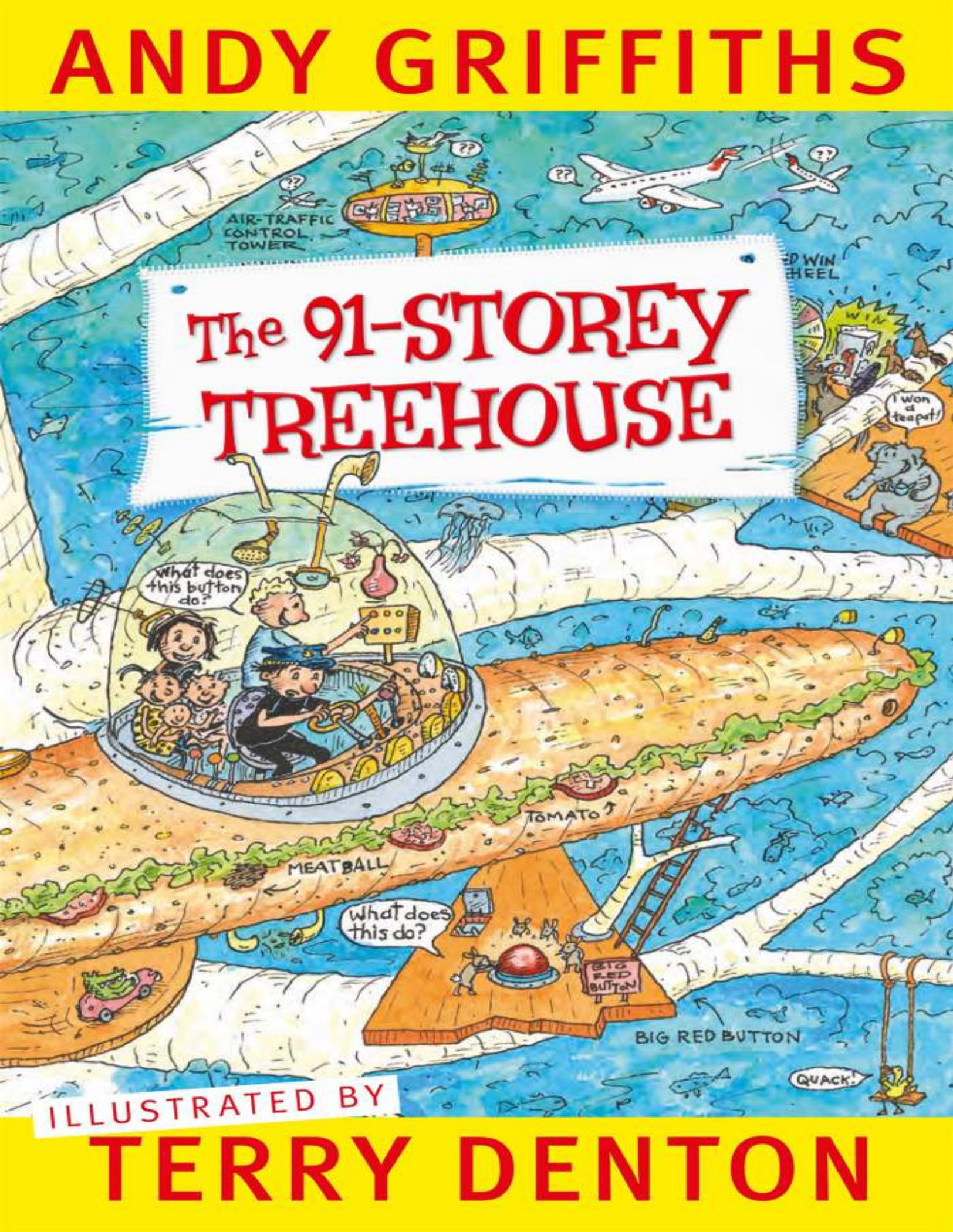


ANDY GRIFFITHS



The 91-STOUREY TREEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY

TERRY DENTON

ABOUT THE 91-STOREY TREEHOUSE

Join Andy and Terry in their latest mind-blowing ever-growing treehouse. Go for a spin in the world's most powerful whirlpool, take a ride in a submarine sandwich, get marooned on a desert island, hang out in a giant spider web, visit the fortune teller's tent to get your fortune told by Madam Know-it-all and decide whether or not to push the mysterious big red button ...

Well, what are you waiting for? Come on up!

ANDY GRIFFITHS

**The 91-STOREY
TREEHOUSE**

ILLUSTRATED BY

TERRY DENTON

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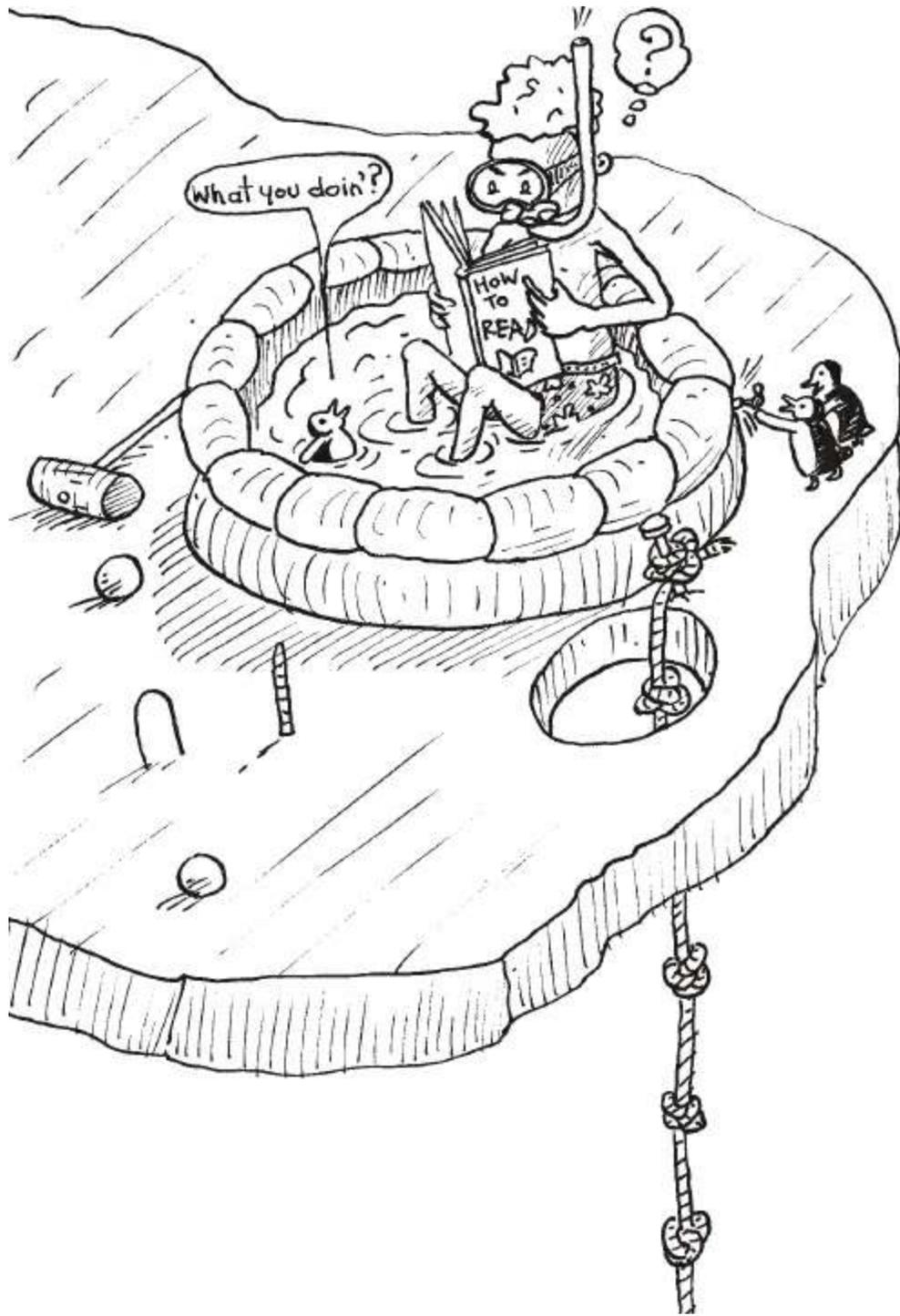
CHAPTER 1

THE 91-STOUREY TREEHOUSE



Hi, my name is Andy.

This is my friend Terry.



We live in a tree.



Well, when I say 'tree', I mean treehouse. And when I say 'treehouse', I don't just mean any old treehouse—I mean a 91-storey treehouse! (It used to be a 78-storey treehouse, but we've added another 13 storeys.)



So what are you waiting for? Come on up!





It's got a tent with a fortune teller called Madam Know-it-all,



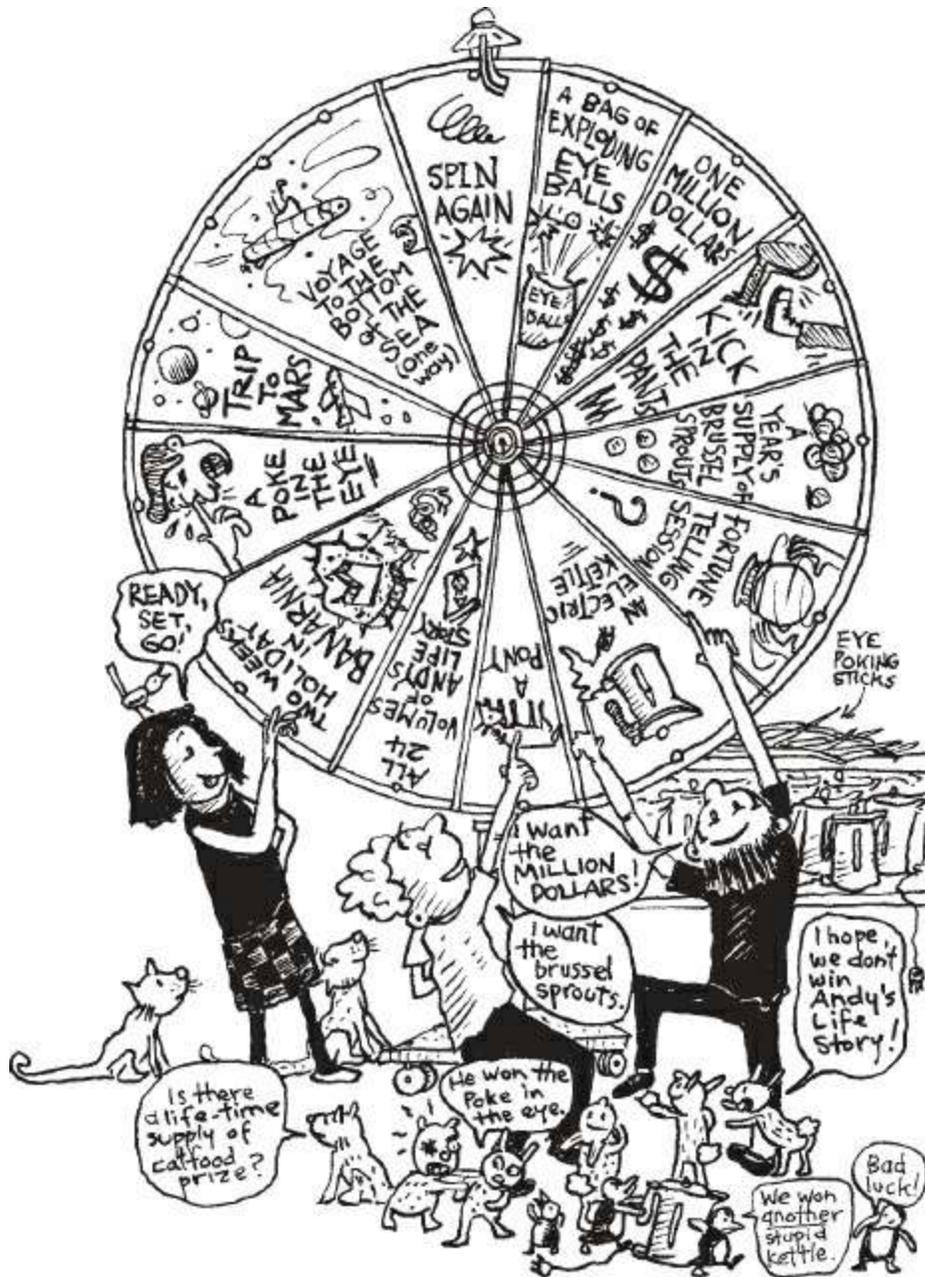
a submarine sandwich shop that serves sandwiches the size of actual submarines,



the world's most powerful whirlpool,



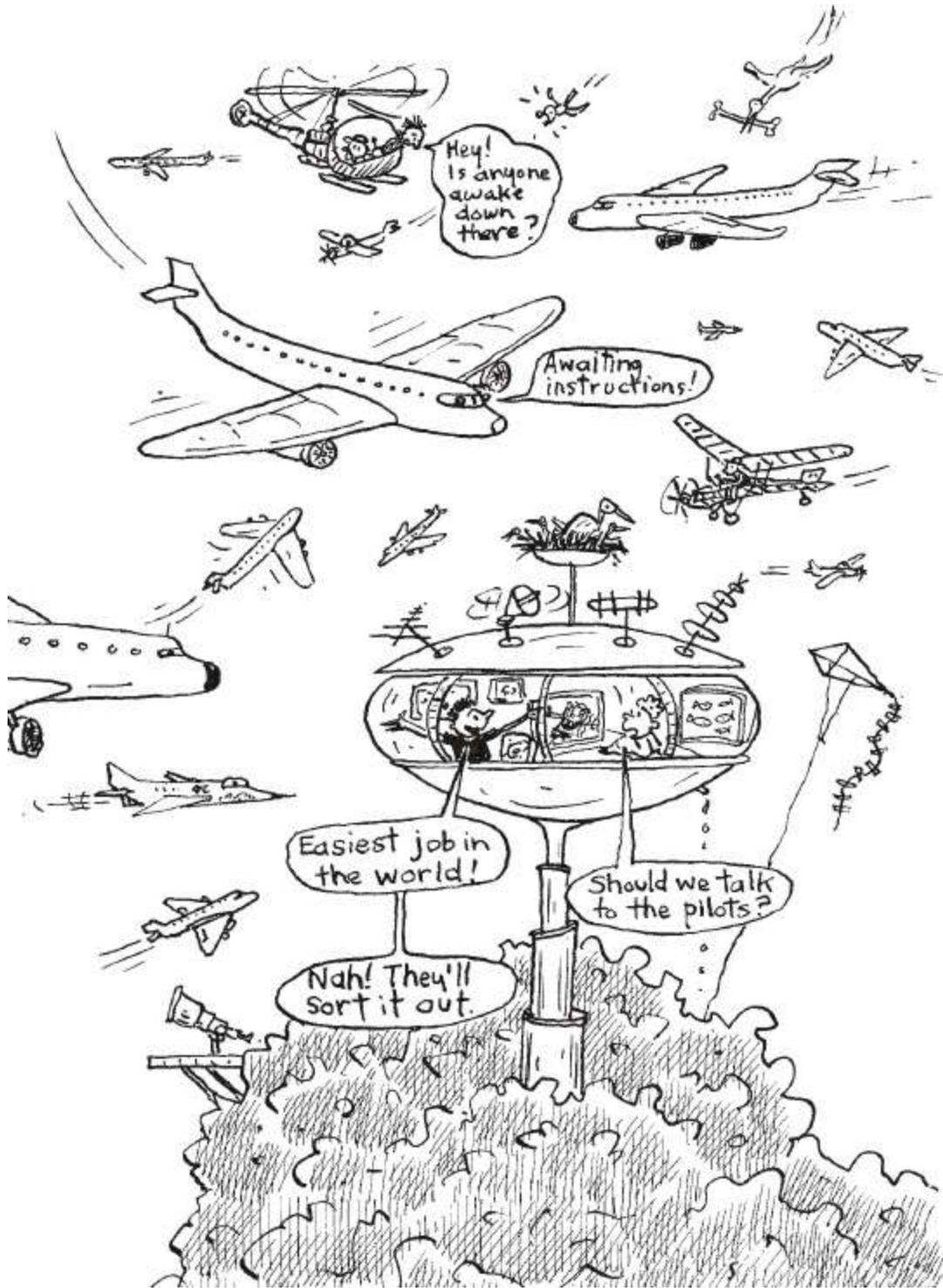
a mashed-potato-and-gravy train,



a trophy room,



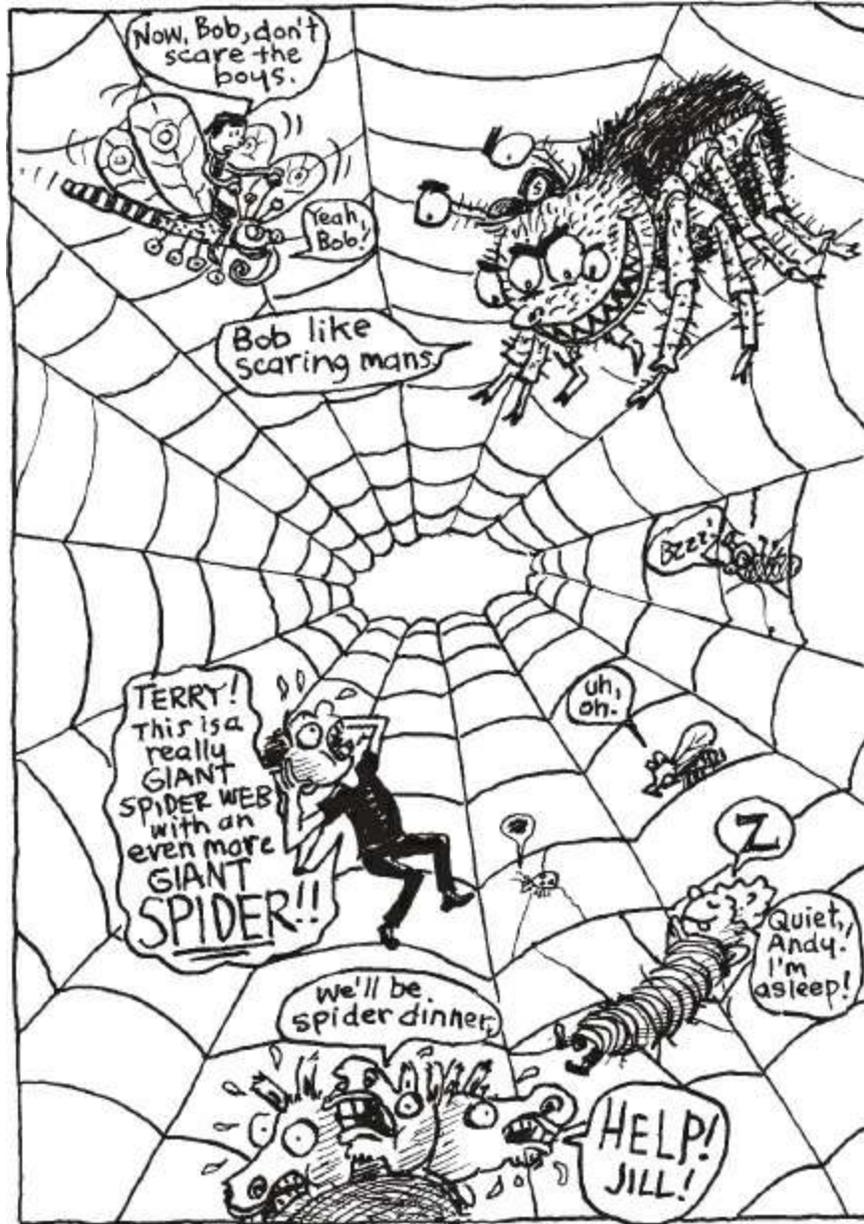
an air-traffic control tower,



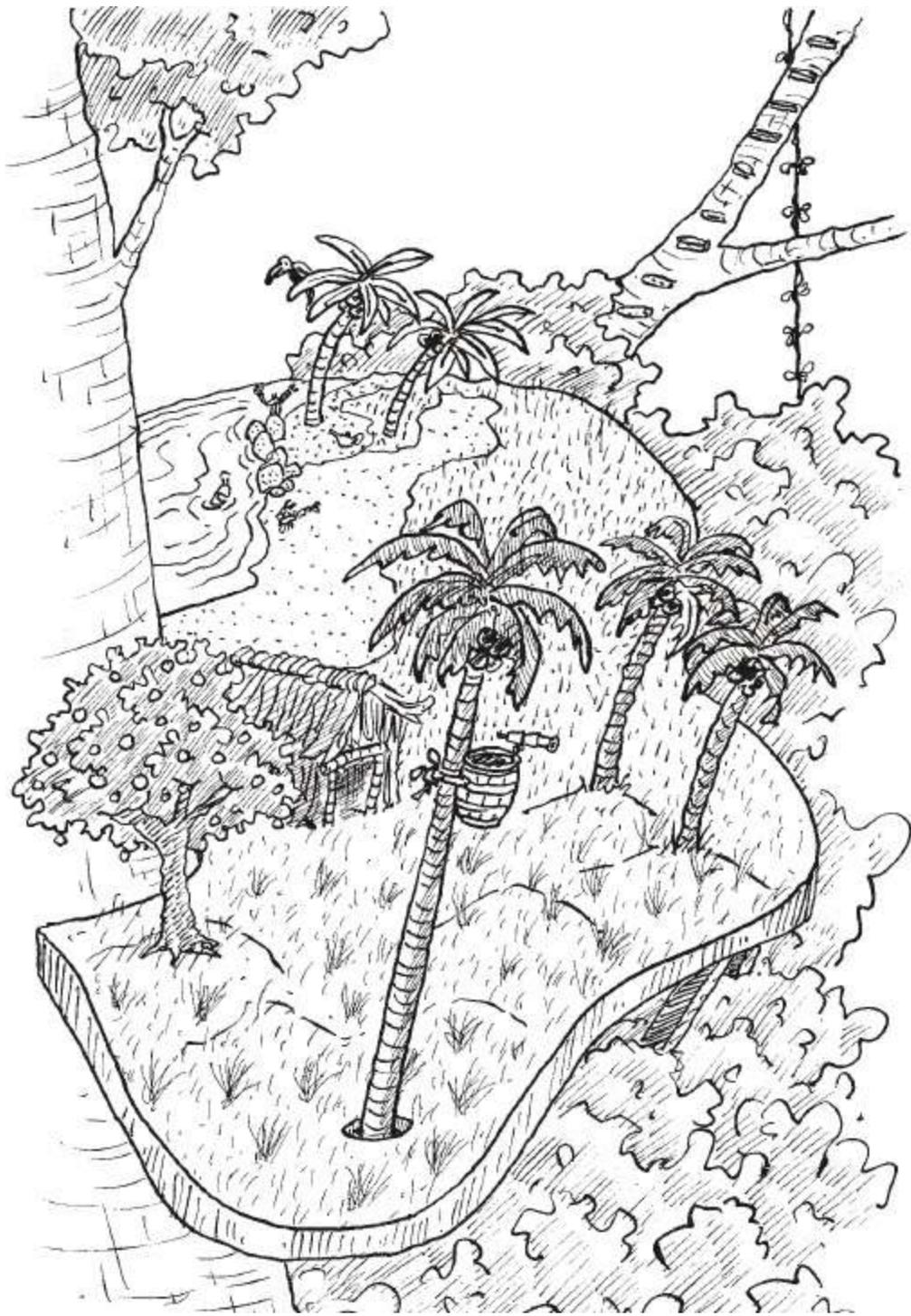
a 91-storey house of cards,



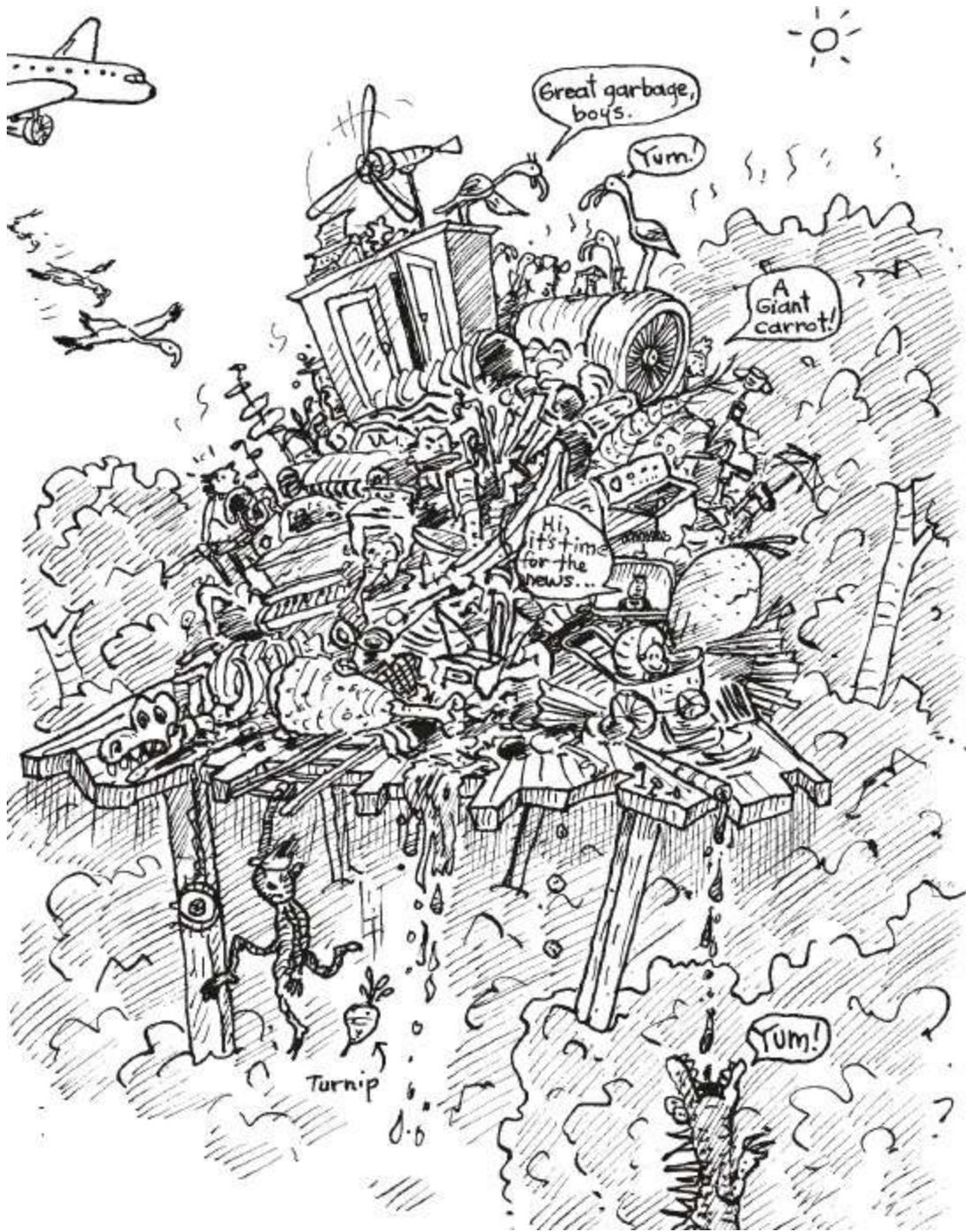
a giant spider web (with a giant spider!),



a desert island,



a garbage dump (with a mysterious old wardrobe on top),



and a big red button (which we're not sure whether to push or not because we can't remember what it does).



As well as being our home, the treehouse is also where we make books together. I write the words and Terry draws the pictures.



As you can see, we've been doing this for quite a while now.





but, somehow, we always get our book written in the end.



CHAPTER 2

Madam Know-it-all



If you're like most of our readers, you're probably wondering what that big red button is for.

'Yeah, I've been wondering about that too,' says Terry. 'What does it do, Andy? I can't remember.'

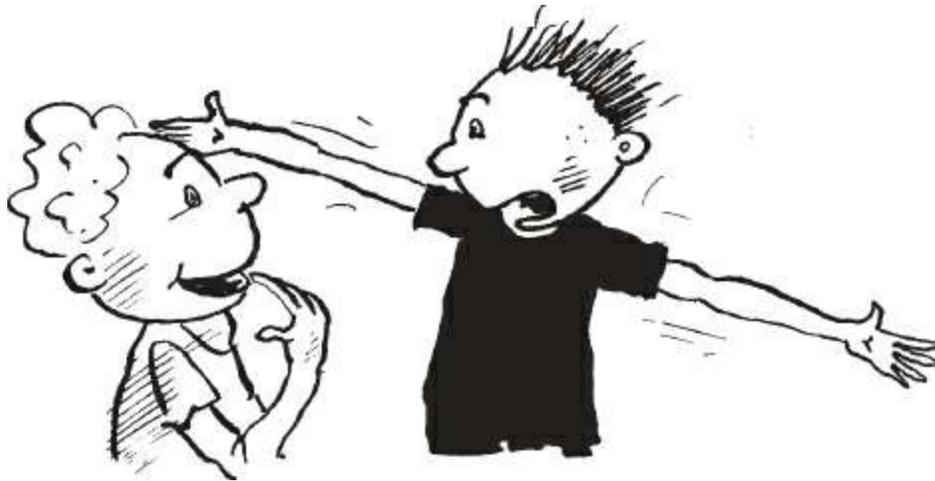
‘I don’t know,’ I say. ‘I can’t remember either.’
‘Then let’s push it and find out!’ says Terry.



‘No!’ I say. ‘For all we know it might be one of those buttons that blows up the whole world!’

‘But then again,’ says Terry, ‘it might be one of those buttons that makes a rainbow come out of your nose.’

‘Well, yes, maybe,’ I say, ‘but do you really think it’s worth the risk of blowing up the whole world just to see if a rainbow comes out of your nose?’



‘Um,’ says Terry, ‘let me think about that for a moment ... um ...



um ...



um ...



um ...



um ...



‘Yes?’ says Terry.

‘NO!’ I say. ‘That’s the WRONG answer! Whatever you do, DO NOT push that button.’

‘But—’

‘No!’

‘But I—’

‘No!’

‘But I really, really, really want to know what it does!’ says Terry. ‘Please let me push the button, please, please, please, pleeeeeeeeeeease!’



‘No,’ I say. ‘I’ve got a better idea. We’ll go and ask Madam Know-it-all what will happen if we push the button. She’ll know.’

‘Who’s Madam Know-it-all?’ says Terry.

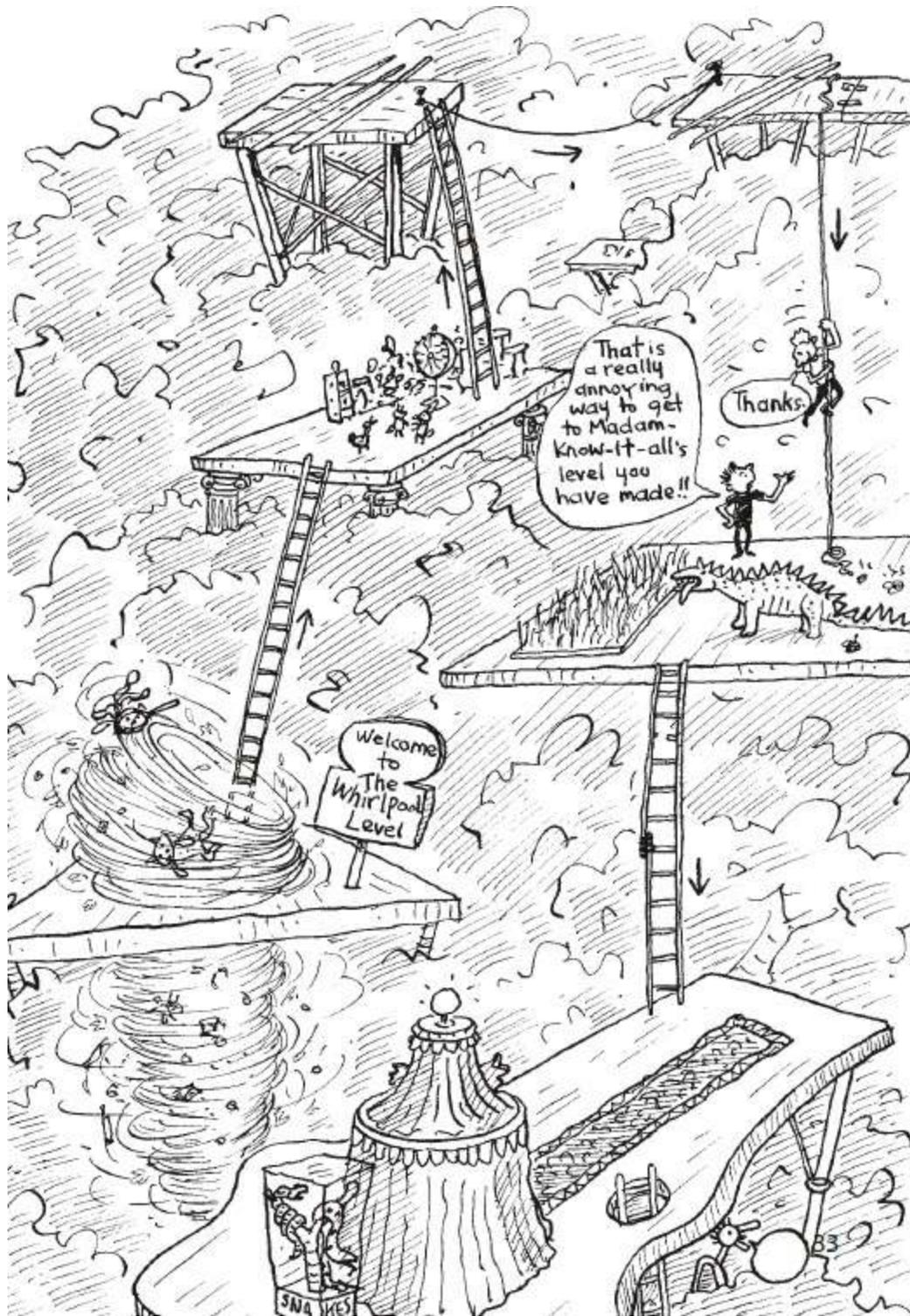
‘You know!’ I say. ‘The fortune teller.’

‘Of course!’ says Terry. ‘I knew that ... at least I thought I did. What did you say her name was again?’

‘Don’t worry about it,’ I say. ‘Just follow me.’

We begin the long climb up and then down to Madam Know-it-all’s level.





We finally reach Madam Know-it-all's tent and go inside. It's dark and kind of spooky. Madam Know-it-all is sitting at a small round table gazing into her large crystal ball.



‘Greetings,’ she says, without looking up. ‘I’ve been expecting you.’

‘You have?’ says Terry.

‘Of course,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘I knew you were coming. And I know why you’re here. I know all there is to know—past, present and future!’

‘If you already know why we’re here,’ I say, ‘then can you tell us the answer to our question?’

‘Of course I can,’ she says. ‘I am Madam Know-it-all. I can tell you the answer to every question. I know all there is to know—past, present and—’



‘We know!’ I say.

‘I know you know,’ says Madam Know-it-all.

‘We know you know we know,’ I say, ‘so can you just tell us?’

‘Yes,’ says Madam Know-it-all, ‘but not until you ask me your question.’

‘But you already know what our question is,’ I say.

‘I know,’ she says, ‘but that’s just how this thing works. You ask a question, I tell you the answer in a cryptic rhyme.’

‘Okay,’ I say. ‘What we want to know is: what will happen if we push the big red button?’

Madam Know-it-all peers into her crystal ball and says:



*It's very large
And very red—
All who see it
Are filled with dread!*

Madam Know-it-all jerks her head back and gasps.



‘What is it?’ I say. ‘What did you see?’

‘I saw a big explosion,’ she says, ‘and then ... DOOM ... more DOOM ... and then even more DOOM ... and then ... nothing.’



‘Just as I thought,’ I say. ‘Thanks, Madam Know-it-all—we’ll see you soon.’

‘Sooner than you think,’ she replies, as Terry and I step out of the tent into the daylight.



‘Well,’ I say. ‘Now we know for sure. Pushing the big red button will definitely blow up the whole world.’

‘I guess so,’ says Terry. ‘So does that mean we shouldn’t push it?’

‘YES!’ I say. ‘I mean NO! We absolutely should not push that button!’

‘But why would we have made such a dangerous button in the first place?’ says Terry.

‘I don’t know,’ I say. ‘I can’t remember.’



‘Me neither,’ says Terry. ‘Anyway, now that we’ve answered the readers’ question, does that mean it’s the end of the book?’

‘I guess so,’ I say.

‘But we’re only up to page 39,’ says Terry. ‘It seems a bit short.’

‘Maybe we can see if the readers have any other questions they’d like answered,’ I say.

‘Good idea,’ says Terry. ‘I’ll ask them.’



‘Hey, readers! Do you have any other questions you would like answered?’

DOES TERRY
HAVE BLOND HAIR?

WHY IS ANDY SO
LAZY?

IS MR BIG NOSE
REALLY YOUR
PUBLISHER?

WHY ARE YOU
IN THE BOOK?

DOES MR BIG
NOSE REALLY
HAVE A BIG
NOSE?

ARE TERRY AND
ANDY LONG-LOST
BROTHERS?

WHAT
WILL THE
NEXT
TREEHOUSE
BOOK BE
ABOUT?

CAN JILL
REALLY TALK TO
ANIMALS?

WHY
DID YOU
MAKE THE
BOOKS?



WHY
DID TERRY
HAVE ALL
THE ICE-
CREAM
FLAVOURS?

I LIKE
BIPLANES.

WHY DOESN'T
JILL LIVE ON A
FARM?

WHEN DID
YOU START WRITING
YOUR AWESOME
BOOKS?

WHY
DOES TERRY
HAVE
INFLATING
UNDERWEAR?

WHEN WILL THE
NEXT TREEHOUSE
BOOK BE OUT?

WHY
IS TERRY
THE
FUNNIEST?

CAN YOU
MAKE A BOOK
CALLED SPICY
JOKES?

WHY DID
TERRY FEED HIS
UNDERPANTS TO
THE SHARKS?

WHY
CAN'T JILL
HAVE MORE
ANIMALS?

CAN
YOU WRITE A
BOOK ABOUT
A WITCH
CHICKEN?

WHY DO YOU
HAVE SO MANY
PENGUINS?

‘I couldn’t understand them,’ says Terry. ‘They were all talking at the same time!’

‘They weren’t talking,’ I say. ‘They were shouting! I don’t know what they want to know.’



‘Hmmm,’ says Terry, ‘I suppose if I were the reader what I would most want to know is what’s going to happen in this book.’

‘Me too,’ I say.

‘If only there were a way of finding out,’ says Terry.

‘There is,’ I say. ‘We can ask Madam Know-it-all.’

We go back inside the tent.

‘I knew you’d be back,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘You have another question, don’t you?’

‘Yes, we do!’ says Terry. ‘Can you tell us the answer?’



‘Of course I can,’ she says. ‘I am Madam Know-it-all. I know ... well, I know you already know how much I know, but before I can tell you what you want to know, you must ask me the question.’ ‘Can you tell us what’s going to happen in this book?’ I say.

Madam Know-it-all gazes into her crystal ball.



*Where once was two
There shall soon be a few.
You’ll have an important job to do:
A very busy man is counting on you.*

If you let him down, this day you will rue.



I look at Terry.

Terry looks at me.

‘I don’t get it,’ says Terry.

‘Me neither,’ I say.

‘But it’s perfectly clear!’ says Madam Know-it-all.

‘Can you just tell us?’ I say.

Madam Know-it-all sighs. ‘I can’t just come out and tell you,’ she says.

‘That’s not the fortune-telling way. But I can give you a hint—it rhymes with “spaby-zitting”.’

‘Um ... is it ... fraby-hitting?’ says Terry.

‘No,’ says Madam Know-it-all.



‘Um ... is it ... shaby-knitting?’ I say.

‘No, of course not,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘There’s no such thing as shaby-knitting!’



‘What about ... babysitting?’ says Terry.
‘Correct!’ says Madam Know-it-all.



‘Babysitting?!’ I say. ‘But we don’t have any babies.’



‘That’s right,’ says Terry. ‘How are we going to be babysitters if we don’t have any babies?’

‘You don’t have any yet,’ says Madam Know-it-all, ‘but you soon will. Now go and answer the video phone. You have a caller.’



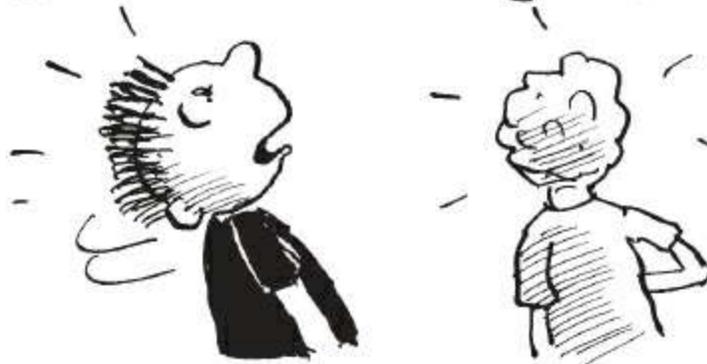
‘No we don’t,’ I say. ‘The phone isn’t even ringing.’



RING! RING!

RING! RING!

RING! RING!



‘Wow,’ says Terry. ‘You really do know everything.’

‘I know,’ says Madam Know-it-all.



CHAPTER 3

Little Big Noses



We answer the video phone. It's Mr Big Nose, our publisher.

'What took you so long?' he barks. 'I'm a busy man, you know!'

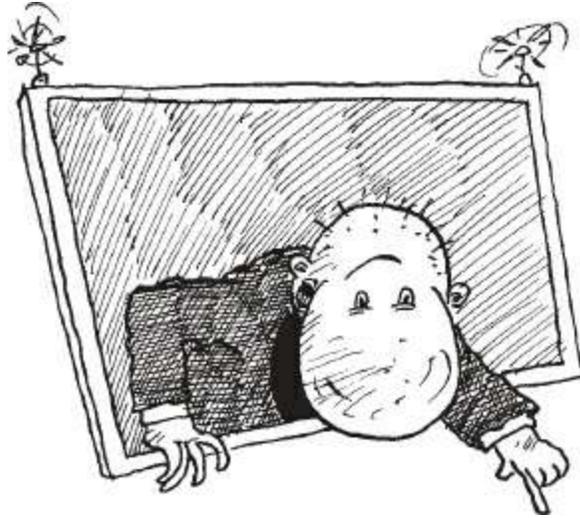
'I know,' I say. 'Sorry. Are you calling about the book?'

'No,' he says. 'I'm actually calling about some babysitting.'



Terry looks at me. I look at Terry. Madam Know-it-all was right again!

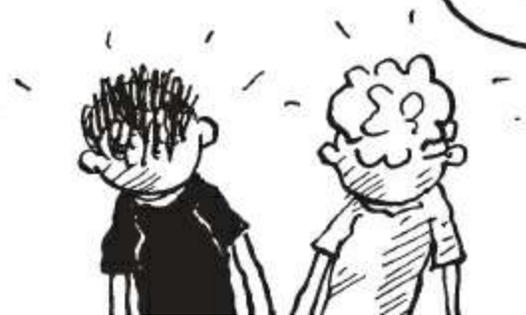
‘I need you to look after my grandchildren,’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘They are staying with Mrs Big Nose and me, but we have tickets to the opera tonight—*Il Bignosio d’ Explodio.*’



‘Is that the story about the guy whose nose gets longer every time he tells a lie?’ says Terry. ‘I love that one!’



‘No,’ says Mr Big Nose, ‘that’s Pinocchio—just a silly children’s story. I’m talking about opera— serious opera. Il Bignosio d’ Explodio speaks of matters far above your heads. Art, truth, beauty, exploding noses ... in fact, it starts with the most explosive operatic aria of all time! Here, I’ll sing it for you.’



The bigger
it grows-*io*,
Then it
**BOOM
CRASH
EXPLODES-*IO!***

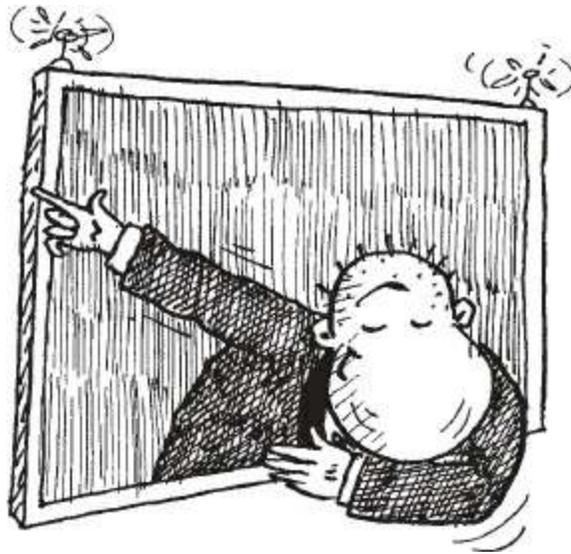


'Oh, bravo, bravo!' says Terry.

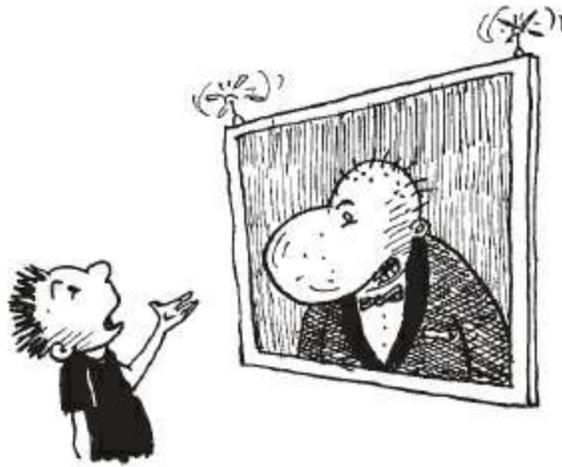
‘That was il magnifico de stupendio!’



‘Thank you,’ says Mr Big Nose, taking a big bow.



‘Um, about the babysitting, Mr Big Nose,’ I say. ‘I’m not sure that’s such a good idea. I mean, Terry and I are not really qualified.’



‘Don’t be ridiculous,’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘You’ve both worked in a monkey house, haven’t you? You’re probably over qualified if anything.’

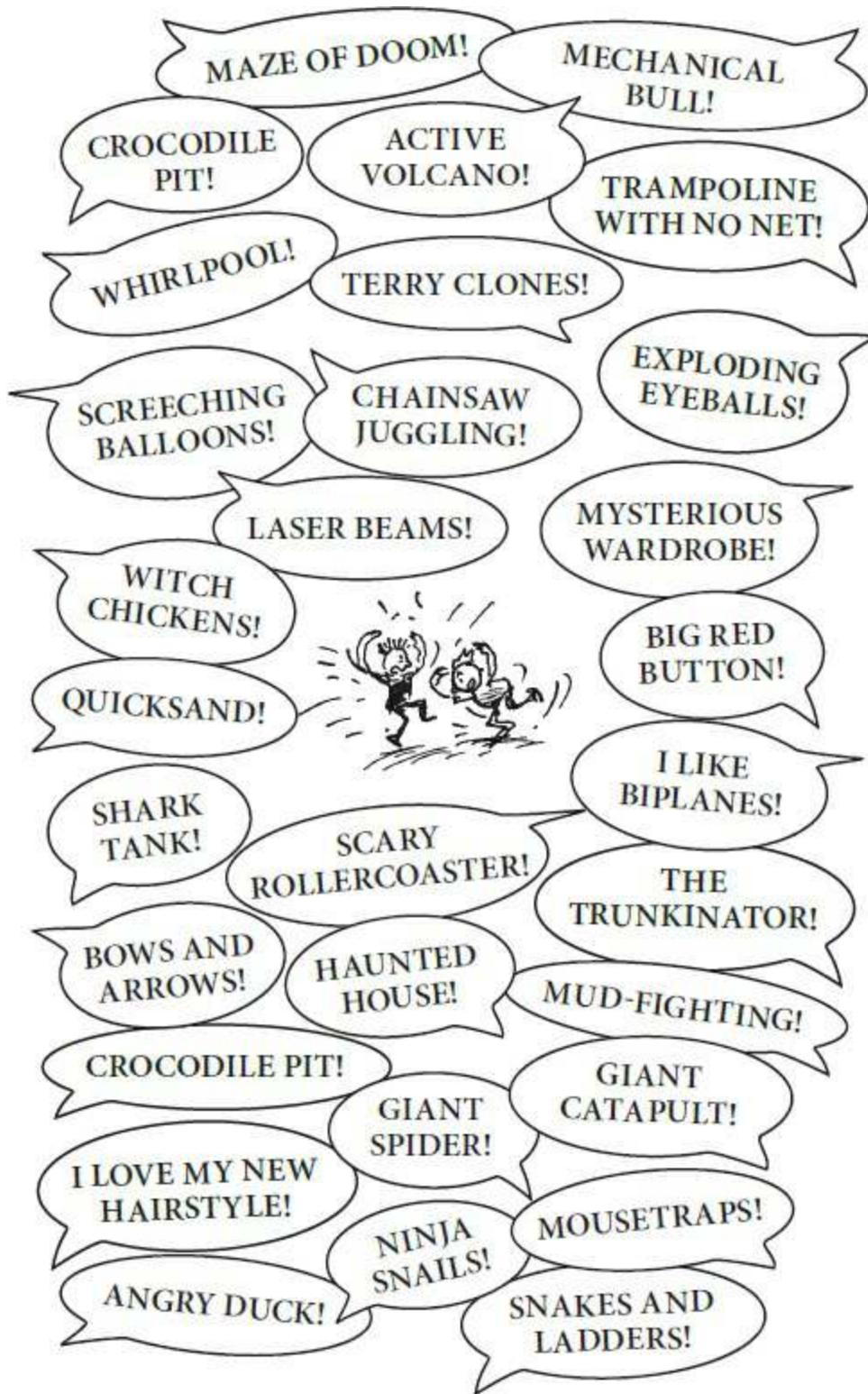


‘Yeah,’ says Terry. ‘Come on, Andy, it will be fun. Besides ... what could possibly go wrong?’

‘Hmmm ...’ I say. ‘Let’s ask the readers.’

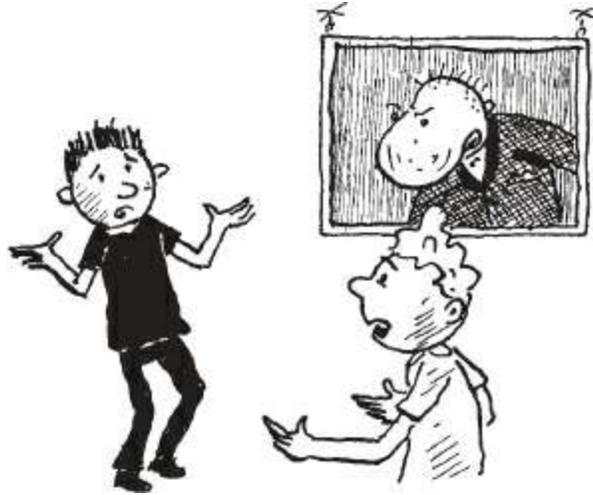


‘Okay,’ says Terry. ‘Hey, readers, can you see any reasons why our treehouse wouldn’t be suitable for Mr Big Nose’s grandchildren?’



‘What did they say?’ says Terry.

‘No idea,’ I say. ‘They were all shouting at the same time again.’



‘They said it would be fine,’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘And, more importantly, so do I. Here are the twins, Albert and Alice ...

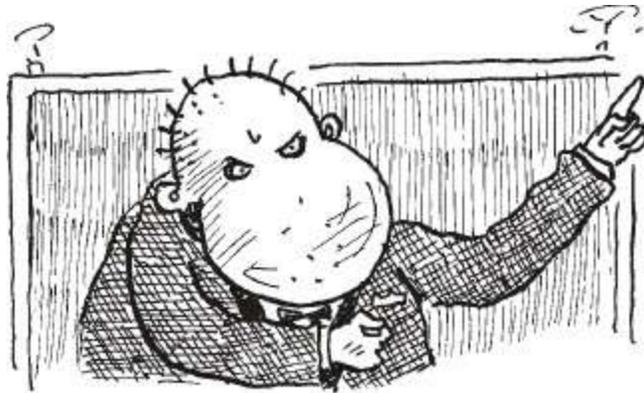


and here’s the baby—CATCH!’



‘Got it!’ says Terry, holding the baby in his arms.

‘Just as well!’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘And you’d better take really good care of it—and the twins—because Mrs Big Nose is very fond of her grandchildren. I want them back in my office, safe and sound, by lunchtime tomorrow, along with your new book ... OR ELSE!’



‘Bye-bye, Pop-pop!’ say Alice and Albert.
‘Goo-goo ga-ga,’ says the baby.
The screen goes blank.



Albert looks around, his eyes wide. ‘I’ve always wanted to visit your treehouse!’ he says. ‘I’ve read every book.’

‘Me too!’ says Alice. ‘I’ve always wanted to fight the Trunkinator—I’m going to do it right now!’



‘And I’m going to go into the Maze of Doom,’ says Albert.

‘Me too,’ says Alice. ‘And for lunch let’s have a swim in the chocolate waterfall!’

‘I’m not sure we’ll have time to do all that,’ I say. ‘Terry and I have a book to write. You heard what your grandpa said.’



‘We know you’ve got a book to write,’ says Alice, ‘but you can keep working while we play. We’re old enough to look after ourselves now. I just turned six.’

‘Me too,’ says Albert. ‘And we’ll be careful. We promise.’

‘Goo-goo ga-ga,’ says the baby.

I turn to Terry. ‘What do you think?’ I say.

‘Well,’ says Terry, ‘they are six years old and they have promised to be careful.’

‘Yeah,’ I say. ‘And we do have a book to write. So I suppose it’s okay.’



‘Yay!’ says Albert, grabbing the baby from Terry.

‘This is going to be the best day ever!’ says Alice as they run off.



‘Great,’ I say, ‘now that the kids are occupied, we can write our book. I don’t know what I was so worried about. Babysitting is easy!’

‘Yeah,’ says Terry, ‘it’s easier than writing a book. Speaking of which, what are we going to write about? Should we ask the readers?’

‘Nah,’ I say, ‘they’re a bit shouty.’ No offence, readers. (But you are!)



‘Here comes Jill,’ says Terry. ‘We can ask her.’

‘Ask me what?’ says Jill.

‘Any ideas for what we should write about in our next book?’

‘Well,’ she says, ‘what’s happened so far today?’

‘Nothing much, really,’ I say. ‘We went to see Madam Know-it-all to find out what our big red button does. Then Mr Big Nose rang up and sang us a song about a man with an exploding nose. And then he said we had to babysit his grandchildren.’



‘Really?’ says Jill. ‘He wants you to babysit?’

‘Yeah, he and Mrs Big Nose had to go to the opera,’ says Terry.

‘When are the children coming?’ says Jill.

‘They’re here already,’ I say. ‘They went off to play.’

‘By themselves?’ says Jill.

‘No, they were all together,’ says Terry.

‘How many are there?’ says Jill.

‘Three,’ I say. ‘Alice and Albert and the baby.’

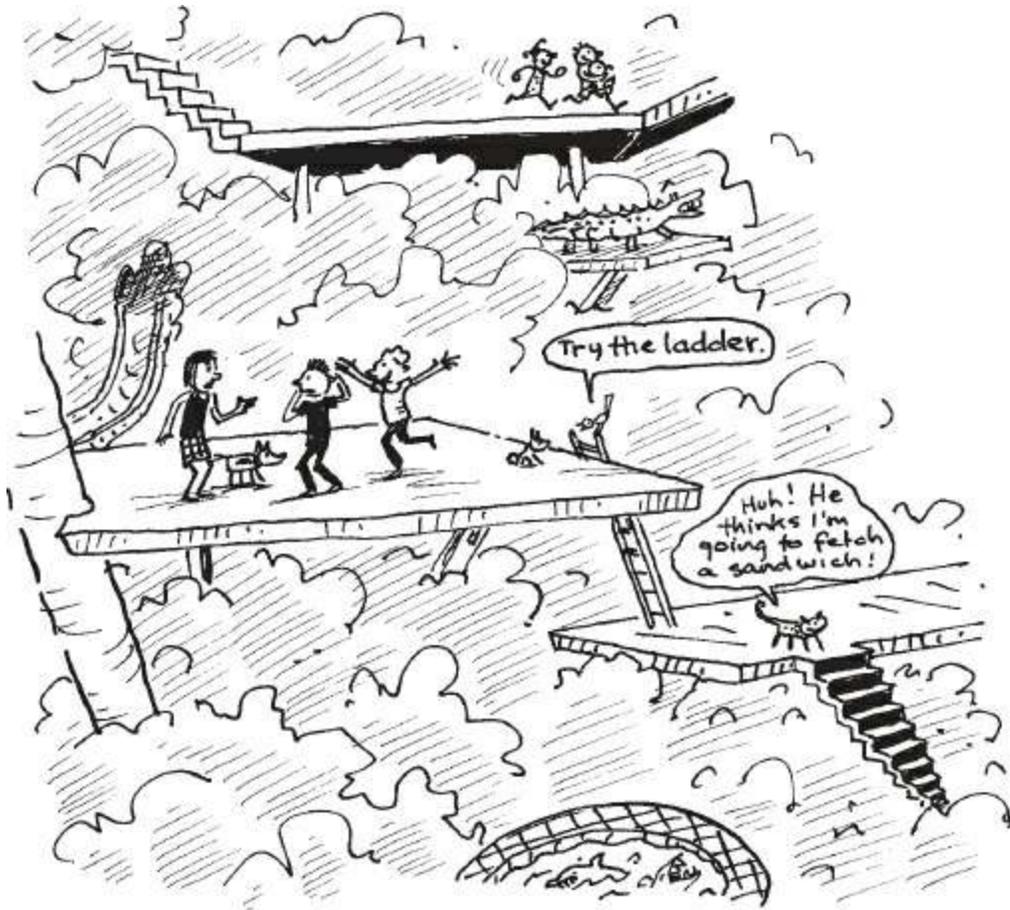
‘Baby?’ says Jill. ‘Shouldn’t you be looking after them?’



‘We can’t watch them every minute of the day,’ I say. ‘We’ve got to finish our book and Mr Big Nose will be angry if we don’t get it done.’

‘I think he’ll be even angrier if anything happens to his grandchildren,’ says Jill.

‘But they promised to be careful,’ says Terry.



‘It doesn’t matter how careful they are,’ says Jill. ‘They could still have an accident. What if they fall out of the tree?’

‘That would be bad,’ I say.

‘Or, even worse,’ Jill continues, ‘what if they fall into the shark tank?’

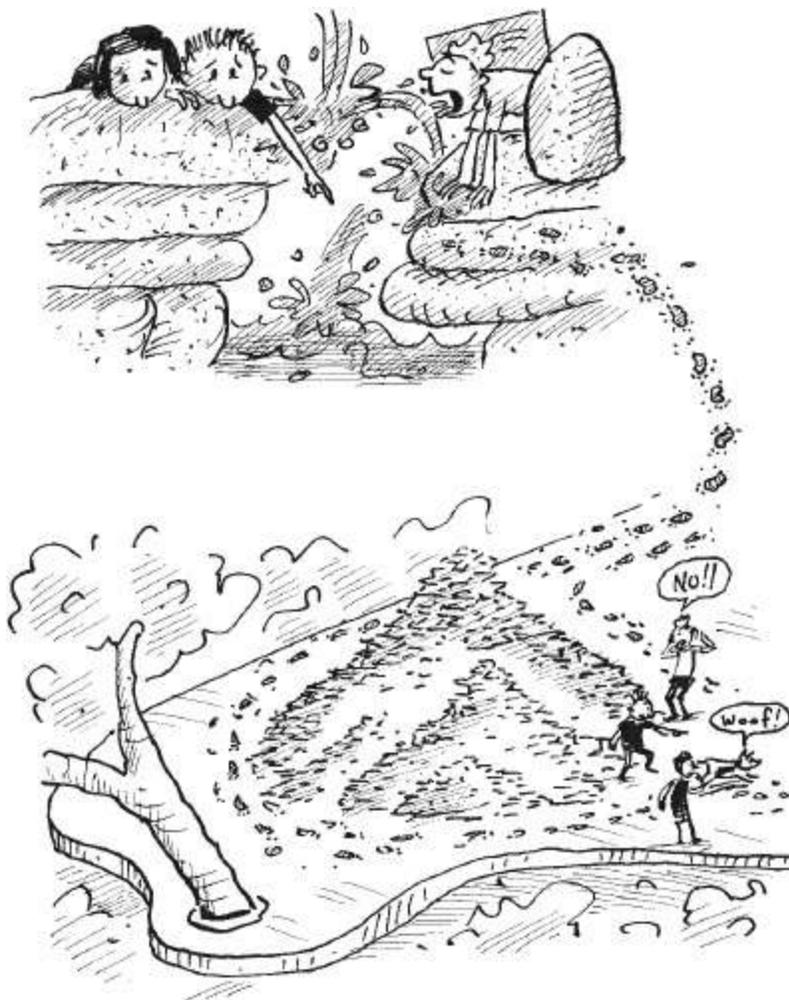
‘That would be really bad,’ says Terry, looking worried, ‘because the sharks haven’t had breakfast yet.’

‘But the twins said they were old enough to look after themselves,’ I say. ‘They just turned six.’



‘Six?!’ says Jill. ‘That is way too young to be looking after themselves and a baby. We need to find them and make sure they’re safe. Let’s go!’

We hurry to the chocolate waterfall. We can’t see the kids, but it’s pretty obvious they were here. There are little chocolate footprints everywhere.



We follow the trail of footprints to what used to be the 91-storey house of cards. But there's no house ... and no kids.

We keep looking. We find a baby's bootie on the chainsaw-juggling level. (Fortunately it's empty.)



We go to the ice-cream parlour, but all we find is a very upset Edward Scooperhands.



‘They ate it all,’ he says, waving his empty scoops in the air. ‘Even the invisible ice-cream.’

‘Did you see where they went?’ says Jill.

‘That way,’ he says, scooping towards the Trunkinator’s level.



We rush to the Trunkinator's boxing ring.
But there are no kids ... just the Trunkinator lying flat on his back.



‘Wow!’ says Terry. ‘They must have knocked out the Trunkinator!’

‘Poor Trunky,’ says Jill. ‘But where are the children now?’

‘I don’t know,’ I say. ‘I think we should ask Madam Know-it-all. She will know.’

We climb the ladder up to her tent as fast as we can.

Madam Know-it-all is hunched over her crystal ball.

‘I knew you were coming,’ she says. ‘What is your question?’



‘Do you know where Mr Big Nose’s grandchildren are?’ says Terry.

‘Of course I know,’ she says. ‘I know all and see all.’

‘So where are they?’ I say.

Madam Know-it-all stares into her crystal ball.

*Round and round
And round it goes,
Where it ends,
Nobody knows (except for me, of course, because I know
everything)!*



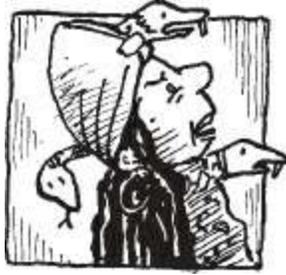
We all look at each other and shrug.

‘Can you give us a clue like you did last time, please?’ says Terry. ‘We’re in kind of a hurry.’



‘I know,’ sighs Madam Know-it-all. ‘All right. Here’s your clue: “girl

school”.’



‘No, you fool,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘Where they are rhymes with “girl school”.’



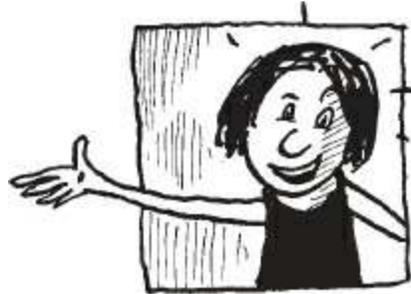
‘No,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘There’s no such thing.’



‘They’ve gone to a girls’ school?’ says Terry. ‘But Albert’s a boy and the baby is too young to be at school!’



‘Um ... smirl schmool?’ I say.



‘Um ... is it ... whirlpool?’ says Jill.



‘Yes!’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘I knew you would get it.’

‘Do you mean our whirlpool?’ says Terry.



‘Yes!’ says Madam Know-it-all.

‘But our whirlpool is the most powerful whirlpool in the whole world!’ I say.
‘It’s totally unsuitable for children.’

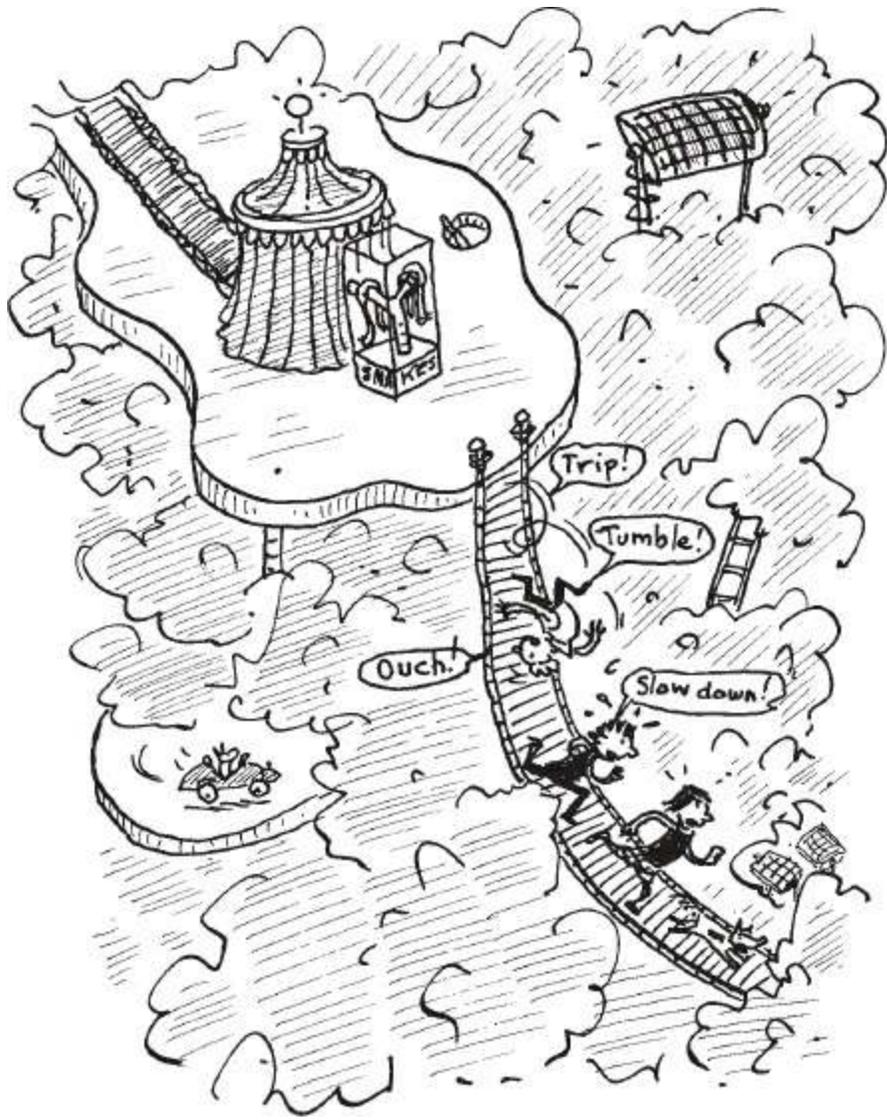


‘I know!’ says Madam Know-it-all.

‘Uh-oh,’ I say.

‘Come on,’ says Jill. ‘There’s no time to lose. We’ve got to get there before they fall in!’

‘Too late for that,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘They already have.’



CHAPTER 4

Whirling and Sinking



We arrive at the whirlpool and discover that Madam Know-it-all was right again! Mr Big Nose's grandchildren are whirling around and around and around, getting closer and closer to the centre with each whirl.

'Oh my goodness!' says Jill. 'Those children are in terrible danger! How do you stop this thing?'

'You can't,' says Terry. 'It's the world's most powerful whirlpool. Nothing can stop it.'



‘Look at us!’ calls Alice. ‘We’re in the whirlpool!’

‘I can see that,’ I say. ‘But it’s time to get out now.’

‘Why?’ says Albert. ‘The ride isn’t finished yet.’

‘It’s not a ride,’ I say. ‘It’s actually a really dangerous whirlpool.’

‘We’ve got to get them out before they get sucked into the middle,’ says Jill.

‘We’ll have to pull them out,’ I say.



We get as close to the edge of the whirlpool as we dare and lean out to grab them.

‘You can’t catch us!’ calls Alice as they whirl past, laughing and squealing.

‘We’ll see about that!’ I say. ‘Terry, hold on to me so I can lean out further.’

‘Okay,’ says Terry. He picks me up by my legs and holds me out over the whirlpool.



I grab wildly at the children but I still can't reach them.

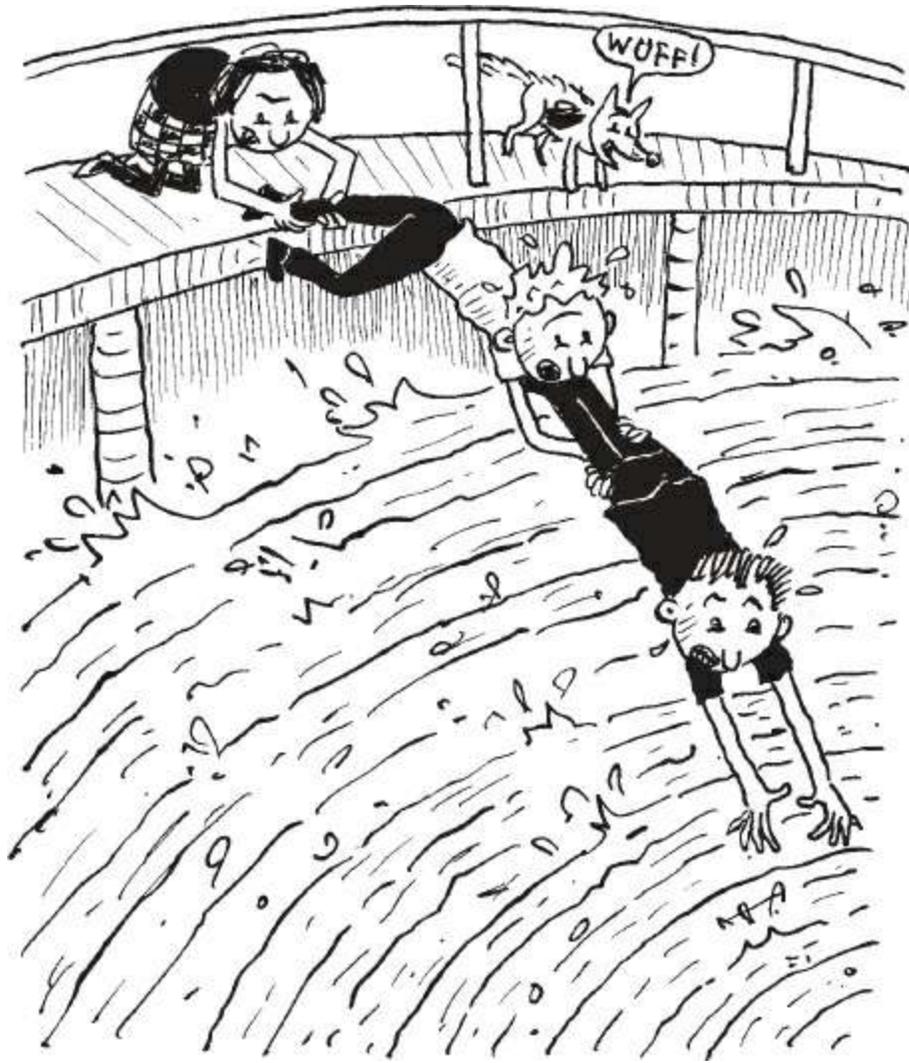
'Missed me!' says Alice.

'Missed me too!' says Albert.

'I need to get closer, Terry!' I say.

'Jill!' says Terry. 'Can you hold on to me so I can lean out a little bit further?'

'Sure,' she says. 'I've got you.'



I'm really close now. This time when they come around I grab Alice with one hand and Albert—who is holding the baby—with the other.

'Got you!' I yell. 'Terry! Pull me back in!'



‘Jill!’ says Terry. ‘He’s got them! Pull me back in.’

‘I’m trying,’ says Jill, ‘but I’m slipping!’

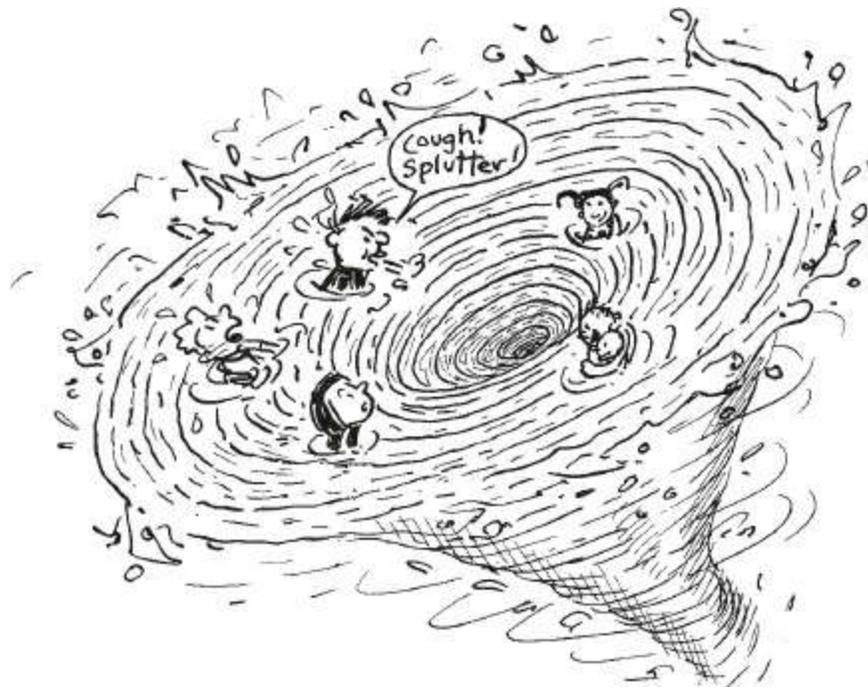
‘Me too!’ says Terry.

‘Uh-oh,’ I say.



Now we're all in the whirlpool ...

whirling ...



whirling ...



whirling ...

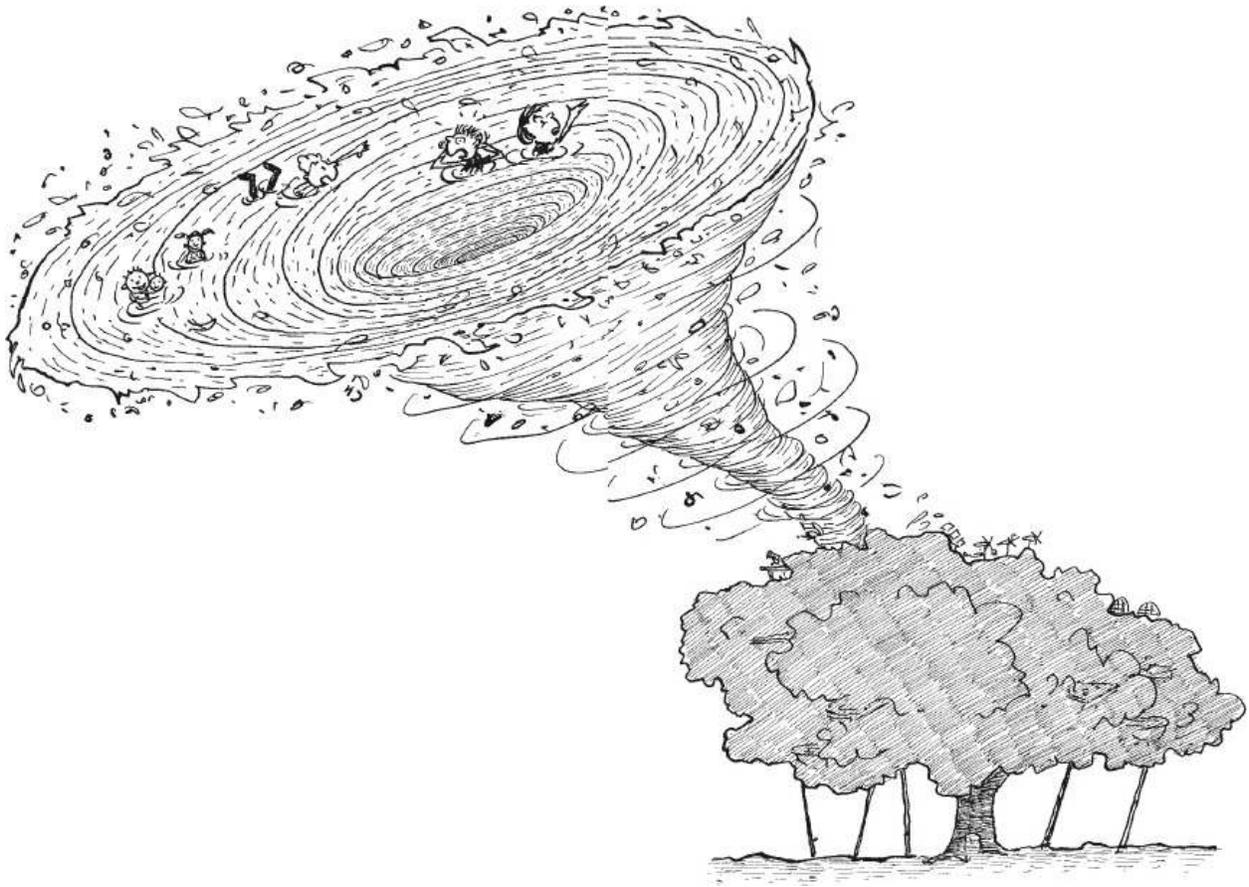


whirling ...



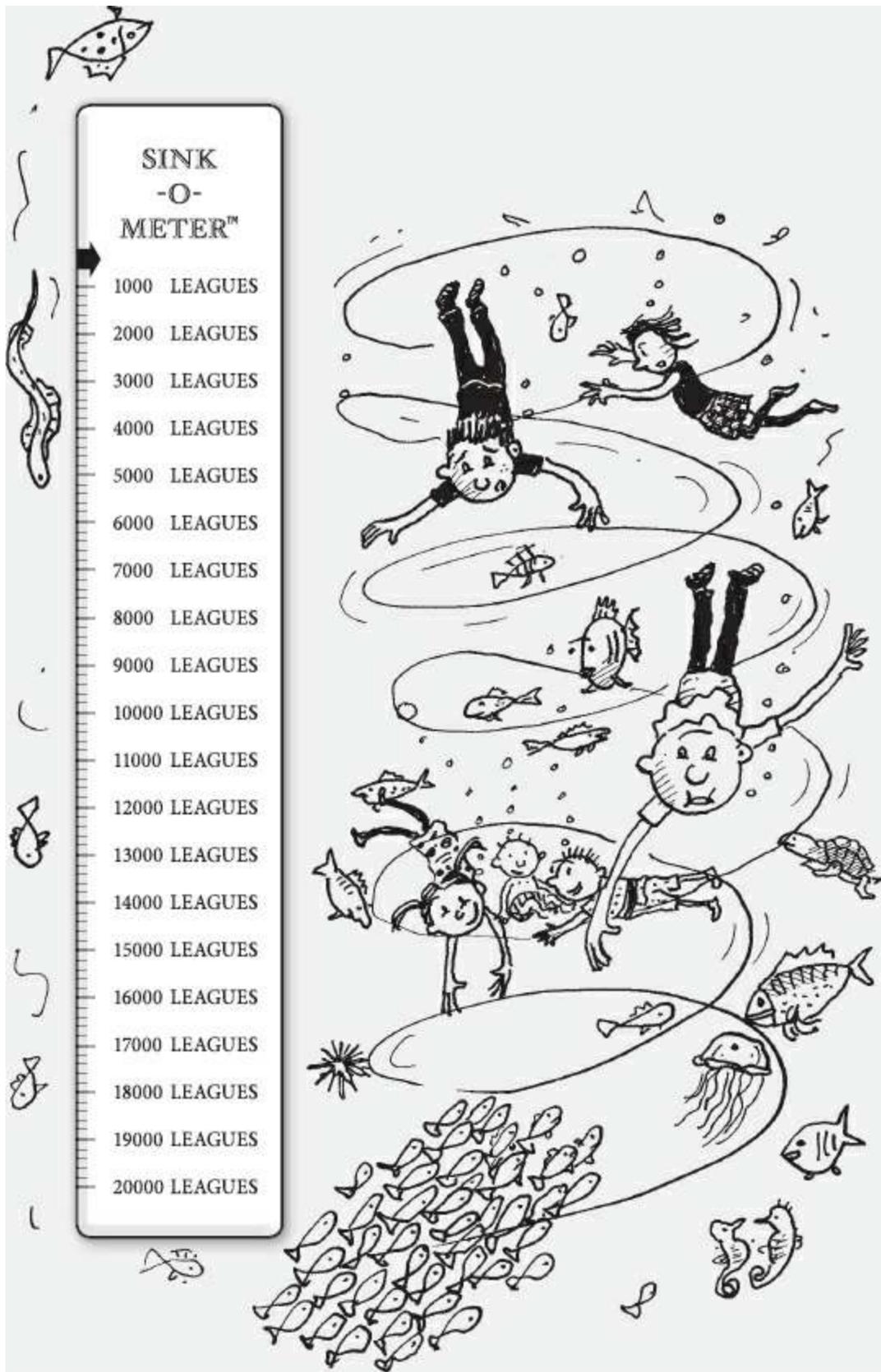
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whirling

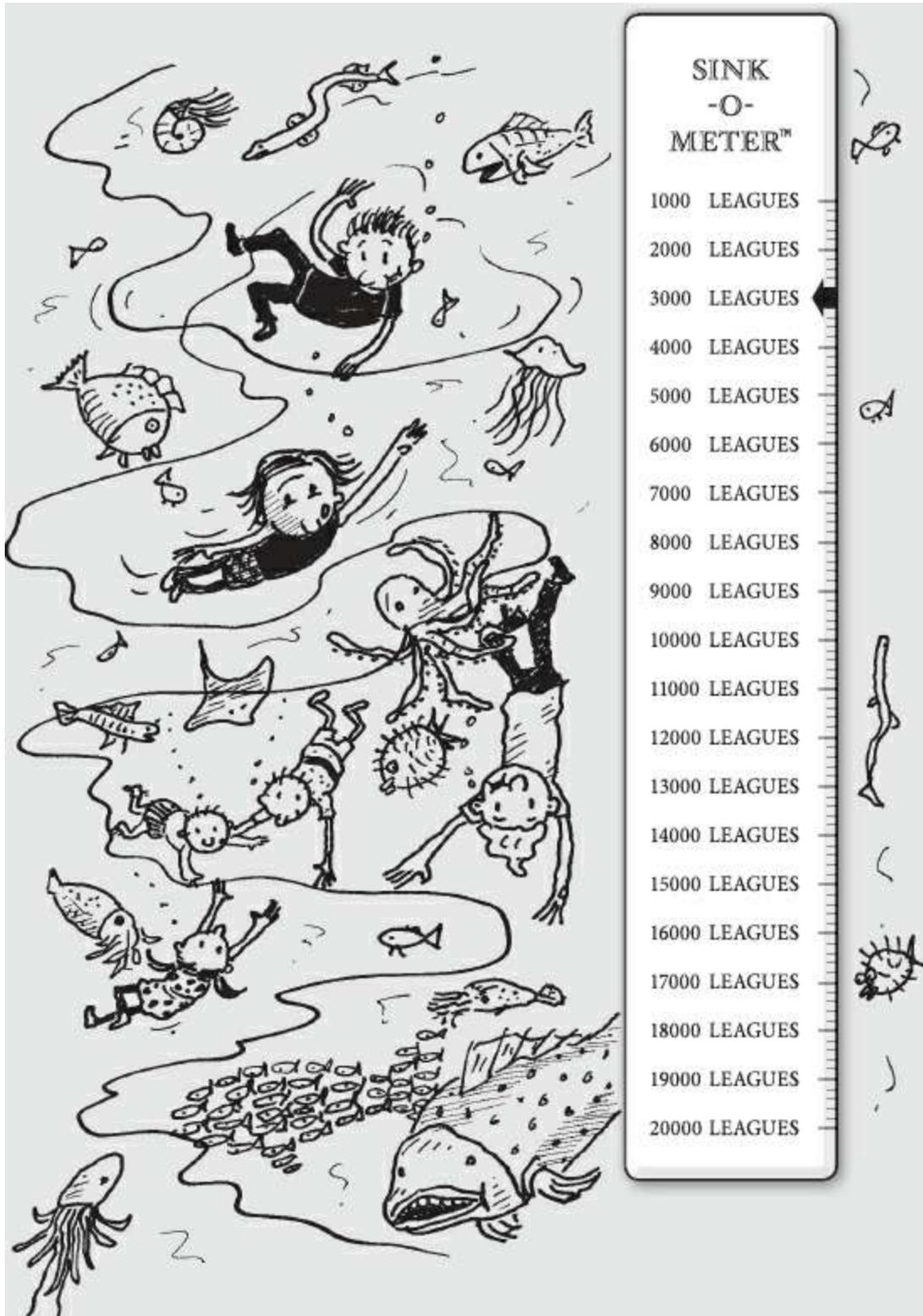
... until we stop whirling— get sucked down—and start sinking!



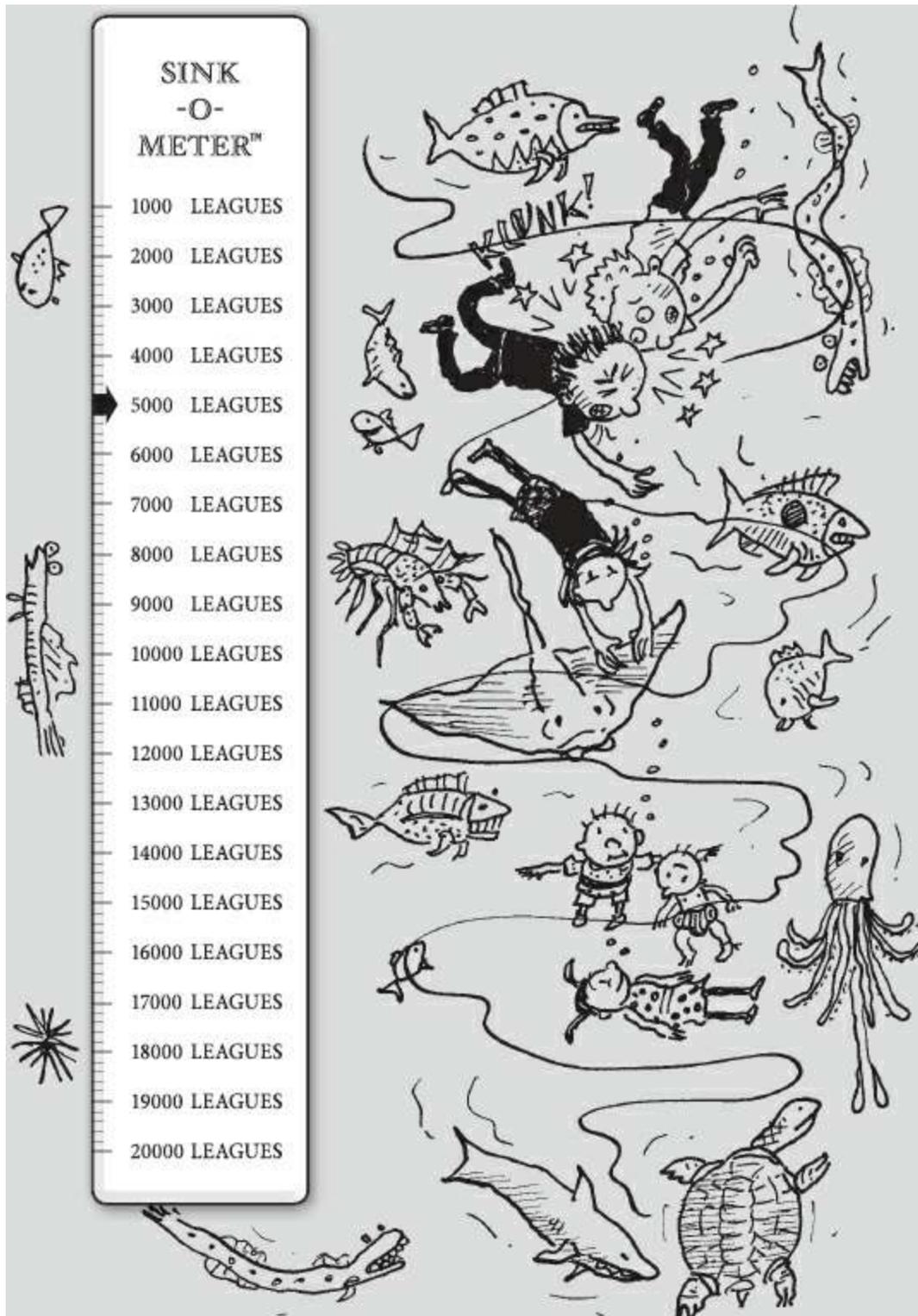
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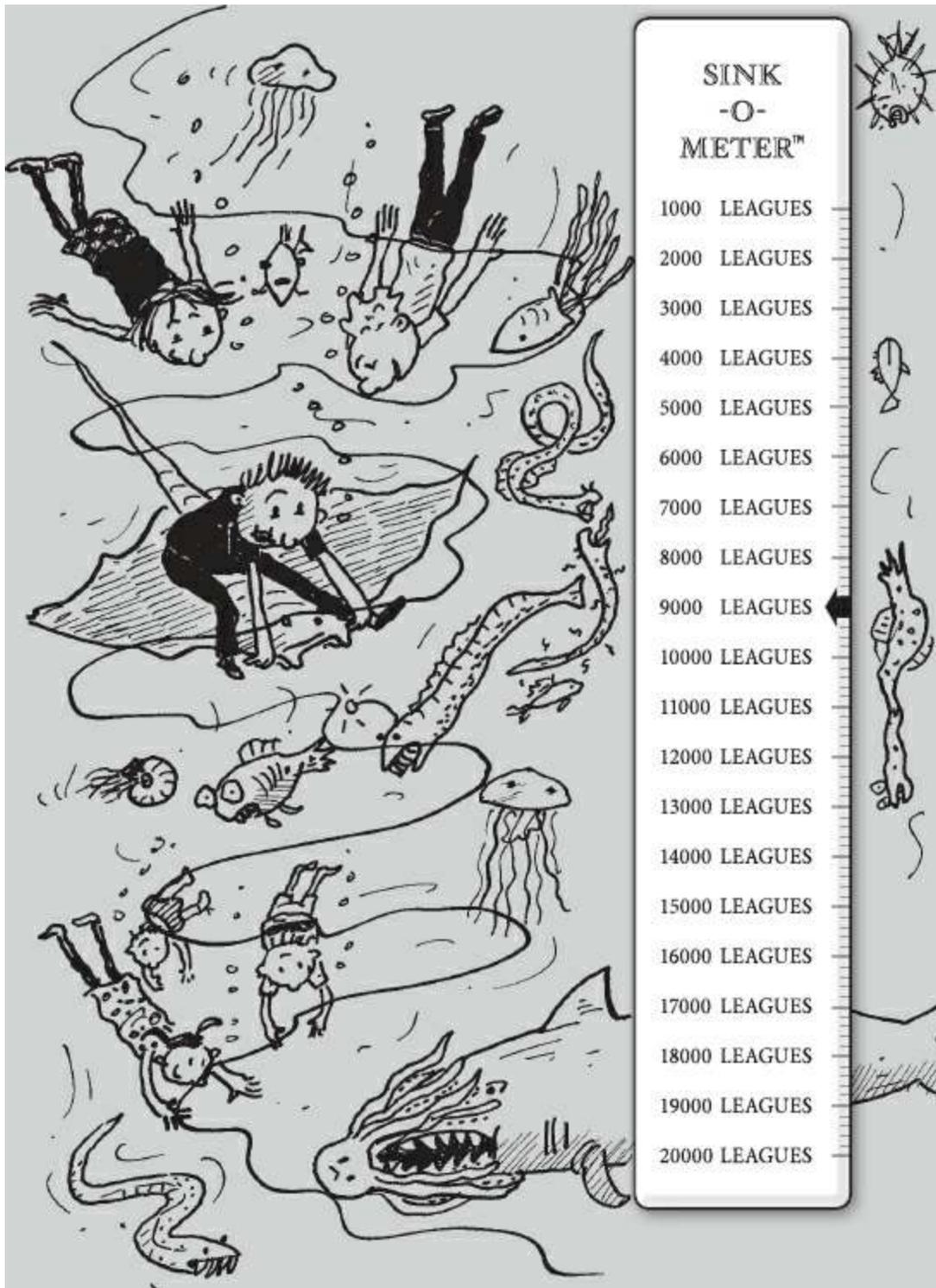
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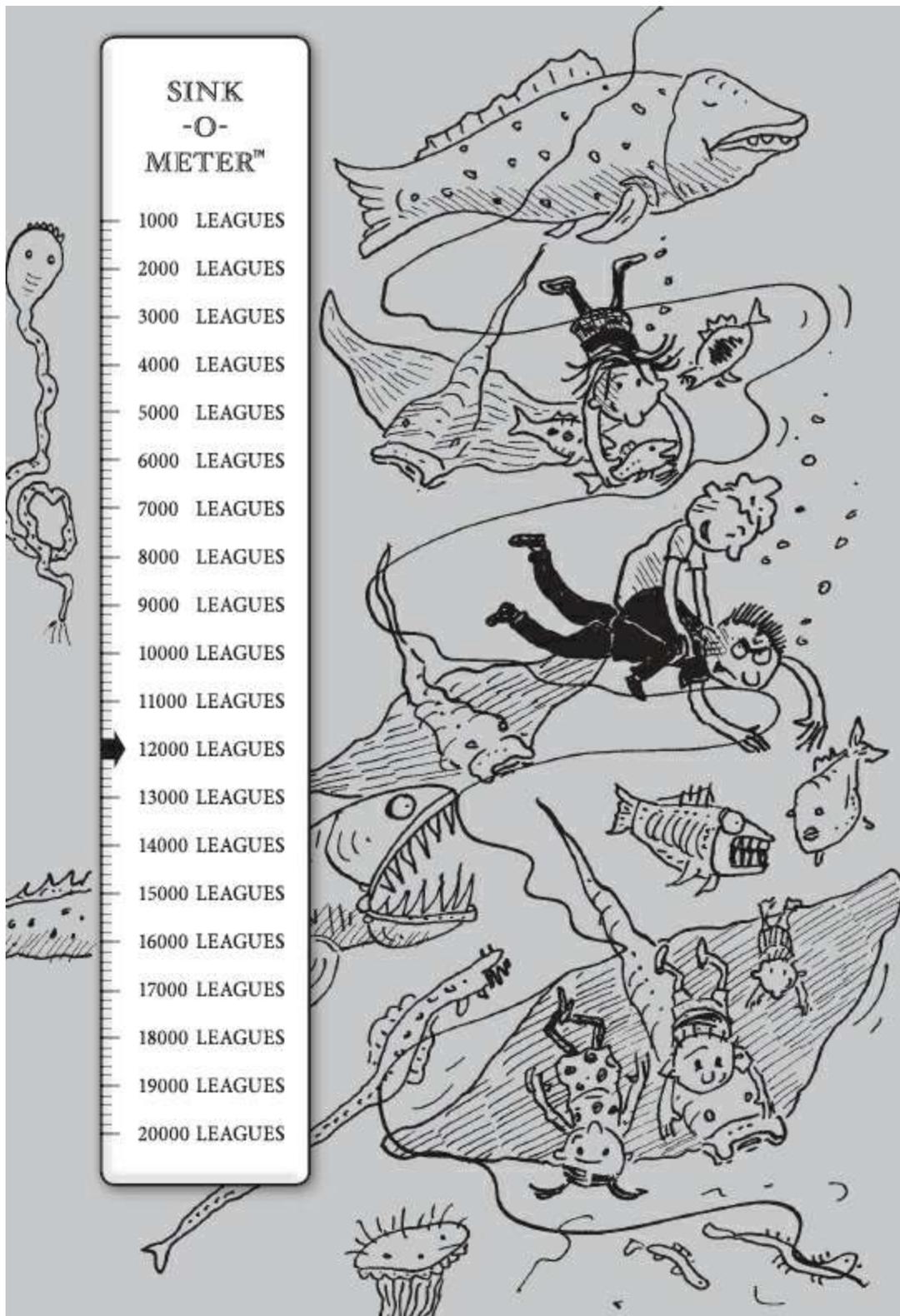
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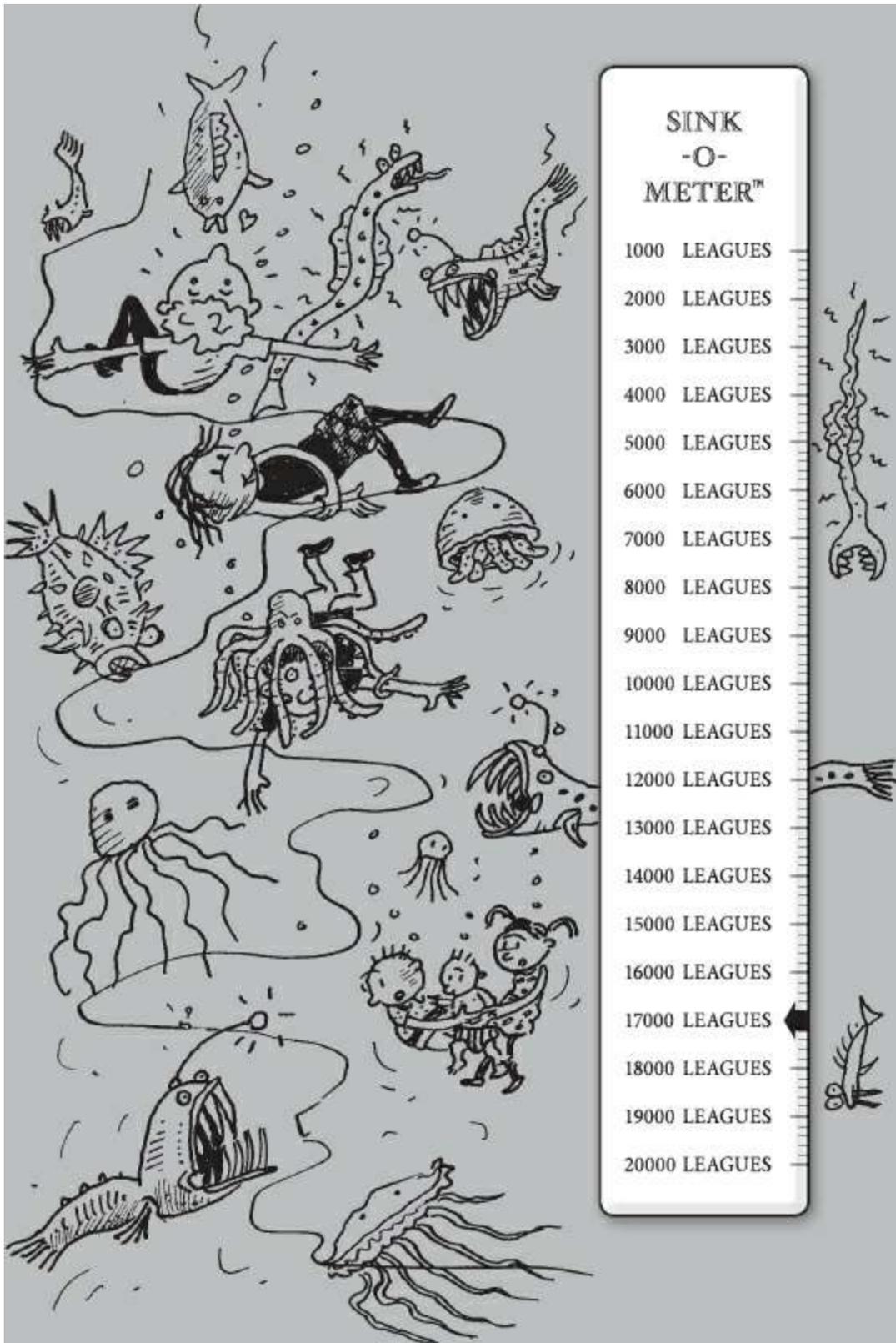
sinking ...



sinking ...



sinking ...



... until we hit something soft and sandy and we can't sink any more.

SINK
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CHAPTER 5

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea



I've got to say it's actually quite nice down here, especially if you like things beginning with the letter 's'. There are seahorses, starfish, stingrays, sand, shipwrecks and a sign saying 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. I could be wrong, but unless I'm very much mistaken—and I don't think I am—it looks as if we are ...

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA!!!

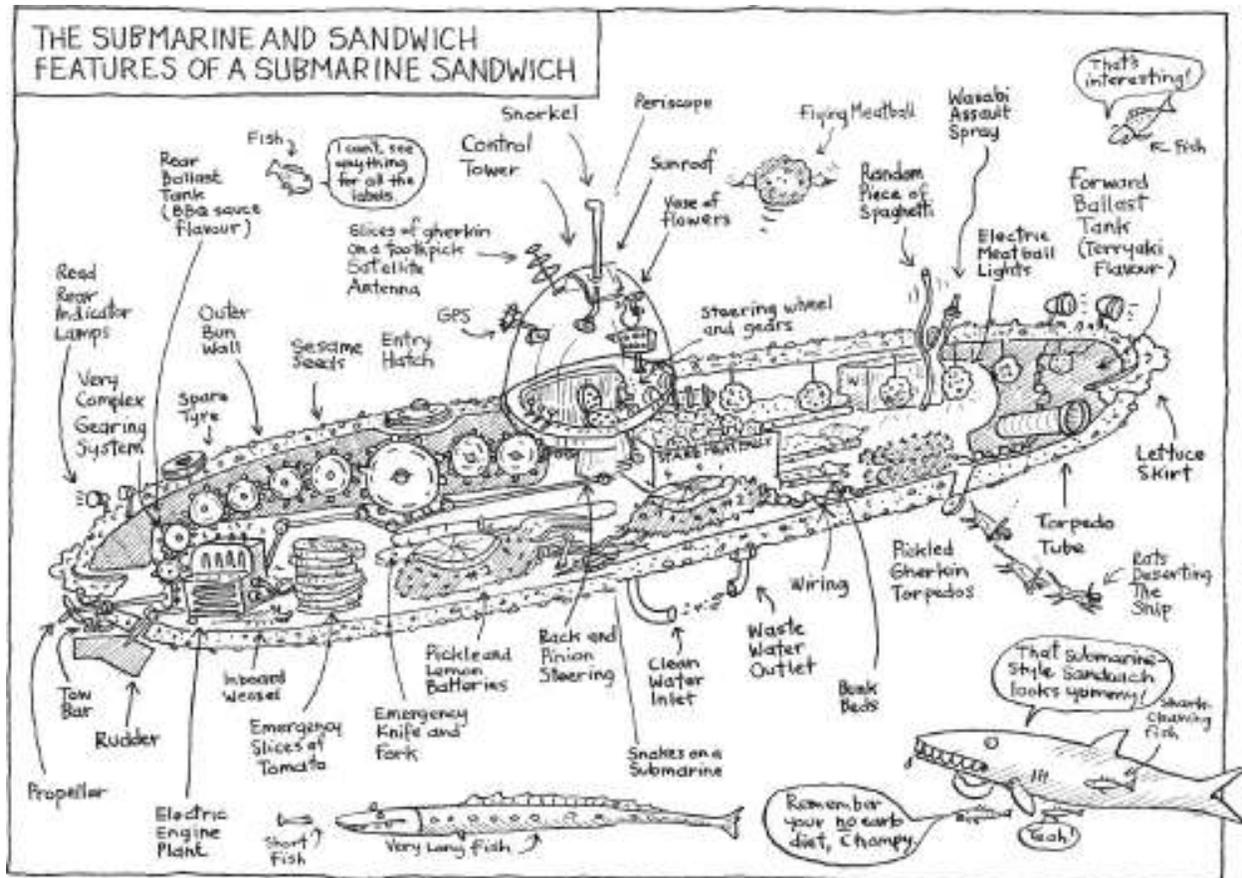


Like I said, it's quite nice down here. The only problem is that I don't think I can hold my breath for much longer.

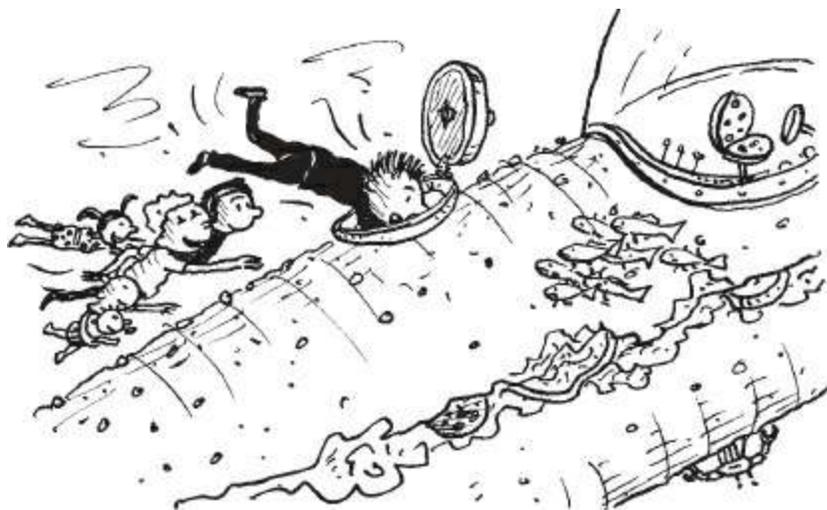
I'm not worried, though, because I've got a plan. Well, when I say 'plan', I mean sandwich. And when I say 'sandwich', I mean submarine.



Yes, you read that right. I've got a submarine sandwich from our submarine sandwich shop. And what you probably don't realise about these sandwiches is that they not only look like submarines, they work like submarines too! Check it out!



We climb aboard the submarine sandwich and I make my way to the control deck.



The others join me ...

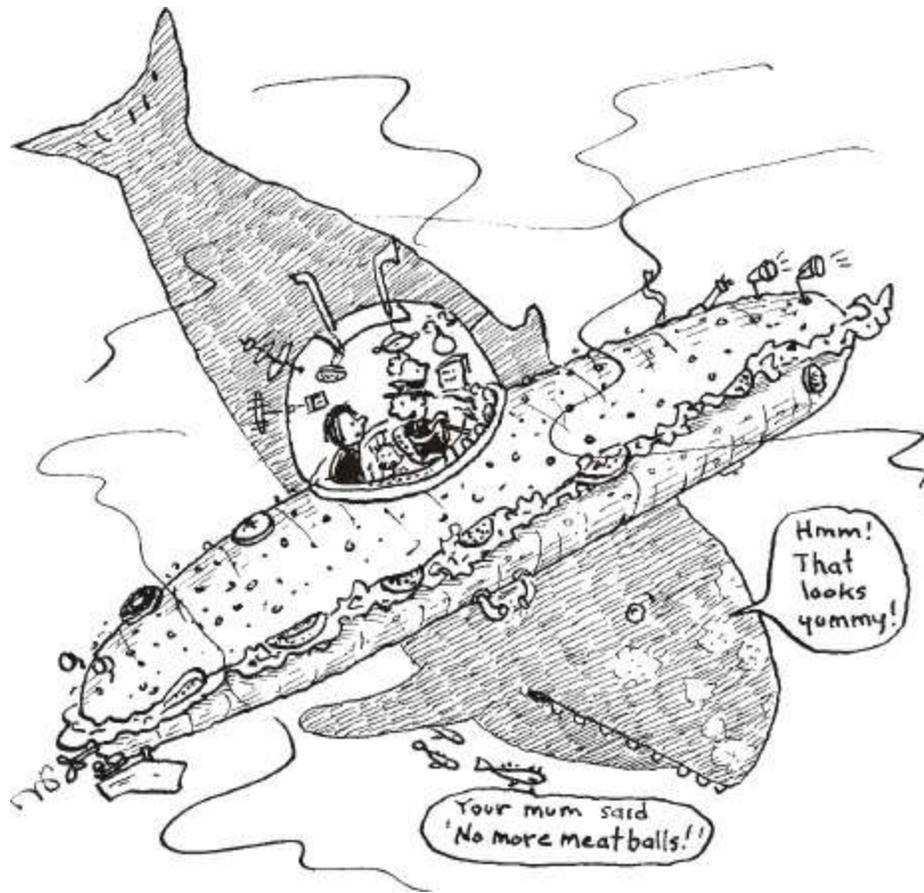


and I set a course for the surface, twenty thousand leagues above.



‘Thanks, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘Your submarine-sized submarine sandwich saved our lives!’

‘It sure did,’ says Jill. ‘Where did you get it from?’



‘From our submarine-sized submarine sandwich shop, of course!’ I explain. ‘The sandwiches are so big it takes me a couple of weeks to eat them. So I keep them in my pocket and just pull them out whenever I’m hungry. Or whenever I find myself deep underwater.’

‘I’m kind of disgusted and kind of glad at the same time,’ says Jill.

‘I’m glad too,’ says Albert. ‘I’ve always wanted to ride in a submarine.’

‘And I’ve always wanted to ride in a sandwich,’ says Alice.

‘Goo-goo ga-ga,’ says the baby.



‘This reminds me of that song,’ says Terry. ‘You know, the one about a sandwich submarine!’

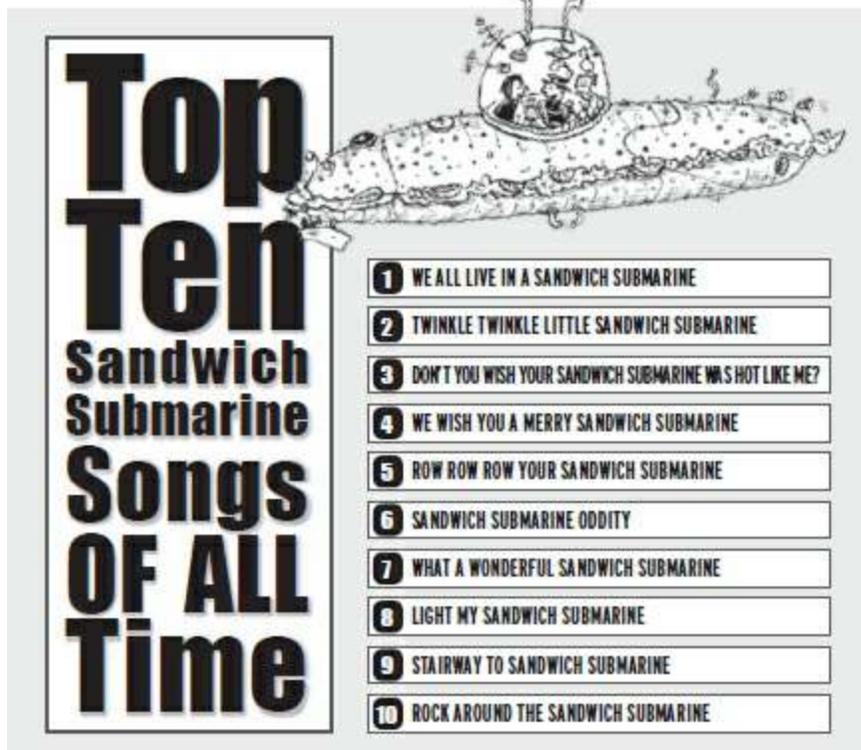
‘Do you mean Rock Around the Sandwich Submarine?’ I say.

‘No,’ says Terry.

‘Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Sandwich Submarine?’ I say.

‘No, that’s not it either,’ says Terry.

‘What about We All Live in a Sandwich Submarine?’ says Jill. ‘That always tops any list of top ten songs about sandwich submarines.’



‘Yes! That’s the one!’ says Terry. ‘How does it go again?’

‘Like this!’ says Jill, and she starts singing:

‘We all live in a sandwich submarine,
a sandwich submarine,
a sandwich submarine ...’



The rest of us join in:

‘We all live in a sandwich submarine,
a sandwich submarine,
a sandwich submarine ...’



RISE
-O-
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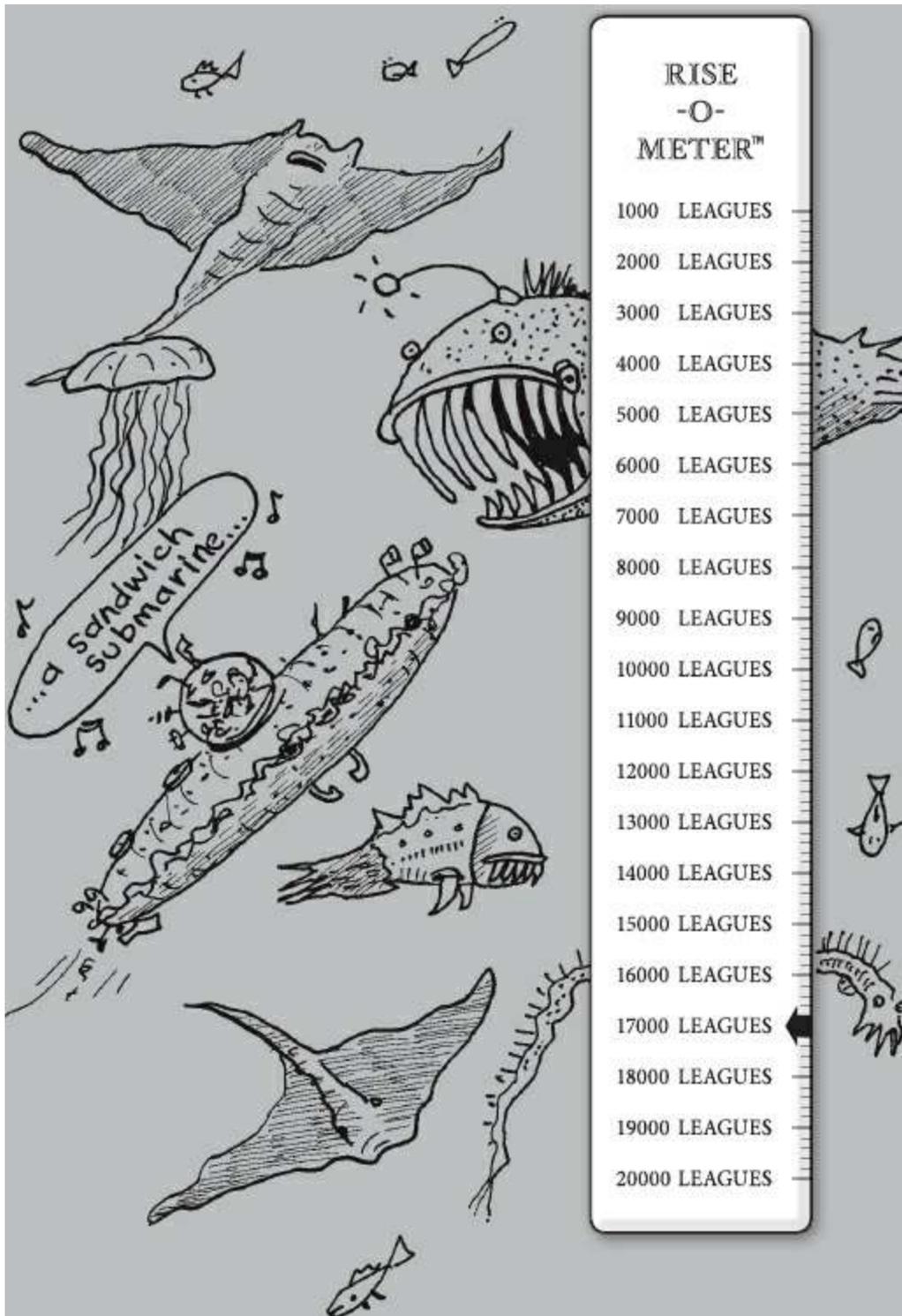
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THE DAY WE SAILED
BENEATH THE SEA IN A
SANDWICH SUBMARINE
SINGING A SONG ABOUT
LIVING IN A SANDWICH
SUBMARINE

We all live in
a sandwich submarine,
a sandwich
submarine,
a
Sandwich
Submarine...

Stop!

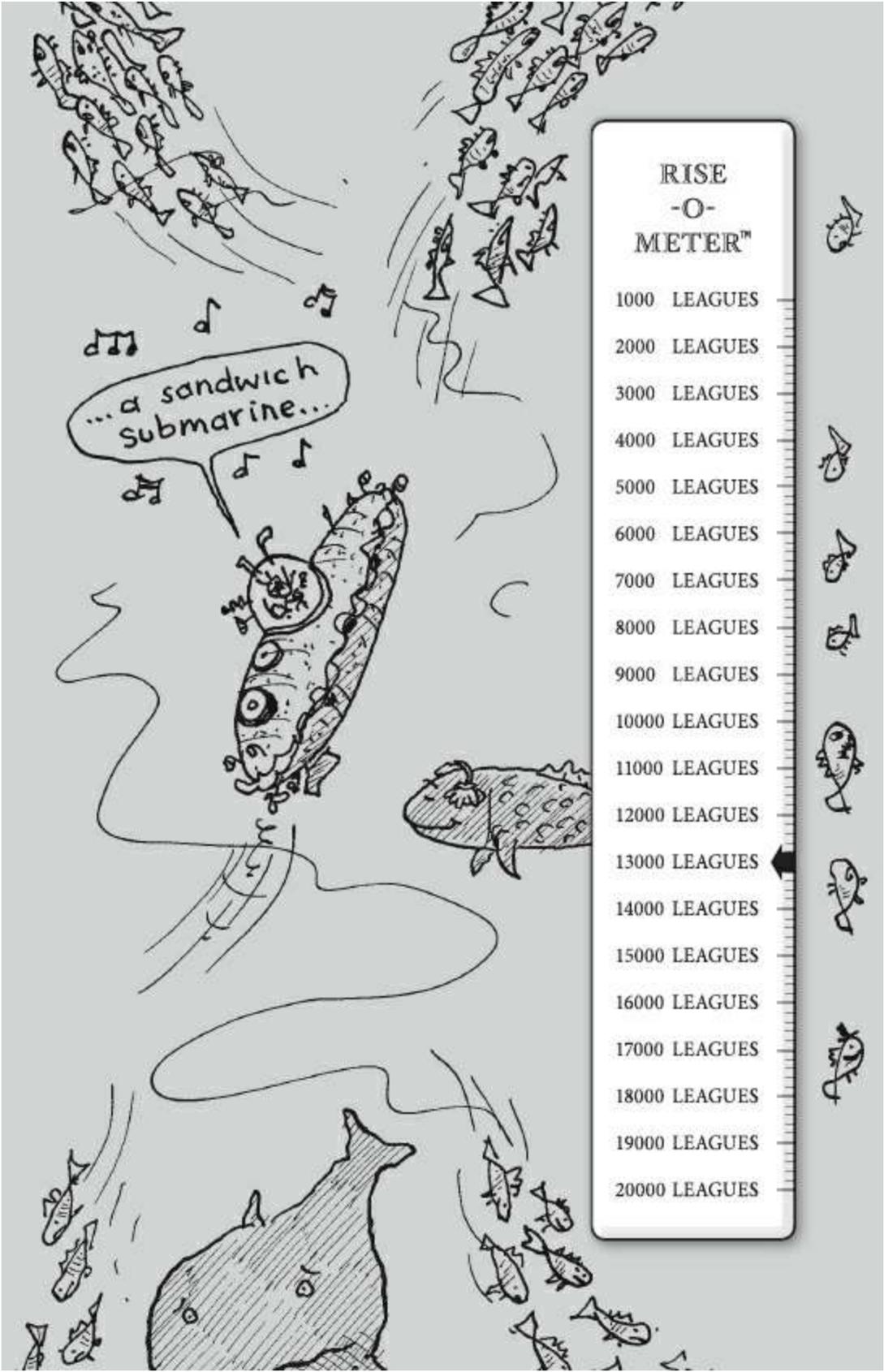




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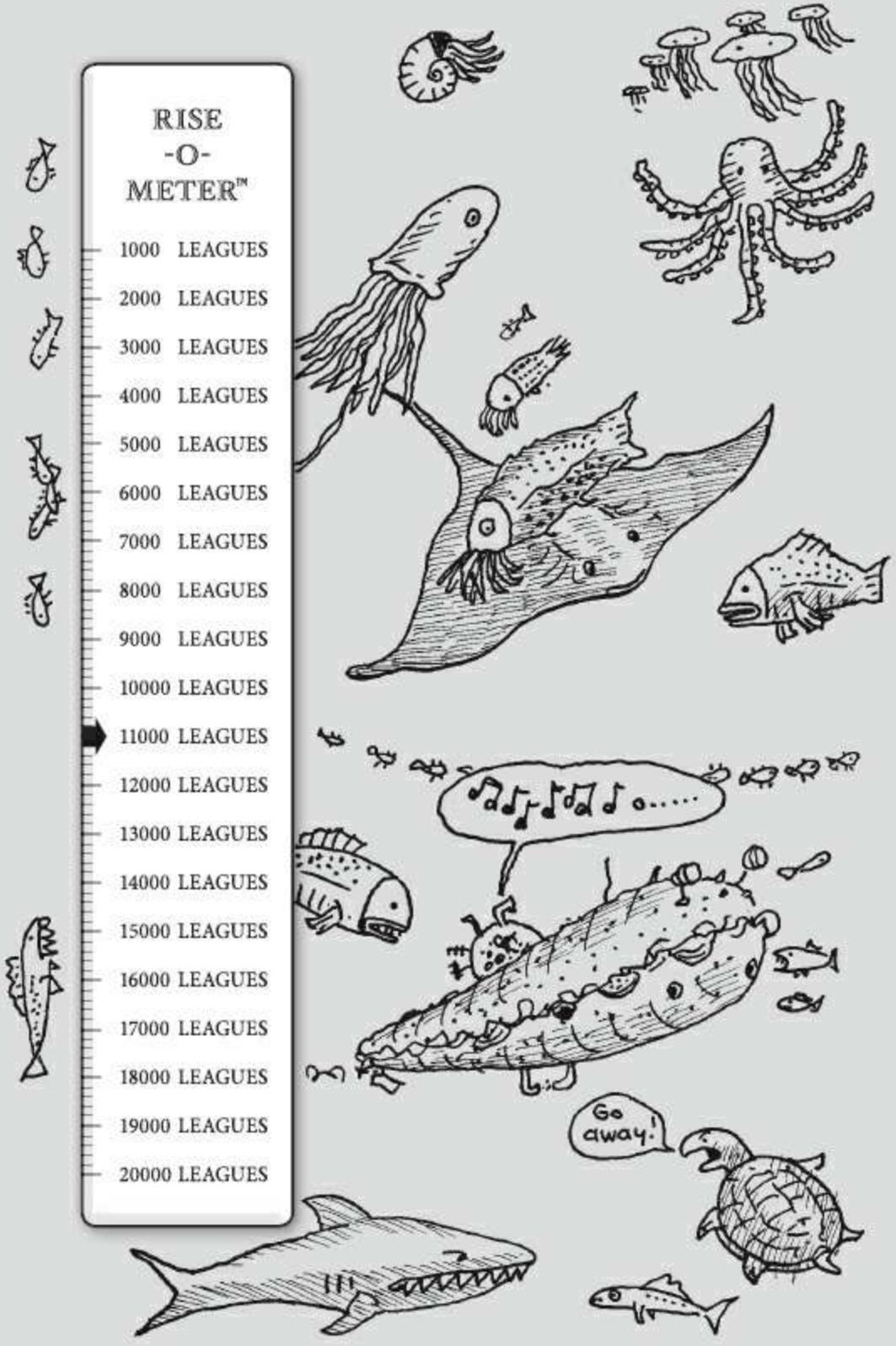
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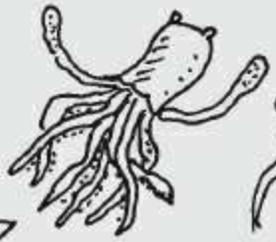
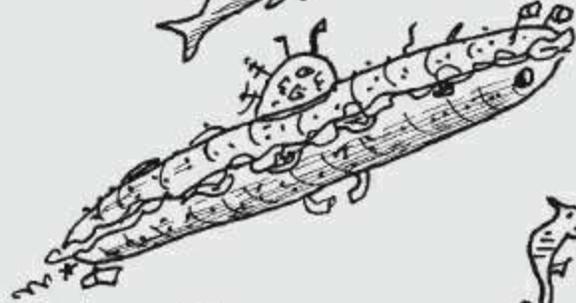
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...a sandwich submarine...

RISE
-O-
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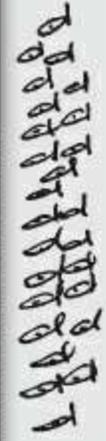
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‘Hey, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘This is a really fun ride and I don’t want to complain, but it’s getting really soggy in here! My feet are sinking into the floor.’



‘So are mine,’ says Jill.

‘The submarine must have sprung a leak,’ I say. ‘But I don’t know how. Submarine sandwich bread is supposed to be 100 percent waterproof.’

‘I think I’ve found the problem,’ says Jill, pointing to the deck below. ‘The children are eating the submarine!’



‘Hey, stop that!’ I say.

‘But we’re hungry,’ says Alice.

‘And it tastes really good,’ says Albert.

‘I know,’ I say, ‘but it’s also a submarine, and you don’t eat a submarine that you’re travelling in! Everybody knows that!’



‘I don’t think everybody would know that,’ says Jill. ‘It’s an easy mistake to make. We should probably all put on emergency life jackets. Where are they kept?’

‘I don’t think there are any,’ I say.

‘What about emergency life boats?’ says Jill. ‘Does it have any of those?’

‘No,’ I say. ‘I don’t think so.’

‘Does it have emergency anything?’ says Jill.

‘It’s got emergency pickles,’ says Terry, holding up a jar.



‘What’s the use of that?’ says Jill. ‘Nobody likes pickles. They’re the bits you take out of your sandwich.’

‘What about your emergency automatic self-inflating underpants, Terry?’ says Albert. ‘Are you wearing them?’

‘As a matter of fact, I am,’ says Terry.



‘Then how come they didn’t inflate when you fell in the whirlpool?’ I say.

‘Because I haven’t got them turned on,’ says Terry. ‘They kept inflating when it wasn’t an emergency, and it was a bit embarrassing, so I turned them off.’



‘Can you still activate them?’ I say.
‘Yes,’ says Terry. ‘I can operate them manually.’



‘Well, what are we waiting for?’ I say. ‘Everybody hang on to Terry. We’ll be on the surface in no time.’

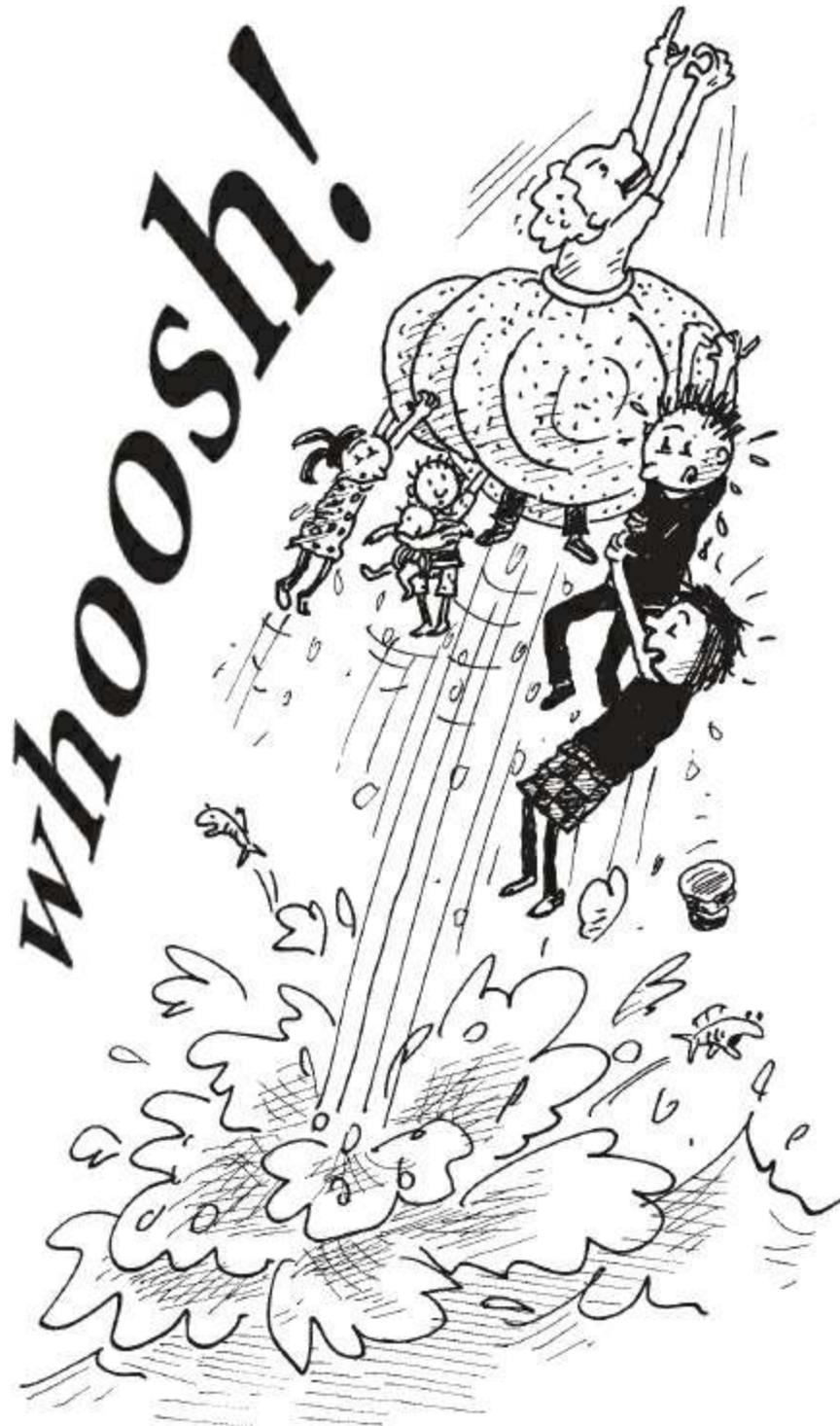
We all grab hold of Terry.

‘Everybody ready?’ he says.

We all nod.

‘All right then,’ he says. ‘Here we go—3, 2, 1, blast off!’





It's a wild ride, but within seconds we are all floating around on the surface of the sea using Terry's emergency self-inflating underpants as a life raft.



‘Yay!’ says Alice. ‘That was fun!’

‘Let’s do it again!’ says Albert.

‘No way!’ I say. ‘We’ve got to start paddling.’

‘But there’s nowhere to paddle to,’ says Alice.

‘Yes there is,’ says Jill. ‘Look—over there! A desert island!’

‘Goody!’ says Albert. ‘I love desert islands!’

‘Me too!’ says Terry.

‘Goo-goo ga-ga,’ says the baby.



CHAPTER 6

Marooned!



We paddle until we reach the island. I jump out into the shallow water and pull the others safely to shore.

‘Thanks, Terry,’ I say. ‘You saved our lives!’

‘Don’t thank me,’ says Terry. ‘Thank my underpants.’

‘Thanks, Terry’s underpants,’ I say.

‘You’re welcome,’ says Terry in a high-pitched voice, which I think is supposed to be his underpants.



‘What are we going to do now?’ says Alice.



‘Be marooned,’ I say. ‘That’s what!’

‘How do you do that?’ says Albert.

‘Easy!’ I say. ‘You sit around on a desert island with no food, no water, no map and no way of ever getting back to the treehouse.’



‘That sounds kind of boring,’ says Albert. ‘Why don’t we get rescued by that ship instead?’

‘What ship?’ I say.

‘That one!’ says Albert, pointing to the horizon.



Albert is right. There is a ship. A big ship.



We all jump up and down and yell and wave our arms like a bunch of wacky waving arm-flailing inflatable tube men at a wacky waving arm-flailing inflatable tube men festival.



‘It’s not stopping!’ says Terry.

‘Maybe they can’t see us,’ says Jill. ‘We need to start a fire and make some smoke signals!’



We collect a bunch of driftwood and use a packet of driftmatches to start a driftfire.



I rip one of the biggest leaves off a palm tree and hold it over the fire to smother the flames. Then I pull the leaf away and a big puff of smoke puffs up into the sky. But the ship doesn't stop.



'It's not working,' says Jill. 'They probably just think we're having a barbecue. Let me try making a message!'

I give Jill the leaf and she makes three small puffs of smoke that spell out 'SOS'.



‘Let me have a turn,’ says Terry, reaching for the leaf.



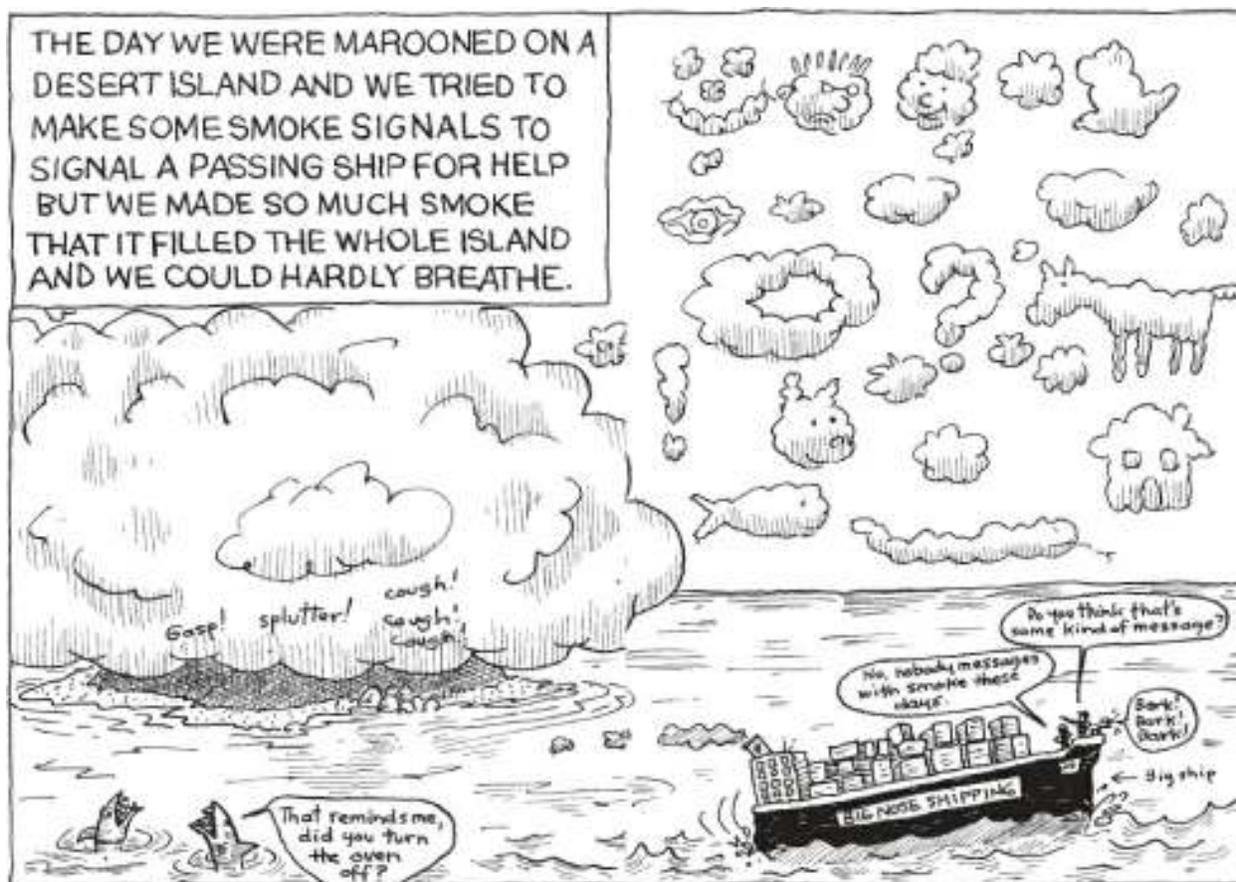
‘Give me that!’ I say, snatching the leaf from him. There’s no time to lose. I start fanning out a new message that will leave no doubt about what we want.





It's a pretty clear message, but by the time I've finished there is so much smoke that none of us can see anything.





By the time the smoke has cleared, the ship is nowhere to be seen.

‘Well, that’s just great,’ I say. ‘You think they would have seen all that smoke—or at the very least smelled it.’



‘Hey,’ says Terry, ‘look at this old teapot I just found in the sand.’



‘That’s not a teapot,’ says Jill. ‘I think it’s one of those mysterious magical lamps that you rub and a genie comes out and grants you three wishes.’

‘Cool!’ says Terry. ‘I’m going to try it.’



He rubs at the lamp and smoke starts billowing out of the spout.

‘Oh, no, not more smoke!’ says Alice.

‘Relax,’ I say. ‘This is good smoke. This is magic genie smoke!’



Sure enough, the smoke gets thicker and thicker and then it forms into a ...
GENIE!



‘Thank you for releasing me from my prison,’ says the genie. ‘As a reward, I grant you three wishes.’

‘Fabulous!’ I say. ‘Let’s all wish to get off the island!’



‘No!’ says Albert. ‘I want a lollipop. I wish I had a lollipop!’

‘Your wish is my command,’ says the genie.

‘No, stop!’ I say, but it’s too late.

‘One lollipop!’ says the genie, handing Albert a large lollipop.



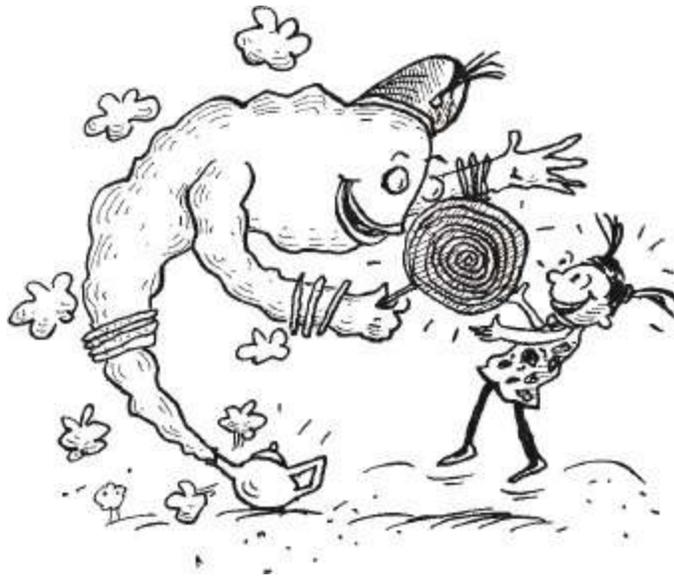
‘Hey,’ says Alice. ‘How come Albert got a lollipop and I didn’t? I WISH—’

‘Don’t do it!’ I say. ‘Don’t wish for any more lollipops!’

‘—FOR A LOLLIPOP, TOO!’ says Alice.



‘Your wish is my command,’ says the genie. It produces an enormous rainbow-swirl lollipop and gives it to Alice.



‘OKAY, THAT’S IT!’ I yell. ‘NOBODY WISH FOR ANY MORE LOLLIPOPS!!!’

‘But that’s not fair!’ says Terry. ‘They got lollipops! I wish I had a lollipop, too!’



The genie shrugs. ‘Your wish is my final command,’ it says, placing a lollipop the size of a dinner plate in Terry’s hand. ‘So long, suckers!’



‘WAIT!’ I yell. ‘Could we please have one more wish?’

‘No way,’ says the genie. ‘I’m all out of wishes and I’m definitely out of here.’

‘I WISH you wouldn’t go,’ I say.

But it’s no use—the genie disappears.



‘You crazy lollipop-lickers,’ I say. ‘You wasted all our wishes on lollipops and we’re still stuck on the island!’

‘Look on the bright side, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘We might be stuck on an island but at least we’ve all got lollipops.’



‘I haven’t got a lollipop,’ I say.

‘Me neither,’ says Jill.

‘Never mind,’ says Terry, holding his lollipop out towards us, ‘you can have a turn of mine.’



‘Hey, is that another genie lamp?’ says Albert, pointing to something in the water.

‘No,’ I say, as it floats closer. ‘That’s just a bottle.’



‘That’s so sad,’ sighs Jill. ‘Here we are in the middle of nowhere and yet we still can’t get away from litter.’

‘Hang on,’ I say. ‘That’s no ordinary litter. That’s our way off this island.’

‘It is?’ says Jill.

‘Yes,’ I say. ‘We can put a message in a bottle! It’s what everybody who’s marooned on a desert island does!’



‘Did you say message in a bottle?’ says Terry. ‘I love message-in-a-bottle bottles!’

‘Me too,’ says Alice.

‘Me three!’ says Albert.

‘Me four,’ I say. I grab a piece of driftpaper and a driftpencil and start writing a driftletter.

Andy, Terry, Jill, Alice, Albert & the baby

Desert Island

The Ocean

The Middle of Nowhere

Dear Whoever You Are,

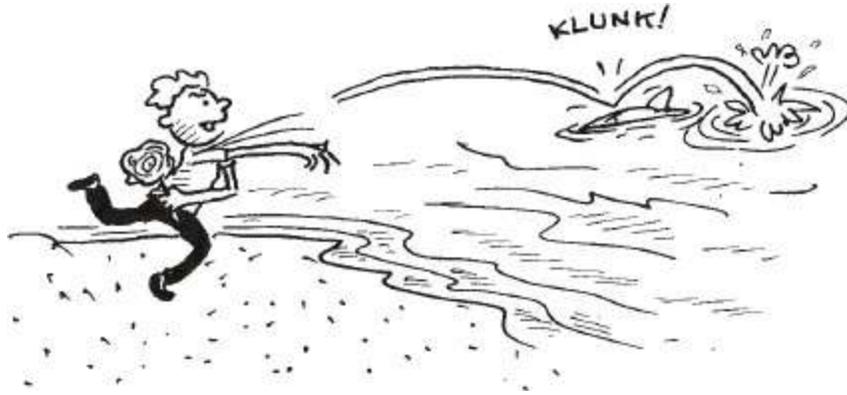
If you are like most of the people who find a bottle with a message inside it, you’re probably wondering what the message is about. Well, it contains a long and tragic story. Which is this: unfortunately me (Andy) and my friends (Terry & Jill) and the kids we are babysitting (Albert & Alice & the baby) have accidentally become marooned on a desert island. Could you please organise a rescue mission to come and rescue us as soon as possible?

Thank you (in advance).

Your pals,

Andy, Terry, Jill, Alice, Albert & the baby

I roll up the message, slide it into the bottle and hand it to Terry. He plugs the end with a driftcork and throws it as far out into the water as he can, and then we all immediately start waiting for a reply.



We wait ...



and we wait ...



and we wait ...



until finally, after what seems like millions of pages but is in fact only one-and-a-half, we see a bottle floating towards us.

‘Hey, look!’ says Terry. ‘A message in a bottle!’

‘YAY!’ says Albert.

Terry runs into the water to retrieve it.



‘How exciting!’ says Jill. ‘Who do you think it’s from?’

‘From whoever found our message in a bottle, of course!’ I say. ‘It’s probably got all the details of how they’re going to rescue us.’

Terry uncorks the bottle and shakes the message free.

‘It’s from some people just like us,’ he says, ‘same names and everything—and they’re marooned on a desert island too!’



‘Terry,’ I say.

‘Hang on, Andy,’ he says, ‘I haven’t finished reading the letter. It says here they need help.’

‘I know,’ I say.

‘How?’

‘Because it’s us!’ I say. ‘It’s our bottle and our letter! It just floated away and then floated back again.’

‘Hmmm,’ says Jill. ‘And maybe the bottle just floated away and then came back because this desert island is your desert island?’

‘What do you mean our desert island?’ I say.

‘The new desert island level in your treehouse,’ says Jill.



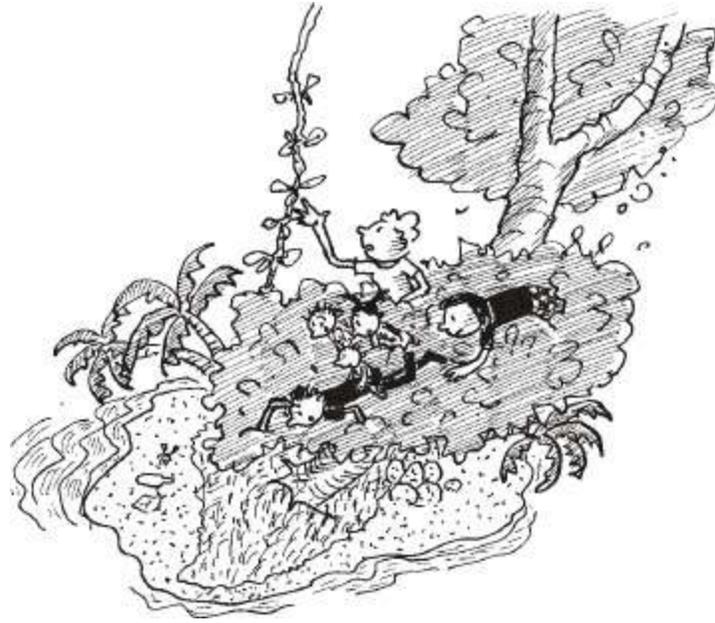
‘Oh yeah,’ I say. ‘I forgot we had one.’

‘Well, there’s an easy way to find out if that’s where we are,’ says Jill.
‘We can climb that tree and look.’

So we climb to the top of the tree, and guess what?



It is our desert island! We've been in the treehouse the whole time!



Terry reaches up for a vine that is hanging above us. ‘Grab on to this,’ he says, ‘and we can all swing up to the next level.’



‘Wheeeeeee!’ says Alice, as we swing through the air.

‘I love swinging!’ says Albert.

‘Goo-goo ga-ga!’ says the baby.



We land in the kitchen.



‘I’m glad we’re all safe again,’ says Jill. ‘I’ve got to go home now and feed my animals, but I’ll come back as soon as I can to help you with the babysitting. In the meantime, keep a close eye on Alice, Albert and the baby. And, whatever you do, don’t let them out of your sight!’



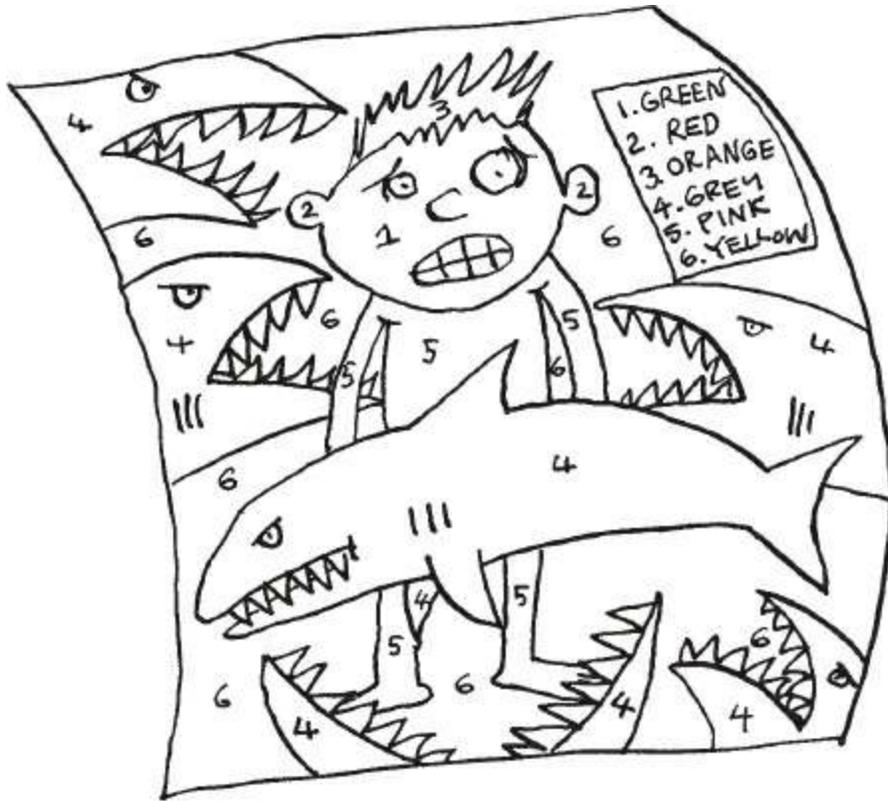
‘Don’t worry about that, Jill,’ I say. ‘We’ve learned our lesson: I’m going to draw up a babysitting roster so that one of us is watching them at all times.’

‘Great idea,’ says Jill. ‘See you later.’

‘What are we going to do while you do the roster?’ says Alice.

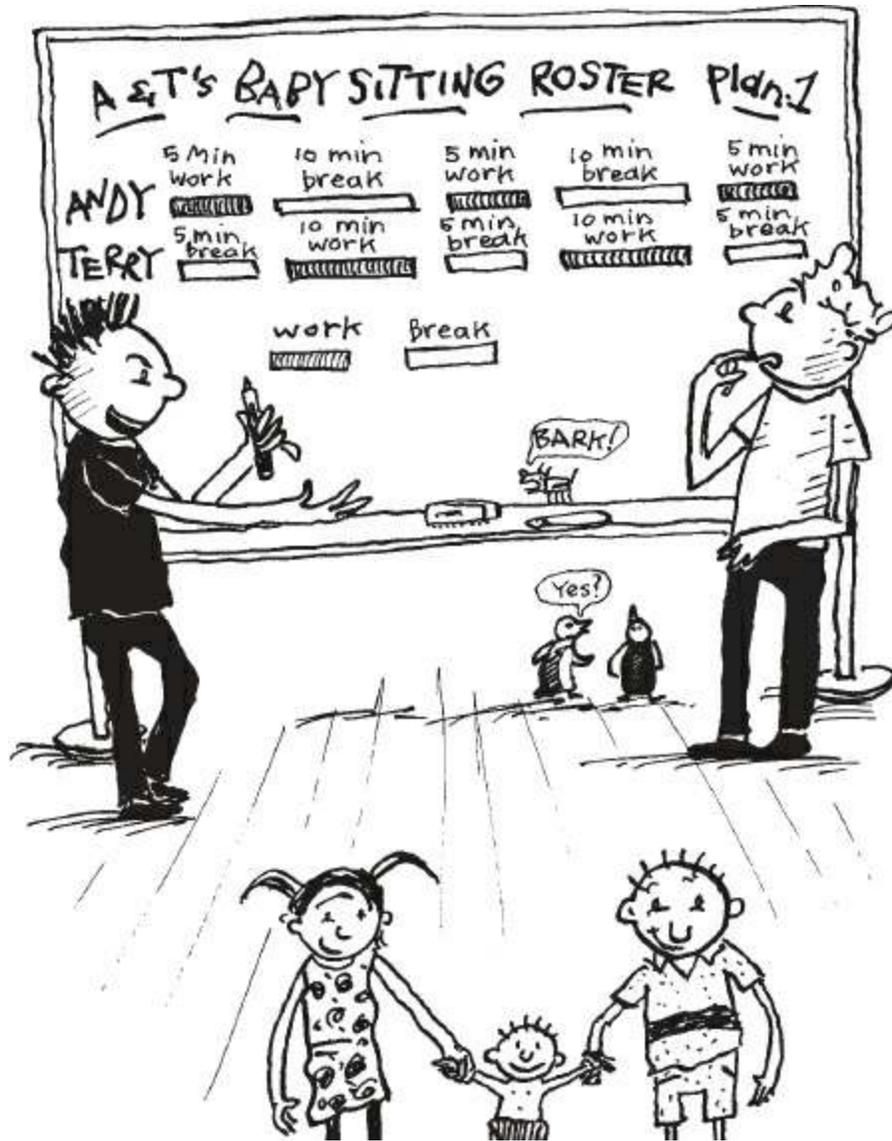
‘Here’s a colour-by-numbers colouring-in sheet I prepared earlier,’ says Terry.

‘Yay!’ says Albert. ‘I love colouring in!’



The kids start colouring in and Terry and I get started on our roster. (You can colour in the picture, too, readers, if you would like.)

‘I think we should take turns looking after the kids,’ I say. ‘How about I do the first five minutes and then I take a ten-minute break and while I’m on my break you watch them for ten minutes and then you take a five-minute break and then we just repeat that pattern until we’re done.’



‘But that’s not fair,’ says Terry. ‘You’re only working five minutes at a time and taking ten-minute breaks, and I’m working ten minutes at a time and only getting five-minute breaks.’

‘Oops,’ I say. ‘My mistake. What about we each work for five minutes and each take ten-minute breaks?’



‘It’s better—and fairer—than the first roster,’ says Terry, ‘but it means we won’t get to spend much time together.’

‘Hmmm,’ I say. ‘Let me see. I know! Perhaps we could do our first five minutes at the same time and then we can take our breaks together.’



‘Perfect!’ says Terry. ‘You’re really good at rosters, Andy.’

‘Thanks,’ I say. ‘Let’s get started right away.’

‘Kids!’ says Terry. ‘Andy’s done a really good roster. We’re ready to start babysitting now ... um ... kids? Kids? Andy—they’re gone!’



‘Oh, no!’ I say. ‘Not again! If only they’d waited until we’d finished our roster this would never have happened! Let’s go straight to Madam Know-it-all and find out where they are before they get into trouble again.’

We climb the tree as fast as we can and burst into Madam Know-it-all’s tent.

‘Aha,’ she says, ‘I knew—’

‘There’s no time for that!’ I say. ‘Please tell us where the kids are—and if you could skip the cryptic rhyme we’d really appreciate it. We’re in kind of a hurry.’

‘I know,’ sighs Madam Know-it-all.

*I know you don't have time.
But I always do a rhyme.
So here's your cryptic clue:
MARBAGE MUMP—pee-uw!*



‘Barbage bump?’ I say.



‘Farbage frump?’ says Terry.



‘No,’ she says.



‘No,’ she says.

‘Zarbage zump?’ I say.

‘Oh, for goodness’ sake,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘It’s GARBAGE DUMP, you dumdums! The kids are at the garbage dump!’



CHAPTER 7

Banarnia



Terry and I hurry to the garbage dump and start climbing.

‘I love the dump,’ says Terry. ‘You never know what you’re going to find.’

‘Well, I hope we find Mr Big Nose’s grandchildren,’ I say. ‘That’s what we’re here for, remember?’

‘Oh yeah,’ says Terry. ‘I forgot. Hey, look what I found! It’s a medal! It says **WORLD’S GREATEST DA.**’



‘What’s a DA?’ I say.

‘I don’t know,’ says Terry, putting it around his neck, ‘but whatever it is, I’m the greatest one in the world!’



‘Congratulations, Terry,’ I say, ‘but you’ll be a dead DA if we don’t find those kids.’

‘Good point, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘Alice! Albert! Where are you?’



I see a little face peering out of the garbage.
'Terry!' I call. 'I've found the baby!'



I reach into the rubbish, grab hold of the baby and pull it towards me.



But it's not the baby! It's a telephone with a cute little face.



'That's not the baby!' says Terry.

'Well I know that now!' I say. 'But it looked like the baby when it was buried in rubbish and all I could see was its cute little face.'



‘Never mind,’ says Terry. ‘Look on the bright side: at least now you’ve got a telephone with a cute little face.’



‘Yes,’ I say, ‘and when you pull it along its eyes go up and down, see?’



‘That is SO cool!’ says Terry.



‘And listen to that,’ I say. ‘It rings too.’

‘I think you should answer it,’ says Terry.

I pick up the receiver.

‘Hello, is that Andy?’ says a voice.



‘Yes,’ I say. ‘Who is this?’

‘It’s Mrs Big Nose here,’ says the voice. ‘It’s half-time at the opera and I just thought I’d check in and see how the children are. Everything going well?’



‘Um ... good,’ I say. ‘Really good. Really, really, really good.’



‘Can I talk to them?’ says Mrs Big Nose.



‘No?’ she says. ‘Why not?’



‘Well ... er ... um ... no,’ I say. ‘Not right at the moment.’



‘Well ... because ... um ... we’re sort of playing hide-and-seek and it’s their turn to hide.’



‘Oh, lovely,’ says Mrs Big Nose. ‘I won’t disturb them, then. I know how much they love their hide-and-seek. Sounds like you boys are doing a great job. Here’s a little hint for you—their favourite place to hide is in wardrobes. Goodbye.’

She hangs up.



‘Who was that?’ says Terry.

‘Mrs Big Nose,’ I say. ‘She was just calling to see how the kids were and she said their favourite place to hide is in wardrobes.’

‘Look!’ says Terry. ‘There’s a wardrobe at the top of the garbage pile. Come on!’

We scramble up to the top of the pile as fast as we can. There’s laughter coming from inside the wardrobe.

‘They’re definitely in there!’ says Terry.



‘Found you!’ I say, flinging the doors of the wardrobe wide open. Except we haven’t, because they’re not here. The wardrobe is empty.



‘I can’t see them,’ says Terry, ‘but I can still hear them. That’s weird.’



‘I think I know what’s going on here,’ I say. ‘This is no ordinary wardrobe. This is a storybook wardrobe. It’s most likely one of those portals to another world—like the wardrobe that leads to Narnia in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.’



‘I love portals!’ says Terry, climbing into the wardrobe. ‘Come on!’



I follow Terry into the storybook wardrobe, pulling my new phone with the cute little face behind me.

'It sure is dark in here,
Andy. I can't see any
portal.'



‘This *is* the portal, you idiot!
Keep going. There’s light
up ahead ...’



well, I don't know what they're called ... but they're riding them.'



'Come here!' I yell. 'And get off those whatever-they-ares. Terry and I will be in big trouble if anything happens to you!'



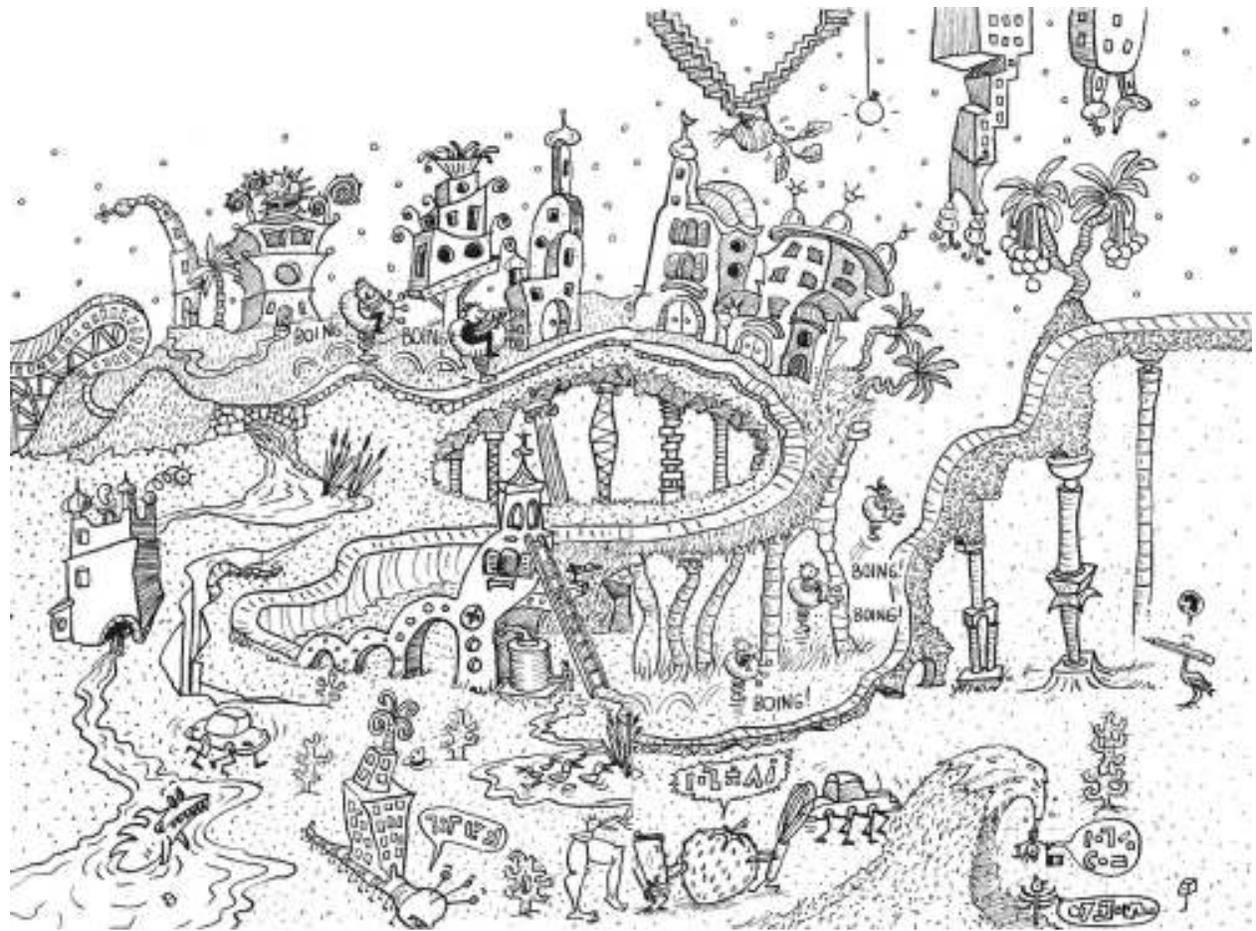
'But we're having fun!' Alice yells back.

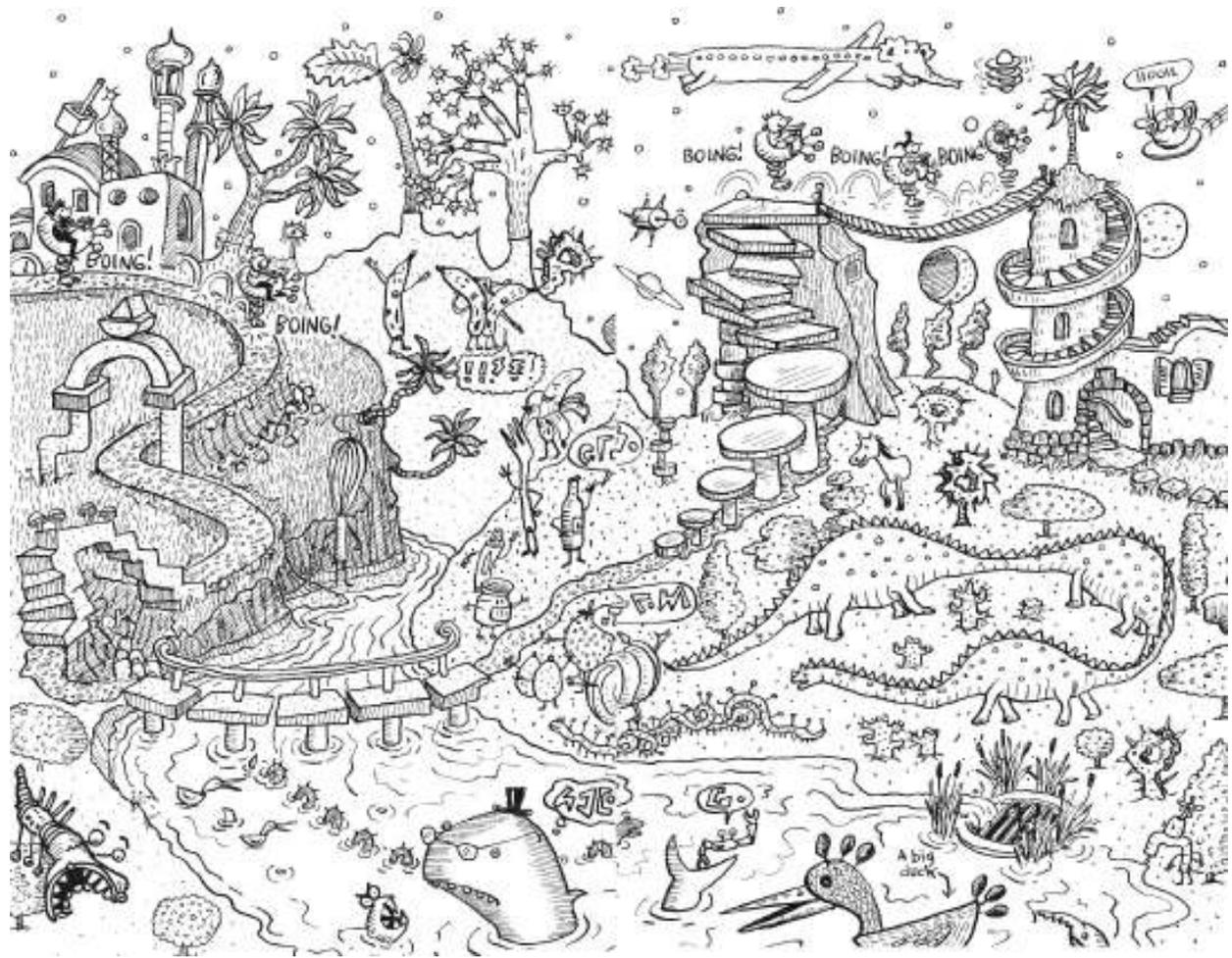
'Yeah!' calls Albert. 'Try and catch us!'

'Goo-goo ga-ga!' says the baby, as they speed off into the distance.



Terry and I each grab a whatever-they're-called and take off after them.







The kids are right. Riding these things is fun. Until we all come to the edge of a big cliff, that is.



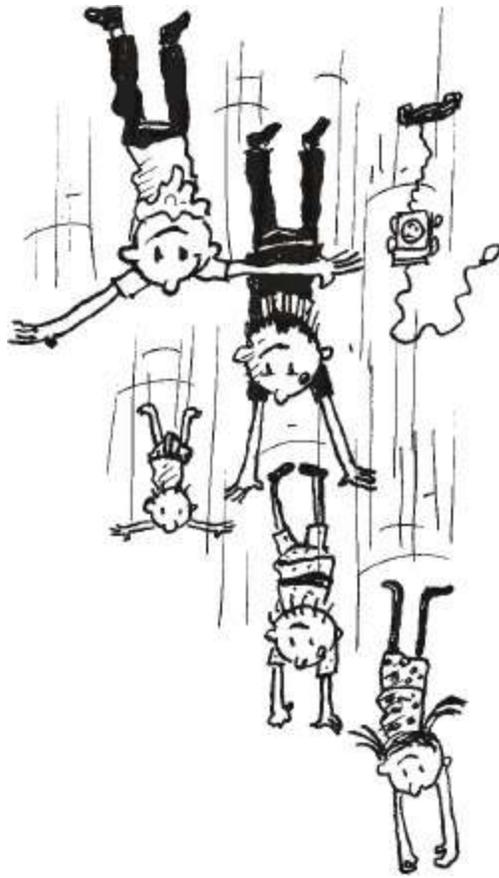
Our whatever-you-call-them stop ... but we don't. We are flung forward over the edge.

Uh-oh!



We all fall down ...

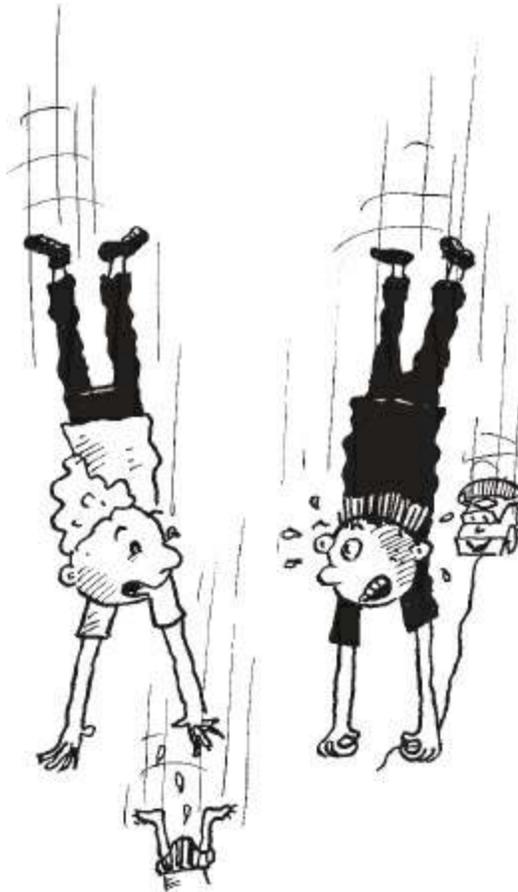
and down ...



and down ...

CHAPTER 8

Stuck!



‘What are we going to do, Andy?’ says Terry.

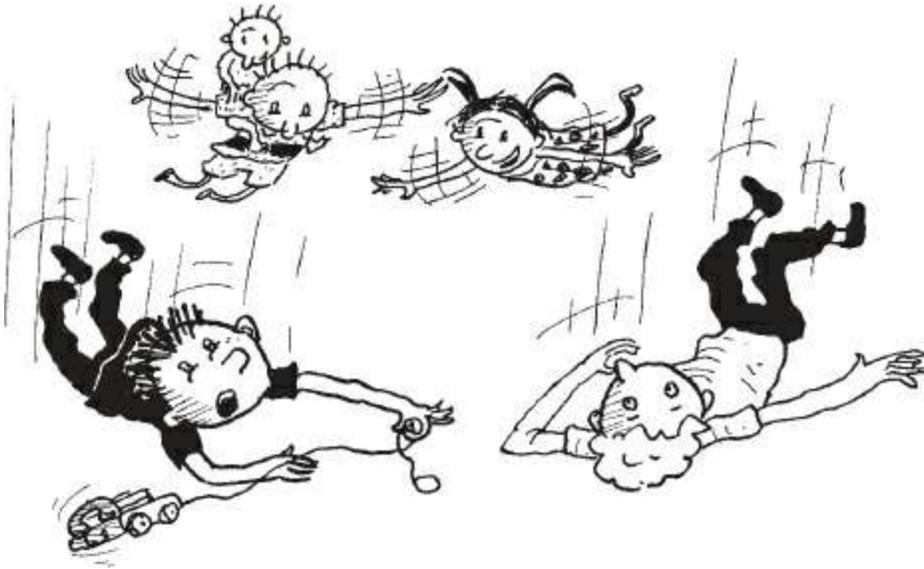
‘Prepare for a crash landing,’ I say.

‘That sounds painful,’ says Terry.

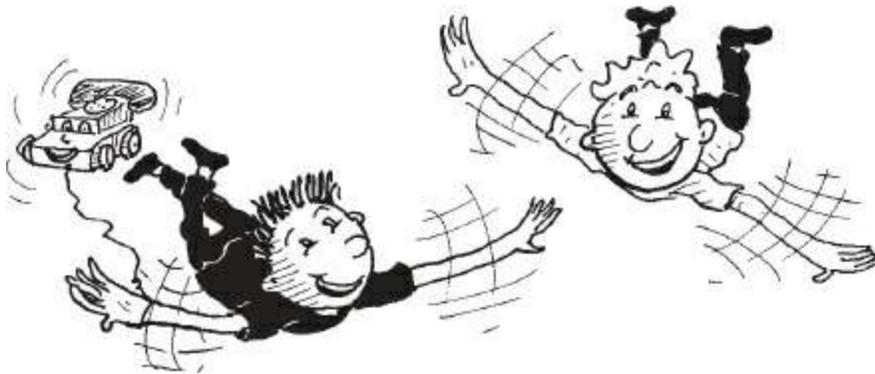
‘Got any better ideas?’ I say.

‘Flap your arms,’ calls Albert.

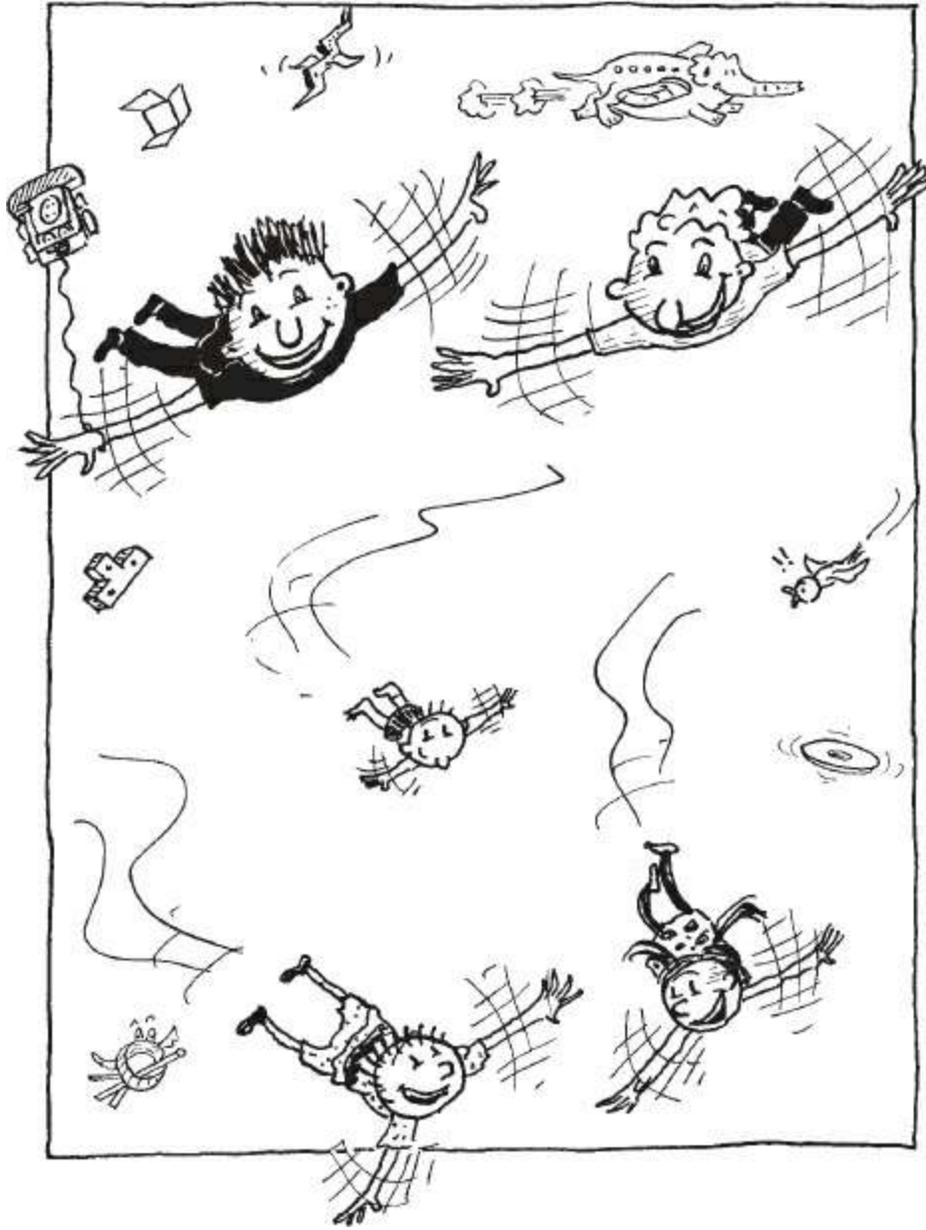
‘Yes,’ says Alice. ‘Look, we can fly!’
I look up. It’s true—the kids are flying!

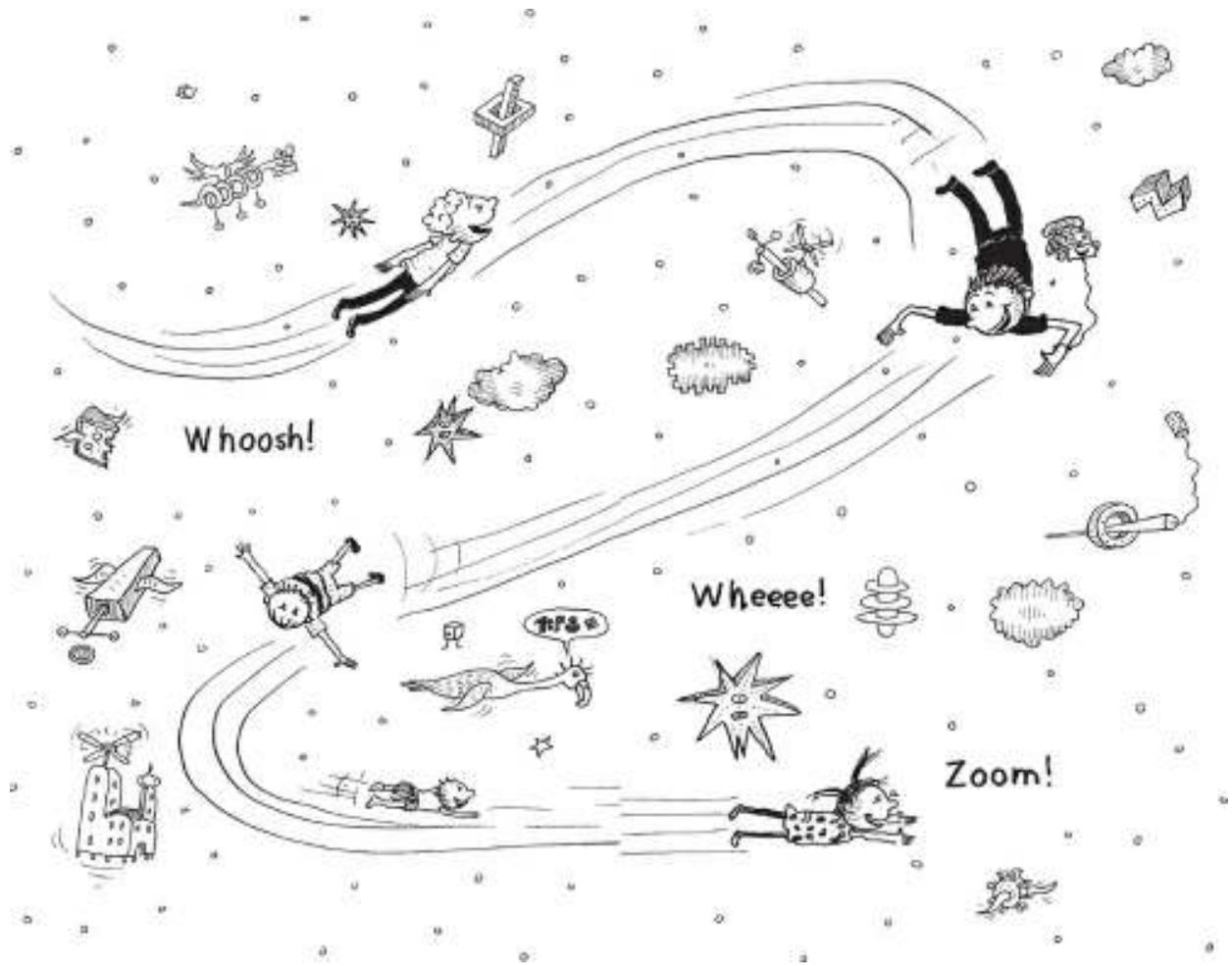


Terry and I start flapping our arms ...



and soon we stop falling ... and start flying too!



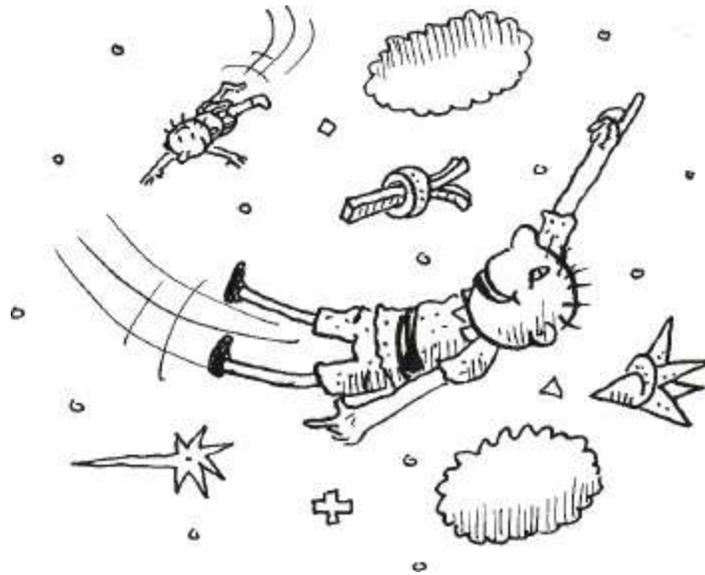


Whoosh!

Wheeee!

Zoom!

‘I can see a whatchamacallit!’ says Albert.



‘And there’s a thingummybob!’ says Terry.



‘I can see a whirly thing!’ I say. ‘It’s going round and round and round and it’s heading straight for us!’



‘Oh, goody,’ says Alice. ‘Whirly things are fun.’

‘I wouldn’t be so sure of that,’ I say. ‘Not all whirly things are fun. This looks like one of those dangerous sort of whirly things that knocks down trees, picks up houses, sucks people up and is called ... um ... I can’t remember what they’re called, but I think it starts with “t”.’

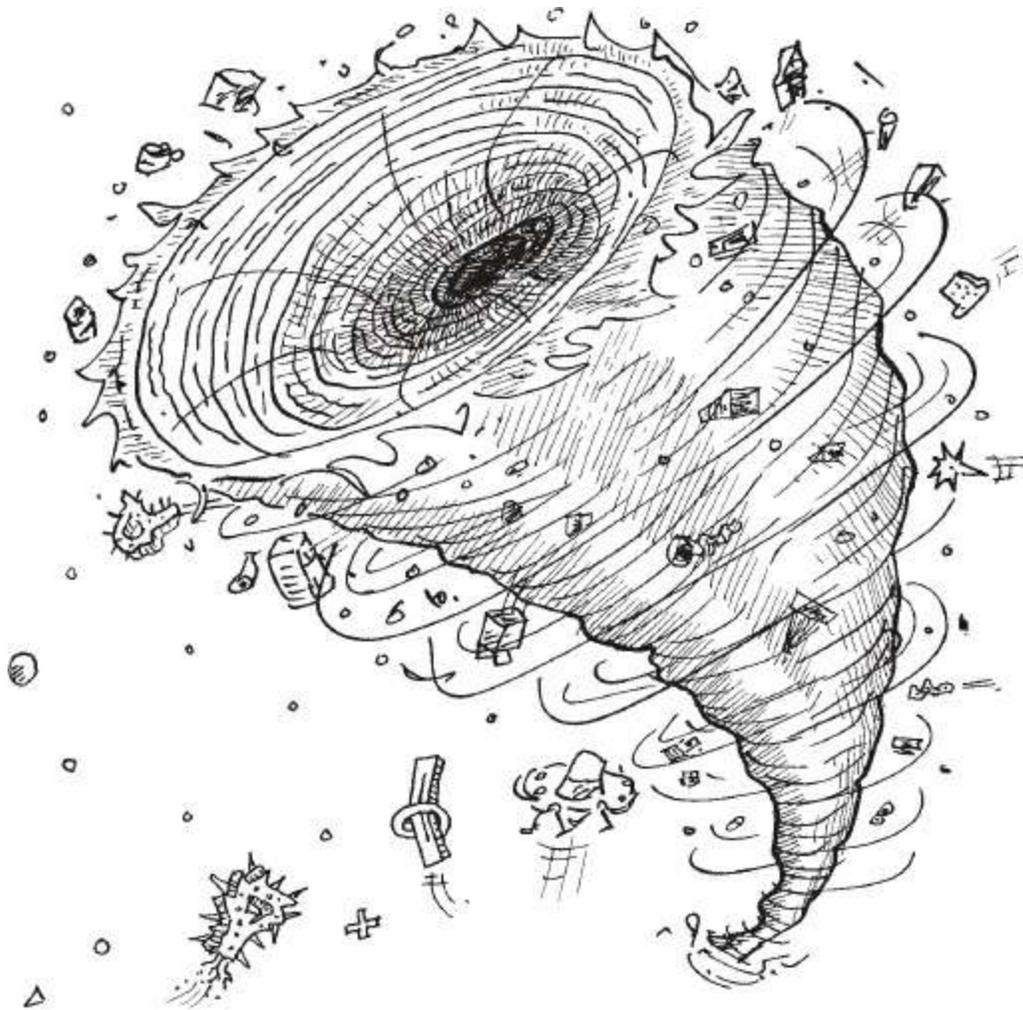


‘Tomato?’ says Terry.

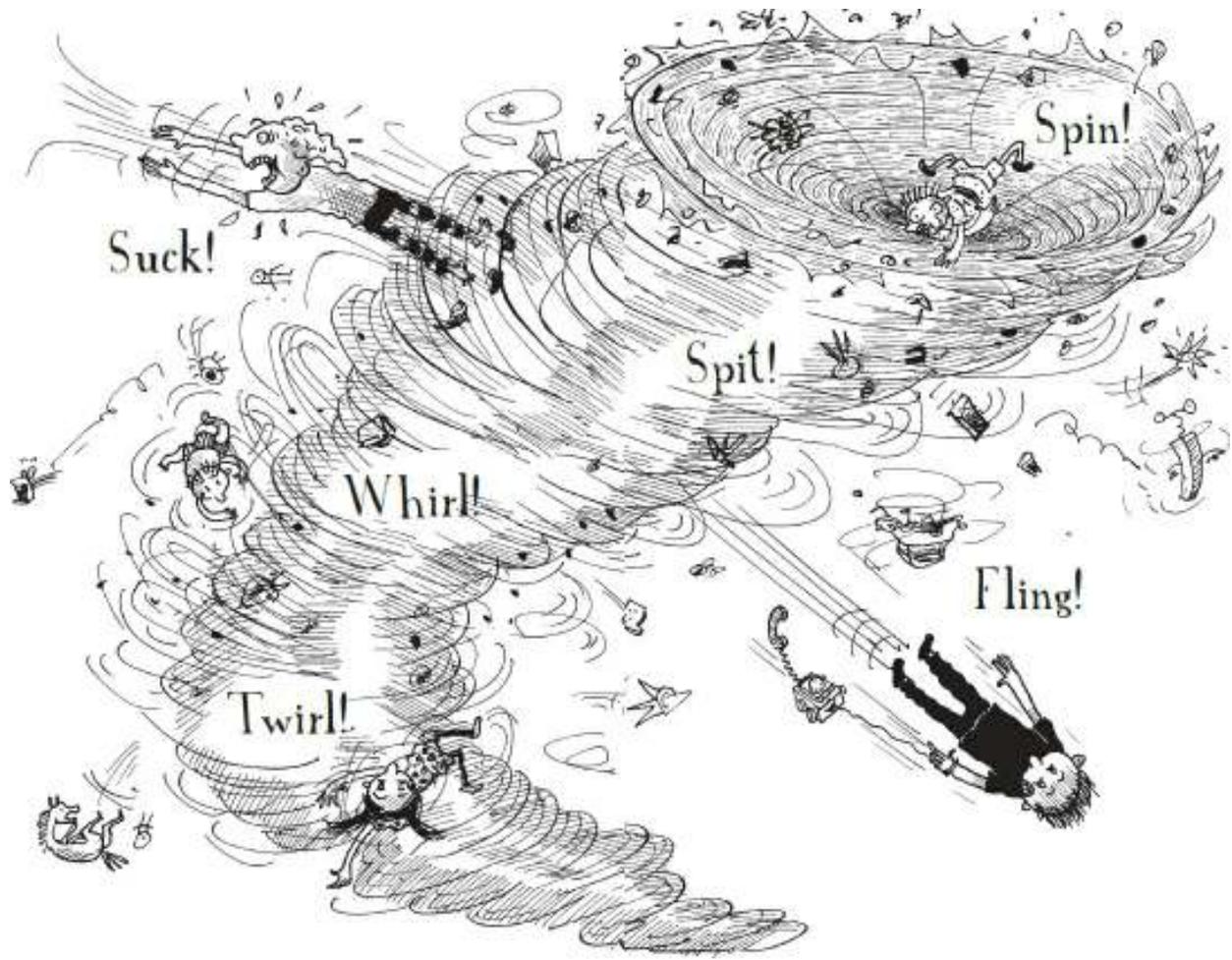
‘Yes!’ I say. ‘A tomato! And it’s headed this way!’

‘It’s not a tomato,’ says Albert. ‘It’s a tornado!’

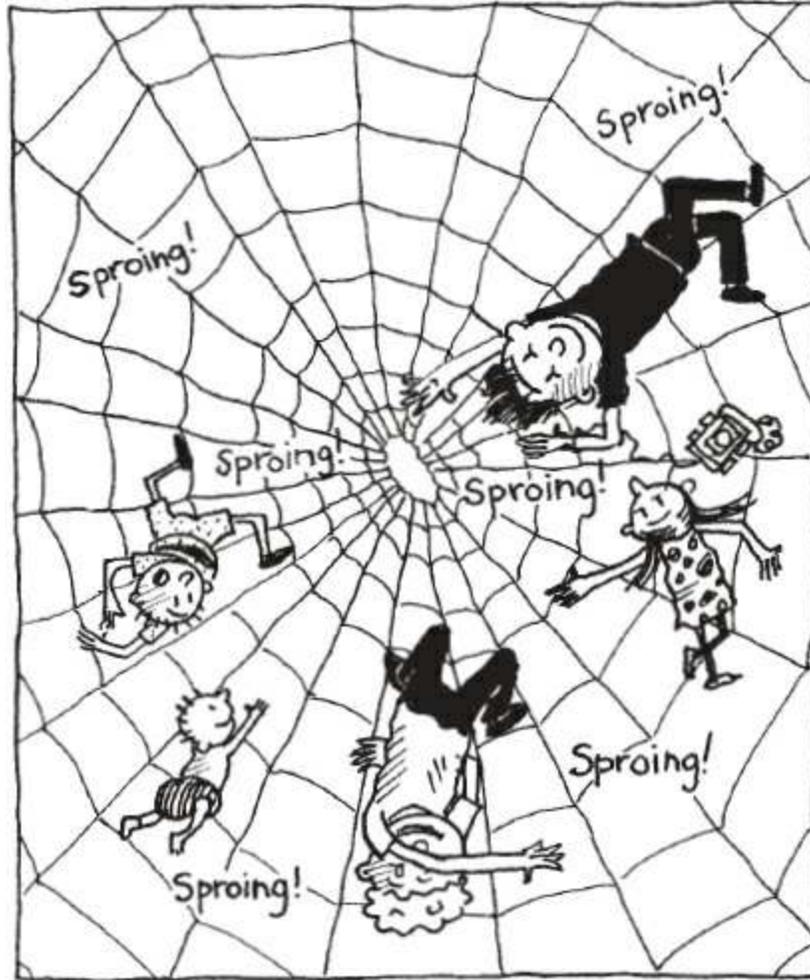
‘Phew!’ says Terry. ‘For a moment there I thought we were in trouble.’



‘We are in trouble,’ I say. ‘Serious trouble—this is going to get rough!’



The tomato sucks us all up and we are whirled and twirled and spun and then spat out. We fly through the air and land in a soft, springy net.



It's a bit sticky, which makes it hard to move, but it's much more relaxing than being whirled around in a tomato.

There's a big black thing in the net with us. It's got a lot of legs and is quite hairy. I'm pretty sure I know what this is called. It starts with 's'. It's a ... sss ... a sss ...



‘Spy cow!’ says Terry.

‘Where?!’ I say.

‘Over there!’ says Terry, pointing to the big black thing.

‘That’s not a spy cow,’ says Alice. ‘That’s a spider!’



‘That’s it! Spider!’ I say. ‘We’re stuck in a giant spider web!’

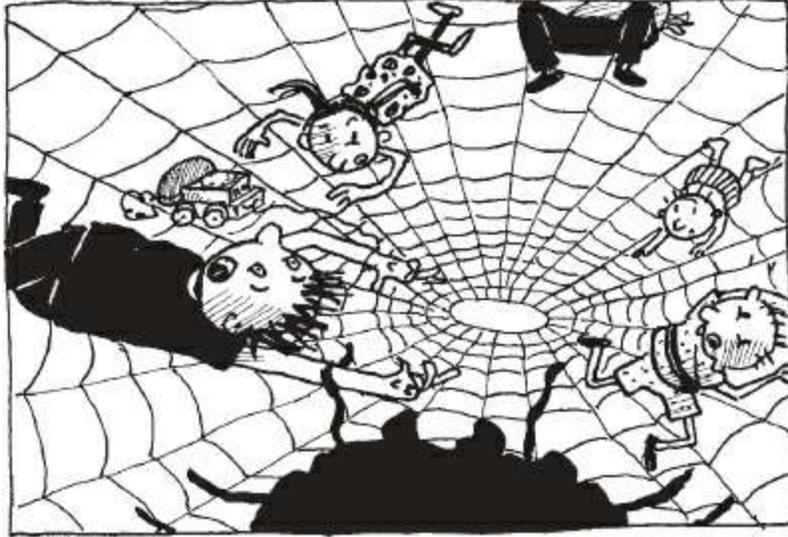
‘What are we going to do?’ says Terry.

‘Call Jill,’ says Albert. ‘That’s what you always do when you have problems—especially animal ones.’

‘Who’s Jill?’ I say.

‘She’s your friend,’ says Alice. ‘She lives next door.’

‘She does?’ I say. ‘Never heard of her.’



‘I can’t believe you don’t remember Jill,’ says Albert. ‘What about you, Terry? You remember her, don’t you?’

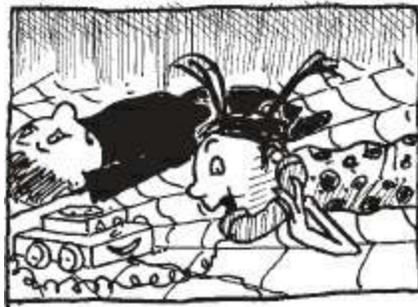
‘Terry?’ says Terry. ‘Who’s Terry?’

‘You are!’ says Alice. ‘You’re Terry. Andy’s friend.’

‘Who’s Andy?’ I say.

‘Uh-oh,’ says Alice. ‘I think I’d better call Jill.’

Alice picks up the phone and dials.



‘Hello, Jill?’ she says. ‘It’s Alice.’



‘Hello, Alice!’ says Jill. ‘How are you?’



‘Good, thanks!’ says Alice. ‘Well ... except that we’re all stuck in a giant spider web.’

‘What?! Spider web?! What are you doing in a spider web?’

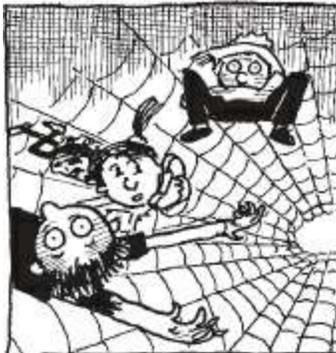


‘Well, we were playing on the garbage dump and then we went into an old wardrobe and we found a strange land where we could fly and then we were

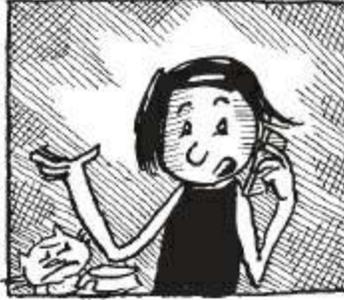
flying around and we got sucked up into a giant tornado and then we ended up here.'



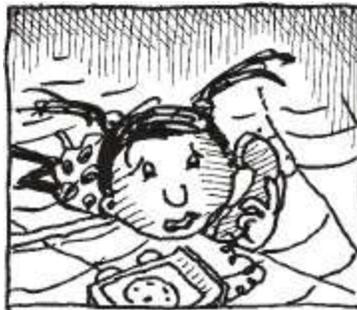
'Are Andy and Terry with you?'



'Yes. But there's something wrong with them. They've forgotten who they are. They've even forgotten who you are!'



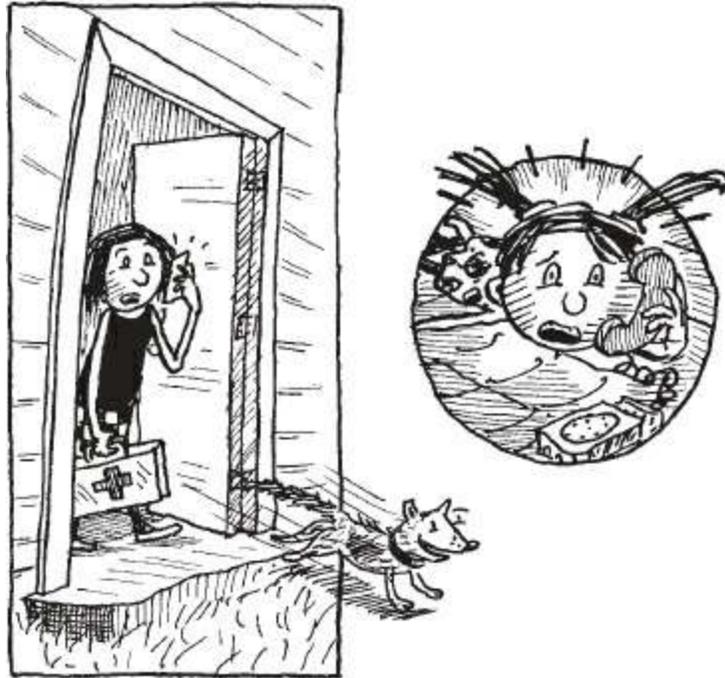
‘Oh dear. What is wrong with those two? They’ve become so forgetful lately!’



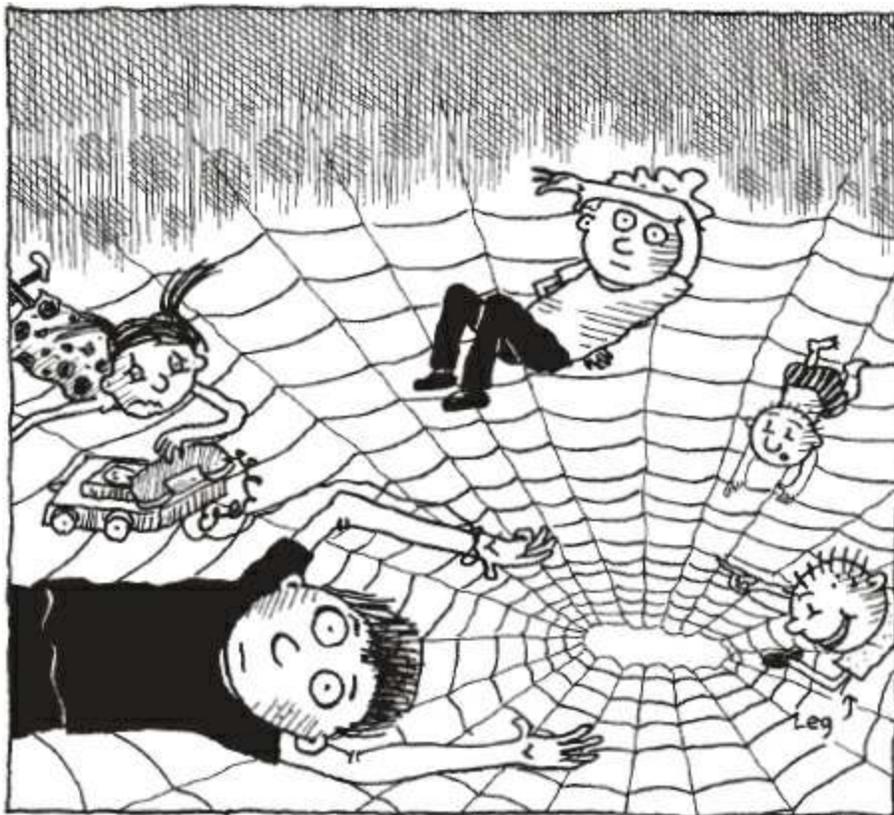
‘I know! They can’t even remember what things are called. Andy called the tornado a tomato and Terry thought the spider was a spy cow!’

‘Don’t worry, Alice. I’m on my way. Can you and Albert look after Andy and Terry and the baby till I get there?’

‘Yes, but please hurry. I don’t like spiders.’



‘Cool!’ says Albert. ‘Now we’re the babysitters! And they’re the babies.’



CHAPTER 9

Smarter and Smarterer



Hi, readers, it's Jill here. As you know, something's gone wrong with Andy and Terry so I'm going to narrate for a little while until we can fix them ... Oh, look at that amazing butterfly—it's a brush-footed, gossamer-winged loop-the-looper, if I'm not mistaken. Yep, look at those loops! It's the loopi-est insect in the whole animal kingdom—capable of up to one million loops per day!



The only other insect to come close to that is the somersaulting silverfish of Soweto—



which reminds me of a funny story—

‘Jill,’ says Alice. ‘You’re supposed to be narrating the book, not talking about animals.’

‘Oh, sorry,’ I say. ‘I got completely distracted by the loop-the-looper.’



Now where was I? Oh, that's right. At the end of the last chapter, I rescued Andy, Terry, Alice, Albert and the baby from the giant spider web in the treehouse.

Silky and her flying cat friends helped to bring everybody back to my house, which is where we are now.

'What's wrong with Andy and Terry?' says Albert.

'Well,' I say, 'let's see, shall we?'

I shine a torch into Andy's right ear.



The beam of light passes through his head and comes out his left ear and then travels into Terry's right ear, through his head, and out the other side.

'Ah, I see the problem,' I say. 'Their heads are completely empty. It's as if their brains have been drained of all knowledge.'



‘Oh no!’ says Alice. ‘What are you going to do?’

‘Fill them up again, of course!’ I say. ‘Luckily I have an early learning centre for animals. I opened it just last week.’



‘But Andy and Terry aren’t animals!’ says Alice.

‘Yes they are,’ I say. ‘They’re human animals ... we all are! And right now I need you both to be human animal teachers. You’re going to help me re-educate Andy and Terry. Let’s take them to the early learning centre.’





I go to my shelf of learn to read books. I have one for each animal, including Andy and Terry.



‘Who would like to read this one to them?’ I say.

‘I will,’ says Albert.

He opens the book and starts reading.

A is for Andy.
He writes the words.



B is for Barky.
He barks at birds.



C is for clones.
They helped
build the ramp.



D is for drawing.
Terry's the champ!



E is for egg.
A giant unhatched one.



F is for friends.
They play and they have fun.



G is for gorilla.
The biggest in the land.



H is for Hee-Haw.
He bit Terry's hand.



I is for ice-cream.
There are flavours galore.



J is for Jill.
She lives next door.



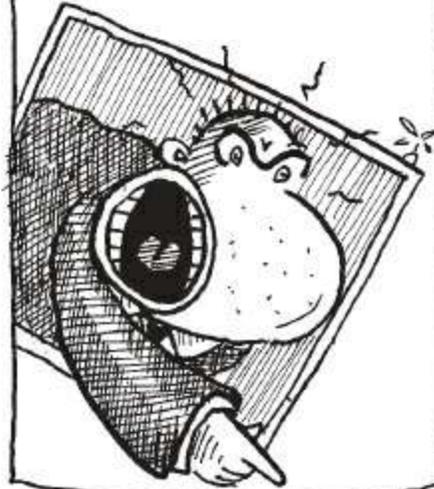
K is for Kevin.
The mechanical bull.



L is for lemonade.
You can drink till
you're full.



M is for Mr Big Nose.
He likes to shout.



N is for Ninja Snails.
They once helped
you out.



O is for owls.
'Wise' things they
proclaim.



P is for postman.
Bill is his name.



Q is for quicksand.
It will suck you
down soon.



R is for rocket.
You flew one to
the moon.



S is for swimming,
in a see-through
swimming pool.



T is for Terry.
His inventions
are cool.



U is for underpants.
Terry's can inflate.

Noooo!



V is for vegetables,
which you really,
really hate.

Brussel
sprout

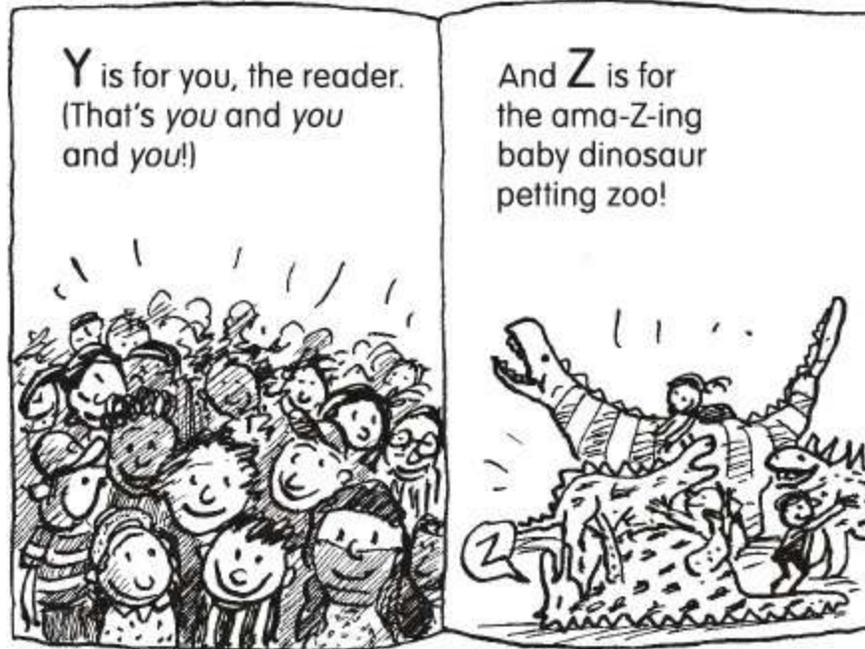


W is for watermelons.
Smash! Smash! Smash!



X is for X-rays.
Flash! Flash! Flash!





‘Well done, Albert,’ I say. ‘Now it’s time for Andy and Terry to learn their numbers. Alice, would you like to read them this treehouse counting book?’

‘Yes, please, Jill,’ she says. ‘I love numbers.’



© Jill's Animal
Early Learning
Centre



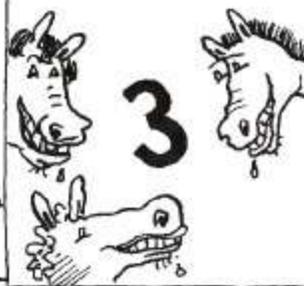
One cow

2



Two guinea pigs

3



Three horses

4



Four goldfish

5



Five spiders



Six letters



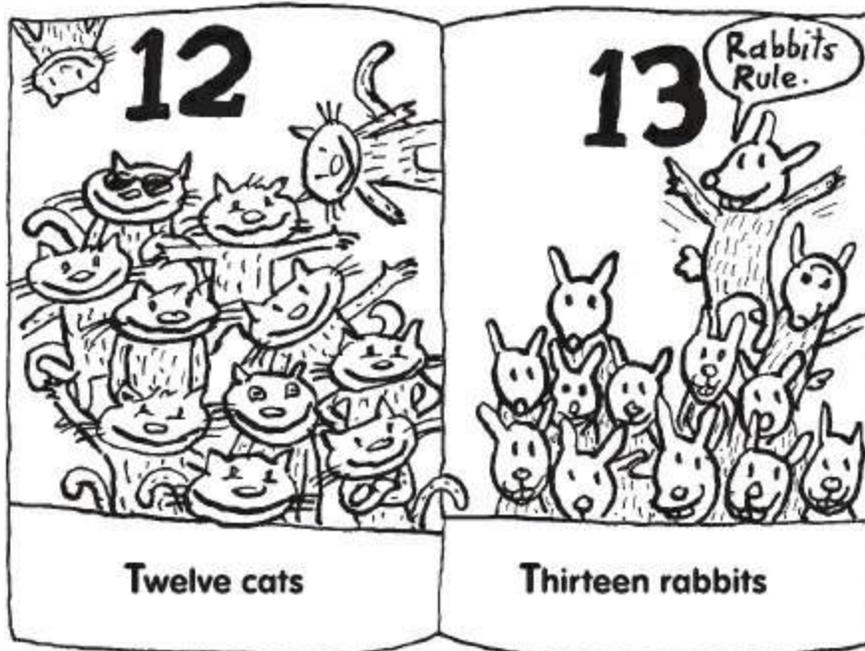
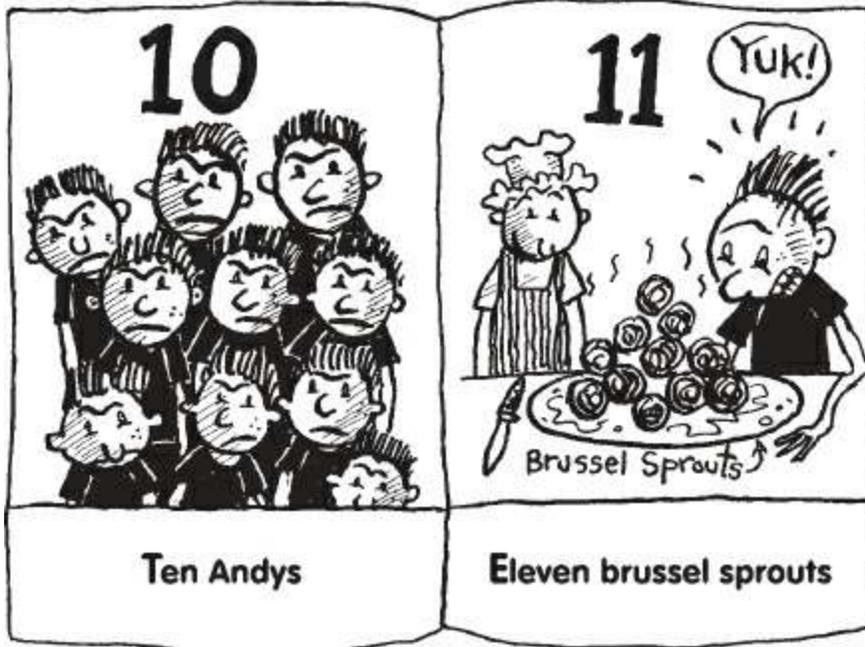
Seven penguins



Eight snakes



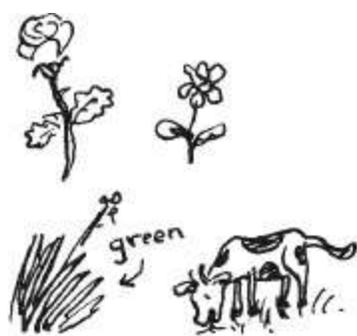
Nine Ninja snails



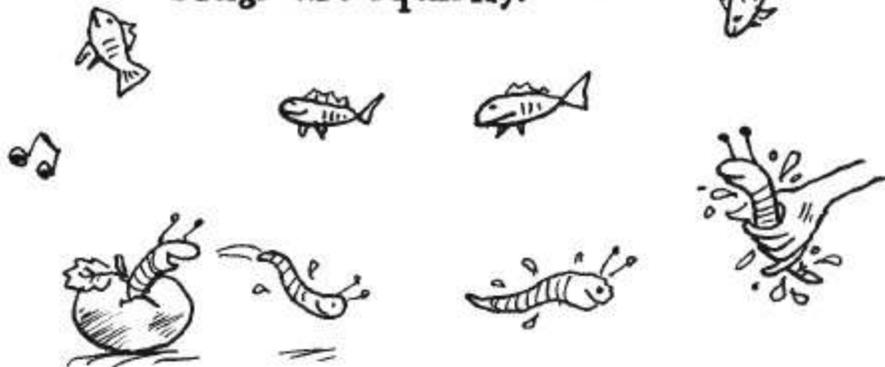
‘Good work!’ I say. ‘Now they’ve got the basics, it’s time to put the rest of their knowledge back in. Time to sing my Everything there is to know about everything song!’



Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
Grass is green.
Cows go moo.



Birds are chirpy.
Burps are burpy.
Fish are fishy.
Slugs are squishy.



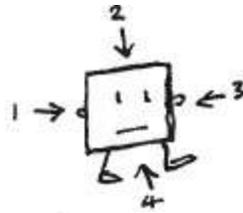


Water is wet
And so is sweat.
You fly in a jet.
You catch fish in a net.



Fire is hot.
Ice is not.
Penguins waddle
And horses trot.





I want one more side!



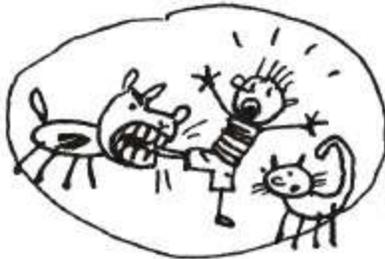
me, too.

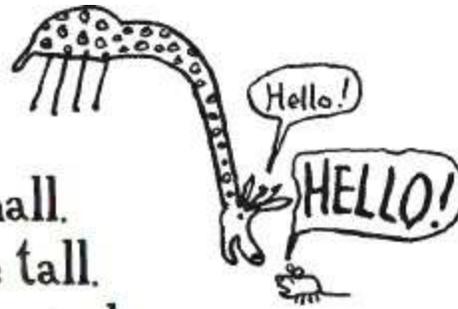


A square has four sides,
A triangle three.
A circle has one:
It's as round as can be.

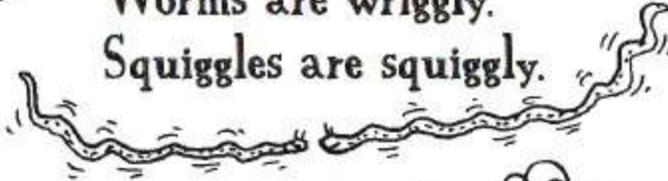


Sticks are thin.
Logs are thick.
Dogs can bite
And run quite quick.

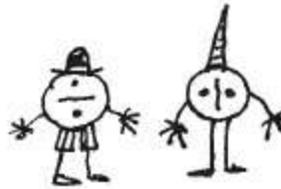


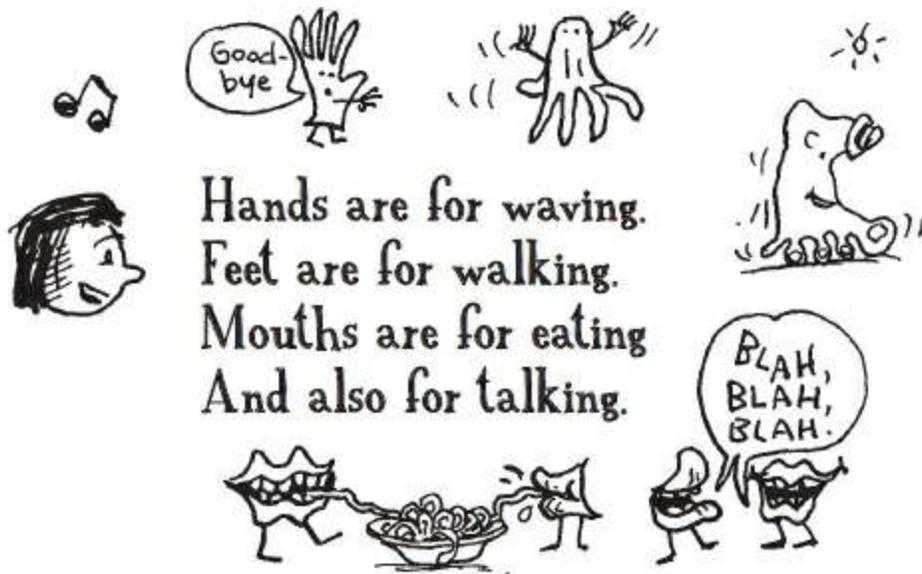


Mice are small.
 Giraffes are tall.
 Worms are wriggly.
 Squiggles are squiggly.

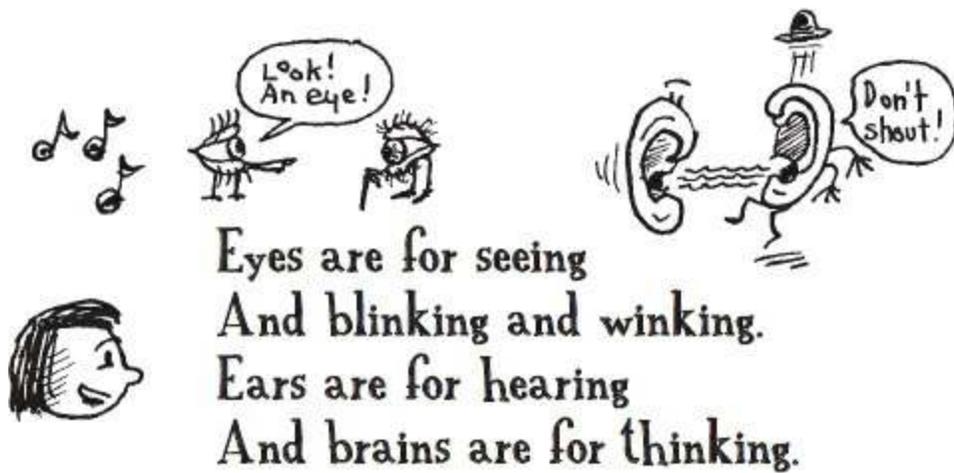


Bikes are for riding.
 Slides are for sliding.
 Caves are for hiding.
 Stick & dots (+) for dividing.

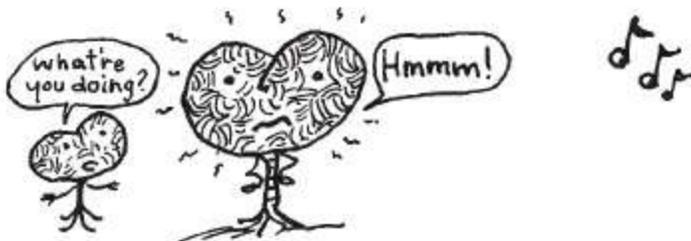




Hands are for waving.
Feet are for walking.
Mouths are for eating
And also for talking.

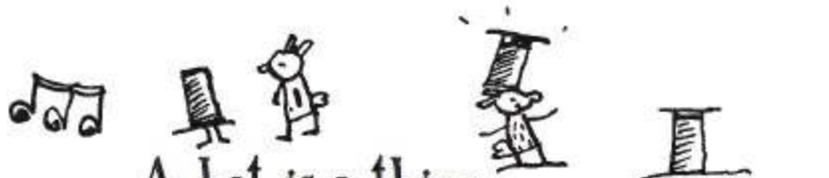


Eyes are for seeing
And blinking and winking.
Ears are for hearing
And brains are for thinking.



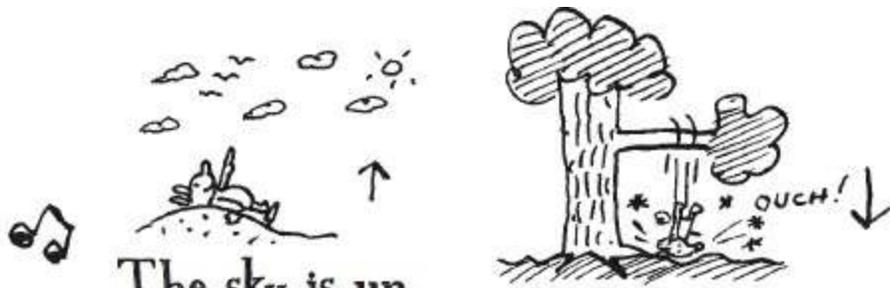


You can live in a cottage
A hutch or a nest.
An igloo is cool
But a treehouse is best.



A hat is a thing
You wear on your head.
A rat is a thing
You don't want in your bed.





The sky is up.
The ground is down.
Clouds are white.
Dirt is brown.



Tops are for spinning
And knobs are for turning.
Songs are for singing
And sometimes for learning!



♪ Some songs are short
But this one is long ♪
Because it's the Everything-
there-is-to-know-about-
everything song! ♪

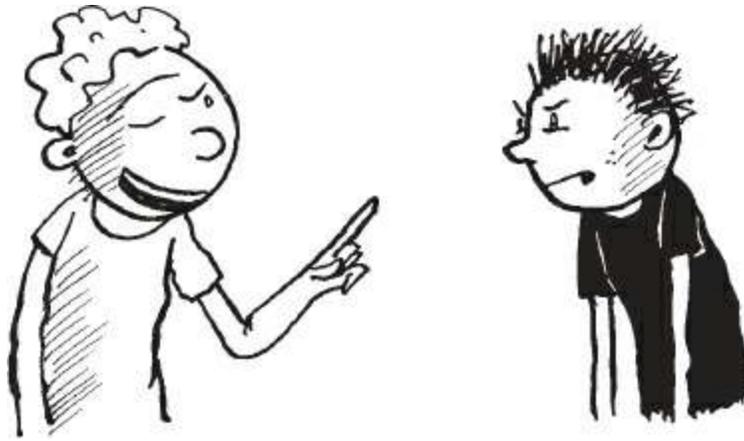


‘Wasn’t that fun?’ I say.

‘Yes,’ says Terry. ‘And very educational! I feel much smarter now.’

‘Me too,’ says Andy. ‘I bet I’m much more smarterer than you!’

‘No way,’ says Terry. ‘I’m a million billion times smarterer than you!’



‘Are not!’ says Andy. ‘I’m a million billion frillion times smarterer than you!’

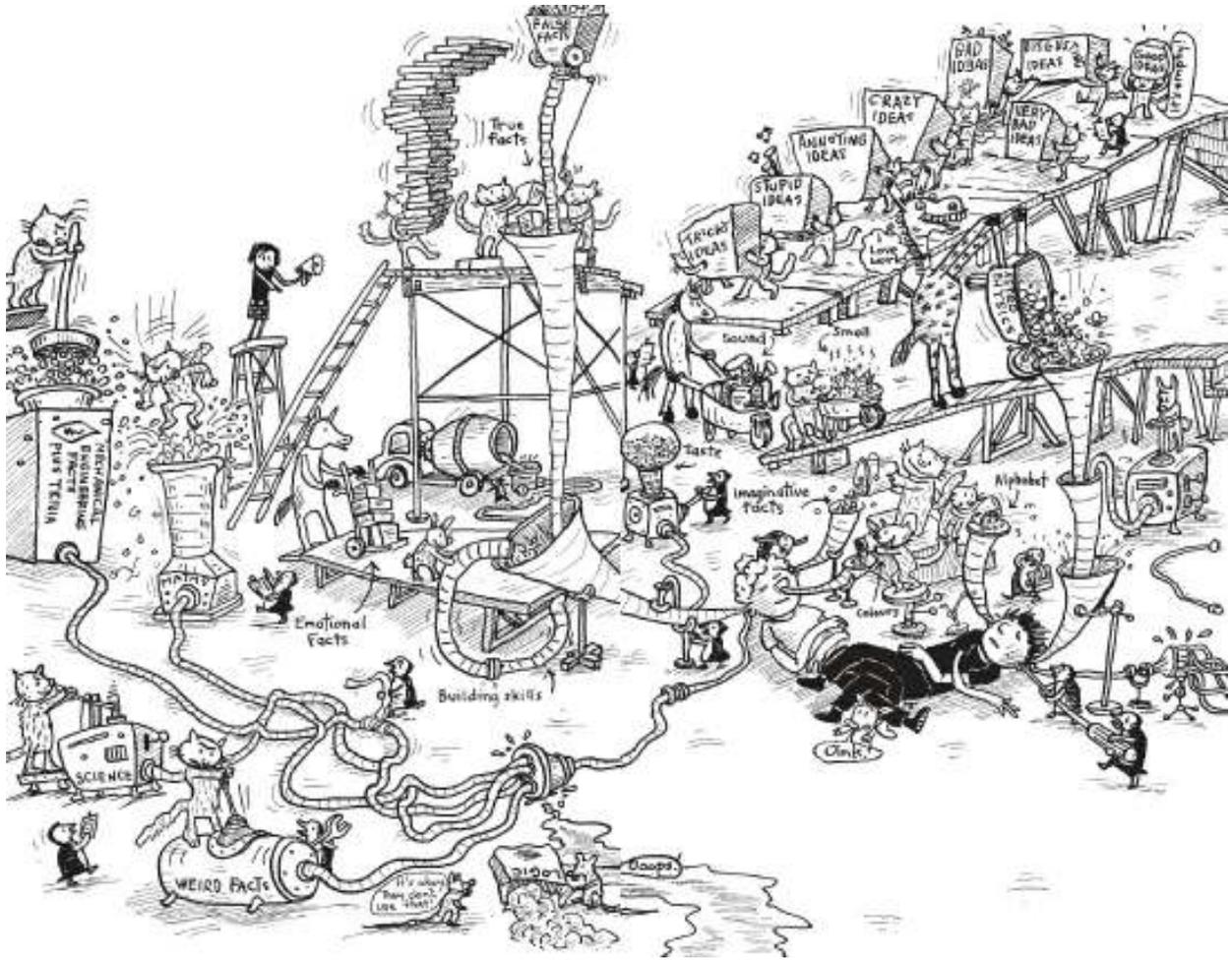




‘They must be tired after all that learning,’ I say. ‘Not to mention all that boasting.’

‘So are they back to normal now?’ says Alice.

‘Almost,’ I say. ‘But they’re nowhere near as smart as they think they are. We’ll have to put some more knowledge into their ears while they’re asleep.’



‘Okay, I think we’re done,’ I say. ‘Let’s do the torch test again.’

This time when I shine a light into Andy’s ear it doesn’t pass through.



‘Their brains are full to the brim!’ I say.

‘Yay!’ say Alice and Albert.

‘I think we should all have a little rest now,’ I say. ‘Andy will be able to take over the narration again when he wakes up.’

It’s been really fun being your emergency narrator—thanks for being such great readers and listeners!

CHAPTER 10

WARNING!



Greetings, dear reader! My name is Andrew. I am your humble narrator and —along with Terence Denton—the co-creator of the Treehouse Chronicles, which is a full and honest account of our lives in a unique elevated dwelling.

If you show a kinship to the majority of our readership—that is to say, if you are possessed of a lively spirit and an inquiring mind—you may, perchance, have found yourself pondering the reasons for my—and Terence’s—frequent lapses of memory during the course of the preceding pages.



‘Hey, Andy!’ says Terence.

‘Not now, Terence,’ I say. ‘I am currently engaged in a matter of the utmost narratorial urgency and must not be interrupted under any circumstances.’



‘But—’ says Terence.

‘I am terribly sorry,’ I say, ‘but I really must insist that you refrain from these irrelevant interjections that threaten the great and important enterprise I am currently embarked upon.’

‘But—’ splutters Terence.

‘What is the matter with you today, Terence?’ I say. ‘Do you not have sufficient intellectual faculties to comprehend plain English?’



‘Plain English I can understand,’ says Terence. ‘But I can’t understand a single other word you just said and I don’t think our readers can either.’



‘Poppycock and fiddlesticks!’ I say. ‘I will have you know my multi-syllabic narrative powers are without comparison in the realms of literary endeavour and my works are admired across the entire universe by civilisations both known and yet to be discovered. There are more things in heaven and earth, Terence, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’



‘I don’t know what you’re talking about,’ says Terence. ‘But it sounds like you swallowed a dictionary for breakfast. And for your information, my name is Terry, not Terence!’



‘Actually, I think you will find that in actual fact Terry is an abbreviation of both Terrance and Terrell. It is also an Anglicised phonetic form of the French given name Thierry, a Norman French form of Theodoric from an older Germanic name meaning “small-brained one”.’

‘What’s wrong with Andy?’ says Alice.

‘I don’t know,’ says Albert. ‘I can’t understand him any more.’

‘Neither can I,’ says Jill. ‘I think we’ve made him too smart for his own good!’



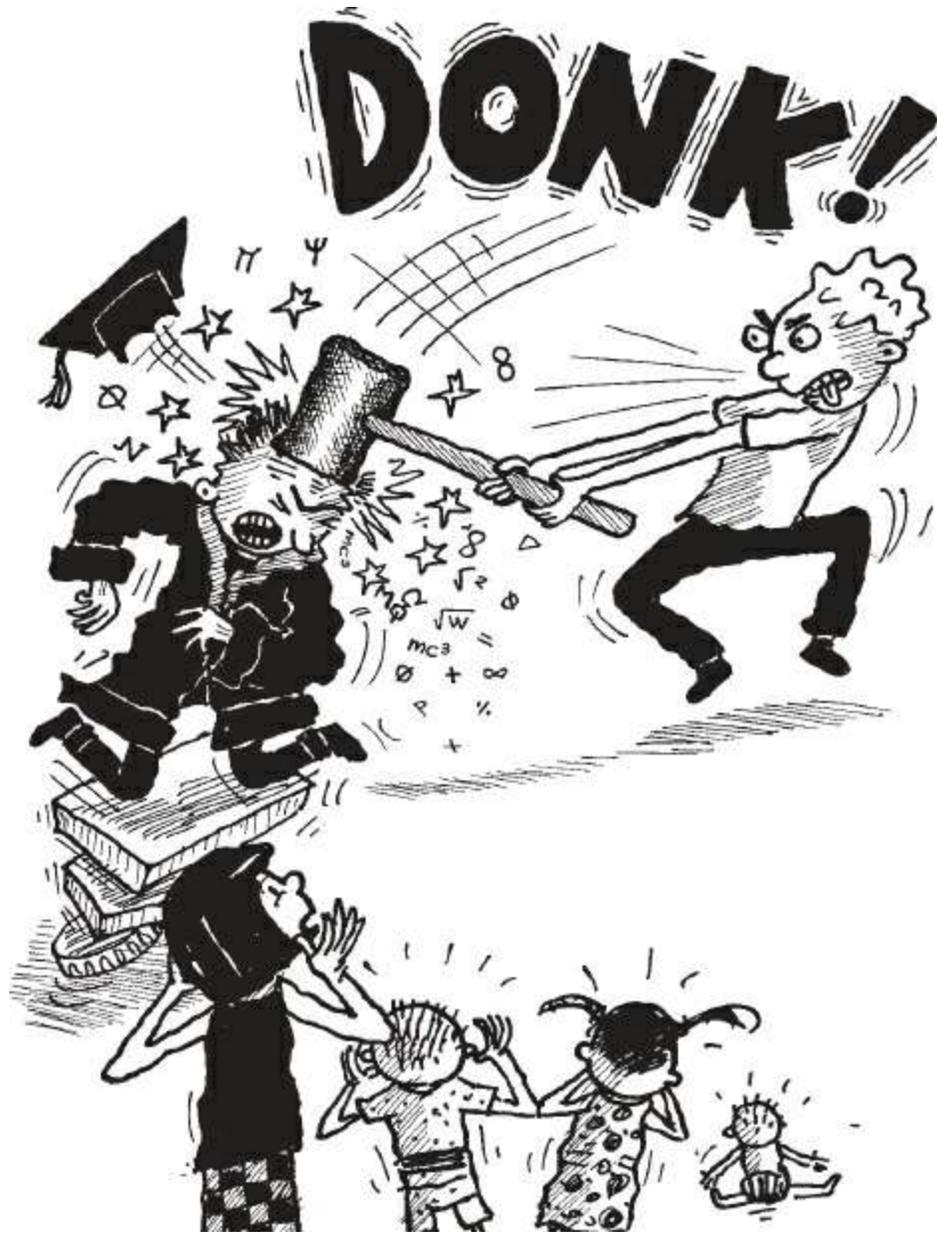
‘Don’t worry,’ says Terence. ‘I know exactly what he needs. I’ll be right back.’

And with that, Terence departs with great alacrity.



Barely a moment elapses before Terence reappears, bearing aloft an enormous mallet.

‘Hold still, Andy,’ he says. ‘This won’t hurt a bit. Well, when I say it won’t hurt a bit I mean, obviously, it will hurt a lot, so here goes ...’



‘Is he all right?’ says Alice.

‘I’ll check,’ says Terence. He shakes my shoulder. ‘Say something, Andy!’

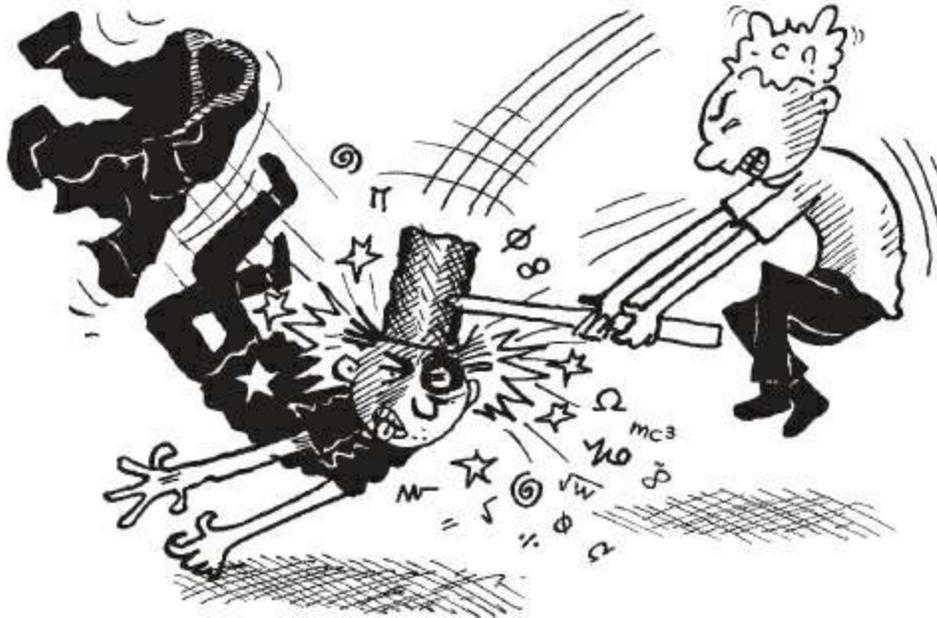


‘Um ... er ... ah ... the sum of the square roots of any two sides of an isosceles triangle is equal to the square root of the remaining side.’



‘Sounds like he might need another donk,’ says Terence.

DONK!



I open my eyes.

Terry studies me closely. 'What's two plus two?' he says.

'Um ... five?' I say.

'Yay!' says Terry. 'You're back to normal!'

'Thanks, Terry,' I say. 'I needed that. Being a super genius brainiac is exhausting.'

'Don't thank me,' he says. 'Thank Jill and the kids for filling our brains back up. Something must have happened to them in Banarnia.'



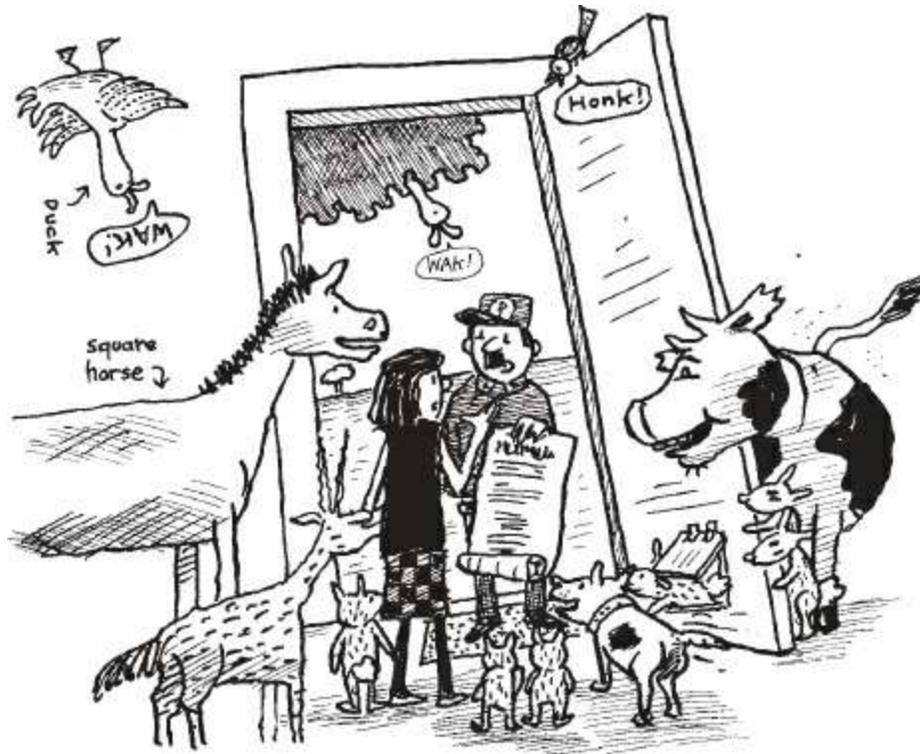
‘I don’t think it was Banarnia that caused the problem,’ says Jill. ‘Alice, Albert and the baby went there too and they didn’t forget everything they knew. And don’t forget that both of you were forgetting other stuff before you went to Banarnia.’

‘Oh, yeah,’ I say. ‘I forgot. But if it wasn’t Banarnia that caused our brain meltdowns then what was it?’

Before we can figure it out, however, Jill’s rooster doorbell rings.



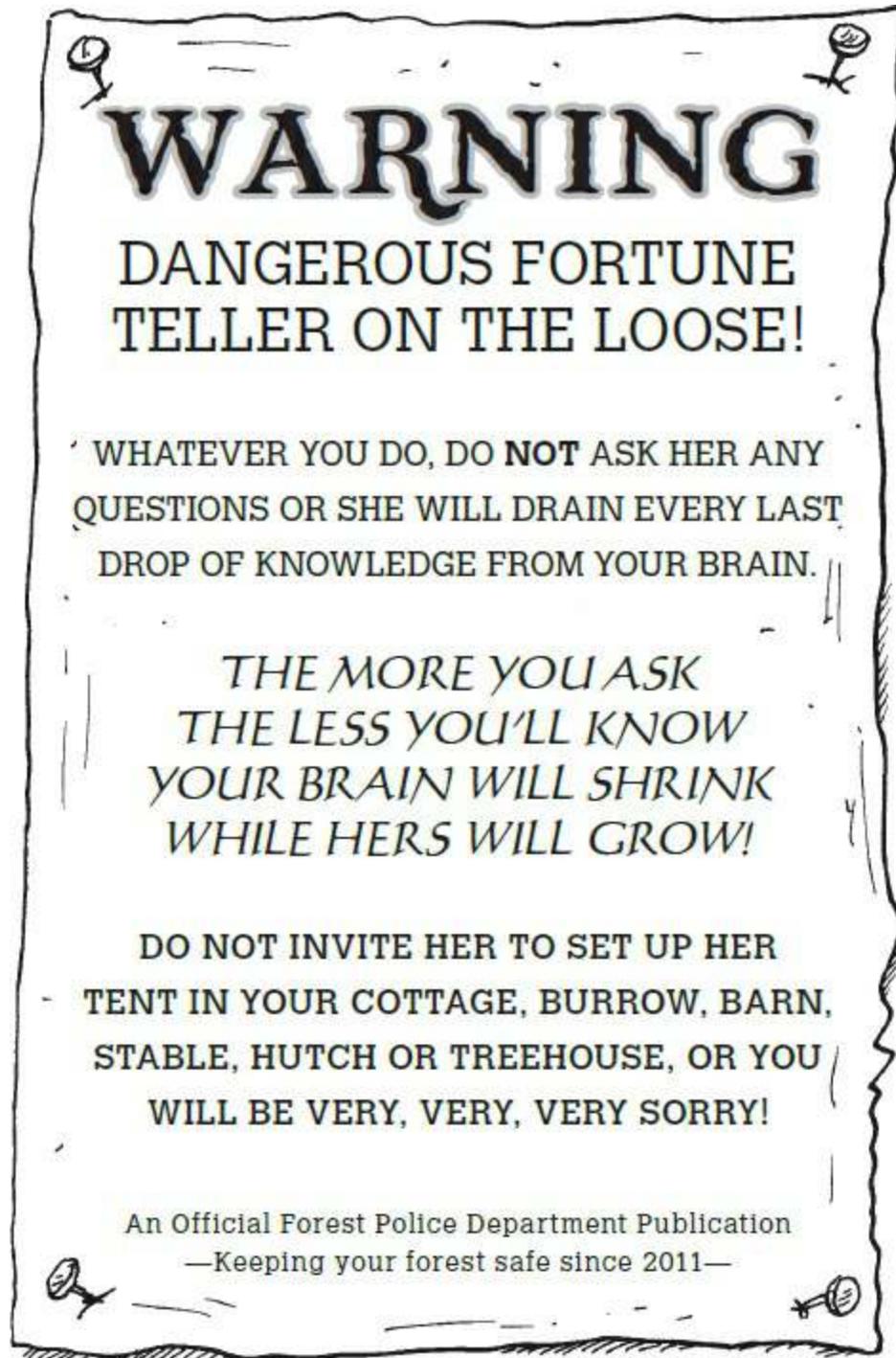
Jill's animals react immediately. Laika and Loompy bark. Pat moos. Bill and Phil bounce around like superballs. Larry, Curly and Mo look up from their card game and the excited rabbits hop around like a bunch of excited rabbits.



‘Good morning,’ says Bill. ‘I’m here on official poster posting business. The Forest Police Department wanted these WARNING posters put up. A dangerous fortune teller has escaped from a maximum-security travelling carnival. Apparently, she’s a brain-drainer.’

We walk out into the forest. Bill really has been busy. He has put a poster on every single tree!





‘Yikes!’ says Terry. ‘She sounds dangerous.’

‘She is!’ says Bill. ‘Have any of you seen her?’

‘No,’ I say. ‘But thanks for the warning, Bill. We’ll certainly keep our eyes open.’



‘All right,’ says Bill, ‘but if you do see her, whatever you do, don’t ask her any questions or she’ll drain your brains. See you all later!’

We wave goodbye to Bill and watch as Jill’s animals race alongside his scooter till he’s out of view.



‘Maybe we should have told Bill about Madam Know-it-all,’ I say. ‘She might be able to help the authorities track down that evil fortune teller. After all, she does know everything.’

‘Wait a minute,’ says Terry.



‘WAIT a minute ... Hang on ...



Just another minute ...



I'VE GOT IT! Prepare yourself for some shocking news ... The dangerous brain-draining fortune teller who is on the loose is none other than ...





‘Of course!’ I say. ‘That’s why we’ve been forgetting everything. Madam Know-it-all drained our brains!’

‘Oh, no!’ says Terry. ‘And now that our brains have been refilled she’ll drain them again!’



‘Calm down, you two,’ says Jill. ‘Remember what the poster said. She can only drain your brain if you ask her questions. So don’t ask her any questions and you’ll be fine.’

‘But how are we going to get her out of the treehouse?’ I say.

‘We could ask her to leave,’ says Terry.

‘But that’s a question,’ I say.

‘Oh yeah,’ says Terry. ‘Good point, Andy.’



‘I think you should just tell her to leave,’ says Jill. ‘Just say you’re really sorry but you made a mistake and you need the level for something else. My animals and I will all come with you. Just remember, whatever you do, don’t ask her any questions!’

CHAPTER 11

The Turbanator!



We all pile into Jill's flying cat sleigh and fly straight to the treehouse.

We land on Madam Know-it-all's level.

'You go in first,' I say to Terry, pushing him forward.



‘No, I’m scared,’ he says, slipping behind me and pushing me towards the tent flap. ‘You go in first.’



‘I’ve got a better idea,’ I say. ‘Let’s make the animals go in first!’
‘Good thinking,’ says Terry. ‘Give me a hand with Manny, Andy!’



We're pushing Manny into the tent but Jill stops us. 'Andy and Terry!' she says. 'Stop pushing my goat!'



'But Terry pushed me,' I say.

'Andy pushed me first,' says Terry.

'Two wrongs don't make a right—and they certainly don't make a good reason to push goats!' says Jill. 'How about we all go in together?'



‘I’ve got a better idea,’ says Madam Know-it-all, emerging from her tent.
‘How about I come out since there are so many of you?’



‘Madam Know-it-all!’ gasps Terry in surprise.

‘Yes, it is I, Madam Know-it-all. I know all and see all,’ she says. ‘I believe you have something you wish to ask me?’



‘Well, as a matter of fact we do,’ says Terry. ‘Would you—’
I clamp my hand across Terry’s mouth.



‘We didn’t come to ask you anything,’ I say. ‘We came to tell you something. We came to tell you to leave.’

‘Immediately,’ says Jill.

Alice and Albert nod their heads.

‘Goo-goo ga-ga,’ says the baby.



‘Why don’t you ask me to leave?’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘That would be more polite.’



‘No,’ I say. ‘We’re not asking you any more questions ever!’



‘Oh,’ says Madam Know-it-all with a sly smile. ‘I see. So you’re telling me there’s nothing more you want to know.’

‘That’s correct,’ I say. ‘Nothing.’

‘Not even whether you’re going to get this book written on time?’



‘I know we’ll get our book written on time,’ I say. ‘We always do— somehow.’

‘Very well, then,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘What about you, Terry? Wouldn’t you like to know what your eyebrows taste like? I know you’ve often wondered! All you have to do is to ask me.’

‘Yes, I have wondered,’ says Terry. ‘Quite often, actually. But I’m not going to ask you.’ He shakes his head and then clamps his hands over his mouth just to make sure.



‘Suit yourself,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘What about you, Jill? Wouldn’t you like to know what my snakes’ names are?’

‘No,’ says Jill, ‘because I’ve made up my own names for them—Slidey, Slithery and Roger.’

‘Those are their names!’ says Madam Know-it-all, looking surprised. ‘But wouldn’t you like to know their sssurnames?’

‘Snakes don’t have surnames,’ says Jill. ‘That’s just silly!’

Madam Know-it-all shrugs and turns her attention to the kids.



‘What about you, Alice? Wouldn’t you like to know what you’re going to be when you grow up?’

‘I already know,’ says Alice. ‘I’m going to be like Jill and live in a house full of animals.’

‘And I’m going to be just like Terry and live in a treehouse and draw cool pictures!’ says Albert.

‘Hey!’ I say. ‘How come nobody wants to be like me when they grow up?’



‘Is that a question?’ says Madam Know-it-all.

‘Not for you, it’s not,’ I say.

‘All right,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘If none of you are going to ask me any questions, then you leave me no choice but to unleash ... The Turbanator!’

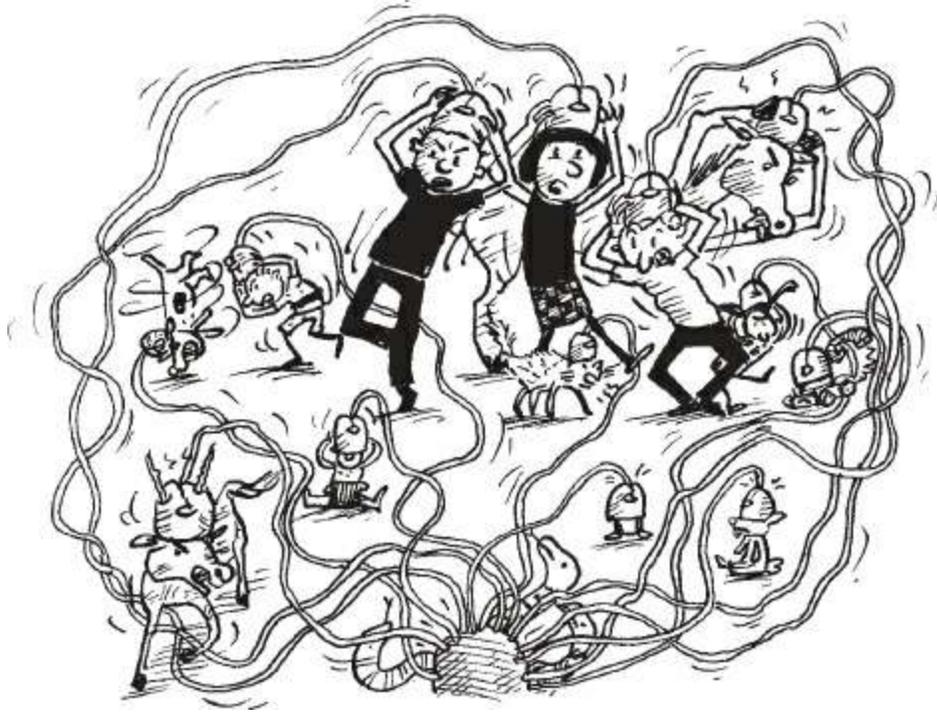
She pushes the jewel on the front of her turban and dozens of tubes—each with a little turban on the end—spring out of the top.

‘Run!’ I say.



We run, but it's no use. The mini-turbans rain down from above and wrap themselves around our heads. We're all wrapped and trapped—even the kids and all of Jill's animals.

We try to pull the turbans off, but they won't budge.



‘There’s no use struggling,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘The Turbanator is a multi-brain-draining machine. Once activated it will drain your brains into mine. The turbans will not release until your heads are completely empty.’

‘Please don’t drain our brains again,’ says Terry.

‘Oh, but thanks to Jill, they’re filled to the brim with even more facts and information than before,’ says Madam Know-it-all. ‘I simply can’t resist!’



‘But why?’ pleads Jill. ‘You already know everything—or so you claim.’

What more could you possibly want to know? What more could there even be to know?’



‘Ah,’ sighs Madam Know-it-all. ‘How little you know about how much there is to know! You see, the more you know, the more you know how much there is that you don’t know. And I’m not going to rest until I know every last thing there is to know in the entire world.’

‘Huh?’ says Jill.

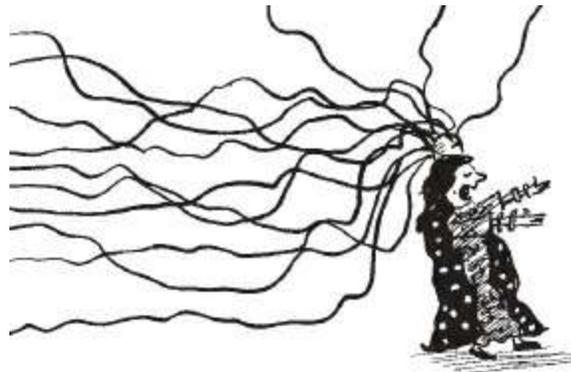
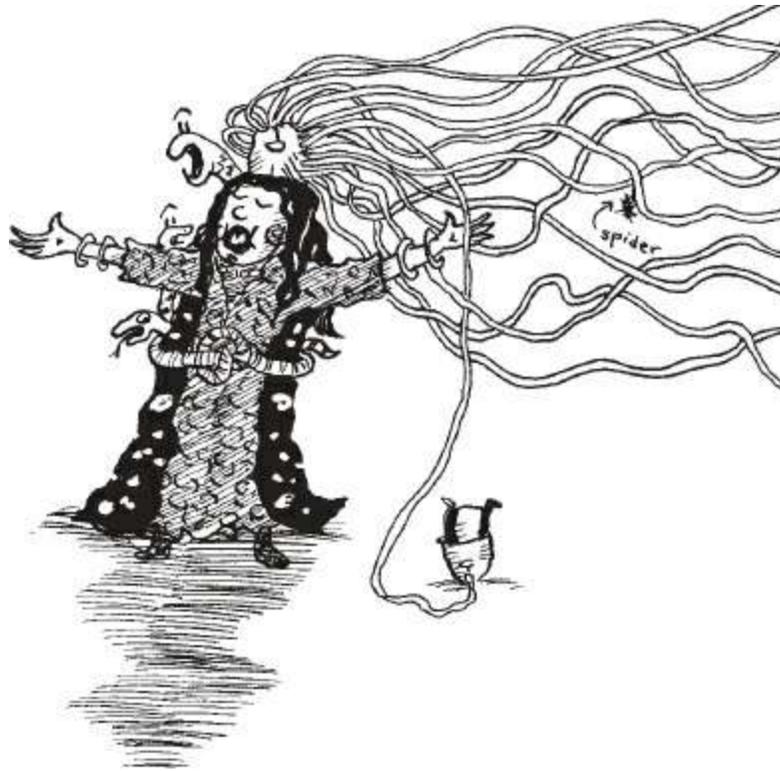
‘It might be simpler if I sing it for you,’ says Madam Know-it-all. And so she does.



I WANT TO KNOW
EVERYTHING
(as sung by Madam Know-it-all)

*I know more than Google,
Yahoo and Wikipedia,
For I am Madam Know-it-all,
The human encyclopaedia!*

*But don't tell me that I know enough
Because I know I never will.
The thought of all I still don't know
Makes me feel rather ill.*



*I want to know who and what
And why and when and how.
I want to know it all
And I want to know it now.*

*I want to know who made the colours
And gave each one a name.
And who the heck made spiders?
Is there someone we can blame?*



*I want to know why flowers grow,
Why rivers flow and noses blow.
I want to know where rainbows go.
I really, really want to know!*

*I want to know each word in the world
And I want to know its meaning.
I want to know how the pyramids were built
And why the Tower of Pisa is leaning.*



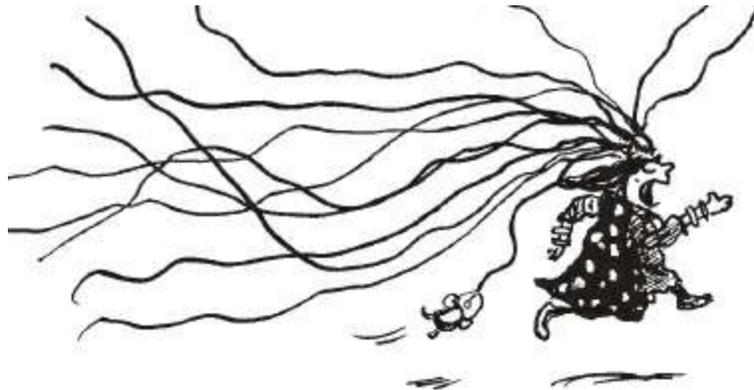
*I want to know why volcanoes erupt
And how mountains rise and fall.
I want to know the price of fish.
I want to know it ALL!*

*I want to know why rocks are hard
And cookies always crumble.
I want to know why babies laugh
And old men like to grumble.*

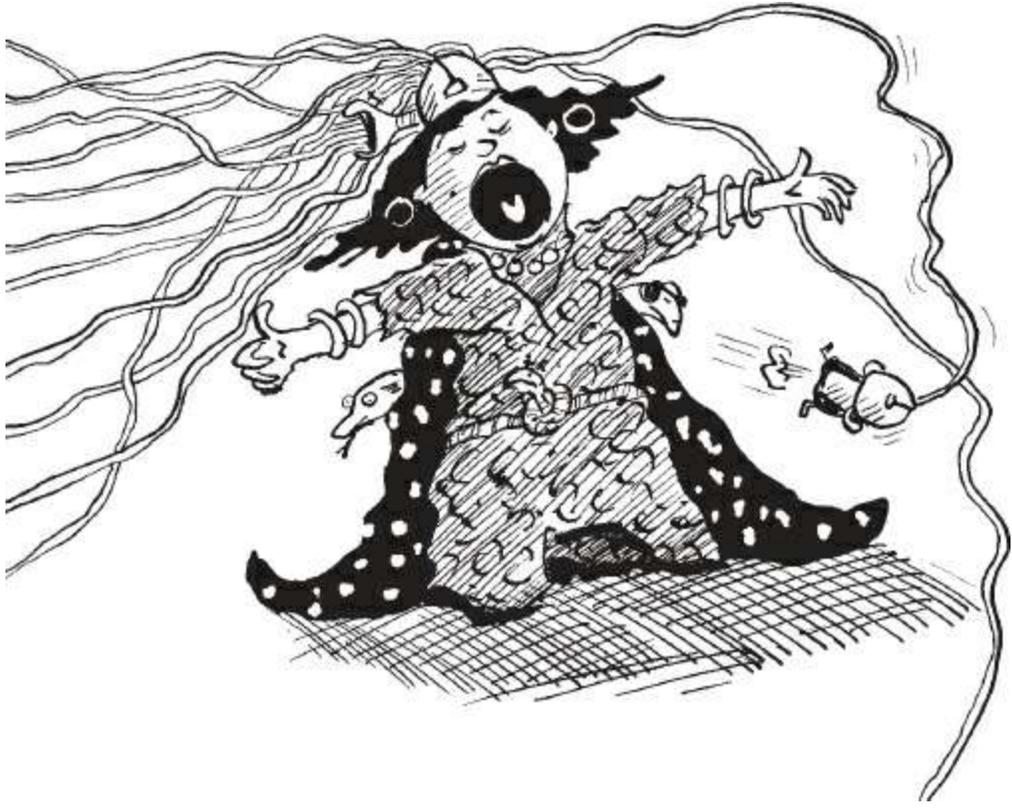


*I want to know hither
And I want to know thither.
I want to know the difference
Between xylophone and zither.*

*Who made typewriters?
Who made the moon?
How many black rings
On the tail of a raccoon?*



*Who's the fastest?
Who's the tallest?
Who's the strongest and the best?
Who's the richest?
Who's the poorest?
Which bird builds the biggest nest?
What's the widest?
What's the deepest?
Why does the sun set in the west?
Until I know it all,
I will never, ever rest!*



CHAPTER 12

Pop-Pop Pops!



‘The video phone is ringing,’ says Terry.

‘I know!’ says Madam Know-it-all.

‘You should answer it,’ I say. ‘It will probably be Mr Big Nose!’



‘I know!’ says Madam Know-it-all.

‘He probably wants Alice and Albert and the baby back,’ says Terry.

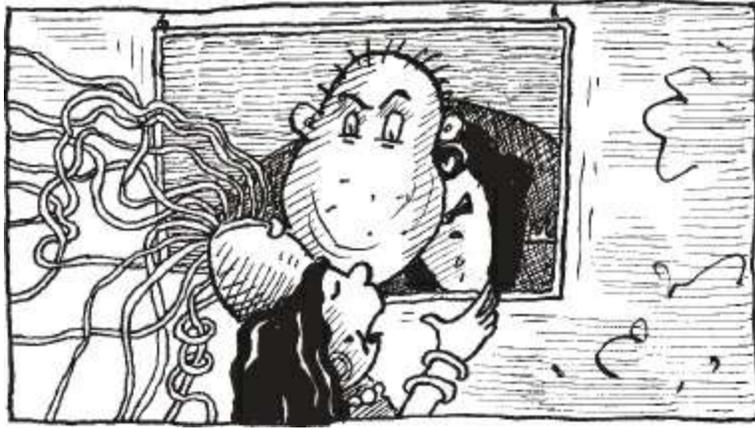
‘I know,’ says Madam Know-it-all.

‘You really should answer it,’ I say. ‘He doesn’t like to be kept waiting.’

‘I know!’ says Madam Know-it-all.

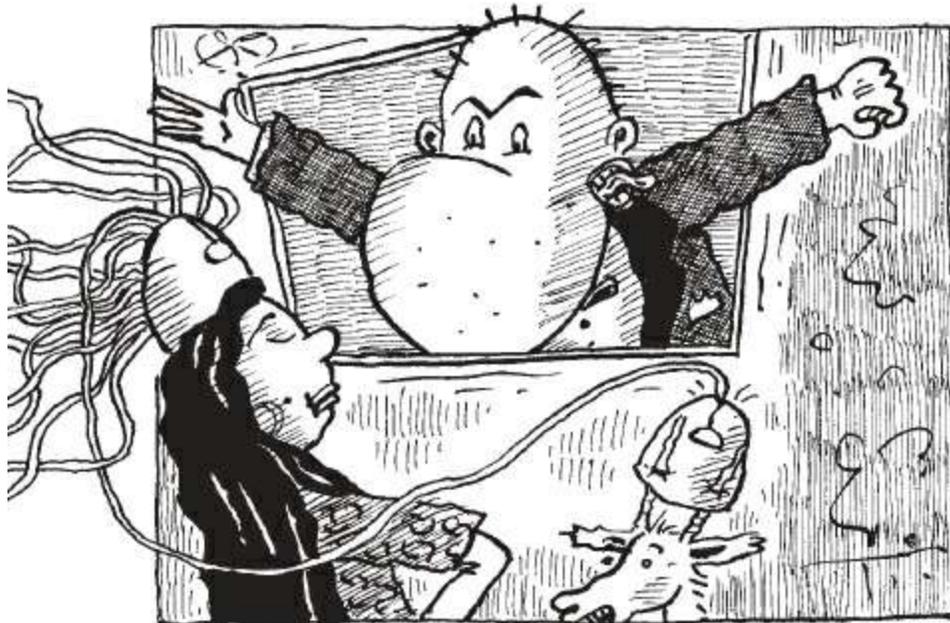


Madam Know-it-all answers the phone. Mr Big Nose's face—and nose—fills the screen.



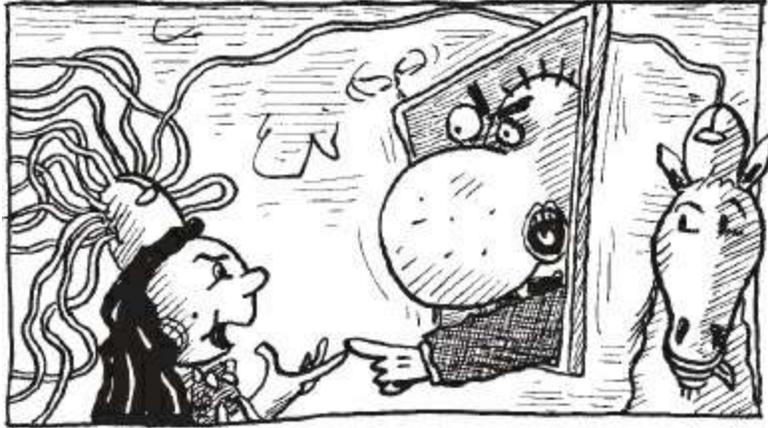
‘Hello!’ he yells. ‘It’s Mr Big Nose here!’

‘I know who you are,’ says Madam Know-it-all.

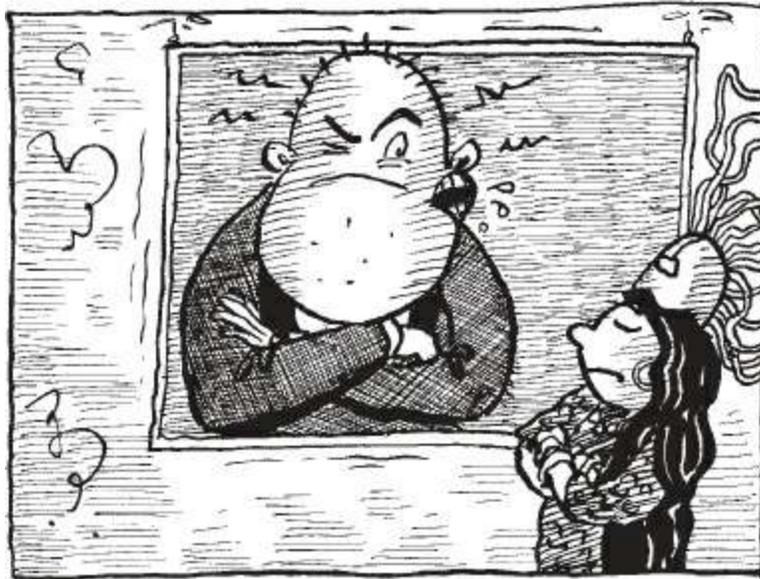


‘I want to speak to Andy and Terry.’

‘I know that too,’ says Madam Know-it-all.



‘Then put them on,’ he says. ‘I’m a very busy man, you know.’
‘I know,’ she says.

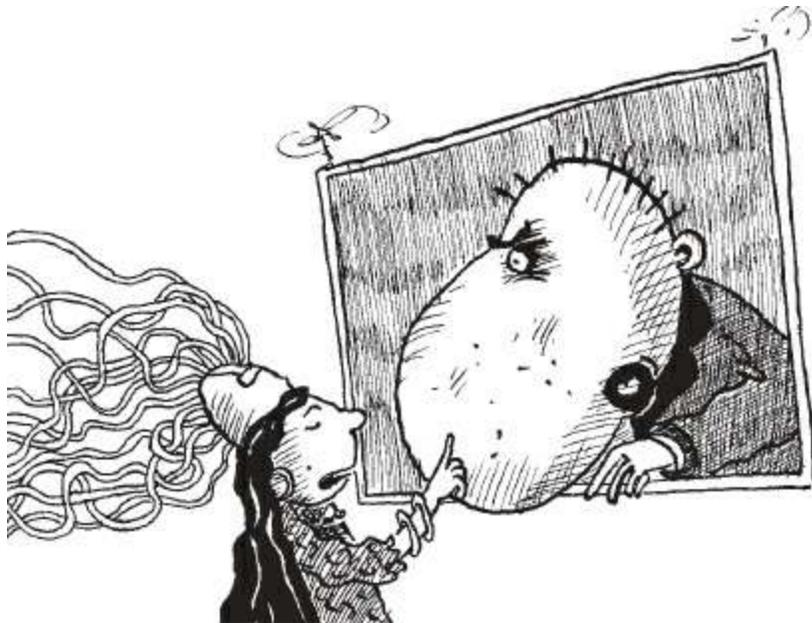


‘Put them on at once,’ he says. ‘I’m getting impatient.’
‘I know you are,’ says Madam Know-it-all.



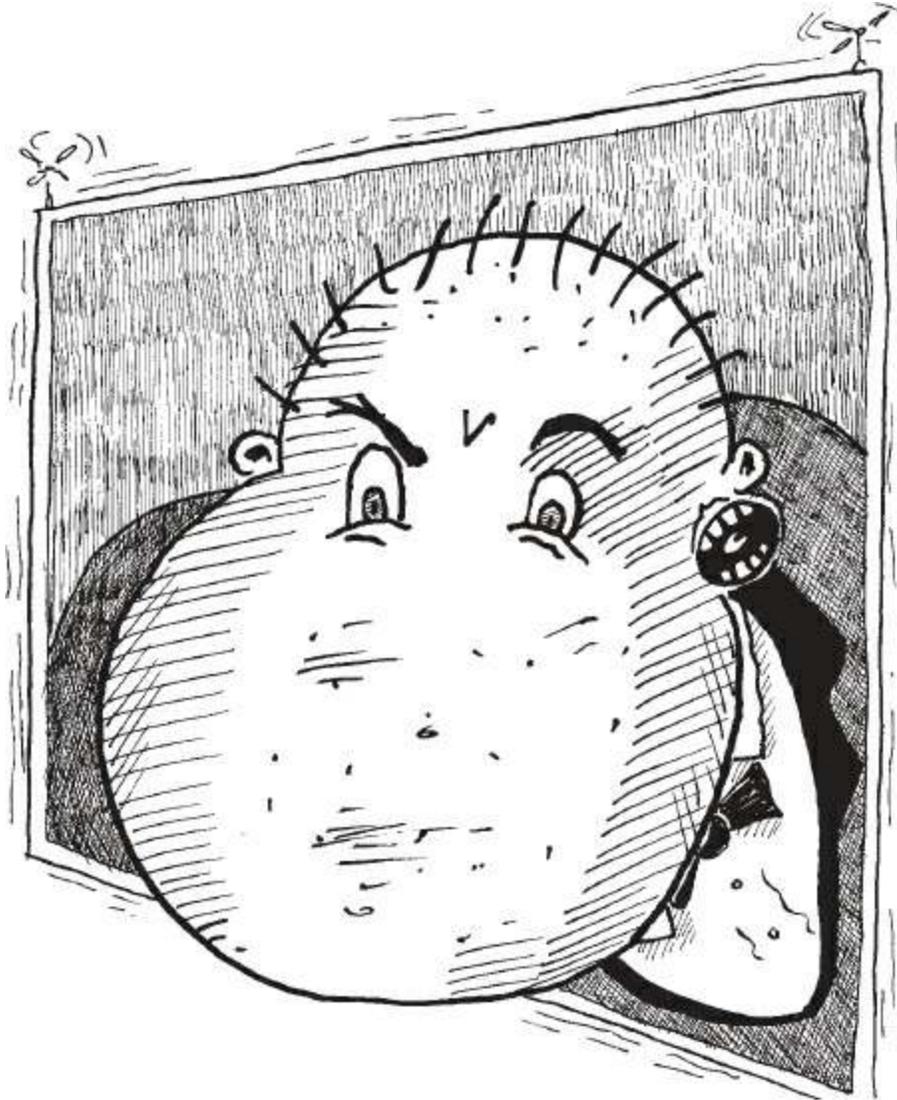
‘I’ve had just about enough of this,’ he says.

‘I know you have,’ she says. ‘I am Madam Know-it-all and I know everything. Is there anything you’d like to know? All you have to do is ask.’



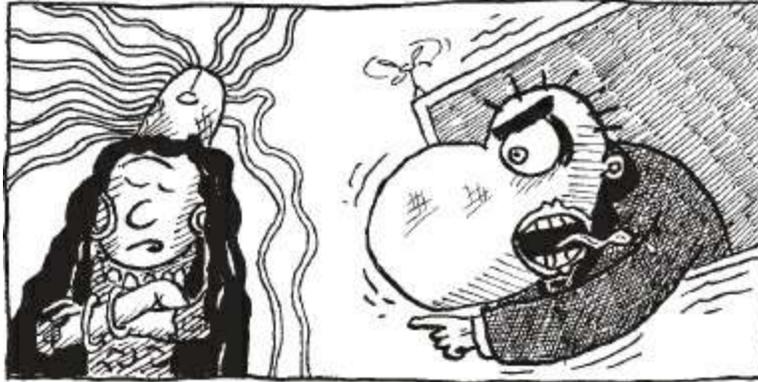
‘Well, listen up, Madam Whoever-you-are,’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘Here’s something you don’t know: if you don’t stop wasting my time and put Andy and Terry on the phone I’m going to get very angry!’

‘Actually, I do know that,’ says Madam Know-it-all.

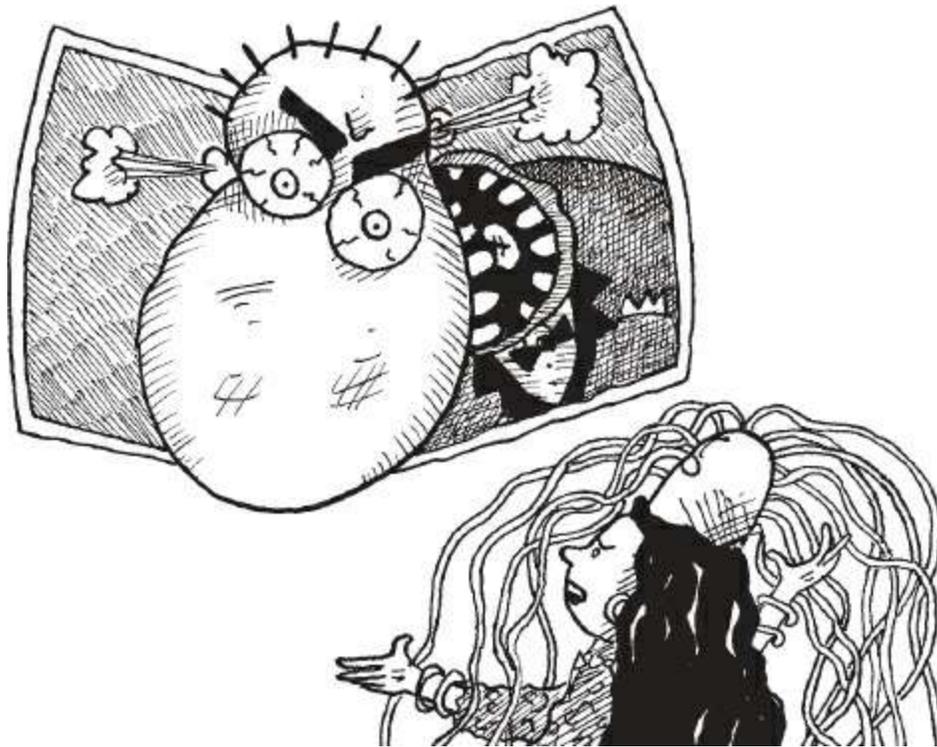


‘I can’t take much more of this,’ he says. ‘You are pushing me to the limit of my patience!’

‘I know I am,’ says Madam Know-it-all.



‘You’re making me very, VERY angry!’ he says.
‘I know,’ she says.

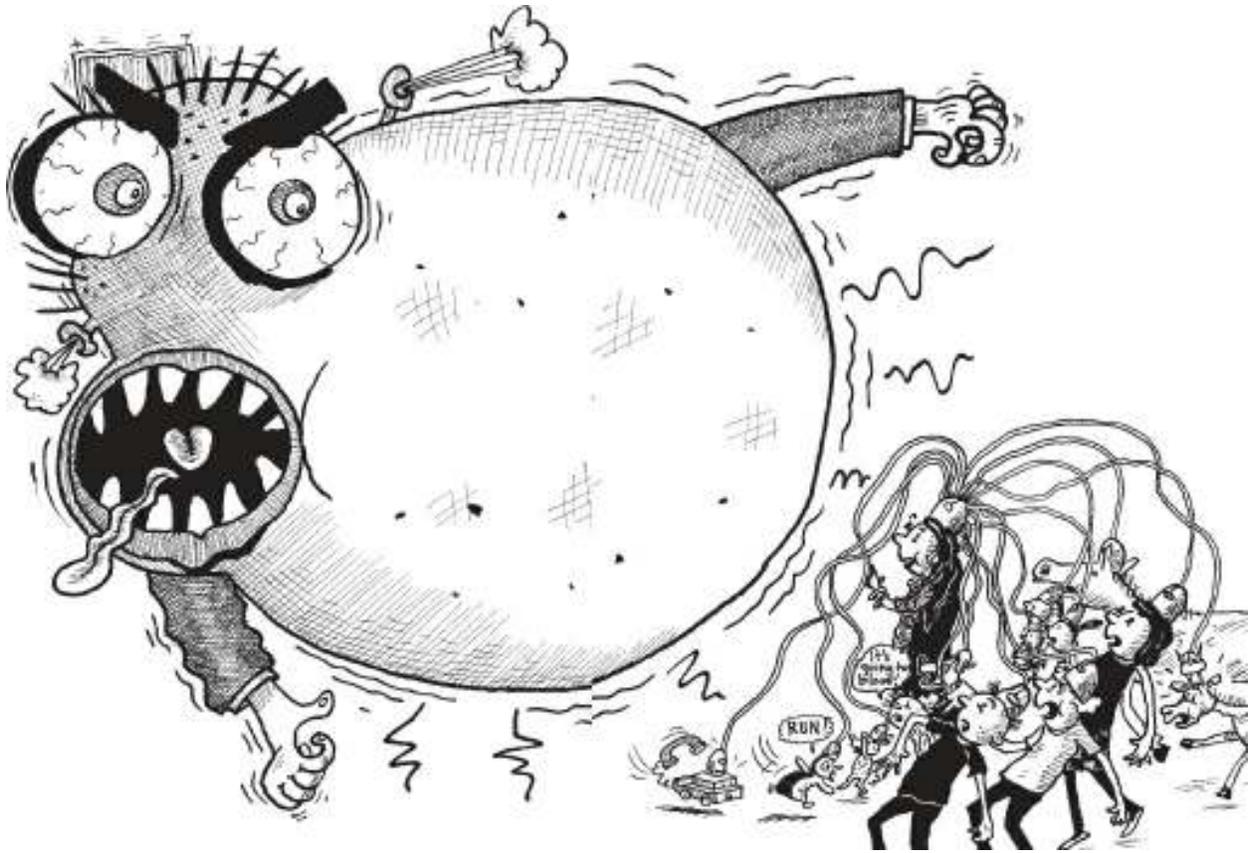


‘Very, very, VERY angry.’
‘I know.’
‘VERY, VERY, VERY, VERY ANGRY!’
‘I know.’



‘In fact, I’m so angry I feel like I could explode ... or a certain part of me, at least.’

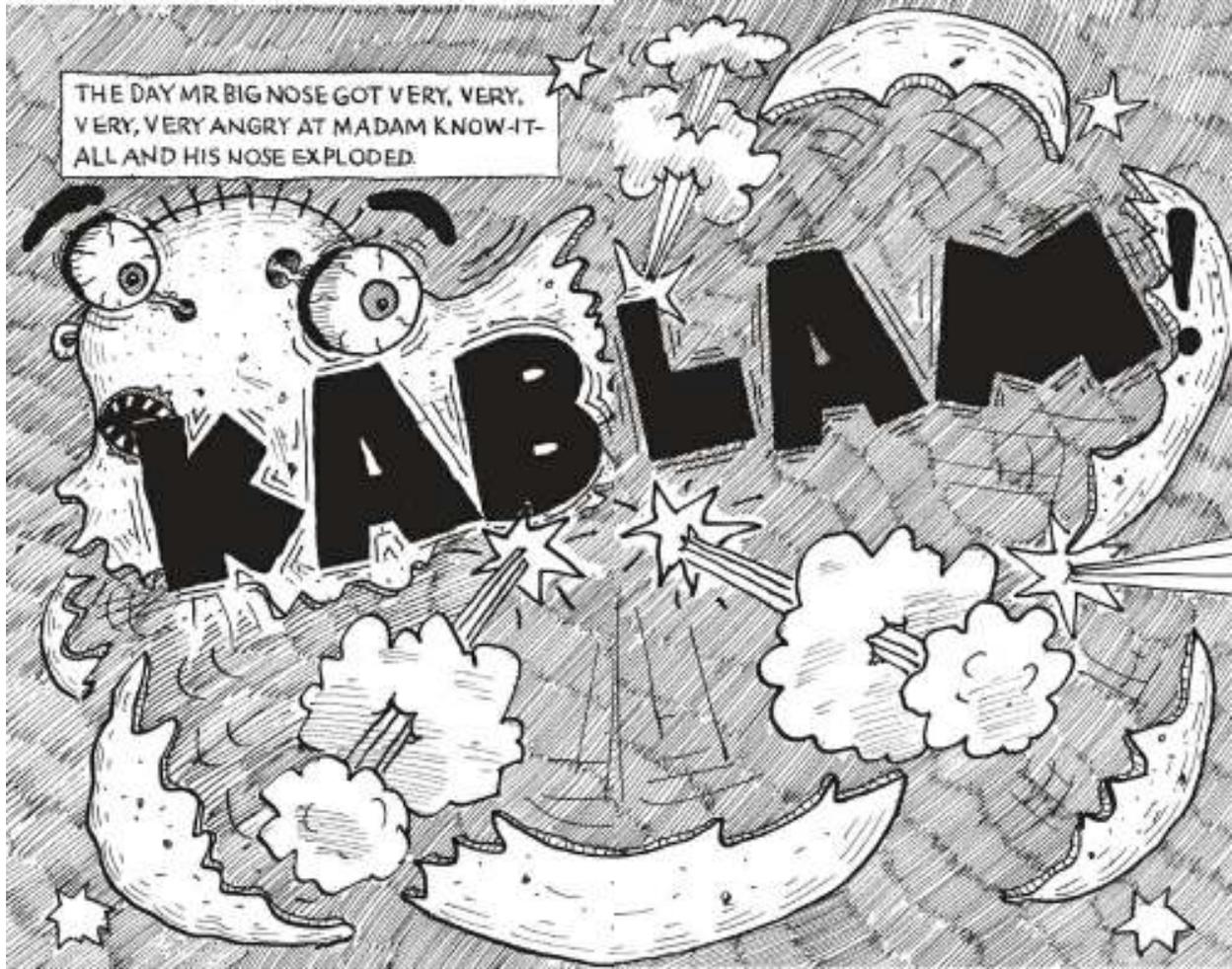
‘I know,’ she says.



'Uh-oh,' I say.

'Uh-oh,' says Terry.

'Uh-oh,' says Jill.



The force of the explosion sends us all flying backwards.



We sit up and look at each other.

‘Is everybody okay?’ says Jill.
‘I think I am,’ says Alice.
‘Me too,’ says Albert.
‘Pop-pop’s nose go pop!’ says the baby.
We all laugh.



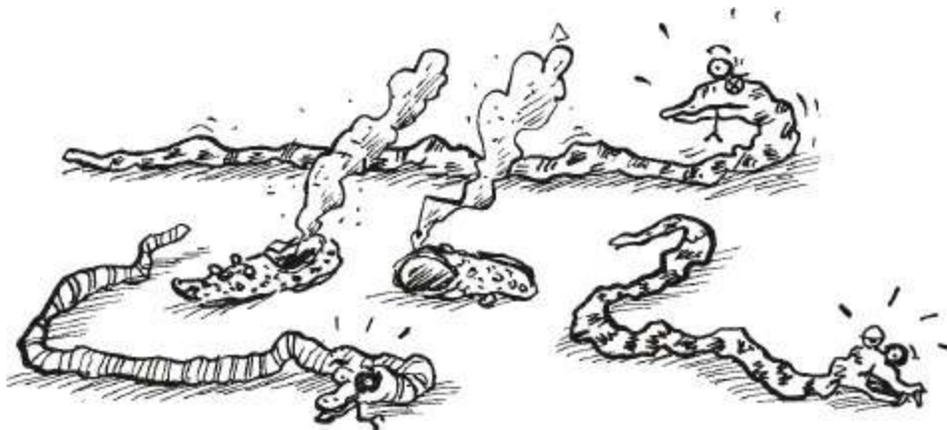
‘Hey!’ says Terry, patting his head. ‘The brain-draining turbans are gone!’



‘And so is Madam Know-it-all,’ I say. ‘Look!’



In the place where Madam Know-it-all was standing, there is only a pair of smoking shoes and three stunned snakes.



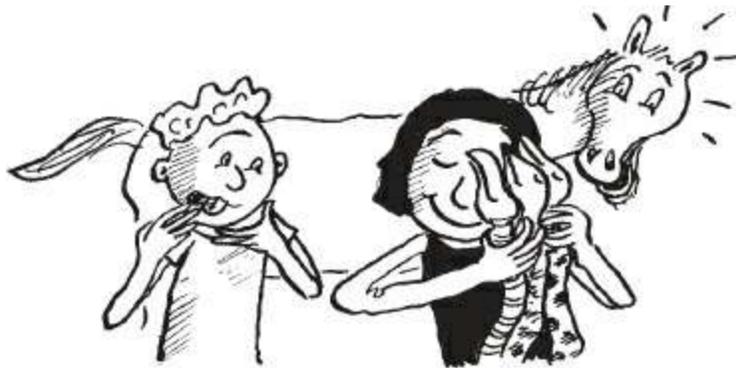
‘Eeek! Snakes!’ says Terry.

‘Oh, you poor things,’ says Jill, picking them up.



‘Be careful, Jill,’ I say. ‘They’re evil fortune teller’s snakes!’

‘No they’re not,’ says Jill, cuddling them close to her face. ‘You’re just innocent victims, aren’t you? Would you like to come and live with me in my cottage?’



The snakes hiss excitedly, which I guess means yes. Jill’s other animals aren’t looking quite as enthusiastic, though.



‘Do you think Pop-pop’s nose will be all right?’ says Albert.

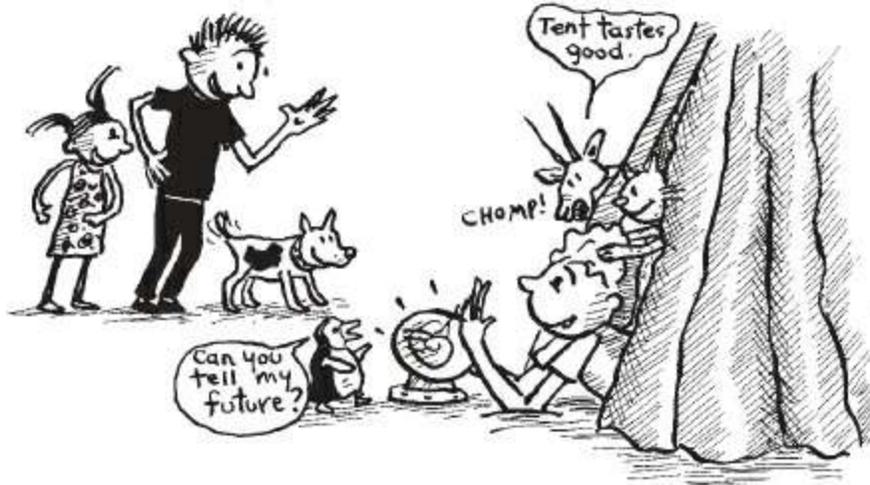
‘Yes,’ I say. ‘It’s probably not the first time it’s happened ... and, somehow, I doubt it will be the last.’



‘Now that Madam Know-it-all is gone,’ says Alice. ‘What will you do with her tent?’

‘We could turn this level into a campsite,’ I say.

‘Yeah,’ says Terry. ‘It would be fun to camp out every now and then and have a campfire.’



‘I’ve got an idea,’ says Jill. ‘You could create a Madam Know-it-all memorial reference library and fill it with proper reference books, full of true facts and accurate information.’



‘What about fiction?’ says Terry. ‘Can our library have books with made-up stuff, too?’



‘Yes, of course,’ says Jill. ‘You can learn from fiction as well as from non-fiction.’



‘Quite right, Jill,’ I say. ‘It’s my considered opinion that knowledge is power, but there is a limit to what we can know and what we can learn in this lifetime, so it’s important to let our imaginations run wild and set us free, because imagination is the force that can unlock the power within and give us what knowledge cannot.’

‘Do I need to get my mallet again, Andy?’ says Terry.

‘No,’ I say. ‘I’m sorry about that. I have no idea what I just said but think I’m okay now.’



‘I think what’s important here,’ says Jill, ‘is that if you want to know stuff, just read a book—any book for goodness’ sake. There’s no need to go around turbanating other people’s brains!’

‘Speaking of books,’ I say, ‘we still haven’t written ours!’



‘Can we be in it?’ says Alice.

‘Yes, please put us in the book,’ says Albert. ‘I’ve always wanted to be a character in a book. Especially one of yours!’



‘Of course you can be in it!’ I say. ‘In fact, you can even help us write and draw it!’

‘Yay!’ says Albert. ‘But what will the story be about?’



‘Babysitting, of course!’ says Terry.

‘Yeah!’ says Alice. ‘We’ll call it The Funnest and Best Babysitting Day Ever!’

‘Well, that is a great title,’ I say, ‘but I think we’d probably better call it The 91-Storey Treehouse or our readers might get confused.’

‘Okay,’ says Alice. ‘The 91-Storey Treehouse it is.’

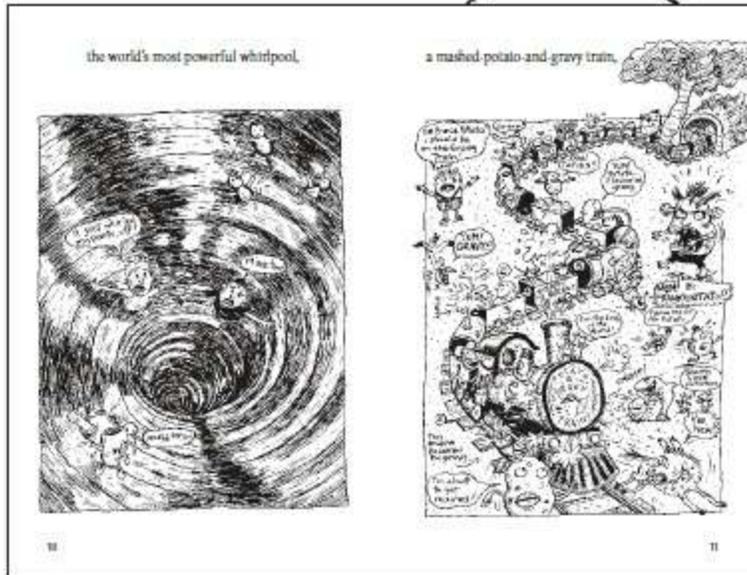


CHAPTER 13

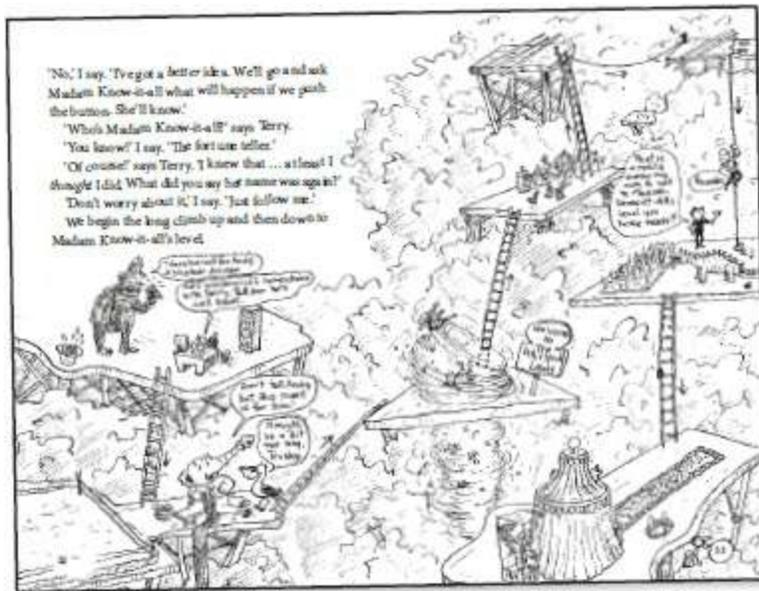
The Last Chapter



We all set to work as fast as we can.



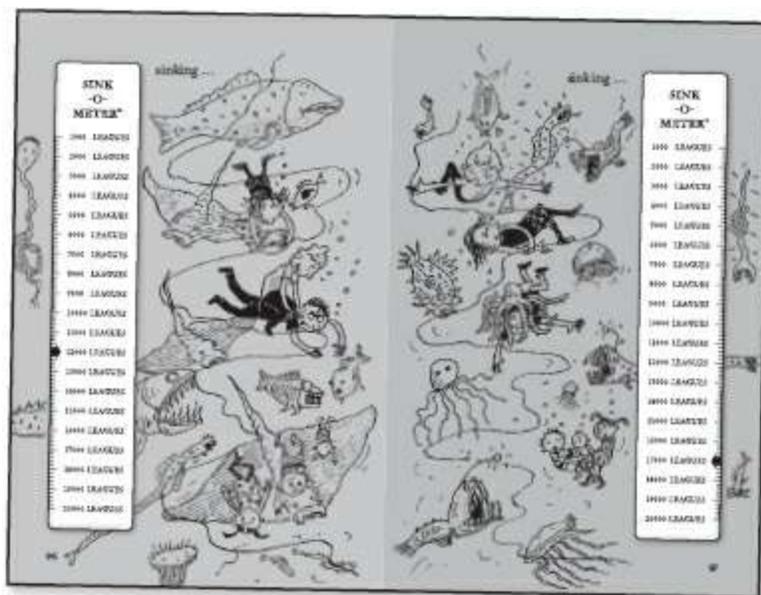
We write ...



and we draw ...



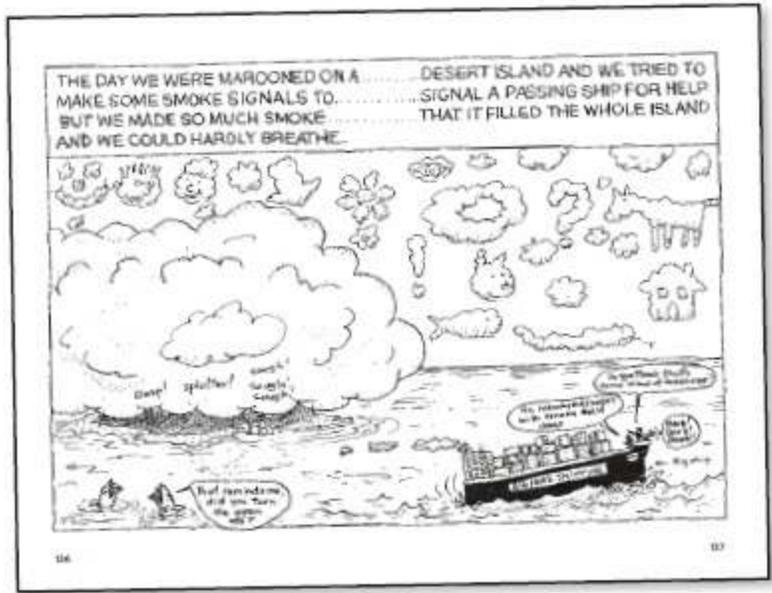
and we draw ...



and we write ...



and we write ...

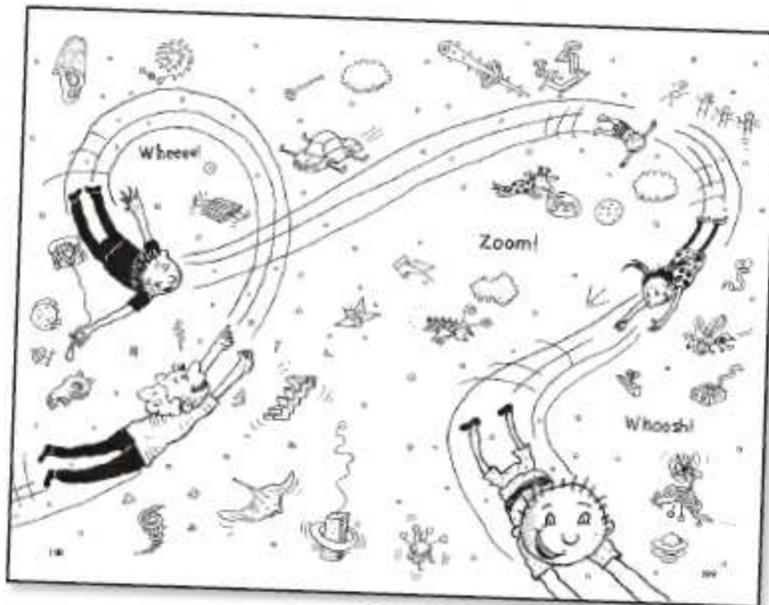


and we write ...





and we draw ...



and we draw ...



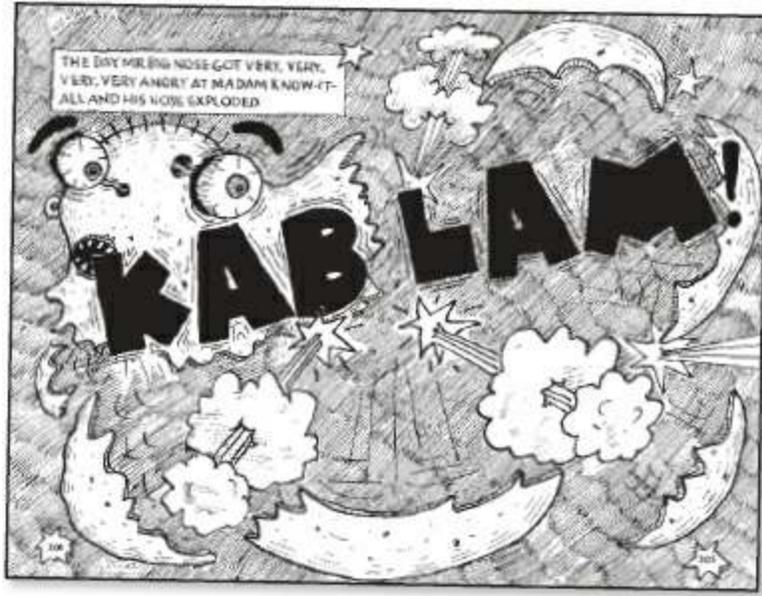
and we draw ...



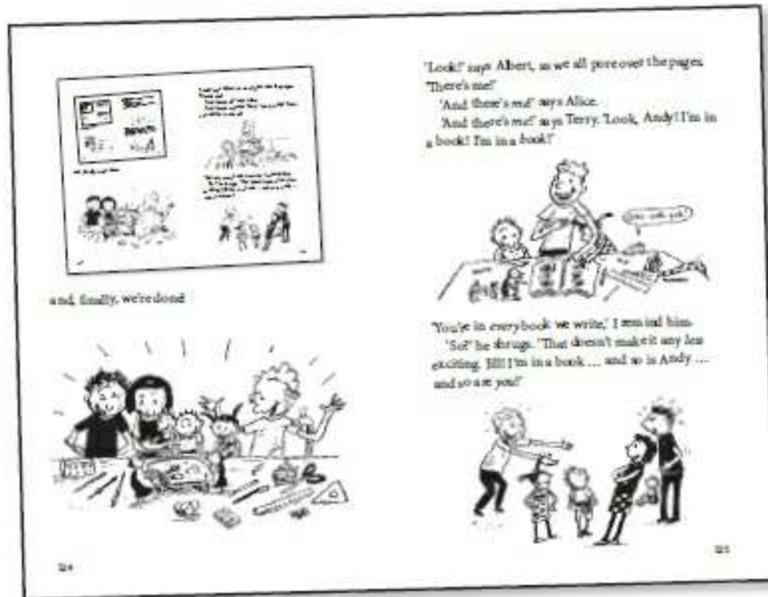
and we draw ...



and we write ...



and we write ...



and, finally, we're done!



‘Look!’ says Albert, as we all pore over the pages. ‘There’s me!’

‘And there’s me!’ says Alice.

‘And there’s me!’ says Terry. ‘Look, Andy! I’m in a book! I’m in a book!’



‘You’re in every book we write,’ I remind him.

‘So?’ he says, shrugging. ‘That doesn’t make it any less exciting. Jill! I’m in a book ... and so is Andy ... and so are you!’



‘Yes,’ says Jill, ‘and it’s come out pretty good, too! In fact, I think it might be my favourite one yet.’



‘Mine too!’ says Terry. ‘The only thing that could possibly make it even better is if we could push the big red button now. Can we, Andy? Can we push it?’

‘Yes!’ says Albert. ‘Can we? Can we?’



‘No!’ I say. ‘It’s too dangerous! You heard what Madam Know-it-all said when we asked her about it. She saw a big explosion and then a whole bunch of DOOM!’



‘But what if the big red thing Madam Know-it-all saw exploding wasn’t the big red button?’ says Terry. ‘What if it was Mr Big Nose’s big red nose exploding after she pushed him to the limit of his patience?’



‘Yes!’ says Jill. ‘She did say herself that she didn’t know absolutely everything, so it’s possible she may have been wrong about the big red button.’



‘I suppose it’s possible,’ I say, ‘but I don’t know— even if there’s only a small chance that pushing the button will blow up the whole world, well, that’s a pretty big risk to take ...’



‘But not pushing it is a pretty big risk to take too,’ says Terry. ‘We might miss out on something really amazing—like rainbows coming out of our noses, for instance.’



‘I want a rainbow to come out of my nose,’ says Albert.

‘So do I!’ says Alice, jumping up and down.

‘It does sound quite nice,’ says Jill. ‘But, then, I wouldn’t want the whole world to blow up.’



‘All right,’ I say. ‘We’ll take a vote. All in favour of pushing the big red button so we can find out what happens when we push the big red button, raise your hand!’



Terry and Alice and Albert put their hands in the air.



‘Okay,’ I say, ‘now all those not in favour of pushing the big red button so we can find out what happens when we push the big red button, raise your hand!’



Me and Jill and Albert put our hands in the air. (Albert obviously doesn’t understand what voting is—or maybe he just likes putting his hands in the air. But a vote is a vote, so I count it.)



‘Three in favour and three not in favour,’ I say.

‘It’s a tie,’ says Jill.



‘What about the baby?’ says Terry. ‘The baby didn’t vote.’



‘Good point, Terry,’ I say. ‘But where is the baby?’



We look around.

OH NO! The baby is climbing up onto the big red button!



‘No!’ I yell.

But the baby just says, ‘Goo-goo ga-ga!’ and pulls itself up onto the button ...



crawls towards the middle ...



and plops down.



KA-CHUNK goes the button.



‘We’re doomed!’ I yell. ‘We’re all doomed! The baby has just pressed the big red button!’



‘What do we do now?’ says Terry.

‘There’s nothing we can do,’ I say, ‘except wait for our doom.’



‘But when is it going to happen?’ says Terry.

‘Yeah, why is it taking so long?’ says Albert.



‘Yeah!’ says Alice. ‘You said the world was going to blow up! You promised!’



‘I didn’t promise,’ I say. ‘I said it might happen. Just be patient—you can’t rush the end of the world. It will happen when it happens.’



‘If it happens!’ says Jill. ‘I think it’s looking more and more likely that Terry is right—Madam Know-it-all confused the big red button with Mr Big Nose’s nose.’



‘Bad luck, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘Sorry you were wrong about the world blowing up.’



‘That’s all right,’ I say. ‘Look on the bright side: the whole world didn’t blow up.’



‘Yeah, but look on the not-so-bright side,’ says Terry. ‘Rainbows didn’t come out of our noses either.’



‘Actually,’ says Jill, ‘speaking of noses, mine does feel kind of funny.’

‘Is it tingling?’ says Alice.

‘Yes!’ says Jill.

‘Mine too!’ says Alice.



‘And mine,’ says Albert.

‘And mine!’ says Terry. ‘What about yours, Andy?’



‘Well, I must admit, I do have a very odd sensation in my nose, but that doesn’t mean ...’





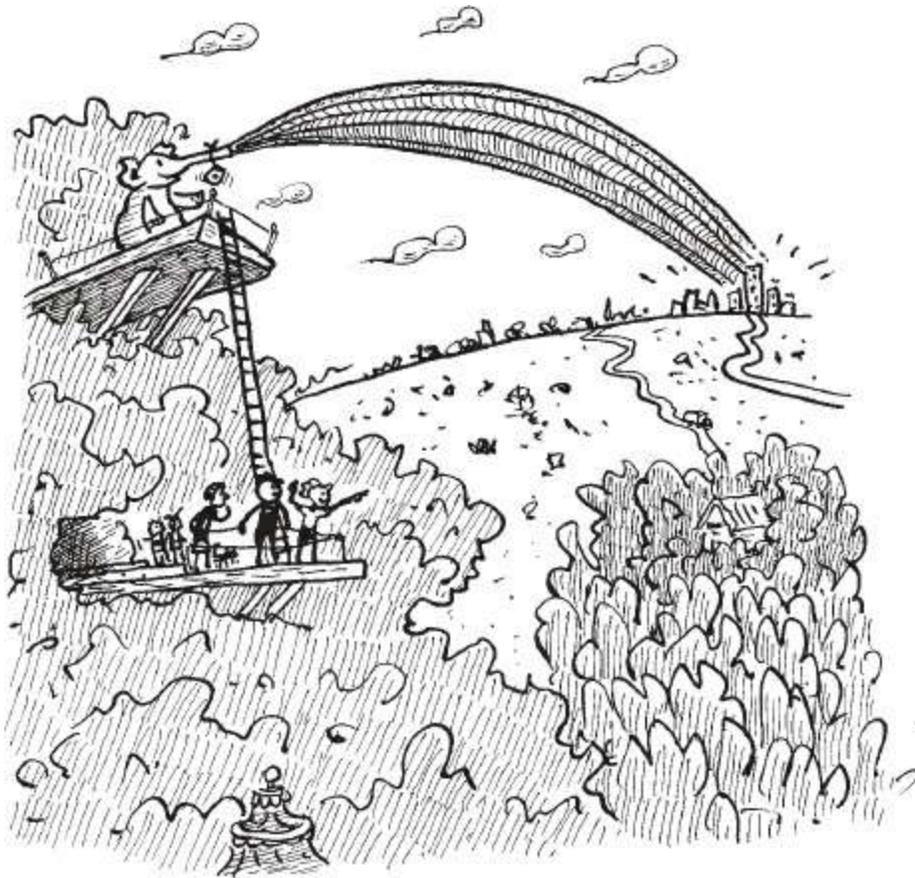


‘We’ve got rainbows coming out of our noses, Andy!’ says Terry. ‘This is the best thing ever! And to think you didn’t want to push the button!’



‘It is very cool to have rainbows coming out of our noses, that’s for sure,’ I say. ‘But what would make it the best thing ever would be if it could somehow help us to get our book—and the children—to Mr Big Nose on time.’

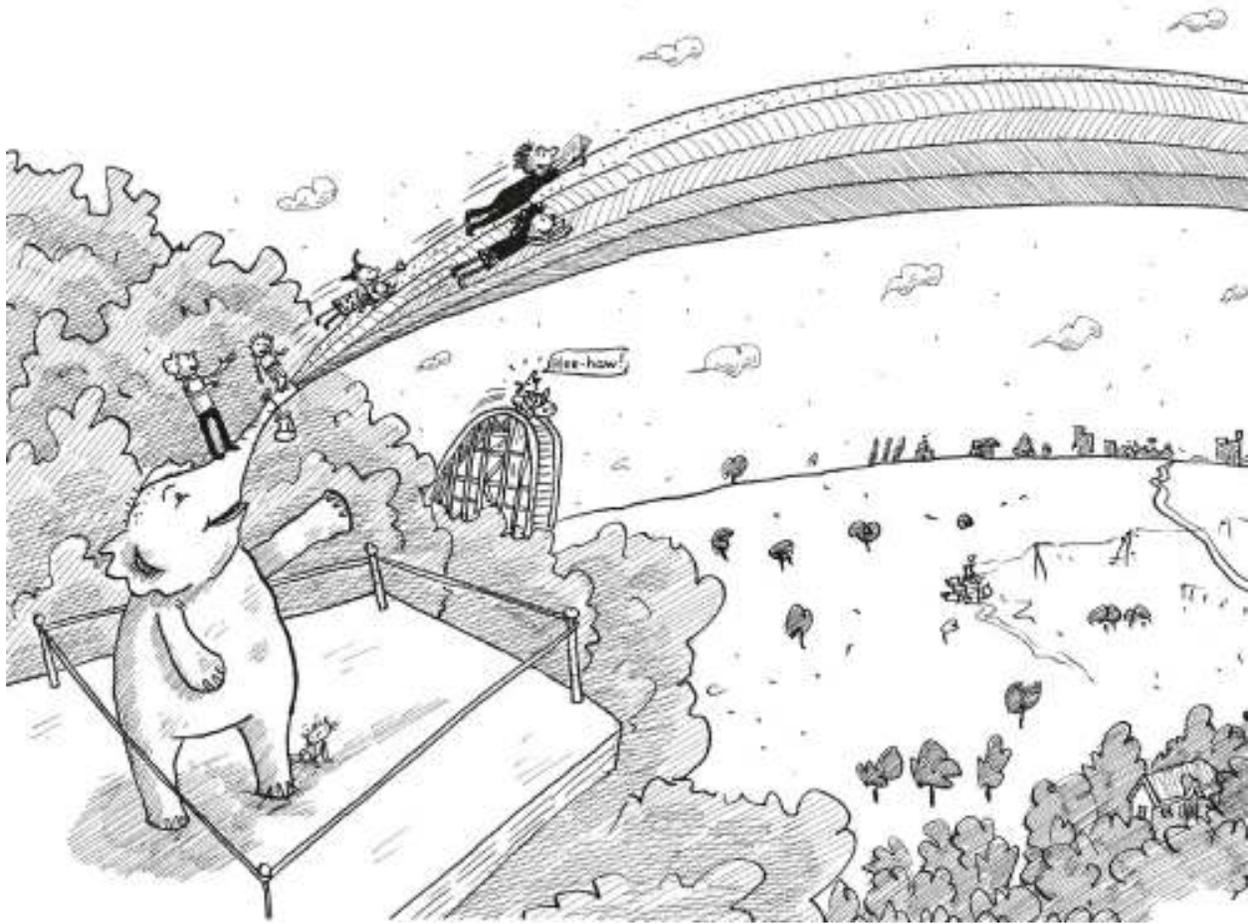
‘Wow!’ says Jill. ‘Look at the size of the rainbow coming out of the Trunkinator’s trunk! It’s enormous!’



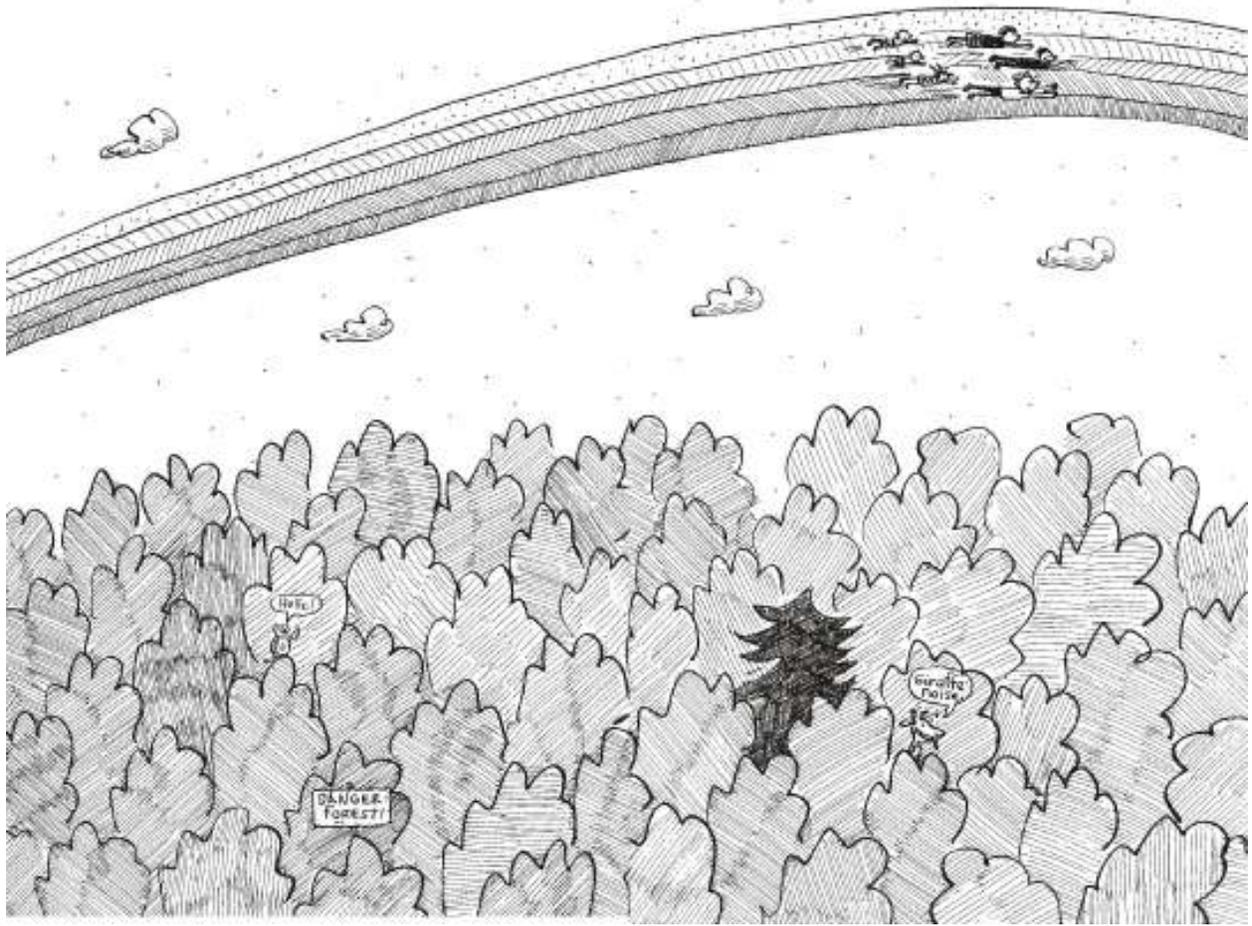
‘Yeah,’ says Terry. ‘It goes all the way over the forest and into Mr Big Nose’s office!’

‘This is just what we needed! We can use the rainbow as a bridge!’ I say. ‘Come on, everybody, jump on!’

We all climb up onto the Trunkinator’s head and slide up the rainbow ...

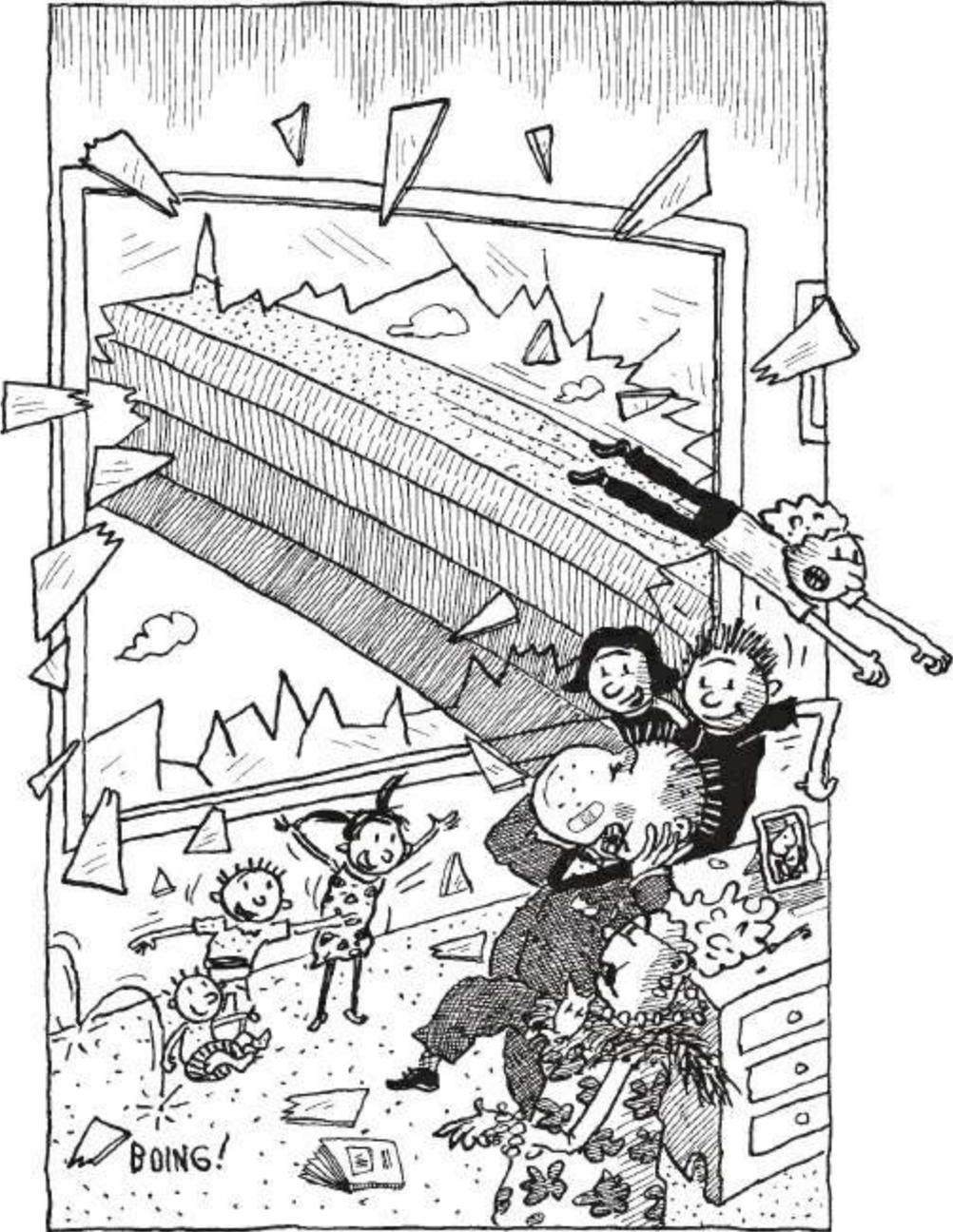


over the forest ...





and down into Mr Big Nose's office.





‘Looks like our work here is done,’ I say, as Alice, Albert and the baby hug Mr and Mrs Big Nose.



‘I guess we’d better get back to the treehouse,’ says Terry. ‘Before the Trunkinator’s trunk-rainbow fades.’

We are just about to climb back onto the rainbow when Alice and Albert come running over.

‘Goodbye Andy, Terry and Jill,’ says Albert. ‘Thanks for the best babysitting day ever!’

‘Goo-goo ga-ga,’ says the baby.



‘You’re welcome,’ I say. ‘Come back whenever you like!’

‘It was really nice to meet you,’ says Jill. ‘And thanks for all your help looking after Andy and Terry.’

‘See you next time,’ says Terry.

We turn to leave.

‘Wait a minute,’ says Alice. She takes a black texta and writes **WORLD’S GREATEST BABYSITTERS** on one of Mr Big Nose’s publishing trophies.



‘It’s for all three of you,’ says Alice.

‘Thanks!’ says Terry. ‘We love it!’

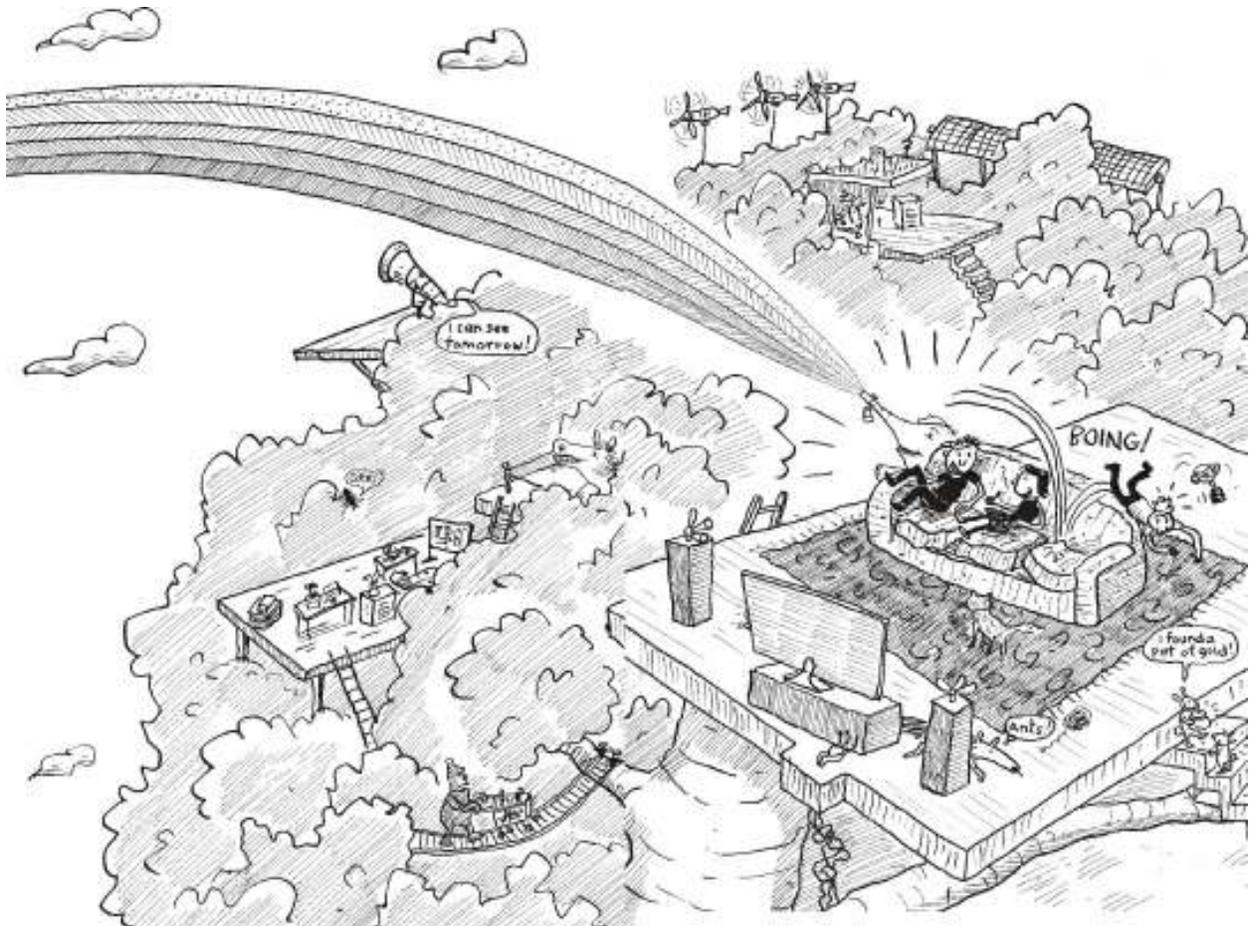
‘Yes!’ I say. ‘That’s definitely going in the trophy room!’

We climb back
onto the rainbow
and slide up ...



over the forest ...





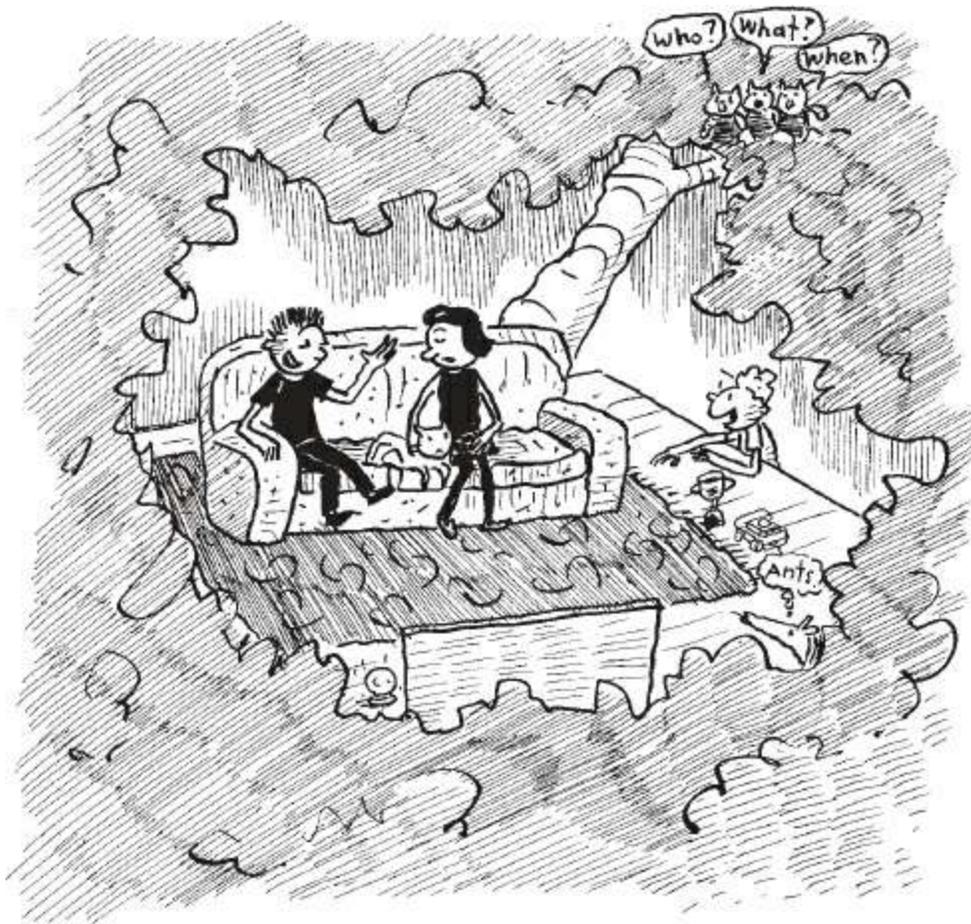
and back down into the treehouse.

‘What are we going to do now?’ says Terry.

‘Build another 13 levels on our treehouse, of course,’ I say.

‘I hoped you were going to say that,’ says Terry.

‘I knew you were going to say that,’ says Jill.



THE END



what you dot there?

The 91-Storey Treehouse

cheese land!

The 78-Storey Treehouse

The 65-Storey Treehouse

The 16-Storey Treehouse

The 39-Storey Treehouse

The 52-Storey Treehouse

Mid-oww!

The 13-Storey Treehouse

The Bad Book

The VERY Bad Book

Just Stacking

Moo!

Just Doomed

Just Macbeth!

Just Annoying

Just Crazy!

Just Tricking!

Just Stupid!

Just Disgusting!

must have ants!

What Body Part is that?

What Bum is that?

Once upon a slime

The cat, the rat and the baseball bat

Brave Dave

Ten Unlucky Pirates

the cat on the flat

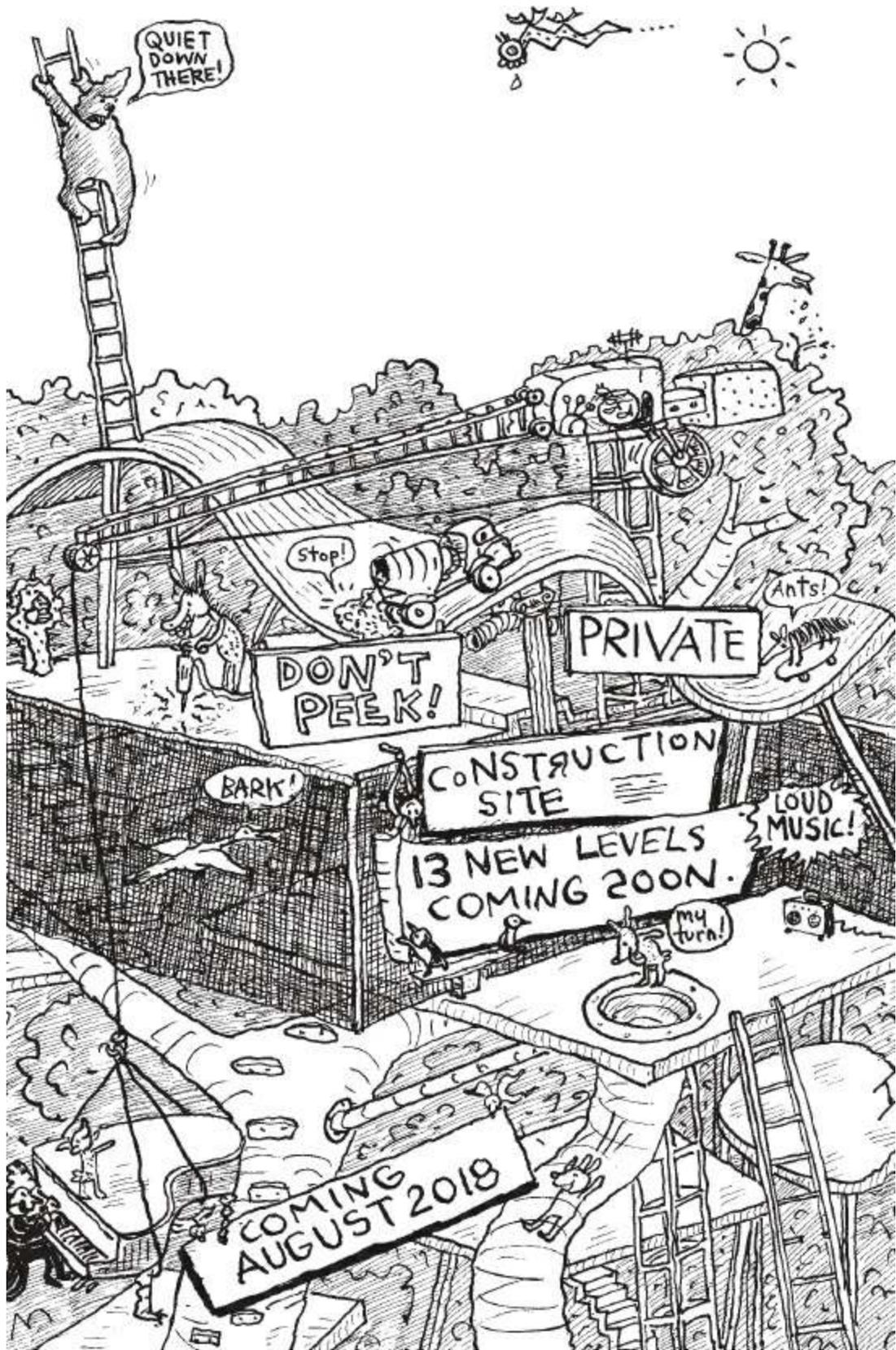
BAR the boykin dog

BIG FAT LOW etc

What Body Part is that?

What Body Part is that?

The 104-Storey Treehouse



ABOUT ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON



Andy Griffiths lives in a 91-storey treehouse with his friend Terry and together they make funny books, just like the one you're holding in your hands right now. Andy writes the words and Terry draws the pictures. If you'd like to know more, read this book (or visit www.andygriffiths.com.au).



Terry Denton lives in a 91-storey treehouse with his friend Andy and together they make funny books, just like the one you're holding in your hands right now. Terry draws the pictures and Andy writes the words. If you'd like to know more, read this book (or visit www.terrydenton.com).

ALSO BY ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON

Just Tricking!

Just Annoying!

Just Stupid!

Just Crazy!

Just Disgusting!

Just Shocking!

Just Macbeth!

Just Doomed!

The Bad Book

The Very Bad Book

The Cat on the Mat is Flat

The Big Fat Cow That Goes Kapow

What Bumosaur is That?

What Body Part is That?

The 13-Storey Treehouse

The 26-Storey Treehouse

The 39-Storey Treehouse

The 52-Storey Treehouse

The 65-Storey Treehouse

The 78-Storey Treehouse

Once Upon a Slime: 45 fun ways to get writing ... FAST!

The Treehouse Fun Book

The Treehouse Fun Book 2

ALSO BY ANDY GRIFFITHS

The Day My Bum Went Psycho

Zombie Bums from Uranus

Bumageddon: The Final Pongflict

Schooling Around:

Treasure Fever!

Pencil of Doom!

Mascot Madness!

Robot Riot!

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
ONCE UPON A SLIME

Is this the right book for you?

Take the SLIME TEST and find out.

- Have you ever wondered where ideas come from and how stories are made?
- Would you like to know the true stories behind some of Andy and Terry's books and characters?
- Would you like to discover 45 great ways to have fun with words and pictures?

SCORE: If you answered YES to any of these questions, then this is definitely the right book for you!
If you answered NO to all of these questions then you are an IDIOT and this is DEFINITELY the right book for you!

Crammed full of examples from Andy and Terry's bestselling books, Once upon a Slime is designed to inspire you to have as much fun playing with ideas, words and drawings as Andy and Terry do when they get together to create their crazy cartoons, ridiculous rhymes, silly stories, comic novels and stupid guide books.

THE TREEHOUSE SERIES
ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 13-STOREY TREEHOUSE

Who wouldn't want to live in a treehouse? Especially a 13-storey treehouse that has a bowling alley, a see-through swimming pool, a tank full of sharks, a library full of comics, a secret underground laboratory, a games room, self-making beds, vines you can swing on, a vegetable vaporiser and a marshmallow machine that follows you around and automatically shoots your favourite flavoured marshmallows into your mouth whenever it discerns you're hungry.

Two new characters – Andy and Terry – live here, make books together, and have a series of completely nutty adventures. Because: ANYTHING can happen in a 13-storey treehouse.

This is a major new series from Andy and Terry- and it's the logical evolution of all their previous books. There are echoes of the Just stories in the Andy and Terry friendship, the breakaway stories in the Bad Book (the Adventures of Super Finger), there's the easy readability of the Cat on the Mat and the Big Fat Cow, and like all these books, the illustrations are as much a part of the story as the story itself.

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 26-STOREY TREEHOUSE

Join Andy and Terry in their newly expanded treehouse, which now features 13 brand-new storeys, including a dodgem car rink, a skate ramp, a mud-fighting arena, an anti-gravity chamber, an ice-cream parlour with 78 flavours run by an ice-cream serving robot called Edward Scooperhands and the Maze of Doom - a maze so complicated that nobody who has gone in has ever come out again... well, not yet, anyway.

Well, what are you waiting for? Come on up!

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 39-STOREY TREEHOUSE

Join Andy and Terry in their astonishing 39-storey treehouse! Jump on the world's highest trampoline, toast marshmallows in an active volcano, swim in the chocolate waterfall, pat baby dinosaurs, go head-to-trunk with the Trunkinator, break out your best moves on the dance floor, fly in a jet-propelled swivel chair, ride a terrifying rollercoaster and meet Professor Stupido, the world's greatest UN-inventor.

Well, what are you waiting for? Come on up!

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 52-STOREY TREEHOUSE

Andy and Terry's incredible, ever-expanding treehouse has 13 new storeys, including a watermelon-smashing level, a wave machine, a life-size snakes and ladders game (with real ladders and realsnakes), a rocket-powered carrot-launcher, a Ninja Snail Training Academy and a high-tech detective agency with all the latest high-tech detective technology, which is lucky because they have a BIG mystery to solve - where is Mr Big Nose???

Well, what are you waiting for? Come on up!

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 65-STOREY TREEHOUSE

Andy and Terry's amazing 65-storey treehouse now has a pet-grooming salon, a birthday room where it's always your birthday (even when it's not), a room full of exploding eyeballs, a lollipop shop, a quicksand pit, an ant farm, a time machine and Tree-NN: a 24-hour-a-day TV news centre keeping you up to date with all the latest treehouse news, current events and gossip.

Well, what are you waiting for? Come on up!

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 78-STOREY TREEHOUSE

Join Andy and Terry in their spectacular new 78-storey treehouse. They've added 13 new levels including a drive-thru car wash, a combining machine, a scribbletorium, an ALL-BALL sports stadium, Andyland, Terrytown, a high-security potato chip storage facility and an open-air movie theatre.

Well, what are you waiting for? Come on up!

THE BAD BOOKS
ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE BAD BOOK

WARNING! This book contains nothing but bad stories, bad illustrations, bad poems, bad cartoons and bad riddles about bad characters doing bad things. It is a very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very bad book.

BAD JACK HORNER
Bad Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Pulling the wings off a fly.
He swore at his mum
Kicked his dad in the bum,
And said 'Oh, what a bad boy am I'.

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE VERY BAD BOOK

In a very bad wood,
There was a very bad house.
And in that very bad house,
There was a very bad room.
And in that very bad room,
There was a very bad cupboard.
And in that very bad cupboard,
There was a very bad shelf.
And on that very bad shelf,
There was a very bad box.
And in that very bad box,
There was a VERY BAD BOOK...
AND THIS IS IT!!!

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
KILLER KOALAS FROM OUTER SPACE

This is a very silly book filled with very bad things.

There are bad ideas like eating dead flies, and silly people like the boy who unscrews his head and loses it forever. Then there are very bad things like bloodsucking grannies, rocket-stealing ants and, of course, killer koalas from outer space that come to earth and rip off your face.

A collection of stories from The Bad Book and The Very Bad Book that will make your brain
EXPLODE!

ANDY AND TERRY'S WORLD OF STUPIDITY SERIES ANDY
GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
WHAT BODY PART IS THAT?

There is a lot of nonsense written about the human body, and this book is no exception. In its 68 fully illustrated, 100 per cent fact-free chapters, What Body Part is That? will explain everything you ever needed to know about your body without the boring technical jargon and scientific accuracy that normally clog up the pages of books of this type.

Never again will you be stuck for an answer when somebody comes up to you, points to a part of your body and demands to know: What Body Part is That? The crazy duo Andy Griffiths and Terry Denton have turned us all inside out in the Andy and Terry guide to the human body: What Body Part is That? is packed with incredible information on the brain, the bum, the spleen and so much more – this is one anatomical journey you don't want to miss. This fully illustrated stupid guide to the human body features the biggest, the smallest, the funniest, the stupidest and The Most Disgustingest parts of your body. It's divided into anatomically comprehensive sections such as: * The bits you can see * The bits you can't see

Packed with handy advice such as how to use your head as a bowling ball (the eye sockets and mouth make excellent holes for your fingers), you'll learn more than you ever wanted to know about just what the body does, what it can do, and what you hope it never does.

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
WHAT BUMOSAUR IS THAT?

- Why was the Tyrannosore-arse Rex so angry?
- Where did Bogasauruses live?
- How many cheeks did a Tricerabutt have?
- Was the Bumheaded idiotasaurus the most stupid bumosaur?
- When did the bumosaurs become extinkt?

Find the answers to these and many other questions in this fully-illustrated guide to prehistoric bumosaur life. Covering the Pre-Crappian era through to the Post-Crapaceous, this essential reference will thrill, amaze and inform the whole family. Never again will you look like a fool when somebody asks: “What bumosaur is that?”

THE SCHOOLING AROUND SERIES ANDY GRIFFITHS
TREASURE FEVER!

‘Suppose you were a pirate and
you had a whole heap of treasure,’
I said, ‘where would you bury it?’

Somewhere in the grounds of Northwest Southeast Central School, that’s where! And once the secret gets out, the race is on to find it – even if it means digging up the whole school ... but who will get there first?

ANDY GRIFFITHS
PENCIL OF DOOM!

‘That pencil is dangerous,’ I said. ‘Even when you draw something nice, something bad happens.’

When Henry McThrottle tells his fellow students at Northwest Southeast Central School that his pencil is trying to kill him they accuse him of having an overactive imagination. But if that’s the case, then why is his pencil still trying to kill him?

ANDY GRIFFITHS
MASCOT MADNESS!

‘I want the old Mr Brainfright back,’ said Jenny. ‘He’s not a very nice banana. I liked him better when he was a human being.’

When Mr Brainfright dresses up in a banana costume to take on the role of school mascot, it looks like Northwest Southeast Central School might beat the bad sports of Northwest West West Academy for the first time ever. But then Mr Brainfright begins to think he really is a banana...

ANDY GRIFFITHS
ROBOT RIOT!

‘Roberta Flywheel is a robot!’ I said.

‘Are you for real, Henry?’ said Gretel.

‘Yes!’ I said. ‘unlike Roberta –
or should I say ROBOT-a?!’

What do Henry and his friends at Northwest South East Central School do when they become convinced that the new girl is an evil robot with plans to destroy them all? They get school genius, Grant Gadget, to build an evil-robot-fighting robot, of course. What could possibly go wrong? Well, quite a lot, actually...

THE FLAT CAT & BIG FAT COW SERIES ANDY GRIFFITHS AND
TERRY DENTON
THE CAT ON THE MAT IS FLAT

- How did the cat on the mat get flat?
- Why did Ed and Ted and Ted's dog Fred get spat out of the head of a whale called Ned?
- Where was Harry Black when Jack the Yak stole the snack from his sack?
- What happened to Buck the Duck's brand new muck-sucking truck?
- Who else, apart from Andy G and Terry D, was chased up a tree by an evil bee?

The answers to these stupid questions – and many other stupid questions – are contained in this deeply stupid book... Well, what are you waiting for?

Open the book and start reading!

- Suitable for ages 4 – 104

- Rating: Stupid

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE BIG FAT COW THAT GOES KAPOW!

Oh no – watch out!
Don't look now!
Inside this book is an EXPLODING cow!

FIVE...
FOUR...
THREE...
TWO...
ONE...
KAPOW!

More rhyming mayhem and comic madness from the bestselling duo of the inspired JUST! series. Andy Griffiths rhyming text – that will entice and engage the most reluctant child to read while laughing all the way – is hilariously counterpointed by Terry Denton's delightfully wonky illustrations. A side-splitting companion to the award-winning and Children's Book Council shortlisted title, *The Cat on the Mat is Flat*.

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE CAT, THE RAT AND THE BASEBALL BAT

What happens when a cat meets a rat with a baseball bat?

This hilarious story from Andy Griffiths' popular book *The Cat on the Mat is Flat* has been formatted especially for beginning readers.

THE BUM SERIES
ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE DAY MY BUM WENT PSYCHO

‘This is my story.

It really happened.

It’s all true.

Not even the names have been changed.

Like most people I took my bum for granted. I agreed to tell my story in the hope that others could learn from it. If this book can save even just one person from making the same mistake, then I will be happy.

Who knows?

The next bum it saves might be yours.’

Zack Freeman is ready to tell his story. The story of a boy, his runaway bum and some of the most dangerous bums in the world including kamikaze bums; nuclear bums; and Stenchgantor, the Great Unwiped Bum. With the help of The B-team (a crack bum-fighting unit comprising three of the best bum-fighters in the business: the Kicker, the Smacker and the Kisser), Zack will risk methane madness crossing the Great Windy Desert, death by stink-bog in the Brown Forest, and the perils of the Sea of Bums before finally descending into the heart of an explosive bumcano to confront the most psycho bum of them all—His own!

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
ZOMBIE BUMS FROM URANUS

Zack Freeman is back ... and so is his bum.

Aided by little more than a squeezey bottle of tomato sauce, a rudimentary grasp of the hokey pokey and three of the oldest bum-fighters on the planet, Zack and his bum are fighting to protect the Earth against an invasion of some of the smelliest and most dangerous bums ever to pollute the universe: zombie bums from Uranus!

Can they prevent the unthinkable – total zombie-bummification of the world?

Be bold, be brave, be entertained beyond your wildest dreams in the heart-stopping, nostril-blasting, zombie-bums-from-Uranus-filled sequel to *The Day My Bum Went Psycho*.

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
BUMAGEDDON: THE FINAL PONGFLICT

THE BLOCKBUSTING CONCLUSION TO THE UNIVARSELTY BESTSELLING BUM TRILOGY!

Zack Freeman and his bum thought their world-saving days were over – that is, until they are attacked by an army of Great White Bumosaurs from 65 million years ago!

Along with some old friends, they must travel back in time to save the world – again – from the pongfluct to end all pongflucts: Bumageddon!

ANDY GRIFFITHS
THE DAY MY BUTT WENT PSYCHO

Zack Freeman woke out of a deep sleep to see his butt perched on the ledge of his bedroom window. 'No!' He yelled. 'Come back!' But it was too late. His butt jumped out of the window and landed with a soft thud in the garden bed below. Zack stared at the window and sighed. 'Oh no,' he said, 'Not again.'

So begins the story of a boy and his crazy runaway butt. A story so sensational, so stinky and so stupid it has to be read to be believed ... if you dare!

THE DAY MY BUTT WENT PSYCHO: A STORY (AND NOW A MAJOR CARTOON SERIES)
THAT YOU – AND YOUR BUTT – WILL NEVER FORGET!

Originally published as The Day My Bum Went Psycho!

THE JUST! SERIES
ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
JUST TRICKING!

In Just Annoying! Andy firmly established himself as the world's most annoying person. But did you realise that he is also the world's leading practical joker? The ten hilarious stories in Just Tricking! confirm Andy's status as a class-one practical joker – the only problem is that his practical jokes usually end up backfiring!

In 'Playing Dead' Andy pretends that he is dead to get out of going to school, but when his parents prepare to bury him in the backyard he starts to wonder if it was such a clever idea after all! Other practical jokes include pretending that corn relish is vomit to make an old lady move seats on a plane, and dressing up as a gorillagram to embarrass his sister, Jen, at her birthday party.

Just Tricking! is full of highly original, and extremely funny stories. But above all, it is just pure fun!

'Mad, fun and way out there!' DISNEY ADVENTURES

'Entertaining tales of prank and mischief will have the kids giggling with delight'
THE AGE

'Just Tricking! with its anarchic, irreverent style has few literary pretensions. It is a book to read for fun'
MAGPIES

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
JUST ANNOYING!

There is a fine line between playing tricks on people and annoying the hell out of them. Andy should know. He crosses the line on a regular basis!

Just Annoying! is Paul Jennings meets Morris Gleitzman meets Roald Dahl. The nine uniquely Australian stories find Andy in hilarious situations such as setting a new speed record by swinging on the clothes line, being terrorised by a garden gnome that he has taken on holidays with him, chasing the last jaffa in the cinema and having his imaginary friends taking on a life of their own.

‘Over the top tales from a born story-teller’ MAGPIES

‘The stories are far-fetched and imaginative – every young trickster will love them’ AUSTRALIAN
BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER

‘Original, funny and lots of fun’ SUNDAY MAIL (Brisbane)

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
JUST STUPID!

Gasp as Andy careers down a hill in an abandoned pram wearing only a nappy, groan as he desperately looks for a toilet in a shopping centre before he explodes, and squirm as he stuffs twenty marshmallows into his mouth without swallowing...

But most of all laugh because Andy is back – and doing more stupid things than ever before.

Nine highly original stories that see Andy G lurch from one stupid mistake to another, and yet always survive ... Short, tightly-written comedies to entertain the most cynical reader complemented by imaginative and hilarious illustrations from one of Australia's most well-known and acclaimed illustrators, Terry Denton.

'Another beauty' COURIER MAIL

"Exaggerated, over-the-top, lunatic humour' VIEWPOINT

'Highly original, hilarious and hysterically stupid tales' THE INDEPENDENT READER

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
JUST CRAZY!

Is this the right book for you?

Take the CRAZY TEST and find out.

- Do you ever bounce so high on your bed that you hit your head on the ceiling?
- Do you ever look in the mirror and see a crazy maniac staring back at you?
- Do you like to read stories about kittens, puppies and ponies getting mashed and pulverised?
- Do you sometimes get the urge to take your clothes off and cover yourself in mud?
- Do you often waste your time taking crazy tests like this one?

SCORE: One point for every 'yes' answer.

3-5 You are completely crazy. You will love this book.

1-2 You are not completely crazy, but you're not far off it. You will love this book.

0 You are so far crazy you don't even realise you're crazy. You will love this book.

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
JUST DISGUSTING!

Is this the right book for you?

Take the DISGUSTING TEST and find out.

- Do you ever pick your nose?
- Do you ever pick other people's noses?
- Do you ever find unidentified brown blobs in your bath?
- Do you think being able to burp the alphabet is an important life skill?
- Do you like stories about disgusting things like dead flies, giant slugs, maggots and brussel sprouts?

SCORE: One point for each 'yes' answer.

3-5 You are completely and utterly disgusting. You will love this book.

1-2 You are fairly disgusting. You will love this book.

0 You are either a liar or an adult (or both). You will love this book.

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
JUST SHOCKING!

Is this the right book for you?

Take the SHOCKING TEST and find out.

- Do you wish you could drive around in a monster truck crushing everybody and everything that gets in your way?
- Do you love watching videos of people having painful accidents?
- Do you do any – or all – of the following: touch electric fences, play with loaded mousetraps or put buttons up your nose?
- Do you think stories about exploding pink butterflies are funny?
- Do you ever laugh so hard that you feel like you're going to throw up all over yourself... and then you actually do?

SCORE: One point for each yes answer.

3-5 You are a shocking, shocking person! You will love this book.

1-2 You are quite shocking! You will love this book.

0 What a shocking score! You will love this book.

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
JUST MACBETH!

- Take one Shakespearean tragedy: Macbeth.
- Add Andy, Danny and Lisa – the Just trio, whose madcap exploits have already delighted hundreds of thousands of readers for the last ten years.
- Mix them all together to create one of the most hilarious, most dramatic, moving stories of love, Whizz Fizz, witches, murder and madness, from the bestselling and funniest children's author in Australia.

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
JUST DOOMED!

YES / NO

- Do you ignore health warnings and safety instructions whenever possible?
- Do you ever play kiss chasey with girls (if you are a boy) or with boys (if you are a girl)?
- Do you regularly engage in deadly battles with brothers, sisters and/or indestructible cyborg warriors?
- Do you live on a planet that will one day be incinerated by an expanding star called the Sun?
- Do you like fast-paced, high-action, high-body-count stories featuring mini-golf, lawn bowls and naked people in the nude?

SCORE: One point for each 'yes' answer

3-5 You are definitely DOOMED! You will love this book.

1-2 You are fairly DOOMED! You will love this book.

0 You are DOOMED, you just don't realise it.

First published 2017 in Pan by Pan Macmillan Australia Pty Limited 1 Market Street, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, 2000

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Cataloguing-in-Publication entry is available from the National Library of Australia

<http://catalogue.nla.gov.au>

EPUB format: 9781760554309

Typeset by Seymour Designs Cover design by Seymour Designs Cover images: Terry Denton

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