“You can have mine,” was what he wanted to say. But he didn’t. He just shrugged and walked on. At last he came to the park.

He sat down on a bench.

Someone came to sit beside him. Denzil brushed away the tears. Mustn’t let anyone see him crying.

Then he realized who it was: Boastful Bertha. She was holding on to a pram.

Not another baby! Denzil had had quite enough of babies, thanks very much. He got up to go.

“Look, Denzil,” said Bertha. “This is my baby brother. Isn’t he disgusting?”

Two large tears rolled down his cheeks. He was no longer the most disgusting little monster in Monster City. Only the brother of the most disgusting little monster in Monster City.
Denzil glanced at the baby in the pram. It looked a pretty boring sort of baby, he thought.

“Not as disgusting as my baby sister,” he said.

The baby sicked up something revolting and green.

“She eats fish,” said Denzil. “Raw.”

The baby screwed up his eyes and made a very rude noise.

“He’s got wind,” said Bertha. “I bet your baby sister doesn’t make noises like that.”

“Look at that,” said Bertha. “He’s been eating grass. I bet your baby sister doesn’t eat grass.”

“When my baby sister has got wind,” said Denzil, “everyone runs out in the street. They think there’s a war going on.”

The baby’s face turned red. He opened his mouth and screamed.

“I bet your baby sister can’t yell as loud as that,” said Bertha.