



GRIMWOOD

LET THE
FUR FLY!

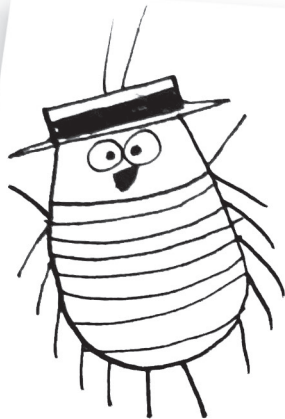


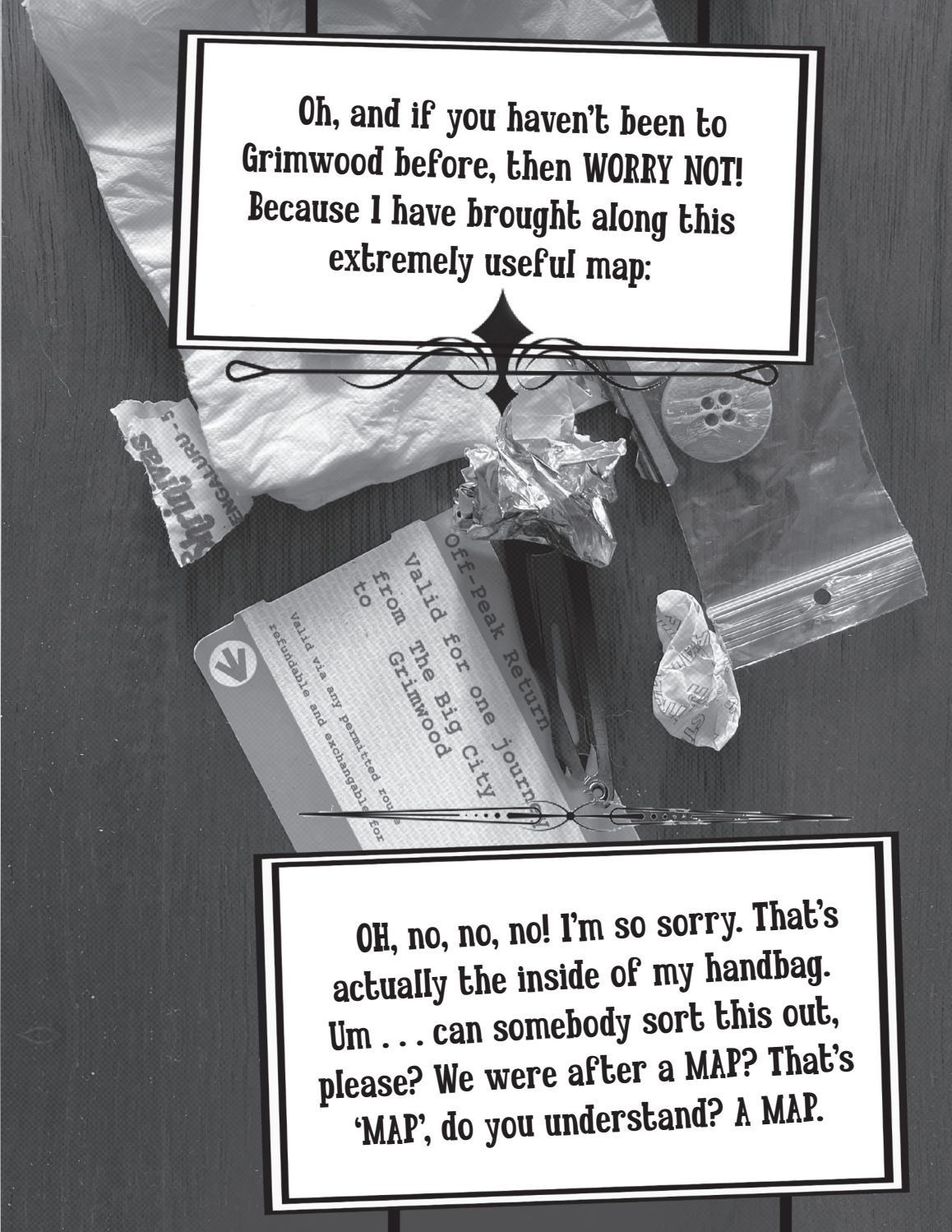
NADIA SHIREEN

Simon & Schuster

hello there, campers!

I'm **ERIC DYNAMITE**,
and though I may look like a humble woodlouse,
I am also your loyal friend and guide! How are
you? Have you done something new with your
hair? Now hold the end of my tiny little
woodlousey hand (gently, please, I don't
want it to fall off) as we embark upon
A GRIMWOOD ADVENTURE. Hooray!





**Oh, and if you haven't been to
Grimwood before, then WORRY NOT!
Because I have brought along this
extremely useful map:**

**OH, no, no, no! I'm so sorry. That's
actually the inside of my handbag.
Um . . . can somebody sort this out,
please? We were after a MAP? That's
'MAP', do you understand? A MAP.**

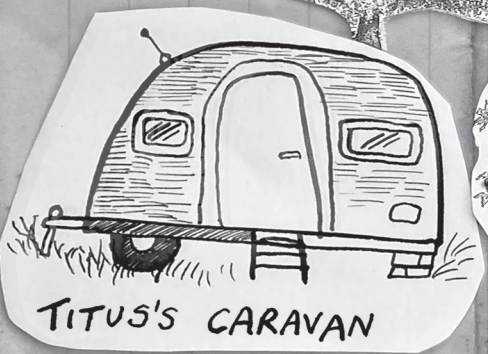
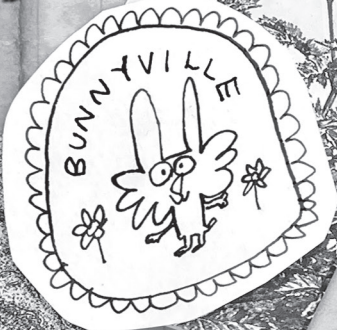


Grimwood

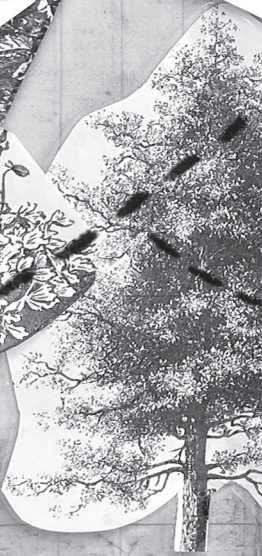


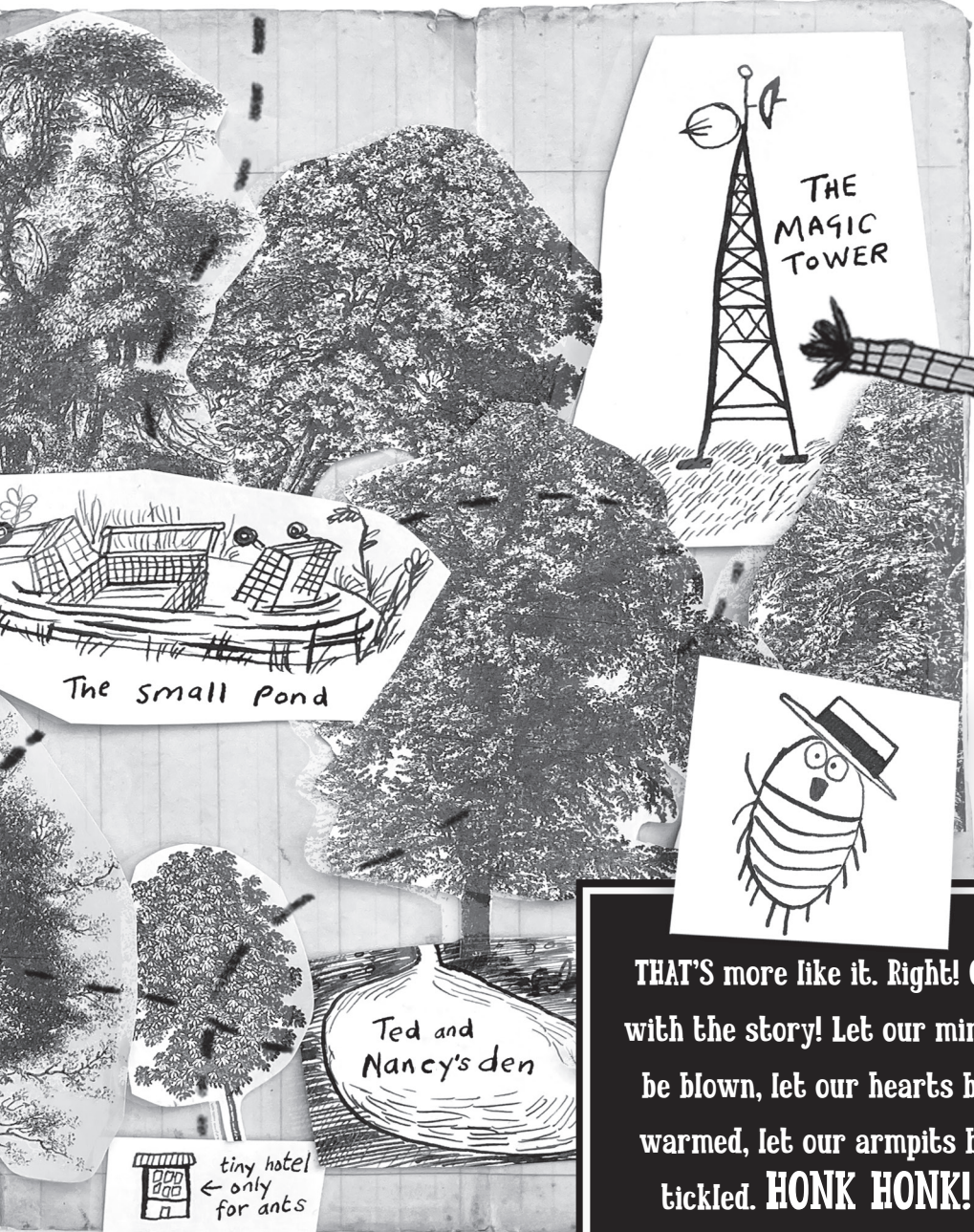
Warning: Map completely useless

THE
BIG
CITY
←



TITUS'S CARAVAN





THE
MAGIC
TOWER

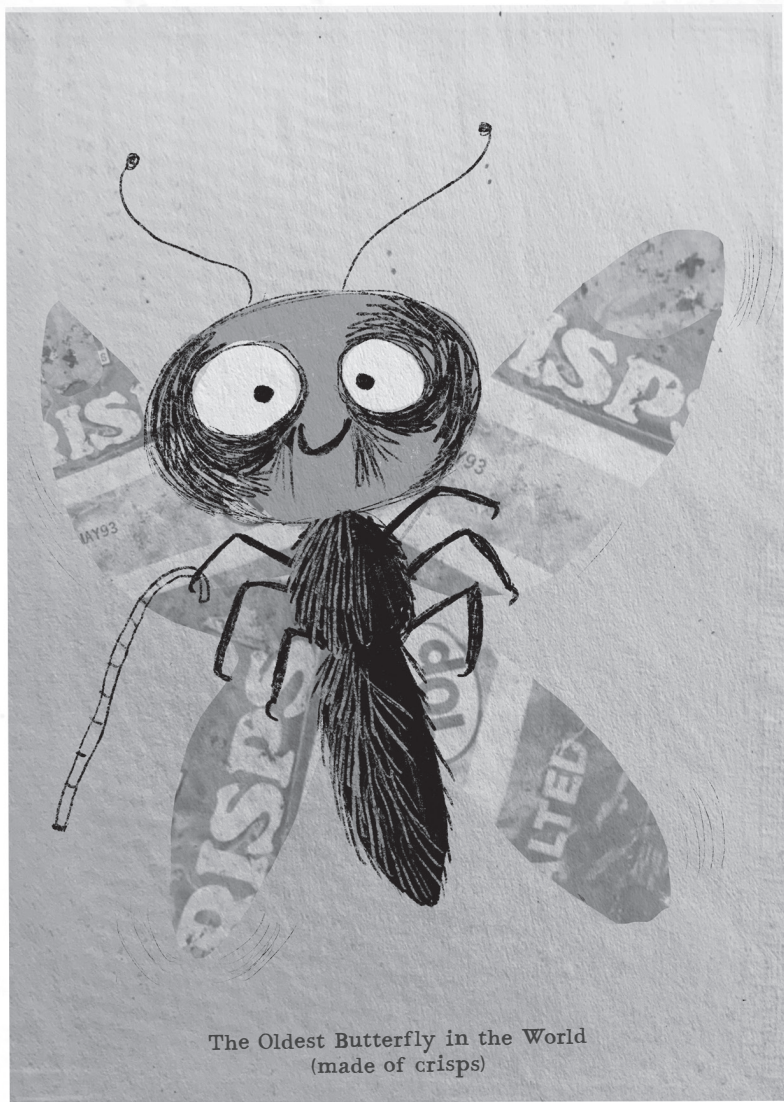
The small pond

Ted and
Nancy's den

tiny hotel
← only
for ants

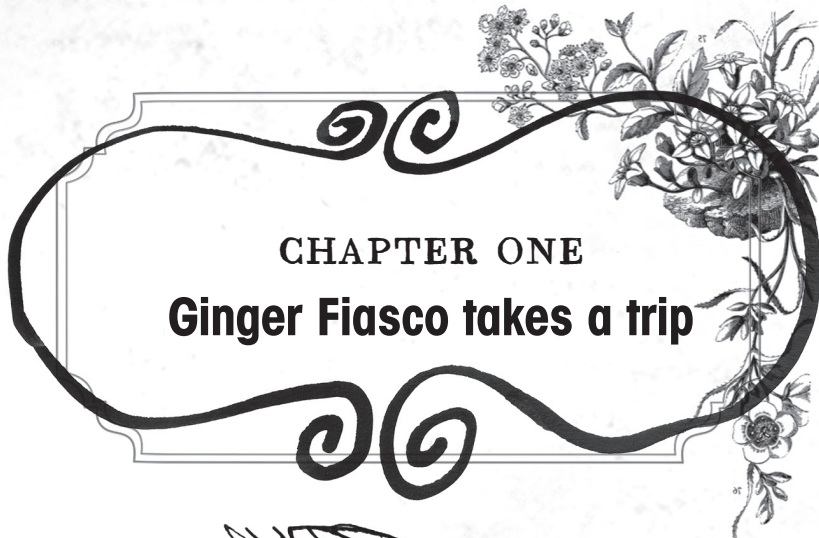


THAT'S more like it. Right! On with the story! Let our minds be blown, let our hearts be warmed, let our armpits be tickled. **HONK HONK!**



The Oldest Butterfly in the World
(made of crisps)



A decorative border featuring a large, stylized scroll shape with floral and leaf motifs extending from the top and right sides.

CHAPTER ONE
Ginger Fiasco takes a trip



It was a peaceful afternoon in Grimwood. The sun was shining, birds were tweeting, ants were anting and a squirrel was flying through the air at a dangerously high speed.

‘Treeeeboooooonk!’ it screamed, before splatting into a tree trunk and slumping to the ground.

A whistle blew.

‘OK, let’s have a break, everyone!’ hooted an owl. His name was Frank, and he was the coach of the Grimwood treebonk team. He had very large eyebrows because some owls just do.

Willow, an outrageously cute little bunny rabbit, was holding a tray of juicy orange slices for the players.

‘COME ON, TEAM!’ she bellowed. ‘Suck on these wedges of fruity goodness! Feel the vitamins pump through your veins! I wanna see you thwacking those tree trunks MUCH harder, *capeesh?*’

The gaggle of dizzy squirrels staggered towards her. One of them was MASSIVE and had an extremely bushy tail. That was Nancy, and



she wasn't a squirrel at all. She was, in fact, a fox.

'Cheers, Willow,' she grunted, grabbing a fistful of orange.

Nancy was the only fox on Grimwood's treebonk team, but she didn't care. She wasn't *quite* as fast as the squirrels, but she was strong and her tail was powerful. It helped catapult her from tree to tree, and she was quickly becoming Grimwood's star player. Not bad for a scruffy fox from the Big City.

'Yay, go Nancy!' shouted Ted, her little brother. He waved at her from the sidelines. Treebonk really wasn't Ted's thing - he was more into acting and singing and writing poems about clouds - but he enjoyed watching his big sis practise. *Especially* if he could eat cakes at the same time.

ERIC DYNAMITE'S Emergency Fact File:

I'm sensing you may have questions. Fear not!
Your friend Eric D is here to help.



What the jiggins is Grimwood?

Grimwood is a forest far, far, faaaaaar away. It is full of trees and sky and mud and stones. It smells weird and there's loads of litter and old shopping trolleys. There's a broken electricity pylon in the middle of it that buzzes strangely. But it's also FUN and GREAT and it's where this story is set so you'd better get used to it.

What the Jiminy is treebonk?

Treebonk is a woodland sport mainly played by squirrels. They jump off really tall trees and shout 'TREEEEBONK!'. Then they boing off other trees and try not to touch the ground. They must boing for as long as possible. This goes on for absolutely ages until one team is entirely on the ground or all the players start crying.

What in the name of Jehoshaphat is an owl?

Now this is a complicated one. An OWL is a large bird with a BEAK and two massive flappy WINGS. It goes 'hoot-hoot-hoot' and can spin its head around really far, which looks cool and weird. For centuries, owls have been manufactured in a little family-run factory in Portugal.

‘Gosh, just *watching* treebonk is exhausting, isn’t it?’ sighed Titus the stag, shovelling a jam doughnut into his snout. ‘Where on earth do they find the energy?’

‘No idea,’ said Wiggy, whose large badgery paws were holding a jug of pink lemonade. ‘Another glass of fizz, old pal?’

Titus was the mayor of Grimwood. He had big, kind eyes, knobbly antlers and a heart of love and goodness. He was also keen on baking and watching romantic comedies. Wiggy the badger often drove around Grimwood in a rusty old Jeep, but today he was relaxing next to Titus and Ted on a tatty picnic blanket.



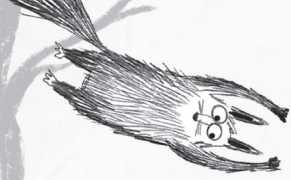
‘Did you see me give out the oranges?’ panted Willow, hopping back to the picnic blanket.

‘I sure did!’ said Ted, and he gave her a high-five.

‘Frank says if I keep doing a good job he’ll give me an even bigger badge,’ said Willow. ‘He says I’m the best assistant coach he’s ever had.’

Willow pointed to a badge she had attached to her fur. It said ‘ASISTUNT COWCH’.





‘You’re doing a marvellous job, young Willow,’ said Titus kindly. ‘BAAARP! Oh, I’m so sorry. This pink fizz gives me terrible wind. BAAAARP! There I go again.’

Titus’s sudden burping attack gave Ted and Willow the giggles.


Frank puffed up his chest and shouted, ‘Treebonkers assemble!’

The team lined themselves up.

‘We’re *really* going to go for it this time,’ said Frank. ‘Ready? One . . . two . . . three . . .’

TTRREEEEBOOOOOOONK!

The sky grew dark as squirrels flew through the air, boinging and bouncing their way around the treebonk pitch – a clearing surrounded by a circle of tall pine trees.



THUNK! Two squirrels collided in mid-air. One managed to boing against a branch, but the other plummeted to the ground.

BA-ZOINGGGGG! Nancy used her powerful tail to ricochet through some gnarly branches, her paws never once touching the ground. She laughed as she went. It reminded her of being on the run with her foxy pals back in the Big City, hopping over bus stops and rooftops with a bag of chips in her mouth.

POINGGGG! An overexcited squirrel called Ginger Fiasco lost control of her steering and treebonked herself right out of the pitch.

‘Uh-oh,’ said Wiggy. Everyone looked up and watched Ginger fly high across the sky like a furry rocket.

‘Where will she land?’ wondered Titus. Everything went quiet.



And then faintly . . . very faintly . . . they heard an angry quack.

‘Oh, phew,’ said Willow. ‘She’s just landed in the Small Pond.’

The Small Pond was home to many creatures, but mainly Ingrid – a very important and powerful duck.

Frank spun his head around to face the picnickers. ‘Don’t suppose one of you lot fancies getting off your bottom and bringing back Ginger?’ he asked. ‘She’s always knocked out cold when this happens.’

‘I’ll go!’ said Ted, slinging his rucksack over his shoulder.

‘Good laddie,’ said Frank. He turned to Titus and Wiggy to tell them off for being lazy, but they had both nodded off in their deckchairs.

Nancy noticed Ted walking towards the Small Pond. When they had first arrived in

Grimwood she would never have let him go off on his own. But Grimwood was their home now, and Nancy knew her little brother would come to no harm in these deep, dark woods.



Apparently if you turn the page
the story just . . . carries on!

Marvellous inventions, these
'books', don't you think?