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BY THE REMARKABLE DOUBLE ACT THAT IS

PHILIP REEVE AND SARAH McINTYRE

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This is Kevin.

Kevin is a flying pony. (You may have noticed that already, in which case you are Very Observant. Well done! Award yourself 1 gold star.)

Some people think Kevin is a slightly odd shape for a flying pony. They say that his wings are a bit too small. They also say his tummy is a bit too big.

Kevin disagrees —he thinks he is Just Right.

Kevin lives in the wild, wet hills of the Outermost West, where he has built a large, untidy nest for himself in the branches of an oak tree. His favourite things to eat are:

1. Grass
2. Apples
3. Biscuits

. . . only not in that order.

Grass is quite easy to come by, because it grows all over the wild, wet hills of the Outermost West. Apples grow on the trees in the orchards, and Kevin often flies

down to eat them. (You can imagine how delighted the farmers are when they see him coming.) Biscuits are a bit harder to get hold of, but sometimes Kevin makes friends with a hiker, and if he's lucky they share their biscuits with him. So if ever you visit the wild, wet hills of the Outermost West, be sure to take plenty of biscuits. Kevin's favourites are:

1. Pink wafers

2. Bourbons

3. Custard creams

. . . only not in that order.

KEVIN BLOWS AWAY

One night there was a terrible storm. It blew across the Outermost Sea, where the mermaids lived. It drove huge white waves against the black rocks where gangs of cheeky Sea Monkeys made their homes. It howled over the wild, wet hills. Kevin huddled down in his treetop nest and squeezed his eyes tight shut against the rain. The wind blew harder and harder. It lashed Kevin's oak tree to and fro until the nest fell out of its branches

and Kevin fell out of the nest.

Kevin flapped his small wings as fast as they would flap, but the wind was too strong for him. It carried him high into the sky. It blew him far across the wild, wet hills. It blew him over roads and rivers, all the way to the places where ordinary people lived—people who didn't believe in flying ponies.

He blew past electricity pylons and mobile phone masts and forests of chimneys, until at last, with a loud **DOOF**, he bumped into the side of a tall building.

'Bother!' said Kevin.

Inside the tall building there lived a short boy. The boy's name was Max, and he looked like this:

Max lived in the flat on the top floor of the tall building, with his mum and dad and sister.

Max's dad was a builder. He was very good at it. Wherever Max went in the little town of Bumbleford there were roofs that his dad had fixed, or porches that he had put up, and even whole houses he had built. Max was proud of that.

Max's mum was a hairdresser—she owned the hairdressing salon in the High Street. She was always worrying about it, because it didn't have many customers—most people went to the big, new hairdressers, at the other end of the High Street. Mum was always trying to think of schemes to make her salon more popular, only none of them seemed to work. But Max knew she was the best hairdresser in Bumbleford. (She always cut Max's hair, and it looked excellent, as you can see.)