

SQUISH by Rob Daniel 2006
www.chocmint.com

Po Box 5214
Albany 6332
Western Australia

Tel: 61 (0)8 98 423159

E-mail robddaniel@yahoo.com

Thank you for downloading '***SQUISH***' by Rob Daniel.

You have my permission to resell, give away and distribute this children's e-book anyway you see fit.

The content cannot be changed in any way, and all links must remain active.

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

Please come and visit our online creative studio at www.chocmint.com and sign up for our newsletter.

SQUISH! By Rob Daniel www.chocmint.com

I lined him up in my sites, as the postman shot past our gate on his moped.

'SQUISH!'

My deadly rapid fire drench gun (as used by the New York Fire Department) was the best in the street.

Dad bought it from a friend of a friend he knew. I think it's illegal. Mum told him not to, but he did.

The postman disappeared off his moped and landed in his own puddle. I hid behind a bush.

The postman looked up at the blue sky and muttered "Spring showers" then zoomed off on his moped again, carrying his soggy letters.

I snuck around the side of the house and peered over into next-door's garden.

I love dogs. But I don't like yappy dogs. I really cant *stand* yappy dogs.

'Killer' was snarling at the fence, looking up at me barring his tiny teeth. They may be small but they're very sharp those teeth. Killer bit me on the foot once and it was like having a million injections.

I lined Killer up in my sites.

'SQUISH!'

Then I ducked down behind the fence again.

Killer looked like a small sodden mop, floating down the garden path in a flash flood.

Mrs. Jones, Killer's very protective mumsy wumsy, came rushing out of her kitchen.

"Oh Snookums, what happened my boodiful liddle pretty boy den?"

That's right, his name is 'Snookums' really, not 'Killer'. I get the names mixed up. Snookums was too busy coughing up water and trying to bark at me to tell *her* what happened.

Mrs. Jones raced down the garden after him and plucked Snookums from the flood before he could disappear down a drain.

She looked up into the sky and muttered, "Sun showers, my poor liddle doggywoggy." She took him back into the house, wrapping him in her skirt.

I slithered on my belly around the side of the house and into the back garden.

Mum was bringing in the dry washing. She was folding the last pair of socks and placing them neatly into a basket.

I hid behind the blue bin and lined her up in my sites.

'SQUISH!'

Mum vanished behind a wall of rushing water. I thought for a moment I'd drowned her, but she appeared again lying in a new pool holding onto the washing line. She said things I'd only ever heard Dad shout in the shed when he didn't think I could hear him.

They were very rude some of these words. I knew they were rude because mum often ran out into the garden and into the shed. "Don't be so RUDE George" she said.

And that was only when he said one word. Mum had just said ALL of them, one after another.

The washing was wet. There were pairs of knickers dripping in the cherry tree, a pair of shorts in next doors garden and jeans lying in a mud puddle.

Mum looked up at the sky. "Spring showers!" she groaned, crawling to her feet. "What is the weather coming to?"

I crept off with my back to the fence and slid into the street. An ice cream van parked a few metres away. I hid behind a parked car.

This time I waited a bit longer until there was a long queue of mums and dads and little kids with their tongues hanging out.

I lined the ice cream van up in my sites.

'SQUISH!'

The jet of water hit everyone in the queue then flooded into the ice cream van and washed the man out of his hatch.

People were slushing around in water, ice cream, hundreds and thousands, nuts, soggy wafers and bits of chocolate flake. The ice cream man was furiously yelling something in Italian (I think it was something about Spring showers) and the kids were throwing lumps of ice cream at each other.

I crawled around the car and jumped over a neighbour's garden wall. From here I could sidle my way up the street without anyone seeing me.

A policeman was walking down the road towards the ice cream van to see what was going on.

OH NO! I couldn't. I wouldn't dare. No way. No chance. I'd have to be crackers to

I lined the policeman up in my sites.

'SQUISH!'

I hoped the policeman could swim.

He was soooo wet! When he tried to radio for help his radio wouldn't work. You would think they'd make police radios water proof, for when it rained, or when policemen fell into rivers in the line of duty, or when they got lined up by kids carrying deadly rapid fire drench guns.

I ducked down behind the wall and peered over the top to watch.

The policeman looked straight at me.

"Uh oh. Hello Dad."

"Freeze" dad said to me. I froze.

Dad splodged over to me.

"Robert Donald (why did they give me Donald as a middle name, I sound like a duck). I am arresting you on suspicion of drenching a police officer. You do not have to say anything, but whatever you do say may be taken down and used in evidence against you."

"Knickers" I said.

Dad wrote it down. I gulped.

The wet policeman took out his handcuffs and locked my wrists together. Then he pulled me back down the street to our house, collecting all my wet victims along the way.

The ice cream man and his customers, a sopping wet mum, the soggy dog and his mumsy wumsy and a cross looking postman holding a bag of squishy letters.

They all followed as I dragged myself up the stairs and backed into my bedroom.

"Now then" my policeman dad started, but I didn't hear the rest.

They were all crowding around the top of the stairs, dripping and glowering at me.

I lined them up in the sites of my deadly rapid fire drench gun (as used by the New York Fire Department).

'SQUISH!'

Rob Daniel www.chocmint.com

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 works with primary school children in creative writing, memory techniques and self-confidence. 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, but is equally passionate about his short seasonal devotion to fresh mangos.

He is blissfully married to the inspiring Paula, has two wonderful teenage children Gareth and Sian and believes his true home is somewhere between Ios and Folegandros in the Greek Islands.

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

To book Rob for your school either visit his website, or go to: www.ngm.com.au and visit 'Authors and Storytellers.'