



**Stewie  
Scraps  
and the  
Easy Rider**

Written by Sheila M Blackburn  
and illustrated by Leighton Noyes

  
**Brilliant**  
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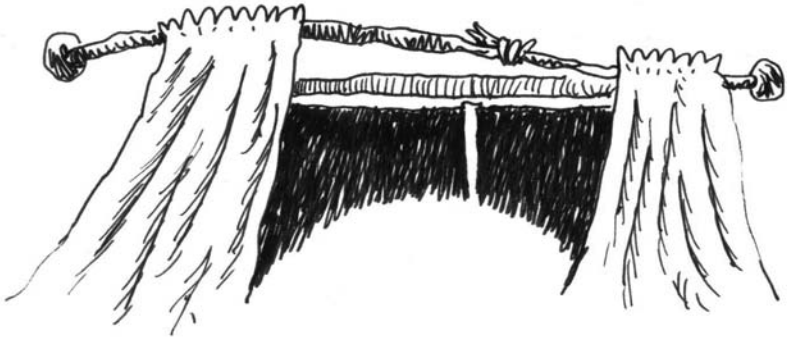
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For Mel, a very special friend, and with thanks and love to Tom.

A huge thank you “to everyone at Brilliant Publications and especially to Priscilla Hannaford.”



## **It's curtains for the curtains**

“Oh, Wow! Come and look at this, Stewie!”  
called Clint. “Come on quick.”



Stewie's big brother, Clint was at the window of the little bedroom they shared in the flat above their dad, JJ's, shop. He was looking down over the yard and the street beyond.

Stewie got off his bed and went to the window. Clint was in the way. Stewie gave him a push and wriggled right up to the glass.



“What?” he asked, looking down into the yard.

“There – down there in the street,” Clint said.



Stewie stood on tiptoe and peered down into the street. Their dad's old black van was there and two or three cars. Cast-off, the cat, was having a wash on the wall. The nosey woman from over the street was standing on her doorstep. JJ was bringing the last few things back into the shop.



“I can’t see anything different,” said Stewie. Clint lifted him up. “You must need glasses. Look at the bike” he said.

“I want a better look,” said Stewie, straining to see.

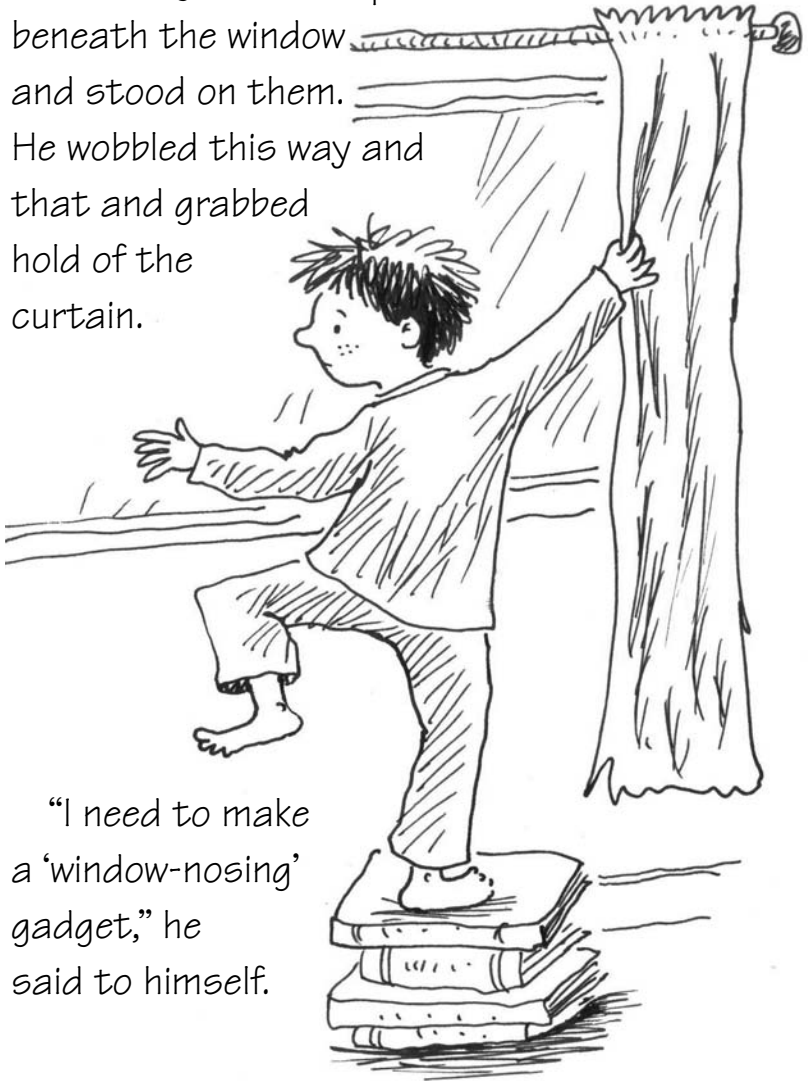
“So do I,” said Clint, and he dropped Stewie to the floor and rushed out of the room.





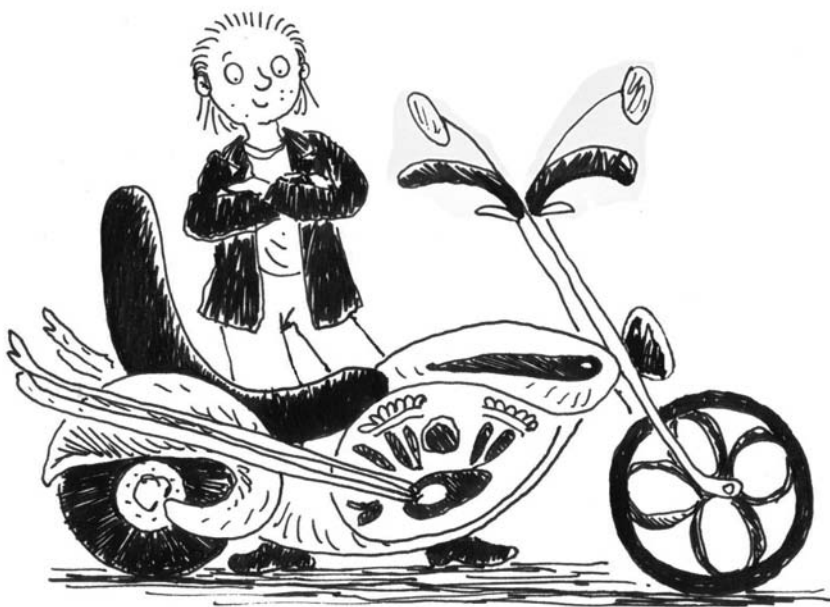
Stewie gathered a pile of books  
beneath the window  
and stood on them.

He wobbled this way and  
that and grabbed  
hold of the  
curtain.



“I need to make  
a ‘window-nosing’  
gadget,” he  
said to himself.





By now, Clint had dashed down the stairs, through the yard and out onto the street. Stewie could just see him walking up and down admiring the bike. If he'd been Cast-off, he'd have rubbed himself against it and purred.



Clint loved motorbikes – and Stewie could see that this was some bike. It had really long steering rods to a set of handle-bars like monster cow-horns. There were lots of lights and a tall back rest behind a long, black seat. The metal work was a rich red and the chrome work shone like silver.



“Smart!” thought Stewie. He watched and waited and wobbled.

Beneath him, Clint reached out and touched the handle-bars. Then he patted the black seat.



# “Oi, you!”

someone yelled.

Clint jumped.

Stewie wobbled and fell backwards off his pile of books.



He didn't see the man in skin-tight leather bike gear. He didn't see how angry he looked. He didn't see Clint back away with a shrug.



By the time Stewie had picked himself up off the bedroom floor, he just caught sight of the owner climbing onto the wonderful red bike. Stewie listened as the engine started up and the street was filled with a glorious purr. In seconds the rider was gone.



Stewie climbed back onto his pile of books and leaned forwards to see if he could spot Clint. He stretched up higher. And again he wobbled on his pile of books

*forwards*



*forwards again*



But this time he grabbed at the curtains and just as Clint's mate arrived on his motorbike, the curtain rail broke.



Stewie fell in a big heap on the bedroom floor. The curtains flapped and landed on top of him. Then the rail hit him on the head with a clonk.

Ouch!

Stewie pulled and tugged at the curtains. But he only tied himself up like a wriggly parcel.

Oooof!





It was surprising how fast Flo, Stewie's mum, could run up the stairs. She burst into the little bedroom in her flowery overall.

"And just what do you think you are doing, young man?" She was cross.

Stewie was going to say something about testing the curtain rail to see how strong it was but then he saw the look on his mum's face.



Once Flo had untangled him from the curtains, Stewie explained what had happened.

“You could have killed yourself if you had fallen from the window!” said Flo. Suddenly she had forgotten to be angry. “Are you really okay, dearie?”

She smothered Stewie in her flowery overall, wrapping him up in a great big hug.



Anyway, it's nearly your bedtime. I'll get Grandad to come and mend the curtains. Your Dad's still downstairs in the shop.

And after one last squeeze, she was gone.

