

The Not-So  
**Scary**  
**Snorklum**

Paul Bright

Jane Chapman





For Rala - P B

To Chris, Sally, Maya and Gabriel - J C

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# The Not-So Scary Snorklum

Paul Bright

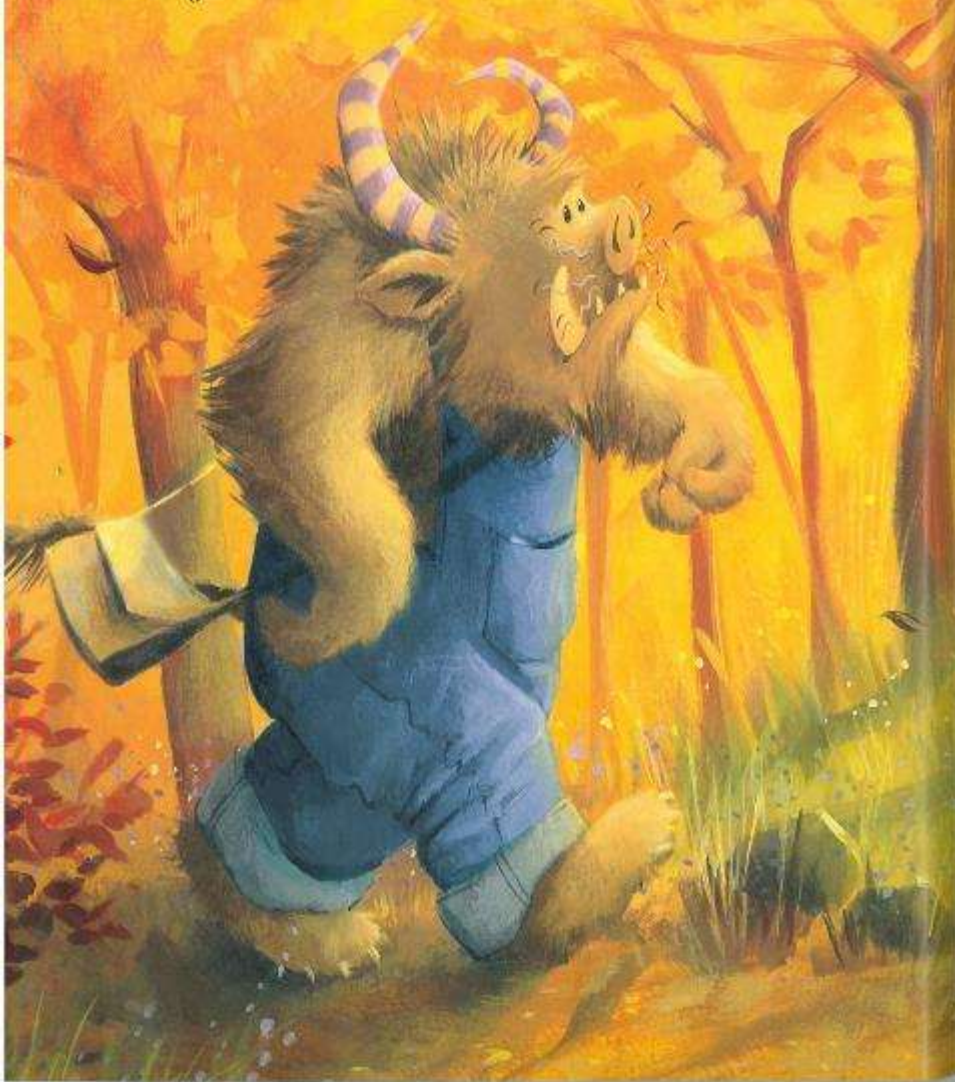
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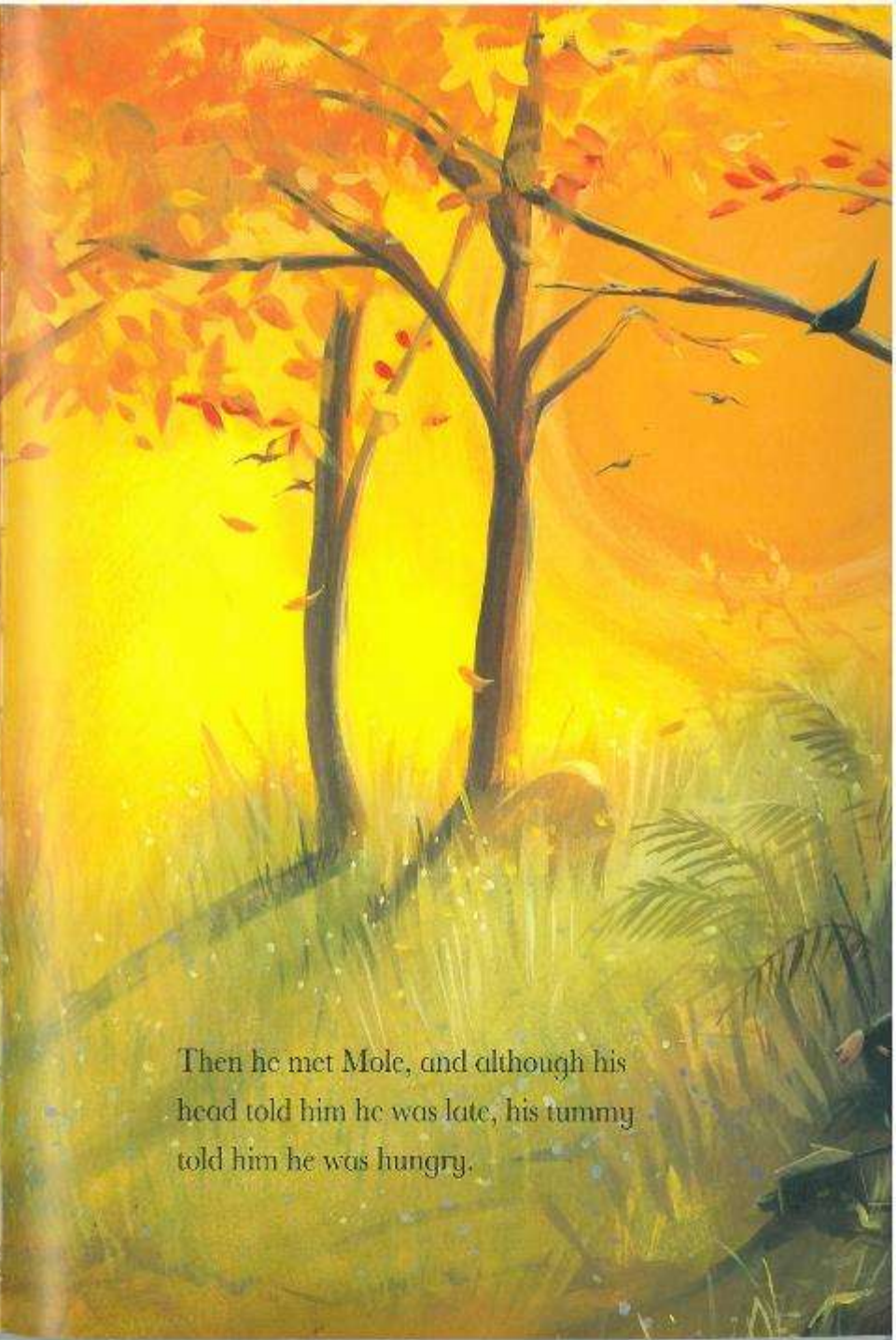


The setting sun glowed orange as the scary  
Snorklum stomped home to his cave on the hill.

"I'm late!" he thought, and his  
whiskers began to wobble in a worried  
sort of way.



Then he met Mole, and although his  
head told him he was late, his tummy  
told him he was hungry.







I AM THE SCARY  
SNORKLUM," he growled,

and I am going to have Mole  
sandwich for tea, with a  
little salt and pepper  
and chunky pickle."

"If you are the scary Snorklum," said  
Mole, "why are you wibbling in  
your whiskers in a worried sort of way?"

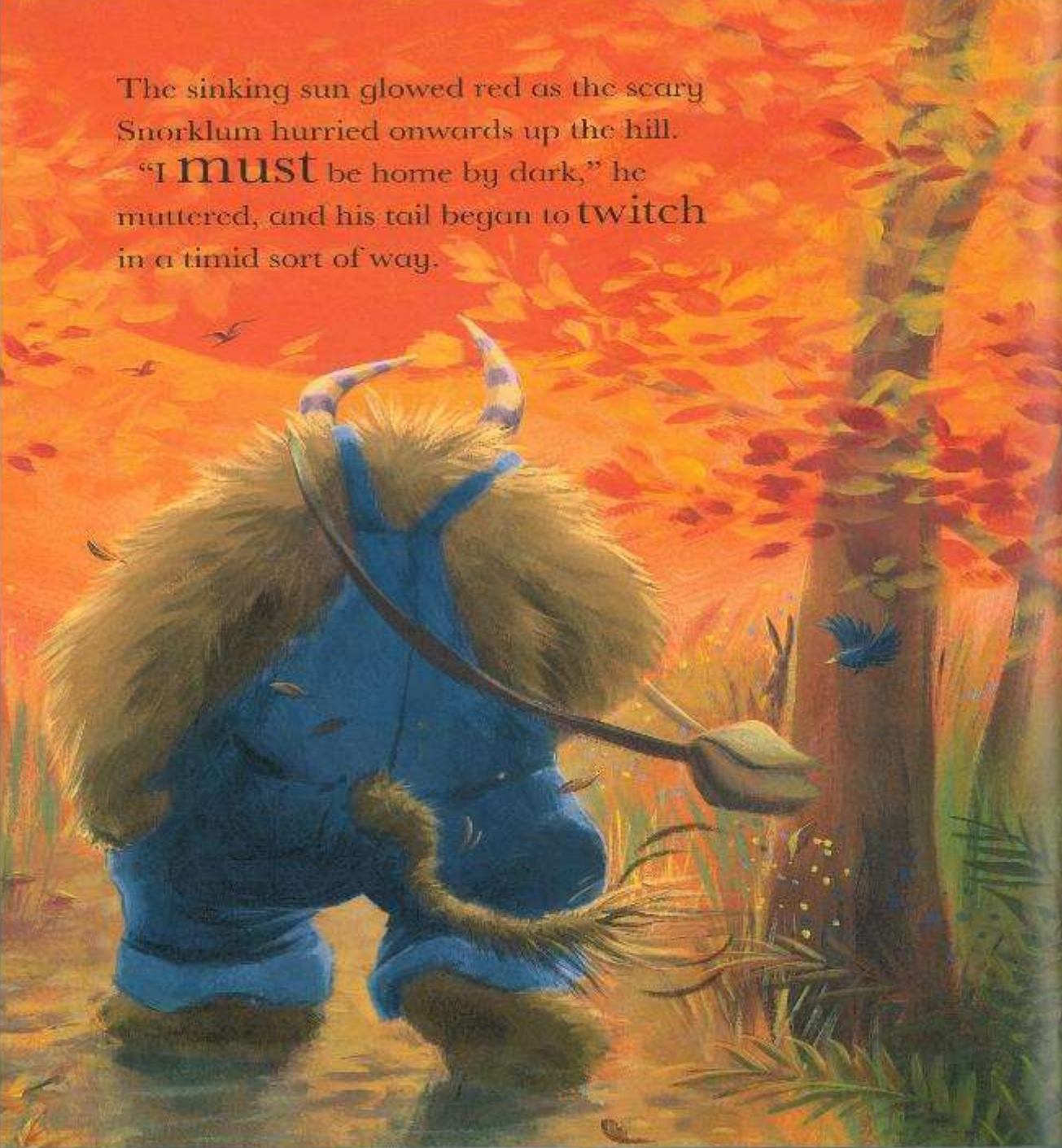
"Whiskers wibbling?" snorted  
the Snorklum. "Worried? What nonsense!  
Nothing worries a Snorklum!"

He put Mole in his pocket to eat  
later and hurried on his way.

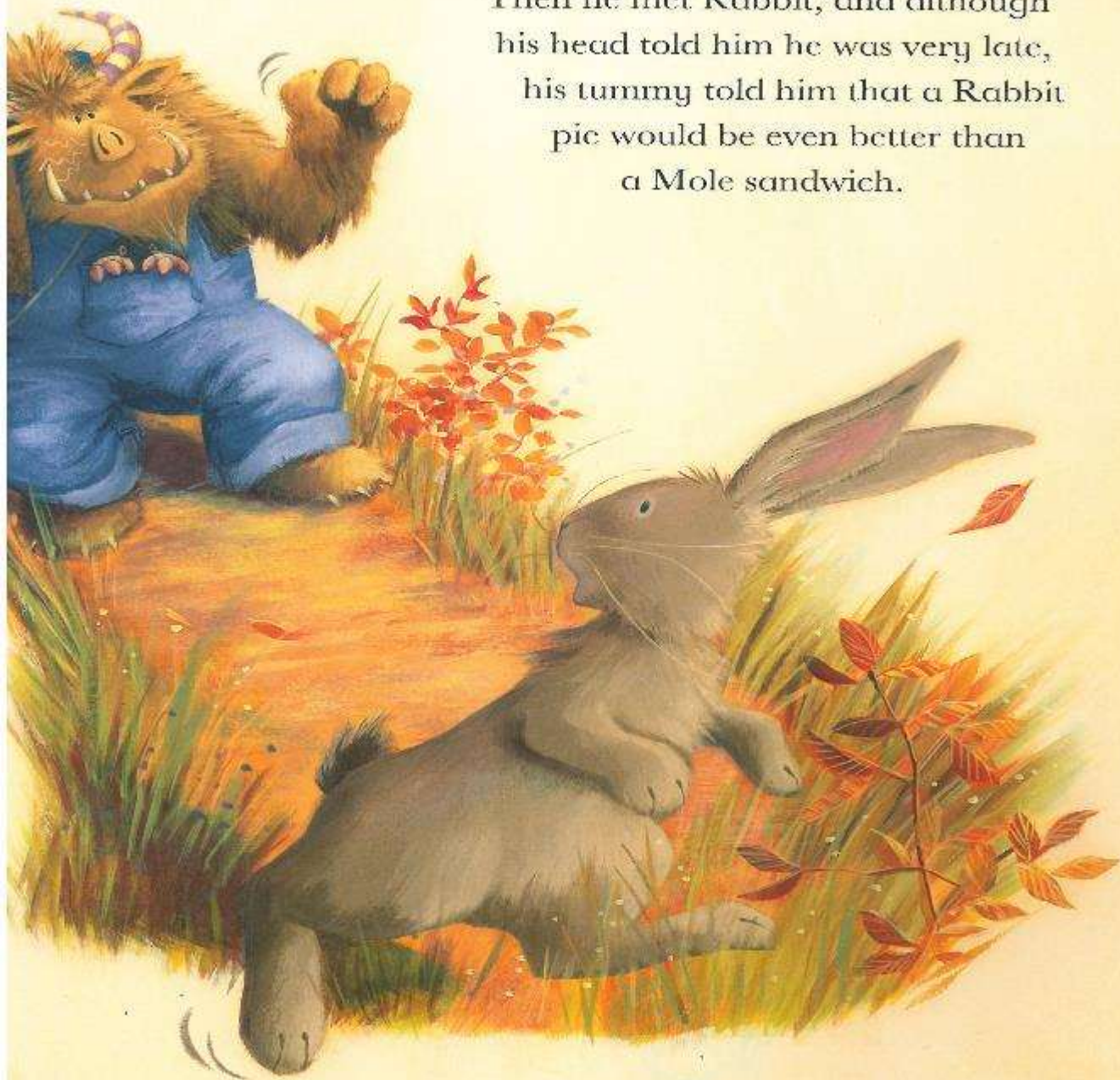


The sinking sun glowed red as the scary  
Snorklum hurried onwards up the hill.

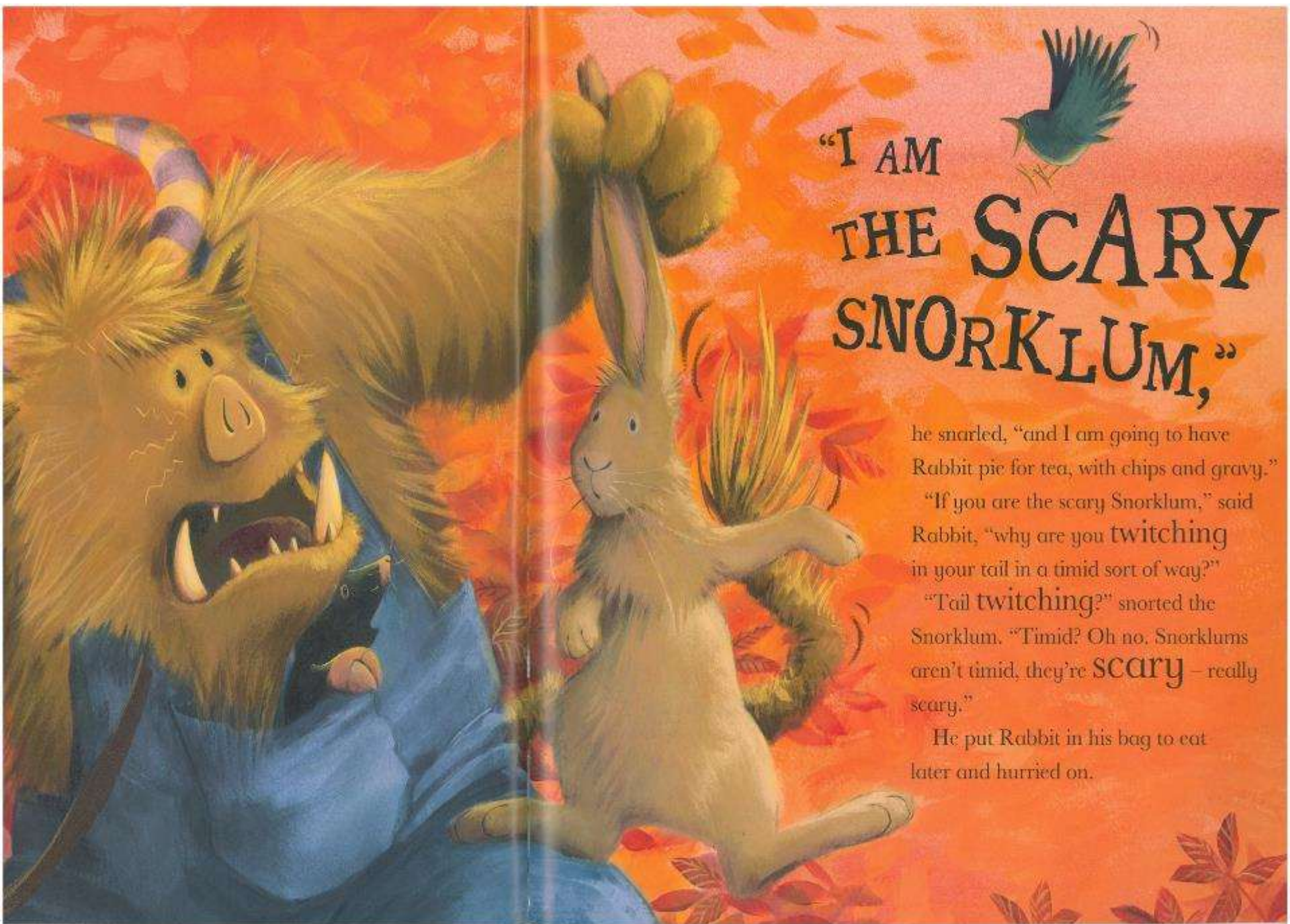
“I **must** be home by dark,” he  
muttered, and his tail began to **twitch**  
in a timid sort of way.



Then he met Rabbit, and although  
his head told him he was very late,  
his tummy told him that a Rabbit  
pie would be even better than  
a Mole sandwich.







“I AM  
THE SCARY  
SNORKLUM,”

he snarled, “and I am going to have Rabbit pie for tea, with chips and gravy.”

“If you are the scary Snorklum,” said Rabbit, “why are you twitching in your tail in a timid sort of way?”

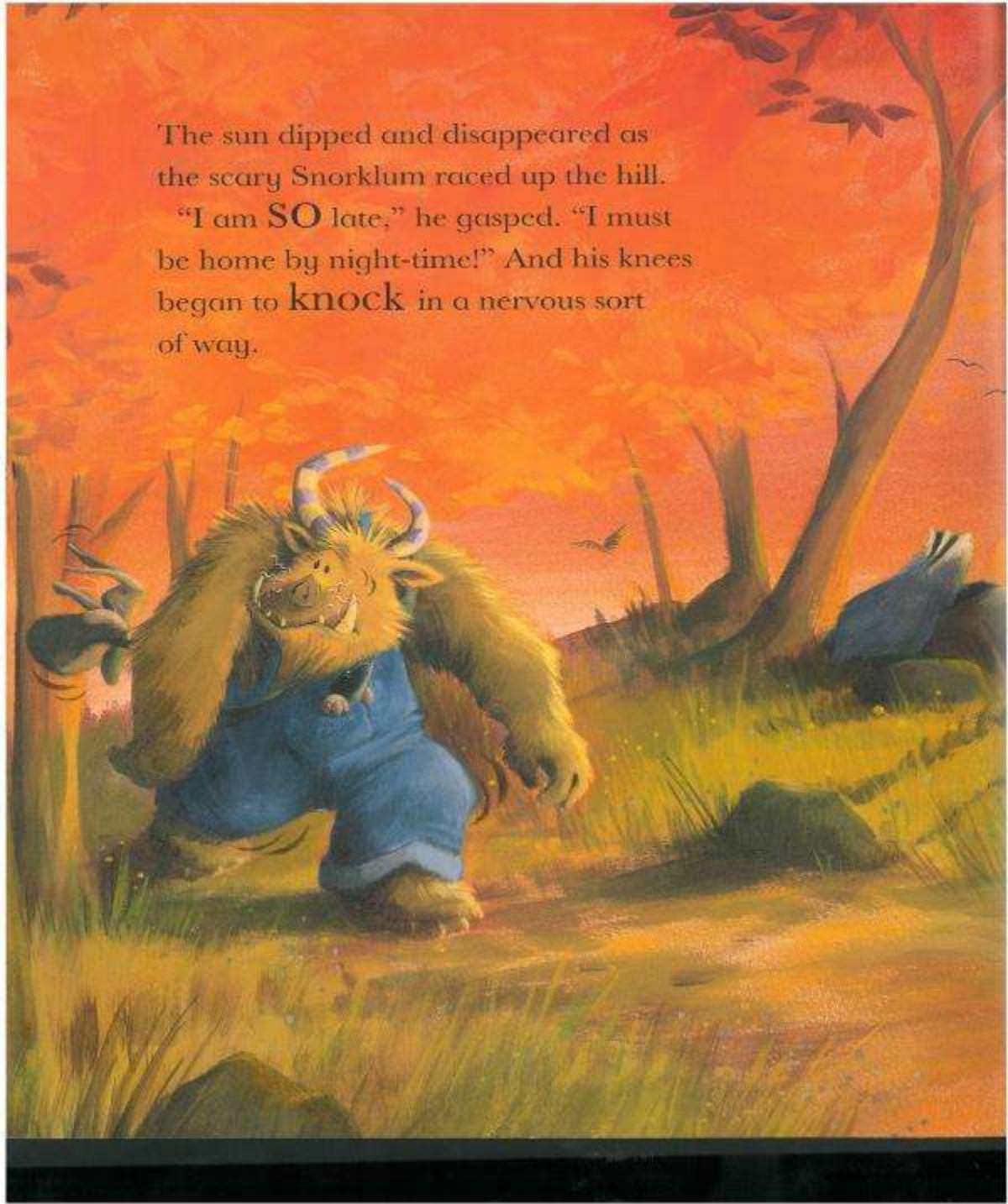
“Tail twitching?” snorted the Snorklum. “Timid? Oh no. Snorklums aren’t timid, they’re **SCARY** – really scary.”

He put Rabbit in his bag to eat later and hurried on.



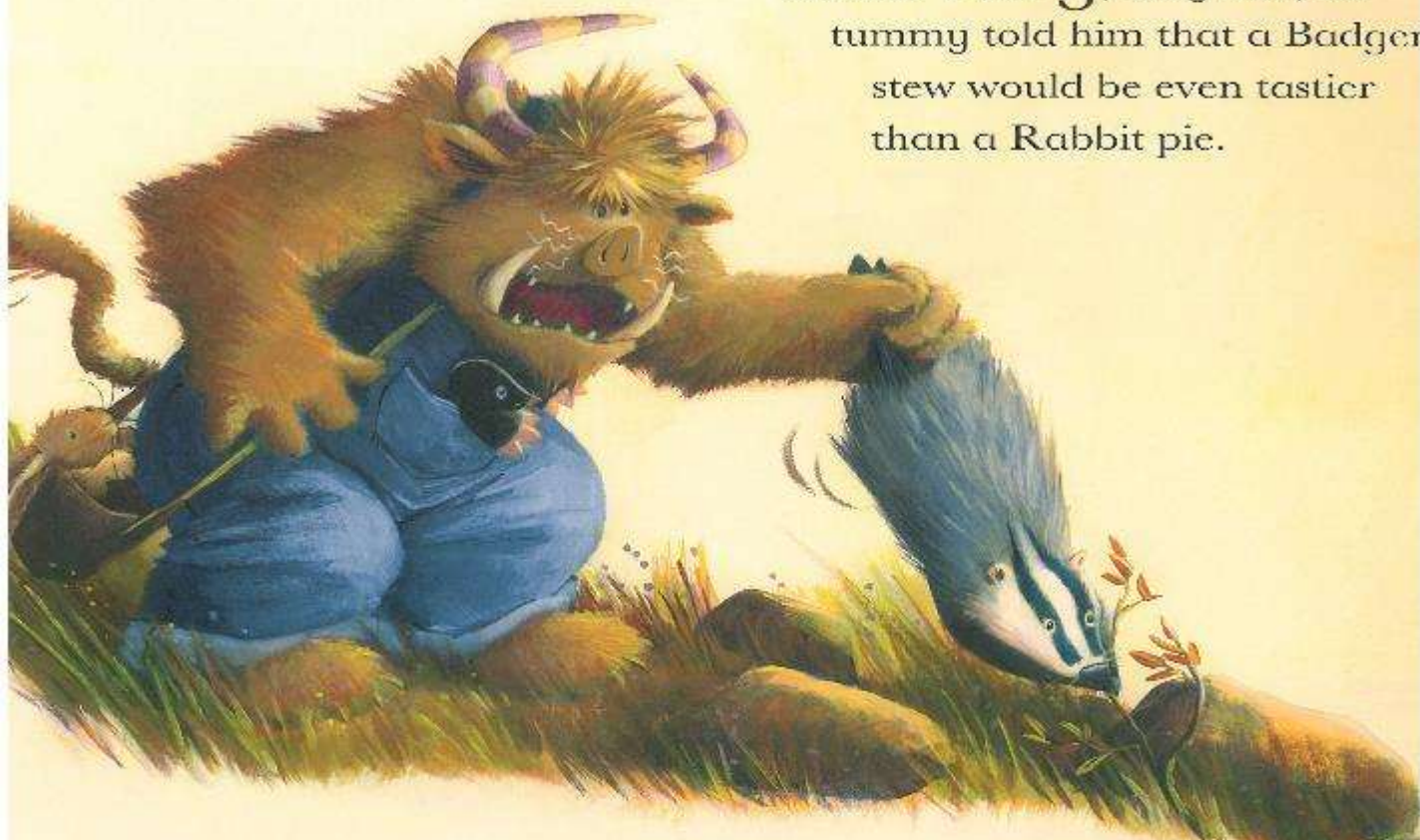
The sun dipped and disappeared as the scary Snorklum raced up the hill.

“I am **SO** late,” he gasped. “I must be home by night-time!” And his knees began to **knock** in a nervous sort of way.





Then he met Badger, and although his head told him that he was **Very**, very late, his tummy told him that a Badger stew would be even tastier than a Rabbit pie.



**I AM THE SCARY SNORKLUM,**

he roared, “and I am going to have Badger stew for tea, with peas and dumplings.”



"If you really are the scary Snorklum,"  
said Badger, "why are you knocking  
in your knees?"

"And twitching in your tail?"  
said Rabbit.

"And wibbling in your whiskers?"  
added Mole. "Are you a scary Snorklum or ...

a scared Snorklum?"







“Or maybe,” said Badger, “you’re  
not a Snorklum at all!”



“Of course I am a Snorklum!” bellowed the  
Snorklum, quite forgetting that he was in a hurry.

“I can prove it! And when I’m done . . .

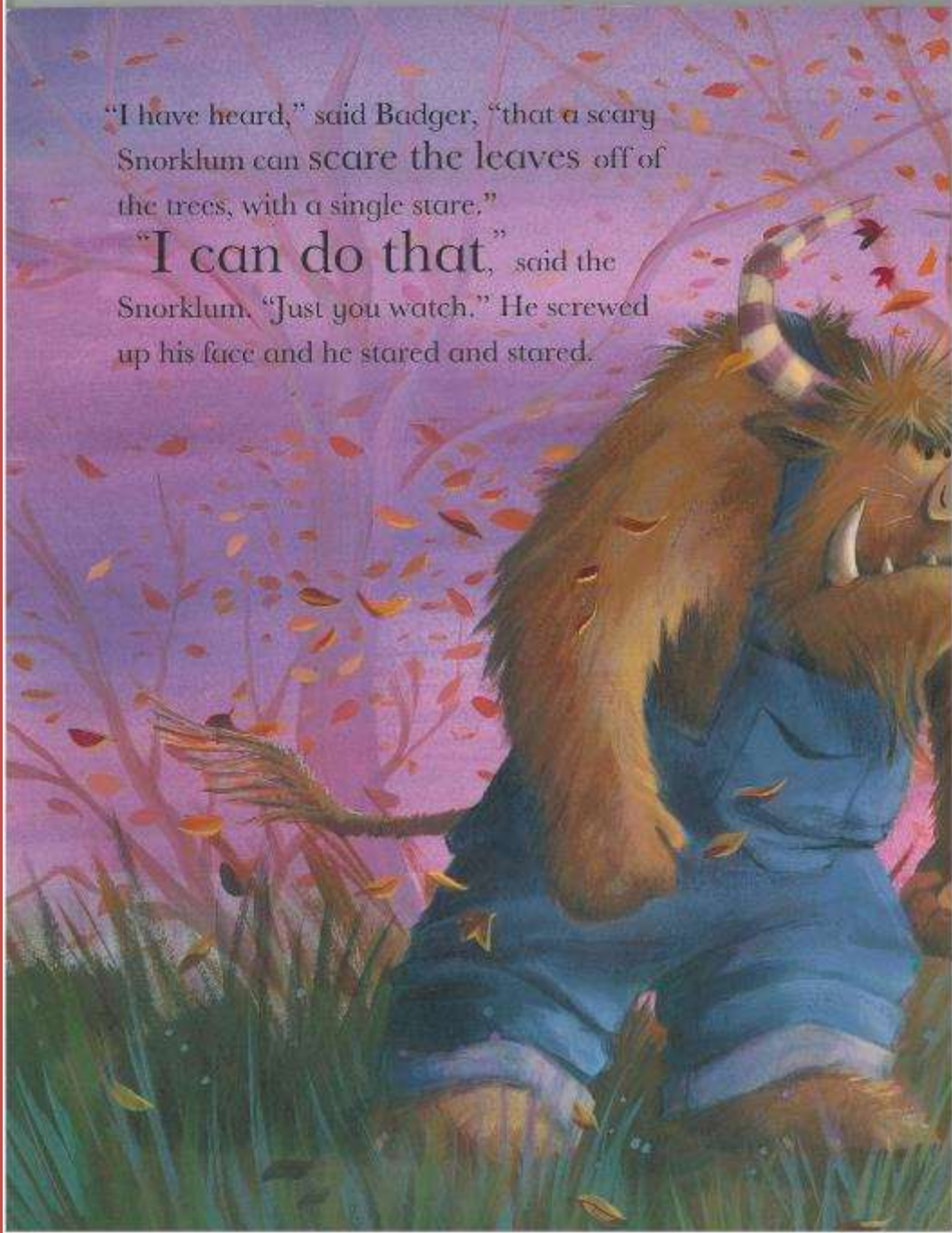
**I WILL EAT YOU ALL FOR TEA!**



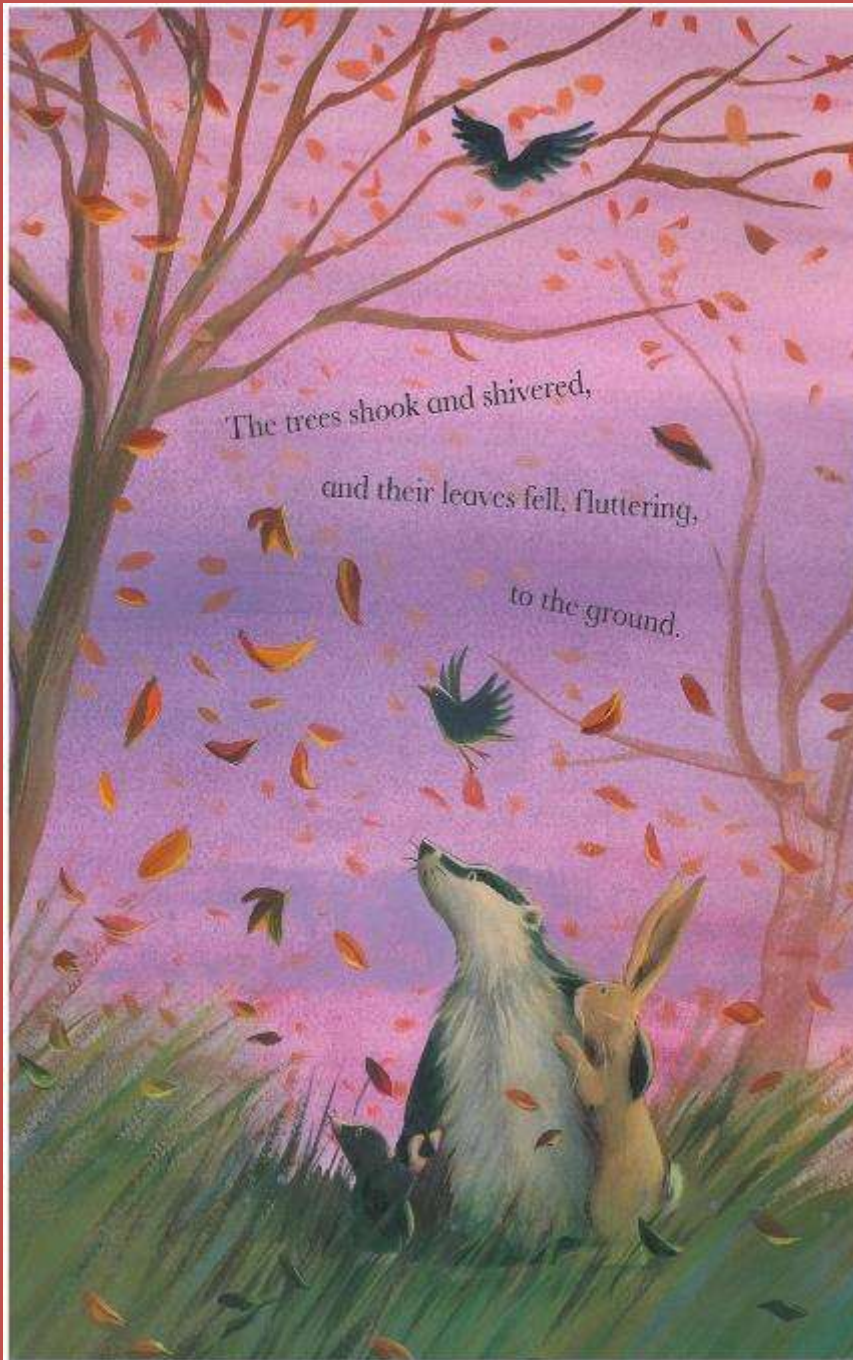


"I have heard," said Badger, "that a scary Snorklum can scare the leaves off of the trees, with a single stare."

"I can do that," said the Snorklum. "Just you watch." He screwed up his face and he stared and stared.



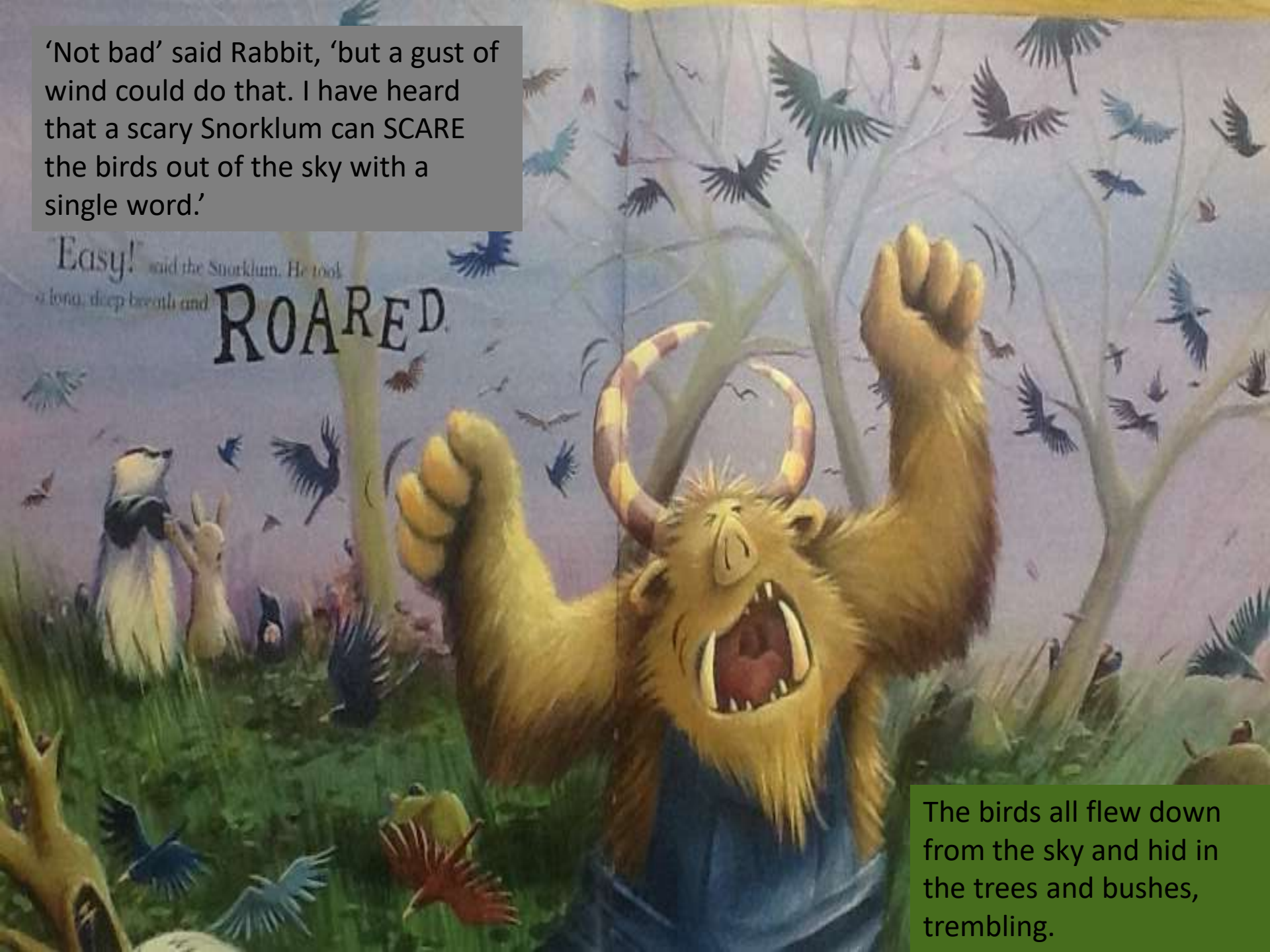
The trees shook and shivered,  
and their leaves fell, fluttering,  
to the ground.





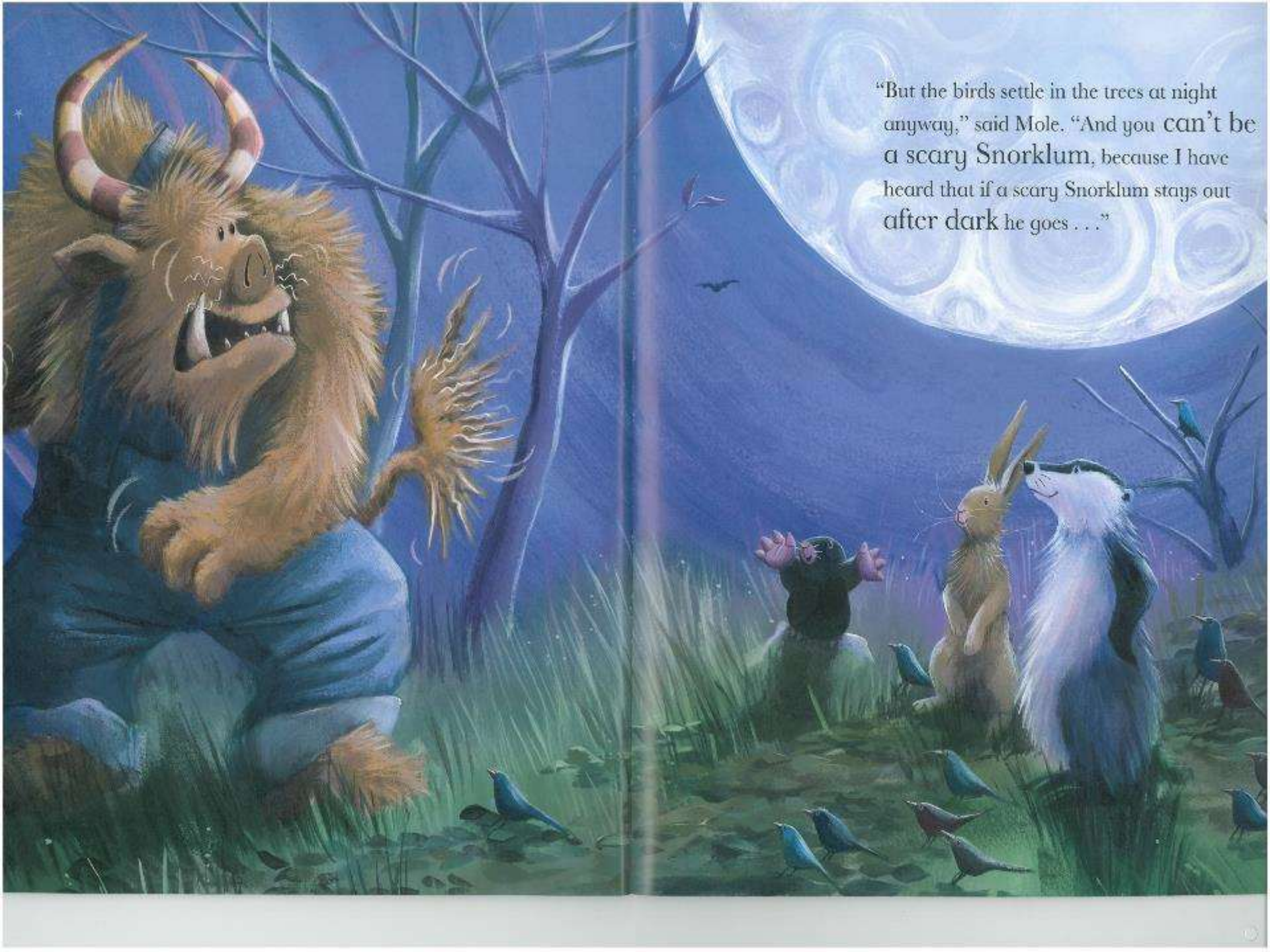
'Not bad' said Rabbit, 'but a gust of wind could do that. I have heard that a scary Snorklum can SCARE the birds out of the sky with a single word.'

'Easy!' said the Snorklum. He took a long, deep breath and **ROARED.**



The birds all flew down from the sky and hid in the trees and bushes, trembling.



A whimsical illustration of a night scene. On the left, a large, furry, brown creature with horns and a wide, toothy grin (the Snorklum) is shown. In the center, a mole with pink gloves and a rabbit are standing together. On the right, a white and black dog is looking towards the rabbit. The background features a large, glowing moon with a pattern of circles, a dark blue sky with a few birds, and a forest of bare trees. The ground is covered in green grass and small blue birds.

“But the birds settle in the trees at night anyway,” said Mole. “And you can’t be a scary Snorklum, because I have heard that if a scary Snorklum stays out after dark he goes . . .”

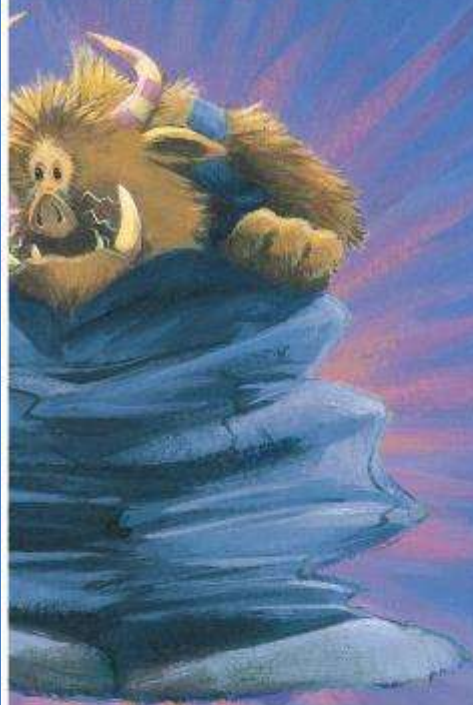


POOOFFT!





“AAAAAARGH!”



“EEEK!”





As darkness finally fell the scary Snorklum – for he really was **a scary Snorklum** – shrank, with a POOFFT! and a flash and a cry, into a tiny, timid Snorklum.

"You tricked me!" he squeaked.

"But when I've grown big and scary again, I'll be back! And next time,

**I'll have YOU for breakfast!**"

