



The Story Shop

Welcome to Puddletown High Street!


Looks completely normal, doesn't it?

Normal baker's selling normal bread.

Normal shoe shop selling normal wellies.

Normal toyshop selling normal bats and balls.

But nestled between the hairdresser's
and the hardware store (which sells *entirely*
normal brooms) is the most **unusual** shop:

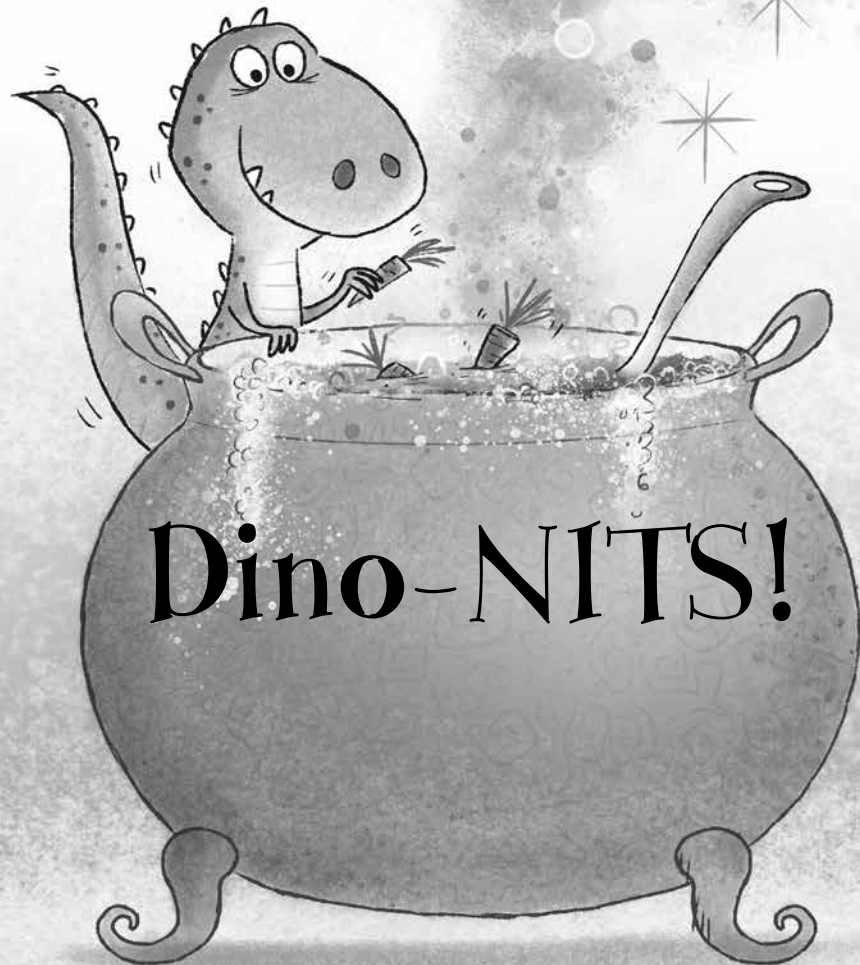


The Story Shop sells adventures you can
BE in. With real characters you'll actually
meet!

Shopkeeper Wilbur and his assistant
Fred Ferret have props and plots galore.

So, what are you waiting for? Step inside
if you're **BRAVE** enough.

But be warned, anything might
happen...



It had been a busy morning in the Story Shop. Just how Wilbur and Fred liked it!

As they tidied the shoe rack, the bell above the door gave another soft –
ting! ting!

“Another customer!” cheered Fred as a big brown bear edged inside.

He glanced at the bell, his eyes wide.

“Everything all right?” called Wilbur.

“I-it’s just ... sudden noises **SCare** me,” said the bear. “And stickers. Oh!

And making choices.”

Wilbur whisked a sheet of stickers under the counter.

“But you chose to come here,” said Fred kindly.

“Well, s-sort of,” Bear replied. He held out a voucher in a trembly paw.

“My friend Ted got me this from your shop. ‘One story adventure of your **DREAMS**’.”

Bear eyed a basket of false beards on the counter as if they might bite him on the nose. “I’m just not sure I’m b-brave enough,” he sighed.



"Nonsense!" smiled Wilbur, taking the voucher. "You just need the right adventure!"

He jotted down a few notes, then set off around the shop gathering things Bear could "try for size"...



"Too – **argh!** What's that?!"

Two little ghosts had just wafted through the front of the Spooks drawer. Bear leaped into Wilbur's arms. "Too **scary!**"

"Don't mind them – they're super friendly," said Fred, fanning them away with a toy shield.

"They certainly are!" Wilbur chuckled. "But while a spooky adventure isn't quite right for you, Bear, I think I have just the thing."



Wilbur popped him back down and straightened his hat. Then he whisked two more costumes off a rail. They looked like onesies, but each had a spiky tail.

"T-two?" asked Bear.

"I'm coming with you!" Fred beamed.

"Oh!" Bear's face brightened. "Phew!"

As Fred dashed off to get changed behind the counter, Wilbur showed Bear into the changing room. When he came back out...

"I'm a d-dinosaur?!"

he spluttered as Dino-Fred stomped over to join him.



"Hey! Our costumes are **camouflaged,**" said Fred. "All the better for hiding from, um ... things."

"From **other dinosaurs** you mean," gulped Bear. "No. S-sorry. I can't!"

"Trust me," said Wilbur. "I bet you're braver than you think."

"I doubt it..."

Wilbur plucked the feather off his hat and waved it over a patch of bare floorboards. They parted – **SWISH!** – and up rose a big black pot. Hooked over the rim was a shiny silver spoon.

"This is the **Story Pot,**" Fred explained.

"U-um..." Bear peeped inside. An inky-blue liquid simmered very softly.

Wilbur added some rocks, a large jar of soil and a handful of really sharp teeth.

Bear backed away.

"Bear – look!" cried Fred, pointing.

On a nearby shelf, a blank book had started jiggling as if **itching** to get the story started. Fred popped it into the pot, with a glug of letters from a jar.



"L-letters?" asked Bear.

"All stories need **words**," replied Wilbur.

He handed Fred some props – a bag of balloons, a night light and a packet of magical bean seeds. Fred popped them into his rucksack and smiled.

"Those are **special** props," he said, "to get us out of sticky story twists."

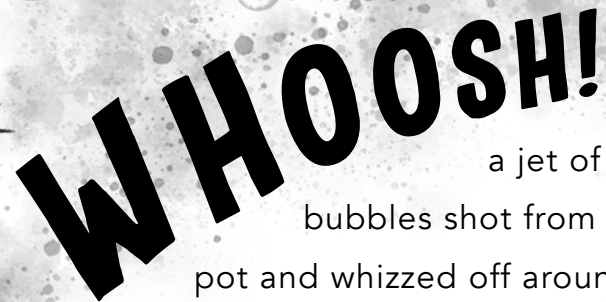
"**Sticky story twists?!**" Bear's eyes grew wide. "**Yikes!**"

Finally, Wilbur passed Fred a small toy dinosaur, which he slipped into his pocket.

"Now, Bear, time to stir the story!" said Fred.

He unhooked the spoon, placed Bear's paw on the handle and together they lowered it into the mixture.

"No, w-wait!" gasped Bear. But suddenly...



WHOOSH!

a jet of bubbles shot from the pot and whizzed off around the shop. They pinged off props, bounced off books, and sent the false beards in a whirl.

Then...



POPI!

the bubbles vanished. And Bear and Fred were gone.