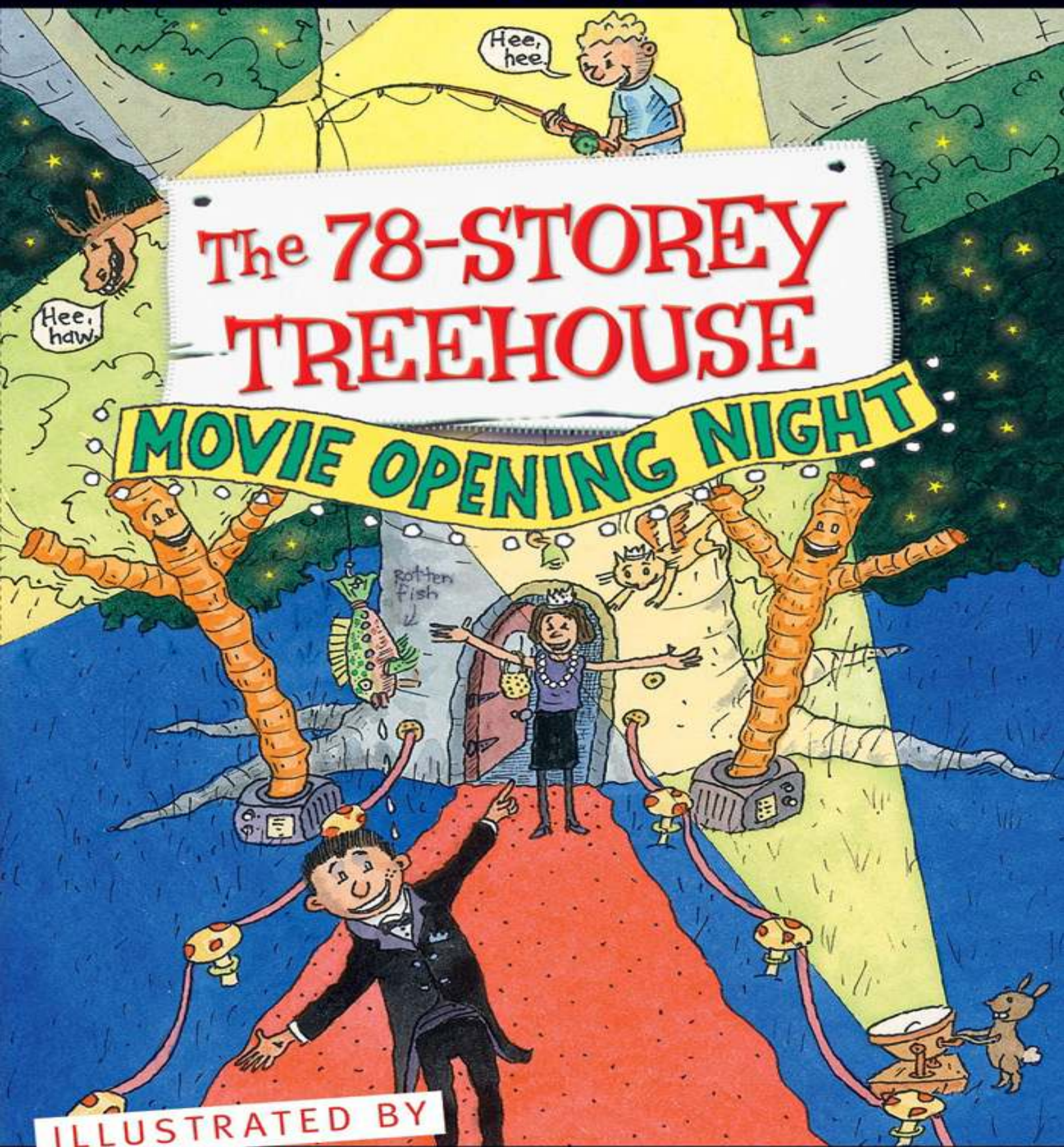


ANDY GRIFFITHS



ILLUSTRATED BY

TERRY DENTON

ABOUT 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

**The 78-STOREY
TREEHOUSE**

ILLUSTRATED BY

TERRY DENTON



Pan Macmillan Australia

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Also by Andy Griffiths and Terry Denton

CHAPTER 1

THE 78-STOREY TREEHOUSE



Hi, my name is Andy.

This is my friend Terry.



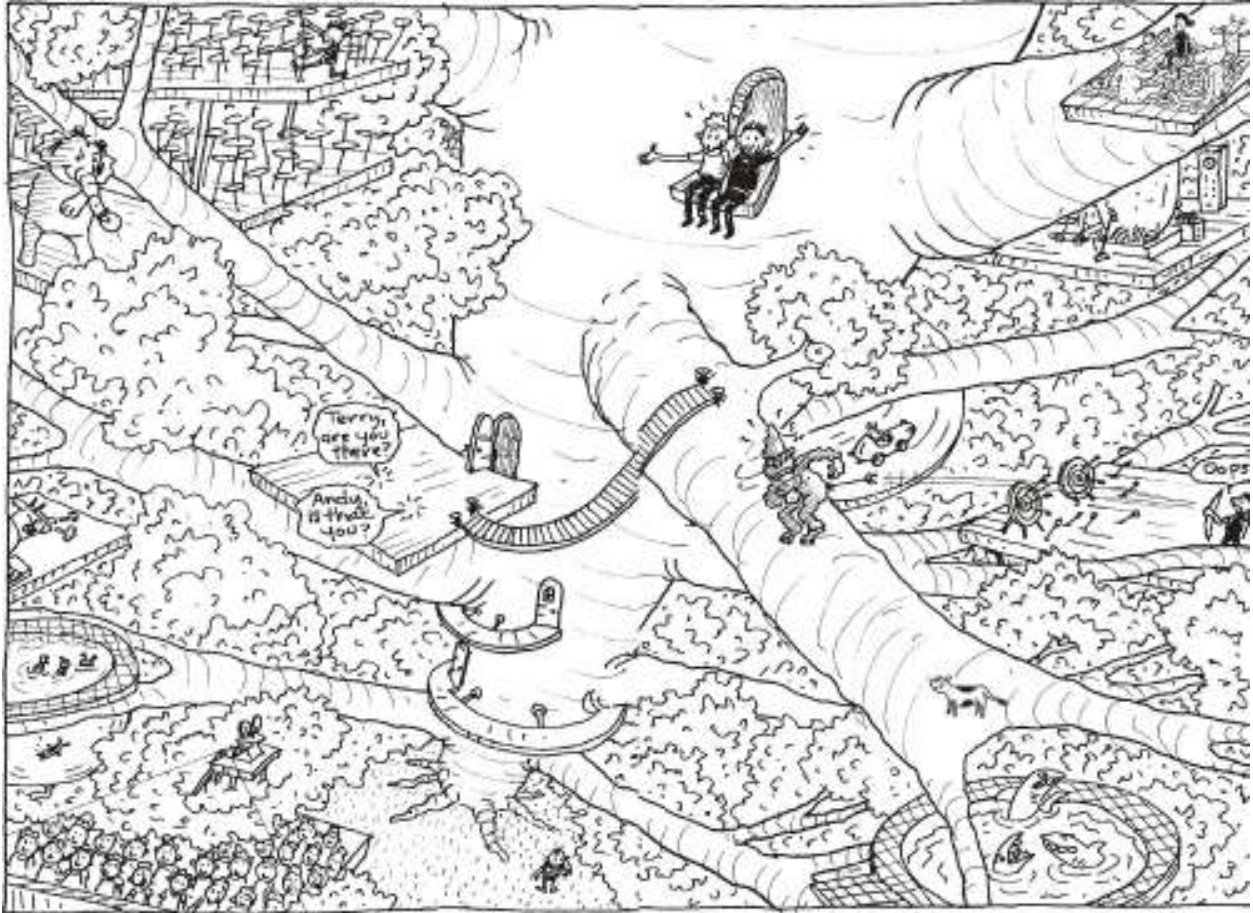
We live in a tree.



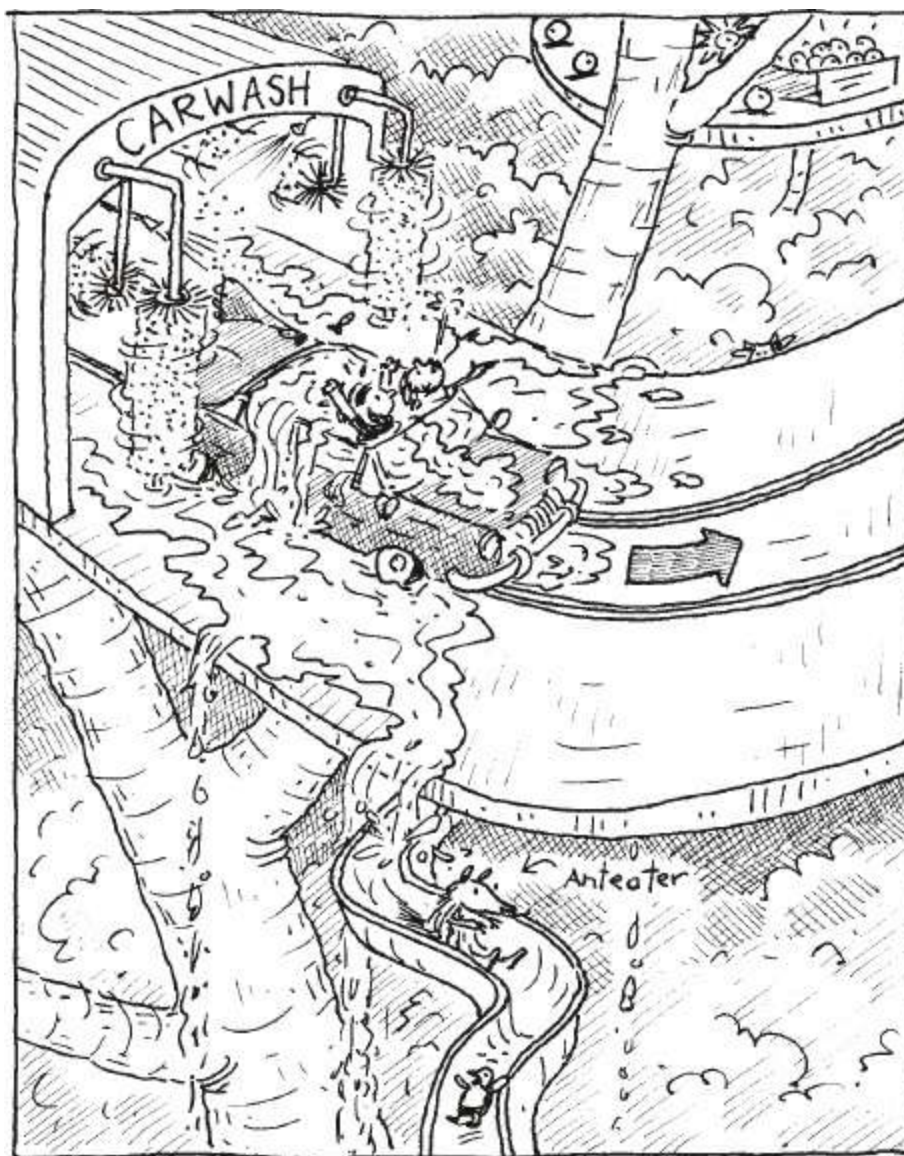
Well, when I say ‘tree’, I mean treehouse. And when I say ‘treehouse’, I don’t just mean any old treehouse—I mean a 78-storey treehouse! (It used to be a 65-storey treehouse, but we’ve added another 13 storeys.)

So what are you waiting for? Come on up!

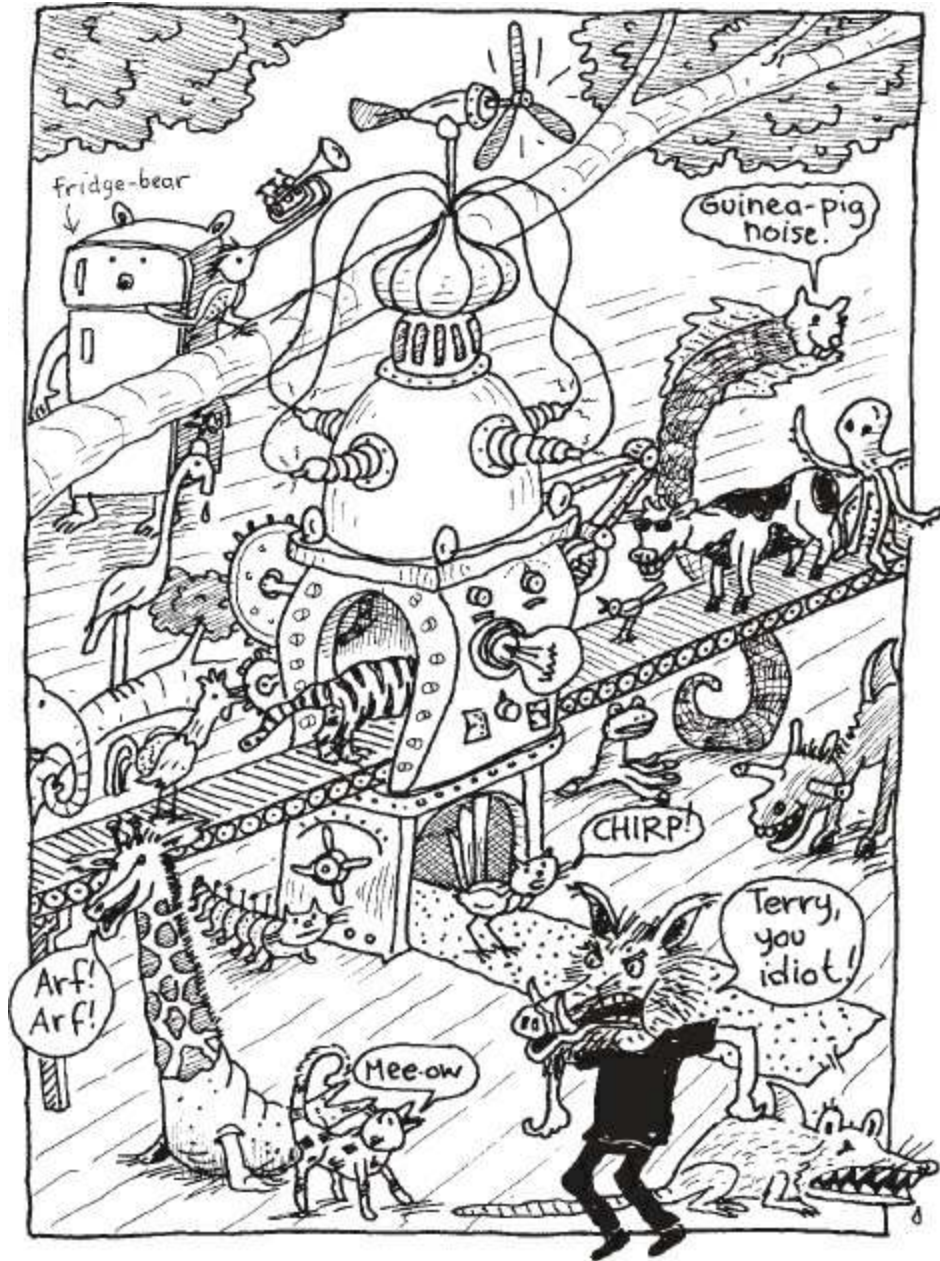




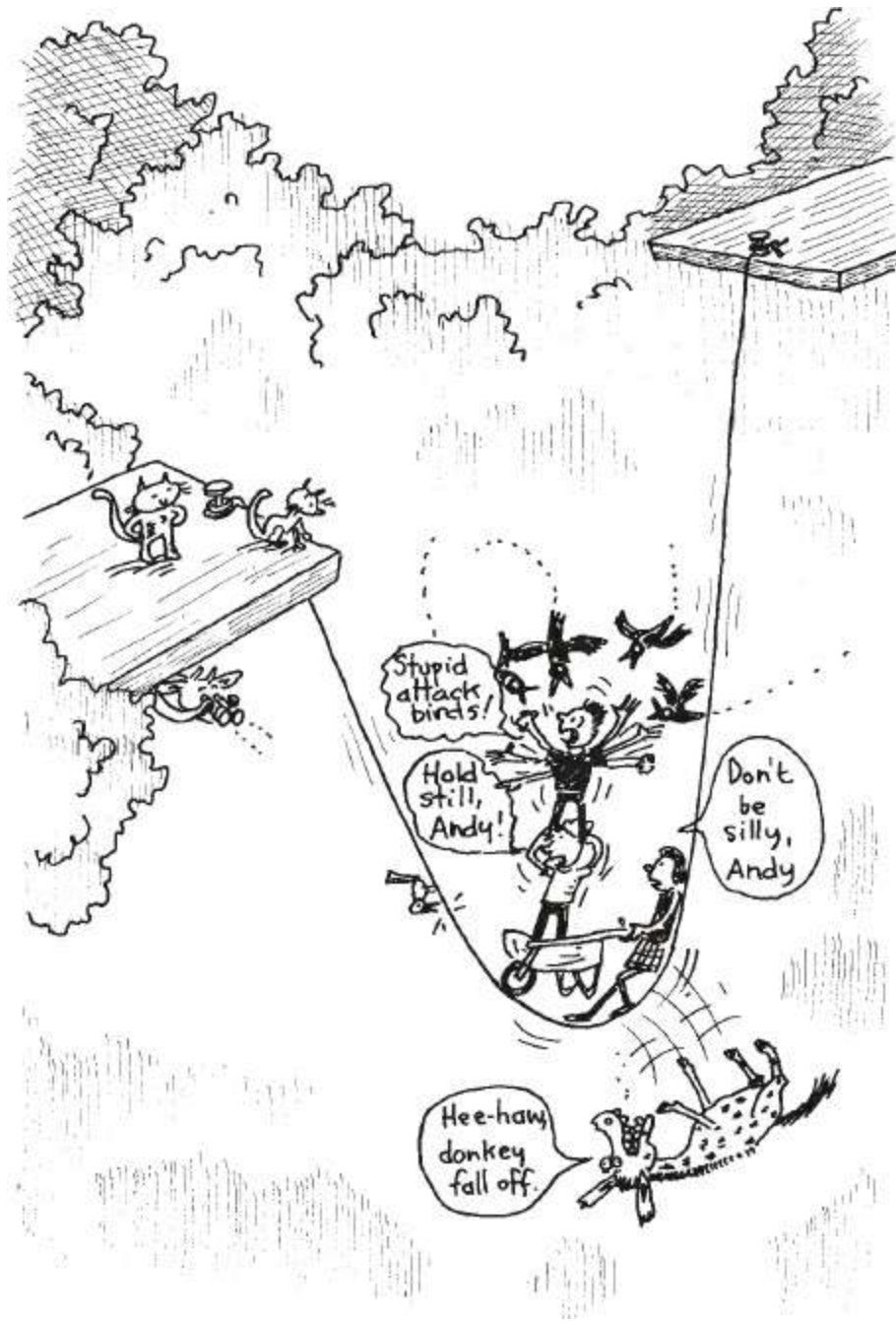
It's got a drive-thru car wash (that you can drive through with the windows open and the roof down),



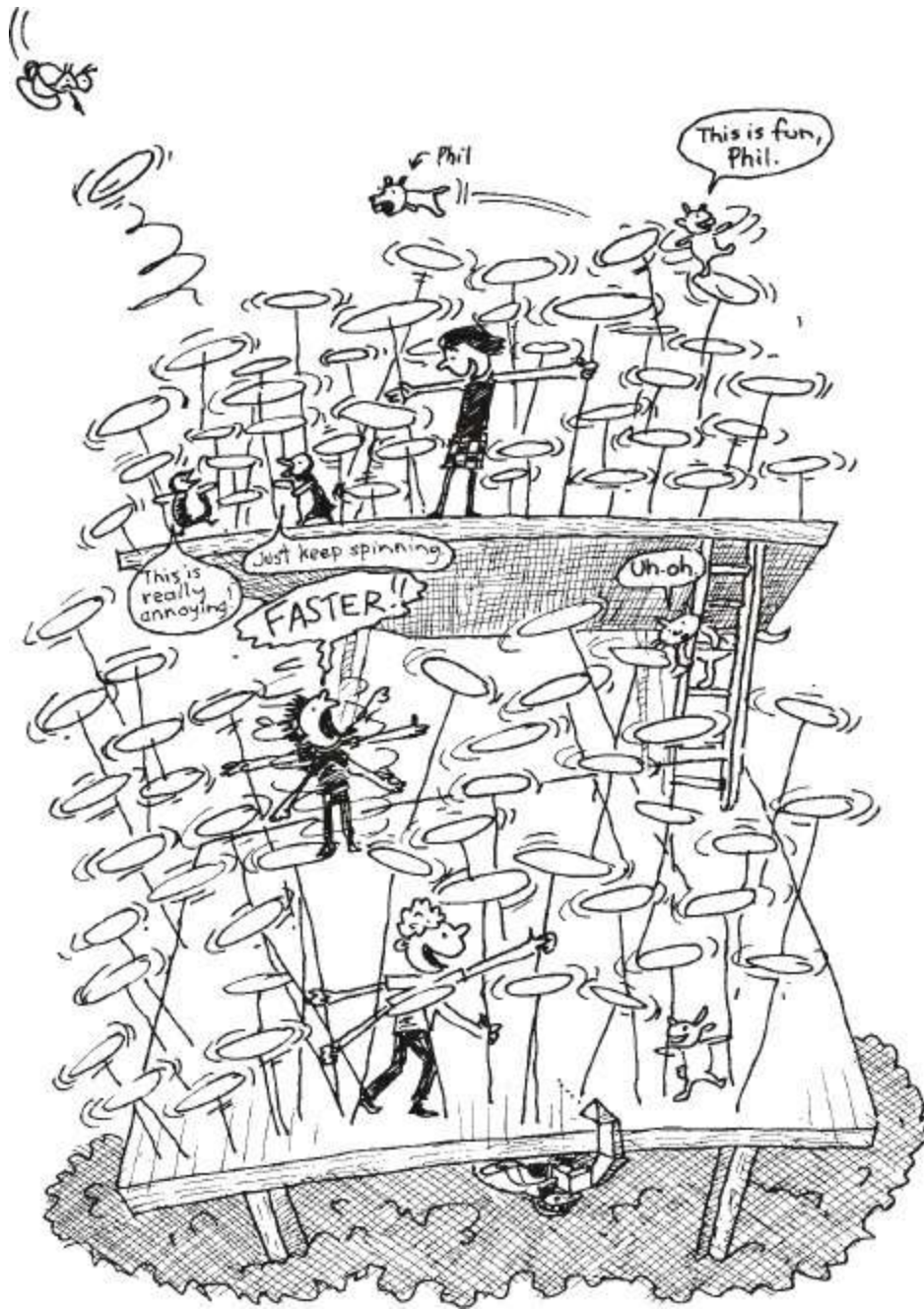
a combining machine,



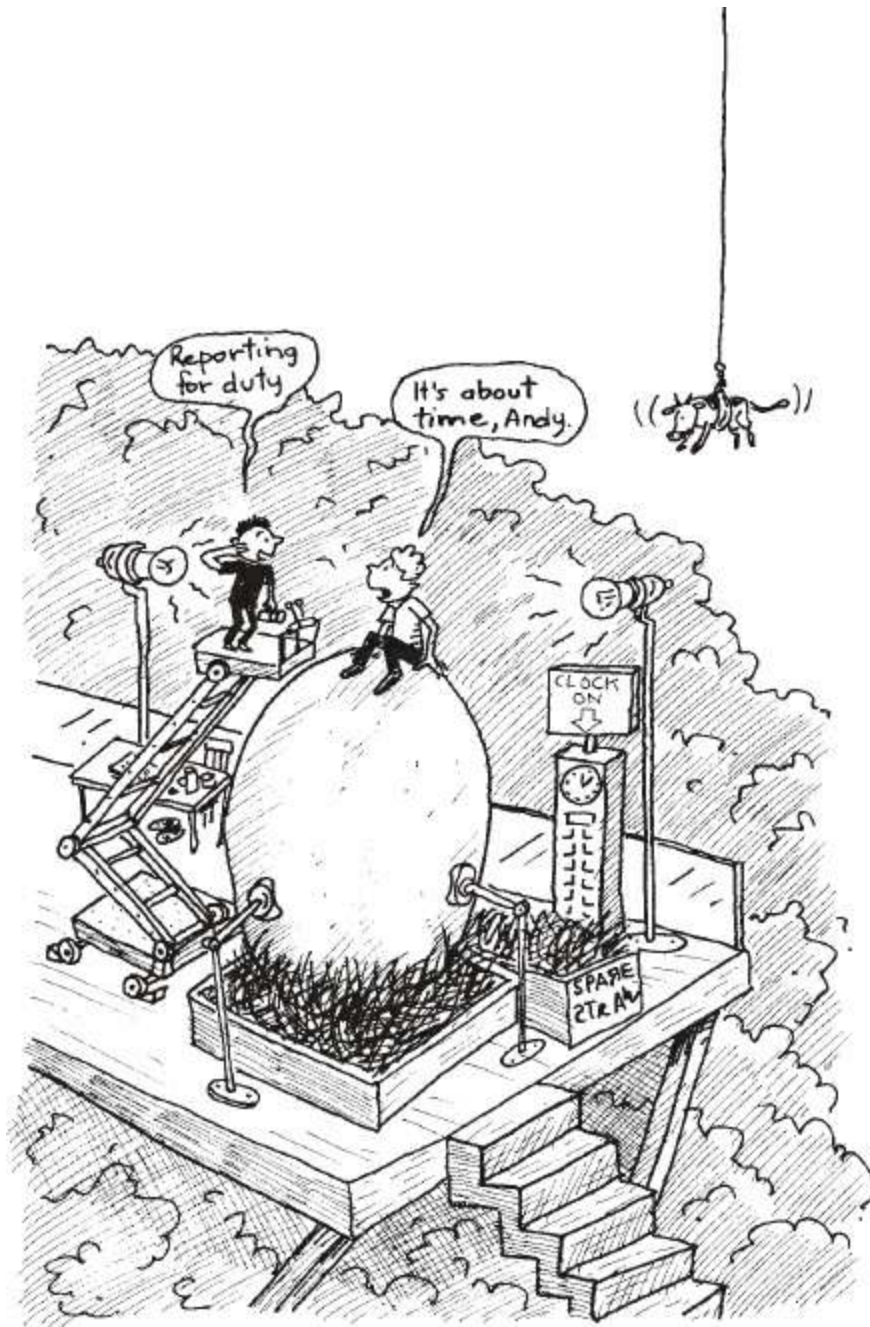
a not-so-tight tightrope,



a 78-plate-spinning level,



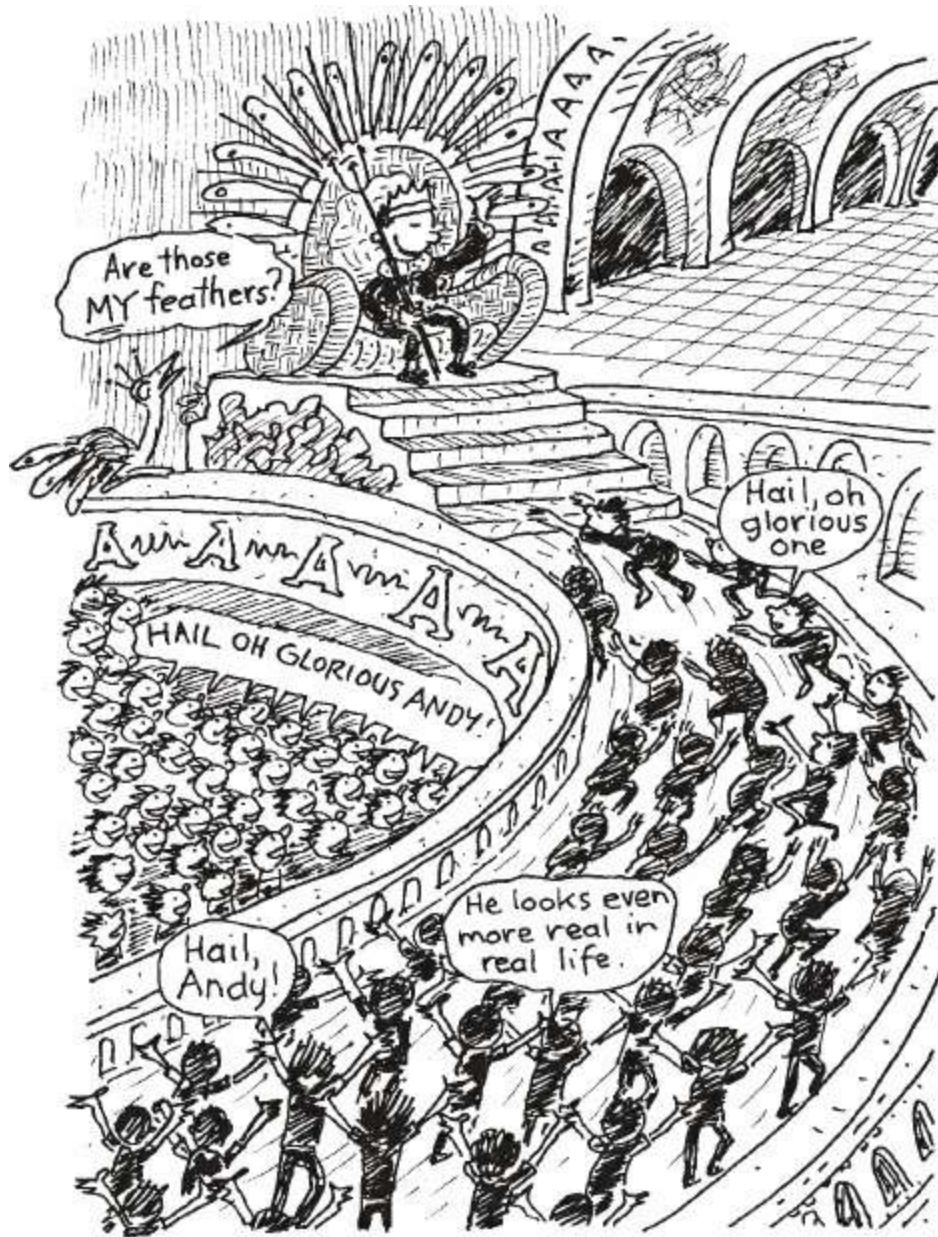
a giant unhatched egg,



a courtroom with a robot judge called Edward Gavelhead,



a scribbletorium,



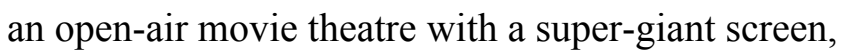
Terrytown (a crazy town full of Terry clones),



Jillville (a village full of Jills),

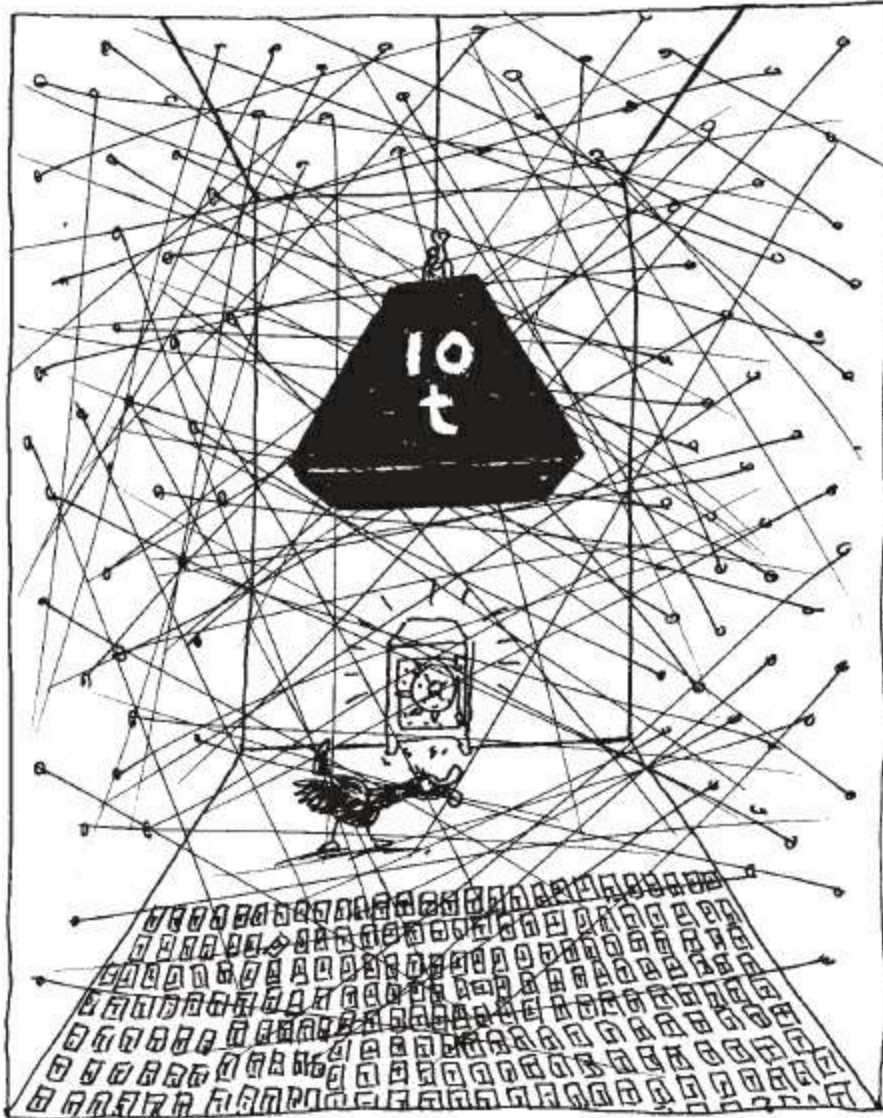


an ALL-BALL sports stadium (where you can play every ball sport in the whole world all at the same time),





and a high-security potato chip storage facility protected by 1000 loaded mousetraps, 100 laser beams, a 10-tonne weight and one very angry duck.



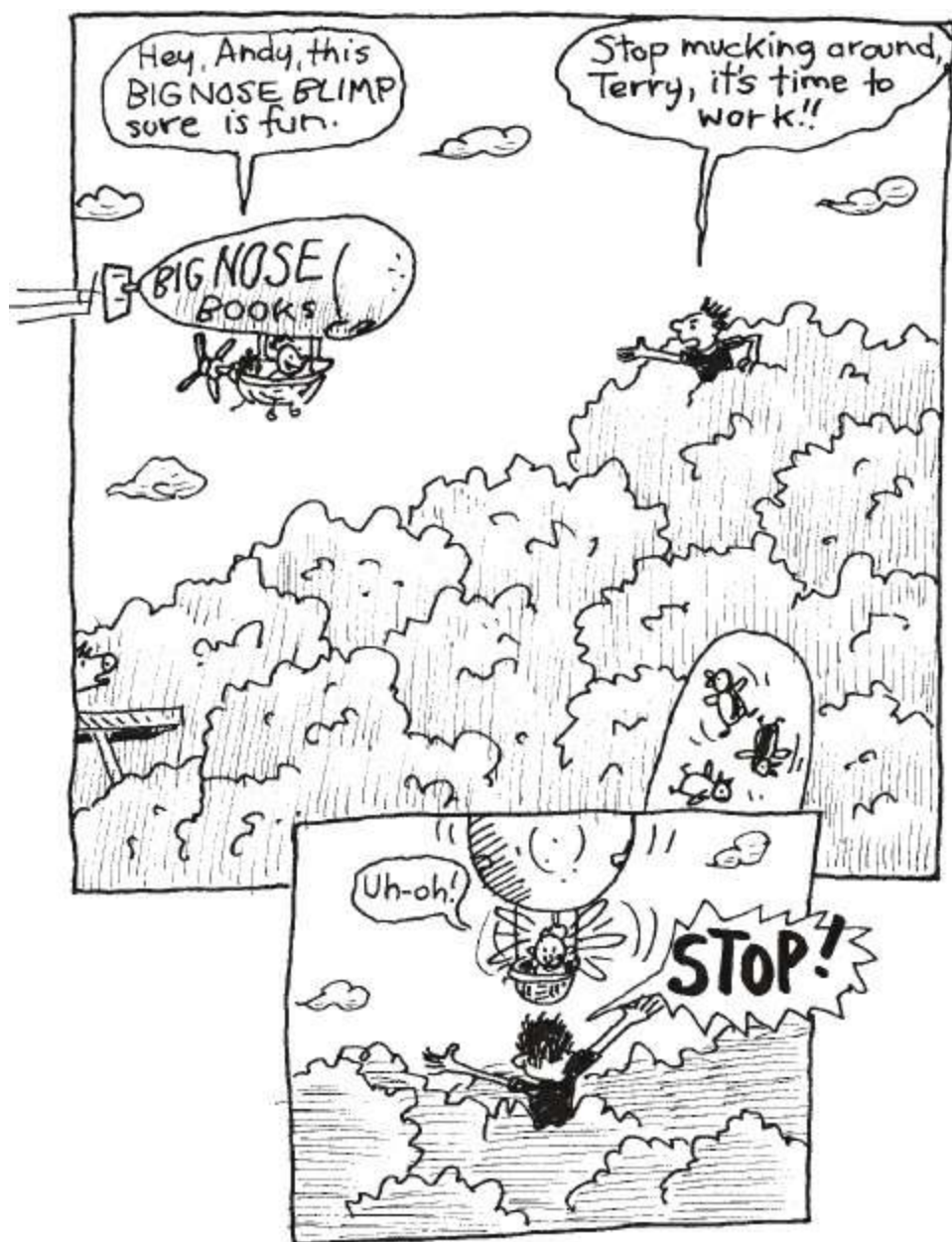
As well as being our home, the treehouse is also where we make books together. I write the words and Terry draws the pictures.



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



Sure, things can get crazy when you live in a 78-storey treehouse ...





But we always get our book written in the end ... somehow.



CHAPTER 2

TREEHOUSE: THE MOVIE



If you're like most of our readers, you're probably wondering if we're ever going to make a Treehouse movie. Well ... guess what? We're making one right now!

We've got lights ...



cameras ...



chairs with our names on the backs ...



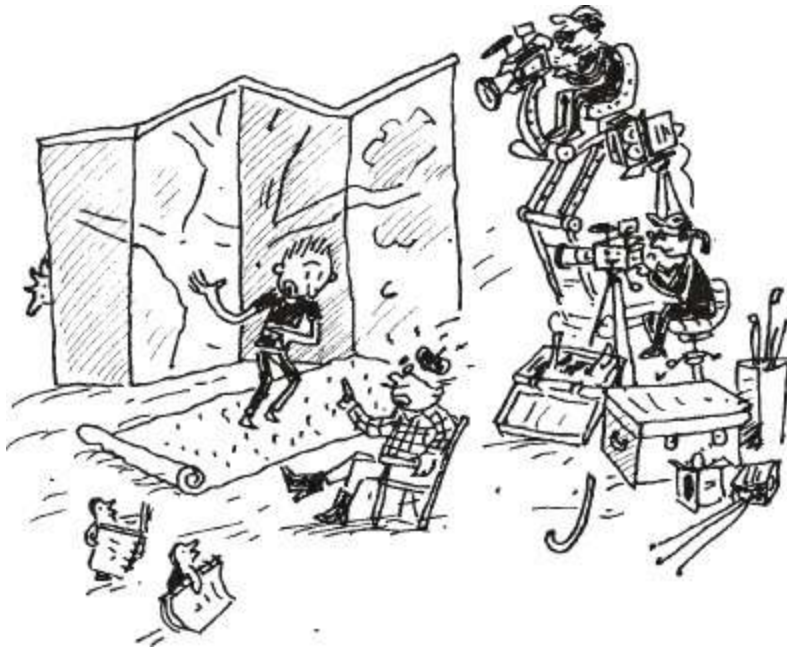
and a big shot Hollywood movie director called Mr Big Shot calling the shots ...



‘CUT!’ yells Mr Big Shot. ‘That’s BORING!’



‘But that’s how I always start the book,’ I say.



‘This is NOT a book,’ barks Mr Big Shot through his megaphone. ‘It’s a MOVIE!’



‘Well, yes,’ I say, ‘I know that and you know that, but I was just explaining it to the readers ...’



‘Readers?’ barks Mr Big Shot. ‘I’m not interested in readers! I make MOVIES for movie fans who want ACTION, EXCITEMENT and THRILLS, not talking! Who are you, anyway?’

‘I’m Andy,’ I say. ‘I’m the narrator.’

‘Narrator?’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘We don’t need a narrator.’

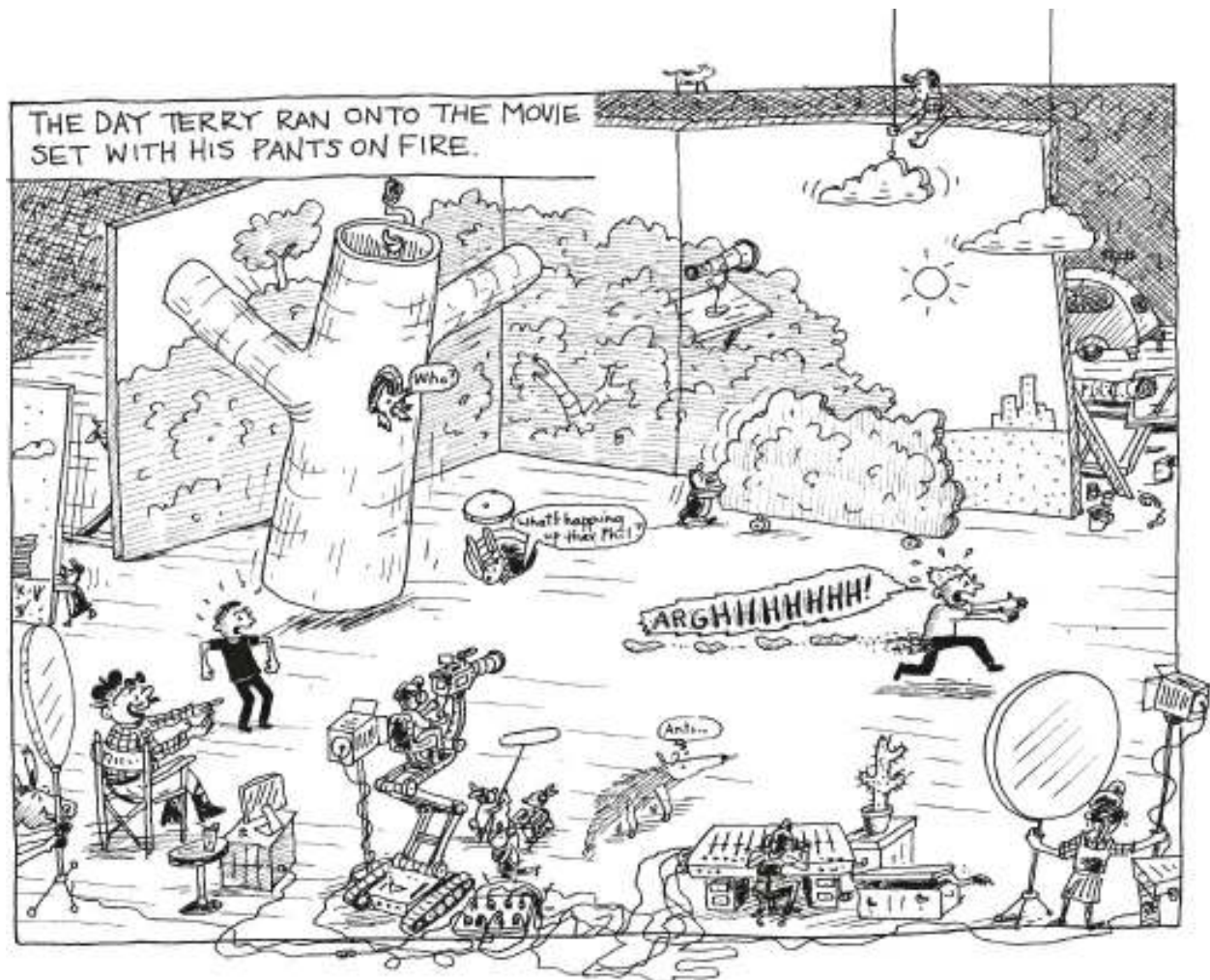


‘But I’m also one of the main characters.’

‘Hmmm,’ says Mr Big Shot, frowning. ‘What about that other guy? The funny one with the curly hair. Where’s he?’

‘Here he comes now,’ I say, as Terry runs onto the set with his pants on fire.





‘Get out of the way!’ says Terry, running between me and Mr Big Shot. He reaches the edge of the deck and leaps off.



‘Did he just jump into the shark tank?!’ says Mr Big Shot.

‘Yep,’ I sigh. ‘That’s Terry for you.’

We peer over the edge.

‘Are you all right?’ shouts Mr Big Shot.



‘Much better now my pants aren’t on fire,’ says Terry.

‘But you’re in a tank full of man-eating sharks!’ says Mr Big Shot.

‘Yikes,’ says Terry. ‘I meant to jump into the swimming pool!’

Terry swims to the side of the tank and tries to climb out. He’s fast, but one of the sharks is faster. It surges up behind him,



opens its enormous mouth



and chomps down on Terry's freshly barbecued behind ...



The electrocuted shark spits Terry out with such force that he flies up into the air and lands sprawled on the deck in front of us.



‘That ... was ... electrifying!’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘Here, let me help you up.’
He reaches down and grabs Terry’s hand.



The electric shock sends Mr Big Shot flying backwards. He crashes into one of the camera operators and then falls to the ground.



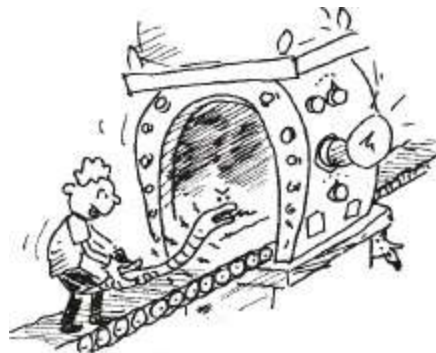
‘Sorry,’ says Terry. ‘I must still be electricorn-ified.’

‘Electri-what-ified?’ says Mr Big Shot.

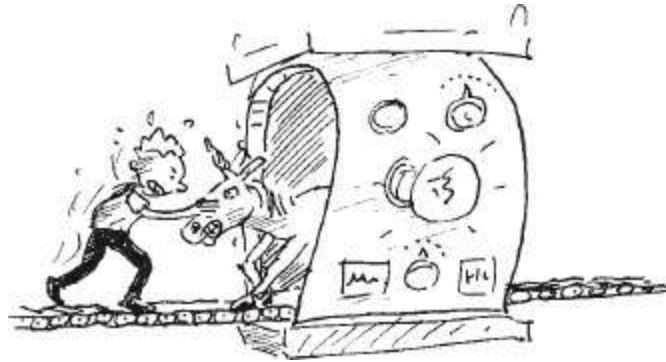
8/3



‘Well,’ says Terry, ‘I used the combining machine to cross an electric eel



with a unicorn



to make an electricorn ...

‘but then a bolt of lightning shot out of the electricorn’s horn,



hit the back of my pants



and they caught on fire.'



Mr Big Shot roars with laughter.

‘What’s so funny?’ says Terry.

‘You are,’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘You’re a LAUGH RIOT!!! This will make a great opening sequence for the movie!’



‘But I always do the opening sequence!’ I say.

‘In the book, yes,’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘But this is NOT a book ... this is a movie! And Terry is going to be the star!’



‘Me?’ says Terry. ‘A movie star?’



‘Him?’ I say. ‘A movie star? But what about me?’



‘I already told you,’ says Mr Big Shot, ‘we don’t need a narrator.’

He turns his attention back to Terry. ‘Is that electricorn still there?’

‘Yes, I guess so,’ says Terry.

‘Well, what are we waiting for?’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘Come on, everybody—except for Andy—let’s go and film a re-enactment!’



CHAPTER 3

SPIN, SPIN, SPIN



Fine.

So Mr Big Shot doesn't want me in the movie.
I don't care.

It's not like I haven't got more important things to do.

That giant unhatched egg, for instance—it's not going to hatch itself.
I'd better go and sit on it right now!



I don't mind.

This is important work.

Much more important than making some dumb movie.



Hang on.

That's a weird noise.

It sounds a bit like Jill and her intergalactic space-animal rescue service returning through the Earth's atmosphere.



It is Jill and her intergalactic space-animal rescue service!



‘Hi, Andy,’ says Jill. ‘I just got back from the moon. I had to rescue some mice whose rocket crashed while they were on a cheese-seeking mission. It

doesn't seem to matter how many times I tell them the moon is not made of cheese, they just don't listen.'



'Yeah, well, I'm doing some pretty important work here, too,' I say. 'I'm helping this giant unhatched egg to hatch.'



'That's great!' says Jill. 'I can't wait to see what comes out.'

'Me neither,' I say.

'Where's Terry?' says Jill.



‘He’s with a film crew. They’re making a Treehouse movie.’

‘Wow!’ says Jill. ‘How come you’re not there?’

I sigh. ‘The big shot Hollywood director Mr Big Shot said he didn’t need a narrator.’



‘Isn’t it called a “voiceover” when it’s in a movie?’

‘Yeah, well, whatever it’s called, Mr Big Shot didn’t want it.’

‘That’s too bad,’ says Jill. ‘Still, a movie—that’s pretty exciting!’

‘I guess so,’ I say, ‘if you like electricorns, that is.’

‘Electricorns?’ says Jill.

‘Yeah,’ I say. ‘Terry used the combining machine to combine an electric eel and a unicorn. They’re filming a re-enactment.’



‘This I’ve got to see!’ says Jill. ‘Good luck hatching the giant unhatched egg, Andy.’

‘Thanks, Jill,’ I say, but she doesn’t hear me. She’s already gone.

Never mind. I’ll show them.

A giant unhatched egg is more exciting than a stupid old electricorn any day ... I mean, it could hatch any minute now ... just you wait ...



Egg-hatching is great!



Egg-hatching is thrilling!

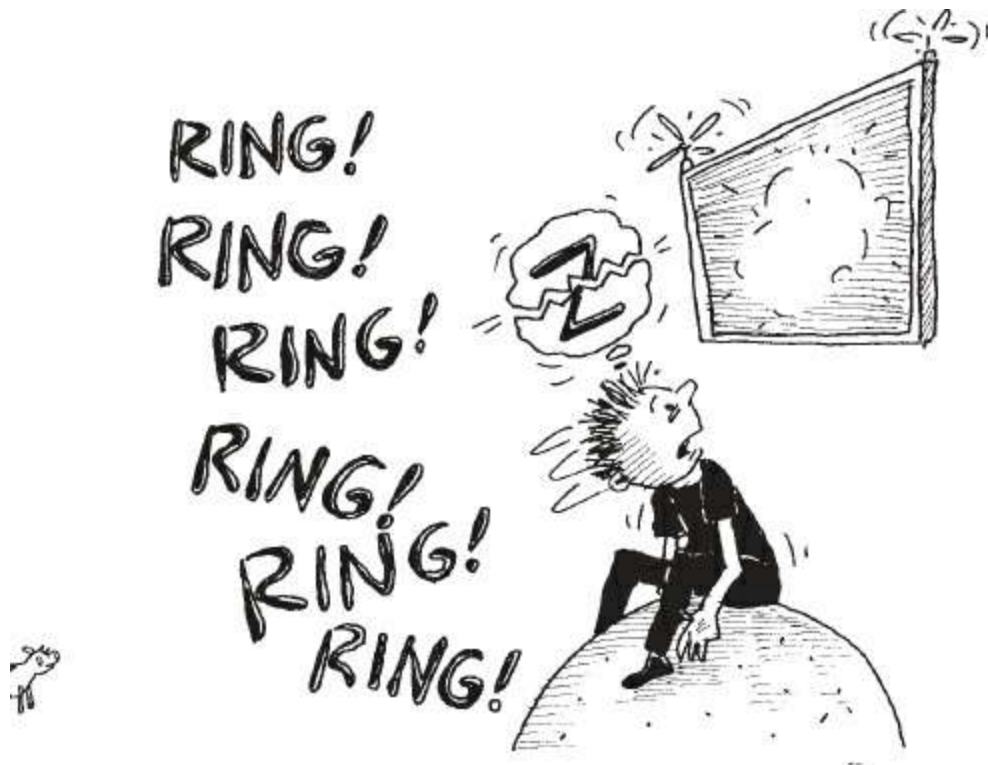


Egg-hatching is ...



////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////

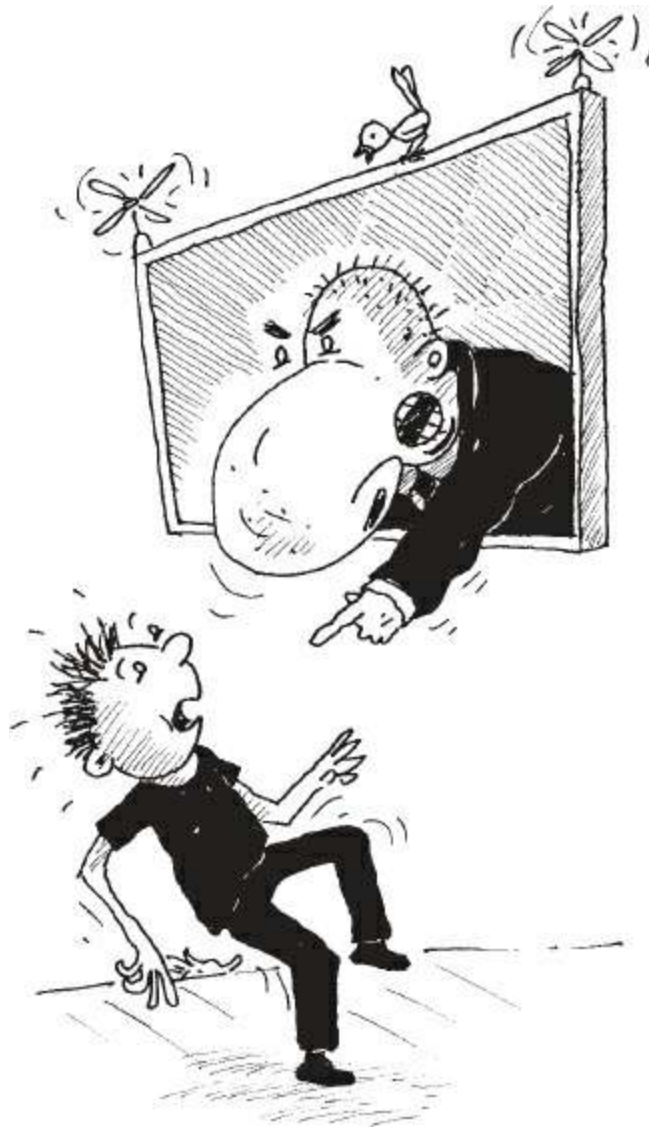
[illegible]



Oh ... I must have dozed off ... that's the video phone. I'd better answer it.
It's probably Mr Big Nose.

'Hi, Mr Big Nose,' I say. 'I guess you're calling about the book.'

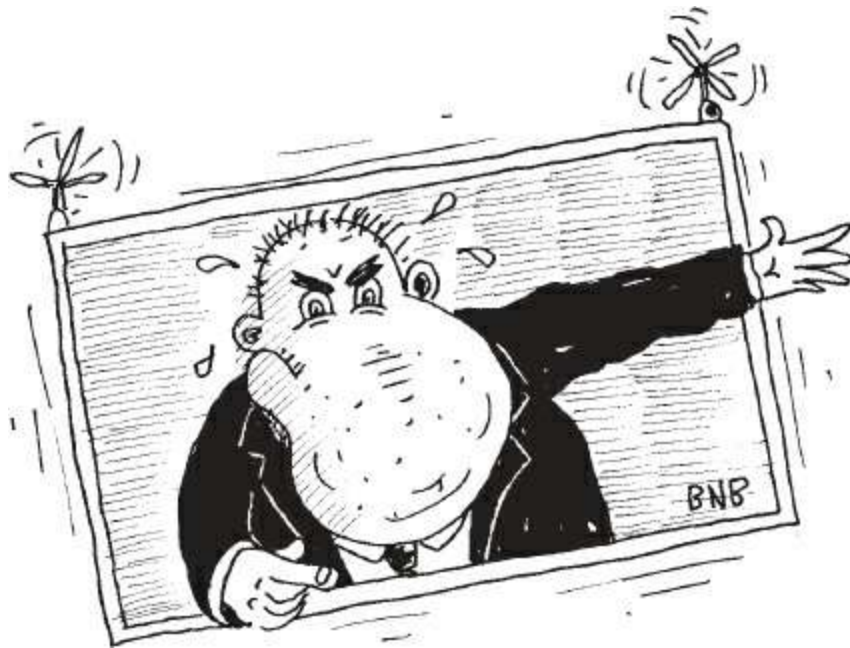
'Book?' says Mr Big Nose. 'No, I'm calling to find out how the movie is going.'

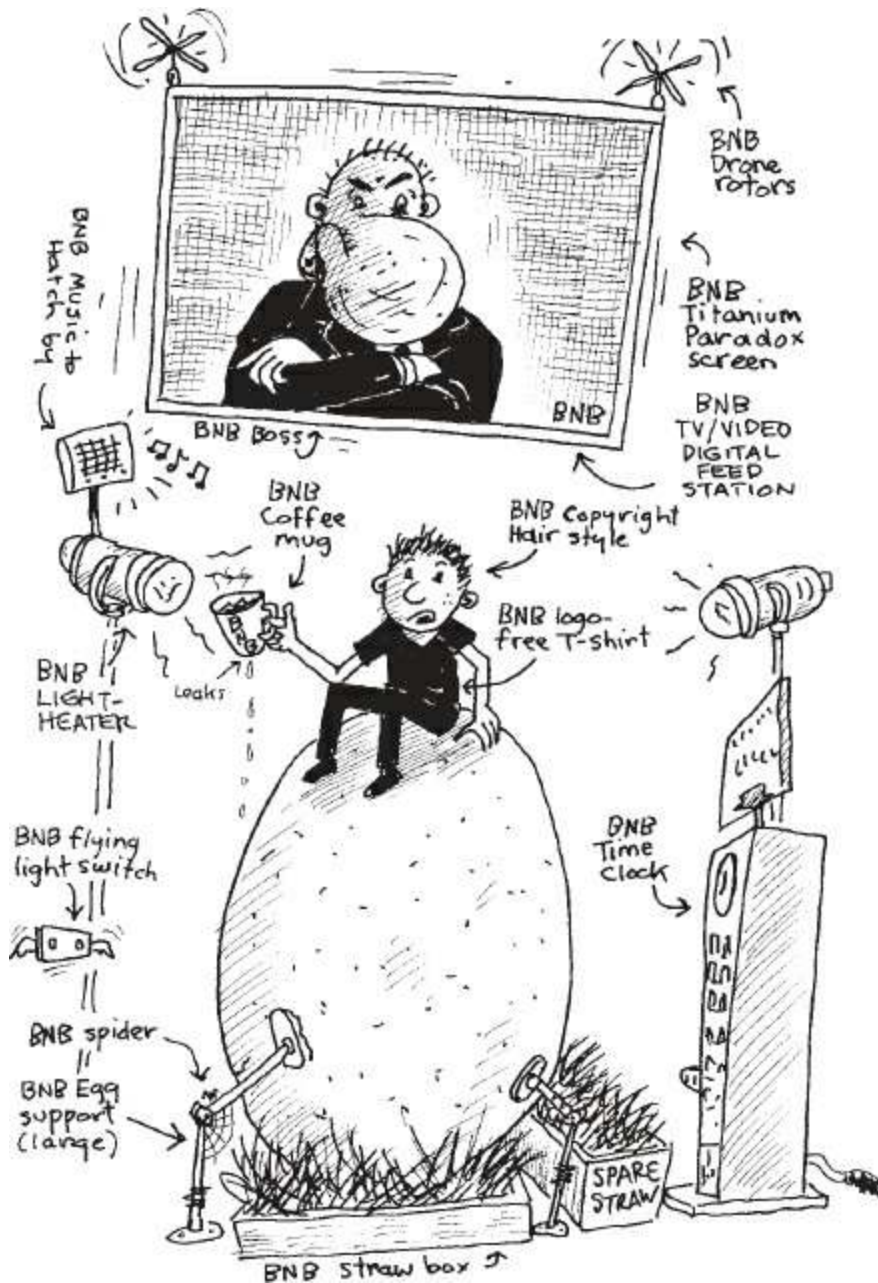


‘Well,’ I say, ‘I don’t know if the movie is going to work out quite the way I’d hoped ...’



‘Are you kidding?’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘I’ve spent a fortune on Big Nose Books product placement. So you’d better make it work!’





‘I’m not sure I’m comfortable with all this advertising,’ I say, but Mr Big Nose has already hung up.

‘Why are you still here?’ says Mr Big Shot, climbing up onto my level.
 ‘Haven’t you got a home to go to?’



‘The treehouse is my home,’ I say. ‘I live here.’

‘Well just keep out of the way,’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘We’re about to film the scene where Terry painted a cat yellow and turned it into a catnary.’

‘But I was there!’ I say. ‘I was in that story. I tried to stop him!’

‘Well, we can’t have that, can we?’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘I think moviegoers will love to see a flying cat, so if you could just keep off the set, that would be great.’



‘But ...’ I say. ‘Terry! Tell him!’

Terry shrugs. ‘Sorry, Andy, but it’s not really my decision. Mr Big Shot is the director ...’



They all head off up to the observation deck.

Fine.

Film the scene without me.

See if I care.

I’ve not only got to help this giant unhatched egg to hatch, but I’ve also got 78 plates to spin!

Plates don’t just keep spinning all by themselves, you know.

And plate-spinning is a lot of fun. Even more fun than giant unhatched egg-hatching.

spin ...



spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin
... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ...
spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ... spin ...



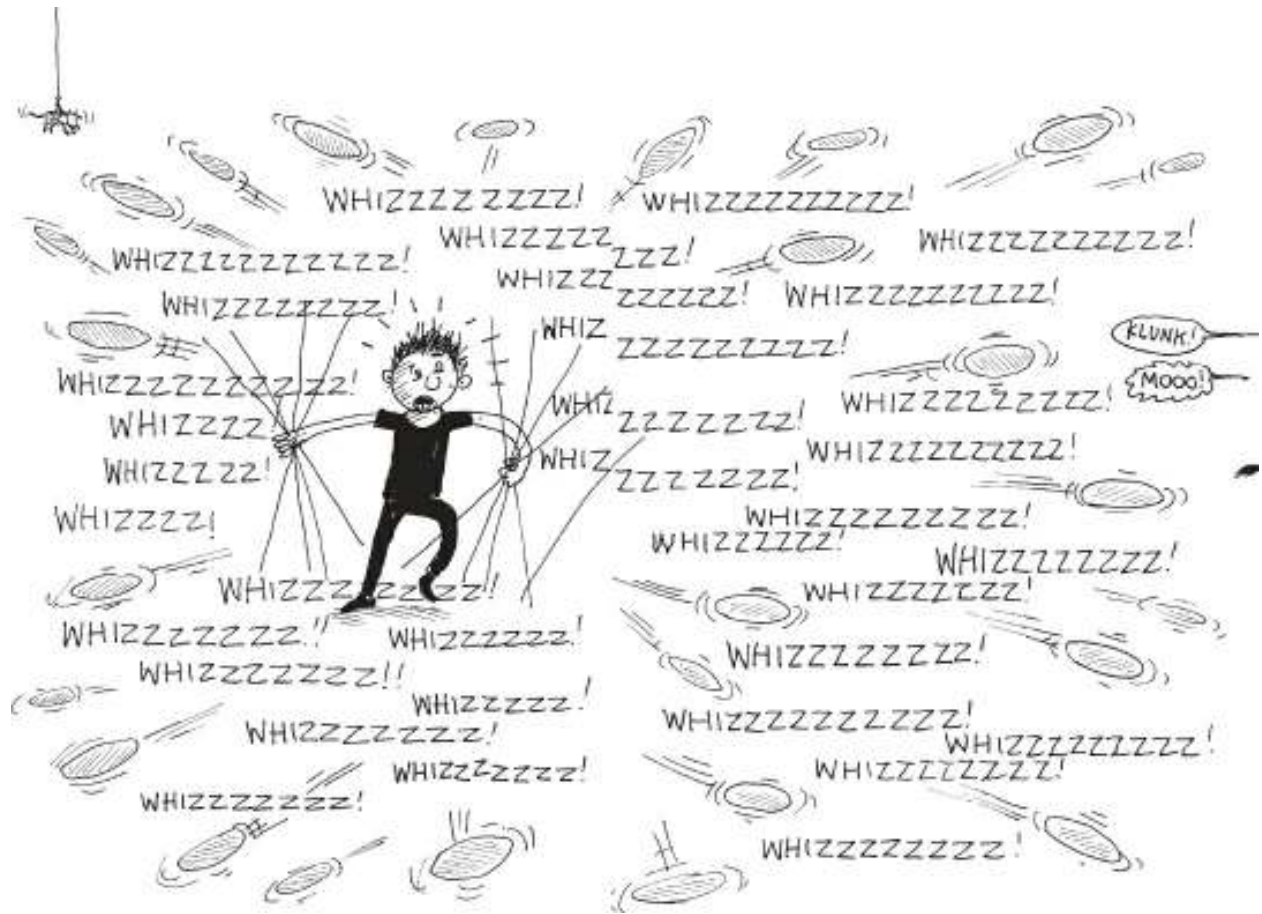
See what I mean?

Plate-spinning is better than making a dumb old movie any day.

Uh-oh ...

I think I might have spun them a bit too hard ...





‘Help!’ yells Terry. ‘The Martians are coming! Flying-saucer attack!’



‘They’re not flying saucers,’ says Jill. ‘They’re plates!’



‘CUT!’ yells Mr Big Shot. ‘NO PLATE-THROWING ON SET!’



‘Sorry,’ I say.

‘You should be more careful,’ says Jill. ‘One of those plates almost hit Silky!’

‘It was an accident!’ I say. ‘I just spun them a little bit too hard and they spun off their spinners!’



‘Well, lucky for you we just finished that scene anyway,’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘Now we’re going to film a re-enactment of the time the sharks ate Terry’s underpants.’



‘But it’s cruel to do that to the sharks again,’ I say. ‘They got really sick!’



‘It’s okay, Andy,’ says Jill. ‘It’s just pretend. They’re not real underpants. They’re prop underpants, with fish paste. It’s actually a treat for the sharks—and they’re really excited about being in the movie.’



‘So if you could just run along now, Andy,’ says Mr Big Shot, patting me on the head. ‘There’s a good narrator.’

‘But you can’t make the whole movie without me!’ I say. ‘I was there. I was part of the story!’



‘We’re not making it without you,’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘We’ve got Mel Gibbon to play you.’

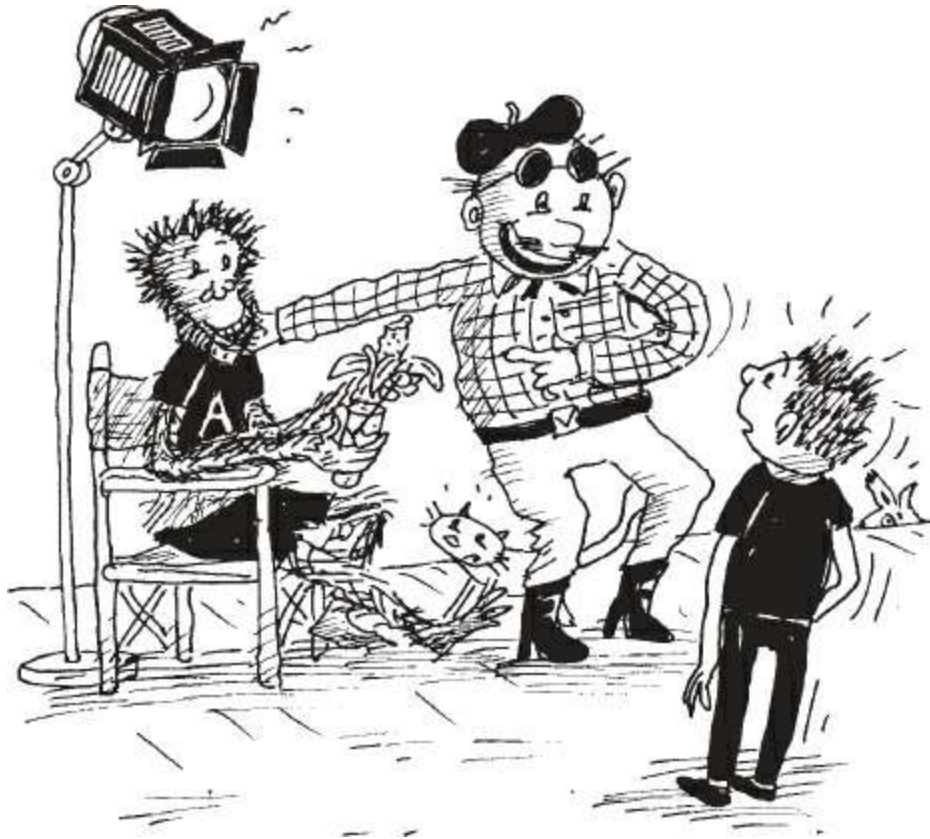
‘Mel Gibbon?’ I say. ‘He’s a bit old, isn’t he?’

‘Not Mel Gibbon,’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘Mel Gibbon. Look, here he comes now!’



‘But he’s a monkey!’ I say.

‘No, he’s not,’ says Mr Big Shot, ‘he’s a gibbon. And he’s also one of the hottest young primates working in film today. Plus, he works for peanuts—literally!’



‘But I’ll work for free!’ I say. ‘And I’ll make a more convincing Andy than some monkey. Watch this!’

‘Hi, my name is Andy
... this is my friend Terry
... we live in a tree
... well, when I say “tree”—’



‘How many times do I have to tell you?’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘WE DON’T NEED A NARRATOR!’

‘I’m not narrating,’ I say, ‘I’m acting like a narrator!’

‘Sounds a lot like narrating to me,’ says Mr Big Shot.

‘And me,’ says Terry.

‘You’re a good Andy, Andy,’ says Jill. ‘But I think Mel is better. He’s more convincing.’



‘Yeah, and he’s also funnier,’ says Terry.

‘But you hate monkeys,’ I say.

‘I know I do,’ says Terry. ‘But Mel’s not a monkey—he’s a gibbon.’



‘This is ridiculous,’ I say, shaking my head. ‘I don’t believe it.’

Mel comes over to me.

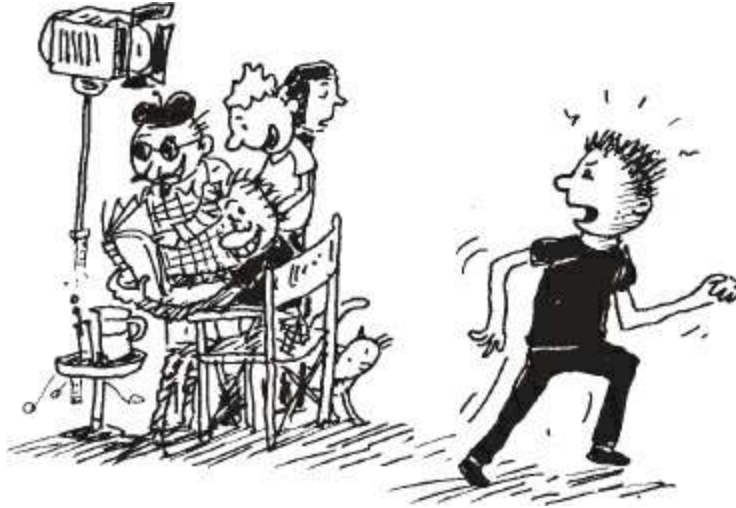
‘Look,’ he says in a low voice, ‘I understand you’re upset. If it’s any comfort, I don’t like it any more than you do. I was hoping to play Terry. But let’s try to be professional about it, okay?’



‘Professional?’ I say. ‘The only thing professional about you is that you’re a professional thief. You just stole my part in the movie.’

‘I didn’t steal your part, I was cast,’ says Mel.

‘Whatever!’ I say, stomping off the set. ‘If anybody wants the real me I’ll be in the scribbletorium.’



But nobody takes any notice, of course. They’re all too busy making their dumb old movie.

CHAPTER 4

SCRIBBLE, SCRIBBLE, SCRIBBLE



I don't know about you, but I find scribbling really helps to take my mind off things. It's much more fun than making a movie.

And the best thing about scribbling is that it's so simple! All you need is something to scribble with ...



and a scribbletorium ...



and then you just scribble!



And scribble ...



and scribble ...



and scribble ...



and scribble ...



and scribble.



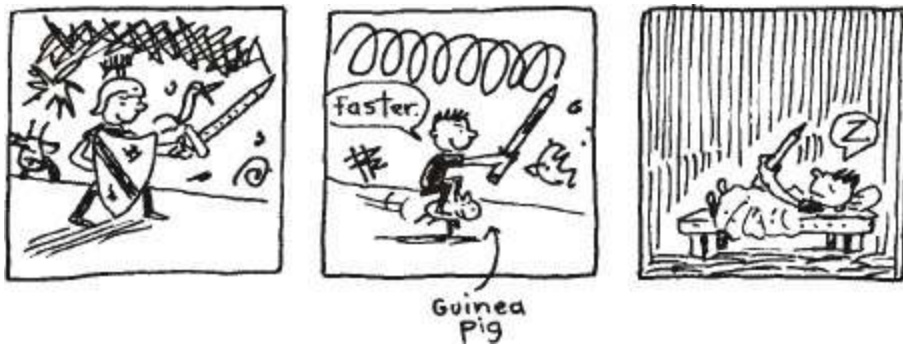
And scribble!And scribble!And scribble!



And scribble!And scribble!And scribble!



And scribble!And scribble!And scribble!



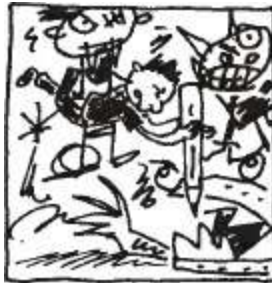
And scribble!And scribble!And scribble!



And scribble!And scribble!And scribble!



And scribble!And scribble!And scribble!





Uh-oh ...

You know what I said about how scribbling is really simple?

Well, I forgot to say that it can also be quite messy.



Especially if you scribble so much that the scribbletorium explodes and scribble goes all over the treehouse.

‘CUT! CUT! CUT!’ yells Mr Big Shot.

‘WHO SCRIBBLED ALL OVER THE SET?’ ‘Not me,’ says Terry.

‘Not me,’ says Mel.

‘Not me,’ says Jill.



‘I’m sorry, everybody,’ I say. ‘It was an accident.’

Mel snorts. ‘Sure it was,’ he says. ‘You did it on purpose.’

‘Go eat a banana, Monkey-boy!’ I shout at him.

Mel bursts into tears and Terry and Jill rush to his side to comfort him.

‘Andy!’ says Jill. ‘You really need to calm down. I know you’re upset but being mean to a monkey—I mean, gibbon—well, that’s inexcusable.’

‘I’m sorry I was mean to the monkey,’ I say. ‘But I didn’t mean for the scribble to go everywhere. I just got carried away.’

‘I wish I could believe you, Andy,’ says Jill, ‘but I think you’re being a bad sport ... and, worse, a bad friend. This is Terry’s big break—can’t you be happy for him?’



‘I am happy for him,’ I say, ‘and I’m trying to be a good friend, but he’s not being a good friend to me. He’s too busy being a big shot movie star. And then he’ll probably just go off to Hollywood and leave me here all alone.’

‘I don’t think Terry would do that,’ says Jill.

‘Do what?’ says Terry.

‘Go off to Hollywood and leave Andy here all by himself.’

‘Of course not!’ says Terry. ‘You could come with me, Andy. I’ll need somebody to carry my bags. You can be my butler!’

‘BUTLER?!’ I say.

‘Quiet on the set!’ says Mr Big Shot.



‘BUTLER?!’ I say again, only louder this time. I can’t believe he just suggested I could be his butler.

‘I said quiet and I mean it!’ shouts Mr Big Shot.



‘BUTLER?’ I say again, even louder than before.

‘I DON’T WANNA BE YOUR DUMB BUTLER!’



‘Right! That does it!’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘I’ve had enough of your plate-throwing, scribbling and shouting. You are banned from the set!’



‘The treehouse is not a “set”!’ I say. ‘It’s my home. And not even a big bossy boots like you can ban me from my own home.’

‘Oh, yes I can,’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘Watch this!’

He picks me up and boots me out of the tree.



CHAPTER 5

DAY OF THE LIVING PUDDLE



So here I am.

Kicked out of my own home.

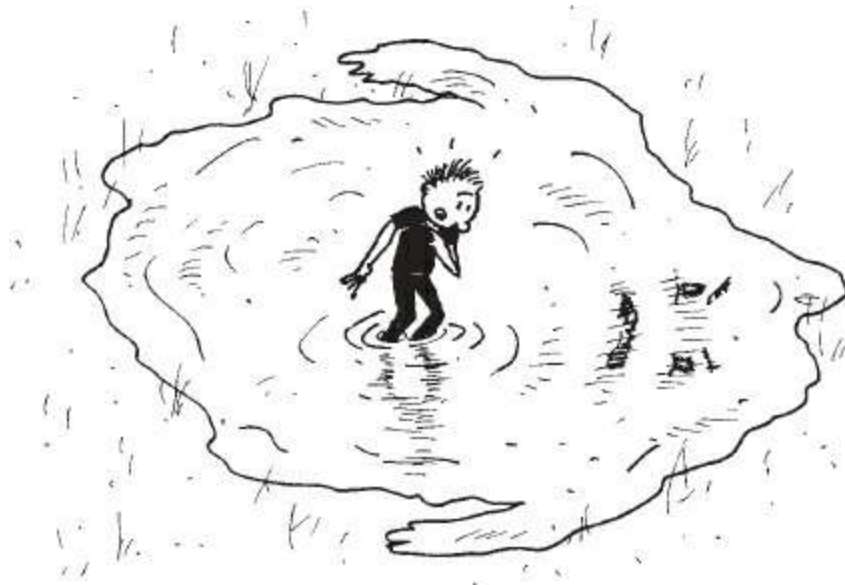
Sitting in a puddle.

Yes, that's right. I landed in a puddle.

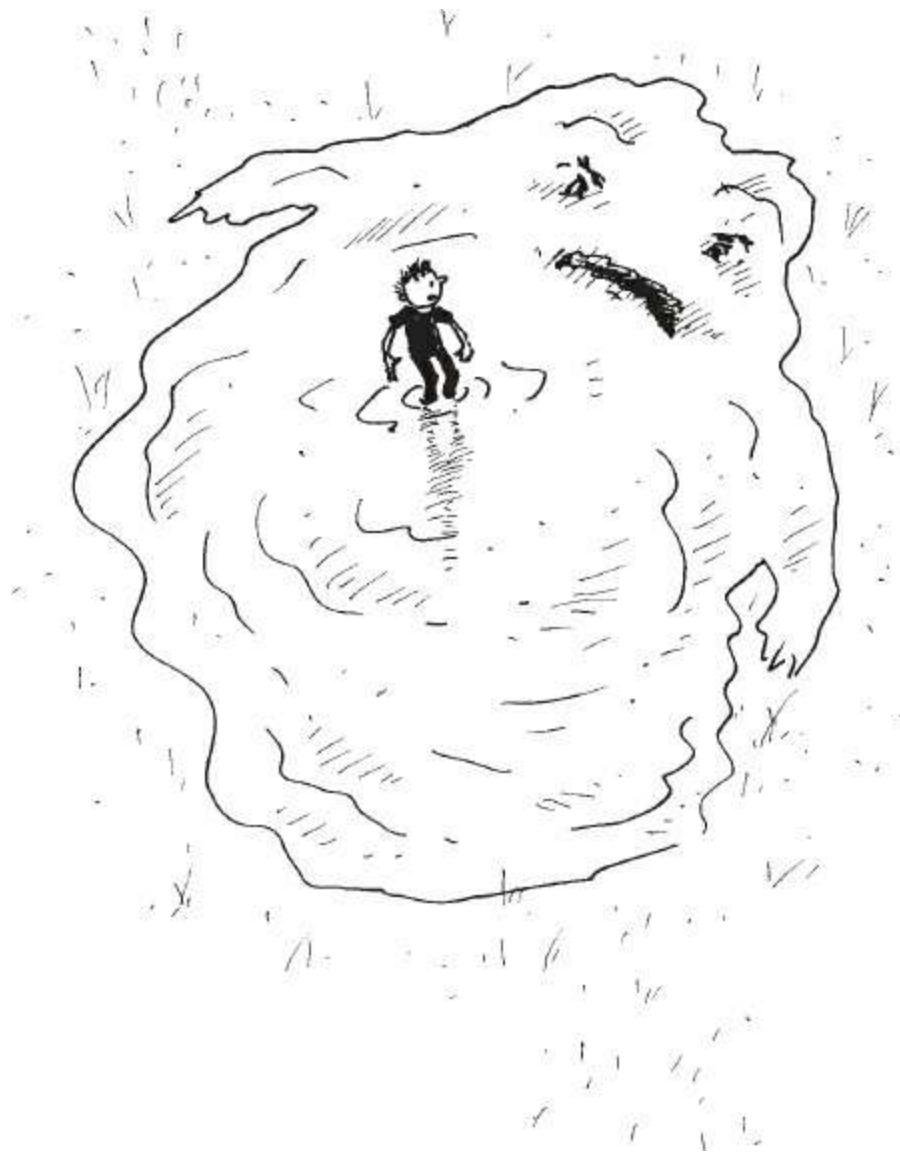
And to make things worse, the puddle is getting bigger.



And bigger.



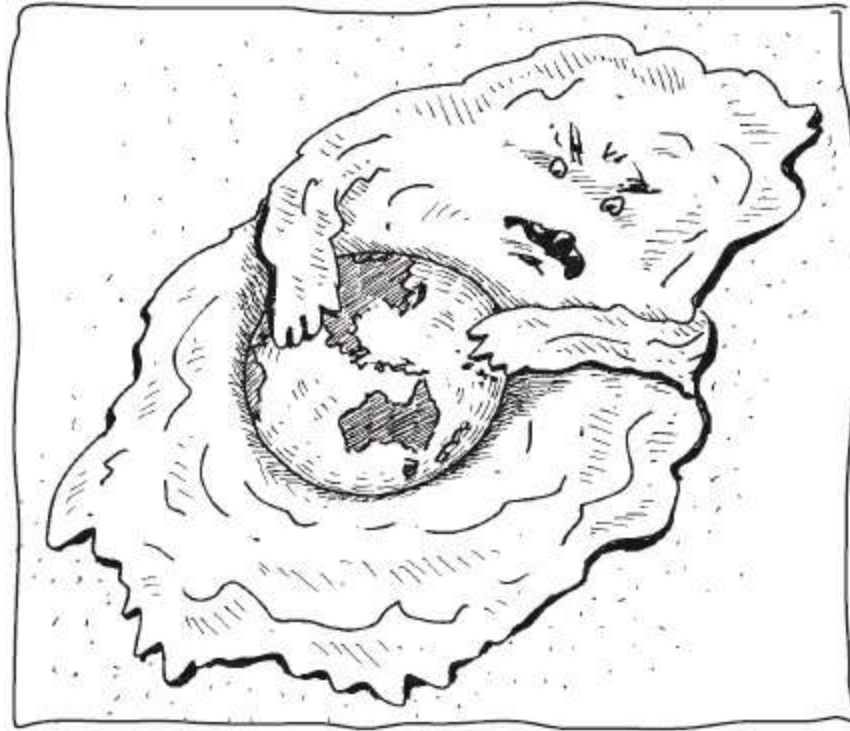
And bigger.



And bigger!



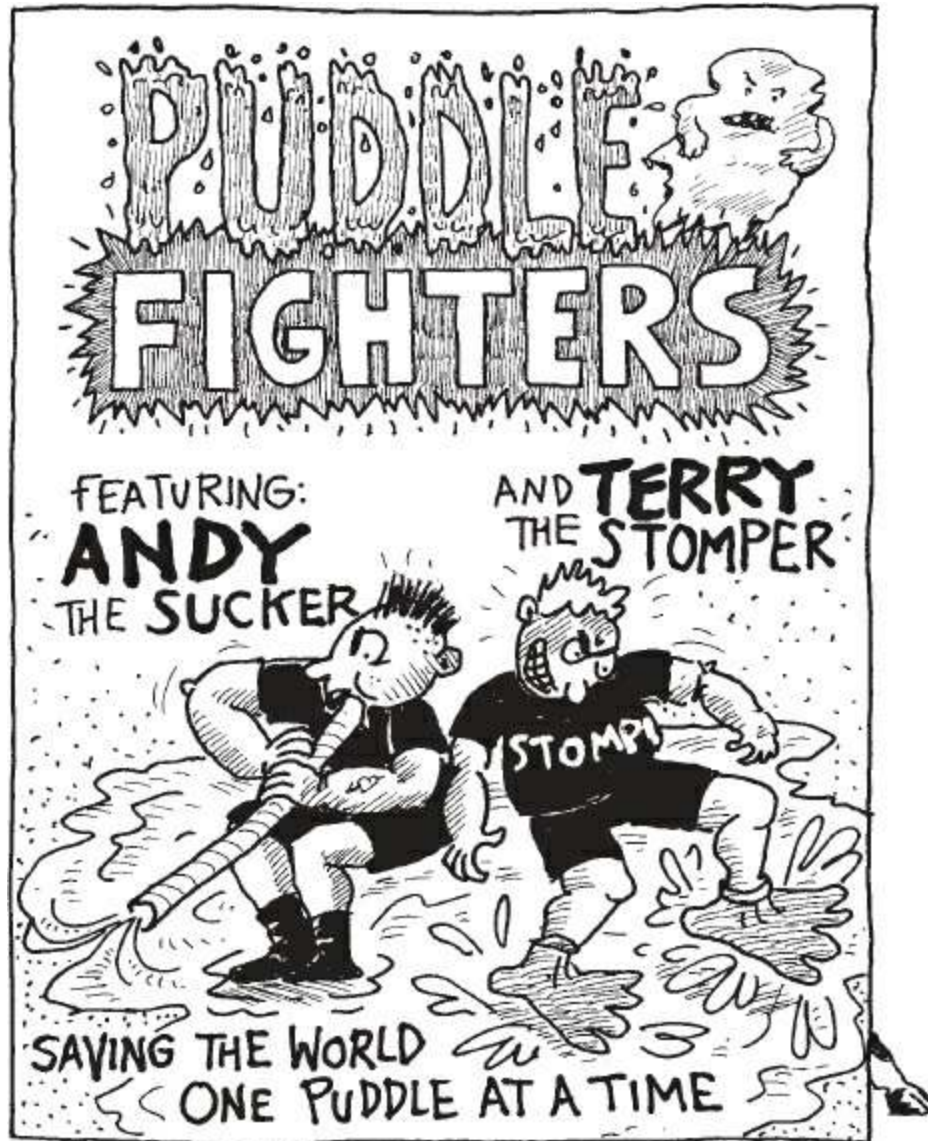
Uh-oh, this is no ordinary puddle. This is the sort of puddle that will just keep getting bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger until it empuddles the whole world ...



ABOVE: An artist's impression of a puddle empuddling planet Earth.

But never fear ... as well as making books, Terry and I are the greatest puddle-fighting duo the world has ever known.

We are every puddle's worst nightmare. Terry stomps them and then I suck them up with a straw. The Stomper and The Sucker ... (Come to think of it, our story would make a great movie!)



But this is no time to be thinking about movies. This is real life. I have to send out the secret puddle-fighting call and get the old team back together!

‘Stomper!’ I yell.



‘Stomper!’



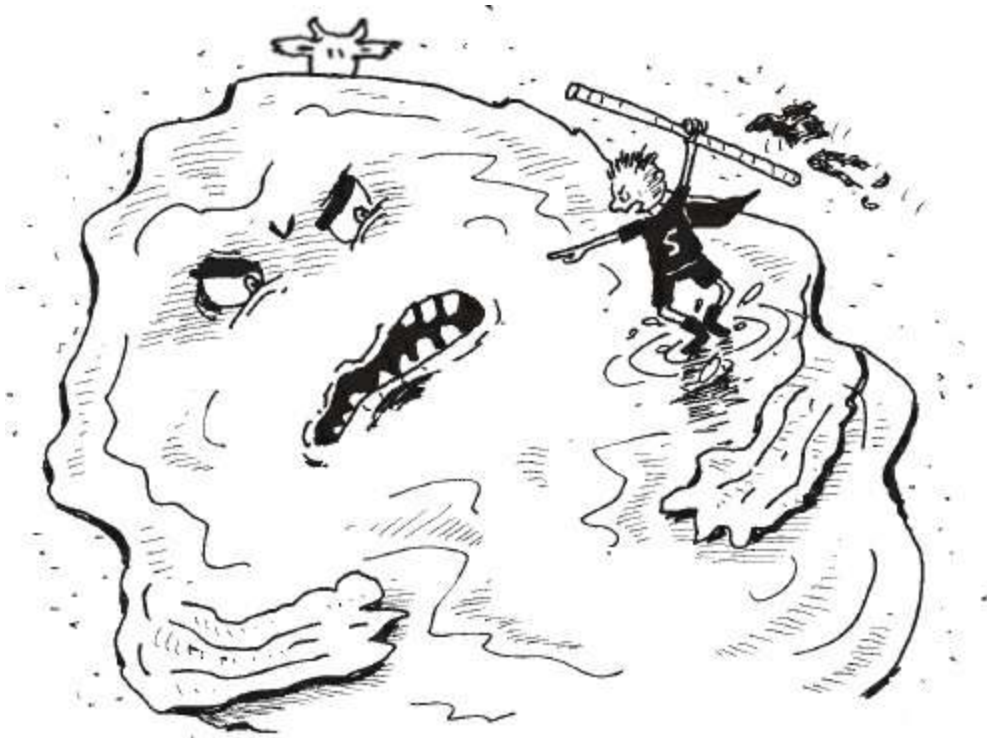
‘Stomper!’



‘It’s no use,’ says the puddle. ‘Nothing can stop me from empuddling your treehouse!’



‘Oh, yeah?’ I say, removing my T-shirt to reveal my secret puddle-fighting identity. ‘You just picked a fight with the wrong guy. I’m The Sucker!’



‘You’re a sucker all right,’ sneers the puddle.

‘A sucker for punishment!’

‘No,’ I say, ‘not that sort of sucker.’

I pull a super-sized drinking straw from the quiver on my back and wave it menacingly at the puddle.

‘You’ll never drink me alive!’ says the puddle.

‘That’s what you think!’ I say.



I put the straw up to my mouth and bend down.



‘Oh, no you don’t,’ says the puddle.

It rises up like an enormous wave and crashes down on top of me.



Over and over I tumble. Only my straw keeps me afloat ...



The puddle gets me in a headlock,



but then I get the puddle in a headlock.



‘I’ve got you now!’ I say. I stick the straw into the puddle and start sucking
...



and sucking ...



and sucking ...



and sucking ...



and sucking ...



and sucking ...



and sucking ...



and sucking.



And the puddle starts to shrink ...



and shrink ...



and shrink ...



and shrink.



And I keep sucking ...



and sucking ...



and sucking ...



and sucking ...



until, at last, the puddle is nothing but sludgy brown sludge.



If only Mr Big Shot had been filming that! It would make a much better movie than all of Terry's fake re-enactments put together.



Hang on.

Maybe he was filming it!

Maybe Mr Big Shot arranged for this whole thing to happen so he could secretly record it.

I look around but I can't see anything except a few dumb-looking cows.



Never mind.

I can't really think about all that right now because I've got a more urgent problem.

Will you excuse me for a moment, readers?

I may be some time, so do feel free to go on to the next chapter and I'll join you there.



CHAPTER 6

TROUBLE IN ANDYLAND



Ah, that's better.

Thanks for waiting.

Now, where was I?

Let me see ... Ah, yes, I remember now.

Mr Big Shot kicked me out of the treehouse ... and I landed in a puddle ... and we had a big fight ... and I sucked it up ... and then I had to go to the bathroom.



But what now?

Where can I go?

I can't hang out with Terry because he's too busy being a big shot Hollywood movie star.



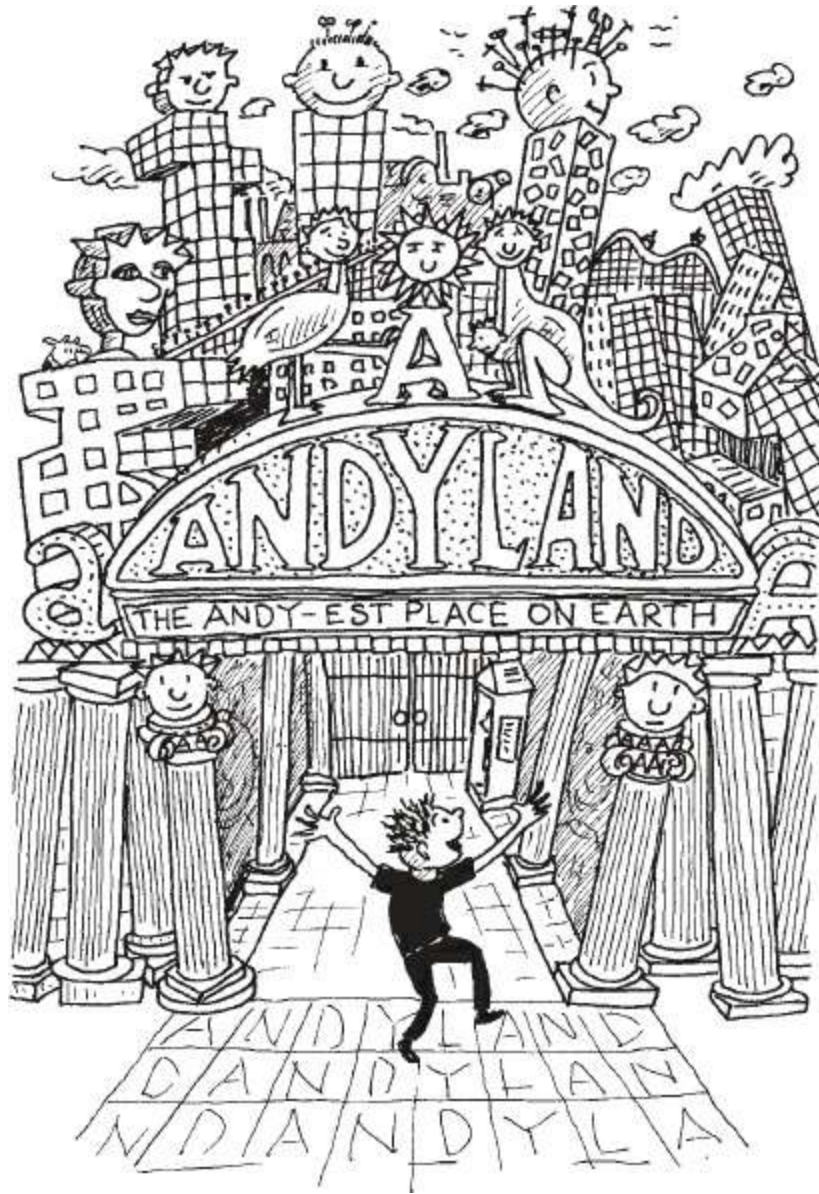
And I can't hang out with Jill because she's too busy helping to wrangle the animals for the movie.



Hang on, I know who I can hang out with ... a bunch of the funniest, smartest and best-looking guys in the world. Yep, you guessed it—I'm off to ...



ANDYLAND! I'll have lots of friends here because everybody is me! As the sign says, it's The Andy-est Place on Earth.



‘Hi, Andy!’ I say to the Andy guarding the gate.

‘Who goes there?’ he says.

‘It’s me,’ I say.

‘Who?’

‘Andy!’



‘I’m afraid I’m going to need to see some identification,’ he says.

‘But you only have to look at me!’ I say. ‘I look exactly like you.’

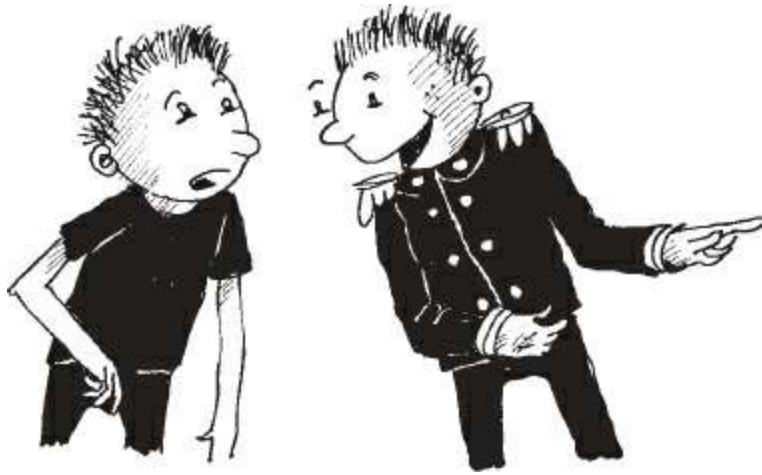


He shrugs. ‘I know,’ he says, ‘but we’re being extra careful. We had some cows try to sneak in disguised as Andys the other day.’

‘Cows?’ I say.

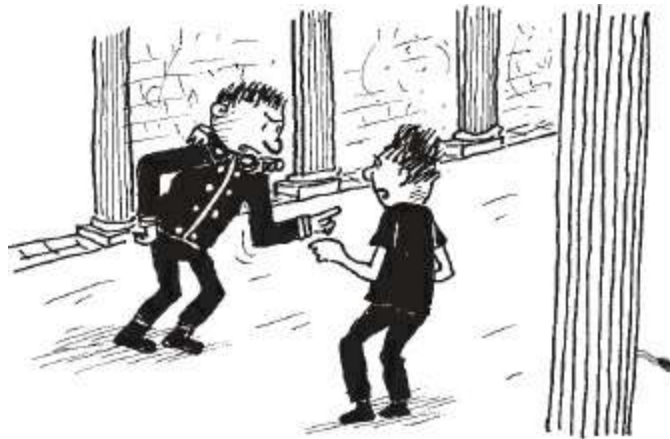


‘Yeah,’ says the guard, shaking his head. ‘Go figure. But don’t worry, we caught them, milked them and sent them on their way.’



‘Wow, I had no idea cows could be so sneaky,’ I say.

‘Yep,’ says the guard. ‘Which is why I’m going to need proof that you’re a true Andy and not an impostor.’



‘What sort of proof?’

‘Hmmm ... let me see,’ he says, stroking his chin. ‘What’s $2 + 2$?’



Uh-oh. I can't even count from 1 to 10 in the right order. I've got no hope of solving a sum as difficult as this!

'Er, ah, um ...' I stutter. 'Um, er, errr, errrrr, um, ummm, ah, umm, errr, um, ah, er, eep, ah ... I don't know.'



'I don't know either,' the Andy guard says. 'Congratulations, Andy, you passed the test! You may enter.'

‘Thanks, Andy!’ I say, stepping through the gate.

‘Hi, Andy!’ yell a bunch of Andys coming towards me.

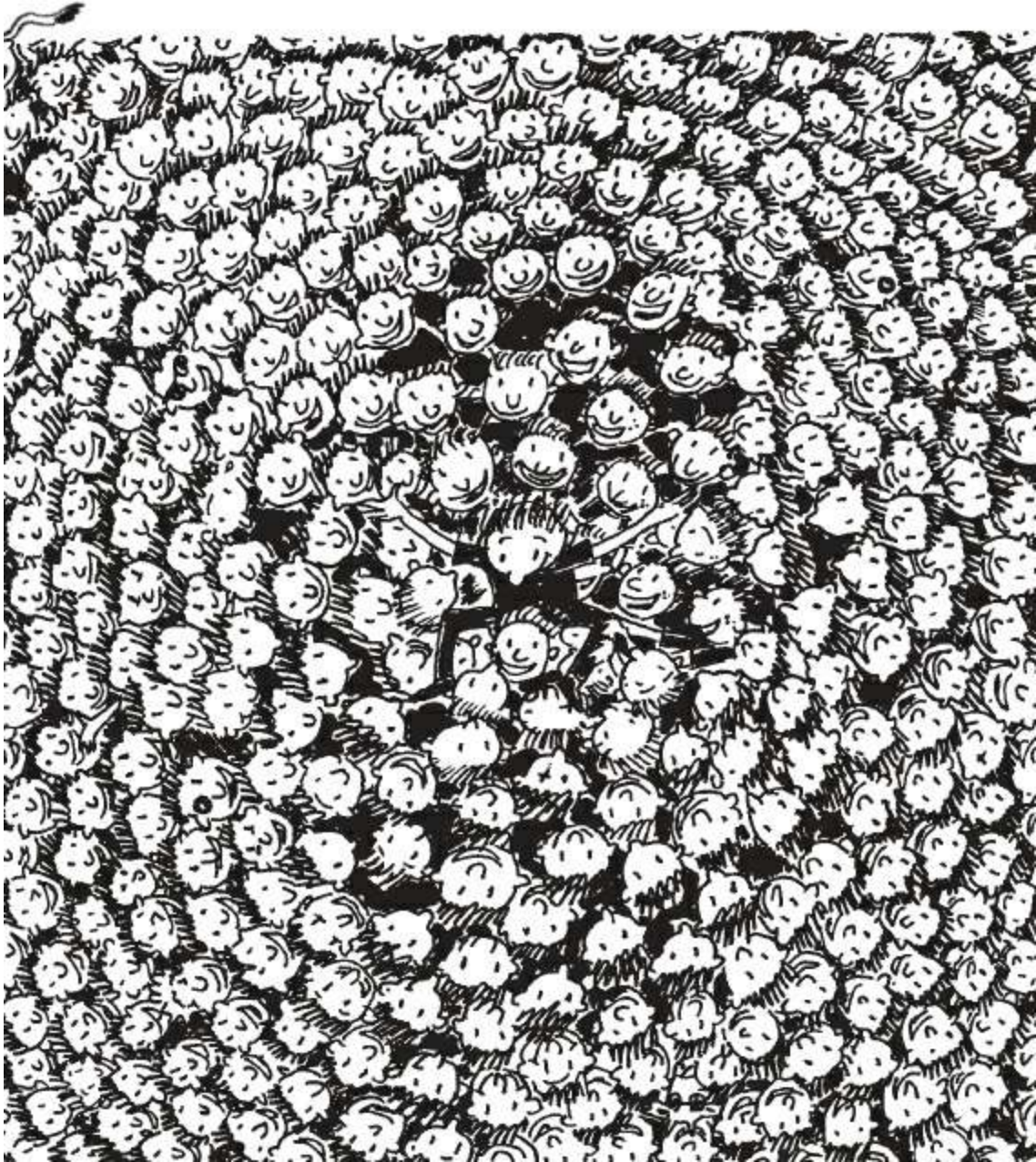
‘Hi, Andys!’ I yell back. ‘What’s up?’

‘You are!’ say the Andys, lifting me onto their shoulders and carrying me down the main street.

I love coming to Andyland.



More and more cheering Andys come out onto the street until there are so many Andys we can't go any further.



They are chanting my name.

‘AN-DY! AN-DY! AN-DY!’

(Or are they just chanting their own names? It’s a bit hard to tell with Andys. They’re kind of excitable.)



The chanting is getting louder and louder. It's time for me to speak to them.



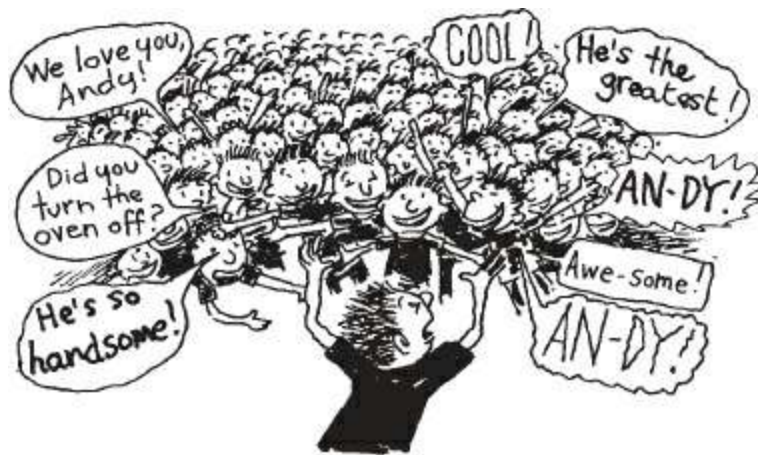
The Andys lower me to the ground. Then they arrange themselves in a pyramid and help me to climb up.



A cheer goes up from the crowd.

‘Quiet down, everyandy,’ I say.

But they don’t quiet down. They’re getting louder. And louder. And louder.



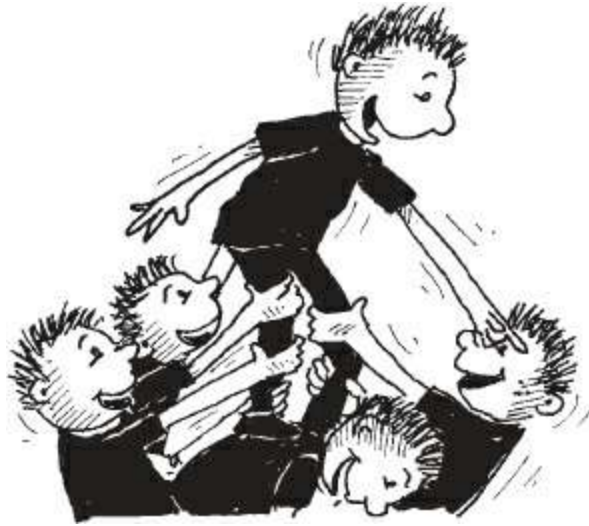
‘Everyandy!’ I yell. ‘SHUT UP!’



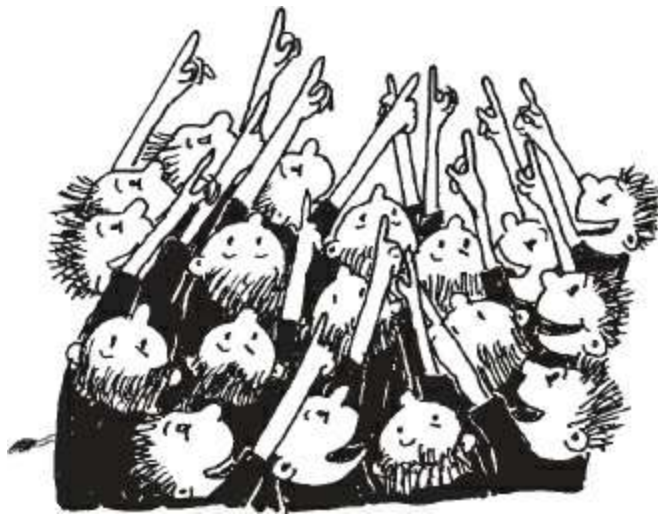
‘No!’ they yell. ‘YOU shut up!’



‘No,’ I say. ‘YOU shut up!’



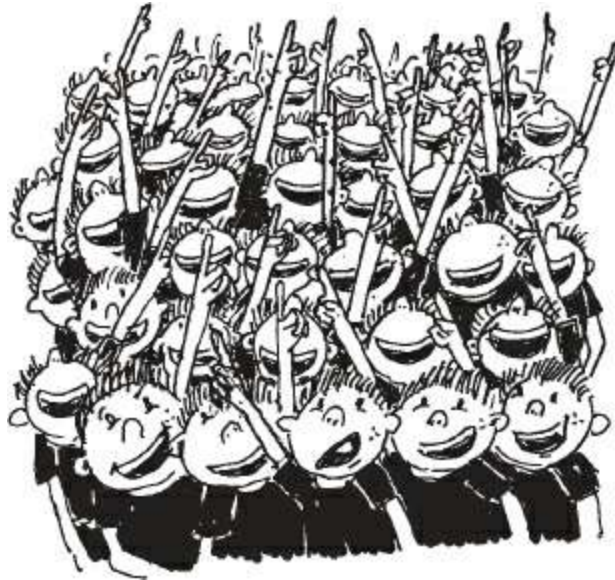
‘No, YOU shut up!’ they say.



‘No, YOU shut up!’ I yell.



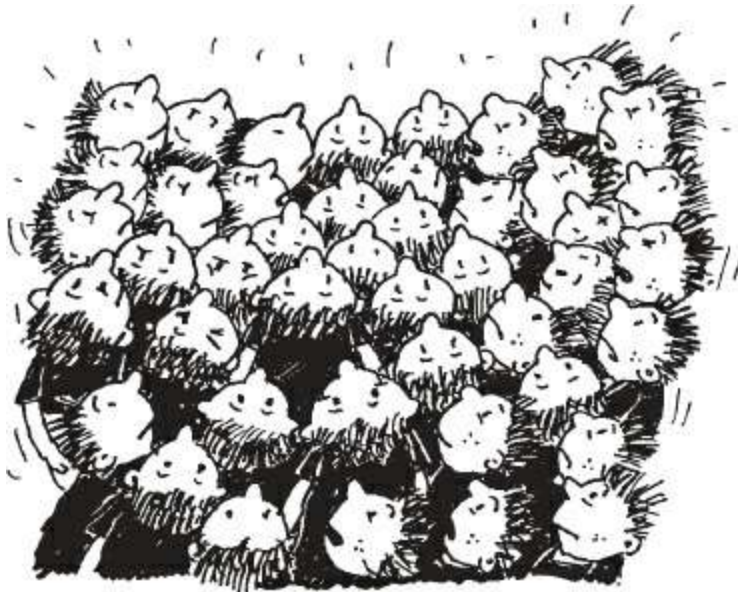
‘No, YOU shut up!’ they yell back.



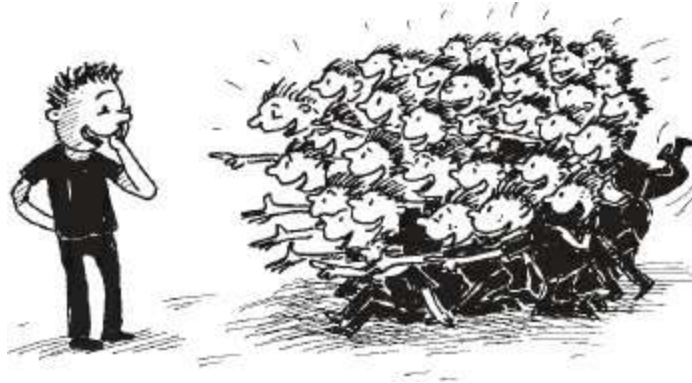
‘No,’ I shout as loudly as I can. ‘YOU shut up infinity times more than whatever you say!’



The Andys are silent. You've got to hand it to me: I sure know how to shut my selves up.



‘Thank you!’ I say. ‘And thanks for the parade. I love parades.’
‘WE KNOW!’ they yell in unison.



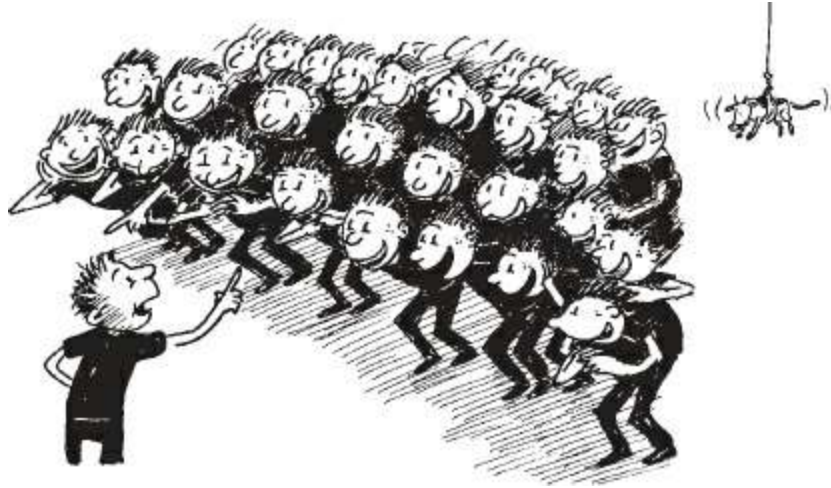
‘It is good to know that I can count on Andys like you to cheer me up.’

‘WE KNOW!’ they yell again.

‘You will be pleased to hear that I will be staying in Andyland until they finish filming the Treehouse movie.’



The Andys gasp. ‘There’s going to be a movie?’ they say.



‘Yes,’ I say, ‘but—’

‘YAY!’ shouts the crowd. ‘A Treehouse movie! We’re going to be movie stars! We’re going to be famous!’



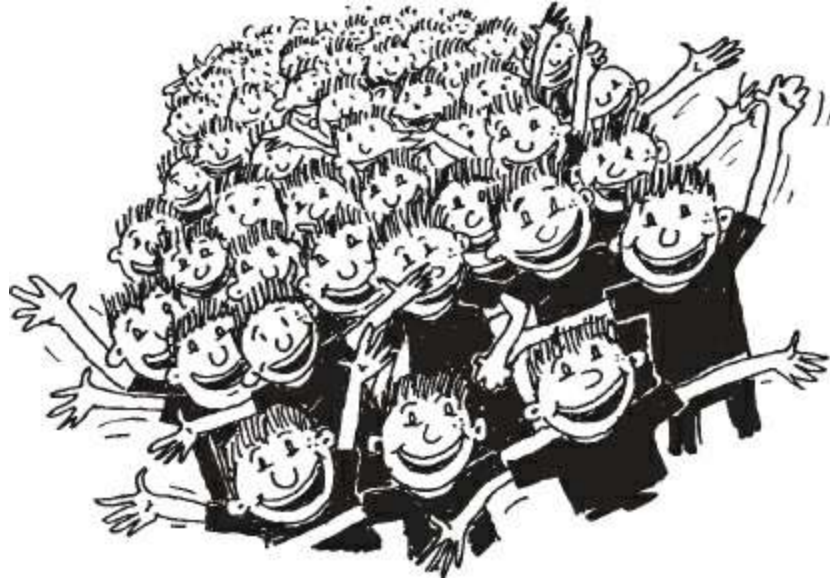
‘Hold on,’ I shout. ‘Before you get too excited, you should know one thing: we are not in it. We’ve been replaced by a monkey, and Terry is the star.’



The Andys gasp again. 'TERRY is the star?'

'Yeah,' I say, shrugging. 'I'm as surprised as you are. He's not even that funny.'

'Yes, he is!' say the Andys. 'Terry is really funny! We love Terry!'



‘No, we don’t,’ I say.



‘YES, WE DO!’ shout the Andys. ‘TERRY is COOL!’



‘No,’ I say, ‘he’s NOT!’



‘Yes, he is,’ say the Andys. ‘Infinity times more than whatever you say!’



Darn. They've got me there but, hey, who can blame them? They learned from the master.

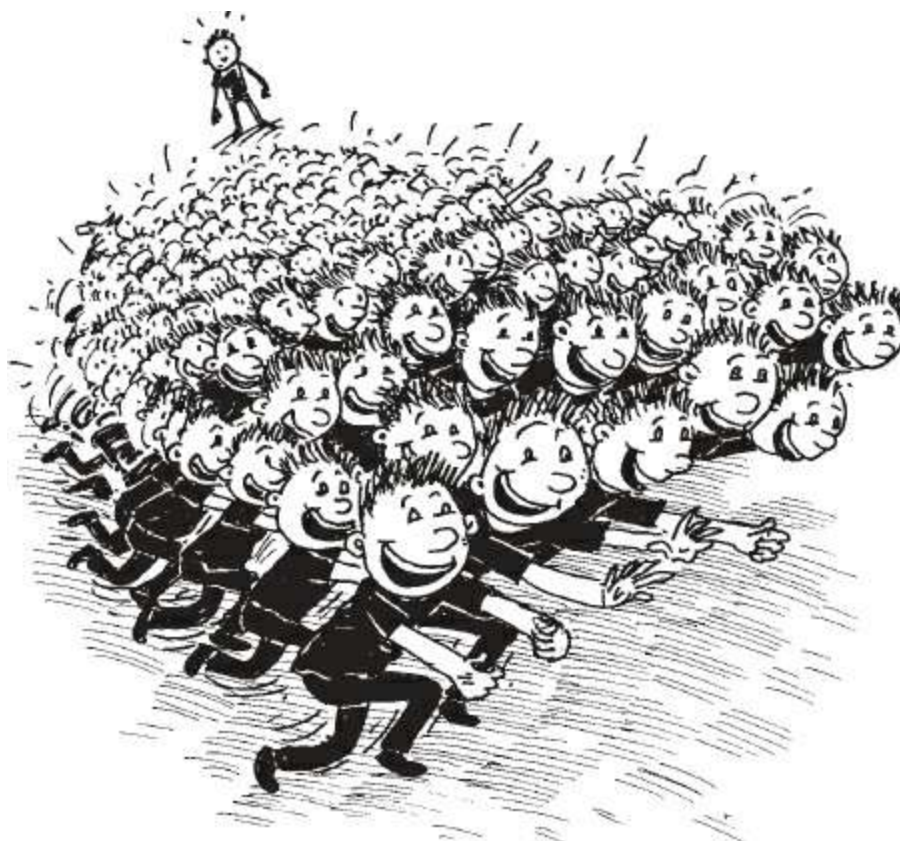
'Okay, you win,' I say. 'But it doesn't change the fact that we're not in the movie.'



'Who cares?!' they shout. 'Terry is our favourite anyway. Let's go see the filming!'

'Bad idea,' I say. 'We've been banned from the set.'

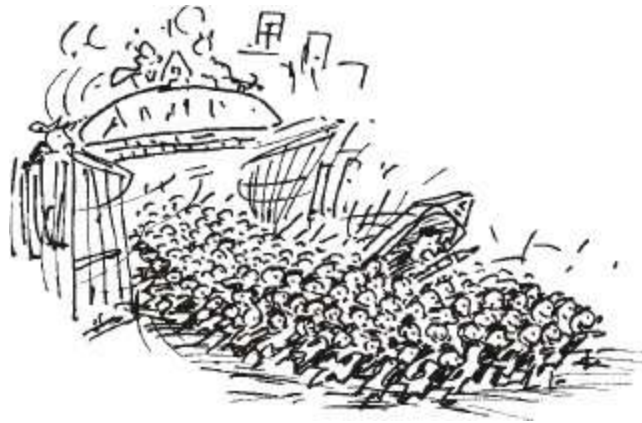
But the Andys just ignore me. They're too busy charging up Andy Street towards the main gate.



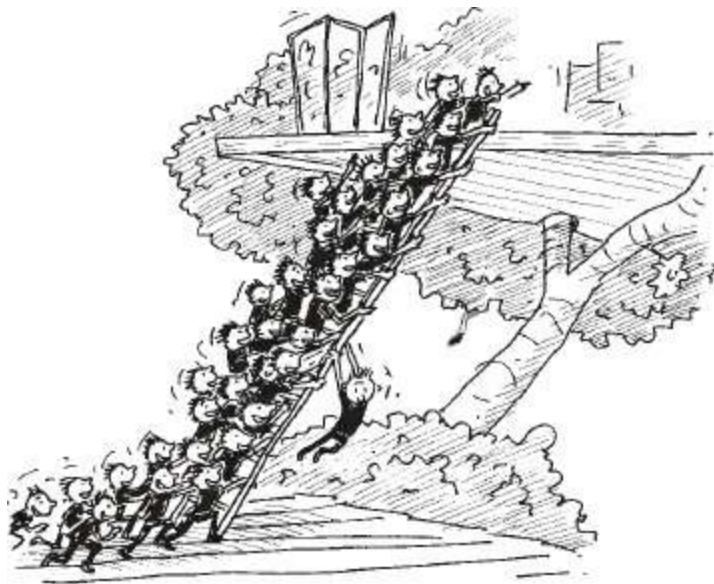
‘No,’ I yell. ‘Wait! Come back! You’re supposed to be on my side!’
‘We are,’ they say, surging past me. ‘But we like Terry better. Sorry!’



The Andys swarm out of Andyland ...



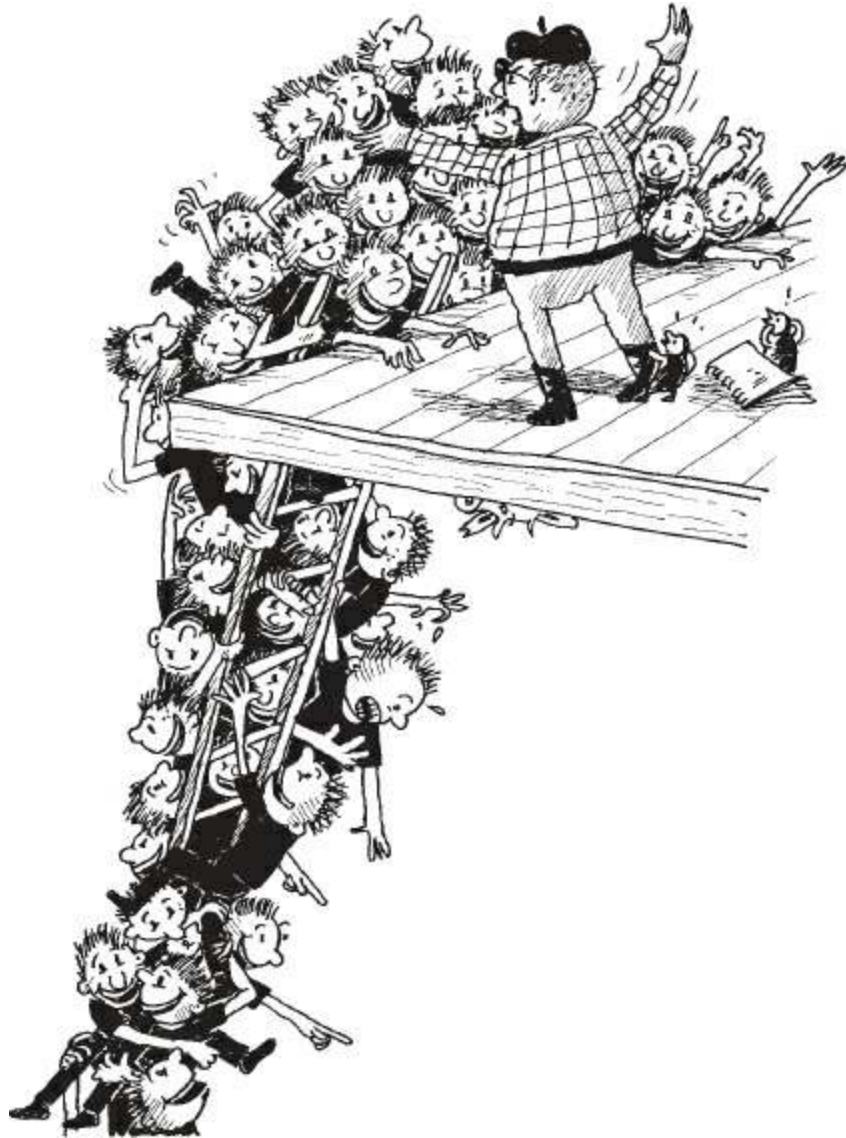
up the ladder ...



and onto the observation deck where Mr Big Shot is filming a re-enactment of the time Terry got caught in a burp-gas-filled bubble-gum bubble.



‘Hey!’ yells Mr Big Shot. ‘No Andys on the set!’



But the Andys ignore Mr Big Shot. They just keep climbing ... and climbing ... and climbing ...

Mel Gibbon is whacking golf balls at the Andys, trying to hold them back, but there are too many Andys ... and not enough golf balls.



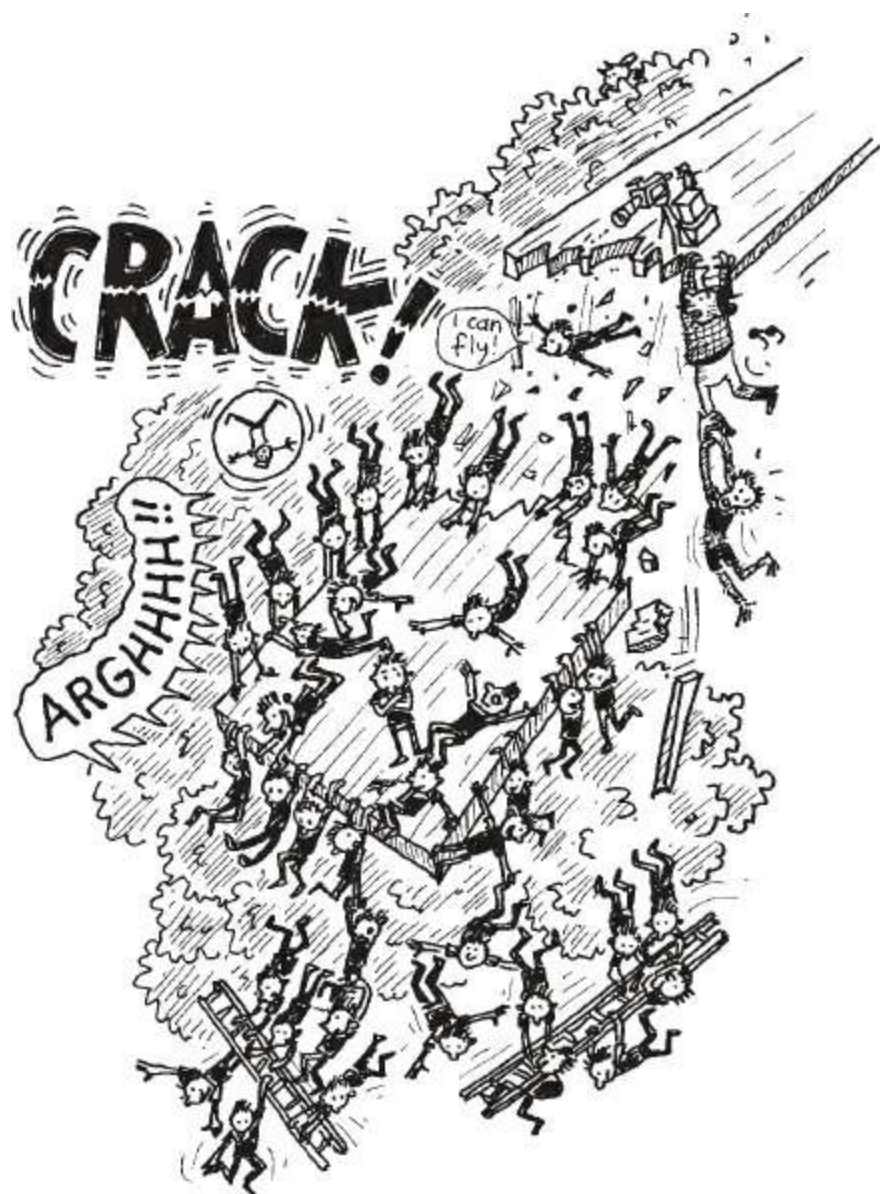
The observation deck—overloaded with way too many Andys—is swaying dangerously.

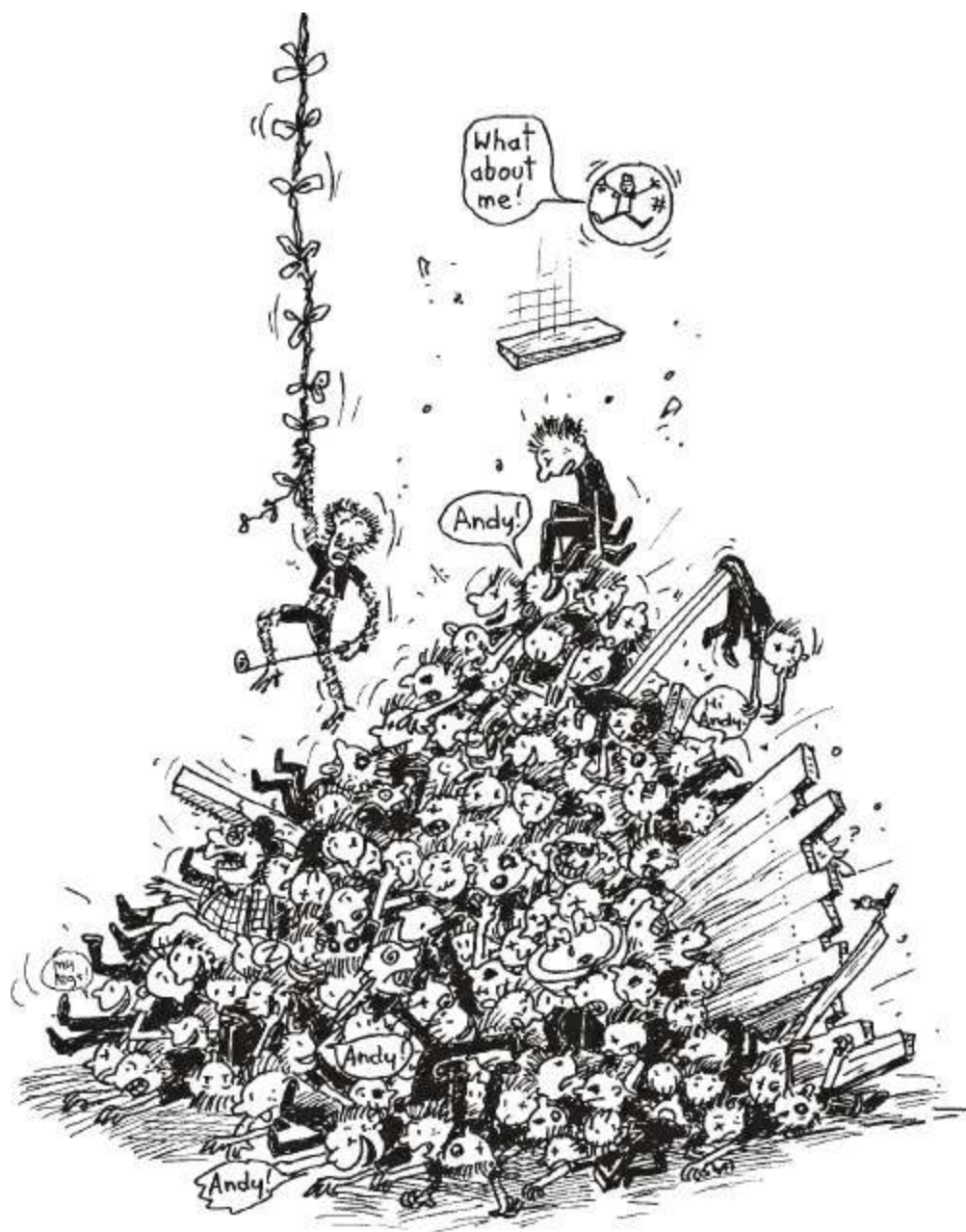


‘Abandon set!’ yells Mr Big Shot. ‘ABANDON SET!’



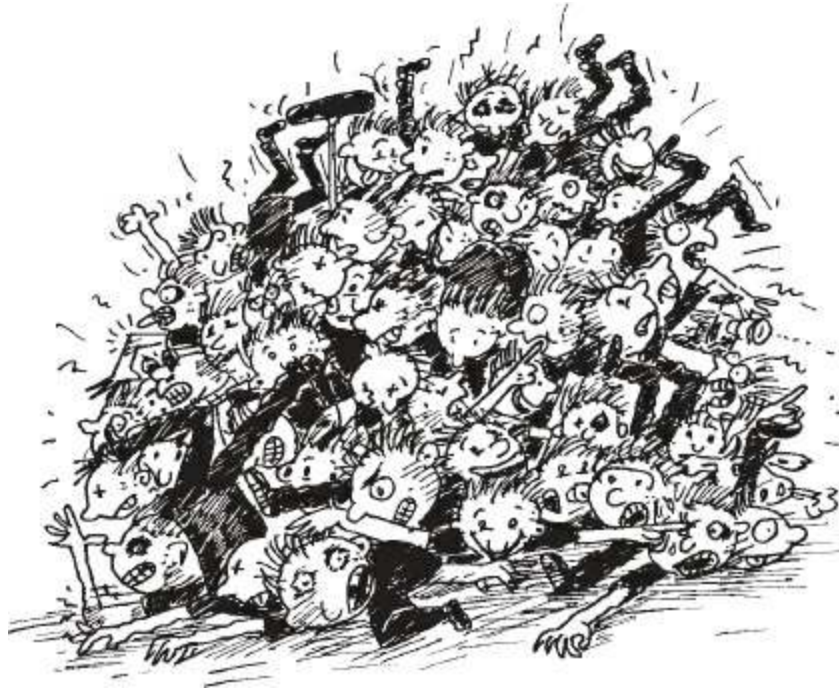
But it’s too late. There is an enormous crack ... the observation deck crumbles and we all crash into the forest below.





CHAPTER 7

COWDUGGERY!



All the Andys land in a big sprawling pile ...

but I land headfirst in a nearby prickly bush. The Andys are groaning and yelling and shouting as they try to untangle themselves. Some of them are angry.



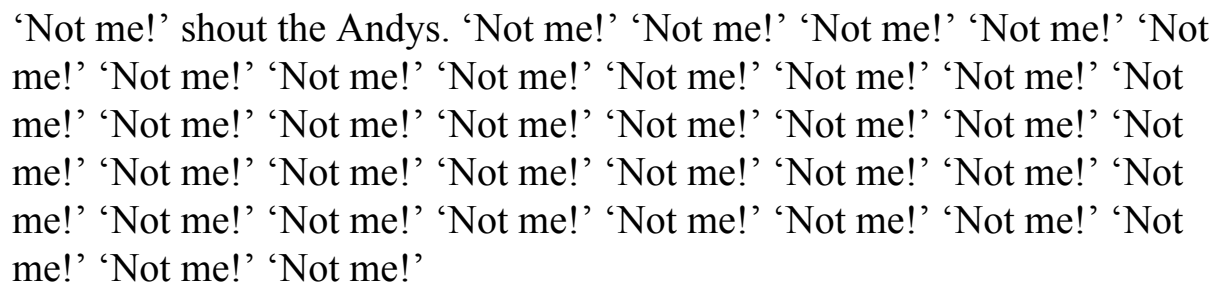
Some are laughing. And some are crying. Which is understandable. They've—I mean, we've—all had a pretty big fall.

Mr Big Shot crawls out from under the pile of Andys and stands in front of them, his hands on his hips. 'Which one of you clowns is the real Andy?' he demands.



‘Me!’ they all shout. ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’
‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’
‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’
‘Me!’ ‘Me!’ ‘Me!’

‘Let me put it another way then,’ growls Mr Big Shot, rolling up his sleeves.
‘Nobody destroys my set and gets away with it. So which one of you wants to die first?’



I know at this point I should come out of hiding and rescue the Andys but, hey, I don't want to die any more than they do. And it's their own fault, after all. I mean, I did try to stop them.



‘I don’t think any of them are the real Andy,’ says Jill, studying the Andy clones carefully. ‘I know him pretty well and none of these Andys look quite right.’

‘Then where is he?’ says Mr Big Shot.



‘Probably hiding,’ says Mel Gibbon. ‘He obviously put the Andys up to this to disrupt the filming. Pretty low trick to get a bunch of clueless clones to do your dirty work for you—but that’s obviously the sort of person he is.’

‘Well, he’ll find out what sort of person I am if he ever dares to show his face around here again,’ says Mr Big Shot, pulling his cameras and camera operators from the pile. ‘Come on, you lot,’ he barks. ‘We’ve got to rebuild that observation deck and get this movie back on track. Let’s go!’



As Mr Big Shot and the crew leave, one of the Andys turns to Terry and says, 'Sorry we disrupted your movie, but it's not really our fault—you are a terrible observation-deck builder.'



‘It’s not my fault!’ says Terry. ‘The deck wasn’t designed to hold so many Andys. It’s Andy’s fault for letting you all out of Andyland.’

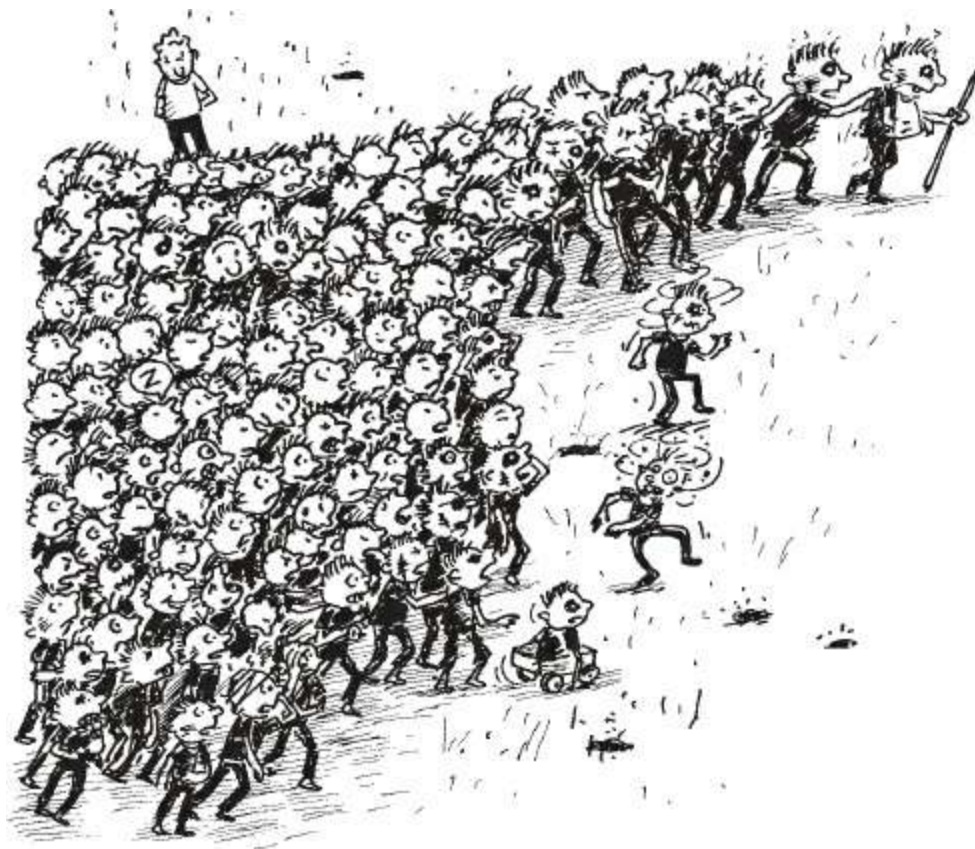


I want to yell, 'I DIDN'T LET THEM OUT! I TRIED TO STOP THEM BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN!' but that would mean giving away my hiding place and, all things considered, it's probably best for this Andy to stay hidden for the time being.



'Come on, Andys,' says one of the Andys. 'Let's go back to Andyland. It's more fun there. And, Terry, if you see Andy, can you tell him we'd prefer he doesn't visit for a while? I think we need a little break from each other.'

'Sure,' says Terry. 'I know exactly how you feel.'



And with that, the Andys start hobbling and limping their way back to Andyland.

‘Poor Andy,’ says Jill. ‘He must be really upset to have done something like this. Maybe you should go and find him, Terry, and tell him you’re not mad at him.’

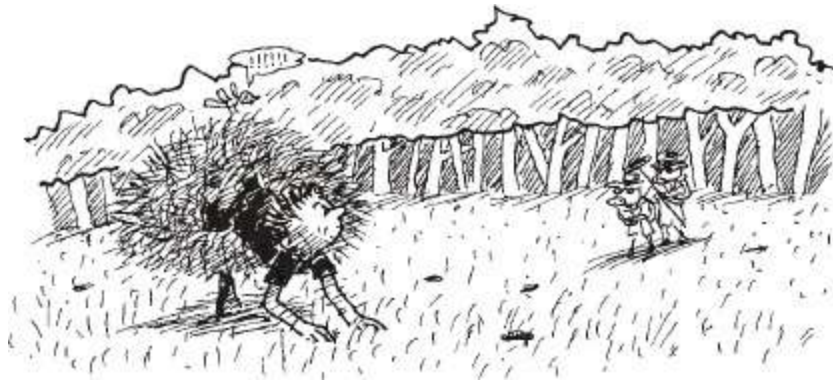
‘But I am mad at him,’ says Terry. ‘Just because he’s not in the movie he wants to wreck it for everybody else.’



‘I know it looks like that,’ says Jill, as she and Terry and Mel start walking back towards the treehouse, ‘but maybe there’s another side to the story. I’m not sure we can believe everything those Andys are telling us.’

‘Or anything the real Andy tells us, either,’ says Mel.

I’m climbing out of the prickly bush when I hear voices. And mooing. And the unmistakable sound of cud-chewing.



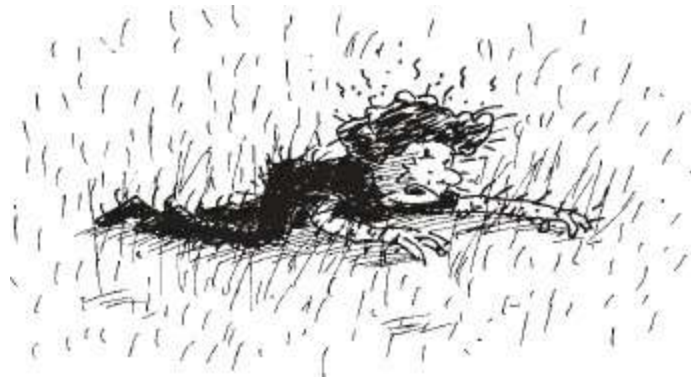
A pair of trench-coated figures emerge from the trees on the other side of the clearing. They are holding microphones and recording equipment. Which is kind of weird ... given that they are cows.



I'm going to sneak up on them and find out what they're up to. I'm pretty well-camouflaged with these prickles all over me—I just need something to cover up my head.



I look around. All I can see is a whole bunch of dried-up old cowpats. Disgusting ... but perfect! I pick one up, put it on my head and begin commando crawling towards the cows.



As I get closer I hear one of them moo: ‘Those crazy humans don’t suspect a thing.’



‘Yeah,’ moos the other one. ‘They have no idea that we have secretly infiltrated their treehouse with many spy cows such as ourselves and that we are stealing their movie, scene by scene, to make our own moo-vie. For years the humans have milked us. Now we’re milking them ... for their ideas! Let’s see how they like it!’

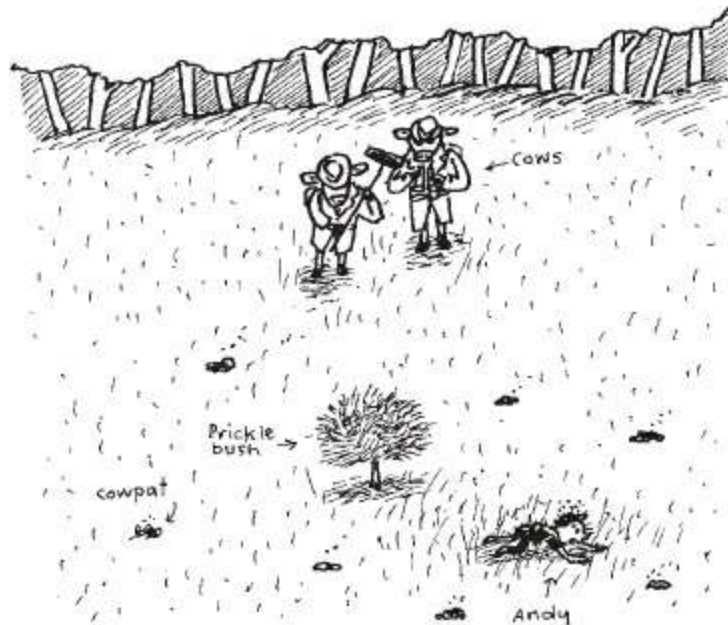
One of the spy cows moos quietly into a hoof-held walkie-talkie. ‘Attention, all movie-idea-stealing spy cows! The film crew, director and actors are heading back into the treehouse. Stay alert ... and out of sight!’



So that's what they're up to! If there's one thing in the world I hate more than movie-idea-stealing, it's movie-idea-stealing spy cows!



I've got to go and warn Mr Big Shot right away! Then he—and everybody else—will see that I'm not trying to wreck the movie. Mr Big Shot will probably be so impressed he'll re-hire me and give me a starring role.



There's no time to lose! I creep across the path to our front door and—when the spy cows aren't watching—slip inside.



I climb the stairs and poke my head up into the first storey.



‘Eek!’ says Jill. ‘A peeping cowpat!’



‘Urgh!’ says Terry. ‘Cowpats are disgusting!’



‘GET THAT COWPAT OFF MY SET!’ barks Mr Big Shot.



‘I’m not a cowpat!’ I say. ‘It’s me, Andy! I’m just wearing a cowpat hat for camouflage! I came to warn you there’s a bunch of spy cows spying on you. They’re going to steal all your ideas and make their own mooo-vie.’



‘Do you really expect us to believe such a preposterous story?’ says Mr Big Shot.

‘I know it sounds crazy,’ I say, ‘but it’s true! I saw them! And I heard them!’



‘I really don’t think cows would do that,’ says Jill. ‘They are such honest, trustworthy animals.’

‘Not these ones,’ I say. ‘They’re spy cows! And if you don’t believe me, go back through the book and see for yourself. There’s a spy cow hiding on every single page!’*



*It’s true ... there really is. And sometimes there’s even more than one.

‘Are you out of your mind?!’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘We’ve got a movie to make. We haven’t got time to be looking at boring old books—especially ones that haven’t even been written yet.’



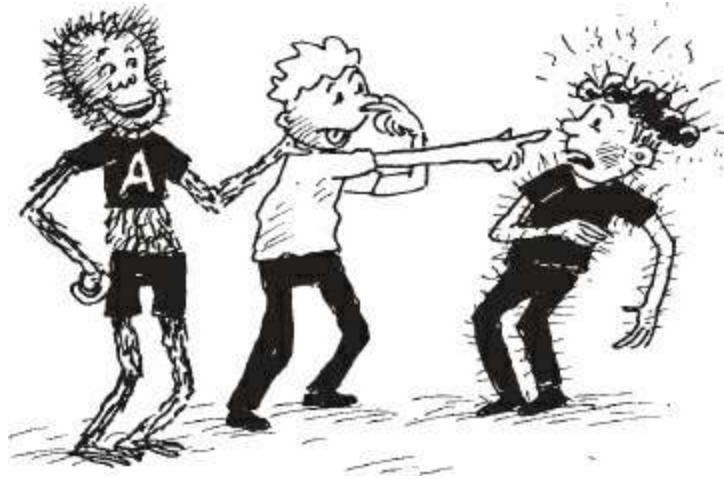
‘Fine!’ I say. ‘I was only trying to help. Let the spy cows steal your stupid movie. See if I care!’



‘Hey, Andy,’ says Mel Gibbon. ‘If what you say is true, why don’t you go and audition for the mooovie-making cows? You make a very convincing cowpat!’



‘Yeah,’ says Terry, ‘you not only look the part but you smell like one, too!’



‘High five, my hu-man!’ says Mel, holding up his paw.

Terry high-fives him and they both dissolve into helpless giggling.



‘Guess I’ll be going, then,’ I say. ‘Have fun with your new best friend, Terry. Goodbye ... FOREVER!’



CHAPTER 8

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MY LIFE BY ME (AND NOT TERRY)



I stomp down the stairs, out the front door and fling my cowpat hat into the forest. The movie is not my problem any more. And neither is Terry. We are done.

Who needs him anyway? Not me. I can draw my own pictures. And now I can finally get started on the autobiography I've always wanted to write.



I feel a hand on my shoulder and look up. It's Jill.

'I came to see if you were okay,' she says.

'Yeah, I'm fine,' I say. 'I'm quite busy, actually. I'm writing my autobiography.'

'That's great, Andy,' says Jill, 'but won't Terry be too busy to illustrate it?'

‘Yeah, probably,’ I say. ‘But it doesn’t matter because I can do it myself.
Look.’

I hand Jill the pages.



My Autobiography of
MY LIFE

(and not Terry's)

BY ME

(and NOT Terry)

with great illustrations

ALL BY ME

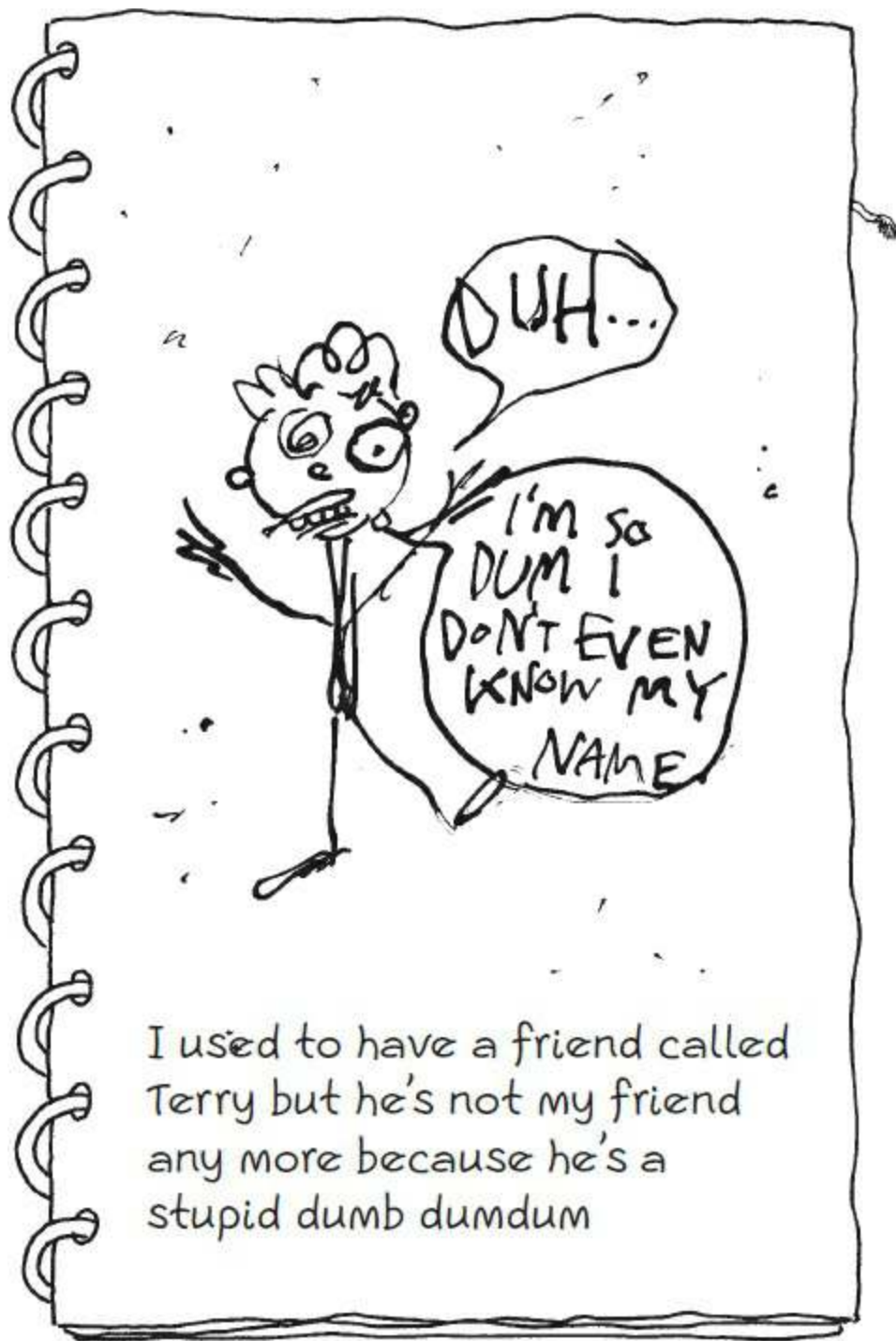
(and NONE by Terry)





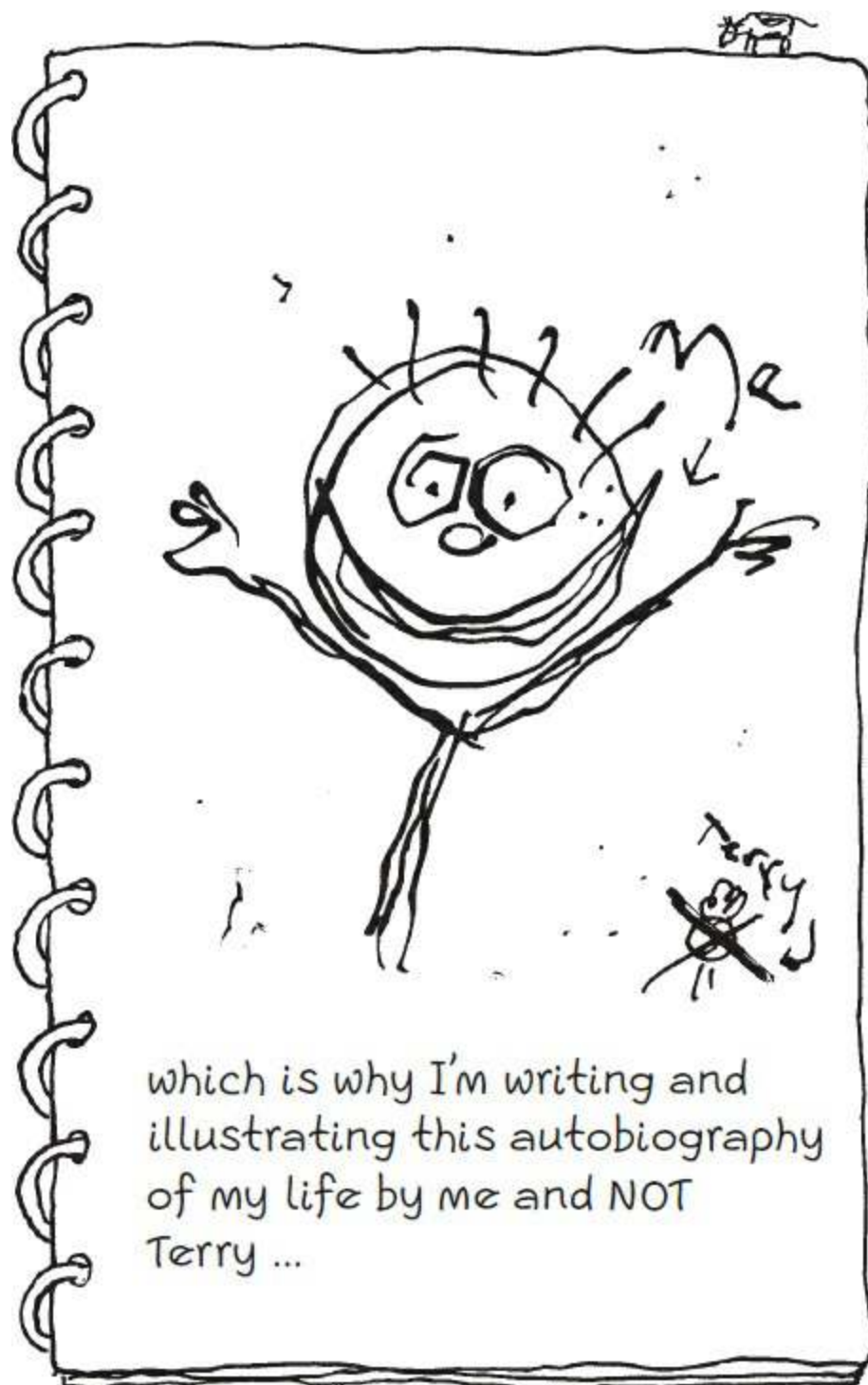
Hi, my name is Andy.







and his new best friend is a
monkey called Mel Gibbon who
stole my part in the movie



Jill hands the pages back to me.

‘So?’ I say. ‘What do you think?’

‘I think the title’s a bit long,’ she says, ‘and it’s kind of confusing.’

‘Why?’ I say.

‘Well, for a start, “autobiography” already means that you’re writing the story of your life so there’s no need to say, “My autobiography of my life”. You’re just using extra words for no reason.’



‘But I was just trying to be clear that it was about my life and not Terry’s,’ I say.



‘Well, that’s another thing,’ says Jill. ‘You say it’s about you, but all you’re

really doing is going on and on about Terry and, I don't mean to be rude, but it isn't very nice ... and it's a little bit boring.'

'Yeah, I guess you're right,' I say. 'Terry isn't very nice and he can be quite boring. I'll make a new one.'

I write another version as fast as I can and give it to Jill.

'Is this better?' I say.



MY
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
BY ME
(ANDY)



My autobiography begins on a dark and stormy night in a spooky old castle owned by the evil genius Doctor Von Beerstein.



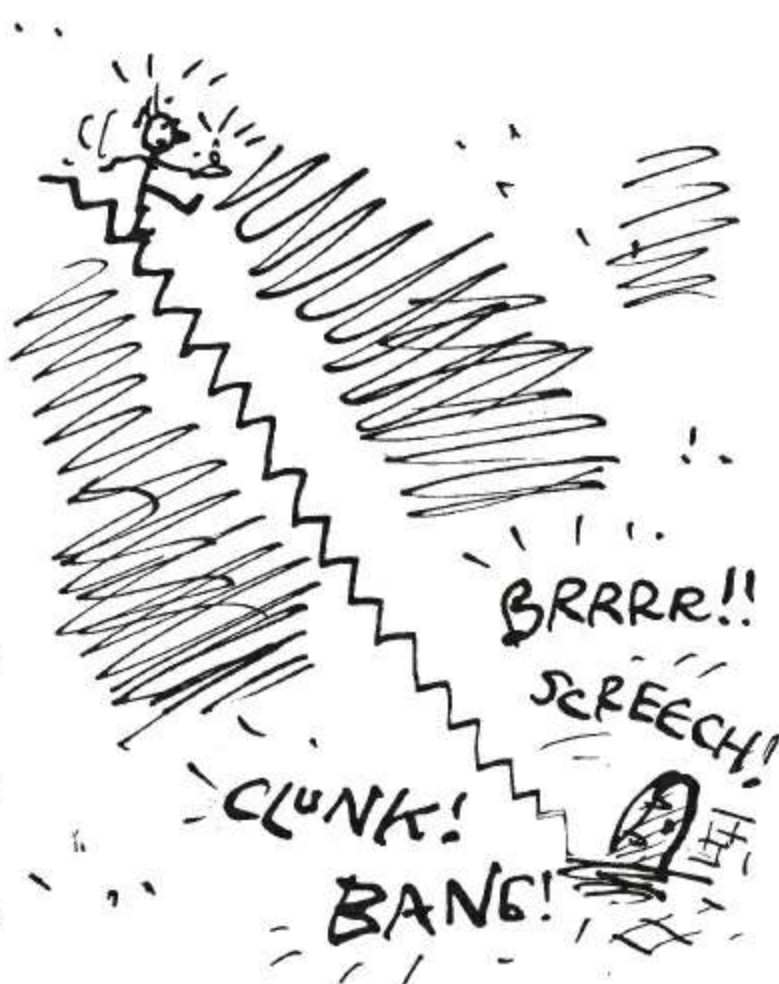
I was awoken by the sound
of mysterious noises coming
from Doctor Von Beerstein's
underground laboratory.





Even though Doctor Von
Beerstein had forbidden me
ever to enter his laboratory,
I decided to investigate.

With only a feeble candle
to light my path I made
my way down the creaky
crumbling staircase ...



and came to a heavy wooden door with a warning sign on it that said, 'WARNING! Do not enter or else'.



So, of course, I had no choice—I had to enter. I pushed the door open ... and came face to face with Doctor Von Beerstein's most terrifying creation ...



the horrible, hideous, hairy
TERRY-VON-DENTONSTEIN!



‘Stop it, Andy!’ says Jill. ‘It’s too scary!’

‘Yeah, I know,’ I say. ‘But it’s pretty exciting, isn’t it?’



‘I suppose so,’ she says, ‘but ... an autobiography is supposed to be true, not a made-up horror story. You’re supposed to tell the true story of your life.’



‘Hmmm,’ I say. ‘These autobiographies are trickier than I thought. There are a lot of rules.’

‘Just imagine you’re telling a reader the true story of your life from the very beginning,’ says Jill. ‘That’s not so hard, is it?’



‘No,’ I say, picking up my pen again.
I write a new version and hand it to her.



THE TRUE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MY
LIFE FROM THE VERY
BEGINNING BY ME



If you're like most of my
readers, you're probably
wondering how I got to be
so AWESOME! Well, it's a
fascinating story ...

It all started when I was born.



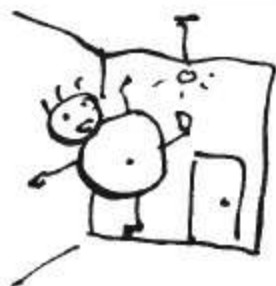
At first I was very small but
then, each day, I grew a
little bit bigger.



And bigger.



And bigger.



And bigger.



And bigger.



And bigger.

And bigger.



And bigger.

And bigger.



Boing!



And bigger.

And bigger.



And bigger.



And bigger.

And bigger.



And
bigger.



And
bigger.

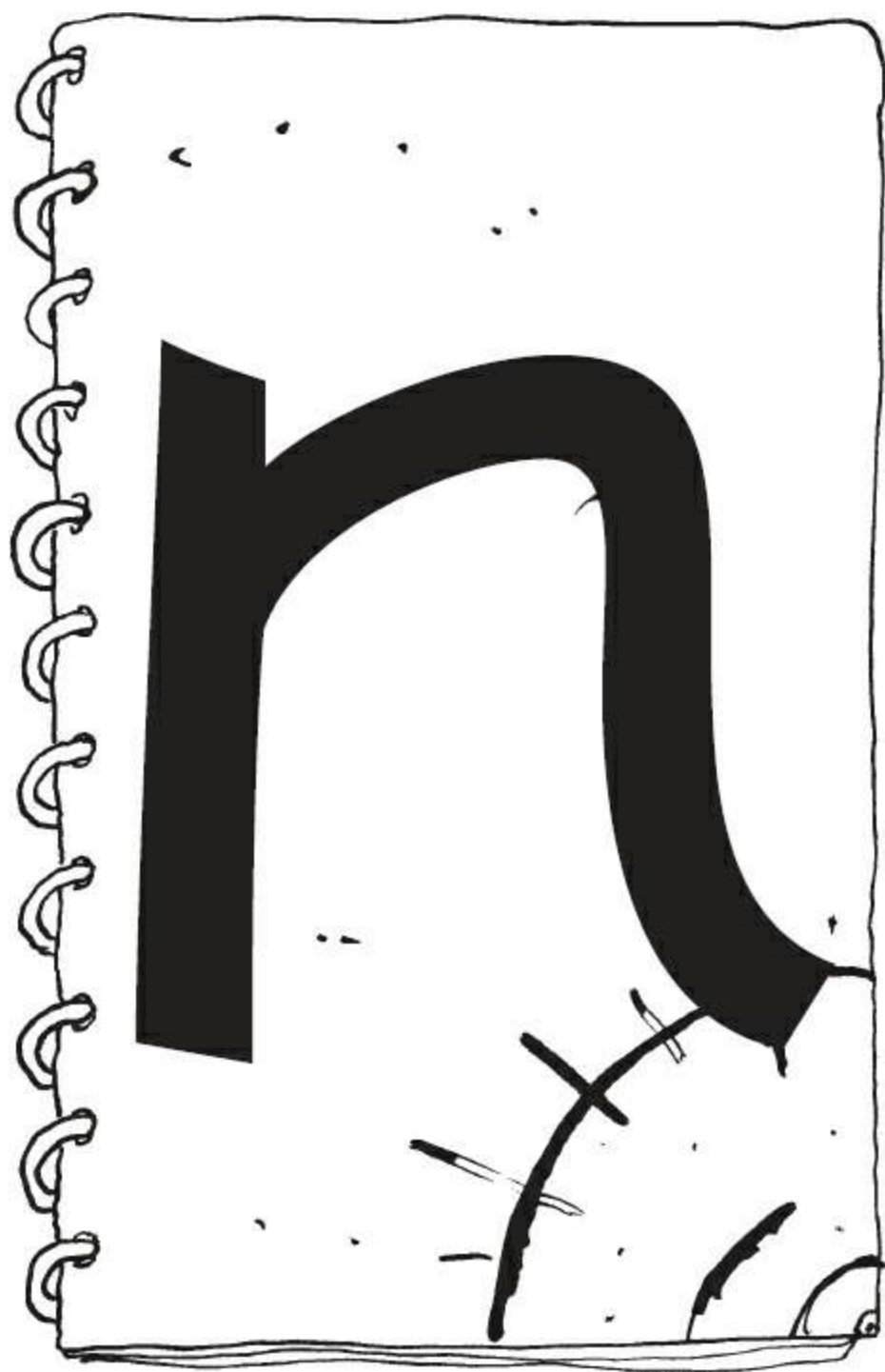














‘ANDY!’ shouts Jill. ‘Stop writing, “And bigger. And bigger. And bigger!”’



‘But why?’ I say. ‘It’s true!’

‘It may be true,’ says Jill, ‘but it’s not very interesting.’

‘But I tried to make it interesting and you said it had to be true.’

‘You need to make it true and interesting,’ says Jill.

‘I give up!’ I say. ‘Writing an autobiography is just too hard.’

Suddenly animal noises start coming out of Jill’s pocket.



‘Excuse me, Andy,’ says Jill, checking the screen of her intergalactic space-animal rescue service emergency pager.



‘Uh-oh,’ she says. ‘There’s an intergalactic spaceanimal emergency on Planet Zonkatroid. A space-ladybird’s house is on fire and she’s not home. I have to go and put it out immediately. Here comes my team now!’



Jill jumps aboard her space-cat-powered intergalactic space-animal rescue spacecraft.

‘I’ll see you, later, Andy,’ she says.



‘Yeah, see you, Jill,’ I say, but she doesn’t hear me. She’s already gone.



I'm all alone. Again.



Some day this is turning out to be. I've been fired from my own movie and replaced by a monkey. Abandoned by my own best friend. Kicked out of my own treehouse. Disowned by my own clones and banned from Andyland, my own kingdom.

And as if all that isn't bad enough, now I've failed at writing my own autobiography. Fail. Fail. Fail. Fail. Fail.



I guess there's only one thing left to do. Yep, you guessed it. I need to remember my favourite inspiring motivational quote that always helps me when I'm feeling down and think I can't go on. Now, let me see, what is it? I think it's something about chips ...

When the chips are down ...

Um...



Er ...



Ah ...

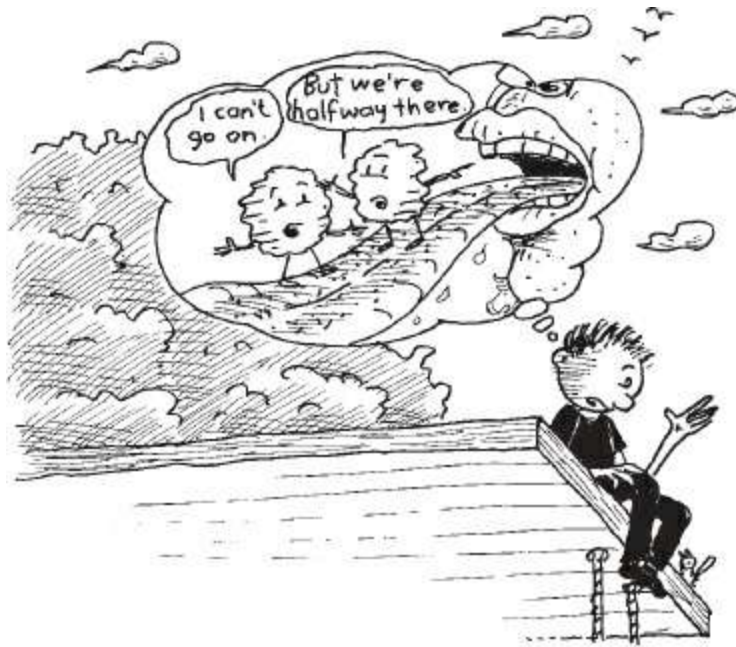


Hmm ...



I'm having such a bad day I can't even remember my favourite inspiring motivational quote.

Is it, When the chips are down, and you feel like you can't go on, that's when you know you're halfway there?



No, that's not it. Not even close.



Maybe it's: When the chips are down, the chips get going.



That's more like it, but no, it's still not quite right ...



Hang on! I remember now!

When the chips are down, go eat some chips.



YES! That's it!

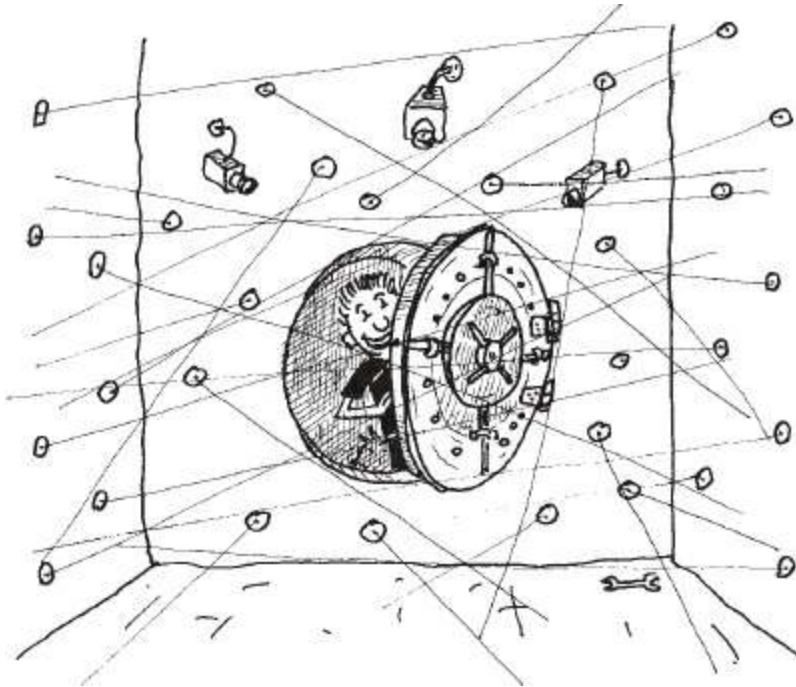
The chips are down so that's exactly what I'm going to do!

I'm going to go to my high-security potato chip storage facility and eat some chips!

I feel better already.

CHAPTER 9

THE CHIP THIEF

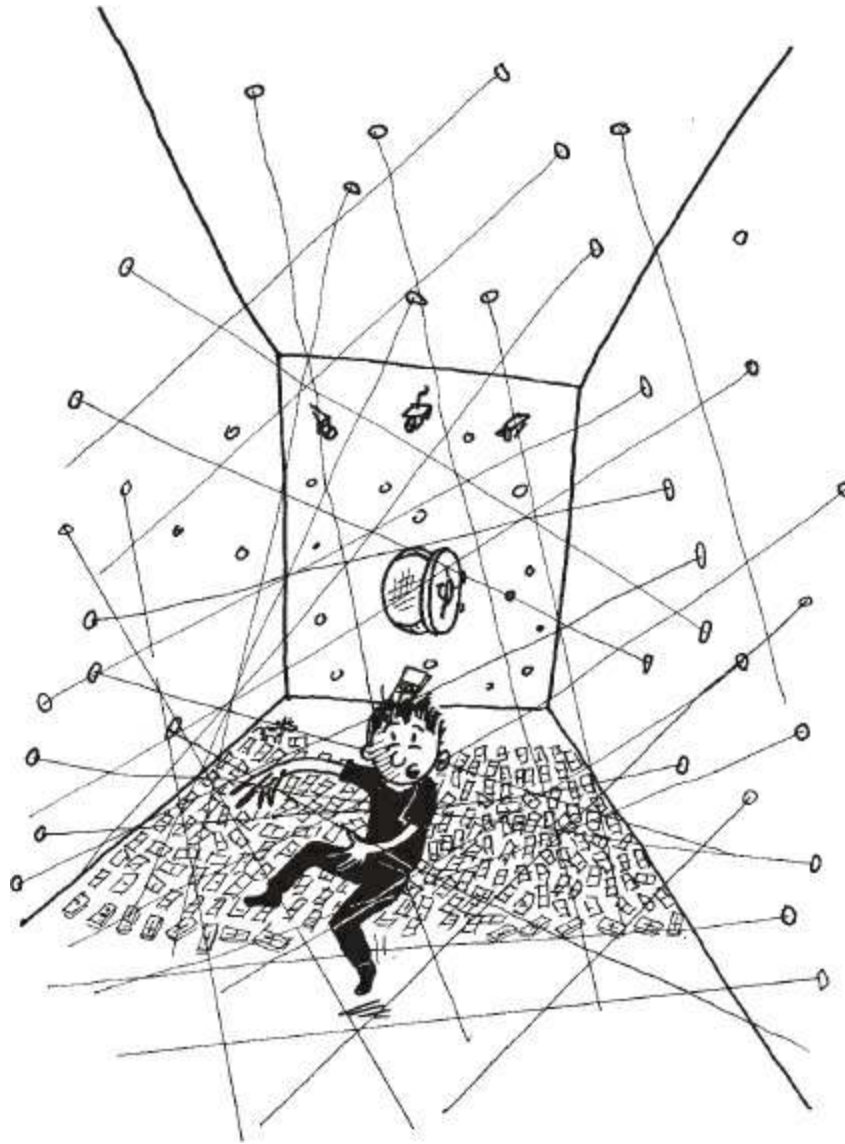


The good thing about a high-security potato chip storage facility is that it keeps your chips safe from chip thieves. The bad thing about a high-security potato chip storage facility is that it can be quite hard to get into, even for the rightful owner of the chips.

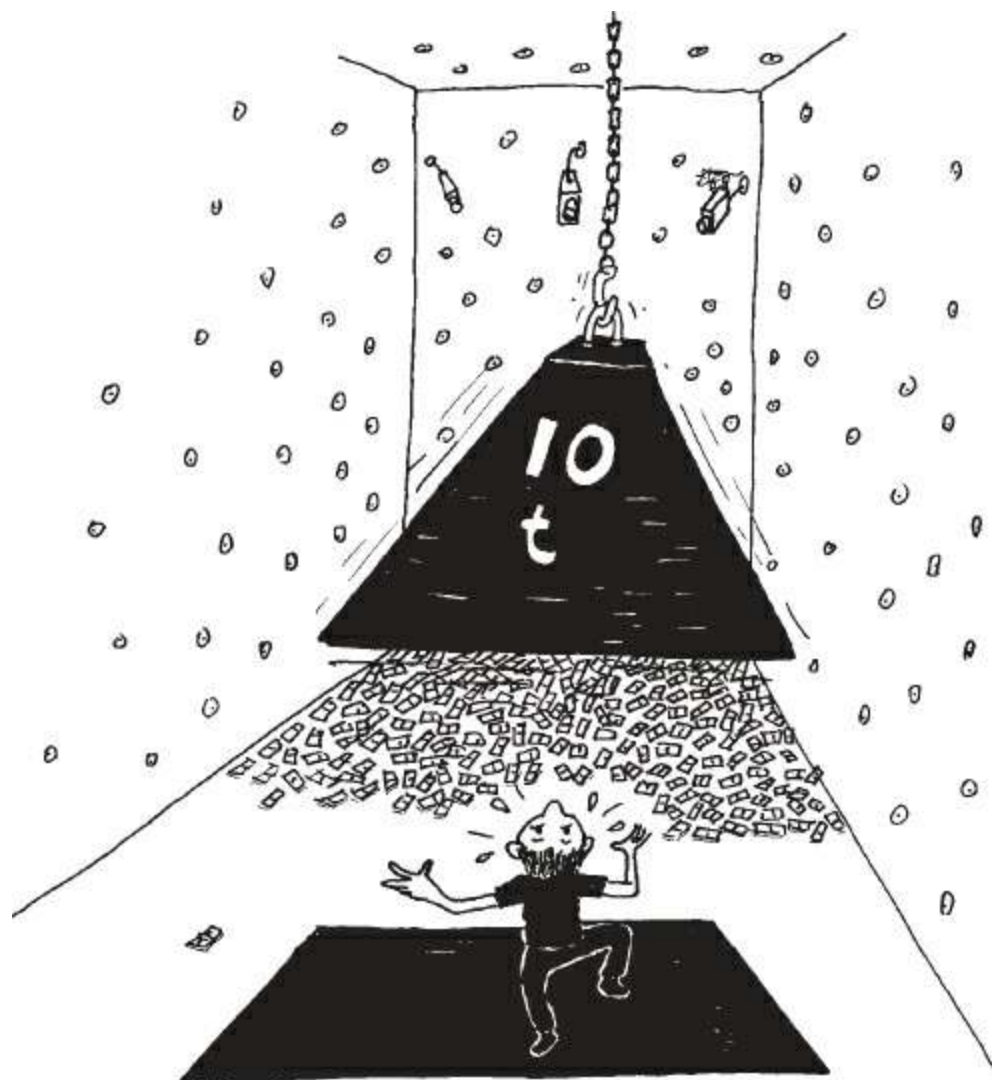
First you have to tiptoe through 1000 loaded mousetraps without getting snapped ...



And then you have to evade a deadly network of 100 laser beams ...



Next you have to avoid getting crushed to death by a 10-tonne weight ...





And then, if you survive all that, you have to ...



FIGHT THE VERY ANGRY
DUCK!





And, in the unlikely event you manage to defeat the very angry duck, then you are faced with the most advanced safe lock ever created—a locking system so complicated, in fact, that there's only one person in the whole world who is smart enough to open it (and that's ME!).



Hold on ... that's not right!
The door is unlocked!



Somebody has unlocked my safe!

Somebody who is not me!

Oh no! My chips!

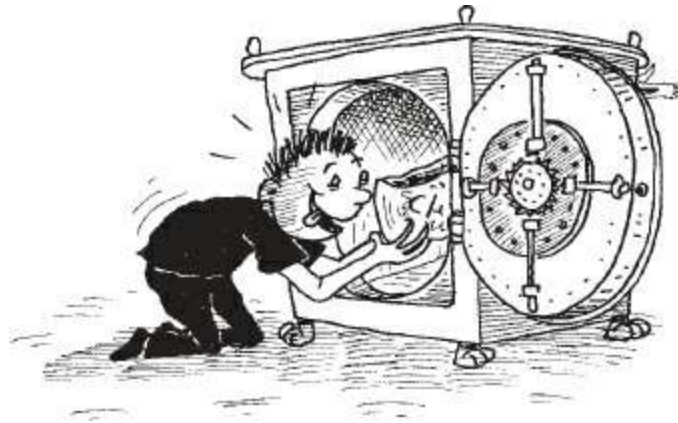
My precious chips!

Somebody has stolen my precious, perfect, potato chips!

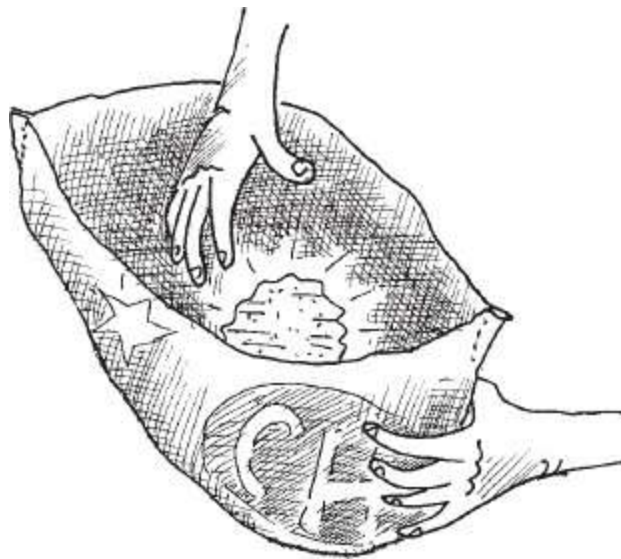


Oh, hang on. No they haven't. The packet's still here.

I probably just forgot to lock the door. Oops.



That's funny. There's only one left. I thought I had more than that.



I take the last chip out and bite into it. Mmmm ... it tastes as good as ever!



Actually, no it doesn't—it tastes like cardboard!
Ptooeey!



That's because it is cardboard! Somebody (probably Terry!) snuck in here, unlocked my safe, stole my chips and replaced them with a single cardboard replica in the hope I wouldn't notice.



I can't believe it ... that chip thief Terry has stolen my chips! This means war! But first, a rage-filled rant ... that rhymes!



**Once Terry was a friend
On whom I could depend.
I could not comprehend
How the fun would ever end.**



**But now my trust he's trashed.
Into my vault he crashed.
A wicked plan he hatched:
My precious chips he snatched.**



**He stole my chips, that rotten thief!
It is a crime beyond belief.
My endless grief will not be brief.
For from this pain there's no relief.**



**I loved those chips and to me it seemed
That all night and day of my chips I dreamed.
Whene'er I thought of my chips I beamed,
But then that chip fiend intervened.**



**Him and his evil chip-stealing scheme!
How could he be so horribly mean?
It makes me want to shout and scream!
My rage is totally and utterly extreme!**



**My chips he did so cruelly rob
To shove in his big fat slobbery gob.
It makes me want to sadly sob
To think of my perfectly precious chips
Pinched between his fingertips
And perched upon his drooling lips—
A stolen-chip apocalypse!**



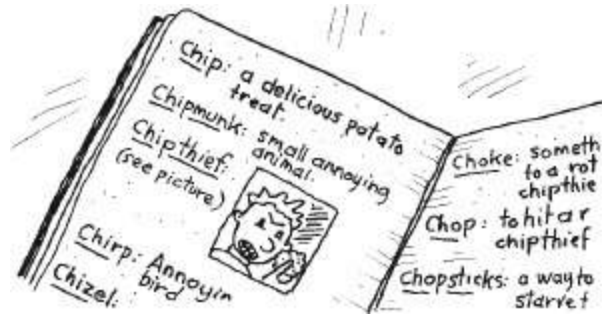
From this betrayal I will never recover,
We are no longer friends with one another.
I'm warning him now, he'd better take cover,
He's my worst ever friend, my ex-blood brother.



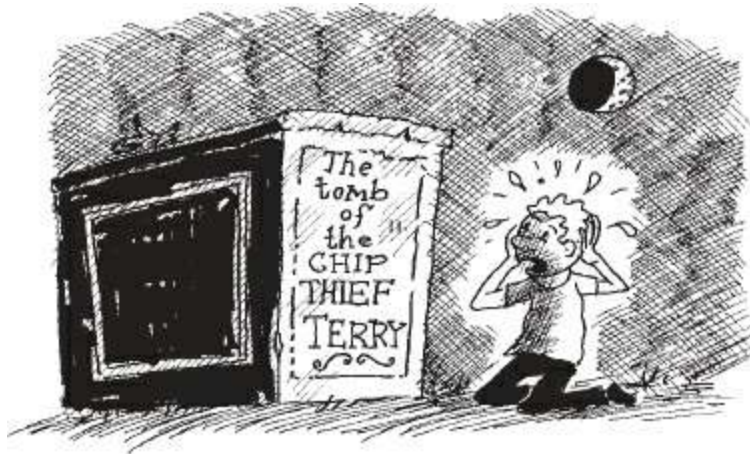
I'm going to hunt that chip thief down!
Him and every last Terry in Terrytown!
They won't be laughing then, those clowns,
I'll turn their smiles into permanent frowns!



I'll wreak my stolen chip revenge!
His punishment will never end!
I'll tell the world of his infamy,
Of how he stole my chips from me.
His name will go down in history
Synonymous with chip thievery!



So now he'd better prepare his tomb—
That gangly-limbed, crazy-eyed,
curly-haired loon,



'Cause I'm coming at him faster
than a supersonic boom—
That greedy, grasping, chip-stealing goon.



Closer and closer to him do I zoom—
That traitorous, treacherous
BFF of a baboon,

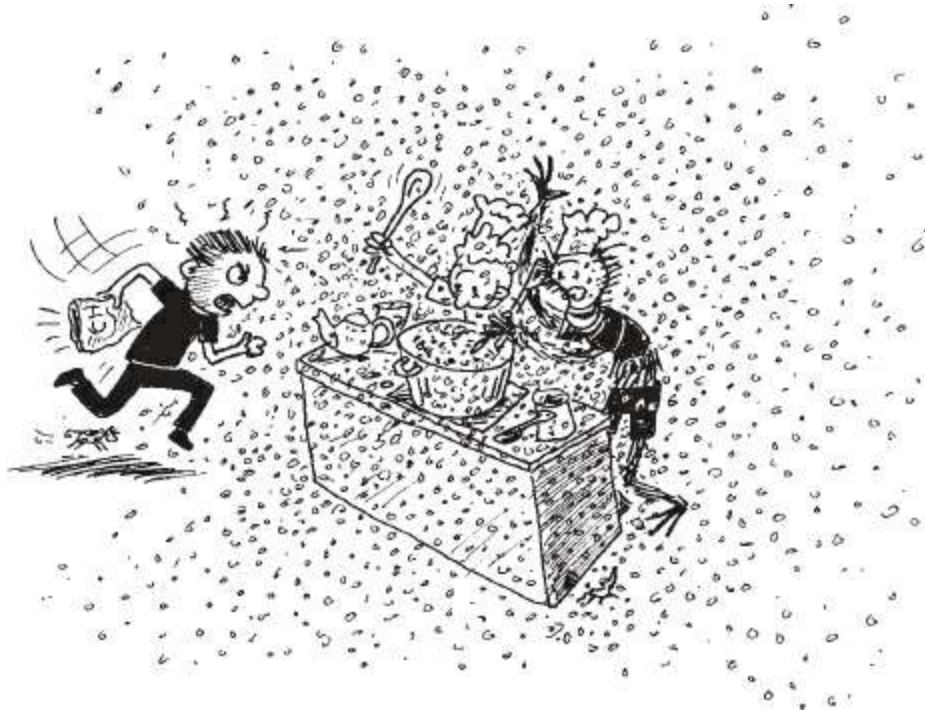


And when I get there
It will be safe to assume
That, very soon, you know whom
Will get what's coming
When I deal out his
DOOM!!!



CHAPTER 10

ANDY VERSUS TERRY



I storm out of my high-security potato chip storage facility and into the kitchen.

Terry and Mel Gibbon are making popcorn with the lid off the pot. Freshly popped popcorn is popping in all directions while Mr Big Shot and his crew film the whole thing.

‘Hey, chip thief!’ I yell at Terry. ‘You stole my chips!’



‘No, I didn’t,’ says Terry. ‘Why would I want to steal your stinky old chips? I’m a movie star now and I can have all the chips I want!’



‘Yeah, well, maybe you stole them before you were a movie star!’ I say. ‘Did you ever think of that?’



‘No, I didn’t think of that,’ he says, ‘and I didn’t think of anything else, either ... and I didn’t steal your stupid old chips!’

‘DID!’ I say.

‘DIDN’T!’ says Terry.



‘DID!’

‘DIDN’T!’



‘DID!’

‘DIDN’T!’



‘So you deny it?’ I say.

‘Absolutely!’ says Terry, folding his arms.



‘Then there’s only one way to settle this,’ I say.

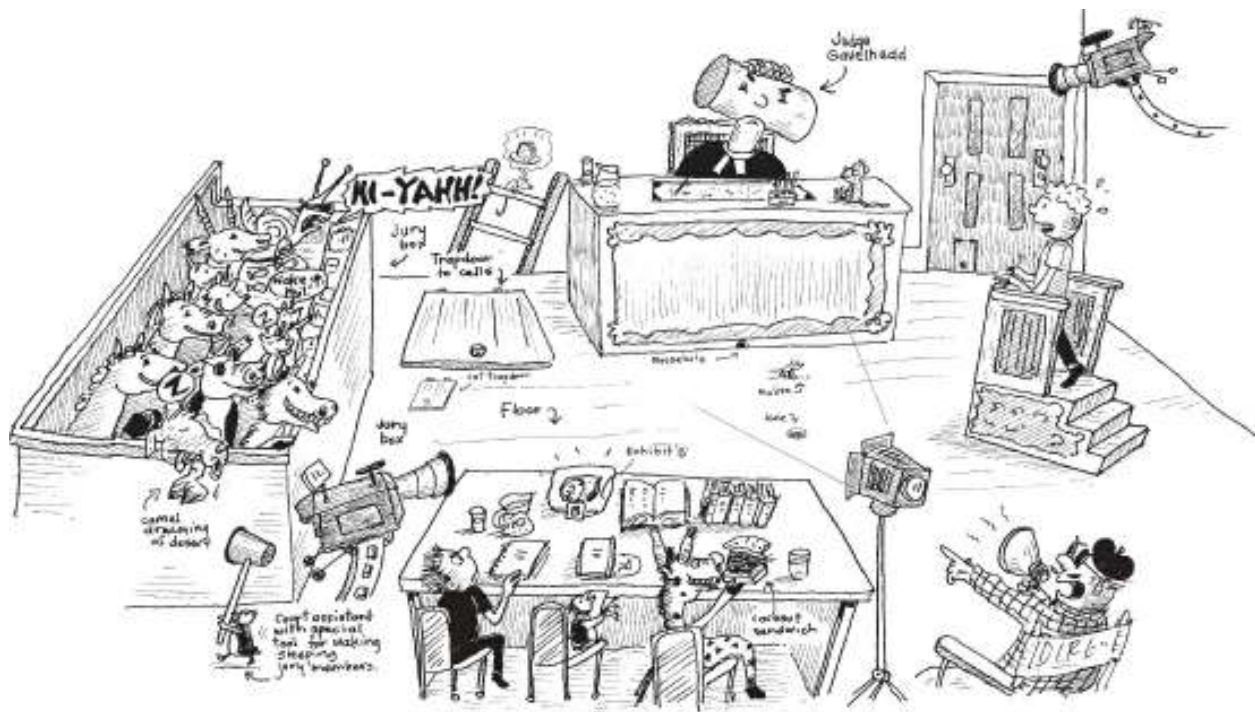
‘A fight?’ says Mr Big Shot hopefully.

‘No,’ I say. ‘A court case. We’ll let Judge Gavelhead decide.’

‘I love it!’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘Courtroom dramas are box-office gold! Let’s go!’



We climb up to the courtroom. Mr Big Shot and his crew set up the cameras.
‘Lights, camera, action!’ he shouts.



Judge Gavelhead bangs his head on the bench.

‘Order in the court!’ he yells. ‘Let the case of Andy versus Terry proceed.’



‘He stole my chips!’ I yell, pointing at Terry.

‘I object!’ says Terry. ‘He’s lying! He’s just jealous because I’m a movie star and he’s not.’

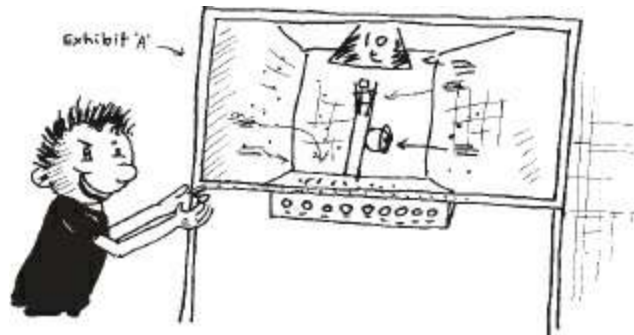


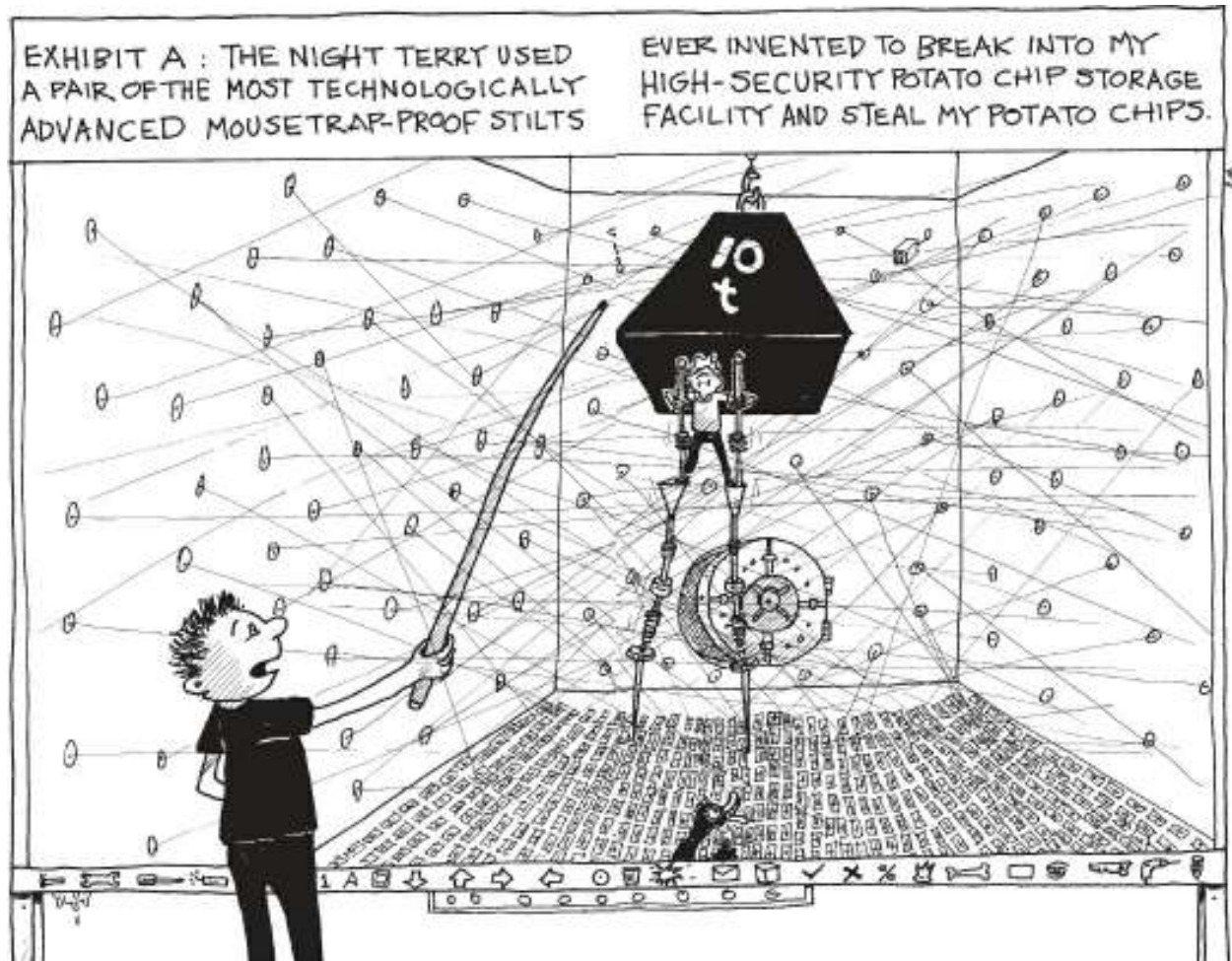
Judge Gavelhead turns to me. ‘Chip-stealing is a serious crime,’ he says.

‘What evidence do you have to support this extraordinary accusation?’

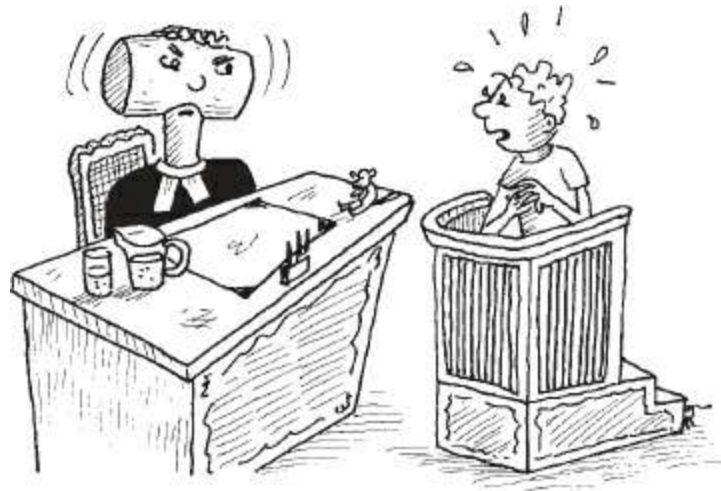


‘Well, your honour,’ I say, ‘I have prepared a detailed diagram showing how the accused didst—on the night in question—with evil chip-stealing aforethought—use a pair of the most technologically advanced mousetrap-proof stilts ever invented to evade the high-security measures of my high-security potato chip storage facility and STEAL MY CHIPS! Behold, Exhibit A!’





‘Well,’ says Judge Gavelhead. ‘This looks like an open and shut case.’ He turns to Terry. ‘What do you have to say for yourself, chip thief?’



‘I didn’t do it!’ says Terry. ‘I don’t even own a pair of mousetrap-proof stilts, your honour.’



‘Not any more you don’t,’ I say, ‘because you ate them to get rid of the evidence!’

‘Did not!’ says Terry.

‘Did!’ I say.

‘Order in the court!’ says Judge Gavelhead. He bangs his head on the bench.

He turns to me. ‘Do you wish to call any witnesses?’



‘Yes, I most certainly do,’ I say. ‘I’d like to call the very angry duck to the stand. She saw the whole thing.’

The very angry duck waddles angrily to the witness box.



I step as close to the very angry duck as I dare. ‘Quack once if the chip thief who stole my chips is in this courtroom,’ I say.

The very angry duck looks around angrily and quacks.



‘Thank you,’ I say. I point to Terry. ‘Quack again if I’m now pointing to that chip thief.’

The very angry duck quacks.



‘Thank you,’ I say. ‘No further questions. I rest my case.’

‘That’s not proof!’ says Terry. ‘That duck will quack at anything!’

The very angry duck quacks again.
'See?' says Terry.



Judge Gavelhead bangs his head.
'ORDER IN THE COURT!'
'Quack!'
The judge bangs his head. 'Would the chip thief like to call a witness?'



'Yes,' says Terry. 'I call on Mel Gibbon.'
Mel Gibbon swings across the courtroom on a vine and drops down into the witness box.
'Do you know me?' says Terry.
'Yes,' says Mel, 'you're my best friend.'



‘Thank you,’ says Terry. ‘And in all the time that we’ve been best friends, have you ever known me to steal anybody’s chips?’

‘No, never,’ says Mel.

‘Thank you,’ says Terry. ‘I rest my case.’



‘Objection!’ I say. ‘Terry and Mel only met each other a few hours ago. And would you take the word of a monkey over that of a duck? Because that’s what Mel is—he’s a monkey!’



‘Objection, your honour!’ says Mel. ‘I’m not a monkey, I’m a gibbon!’

‘Same thing,’ I say.

‘Is not,’ says Mel.

‘Is so!’

‘Is not!’

‘Is so!’



Judge Gavelhead bangs his head.

‘ORDER!’ he shouts.

‘GIBBON!’ yells Mel.

‘MONKEY!’ I yell back.

‘QUACK!’ says the very angry duck.





‘Court dismissed!’ says Judge Gavelhead. ‘I’ve got a headache.’
He stands up and leaves the courtroom.



‘Phew!’ says Terry. ‘I’m glad we got that sorted out.’
‘But we didn’t,’ I say.
‘Yes, we did,’ he says. ‘It’s pretty obvious that I didn’t do it.’

‘But you did do it!’ I say.

‘I didn’t!’



‘DID!’

‘DIDN’T!’



‘DID!’

‘DIDN’T!’



‘There’s only one way to settle this,’ I say.

‘A fight?’ says Mr Big Shot hopefully.

‘Yes,’ I say. ‘But not just any ordinary fight—an epic interstellar space battle!’

‘Perfect!’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘Epic interstellar space battles are box-office gold! Lights, camera, action!’



‘Hang on,’ I say.

‘What’s the matter?’ says Terry. ‘You’re not chickening out are you?’

‘No, I’m hulking up,’ I say. ‘And you’d better do the same unless you want me to squash you like a bug.’

‘Good idea,’ says Terry. ‘Thanks, Andy.’

‘Don’t mention it,’ I say. ‘What are ex-best friends for?’

We hulk up as fast as we can.





‘Let the epic interstellar space battle begin,’ I say.

I grab two passing flying saucers and crash them together over Terry's ears.



He pulls the moon from its orbit and kicks it at me ...



HARD!



I catch a meteor shower in my mouth and spit the meteors back at him.



He grabs me around the neck and pushes my face into the sun. 'Hot enough for you, Andy?' he yells.



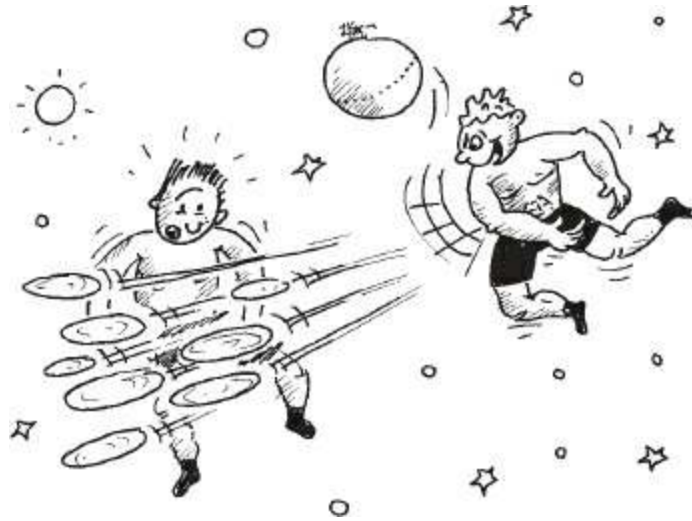
I break free, grab him around the neck and push his face into the sun. 'Hope you're wearing lots of sunscreen!' I say.



I don't think he is, though, because his head has caught on fire.
'That's it,' he says. 'Now you've really done it!'



Terry takes the rings from around Saturn and frisbees them at me.



I'm sliced into at least a dozen sections, which, even for a space fight, is going too far, so I have no option but to end it by ...



shoving him into a super-massive black hole!



‘Are you ready to admit you stole my chips now?’ I say. But I get no answer.
‘Terry?’ I say.
Still nothing. ‘TERRY!’ I yell.
But he still doesn’t reply.
Uh-oh.



I reach into the black hole and pull him out. The extreme gravitation has stretched and pulled his body so much that he looks like he’s made of spaghetti.



That's when I hear a familiar sound.



It's Jill! And her space cats!

'Andy?' she says. 'What are you doing out here in space? And what happened to Terry—why does he look like a strand of spaghetti?'

'We were having an epic interstellar space battle,' I say, 'and I pushed him into a black hole.'

'That's not very nice!' says Jill.



‘But he broke into my high-security potato chip storage facility and stole my chips.’

‘No, he didn’t,’ says Jill.

‘Yes, he did,’ I say. ‘He’s a dirty, stinking, rotten, chip-stealing chip thief!’



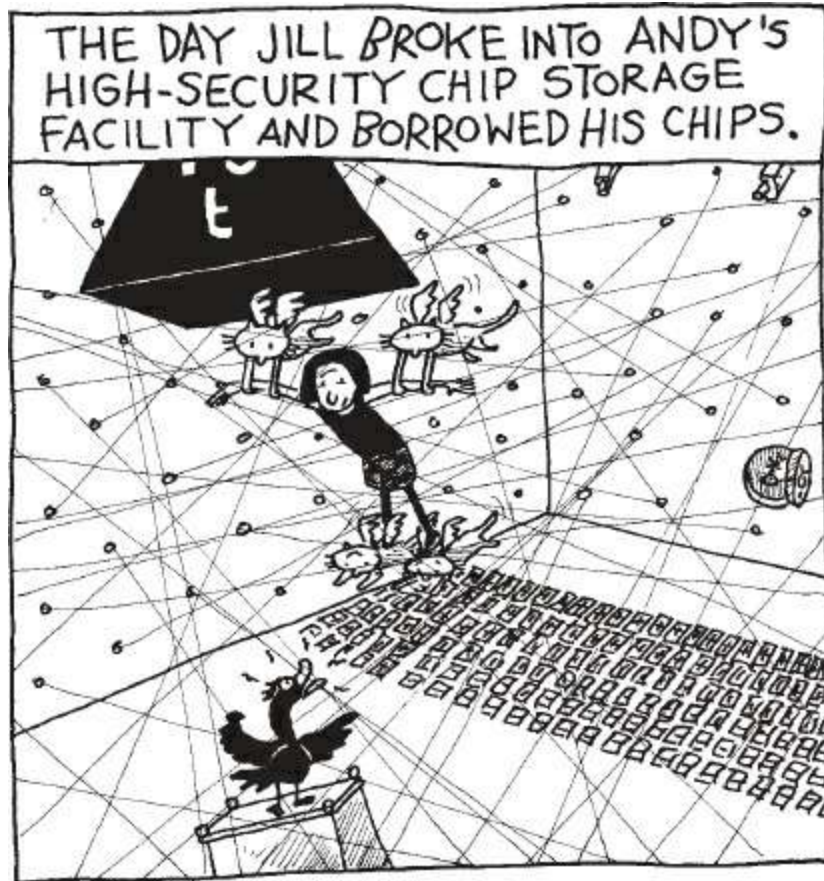
‘No, he’s not,’ says Jill. ‘Terry did not steal your chips.’

‘How can you be so sure?’ I say.

‘Because it was me,’ says Jill, ‘but I didn’t steal them, I just borrowed them.’

‘But how did you evade the mousetraps, the laser beams, the 10-tonne weight and the very angry duck?’ I say.

‘With my flying cats, of course!’ says Jill.



‘And the safe?’ I say. ‘How did you unlock that?’

‘It wasn’t that hard,’ says Jill. ‘It was already open. You’re not mad at me, are you?’



‘No,’ I sigh. ‘I just wish you’d told me.’

‘I did!’ she says. ‘I wrote an IOU on a chip-shaped piece of cardboard and left it in the chip packet.’

‘I thought that was a chip and I ate it!’ I say.

‘Oh, good!’ says Jill. ‘Then I won’t have to pay you back.’



‘JILL!’ I yell.

‘Just joking, Andy,’ says Jill. ‘I know how important your chips are to you.’

‘I think we all know how important Andy’s chips are to him,’ says Terry. ‘Which is why I would never try to steal them.’



‘I guess I owe you an apology, Terry,’ I say. ‘I’m sorry I accused you of stealing my chips, took you to court, crashed flying saucers over your head, spat meteors at you, set your head on fire and pushed you into a black hole.’



‘Don’t worry about it,’ says Terry. ‘Let’s just forget about all that and be best friends again ... forever!’



‘But what about Mel?’ I say. ‘I thought he was your best friend.’

‘Not in real life,’ says Terry. ‘That was just acting. I mean, he’s a funny guy and I really like him, but you will always be my best friend Andy—my best best friend.’

‘And you’ll always be mine!’ I say.



‘CUT!’ barks Mr Big Shot through his megaphone as he flies in on his space director’s chair. ‘That’s perfect! Brilliant! It’s the action-packed, twist-in-the-tale, feel-good ending the movie needed.’



‘You filmed all that?’ I say.

‘You bet,’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘I got the whole thing! The public are going to lap it up! You three are going to be BIG movie stars!’



‘Me, too?’ I say.

‘Yes!’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘Every movie needs a supervillain! You’ll be the one everybody loves to hate!’

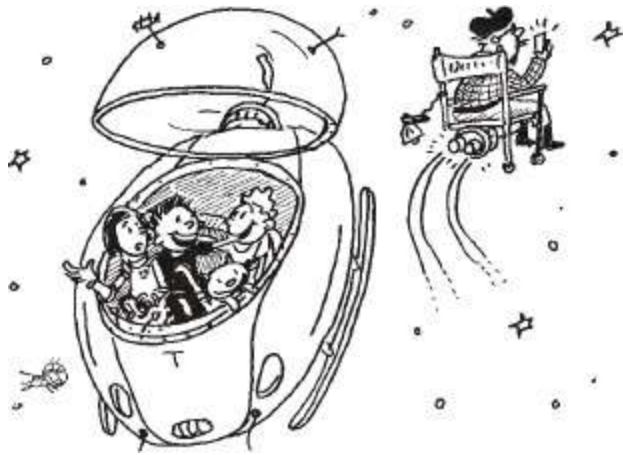


‘What about me?’ says Jill. ‘And Silky? Will we be in it?’

‘Of course!’ says Mr Big Shot. ‘Intergalactic space-animal rescue service ... hilarious!’



‘But it’s not meant to be funny,’ says Jill. ‘Space-animal rescue is a serious business.’

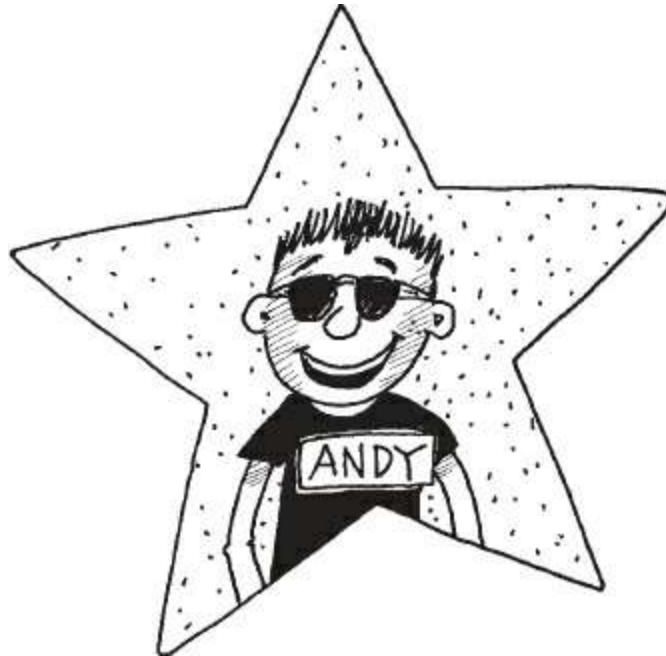


But Mr Big Shot doesn't hear Jill. He's already on his way back to Earth.
'See you on opening night!' he shouts.



CHAPTER 11

BIG SHOT MOVIE STARS



Hi, my name's Andy. I used to write books but I'm too busy to do that any more because now I'm a famous big shot movie star.



This is my friend Terry. He's a famous big shot movie star, too.



And this is our friend Jill and her cat Silky. They're famous big shot movie stars as well.

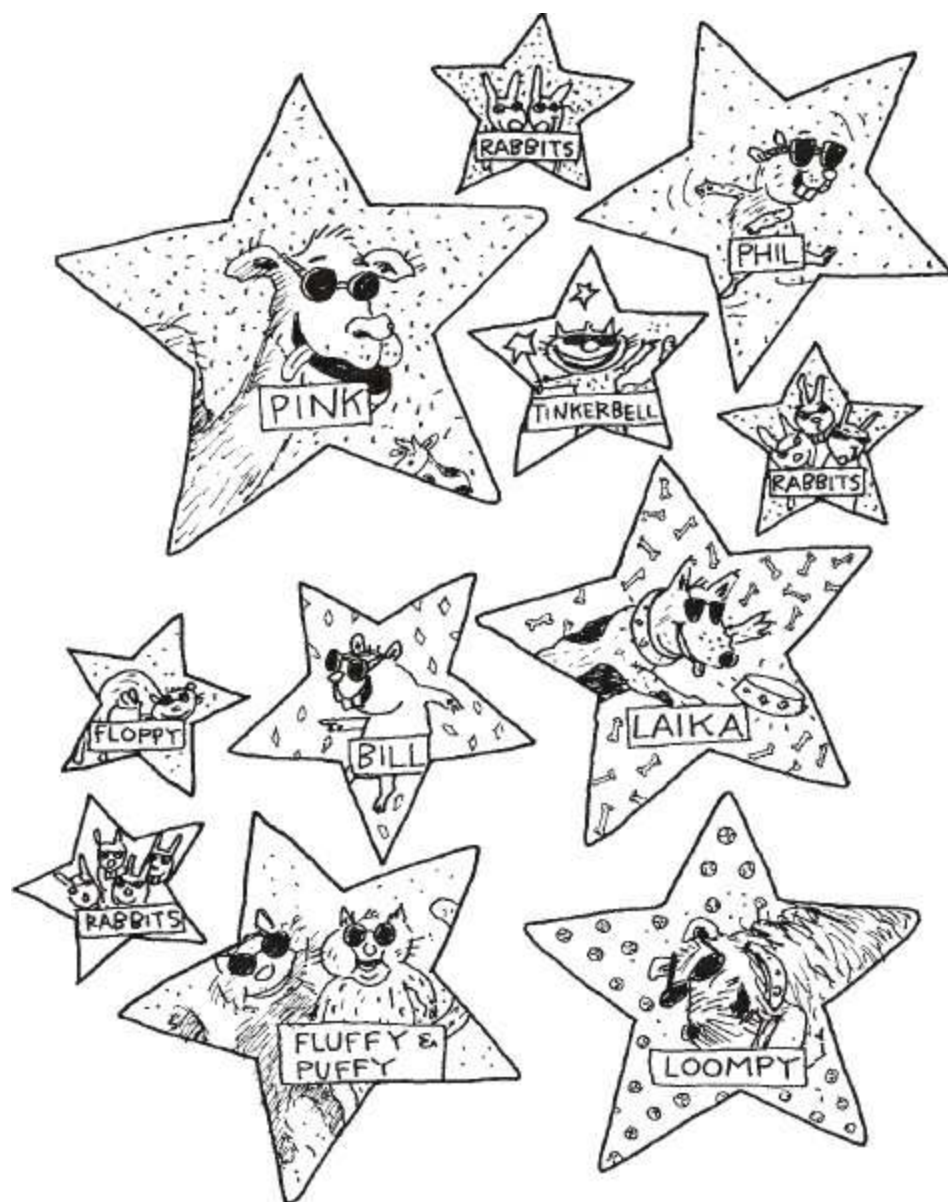


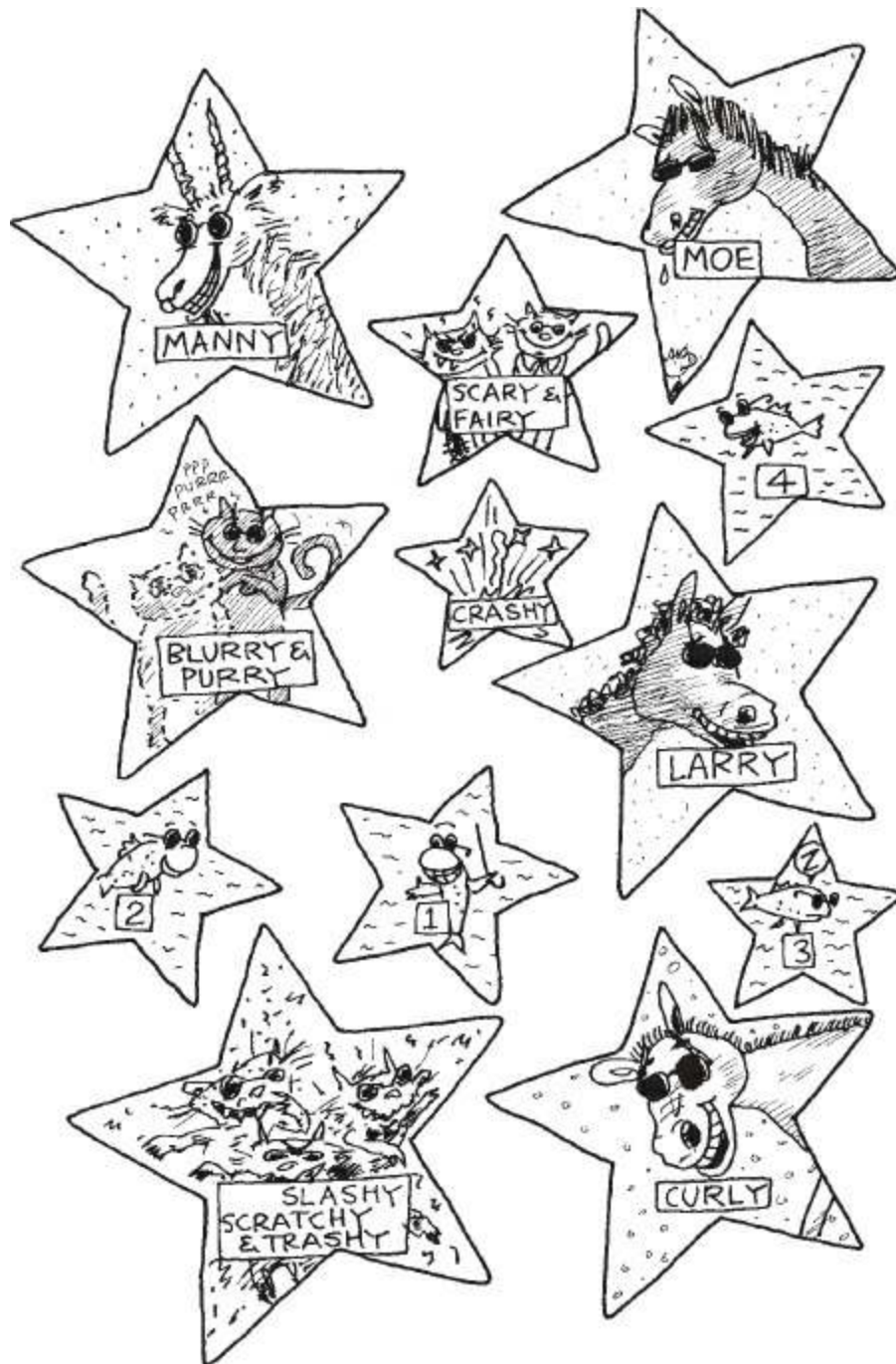
And so is Jill's donkey, Mr Hee-Haw.



And her cow, Pat.

In fact, ALL of Jill's animals are FAMOUS BIG SHOT MOVIE STARS!!!

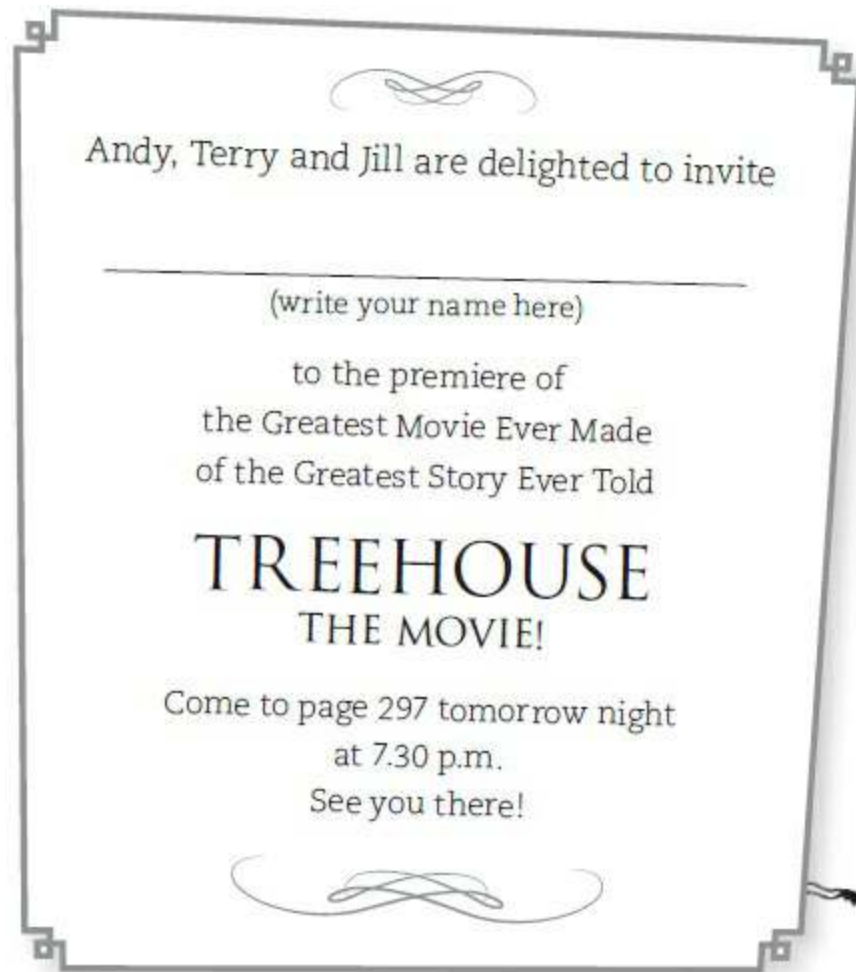




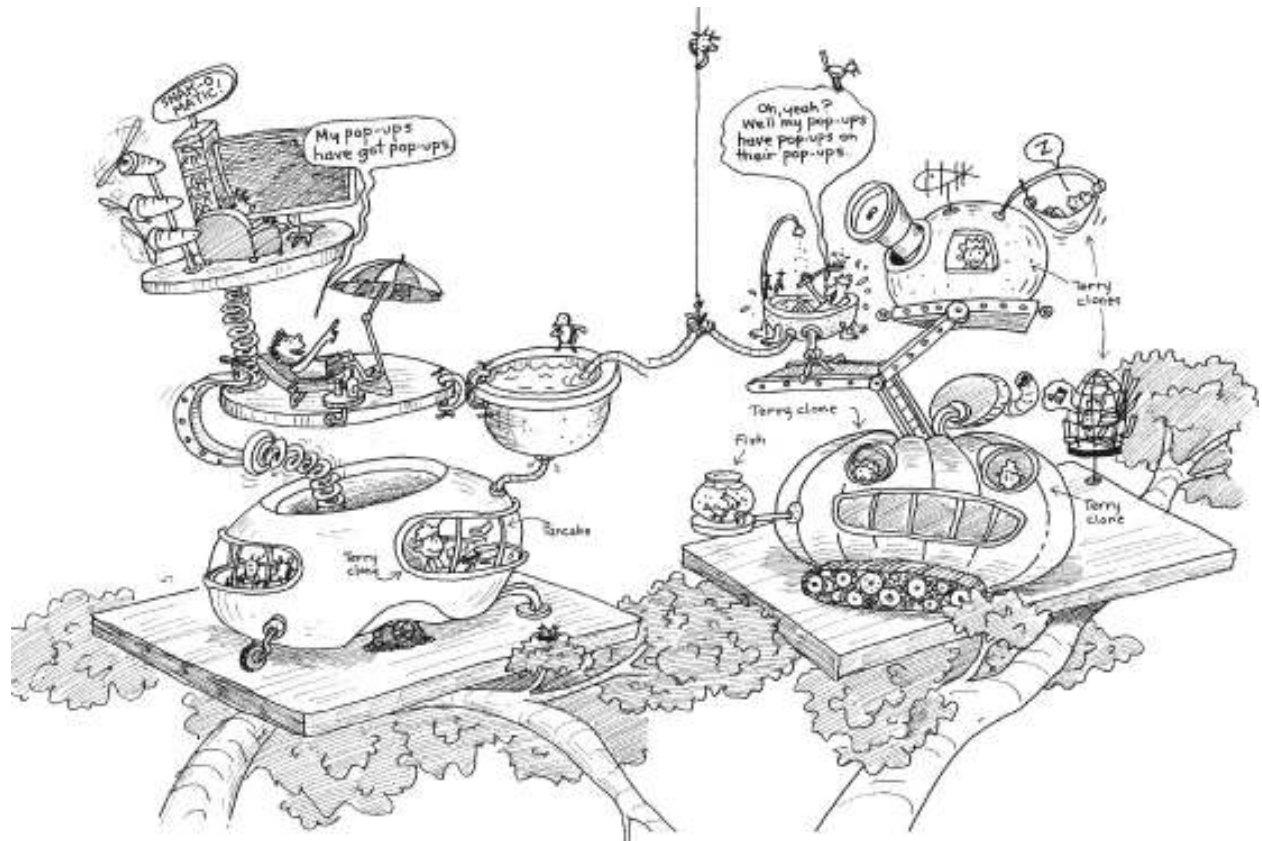
Well, when I say we are all famous big shot movie stars, I mean, we're going to be ... just as soon as our movie comes out.



I guess if you're like most movie fans, you're probably wondering exactly when the movie is going to come out. Well, as a matter of fact, we're having a star-studded, red-carpet movie premiere at the treehouse tomorrow night ... **AND YOU'RE INVITED!**

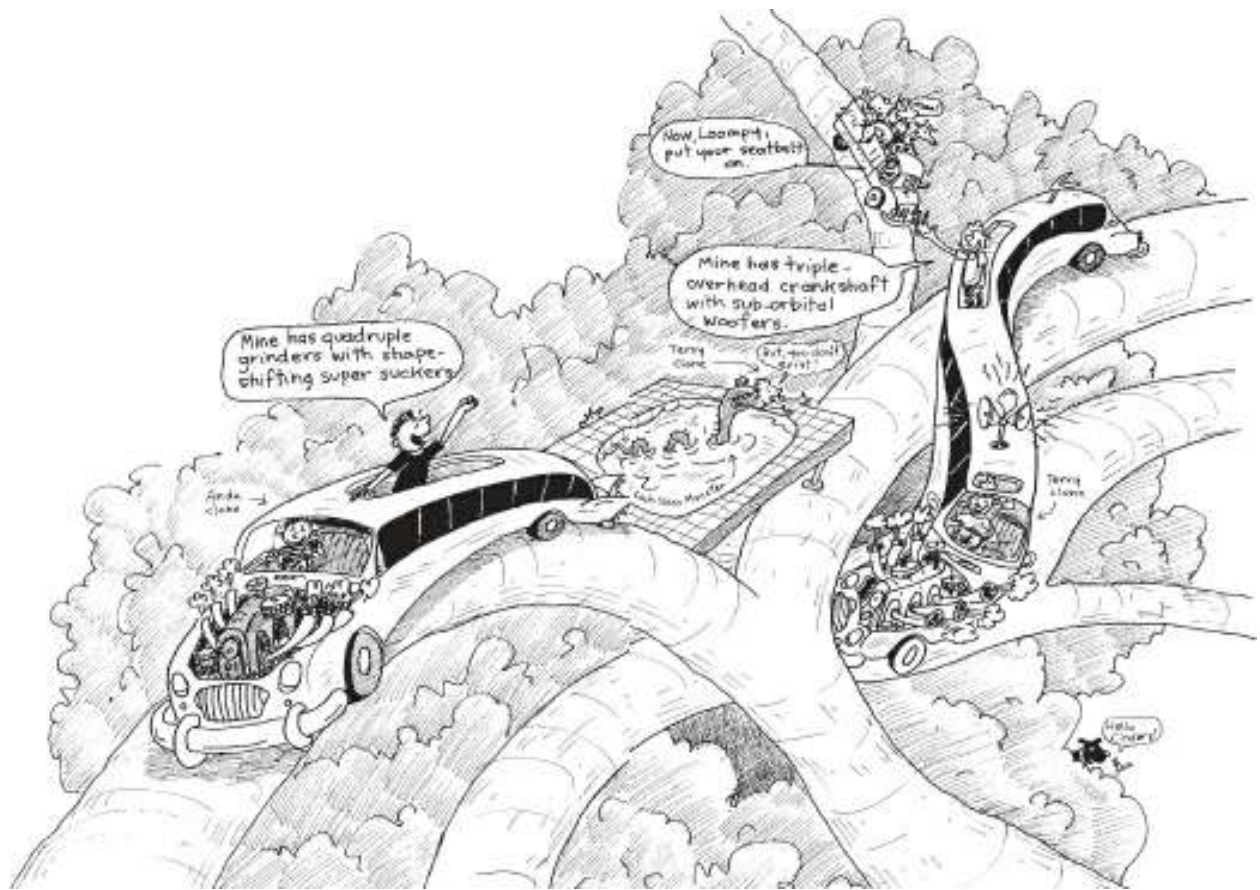


Life has changed quite a lot for us since we became movie stars-in-waiting.



Terry and I now have Hollywood movie star-style pop-up trailers instead of bedrooms.

And we've got custom-built hot-rod limousines to get around the tree ... we don't have to walk anywhere.



We've even got our own Treehouse Walk of Fame.



It's not all great though. For instance, it's kind of hard to see where we're going because we have to wear shades all the time. (When you're a movie star shades are pretty much compulsory.)



I also kind of miss being able to catch up with Terry and Jill without having to go through agents, managers, personal assistants and publicists.



Plus, we have to spend a lot of time each day trying to avoid the paparazzi.



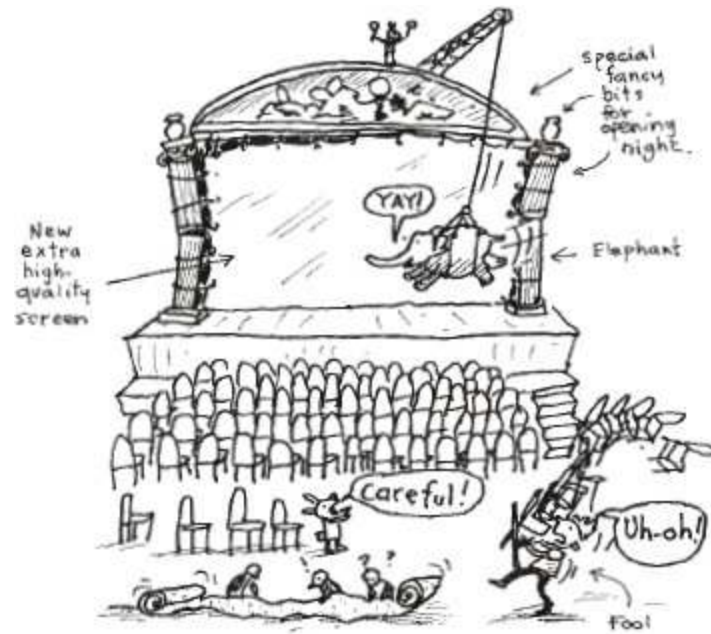
And, as if the life of movie stars-in-waiting wasn't already busy enough, we have to prepare the treehouse for the movie premiere tomorrow night.



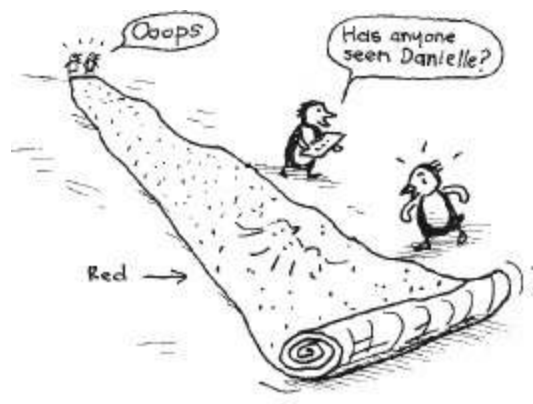
We're expecting a lot of people—and animals—so we've got to get our open-air movie theatre ready.



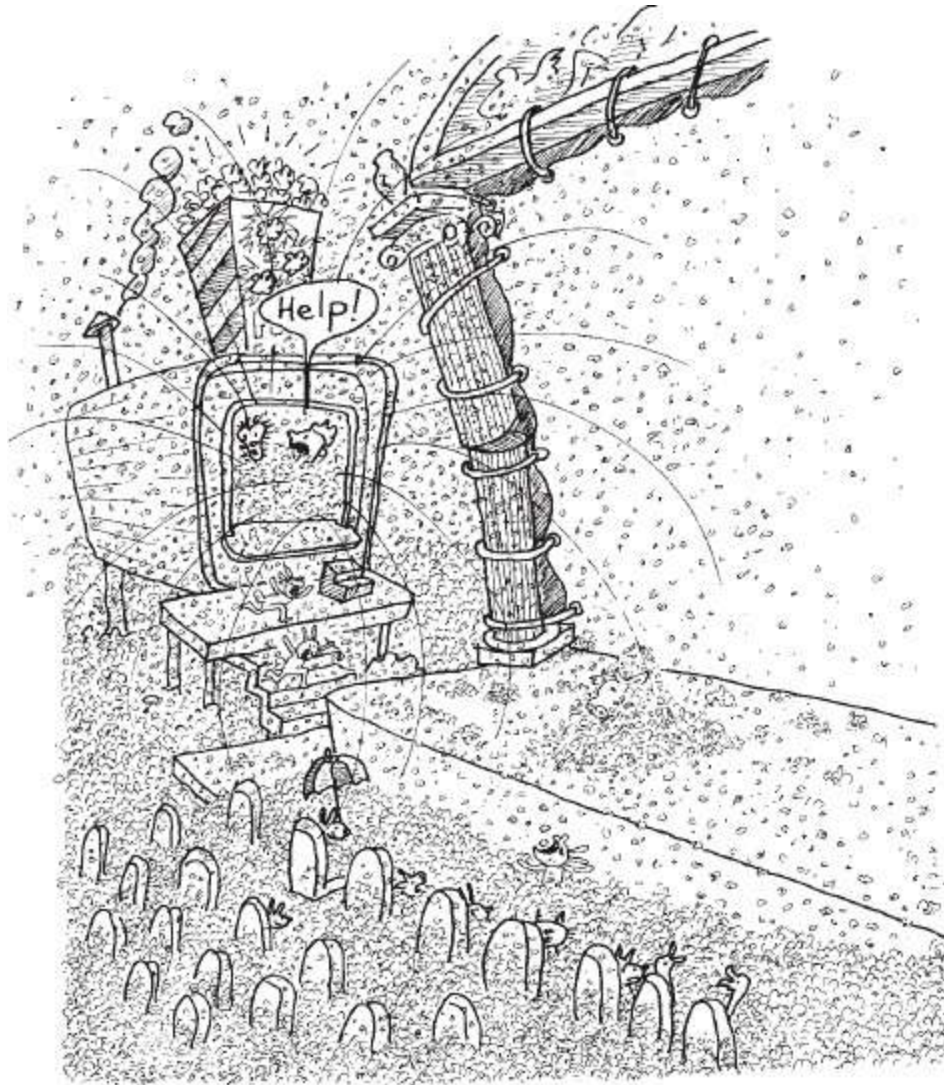
We'll need at least ten thousand more chairs ...



a long roll of red carpet ...



and we'll have to pop at least ten million pieces of popcorn.



But don't worry, I'm sure we'll get it all done in time.
See you tomorrow night!



CHAPTER 12

COWHOUSE: THE MOOO-VIE



Wow—no time at all seems to have passed since the end of the last chapter and yet it's already tomorrow night right now. Welcome to our movie premiere!

EVERYONE is coming.

In fact, they should be here already, because the movie is due to start in ten minutes and the only ones here are Terry, Jill, me and you.

But where is everybody else?



‘Terry, you did send out all the invitations, didn’t you?’ I say.

‘Yes,’ says Terry. ‘I gave them all to Bill the Postman to post.’

‘And all my animals know about it,’ says Jill. ‘They’ve been really looking forward to it!’

‘So where are they?’ I say.

Jill shrugs. ‘I don’t know,’ she says.



‘Oh, look, here comes someone now!’ says Terry, pointing.

We see a group of animals, chattering and chirping, approaching from the edge of the forest.



‘Okay,’ I say, ‘everybody just act cool. There’s probably going to be a riot when they recognise us!’

‘Yeah,’ says Terry. ‘Lucky we’ve got these little velvet ropes to protect us.’

But instead of heading towards our tree, the animals walk right past our searchlights, our velvet ropes and red carpet and head deeper into the forest.

‘That’s weird,’ I say.

‘Yes,’ says Jill. ‘They were talking about a movie, too, although they weren’t saying “movie” they were saying “mooo-vie”.’

I gasp.

‘What?’ says Terry.

‘It’s those spy cows I was trying to tell you about,’ I say. ‘I think they’ve stolen our movie—and our opening night as well!’



‘I already told you, Andy,’ says Jill. ‘I just don’t think cows would do that. They’re not interested in movies—unless the movies are about grass, of course.’

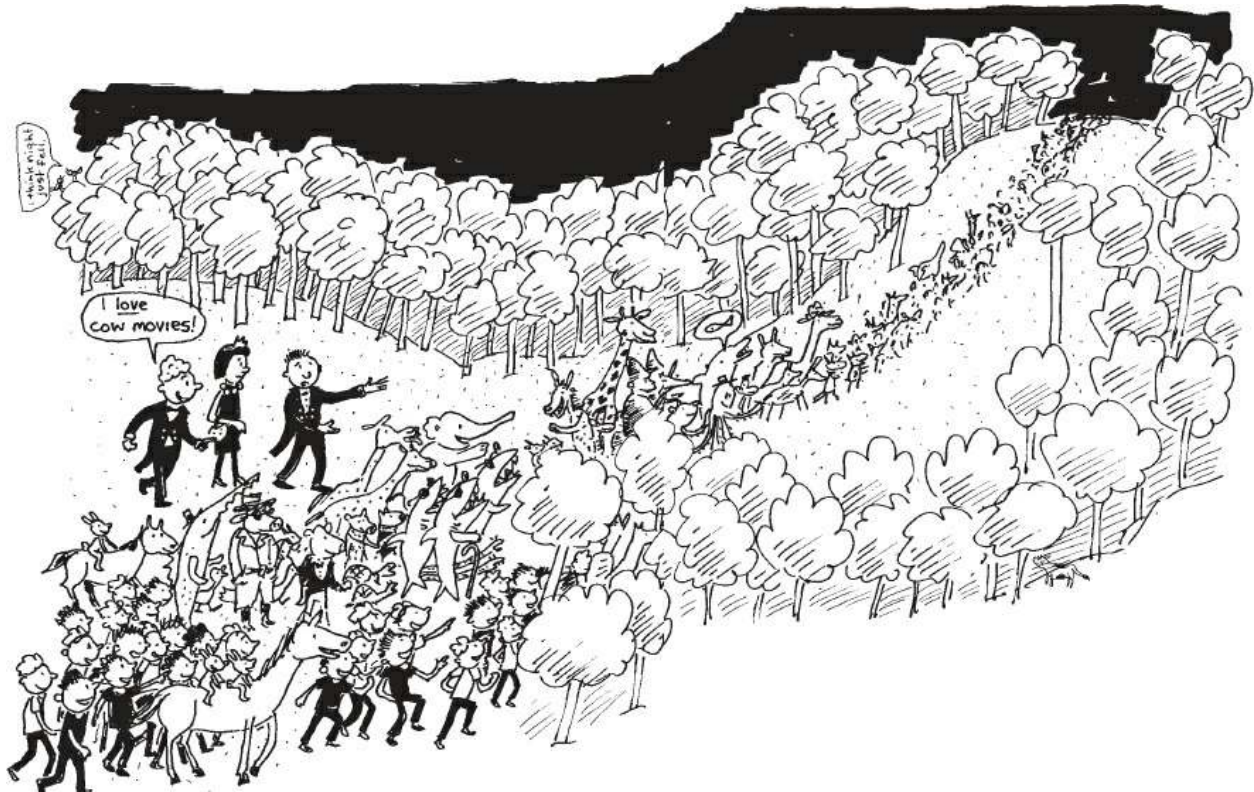


ABOVE: An artist's impression of a poster for the sort of movie Jill thinks cows would be interested

in.

‘Perhaps you’re right, Jill,’ I say. ‘Maybe ordinary cows are not interested in most movies—but these are no ordinary cows. These are moo-vie-making spy cows. You believe me, don’t you, Terry?’

‘No, I don’t,’ says Terry, ‘and I believe in a lot of pretty unbelievable stuff.’

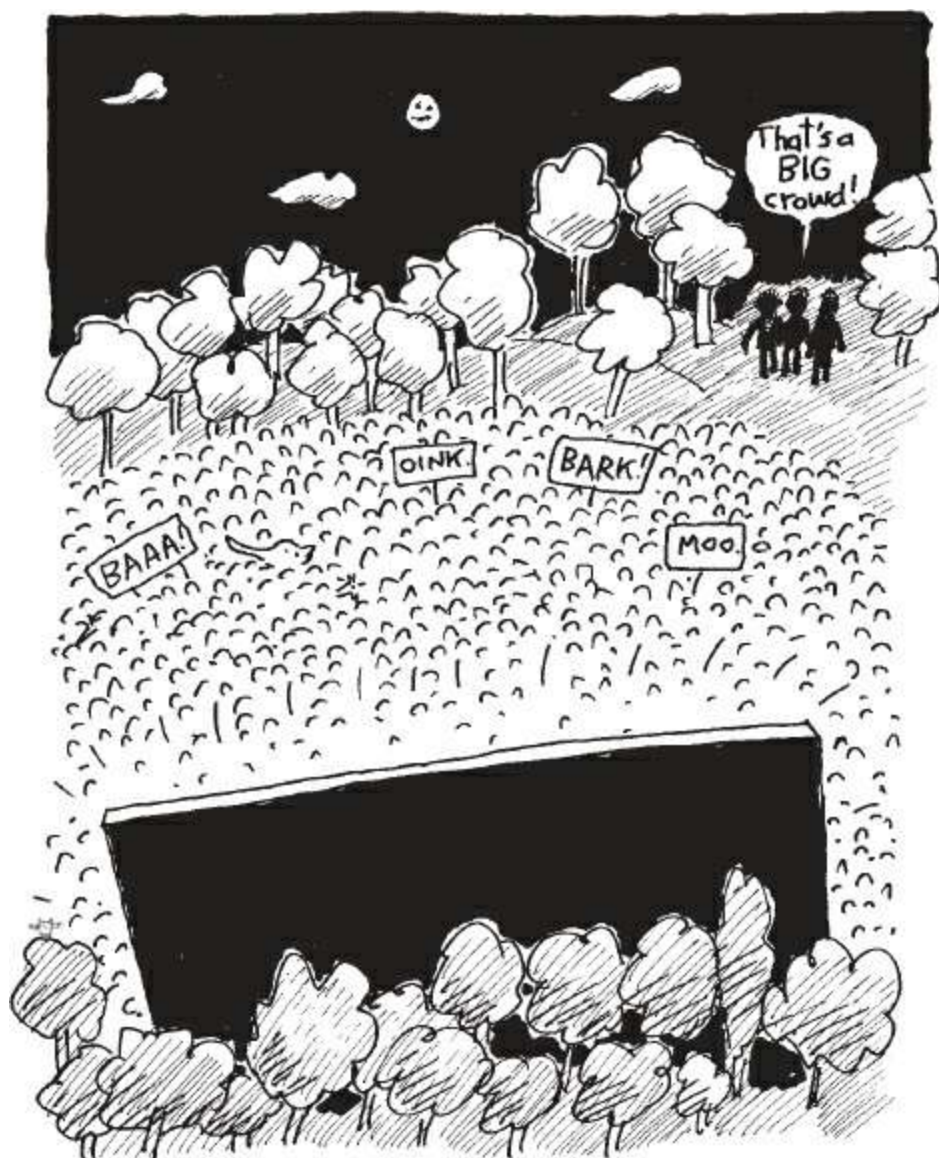


‘Okay, fine,’ I say, ‘let’s just follow those animals and maybe you’ll believe it when you see it.’

We set off into the forest.

We can hear the sound of an excited crowd in the distance. More and more animals and people appear in front of us, around us and behind us.

We come over a rise and see a vast open area packed with people, animals and cows ... especially cows ... all sitting in front of a super-giant moo-vie screen.

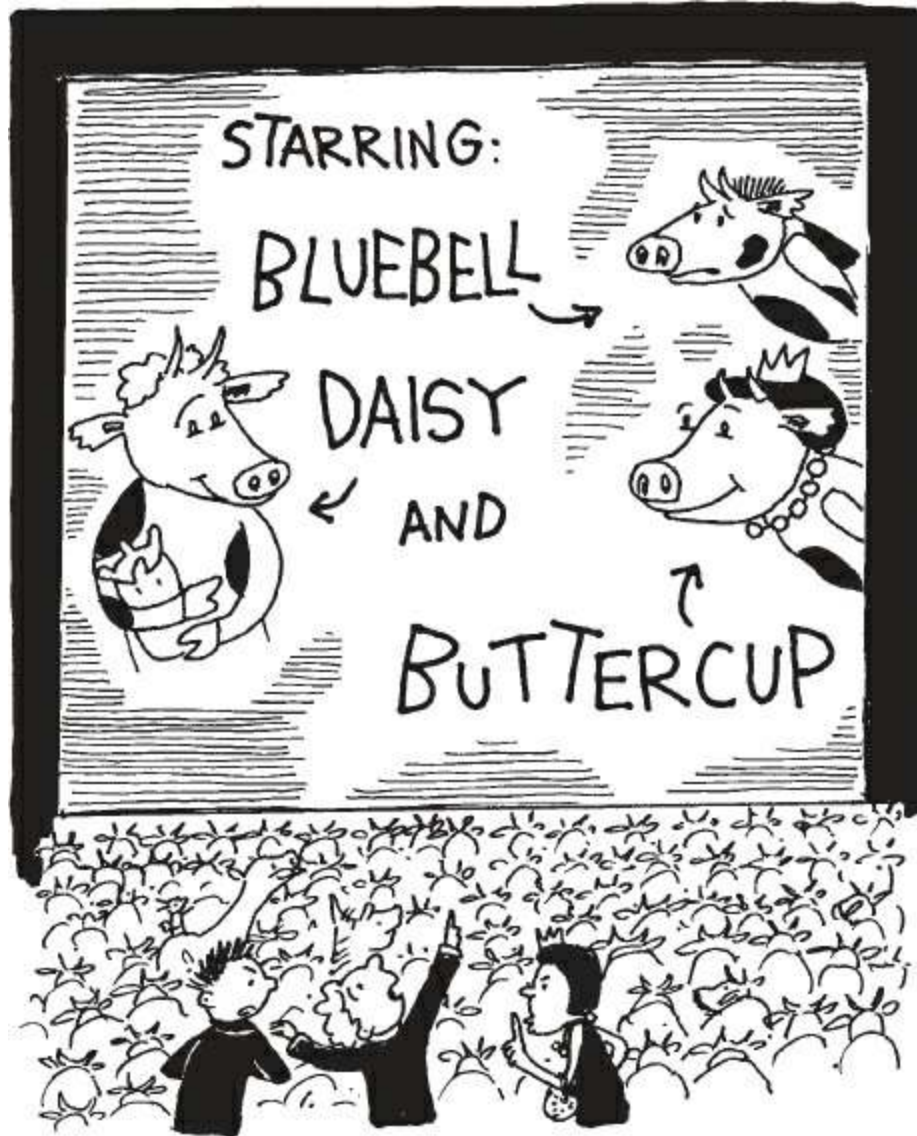




‘Look at that,’ I say, ‘Cowhouse: The Mooo-vie! Now do you believe me?’

‘Shh!’ says Terry. ‘The mooo-vie’s about to start.’



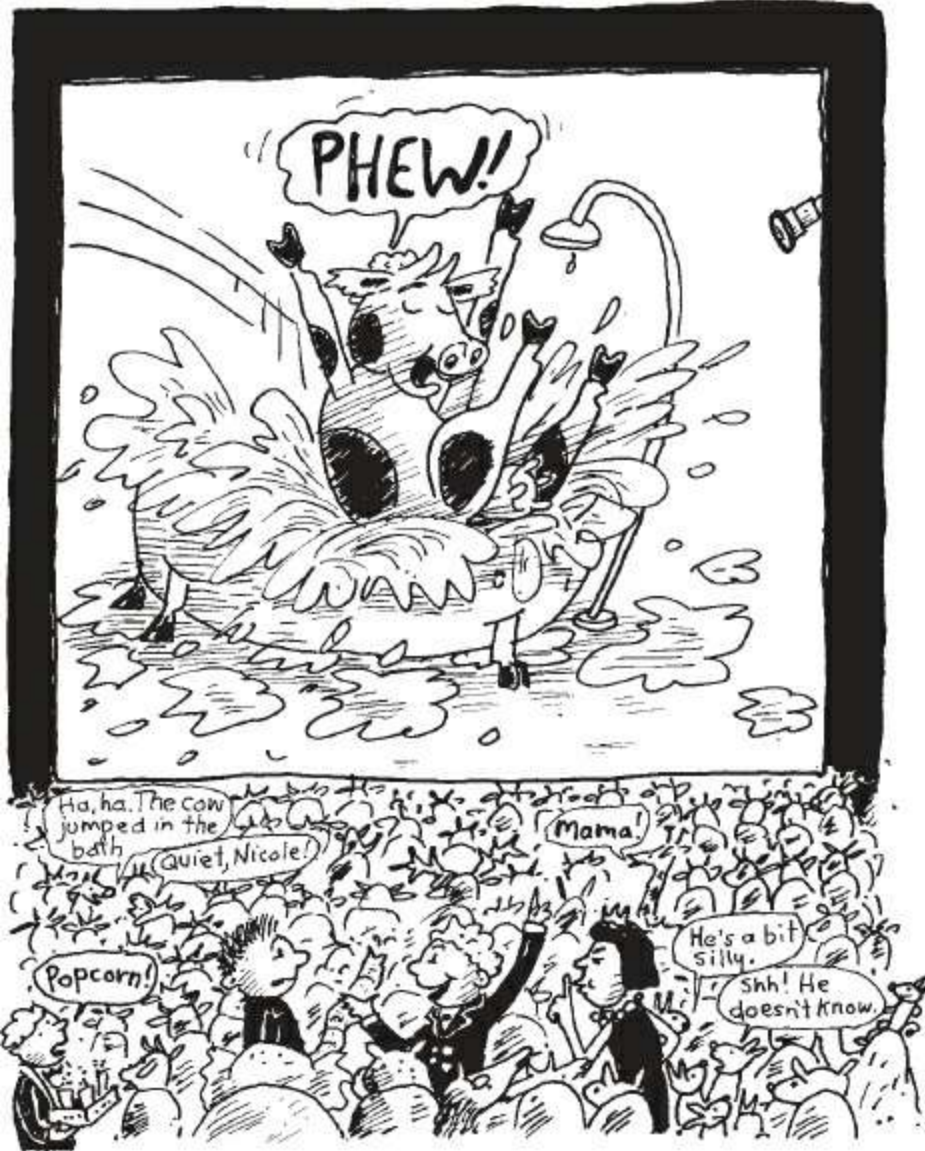


‘Hey,’ says Terry. ‘Those cows look just like us.’

‘Yeah,’ I say. ‘Except they’re cows!’

‘Shh!’ says Jill.





‘Hey,’ says Terry, ‘that’s just like when my pants were on fire.’

‘I know,’ I say. ‘That’s where they got the idea!’

‘Shh,’ says Jill.





‘Hey,’ says Jill, ‘that’s just like what happened to Silky.’

‘No, it’s not,’ says Terry. ‘She turned into a catnary, not an udderfly.’

‘Shh!’ I say.

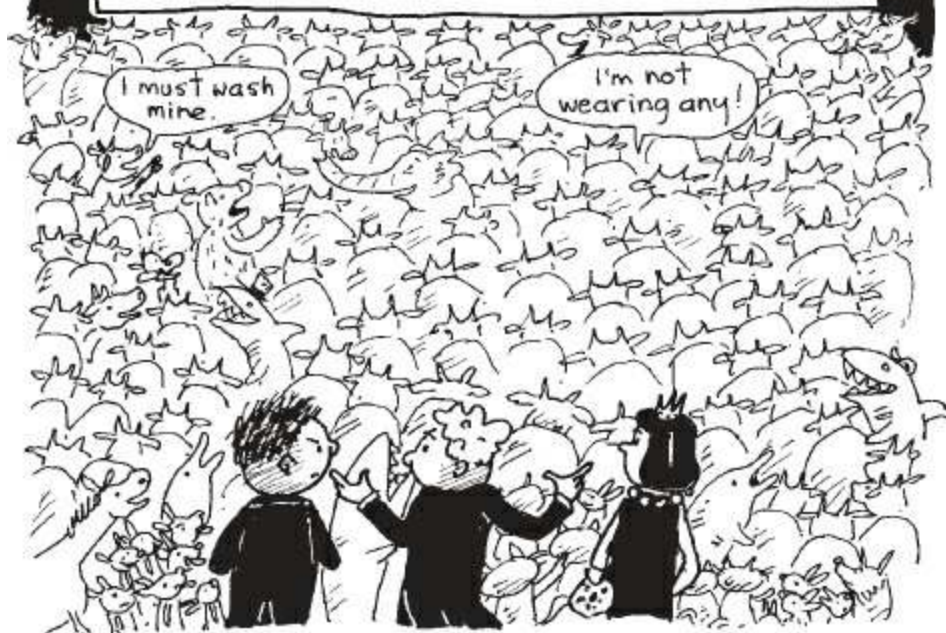




‘Hey,’ says Terry, ‘that’s just like my Ninja Snails.’

‘I know,’ I say. ‘Those cows have stolen all our stories.’

‘Shh!’ says Jill.



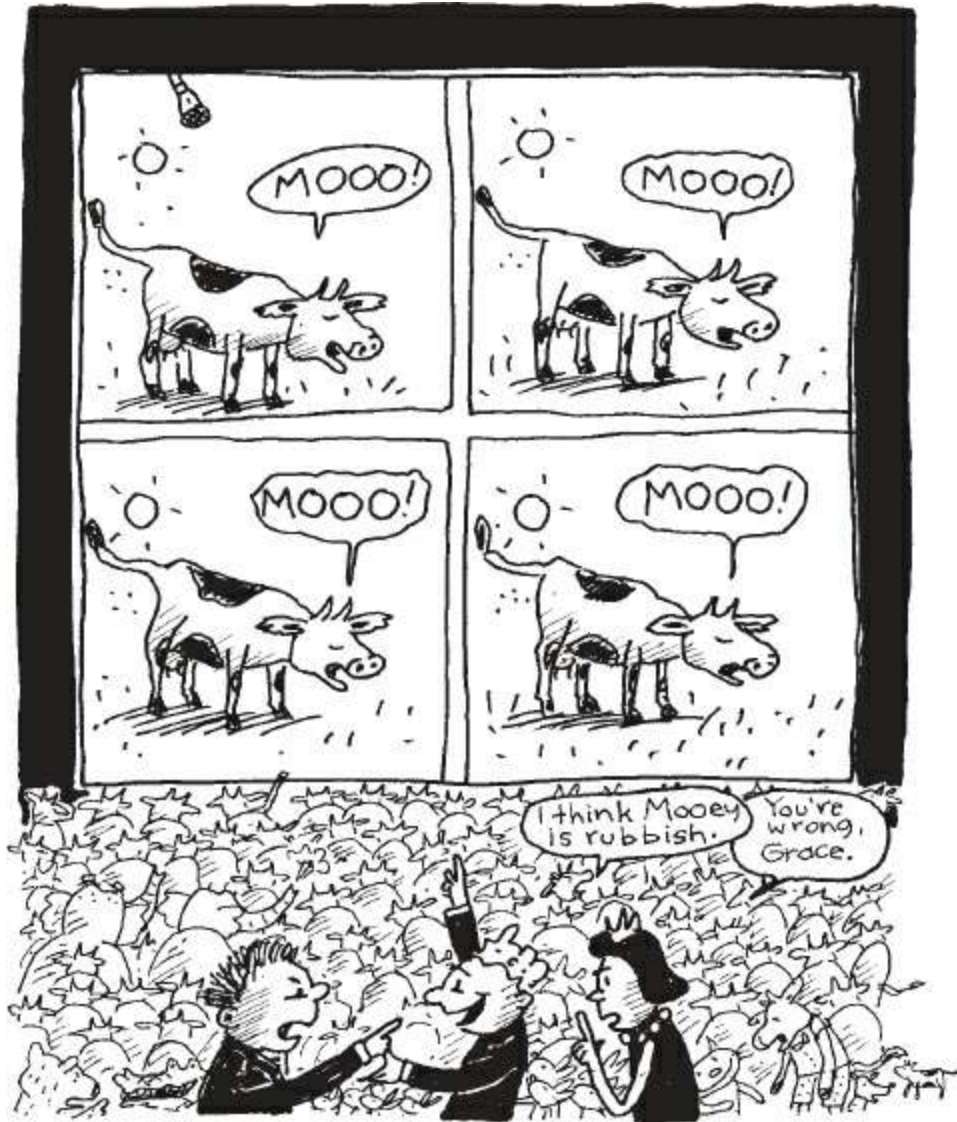


‘Hey,’ says Terry, ‘that’s just like when the shark ate my underpants.’

‘Duh!’ I say, jumping up in front of him. ‘Don’t you get it yet?’

‘Sit down, Andy,’ says Jill. ‘I can’t see the moo-vie.’





‘Cows are funny,’ says Terry.

‘They’re also thieves,’ I say. ‘They stole that idea from Barky the Barking Dog.’

‘Shh,’ says Jill. ‘I can’t hear what Mooey is saying.’





‘Remember when we had an epic interstellar space battle, Andy?’ says Terry.

‘I sure do,’ I say. ‘And it looks like the cows do too. They are such copycats.’

‘I think you mean copycows,’ says Jill.

Hi, I'm Buttercup and this is my intercowlactic space-cow rescue tractor.

Hey, you two, stop fighting.

Can I have some more popcorn?

I love popcorn.

Is there popcorn?

Move over.

Unfair.

Hee-haw!

Movies! I love movies!



‘Oh, that’s so sweet,’ says Jill.

‘But it’s OUR story,’ I say.

‘No, it’s not,’ says Terry. ‘We’re best friends not barn buddies.’



‘Hey!’ says Terry. ‘That’s exactly how our story ends ...’



Wait a minute ...



WAIT a minute ...



Hang on ...



Just one more minute ...



‘THOSE THIEVING COWS STOLE OUR MOVIE!’ yells Terry. ‘THEY COPIED ALL OUR IDEAS!’



‘That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you all along!’ I say.

‘Yeah,’ says Terry. ‘I know. Sorry I didn’t listen to you. But look on the bright side: everybody seems to have liked the cows’ movie, so they’re sure to like ours too.’



‘Well, they would have,’ I say, ‘but if we release our movie now everybody will say we copied our ideas from a bunch of cows!’



‘I think that should be a herd of cows,’ says Jill.

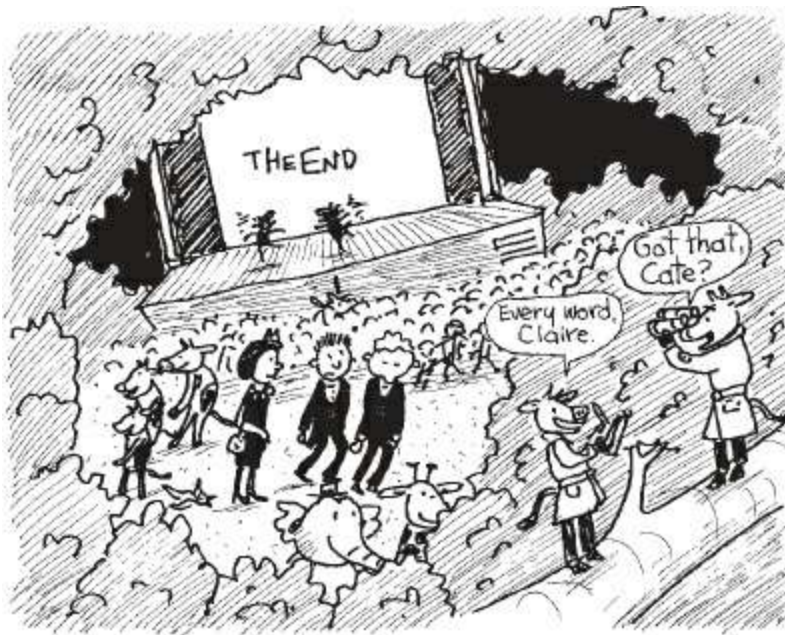
‘That’s not important now!’ I say.

‘Just because you’re upset,’ Jill says, ‘that’s no reason not to use the correct term for a group of cows.’



‘But we didn’t copy them,’ says Terry. ‘They copied us!’

‘I know that and you know that and Jill knows that,’ I say, ‘but nobody else knows that. We’ll just have to make another movie about how the cows stole our first movie ... but this time we’ll make sure the cows don’t know anything about the movie we’re making.’



‘Um, Andy,’ says Jill, ‘I think—’

‘Not now, Jill,’ I say, ‘I have to talk to Mr Big Shot.’
‘But it’s important.’

‘It will have to wait!’ I say. ‘We need to get started on our next movie right away. Let’s find Mr Big Shot and get filming.’

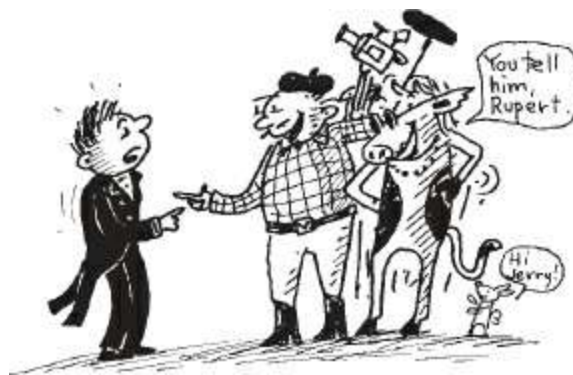
‘Here he comes now,’ says Terry.



‘Hey, Mr Big Shot,’ I say. ‘We need to talk to you!’

‘Hi, gang!’ he says. ‘Great movie, huh?’

‘Well, kind of,’ I say, ‘but it was our movie!’



‘Yeah,’ says Mr Big Shot, shrugging. ‘What can I say? The cows got there first. Your movie is ruined. But, hey, that’s show business.’



‘But we’ve got a great idea for another movie,’ I say, ‘and we’d like you to direct it. We want to get started right now before the cows steal this idea as well.’



‘I’m sorry,’ says Mr Big Shot, ‘but the cows have already hired me to direct their next movie. It’s about some cows who steal a movie idea about a movie about idea-stealing cows. It’s going to be even bigger, better and creamier than Cowhouse: The Moo-vie. In fact, we’re off to Hollywood right now! These cows are going to be BIG stars!’

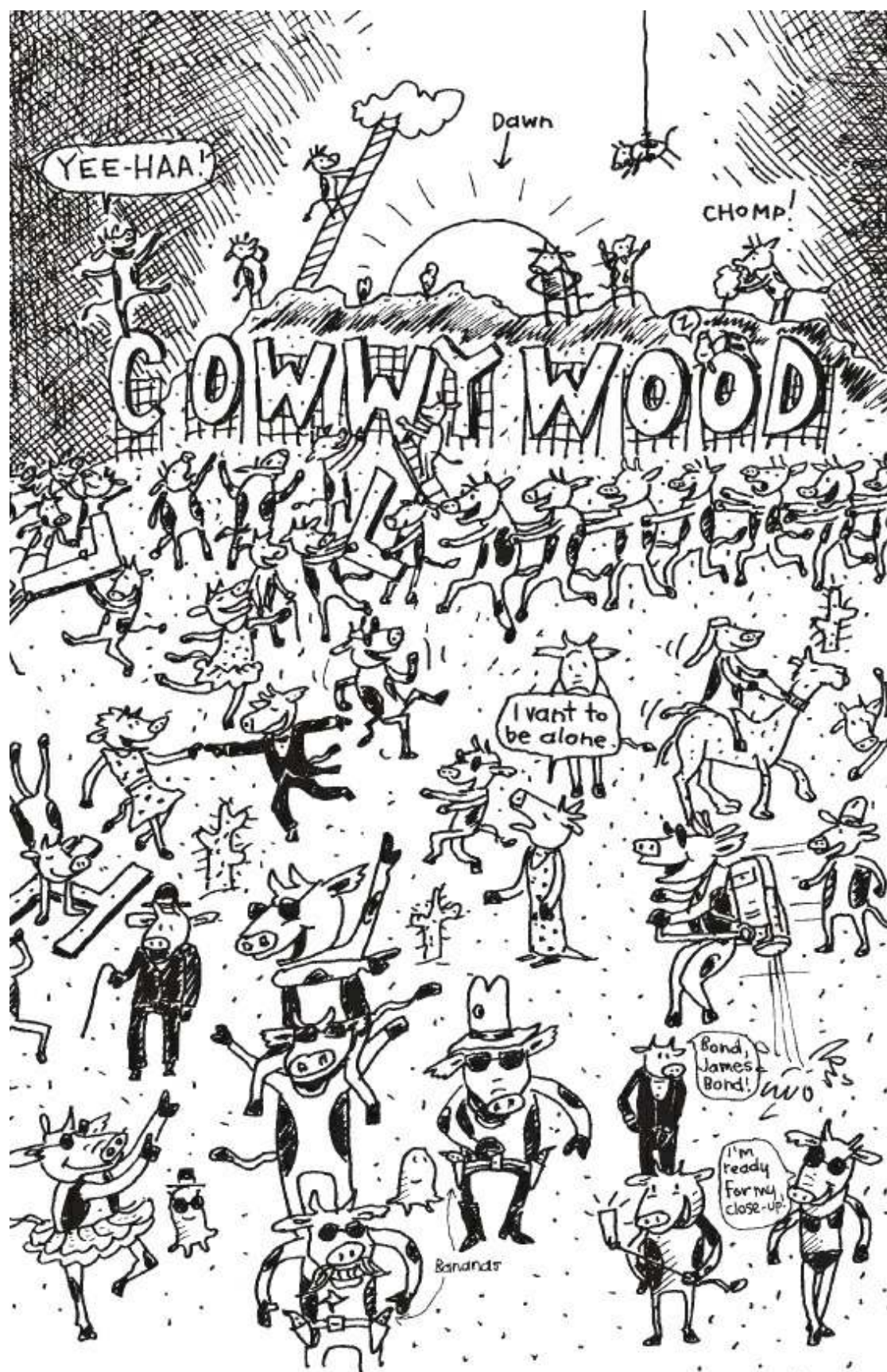
‘Deja vu,’ whispers Terry.

‘Deja moo, you mean,’ I say.



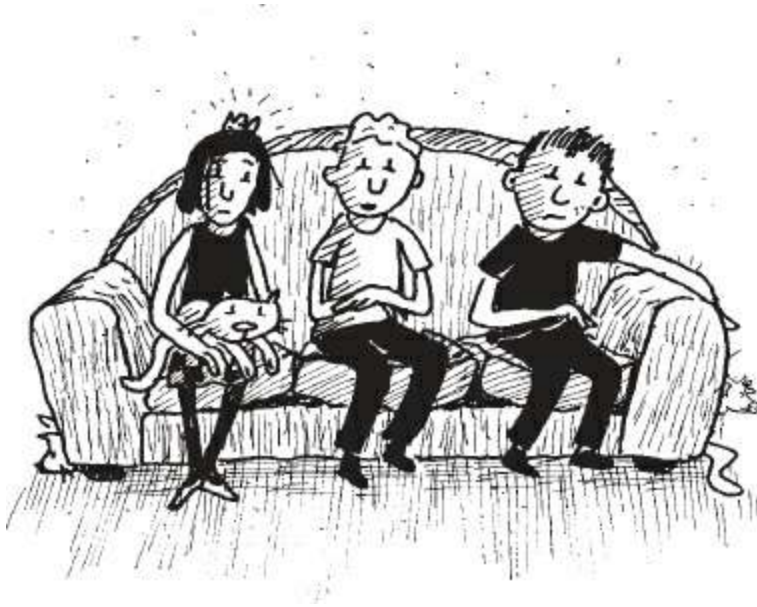






CHAPTER 13

THE LAST CHAPTER



We get back to the treehouse and sit on the couch.

‘So what do we do now?’ I say.

‘I don’t know,’ says Terry. ‘What did we used to do before we were about to be movie stars?’

‘Beats me,’ I say.

‘You used to make books together,’ says Jill. ‘You wrote the words, Andy, and Terry, you drew the pictures.’

The video phone rings.



‘Uh-oh,’ I say. ‘That will be Mr Big Nose. He’s probably heard about the movie. He’s not going to be happy.’

‘You answer it, Andy,’ says Terry.

‘I’m not answering it,’ I say. ‘I’m scared.’

‘Me too,’ says Terry. ‘Let’s hide behind the couch.’

Jill sighs. ‘I’ll do it,’ she says.



Jill answers the video phone and Mr Big Nose’s face fills the screen. He looks bigger and crosser than ever.



‘WHERE’S ANDY AND TERRY?’ he yells.

‘They’re hiding behind the couch,’ says Jill.

‘I’m not surprised,’ yells Mr Big Nose. ‘I heard those clowns ruined the movie!’

‘It wasn’t their fault,’ says Jill. ‘It was the cows. They copied all the ideas and made their own movie.’

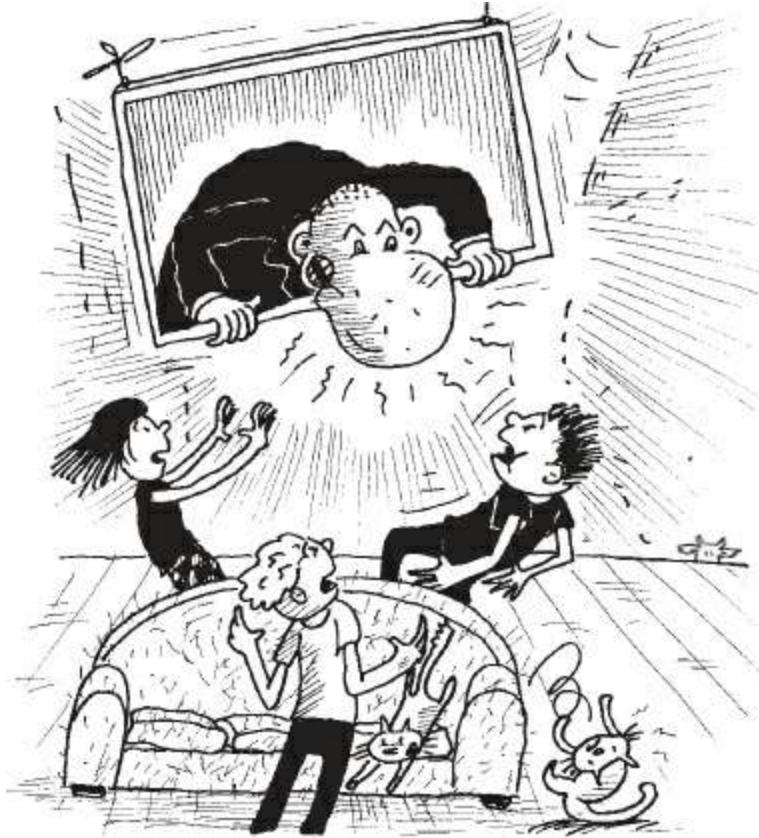
‘COWS?!’ yells Mr Big Nose.

I jump up. ‘Yes,’ I say. ‘Cows! But these were no ordinary cows. They were spy cows! I tried to warn everybody, but no one would listen to me, not even Terry.’



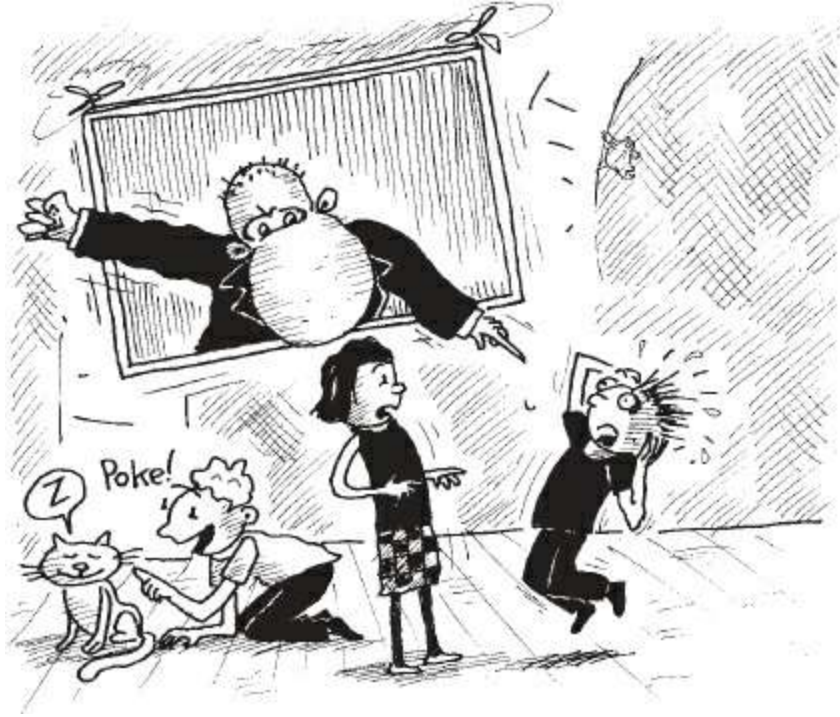
Terry jumps up from behind the couch. ‘That’s not fair, Andy,’ he says. ‘You were covered in prickles and had a cowpat on your head. You can’t blame us for thinking it was just another one of your crazy schemes to wreck the movie, like the scribbling, the flying plates and the Andy invasion.’

‘What?’ yells Mr Big Nose. ‘You tried to wreck the movie?!’



‘No,’ I say. ‘I tried to save the movie. The plates and the scribbletorium explosion were both accidents. And I tried to stop the Andys, but they wouldn’t listen to me either. And by the way, I also practically saved the entire planet from being empuddled by a giant puddle!’

‘THAT’S ENOUGH!’ says Mr Big Nose. ‘This whole explanation is the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard. In fact, it’s so ridiculous it sounds like the plot of one of your books. Speaking of which, if I can’t have a movie then I’ll have a book instead. By midnight tonight. Without fail. Or else! GOODBYE!’



‘Well,’ says Terry, ‘that all seemed to work out quite nicely.’

‘Yeah,’ I say, ‘except that we’ve got to write a book by midnight.’

‘No problem!’ says Terry. ‘Midnight it is.’

Hang on ...



Wait a minute ...



Wait another minute ...



Hang on ...



Just one more minute ...

Do you mean midnight ... tonight?



‘Yes,’ says Jill. ‘Midnight tonight.’

‘Big problem!’ says Terry. ‘That’s hardly any time at all and we don’t even have an idea for a book because we’ve been so busy with the movie!’



‘That’s it!’ I say. ‘We’ll write the book about making the movie! Mr Big Nose said it was a ridiculous story, so it’s perfect!’



‘You mean we’re going to write a book about writing a book about making a movie about writing a book?’ says Terry. ‘That sounds complicated.’

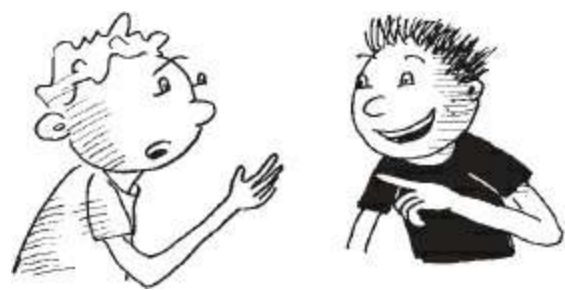
‘That’s because it is!’ I say. ‘We’d better get started before it gets any more complicated.’



‘But what about the cows?’ says Terry. ‘Won’t they just steal all our ideas and bring out the book before us?’

‘No, of course not,’ I say. ‘Cows can’t write books.’

‘Good point,’ says Terry.



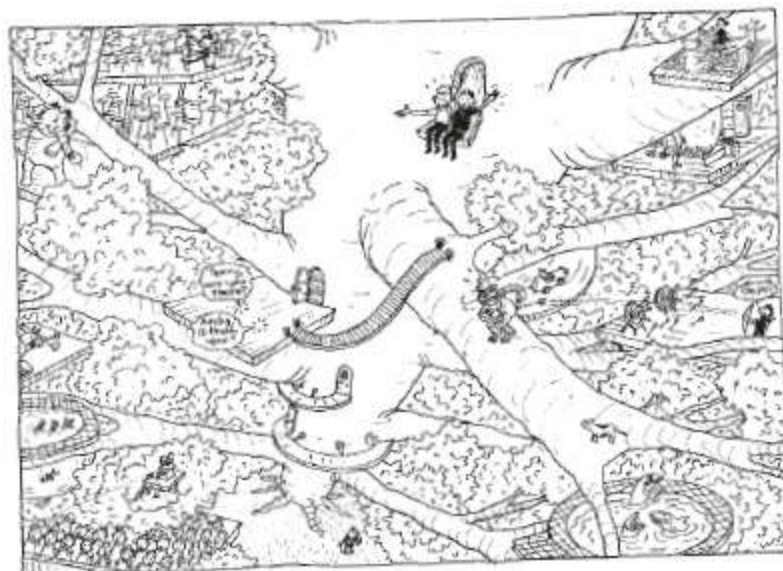


‘Okay,’ says Terry. ‘We’ll call it The Book of the Book of the Movie of the Book.’

‘I’m not sure about that,’ I say. ‘How about The 78-Storey Treehouse? It will be easier for our readers to remember.’

‘Good thinking, Andy,’ says Terry. ‘Let’s get to work.’





6

7

"but then a bolt of lightning shot out of the electricorn's horn,

and they caught on fire."



hit the back of my pants



44

45

I remember that!



"He's with a film crew. They're making a Treehouse movie."

"Wow!" says Jill. "How come you're not there?"

I sigh. "The big shot Hollywood director Mr Big Shot said he didn't need a narrator."



"Isn't it called a 'voiceover' when it's in a movie?"

"Yeah, well, whatever it's called, Mr Big Shot didn't want it."

"That's too bad," says Jill. "Still, a movie—that's pretty exciting!"

54

"I guess so," I say. "If you like electricorns, that is." "Electricorns?" says Jill.

"Yeah," I say. "Terry used the combining machine to combine an electric eel and a unicorn. They're filming a re-enactment."



"This I've got to see!" says Jill. "Good luck hatching the giant unhatched egg, Andy."

55

And scribble! And scribble! And scribble!



And scribble! And scribble! And scribble!



And scribble! And scribble! And scribble!



56

And scribble! And scribble! And scribble!



And scribble! And scribble! And scribble!



And scribble! And scribble! And scribble!



57



And to make things worse, the puddle is getting bigger.



And bigger.



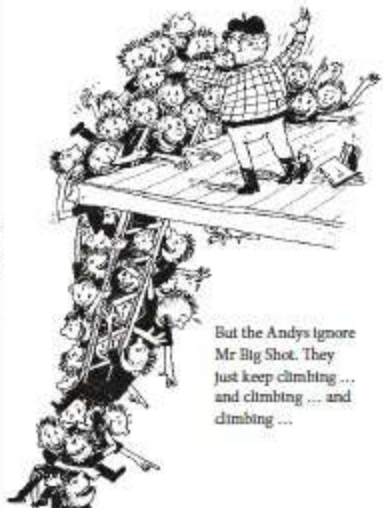
And bigger.



100

101

"Hey!" yells Mr Big Shot. "No Andys on the set!"



But the Andys ignore Mr Big Shot. They just keep climbing ... and climbing ... and climbing ...

Mr Gibbon is whacking golf balls at the Andys, trying to hold them back, but there are too many Andys ... and not enough golf balls.



I don't think I was there



140

141



"Hey, Andy," says Mel Gibbon. "If what you say is true, why don't you go and audition for the moo-o-vie-making cows? You make a very convincing cowpal!"



"Yeah," says Terry, "you not only look the part but you smell like one, too!"



174



"High five, my hu-man!" says Mel, holding up his paw.

Terry high-fives him and they both dissolve into helpless giggling.



175

big



204

ger



205

Well, that never happened!



First you have to tiptoe through 1000 loaded mouse traps without getting snapped ...



And then you have to evade a deadly network of 100 laser beams ...



152

221

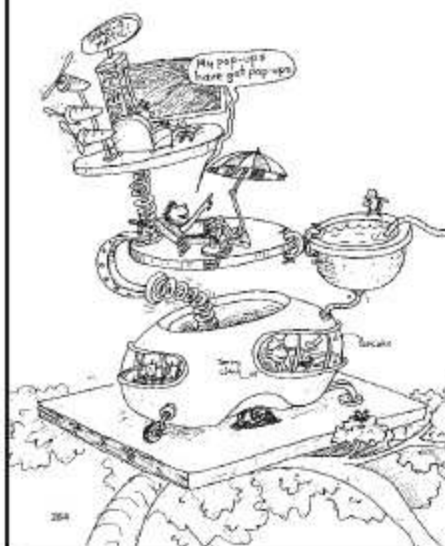
We climb up to the courtroom. Mr Big Shot and his crew set up the cameras.
'Lights, camera, action!' he shouts.



240

23

Life has changed quite a lot for us since we became movie stars-in-waiting.



284

Terry and I now have Hollywood movie star-style pop-up trailers instead of bedrooms.



285

'Shh!' says Terry. 'The mooovie's about to start.'



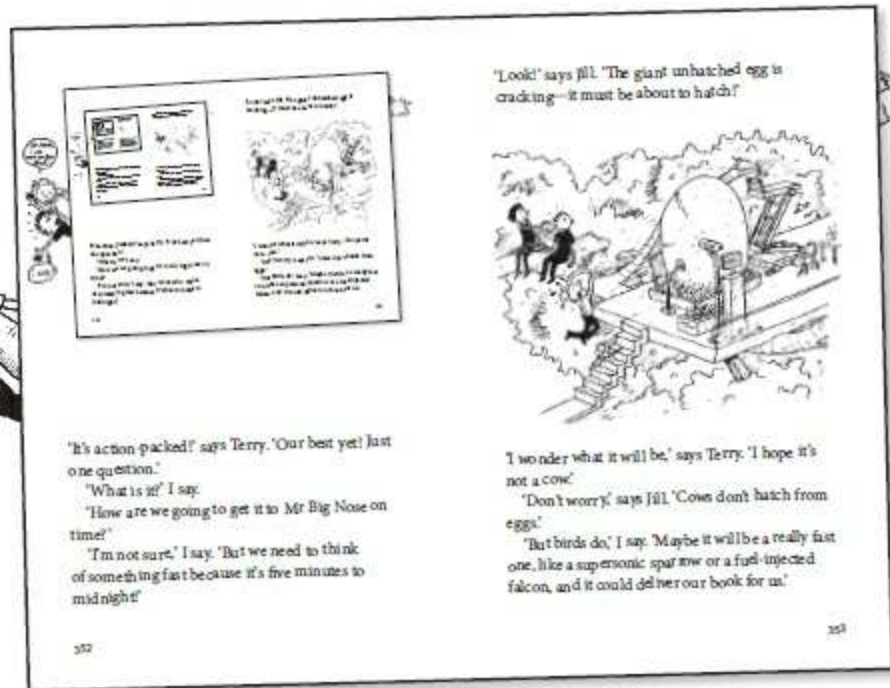
308



'Hey,' says Terry. 'Those cows look just like us.'
'Yeah,' I say. 'Except they're cows.'
'Shh!' says Jill.

309





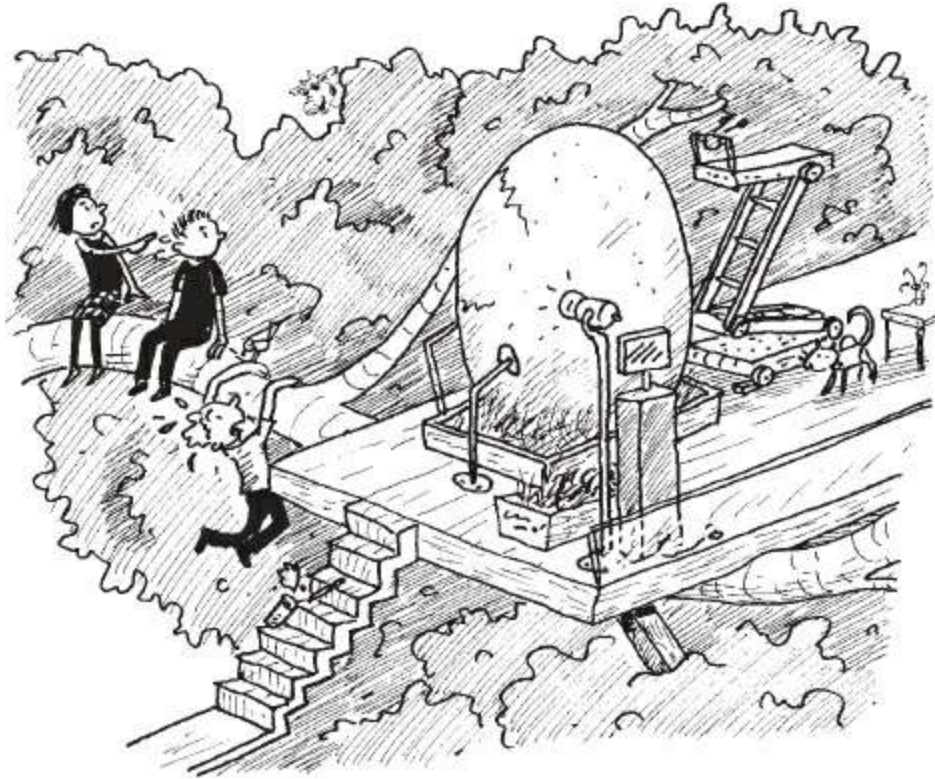
‘It’s action-packed!’ says Terry. ‘Our best yet! Just one question.’

‘What is it?’ I say.

‘How are we going to get it to Mr Big Nose on time?’

‘I’m not sure,’ I say. ‘But we need to think of something fast because it’s five minutes to midnight!’

‘Look!’ says Jill. ‘The giant unhatched egg is cracking—it must be about to hatch!’

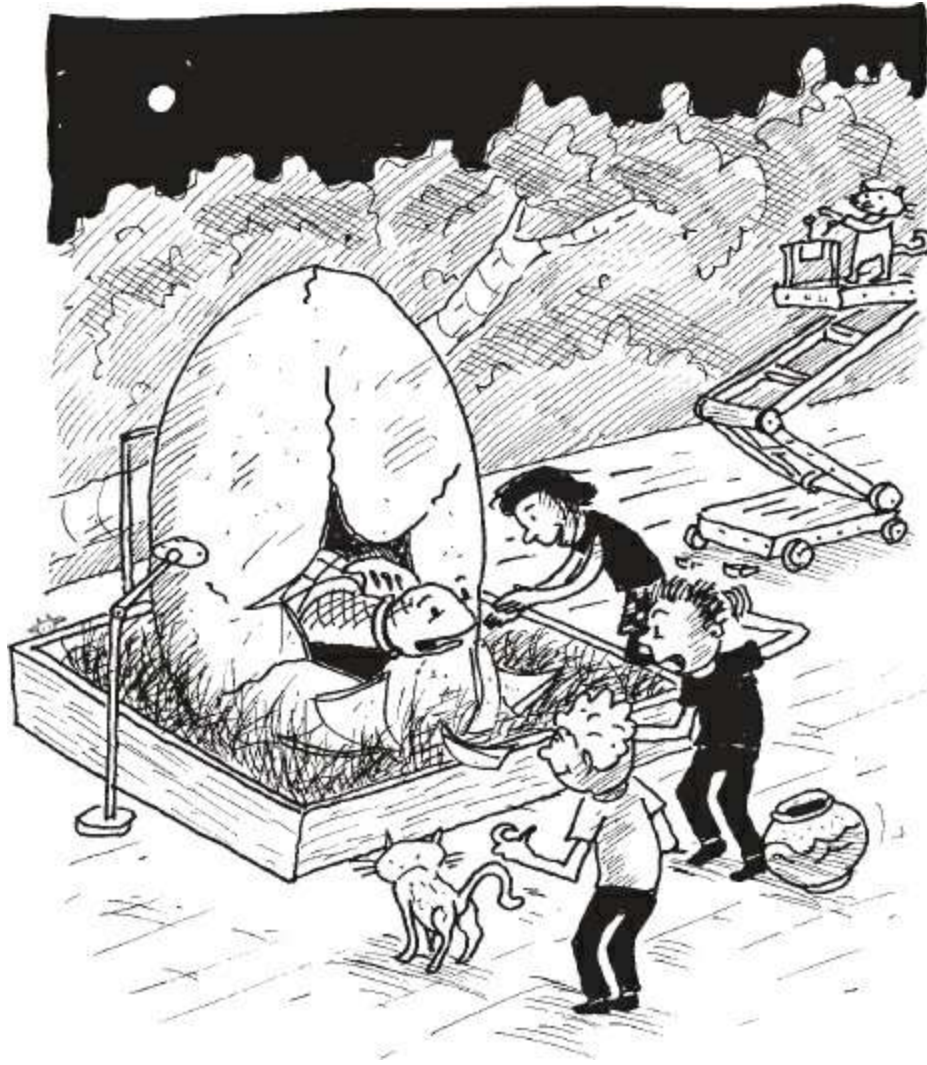


‘I wonder what it will be,’ says Terry. ‘I hope it’s not a cow.’

‘Don’t worry,’ says Jill. ‘Cows don’t hatch from eggs.’

‘But birds do,’ I say. ‘Maybe it will be a really fast one, like a supersonic sparrow or a fuel-injected falcon, and it could deliver our book for us.’

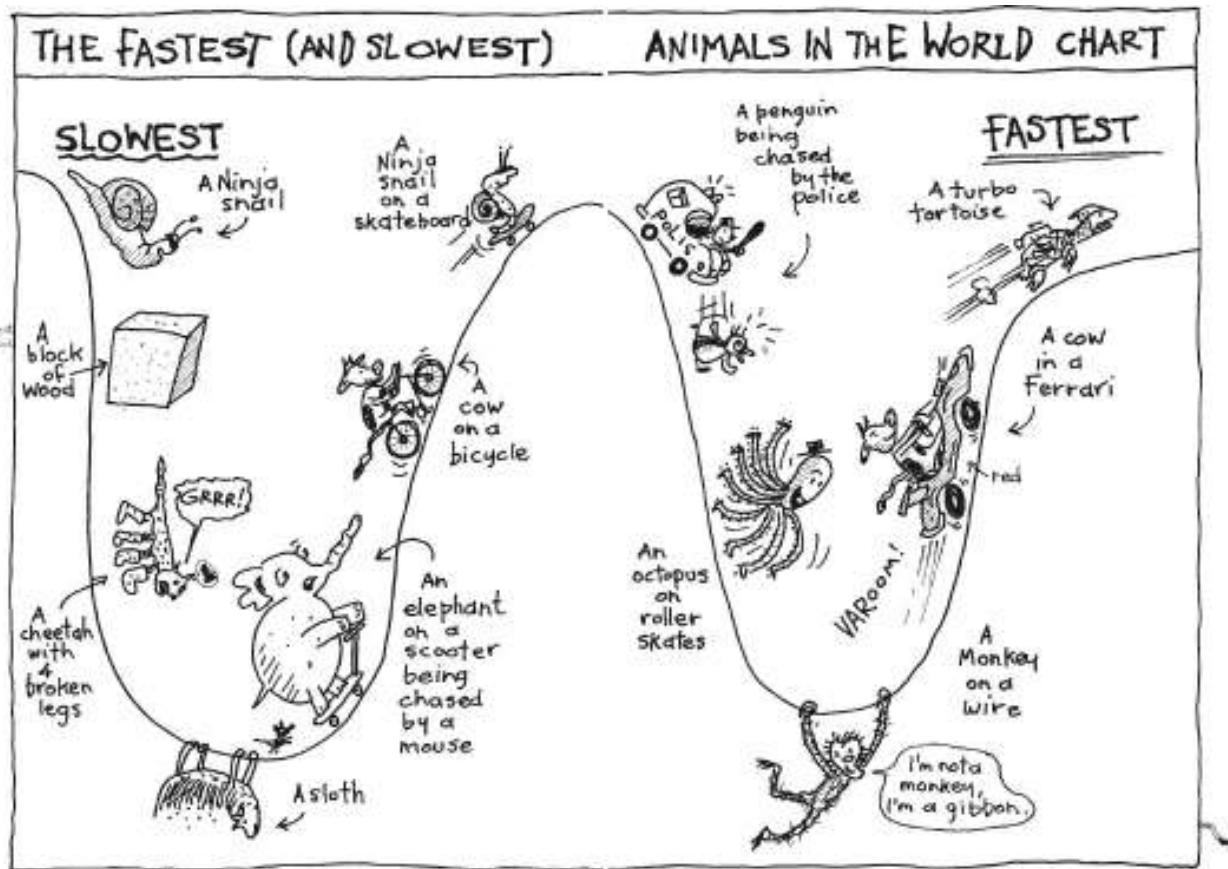
‘It’s a tortoise!’ says Jill.



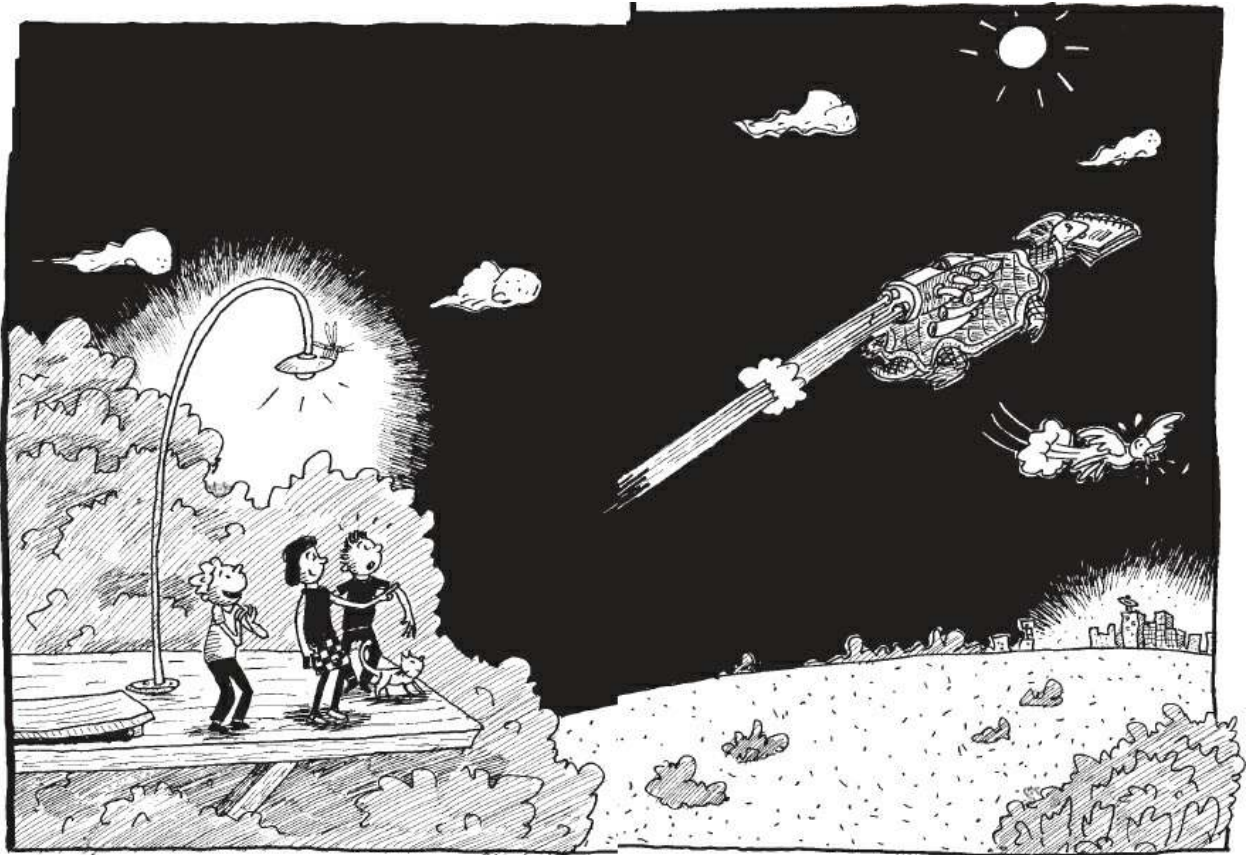
‘Oh, great!’ I say. ‘Just what we don’t need. One of the slowest animals in the world. A tortoise isn’t going to be any help to us at all.’

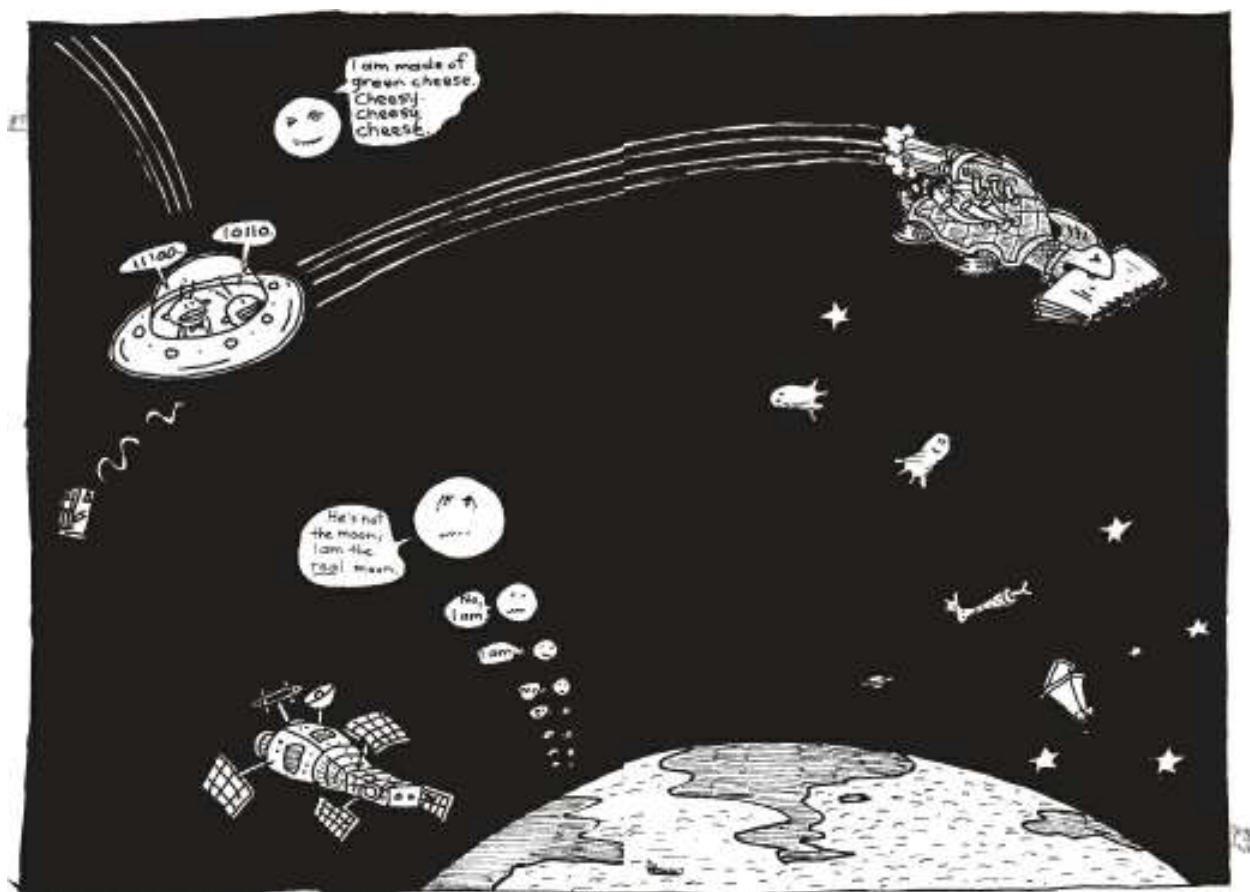
‘I wouldn’t be so sure about that,’ says Jill. ‘See the engine and the exhaust pipes coming out of its shell? If I’m not mistaken, it’s a turbo tortoise, one of the fastest animals in the world.’





We put the manuscript in the turbo tortoise's mouth and Jill explains where we need it delivered. The tortoise fires up and takes off faster than a speeding bullet driving a Ferrari.

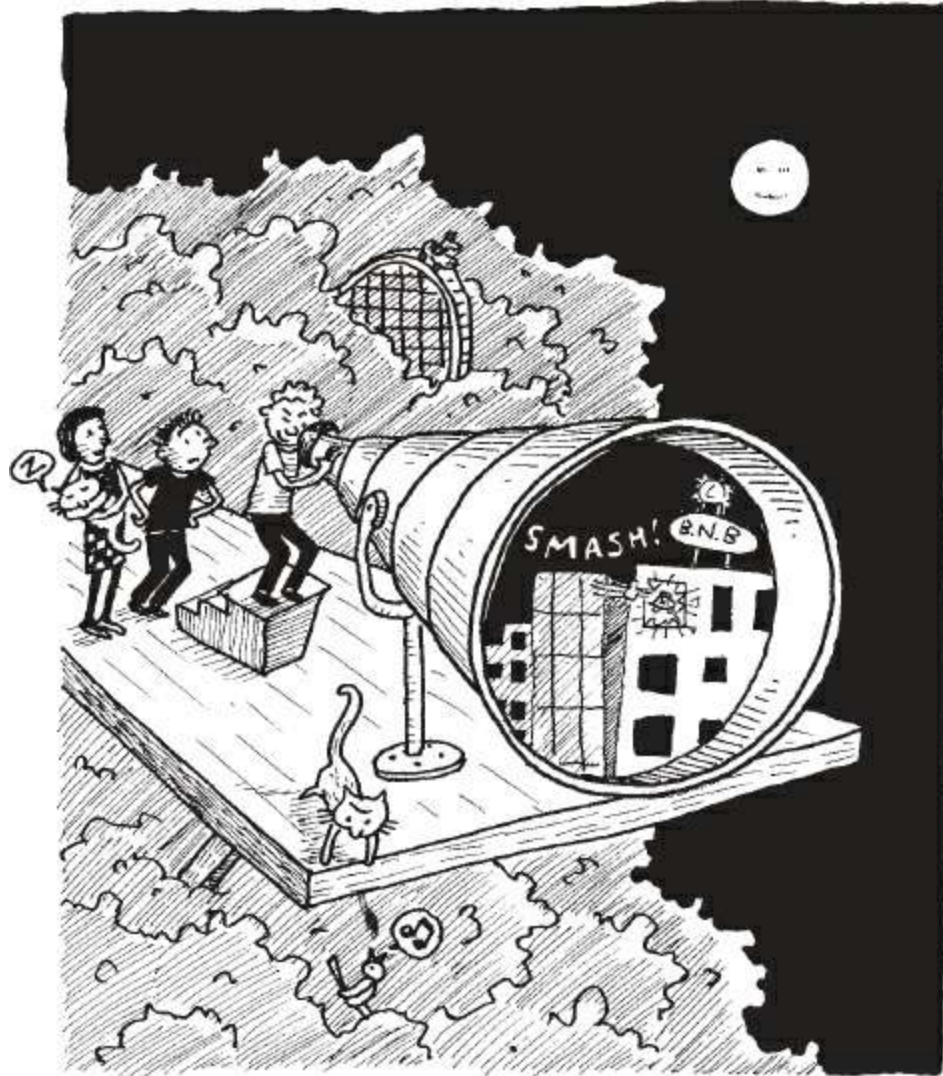








‘Mission accomplished!’ says Terry, peering through our night telescope as the turbo tortoise crashes through Mr Big Nose’s office window. ‘It’s 11.59 pm and 59 seconds. The turbo tortoise has delivered the book with one second to spare!’



‘Yay!’ I say, grabbing Terry’s hand and Jill’s hand and raising them in triumph.



MEOW SQUAWK MOO!
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
HONK OINK NEIGH!
SQUEAK ROAR BRAY!



‘Uh-oh,’ says Jill, looking at her intergalactic space-animal rescue service emergency pager. ‘A gorilla has crash-landed a banana rocket on Planet Kong. See you both later. I’m sorry the cows stole your movie, but your book is great! Much better than a silly old moo-vie any day!’



‘Well, that was a fun day,’ says Terry. ‘What are we going to do tomorrow?’



‘I’ll tell you what you’re going to do,’ says a voice behind us.



We turn to see a mysterious woman wearing a brightly coloured headscarf, large gold earrings and a necklace made of gold coins. She’s holding a crystal ball in her hand.



‘Who are you?’ I say.

‘I am Madame Know-it-all,’ she says. ‘I know all and see all and I already know that you are going to build me a level where I can set up my fortune-telling tent and end my wandering ways.’



‘What a good idea!’ says Terry. It will be great to have a full-time fortune teller—then we’ll always know what’s going to happen next! And we can build some other new levels while we’re at it.’



‘I knew you were going to do that as well,’ says Madame Know-it-all.

‘Wow!’ I say.

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



‘What’s going to happen next?’ says Terry.

‘Nothing,’ she says, ‘because it’s the end of the book.’

‘I knew that,’ I say.

‘I knew it first,’ says Madame Know-it-all.





The 91-Storey Treehouse

Join Andy and Terry in their newly expanded 91-storey treehouse featuring 13 brand-new, surprising, crazy and fun-packed storeys!





Andy Griffiths lives in a 78-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 78-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
Once upon a Slime: 45 fun ways to get writing ... FAST!
The Treehouse Fun Book

ALSO BY ANDY GRIFFITHS

The Day My Bum Went Psycho
Zombie Bums from Uranus
Bumageddon: The Final Pongflict

Schooling Around:
Treasure Fever!
Pencil of Doom!
Mascot Madness!

Robot Riot!

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
ONCE UPON A SLIME

Is this the right book for you?
Take the SLIME TEST and find out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 26-STOREY TREEHOUSE

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

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

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 39-STOREY TREEHOUSE

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

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

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 52-STOREY TREEHOUSE

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

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

ANDY GRIFFITHS AND TERRY DENTON
THE 65-STOREY TREEHOUSE

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

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

'Brilliantly silly' – The Daily Telegraph

'Hilariously clever' – Australian Women's Weekly

'It will be reread and reread . . . A fantastic ride'
– The Australian

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.

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