

'Grimwood makes me
laugh out loud.'

FRANK COTTRELL BOYCE



GRIMWOOD

**ATTACK OF THE
STINK MONSTER!**



Bestselling COMEDY adventure from
NADIA SHIREEN

GRIMWOOD

ATTACK OF THE STINK MONSTER!



NADIA SHIREEN

Simon & Schuster



For AMS

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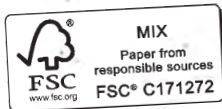
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REAL
NO/ANIMALS WERE HARMED
IN THE MAKING OF THIS BOOK




Hello, bonjour, olé, howdy,
salaams and namaste!

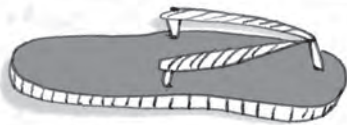
ERIC DYNAMITE here.
Who is this handsome fellow,
I hear you cry?




I can't believe
they're still
making these books



Well, I am a woodlouse, bus driver,
keen badminton player, and most of all,
I am your loyal chum and guide. **How are
you?** I've just returned from a marvellous
all-inclusive holiday to . . . well,
I'm not sure, exactly. I got trapped in a
suitcase full of flip-flops. **Things
got pretty dark in there.**



Anyway, let us rejoice! **Because we
are back, back, BACK in Grimwood!**
And there is a book to be read, a story to
be told, and young minds that need to be
BLOWN. Isn't this exciting?
(Just say yes.)





STARRING:



A cute little fox from the Big City who thinks everything in Grimwood is amazing. He likes theatre, smelling flowers and everything being great.

Ted's older sister, a streetwise fox who thinks Grimwood is utterly bananas. She likes coffee, growling and looking after Ted.



Bouncy and ferocious, Willow the rabbit has a big heart and endless energy, but she will thwack you in the face if you call her cute, OK?

The mayor of Grimwood. Titus is a kind old stag who is good at baking and cries at soppy films about dolphins. Wants everyone to be lovely to each other.



★

An extremely glamorous duck who used to be in the movies. Owns a global chain of luxury hotels but currently lives on a pile of old shopping trolleys.



A grumpy owl with massive eyebrows who secretly likes everyone. He spends his evenings reading difficult novels and listening to jazz.

★

A crow who likes to PARTY. Sharon enjoys music, silly hats and yelling AWOOGA wherever she goes.



A big-hearted badger who always looks out for his friends. He is a terrible driver, but most badgers are.

★

To
Twinklenuts

Grimwood

Warning: Map
completely useless



CARAVAN





THE
MAGIC
TOWER



The small pond



smelly puddle,
nobody knows why



Ted and
Nancy's den



tiny hotel
← only
for ants





Fig I: Sharon, Corvus Convivialis

A decorative frame with a thick black border. The left side is adorned with a detailed illustration of a leafy branch. The bottom and right sides feature elegant, swirling scrollwork. The text is centered within the frame.

CHAPTER ONE

Dreaming

It was the middle of the night in Grimwood. The leaves on the trees glinted silver in the bright moonlight. All was quiet. All was still.

'AWOOGA, AWOOGA, AWOOOOOOGA!' shouted Sharon the Party Crow. She staggered through the forest, leaving a trail of glitter behind her.

'Where have you been, Shaz?' asked an inquisitive worm.

‘Hen party,’ said Sharon, peeling off her false eyelashes. ‘It was OUTRAGEOUS! I laid a massive egg.’

‘Wicked,’ said the worm.

Sharon’s noisy arrival in Grimwood caused a bit of a kerfuffle. Animals started to wake from their deep sleep.

‘Hoot, hoot, hoot!’ said an owl.

‘Tweet, tweet,’ said a little sparrow.

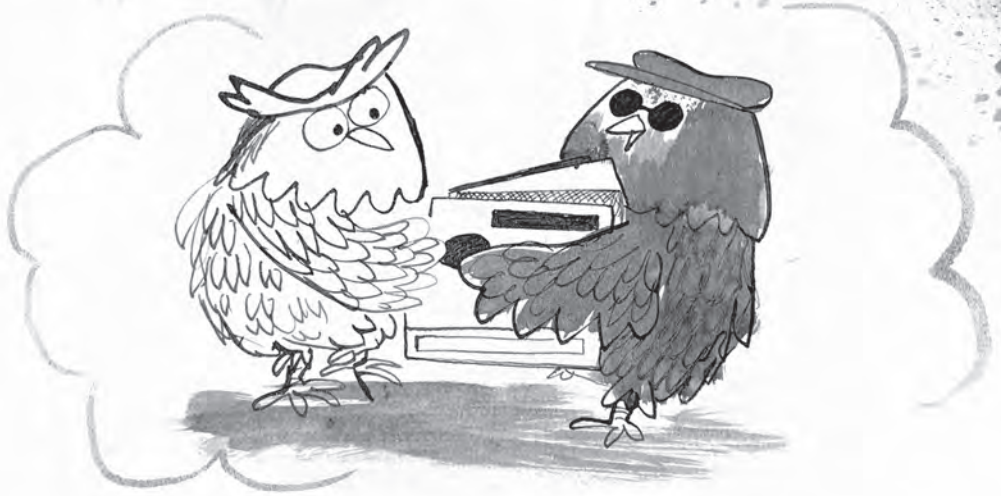
‘Woof,’ said a weird frog.

‘Yummo, banana time!’
said an ant who had just found a banana.

‘Pipe down, everyone,’ said another, much grumpier, owl. ‘Some of us are trying to sleep!’

The grumpy owl was called Frank, and he had been having an excellent dream where he had found a very rare record by legendary jazz





musician Gonzo McDougall. ‘You can have it for free!’ said the shopkeeper. ‘In fact, take all these expensive records for free, Frank. It’s your lucky day. Hoot, hoot!’

‘Oh, wow!’ said Frank. ‘This is the happiest day of my life!’ But then the ‘hoot-hooting’ of the real-life owl woke him up, and when he realized it had all just been a dream, he was as annoyed as annoyed could be.

Titus the stag was dreaming about finally winning the Grimwood Jamboree, a ruthlessly competitive annual jam-making competition.

He entered every year, but always lost out to Cerise Lachance, a local beaver. In his dream, Titus was shaking the hoof of the chief judge – the Mayor of Grimwood – and smiling as a golden rosette was pinned to his front. The fact that Titus himself was the Mayor of Grimwood didn't seem to matter in dreamland.

'It's an honour!' said Titus.

'Your jam was quite marvellous,' said the other Titus.

Then Titus opened his mouth to lick some jam from the jar, but his tongue just kept getting longer and longer, and suddenly the

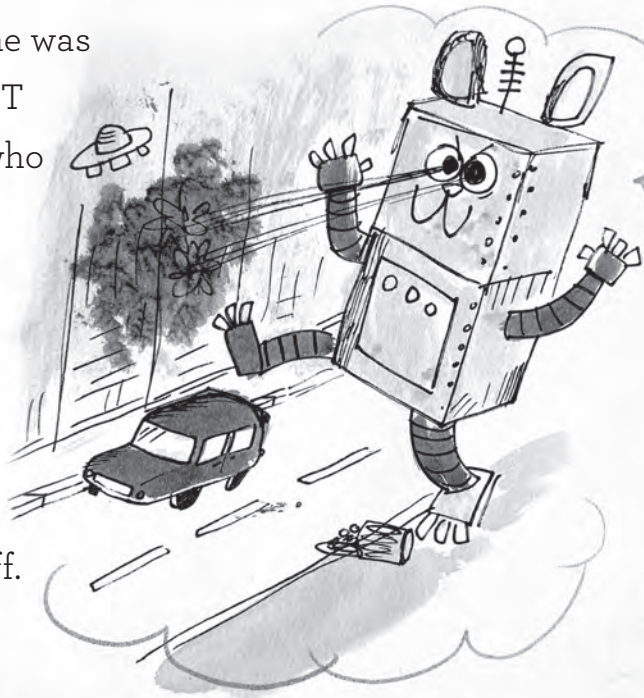


other Titus had turned into his old Geography teacher, and isn't it annoying when dreams go all weird like that?

Willow, an extremely cute bunny, was sleeping next to her 153 brothers and sisters in their warren in Bunnyville, an area of Grimwood that had been taken over completely by eows bunnies.

'Zzzzap! Take that, losers! **ZZZZAAAAP!**'

In the dream, she was a MASSIVE GIANT ROBOT BUNNY who could shoot lasers from her eyes, and she was stompin' through the Big City, blowin' up cars and dustbins and aliens and stuff.



Wiggy the badger was snoring almost as loudly as his brothers Monty, Jeremy, Jeremy and Jeremy. He was dreaming about tucking into a large all-you-can-eat breakfast buffet.

‘Mmm,’ he dribbled. ‘Eggs, sausage, beans, bacon, toast, mushrooms, tomatoes, chips, hash browns, onion rings and a burger thrown in for luck. Oh, and a strawberry milkshake. Hooray!’ He reached for the bottle of tomato sauce, and with an energetic *sqthrpthrht!* he squeezed it all over his food, all over his head, and then all over the room until he was swimming in a gloopy sea of ketchup.



Dreams are quite **silly**,
aren't they?

Over in the grey waters of the Small Pond, Ingrid the duck was floating serenely on her island of shopping trolleys. She and her husband, Sir Charles Fotheringay, wore matching silk eye masks and fluffy slippers.

Ingrid was having one of her very favourite dreams. She was at a swanky awards ceremony, perched high above the stage. Nobody could see her. Beneath her stood her greatest rival, Tufty Honeycake, an annoying young duck with big



eyes and shiny golden feathers. Tufty had taken all of Ingrid's acting jobs, and now she was winning an award for Best Actress, which was utterly preposterous.

'I'd like to thank the Academy for this award,' blubbed Tufty, 'and those sad, tired old ducks like Ingrid. Without them waddling a path, I wouldn't be here. Yay me!'

In a rage, Ingrid quickly and accurately did a big fat plop on Tufty's head. Tufty screamed. The audience gasped. Ingrid cackled in her sleep and turned over.

Pamela the eagle did not dream, because she did not believe in sleep. 'IT IS FOR WIMPS!' she would cackle. 'WHILE YOU PATHETIC WEAKLINGS SLEEP, I MONITOR SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY THROUGH MY SECURITY CAMERAS.'

Pamela lived in a tangled nest of old

computers, phones and wires at the top of a huge electricity pylon known as the Magic Tower. It buzzed strangely. And so did Pamela.

'AWOOOGA!' came a mysterious voice. Except it was not in any way mysterious, as we all know that Sharon the Party Crow is the only one who says **'AWOOOGA'** around here.

Sharon now lived with Pamela. They were best pals, and even hosted a radio show together, which was *actually* very popular, don't you know.



Just to warn you, Pamela does sometimes bite people's heads off.

I know, it's terrible. **But nature is cruel.** Just the other day, a butterfly made fun of my hat.



It does look rubbish though



The fox den in Grimwood had been empty for quite some time, but now it was home to Ted and Nancy, a pair of scrappy young foxes who had moved from the Big City.

Ted was snuggled up with his cuddly slipper, which he called Slipper. He was dreaming of playing the guitar in front of thousands of screaming fans. It was brilliant.

‘Hi, everyone!’ he cried. ‘This next one goes out to all the bunnies . . .’

And he opened his mouth to sing. Except he had forgotten all the words. So he made them up on the spot and nobody minded.

La la la laaaa
I love my spoooooon
And would you just
Look at the moooooooooon
Ooooh yeah, baby!



The crowd went wild and started chanting:
‘Ted! Ted! Ted! Ted!’

Then the crowd seemed to be slapping his face and shouting, ‘OI! Ted! Ted! Wake up!’ and he opened his eyes and saw that it was actually his big sister, Nancy, who was slapping him.

‘Oh, nur!’ said Ted sleepily. ‘It was just a dream! Boohoo.’

He rubbed his eyes and yawned.

When he opened them properly, he could see it was still night-time, and Nancy was pacing about the den looking worried.

‘What’s up, sis?’ he asked. ‘Why did you wake me?’

Nancy looked down sheepishly at her paws.

‘Did you have another weird dream?’ asked Ted gently.

Nancy nodded.

‘Yeah. I need you to write it down before I forget it. You’re better at words and that.’

Ted reached under his pillow for his pencil and notebook. Nancy had been having lots of weird dreams recently. Frank had told her to write them down to see if they were trying to tell her something.

‘OK,’ said Ted. ‘What can you remember?’

Nancy curled up on her bed.

‘Weird noises,’ she said. ‘A sloshy, wishy-

washy sound. And then squawky birds.'

Ted wrote it down.

'Someone was whistling a tune,' continued Nancy.

'Ooh! What was the tune?' asked Ted, his ears pricking at the mention of music.

Nancy frowned.

'I can't remember. Argh, it's so annoying, it's doing my nut!'

She started growling and whacking herself on the side of the head.

'Ow! Stop it, Nance,' said Ted. 'You're making my head hurt.'

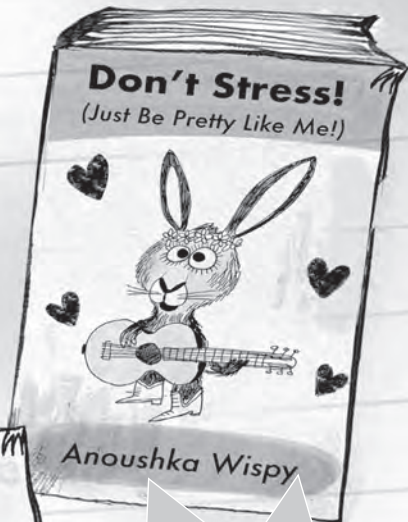
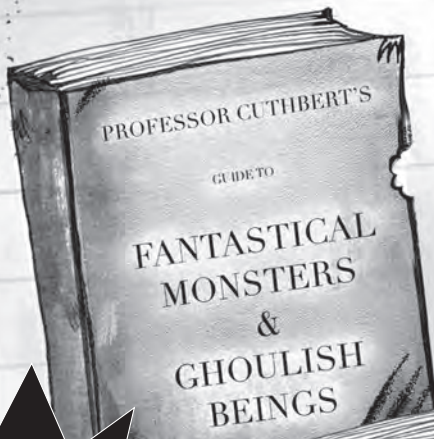
Nancy frowned. She and Ted had grown up in the Big City without a mum or dad. They had no idea what had happened to them. It was a total mystery. Nancy was a mega-tough cookie and looked after her little brother. But she didn't feel like a mega-tough cookie today.

‘Come on,’ said Ted gently. ‘It’s nearly morning. Let’s go and visit Titus. You need a coffee. And I fancy a doughnut.’



Fun fact! I once lived inside a doughnut for five weeks. One of the happiest times of my life, I can tell you that for free.





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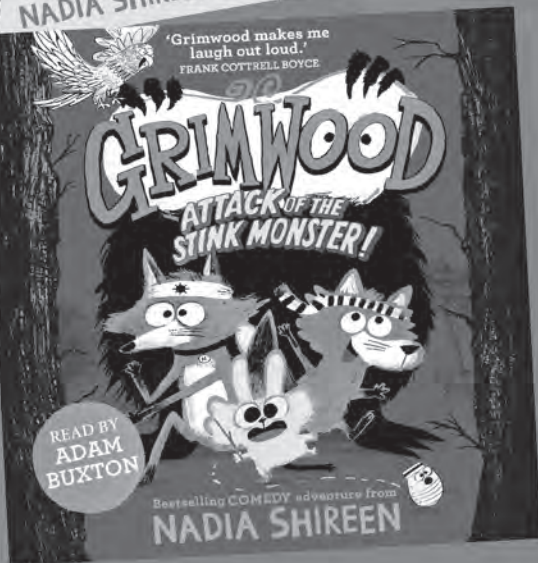
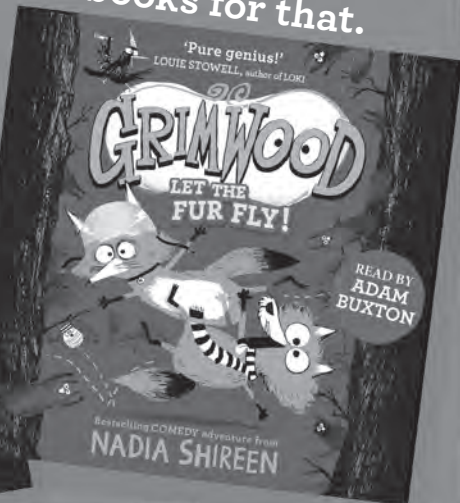
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NADIA SHIREEN is a bestselling author and illustrator of outrageously funny children's fiction and picture books. She won the UKLA Book Award for *Good Little Wolf* and for *Barbara Throws a Wobbler*. She has been shortlisted for the Roald Dahl Funny Prize and the Waterstones Children's Book Prize, and has been Writer-Illustrator in Residence for BookTrust. The bestselling Grimwood series is her first for older readers, and has been shortlisted for the Branford Boase Award, the Books Are My Bag Awards and the Laugh Out Loud Book Awards. Nadia lives in Sussex.