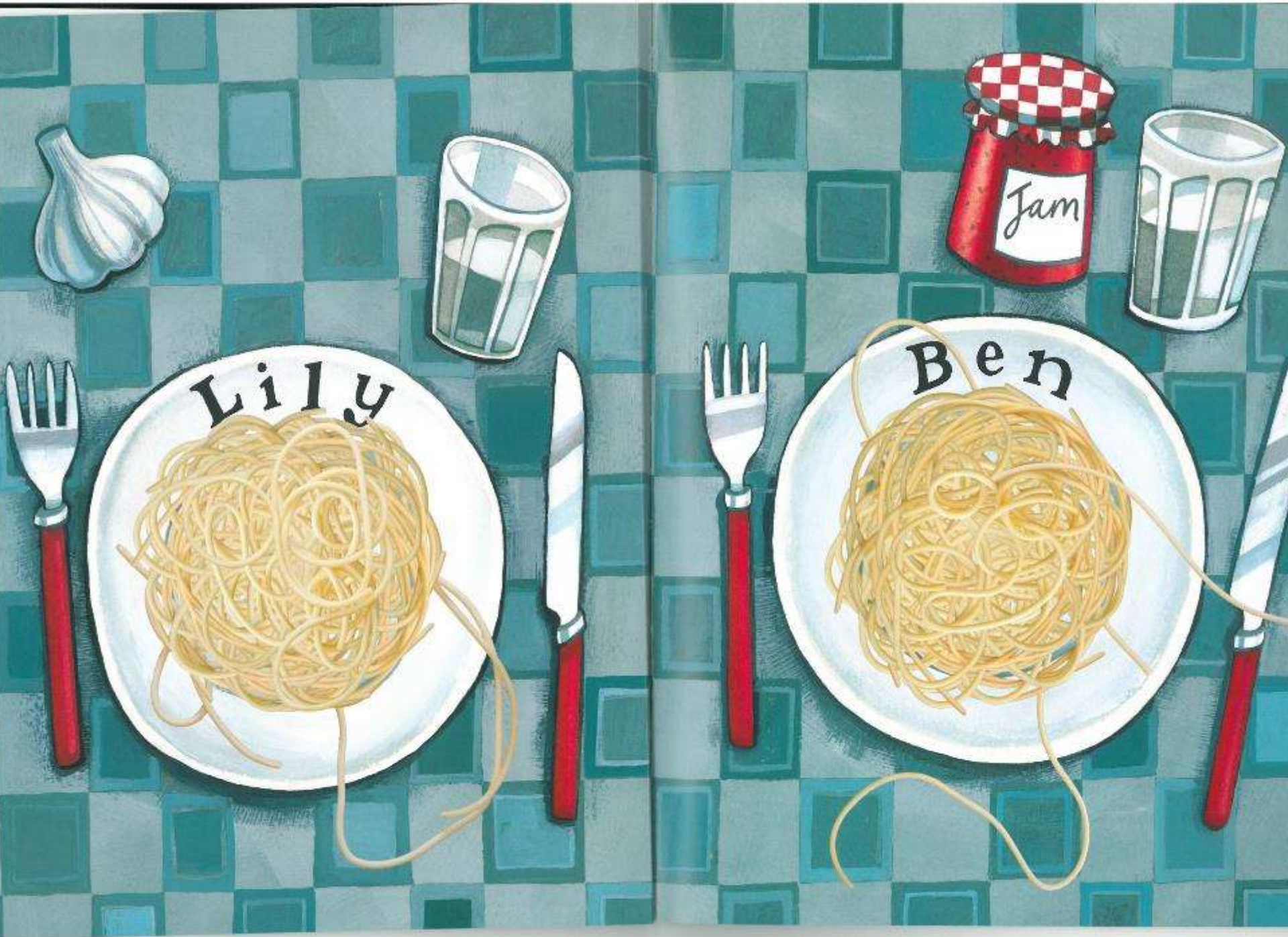


Oodles *of* Noodles



Diana Hendry illustrated by Sarah Massini





Lily

Ben

Jam

For Marianna, my wonderful coole doodle
apple strudel murr
- S M

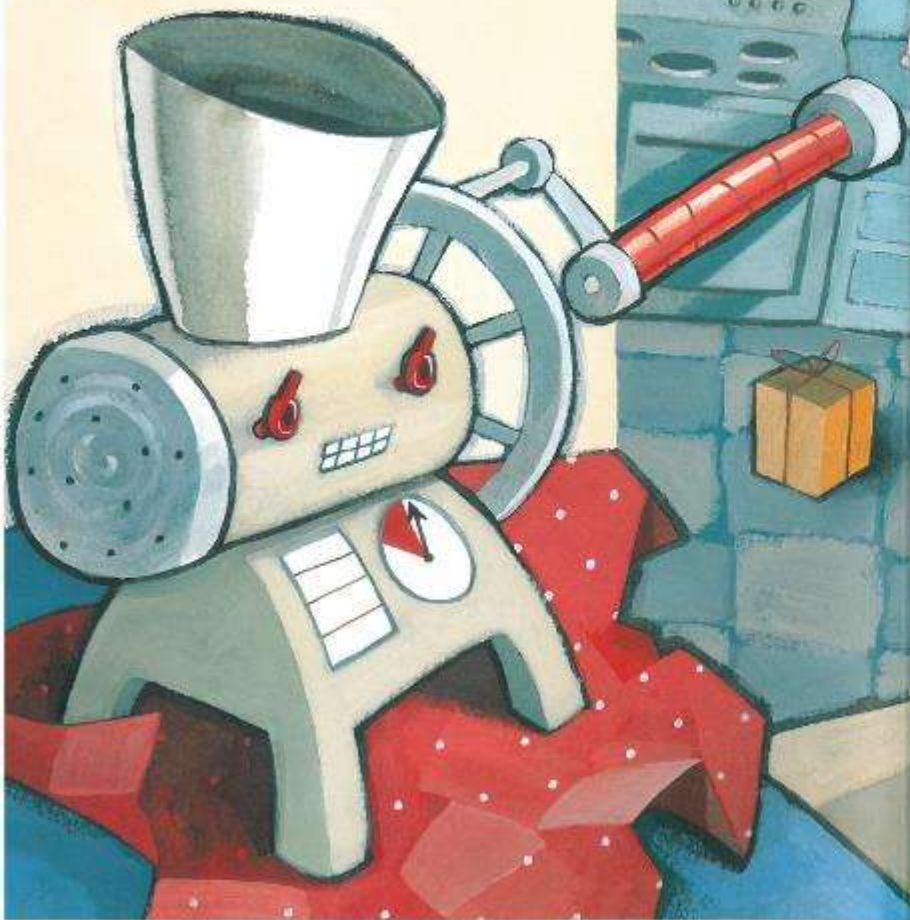
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On her birthday Mrs Mungo was given a **pasta-making machine**.

"Noodles for dinner, *noodles* for tea, *noodles* for you and *noodles* for me!" sang Mrs Mungo.



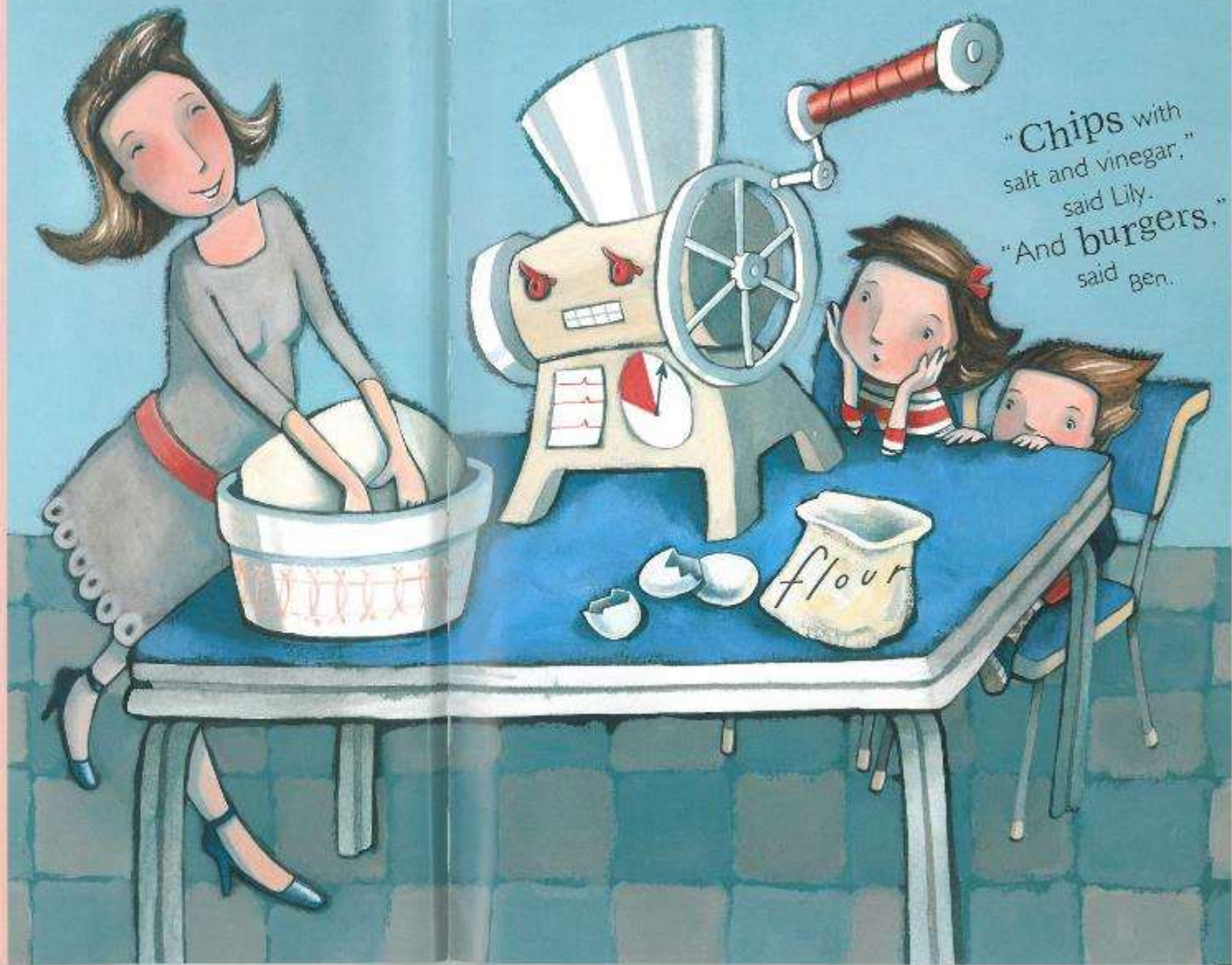
"I like **chips**,"
said Lily.

"And
burgers,"
said Ben.



Mrs Mungo put the pasta-making machine on the kitchen table, fetched a bowl and made a **HUGE** ball of pasta dough.

"Noodles with garlic, noodles with jam!" she sang.



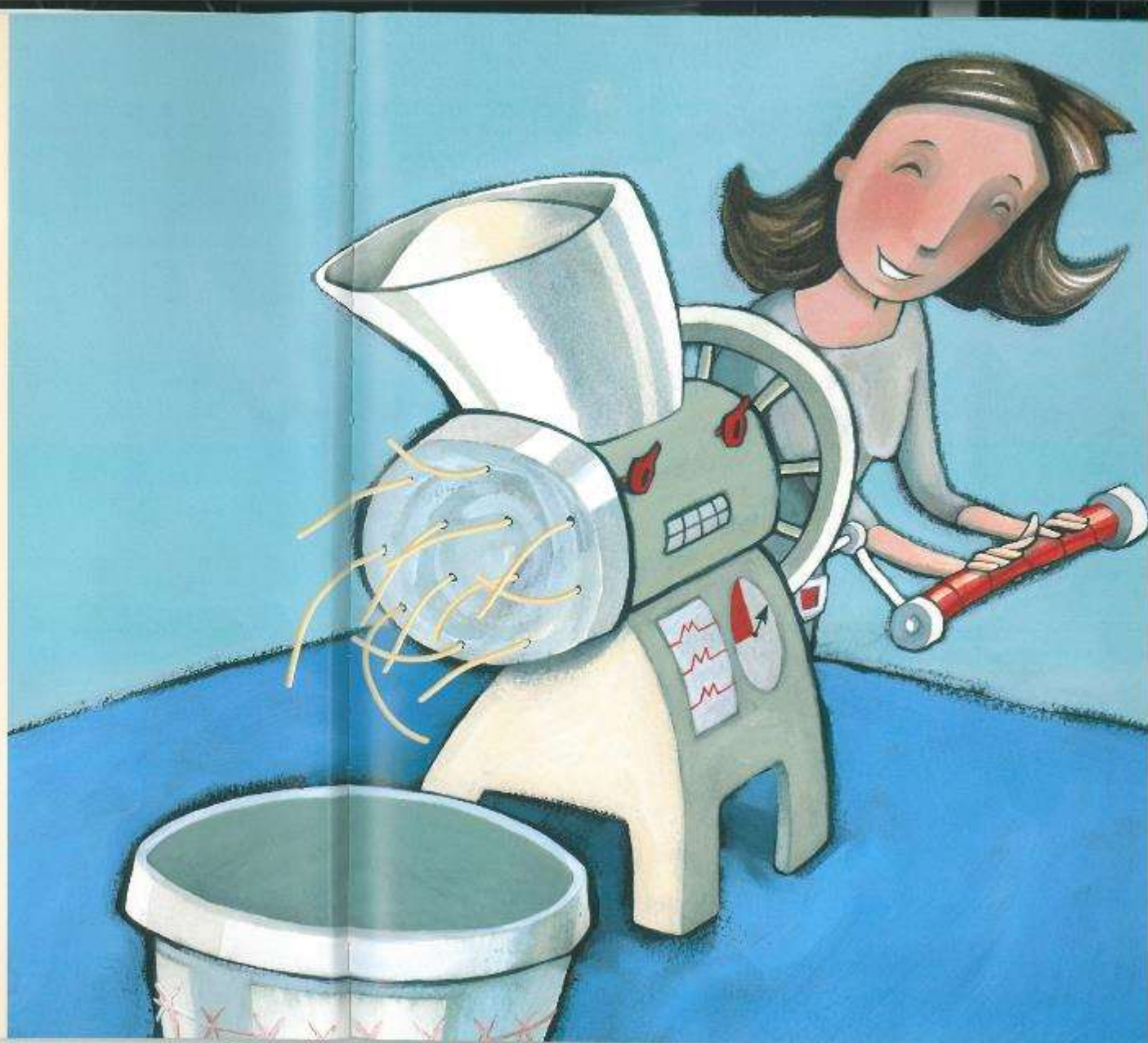
"Chips with salt and vinegar," said Lily.
"And burgers," said Ben.



When Lily and Ben had gone to school, Mrs Mungo began **rolling** out the pasta. It was **HARD** work turning the handle of the machine and **rolling** the pasta thinner and thinner.

"**Never mind,**" said Mrs Mungo. "I'll soon have

*noodles
of
noodles."*



And at that

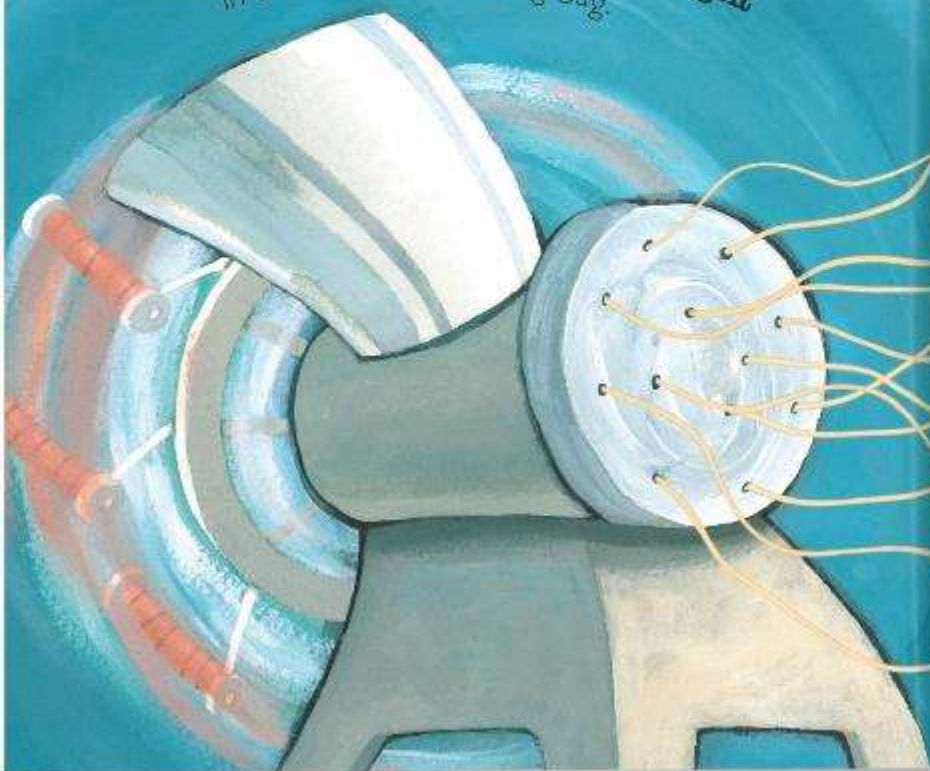
something *very* **STRANGE** happened.

The *pasta machine* began working all by itself.

Long, long loops

of *noodles* rolled out of the *machine*.

Very soon Mrs Mungo was tucked up *tight*
in a *noodle* sleeping bag.



At school there was
noodles, **onions**
and **peas** for lunch.



Lily and Ben ate
the **onions** and **peas**.



At home the **pasta**
machine worked *faster*
and *faster*. Soon *noodles*
twirled **round** the
bannisters ...

and *tied* the
television up
in **knots**.

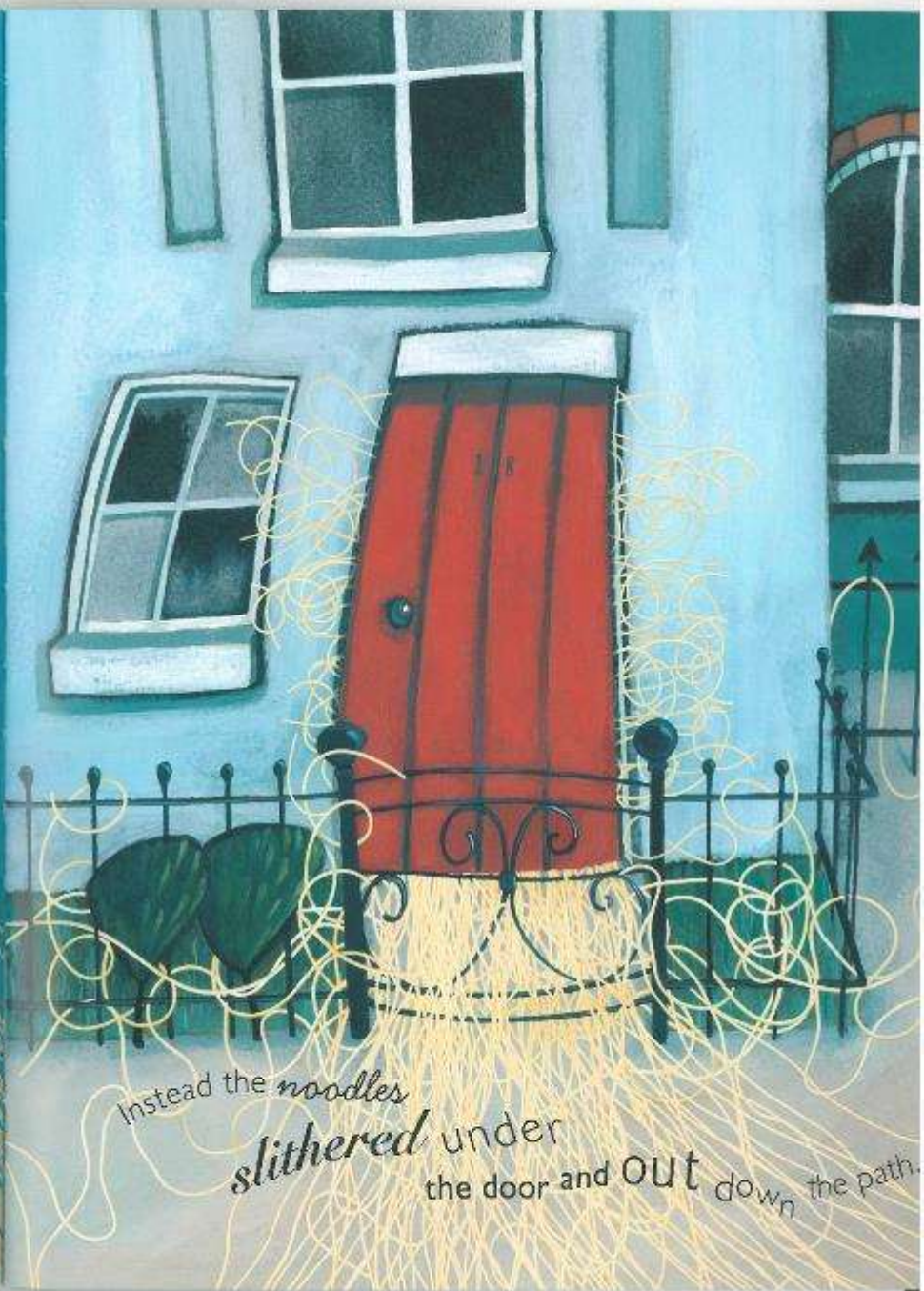
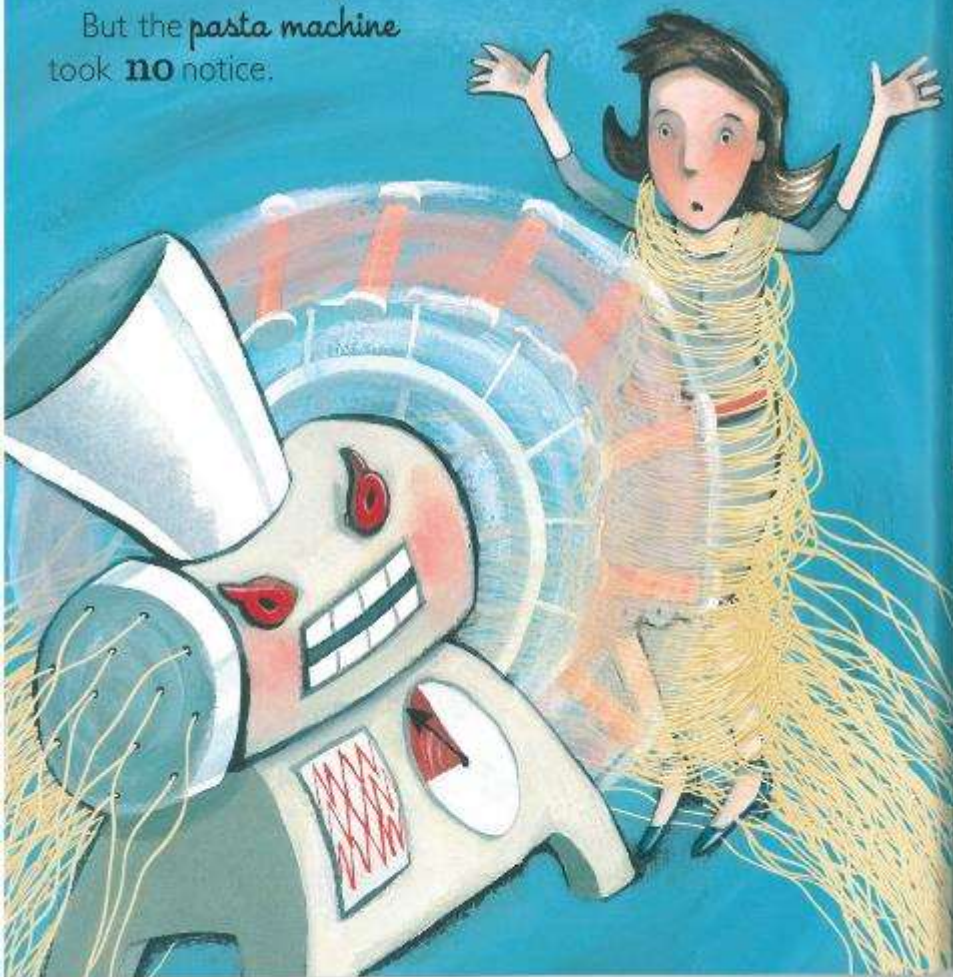
dangled from
the shower
rail ...

Mrs Mungo
struggled
to free her
arms.

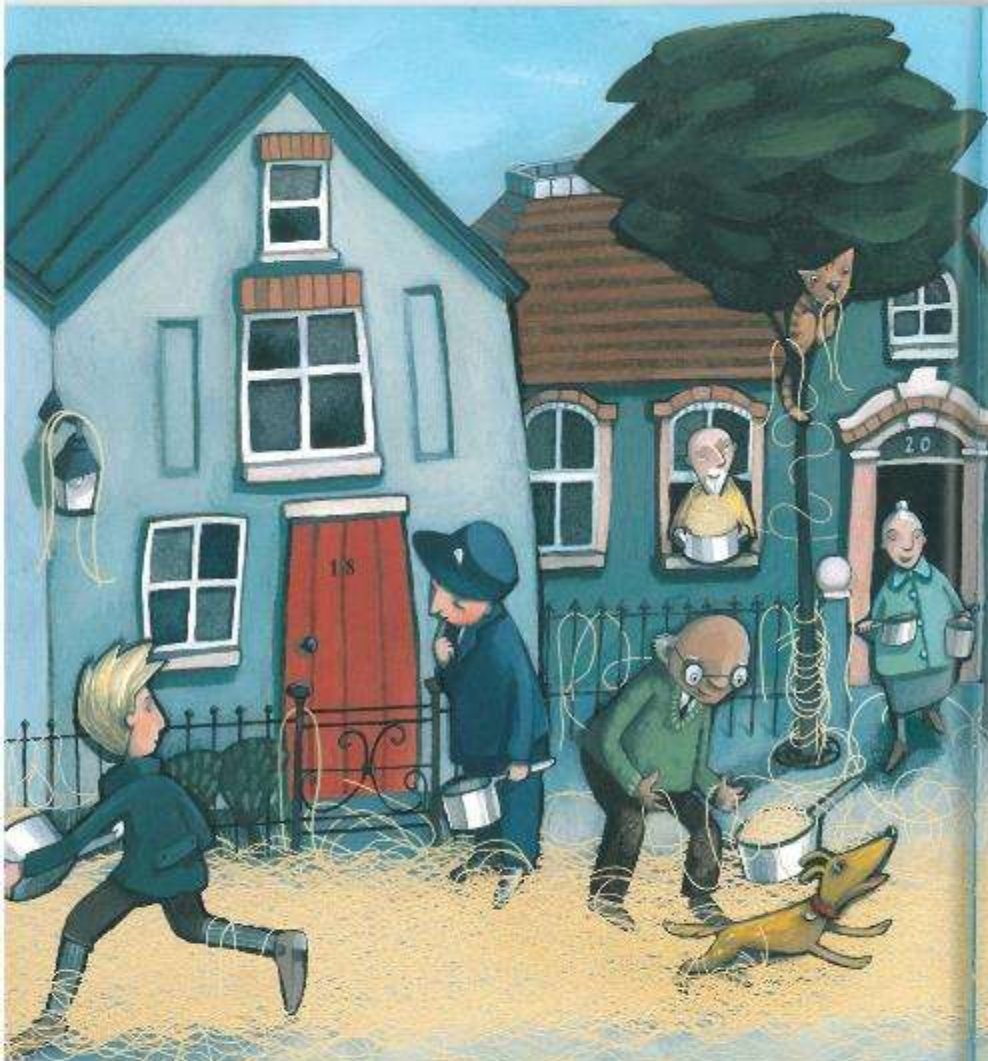
"STOP! STOP!" Mrs Mungo cried to the *pasta machine*.
But it didn't.

"There must be a magic word," thought Mrs Mungo.
"Doodle!" she shouted. "*Doodle* and *doodle* and
apple Strudel!" she **shouted**.

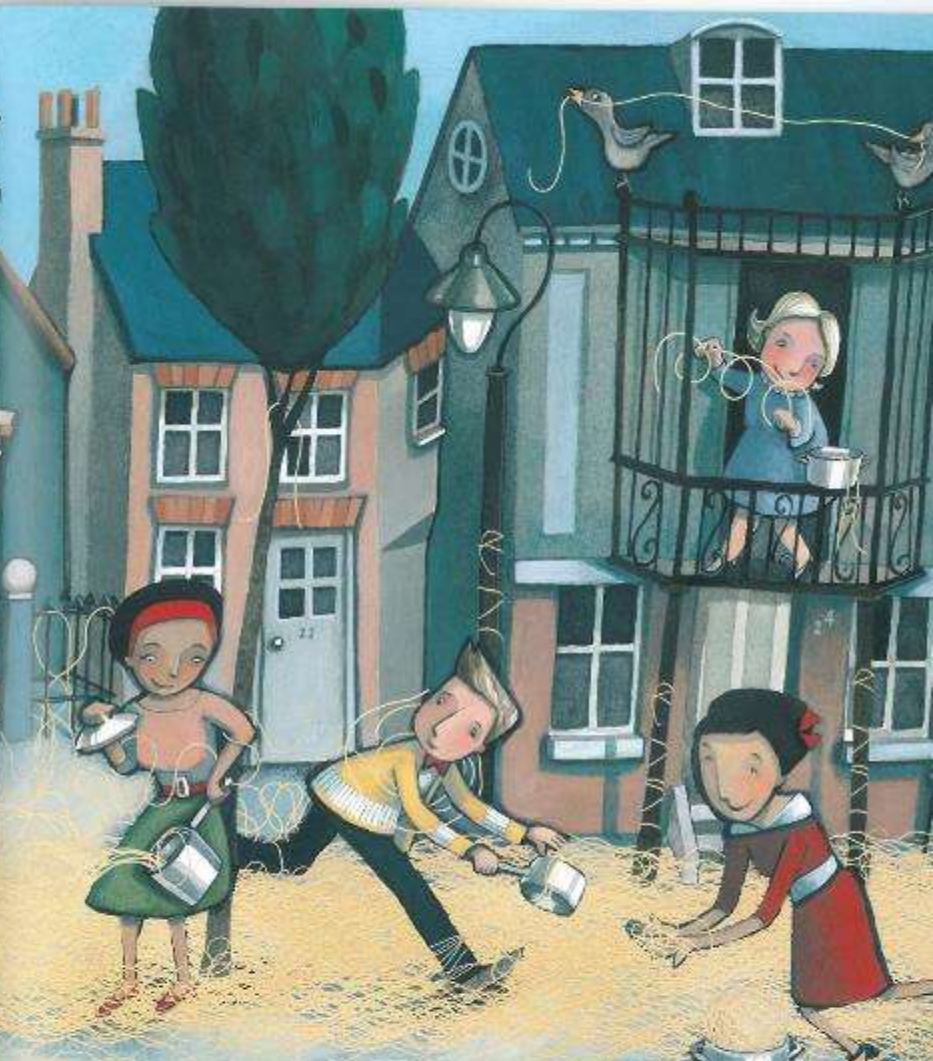
But the *pasta machine*
took **no** notice.



Instead the *noodles*
slithered under
the door and **out** down the path.



Outside the house, *noodles* wound themselves **round** the garden gates, **wriggled round** lamp posts and **dangled** from trees.



Very soon *everyone* in the street came out and began filling their saucepans with *noodles*.



The *noodles* ran on down the road until they reached the school. The children were in the playground. They thought the *noodles* were *wonderful*. They made *noodle* skipping ropes and *noodle* hoops – all except Lily and Ben.

"Noodles!" cried Ben.

"Oodles and oodles and oodles of noodles!" cried Lily.

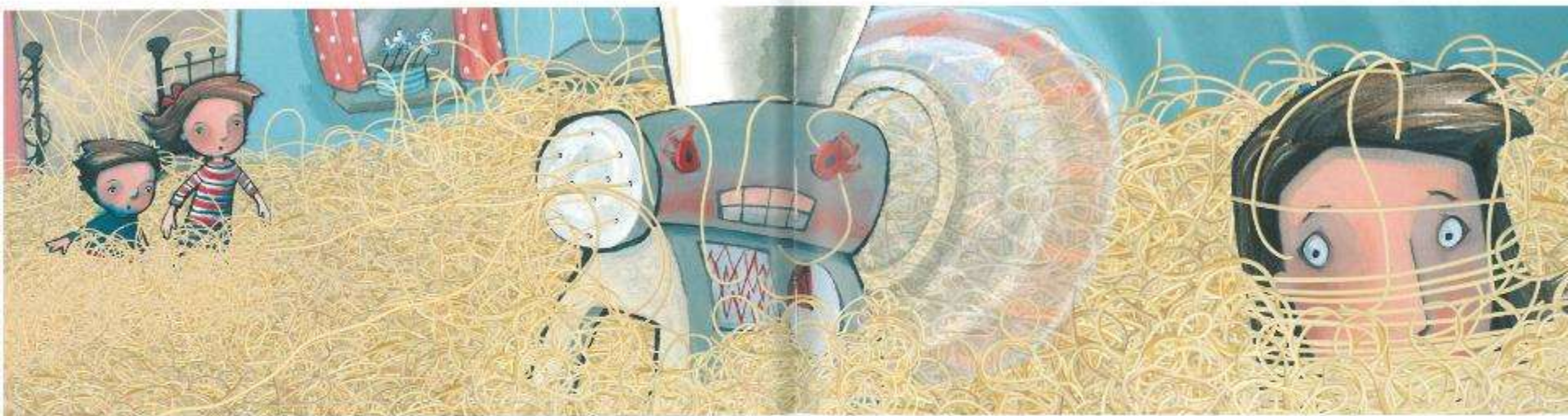


"Quick. Ben! Home! I think Mum needs us."



And as fast as they could, Lily and Ben ran.
It wasn't easy.

They kept tripping over the *noodles*
and bumping into *noodle* collectors.



When at last they reached the kitchen, the *pasta*
machine was still **WHIZZING** out *noodles*.

All they could see of their mother was her head.
She was *totally noodled*.

"It won't stop!" wept Mrs Mungo. "All I said was 'Oodles of noodles' and it noodled and noodled and noodled. I've tried every magic word I know."

"I don't suppose you tried saying it the other way round, did you?" asked Ben.

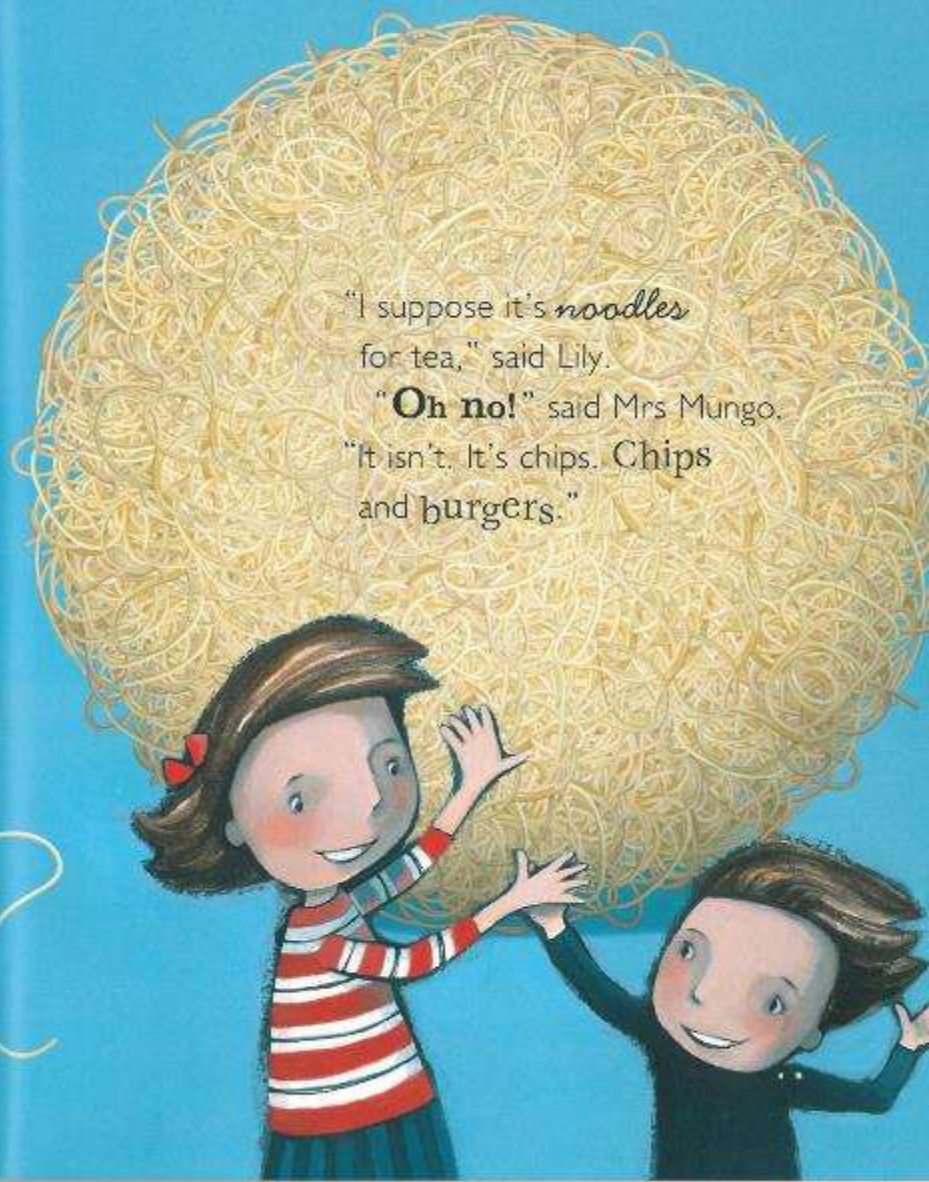
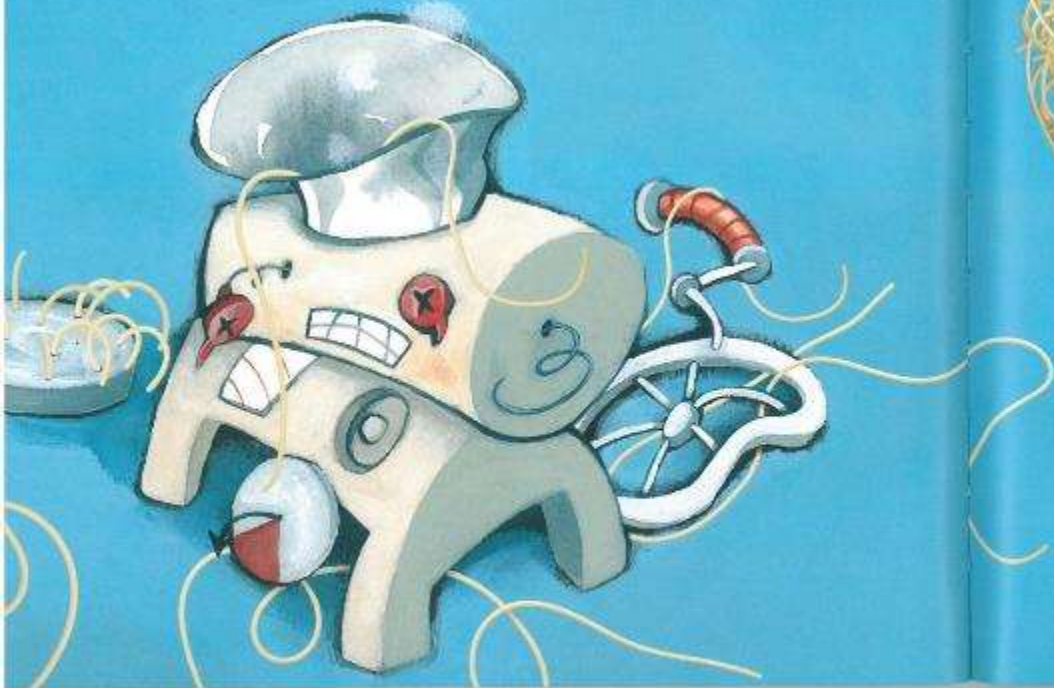
"I didn't think of that," said his mother.

So all together and very loudly, they said, **"Noodles of oodles!"** And with a groan of relief, the pasta machine stopped.





Ben and Lily unwrapped their mother. She *flopped* in a chair as Lily wound the *noodles* into a great big ball.



"I suppose it's *noodles* for tea," said Lily.

"**Oh no!**" said Mrs Mungo. "It isn't. It's chips. Chips and burgers."

