



**Stewie**  
**Scraps**  
and the  
**Trolley Cart**

Written by Sheila M Blackburn  
and illustrated by Leighton Noyes

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For Mike, with thanks for the advice.  
With thanks and love to Tom.

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



## You are invited

“Here. Take it . . . . It’s for you.”

Alfie Battersby held out the envelope.

“Take it,” he said again.



Alfie Battersby had actually spoken to Stewie! **The** Alfie Battersby. Just about the cleverest and richest boy in Mr Melling's class. Alfie Battersby, whose dad owned lots of big trucks that had

# BETTER WITH BATTERSBY

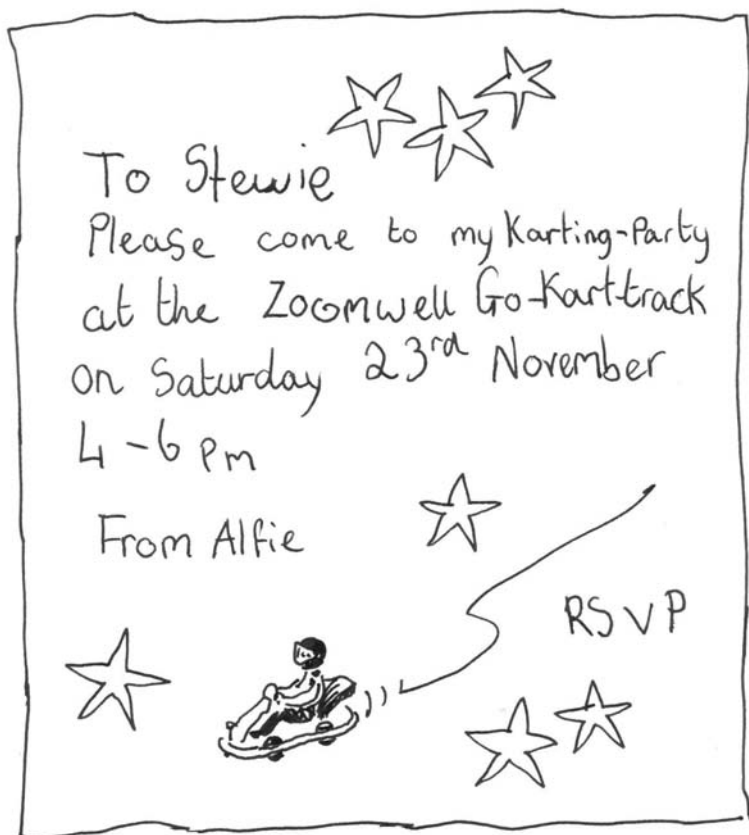
printed on the sides.

Stewie reached out and took the envelope.



Very carefully, he tore at the back flap and pulled out a blue and gold card.

A **go kart** party! Stewie had been invited to a go kart party at a proper go kart track with all the other boys from his class!



“Wow!”

Mr Melling didn't stand a chance that day.







It took him about five minutes to make the boys in his class put away the invitations. It took him another five minutes to get them to stop talking about the go kart party.

But he never really got through to Stewie all day.

Stewie had too much to think about.



## Stewie Scraps and the Trolley Cart

By lunchtime, Stewie had dreamed up loads of ways to tell his mum, Flo, about the invitation. And loads of other ways she'd say no.

At home time he raced back to the shop as quickly as he could. His mum was busy at the counter, but there were no customers.





Flo took the invitation out of Stewie's hand and looked at it closely.

"Posh card, this," she said and turned it over. "Why are you out of breath?"

"Ran all the way home," Stewie told her.

Flo turned the card over again and pulled her mouth into a tight line.



Stewie couldn't stand it. All his thoughts and worries came bubbling and bursting out all at once.



“Mum ... I really want to go to this party... . I didn't think I'd get an invite ... and now I have, I can't believe it ... and it'll be just about the best thing in the world ever ... and go karting will be amazing ... and if you ask me what I really want, I really want to do this ... and then I'll know just what I need if I ever decide to make my own go kart ... which I will do ... one day ... .”





Stewie finally ran out of breath again. He stopped and looked at his feet.

“Good,” Flo said. “I’m glad you want to go – it would be rude to say no, wouldn’t it?”

“But the problem for me, dearie, will be what sort of present to buy Alfie Battersby. He’s already got everything on the planet.”

