

After school, Ruskin helped Corky sweep up the broken glass from the school playground.

'Before long,' Corky said, 'Lizard Street won't be called Lizard Street any more. It'll be known as the Street of Broken Windows.'

Ruskin told Corky how Elvis had threatened to break his glasses as well as all his windows.

'Are you scared, my boy?' Corky asked, sweeping the glass into a neat pile.

'A little bit,' Ruskin replied, brushing the glass into a bin bag.

'Well, there's nothing wrong with being scared,' Corky said, picking up the bag. 'We all get scared sometimes.'

They took the bag over to a big metal bin and threw it inside.

'Come on, my boy,' Corky said. 'Let's forget all about Elvis and his bad acting and his ball and his glass-smashing threats. Let's go and see the film at Flick's Ritz. Would you like that?'

'Yes please,' Ruskin said.

'And we'll buy some biscuits on the way.'

So they bought a packet of chocolate biscuits at Mrs Walnut's shop and went to the cinema.

They sat in the front row.

The cinema was dark and smelt of popcorn. The seats

were covered with green velvet and there were bright green curtains in front of the screen.

Corky opened the biscuits and offered one to Ruskin.

'I hope people don't talk during the film,' Corky said. 'I think that's a terrible thing to do.'

The green curtains parted and the screen exploded with light.

Ruskin tingled with excitement. He reached out for a biscuit.

The film was called *Henry V* and was in black and white. It was very exciting. Ruskin loved the charging horses and the 'whooshing' sound the arrows made as they flew through the air.

Suddenly, Ruskin heard another noise.

It was coming from the back of the cinema.

Da-boingggg! went the noise.

Ruskin looked behind him and saw Elvis Cave sitting next to Sparkey Walnut. The two of them were laughing and giggling and jeering at the film.

Elvis was bouncing his football.

'Shh,' Ruskin said.

'Free country,' Elvis said. 'Can do what I like. Can't I, Sparkey?'

'Yes, Sir,' said Sparkey.

Corky turned round and waved his walking stick at Elvis and Sparkey.

'It's bad manners,' Corky said.

Da-boingggg! was the only reply.

Ruskin and Corky faced the front again and tried to enjoy the film, but all they could hear was the relentless Da-boingggg! of Elvis's football.

Mr Flick walked down the aisle, holding a torch. The beam cut a neat white line through the dark, like an electric finger. He pointed it at Elvis.

'Please be quiet,' Mr Flick said, straightening his bow

tie. 'This is such a good film. Can't you hear the wonderful language?'

'It's not English,' Elvis complained. 'I don't understand a word of it. It's all rubbish. Right, Sparkey?'

'Yes, Sir,' Sparkey said.

'But it *is* English,' Mr Flick said. 'It's the most wonderful English. It's by Shakespeare.'

'Then Shakespeare can't write,' Elvis sneered.

Mr Flick looked shocked.

'And it's boring,' Elvis continued, standing up. He started to walk down the aisle towards the screen, bouncing the ball in front of him.

'Lots of silly actors in silly costumes and saying a silly lot of old twaddle,' Elvis said.

Da-boinggg!

Da-boinggg!

'Please . . .' Mr Flick said.

'Is this what you call good acting?' Elvis asked, looking at Ruskin. 'Well, you're an idiot. I'm a better actor than all those silly idiots up there!'

And he bounced the ball as hard as he could.

The ball shot into the air and ripped through the screen.

A large black hole appeared where the actor's head should have been.

Elvis screamed with laughter.

Sparkey screamed with laughter too.

Mr Flick just screamed.

Elvis and Sparkey ran out of the cinema, and Mr Flick stopped the film and turned the lights on.

'My poor screen,' said Mr Flick, running his fingers up and down his black velvet lapels. 'Now I won't be able to show any more films.'

'Elvis's football is smashing everything in sight,' Corky said. 'Everyone in Lizard Street spends most of

their time sweeping up broken glass. He's such a wild boy.'

'Someone has got to do something,' said Mr Flick. 'It can't just go on like this. Elvis is terrorizing everyone - even his own mum and dad - and no one seems prepared to do anything.'

'Come on, my boy,' said Corky, patting his arm around Ruskin's shoulder, 'let's go home.'