

# A Giant Pencil

By

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## **Dedication**

For Jack and Emma, my little brother and sister. I wrote  
this for you.

Thanks so much to my Dad for teaching me about writing  
books, and to Wendy and all my family for their support.

Thanks to my Mom for believing in me.

And,

Thank you to my publisher, Sue Eggerton,  
for making my dream of being a writer real.



Billy acted grumpy most of the time, but he knew it wasn't his fault. He had way too many brothers and sisters and almost everyone got to tell him what to do. Being little was no fun at all.



Of course it was his parent's job to tell him what to do, but how come he got fussed at more than anyone else? Mom and Dad said he didn't listen, but he knew they didn't listen to him. They seemed to listen to his brothers and sisters even when he thought they got him in trouble on purpose.



The day he found the giant pencil started the same as every other day. John and Sarah teased him because he liked cereal shaped like teddy bears. When he pushed it away, it spilled on the table. Of course Mom fussed at him and then his brothers and sisters all laughed.



At school his teacher, Ms. Wright, fussed at him for being late.

