

PAW PRINTS

Making tracks with reading!

CHAPTER SAMPLER



FUNNY stories from
your favourite FUNNY people!

MR DUCKINS' CHICKENS



MICK ELLIOTT

MR DUCKINS' CHICKENS



To Rachel Robson, bookseller extraordinaire and all round good egg – ME

Mr Duckins' Chickens

first published in 2025

by Walker Books Australia Pty Ltd

Gadigal and Wangal Country

Locked Bag 22, Newtown

NSW 2042 Australia

www.walkerbooks.com.au

Walker Books Australia acknowledges the Traditional Owners of the country on which we work, the Gadigal and Wangal peoples of the Eora Nation, and recognises their continuing connection to the land, waters and culture. We pay our respect to their Elders past and present.

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MR DUCKINS' CHICKENS



BY MICK ELLIOTT



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CLASS 4D

Antonia Dizon

Ji Woo Kang

Yan Liang

Rod Baxter

Lars Jonker

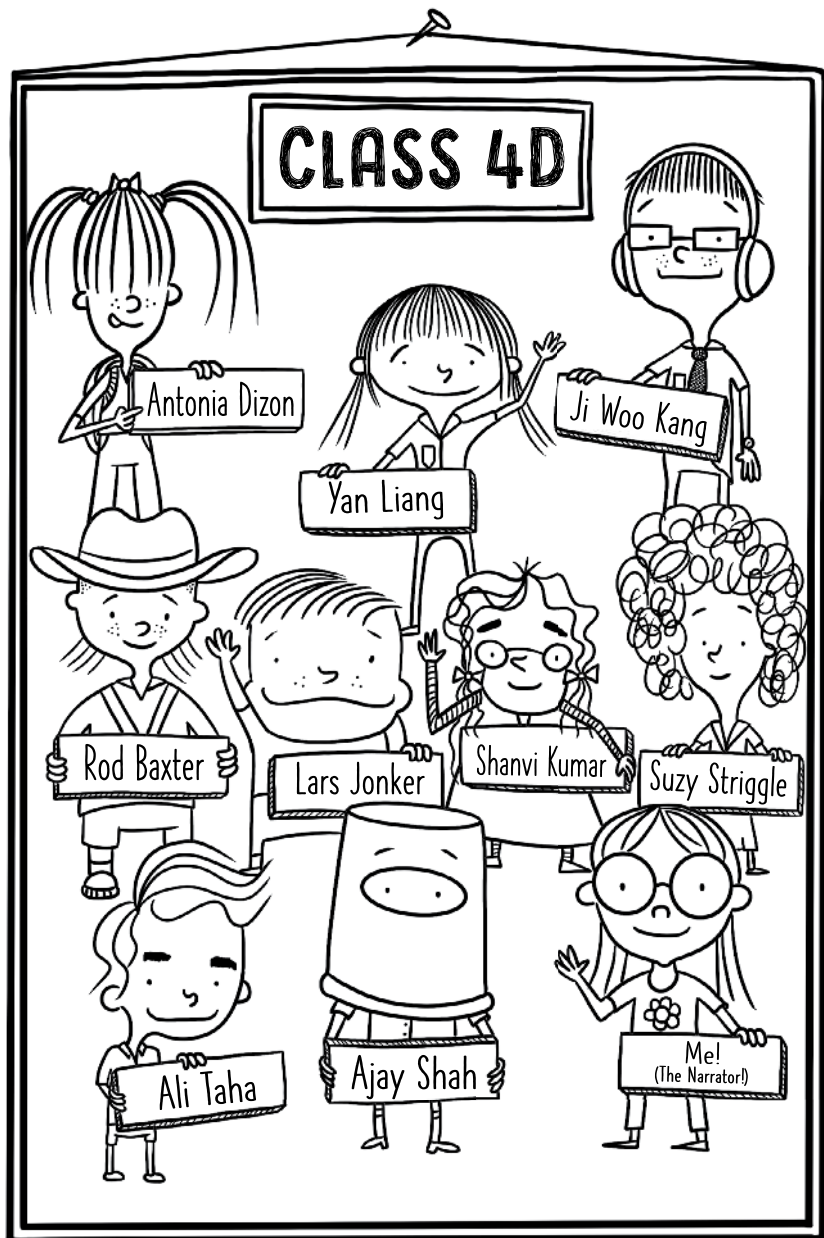
Shanvi Kumar

Suzy Striggle

Ali Taha

Ajay Shah

Me!
(The Narrator!)



CHAPTER

1

This is Mr Duckins.

He's the
**BEST
TEACHER
IN THE
UNIVERSE.**



Don't believe me?
Check out his
tattoo.

Mr Duckins doesn't believe in tests.

Or reports.

Or homework.

He says that **homework should be banned.**

When the bell goes at the end of the day, he tells us:



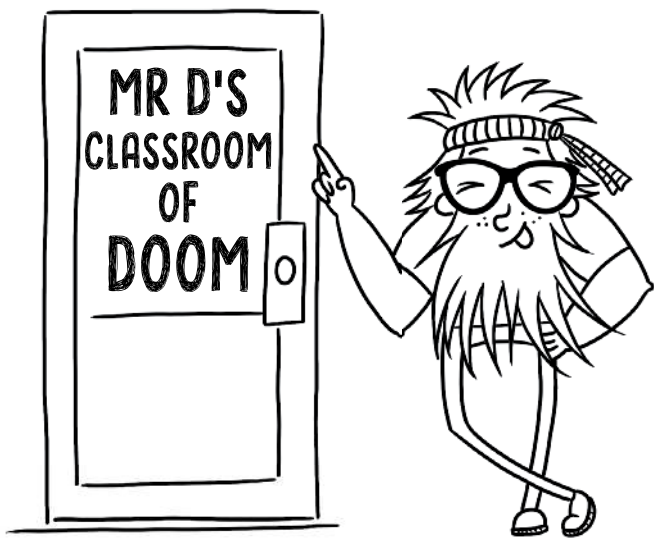
THE WHOLE
WORLD IS A
CLASSROOM!
GO AND
EXPLORE YOUR
DREAMS!

EVERYBODY wants to be in Mr Duckins' class.

He says that learning should be

- **exciting**
- **hilarious**
- and **EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.**

He calls our classroom, **Mr D's Classroom of Doom!!!!**



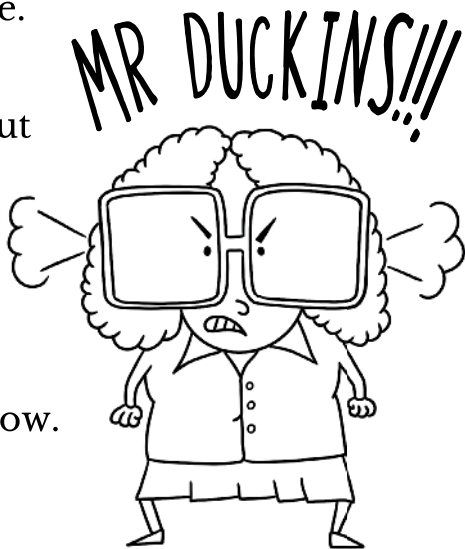
Nobody in his class **EVER** gets in trouble.

Except Mr Duckins.

He's **ALWAYS** getting called to the principal's office.

When he was teaching us about space travel, Mr Duckins launched a rocket out the classroom window.

It crashed.

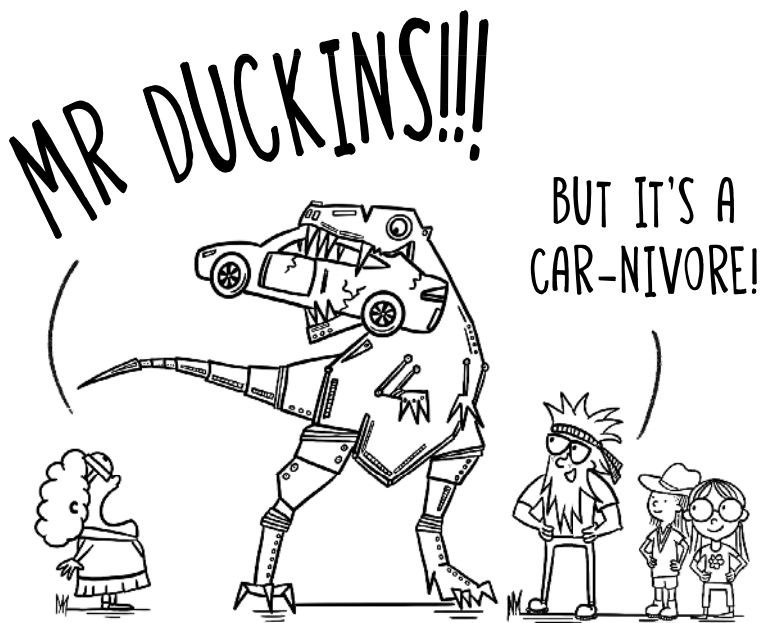


AND THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULD NEVER PLAY WITH ROCKET FUEL!



When he was teaching us about dinosaurs, Mr Duckins built a robot T-rex.

It ate the principal's Tesla.



When we wanted to know whether a panda could do a backflip on a unicycle, Mr Duckins rode one off the roof dressed in a panda costume.

THAT WAS
PANDAMAZING!



MR DUCKINS!



All our parents **LOVE** Mr Duckins.
So do we.

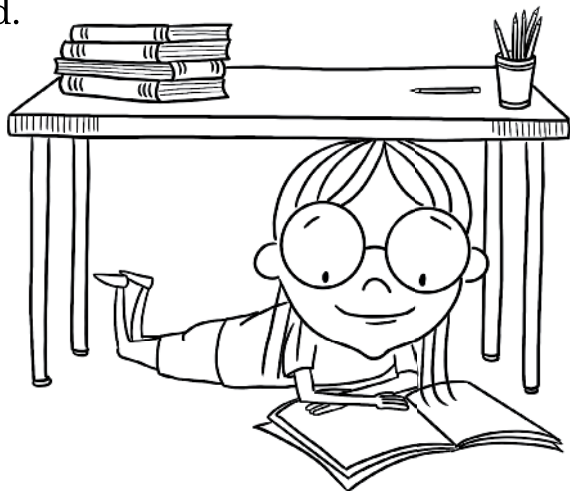
When we can't keep still, he gets us
moving.



When we click our pens **NON-STOP**,
he turns it into rap.



And when we don't feel like sitting
at our desks, he lets us sit under them
instead.

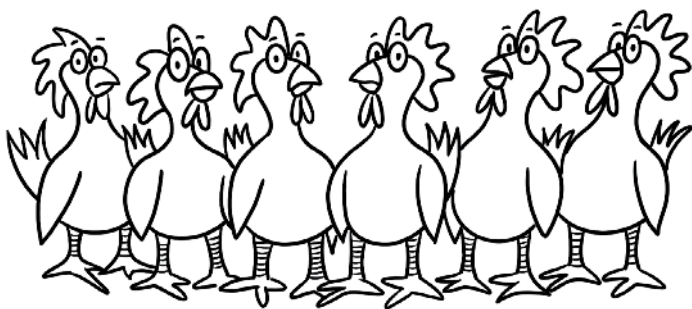


That's just the sort of kids we are.
Other teachers used to call us **rude** or
disruptive or **naughty**.

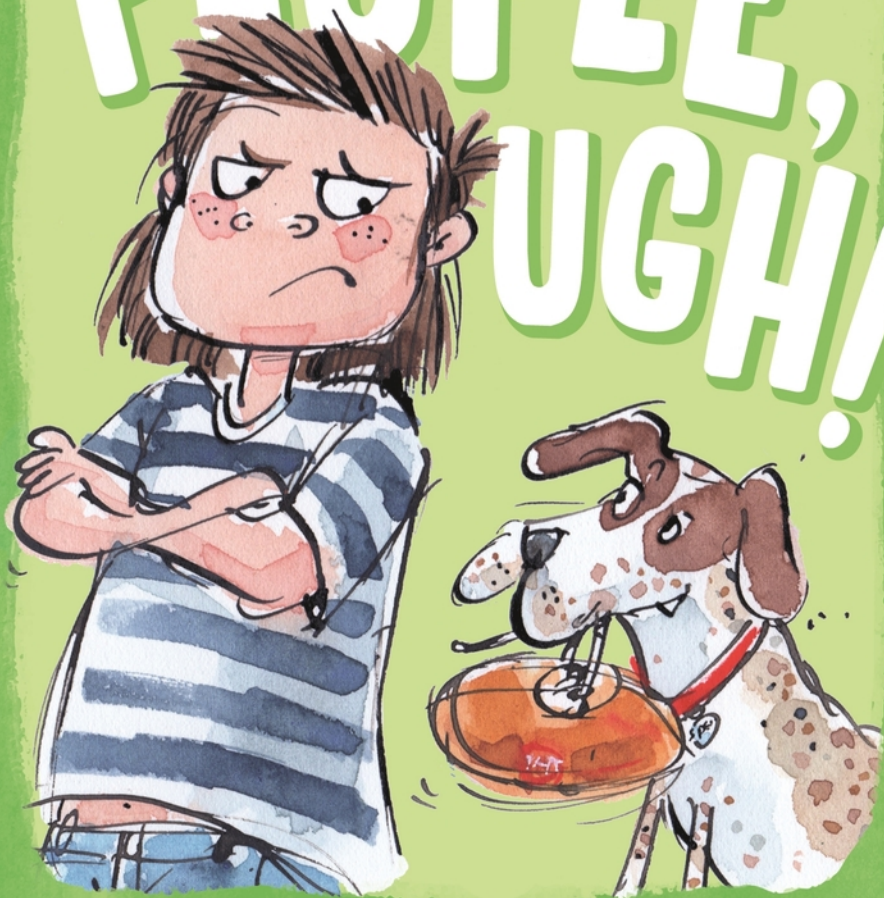
But Mr Duckins gets us.

When he came along, school went
from **boring** to **AMAZING!**

And then the thing happened with
the chickens.



DOG PEOPLE, UGH!



DANNY KATZ & MITCH VANE

**DOG
PEOPLE,
UGH!**



To the real Specky. You came along when we needed you most. And turned us into dog people. – DK

To my lovely Parkies and the dog posse – Specky, Cooper, Scout & Alfie. – MV

Dog People, Ugh!

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**DOG
PEOPLE,
UGH!**



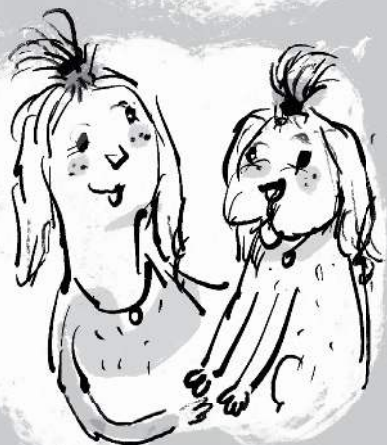
DANNY KATZ & MITCH VANE




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A grey dog collar with the word "CHAPTER" written on it in bold, black, sans-serif capital letters. A small metal ring is attached to the bottom center of the collar, holding a dark grey circular tag with the number "1" written on it in white.

CHAPTER
1

Dog people, Ugh.

I don't understand how people can love dogs. How they want to pat dogs and play with dogs and cuddle dogs. And smell like dogs.



How they're happy to carry around dog poop in little plastic bags like they've just gone shopping at a poop-supermarket. A poopermarket. That's where dog people would do all their shopping. **Gross.**



Dog people, Ugh.

They talk to
their dogs.



Jog with
their dogs.

Kiss their dogs on
the nose right after
the dog has come
home from a big
wee-sniffing walk.



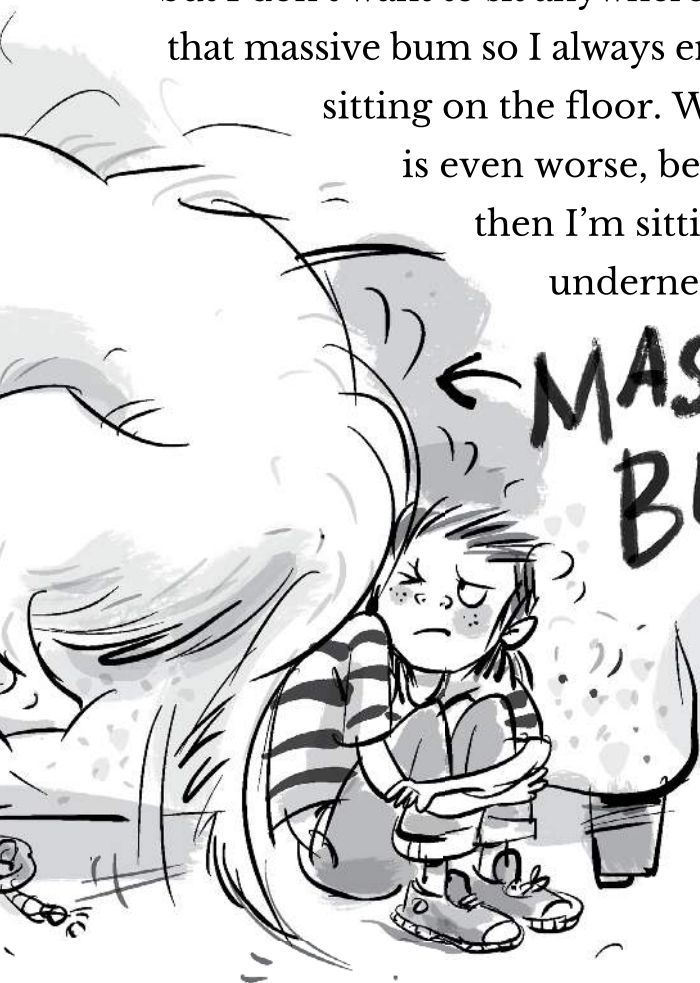
I know a dog person who actually lets their dog sleep on the couch in the living room. My Aunt Jemma has a massive lazy old dog named Goliath who leaves fur and dirt and doggy-smells all over the couch.



Whenever we go round for a visit I have to sit on the furry dirty smelly couch. And I have to squish up in a tiny space next to Goliath's massive bum.

Mum loves cuddling up with Goliath but I don't want to sit anywhere near that massive bum so I always end up sitting on the floor. Which is even worse, because then I'm sitting right underneath a

← **MASSIVE
BUM.**





Dog people, Ugh.

They even give their dogs human names like Tristan and Emily and Lucy and Archie. I was kicking the footy in the park and a woman was yelling ‘Hey Rosie, get your ball!’ and I thought she was talking to me because my name is Rosie. I went up to her and showed her my footy and said ‘Hi, I’m Rosie. Here’s my ball.’



She said, 'No, I'm actually talking to my dog. Her name is Rosie too.' After that it got really confusing. Every time she yelled 'Hey Rosie, get your ball!' both the dog and I ran off to get our balls. And when she said 'Hey Rosie, come get a drink of water!' we both went to the bubbler and got a drink of water. Me from the high human bubbler, the dog from the low doggy one.

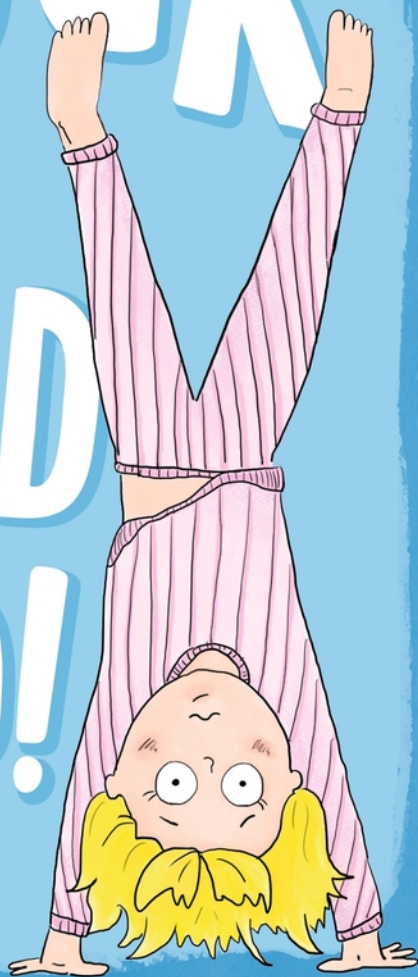


Dog people, Ugh.

Sometimes I get the feeling that Mum wants to be one of those dog people. When we walk to school in the morning she's always stopping to pat dogs and talk to dogs and let dogs lick her hand with their bum-licking tongues.



STUCK IN A HAND STAND!



ANDREW HANSEN & JESSICA ROBERTS

**STUCK
IN A
HAND
STAND!**



For George and Audrey, bursting with special talents



Stuck in a Handstand!

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STUCK IN A HAND STAND!



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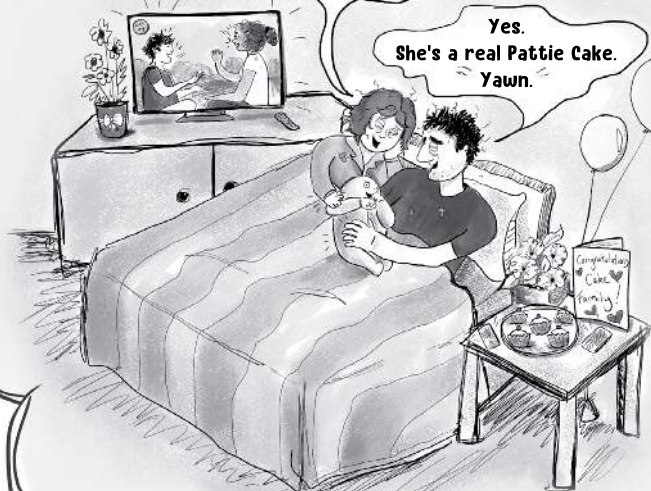
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Yawn.
She's nice to pat,
isn't she, Mr Cake?

Yes.
She's a real Pattie Cake.
Yawn.





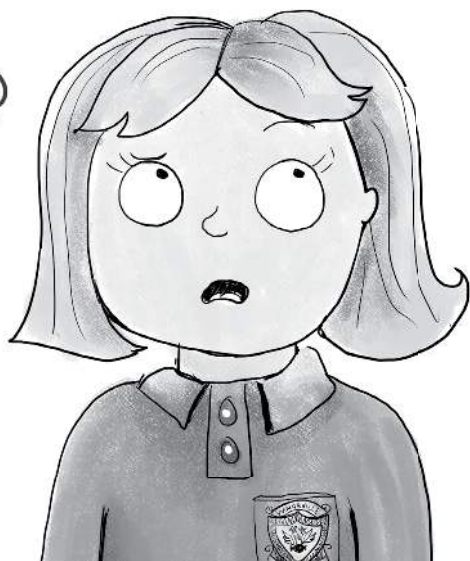
CHAPTER 1

My name is Pattie.
My last name is Cake.

PATTIE ... CAKE.

I know. What were my parents
thinking when they named me

Pattie Cake?!



I guess it could be worse. Mum
and Dad could have called me



BIRTHDAY Cake



or **CARROT** Cake

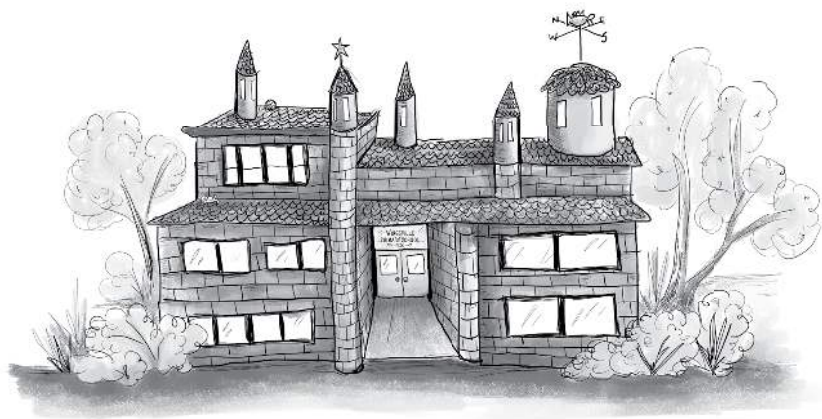


or **CUP** Cake ...

Mmm, now I'm hungry.

GIMME CAKE!

Anyway! I'm eight years old and I just moved to a new school. A big, bricky-looking one.



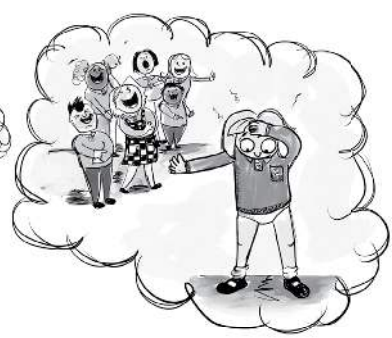
On my first day, I felt so nervous my tummy went all stiff. My head filled up with *What ifs* like:

- * *What if* I'm not good at anything?
- * *What if* I forget to wear pants?

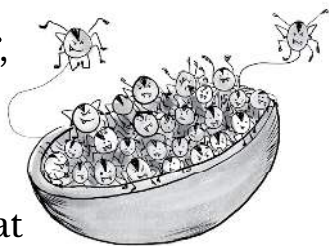
* *What if* I forget my lunch and the Principal offers me her lunch, but her lunch is a bowl of spiders and I feel like I have to eat the entire bowl and say how **NOT** disgusting her spiders are 'cos she's the Principal and if I **DON'T** say I love eating prickly spiders she'll kick me out of school? And then make the spiders chase me into ... I don't know ... a jail full of additional spiders?! While the spiders all shout,

'PATTIE CAKE,
PATTIE CAKE,
BAKER'S MAN'?!'





Normally my *What ifs*, such as the bowl of spiders, are just crazy thoughts in my head that never actually happen. But when I started at Wingsville Primary School, one of my *What ifs* came true.



The **BIGGEST** one.



No, not the spiders.

The one where
I **wasn't** good at
ANYTHING.



CHAPTER 2

In my first week, I learned that the kids at Wingsville Primary were an exceptionally exceptional bunch. Like Lonnie Loop – she could write!

And she'd only just turned five. I could tell because she wrote, 'I'm Lonnie Loop and I'm five.'



Luca Dookas, he knew all of the times tables. Like if I said, 'Hey Luca, what's 300×300 ?', Luca would say,



Or, 'Hey Luca, what's a million times a million?'
'ONE TRILLION.'

Or, 'Hey Luca, what's 70×8 ?'
'560.'

'Hey Luca, what's a thou—'
'STOP ASKING QUESTIONS, PATTIE.'