Some of my good reviews...

'Will make you laugh out loud, cringe and snigger, all at the same time'
-LoveReading4Kids



'Very funny and cheeky'
-Booktictac, Guardian Online Review

Waterstones Children's Book Prize Shortlistee!

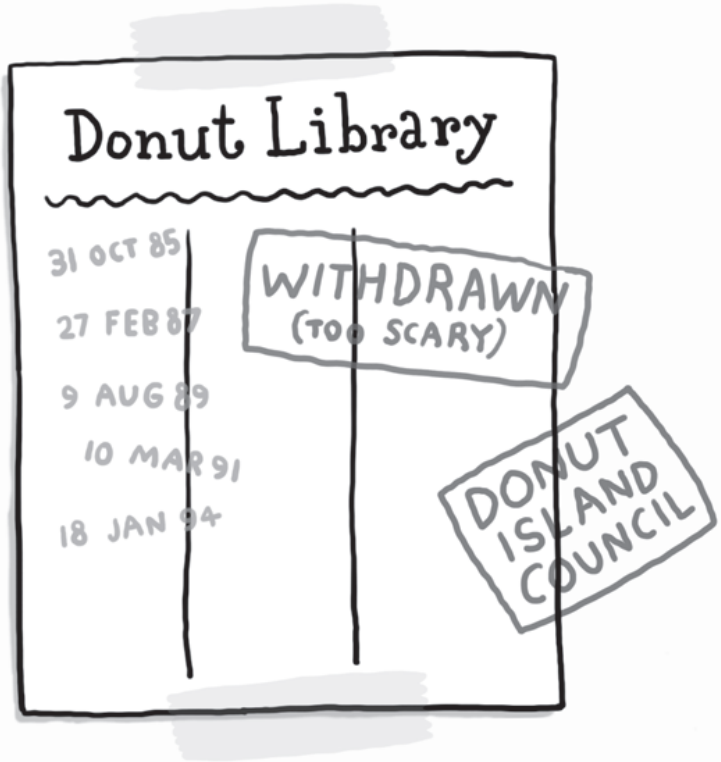
'WHAT'S NOT TO LOVE?'
-Sun

'I LAUGHED SO MUCH, I THOUGHT THAT I WAS GOING TO BURST!'
Finbar, aged 9

'The review of the eight year old boy in our house...
"Can I keep it to give to a friend?"
Best recommendation you can get' - Observer

'HUGELY ENJOYABLE, SURREAL CHAOS'
-Guardian

The Roald Dahl FUNNY PRIZE WINNER 2013



Massive thanks to my editor, Liz Bankes, for all her genius help with this book, and to my amazing publisher Ali Dougal and brilliant agent Caroline Sheldon for always being so keel. And to Jenny and Woody for telling me when something's rubbish, and coming up with the title!

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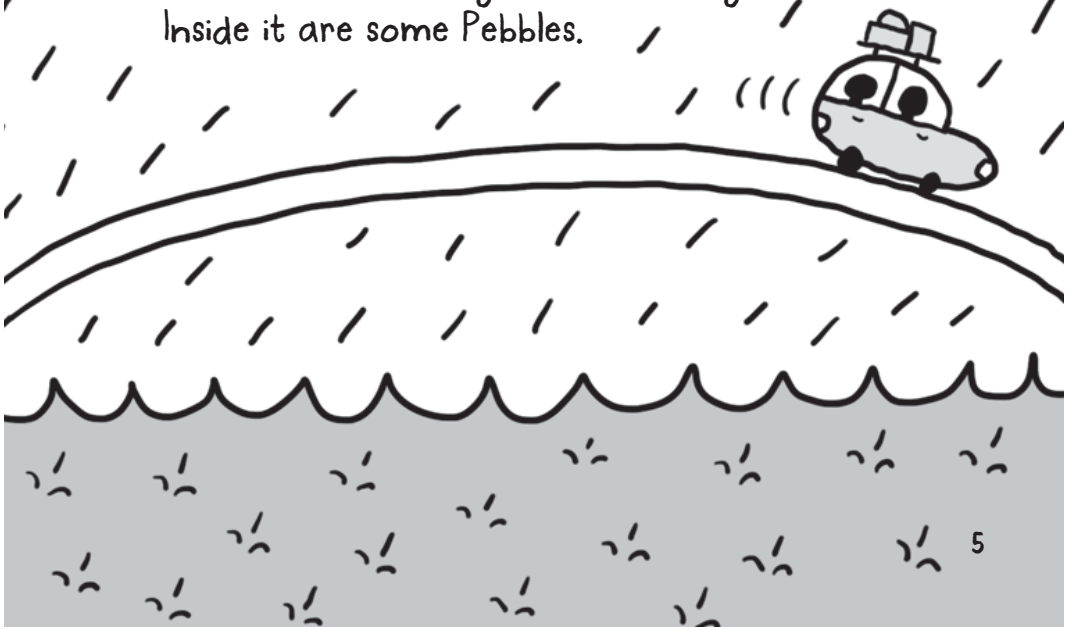
"Danger at Donut Diner"



Jim Smith

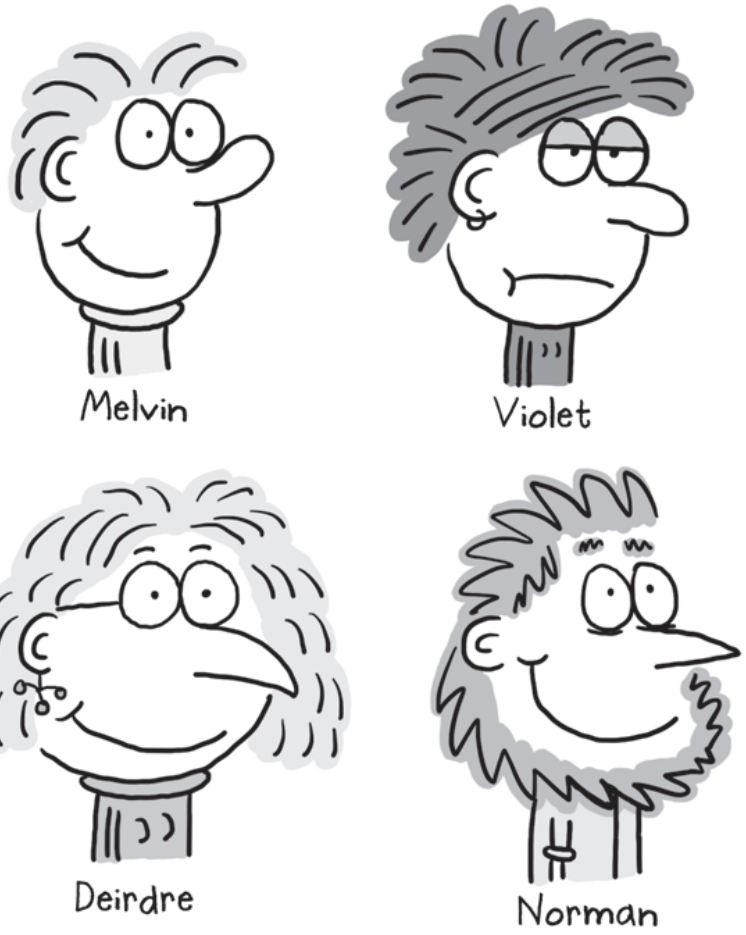
Meet the Pebbles

See that car driving over the bridge?
Inside it are some Pebbles.



I don't mean pebbles like stones. What I mean is a family called The Pebbles.

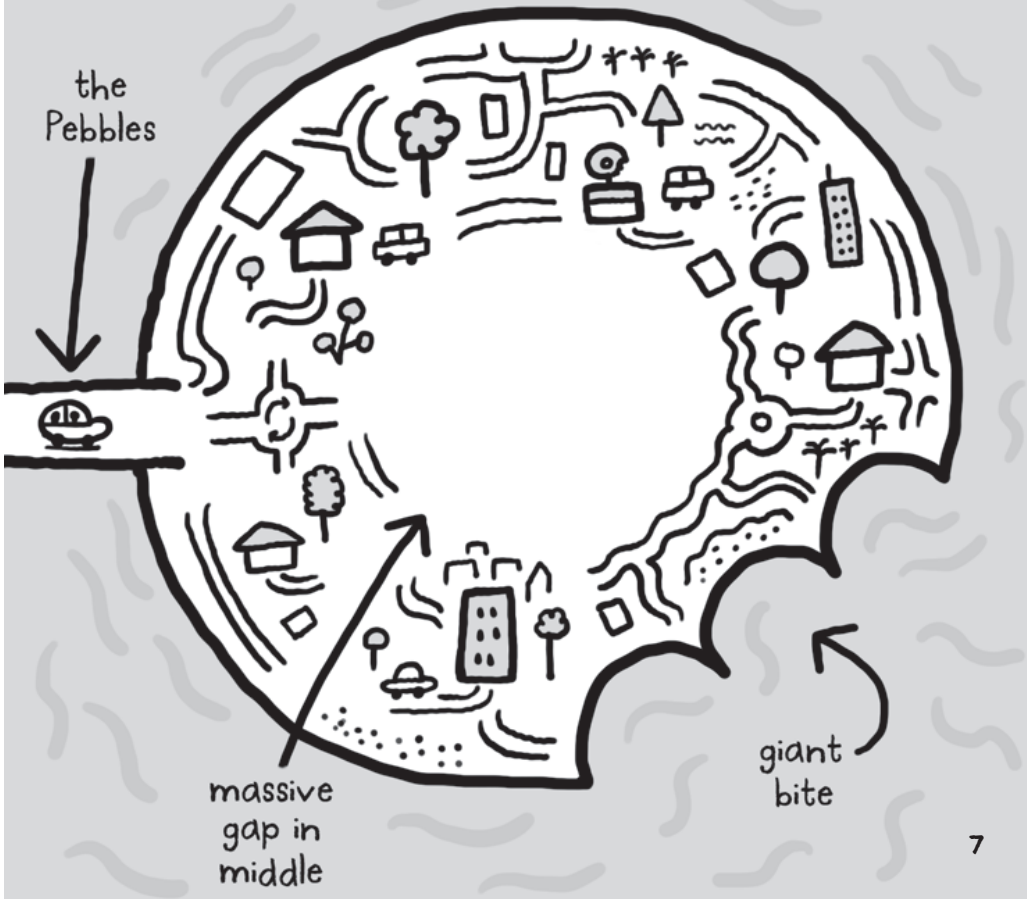
This is what they look like:



Sorry if you're listening to an audiobook, by the way.

The Pebbles were driving from Hokum City towards a completely round island.

On one side of the island, three huge clumps of earth had fallen into the sea, making it look like a giant fish had taken a bite out of it or something.



'Donut Island here we come!' grinned Deirdre Pebble, peering into the rear-view mirror. 'Looking forward to your new life, kids?'

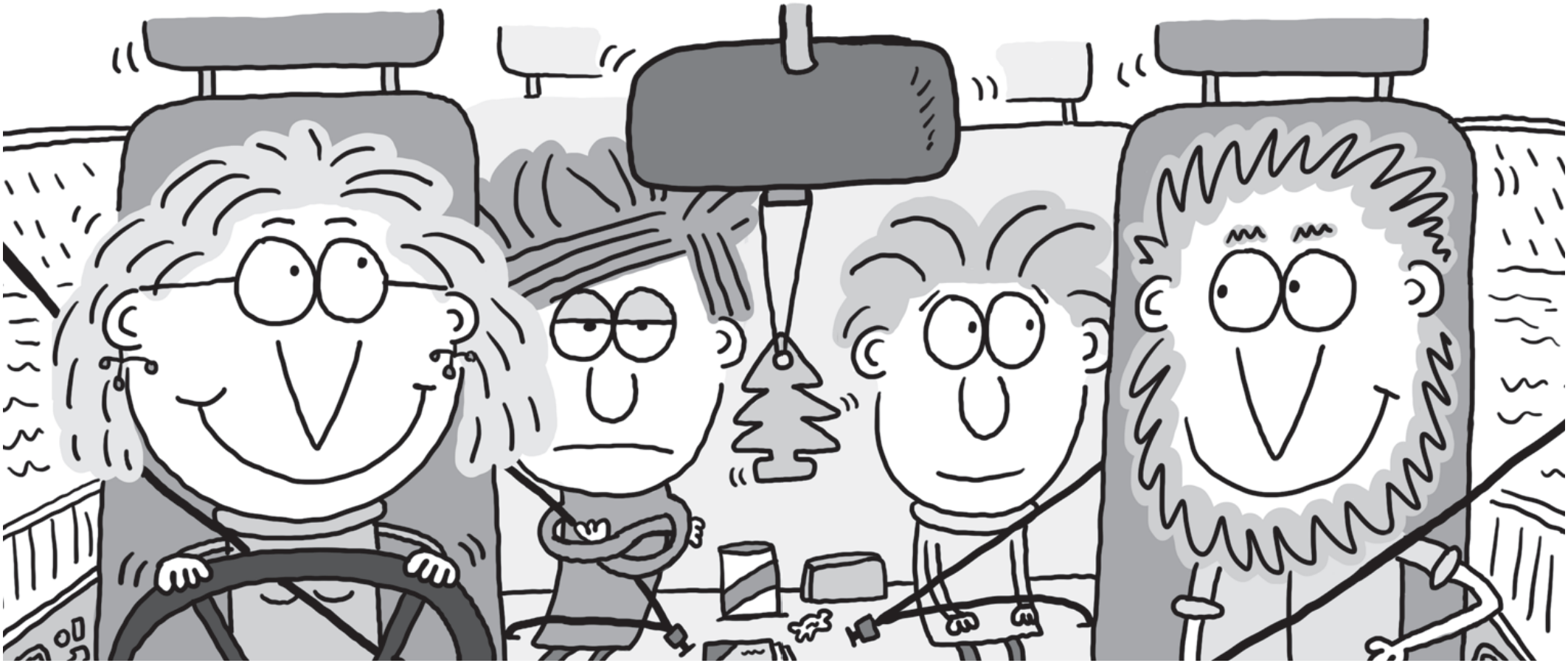
Swirling black thunderclouds rumbled in the sky above and lightning flickered like a half-broken bulb.

'Nope,' said Violet Pebble, who was the oldest and most annoying of the two. 'I don't see why I have to leave all my friends behind just because you got a stupid new job.'

'Violet!' cried Norman Pebble in his trying-to-be-a-dad voice. 'Your mother's new job is NOT stupid.'

Melvin Pebble, who was sitting next to his big sister, wiggled his bum in its seat. 'I can't wait,' he said.

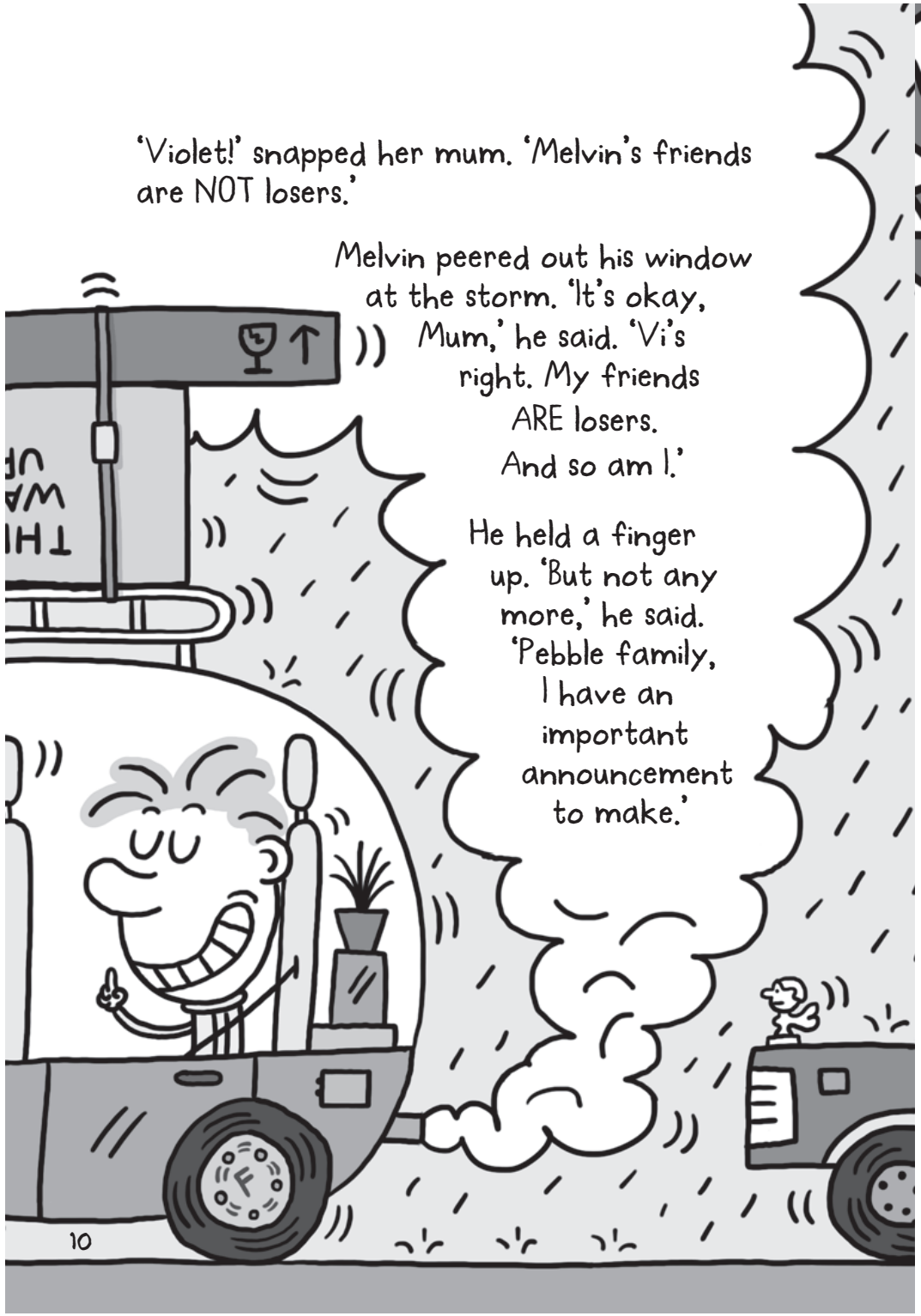
Violet rolled her eyes. 'It's alright for you,' she said. 'Your friends are all complete losers.'



'Violet!' snapped her mum. 'Melvin's friends are NOT losers.'

Melvin peered out his window at the storm. 'It's okay, Mum,' he said. 'Vi's right. My friends ARE losers. And so am I.'

He held a finger up. 'But not any more,' he said. 'Pebble family, I have an important announcement to make.'





A bolt of lightning shot out of a cloud, striking the middle of the island with an enormous . . .

BOOM!

'WAAAHHH!!!' screamed the Pebbles, as the car swerved left and right.

'So, my announcement,' said Melvin, once they'd all settled down again. 'I have decided that from now on I'm gonna be the coolest kid in town.'

Violet laughed. 'Oh per-lease,' she said. 'You couldn't be cool if you were stuck inside a fridge. With sunglasses on. And gel in your hair. Wearing a t-shirt that said I AM COOL on it.'

'Oh yeah?' said Melvin. 'Well I wouldn't even be able to fit inside a fridge. Unless you took out all the shelves. But even then it'd be a squeeze. So who's laughing now?'

'Not me,' said Violet, yawning as the car trundled off the bridge, past an enormous billboard.

This is what it said:



Violet stared through her rain-splattered window at the billboard. 'The boringest town in the universe,' she grumbled.

Of course, she'd never've said that if she'd known what was going to happen in the rest of this book.



Rhubarb Plonsky

The Pebble family car drove up to its new house. Not that a car can have a house exactly, but you know what I mean.

Melvin jumped out and stretched his legs. The thunderstorm had finished and he could just about see the moon hanging in the sky, like a gigantic chopped-in-half donut.



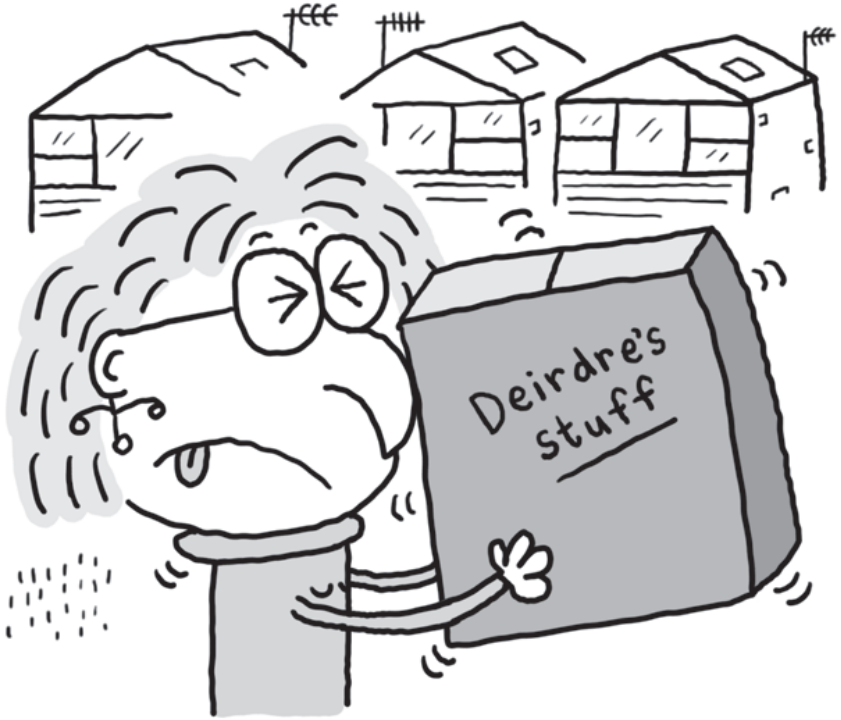
half donut



half moon

'Feels great to stretch your legs, doesn't it?' grinned Norman Pebble, bending over to touch his smelly feet, and his bum peeped out of its trousers.

'Not really,' said Melvin, as his mum staggered up to the house carrying a giant cardboard box. Clinking around inside was her collection of empty jam jars.



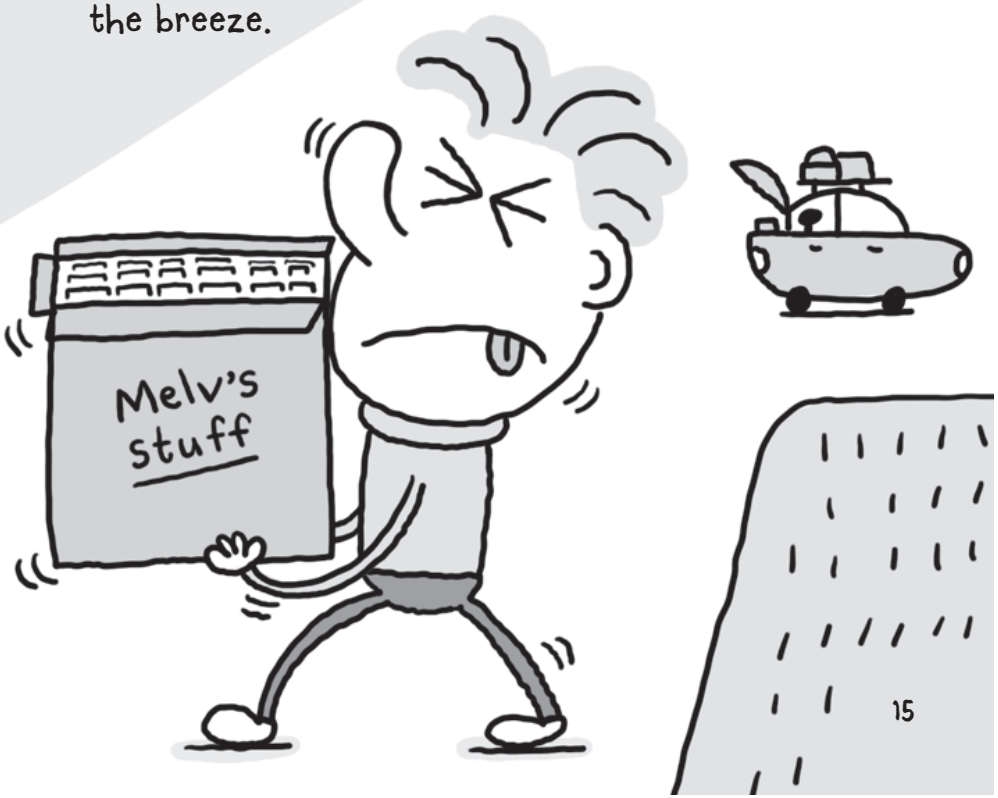
'You can never have too many jam jars,' smiled Deirdre. Not that anyone had mentioned them or anything. She just liked talking about her jam jars.

Norman looked at his wife. 'You do realise jam jars are supposed to have something inside them, don't you, Deirdre?' he said.

'It's tragic really,' said Melvin, watching his mum. He walked round to the boot of the car and heaved out a box himself.

This one had **'Melv's stuff'** written on the side.

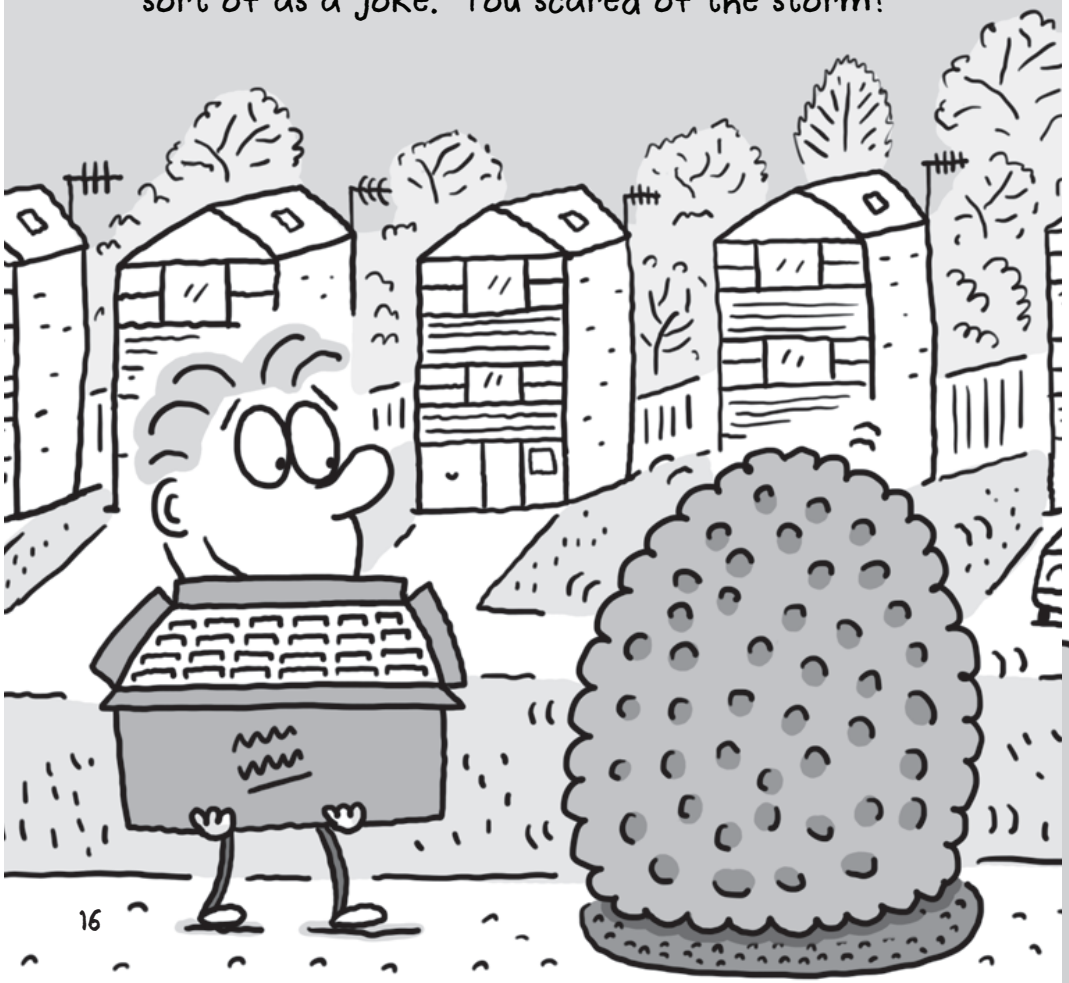
The flaps were half-open and the tops of a million little toy packets fluttered in the breeze.



'SHHH!' shushed a noise from behind him and Melvin twizzled round.

In front of him sat a fat little bush. Its leaves were rattling like it was shaking with fear. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and Melvin giggled, nervously.

'What's wrong, little fella?' he asked the bush, sort of as a joke. 'You scared of the storm?'



'Please be quiet!' said the bush, and Melvin stumbled backwards.

'Th-that bush!' he stuttered.
'It's alive!'

All of a sudden a girl's head poked out, about the same age as Melvin's.

'Waaah!
It's got a head as well!' screamed Melvin.



'SHUSH!' shushed the girl. 'Would you keep it down? I'm waiting for my new next-door neighbours to arrive.'

Melvin breathed a sigh of relief. 'Oh,' he smiled. 'I think that might be . . .'

‘QUIET!’

whispered the girl. ‘I’ve been hiding in this bush all blooming weekend and the last thing I need is you lot scaring them away.’

Deirdre plonked her jam jars down by the front door and walked over to the girl. ‘We’re the Pebbles!’ she smiled.

The girl went silent for a millisecond, then clicked her fingers.

‘Hey, you’re my new next-door neighbours!’ she grinned. ‘My name’s Rhubarb Plonsky. Very nice to meet you!’



The next chapter

Deirdre Pebble chuckled at how ridiculous her new next-door neighbour’s name was, even though her own name was Deirdre Pebble.

‘Very nice to meet you too, Rhubarb Plonsky,’ she said, putting her hands on her hips. ‘I’m Deirdre and that’s my husband Norman.’

‘And those two are Violet and Melvin,’ she said, pointing at them. Violet was still slouched in the back of the car. ‘Say hello, kids.’