

BAFTA-WINNING  
CHILDREN'S TV PRESENTERS

**SAM & MARK**

**LONG  
ARM**

Vs

**THE EVIL  
SUPPLY  
TEACHER**



SCHOLASTIC

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
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Welcome to *The Wolvesley Hour*. I'm Sammy  
Sammerson. Our top headlines for this evening...

Who is Long Arm?

Where did he come from?

And how can he possibly find sleeves that fit?



*You're listening to Wolvesley FM where we guarantee to make your ears smile. I'm Clare Waves. Coming up on to 's show we'll be chatting about this long-armed crusader who's the talk of the town. That's coming up right after the new one from the Desert Penguins... It's out now and it's called 'It's a little too hot here'.*



# THE DAILY REFLECTION

Looking back at you, Wolvesley, every day!

## LONG ARM STATUE UNVEILED BY MAYOR

*Britain's Got Flatulence*

contestant Sharon:

"I didn't expect it to smell  
that bad."

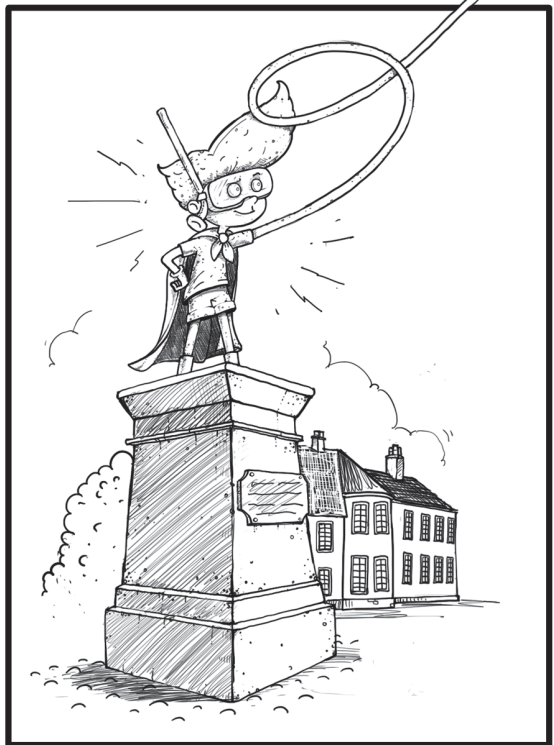
Full story page 5.

Wolvesley Zoo reports more  
missing animals.

Head keeper says: "It makes  
no sense."

Full story page 9.

Win Tickets to  
**BRITAIN'S  
GOT  
FLATULENCE  
GRAND FINAL**





### LongArm\_WFC

Long Arm Superfan  
and Wolvesley FC  
supporter



2.7K



376



8.9K

## WOLVESLEY TRENDS

### #LongArm

62.7K Tweets in the last hour

### #LongArmrscuespuppy

85.2K Tweets

### #LongArmMonday

Trending for 3 hours now

### #BGF

151K Tweets

### #DesertPenguinsontour

49.4K Tweets

### #WolvesleyFC

20.5K Tweets

### #OrangeAdeHealthWarning

Just started trending



### SammySar

Can you be  
saved anoth  
#LongArm



1.2K



7.5K



5.3K



### Trish<3Lor

#LongArm S  
#LongArmre



783



1.1K



745



### RealMarky

Go #LongAr



456



4.1K



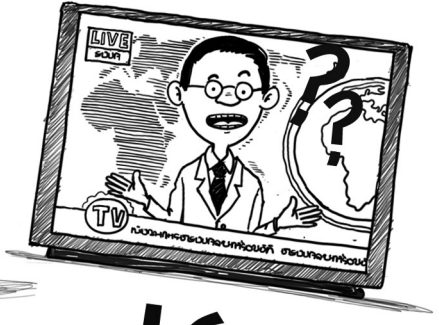
984



### MaceyMoo

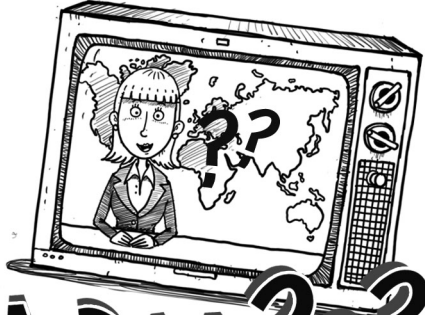
Another ama  
#LongArm



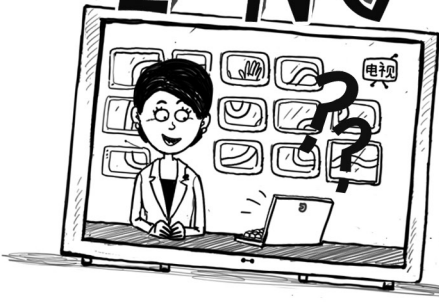


WHO IS

?



LONG ARM???





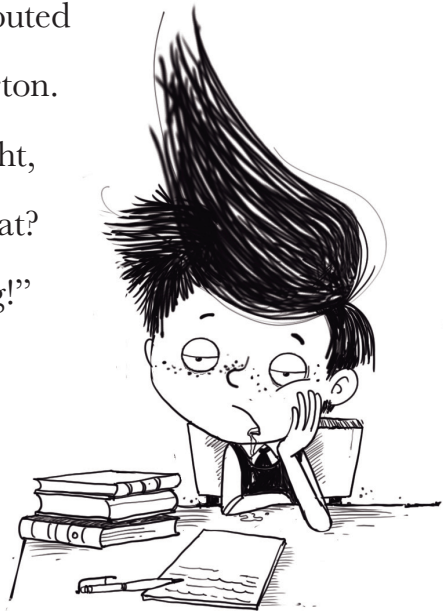
# CHAPTER 1

## A DOZY SUPERHERO

“Wake up, Mitre!” shouted his teacher, Mr Pinkerton.

Ricky sat bolt upright, his mind a mess. “What? Yes, Mummy. Coming!”

The class laughed, and Ricky blushed. Even Simon, Ricky’s best friend, was grinning.



“Sorry, sir,” said Ricky. “I must have dozed off.”

Mr Pinkerton was holding a stack of papers and his knuckles whitened. His face twisted into a frown, like an angry letter being screwed up.

“Children falling asleep in lessons” was a long way down Mr Pinkerton’s List of Favourite Things (L.O.F.T). Let’s take a look shall we?

L.O.F.T #1,233 - Children enjoying lessons

L.O.F.T #1,234 - Children falling asleep in lessons

L.O.F.T #1,235 - Children

“Dozing! DOZING? In maths!”

He said it as though dozing in maths was impossible. But Ricky didn’t hear, because he’d fallen asleep again.

Mr Pinkerton slammed the papers down on to Ricky’s desk. “Eyes open!” he yelled.

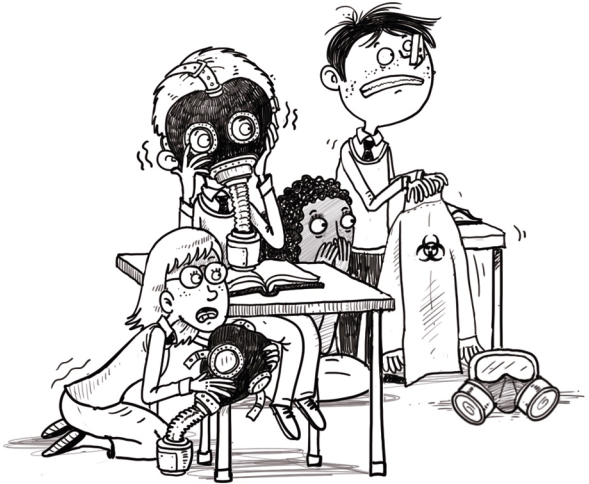
His face went pink. Then red. Then blue. It turned a shade of purple that frankly wasn’t natural.

And when Mr Pinkerton’s face goes THAT colour, there’s no going back.

Ricky knew what was coming next. The whole class knew. You at home with this book

in your hands, you know. Heck, even the aliens living on the planet Skidillybop probably have a good idea. A trump, a bottom burp. Or, if you're posh, a "breaking wind".

"Pinker-pump alert!" said Vince. "Activate defensive measures!"

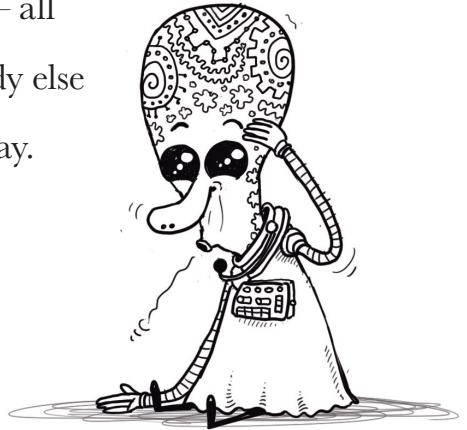


But Mr Pinkerton took deep breaths, and performed a series of stretches like a yoga master.

“Flatulence averted!” he mumbled.

The entire class was shocked. It was unlike Mr Pinkerton to hold in a good trump. He always took immense pleasure in releasing his foul-smelling gas into the atmosphere. One time he let out a trump on every step he took leading up to the school library – all fifty-two of them. Nobody else visited the library that day.

Whatever the reason, everyone was grateful, including the aliens.



“He should be careful,” Simon whispered to Ricky. “I’ve read that people can spontaneously combust from a build-up of methane. One spark, and BOOM!”

Ricky chuckled, but cut his chuckle short when Mr Pinkerton laid his latest test paper down on the desk. It had been graded W.

“What does W mean, sir?”

“Worse-Than-Even-I-Expected,” replied Mr Pinkerton. “Which is *very* bad indeed.”

“Ouch,” muttered Simon.

“Double-Ouch,” said Mr Pinkerton, giving Simon his test paper. Ricky saw Simon’s face go pale as a flour-dusted sheet. His mouth opened in sheer horror.



He began to tremble uncontrollably.

“Are you OK?” said Ricky. “What did you get?”

Simon seemed to have lost the ability to speak, so Ricky peered over his shoulder. His paper was marked with an A.

“What’s the matter?” asked Ricky. “An A is amazing.”

“My parents are going to kill me,” said Simon. “I’ve never got below an A+ before now.”

Ricky was a bit disappointed though. Normally he got Cs. One time he thought he’d got a C+, but it turned out the “+” was just a bit of Pinkerton’s curried egg that had

fallen on to the paper.

But a W . . . that was definitely  
Worse-Than-Even-Ricky-Expected.

The problem? Well, being a superhero was tiring. Since Ricky's arm had stretched miraculously long in a hideous toilet-cleaning accident\*, he'd been busy. Between completing the final levels of **Barry the Hedgehog** (his new favourite computer game), basketball practice and saving the world, Ricky didn't have a lot of time for maths revision. Still, if they asked, he would just tell his parents that the W stood for "Winner".

\* It's pretty disgusting, but if you like that sort of thing, read *The Adventures of Long Arm*.



Mr Pinkerton had finished handing out the rest of the papers. “Anyone below an F, you’ll be doing lines at break time.”

Ricky put up his hand. “Is a W below an F?”

Mr Pinkerton rolled his eyes. “Yes, Ricky. Don’t you know your alphabet either?” He turned to the board and wrote: *Mathematics nourishes the mind*. “Thirty times please, Ricky.”

The bell went for assembly, and everyone scrambled up from their desks. On the way past, the class bully Vince bashed into Ricky. “Sorry, Mitre,” he said. “Didn’t see you down there.”

The school hall was already filling up when Ricky’s class arrived, so the only place left to sit was right at the front, in what was known as Spittle Row, because of head teacher Mrs Wilson’s over-active saliva glands.



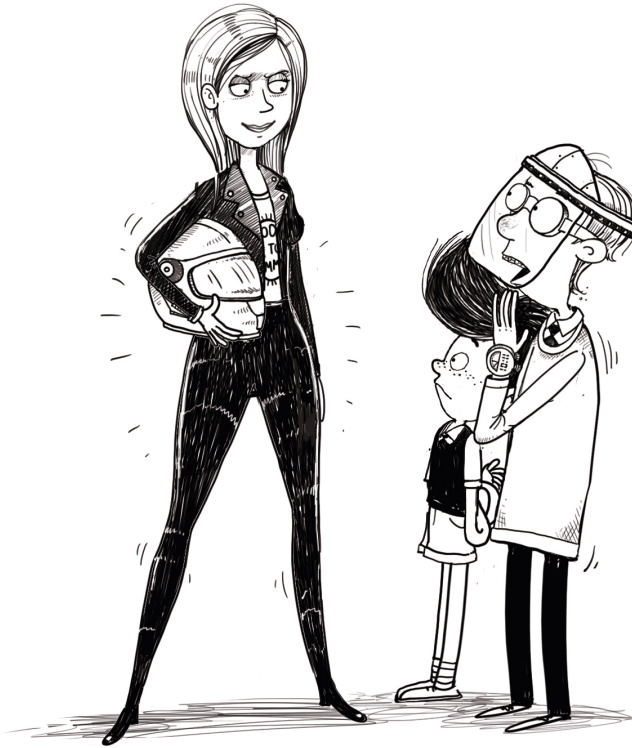
“Oh, great,” said  
Vince, sliding  
on yesterday’s  
outpouring. “I  
haven’t brought  
my umbrella. Or a  
wetsuit.”

Ricky found a dry spot on the floor and sat down. Simon pushed a button on the side of his thick spectacles, and a full-face visor slotted down. Typical Simon – always prepared.

But it wasn’t Mrs Wilson who came into the hall. Instead, it was a youngish woman dressed head-to-toe in leathers, with a motorcycle helmet under her arm. She unzipped the

leather jacket and tossed it on to the stage.  
Underneath she wore a T-shirt that read  
*Schoolz Out For Summer.*

“Who’s that?” Katie Locke muttered,  
wide-eyed.



“Hi, guys!” said the woman, smiling brightly. “I’m afraid I have some bad news about Mrs Wilson.”

Ricky and everyone else drew in a deep breath. What could have happened?

“Unfortunately, last night we lost Mrs Wilson.”

Everyone gasped in shock. Someone started to weep at the back of the hall.

The biker lady continued, “She was playing hide-and-seek with her family, but her hiding place this time is just too good and she simply can’t be found. Until she is, I am acting as her replacement. My name is Mrs Schofield. But you call me Miss, The Schofatron, The

Schofinator, or whatever you like, really.”

Ricky looked at Simon, who was slowly removing his visor.

“The Schofatron is cool,” Ricky whispered.

She looked to the door and gave a wave with her hand. “Come in, Spencer. Don’t be shy.”

A boy Ricky’s age, with sandy hair and lots of freckles, shuffled into the hall, barely lifting his eyes.

“This is my son, Spencer,” said Mrs Schofield. “We’ve just moved to the area, so I hope you’ll all make him welcome. He’ll be in Mr Pinkerton’s class.”

Spencer looked up briefly, casting a glance for somewhere to sit. On the front row, Vince



called, “Here’s a spot next to me.”

Ricky frowned. Normally Vince was about as friendly as a rattlesnake.

Spencer walked over, and the next moment cried “Argh!”, as his feet shot from beneath him.



“Oops,” said Vince, chuckling. “Must’ve been a wet spot.”

“Right,” said Mrs Schofield. “Enjoy your day, guys. I have only one rule, and I’ll come down hard if you break it. That rule is . . . have fun!”

The whole assembly broke into applause.

Apart from Mr Pinkerton. He was shifting uncomfortably, like he *really* wanted to let rip with a good trump. Stinkerton loved rules, so the idea of there only being *one* would not please him AT ALL.

As everyone stood up to leave for their next lesson, Ricky went over to Spencer. He offered him his left hand. “Stick with us,” he said. “My name’s Ricky and this is Simon.”

Spencer smiled gratefully and shook Ricky’s hand. Vince muttered, “Creep,” under his breath.

“Tell you what,” said Mrs Schofield as they walked towards the doors. “Let’s not bother with your next lesson. Go outside and play

instead. Fresh air is good for you.”

Everyone looked at each other in shock and then cheered. Ricky started running for the doors to the playground.

A hand dropped on to his shoulder. He turned to see Mr Pinkerton. “Forgotten something, Mitre? You’ve got lines to do.”

Ricky’s heart sank as he watched the other kids run out into the sunshine.