

The Shop of  
**IMPOSSIBLE**  
**ICE CREAMS**

**Also by Shane Hegarty**

The BOOT series

BOOT

BOOT: The Rusty Rescue

BOOT: The Creaky Creatures

**SHANE HEGARTY**



The Shop of  
**IMPOSSIBLE  
ICE CREAMS**

Illustrated by  
**Jeff Crowther**

HODDER CHILDREN'S BOOKS

First published in Great Britain in 2022 by Hodder & Stoughton

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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A CIP catalogue record for this book  
is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978 1 444 96249 9

Typeset in Adobe Garamond Pro by  
Palimpsest Book Production Ltd, Falkirk, Stirlingshire

Printed and bound in Great Britain by  
Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A

The paper and board used in this book  
are made from wood from responsible sources.



Hodder Children's Books  
An imprint of  
Hachette Children's Group  
Part of Hodder and Stoughton  
Carmelite House  
50 Victoria Embankment  
London EC4Y 0DZ

An Hachette UK Company  
[www.hachette.co.uk](http://www.hachette.co.uk)

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For Tim and Marie,  
my mum and dad





# Chapter 1

The first thing to know about Limpet is that his favourite ice cream was vanilla.

There was nothing dangerous about vanilla ice cream. Nothing that might jump out and attack you.

*Whatever might attack you from an ice cream?*  
you ask.

Limpet knew *every* way an ice cream might attack you. He had written them all down in his notebook of Things That Might Go (Badly) Wrong.

A chocolate flake might go up your nose and poke your brain.

Strawberry sauce might cause a wasp to get stuck on your lip. And then another

wasp might attack you to rescue its wasp friend.

Sprinkles might make you sneeze really loudly and Limpet's one wobbly tooth might fall out in the sneeze and rocket up someone's nose and that person would have to live with a tooth up their nose for the rest of their life and . . .



. . . No, vanilla would do just fine for Limpet. Nothing could go wrong with vanilla.



Unless it was vanilla in a cone. Cones always got soggy bottoms and dripped on the ground and Limpet could slip and fall.

He did like other ice creams. His mum loved making them, and he enjoyed helping her. Together they had made raspberry ripple, tutti frutti, rocky road, and tuna and celery.



OK, he didn't like tuna and celery ice cream too much.

The second thing to know about Limpet is that he did not like being called Limpet one bit. That was a nickname his mum gave him as a baby. He wouldn't tell anyone why.

He liked his real name, Liam. He even liked his middle name, Patrick. And he didn't mind his surname, Lewis.

Liam Patrick Lewis was a proper name for a ten-year-old. Limpet was not.

The third thing you need to know is that everyone called him Limpet anyway.

And that's it. That's all you need to know about Limpet for now.

Nothing else at all.

# Chapter 2

“Ta-dah!” said Limpet’s mu—

## Chapter 3

—Oh wait, there's a fourth thing you should know about Limpet.

With his mum and evil little sister, he had just moved to the seaside town of Splottpool.

Today would be the strangest day of his life. And things would only get stranger after that.

But it didn't start strange.

It started with those happy words . . .

## Chapter 4

“Ta-dah!” said Limpet’s mum.

She pointed at the tiny ice cream shop on the quiet promenade by Splottpool’s foamy grey sea.

“Ta-dah?” asked Limpet. He was confused because the ice cream shop was closed.

“Ta-*dub*,” said Limpet’s little sister, Eve, poking her head out from under Mum’s armpit and screwing up her face to let him know he was stupid.

Everyone loved Eve because they believed her to be a cute, puppy-eyed, lively six-year-old.

Limpet knew different. He knew she was six years of pure evil.

“Ta-*don’t* argue,” said Mum to both of them.  
“This ice cream shop will be the start of our

new lives in this lovely little seaside town.”

All Limpet saw in the lovely seaside town was a stony beach, a long promenade, closed shops and an empty crisp packet blowing in the breeze.

The crisp packet stuck to Limpet’s face. He peeled it off, worried the packet was full of diseases or cheese and onion crumbs or – worst of all – cheese and onion flavoured diseases.

He would add that to his notebook of Things That Might Go (Badly) Wrong later.



“Are we buying ice cream?” he asked, while scrubbing his tongue.

“Oh, we’re buying ice cream all right,” said Mum, excited. “We’re buying *lots* of ice creams. Special ice creams. *Impossible* ice creams.”

*Impossible ice creams?* wondered Limpet.

“This isn’t just any ice cream shop,” said Mum. “This is *our* ice cream shop. We bought it. We open in exactly one week. Next Saturday! How exciting is that?”



“Wow,” said Limpet.

“Woo-bleurffhh!” said Eve, while sticking her tongue out at Limpet.

“We’re going to make ice creams no one has ever tasted before,” said Mum.

She hugged Limpet tight around the shoulders, and he squirmed because he was ten and hugging your mum in public wasn’t something ten-year-olds did. Even though he secretly liked it.

“Where’s the key to the shop?” he asked, wriggling away from his mum’s squeeze.

“With this man,” she said.

Limpet almost leaped out of his trainers at the man standing *right behind* him. A man with *enormous* eyebrows. Like a family of spiders lived on his face.

It wasn’t just his eyebrows. His whole head was hairy. He had bushes in his ears, weeds up his nose, and his beard grew in every direction.



Up, down, sideways, backwards, in circles.

His head looked like a nest, but on top sat a small, pink, paper hat. It was one of those ice cream parlour hats that looked like an upside-down boat.

“MARSHMALLOW EXPLOSION!” the hairy man barked at Limpet.

“W-w-what?” murmured Limpet, really worried some of the man’s eyebrow hairs would blow off in the wind and land in his mouth.

“That was MY FAVOURITE ice cream,” said the hairy man, staring at Limpet like he was trying to make lasers come out of his eyes.

“What do YE like?”

“Limpet likes boring ice cream,” said Eve.

“Stop it, Eve,” warned Limpet.

“I like ice creams that make your head pop off,” said Eve.

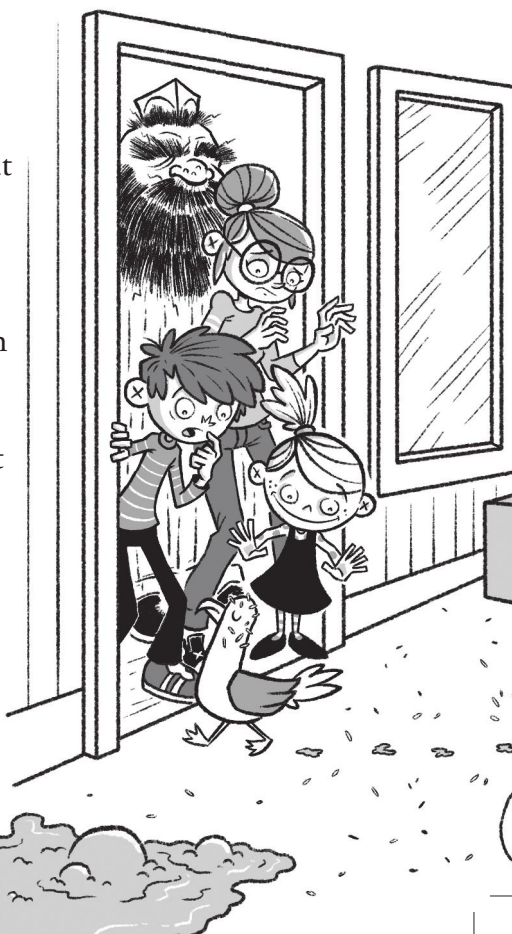
The hairy man lifted his hat and underneath it, buried in his wiry hair, was a big key like the

kind used to open castles. “I made ice creams here since I was a BOY.”

Turning the key in the shop’s lock, he pulled hard on the stuck door. “Mint LEGENDS. Chocolate WATERFALLS. Blueberry—”

“SEAGULLS!” shouted Limpet’s mum as the door opened and a big white bird flapped out from behind the dusty counter with an ice cream cone in its mouth. A second seagull waddled out the door with its head covered in blue sprinkles.

The shop was not much bigger than a large shed, with a counter at the front and a kitchen in the back. The seagulls had knocked over jars and forced open cupboards. It was a mess.



“Yummy – cola bottles,” said Eve, peeling a sticky sweet from the counter and popping it in her mouth.



The man glared at Limpet through his wild eyebrows. "Aye, folks used to queue DOWN THE STREET to get my ice creams. Do ye know why I stopped?"

Scared of all that hair, Limpet kept his mouth firmly shut as he shook his head.

"Because of *THAT* . . ." The hairy ice cream man pointed beyond the buildings across from the promenade, towards a giant shopping centre that loomed over the streets and blocked out the morning sun.

"There's a big ice cream shop there. *Mr Fluffy's Mega Emporium of Amazing and Spectacular Ice Creams*. It's like an ICE CREAM SUPERSTORE."

The idea of an ice cream superstore made Limpet drool. He wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

"Mr Fluffy wanted nothing more than to CRUSH my little ice cream shop." The hairy

man crushed his pink paper hat with his hairy knuckles. "And he DID."

Limpet's heart sank.

Mum picked up a jar of liquorice sweets that had been tipped over. A snail crawled out of the jar. "We'll be making very different ice creams to Mr Floppy or Fluffy or whatever his name is," she said, peeling off the snail and putting it on the windowsill so it could escape . . . slowly. "We'll make ice creams you'll not get anywhere else on the planet."

Limpet's heart rose.

"Mushroom and cheese ice cream . . ." Mum said.

Limpet's heart sank again.

"Carrot and garlic ice cream," she continued. "And I have a recipe for the greatest spaghetti ice cream you've ever tasted."

Limpet's heart now felt like it was in his foot.  
*Spaghetti ice cream! With tomato sauce and pasta*

*and that stinky sprinkly cheese? How could that even work?*

“People want new tastes these days,” Mum said. “Surprise tastes.”

The man’s eyebrows rustled as he raised them high. “Well, it’s YOUR shop now, so YE can make SPIDER ICE CREAM if you want,” he said.

“Please don’t make spider ice cream, Mum,” said Limpet, because that’s the kind of thing she might *actually do*.

“Now, if ye don’t mind, I’ll be off,” said the man. “I have a new passion in life. SKATEBOARDING!” He turned and flicked up a skateboard Limpet hadn’t even noticed was there.

Standing on the skateboard with his eyebrows blowing in the wind, the man said, “Good luck to ye and your WEIRD ICE CREAMS.” He skated away, almost running over a seagull that

was pecking at some chocolate flakes on the floor.

His words swirling in the breeze, the hairy man shouted a warning before he disappeared. “DON’T GET CRUSHED BY MR FLUFFY!”