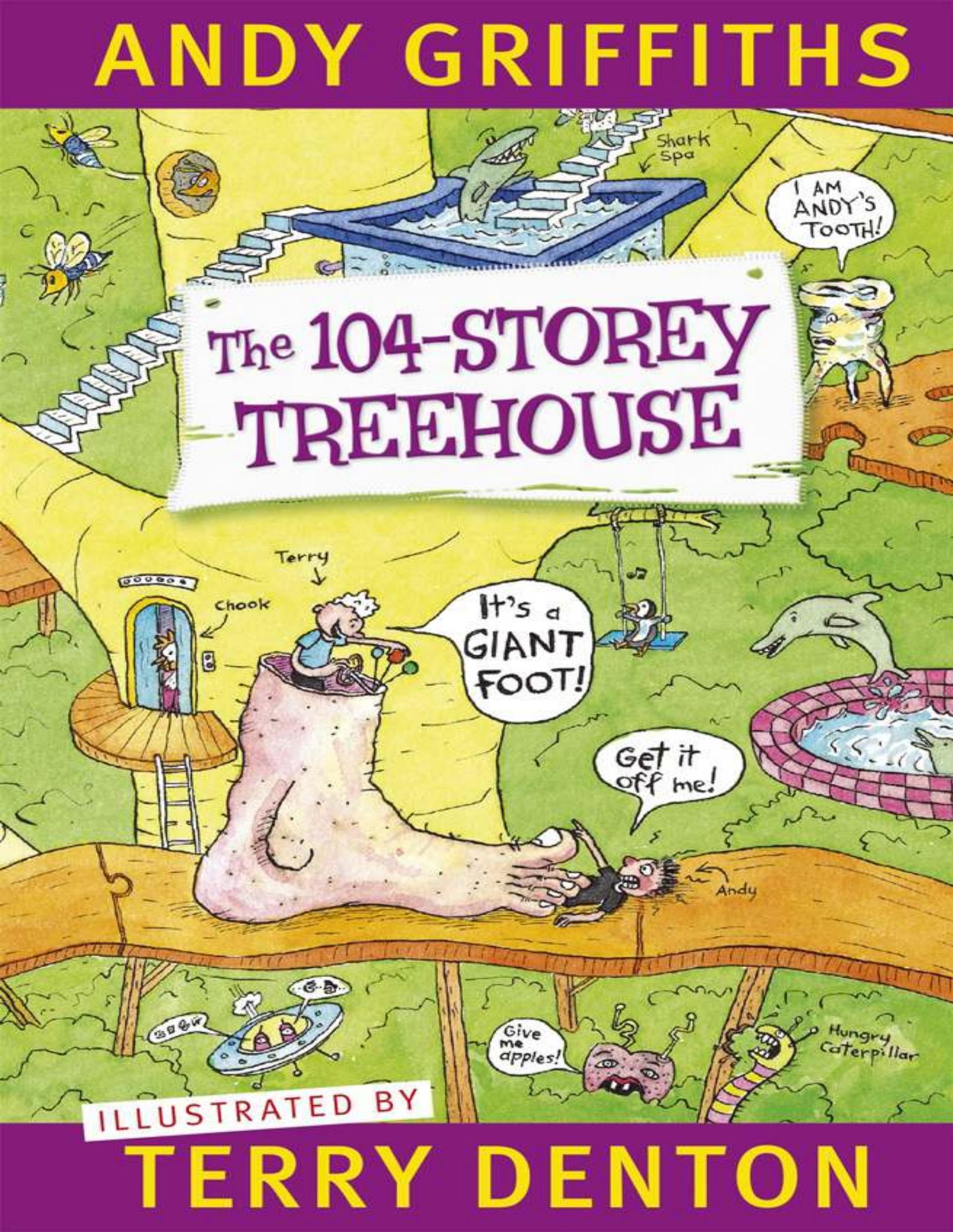


ANDY GRIFFITHS



The 104-STOREY TREEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY

TERRY DENTON

ABOUT THE 104-STOREY TREEHOUSE

Join Andy and Terry in their wonderfully wild and wacky 104-storey treehouse. You can throw some refrigerators, make money with the money-making machine (or honey if you'd prefer—it makes that too), climb the never-ending staircase, have a bunfight, deposit some burps in the burp bank, get totally tangled up in the tangled-up level, or just take some time out and relax in the beautiful sunny meadow full of buttercups, butterflies and bluebirds.

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

ANDY GRIFFITHS

**The 104-STOREY
TREEHOUSE**

ILLUSTRATED BY

TERRY DENTON

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CHAPTER 1

THE 104-STOREY TREEHOUSE

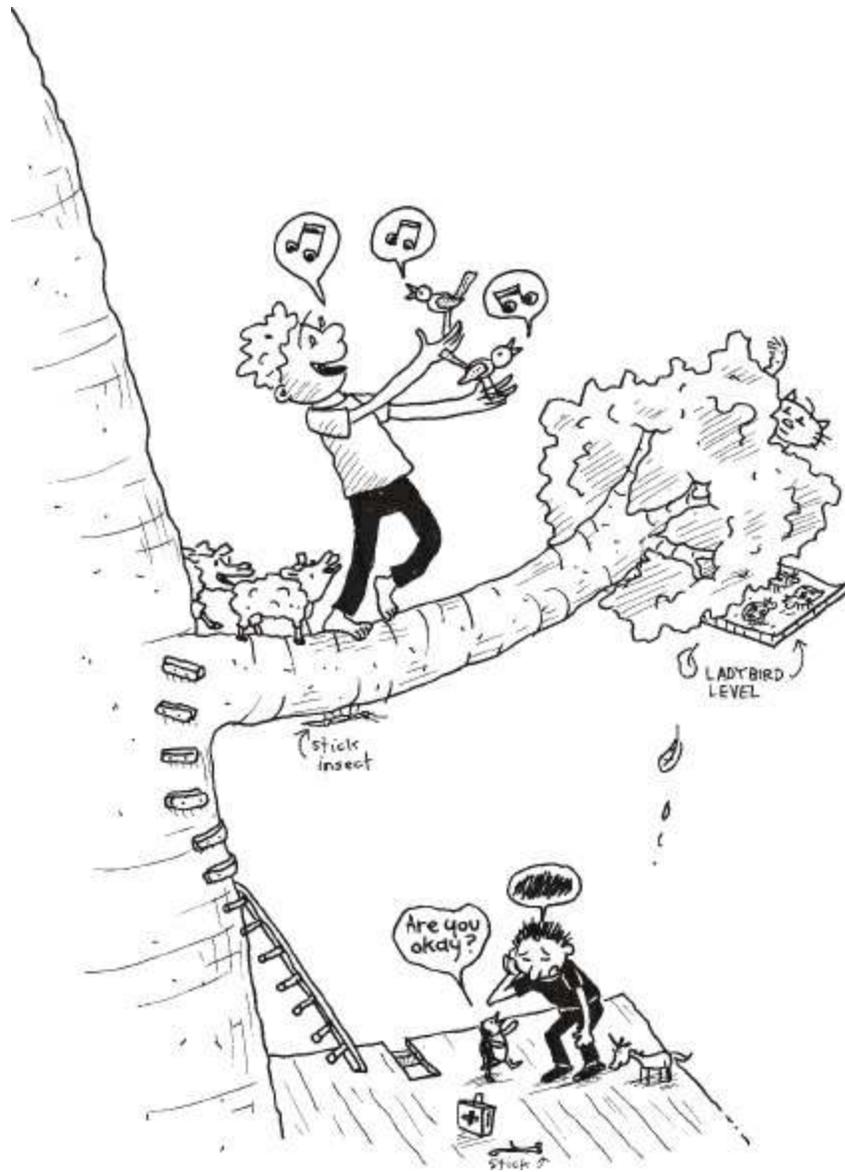


Hi, my name is Andy (moan).

Q Who am I?

A Andy (I just told you that!).

This is my friend Terry (groan).



We live in a tree (moan, groan).



Q What did the rock say when it rolled into the tree?

A Nothing—rocks don't talk.

Well, when I say 'tree', I mean treehouse. And when I say 'treehouse', I

don't just mean any old treehouse—I mean a 104-storey treehouse! (It used to be a 91-storey treehouse, but we've added another 13 storeys.)



Q Which side of a tree has the most leaves?

A The outside.

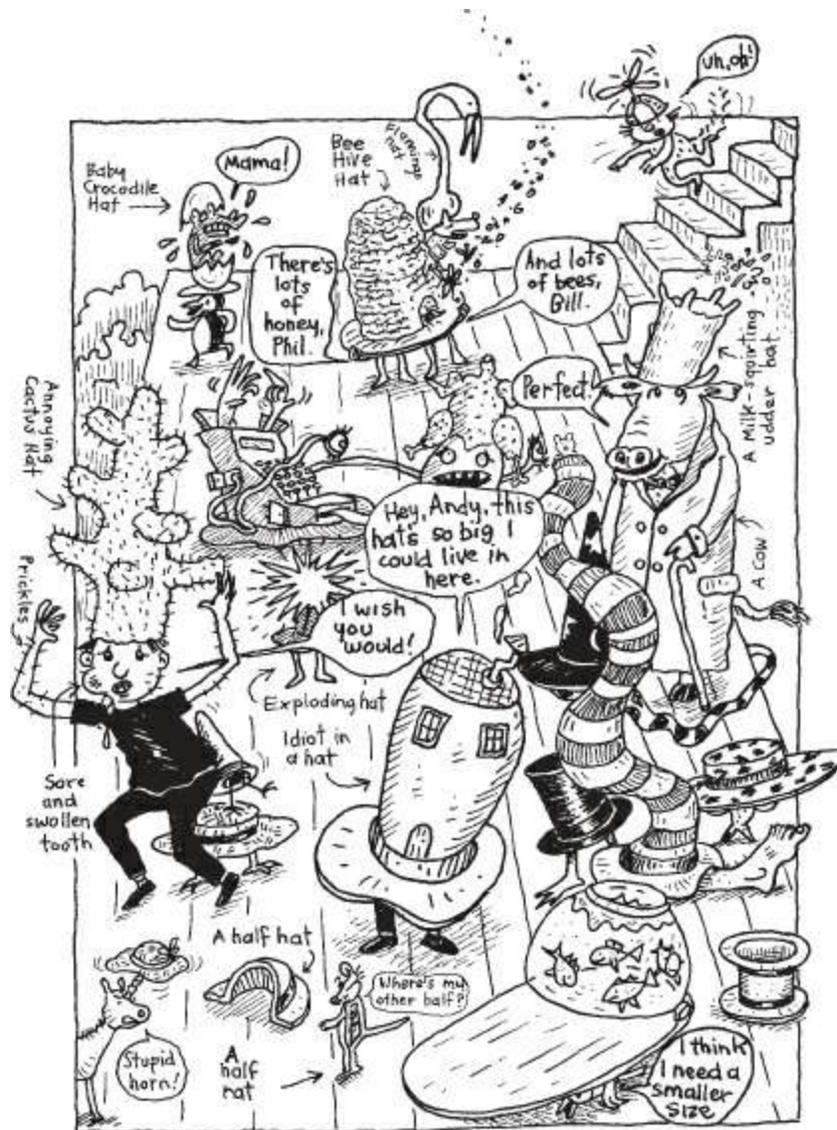
So what are you waiting for?
Come on up!



That ladder
doesn't look
very safe!

It sure is!
It's Terry-built!

Ouch!
Oww!

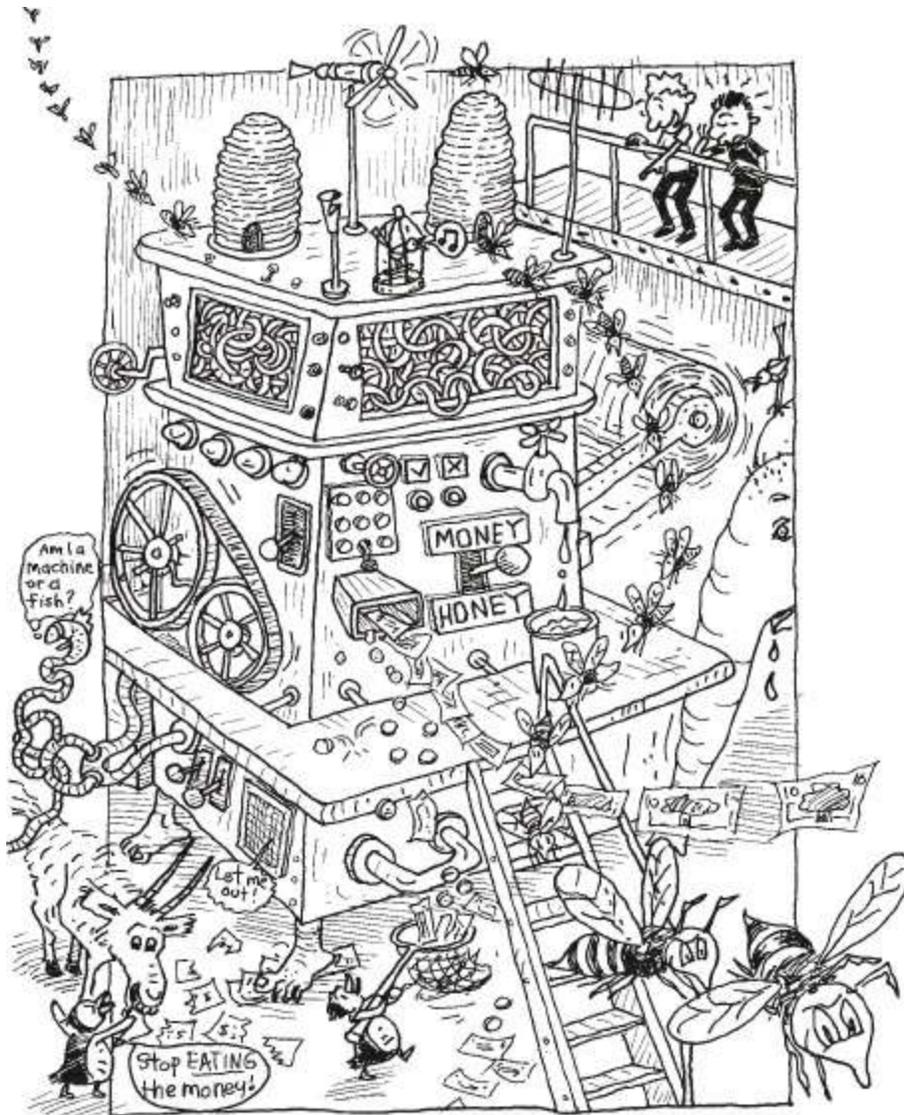


Q Where does Dracula keep his money?

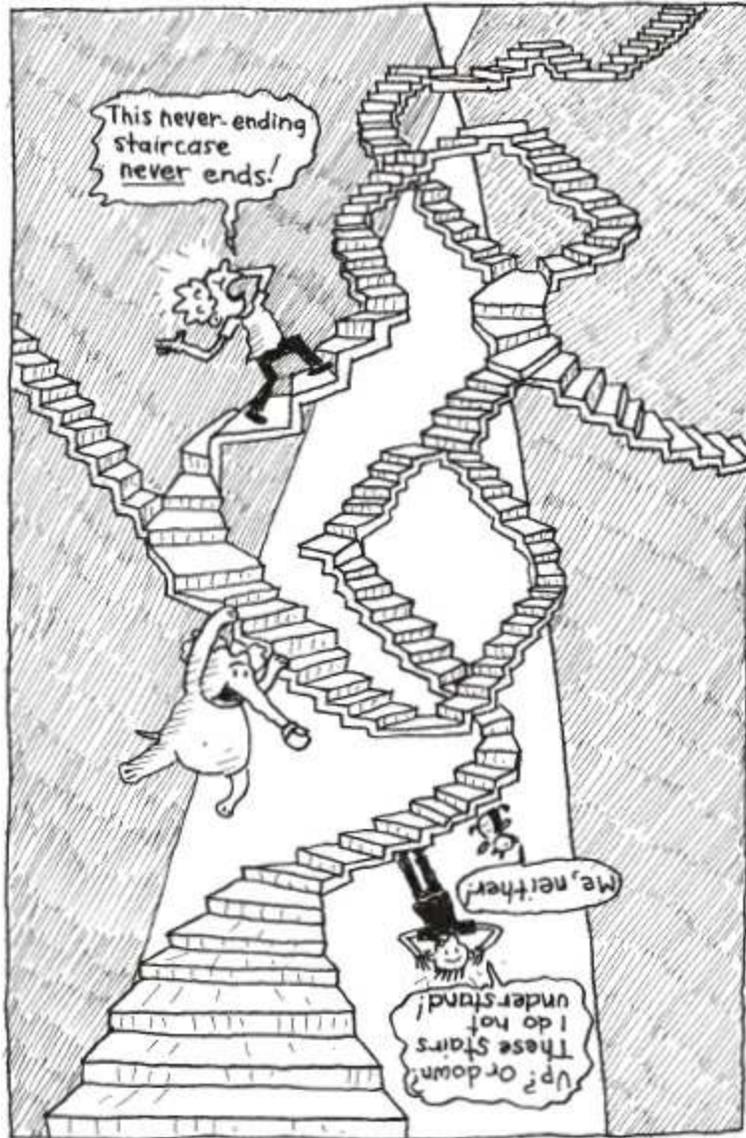
A In a blood bank.



a money-making machine (that also makes honey),



a never-ending staircase,



Q How do shells get around in the ocean?

A Taxi-crabs.

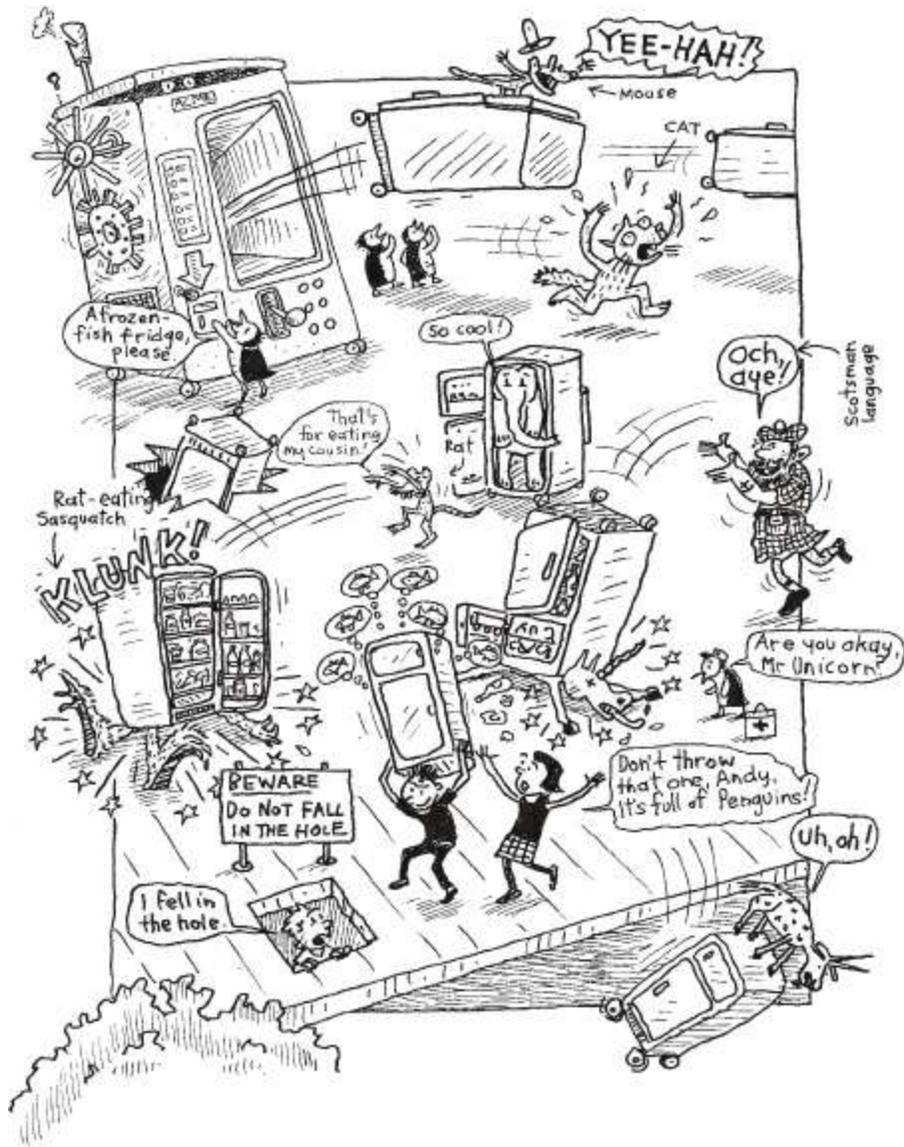
a Two-Dollar Shop (there's nothing over two dollars),



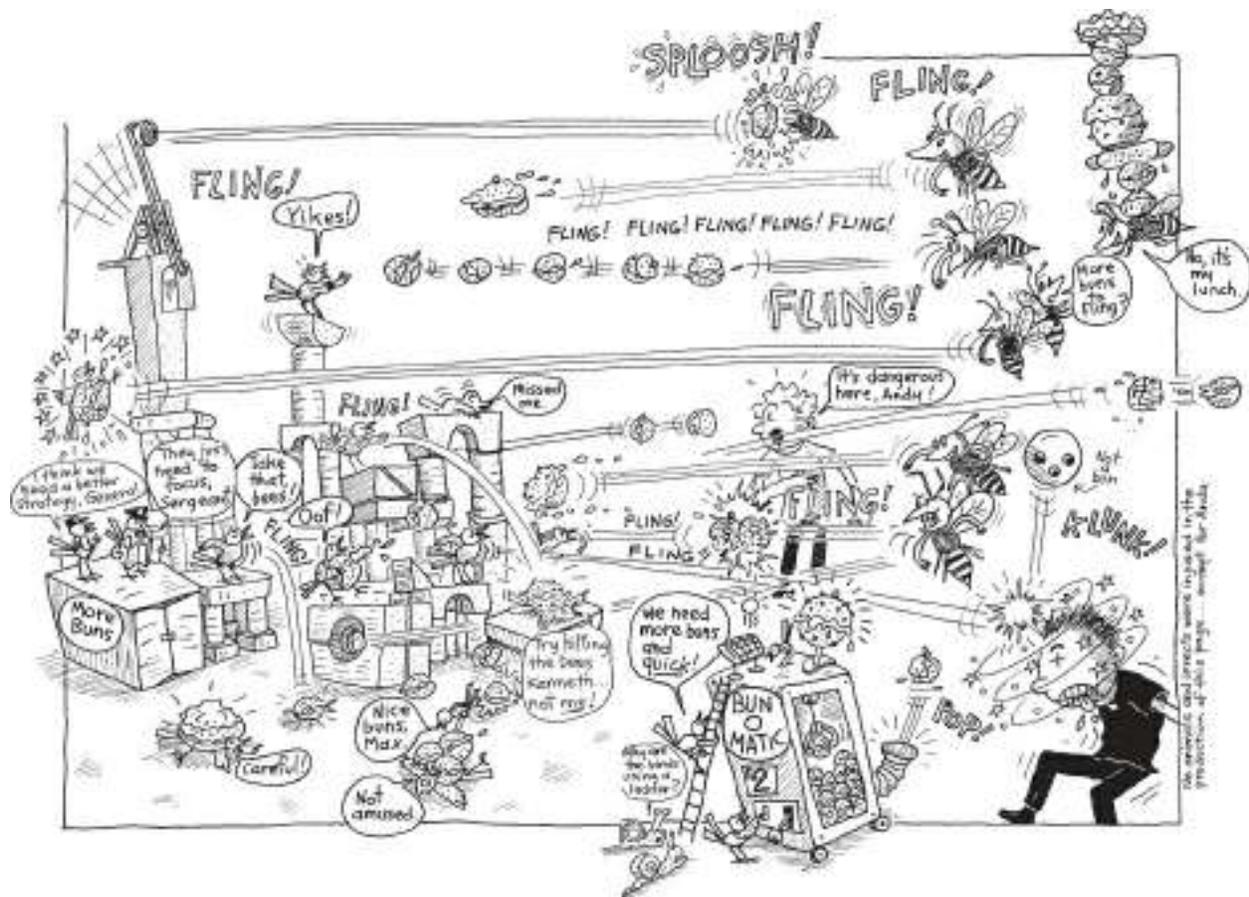
Q Why did the boy fall off his bike?

A Because his mother threw a fridge at him.

a refrigerator-throwing range (with a refrigerator-vending machine so we never run out of refrigerators),



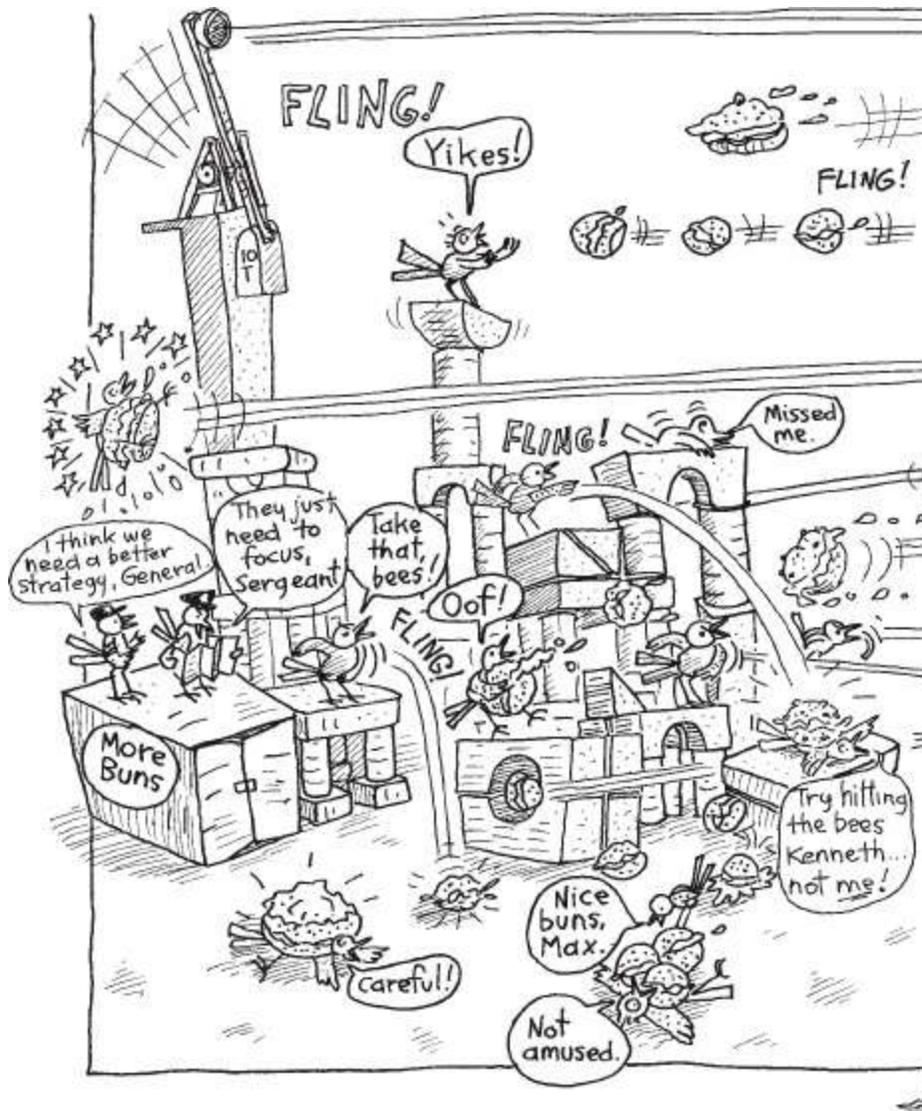
a bunfighting level (with a bun-vending machine so we never run out of buns),



Q How can you say 'rabbit' without using the letter R?

A Bunny.

Mount Everest,



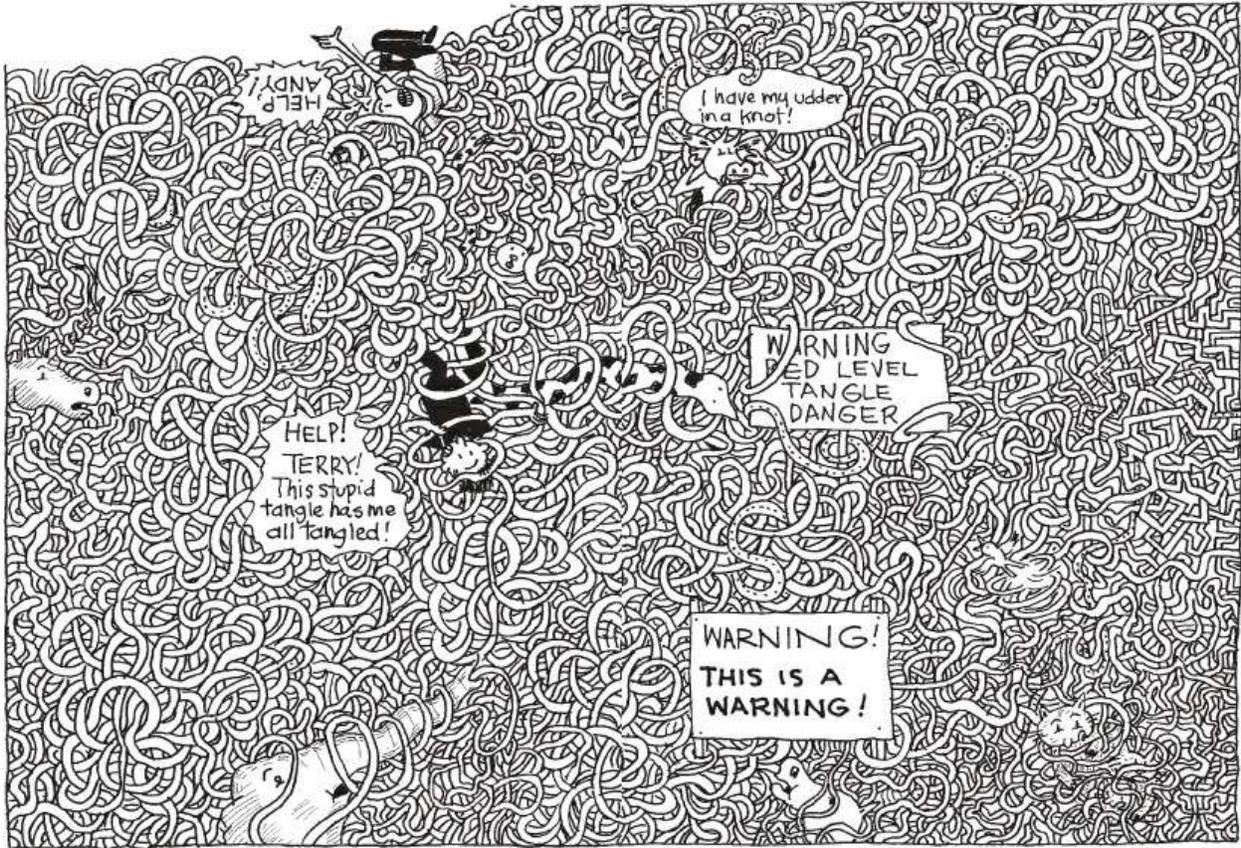
Q What was the tallest mountain in the world before Mount Everest was discovered?

A Mount Everest, of course.

a burp bank,



a tangled-up level (where everything is really, REALLY tangled up),



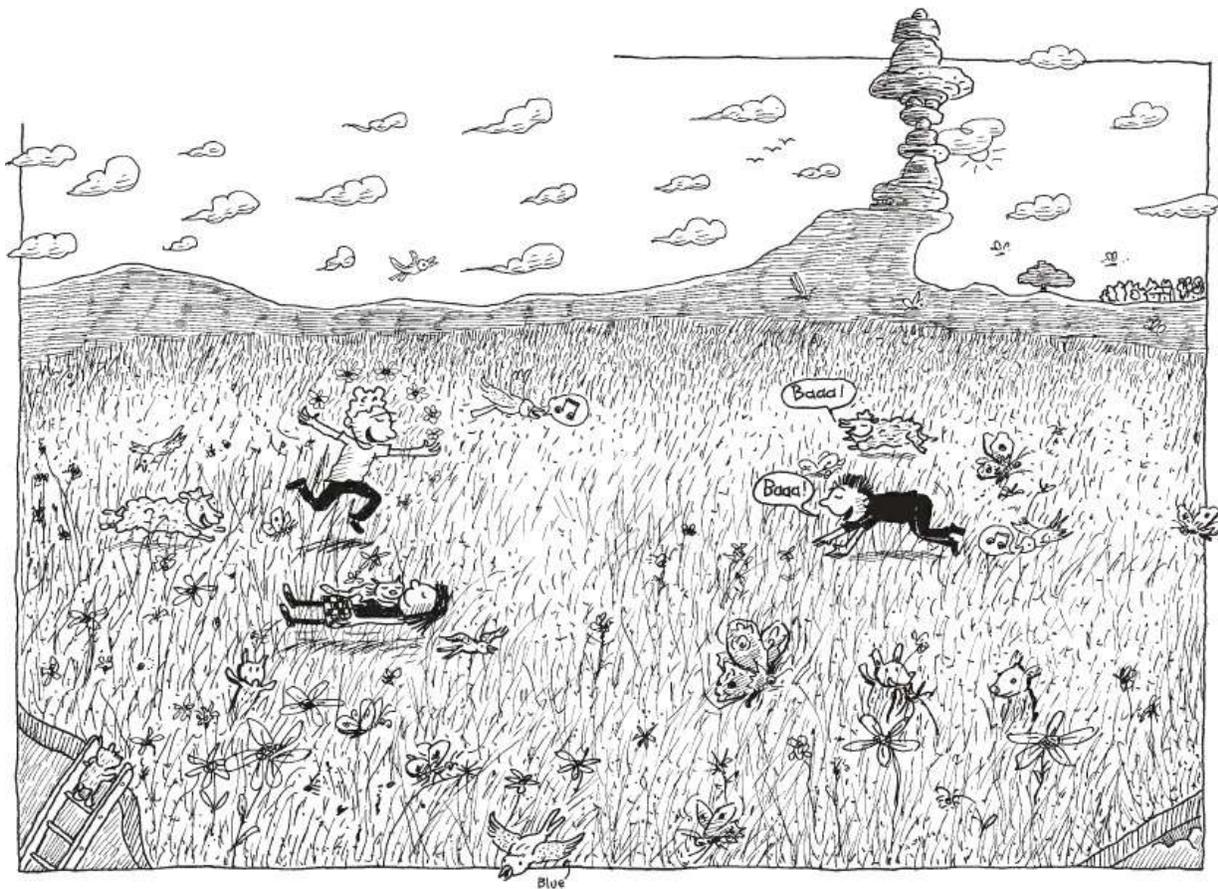
Q What do snakes do after a fight?

A They hiss and make up.

a deep-thoughts thinking room,



and a beautiful sunny meadow full of buttercups, butterflies and bluebirds.



Q Where do butterflies sleep?

A On cater-pillows.

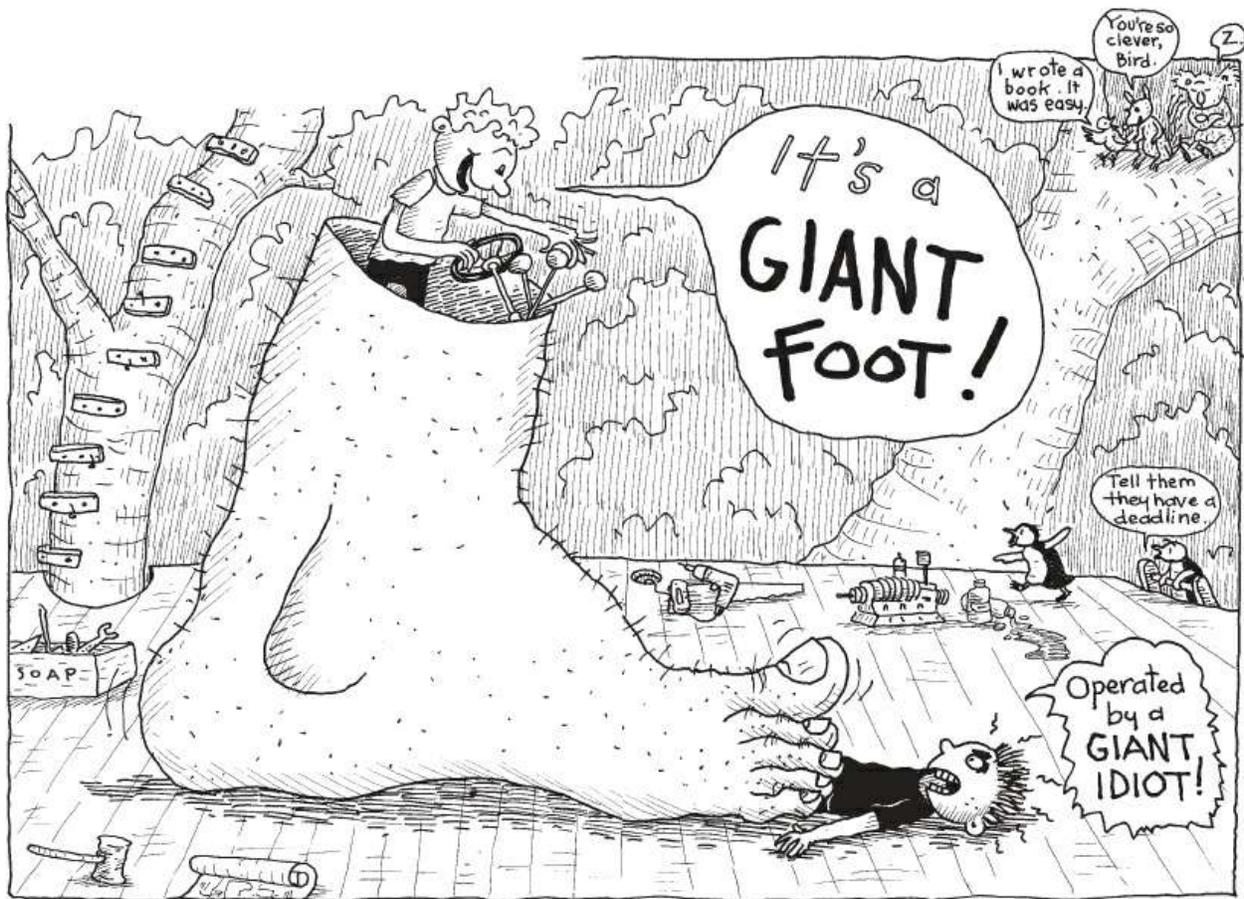
As well as being our home (moan), the treehouse is also where we make books together. I write the words and Terry draws the pictures.



Q Why did the fly fall off the wall?

A Because it had a piano tied to its leg.

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



Q What's grey?

A A melted penguin.

but somehow we always get our book written in the end (groan).



Q Why did the boy throw his clock out the window?

A Because he wanted to see time fly.

CHAPTER 2

ANDY'S ACHING TOOTHACHE



If you're like most of our readers (moan), you're probably wondering (groan) why I'm moaning and groaning so much. Well, the reason is I've got a really bad toothache.

'Hi, Andy,' says Terry, prancing towards me with a couple of lambs by his side. 'What a lovely day it is in our beautiful sunny meadow full of buttercups, butterflies and bluebirds!'



‘No, it’s not,’ I say. ‘It’s a terrible day! I’ve got the most aching toothache in the world!’



Q What time do you go to the dentist?

A Two-thirty.

‘Hey, that reminds me of a joke,’ says Terry. ‘What time did the boy go to the dentist?’



‘I don’t know and I don’t care!’ I say. ‘My tooth is hurting!’

‘That’s right,’ he says, laughing. ‘Two-thirty. Get it? Tooth-hurty. Just like you!’



‘Yes, I get it,’ I say.

‘Then why aren’t you laughing?’

‘Because my tooth is hurting too much! It’s hard to laugh when I’m in so much pain.’



‘That’s too bad,’ says Terry, ‘because I love jokes! I reckon we should write a whole book of them.’

‘I’d love to,’ I say, ‘but with this toothache I just don’t feel funny enough to write jokes. In fact, I’m not sure I even feel funny enough to write this book.’

Q If life gets tough, what do you have that you can always count on?

A Your fingers.

‘But we have to write this book,’ says Terry. ‘Otherwise, Mr Big Nose will get mad!’

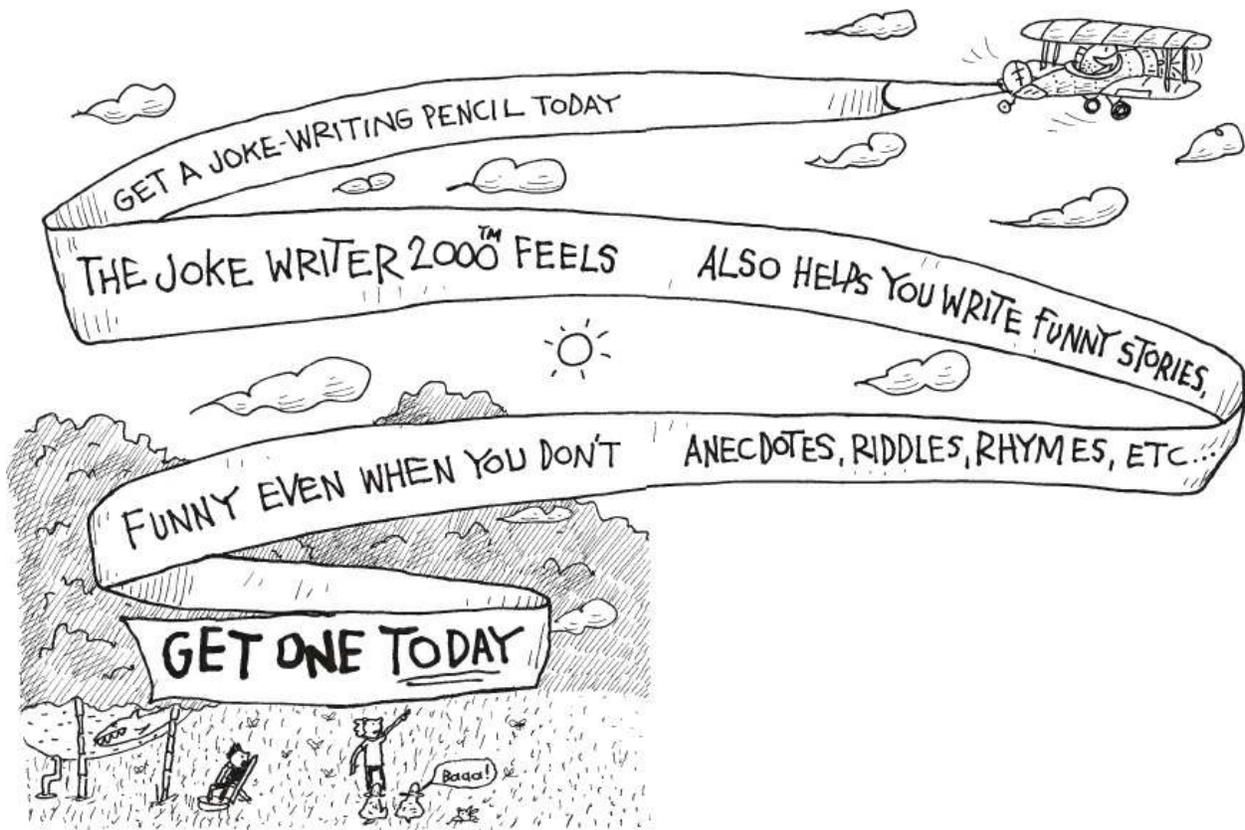
‘I know,’ I say. ‘I just don’t know how we’re going to do it. This toothache is killing me.’

‘Hey, look up there in the sky!’ says Terry. ‘It’s a bird!’



I look up to where Terry's pointing. 'I don't think it's a bird,' I say. 'That's Superfinger.'

'No, it's not a bird or Superfinger,' says Terry. 'It's a biplane! And it's got a sign!'



Q Why did the plane crash?

A Because the pilot was a loaf of bread.

‘A joke-writing pencil, Andy!’ says Terry. ‘That’s exactly what we need! It could help us write jokes and it might even help us write our book even though you have a toothache. We should get one. Today!’

‘But where from?’ I say, just as a second biplane flies overhead.



‘From a Two-Dollar Shop, that’s where!’ says Terry. ‘And we’ve got a Two-Dollar Shop right here in our treehouse!’

‘You’re right,’ I say (moan). ‘But I’ve only got one dollar.’

Q Is an old 100-dollar bill worth more than a new one?

A Yes, it’s worth 99 more dollars.

‘Darn, I’ve only got one dollar as well,’ says Terry.

‘Hmmm ...’ I say.



'Hmmm ...'



‘Hmmm ...’



‘Hmmm ...’



‘Hmmm ...’

Q What did one maths book say to the other maths book?

A ‘Do you want to hear my problems?’



‘I’ve got an idea!’ says Terry. ‘Why don’t we put our two one-dollar coins together and then we’ll have two dollars?!’

‘Would that even work?’ I say. ‘Is it even possible? Do the laws of mathematics even allow such a thing?’

‘I think they do,’ says Terry. ‘But there’s only one way to find out for sure. Let’s go to the Two-Dollar Shop and see if Pinchy McPhee will let us buy a two-dollar Joke Writer 2000™ with our two one-dollar coins!’



‘I didn’t know our sunny meadow had a video phone,’ says Terry.

‘Of course it does,’ I say. ‘Most meadows do these days.’



‘I hope it’s not Mr Big Nose,’ says Terry.

‘I’m afraid it might be,’ I say.

‘I’m afraid, too,’ says Terry.

Q What demands an answer but asks no question?

A A telephone.

I answer the phone. ‘Hello (moan), Mr Big Nose,’ I groan.

‘What’s with all the moaning and groaning?!’ shouts Mr Big Nose, scaring a flock of butterflies fluttering close to the screen. ‘I don’t have time to listen to moaning and groaning! I’m a busy man, you know!’

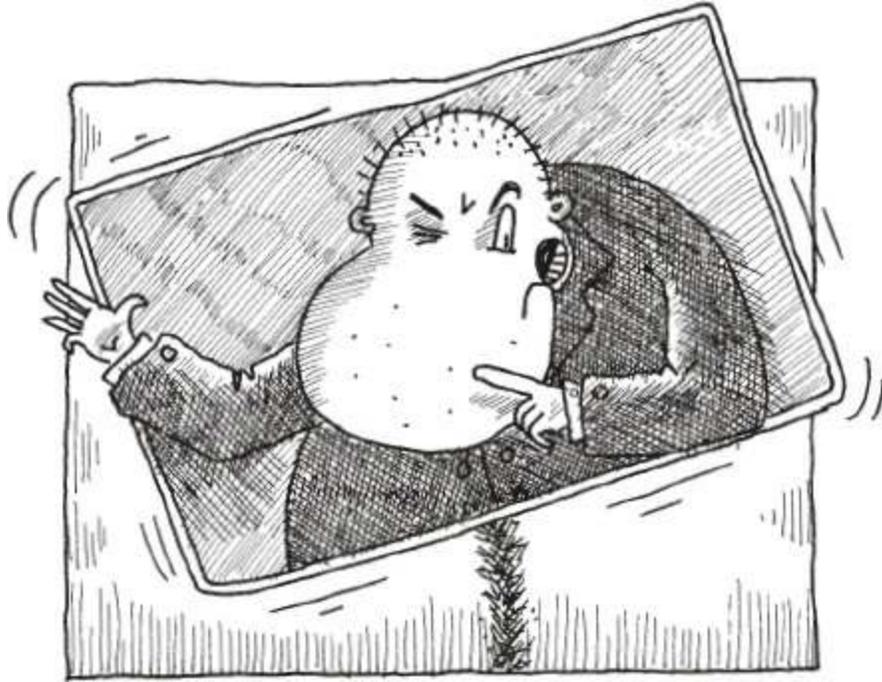


‘I know,’ I say, ‘but my tooth—’

‘I don’t have time for explanations,’ interrupts Mr Big Nose. ‘And neither do you. Your book is due today. It had better be on my desk by two-thirty, or else!’

‘Well, we’re running a bit behind,’ I say, ‘because of my toothache, but we’ve got a good idea to put lots of jokes in—’

Mr Big Nose interrupts me again. ‘How about this for a joke?’ he says. ‘What’s big and red and gets bigger and redder the angrier it gets and then explodes if a certain writer and illustrator don’t get their book to me by the deadline, which, just in case you’ve forgotten, is 2.30 p.m. today?’



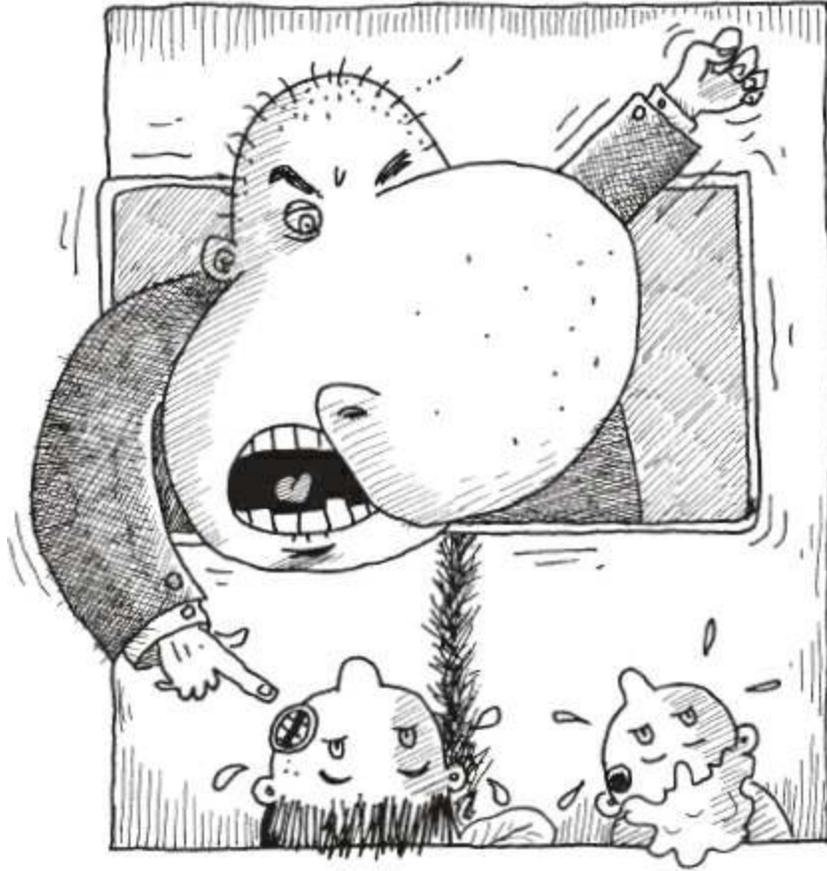
Q What's big and red and eats rocks?

A A big red rock-eater.

'Um, beats me,' says Terry.

'Me too,' I say. 'We give up.'

'**MY NOSE!**' shouts Mr Big Nose. 'THAT'S WHAT! SO YOU'D BETTER GET IT DONE BY TWO-THIRTY TODAY, OR ELSE!'



‘Yes, Mr Big Nose,’ I say, but he’s already gone.



‘I didn’t think that was a very funny joke,’ says Terry.

‘No, I think it was more of a threat than a joke,’ I say. ‘We’d better get to the Two-Dollar Shop and buy a Joke Writer 2000™ fast!’



Q What's big and red and eats big red rock-eaters?

A A big red big red rock-eater.

‘Let’s take our jet-propelled swivel chairs,’ says Terry. ‘It’s quite a long way up.’

Terry whistles and the chairs appear instantly.



We jump on.

‘To the Two-Dollar Shop!’ yells Terry, as we take off at jet-propelled, supersonic swivel chair speed.



Q What rocks but does not roll?

A A rocking chair.

CHAPTER 3

PENS, PENCILS AND WRITING UTENSILS



We arrive at the Two-Dollar Shop. Pinchy McPhee is out the front, waving his claws around and singing at the top of his voice.



Grand Sale! Grand Sale!
I'm having a great grand sale!
All items in my Two-Dollar Shop
Are priced at just TWO DOLLARS a pop!

Not one, not three
Not five: just TWO!
Just TWO dollars!
It's amazing—but true!

So—



‘Excuse me, Pinchy,’ I say quickly (before he can start a third verse), ‘but isn’t everything in the Two-Dollar Shop always only two dollars?’

‘Of course,’ says Pinchy. ‘But today is a grand sale so two dollars is an extra-special price!’

Q What did the bird say at the sale?

A Cheap! Cheap!

Terry frowns. ‘But if everything is normally two dollars and your sale price is two dollars, how is today different from any other day?’



‘Because any other day is not a grand sale and today is!’ says Pinchy, getting slightly crabby and waving his claws dangerously close to us.

We nod and step into the shop before he can get any crabbier.

‘Wow!’ says Terry. ‘This shop has everything! Check it out!’



Q What do you call a sheep without legs?

A A cloud.

‘Hey, look at this electric banana,’ says Terry. ‘It’s only two dollars!’



‘And this giant glow-in-the-dark marshmallow is bigger than my head,’ he says. ‘And it’s only two dollars, too!’



Q What's yellow and smells like bananas?

A Monkey vomit.

‘And check out this model of our treehouse!’ says Terry. ‘We could buy it and have a treehouse in our treehouse!’



‘And there’s also a model of the model of the treehouse!’ he says. ‘We could have a treehouse in our treehouse in our treehouse!’



‘Oh, wow!’ says Terry, picking up a golden toilet seat. ‘Here’s that solid gold toilet seat we’ve always wanted—and it’s only two dollars as well! Can we get it, Andy? Please, please, please, please, please, please, please? A solid gold toilet seat would solve all our problems!’



‘No, it wouldn’t,’ I say. ‘We came to buy a Joke Writer 2000™ and that’s what we’re going to do. That is going to solve all our problems.’

Q Why did Tigger go to the bathroom?

A He was looking for his friend, Pooh.

‘Oh, yeah, I forgot,’ says Terry, turning to Pinchy. ‘Excuse me, Pinchy, do you sell pencils?’

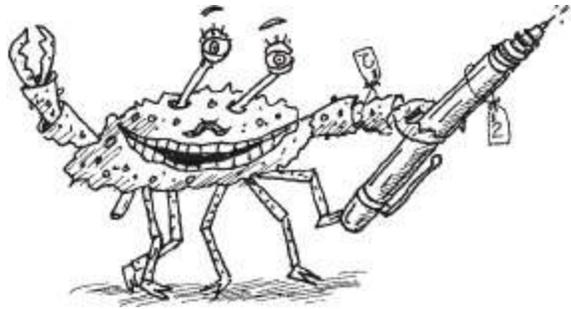
‘Of course I do,’ says Pinchy. He takes a deep breath and starts singing.



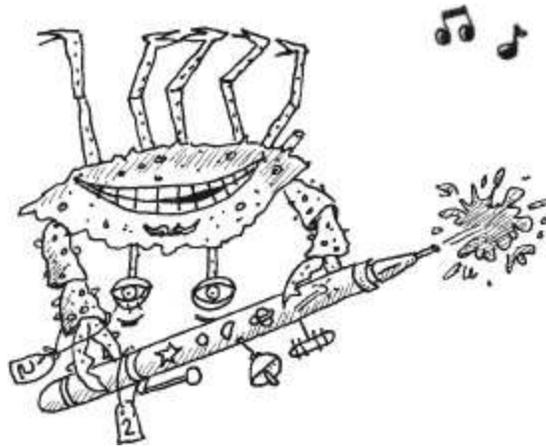
I have pens and pencils and writing utensils
Of all sorts right here in my store:
I have dip pens and gel pens and ballpoints and biros
And textas and markers galore!



I have a pen you can use as a lipstick,
And a pen that can write under water,
And a pen for writing excuses,
In case you haven't done something you oughta.



I have a pen that can write upside down
Like the astronauts took into space,
And a pen you can use to write notes on your hand.
Or—if you prefer—on your face.



Q Where do astronauts park their spaceships?

A Parking meteors.

And here is a pen,
My pen-loving friends,
That comes with a little night-light.
You can write in the night
For as long as you like
Because the little night-light is quite bright!



And here is a pen
With a fan on the end—
You can use it to write when it's hot.
And it also comes with a heater attached
So you can write whether it's hot or it's not.



Q What did one pencil say to the other pencil?

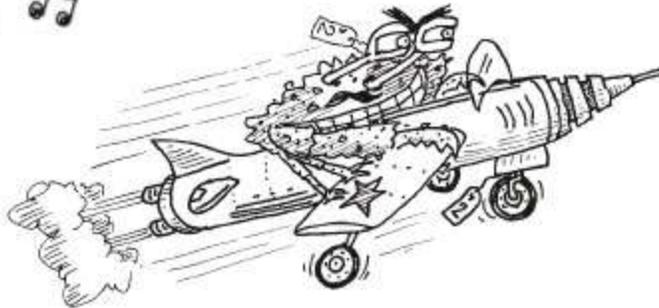
A 'You're looking sharp!'.



I have a pen that writes with invisible ink,
That's particularly good for spies,
And a pen that always tells the truth
And one that will only write lies.



I have a pen that changes into a car,
And one that turns into a jet.
And a pen with fur and ears and a tail—
It's the next best thing to a pet!



So, as you can see, I have all you could need,
And no pen is priced over two dollars.
I have bargains galore in my two-dollar store
For authors, illustrators and scholars!



‘So, what will it be?’ says Pinchy. ‘What type of pen or pencil would you like?’

‘A Joke Writer 2000™, please,’ I say.

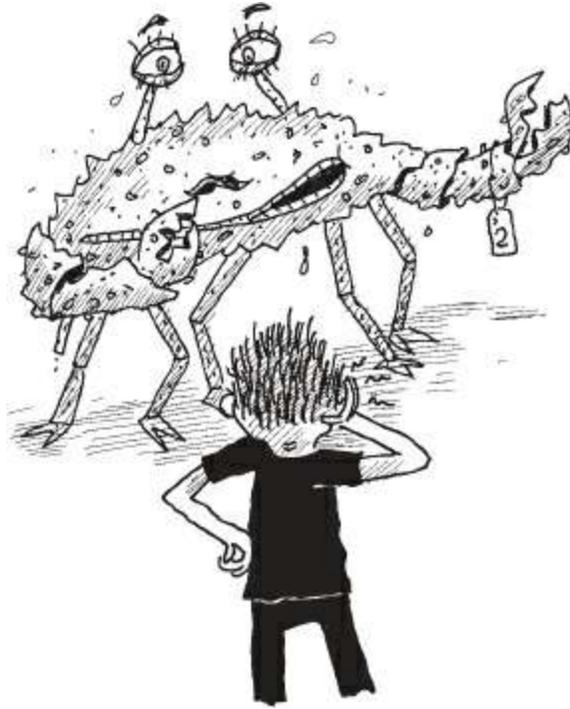
Q What did the pen say to the pencil?

A ‘So, what’s your point?’

‘I’m afraid I’m clean out of them,’ says Pinchy. ‘They’ve been very popular this morning, thanks to my biplane advertising campaign. But, not to worry, I have lots of other wonderful pens and pencils.’

He takes a deep breath.

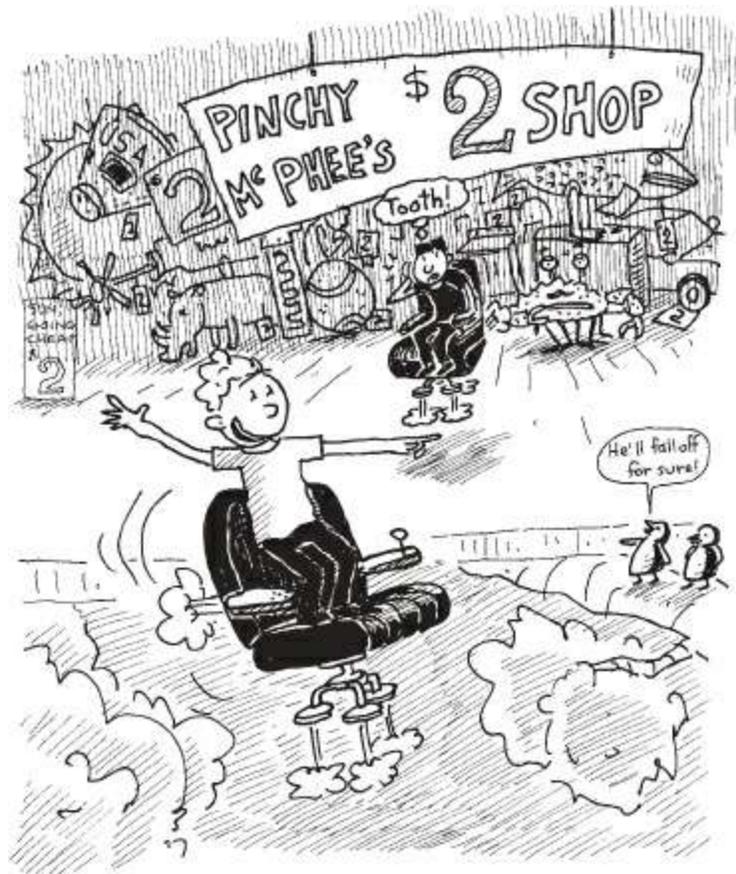
‘Uh-oh,’ whispers Terry. ‘I think he’s going to sing again.’



‘No, it’s okay, Pinchy,’ I say quickly. ‘We really just want a Joke Writer 2000™.’

‘I guess you could try Fancy Fish’s Two-Million-Dollar Shop,’ says Pinchy. ‘He might have one.’

‘Thanks, Pinchy!’ says Terry. ‘We’ll go there right now.’



We fly to the Two-Million-Dollar Shop as fast as we can without stopping.

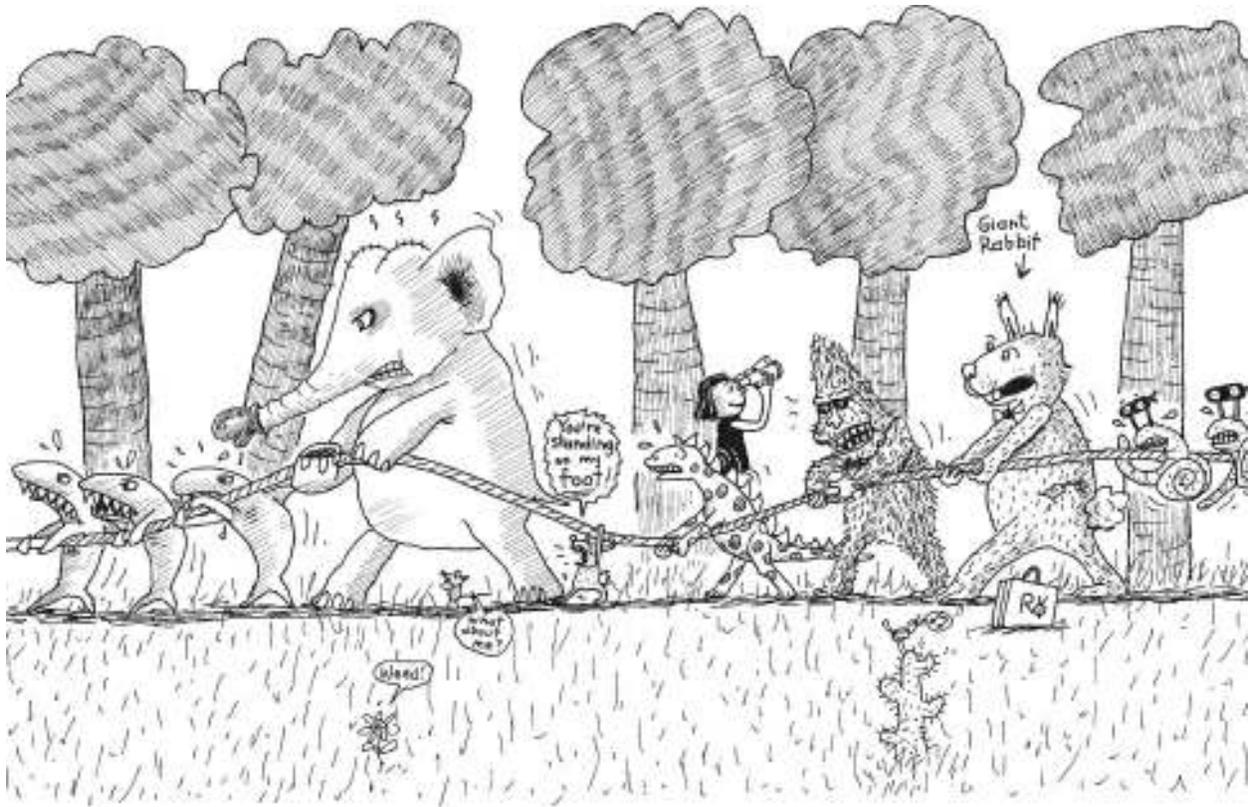
Q What's a plumber's favourite song?

A *Singing in the Drain.*

The Two-Million-Dollar Shop is much better than the Two-Dollar Shop, but, of course, all the stuff is a lot more expensive.



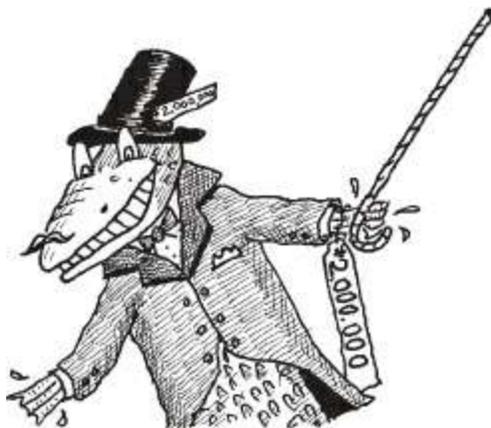
'Wow!' says Terry. 'This shop has everything! Check it out!'



Q Why do birds fly south?

A Because it's too far to walk.

‘Greetings, my good fellows,’ says Fancy Fish. ‘Welcome to my two-million-dollar emporium. How may I be of service?’



‘We’d like to buy a Joke Writer 2000™, please,’ I say.



Q What’s green, sticky and smells like eucalyptus?

A Koala vomit.

‘An excellent choice, if I may say so, sir,’ says Fancy Fish. ‘The Joke Writer 2000™ is a wonderful pencil and very well-priced at only two million dollars. They have proved enormously popular—in fact, this is my last one.’ He places it on the counter in front of us.



‘We’ll buy it!’ says Terry.

‘Hang on, not so fast,’ I say. I turn to Fancy Fish. ‘Will you excuse me for a moment while I consult with my colleague?’

‘Of course,’ says Fancy Fish.



I draw Terry aside.

‘What’s the matter, Andy?’ he says. ‘It’s exactly what we need.’

‘Yes,’ I say, ‘but it costs two million dollars and we only have two one-dollar coins!’

Q Where do fish go for their holidays?

A Finland.

‘Oh, yeah,’ says Terry, ‘that’s too bad ... unless ... unless ...’

‘Unless what?’ I say.

‘Unless we use our money-making machine to make one million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars? Then we can add our two one-dollar coins and we’ll have two million dollars!’



‘Brilliant!’ I say. ‘Why didn’t I think of that?’

‘Because you’ve got a toothache, that’s why.’

‘Ouch!’ I say. ‘Thanks for reminding me.’

I turn to Fancy Fish. ‘Hold that Joke Writer 2000™ —we’ll be right back!’

‘Well, I’ll try,’ says Fancy Fish, ‘but I can’t guarantee anything. At this price it won’t last long.’

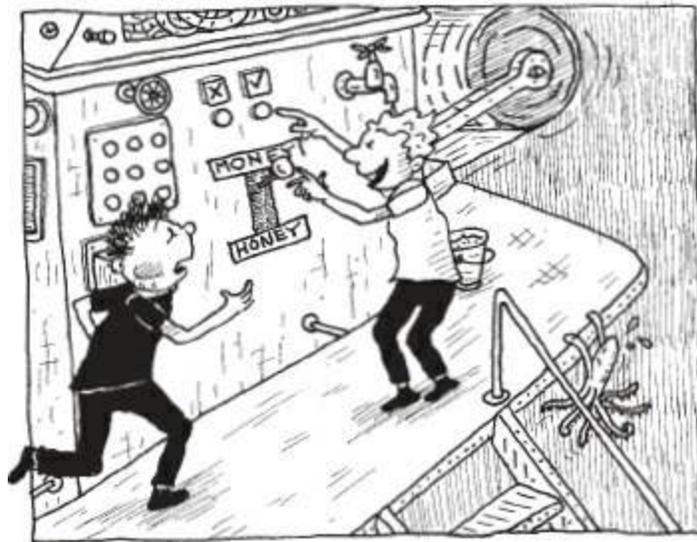


Q Why do some fish live at the bottom of the ocean?

A Because they dropped out of school.

CHAPTER 4

THE 100-BEAR BUNFIGHT



We hurry to the money-making machine.

‘How do you turn this thing on?’ I say.

‘Easy,’ says Terry. ‘You just flick the HONEY/MONEY switch to MONEY and then press the ON button—like this.’

The machine whirs into action and money starts flying everywhere.

‘Making money is fun!’ says Terry as he jumps around excitedly, snatching money out of the air.



‘Be careful,’ I say. ‘Don’t bump the HONEY/MONEY switch.’

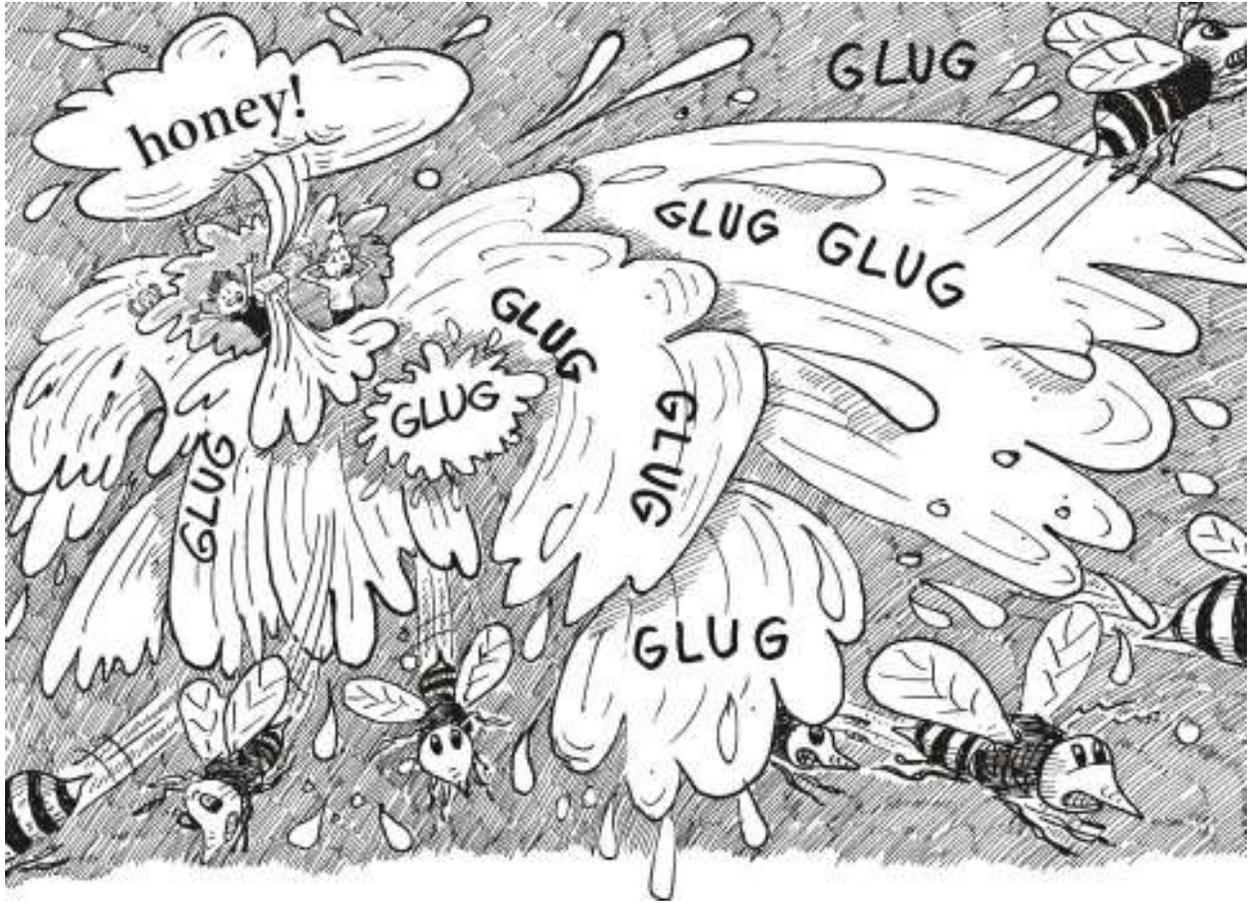
Q What is harder to catch the faster you run?

A Your breath.

‘Oops,’ says Terry, as he slips backwards and bumps into the honey/money switch!



The machine makes a weird growling, gluggy sound as it switches from making money to making ...



Q What did the bee say to the flower?

A 'Hello, honey!'.

Before we know it, we're up to our knees in honey! It's pouring out of the machine in great sticky waves.



‘Terry, you idiot!’ I yell. ‘You bumped into the HONEY/MONEY switch.’

‘I’m sorry,’ says Terry. ‘But it’s okay, I’ve turned the machine off now.’

Q How do bees get to school in the morning?

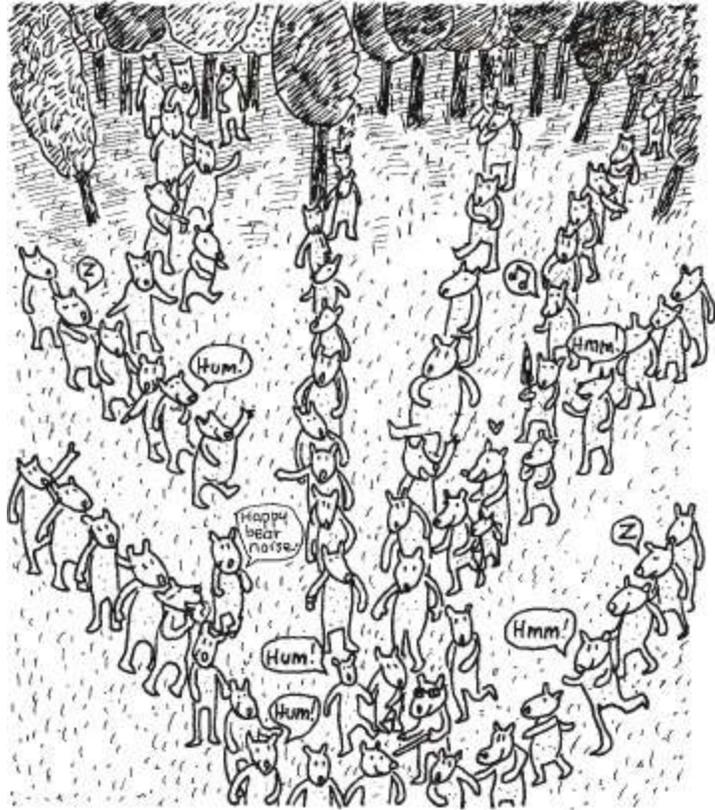
A On the school buzz.

‘Then why is it still making that weird growling sound?’ I say.

‘That’s not the machine,’ says Terry. ‘That’s actual growling—I think it’s coming from all those bears!’

‘Bears?’ I say.

‘Yes,’ says Terry. ‘Look!’





‘But what about when there’s no more honey left?’ says Terry. ‘Then the bears will eat us!’

‘Not these ones,’ I say. ‘These are obviously honey-eating bears, not human-eating bears.’

Q Why couldn't the teddy bear eat its lunch?

A Because it was stuffed.

‘I think they must be bun-eating bears as well,’ says Terry, pointing up at the bunfighting level. ‘Look!’



‘Uh-oh!’ I say. ‘They’re not just eating the buns—they’re throwing them as well... **WATCH OUT!!!**’



I take cover but Terry is too slow. One of the buns hits him in the head and knocks him over.



Terry jumps back up. 'Right!' he says. 'This means war!'

'Yeah,' I say. 'If it's a bunfight they want, then it's a bunfight they'll get!'

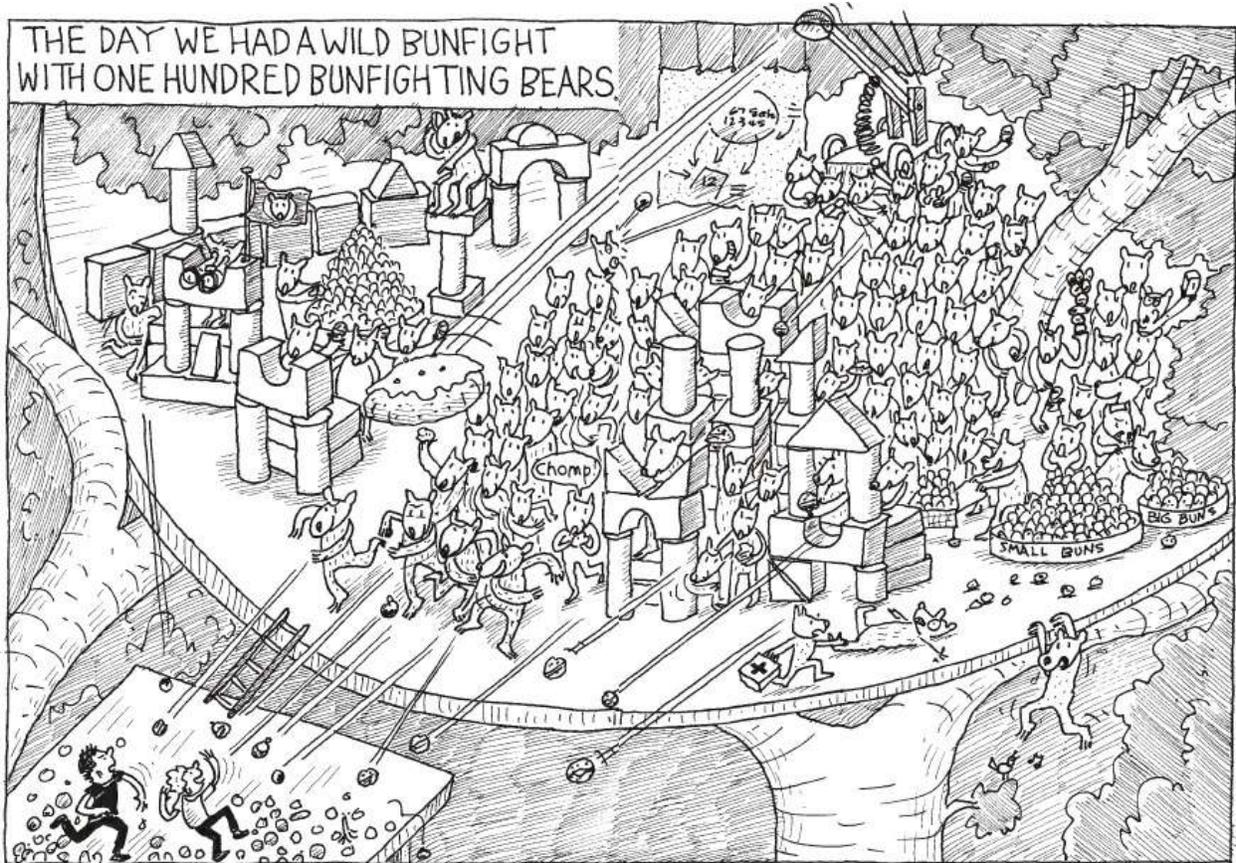


Q What do you call a bear with no teeth?

A A gummy bear.

We scoop up the buns the bears have thrown at us and start hurling them back.





Q When are people like bears?

A When they're barefoot.

Buns of all types are flying through the air in all directions. Hot-cross buns, cold-cross buns, Boston buns, cinnamon buns, cream buns, currant buns, out-of-date buns, hamburger buns, hotdog buns, refrigerator buns ... hang on, REFRIGERATOR BUNS?!



Q How far can a bear walk into the woods?

A Halfway—then it is walking out of the woods.

There's no such thing as refrigerator buns!
The bears are throwing actual refrigerators!



‘Cut it out, you bears!’ I say. ‘Fridge-throwing is totally against the rules of bunfighting! Look at the sign!’



Q What's black and white, black and white, black and white?

A A panda bear rolling down a hill.

‘Maybe bears can’t read,’ says Terry.

‘I think you’re right,’ I say. ‘We’d better get to the fortress—and fast—before we get flattened by a flying fridge!’

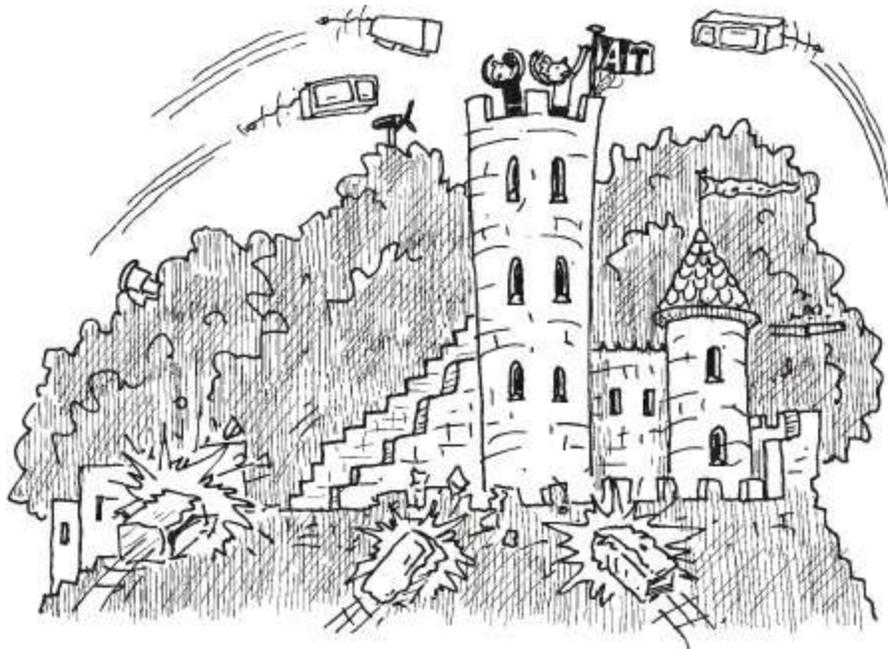
‘Or four flying fridges,’ says Terry, as four flying fridges fly towards us. ‘Flee!’



We make it just in time. Fridges smash into the wall of our fortress, but because it's reinforced with extra-strong fortress reinforcer it has no trouble withstanding the ferocious fridge attack.

'How long do you think they'll keep it up?' says Terry.

'Who knows?' I say. 'They could go on forever ... or until the refrigerator-vending machine runs out of refrigerators—whichever comes first, I guess.'



‘If only Jill was here,’ says Terry. ‘She could talk to the bears and ask them to stop throwing fridges.’

‘Hey, I know,’ I say, ‘let’s call Jill!’

‘Good idea, Andy!’ says Terry.

Q Why did the bear fall off his bike?

A Because his mother threw a fridge at him.



Within moments, Jill zooms down out of the sky and lands her flying-cat sleigh safely inside the walls of our fortress.



‘I heard your call and came as fast as I could,’ she says. ‘What are all these bears doing in the treehouse—and why are they throwing refrigerators at you?’

Q Why did the bear fail his maths test?

A Because his mother threw another fridge at him.

‘Well,’ I say, ‘we were using the money-making machine to make some money but Terry knocked the switch to HONEY and then the bears came to eat it all up. And then they started throwing buns.’



‘And fridges,’ says Terry. ‘Can you make them stop?’

‘Well, I’ll try,’ says Jill. ‘Bears can be very stubborn but I’ll have a word with them.’

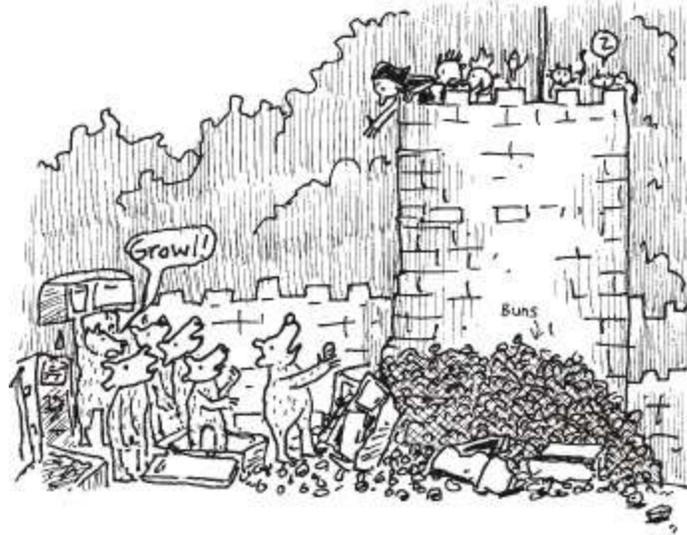


Q Why did the fridge fall off its bike?

A Because its mother threw a bear at it.

The bears put the fridges down and look up at Jill.

‘I’m very disappointed in you bears,’ she says. ‘This is no way to behave when you’re a guest in somebody’s treehouse.’



One of the bears steps forward and growls quietly up at Jill.

‘That must be their spokesbear,’ says Terry.

Jill turns to us. ‘The bears say they’re very sorry,’ she says.

‘That’s okay,’ I say.

‘Yeah,’ says Terry. ‘It’s all right. The bunfight was actually a lot of fun. It was just the fridges we had a problem with.’

‘You know,’ Jill says to the bears, ‘it’s almost winter so you should be settling down to some serious hibernation. How about you all go home now and I’ll come to your cave later, tuck you in and read you a nice bear-time story, perhaps even *The 104-Storey Treehouse*?’



The bears obviously like Jill's idea. They start jumping around excitedly, high-pawing one another.

Q Why did the fridge fall out of the tree?

A Because it had no arms.

'Bears love their bear-time stories,' explains Jill.



The spokesbear taps Jill on the shoulder and growls in her ear.



Jill turns to us and says, ‘He wants to know if there are any bears in your story?’

‘Only about one hundred!’ I say.

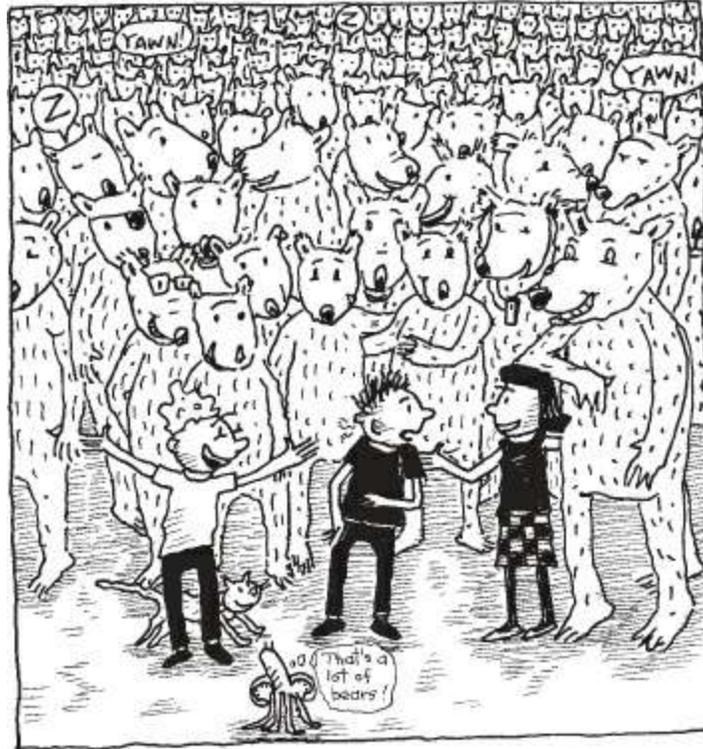


Q How do you catch a fish without a fishing rod?

A With your bear hands.

The bears all start growling excitedly and Jill translates for us.

‘They said would you please come, too, and read it with me?’



‘Sure,’ says Terry. ‘We can do that.’

‘Yes,’ I say. ‘But we have to finish it first.’

‘Well, we’d better get going then,’ says Jill, ‘and let you get on with it.’

She climbs into her flying-cat sleigh and calls to the bears. ‘Follow me! My cats and I will show you the quickest way home.’

‘See you all later!’ shouts Terry. ‘And thanks for eating all the honey—it would have taken us ages!’



Q What sort of stories do bears like best?

A Furry tales.

CHAPTER 5

IF ONLY...



‘Well, if we’re going to have this book ready to read to the bears, we’d better get started,’ says Terry.

‘I know!’ I say (moan). ‘But my tooth is still killing me. I hope the money-making machine made enough money for us to buy the Joke Writer 2000™.’

I pick up a handful of sticky money and start counting.

‘One ... five ... two ... (groan)’

‘Andy?’ says Terry.



‘Shush,’ I say, ‘I’m trying to concentrate. Seven five ... nine ... (moan)’



Q Why didn't the cannibals eat the clown?

A Because he tasted funny.

‘Um, Andy?’

‘Not now, Terry. Ten ... eleventeen—’



‘ANDY!!!’ shouts Terry.

‘Stop interrupting me!’ I say. ‘You’ve made me lose my place! I’m going to have to start all over again!’



‘Sorry,’ says Terry. ‘But that’s what I wanted to talk to you about. The readers and I were wondering if you could count a bit faster ... and in the right order.’

‘I’m counting as fast—and as well—as I can!’ I say.



‘But it’s taking forever,’ says Terry. ‘I think you might need a little help. I’m going to the stupid-hat level—I’ll be right back.’



Q What do penguins wear on their heads?

A Ice caps.

A few minutes later Terry returns with a stupid-looking hat, which he puts on my head.

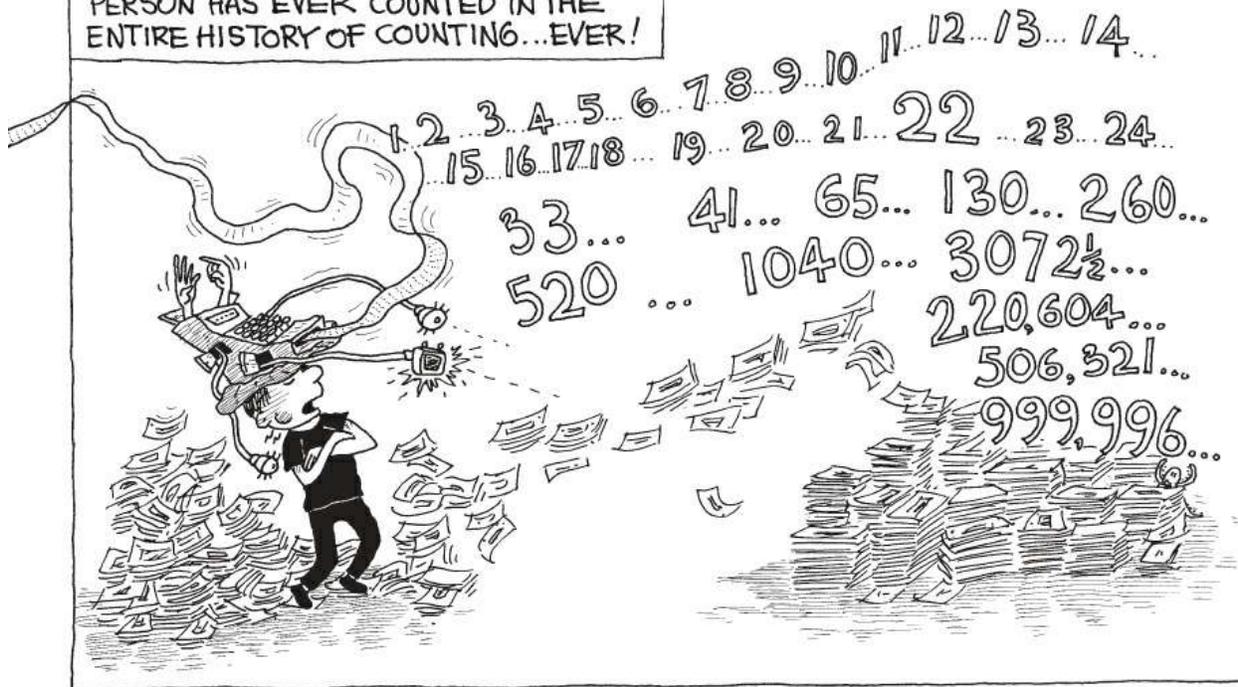
‘I don’t want to wear this stupid hat,’ I say.

‘I know it looks stupid,’ says Terry, ‘but it will make you smart: it’s a stupid-looking, super-fast counting hat.’

‘Well, in that case,’ I say, ‘let the super-fast counting begin!’



THE DAY I PUT ON THE STUPID-LOOKING, SUPER-FAST COUNTING HAT AND COUNTED FASTER THAN ANY PERSON HAS EVER COUNTED IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF COUNTING...EVER!



Q Why was six afraid of seven?

A Because seven ate nine.



Pretty soon I've counted every last bit of money. 'We have one million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-six dollars,' I say.

'Darn!' says Terry. 'We're four dollars short.'



Q When I point up it's bright but when I point down it's dark. What am I?

A A light switch.

‘Only two dollars short, actually,’ I say. ‘Remember, we’ve also got my one-dollar coin and your one-dollar coin.’

‘In that case,’ says Terry. ‘All we have to do is use the money-making machine to make two more dollars.’



‘We can’t!’ I say. ‘The HONEY/MONEY switch is all glugged up with honey and won’t flick back to money.’

‘Oh, no!’ says Terry. ‘How are we going to pay for the Joke Writer 2000™ now?’

‘I don’t know,’ I say. ‘I can’t think of anything. My tooth hurts too much.’

‘What about the burp bank?’ says Terry. ‘We must have at least twenty spare burps in there. We could use them!’



‘We can’t pay in burps,’ I say.

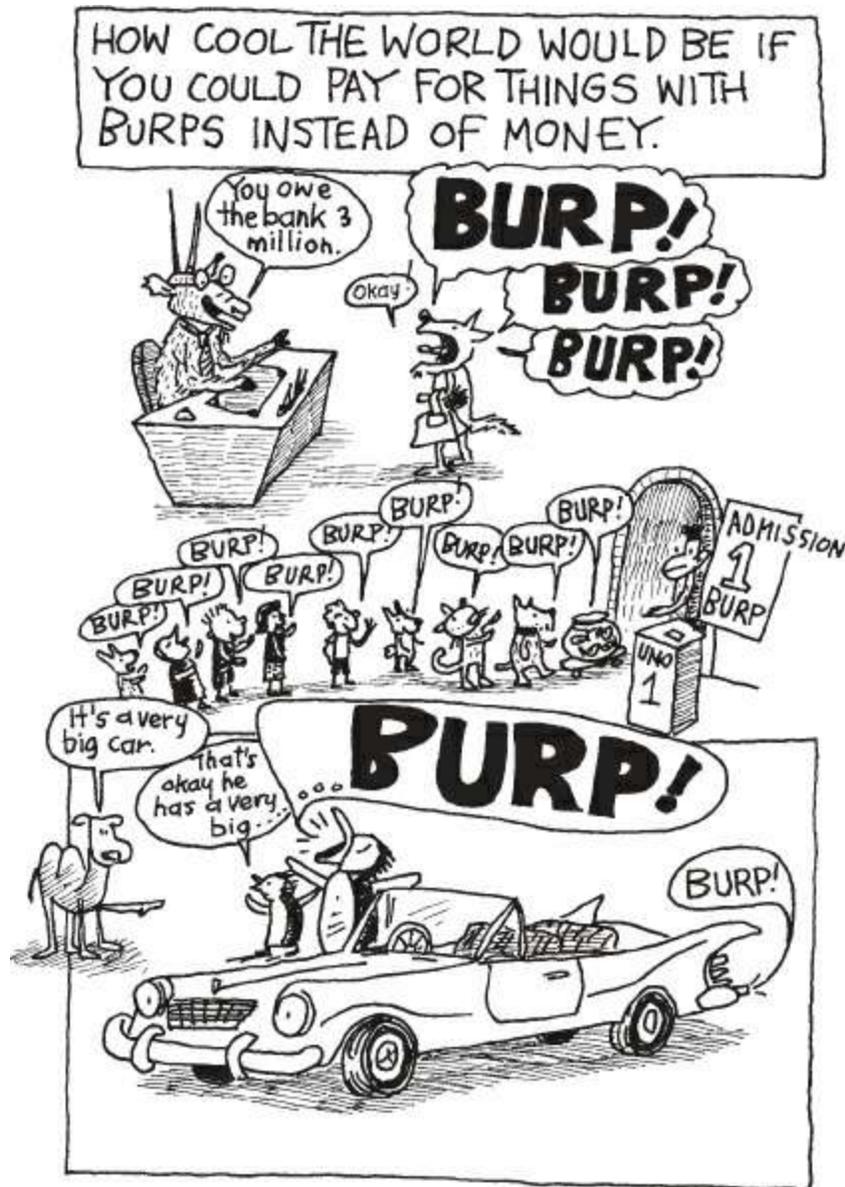
‘Why not?’ says Terry.

‘Because then everybody would be doing it,’ I say. ‘And it would be disgusting.’

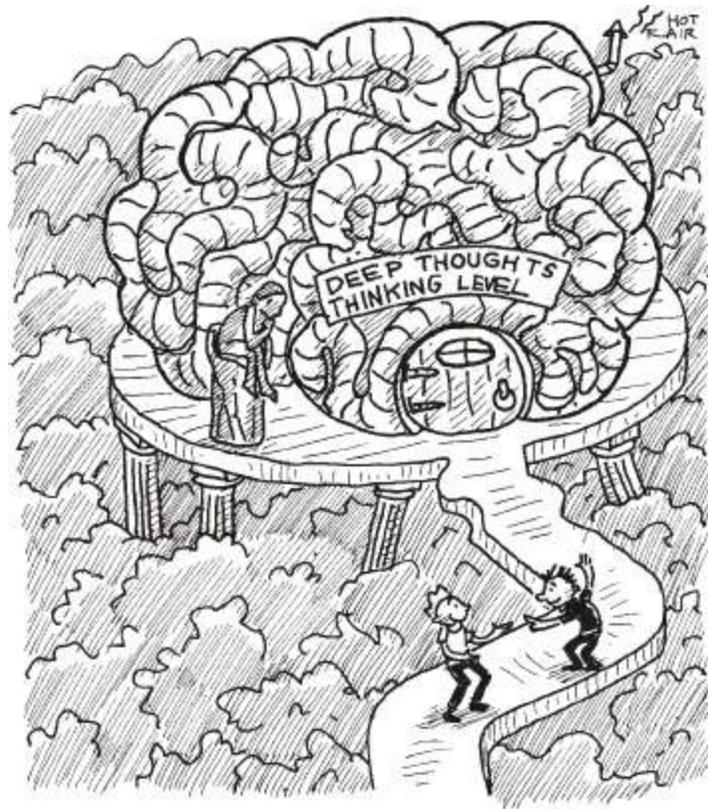
‘That’s too bad,’ says Terry. ‘I think paying for things with burps would be cool.’

Q What kind of running means walking?

A Running out of petrol.



‘Maybe we should try the deep-thoughts thinking room,’ says Terry. ‘That might help. Remember how last time we were there I had the thought that it might be nice to have ice-cream with sausages for breakfast and then we did and I was right?’



‘Yeah,’ I say, ‘that was a good deep thought. Let’s try it.’

Q Two sausages are on a grill. One says, ‘Wow, is it hot in here or is it just me?’ What does the other one say?

A ‘Wow! A talking sausage!’.

We fly to the deep-thoughts thinking room and settle into our deep-thoughts thinking positions.



'Hmmm (moan) ...'



‘Got anything yet, Andy?’



‘Nope. You?’



‘Not yet...’

Q What happened to Einstein when he took a shower?

A He was brainwashed.



‘Hang on (groan), I think I’m having a deep thought!’



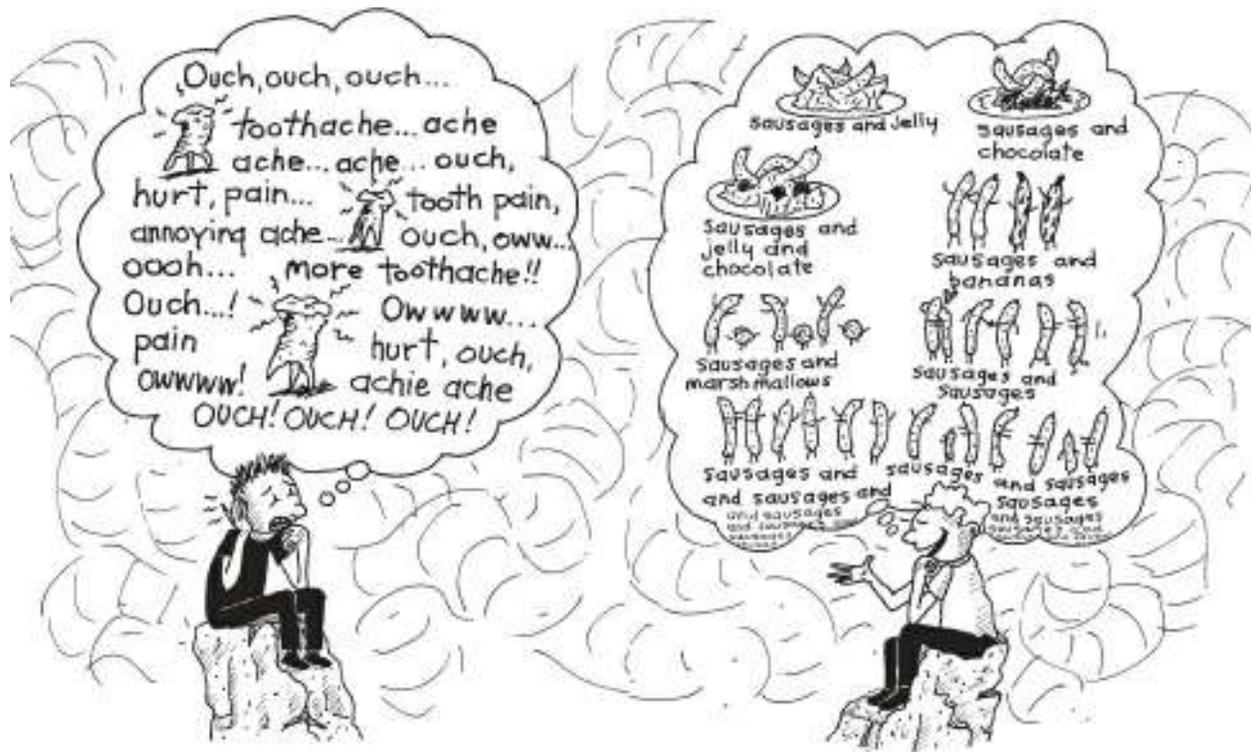
‘Hey, me too! What’s yours?’



‘It’s about how much my tooth is aching ...’



‘Mine’s about sausages ...’



Q What does a shark eat with peanut butter?

A Jellyfish.

‘I’ve got it!’ says Terry. ‘Sausages and sausages and sausages! What did you come up with?’

‘Nothing,’ I say. ‘All I can think about is how much my tooth aches (moan). And how it’s all your fault! If only you’d listened to me when I said don’t bump the honey/money switch on the money-making machine. But you went and bumped it anyway and now we don’t have enough money to buy a Joke Writer 2000™!’



‘Look on the bright side,’ says Terry. ‘We got lots of honey.’

Q What has teeth but no mouth?

A A comb.

‘But we didn’t need honey,’ I say. ‘We need a Joke Writer 2000™! And the only reason we need that is because I have a toothache, and my toothache is your fault, too!’

‘How is your toothache my fault?’ says Terry.

‘Remember that marshmallow-flavoured toothpaste you invented for people who hate peppermint-flavoured toothpaste?’

‘Yes,’ says Terry. ‘What about it?’



‘Well, it didn’t prevent tooth decay,’ I say. ‘It caused it!’

‘That’s not my fault,’ says Terry, ‘I put a warning on the tube. Look—it’s right here!’



Q How do you clean a dirty tuba?

A With a tuba toothpaste.

‘But why would you invent such a dumb toothpaste in the first place?’ I say.
‘If only you’d listened to me when I said NOT to invent a really dumb toothpaste! In fact, pretty much all of our problems could be avoided IF ONLY YOU WOULD LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY!!!’



‘Hey, that gives me an idea for a song,’ says Terry.

Q What kind of music are balloons afraid of?

A Pop music.

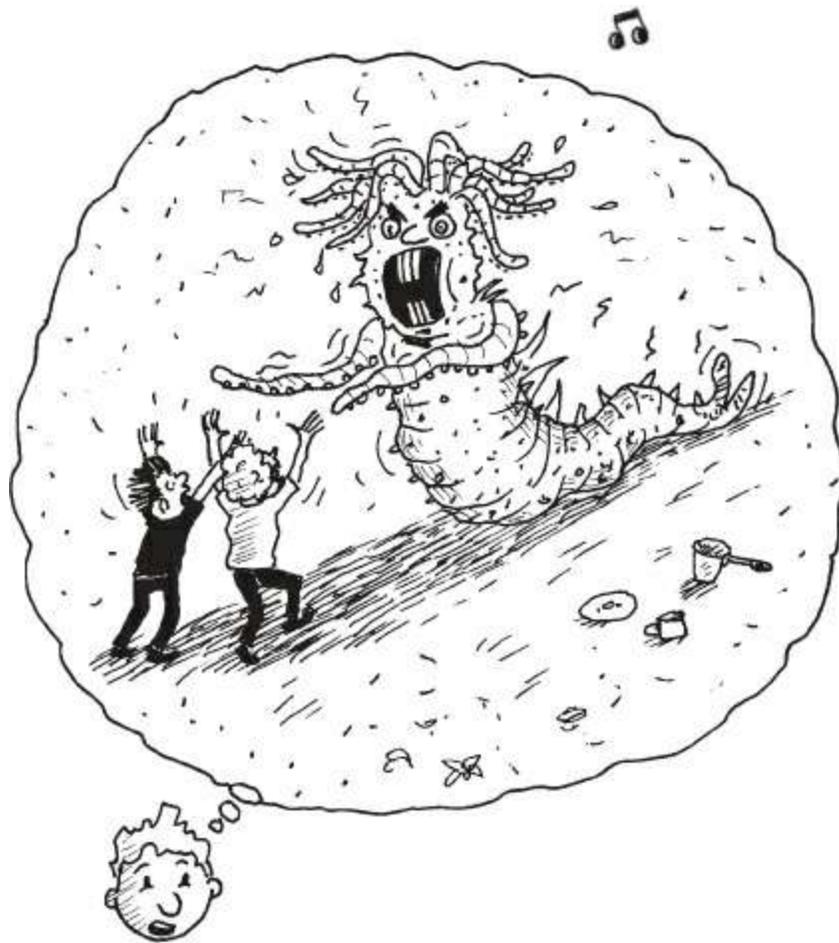


*If only I'd listened to Andy,
I would never have done anything wrong.
If only I'd listened to Andy,
I wouldn't be singing this song.*



*But I didn't listen to Andy
And now he is groaning in pain.
Oh, why am I always so stupid?
Again and again and again?!*

*Like the time I married a mermaid,
Who was actually a monster from the sea,
And she practically ended up eating
Both my good friend Andy and me!*



Q Which part of a mermaid weighs the most?

A Her scales.

*And the time I used the sharks in the shark tank
To wash my underpants.
And the time I left open the ant farm gate
And let out all of the ants.*



*If only I'd listened to Andy,
I wouldn't have invented a machine
To write and draw our books for us
That turned out to be really mean.*

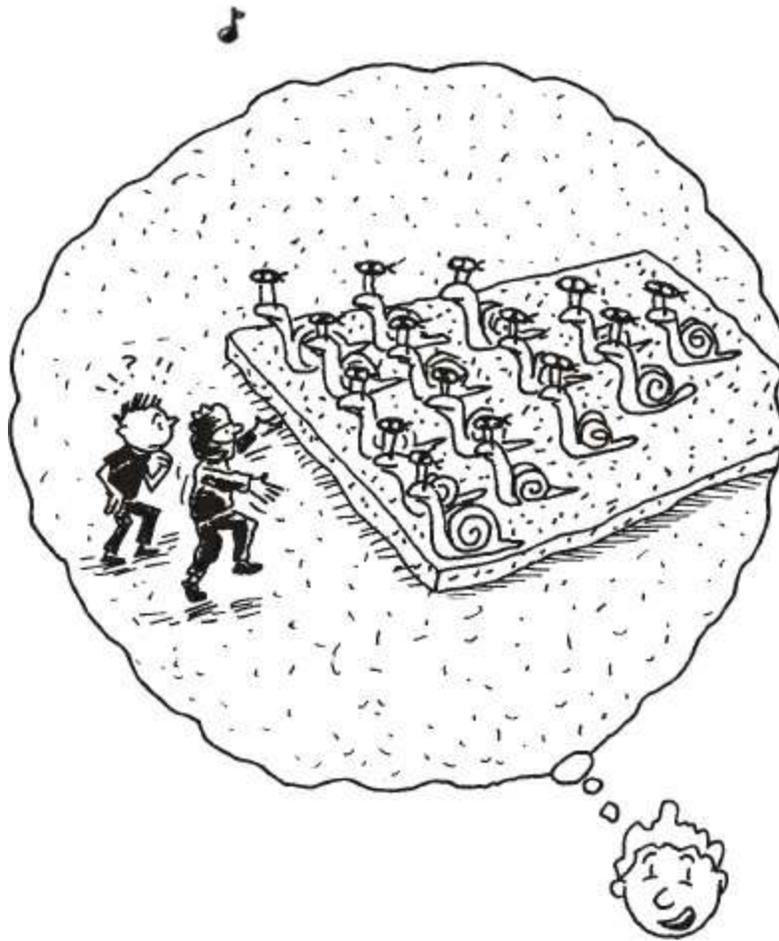


Q How do snails get their shells so shiny?

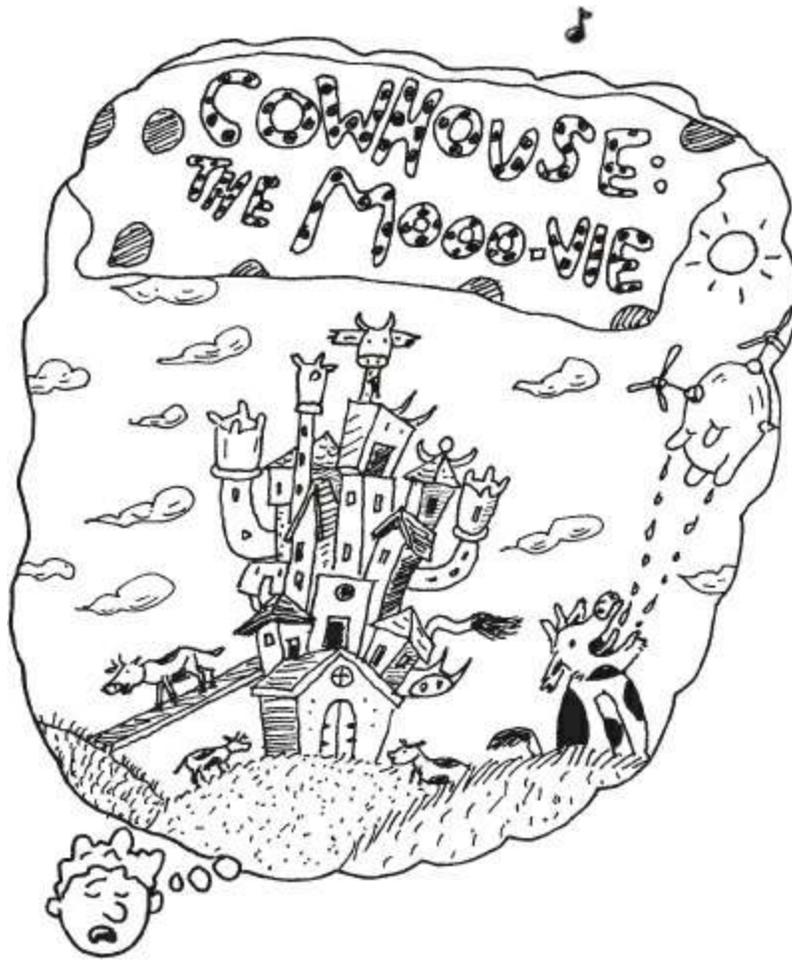
A They use snail polish.



*And if only I hadn't trained Ninja Snails—
Oh, hang on, they worked out okay!
Even though it took them 100 years,
They ended up saving the day.*



*But I didn't listen to Andy
When he warned me about spying cows!
And then their stupid, dumb moo-vie
Was much more successful than ours.*



Q What do you call a cow's bedtime stones?

A Dairy tales.



*If only I'd listened to Andy
When we were using our machine to make money,
I wouldn't have bumped the switch
And flooded the treehouse with honey.*



*And I would NEVER have indented a toothpaste
That was ninety-nine percent candy.
I'm so sorry for all the dumb things I have done.
Oh, I feel so bad for poor Andy.*



Q How do you spell candy in two letters?

A C and Y.



*If only I could think of a way
To get that tooth out of his head,
Why, I'd pull it right out in an instant
And he could leave it at night by his bed.*



*The tooth fairy could come and collect it
And leave a gold coin in its place
And Andy would feel so much better—
It would put a huge smile on his face!*



Q Why are tooth fairies so smart?

A They gather a lot of wisdom teeth.

*He'd say, 'Terry, you're not such a dum dum!
You've done something right for a change!
We can take all this money back to the shop
And get the pencil we need in exchange!'*

'THAT'S IT! HEY, ANDY! I'VE GOT A WAY TO SOLVE ALL OUR PROBLEMS AND MAKE EVERYTHING RIGHT!'



Q What happens when you put a tooth into a glass of water?

A It gets wet.

‘Not now, Terry,’ I say. ‘This is no time for jokes— my tooth is hurting too much!’

‘I know that,’ he says, ‘but your tooth is the solution to our problem.’



‘How do you figure that?’ I say.

‘All we need to do is pull it out,’ says Terry. ‘And then you can leave it out tonight for the tooth fairy and you will get two dollars for it and then we’ll have enough money to buy the Joke Writer 2000™!’

‘That’s crazy,’ I say.

‘Oh,’ says Terry, disappointed.

‘So crazy it just might work!’ I say. ‘Let’s try it!’

‘Yay!’ says Terry.



Q How did the hammerhead shark do on his test?

A He nailed it.

CHAPTER 6

TUG OF WAR



‘Terry Dentist at your service!’ says Terry. ‘Hold still and I’ll just knock your tooth out with this hammer.’

‘No way!’ I say. ‘It’s hurting enough already! No hammer!’

‘No hammer? No problem!’ says Terry. ‘I’ll use this tooth dynamite instead. It says here: Just put one stick in your mouth near the aching tooth and light the fuse.’



‘DEFINITELY NOT!’ I say. ‘No hammer and no tooth dynamite! The tooth fairy won’t want my tooth if it’s exploded to bits. You are a terrible dentist!’

Q Why did the owl say, ‘Tweet tweet’?

A Because it couldn’t give a hoot.

‘Well, I’m all out of ideas then,’ says Terry. ‘Maybe we should go and ask the three wise owls how to get your tooth out.’

‘I don’t know about that,’ I say. ‘I’m not so sure those owls are as wise as you think they are.’

‘Do you have any other ideas?’ says Terry.

‘No,’ I say with a groan. ‘Let’s go and see the wise owls.’

We jet-chair up to the owl house.



‘Greetings, O wise owls!’ says Terry.



Q What is an owl's favourite subject?

A Owl-gebra.

‘Just as I suspected,’ I say. ‘This is a waste of time. Let’s go.’

‘No, give them a chance, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘We haven’t even asked our question yet.’

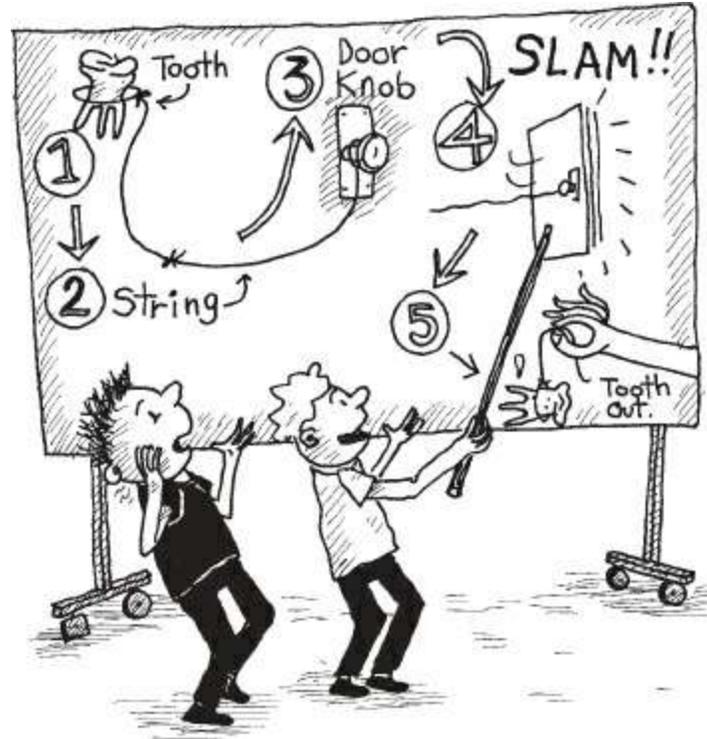
Terry turns to address the owls. ‘O wise owls! We do beseech thee to tell us the answer to our question: what is the best way to remove Andy’s aching tooth?’

‘String! Doorknob! Slam!’ say the wise owls.



‘See?’ I say. ‘I knew this wasn’t a good idea. They’re just hooting random words!’

‘No, they’re not!’ says Terry. ‘They’re making perfect sense. They’re telling us that all we have to do is tie a bit of string to your tooth, tie the other end to a doorknob and then slam the door. The force of the door slamming will pull out your tooth and all our problems will be solved!’



‘Well,’ I say, ‘it does sound a little less painful than hammers or dynamite.’

Q What kind of room has no windows or doors?

A A mushroom.

‘Definitely,’ says Terry. ‘And we can get some string from the tangled-up level. Come on!’ He turns to the wise owls. ‘Farewell, O wise ones, and thanks for the wise advice!’



The tangled-up level looks even more tangled-up than usual. It's a big crazy jumble of cords, wires, cables, ribbons, twine, ropes, threads and string all tangled together in the biggest tangled-up tangle you've ever seen. There is caution tape around it but you can't really read it because the caution tape is all tangled up as well.



‘I’m going to go in and untangle a bit of string,’ says Terry.

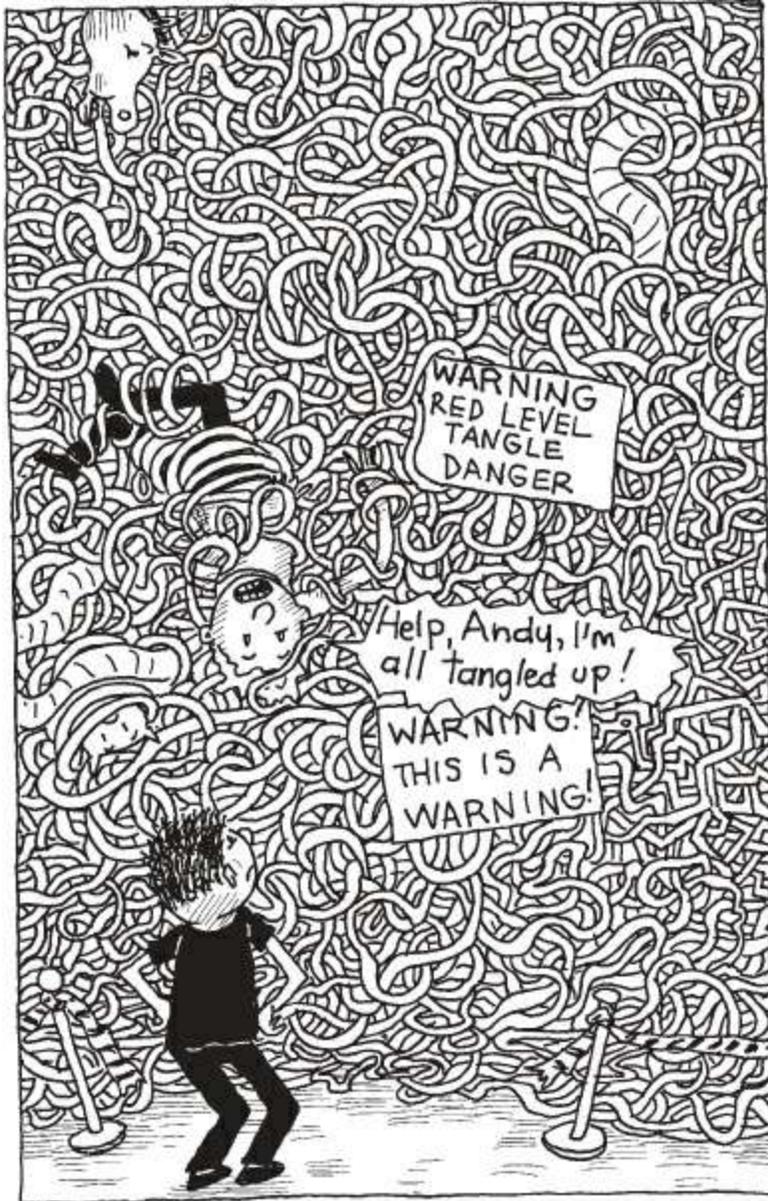
‘All right,’ I say, ‘but be careful. It’s pretty tangly in there.’

Q What is a snake’s favourite subject?

A Hiss-tory.

‘Don’t worry, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘I’ll be really, REALLY careful...’





Q What boy wizard magically grew a beard each night?

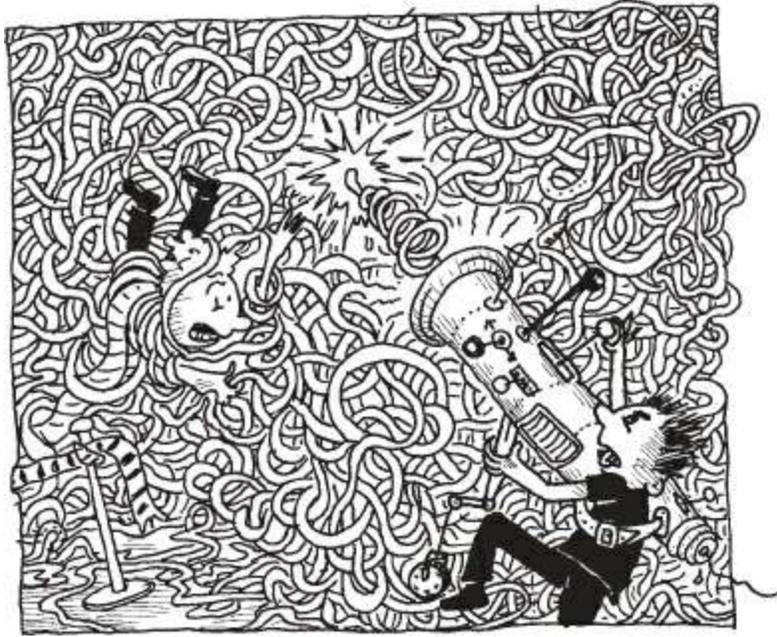
A Hairy Potter.

‘Help, Andy!’ says Terry. ‘I’m all tangled up!’

‘If only you’d listened to me,’ I say. ‘I told you to be careful!’

‘I did listen to you and I was careful,’ says Terry. ‘But I got all tangled up anyway.’

‘Well, stop struggling,’ I say, ‘you’re just making it worse. Stay still while I get the emergency detangler.’



I grab the detangler, release the safety catch, point the nozzle at Terry and press the trigger.



Q How does the man in the moon cut his hair?

A Eclipse it.

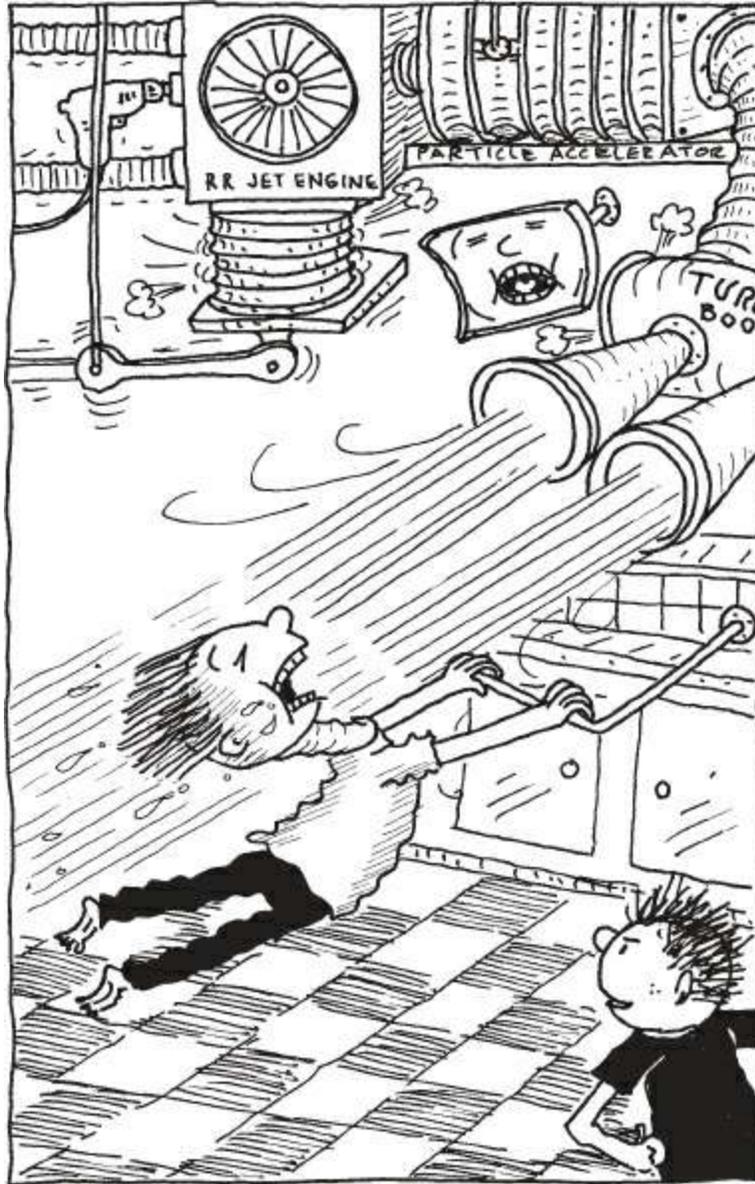
The detangler has an instant effect.

Every single bit of string, cord, wire, rope and thread is detangled—including Terry's hair, which has gone all straight and is hanging down over his face.



‘I can’t see!’ says Terry. ‘I can’t see anything! Where has everything gone?!’

‘Calm down,’ I say. ‘It’s just your hair. The detangler has straightened out your curls. Come with me to the giant hairdryer and we’ll have you back to normal in no time.’



Q What is good for a bald head?

A Some hair.

‘Thanks, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘That feels much better!’



‘No problem,’ I say. ‘Did you get the string?’

‘String?’ says Terry. ‘What string?’

‘THE STRING YOU WENT TO THE TANGLED-UP LEVEL TO GET!’ I yell.

‘Oops,’ says Terry. ‘After all the tangling and detangling I kind of forgot. But it doesn’t matter. I think there’s some string in the kitchen drawer.’



‘But if you knew there was string in the kitchen drawer, why didn’t we just get it from there in the first place?’

‘Because I forgot,’ says Terry. ‘I was having a bad hair day, you know.’

Q What sort of table is always in the kitchen?

A A vegetable.

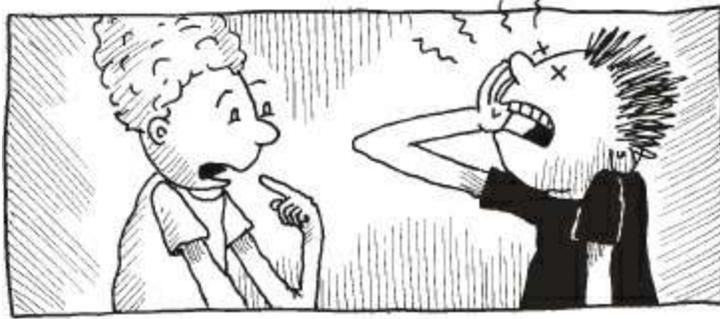
‘Your bad hair happened after you forgot about the string,’ I say.

‘Oh, yeah,’ says Terry. ‘I forgot about that, too.’

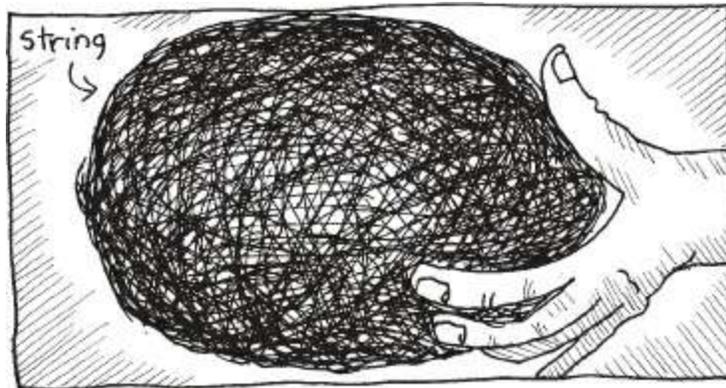
I groan.

‘Poor Andy,’ says Terry. ‘You sure are in a lot of pain.’

‘Let’s just go to the kitchen,’ I say.



In the kitchen, Terry opens the third drawer down and pulls out a big ball of string.



‘Open wide, Andy,’ he says.

I open my mouth and Terry ties one end of the string to my sore tooth ...



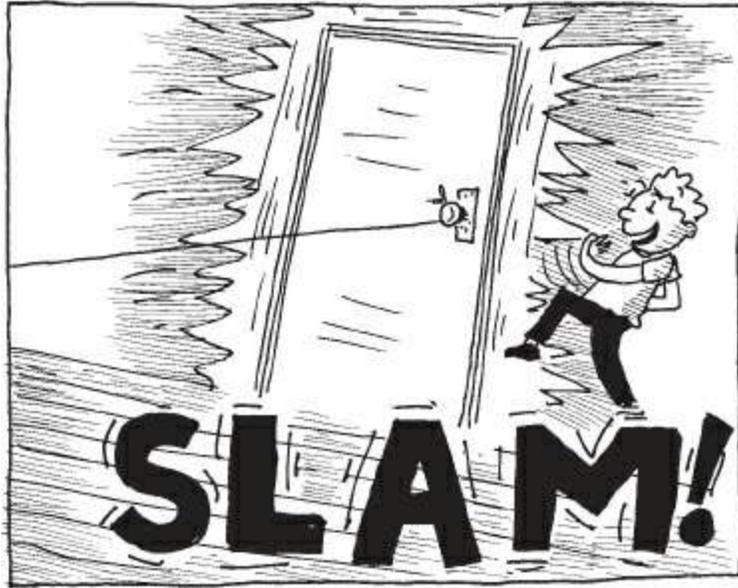
and the other end to the handle of our bathroom door.



Q Imagine you are in a room with no doors, windows or anything. How do you get out?

A Stop imagining!

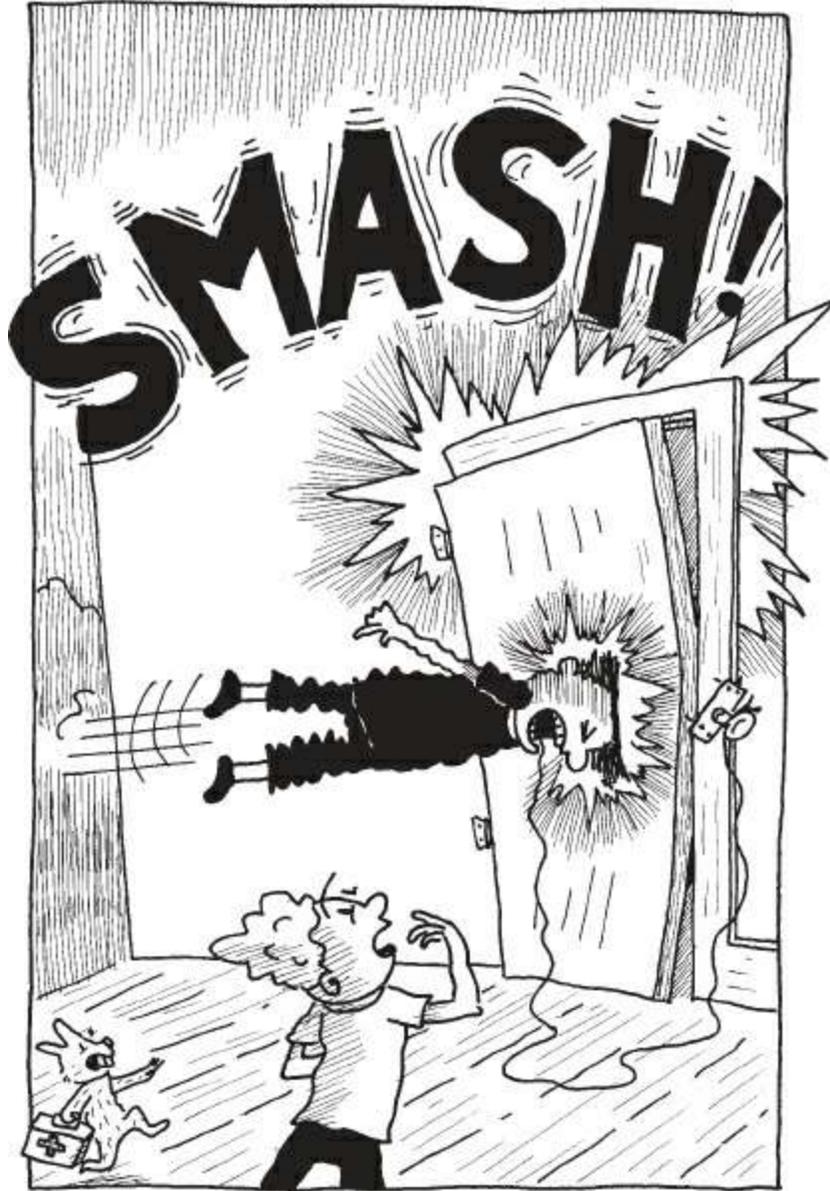
‘Okay,’ says Terry. ‘Here we go. Ready, set... SLAM!’
He slams the door.





Q When is a door not a door?

A When it's ajar.



Q What lets you walk through walls?

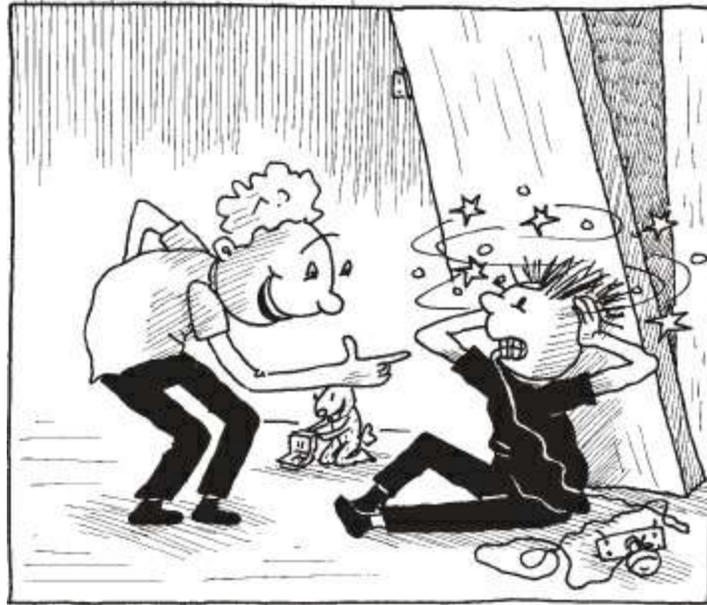
A Doors.

‘Is it out?’ says Terry.

‘No,’ I say. ‘And now I’ve not only got a toothache, I’ve got a headache as well! This is the worst day ever!’

‘Don’t despair,’ says Terry. ‘I think I know another way to do it, but

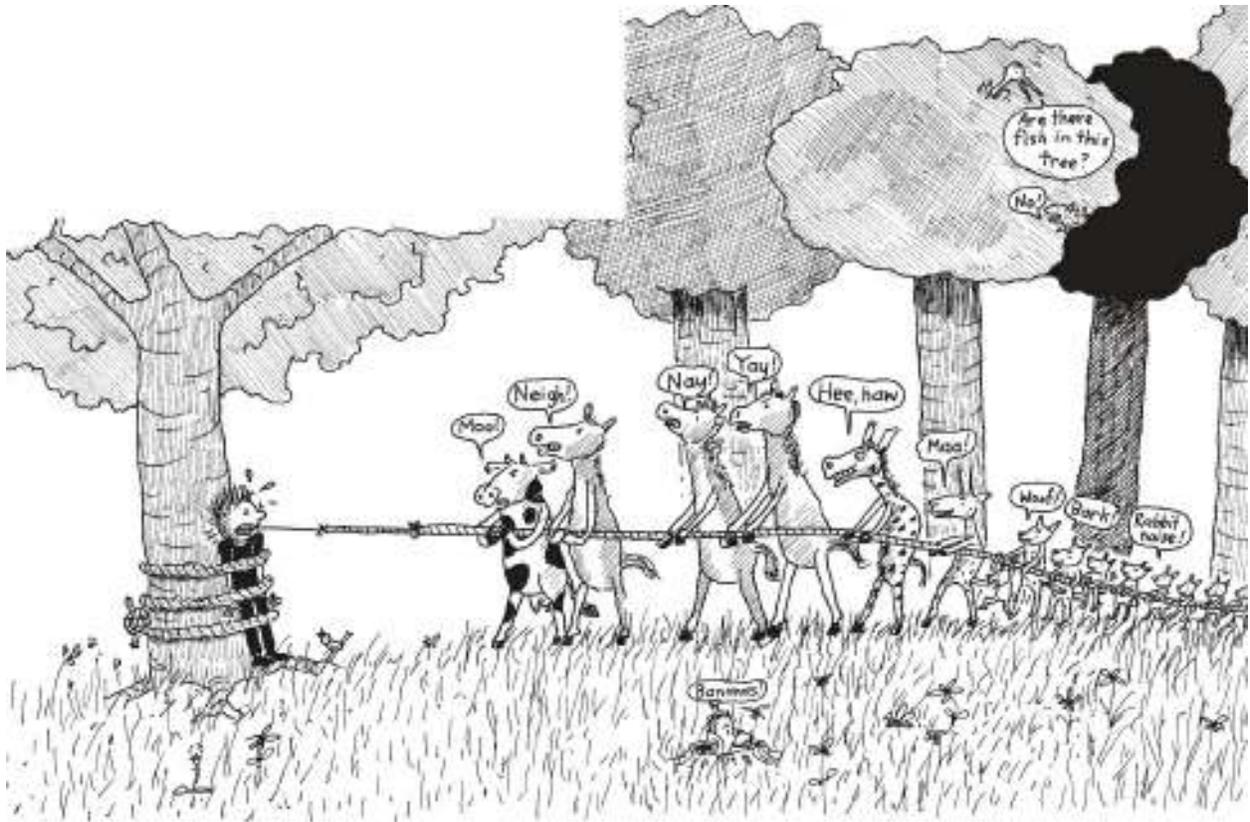
we're going to need some help.'



'It better not involve another door,' I say.

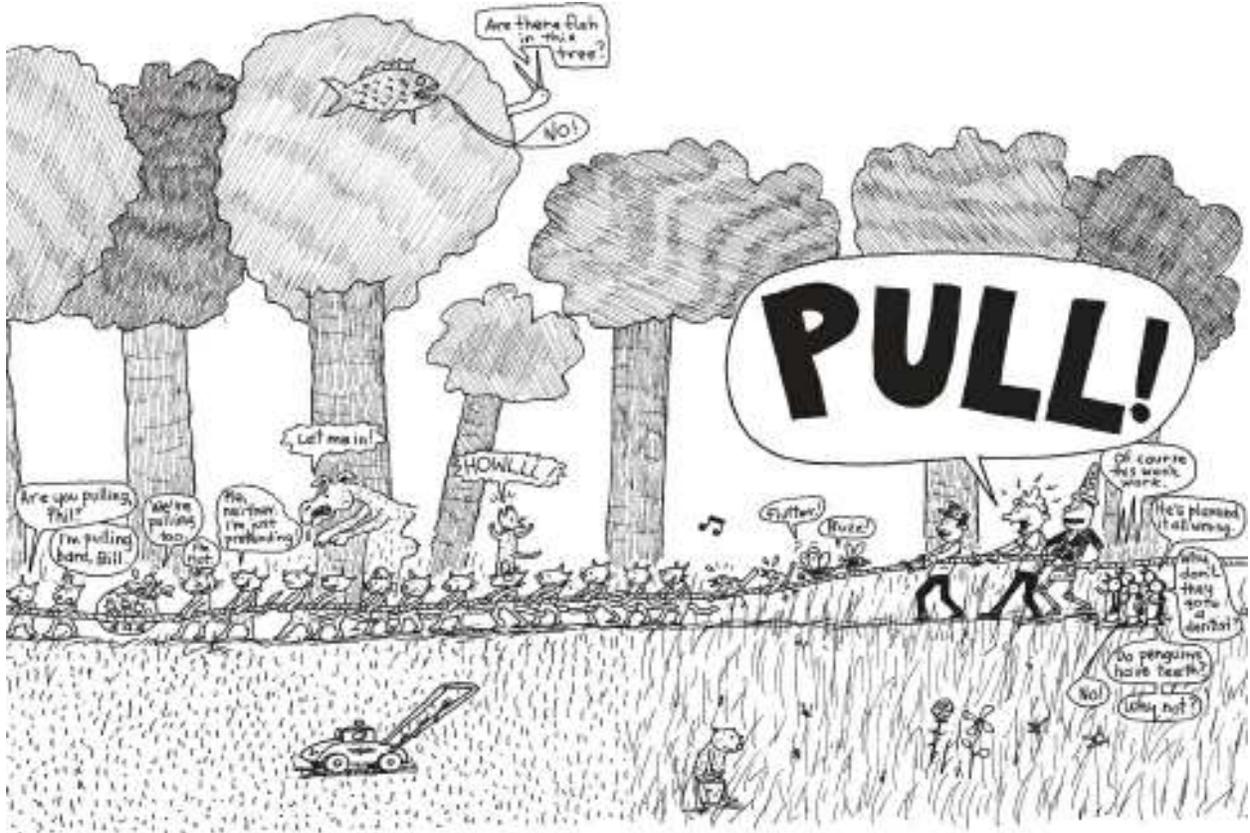
'No,' says Terry. 'Your tooth is too tough for that. It's going to take a full-scale tug of war to get it out of your head. Come with me to the forest.'

Five minutes later we're in the forest. Terry has tied me to a tree and assembled a huge tug-of-war team, including Bill the postman, Edward Scooperhands, the Trunkinator and all of Jill's animals.



Q Why did the scientist put a knocker on her door?

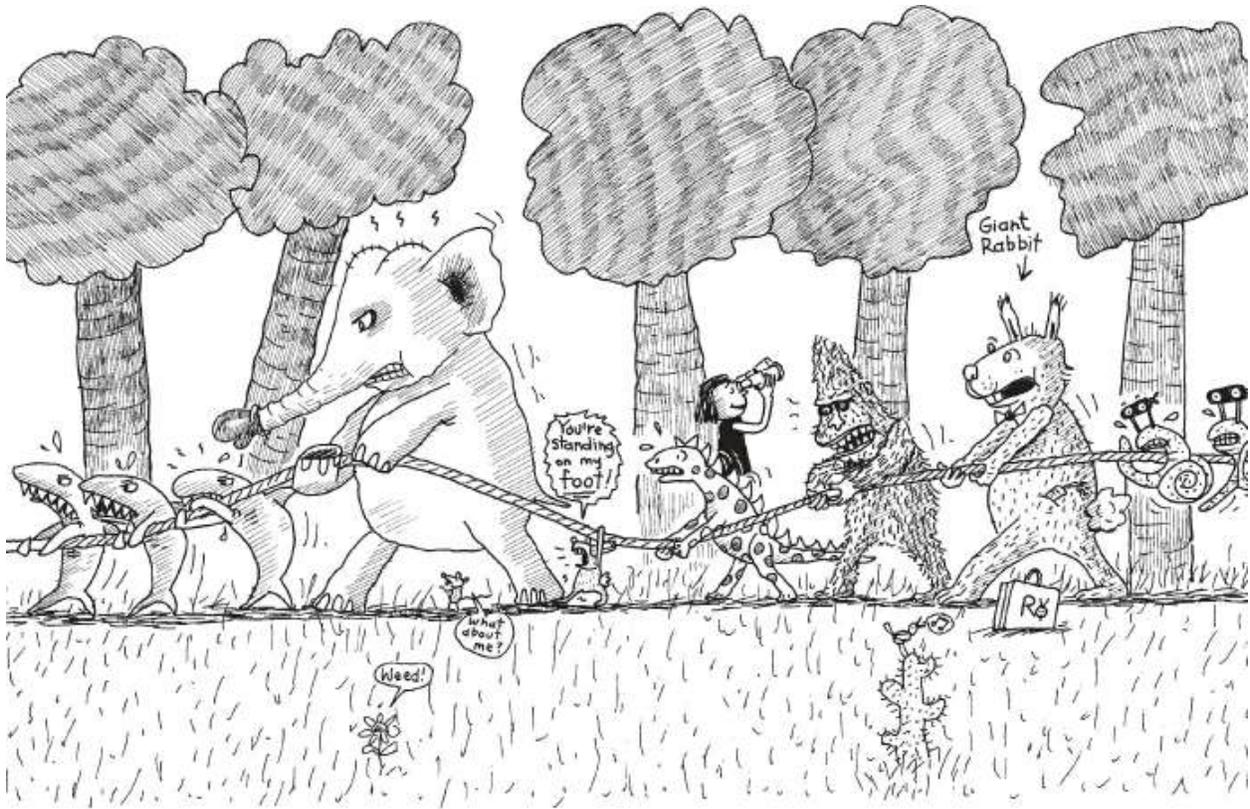
A Because she wanted the No-bell prize.



Q In what sport do winners go backwards and losers go forwards?

A Tug of war.

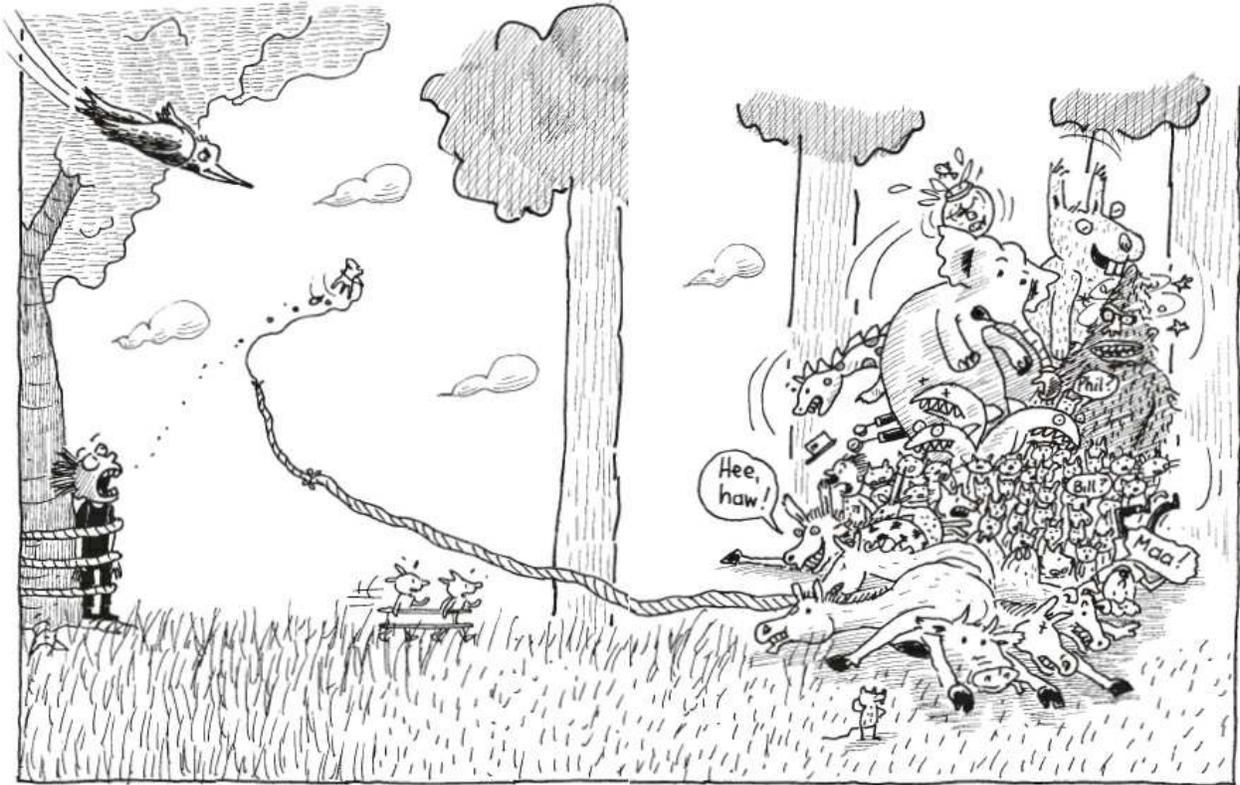
‘Okay,’ shouts Terry. ‘Here we go! Ready, set... PULL!’



Q What did the dog say to the little child pulling its tail?

A 'This is the end of me.'

'Aarghh!' I scream, as my tooth is torn out of my mouth.



Q What bird is with you at every meal?

A A swallow.

The tug-of-war team, surprised by their sudden victory, lose their grip on the string and all fall backwards in a big heap. My tooth flies upwards, trailing the string behind it...

and is snatched by a passing bird!



‘Hey!’ I say. ‘That stupid bird just snatched my tooth!’

Q What do you call a seagull when it flies over the bay?

A A bagel.

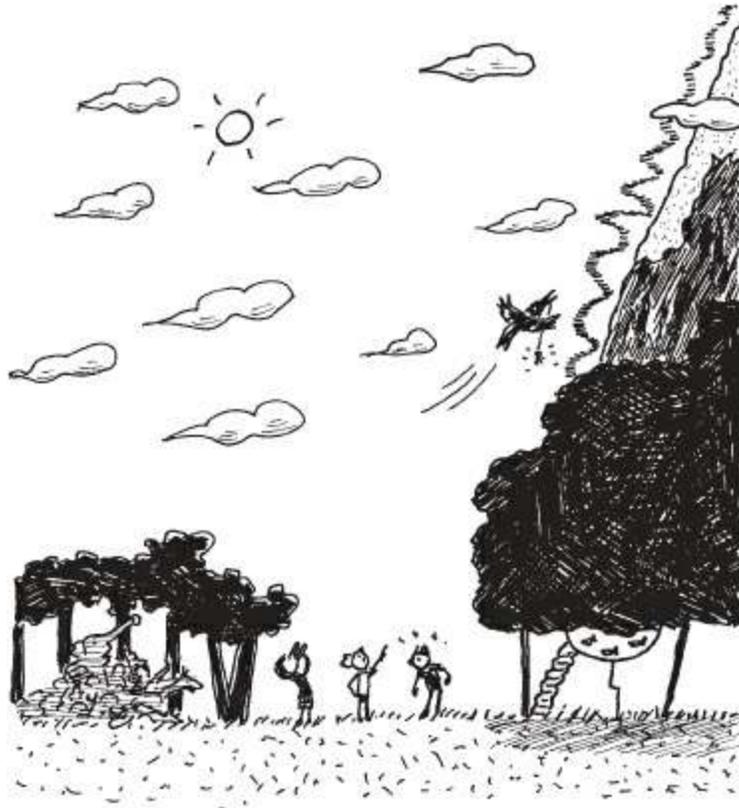
‘That’s not a stupid bird!’ says Jill, peering up at it through her birdwatching binoculars. ‘That’s an extremely rare high-flying, mountain-dwelling worm-snatcher. It must have thought the string was a worm.’

‘If it can’t tell the difference between a bit of string and a worm, then it is a stupid bird,’ I say.

‘We’ve got to get Andy’s tooth back,’ says Terry. ‘We need it for the tooth fairy!’

‘Oh, dear,’ says Jill, still looking through her binoculars. ‘I think that’s going to be a bit difficult because the bird is heading for its nest high on a rocky,

snow-covered crag near the top of Mount Everest.’



‘Well, we’ll just have to climb up and get it then, won’t we?’ I say.

Q What is green and pecks on trees?

A Woody the wood pickle.

‘But we can’t climb Mount Everest!’ says Terry. ‘It’s too cold, too high and too hard. Plus, it will take much too long!’



‘I’m not suggesting we climb the mountain,’ I say. ‘We’ll take the stairs. Our never-ending staircase goes pretty close to the nest. We can climb up, jump across and get the tooth—easy!’

‘What are we waiting for then?’ says Terry. ‘Let’s go!’

‘I’ll come, too,’ says Jill. ‘I’ve always wanted to see a high-flying, mountain-dwelling worm-snatcher up close!’

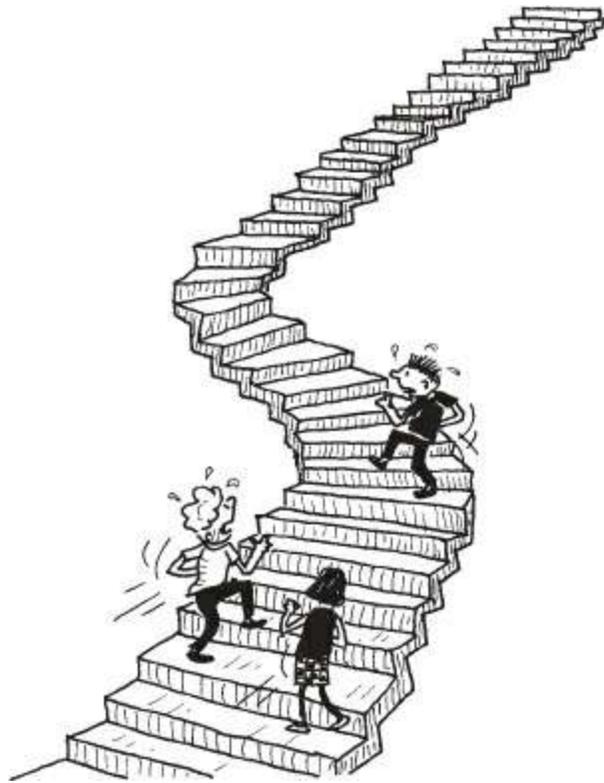


Q Who can jump higher than the highest mountain?

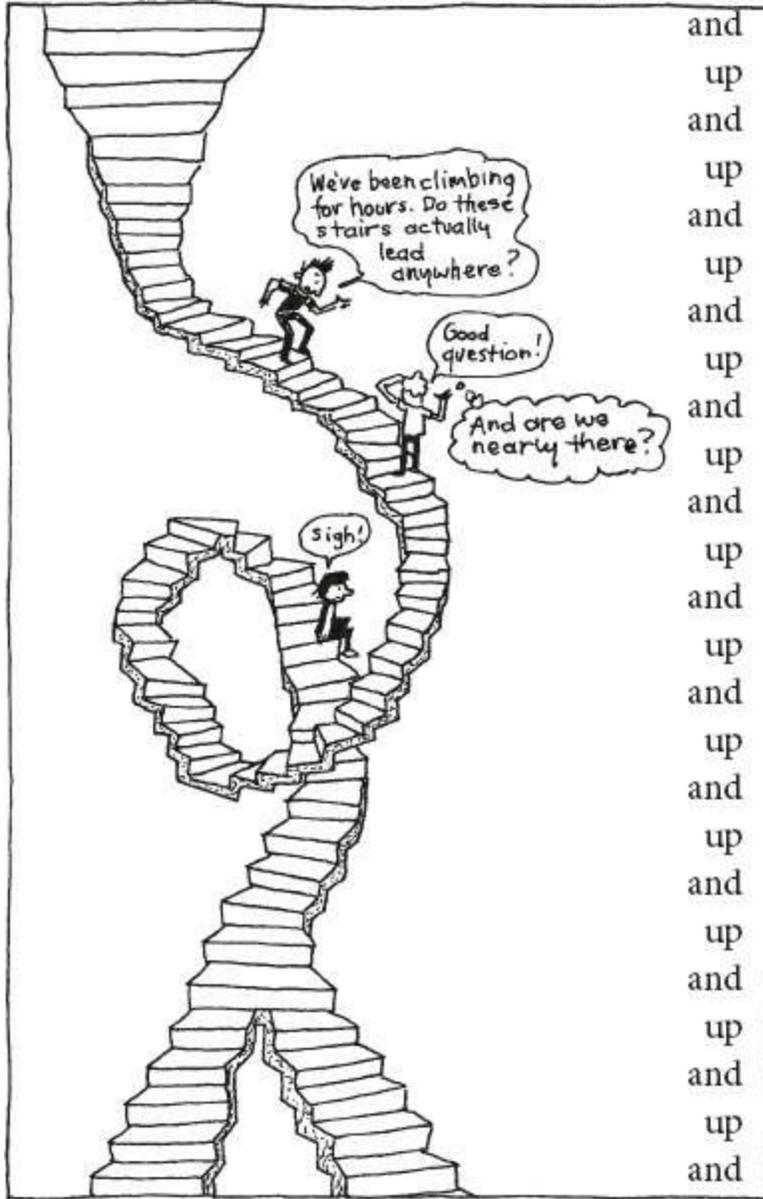
A We can because mountains can't jump.

CHAPTER 7

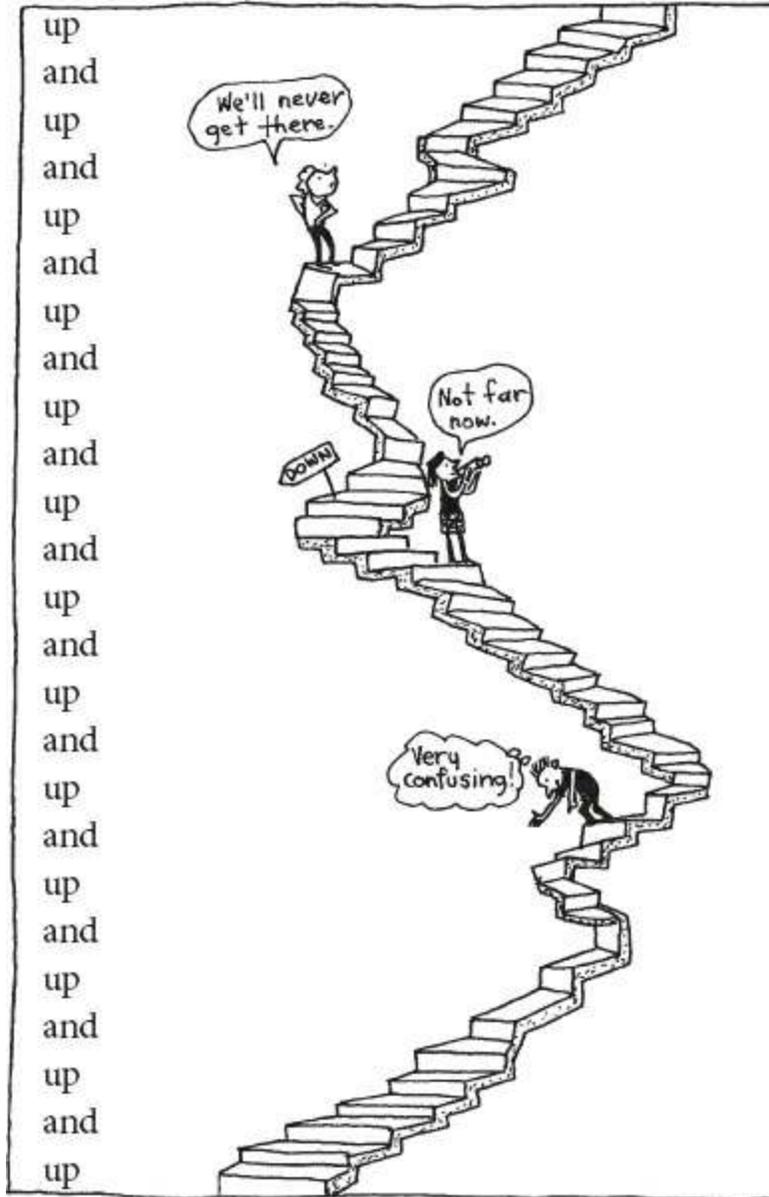
UP AND UP AND UP



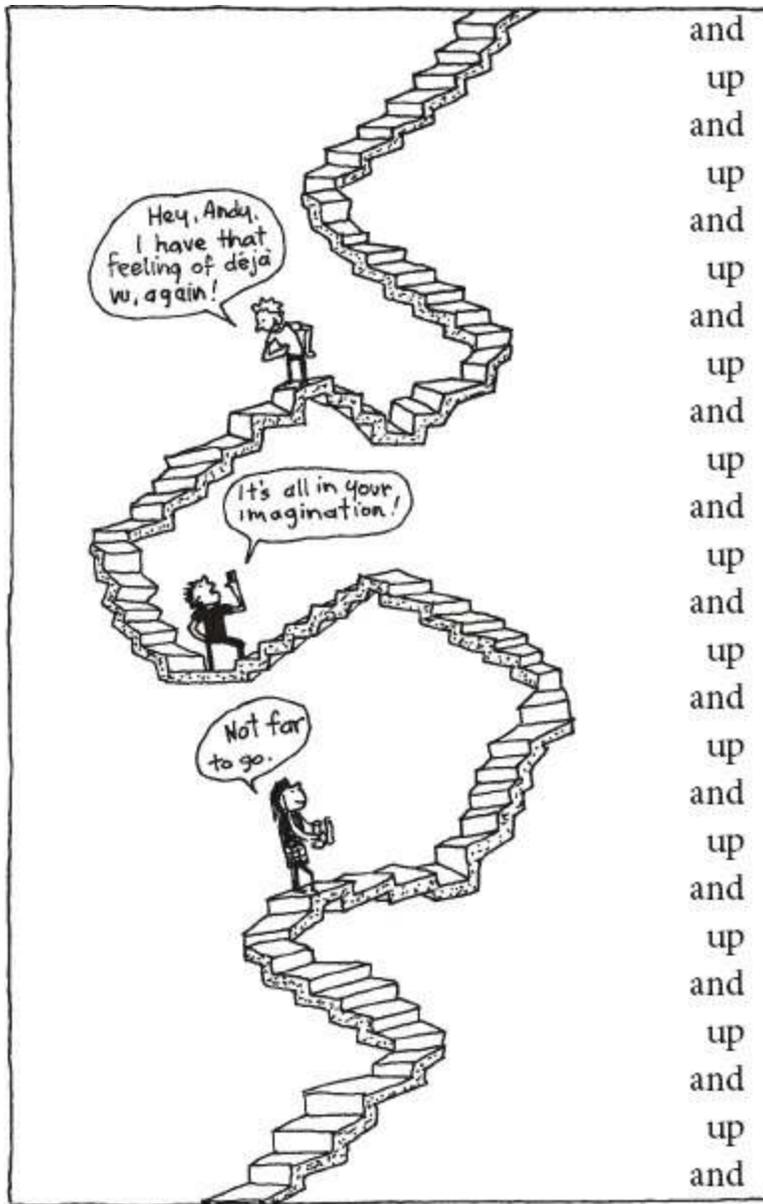
We go to the never-ending staircase and start climbing. We climb up and up and ...



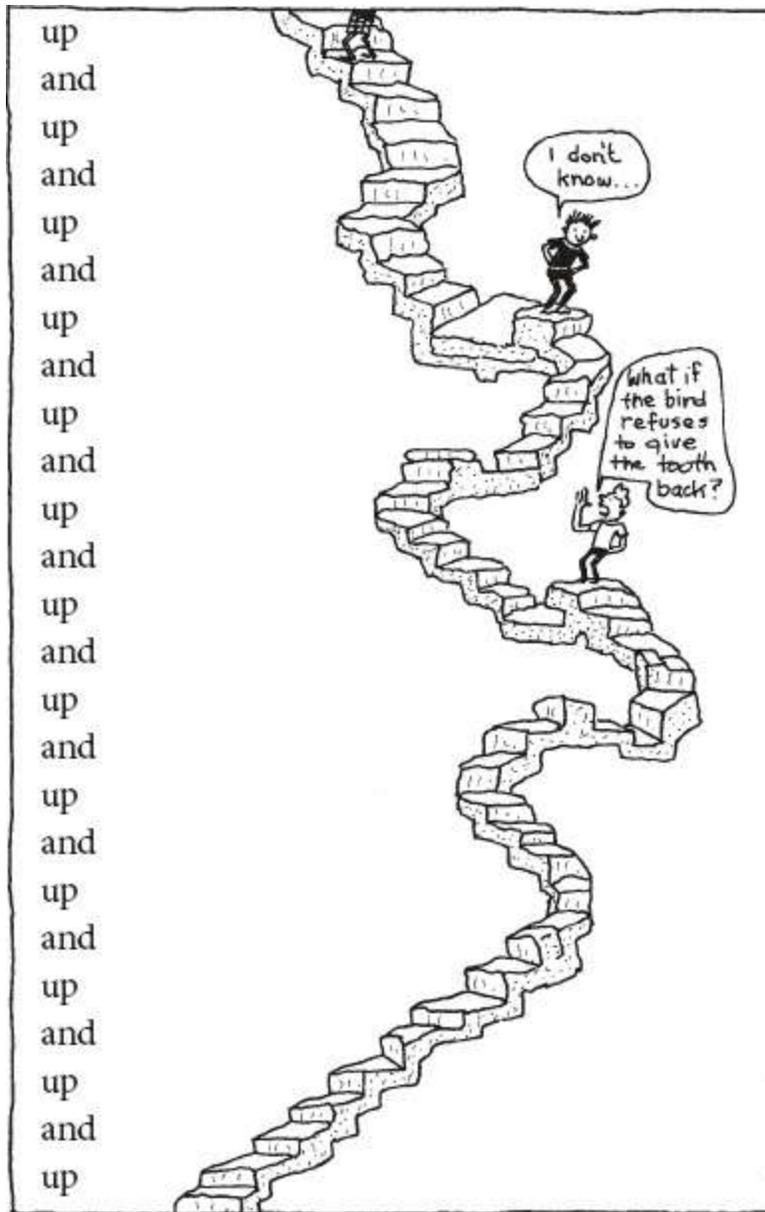
Q wall is red, the clock is red, the knife-block is red...?



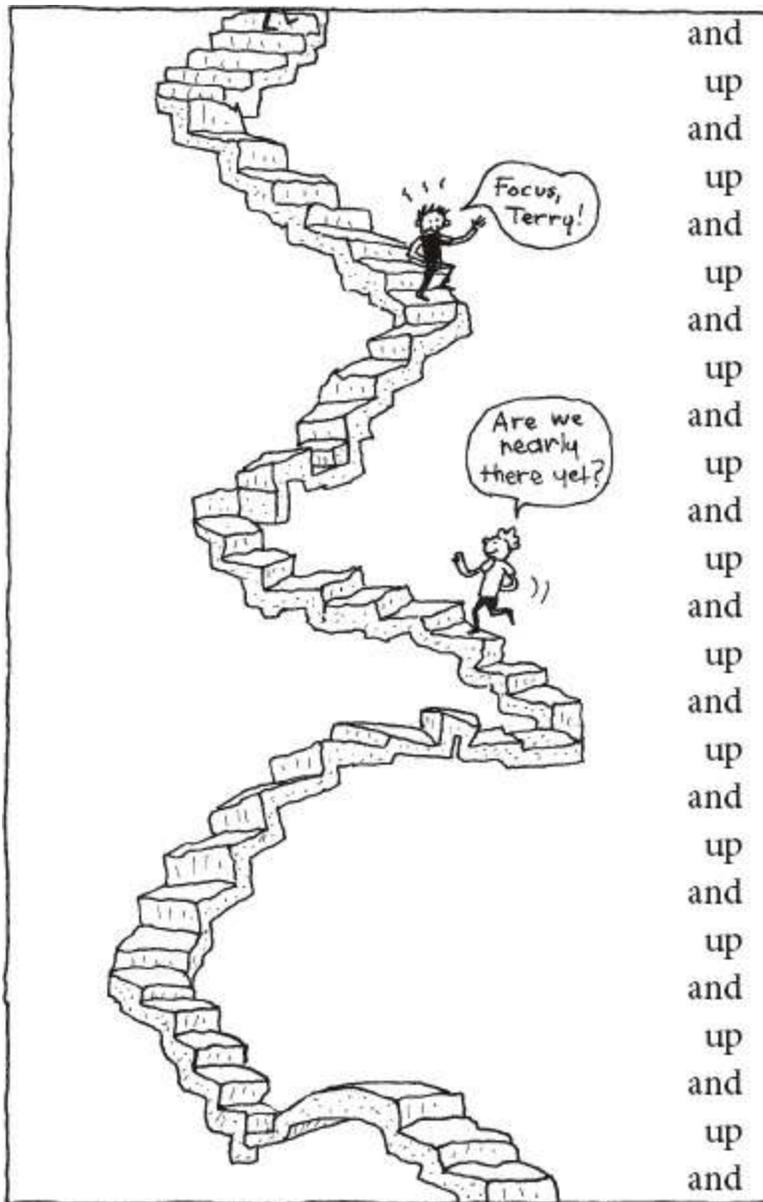
Q inside them are red—believe it or not, even the dog is red?



Q mirrors are red, the basins are red, the taps are red...?



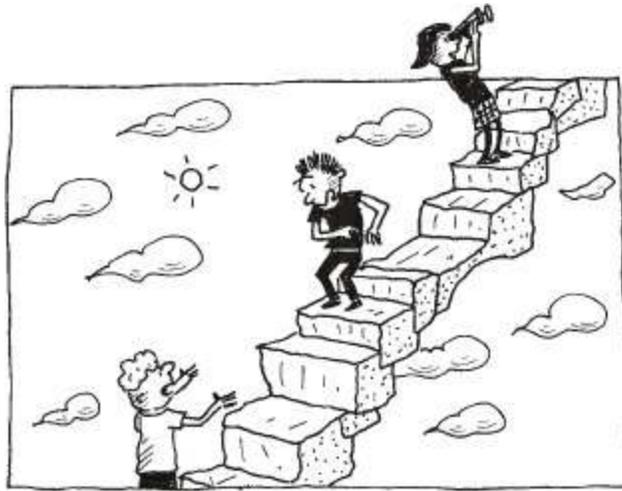
Q of the books are red, the words are red, the letters are?



Q and the fish tank is red and the fish in...?

CHAPTER 8

PEEP! PEEP! PEEP!



‘Are we there yet?’ says Terry (for about the 50 millionth time).

‘Almost,’ I say. ‘Just a few more steps.’

‘Look,’ says Jill. ‘There’s the nest!’

‘Can you see my tooth?’ I say.

‘No,’ says Jill. ‘Just a bunch of the cutest baby birds I’ve ever seen!’

We climb up a few more thousand steps until we are right across from the nest. But there’s a big gap between the staircase and the nest. And a long drop back down to the ground.



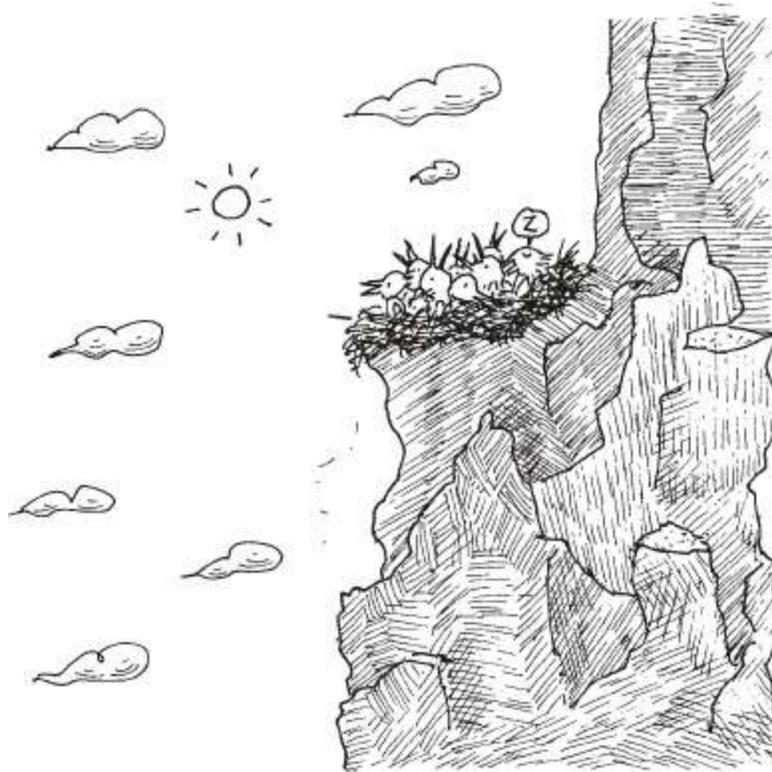
‘How are we going to get across?’ says Terry. ‘It’s much too far to jump.’

‘I know,’ I say. ‘It didn’t look this far when we were looking up at it from the forest.’

Q Why did the golfer wear two pairs of pants?

A In case she got a hole in one.

‘What about your emergency inflatable underpants, Terry?’ says Jill. ‘We could whoosh across in those.’



‘I’m not wearing them,’ he says. ‘They got a puncture when we used them to sail to the desert island in the last book. But I am wearing my emergency inflatable ears.’

‘Are you kidding me?’ I say. ‘Emergency inflatable ears?! That’s the dumbest thing you’ve come up with since the Ninja Snail Training Academy.’

‘Yeah, but my Ninja Snails saved the day,’ says Terry, ‘just like my emergency inflatable ears will. Watch this!’

He takes a deep breath, concentrates hard and then ...



his ears inflate to about a thousand times their normal size!

Q What did the earwig say as it fell off the cliff?

A 'Ear we go!'

'See?' he says. 'I told you!'

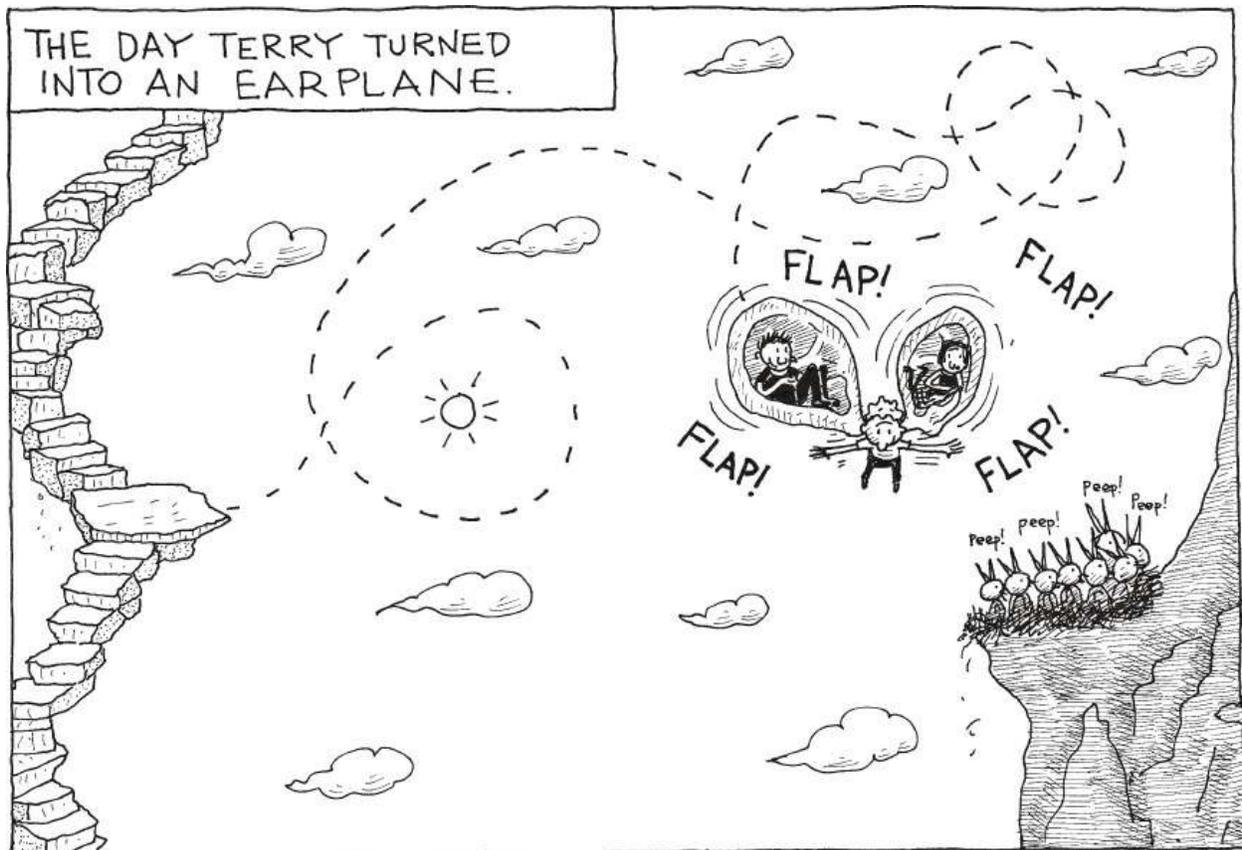
'You look so cute with big ears,' says Jill. 'Just like Dumbo the flying elephant!'

'Yeah, he looks dumb all right,' I say. 'But what use are they?'



‘Well,’ says Terry, ‘they’re flappable and really good for getting from, say, the steps of a never-ending staircase across to, say, a bird’s nest. Climb into my ear and I’ll take us there right now. Everybody ready? Ear we go!’

Terry launches himself from the staircase and starts flapping his ears as fast as he can.



Q How do you tell if there is an elephant in your fridge?

A The door won't shut.

‘Prepare the cabin for landing,’ says Terry. ‘Please ensure tray tables are closed and seats are upright. Thank you for flying Terry D Earlines.’



‘What tray tables?’ I say. ‘What seats? All I had to sit on was this disgusting lump of ear wax!’

‘Hey!’ says Terry. ‘I heard that!’

Q Why are elephants wrinkled?

A Because they don't fit on ironing boards.

Terry lands in the nest with a bump and Jill and I fall out of his ears.



We are immediately surrounded by a bunch of noisy baby birds, all pecking at us.

Terry's emergency inflatable ears don't stand a chance against the baby birds' sharp beaks.



‘Hey, those baby birds just popped my ears!’ says Terry.

‘Yes, they’re very pecky,’ says Jill.

‘I hate pecky birds,’ I say. ‘Let’s look for my tooth and get out of here as fast as we can.’

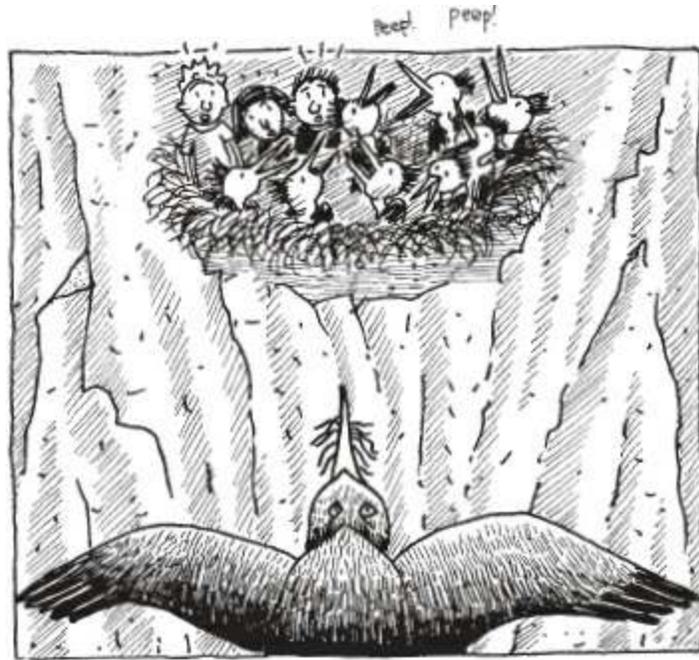
Q What did the balloon say to the pin?

A ‘Hi, Buster!’

‘I think we may have to put off the tooth-hunt for the moment,’ says Jill.

‘Here comes the mother bird!’

‘Eeek!’ I say. ‘Its beak looks even sharper and pointier than the baby birds’ beaks. And much bigger!’



‘Can you talk to it, Jill?’ says Terry.

‘Not while we’re in her nest,’ says Jill. ‘If she sees us, she’s going to peck first and ask questions later. Worm-snatchers are very protective of their young. We have to hide!’

‘But there’s nowhere to hide!’ I say.

‘In that case,’ says Jill, ‘we’ll just have to pretend to be baby birds and hope she doesn’t notice.’



We crouch down, put our hands on our hips and move our elbows back and forth.

‘Cock-a-doodle-doo!’ says Terry.

Q If a rooster laid a brown egg and a white egg, what kind of chicks would hatch?

A None, roosters can’t lay eggs.

‘You’re supposed to be pretending to be a baby worm-snatcher, Terry,’ says Jill. ‘Not a rooster!’

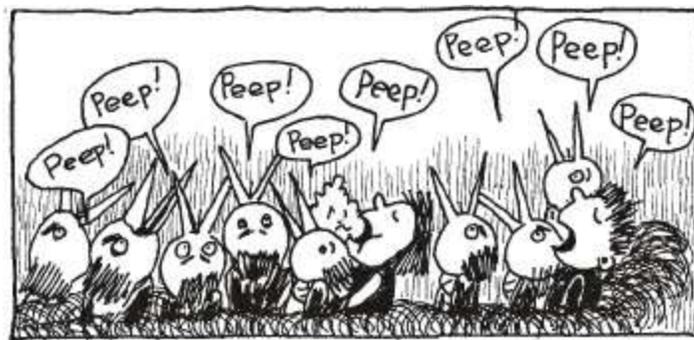
‘Oops,’ says Terry. ‘How about this: Peep! Peep! Peep!’

‘Much better!’ says Jill. ‘I mean, Peep! Peep! Peep!’



The mother worm-snatcher lands, gripping the side of the nest with her enormous talons. Her beak is full of wriggling, writhing worms.

The peep-peep-peeping of the baby worm-snatchers is deafening. They all crane their necks to the sky and open their beaks wide. We do the same (except we have mouths, not beaks).



The mother worm-snatcher opens her beak and fresh, wriggling worms come raining down into our open mouths.



Q What do you get if you cross a worm and an elephant?

A Very big wormholes in your garden.

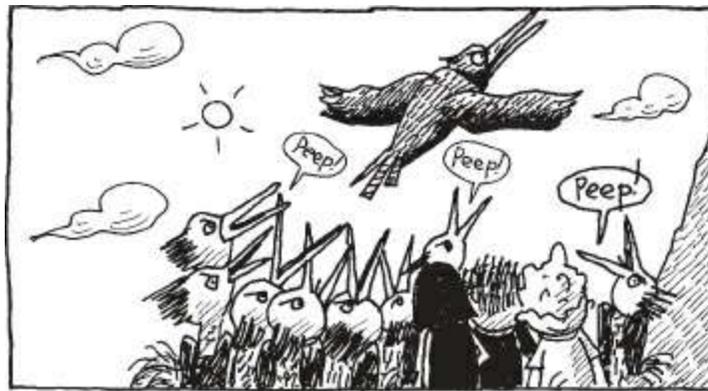
Erk! My mouth is full of cold, dirty, wriggling worms! Yuck! I'm trying not to chew or swallow them but it's not easy. It's like they want to wriggle down my throat.



But, weirdly, Terry doesn't seem to mind them at all. He's slurping them up like he's eating spaghetti!



At last, the mother bird runs out of worms, flaps her enormous wings and flies away.



‘Yuck!’ I say, spitting out the worms as fast as I can.



Q What did the worm say to the other worm when he was late home?

A 'Where in earth have you been?'

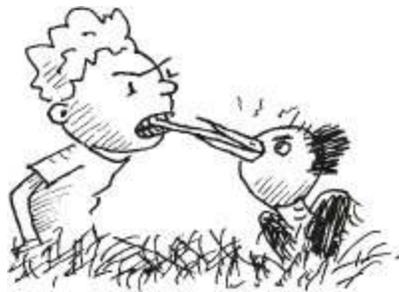
'Double yuck!' says Jill, spitting hers out too. 'No offence to worms.'



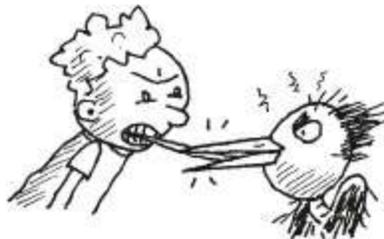
Terry doesn't spit his out, though. His mouth is still full—so full, in fact, that there's a worm hanging out of it.



One of the baby worm-snatchers snatches the end of the worm and starts pulling on it.



Terry pulls back.



The bird pulls harder.



Terry pulls harder.

Q What is the laziest mountain in the world?

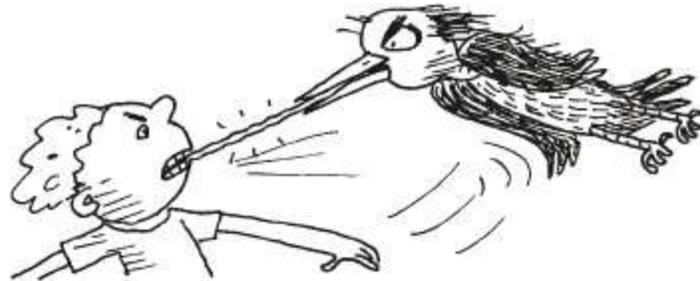
A Mount Ever-rest.

‘Look at this, Jill,’ I say. ‘Terry is having a tug of worm with a baby bird.’

‘Oh, come on, Terry,’ says Jill. ‘Let the baby bird have the worm.’

‘But it’s my worm,’ Terry mumbles through a mouthful of worms.

‘Mother gave it to me!’



While Terry is talking, the baby bird seizes its chance and snatches the worm and swallows it in one greedy gulp.



‘Hey!’ says Terry. ‘That’s not fair!’

‘Yes, it is,’ says Jill, ‘because you’re not really a baby bird and that mother bird was not really your mother.’

‘I know,’ sighs Terry. ‘But I am really hungry.’



‘So am I!’ I say. ‘But it doesn’t change the fact that worms taste awful. I mean, that baby worm-snatcher over there is being sick. Not even worm-snatchers like worms!’



Q How do you tell which end of a worm is which?

A Tickle it in the middle and see which end laughs.

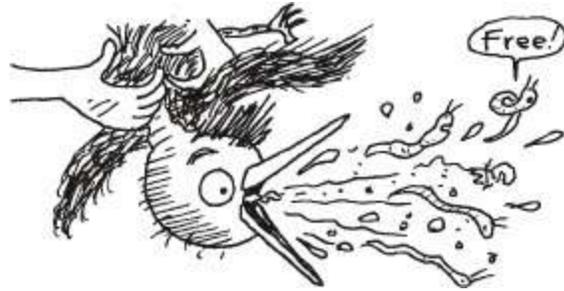
‘It’s not being sick,’ says Jill. ‘It’s choking! It must have tried to eat too many worms at once. Stand back, I’m going to perform the Wormlich manoeuvre!’



Jill picks up the bird, holds it upside down and squeezes it gently.



The bird coughs up a bunch of worms, including one with a really big white head and an extremely thin body. In fact, it doesn't look so much like a worm as a piece of string. A piece of string that is attached to ...



MY TOOTH!

‘I found my tooth!’ I say.

‘That must be what it was choking on,’ says Jill.

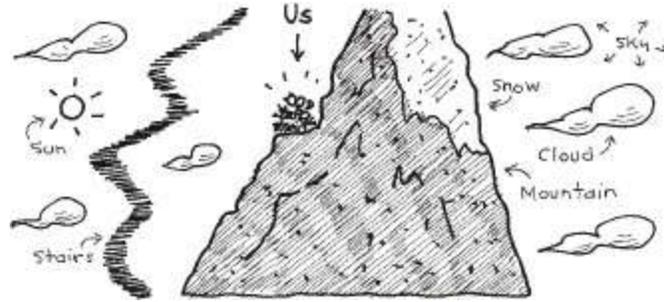


Q What do you give a sick bird?

A Tweetment.

‘Yay!’ says Terry. ‘Now all our problems are solved.’

‘Well, not all of them,’ I say. ‘We’re still stuck in a nest on the top of Mount Everest with no way of getting down.’



‘Oh, yeah,’ says Terry. ‘But hang on ... worms are really stretchy. When the mother bird comes back with another load of worms, we could tie them all together and make a worm-bungee to lower us safely back down to the ground.’



‘We can’t do that!’ says Jill. ‘That’s cruelty to worms!’



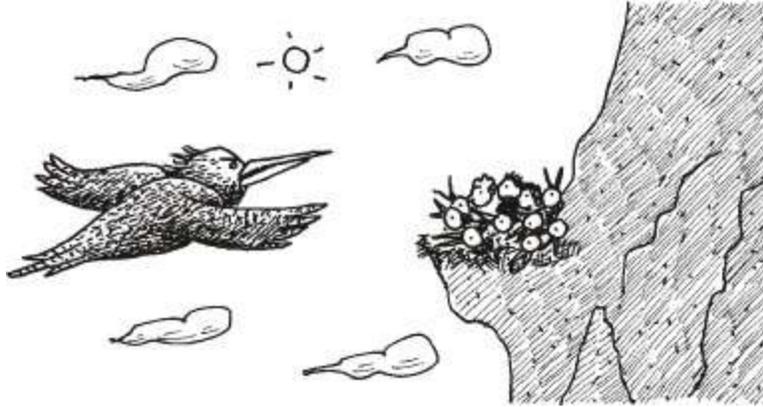
‘Maybe,’ says Terry, ‘but we’d be saving them from being eaten by birds, so we’d sort of be doing them a favour.’

‘No, we wouldn’t,’ says Jill. ‘Birds eating worms is nature’s way; tying worms together to make a worm-bungee is not.’

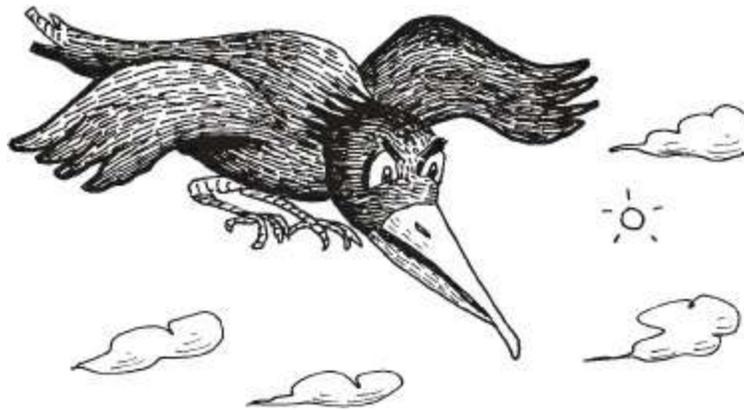
Q What reads and lives in an apple?

A A bookworm.

At that moment we hear the sound of flapping wings and a mighty RAWK. We all turn around. The mother worm-snatcher is back—and she’s seen us!



She dips her head down and swoops towards us.



‘So long, Andy and Jill!’ says Terry. ‘It’s been nice knowing you.’

‘You too,’ says Jill. ‘And you too, Andy.’

But before I can reply, the baby bird that Jill saved flutters in between us and the mother bird. It peep-peep-peeps loudly and quickly.



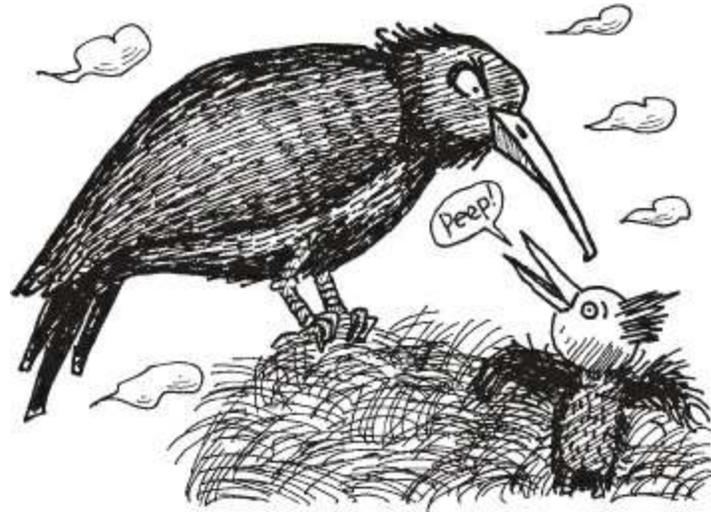
Q What bird movie won an Oscar?

A *Lord of the Wings*.

‘What’s happening, Jill?’ says Terry. ‘What’s the baby bird saying?’



‘It’s telling its mother how we saved it from choking,’ says Jill.



The mother bird turns to us. ‘RAWK! RAWK! RAWK!’ she rawks.



‘What does that mean, Jill?’ I say. ‘Is it good or bad?’

‘It’s good,’ says Jill. ‘Very good. She says she is extremely grateful and that if there’s ever anything she can do to repay us for our quick thinking and

kindness, we only have to ask.'

Q What do you get if you cross a parrot with a shark?

A A bird that will talk your ear off.

'Do you think she could give us a lift back down to the treehouse?' I say.
'I'll ask her,' says Jill. She turns to the mother bird. 'Rawk rawk rawk?'



The mother bird rawks back at her.

'She says yes, she'd be happy to,' says Jill.

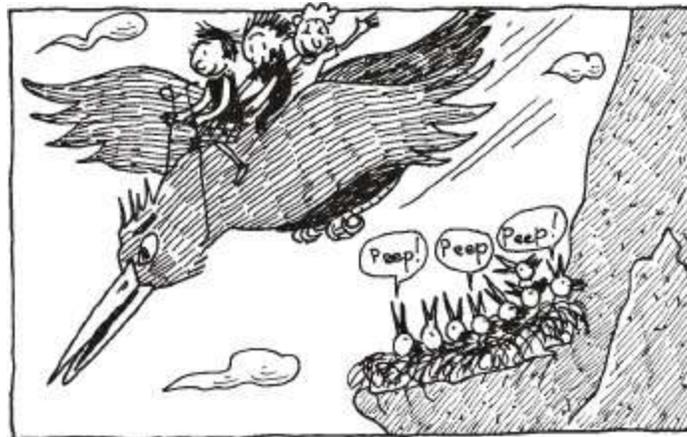
We climb up onto the mother bird's back. The feathers are hard and slippery and very difficult to hold on to.

'We can use the string as a set of reins,' says Jill, throwing it around the

bird's neck. 'Everybody ready? Let's fly!'



The worm-snatcher flaps her wings, alights from the nest and begins a rapid descent.

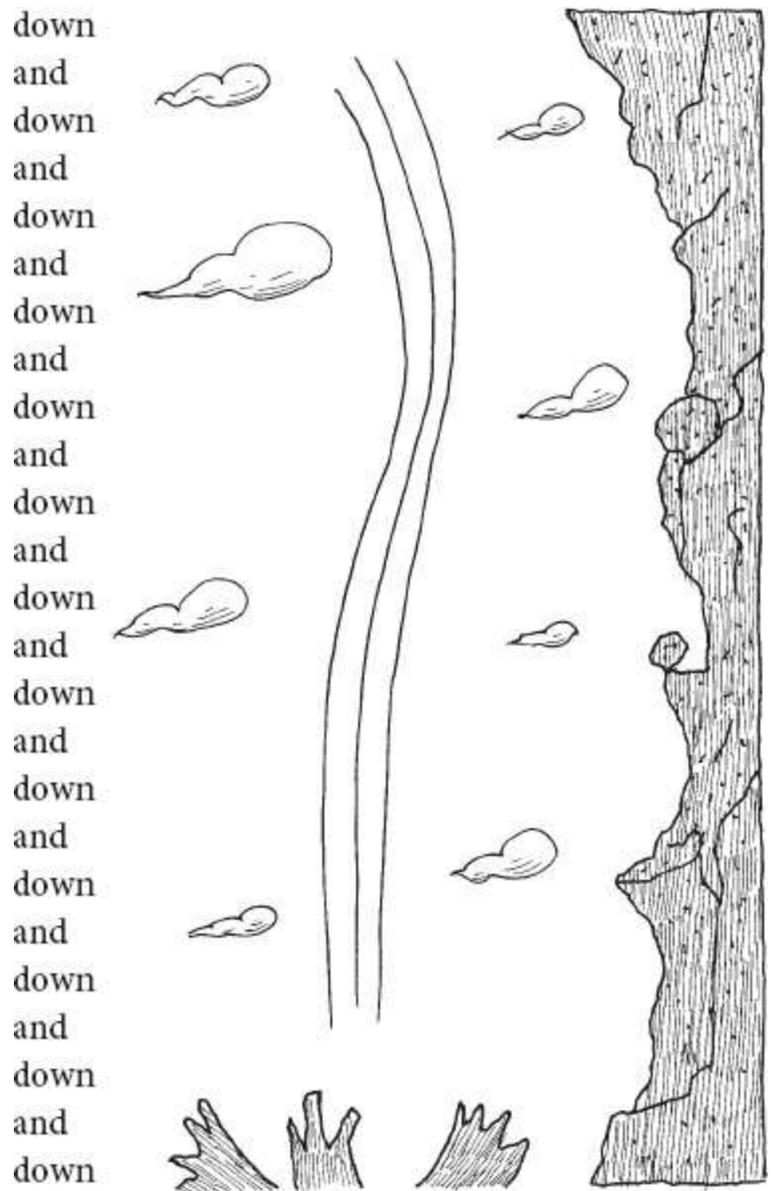


Q What language do birds speak?

A Pigeon English.

Down and down and down we fly.

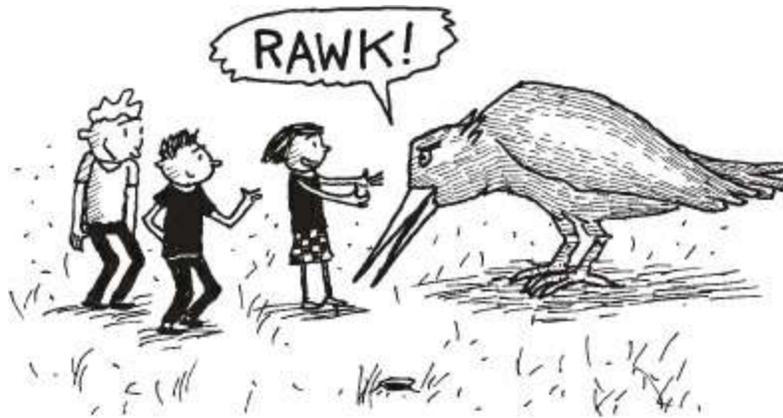




Q What is a bird's favourite part of the TV news?

A The feather forecast.

and down until we reach the ground. We climb off the bird and Jill thanks her.



They have a long rawking conversation and then the bird rawks gratefully at us one last time and takes off again.



‘What were you and the bird rawking about?’ I say.

‘She said that if we ever needed her help again, all we have to do is rawk,’ says Jill. ‘What a big adventure we’ve had! I’m going to go straight home and tell my animals all about it.’

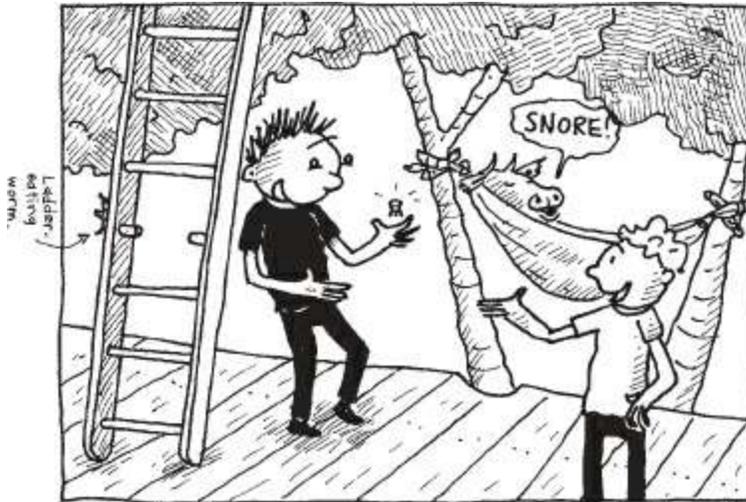


Q Why did the bird bring toilet paper to the party?

A Because it was a party-pooper.

CHAPTER 9

TERRY, WILL YOU PLEASE BE QUIET, PLEASE?



‘Well, I sure am glad that’s over,’ I say. ‘Now I’ve got my tooth back I’m going to go to bed right away so the tooth fairy can come and give me two dollars!’

‘But it’s way too early to go to bed,’ says Terry. ‘It’s still daytime.’

‘I know,’ I say, ‘but I can’t wait until tonight—we have to get our book done before then. So can you please be really quiet so I can get to sleep?’



Q Why does a dragon sleep all day?

A So it can hunt knights.

‘Sure thing, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘You can count on me! Goodnight!’

‘Goodnight, Terry,’ I say.

I climb the ladder to my bedroom, put on my pyjamas and get into bed.



I am actually feeling quite tired after climbing the never-ending staircase so I don't think it's going to be too difficult to fall asleep. In fact, I'm falling asleep right now.



I'm falling ...



falling ...



falling ...

Q What question can you never answer yes to?

A 'Are you asleep?'



falling ...



falling ...



falling ...



I'm almost asleep when I hear really loud clomping. It's so loud my bed is shaking.



Q Where do books sleep?

A Between their covers.

I get out of bed, look over the edge and see Terry clomping around in a gigantic pair of clomping boots!



‘Hey, Terry,’ I yell. ‘Quit clomping, will you? I’m trying to get to sleep!’

‘Sorry, Andy!’ he says. ‘I was just testing these new, extra-loud clomping boots I invented. Turns out they’re even louder than I expected. But I’ll take them off now. I won’t disturb you again, I promise.’

‘You’d better not!’ I say. ‘GOODNIGHT!’

‘Goodnight, Andy,’ says Terry.

I go back to bed and try to fall asleep again.



I’m falling ...



falling ...



falling ...



falling ...

Q What's the biggest problem with snow boots?

A They melt.



falling ...



falling ...



I'm almost asleep when I hear some of the loudest—and most ridiculous—noises I've ever heard.

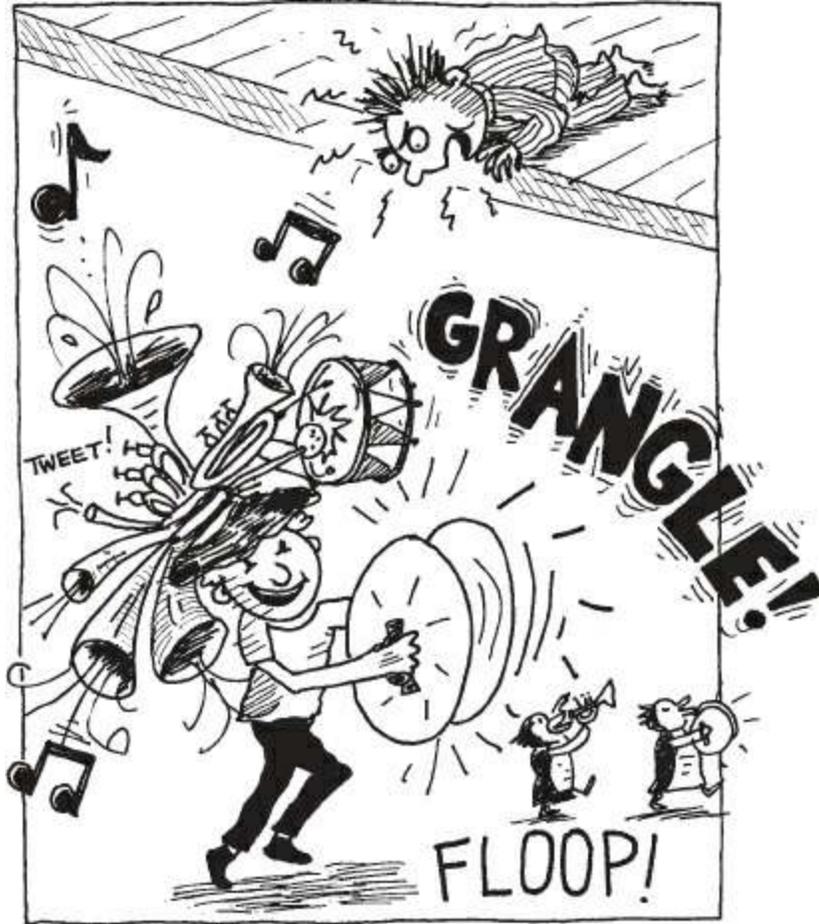
PARRP!
BLEEK!

SPROING!

Q How do you get a baby astronaut to sleep?

A You rock-it.

I get out of bed, look over the edge and see Terry wearing an extra-stupid, super-loud hat!



‘Terry!’ I yell, but he can’t hear me over the deafening noise of his stupid hat.

‘TERRY!’ I yell again, even louder.



But he still can’t hear me.

‘TERRY!’ I yell as loud as I can.



Q What did one hat say to another hat?

A ‘You wait here, I’ll go on a head.’

This time he hears me.

‘Sorry, Andy,’ he says. ‘I couldn’t hear you over the noise of this extra-stupid, super-loud hat. What’s the matter?’

‘Your extra-stupid, super-loud hat is the matter!’ I say. ‘I’m trying to get to sleep, remember?’



‘Oh, sorry, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘I forgot. I’ll take it off and be very, very quiet from now on. I promise.’

‘You’d better be,’ I say. ‘OR ELSE!’

I go back to bed and start falling asleep for the third time.



I’m falling ...



falling ...



falling ...



falling ...



falling ...

Q Why did the girl tiptoe past the medicine cabinet?

A She didn't want to wake the sleeping pills.



falling ...



falling ...



falling ...



falling ...



I get out of bed, look over the edge and see Terry playing drums, Superfinger playing guitar, and the Trunkinator dancing in an extra-large pair of extra-loud clomping boots ...



Q What's the best present you can receive for Christmas?

A A broken drum—you just can't beat it!

and to make it even worse, they're all wearing extra-stupid, super-loud hats!
Right! That does it! I take a deep breath and yell...



**TERRY,
WILL
You**



Q What breaks every time you name it?

A Silence.

PLEASE BE QUIET, PLEASE?!

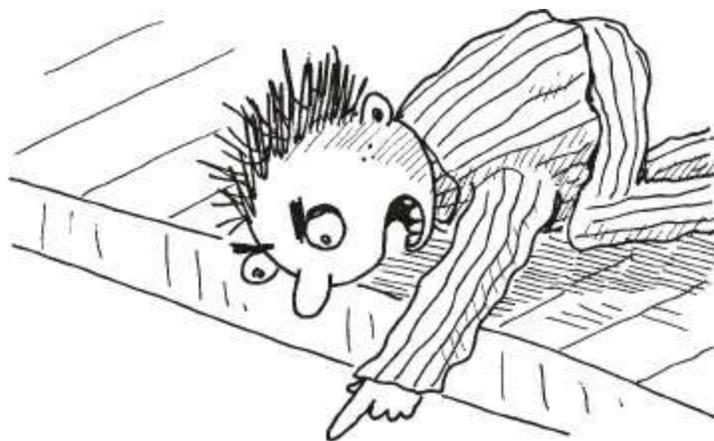
‘Sorry, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘We were just practising our act for the Treehouse Talent Quest.’

‘What Treehouse Talent Quest?’ I say.

‘The one I thought we could have after this book is finished.’



‘This book won’t be finished,’ I say, ‘if you don’t let me get to sleep!!!’



Q Did you hear about the soldier who bought a camouflage sleeping bag?

A He can't find it.

'I'll be quiet now,' says Terry. 'I promise.'

'That's what you said last time!' I say.

'I know,' says Terry, 'but it won't happen again, I really promise. I'll be as quiet as a mouse.'

'All right,' I say. 'Goodnight... for the last time!'

I go back to bed and start falling asleep ...



falling ...



falling ...



falling ...

asleep.



Q Why couldn't Dracula's wife go to sleep?

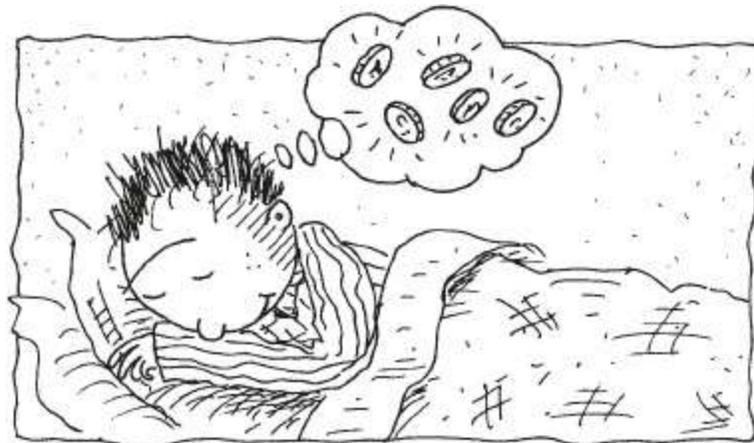
A Because of his coffin.

CHAPTER 10

TERRY AND THE TOOTH FAIRY

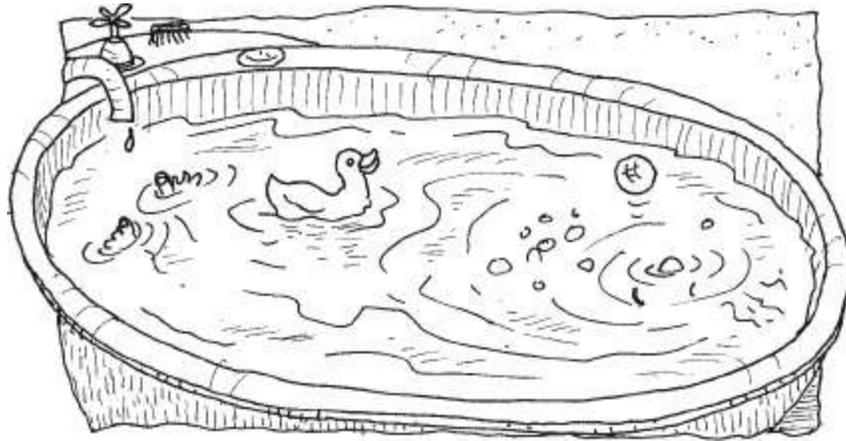


 'Twas the day of the toothache, when all through the tree
Not a creature was stirring—no, not even me.
Andy's tooth had been placed
In a small glass with care
In the hopes that the tooth fairy soon would be there.



 Andy was nestled all snug in his bed,

While visions of gold coins danced in his head.



And me in the bathtub, blowing a bubble.

*Trying my hardest to stay out of trouble.**

**And be really, really quiet!*

Q What TV program should you watch in the bath?

A A soap opera.



 *When out in the forest there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bath to see what was the matter.
A towel wrapped around me, I flew like a breeze,
To the edge of the decking and peered through the leaves.*



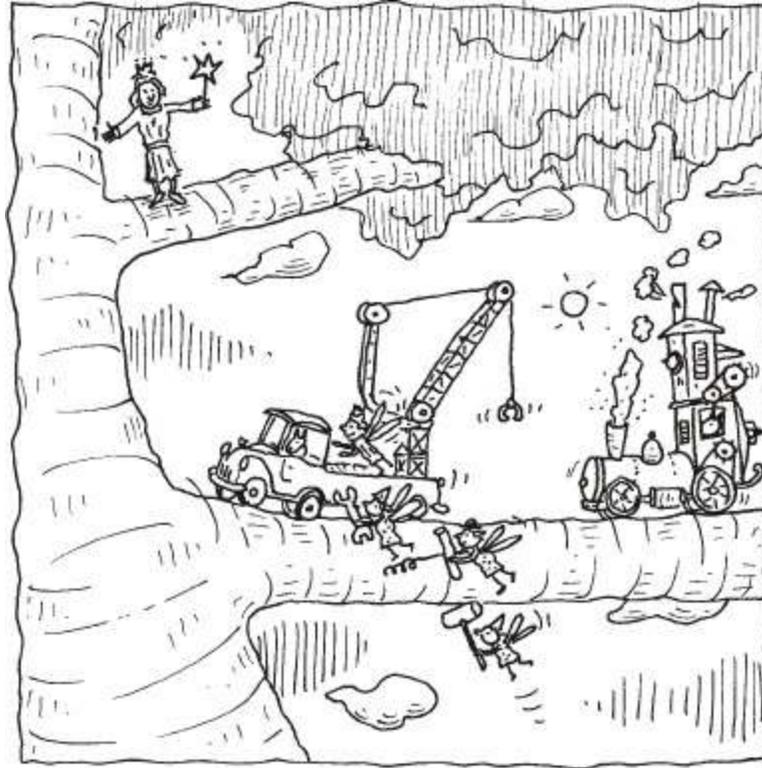
 *And what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a little steam-powered machine drawing near.
And a tiny toy truck with a miniature crane,
From which dangled a hook on a small golden chain.*

Q What has garbage and flies?

A A garbage truck.



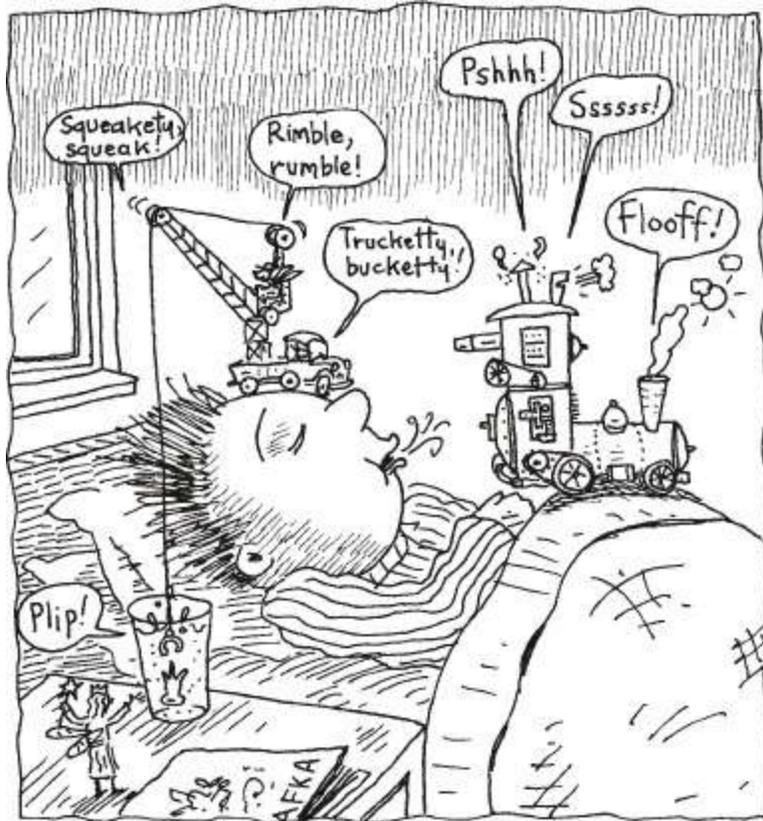
*All led by a figure, so lively and airy,
I knew in a moment it must be the tooth fairy!
More rapid than eagles to the treehouse she came,
And she whistled, and shouted, and called her helpers by name!*



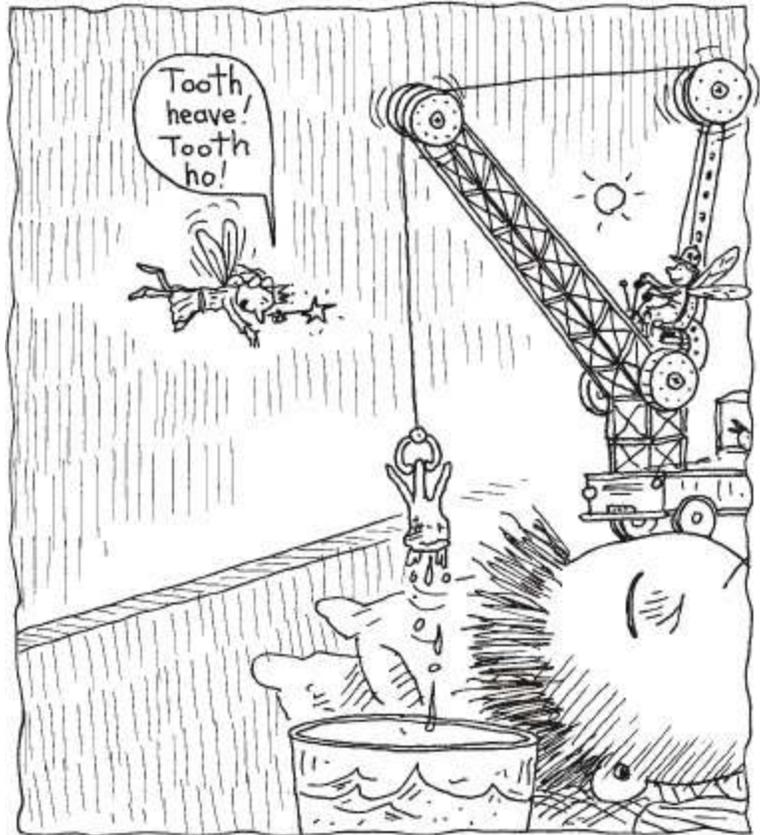
*'Come, Achey! Come, Molar! Come, Driller! Come, Smash!
To the top of the tree! To the bedroom let's dash!
And we'll heave away, haul away our pearly prize
For it's teeth that we gather, no matter the size!'*

Q What is the best thing to put into pies?

A Your teeth.



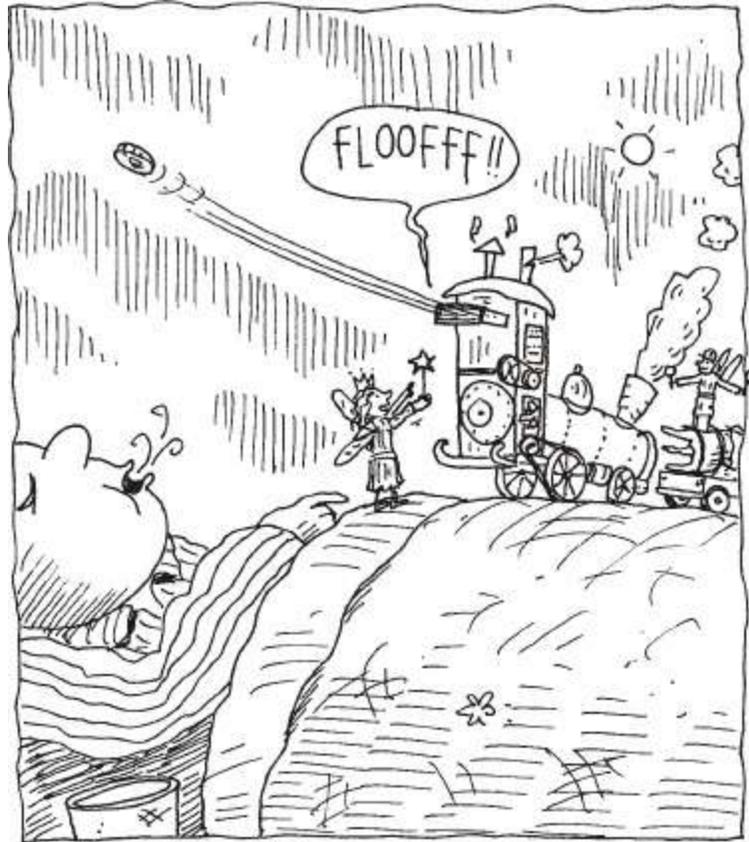
 *And up through the treehouse the tiny crew flew,
With both their machines and the tooth fairy too.
They parked their small truck on Andy's sweet head
And lowered the hook to the glass by his bed.*



 *And then with a chant of 'Tooth-heave' and 'Tooth-ho',
The tooth was brought up from the water below.
It was placed in the truck and tied up very tightly.
With gossamer ropes that glistened quite brightly.*

Q What has teeth but cannot eat?

A A comb.



The tooth fairy flittered and fluttered with glee.

'Pay him,' she said, 'his tooth fairy fee.'

The machine began whirring.

It whistled and blew.

And then out of a slot a two-dollar coin flew.



 *Up through the air flew the newly made cash,
Then into the glass it fell with a splash.
'And now,' said the fairy, 'it's home we must dash
To deliver this tooth for the queen's birthday bash!'*

Q What game do cats play at birthday parties?

A Mew-sical chairs.



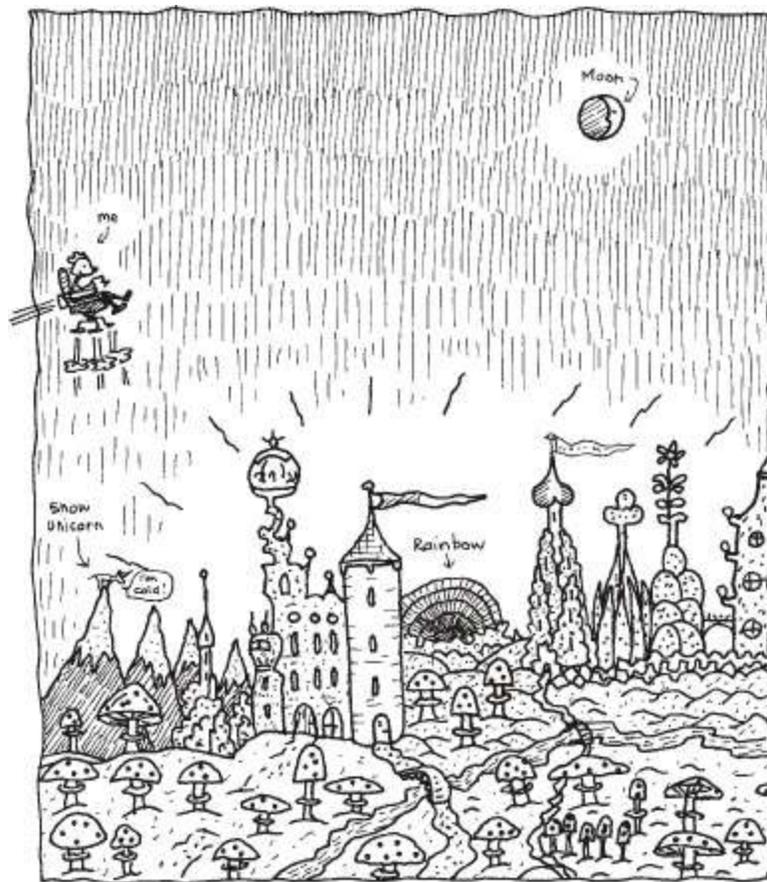
 *She sprang to the truck,
To her team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard her exclaim, as she drove out of sight,
'Thanks for the tooth, and to all a goodnight.'*



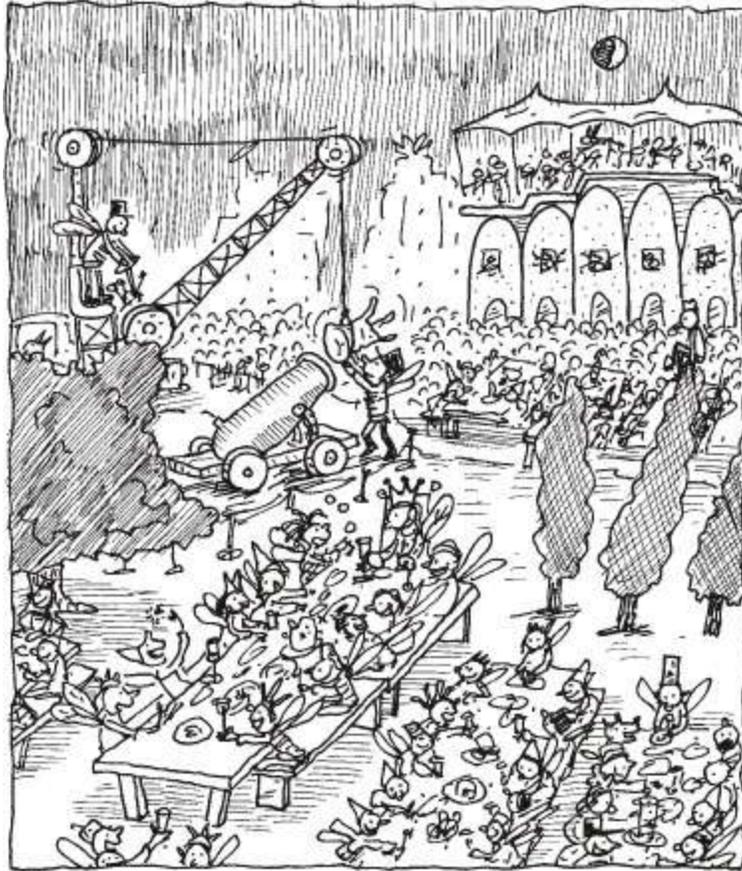
*I decided to follow, for to tell you the truth,
I wanted to see what they'd do with the tooth.
Across land, sea and rivers the fairy crew flew
And not far behind them, I also flew too.*

Q What flies without wings?

A Time.



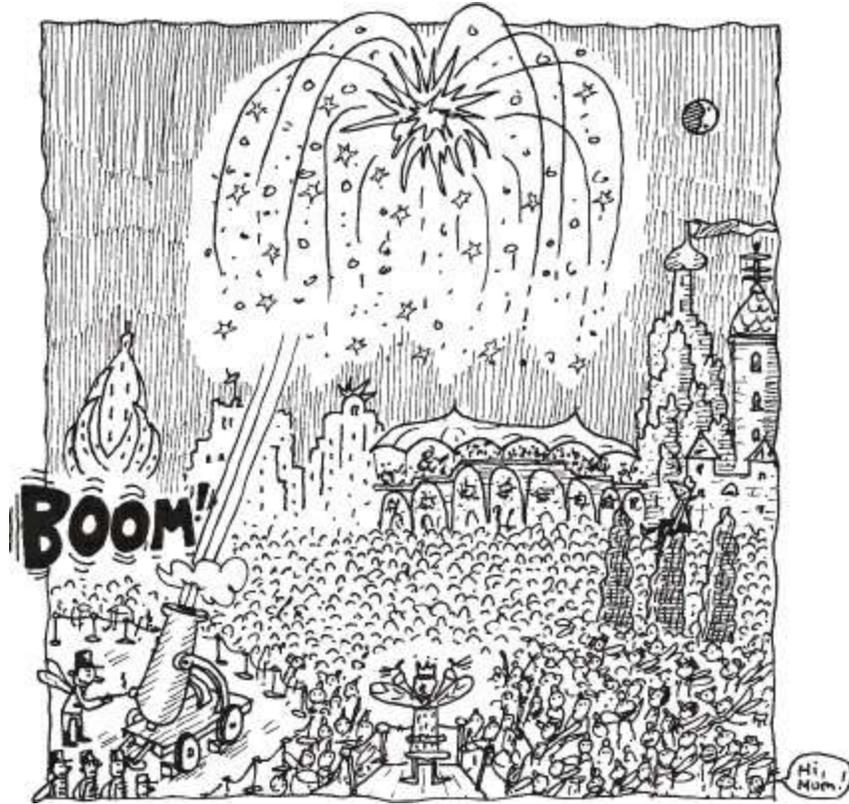
*For hours and hours, I followed that band
Until, finally, we reached it—the famed Fairyland!
The lights of the city were sparkling and shining
And fairies galore were all dancing and dining.*



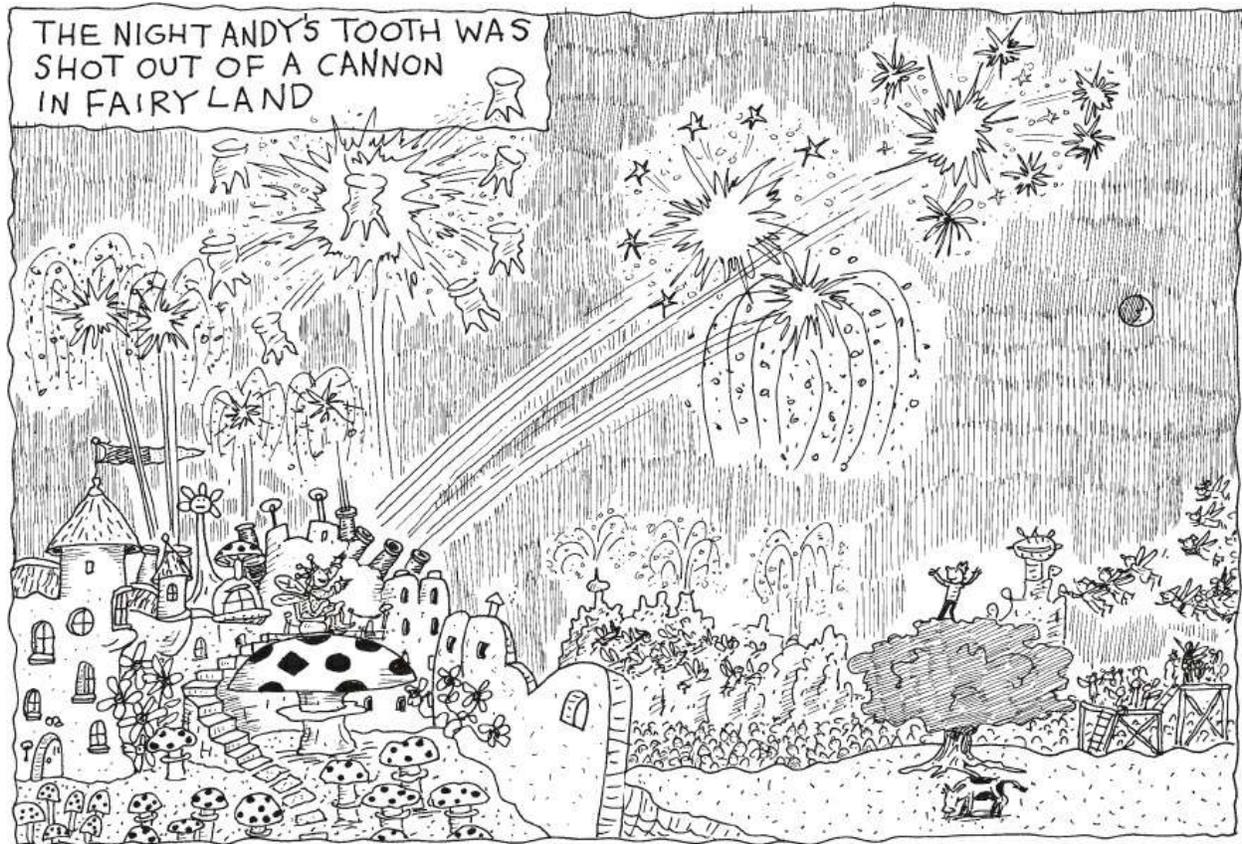
*The city was holding a great celebration,
A big birthday treat for the queen of their nation.
Andy's tooth was unloaded by the fairies with care,
Put into a cannon and shot into the air.*

Q What do clams do on their birthdays?

A They shell-ebrate.

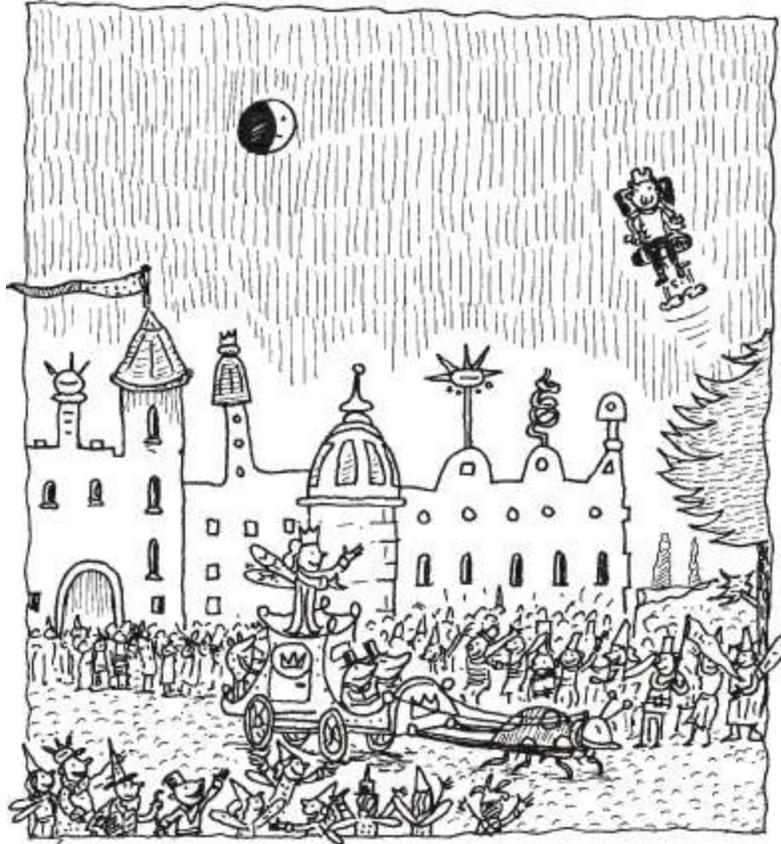


*And though not a good tooth—it was badly corroded—
Andy's molar looked great as it BOOMED and exploded!
(Who would have thought that a tooth with decay
Could produce such a wonderful fireworks display?)*



Q What do you get when you cross a dinosaur with fireworks?

A Dino-mite!



 *The queen thanked the fairies for her birthday surprise
And for the amazing display that had dazzled her eyes.
And that is the story of Andy's old tooth.
I was there and I saw it and I swear it's the truth!*

Q What did one eye say to the other eye?

A 'There's something between us that smells.'

CHAPTER 11

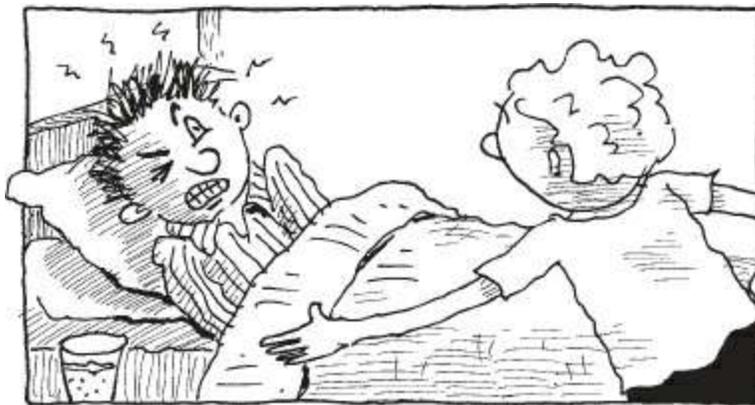
LET'S GO SHOPPING!

ZZZZ!





‘Wake up, Andy!’ says Terry, shaking me roughly. Andy! Wake up!’



‘What is it now, Terry?’ I say. ‘You promised to be quiet! I’m trying to get to sleep so the tooth fairy can come!’

Q What did the werewolf eat after he had his tooth fixed?

A The dentist.

‘You did fall asleep!’ says Terry. ‘And the tooth fairy did come!’

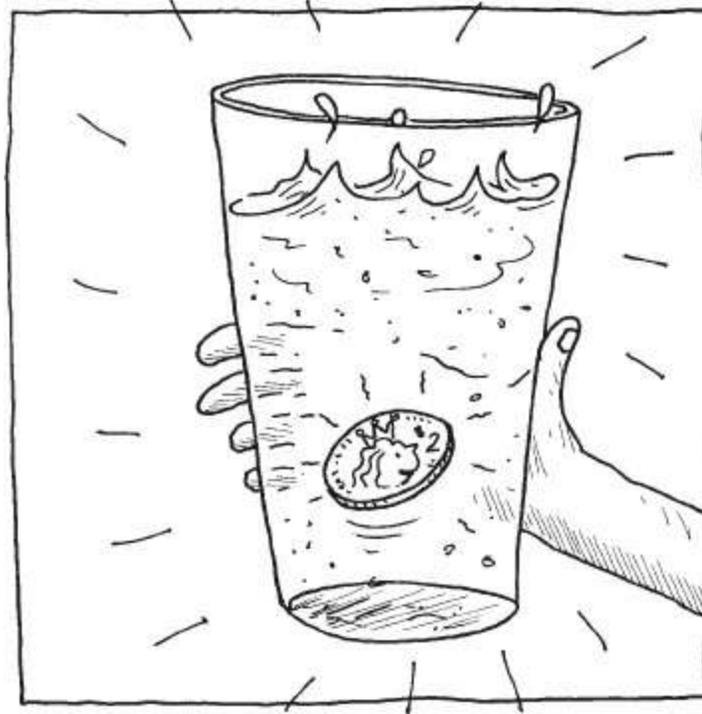


‘Really?’ I say.

‘Yes,’ says Terry, picking up the glass. ‘Look!’

At the bottom of the glass is a shiny, brand-new two-dollar coin.

‘It worked!’ I say. ‘We’ve got the two dollars we need. But how did you know?’



‘I saw the whole thing!’ says Terry. ‘They made so much noise I was afraid they were going to wake you up.’

‘They?’ I say. ‘I thought there was only one tooth fairy.’

Q Why does Dracula clean his teeth three times a day?

A To prevent bat breath.

‘There is,’ says Terry, breathlessly, ‘but she had a whole gang of helpers and they had a little truck with a crane and a money-making machine just like ours—only it was tiny, and it didn’t make honey. I followed them back to Fairyland and I saw them use your tooth as a firework to help celebrate the fairy queen’s birthday!’



‘Are you sure you didn’t fall asleep as well?’ I say. ‘Sounds like you’ve been dreaming.’

‘No, it’s true,’ says Terry. ‘You can ask the readers. They were there too. They saw me see the whole thing!’

‘It’s not that I don’t believe you,’ I say. ‘But I think I will check with them anyway.’



Well, readers, is it true? Did Terry really see all that stuff?



Q What is Dracula's favourite fruit?

A Neck-tarines.



‘You see?’ says Terry. ‘I told you!’

‘Yeah,’ I say, ‘sorry for not believing you. But never mind, what’s most important is that now we have enough money to buy the Joke Writer 2000™!’



Q Where can you always find money?

A In the dictionary.

I get out of bed and get dressed. We grab the rest of our money, jump onto our jet-propelled office chairs and fly as fast as we can to the Two-Million-Dollar Shop.



‘Ah, I was wondering when you’d be back,’ says Fancy Fish.

‘Do you still have the Joke Writer 2000™?’ says Terry.

‘Yes,’ says Fancy Fish, ‘but there’s been a lot of interest since you left. You’re very lucky it’s still available.’



‘We’ll buy it!’ I say.

‘An excellent decision, sir,’ says Fancy Fish. ‘Would you like it gift-wrapped? I have some very fancy wrapping paper for only two million dollars: the finest-quality wrapping paper in the land—or in the sea!’

Q What kind of ant is really good at mathematics?

A An accountant.

‘No, thanks,’ I say, ‘it’s not a gift; it’s for us—we need it for our book.’

‘As you please,’ says Fancy Fish, putting his fin out. ‘That will be four million dollars, please.’



‘Four million dollars?’ says Terry.

‘Yes, that is correct,’ says Fancy Fish.

‘But it was only two million dollars before,’ I say.

‘I know,’ says Fancy Fish, shrugging, ‘but since then the price has gone up.’

‘But this is the Two-Million-Dollar Shop,’ I say.

‘Exactly!’ he says. ‘Nothing under two million dollars. That’s our promise to you.’



‘But you can’t just double the price of something for no reason,’ says Terry.
‘I think you’ll find I can,’ says Fancy Fish, pointing to a sign above the counter.

Q What is the easiest way to double your money?

A Put it in front of a mirror.



‘Darn it!’ I say. ‘How are we going to afford the Joke Writer 2000™ now?’
‘We could wait until the price goes down again,’ says Terry hopefully.
‘I don’t think that’s going to happen,’ I say. ‘Look at that sign.’



Q How much money does a skunk have?

A One scent.

‘This shop is too expensive,’ says Terry. ‘I wish we’d never put it in our treehouse.’

‘Me, too,’ I say. ‘But, on the other hand, it’s the only shop where we can buy a Joke Writer 2000™ and we need a Joke Writer 2000™!’



‘Yeah, I know,’ says Terry. ‘I guess we’re just going to have to find another two million dollars. Maybe we could pull out some more of your teeth. The fairy queen was very happy with your last tooth. Perhaps the tooth fairy would pay us more than two dollars per tooth—especially if we explained the situation.’

‘No way!’ I say. ‘You are not pulling out any more of my teeth! Besides, I’ve got a much better idea.’

‘What is it?’ says Terry.



‘We can go to the Two-Dollar Shop and use my new two-dollar coin to buy another two million dollars. Then we’ll have four million dollars and we can come back and buy the Joke Writer 2000™!’

Q What has 100 heads and 100 tails?

A 100 coins.

‘Wow,’ says Terry, ‘you are getting much better at maths, Andy! But you’ve made a slight miscalculation. If we use your two dollars to buy two million dollars, we’ll still be two dollars short, so we need to buy two million and two dollars.’

‘Oh, yeah,’ I say.

I turn to Fancy Fish. ‘Hold that Joke Writer 2000™! We’ll be right back!’



We rush to the Two-Dollar Shop. When we arrive Pinchy McPhee is out the front beside a big pile of money and a MONEY SALE sign.



Q If there are four dollars and you take away three, how many do you have?

A You took three dollars, so obviously you have three.

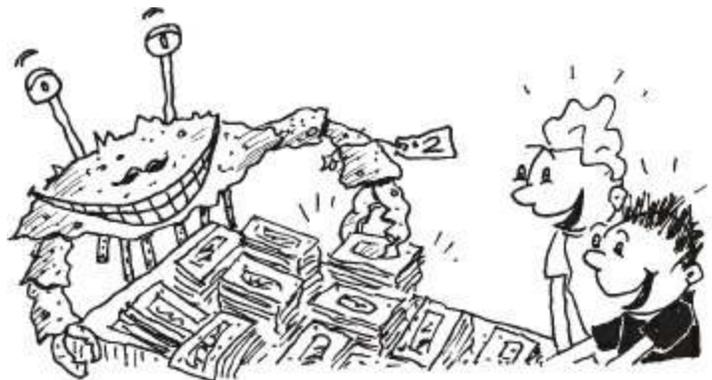
‘We’re in luck, Andy!’ says Terry. ‘Pinchy is having a money sale! All the money is only two dollars! This is the best value shop in the whole treehouse!’



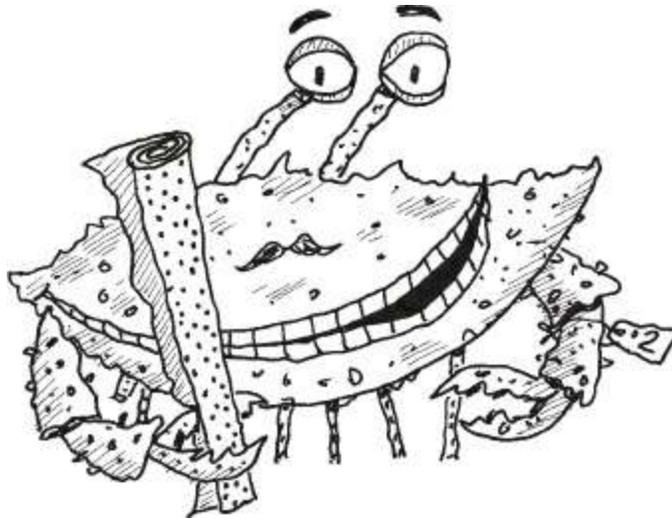
‘You’re right about that!’ says Pinchy. ‘How can I help you?’

‘We’d like to buy two million and two dollars, please,’ I say.

‘Certainly,’ says Pinchy. He grabs a big pile of cash and puts it on the counter.



‘There you go,’ he says. ‘Two million and two dollars! That will be two dollars, please. Would you like that gift-wrapped?’



Q What do giraffes have that no other animal has?

A Baby giraffes.

‘No, thanks,’ I say, ‘it’s not a gift; it’s for us—we need it to buy a Joke Writer 2000™ for our book.’

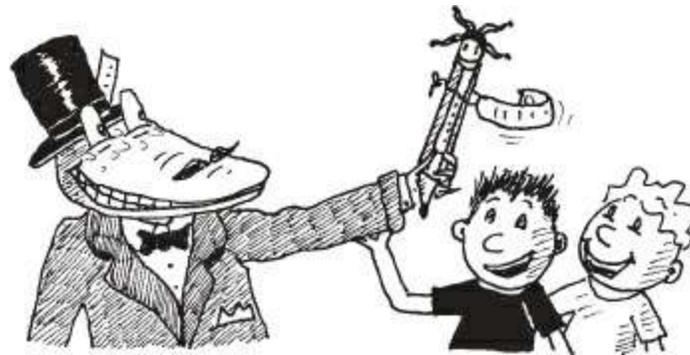
I hand over my new two-dollar coin. ‘Thanks, Pinchy!’

‘Thank you,’ says Pinchy, pinching the shiny gold coin in his pincer. ‘I think I feel a song coming on!’

‘Uh-oh,’ whispers Terry. ‘Let’s get out of here!’



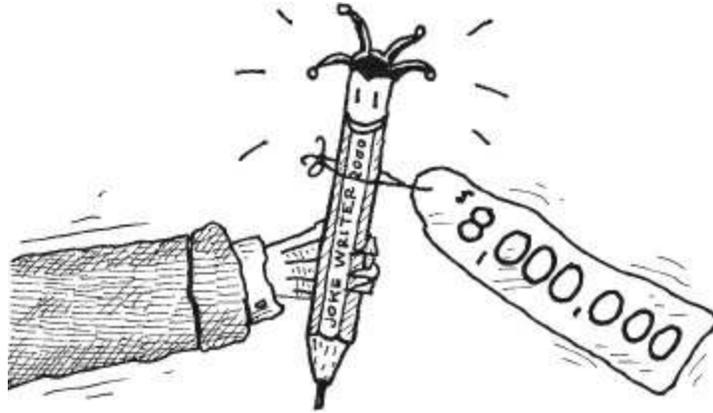
When we get back to the Two-Million-Dollar Shop Fancy Fish is waiting for us, still holding the Joke Writer 2000™ in his fin.



‘Well?’ he says. ‘What’s your decision?’

‘We’ll buy it!’ I say.

‘Wonderful,’ says Fancy Fish. ‘That will be eight million dollars, please!’



Q What do you call a fish with no eyes?

A Fsh.

‘WHAT?!’ I say. ‘EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS?!’

‘YOU CAN’T DOUBLE THE PRICE AGAIN!’ says Terry. ‘IT’S NOT RIGHT AND IT’S NOT FAIR!’



‘Relax,’ says Fancy Fish. ‘Keep your scales on! I was just having a little joke. The price is still four million dollars.’

‘Phew!’ says Terry, as we dump the money on the counter. ‘For a moment there I thought we were going to have to go back to the Two-Dollar Shop and buy even more money!’

Fancy Fish sweeps all the money off the counter with a swift swish of his fancy fins and then puts the Joke Writer 2000™ in my hand. I immediately feel 110 percent funnier. This book is going to be good. This book is going to be great. This book is going to be the goodest, greatest, funniest book we have ever written!

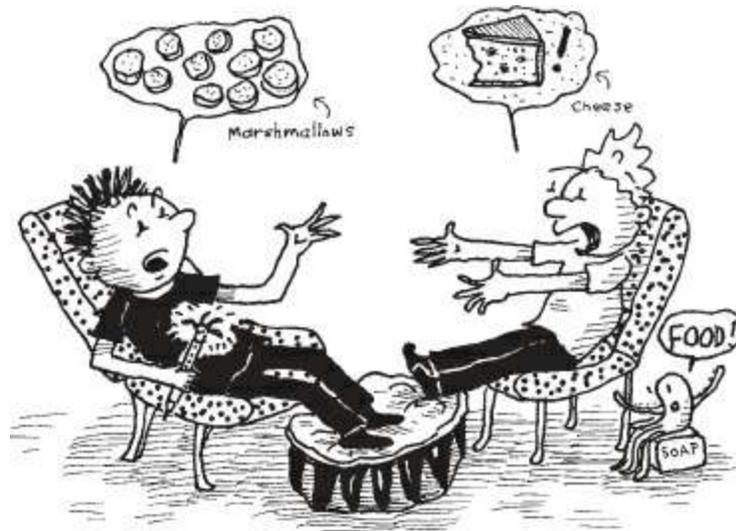


Q What do you get when you cross a fish and a kitten?

A A purr-anha.

CHAPTER 12

JOKE-WRITING TIME



Before we can start work, however, we really need to eat. After all that stair-climbing and sleeping and shopping both Terry and I are feeling pretty hungry.

The marshmallow machine senses our hunger and starts firing marshmallows into our mouths at high speed.



Q Why did the elephant stand on the marshmallow?

A Because he didn't want to fall into the hot chocolate.

‘I’m full!’ I say.

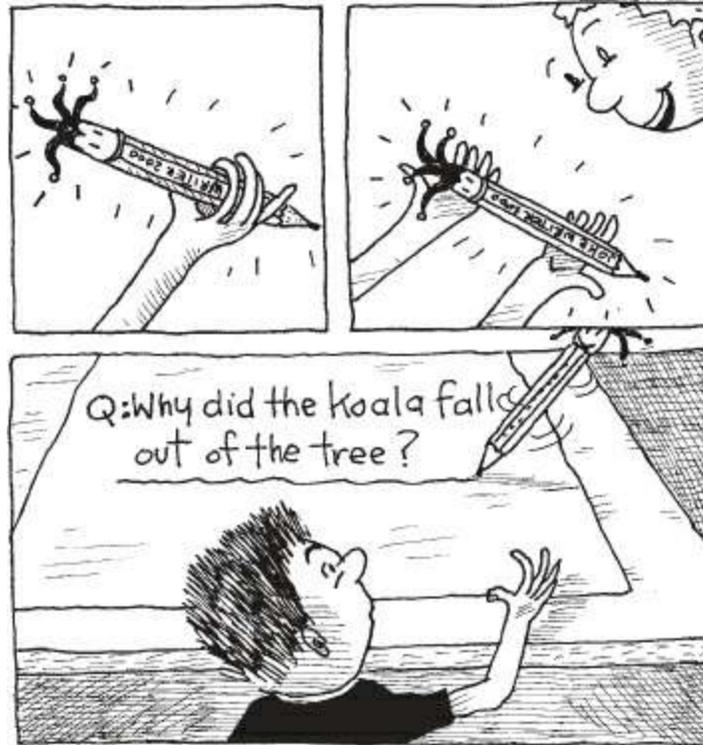
‘Me, too,’ says Terry.

We close our mouths and the marshmallow machine fires marshmallows at our faces for a while and then drifts away to see if anybody else in the treehouse is hungry.



‘Right,’ I say. ‘Now we can get started.’

I pick up the Joke Writer 2000™. It’s surprisingly heavy and for a moment I wonder how I’m actually going to write with it, but then something incredible happens—it leaps out of my hand and starts writing all by itself!



‘Look, Terry!’ I say. ‘It’s writing automatically! I’m not doing anything!’

Q Why did the penguin cross the road?

A To go with the floe.

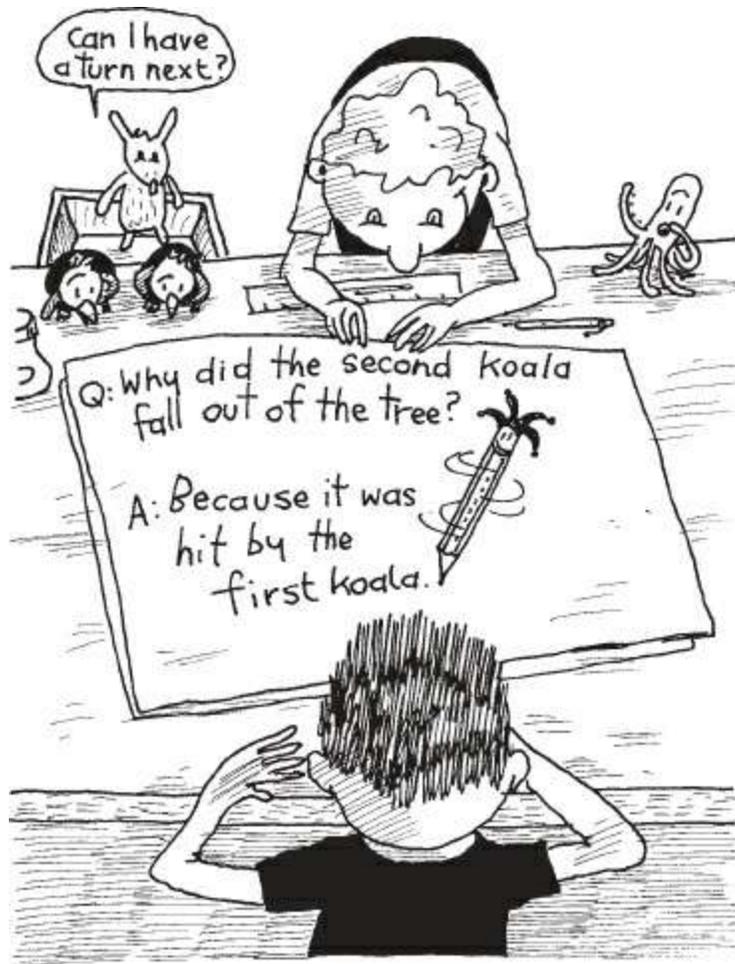
‘Wow!’ says Terry. ‘That’s amazing! It’s doing all the work. I can’t wait to see why the koala fell out of the tree. I bet it will be hilarious.’

‘Well, you won’t have to wait long,’ I say. ‘It’s writing the answer right now!’



‘I was right,’ says Terry. ‘It is hilarious! Make it write another one.’

I put the tip of the Joke Writer 2000™ on the paper and it starts writing again.



Q What do you get if you cross a lemon and a cat?

A A sour-puss.

‘That’s even funnier than the first one,’ says Terry.

‘I know!’ I say. ‘This pencil is fantastic!’

‘Can I have a go?’ says Terry.

‘Sure,’ I say, passing it to him.

Terry puts the tip of the pencil on the paper. It breaks free of his grip and takes off again.



Terry laughs so hard he snorts milk out of his nose—and he's not even drinking milk!



‘Oh, boy,’ says Terry. ‘This pencil is amazing!’

‘I know,’ I say. ‘With a pencil this funny, we’ll be able to write the funniest books ever!’

Q What do cows give after an earthquake?

A Milkshakes.

‘The Joke Writer 2000™ is worth every single dollar we paid for it,’ says Terry.

‘It sure is,’ I say. ‘It’s worth every bun that knocked us backwards, every flying fridge that almost flattened us, every single stair we climbed on the never-ending staircase and every slimy, revolting, wriggling worm we ate in the worm-snatcher’s nest. It’s the greatest pencil ever!’





As we stand there admiring the Joke Writer 2000™, we see a bird flying towards us.

‘Hey, that looks like the worm-snatcher,’ says Terry.

‘Sort of,’ I say, ‘but it’s the wrong colour.’

Q Why do witches fly on brooms?

A Because vacuum cleaners can’t fly.



Suddenly the bird dives at great speed, snatches the Joke Writer 2000™ out of Terry's hand and takes off, back up into the sky.

'Oh, no,' says Terry, 'not again!'

We are just standing there—stunned—when Jill pokes her head and shoulders up through the branches, her binoculars around her neck.



‘Did you just see a high-flying, mountain-dwelling Joke Writer-snatcher come through here?’ she says. ‘I lost track of it when it dived into the treehouse.’

Q Why did the robber take a bath?

A She wanted to make a clean getaway.

‘We saw it all right!’ I say. ‘It just swooped down here and snatched our Joke Writer 2000™!’

‘They do that,’ says Jill. ‘That’s why they’re called Joke Writer-snatchers.’



‘Don’t tell me we have to climb the never-ending staircase up to Mount Everest again,’ says Terry.

‘No,’ I say. ‘Actually, I don’t think we do. And you know what? I’m not sure that we needed to climb it in the first place.’

‘Yes, we did,’ says Terry. ‘We needed to get your tooth.’

‘I know we thought we did,’ I say, ‘but I’ve just realised that after you pulled my tooth out back in chapter six I haven’t had any toothache so I don’t really need the Joke Writer 2000™ to help me write.’



Terry frowns. ‘So if we didn’t need to climb the never-ending staircase to get your tooth,’ he says, ‘does that mean we didn’t need to pretend to be baby birds and eat all those worms?’

Q Why did the chicken cross the road and then cross back again?

A Because it was a double-crosser.

‘Well, you didn’t have to eat quite so many worms,’ I say. ‘But, no, we didn’t need to do that either.’

‘And I didn’t need to be really quiet so you could go to sleep and the tooth fairy would come?’

‘No,’ I say.



‘That means I had a bath for nothing!’ says Terry. ‘And we spent four million dollars on a joke-writing pencil that we only got three jokes out of. We could have bought the solid gold toilet seat after all! And now we don’t have any money left!’

‘I know,’ I say, ‘but it is kind of funny when you think about it.’

Terry thinks about it. And then he thinks about it some more. He frowns—and then he laughs. ‘You’re right,’ he says. ‘It is pretty funny that we did all that stuff we didn’t even need to do.’

Jill laughs, too. ‘And look on the bright side,’ she says. ‘It’s going to make a great story for your book.’



‘Yeah!’ says Terry. ‘Especially now Andy’s got his sense of humour back!’

‘I sure have,’ I say. ‘I’m feeling funny enough to write the book and all the jokes ... with your help, of course.’

Q Why did the dinosaur cross the road?

A Because chickens hadn’t evolved yet.

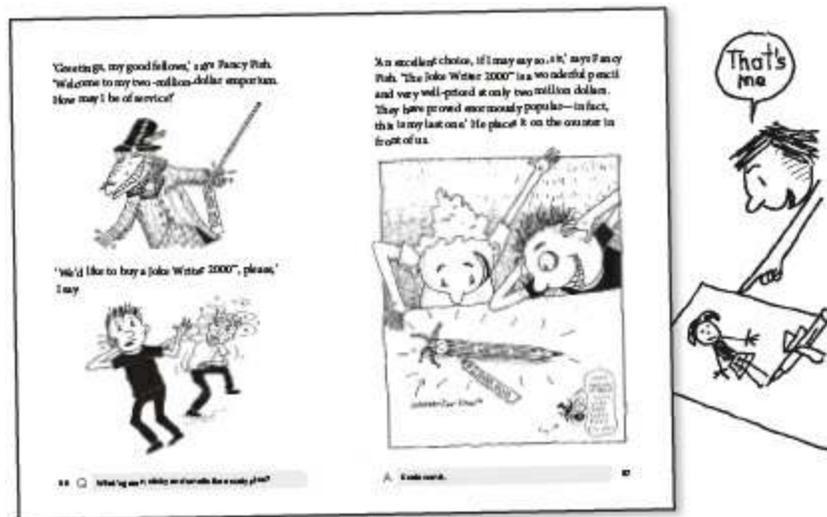
‘And mine!’ says Jill. ‘I know lots of animal jokes. Listen to this one: What do you call a sleeping dinosaur?’



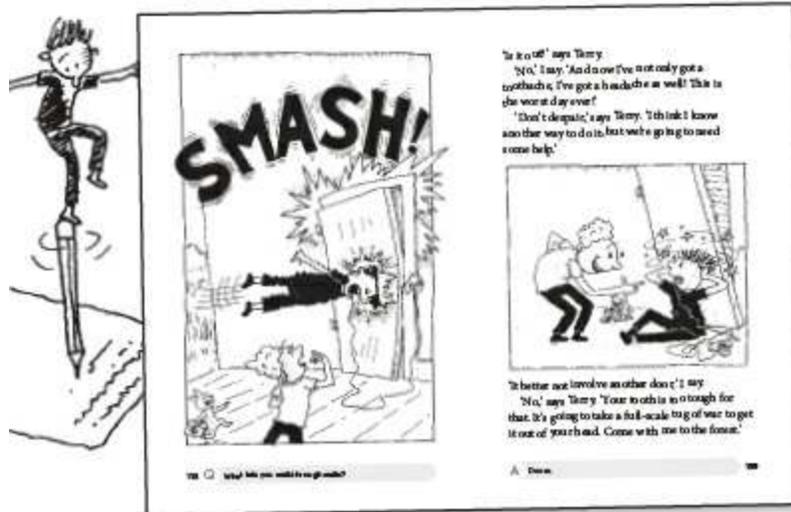
and we draw

Q What pen should never be used for writing?

A A pig pen.



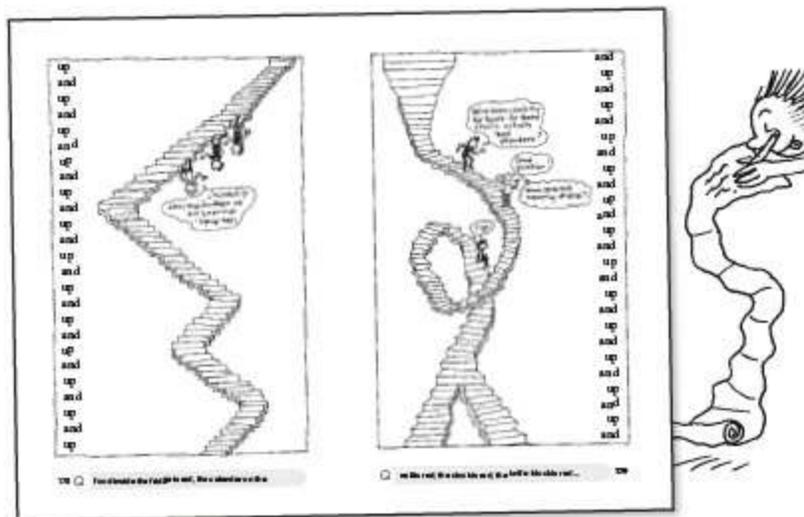
and we draw...



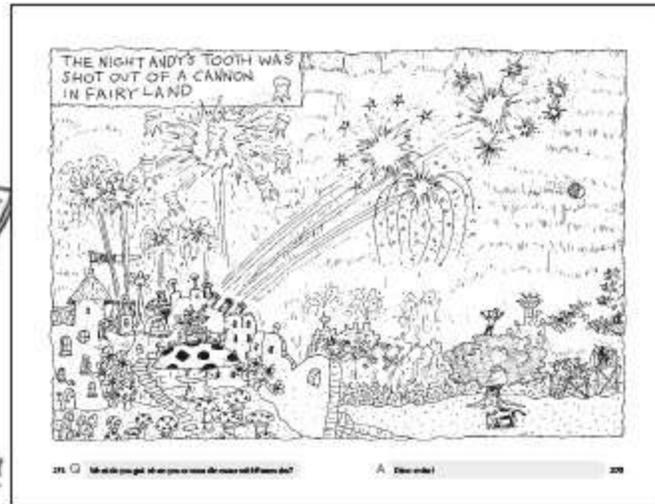
and we write ...

Q Why are artists no good in sports matches?

A Because they keep drawing.



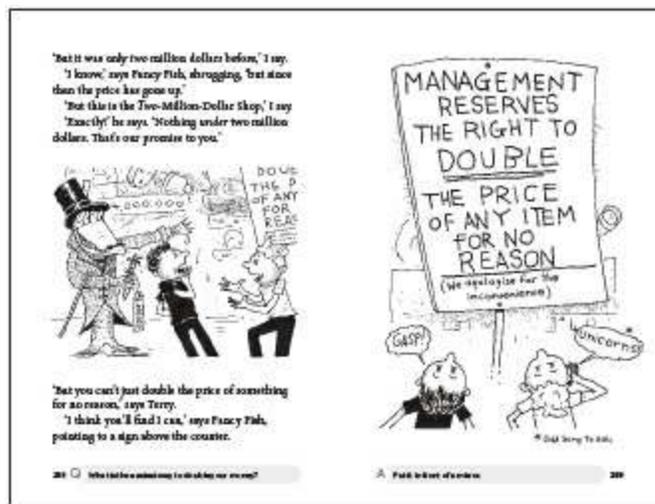
and we write...



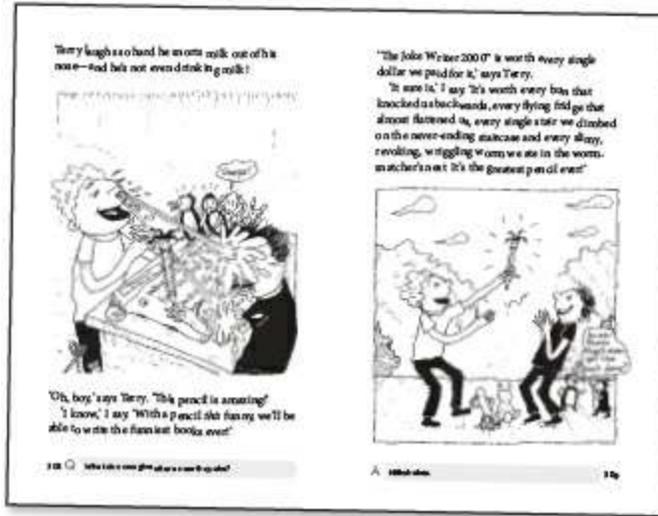
and we write ...

Q Why is a raven like a writing desk?

A Because neither is made of cheese.



and we draw ...



and we write ...



Until it's all done—even the jokes along the bottom of each page.



Q What sort of bird is always unhappy?

A A bluebird.

CHAPTER 13

THE LAST CHAPTER



Well, I'm glad that's over,' says Terry. 'Now we can all relax. I'm going back to frolic with the lambs in our beautiful sunny meadow.'

'And I'm going to keep tracking that high-flying, mountain-dwelling Joke Writer-snatcher,' says Jill. 'They are such fascinating creatures. They're even more rare than high-flying, mountain-dwelling worm-snatchers!'



‘Hey, not so fast, you two!’ I say. ‘Aren’t you forgetting something?’



Q Why do hummingbirds hum?

A Because they can't remember the words.

‘No, I don't think so,’ says Terry.

‘No, I can't think of anything either,’ says Jill.



‘Okay, then let me ask each of you a riddle,’ I say.
‘Oh, goody,’ says Terry. ‘I love riddles!’



‘All right,’ I say. ‘Terry’s riddle first. What’s big and red and gets bigger and redder the angrier it gets and then explodes if a certain writer and illustrator don’t get their book delivered by two-thirty today?’



‘Hmmm,’ says Terry, scratching his chin. ‘Beats me.’



Q What bird can write?

A A penguin.

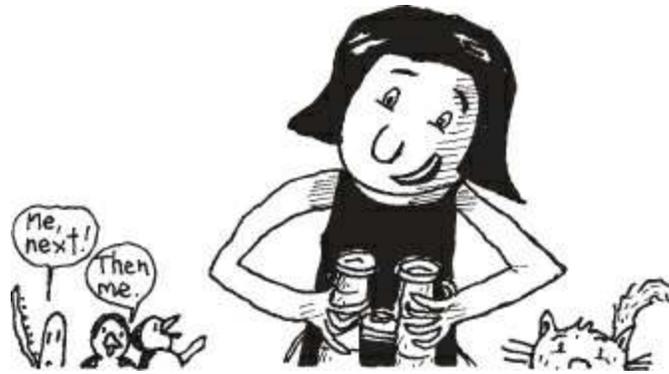
‘MR BIG NOSE’S NOSE!’ I yell.

‘Yikes!’ says Terry. ‘But it’s already two twenty-five! How are we going to get our book to him on time?’

‘I don’t know!’ I say. ‘But we’d better figure something out... and fast!’



‘Hang on,’ says Jill. ‘What’s my riddle? You said you had one for me, too.’



‘I sure do,’ I say. ‘What has 100 heads, 400 legs, lots of fur and is about to go to sleep for six months?’



‘Oh, my goodness!’ says Jill. ‘The answer is 100 bears! We promised to read them your book before they go to sleep. You have to deliver it to Mr Big Nose or those poor bears will have to go into hibernation without their bear-time story!’

Q What has 100 heads, 400 legs and is about to go to sleep for six

months?

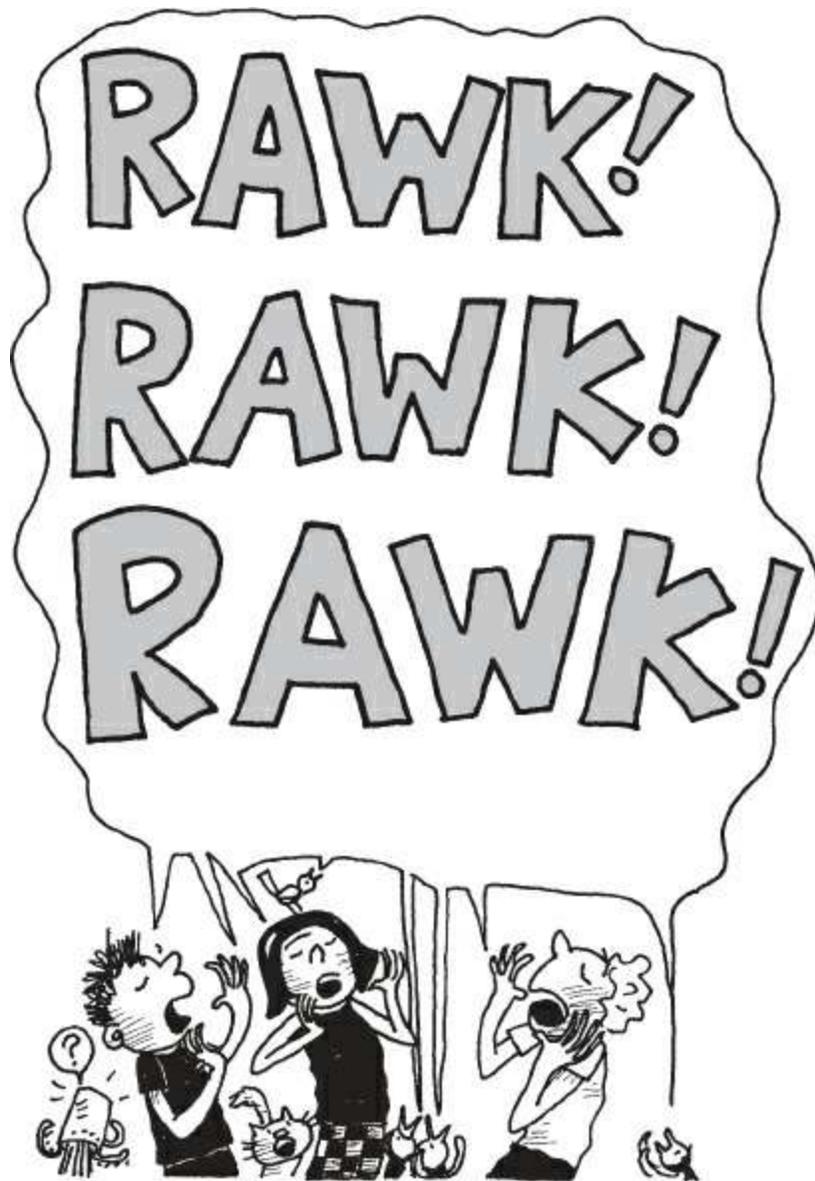
A 100 bears.

‘I know!’ I say. ‘But how are we going to get our book to Mr Big Nose?’

‘We could ask the high-flying, mountain-dwelling worm-snatcher to take us,’ says Jill. ‘She promised she would help us whenever we were in need, and we are definitely in need right now!’



‘Let’s call her,’ I say. ‘Everybody ready? On the count of three: one ... two ... three!’



Q Two silk worms were in a race. Who won?

A It was a tie.

We've barely had time to close our mouths when the worm-snatcher swoops down, snatches us all up in her mighty talons ...



and carries us off to Mr Big Nose's office.





Q What can travel around the world while staying in a corner?

A A stamp.

Luckily for us, Mr Big Nose's office window is open. The worm-snatcher releases us at just the right moment and we all tumble into Mr Big Nose's office at exactly 2.30 p.m.



‘At last!’ shouts Mr Big Nose as we pick ourselves up off the floor and gather up the pages of our book. ‘I was just about to cancel your contract.’

Q What has words but never speaks?

A A book.

‘Sorry, Mr Big Nose,’ I say as I hand him the pages. ‘But we’ve been very busy. You can read all about it in *The 104-Storey Treehouse*. Here it is!’



‘Is it as good as the last one?’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘It had better be!’

‘Oh, it is,’ says Jill. ‘It’s a great story. Possibly the greatest story ever told.’

‘Hmmm,’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘I’ll be the judge of that! Well, what are you all standing there for? You can go now. I’ve got work to do. And so have you— don’t forget you have a deadline for next year’s book.’



‘We won’t forget,’ I say. ‘But before we go, we were wondering if you would be able to do us a very special favour.’

‘That depends on what it is,’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘I’m a very busy man, you know.’

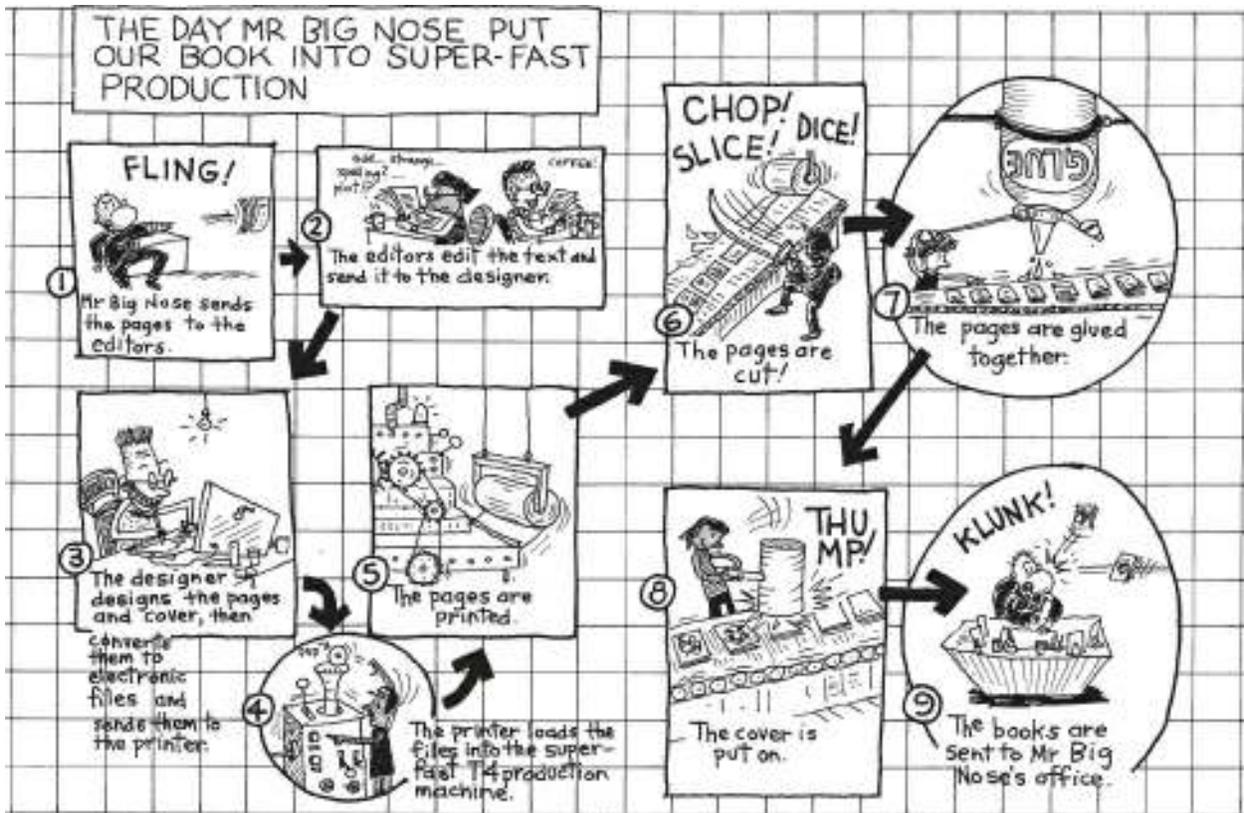
Q What’s a frog’s favourite year?

A A leap year.

‘We know,’ I say, ‘but would it be possible to put our new book into super-fast production so we can take a copy to read to some bears before they go into hibernation? You see, we promised them we would in exchange for them agreeing to leave the treehouse so we could write the book.’



‘Hmmm,’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘It’s highly irregular, but I suppose a promise is a promise—especially where bears are concerned. Wait there and I’ll see what I can do.’



Q What do snowmen eat for breakfast?

A Snowflakes.

‘Here you are,’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘One freshly printed copy of your new book.’



‘Thank you, Mr Big Nose,’ I say. ‘We really appreciate it—and so will the

bears.'

'Let's call the worm-snatcher to take us to the bears' cave,' says Jill.
'There's not a moment to lose. Winter is almost here!'



Q What is the best way to win a race?

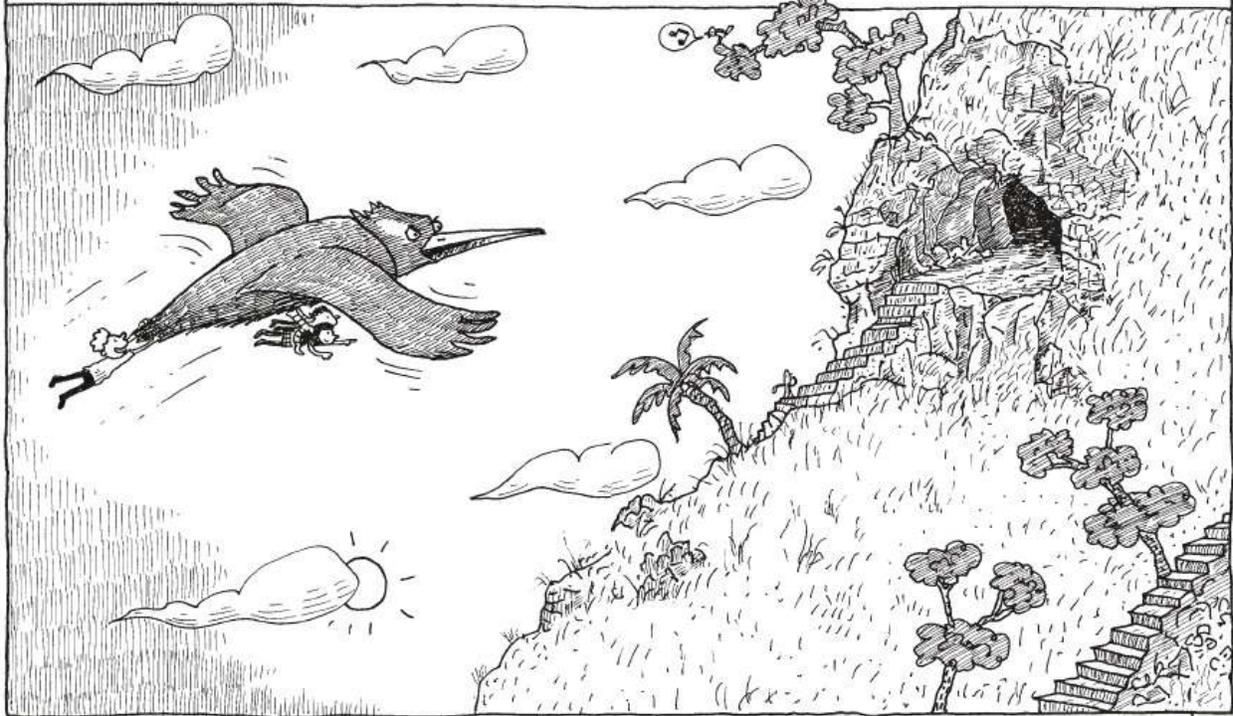
A Run faster than everyone else.



Once again the worm-snatcher appears and snatches us all up, along with our new book.

THE DAY THE HIGH-FLYING,
MOUNTAIN-DWELLING WORM-
SNATCHER SNATCHED US UP

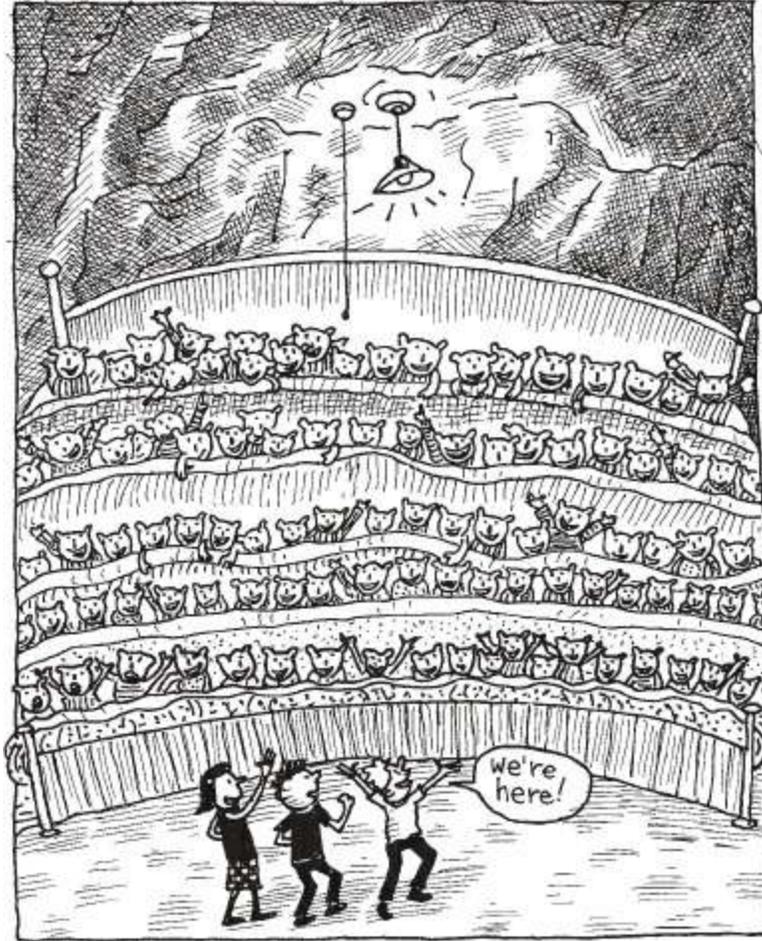
AND FLEW US TO THE BEARS'
FROM MR BIG NOSE'S OFFICE
CAVE.



Q What do you call an angry bear?

A Nothing, just run.

When we arrive the bears are all in their pyjamas, sitting up in a 100-bear bed.



Q What did the blanket say to the mattress?

A 'I've got you covered.'

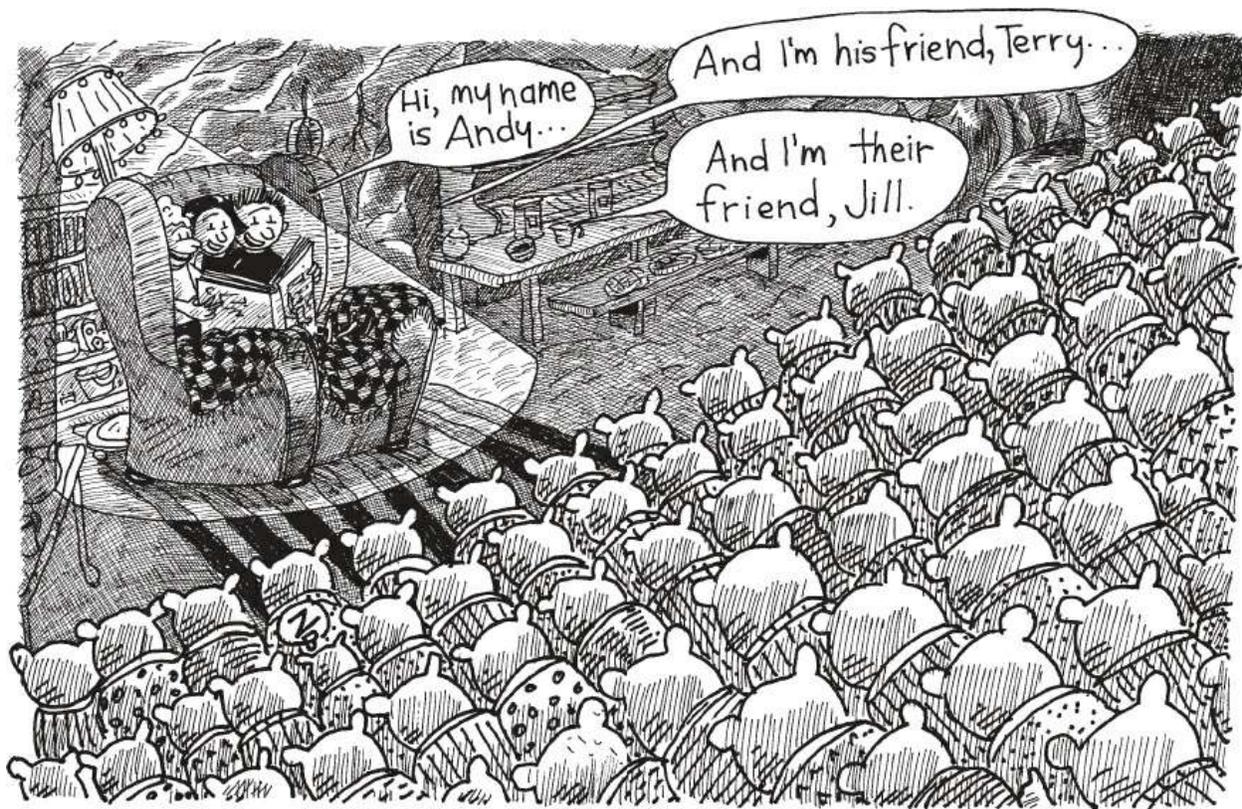
They let out a huge 100-bear roar.



ROAR!

‘That means, “Hooray for Andy, Terry and Jill!”’ says Jill.

Terry, Jill and I sit down in a big chair, get cosy and start reading to the bears.



Q What's the last thing you take off before bed?

A Your feet off the floor.

A few hours later I finally reach this, the last page (just like you), but nobody is listening (except for you, of course). All the bears—and Terry and Jill—are fast asleep.



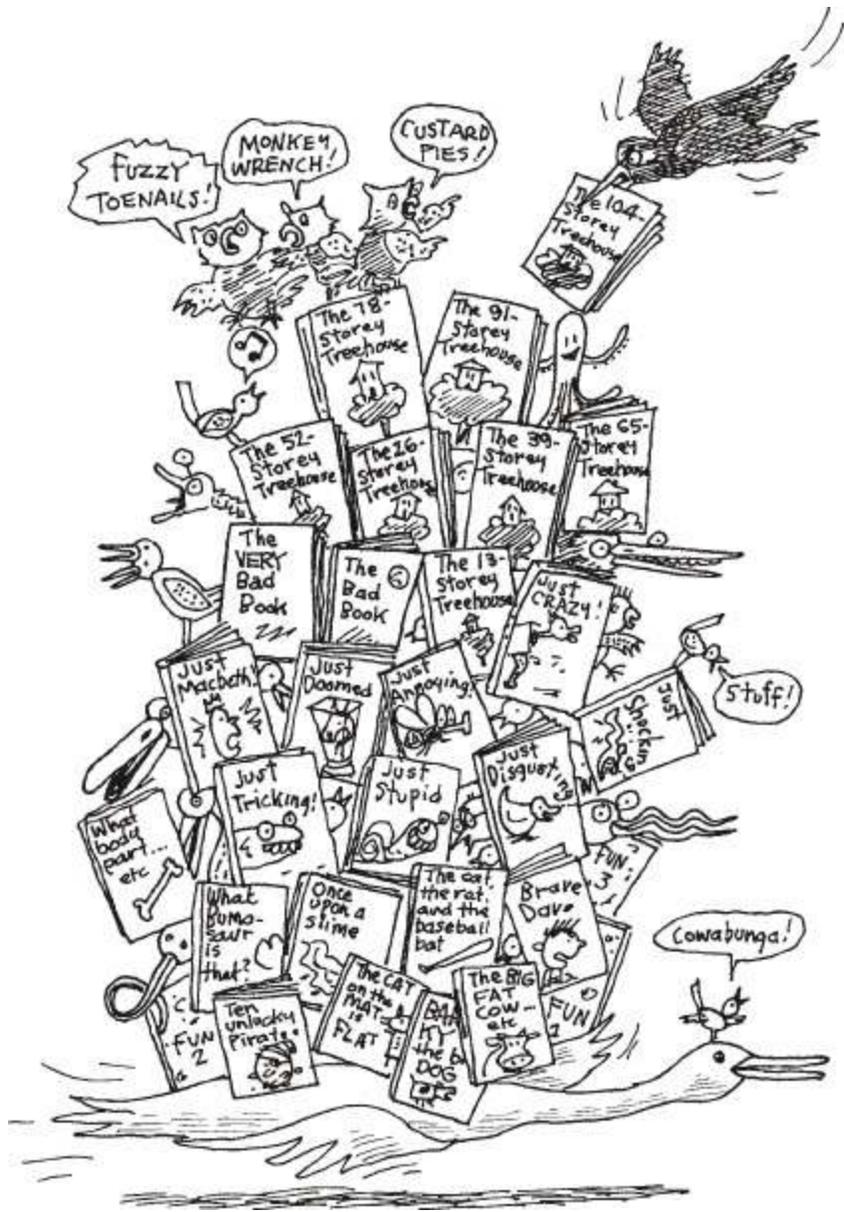
I've got to admit I'm feeling pretty sleepy myself. I might just nap for a little while—well, probably most of winter to tell you the truth—and then Terry and I will get busy adding another thirteen new storeys to the treehouse. Goodnight!

THE END

Q What building has the most storeys?

A A library.





FUZZY TOENAILS!

MONKEY WRENCH!

CUSTARD PIES!

The 104-Storey Treehouse

The 78-Storey Treehouse

The 91-Storey Treehouse

The 52-Storey Treehouse

The 26-Storey Treehouse

The 39-Storey Treehouse

The 65-Storey Treehouse

The VERY Bad Book

The Bad Book

The 13-Storey Treehouse

Just CRAZY!

Just Macbeth

Just Doomed

Just Annoying

Just Stupid

Just Disgusting

Stuff!

What body part... etc

Just Tricking!

Just Stupid

Just Disgusting

Just Crazy!

What gummy-saur is that?

Once upon a slime

The cat, the rat, and the baseball bat

Brave Dave

Cowabunga!

101 un-lucky Pirates

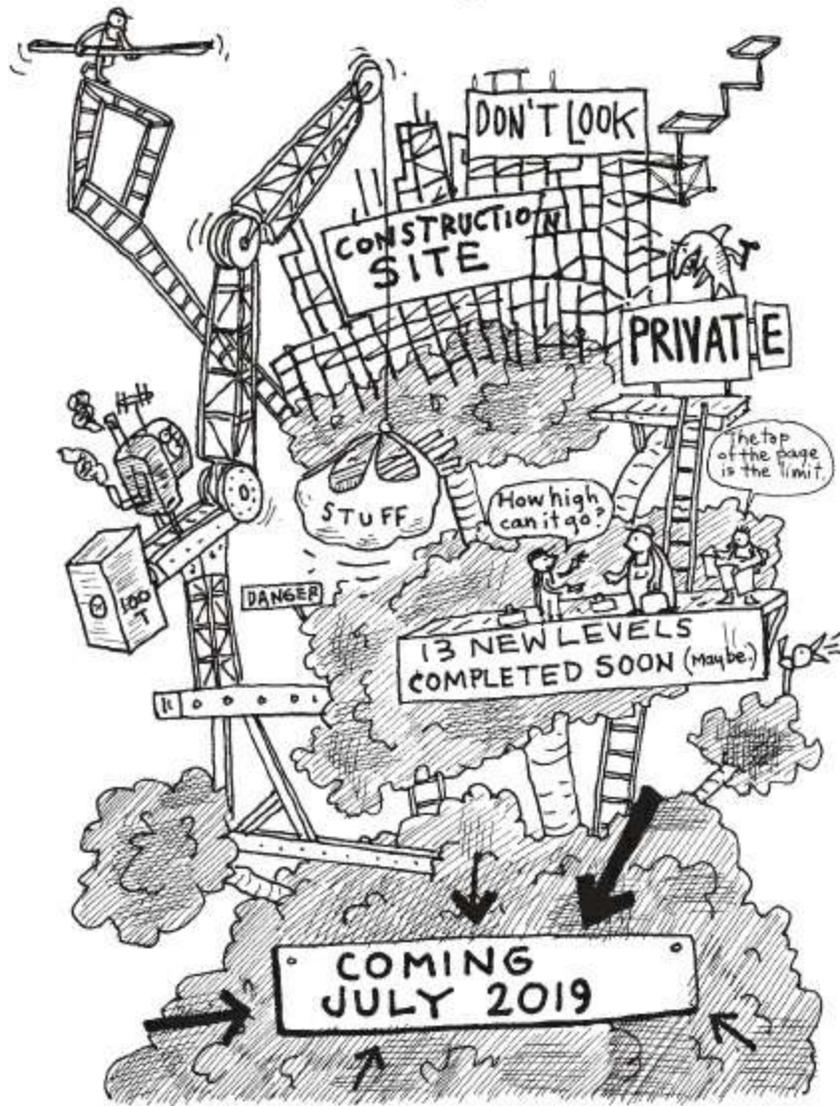
The CAT on the MAT is FLAT

The BIG FAT COW etc

Brave Dave

Brave Dave

The 117-Storey Treehouse



ABOUT ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON



Andy Griffiths lives in a 104-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 104-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 ILLUSTRATED BY
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

The 91-Storey Treehouse

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

The Treehouse Fun Book

The Treehouse Fun Book 2

The Treehouse Fun Book 3

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 real snakes), 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!

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
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!

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 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 exstinkt?

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 squeezezy 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 UNIVARSELY
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 pongflict to end all pongflicts: 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 2018 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: 9781760781255

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

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