

Marlon sat on the floor watching TV. Marlon's granny sat in the armchair, watching Marlon.

"He's getting too old for that dummy," she said sternly to Marlon's mum.

"It's a noo-noo," said Marlon.

"He calls it a noo-noo," explained Marlon's mum.



"Well, whatever he calls it," said Marlon's granny, "he looks like an idiot with that stupid great *thing* stuck in his mouth all the time."

"He doesn't have it *all* the time," soothed Marlon's mum. "Only at night or if he's a bit tired. He's a bit tired now – aren't you, pet?"

"Mmmmm," said Marlon.

“His teeth will start sticking out,” warned Marlon’s granny.

“Monsters’ teeth stick out anyway,” observed Marlon.

“Don’t answer back,” said Marlon’s granny. “You should just throw them *all* away,” she continued. “At this rate he’ll be starting *school* with a dummy. At this rate he’ll be starting *work* with a dummy. You’ll just have to be firm with him.”



“Well,” said Marlon’s mum, “I am *thinking* about it. We’ll start next week, won’t we Marlon? Now you’re a big boy, we’ll just get rid of all those silly noo-noos, won’t we?”

“No,” said Marlon.

“You see!” said Marlon’s granny. “One word from you and he does as he likes.”

There was no doubt about it. Marlon was a hopeless case.

Marlon's mum decided to take drastic action.

She gathered up every single noo-noo she could find and dumped them all in the dustbin five minutes before the rubbish truck arrived.

But Marlon had made plans just in case the worst should happen. He had secret noo-noo supplies all over the house.

There was a yellow one down the side of the armchair, a blue one at the back of the breadbin, various different types in his toy ambulance and his favourite pink one was lurking in the toe of his wellington boot.



His mother and granny were astonished. They could not think where he kept finding them.

"You'll be teased when you go out to play," warned his granny. "A great big monster like you with a baby's dummy."



Marlon knew about this already. The other monsters had been teasing him for ages, but he loved his noo-noos so much that he didn't care.

from **The Last Noo-Noo** by Jill Murphy