

**'This book made
my face hurt!
Relentlessly
funny.'**

Rob Biddulph,
author of *Peanut Jones*

**'Grimwood
makes
me laugh
out loud.'**

Frank Cottrell-Boyce,
author of *Millions*

**'Ted and Nancy
are my favourite
funny foxes
EVER.'**

Liz Pichon, author
of *Tom Gates*

**'You're in
for a treat!'**

Selom Sunu,
illustrator of
Look Both Ways

'PURE GENIUS!'

Louie Stowell, author of
*Loki: A Bad God's Guide
to Being Good*

**'Made us
laugh
out loud.'**

Jim Smith,
author of
Barry Loser

**'Fizzes with
mad energy.'**

Phil Earle, author of
When the Sky Falls

'FANTASTIC!'

LAUREN LAVERNE

**'I CACKLED ALOUD
on practically every
page. Comic gold,
tinged with such
tenderness.'**

Kiran Millwood Hargrave,
author of *The Girl
of Ink and Stars*

**'UTTERLY
HILARIOUS.'**

SOPHY HENN,
AUTHOR OF *PIZAZZ*

**'FUNNY, ANARCHIC AND
GLORIOUSLY SILLY.'**

RICHARD OSMAN

**'Like *Watership Down*,
but funny. You'll laugh
hysterically on every
page.'** Caitlin Moran

Awwww,
aren't you all
LOVELY!



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

GRIMWOOD

ROCK THE VOTE!



NADIA SHIREEN

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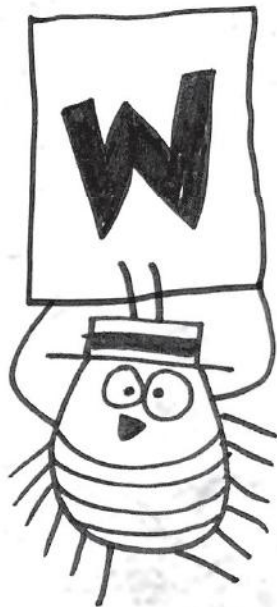
Give me a **G!**

Give me an **I!**

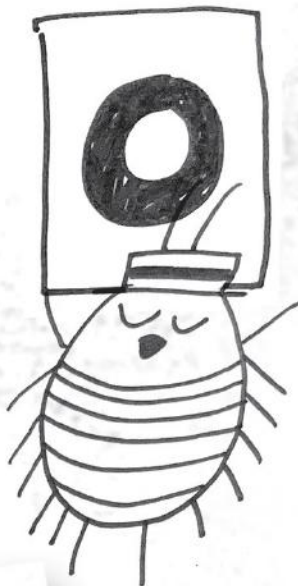
Give me an **R!**

Give me an **M!**

Give me a **W**!



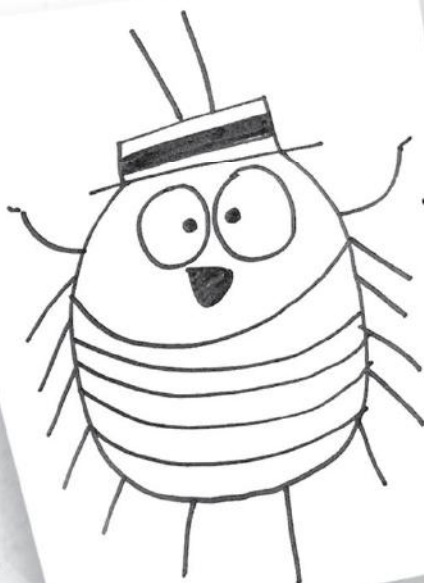
Give me an **O**!

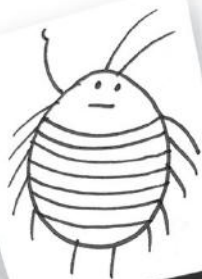


Give me a **D**!



What does it spell?





Um, that spells
Grimwod?

Oh no, not you again. I told
you, there's only room for one
showbiz woodlouse around
here, and it's **ME**.



Hey! I was just trying
to be nice. Seeing as it's
the start of a new book
and everything.

What?



You know. The new
Grimwood book. We're at
the start . . . you usually
do an introduction?

Oh! Oh yes, haha, **HELLO**, everyone!
SO lovely to see you again. Welcome to

GRIMWOOD!

My name is

ERIC DYNAMITE

and I will guide you through this magical
and amazing story. If you've been here
before, lie down and have a little snooze
while I show the newbies around.



STARRING:

★ TED! ★



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.

NANCY!



WILLOW!



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?

TITUS!



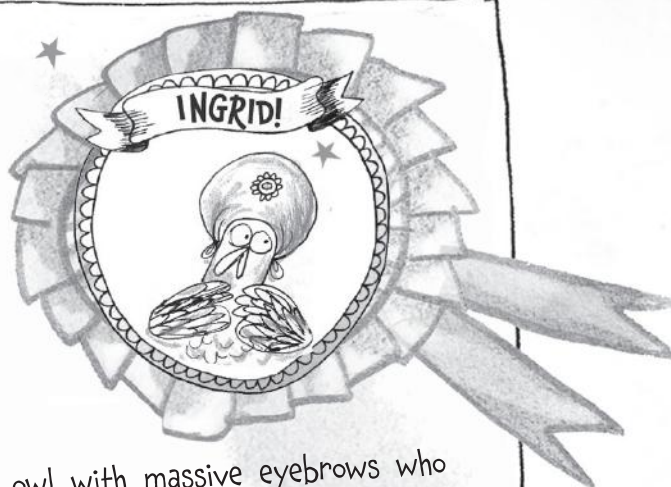
The mayor of Grimwood. Titus is a kind old stag who is good at baking and cries at soppy films about dolphins. Wants everyone to be lovely to each other.

PAMELA!



An excitable eagle who lives on top of the Magic Tower. Sometimes bites people's heads off.

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.



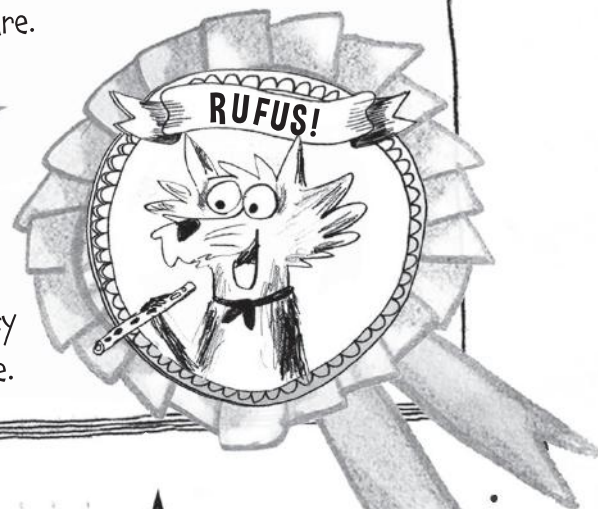
A crow who likes to PARTY. Sharon enjoys music, silly hats and yelling AWOOGA wherever she goes.

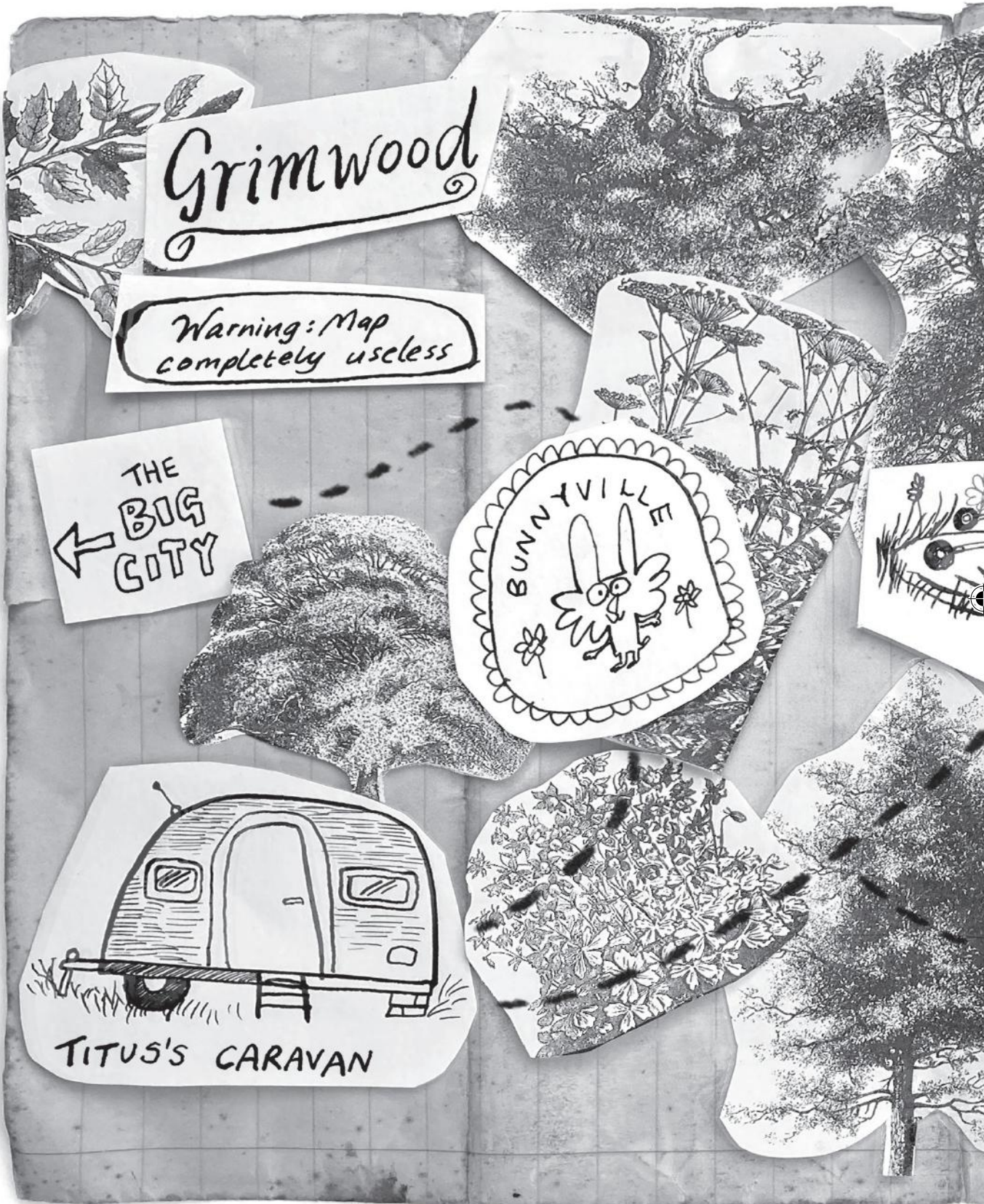


A big-hearted badger who always looks out for his friends. He is a terrible driver, but most badgers are.



Ted and Nancy's long-lost brother. A ruffy-tuffy friendly fox who likes to toot on his tin whistle.



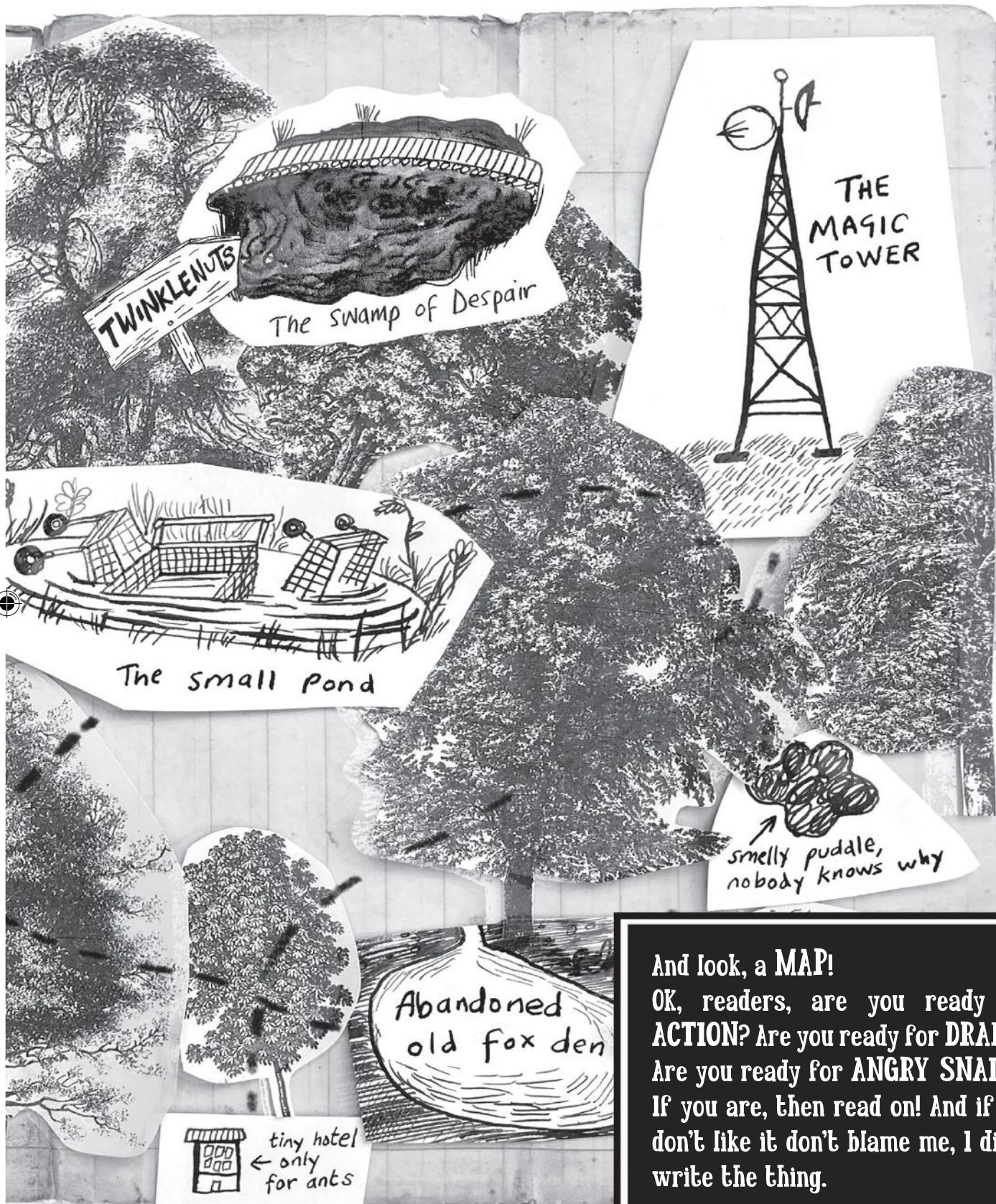


Grimwood

Warning: Map
completely useless

THE
BIG
CITY





And look, a **MAP!**

OK, readers, are you ready for **ACTION?** Are you ready for **DRAMA?** Are you ready for **ANGRY SNAILS?** If you are, then read on! And if you don't like it don't blame me, I didn't write the thing.

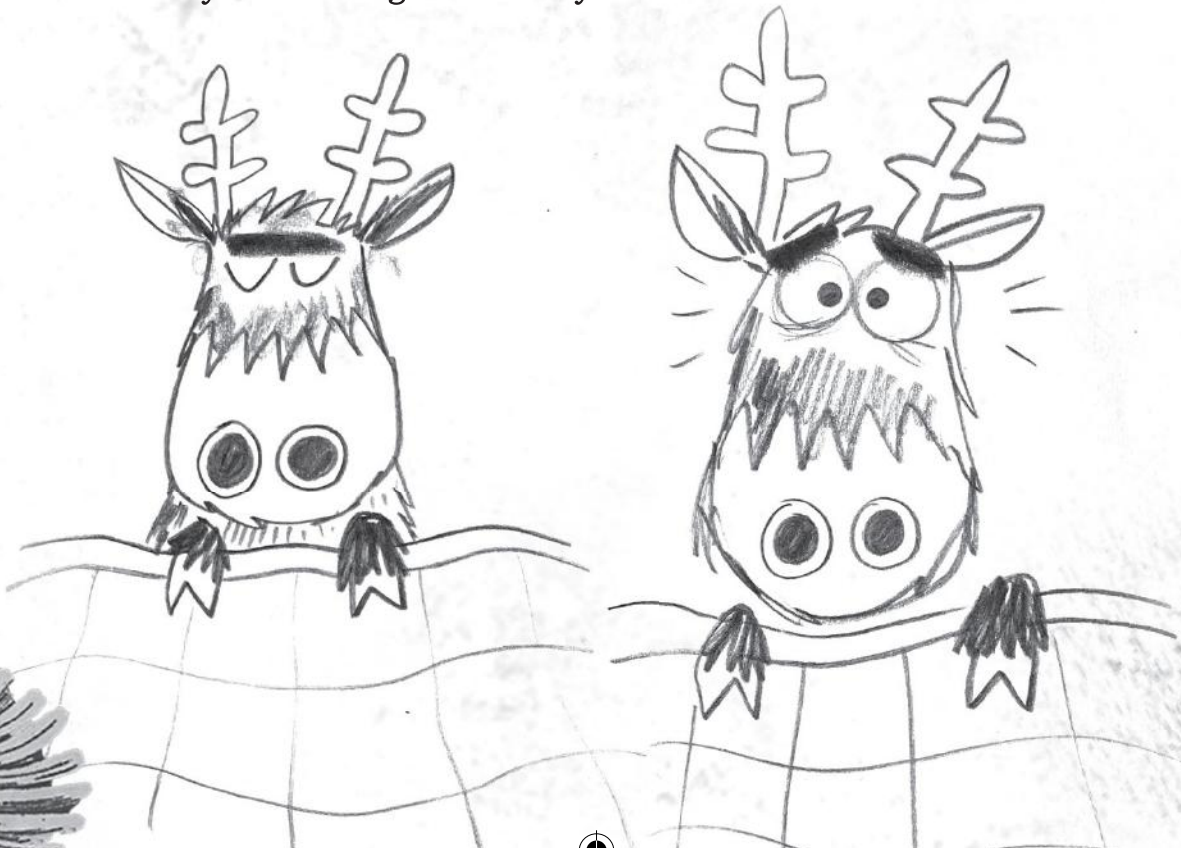




CHAPTER 1

Titus wakes up

Titus was a stag with very big eyebrows. They looked so heavy that you wouldn't think his eyes could open with a sudden 'ping!' every morning. But they did.



Titus slurped his first mug of tea of the day. It was very early in the morning, so it was still dark outside.

‘Nurrrrg,’ he moaned to himself. He poured himself more tea, hoping it would help him feel less groggy, and glugged it down.

‘Aaaaah! That’s better,’ he sighed, carefully putting his mug down. He looked at it, dozily. It said BEST MAYOR EVER on it. Willow and Ted had made it for him for his birthday and he treasured it very much. Even though he was the *only* Mayor of Grimwood, so he sort of had to be the *best* one. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, he worried this also meant . . . that he was the worst one.

He looked at himself in a dusty old mirror, perched in the corner of his caravan.

‘Not too shabby, old boy,’ he said, preening his horns. Then, because nobody was looking,

he did a little dance. And *then* he crept outside, being careful not to slam the caravan door shut. He didn't want to disturb his sleeping neighbours. He had a large canvas bag slung over one shoulder, and held a wicker picnic basket in his hooves.

Frank the owl was perched high up on the branches of his favourite cedar tree. He looked down and gave Titus a low hoot. His old friend looked up and waved.

'Off to check on the little ones again?' said Frank.

Titus nodded, raising up the wicker basket.

The old stag trotted through the woods down a well-trodden path, which eventually led to the bit of Grimwood known as Bunnyville. (Can you guess who lives in Bunnyville? Yes, it's kangaroos! Of course it's not, it's bunnies. Obviously.) The ground was covered in bluebells

and as Titus approached a particular knobbly old oak tree, his ears perked up.

‘HEY! GEROFF ME!’

CRASH

‘I’m telling Mum!’

CLANG

‘OW! Muuuuuuuuuuum . . .’

Titus sighed. One day he would arrive before the little bunnies had woken up, but today was not that day. He rapped on a small door at the base of the tree trunk. It slowly creaked open and behind it stood an extremely tired-looking rabbit. She was Flora, Willow’s mum.

‘Good morning, dear Flora,’ said Titus, gently. He placed the wicker basket down in front of her. ‘A freshly baked loaf of bread and some fresh fruit buns for you and the littlies. Did you manage to get any sleep?’

Flora looked like she might burst into tears.

She was cradling a bundle of teeny tiny baby bunnies in her arms, while some slightly larger ones clung to her legs. They looked up at Titus with big eyes.



‘No,’ she sighed, her nose twitching at the delicious smell of his baked goods. ‘Last night was awful. This lot just wouldn’t stop crying, and they woke up all the others, so now everyone’s grumpy and hungry and ... I’m just so ... so ... TIRED.’

‘Oh, Flora, I know JUST what you need,’ said

Titus, and he whipped out a bottle of green juice from his basket. The label said *Crazyhorns Power Juice*. He handed it to Flora, who chugged the whole lot down in one go.

‘Wahoo! WOW. Cor, thanks, Titus!’ said Flora. ‘What do you put in that stuff? It’s got a real kick to it.’

Titus tapped his big snout.

‘Secret recipe,’ he grinned. ‘But don’t worry, there’s plenty more where that came from. Now, where’s my trusty assistant? Has she woken up yet?’

Flora glanced back over her shoulder.

‘Nope, no sign of Willow,’ she said. ‘She’s probably asleep. I’ll tell her you were looking for her.’

‘Oh, no rush,’ said Titus. ‘I’ve got plenty of jobs to be getting on with for now. I’ll check in on you tomorrow.’

Flora placed a small paw on Titus's hoof.

'Thank you, Titus,' she said, gently. 'You're a lovely old stag, you know.'

'Pshaw!' said Titus, trotting away from Flora's tree with a friendly wave.



The Small Pond was silent apart from the gentle snoring of Ingrid the duck, and her husband Sir Charles Fotheringay. The birds slept on top of the large pile of shopping trolleys, which sounds weird, because it was indeed quite weird. The rusty trolleys poked above the water like a shipwreck of tangled-up metal. With her skilful beak, Ingrid had removed gazillions of forgotten pound coins from these shopping trolleys and she was now the richest duck in the world. Despite this, she seemed perfectly happy living in a smelly old pond in the middle of Grimwood.