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Opening extract from

The Big Fib

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Published by

Barrington Stoke Ltd

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First published in 2015 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

The character of Robbie was created by Mairi Hedderwick for *Reading 2000 Storytime* by Margaret Burnell, Sallie Harkness and Helen McLullich (Oliver and Boyd/Longman Ltd, 1994). Barrington Stoke gratefully acknowledges the origins of the illustrations and the character of Robbie.

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

ISBN: 978-1-78112-470-3

Printed in China by Leo

This book has dyslexia friendly features

Chapter 1
Click Clack

Robbie MacGregor lived in a tiny, windy, sunny village by the sea. On days when the wind was still, an interesting clicking sound came from Robbie's little house.

"Ah," the postie said as she delivered the mail, "that will be Granny Knit."

You may be wondering what on earth the postwoman meant, so I'll tell you straight away. Granny Knit was Robbie's mum's mum. Her real name was Angusina, so why was she called Granny Knit?



She was called Granny Knit because she knitted from dawn till dusk.

Sometimes Granny Knit knitted at night too, and the click clack of her needles kept Robbie awake.

Our story begins on one of those nights.

It so happened that a new girl, Anna Simpson, had started at Robbie's school. Robbie had been day-dreaming all day of ways to impress her. And now, just when he needed to sleep –



CLICK CLACK CLACKETY CLICK!

Robbie crept downstairs to see what Granny Knit was knitting. He peeked round the door and saw her stuff the knitting into her big knitting basket.

"What is it?" Robbie asked. "It looks like a woolly sunset."

"None of your beeswax," Granny Knit said.



Robbie knew this was Granny Knit's way of saying it was none of his business, but he went on asking until she said it was a new blanket for Annie-Kit, Robbie's cat.

Robbie was pleased, because he had been hoping that it wasn't another pair of bad trousers with kittens on them.

"Please don't knit so loud, Granny Knit. It's giving me knitmares," he joked.

But later that night Robbie woke up from a real nightmare where his kind teacher, Mrs Pine, turned into a scary monster that looked like an angry tree.



In his dream the tree monster shouted something that sounded like "GO! THE BELL!" or "NO YOU SMELL!"

Robbie's eyes snapped open and he woke up with a shiver.

What a relief – he was in his own cosy bed.