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Opening extract from

Jinks and O'Hare Funfair Repair

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FOR ELISSA
FOR JUSTIN
BIG THANKS TO OUR AMAZING ECCENTRIC BOOK TEAM,
WHO ARE ALWAYS UP FOR THE WILDEST RIDES IMAGINABLE...
WHOO HOO!

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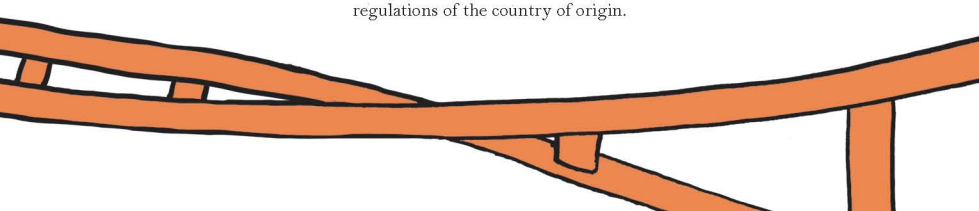
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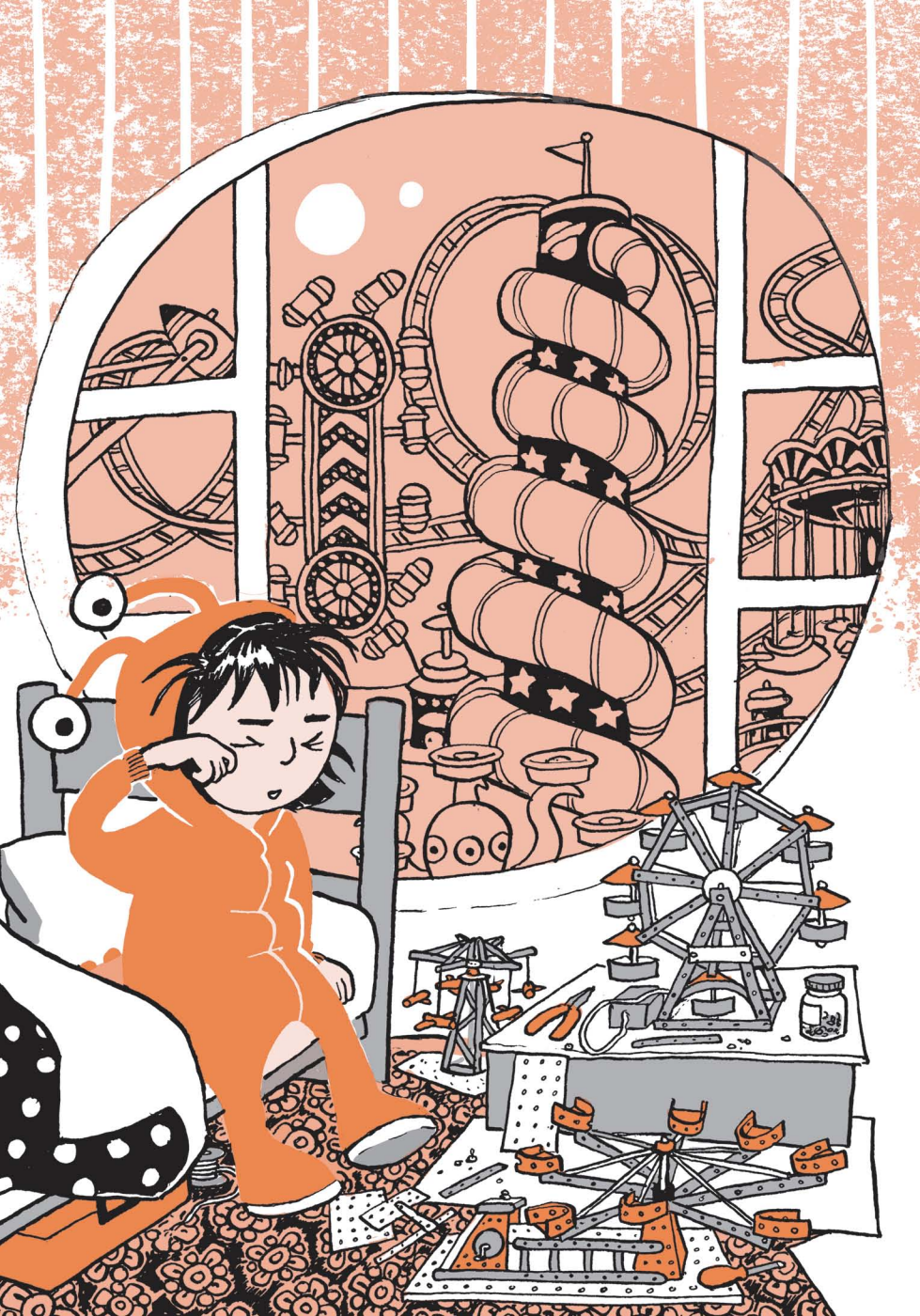
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JINKS & O'HARE
FUNFAIR REPAIR
BY PHILIP REEVE
AND
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ONE

Emily could sleep through almost any noise, but silence always woke her. That was because she lived on Funfair Moon, and it was usually pretty noisy.

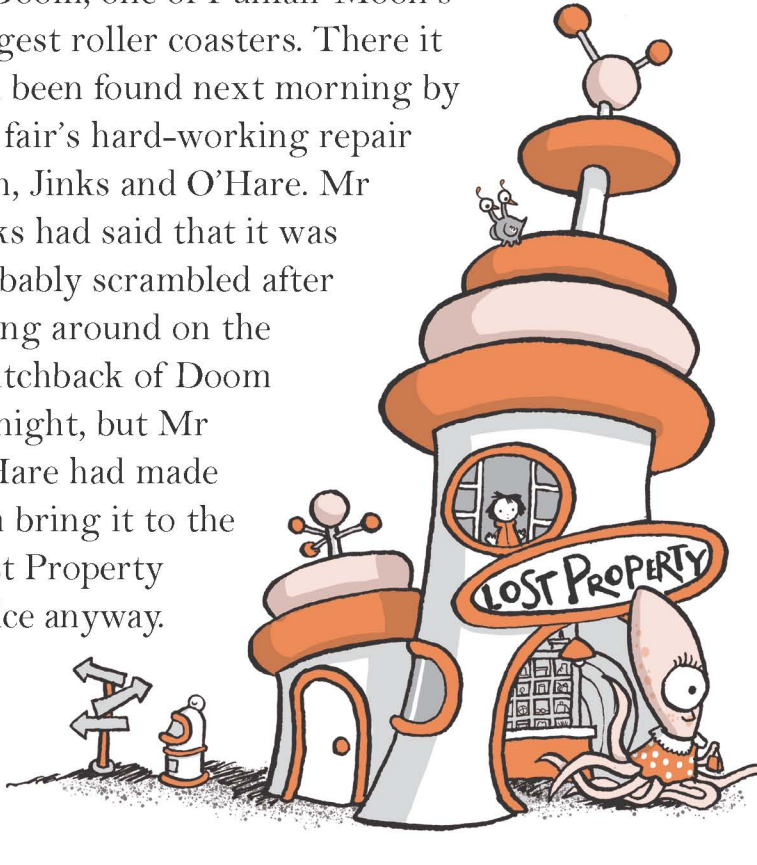
Funfair Moon has the highest helter-skelters, the longest roller coasters, the bounciest trampolines, the scariest ghost train and the most delicious candyfloss in the entire galaxy. Every night, as Emily drifted off to sleep in her little bedroom above the Lost Property Office, she could hear the sounds of the fair going on outside. 'Wheeee!'

went thousands of people hurtling down the helter-skelters. 'Waaaaaargh!' went thousands more, riding the roller coasters. 'WoooooooOOOOooo!' went the scary music from the ghost train. *Boingggggg* went the trampolines. And from far and wide the noises of the other rides came drifting—*Whoosshhh, PING, ker-CHUNG-ga ker-CHUNG-ga.* (The candyfloss didn't make much noise, but Emily could smell it. The sweet, burnt-sugar scent came creeping through her window and into her dreams.)

Emily loved that funfair din. It was like a lullaby to her, soothing her softly off to sleep every night. When she woke next morning, everything would be quiet, except maybe for a litter-picker whistling as he gathered up torn tickets and crumpled sweet wrappers from the grassy paths between the roundabouts. The rides were closed, and Funfair Moon was preparing for new visitors,

and another day and night of noisy fun.

Most of the people who lived on Funfair Moon lived in little houses next to the rides they ran, but Emily had always lived in the Lost Property Office. One night, almost ten years before, some over-excited visitor had laid a large, pale-blue egg on the Switchback of Doom, one of Funfair Moon's biggest roller coasters. There it had been found next morning by the fair's hard-working repair men, Jinks and O'Hare. Mr Jinks had said that it was probably scrambled after riding around on the Switchback of Doom all night, but Mr O'Hare had made him bring it to the Lost Property Office anyway.



Mrs Mimms, who was in charge of all the lost property, stuck a label on it and put it on a shelf among all the hats and umbrellas and space suits which were waiting there for their owners to come back for them.



But nobody ever came to claim the pale-blue egg. Whoever it was who left it on the Switchback of Doom must have forgotten about it. When it hatched, and little Emily crawled out, Mrs Mimms

had not been quite sure what to do with her, but Jinks and O'Hare had turned the attic into a bedroom, and Emily had lived there happily ever since.

She kept the fragments of the pale-blue eggshell on her bedside shelves, among her books and toys, but she hardly ever bothered wondering if anyone would come back for it. It seemed to Emily that the sort of people who went to all the trouble of laying large, pale-blue eggs and then just left them lying about on roller coasters probably wouldn't make very good parents anyway. She was pretty happy living on her own. Mrs Mimms, who ran the Lost Property Office, wasn't exactly like a mum. In fact, she was more like a sort of giant alien octopus. But she was a very nice giant alien octopus, and didn't mind Emily living in her attic at all. And the Lost Property Office was right next door to Jinks and O'Hare's house and

workshop. Emily often peeked in to see what they were fixing, and sometimes O'Hare would let her help with small jobs such as unclogging mega-thunk pistons or replacing worn-out thunderspin sprockets.



On the particular morning when this story begins, Emily was woken up as usual by the silence, and lay in bed for a few moments trying to remember if it was a school day or not.

School days weren't really too bad, because Emily didn't have to go to an ordinary school. Like all the other kids who lived on Funfair Moon, she studied at the Learny-Go-Round, an educational roundabout designed by the famous scientist, Floomish Spoob. Professor Spoob had discovered that people always learn more when they are on the move (that is why travel broadens the mind, but nobody learns much while they are asleep). So on the Learny-Go-Round the pupils sat at desks which whirled around and around the central podium where the teacher stood. During the more difficult lessons they also went up and down, like the painted horses on a carousel.

This meant that some people got quite travel sick during double maths, but luckily Floomish Spoob had also worked out that too much education in one go was bad for the brain, so the