

# BABY

My whole family was in the kitchen after dinner:

"Keep an eye Baby," said Dad, "I'm going to watch football."

"Keep an eye on Baby," said Mum, "I'm going to read."

"Keep an eye on Baby," said my big sister Megan, "I'm going upstairs."

"Keep an eye Baby," said Gramps, "I'm going for a nap."

Hang on...!!

Too late. I was on my own - with Baby. He was fast asleep, in his cot, in the corner. Baby is a BORING, USELESS BLOB! He never DOES anything.

I frowned my frowniest frown and turned away.

Three seconds later, I heard a noise.

OH NO!

Somehow, Baby had climbed out of his cot. He'd -

Taken all the mugs out of the cupboard.

Built a tower from the floor to the ceiling.

Climbed to the top and was standing on one leg, wobbling.

You'll fall!

I shot out of the room, across the hall, and barged into the lounge. Dad was watching the football.

D-D-DAD! Come quick! Baby's built a tower of -

"That's terrible!" roared Dad.

"Exactly!"

"Terrible!" he snarled. "Call yourself a footballer? You run like a fat octopus!"

Useless!

Back in the kitchen, my eyes popped out of my head.

Baby was sitting on the floor:

Mum's make-up bag was open.

Baby had taken out all her make-up. He was putting lipstick on DOG.

Dog had bright red lips, pink cheeks, and blue liner round his eyes.

Don't move! I panicked.

I charged out of the room, across the hall and burst into the dining room.

Mum was reading her magazine.

MUM! Come quick! Baby's put make-up on the ..."

"That's awful!" sighed Mum.

EXACTLY!

Mum was still reading her magazine. "Awful," she tutted. "This woman spent five thousand pounds on clothes for her pet hamster!"

USELESS!

Back in the kitchen. Oh, No!

Baby was pouring a whole box of instant mashed potato into the washing machine.

He pressed the start button.

The washing machine gurgled and sloshed.

Mashed potato began oozing out of it.

A little bit at first, then more and more

Until it was flowing across the floor like a tidal wave.

Don't move!

I hurtled out of the kitchen, up the stairs, and burst into my big sister Megan's room. She was listening to music.

MEGAN! Come quick! Baby's put mashed potato in . . .

"That's dreadful!" moaned Megan.

"EXACTLY"

But Megan was still listening to music. "Dreadful," she moaned. "Hash tag worst song ever: I'll never listen to Dustin Dweeber EVER AGAIN!"

USELESS!

Back in the kitchen.

Baby had found the box of fireworks Dad had bought for Bonfire Night. He was lighting the fuse of a rocket - with a MATCH!

INSIDE THE KITCHEN!

The fuse hissed, blue sparks crept along it towards the rocket.

Don't stand so close!

I charged out of the room, across the hall, and into the room where Gramps was fast asleep in his chair

GRAMPS! Come quick! Baby's lit a firework and...

"That's appalling!" mumbled Gramps.

EXACTLY!

But Gramps was still dreaming. "Appalling," he snorted. "How did I get into this supermarket in my underpants...!?"

USELESS!

Then...

KABOOM!

...from the kitchen.

Gramps shot out of his chair: "What...?!?"

We ALL scrambled into the hall.

In the kitchen, a cloud of thick, black smoke filled the air:

As it cleared, we saw the wobbly tower of mugs. . . then -

The dog covered in make-up . . .

The lake of mashed potato across the floor . . .

The enormous, smouldering hole in the ceiling . . .

Baby, fast asleep in his cot.

Everyone looked at me.

It wasn't me! It was Baby!

"Baby's asleep!" they chorused.

For one tiny second, behind all their backs, Baby looked at me and - WINKED...