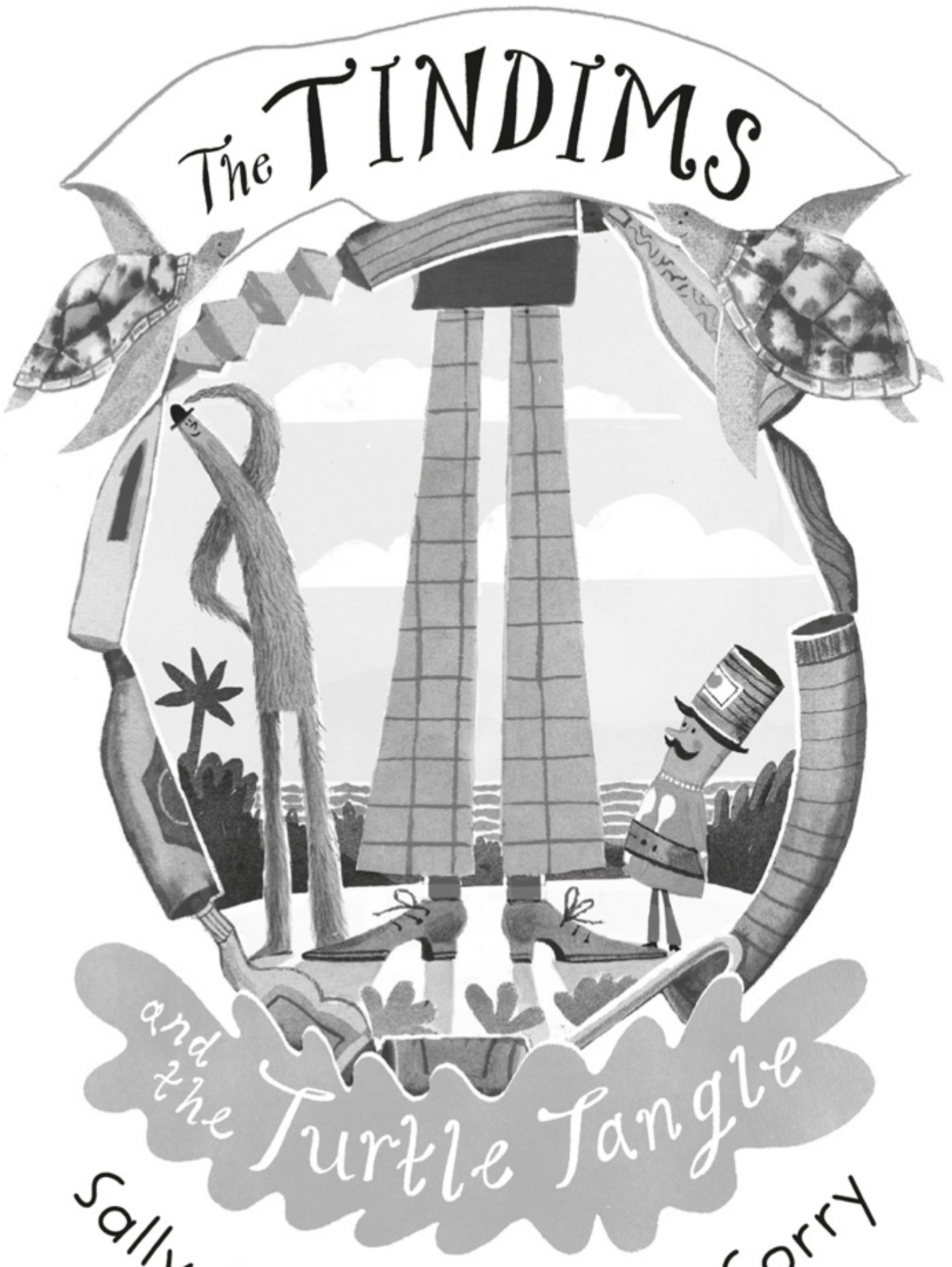


Sally Gardner & Lydia Corry

ZEPHYR
an imprint of Head of Zeus

First published in the UK by Zephyr,
an imprint of Head of Zeus, in 2021

Text copyright © Sally Gardner, 2021
Illustrations copyright © Lydia Corry, 2021

The moral right of Sally Gardner to be identified as the author of this work and Lydia Corry to be identified as the illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act of 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior permission of both the copyright owner and the above publisher of this book.

This is a work of fiction. All characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

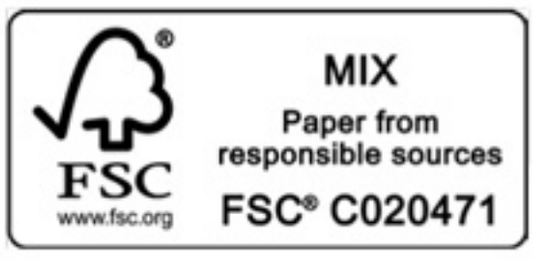
9 7 5 3 1 2 4 6 8

A catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library.

ISBN (PB): 9781838935696
ISBN (E): 9781838935702

Typesetting & design by Jessie Price

Printed and bound in Great Britain
by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY



Head of Zeus Ltd
First Floor East
5-8 Hardwick Street
London EC1R 4RG

www.headofzeus.com

Chapter One

Where a rather loud noise is heard on Rubbish Island. The kind of noise that doesn't sound right.

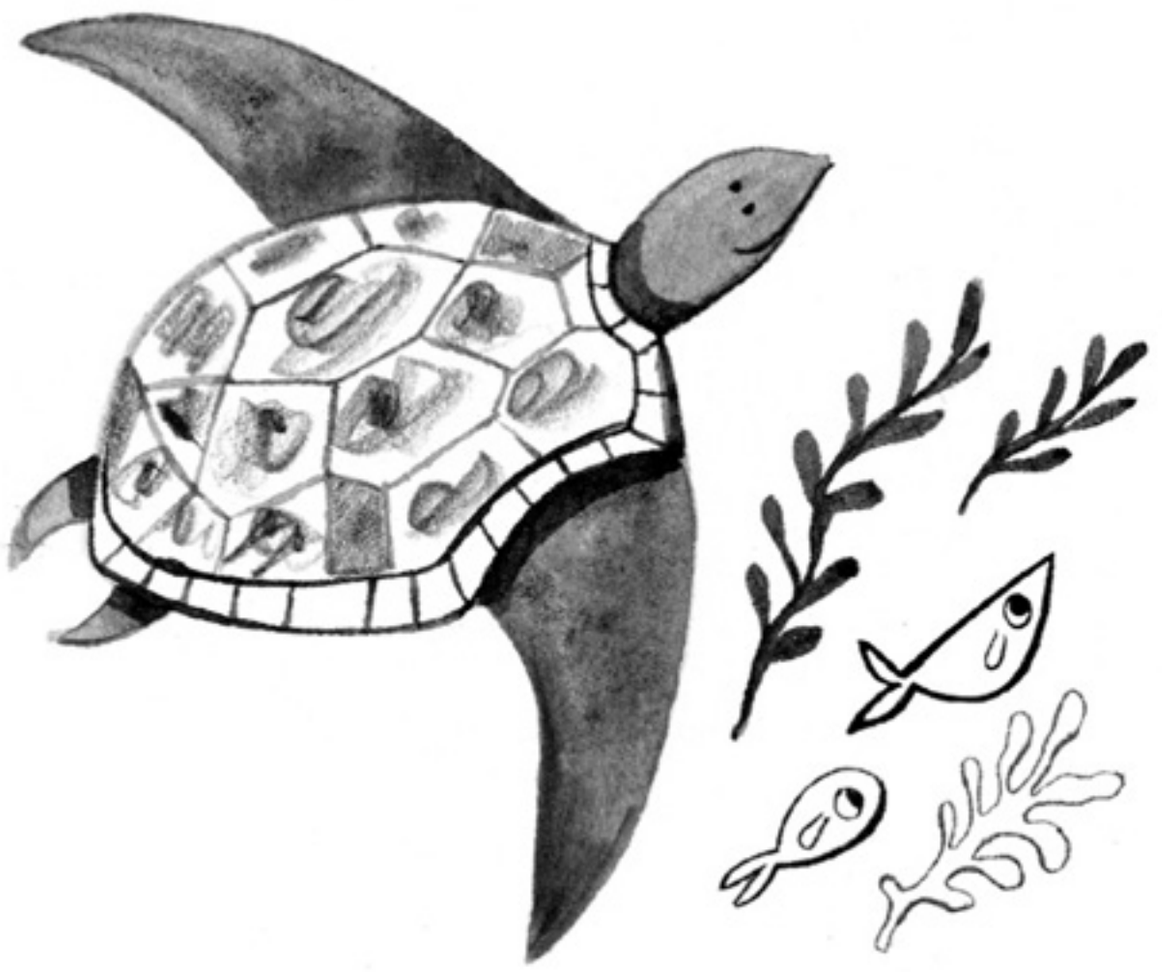


‘Bad things happen sometimes and that is a fact,’ said Pinch.

‘Good things happen sometimes as well,’ said Skittle.

Brew thought for a moment and said, ‘Sometimes both things can happen at the same time, without meaning to.’

And that is where this story starts.





Rubbish Island was bobbing about in a blue, nothing-could-go-wrong sea. It was far too hot for any Tindim, worth his wooden spoon or recycled hat, to be doing much.

Skittle, Pinch and Brew were at Turtle Bay building sandcastles, while Ethel B

Dina stood under her sun-stopping, hand-embroidered umbrella. It was the kind of umbrella she felt needed a song.











I think my umbrella is second to none.
And I don't care tuppence, if it looks
homespun.



With an umbrella like mine, you are
never alone–'



She was thinking of the next line and what might rhyme with alone, when she heard the loudest

GROOOOAAN

It was the kind of groan that would make you stop and ask, 'What was that?'



'Did you hear a loud groan, my still and sparkling darlings?' she asked the others.

Skittle said, 'I heard a **CRACK**.'

'I heard a **SNAP**,'

piped up Pinch.



Brew, who was swimming with a turtle, came ashore and said, 'I felt a **RUMBLE** under the water.'



'I think,' said Ethel B Dina, 'whatever the noise was, the one thing I know is...'

'Yes,' said the others all together.

'That it's not the right kind of noise for Rubbish Island to be making.'



They decided to find out if anyone else had heard or felt anything strange.



Hitch Stitch was in her garden looking worriedly at a pile of wood.

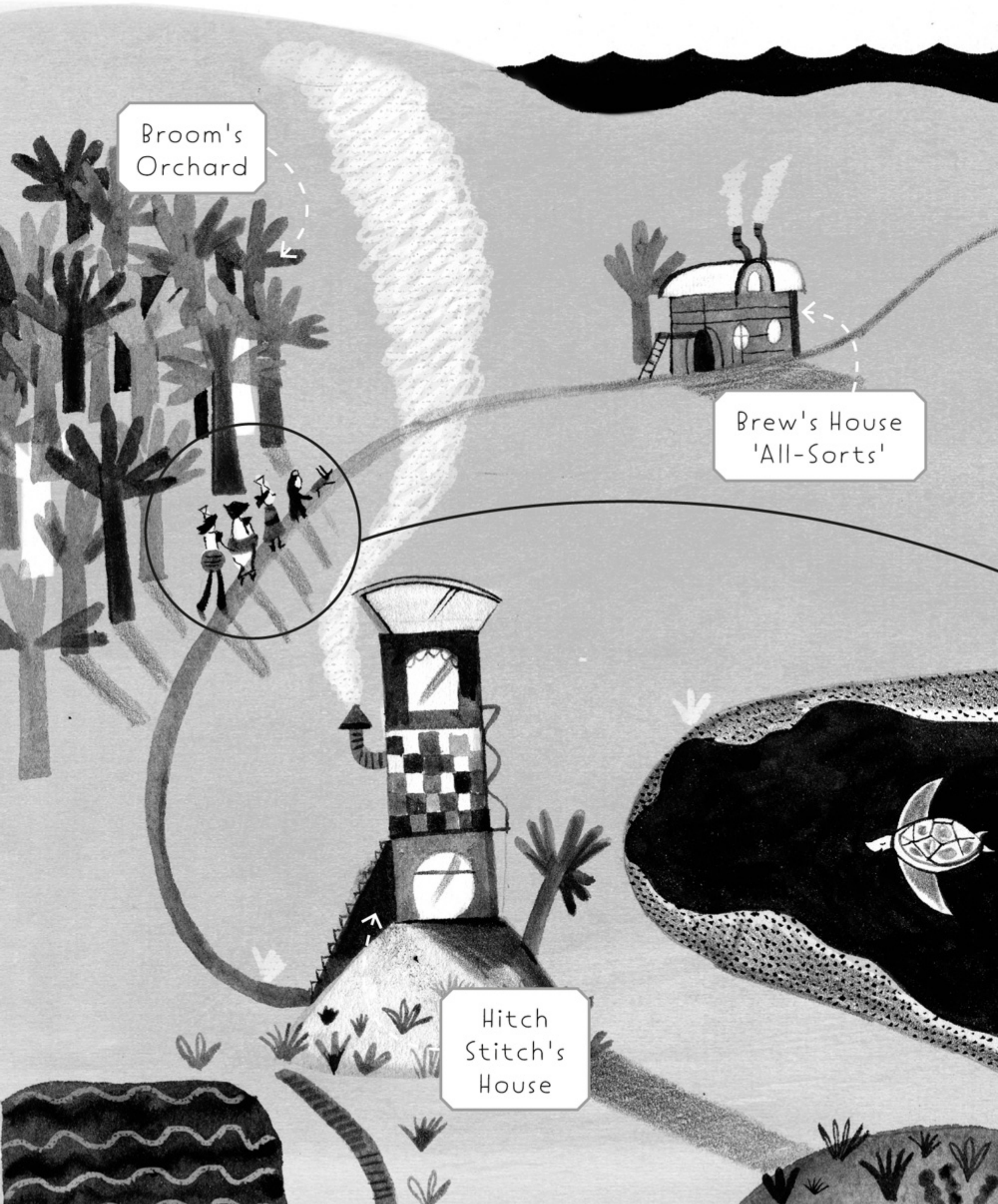
'Have you heard a groan, my still and sparkling darling?' asked Ethel B Dina.

'I felt a shudder,' said Hitch Stitch. 'And my shed fell down.'

'Oh dear,' they all said.

Pinch said, 'Something seriously serious is wrong and *that's a fact actually*.'

The little party of Tindims set off to find out what had happened.



Bottle Mountain

Skittle's House

TURTLE BAY



If anyone knew what the noise meant, it would be Skittle's mum, Admiral Bonnet, and her dad, Captain Spoons. After all, they were in charge of steering the island and making sure it didn't bump into anything.



Today was Winkleday, or as the Long Legs would call it, Wednesday. Granny Gull and Barnacle Bow had come over from their house on Bottle Mountain, to make Roo-Roo jam.

This was a special moment in the Tindim calendar. It took a lot of preparation, because jam jars might be small to us Long Legs, but to a Tindim they are much too

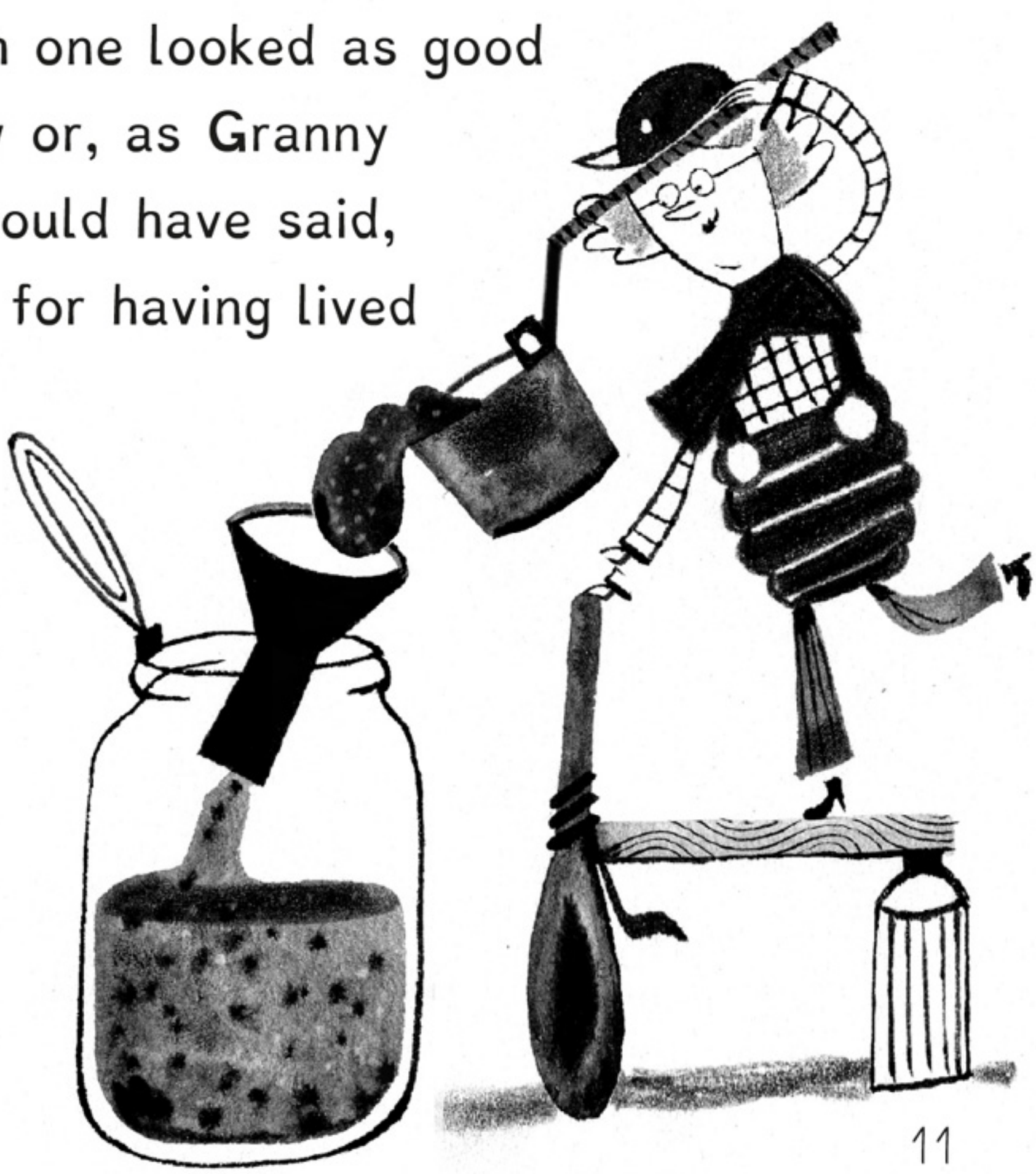


big and heavy to move far. So Roo-Roo jam is always made at Admiral Bonnet's house.



Each jar was washed out and scrubbed clean by Barnacle Bow and decorated and painted by Granny Gull. She also made the cloth lids which Hitch Stitch tied around the top of the jar.

Each one looked as good as new or, as Granny Gull would have said, better for having lived a bit.



Skittle was sure that nothing horrible could have happened, as long as Roo-Roo jam was being made.

She was about to ask if they had heard anything when there was another loud **SNAP**, followed by a colossal

CRICKETY CLANG

Which all added up to a **VERY BIG NOISE**. The kind of noise no one had ever heard before on Rubbish Island.

'What was that?' said Skittle.

'Search my teabag,' said Brew.

'Something has happened,' said Pinch, 'and *that's a fact.*'

