

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE, BRIAN?

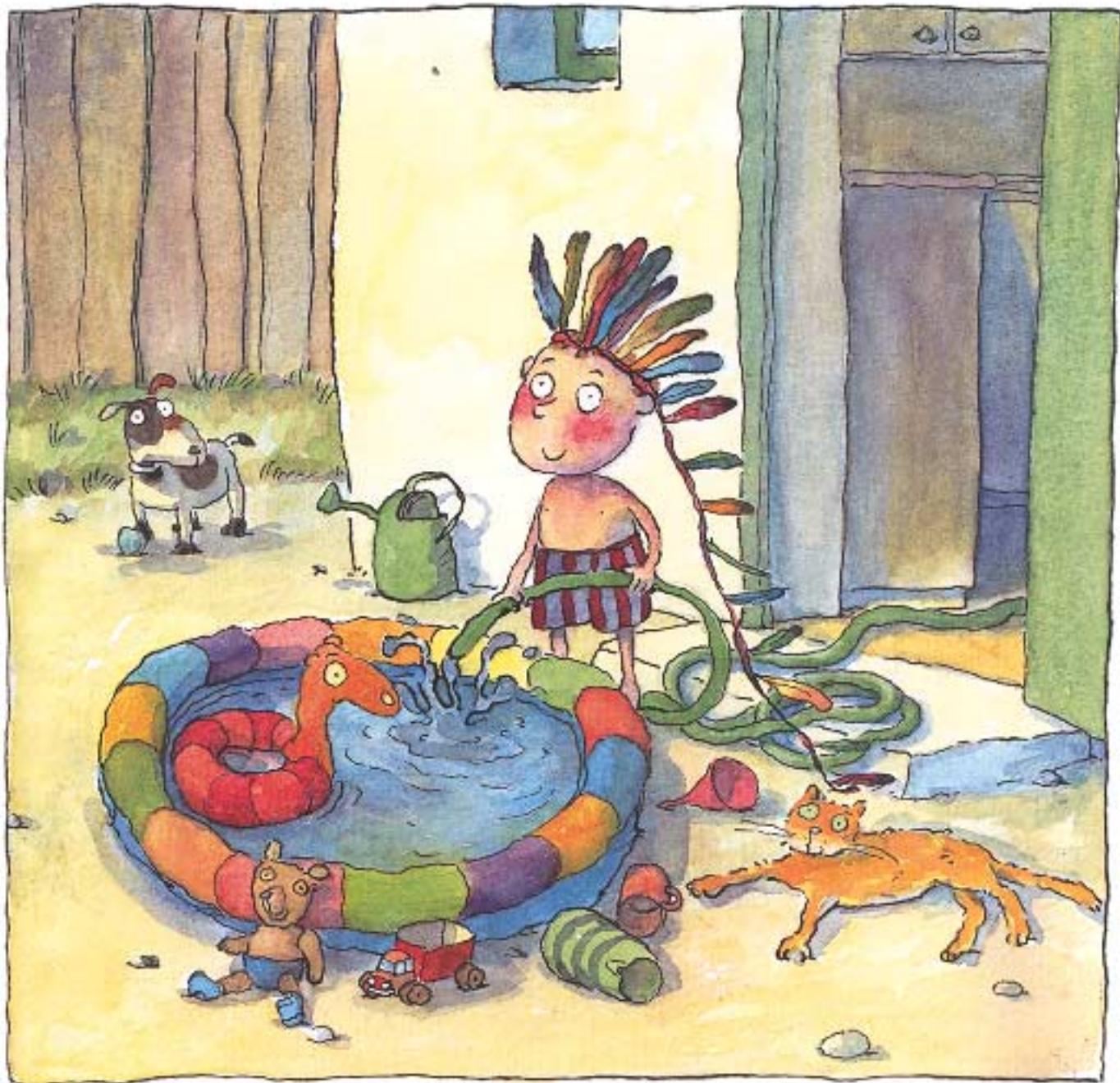


Jeanne Willis • Mary Rees

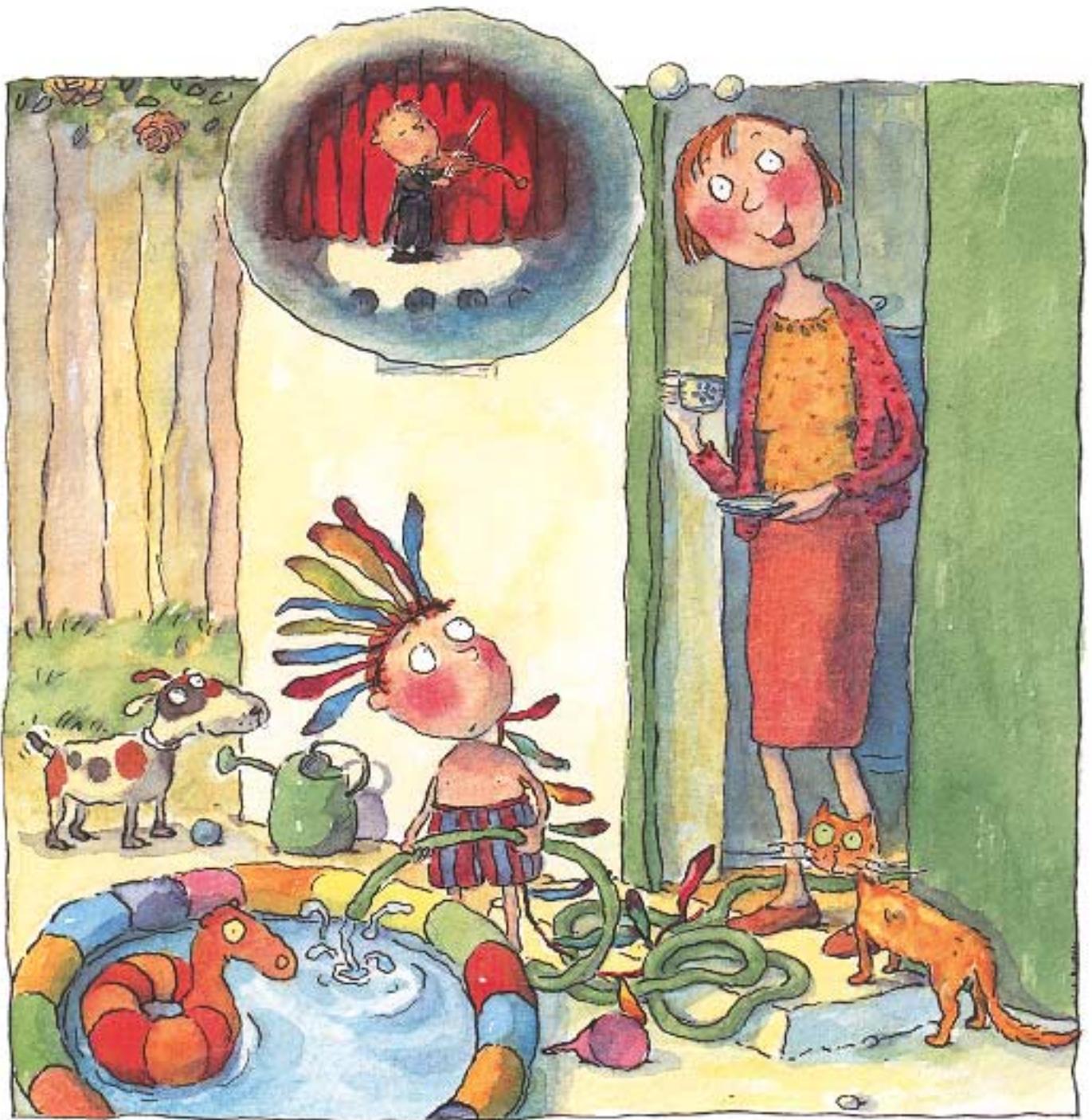
# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE, BRIAN?



Written by Jeanne Willis  
Illustrated by Mary Rees



What do you want to be, Brian?

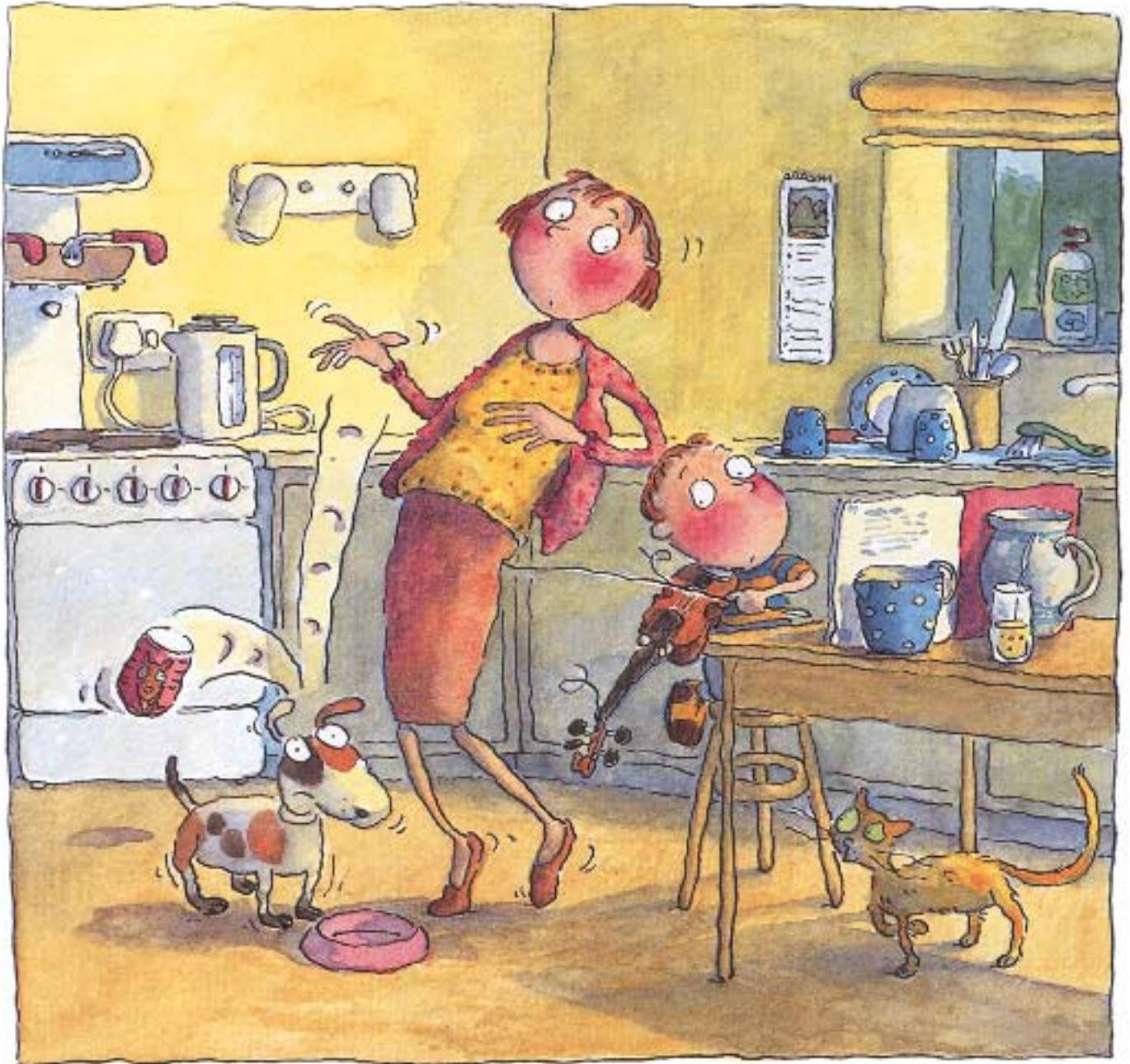


“He wants to be the greatest violinist since Yehudi Menuhin,” said his mother.

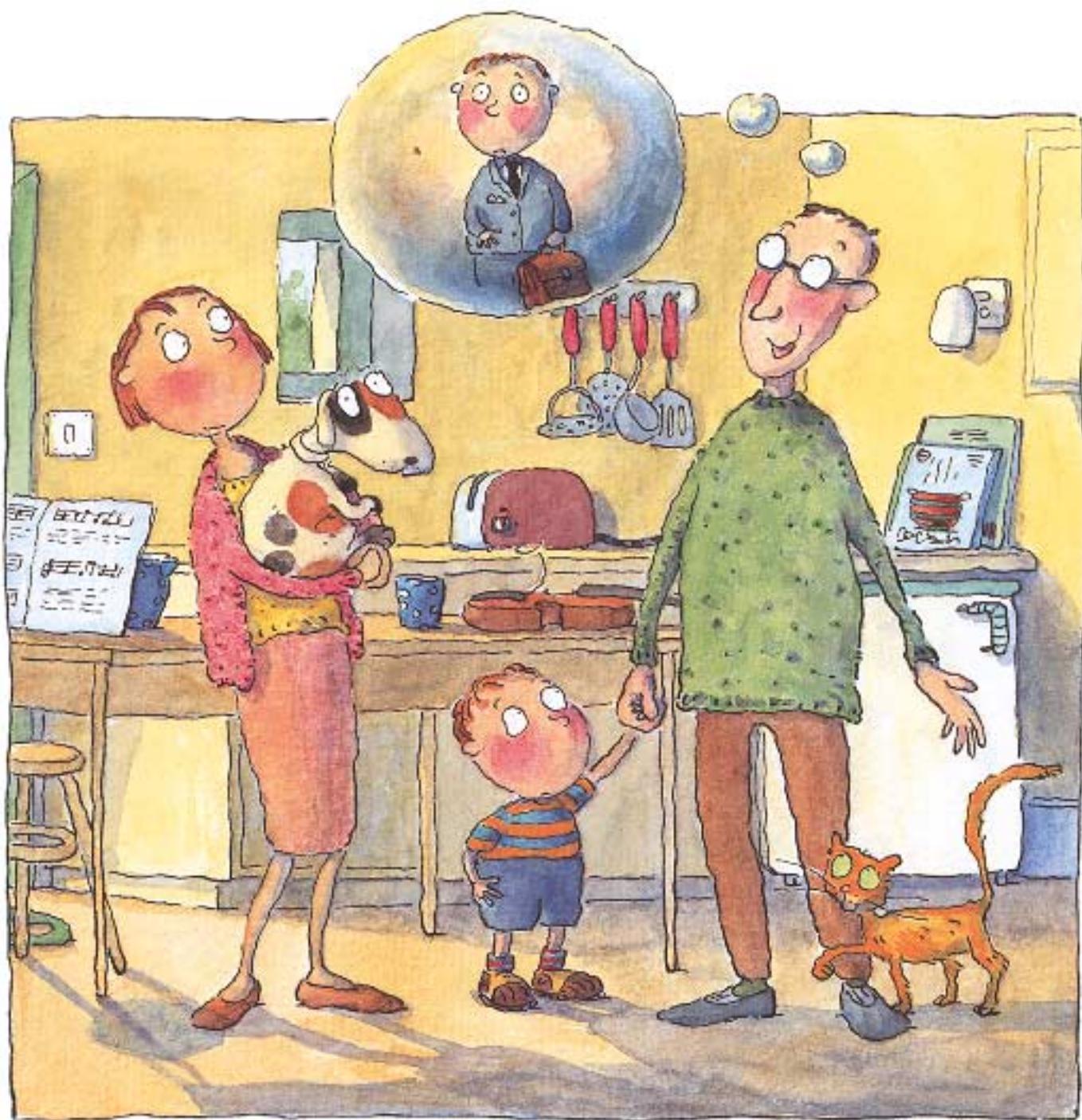
“Do I?” said Brian.



“You do,” said his mother and she bought him a violin and made him practise for two hours every day.

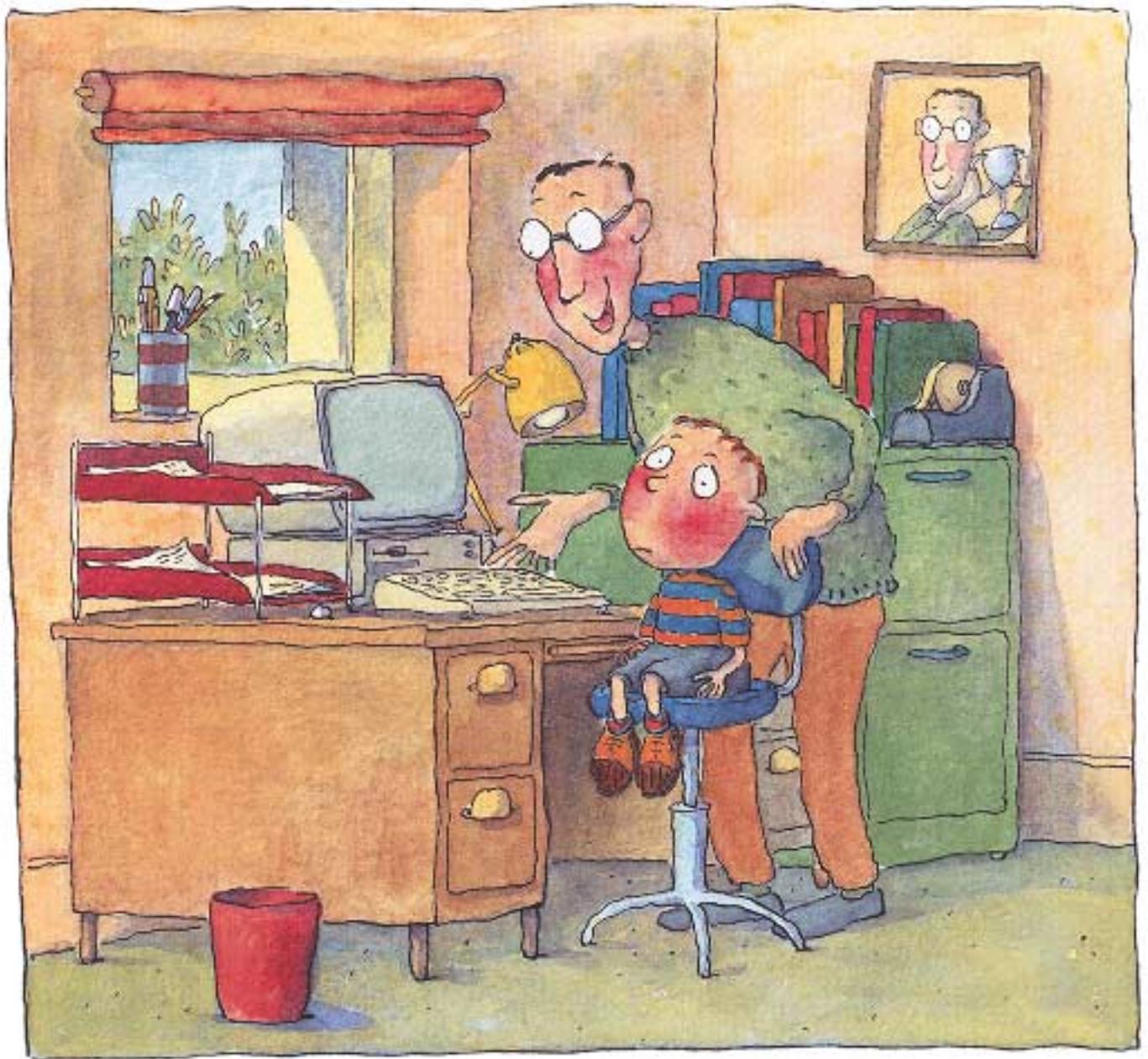


Brian tried, but the strings kept snapping and he would keep sticking his bow where he shouldn't.



“He doesn’t want to be a violinist,” said his father, “he wants to be a computer wizard, like me, don’t you, son?”

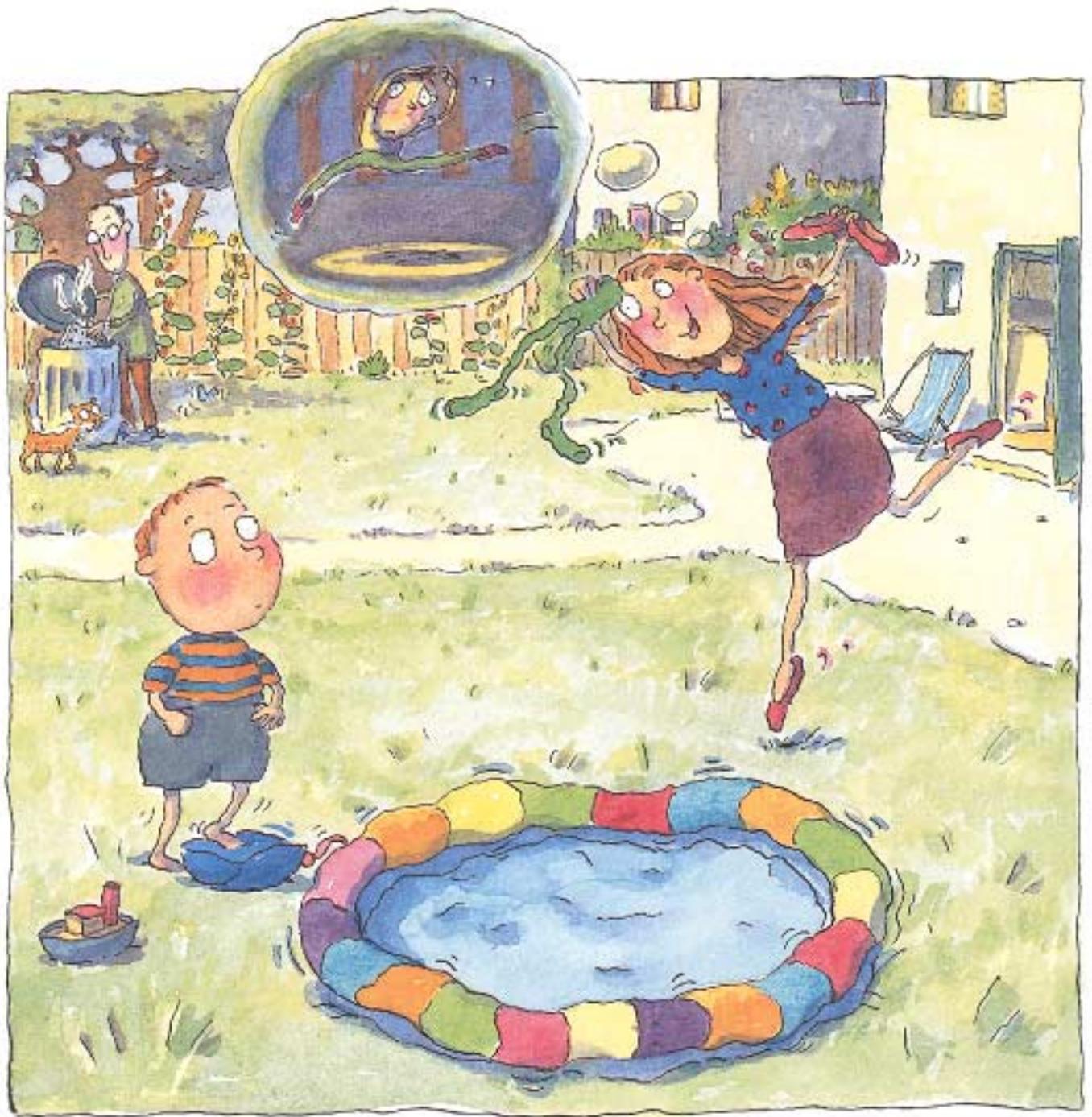
“Well...” said Brian.



“Of course you do!” said his father. “I’ve spent an absolute mint on this new computer.”



Brian did his best, but the instructions went in one ear and straight out of the other. Then the wretched thing blew up.

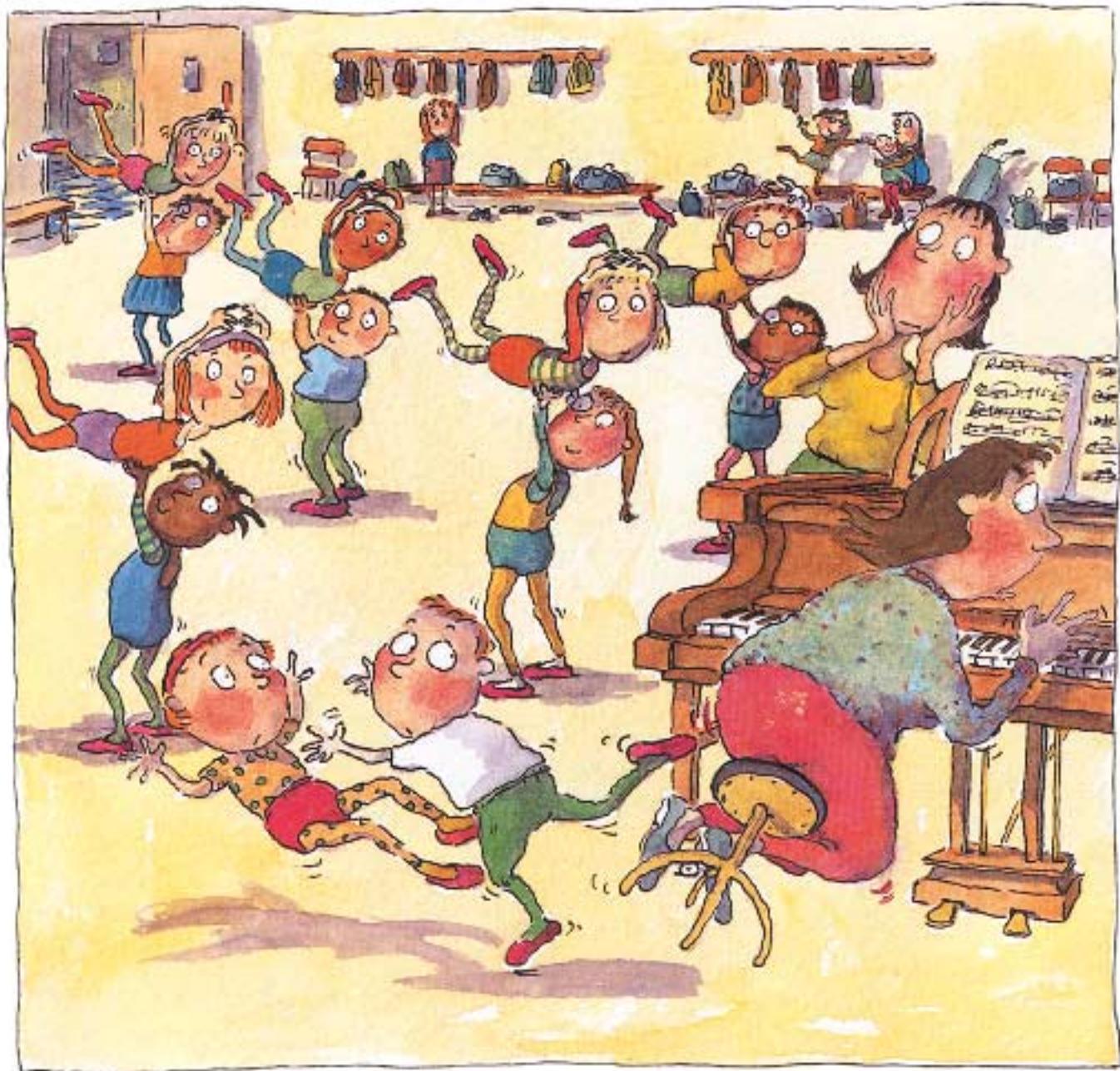


“He doesn’t want to be a computer wizard,” said his sister,  
“he wants to be the most famous ballet dancer since Nureyev.”

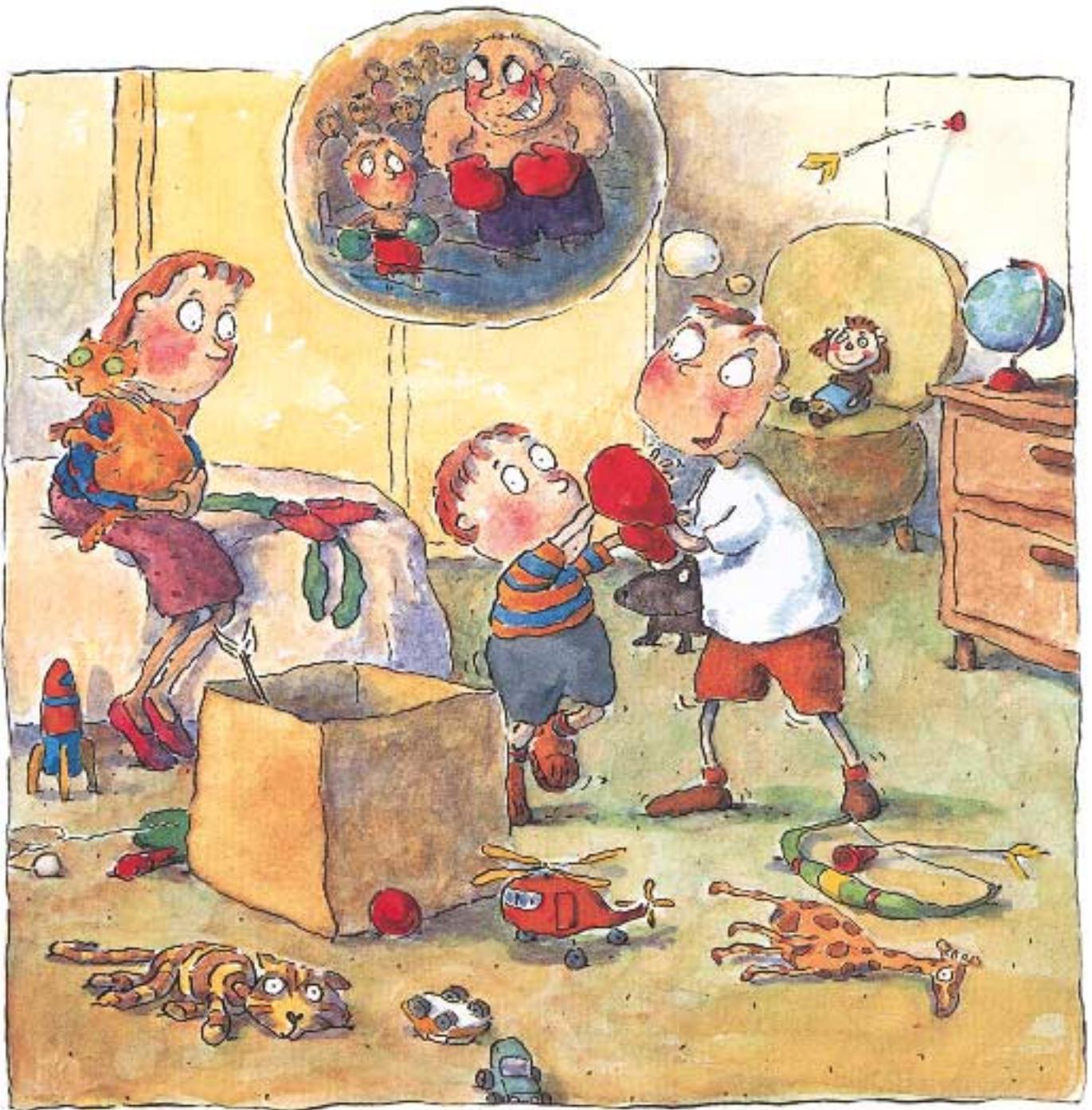


“I...” said Brian.

“Shut up and put these tights on,” said his sister.



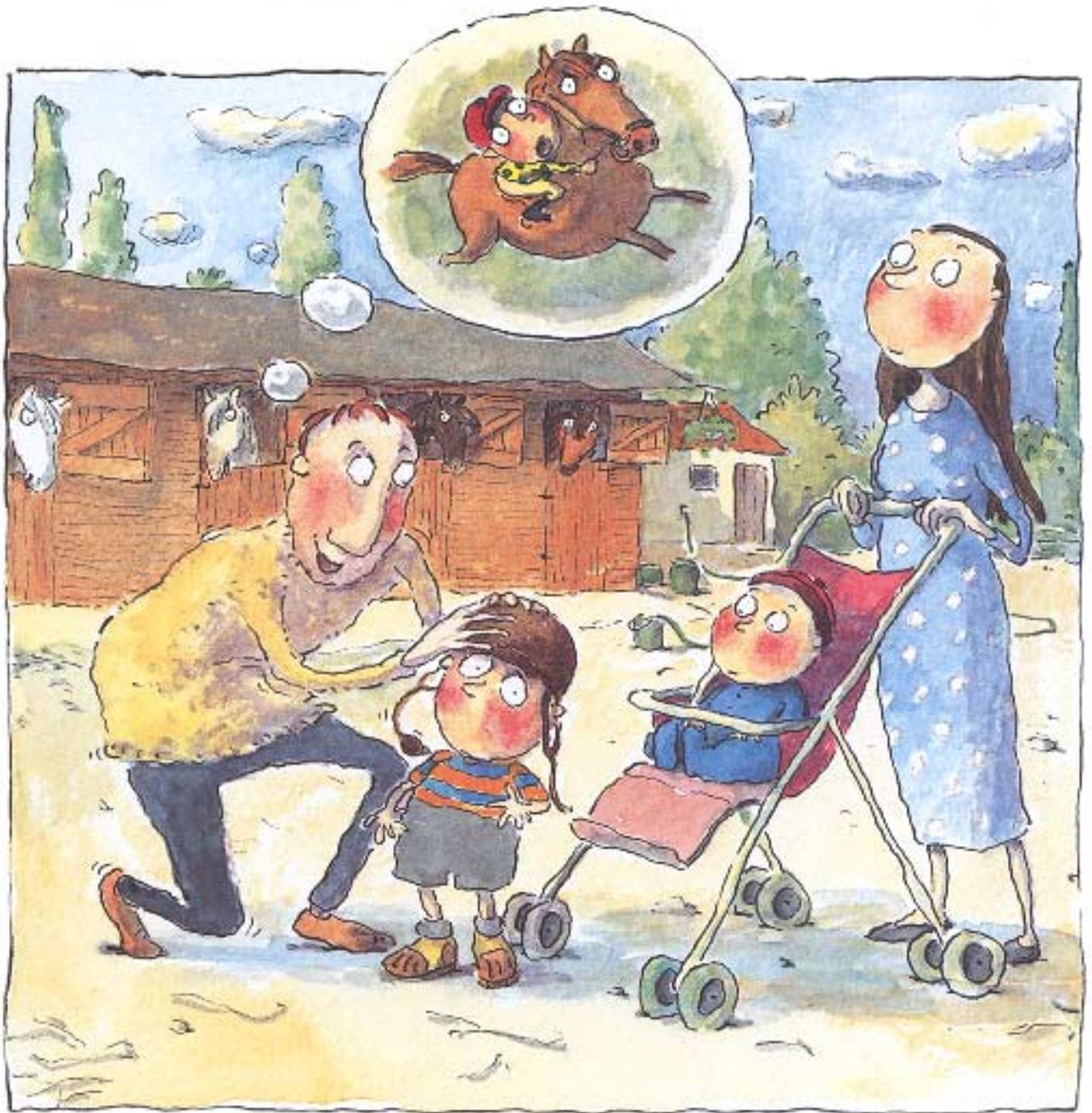
Brian really tried, but he kept dropping the ballerinas. And he accidentally kicked the pianist off her stool. And he snagged his tights.



“I’m telling you, he wants to be a boxer,” said Brian’s brother. “He wants to be the heavyweight champion of the world. Come on, Brian, put your mitts up.”



But Brian preferred his nose the way it was.



“That lad wants to be the best jockey since Lester Piggott,” said his uncle. “You want to get him a horse.”



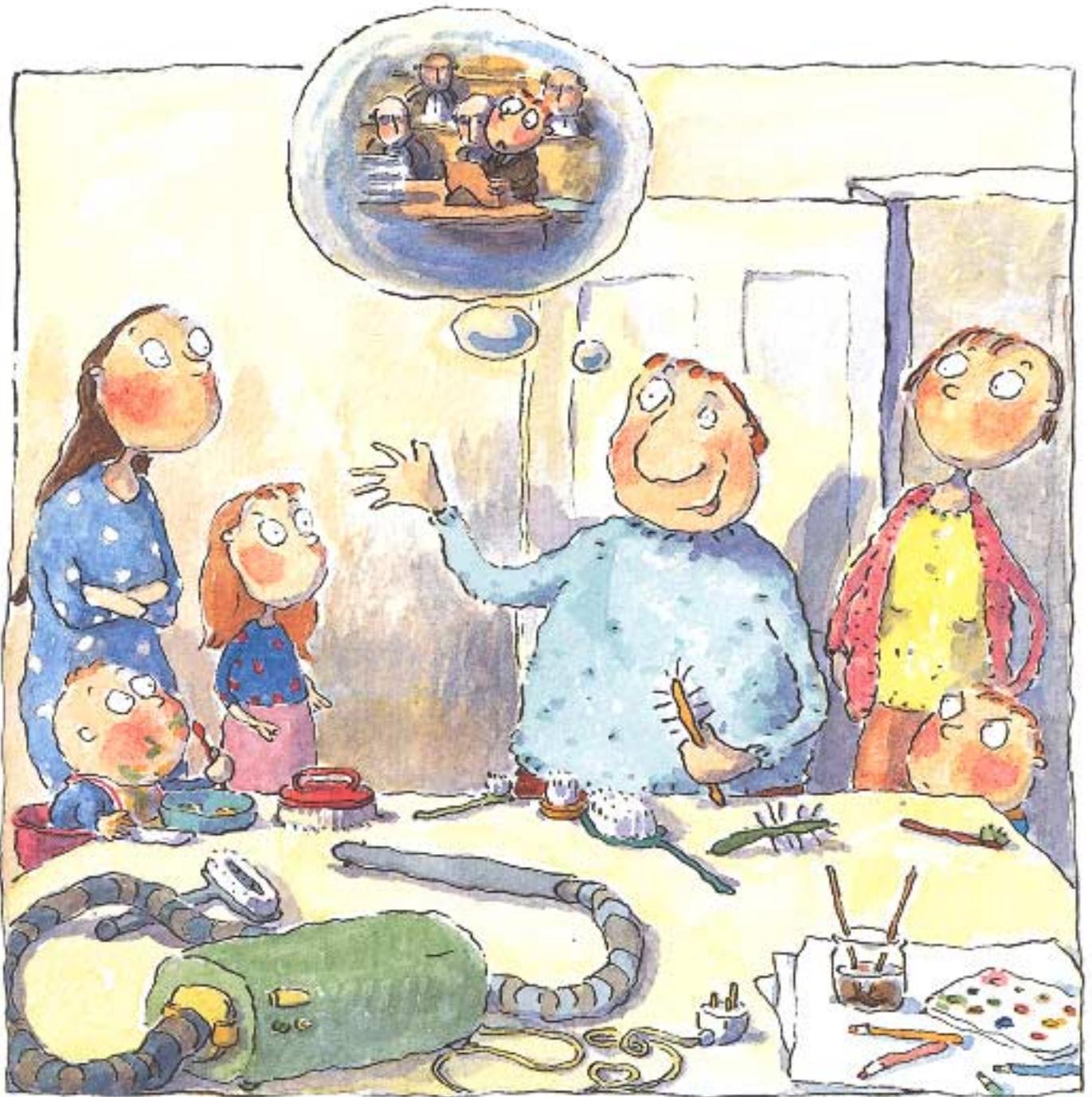
“I wouldn’t bet on it,” said Brian.



“Horse?” snorted his auntie. “What good is a horse when it’s quite plain to me he wants to be an artist, like Van Gogh.”



“He wants to be an admiral,” said the vet, “like Nelson.”



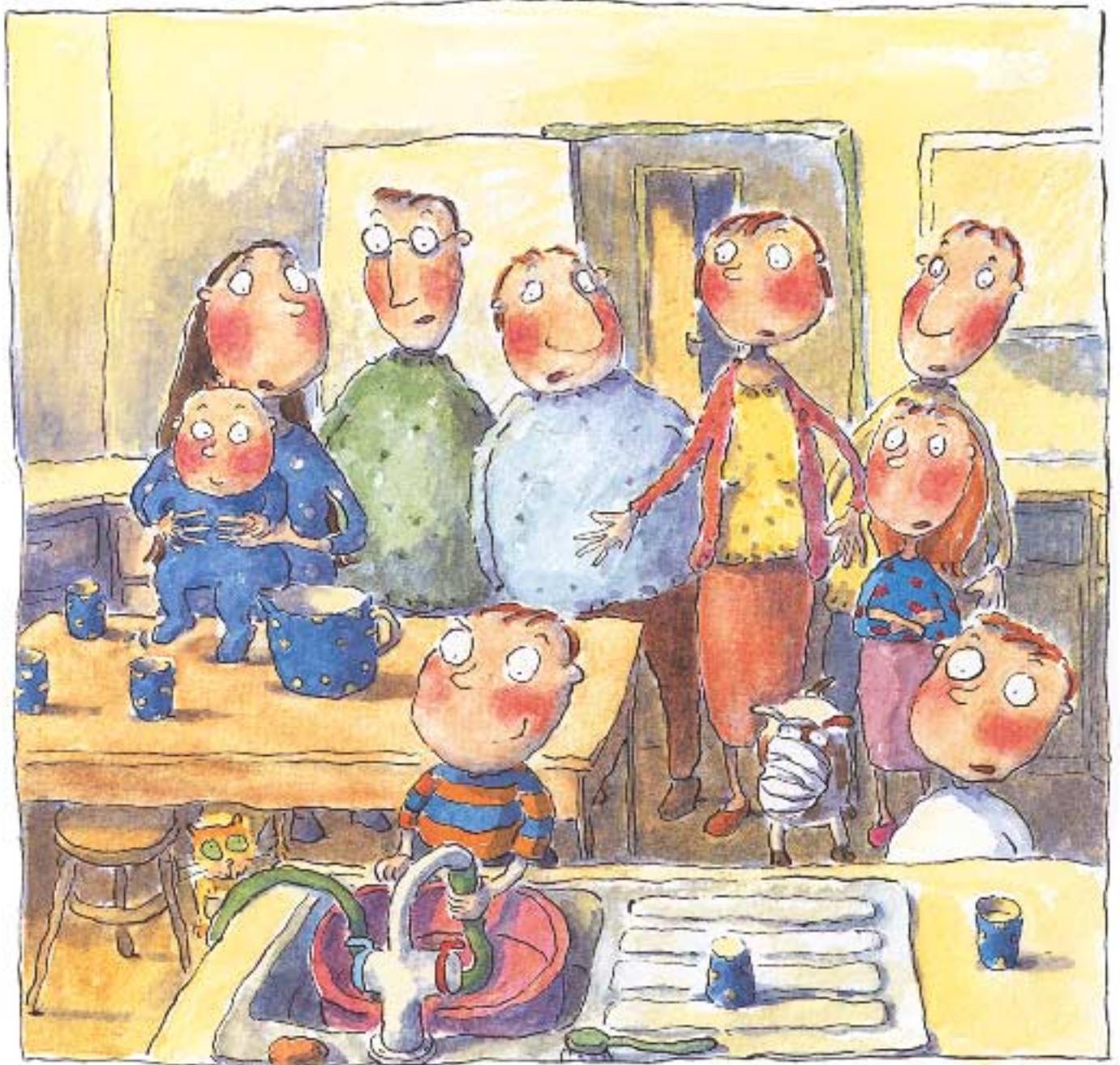
“He wants to be a politician!” said the man who sells funny little brushes door to door.



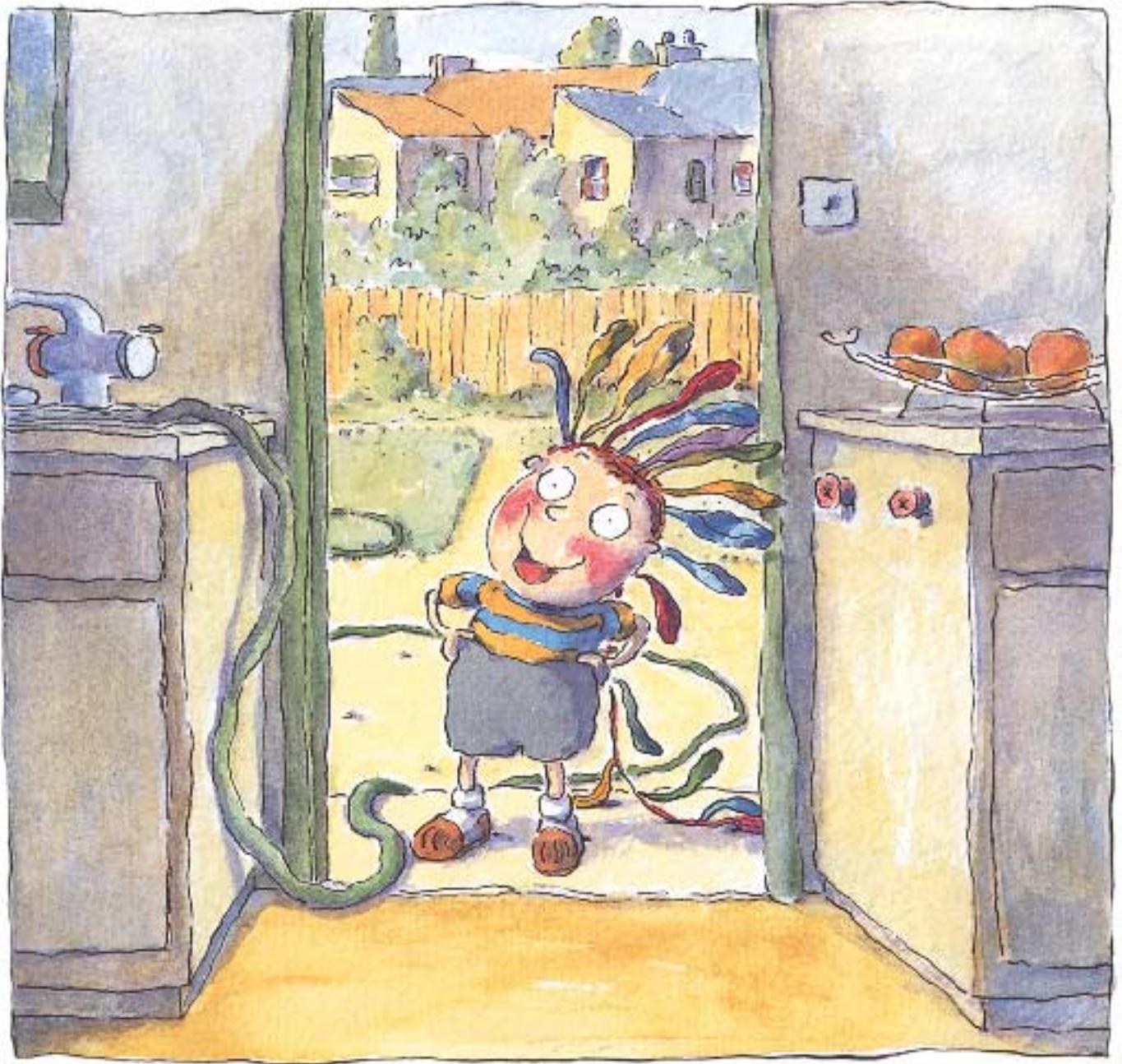
“STOP!” shouted Brian. “I want to be...



...I want to be..."



“Well, what DO you want to be, Brian?”

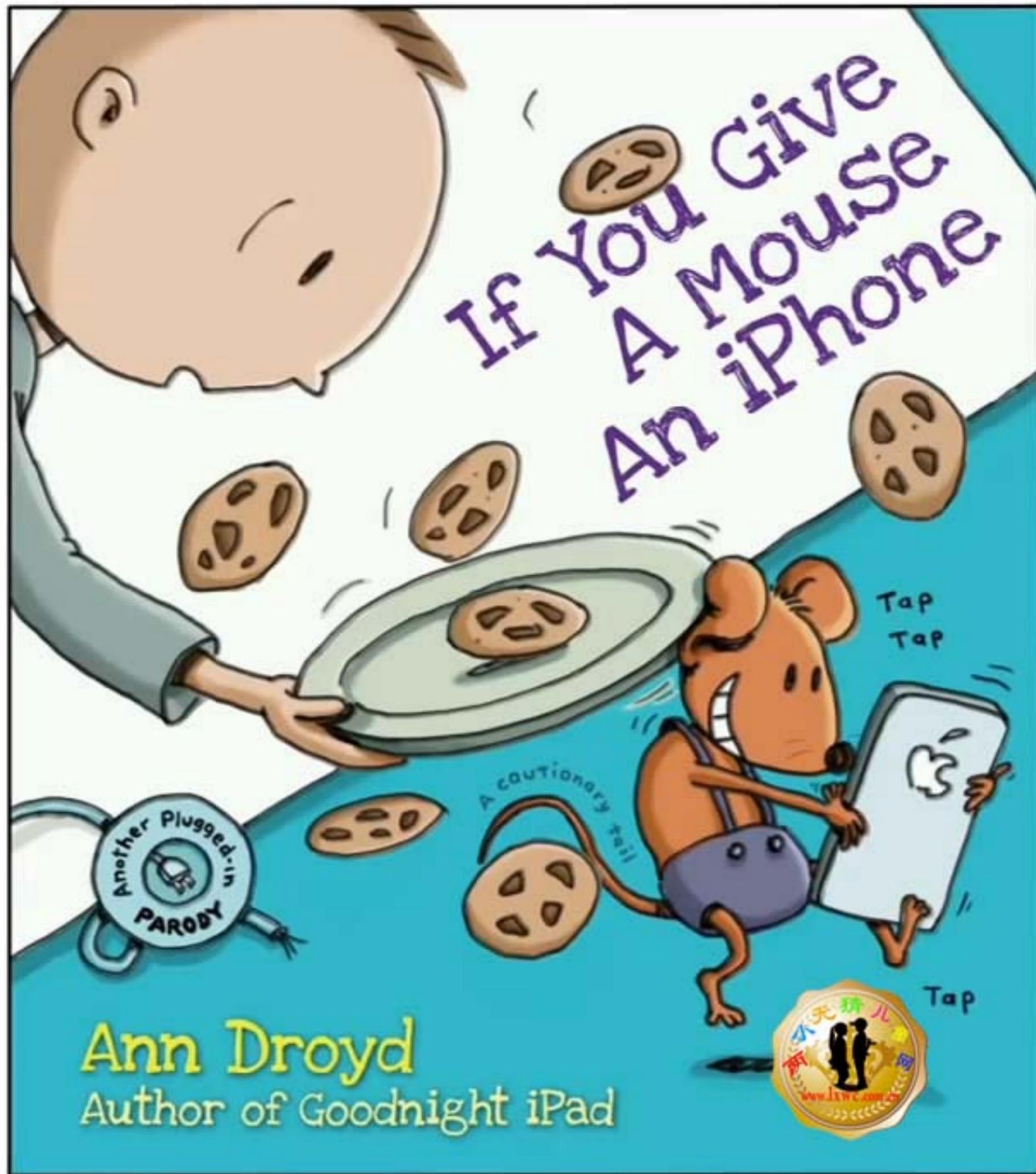


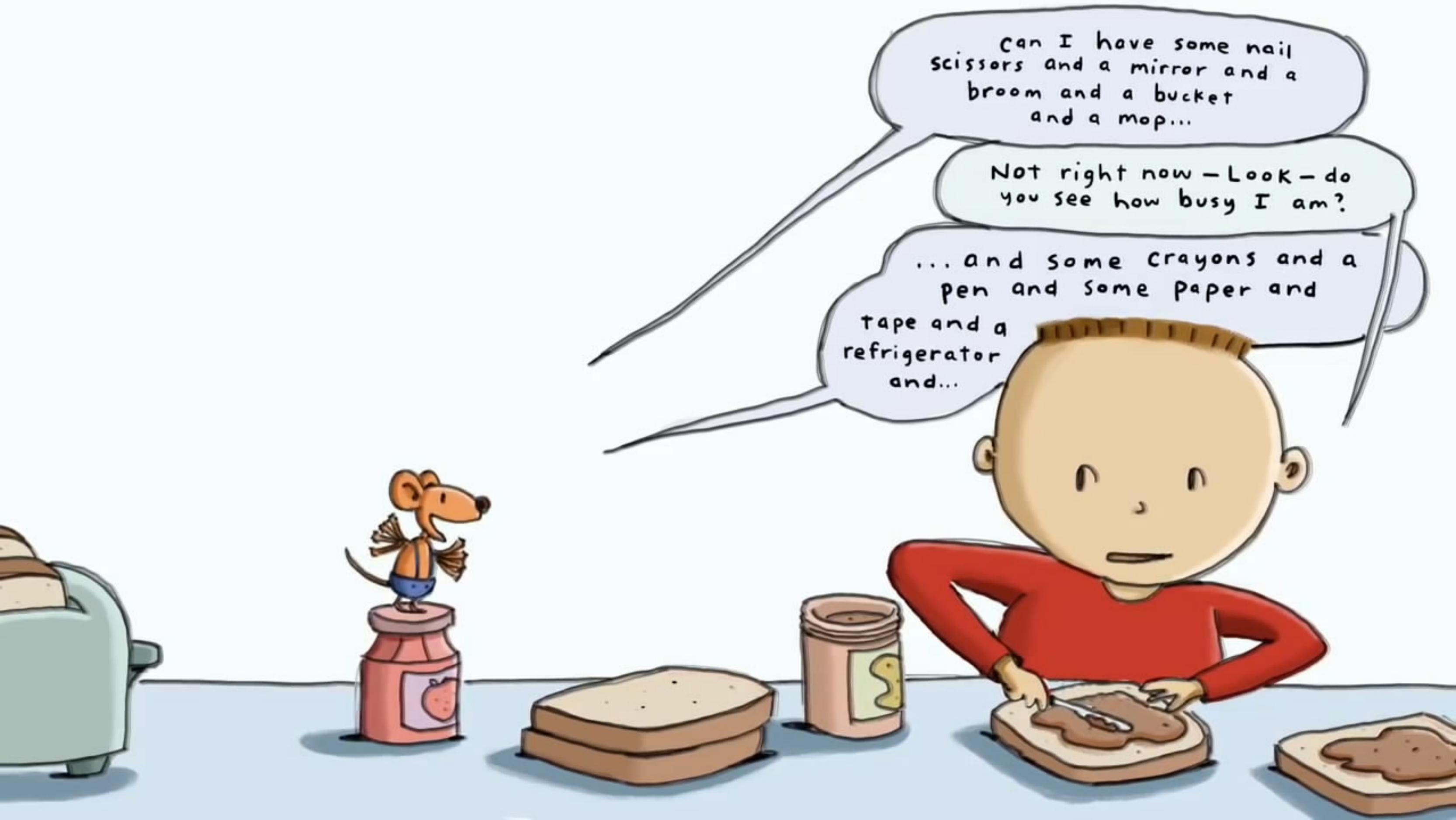
“I want to be the most ordinary little boy in the world,”  
said Brian. And guess what ...





...he was brilliant at it.





can I have some nail  
scissors and a mirror and a  
broom and a bucket  
and a mop...

Not right now - Look - do  
you see how busy I am?

... and some crayons and a  
pen and some paper and  
tape and a  
refrigerator  
and...

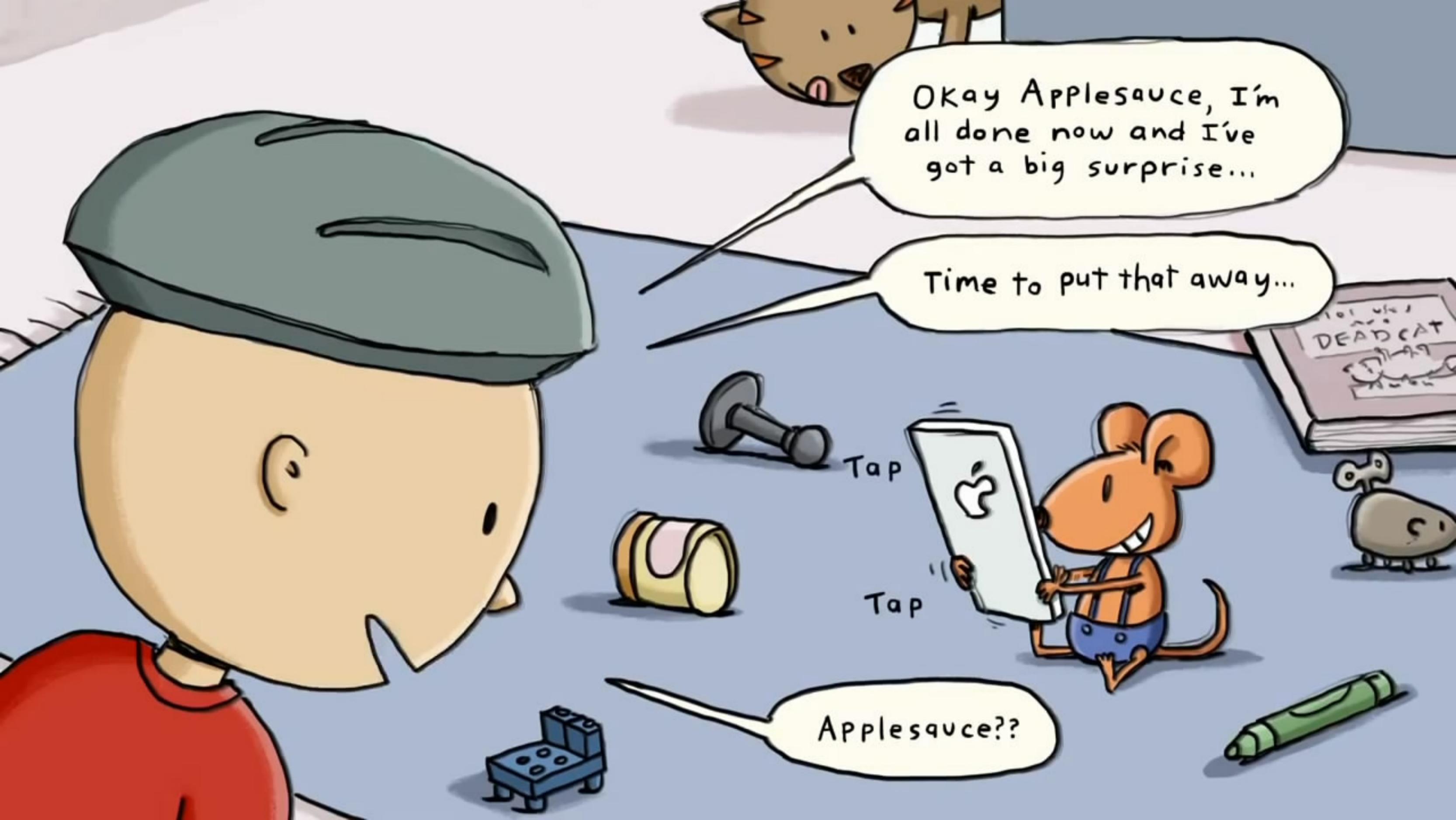


I'll tell you what -  
If you **leave me alone**  
for ten minutes, I'll  
let you play on my phone.

oh  
boy!

But just for  
ten minutes...

oh  
boy!



Okay Applesauce, I'm all done now and I've got a big surprise...

Time to put that away...

Tap

Tap

Applesauce??

DEAD CAT



Isn't this the greatest surprise ever??

Applesauce?

Tap  
Tap  
Tap

Rhino

Ticket



OMG! These  
are the best  
nachos  
ever!

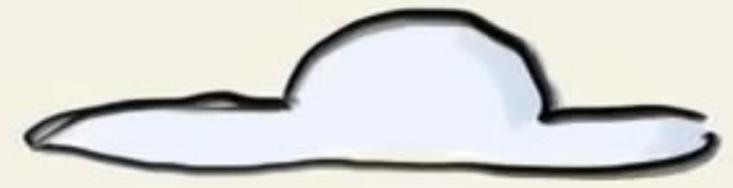
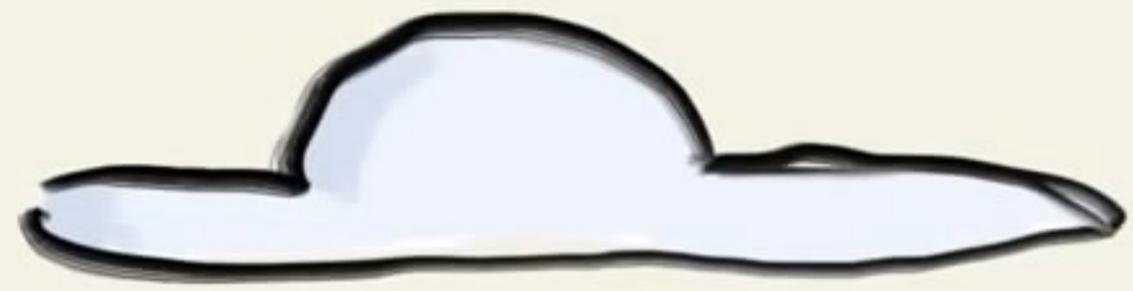
TAP TAP TAP TAP

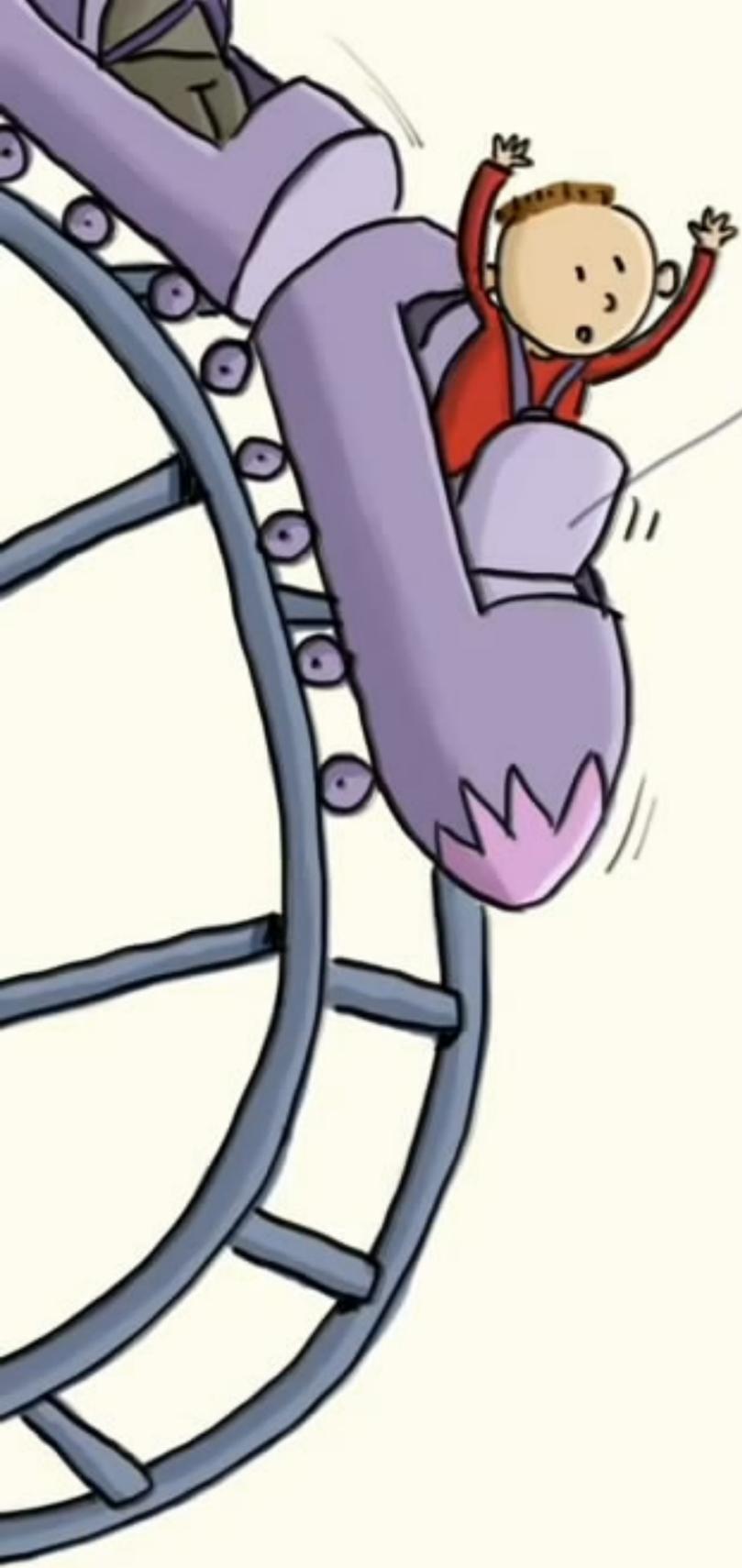


Isn't this the most fun ever??



Applesauce?





Tap

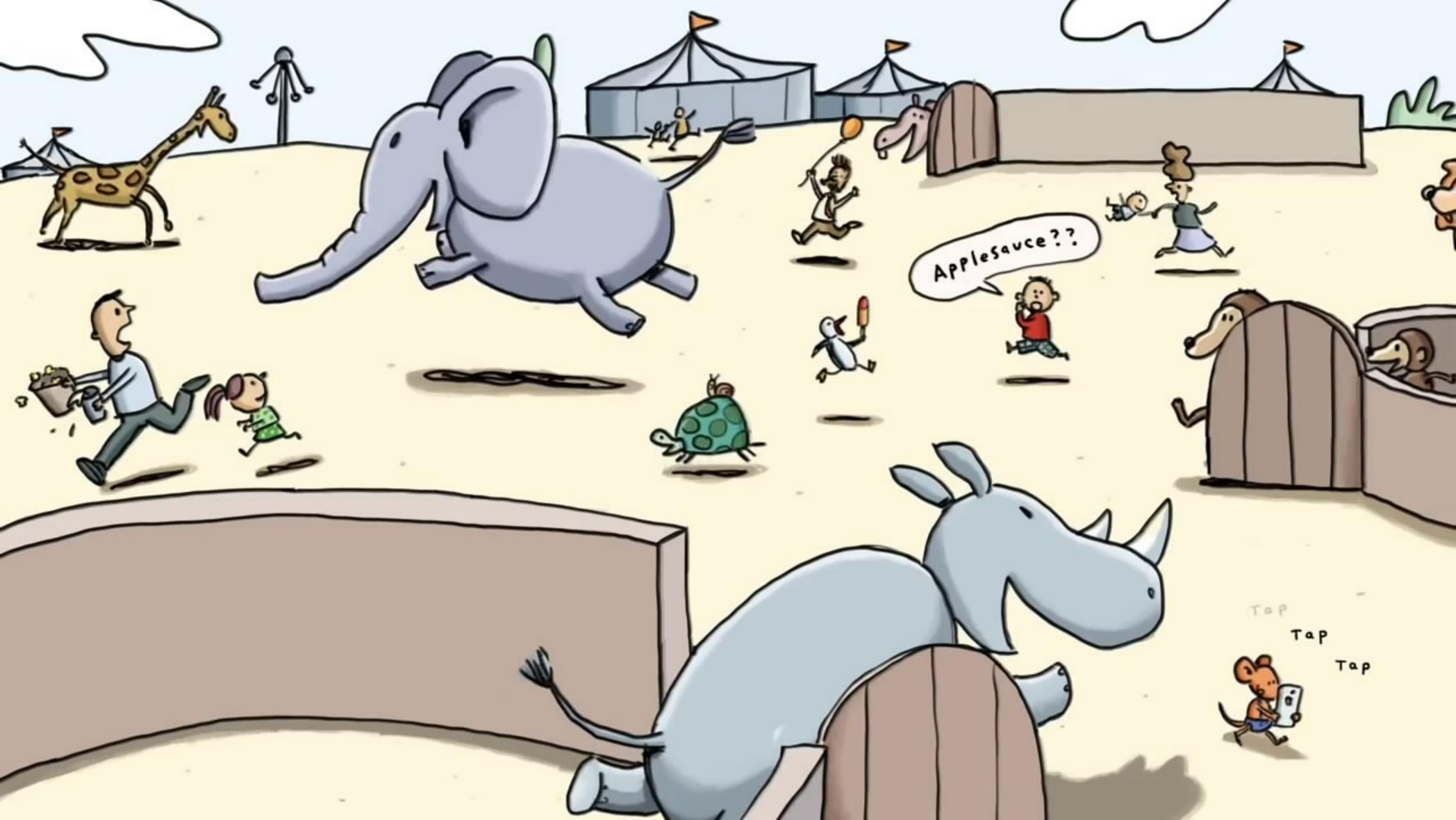
Tap

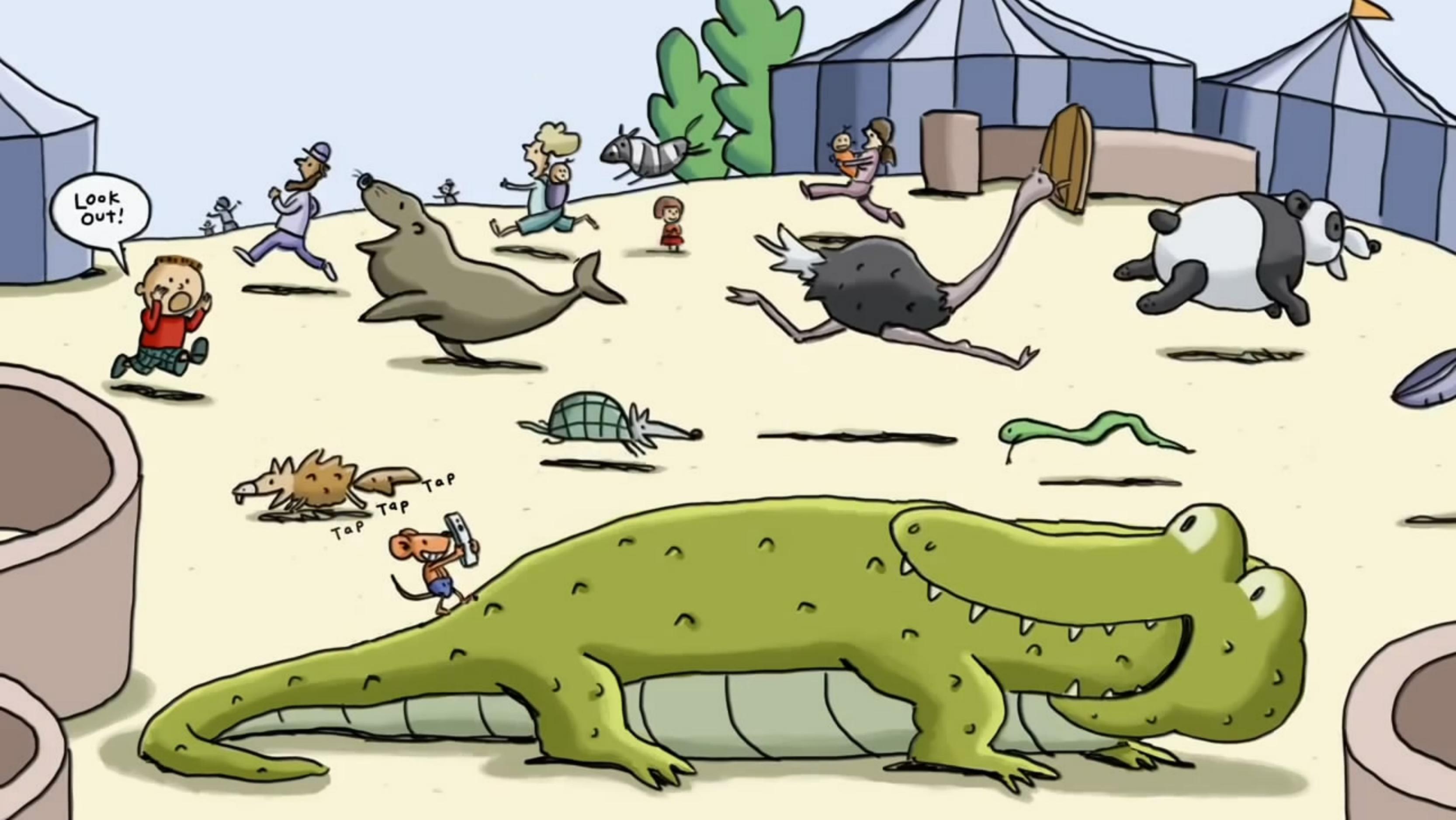
Tap











Look out!

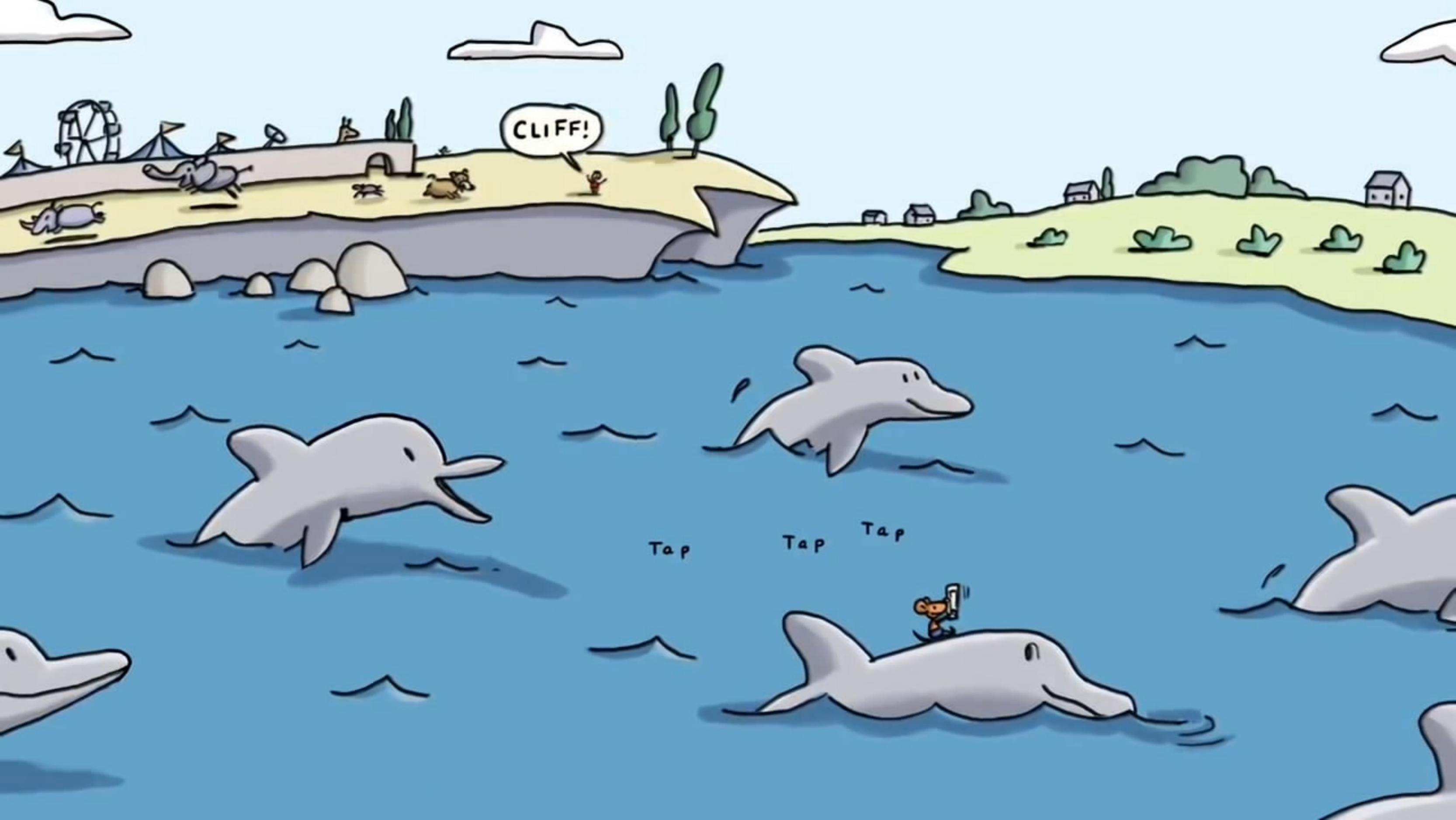
TAP TAP





Watch out  
for the...

TAP  
TAP  
TAP

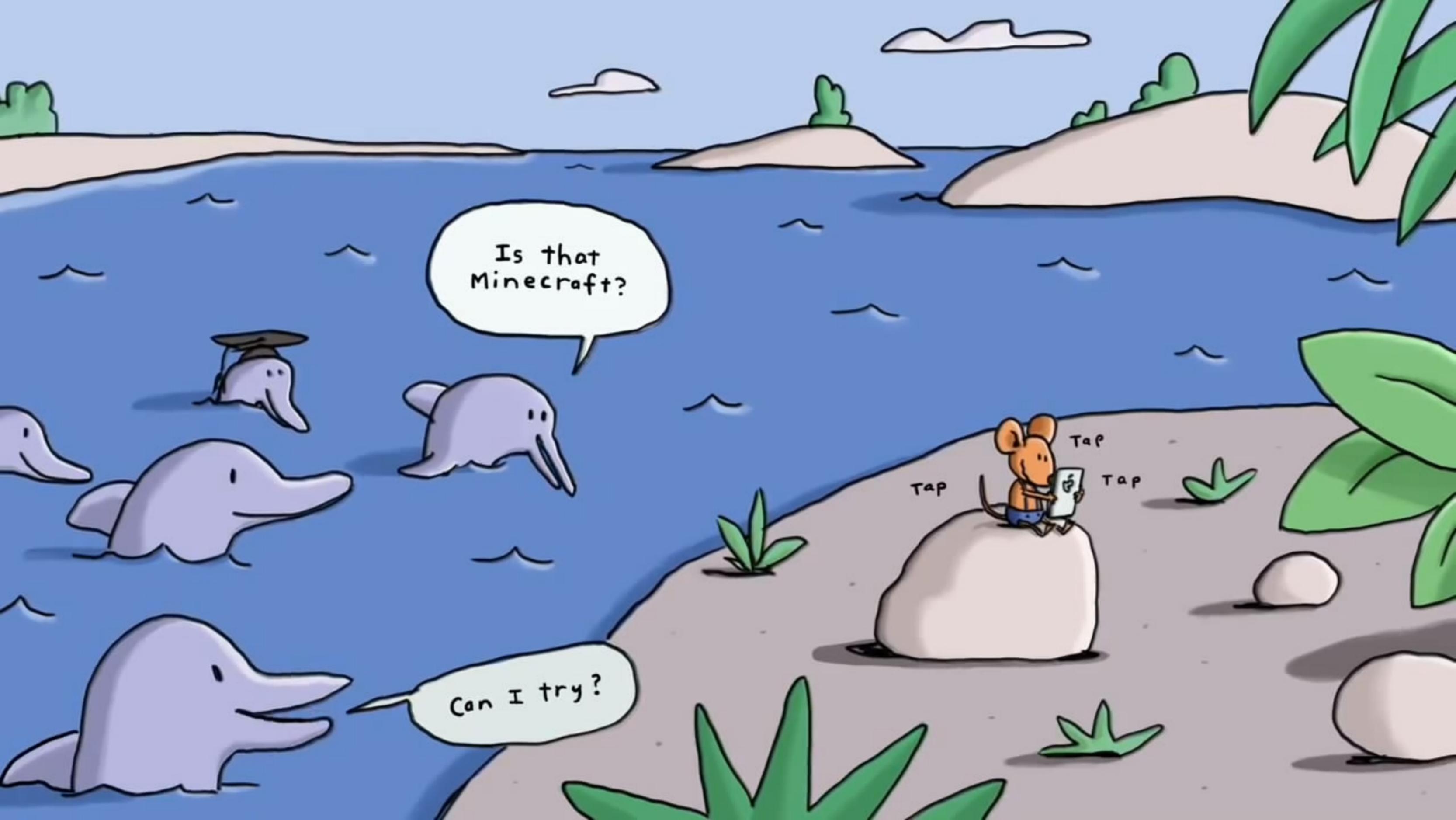


CLIFF!

Tap

Tap

Tap



Is that  
Minecraft?

Can I try?

Tap Tap Tap



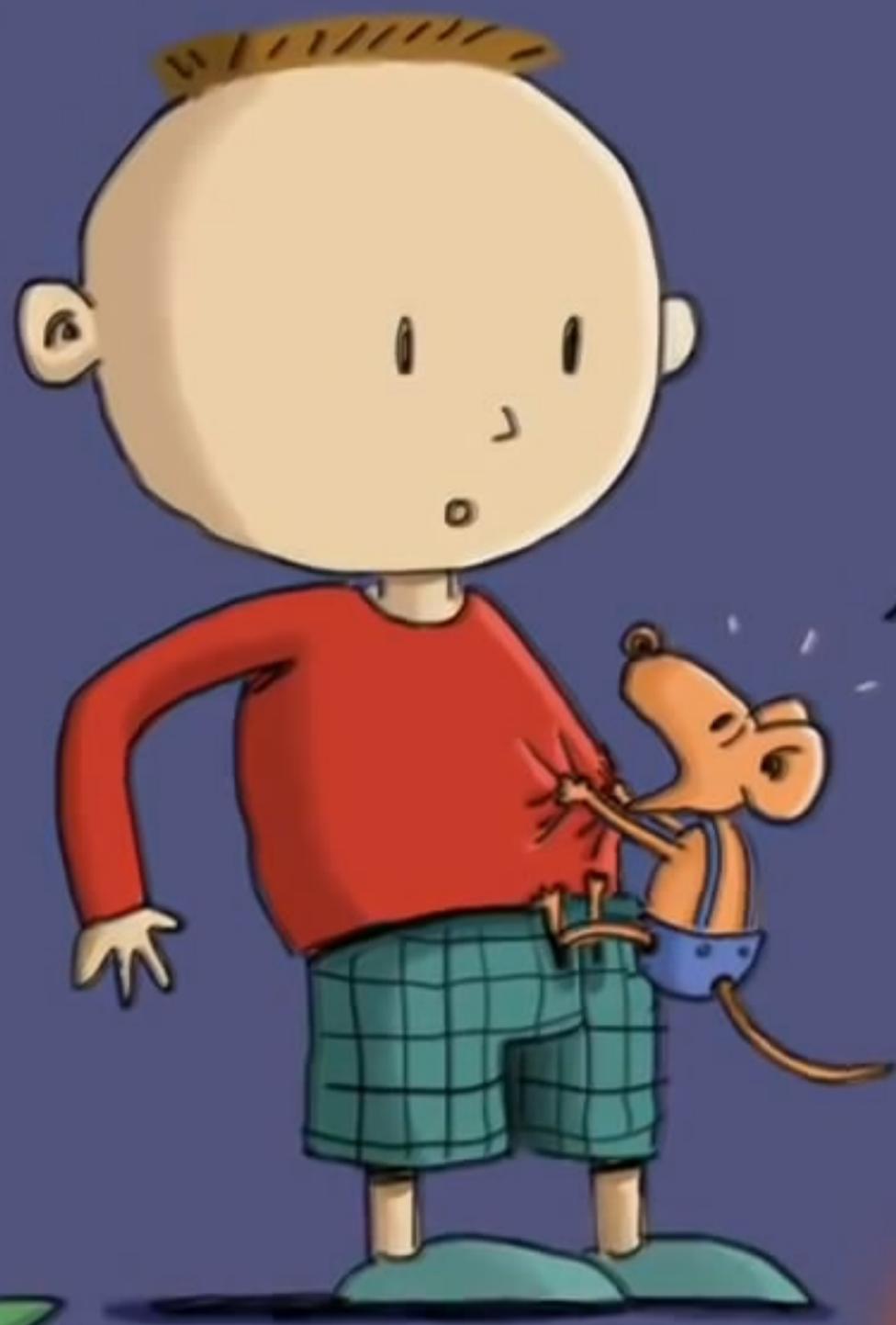
You do know that **this** much screen time **can't** be good for you, right?

Tap Tap  
Tap Tap









Please? Please?

Please?

please Please Please?

Please?

Please?











By the way,  
how'd we  
get here?

# IMPOSSIBLE TO TRAIN

*Will these pets ever learn?*

by David Hill



“Is your pet hard to train?” asked Jesse.

Sammy sighed. “He’s hopeless. He can’t learn anything properly.”

“You should see my pet when we go for walks,” said Bea. “Always pulling on the leash or heading somewhere I don’t want to go. He’s seriously strange.”

“You should see mine when we play a stick-throwing game,” said Sammy. “He makes so much noise. Or else we have this big tug-of-war with the stick. He’s seriously silly!”

“You should see mine when we go swimming,” Jesse said. “She chucks herself into the water and sprays everyone! Or else she goes splashing around in big circles. She’s seriously embarrassing!”

“I wonder if anyone has a pet as silly as mine,” said Sammy.

“I wonder if anyone has a pet as strange as mine,” said Bea.

“I wonder if anyone has a pet as embarrassing as mine,” said Jesse.

“Mine *does* try hard,” Sammy said after a moment. “He’s good about eating. He doesn’t leave bits of food on the floor for me to clean up.”

Jesse nodded. “Mine is friendly. She likes to play, and she never sulks.”

Bea nodded. “Mine is gentle. He doesn’t bite, and he’s nice to babies.”

“But mine is so hard to train!” Jesse said again.

“Mine is so noisy when we meet people on the street!” said Sammy.

“Mine never comes when I call!” said Bea. She sighed. “Our pets will never learn.”

Jesse woofed in agreement. Sammy thumped his tail.

“Humans!” said Jesse. “Impossible to train, but we love them anyway.”