



**Stewie**  
**Scraps**  
and the  
**Giant Foggers**

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and illustrated by Leighton Noyes

  
**Brilliant**  
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For Anne, who loved all children – and would have loved Stewie, and with thanks and love to Tom.

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



## **Over the hills and far away**

Stewie had never been so far into the country before. He'd been all round his own town, of course – and to other towns and even a big city in his dad's old black van to collect a houseload of junk to sell in his dad's shop. But he had never been to the countryside.

He loved it!



He had also never been away from home on his own before. In fact, he had been very surprised when his parents, Flo and JJ, had said he could go. It was quite an expensive outing. And yet here he was on his very first school trip away overnight.





Stewie Scraps was in heaven. He loved to design and make things and the centre where they were staying that night was perfect. There were so many ideas for things to design and make!



## Stewie Scraps and the Giant Foggers

He went outside and ate his packed lunch with the others, but he couldn't chatter. He was too busy looking round, taking it all in, planning in his head:

a serving truck to bring the food from the kitchen

a gadget for putting trainers onto all those feet

a bin under each picnic table with a lid in the middle of the table top.



“Coming to play footie, Stewie?” someone called, “Or rounders?”

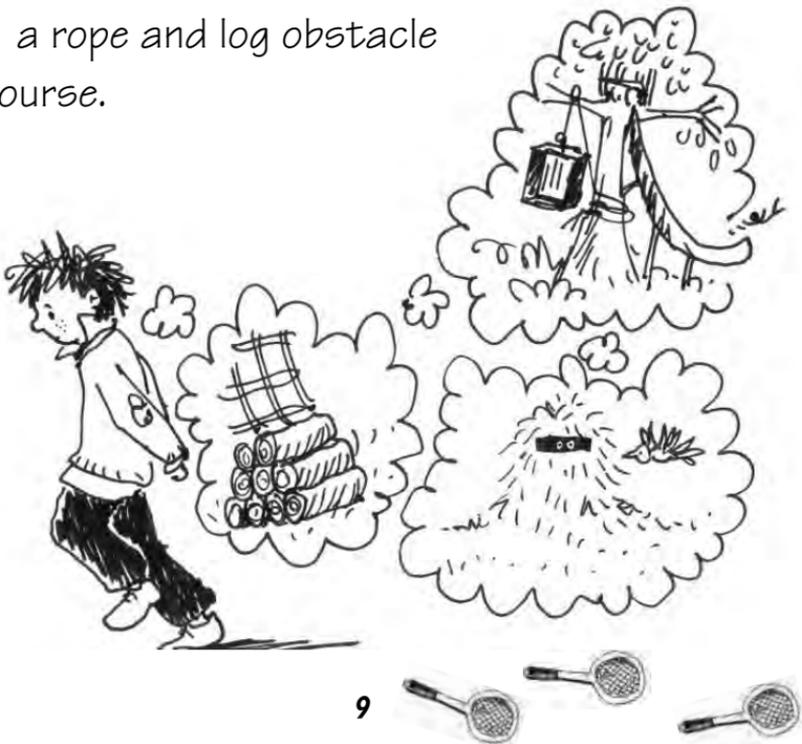
But Stewie shook his head. He had no time for sports.

He took a walk round the grounds and did some more mental planning:

a tree den with a lift up and a slide-shoot down

a secret hide for bird-watching

a rope and log obstacle course.



That afternoon, Mr Melling took the class on a long walk through the woods, up a hill and then down again.

There were lots of moans and groans:



But Stewie loved it all. He loved the brown fields where the tractors had dragged the soil back and forth. He loved the green, waving hedges and the damp smell of the woods.



Back at the centre, there were more treats in store for Stewie. In every room and with each different activity, he saw other things he could design and make. The ideas were piling up in his head. His eyes shone.





The bunk beds gave him more and more ideas – he even began to plan a new design for the room he shared with his big brother, Clint, in the flat above JJ’s shop.

“Enjoying it?” Mr Melling asked before bedtime.



“Oh, yes, Sir!” Stewie whispered.

He fell asleep with the ideas stacked like bunk beds in his mind.



The second day of the trip flashed by even faster than the first.

Stewie planned a suitcase-packing machine, an automatic sock and shoe finder and a toaster that snaked round the room and dropped toast right onto each plate.

And that was just the start of it.



They went outside onto the field for team survival games. It was one of the best days of Stewie's life. The children on his team worked out that his ideas were the best. They followed what he said and worked together as a team. They took an early lead and won by over 10 points.





Stewie was a hero! He was never usually this popular. They patted him on the back so hard that he made another mental design – for an anti-patting jacket to help winners when their teammates got too enthusiastic.



But then, after lunch, it was all over.

The coach arrived, the suitcases were loaded and everyone climbed on board and waved goodbye.



Mr Melling moved down the coach to check seat belts.

“Had a good time, Stewie?”

“The best, Sir,” Stewie said.

