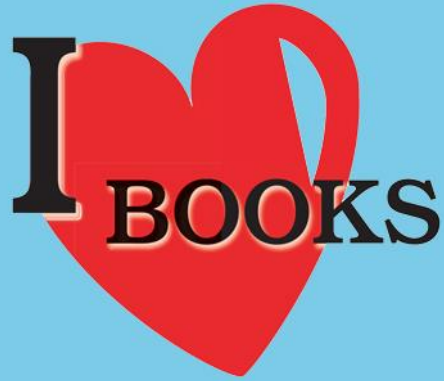




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Opening extract from
The Glump and the Peeble

Written by
Wendy Meddour
Rebecca Ashdown

Published by
Frances Lincoln Children's Books

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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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Children's Books



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."