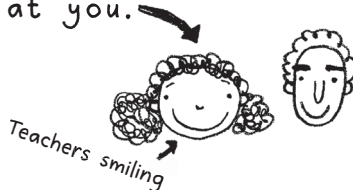


**AMY**'s had a **STAR PUPIL** badge before but I haven't (YET).





Mr. Fullerman chooses different **STAR PUPILS** every term. I've noticed that if you have a **STAR PUPIL BADGE** **TEACHERS** are **NICER** and *smile* a lot more at you.

It's **TRUE!** 😊



AND you get to hang out in the library at lunchtime (which would be excellent for catching up on reading my comics).

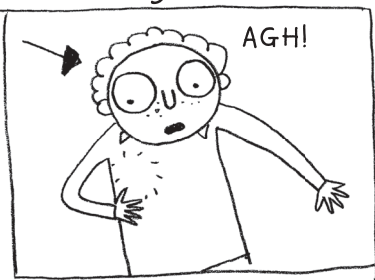
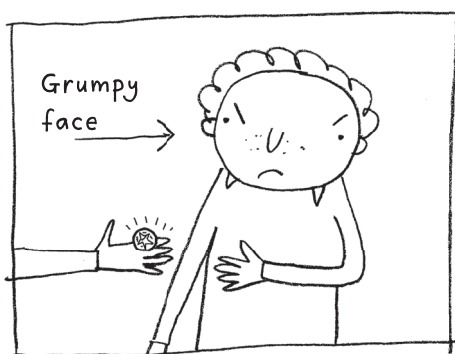
The badges this term I k EXCELLENT.

So, just for a change, I'm going to get ALL my  homework done on time too. 

I REALLY want a   BADGE.

In the meantime, here's a picture of Marcus when he thought he'd LOST his badge.

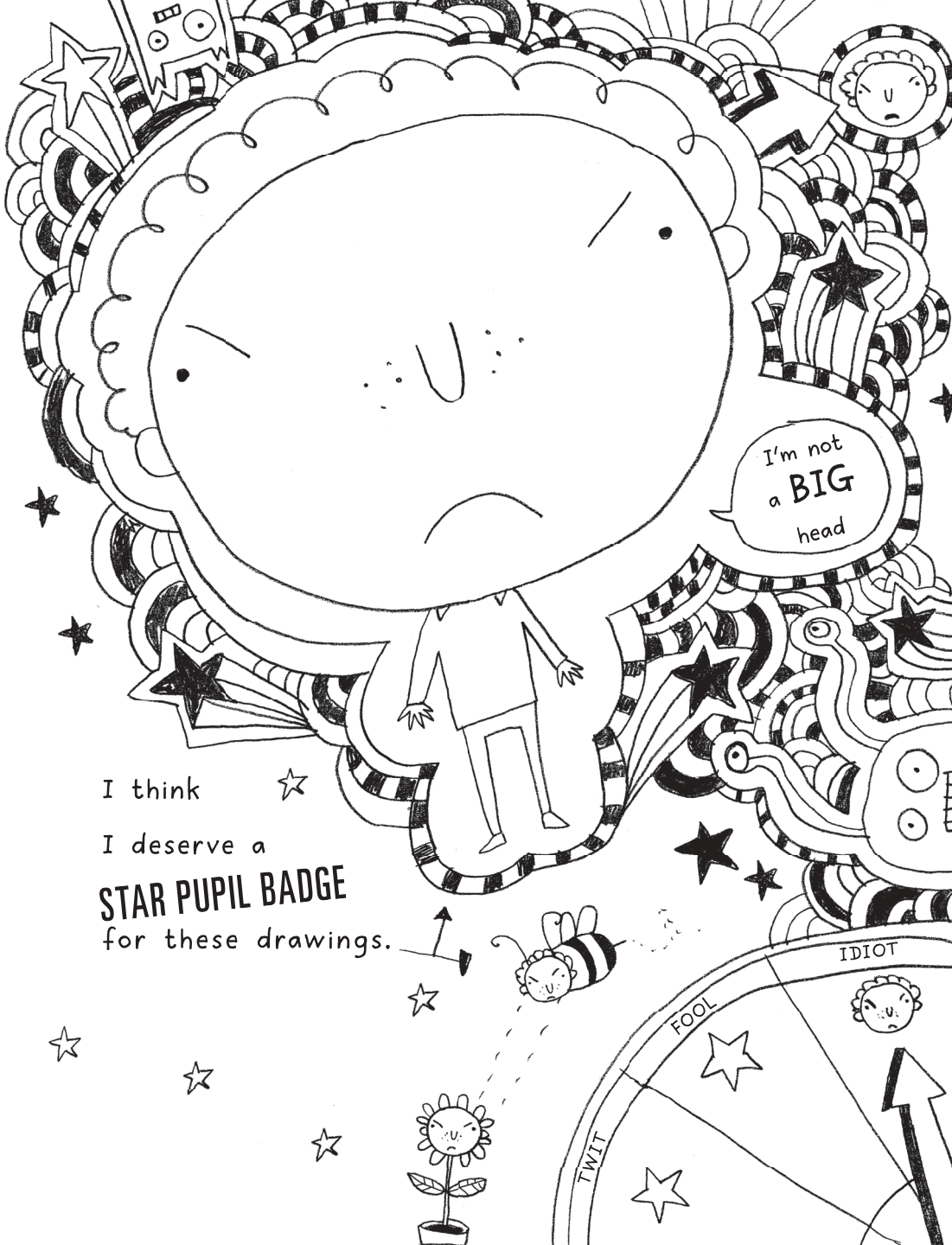
And here's a picture of Marcus when he got the badge back.



Marcus didn't even say thank you to me.

So I did this doodle of him for  FUN.





I'm not  
a **BIG**  
head

I think  
I deserve a  
**STAR PUPIL BADGE**  
for these drawings.




Tom, if you put as much  
EFFORT into your homework as  
you have into your doodles,  
you'll be well on the way  
to becoming a STAR PUPIL.

Mr. Fullerman

Yes, Mr. Fullerman, I WILL. 😊

(I've said it now.)

---

I'm walking home from school with Derek   
(my **BEST** friend and next-door neighbor). We're  
chatting about all kinds of **important** STUFF like:

★ What we're going to EAT when we get  
home and    toast 

★ who's going to get a STAR PUPIL  
this time.



Then we spot someone in front of us who looks a bit like my grumpy older sister, Delia.



Is that Delia? Derek asks me.

And I say, I'm not sure, it might be?



“DEEEEEEELLLLLIA!  
DEEEEEEELLLLLIA!”

I shout – but she IGNORES me.




“She can’t hear me,” I say.

“Let’s shout **LOUDER**,”



Derek suggests.

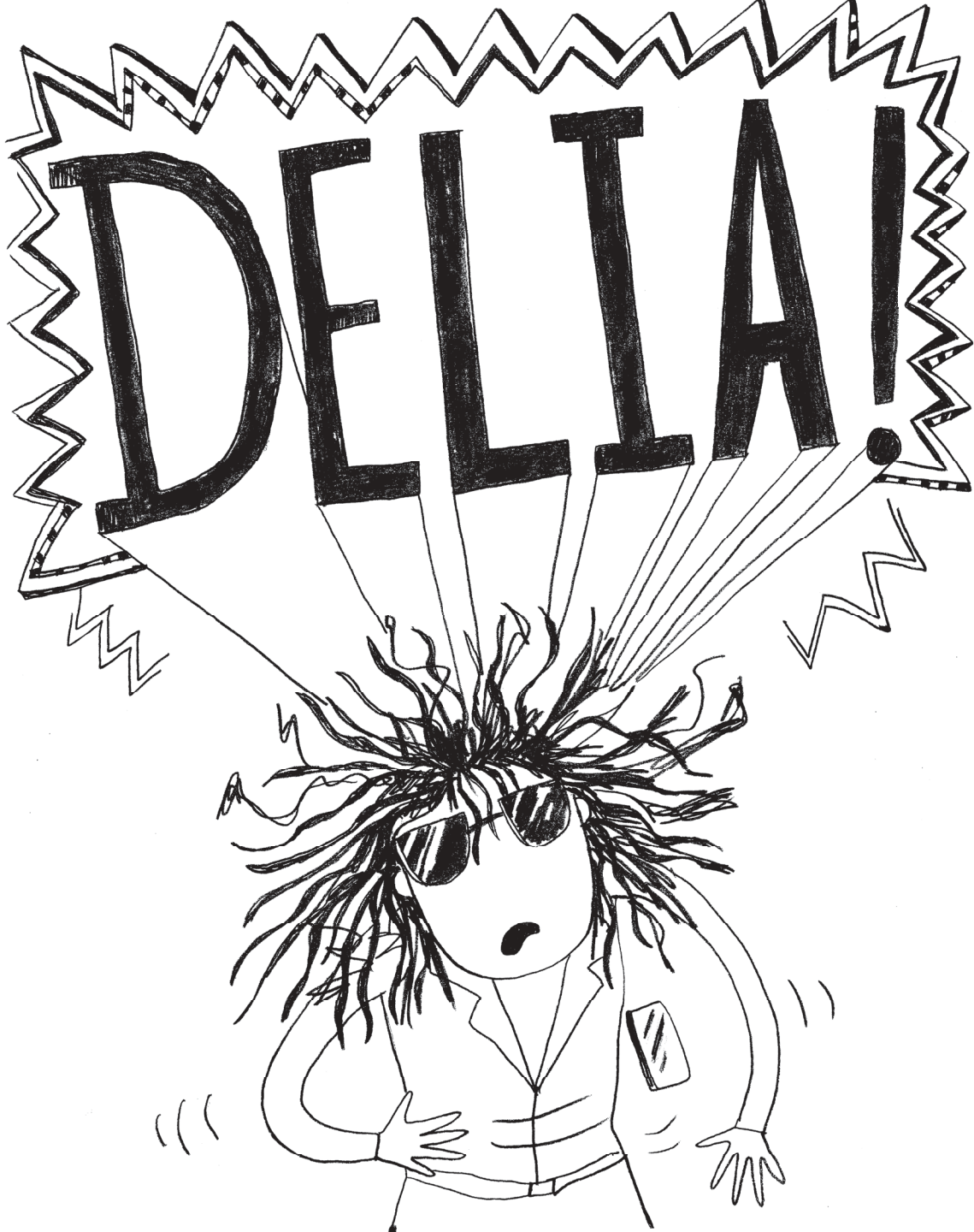


“And get a bit  closer too,” I say.



So we do....





From the **IOOK** on Delia's face, I think she heard us that time.


I was going to say hello - but I changed my mind ... quickly.




I'm not sure Delia was

**THAT** pleased to see us.



We run   all the way home instead.

"Your sister wasn't very happy, was she?"

 Derek says as he goes into his house.

 "Don't worry,"  I tell him.

"Delia's **NEVER** happy; she ALWAYS looks like that."

(Which is true.)



Delia in the morning.



Delia in the afternoon.



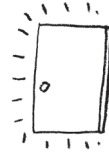
Delia in the evening.

Then we both say **BYE** and **See you later.**

And I go inside.



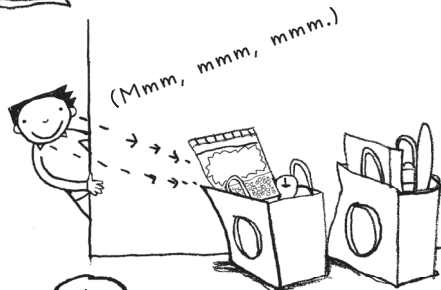
As soon as I close the door, I forget all about Delia and head straight for the kitchen, because I've just remembered that Mom bought a **GIANT** bag of



**GIANT**



the other day.



The trouble is, Mom often  
hides the really good TREATS.



This is because:

1. TREATS get eaten RIGHT AWAY  
in our house. →



2. Mom likes to keep some TREATS  
JUST for guests (Biscuits? (which is annoying)).

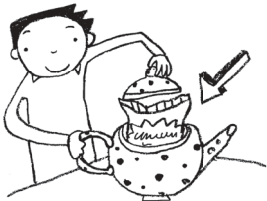


3. I'm NOT supposed to help myself.



LUCKILY I've become an  
EXPERT at finding them.


(Mmmmm, let me see.) That didn't take long.



The trick is to **OPEN**  the raisins carefully without **RIPPING** the bag so it doesn't look like anyone's touched them.

(Easy does it.)





I'm SO busy delicately tipping the raisins into my hand  that I don't **HEAR** Mom coming



—until she's outside the kitchen door.

**THEN I PANIC.**



There's just enough time to **SHOVE**  the bag of raisins back inside the teapot and **SLAM**  down the lid before Mom comes in.





"HELLO, TOM, you're home early," Mom says.




(I'm trying not to look guilty.)

I tell Mom,  "Derek and I ran   
ALL the way home *EXTRA*  *FAST* in a race.

 **PHEW!** I feel REALLY TIRED   
now."

(The bit about being "TIRED" I've added  
in for a VERY good reason.)

I'm still holding the chocolate raisins in  
my hand and they're beginning to  **MELT.**



I do a **MASSIVE**  
**YAWN**



and put my hand UP to my mouth.

Then I **SHOVE** IN as many of the raisins  
as I can without Mom noticing.



(Turns out there's a **LOT** more  
than I thought - GULP.)



This plan would have worked, but Mom keeps asking me questions. She says, "You know Granny Mavis  and Granddad Bob  are coming around tonight to keep an eye on things?"





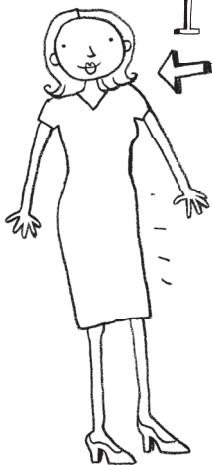
I can't speak because my mouth is STUFFED full of chocolate raisins.

So I



**NOD** instead.

"We're going out for dinner with someone Dad works with."  I smile and nod some more. 



"I've got this new dress especially for tonight - oh - AND Granny Mavis doesn't need to cook; there's food in the oven." (Which is a relief because you never know what Granny will make.)

Pasta and peaches, anyone?



I'm trying **REALLY** hard to chew the raisins without Mom noticing.



What are you eating, Tom?

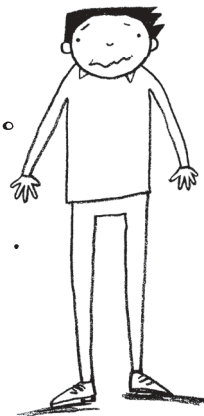
(That didn't work, then.)

When I try to say **NOTHING** a raisin nearly **POPS** out of my mouth.



Instead, I do the **ONLY** thing I can think of to get me out of this

**VERY  
TRICKY  
SITUATION.**



Here goes ...



I give Mom a  
**GREAT  
BIG  
HUG.**

"That's a nice hug, Tom. . . . What's that for?"  
Mom says, hugging me back.  
All the time I'm chewing raisins and TRYING  
to think of a good answer.

Then

# SUDDENLY

Delia comes

STORMING INTO the house and  
the front door behind her.



## "Where's Tom?"

She sounds a bit cross.



"What's wrong, Delia?"

Mom asks her.



"THIS is what's

# WRONG!"



Delia holds up her




**BROKEN** cell phone.



"IT'S all YOUR FAULT!"


she says, pointing at me.





"What have I done?" I say, trying to finish off the last raisin.


(I keep close to Mom in case Delia goes even more **BONKERS**.)

Mom says,  "How could Tom break your phone? He's been here with me."

Good point, Mom.

Delia is **STILL** looking **FiERCE**.



 "I'll tell you **how**. Tom and that nerdy friend of his *sneaked* right up behind me and

**SCREAMED**

MY NAME so


loudly the **SHOCK** made me drop my **PHONE**.

**NOW**

look at it!"



(Who knew that would happen?)

 I tell Delia:

1. **D**erek isn't NERDY.

2. **B**reaking her  phone was an accident.

(Derek  
NOT being  
NERDY.)

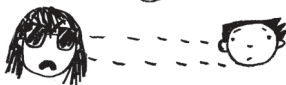


Then I do an **EXTRA**-sad face to make the point a bit more.

"We only wanted to say hello!"

I tell Mom.

**D**elia is SCOWLING at me.



She says,




Do me a favor — if you EVER see me walking in front of you again — **DON'T** come anywhere **NEAR** me or even SPEAK to me!



"Calm down, Delia," Mom says, which upsets her even more.

"I'm sure **T**om didn't mean to break your phone. Did you, Tom?"

((  )) (I shake my head.)



"We could get it fixed?" Mom adds.

Delia

**SLAMS**



her phone down on the table and says, "Good luck with that," then **STORMS** off in a huff.



Looking at the cracked phone on the table, I tell Mom,

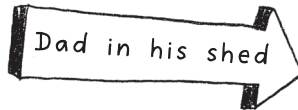
"It's definitely **BROKEN** now."

"Oh, dear," Mom says. Then she notices the time.




"Tom, would you please go and tell your dad to *hurry up*. We

mustn't be late tonight. I bet he's still working in his shed!"






(He's not.)



"Yes, Mom," I say while trying **NOT** TO STARE at the  teapot.

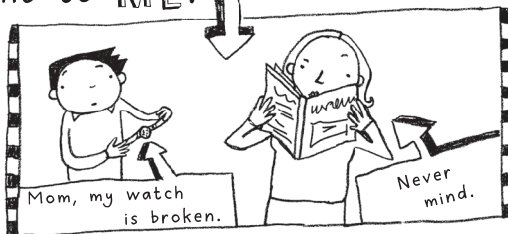


"I don't want Delia being in such a **BAD** MOOD when Bob  and Mavis  get here. She can use my phone until we get her a **NEW** one. Or get hers fixed." 

(Well, that's not going to happen, is it?) 

If you ask **ME**, it seems a bit unfair that Delia gets a new **PHONE**. If **I** break something, that **NEVER** happens to **ME**.

**NOW** might be a good time to ask about my **BROKEN** bike?



If Delia's getting a new phone, can I have a **NEW** bike?



Mmmmmm



(That'll be a **NO** then.)  
Sigh.

Delia is an **EXPERT** at blaming **ME** 

for things she's done. She did it **ALL** the time when I was little.



Her favorite trick was stealing my food when I wasn't **lōōking**. **ESPECIALLY** ice cream.

Delia would **stare** at something in the **air** and say,

"**W**hat's that, **T**om?"

And I'd glance up and say,  
"I can't see anything."



Then Delia would **GASP** and say,

"Look up **THERE!**

Can't you see it... it's a **BUG** or something!"



I loved **BUGS**, so that would make me **STARE** even more.

"Over there, **QUICKLY, LOOK!**



**LOOK!**"

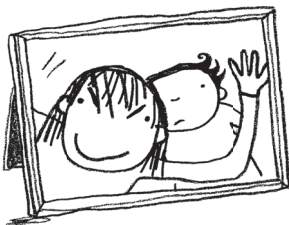
While I was busy looking at **NOTHING**, Delia would be sneakily **LEANING** over and taking **GIANT** LICKS of my ice cream. Then she'd say, "Didn't you see it? Never mind — it's gone now, Tom."

(Along with half my ice cream usually.)



I was really young, so it took me a while to work out what she was doing.

And if I tried the same trick on Delia she'd just say, "Don't bother, Tom, I'm not an idiot ... like you." She always was a nice sister.



(Not.)

While Mom is giving her phone to Delia, I'm sitting here **STILL STARING** at the teapot filled with



Chocolate Raisins.




I should be sensible and stay away from the raisins. **ESPECIALLY** after such a

**LUCKY ESCAPE.**



☺ Will Mom be gone for very long? (YES) ✓

☺ Have I got time to  GRAB another handful of raisins? (YES) ✓

As the answer to BOTH questions is  YES!   
I lift the teapot lid and scoop out another  
handful of *Chocolate Raisins*. 



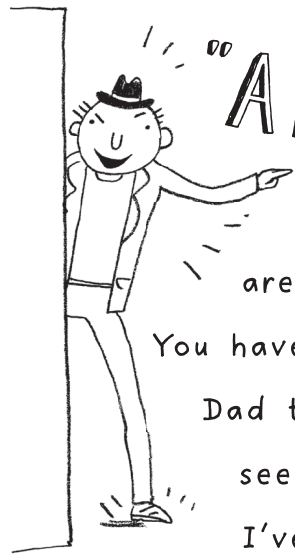
Then another ...

Then one more for  luck!



I don't hear Dad coming in

from the shed until he says,



"AHA!" which makes me  
"THAT'S where the raisins  
are. I've been looking for them everywhere.  
You haven't eaten them all, have you, Tom?"  
Dad takes the bag from me to  
see for himself. (Surprisingly,  
I've eaten quite a few.)

JUMP!



Tom?"



"I'm guessing your mom didn't say you could help yourself, did she?"  (I've been found out.)

I tell Dad, "It was a small bag, I haven't eaten *THAT* many."

(I think I'm in trouble.)

Then Dad says,

It was a tiny bag of raisins.





"I can buy another bag to replace this one."  
And he tips the rest of the raisins

• RIGHT into his mouth.

"MMMMM, I love raisins," he says while tilting his head back to finish them off. Mom comes in just in time to see the last one being eaten.



And you wonder WHY I HIDE the treats in this house?

Dad can't answer because his mouth is stuffed full of raisins. **GULP**



"You know we're going out for dinner?"

"I'm still hungry, don't worry!" Dad tells her.



"The **WHOLE** bag is gone?" Mom says.



(Dad doesn't mention that I helped him out.)