

Bradley Bartleby was **BAD!**
He'd been born bad.



Before baby Bradley even left the hospital . . .



he'd bitten the
midwife on the
bottom,



stolen the
doctor's
stethoscope,



and pooped into
his grandmother's
handbag.

And the older Bradley got . . .



. . . the badder he became.

Bradley's parents were immensely rich.

They had a huge house with a garden that was big enough to lose an elephant in.

They knew that the garden was big enough to lose an elephant in because they'd done exactly that. Bradley had demanded the elephant as a house pet, but treated it so badly that it escaped into the garden and was never seen again.

Bradley's parents always gave him whatever he demanded, not because they thought he deserved it, but because they were terrified of him.





Every Christmas Mr Bartleby hired a team of secretaries to type up the huge list of presents that his greedy son demanded from Santa Claus.



Of course Santa knew what a beastly brat Bradley was, so he never looked at the list. But that didn't mean that he forgot about Bradley completely.

Santa is such a kind old fellow that he believes no child – even one as bad as Bradley – should go without a Christmas present.



So every Christmas morning,
Bradley would discover that Santa
had left him the same small gift . . .

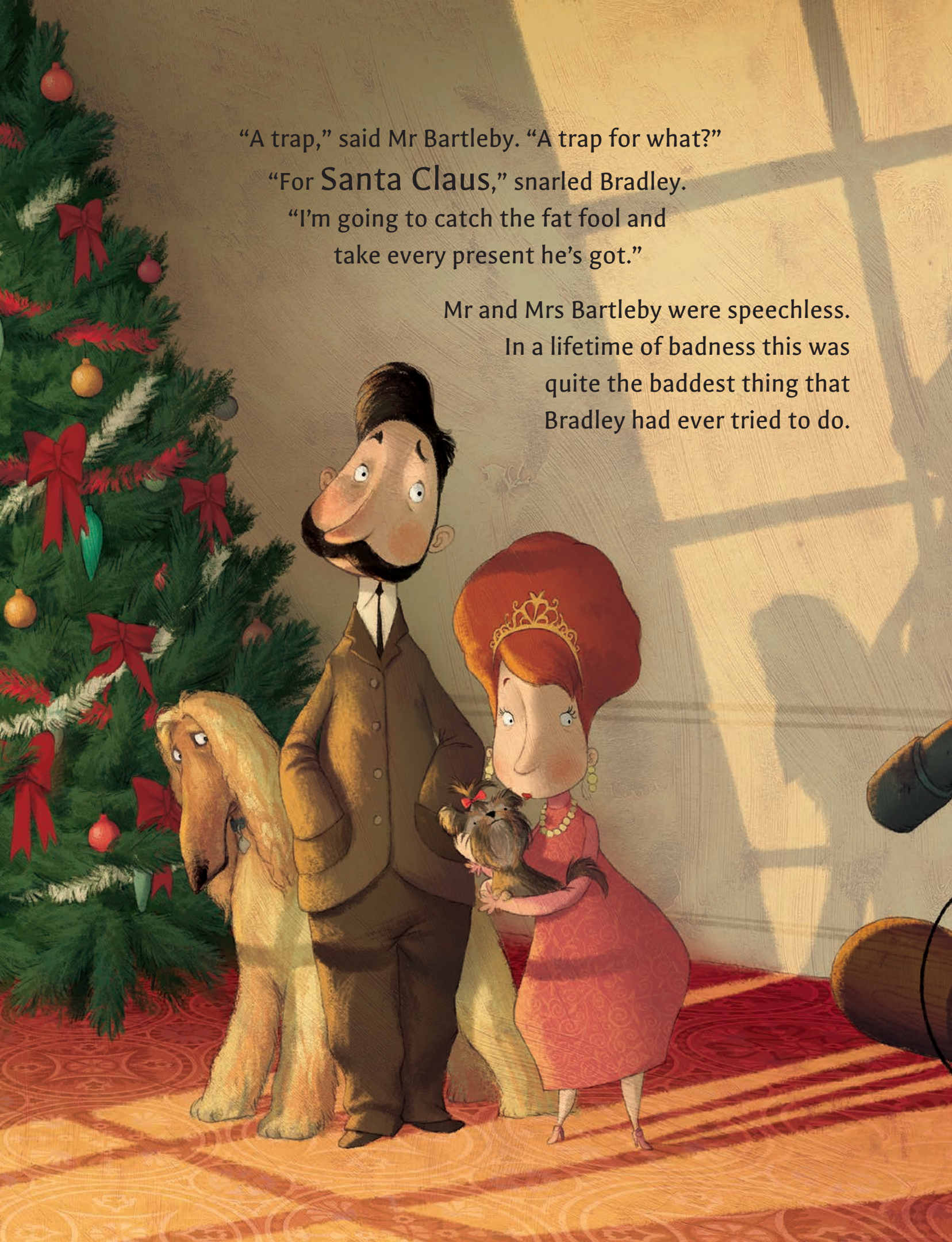
"A trap," said Mr Bartleby. "A trap for what?"

"For **Santa Claus**," snarled Bradley.

"I'm going to catch the fat fool and
take every present he's got."

Mr and Mrs Bartleby were speechless.

In a lifetime of badness this was
quite the baddest thing that
Bradley had ever tried to do.



Mr Bartleby was the first to come to his senses.
“Isn’t it a little early to be setting a trap?” he gasped.
“It will be a whole year before Santa comes again.”
“Oh, this is only the beginning,” scoffed Bradley.
“It’ll take a whole year to finish it all.”



And he was right.

Bradley spent the rest of the winter fixing dynamite inside all the other chimneys . . .



.. and the spring training tigers, which he stole from the local zoo.

He spent the summer fitting
guillotines over all the
doors and windows . . .



. . . and the autumn
cutting trapdoors
into all the floors.



By the time December came around again,
Bradley had turned the entire house into one stupendous . . .

... Santa Trap!





By Christmas Eve their home was so dangerous that Mr and Mrs Bartleby had moved into a hotel, leaving Bradley alone in the house.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND ILLUSTRATOR



JONATHAN EMMETT worked as an architect before pursuing a career in children's books. As well as writing picture books such as *Bringing Down the Moon*, *Someone Bigger* and *The Princess and the Pig*, Jonathan also writes and paper-engineers pop-up books.

Like Bradley, Jonathan hates getting socks as a present. Unlike Bradley, he has never bitten a midwife on the bottom or stolen tigers from a local zoo.

You can find out more about Jonathan and his books at his website scribblestreet.co.uk

POLY BERNATENE studied drawing and painting at the Buenos Aires School of Fine Art, where he is now a visiting professor. He has worked in animation and comics and illustrated over sixty children's books, working with publishers in several countries, included Argentina, Spain, UK, USA, France and Korea.

Poly lives in Argentina and has never tried to trap Santa.

You can find out more about Poly and his books at his website polybernatene.com



ALSO BY JONATHAN EMMETT AND POLY BERNATENE

