



ZEPHYR

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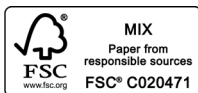
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Chapter One

Where Spokes comes
up with a plan, but
Pinch isn't so sure.

The Tindims call autumn 'driftsea'.
It's a time of mists and fogs.
When Roo-Roo trees lose their

leaves and strange rubbish is found
washed up in Turtle Bay. It's a time to
make sure that roofs aren't leaking, and
that windows and doors don't rattle.

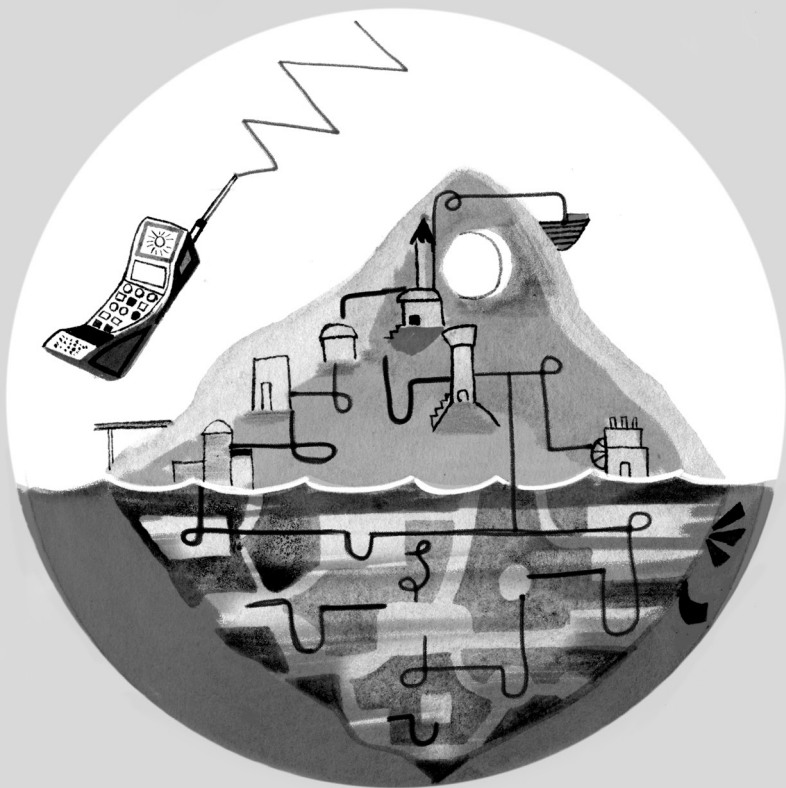
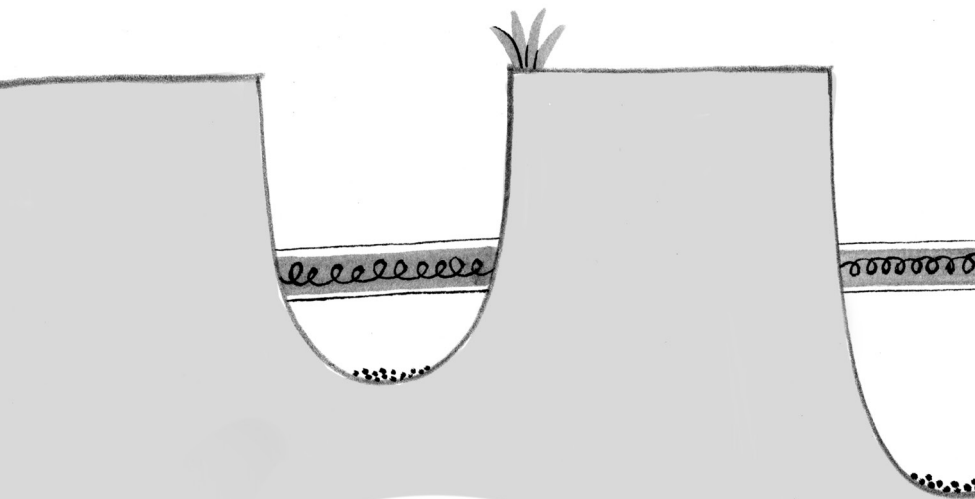




This driftsea, thanks to Spokes' brain-wave, each house had a phone. Something they had never had before. Spokes had the idea after the adventure of the ten green bottles. He said all this getting lost malarkey had to stop. It was most worrying not knowing where everyone was.

‘There aren’t that many Tindims in the first place,’ he said. ‘We can’t afford to go losing each other willy-nilly.’









‘Why are you down a hole? You are not a mole. Oh, that rhymes, actually,’ said Pinch.

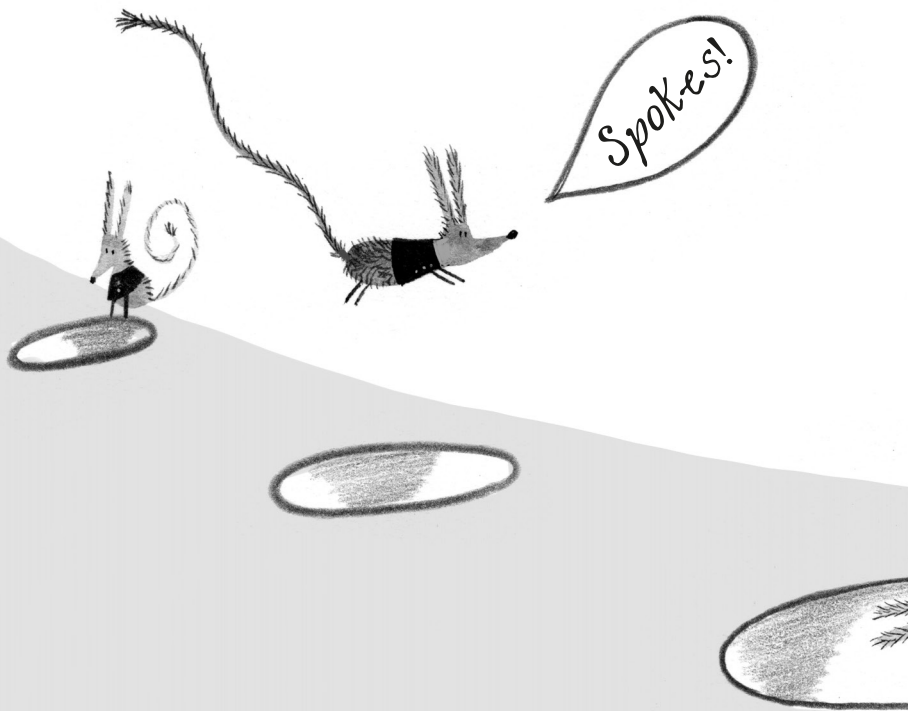
‘I am putting in a phone system,’ said Spokes. ‘So, if you want to speak to Skittle you can call her and tell her where you are.’

‘Why would I want to do that?’ asked Pinch. ‘Most of the time she’s right next to me and I can see where she is.’

‘Well, if not Skittle, Granny Gull, perhaps,’ suggested Spokes.

‘Why would I do that, when I can run over and say hello?’ asked Pinch.

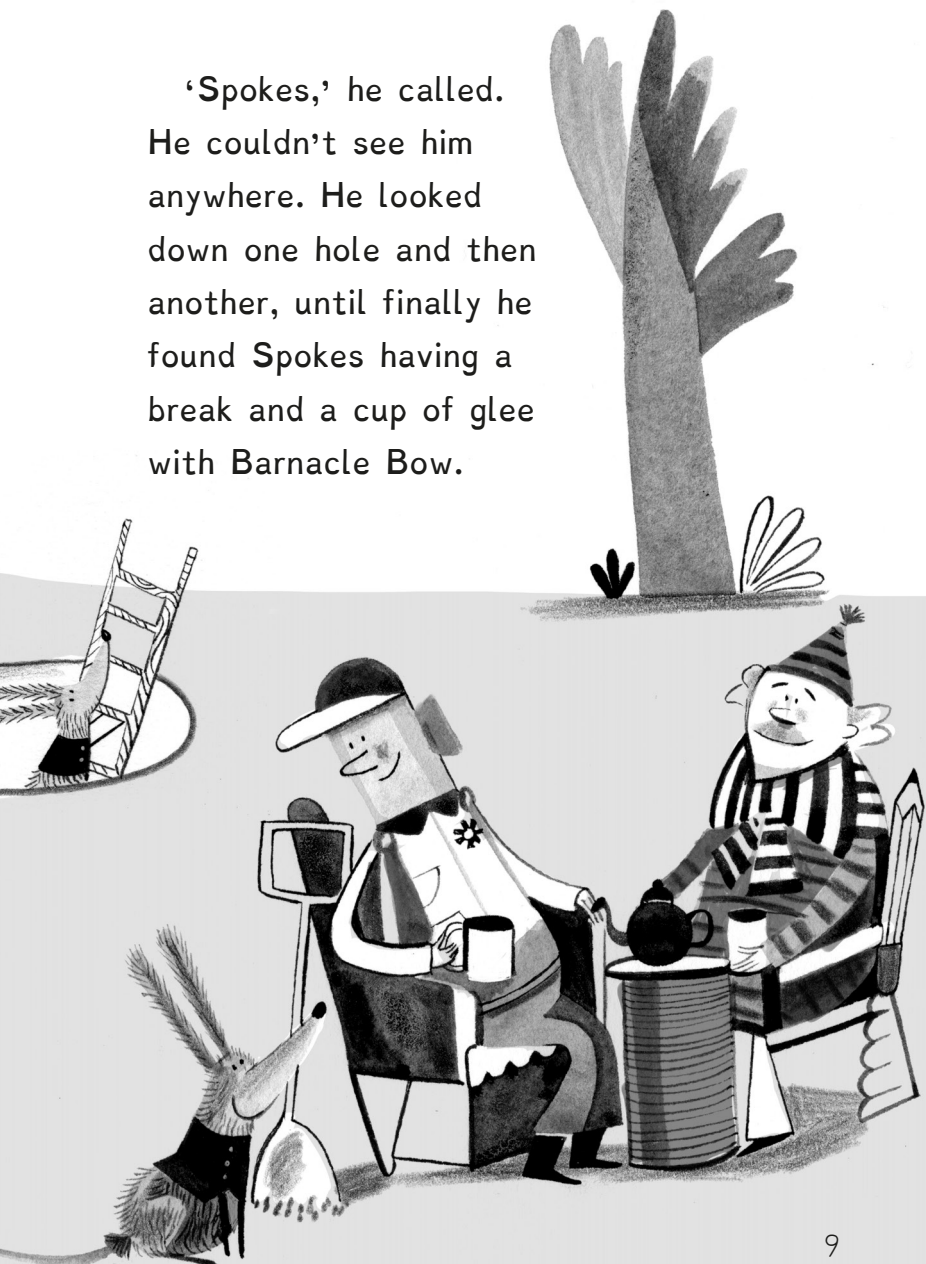
Spokes didn’t have any more answers, but he did have a lot of holes to dig.



Pinch wandered off to look for Skittle and Brew. But then an urgent thought came to him and he rushed back to find Spokes.



‘Spokes,’ he called.
He couldn’t see him
anywhere. He looked
down one hole and then
another, until finally he
found Spokes having a
break and a cup of glee
with Barnacle Bow.



‘The thing is,’ said Pinch, ‘Tindims don’t get lost on Rubbish Island, it’s only when we leave the island that trouble begins.’

Spokes smiled. ‘I have thought of that,’ he said and pointed up to the treehouse. At the very top was a pole sticking out through the branches and into the sky.

‘What is that?’ asked Pinch.

‘It is a wireless mast and it should pick up a Tindim signal.’ Spokes took one of his natty designed phones and pressed a few buttons.

‘Who are you calling?’ asked Pinch.

‘You will see,’ said Spokes.



