

**'Mildew and Mustard' by Rob Daniel**

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Thank you for downloading 'Mildew and Mustard' by Rob Daniel.

**(WARNING:** *Due to the content of this e-book you might feel a bit icky while reading it. If you are good at imagining what you read, have your favourite treat close by to distract you while reading this tale which, I must tell you, is based on a true story).*

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To find more about the author and organise a visit to your school, go to: [www.ngm.com.au](http://www.ngm.com.au) and click on the link for Rob Daniel in 'Authors and Storytellers.'

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**'Mildew and Mustard' by Rob Daniel:** Mustard calls her brother Mildew because he hates washing himself. Mildew's nickname for his sister is Mustard, because everything she eats is **CHILLI HOT!** They would get on fine, if they didn't share their nasty habits with each other....

## *'Mildew and Mustard'* by Rob Daniel

"Mildew is the **yuckiest** brother in the whole world"

Mustard announced to her mirror.

"I know because I have to *live* with him. He plays in mud, draws yucky pictures of monsters eating people and keeps weird insects in his pocket as pets. *And* he hasn't had a bath since he started to walk."

That was seven years ago.

Mildew sat in his room, counting his fish guts. Mustard didn't know he kept fish guts. He arranged them into smells.

**SMELLY**

**VERY SMELLY.**

**DROP DEAD SMELLY.**

Mildew spent weeks collecting dead fish from the jetty and pulling their insides out. He had a plan for his fish

guts and kept them in a special 'Gut Box'. It had a glass lid so he could watch them rot.

His sister would go nuts when she found them in the hood of her jacket.

Mildew knew people would think him mean, horrible and nasty, but *people* didn't know his sister like he did.

Mustard *LOVED* hot food. Not just spicy, but the sort of **hot** you'd get chewing flames. That's why everyone called her Mustard.

She sprinkled chillies on her cornflakes, pepper on her ice-cream and hot English mustard on her dinner. She even got mum to buy her a special Japanese hot sauce called 'wasabi' which Mustard spread onto her sandwiches for school.

Mildew believed wasabi came from the molten lava of a volcano. He tried it once on the tip of his finger. The sauce melted his teeth while the fumes caused serious

damage to his nose as they explored his face and blasted out of his nostrils.

If it was hot, Mustard loved it. This wouldn't have mattered to Mildew, except Mustard loved to share her love of volcanic food with him when he was least expecting it.

Last night Mildew had a drink of blackcurrant juice before going to bed. It was his favourite drink and his mum said the vitamin C was good for him. He swallowed twice before his tongue did something it had never done before.

It ran screaming from his mouth.

Mildew found his tongue hiding in the fridge, rubbing itself against a packet of frozen peas.

"MUSTARD!" He yelled.

"Yes Mildew" Mustard smiled sweetly.

"OOOH, I quite forgot! I juiced a kilo of those cute little Mexican chilli's and poured them into your juice bottle to save for later. I hope you don't mind".  
Mildew couldn't speak. His faced turned purple.

She pretended to be shocked. "You didn't *drink* it did you Mildew?!"

"Those are the hottest chillies in the world" she shouted after him as Mildew disappeared up the stairs,  
"MUM, MILDEW'S BEEN DRINKING MY CHILLI JUICE AGAIN ..... TELL HIM NOT TO!"

Mildew's mouth was so hot his teeth rattled. His face was falling off. He looked at his 'Gut Box'.

But fish guts were too horrible. After watching them go mushy he'd had second thoughts about dumping them on Mustard's head. Worms were wriggling and some of them had two heads. The guts had turned a dizzy

green. He opened the lid and breathed in. Mildew collapsed onto the floor gasping like a bug hit by a litre of fly spray.

"That would make a dung beetle throw up" he told his pale green reflection in the mirror. "I cant be that nasty – she's mad, she's horrible, she feeds me fire and should be locked up in a dungeon and tortured every day for ever but - she IS my sister."

Mildew thoughtfully squeezed a blob of toothpaste onto his toothbrush.

"Everyone's different Mildew" his mum had said.

"Be patient with her" his dad had told him. "She's only little."

"Scorpions are little" Mildew pointed out.

"She's your little sister" mum had scolded him. "You look after her, she loves her big brother."

"She loves trying to kill him" Mildew thought, brushing his teeth savagely. The toothpaste tasted funny.

Mildew didn't have time to wonder how Mustard got chilli seeds into his tube of toothpaste. His mum found him downstairs with his tongue stuck to the inside of the freezer. His eyes were wild, cross-eyed and popping.

She pulled Mildew away from the freezer. There was a gentle ripping sound.

"Oh dear" she said, "I do hope that wasn't your tongue Mildew."

"Of Courth idth my tong" he shouted, leaping around looking for something heavy to hit Mustard with. "It'th my nuthy thithter, she'th twying to kwill me.

"I'm goin' du dwag her into the garden by her pethky toe nails and pull her dorky legth off .... AND DON' YOU TWY AND THTOP ME!!!!"

After coming home from hospital with his mouth bandaged and his head in a sling, Mildew stomped up to his room.

He didn't care about putting fish guts into Mustard's hood anymore. Fish guts were too good for her. He waited until it was late, crept downstairs with a peg on his nose and poured his gut box into Mustard's jacket hood.

He went to bed and slept well, dreaming of a sister with oozing green hair.

In the morning Mildew awoke to the appalling sound of his mother shrieking. He'd never heard a sound like it; a million seagulls fighting over a mouldy fish head.

Mildew's day went horribly wrong. He peered through the curtains at his mum plunging her head into the fish

pond, gurgling and bubbling. Green slime floated on the pond, goldfish floated to the surface belly up.

As the shriek turned into *'MILDEW!'*

Mustards happy little face appeared at his door.

"I think mum wants you" she said. "I lent her my jacket."

(Can you think of what could happen next? Let me know by writing it down and e-mailing me at:

[robddaniel@yahoo.com](mailto:robddaniel@yahoo.com) )

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Children's author, photographer, presenter living in Albany, Western Australia.

Currently working on several children's stories, in collaboration with inspiring artists of all different ages from around the world.

Rob tours schools in Australia working with young people, presenting exciting creative writing, memory and self-esteem workshops. He is planning and

putting together a tour of schools in the UK and America for 2007.

He is also contracted to go into schools to help start online magazines and newspapers for children to run themselves.

Rob (or Danny as he is often called) has lived in Albany, Western Australia for the past 21 years, an extended stay after arriving with a three month holiday visa.

Rob is from Llanelli in South Wales, spent his childhood in and out of Wicksteed Park in Kettering, England and travelled for seven years before coming to Western Australia and choosing to stay.

Rob is passionate about creating a fun environment in which children can learn, and is also passionate about his short seasonal devotion to fresh mangos.

He is blissfully married to the inspiring Paula, lives with his two wonderful teenage children Gareth and Sian, a sappy dog and two equally sappy cats and believes his true home is somewhere on Ios in the Greek Islands.

For more about Rob's books and the weird and wonderful goings on at Chocmint, visit:

[www.chocmint.com](http://www.chocmint.com)

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