

NODDY GOES TO SCHOOL



Noddy took his seat. The girl monkey was the same one who had come into his garden the day before and asked him if he was going to wash behind his car's ears. She made a face at Noddy.

“I'll pay you out for soaking me with your hose!” she whispered. Noddy didn't answer. He didn't want to talk and get into trouble straight away.

“Now, we will have a number lesson,” said Miss Prim. “Who can say the two times table?”

A small teddy bear got up at once, waving his paw. “I can, I can. One two is two, two twos are four ...”



NODDY COULD ONLY WRITE ONE WORD AND THAT WAS HIS OWN NAME. SO HE WROTE THAT

out the girl monkey, and everyone laughed.

“That’s quite enough, Martha Monkey,” said Miss Prim. “And stop putting your foot on Clara Kitten’s tail, please.”

“I’m not putting my foot on her tail—she keeps putting her tail under my foot,” said Martha Monkey.

“Oooh, you storyteller,” said the kitten. “Miss Prim, she’s a storyteller. Wherever I put my tail she puts her foot.”

“Well, wrap it round your middle,” said Miss Prim. “Martha Monkey, go outside the door.”

“Oh no!” wailed the little monkey. Noddy



“Ooooh! Noddy kicked me!” cried the clockwork mouse. “Oooh, Miss Prim, he kicked me—look, he’s kicked my key right out of my back!”

“I didn’t mean to!” cried Noddy. “He got in my way just as I was kicking up my feet.”

“I really think you had better go and stand in the corner, Noddy, till we’ve finished dancing,” said Miss Prim.

Well, wasn’t that dreadful? There is poor little Noddy standing in the corner, crying big tears on to the floor. He doesn’t feel a bit clever. He is sure now that his brains are not polished till they shine. He doesn’t really think he’s got any brains at all!

“Playtime, playtime!” called Miss Prim suddenly, and Noddy came out of his corner. Oh *what* a good thing! He did know how to do *this*, anyway. He knew how to play!



how to grow one first.”

“I don’t know that,” said Tubby. “Noddy, I’ll come with you to school tomorrow and you can sit next to me, instead of that horrid Martha Monkey. She nearly got sent outside today, didn’t she? She’s always getting into trouble.”

Noddy made up his mind that Miss Prim would never, never send *him* outside. He looked at all the writing he had done on the floor. “You’d better go now,” he said to Tubby. “I must practise some more writing. I’ve still got the walls to write on—it’s lucky they are washable! Goodbye.”

Tubby went, and Noddy began writing again, all over the walls this time. Work hard, little Noddy—you’ll be top of the school one day!





NODDY TOOK OFF THE LAMP-SHADE AND PRESSED IT DOWN
HARD ON MARTHA MONKEY'S HEAD