Welcome to the incredible world of the Night Zoo

Meet amazing magical creatures!



Follow Will's adventure as he becomes the Night Zookeeper

Beware of the evil army of Voids

Continue to explore the Night Zoo at nightzookeeper.com

This book was co-written by Giles Clare

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NIGHT ZOO KEEPER

The Giraffes of Whispering Wood

Joshua Davidson

Illustrated by Buzz Burman



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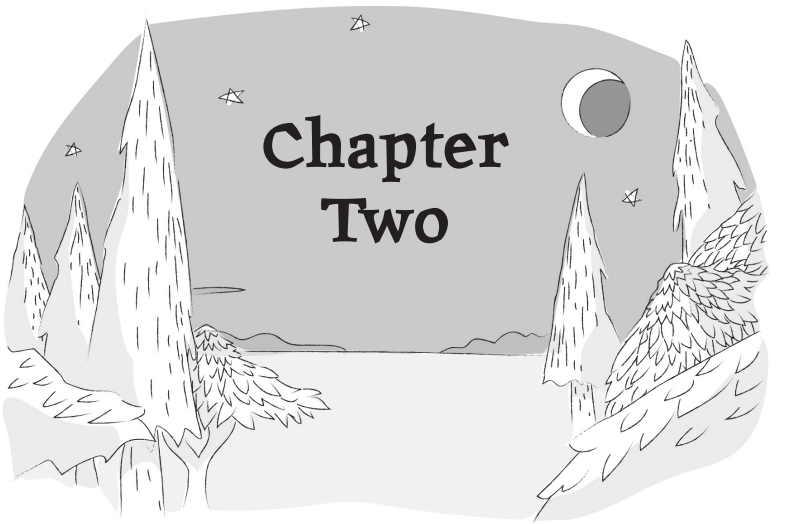


He caught it just as it tipped over the edge. He let out a low whistle of relief: it was his favourite Venus flytrap. Will examined its purple clam-shaped leaves with their long green teeth for any signs of damage. He then replaced the pot carefully on the sill. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a figure in the garden below. It was his grandma. She was standing still in the middle of the lawn in her nightie. Her wild white hair was glowing in the moonlight. She had her back to him, her head tilted to one side. What was she doing? She's listening, thought Will.

Listening to those flamingos. In her nightie.

'You're so weird, Grandma,' he said under his breath, and returned to bed.





Chapter Two

'Hello Will, my dear. Have you finished?' Will turned to see Grandma Rivers peering over his shoulder at his painting.

'Grandma, what are you doing here?' he asked in surprise.

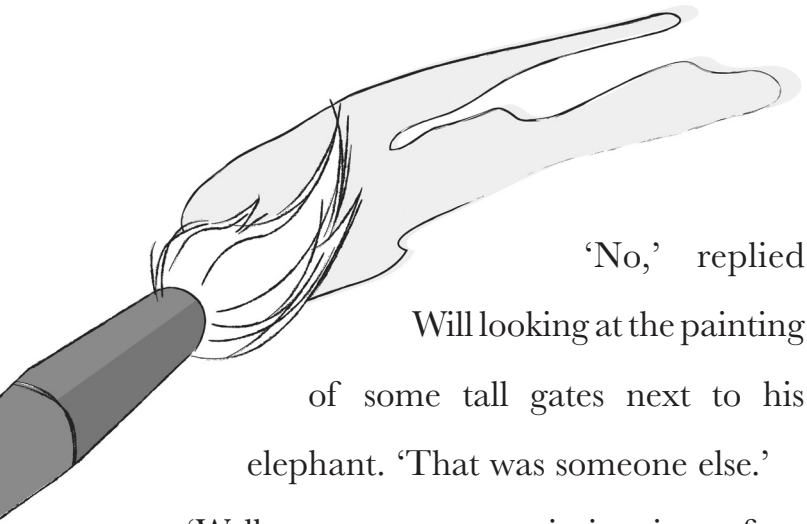
'Oh, I was just passing and spotted you.' She was examining the purple elephant carefully. 'It's wonderful,' she said. 'The eternity symbol

is perfect.'

'Thanks,' said Will.

'And these magnificent gates? Did you do those too?'





'No,' replied Will looking at the painting of some tall gates next to his elephant. 'That was someone else.'

'Well, anyway, your painting is perfect. You couldn't have given me a better present,' said Grandma Rivers, beaming.

Will wasn't sure what she meant. His painting was part of his class project, not a present for Grandma Rivers. He was about to correct her when he remembered what her actual present was. He had wrapped it in a rush before school: a pair of woolly bedsocks. He felt a twinge of guilt as he remembered he hadn't

even bought the socks himself: his mum had picked them up for him.

'I'm glad you like it, Grandma,' he said.

'I'm not sure *I* do,' said a voice.

Will turned to see his teacher Mrs Barnes examining his painting. She wrinkled her nose and tutted three times in quick succession. Isaac was lurking next to her, his hands behind his back. He smiled smugly at Will. Will clenched his jaw. It was obvious that Isaac had told their teacher about his purple picture. Now Isaac was hanging about desperately hoping to see Will get into trouble.

'Oh dear,' said Mrs Barnes. 'What a pity.

Not exactly what I was looking for, zoologically-speaking.'

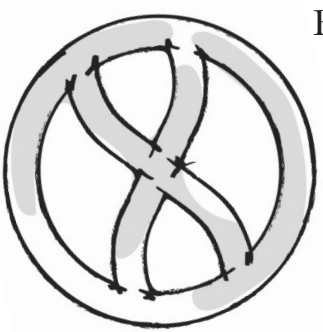
Isaac sniggered. Will flushed with a mix of embarrassment and irritation.

'Does it matter?' asked Grandma Rivers.

Mrs Barnes gave Grandma Rivers a questioning look. 'Well, I've never seen a purple elephant, have you?'

'You'd be surprised,' replied Will's grandma.

'And what's that thing on its forehead?' Mrs Barnes asked.



'An eternity sign,' replied Will, shifting uncomfortably from foot to foot.

'Where did you get that silly idea from?' she exclaimed.

'Right here,' said Grandma Rivers firmly. She rolled up the sleeve of her cardigan. Mrs Barnes almost gasped in surprise as she caught sight of the eternity tattoo on Grandma Rivers' forearm.

'Oh, how unusual,' said Mrs Barnes.

Will's chest suddenly throbbed with pride for his grandma.

'Would you like to see some of my other ones?' asked Grandma Rivers. She glanced at Will. Her eyes were twinkling behind her round spectacles. Will's mouth dropped

open in horror as he realized what she was about to do.

'Grandma, not those tattoos,' he pleaded quietly.

She winked at him and turned back to Mrs Barnes. 'I've got a big tattoo right here.' She lifted up the bottom of her cardigan and hooked a thumb into the elastic waistband of her long skirt. She began to pull the top of her skirt down towards her bottom. Mrs Barnes looked alarmed and Isaac put his hands over his eyes.



'Please stop right there,' Mrs Barnes interrupted quickly. 'Think of the children!'

Grandma Rivers removed her thumb and smiled sweetly at the teacher. Will, who had been holding his breath, sighed with relief.

Mrs Barnes recovered herself. 'I'm sorry, Will, I must insist,' she said. 'You need to change your picture.'

'What?' said Will. 'No, please.'

Mrs Barnes ignored him. 'Isaac,' she said. 'The paint please.' Isaac stepped forward with a grin, revealing what he had been hiding behind his back: a large pot of thick, grey paint and a gunky paintbrush.