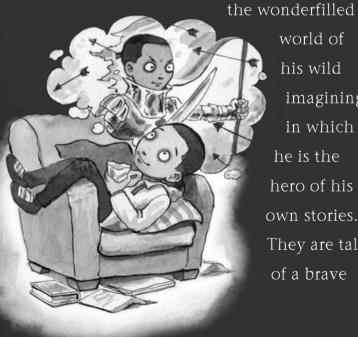Greetings! To gadarounds, chanternuts and rooklers! To the imaginary and the unimaginary! To the living, the dead and everyone in between, my name is Keys ... Skeleton Keys.

Hundreds of moons ago, I was an IF – an imaginary friend. Then, before I could say "Crumcrinkles", I was suddenly as real as feet! I had become *unimaginary*.

Now, Ol' Mr Keys looks out for other IFs who find themselves suddenly *unimagined*, whenever, wherever and whyever! For these fantabulant fingers open doors to anywhere and elsewhere ... hidden worlds ... secret places ... doors to the limitless realm of all imagination.

These keys have led me to a hundred adventures and a hundred more relatively soon afterwards! The stories I could tell you...

But of course, it is a *story* you are waiting

for! Well, fret not, dallywanglers – today's tall tale is such a hum-dum-dinger that it will make you question the unquestionable. A tale so truly unbelievable that it must, unbelievably, be true.

This is Flynn Twist. It is safe to say, which I do, that Flynn lives in a world of his own. Even he is not sure why he so often escapes into his imagination. But, wherever possible, Flynn lets his mind wander far and wide to the wonderfilled world of his wild imaginings, in which he is the hero of his own stories. They are tales of a brave and valiant champion and his mighty steed … of noble quests and dangers untold … of a magical world where anything can happen.

But, little does Flynn know, his life is about to become stranger and more adventuresome than he ever could have dreamed.

For strange things can happen when imaginations run wild…

Our story begins in the quiet, oh-so slumberly village of Matching Trousers, population three hundred and forty-three. It is autumn, and ruddy-reddish leaves strew quiet, tree-lined streets. Flynn and his infant sister Nellie have recently moved to Matching Trousers to live with their grandmother. It is the end of their first week in the village and life, though generally uneventful, is not without surprises…