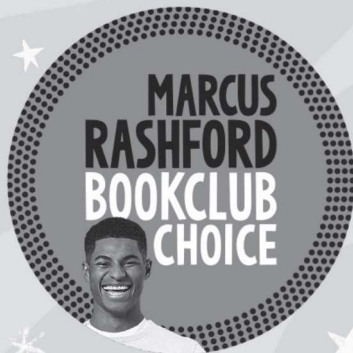
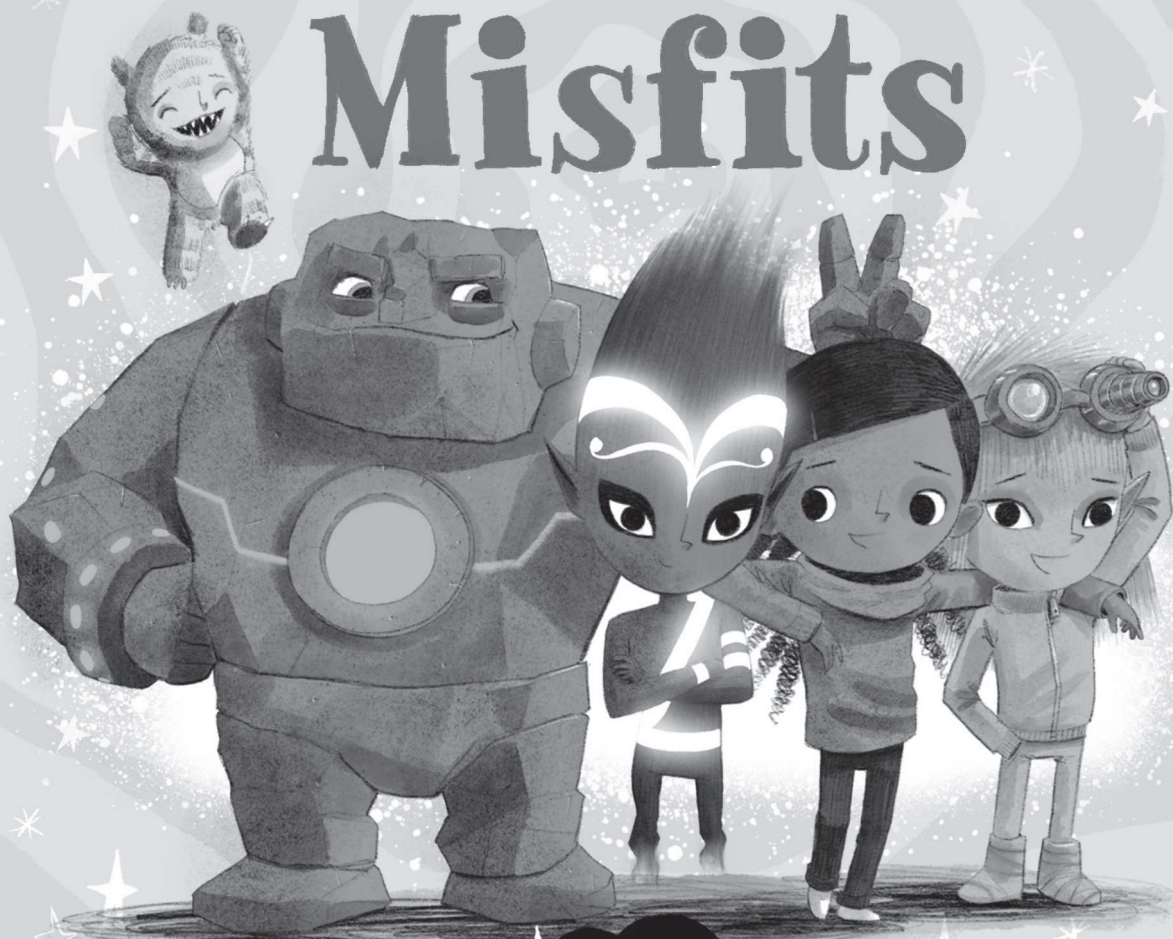


TOM PERCIVAL

'I would have loved this book as a child' Marcus Rashford MBE



Silas AND THE Marvellous Misfits



A fantastic

**DREAM
DEFENDERS**

adventure!



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*This book is dedicated to the most wonderful
and highly esteemed Salote Thacker.*

I hope that you enjoy it, Salote!

Welcome to my Book Club.

I'm so excited that you are able to join us. I hope you have a smile on your face today.

*The book I have hand-selected for you is **Silas and the Marvellous Misfits**. It's a great story that shows you just how special it is to be yourself – to champion and celebrate the difference in one another.*

This book is for you to escape into, it's to inspire you and to help you to find adventure. And it belongs to you and only you – I want you to take it home tonight and write your name in it. Tell your friends that this book was chosen by me for you.

If you're struggling, don't be afraid to ask for help. We all need help along the way – me included. Enjoy every word at your own pace and remember that there's no rush to get to the end.

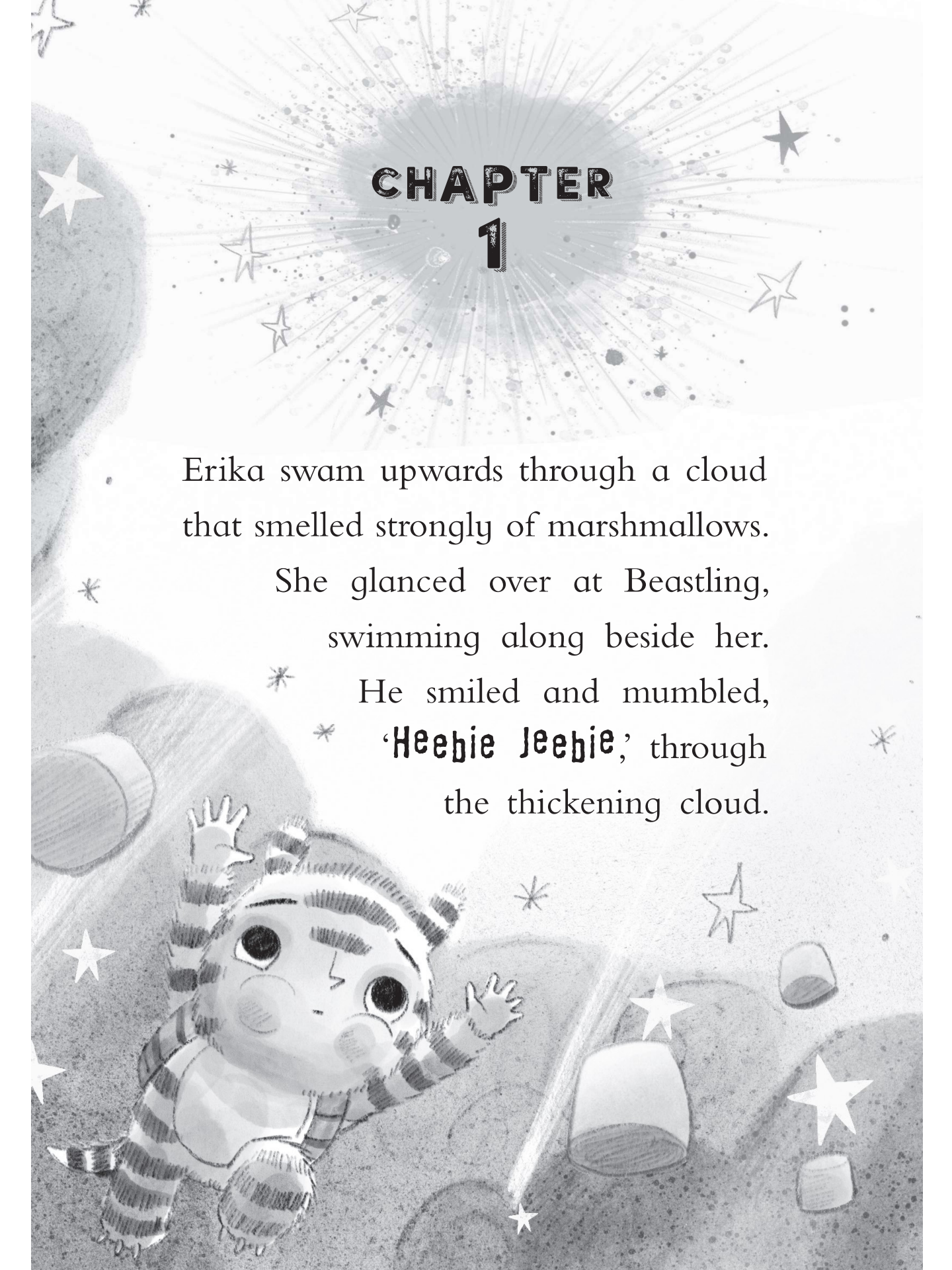
Get that head of yours high and let's conquer the day together.

With love,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the initials 'MR' with a large, flowing 'M' and a smaller 'R'.

MR





CHAPTER 1

Erika swam upwards through a cloud that smelled strongly of marshmallows.

She glanced over at Beastling, swimming along beside her.

He smiled and mumbled, ‘Heebie Jeebie,’ through the thickening cloud.

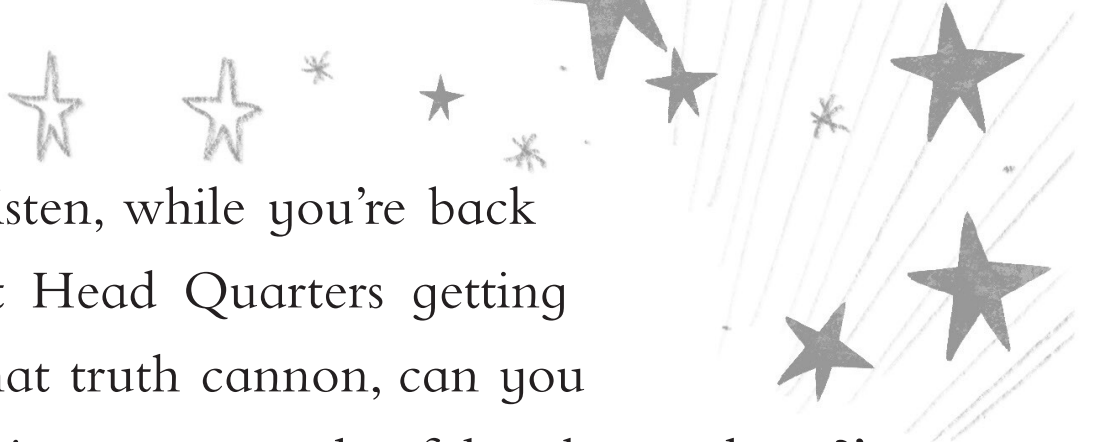


As he spoke, a
speech bubble
popped out
of his mouth,
showing a picture
of a thumbs up and a

smiley face. Erika grinned and
looked down at her timer. Twenty-five
seconds. That was all they had before
the cloud turned into a marshmallow
and plunged to the ground in a deadly
(but completely delicious) mess. This
was not something that Erika wanted
to happen – at least, not with them still
inside the cloud!

BZZZZZT!

Erika's communications device buzzed
and a gravelly voice spoke. 'Hey, Erika.



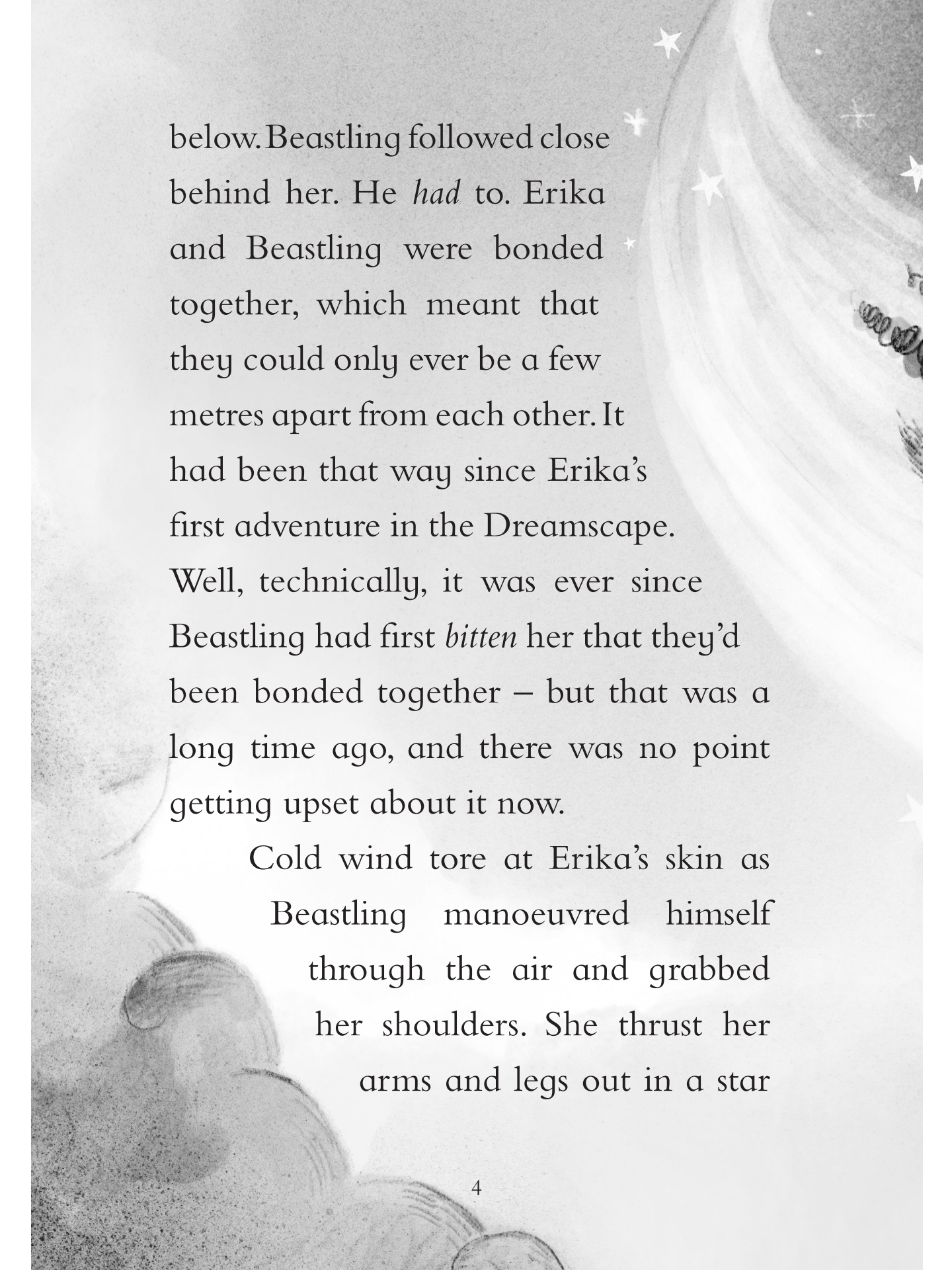
Listen, while you're back
at Head Quarters getting
that truth cannon, can you
bring me a couple of doughnuts please?'

'What?' gasped Erika, struggling not
to breathe in too much marshmallow.
'Look, Wade, I'm kind of busy right now!'
'Oh yeah, of course,' replied Wade. 'Sorry.
And good luck!' There was a pause. 'But
don't forget the doughnuts.' Then he
ended the call.

Erika shook her head and swam faster.

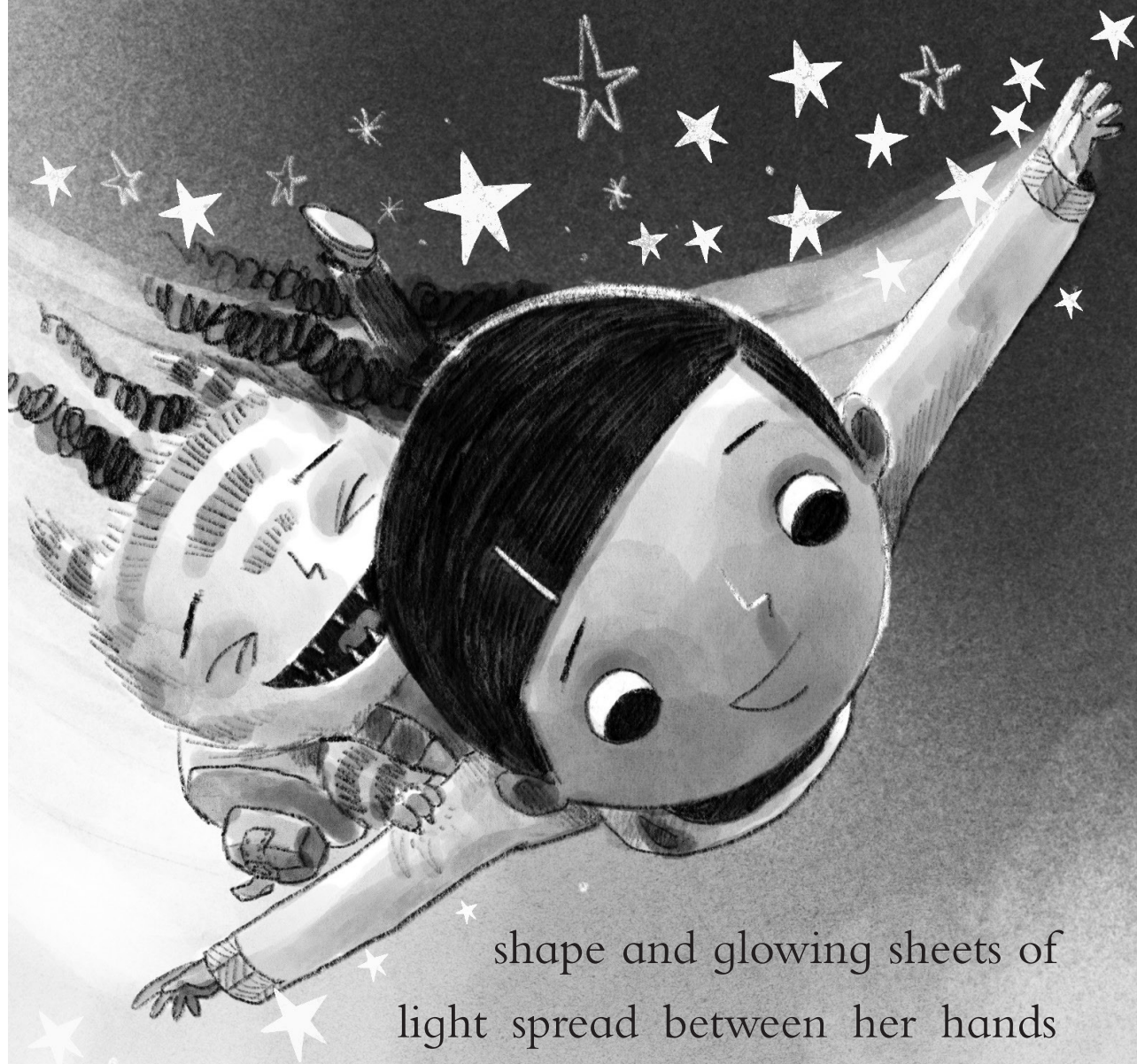


Seventeen seconds later, Erika and
Beastling popped out the top of the
cloud, just as it became too thick to swim
through. They sprinted to the edge and
leaped off as the marshmallow cloud
began to tumble towards the ground far



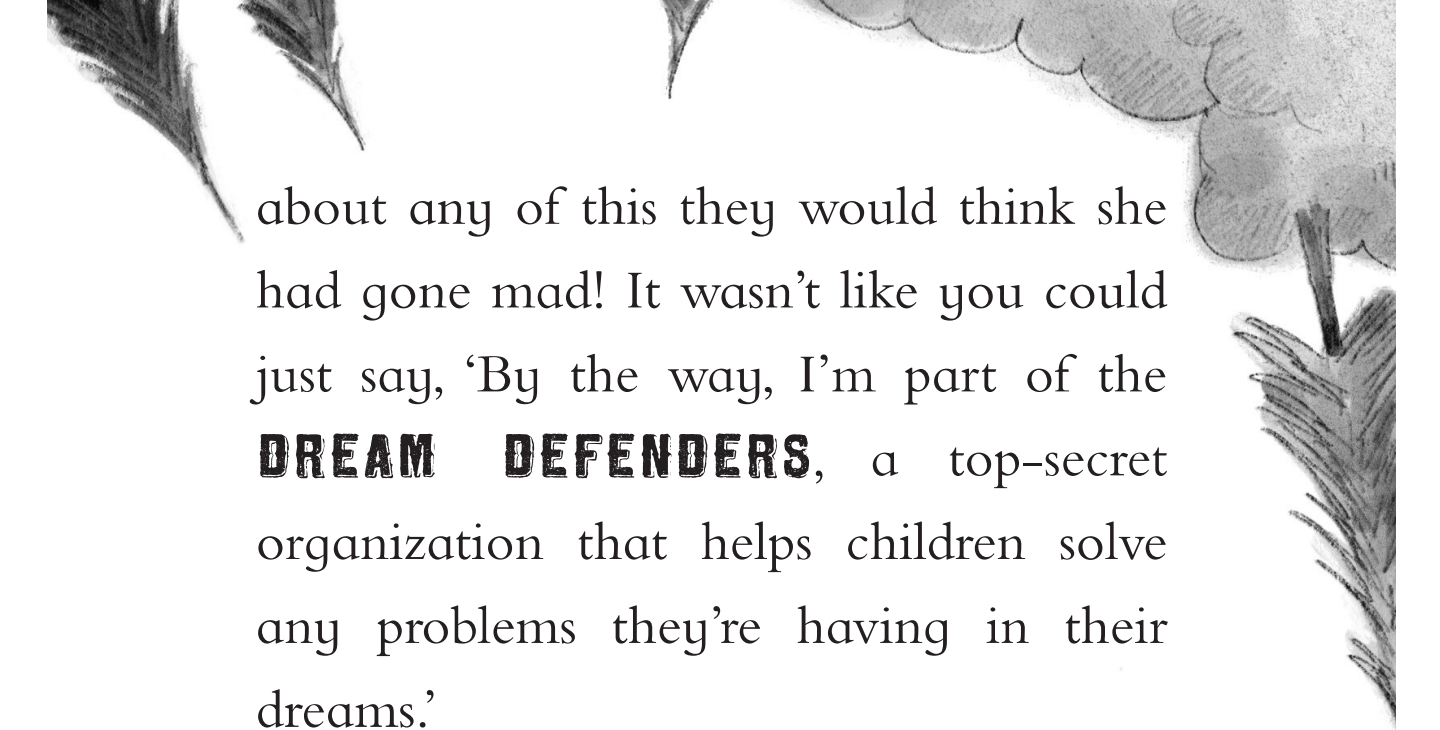
below. Beastling followed close behind her. He *had* to. Erika and Beastling were bonded together, which meant that they could only ever be a few metres apart from each other. It had been that way since Erika's first adventure in the Dreamscape. Well, technically, it was ever since Beastling had first *bitten* her that they'd been bonded together – but that was a long time ago, and there was no point getting upset about it now.

Cold wind tore at Erika's skin as Beastling manoeuvred himself through the air and grabbed her shoulders. She thrust her arms and legs out in a star



shape and glowing sheets of
light spread between her hands
and feet like wings, creating a flying
suit that Erika could steer and control.

‘Only the best for the **DREAM
DEFENDERS**, right?’ yelled Erika, grinning.
If she tried to tell her friends at school

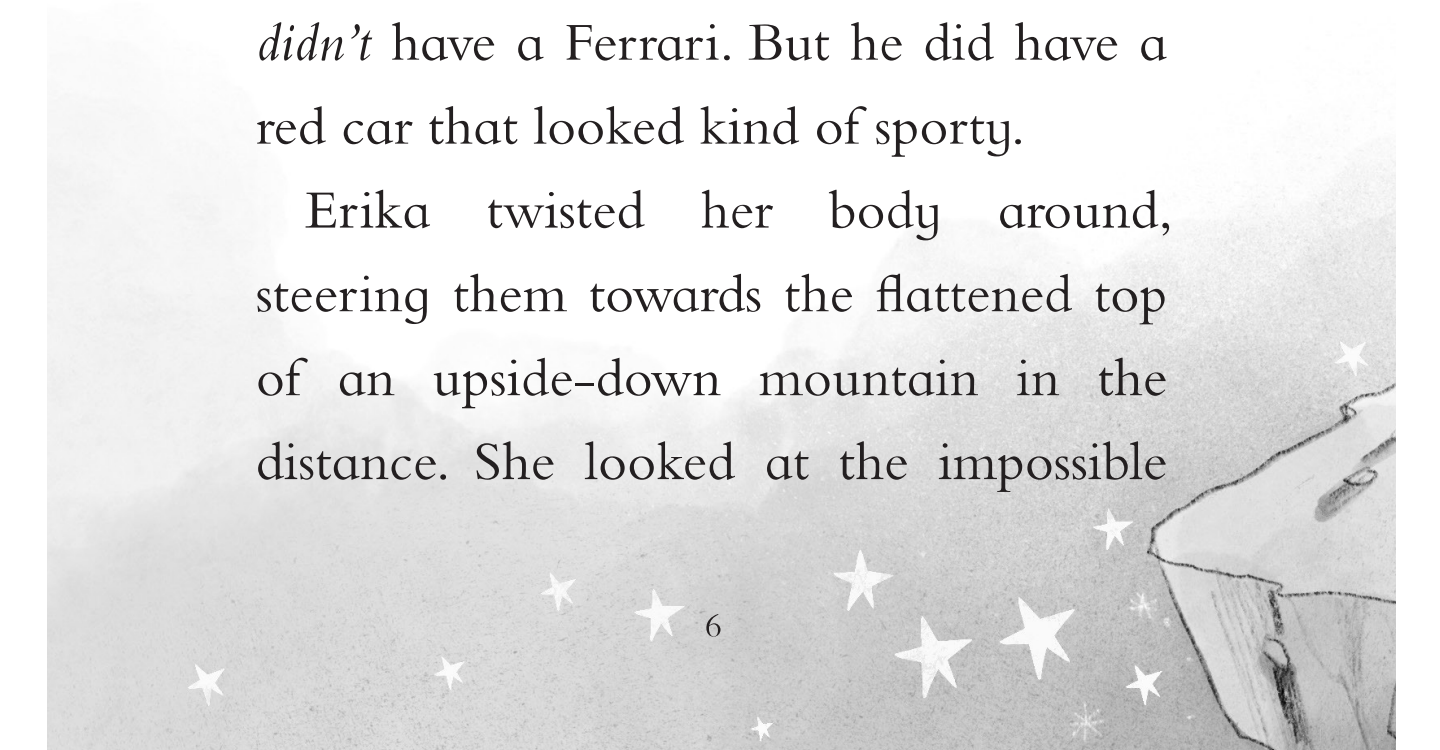


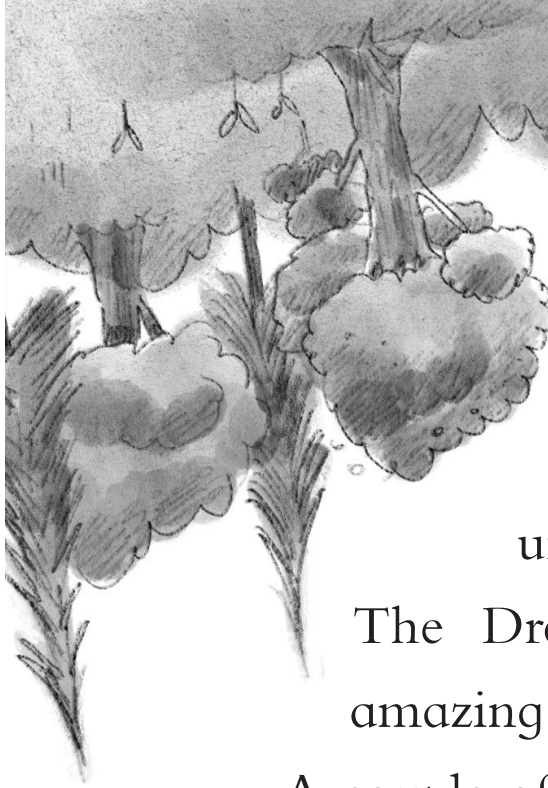
about any of this they would think she had gone mad! It wasn't like you could just say, 'By the way, I'm part of the **DREAM DEFENDERS**, a top-secret organization that helps children solve any problems they're having in their dreams.'

Her friends hadn't even believed her when she said her uncle had a Ferrari, so there was NO WAY they'd believe any of *this*!

To be fair to Erika's friends, her uncle *didn't* have a Ferrari. But he did have a red car that looked kind of sporty.

Erika twisted her body around, steering them towards the flattened top of an upside-down mountain in the distance. She looked at the impossible



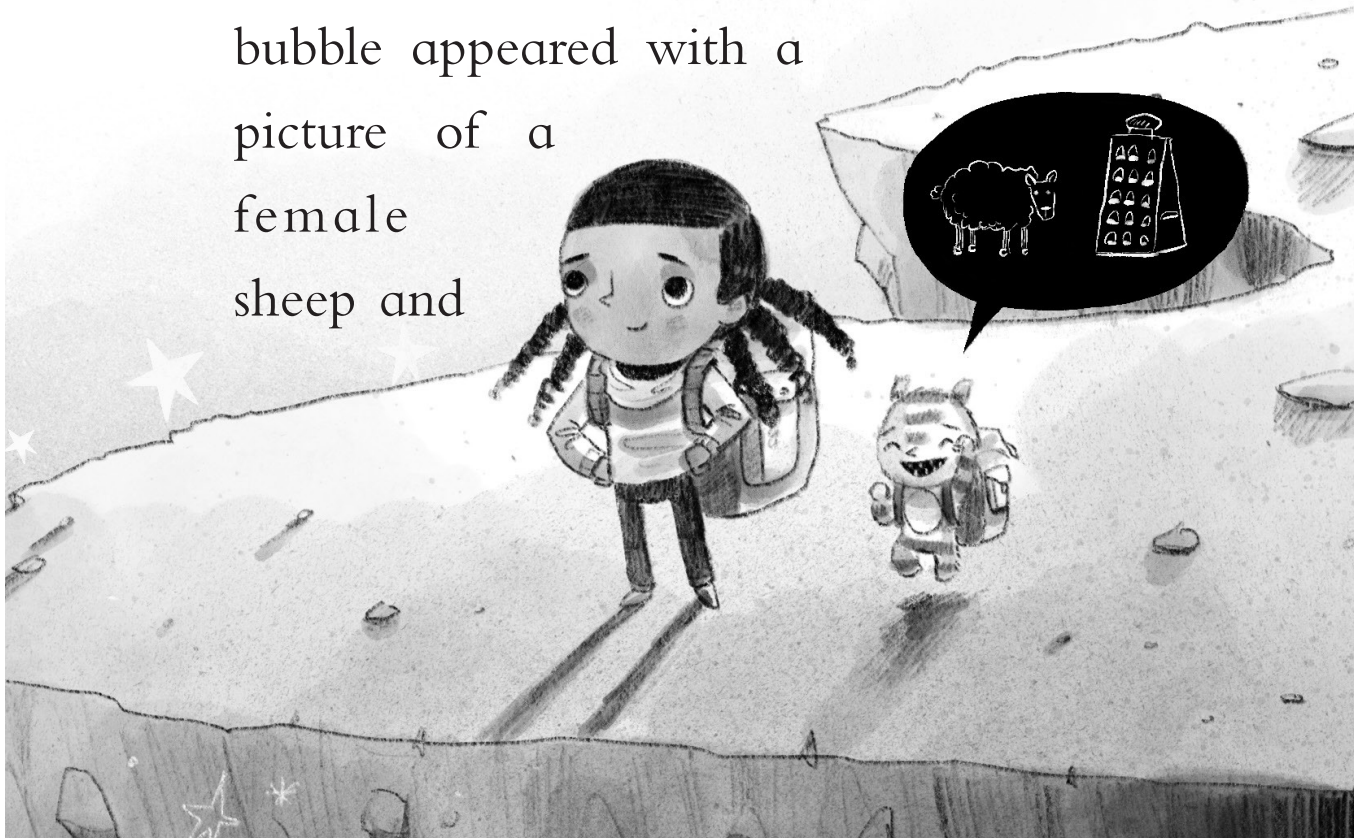


world around her as
they shot through
the air: far below
a forest grew on the
underside of a nearby cloud.

The Dreamscape really was an
amazing place.

A couple of seconds later they landed
on the top of the mountain.

‘Heebie Jeebie!’ cried Beastling,
punching the air excitedly. A speech
bubble appeared with a
picture of a
female
sheep and



a cheese grater in it. Erika smiled and ruffled Beastling's fur.

‘Ewe grate too!’ she said with a grin. ‘Let’s get inside and find the others!’

Erika and Beastling crept down a roughly carved set of steps leading deep within the mountain. Damp, stale air drifted lazily down the corridor as Erika peered around.

‘Where is everyone?’ she muttered. ‘This is where we were supposed to meet.’

‘*Psst . . .* Erika!’ a voice suddenly whispered from behind her.

Erika yelped and spun around – there was nobody there.

‘Sorry!’ continued the voice. ‘I didn’t mean to startle you. I know it can be

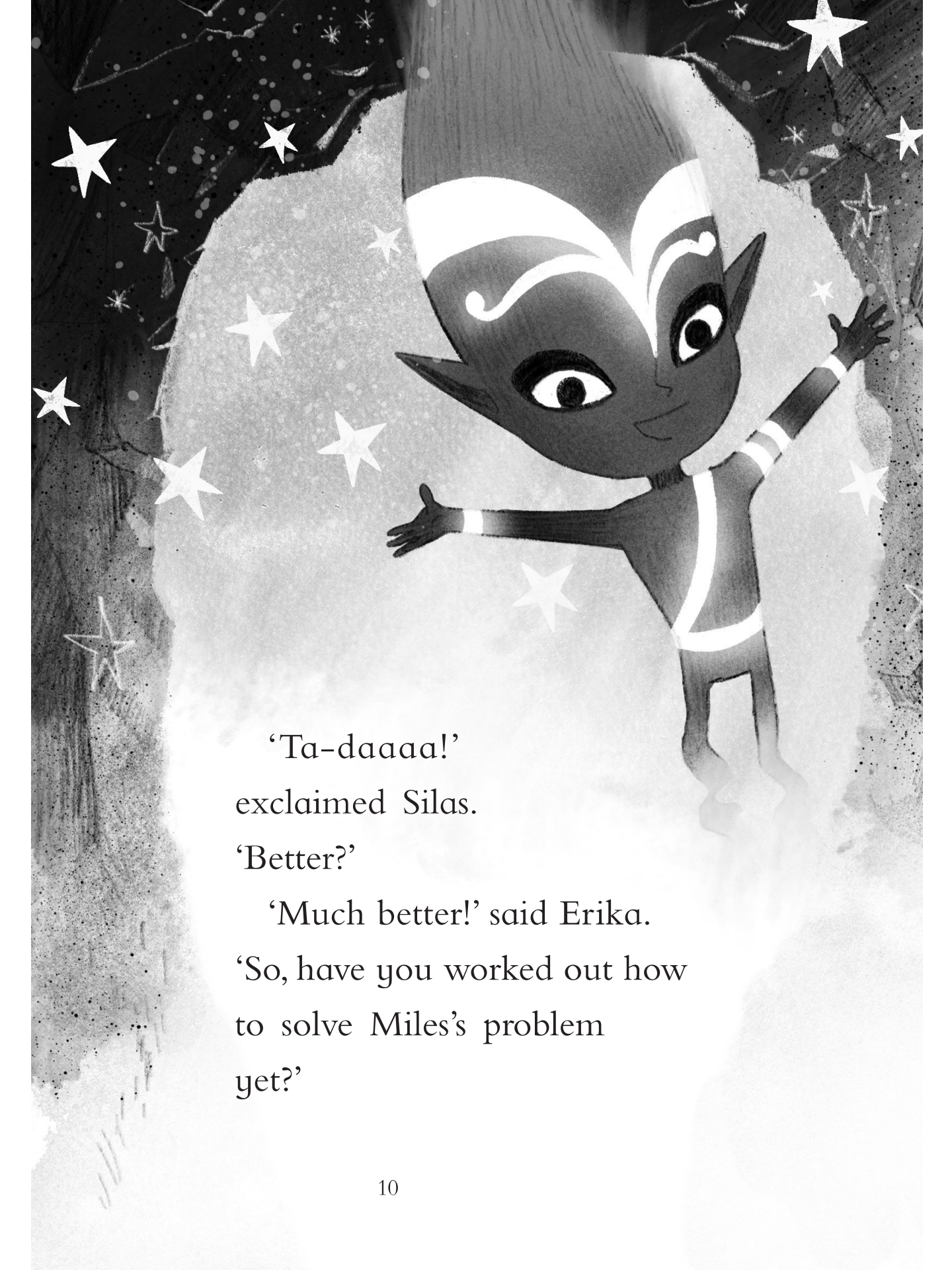
dangerous for a human's heartbeat to become too elevated. Do you want me to hum some soothing music?' The disembodied voice stopped speaking and started humming. Badly.

'Silas?' interrupted Erika. 'Is that you? Why are you invisible? And *please* stop humming.'

The humming stopped. 'Oh. Am I still invisible?'

'Yes!' replied Erika.

'Ah! Right. Give me a second . . . ?' The air shimmered and suddenly the drifting, insubstantial figure of a boy appeared. Swirls of light covered his face and body, and even when he was fully visible he still faded away to nothing just below the knees.

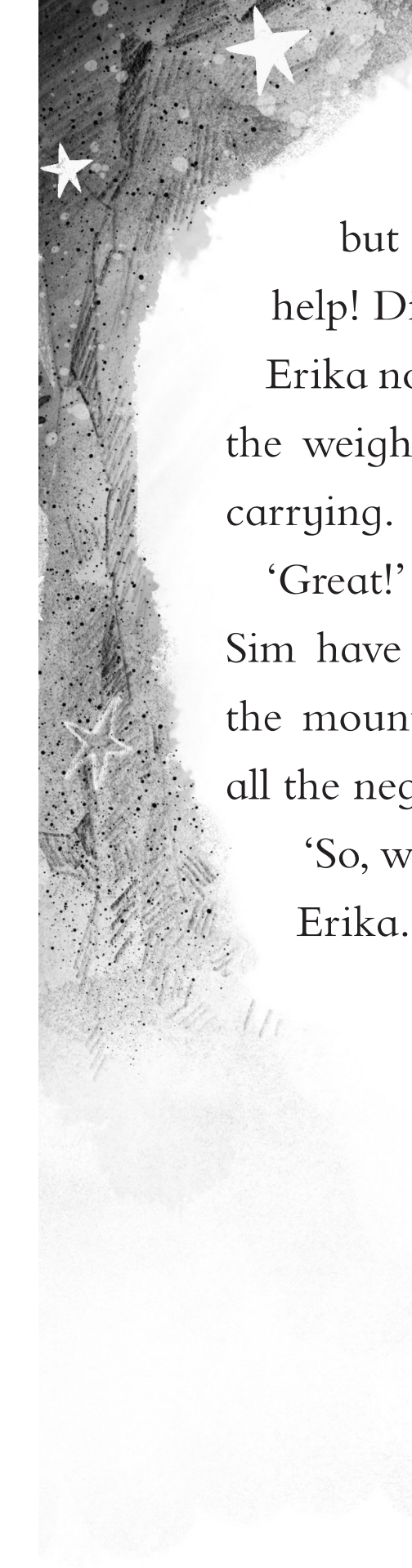


‘Ta-daaaa!’
exclaimed Silas.

‘Better?’

‘Much better!’ said Erika.

‘So, have you worked out how
to solve Miles’s problem
yet?’



Silas shook his head. ‘Not yet, but *hopefully* the truth cannon will help! Did you get it?’

Erika nodded and Beastling pointed to the weighty backpacks they were both carrying.

‘Great!’ exclaimed Silas. ‘Wade and Sim have gone ahead to the centre of the mountain with Miles. That’s where all the negative energy is coming from.’

‘So, what are we waiting for?’ asked Erika. ‘Let’s go!’