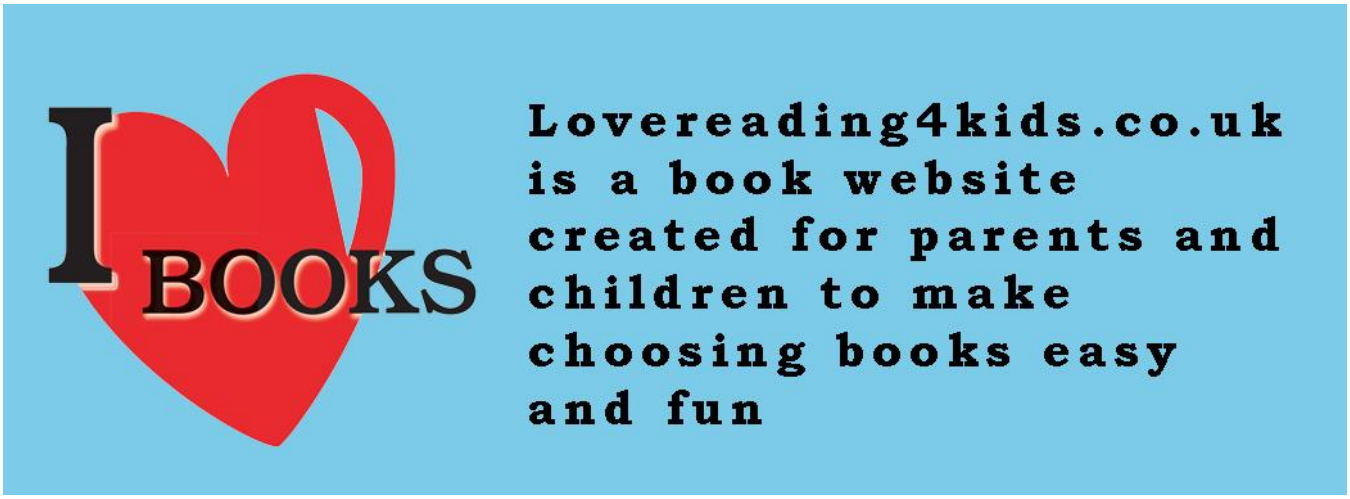


Opening extract from

The Glump and the Peeble

Written by

Wendy Meddour

Rebecca Ashdown

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This book is dedicated to all the glumps that want to be peebles
and all the peebles that want to be glumps.
W.M.

To Gerard
R.A.

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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He wanted to dance with the peebles at night.
He wanted to twirl in the glow of moonlight.
But glumps are not made for such dancing and fun –
in fact, what in the world has a glump ever done?
So he sat
all alone,
in a cave,
in a wood.
And tried to do nothing –
just like a glump should.

"Just stretch out your arms wide and do what I do."
"It's no good," said the Glump. "I'm not peeble like you!"
"Come on," said the Peeble. "We're in the moonlight.
Just dance like a glump being peeble at night!"

So the Glump stretched his arms ...

then he twirled,

then he DANCED!

"Oh! I knew I'd be good if I just had the chance!"

The peebles all **cheered** to see such a sight.
A glump. Yes, a glump twirling under moonlight!
"It's a glump!" they all shouted. **"A glump!"** they all cried.
"He twirls like a peeble with arms stretched out wide!"



"Oh, Glump," said the Peeble. "I'm ever so proud!
I never knew peebles could CHEER quite this loud."



"And I," said the Glump, "am so glad you were brave,
and didn't mind coming to sit in my cave.
You're the FIRST EVER peeble to sit still and think!"
said the FIRST EVER glump that has danced until pink.



"Can we come back again? Can we dance in the night?"
"Yes, of course," beamed the Peeble. "You do it just right."