



# Stewie Scraps and the Space Racers

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and illustrated by Leighton Noyes

  
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For Hazel, a very special friend, and with thanks and love to Tom.

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



## Grand plans

It was late September. Stewie Scraps had been in Mr Melling's class for just a few weeks. He didn't like it much.

"You'll be all grown up now you've gone into the Juniors," said Grandpa. But Stewie knew it wasn't true.

Grandpa had called Stewie a "little scrap of a thing" when he was a newborn, and the name had sort of stuck.

So did his size.

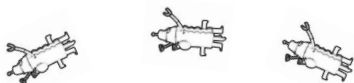
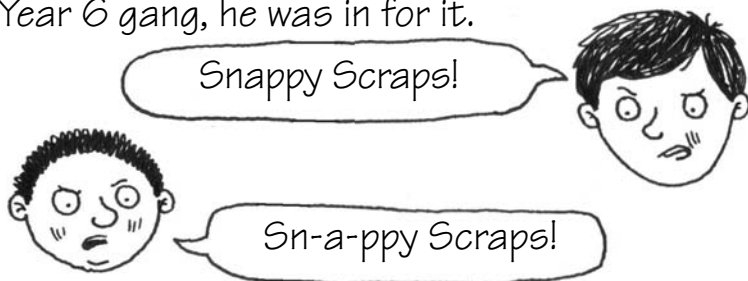


And no matter what Grandpa said about being grown up, he was still the same little scraggly Stewie Scraps for the big lads to tease:



It didn't help that Stewie's dad, JJ, owned the untidiest junk shop in town.

If Stewie ever said anything back to the Year 6 gang, he was in for it.



They followed him round the playground  
when the teacher wasn't looking, shouting:

“Sn-a-ppy Scraps

Sn-a-ppy Scraps.

Can't take the pressure

Sn-a-ppy Scraps!”



It wasn't much better in class either.

Stewie hated Maths. He liked reading and writing even less. If Mr Melling asked a question, Stewie never put up his hand to answer. He left that to others.

If Mr Melling asked Stewie a question, it was a disaster.

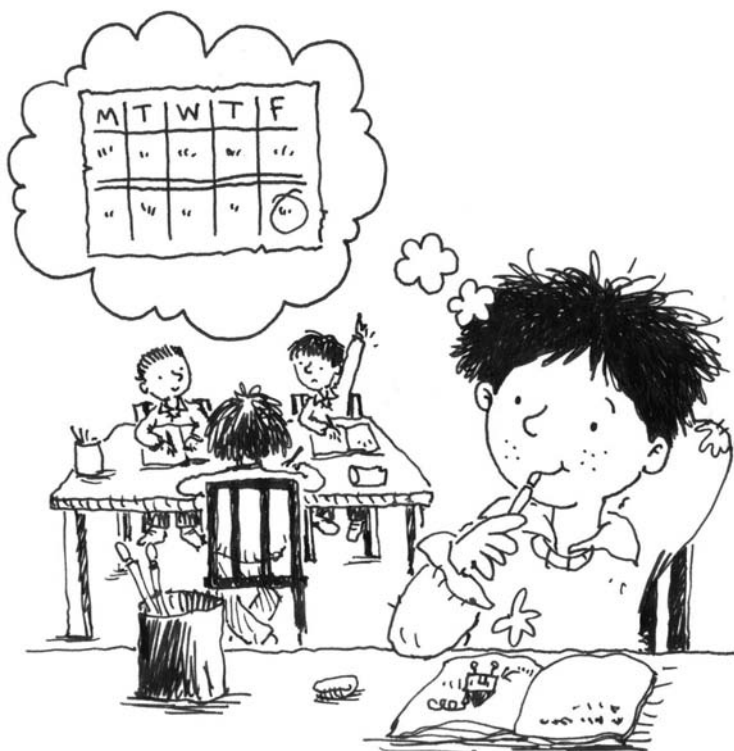
"Me, Sir? Don't know, Sir."

Then Mr Melling (or Smelling, as the kids called him behind his back) would sigh and tut and ask one of the clever kids.



It made Stewie feel even worse.

In fact, Stewie spent all week wishing that Friday afternoon would come. This was because Mr Melling did something called “Art and Craft” on Friday afternoon. It was the only lesson that Stewie willingly took part in.



One particular Friday afternoon, Stewie became unusually excited. The class began work on a new space project, and Stewie knew exactly what he wanted to design.

He set to work straight away on the plans for a new spaceship. Mr Melling stopped by Stewie's table and asked him about it.

"It's my idea of life on Earth in the future, Sir," answered Stewie. "Planet Earth will be overrun by mutants if we don't take action now, Sir."

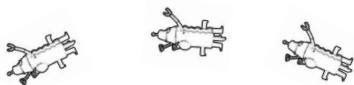
It was a long speech for Stewie Scraps. Mr Melling could not ignore it.

"What sort of action, lad?"

"We must find new planets, Sir," Stewie explained. "New places to live on, Sir."

Mr Melling was trying hard to understand.

"But do we have the technology?" he asked the class generally.



“I’m working on it, Sir,” said Stewie Scraps. “And I’ve got everything that I need to make it at home.

There will be an inter-galactic, robotic braking device on the landing pod, Sir,” went on Stewie Scraps (as if it was the most natural thing in the world).

“Of course!” said Mr Melling, totally baffled, “I should have known.”

Stewie Scraps then proceeded to paint his spacecraft design.

It was a funny mixture of black, purple and burnt yellowy-gold.





Mr Melling watched closely. He was particularly impressed. Stewie's design was full of imagination and ideas that Stewie actually wanted to talk about. So Mr Melling decided to make a request.

"Stewie?" he enquired. "Please may we keep your spacecraft design in school over the weekend? I would like to show it to everyone in Assembly on Monday."

Stewie looked horrified.



“But, Sir – I need to take it home as my prototype,” he said.

“Your prototype?” repeated Mr Melling slowly.

“Yes, Sir. It needs modifying. But I reckon I’ve just about covered all the details for my real spacecraft ... .”

“You have a real spacecraft, Stewie?” Mr Melling asked.

Somebody laughed.

“I do, Sir,” Stewie replied, seriously. “And I need this model to work from at home – please, Sir.”

“Very well,” said Mr Melling. “But take care of it, Stewie. I’d like you to bring it back to show in our Assembly.”

“I will, Sir,” said Stewie Scraps, “just as long as I get back in time.”

