

HOW TO
MAKE A

PET MONSTER

'Funny, silly,
and with just
enough gross bits!'

SALLY RIPPIN

FLUMMOX

LILI
WILKINSON

Illustrations by
**DUSTIN
SPENCE**



For Ethan, Quinn and Arwyn. **LW.**

Many thanks and love to Shay for
the love and support. **DS.**

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SPENCE**



CHAPTER

1

Have you ever wanted a **pet monster**?

If you are like me, the answer is **NO**,
because **monsters don't exist**.

If you are like Willow, the answer is
YES DEFINITELY.

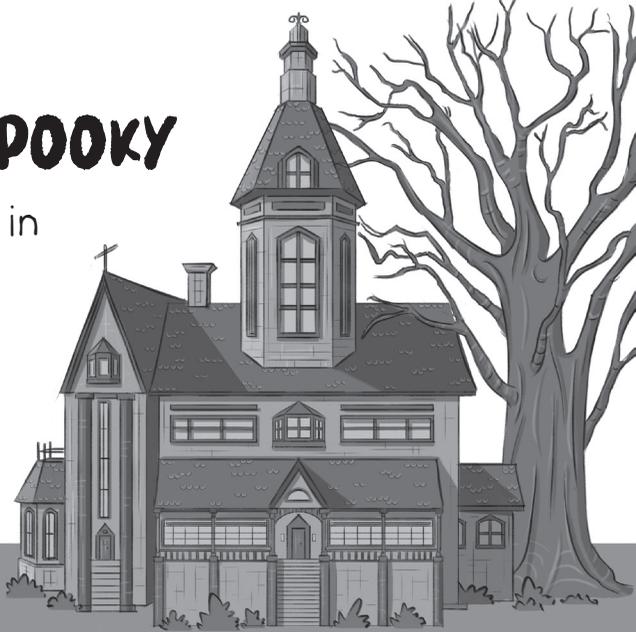


I am
Artie.

This is
Willow.



This is the **BIG, SPOOKY**
house that we live in
together, with my
mum and Willow's
dad.



2

And this is Hodgepodge, my pet
monster. (Apparently monsters **DO** exist?
I am as surprised as you are.)

Hodgepodge

DISLIKES:
BANANAS AND
BEING LOCKED
UP IN CAGES

LIKES:
EATING DIRTY
SOCKS AND
FLOWERS

VERY
FRIENDLY

SPECIAL POWER:
CAN FART ANY/SMELL

3

A card with a torn edge featuring a cartoon monster named Hodgepodge. The monster is furry, has large eyes, and is wearing a striped shirt. It is holding a flower in its mouth. The card lists its likes and dislikes, and its special power.

Willow and I found an ancient spell book called **THE BIGGEST BOOK OF FETCHING MONSTERS**, which shows you how to make **REAL MONSTERS**.

Hodgepodge was supposed to be a **hobgoblin**, but we couldn't find the ingredients listed in the spell book, so we used things from around the house and got Hodgepodge instead. I'm glad, because Hodgepodge is my **best friend**.

Now Willow wants to make a monster of her own, and I'm a bit scared.

When we made Hodgepodge, I didn't believe in monsters.

I didn't think anything would happen,

because I know about Science, and I know that you can't just *make* a monster, and also that monsters aren't real.

Except we did make a monster, and now he is **SLEEP-FARTING** on the end of my bed.



Now that I know monsters **ARE** real,
I'm worried about making a new one.

'What if it is dangerous?'

'I hope it is,' says Willow. 'Let's get to
it. I want this one.'



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'First we need **spittle of the moon,**'
says Willow.

'That's impossible,' I tell her. 'The moon
doesn't have salivary glands.'

'Sure,' says Willow, shrugging.
'But **YOU** are **MOON-FACED.** So
you can just spit in the kettle.'

I open my mouth to argue,
but Willow has her determined
face on, so instead I lean
over and

SPIT
into the kettle.

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'Right,' says Willow, examining **THE BIGGEST BOOK OF FETCHING MONSTERS**. 'Next we need **salt of alembroth**.'

'What's alembroth?' I ask.

'Who cares?' Willow replies. 'Regular salt will do.'



I hope I never have to do a real **SCIENCE** experiment with Willow. **IT WOULD GO VERY BADLY.**

'I'll get the salt,' Willow says. 'You can get the **fairy's wing**.'

'Ah,' I say. 'Well, I can't do that. **Because there is no such thing as fairies.**'

Willow opens her mouth to reply, but she's interrupted by my mum calling us from downstairs.

'Artie! Willow! There's someone here I want you to meet.'





↗
'This is
**ARABELLA-
ROSE.**'

Mum says.

'Arabella lives
next door.'

'I'm so happy to meet you all,' says Arabella-Rose.

Willow and I exchange a look.

'Arabella's parents are out of town, and her uncle got held up coming to collect her, so she is going to spend the day with you two. I know you'll make her feel welcome,' Mum says, giving Willow and me a firm look as she leaves the room.

Arabella-Rose perches on the sofa like a QUEEN. 'Go on, then,' she says.

'Err,' I reply.

'We're supposed to be getting to know

each other. Don't you want to ask me some questions?' she says.

Willow makes a **snorting noise**.

'Here's a question. What time are you going home?'



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This is a **VERY RUDE** thing to ask, and Arabella-Rose narrows her eyes at Willow. But she quickly smiles and says, 'My Uncle Cranky is picking me up at five-thirty. He's not really cranky. He's lovely. I just call him that to be funny!' Arabella-Rose laughs at her own joke and continues. 'He's not really my uncle, either. He's my great-uncle once removed. Do you know what "once removed" means? I can explain all about ancestry if you'd like.'

Suddenly, five-thirty feels like a long time from now.

WILLOW LOOKS FURIOUS. I would bet my subscription to **Junior Scientist**

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Magazine she is annoyed that we can't make her monster while Arabella-Rose is here. I am secretly relieved. Arabella-Rose might be **SNOOTY**, but she doesn't look nearly as **SCARY** as a real live monster.

Arabella-Rose doesn't seem to notice the tension. 'Here are some interesting things about me,' she says. 'I am twelve years old. My favourite colour is gold. I don't like spiders or cottage cheese. I'm going to be an actress and a singer. I brought my scrapbook of all the different performances I've done, and all my favourite shows. Would you like to see it? Would you like to hear me sing now?'

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She doesn't wait for an answer, just launches into a song I've never heard before but seems to be about castles and clouds.

I think Arabella-Rose is actually a pretty good singer, but **Willow** looks like she's going to **PUKE**. Which is weird, because Willow loves music. Maybe they could do a duet?

Arabella-Rose pauses to take a deep breath, and Willow jumps in. 'That was so pretty, Arabella. I'm sure your grandparents *love* that one. Do you know any songs by **DEATH RATTLE SPIDER**? I can play "Snort Face" on the guitar.'

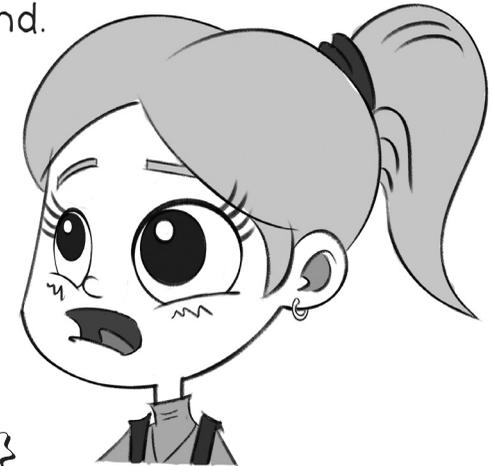
Arabella-Rose glares at Willow. 'I'm sure "Snort Face" is great for a *beginner*, but my mum says music should lift your soul, so I only sing *actually good* music.'

'Oh really?' says Willow.

'Perhaps you should have lifted that last note a little, it sounded flat to me.'

Arabella-Rose blushes **BRIGHT RED**. But only for a second.

'How tragic that you don't have a good ear for pitch, Willow.'



That must make it really hard to play your guitar. You are so brave for trying your best anyway.'

'I'm going to my room...to do some... homework,' Willow says, through gritted teeth.

Arabella-Rose narrows her eyes. 'It's the school holidays.'

'I like to get started early.'

Just when I think I might have to come up with a plan to distract them, I see a flash of green fur from the corner of my eye. **OH NO.**

'What kind of homework is it?' asks Arabella-Rose.



'Um. Maths.'

'I'm **really** good at maths. I'll come and help you.'

The flash of green is **HODGEPODGE**, who has come to see our visitor. I shake

my head at him. **It's better if people don't know about Hodgepodge.**

A man called **WESLEY CRANKSHAW** found out about him, and tried to steal him and put him in a cage. We had to rescue him.*

Arabella-Rose gets up to follow Willow, and Hodgepodge ducks behind a cushion on the couch.

'No!' Willow says. 'I don't want your help.'

Arabella-Rose's chin wobbles. 'You're supposed to play with me,' she says. 'That's why I'm here.'



I'm going to be here all day, **so you'd better start being nicer.'**

'Can't you go to an actual friend's house?' Willow asks. 'Or don't you have any?'

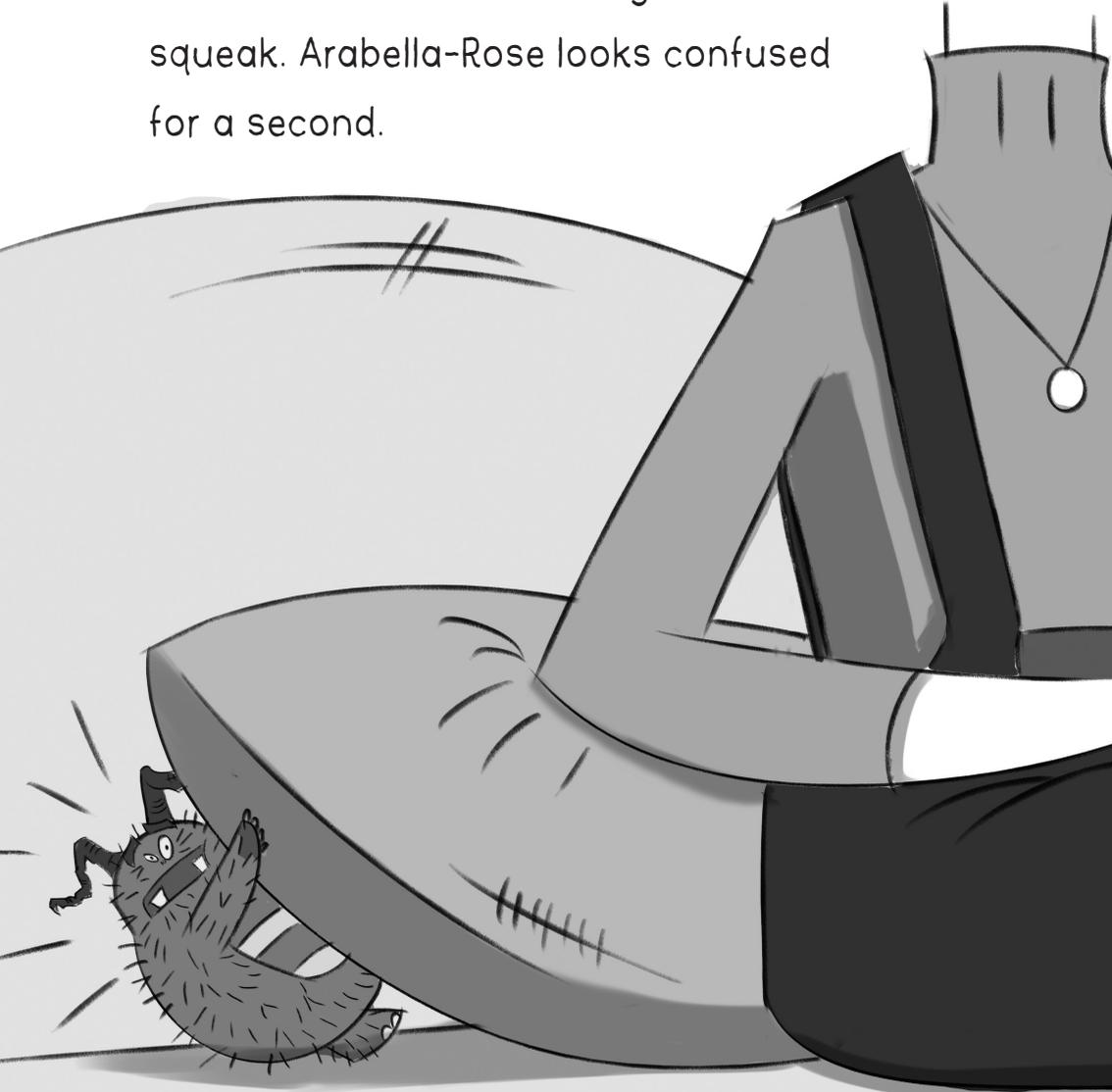
Willow is being super mean. We just moved here, so it's not like we have any friends either.

'I HAVE HEAPS OF FRIENDS,'

says Arabella-Rose firmly. 'They're just... all... busy!'



Arabella-Rose plonks herself back down on the couch. The cushion gives a little squeak. Arabella-Rose looks confused for a second.



'Your mum said you were supposed to make me feel welcome.'

'Indira isn't my mum.'

'You're not being nice.' Arabella-Rose glares at Willow.

'Why don't you play with Artie?' Willow suggests with a fake smile.

Arabella-Rose's cheeks go pink and she stands up. 'I'm going to tell your parents that you're being mean.'

Hodgepodge appears from behind the cushion, looking a bit squashed. Arabella-Rose turns around, but he whisks himself behind a fat teapot on the shelf.

'What was that?' Arabella-Rose asks.

'What was what?' Willow responds.

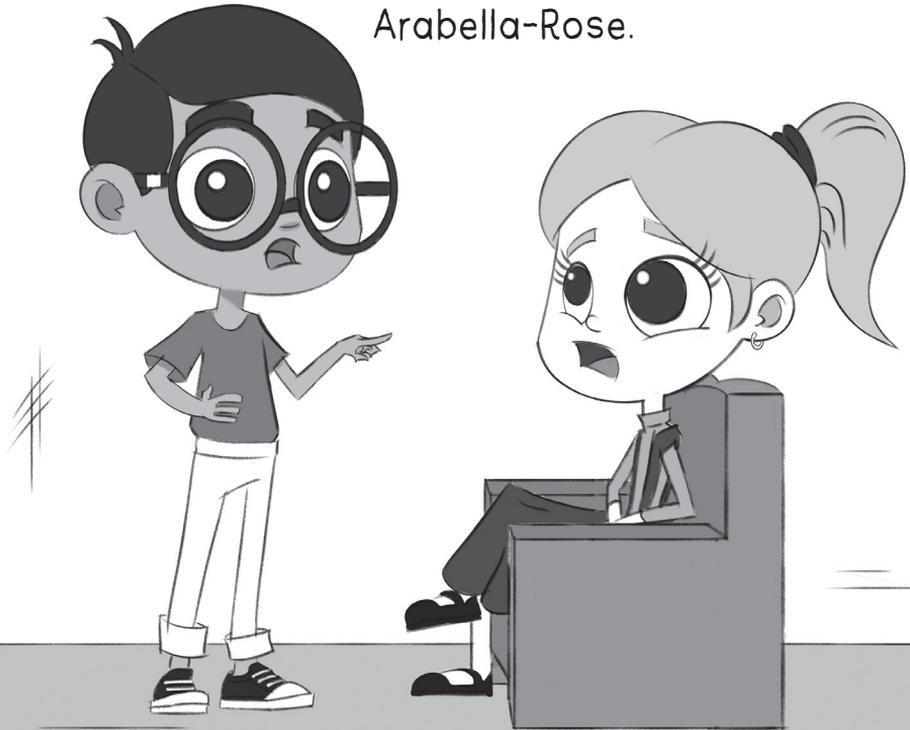
'That furry thing. It looked...kind of like
a...furry monster?'

'It was Hodgepodge.' I am very
bad at lying.

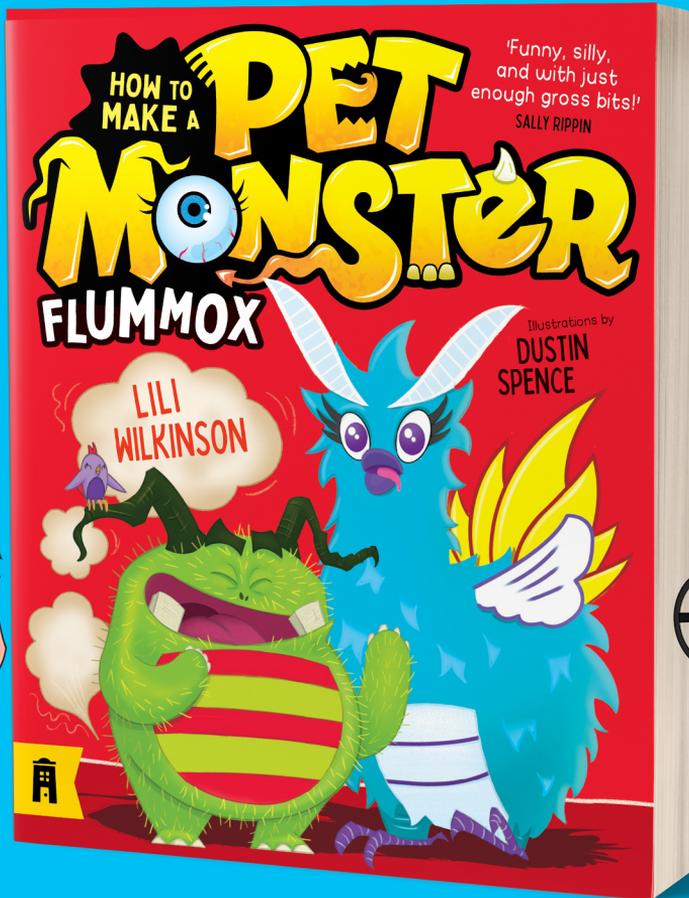
Willow shakes her head at me.

'WHO IS HODGEPODGE?' asks

Arabella-Rose.



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