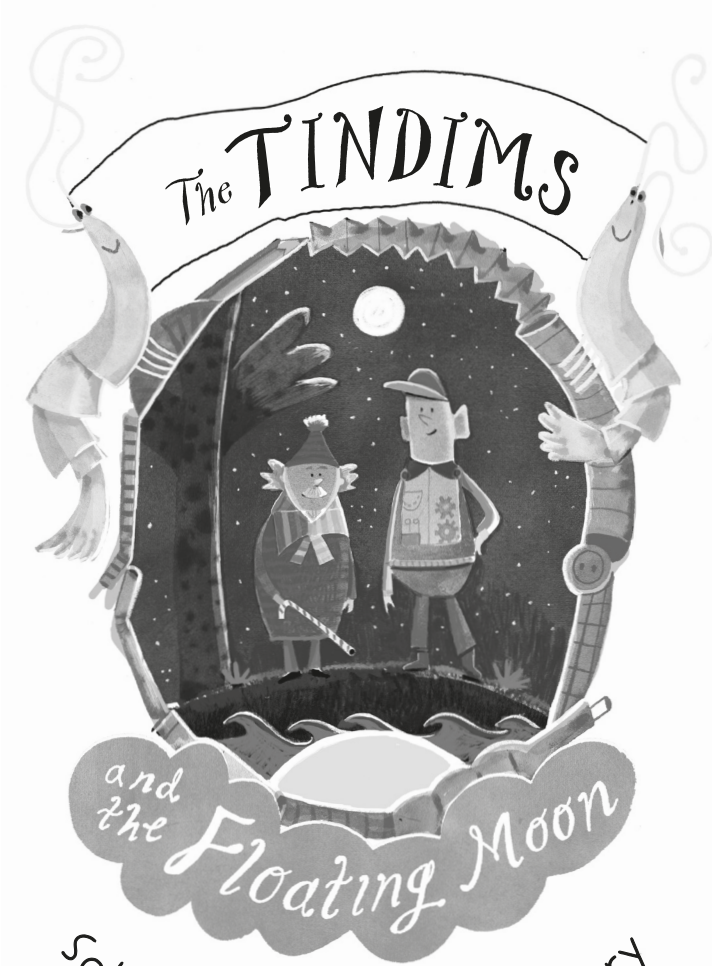


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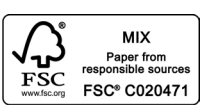
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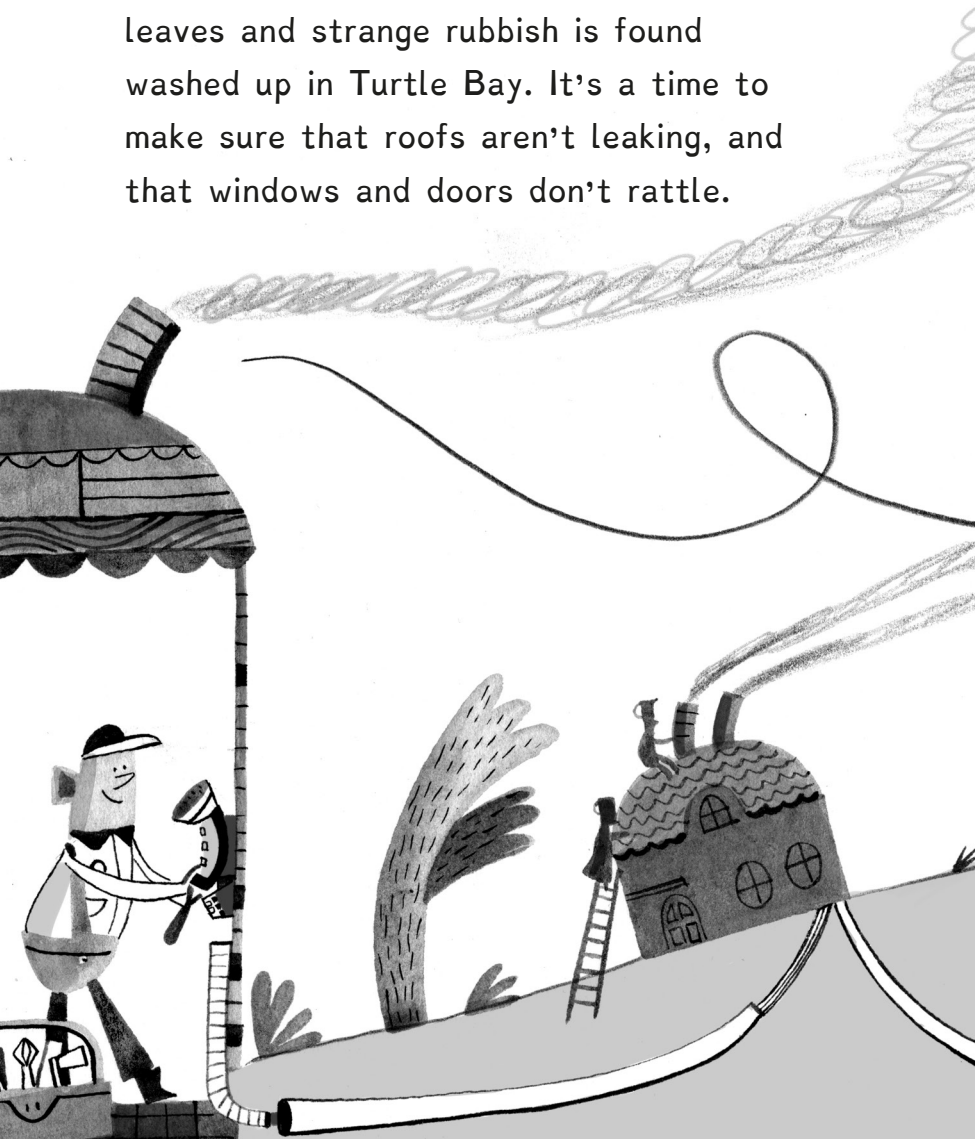
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Chapter One

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

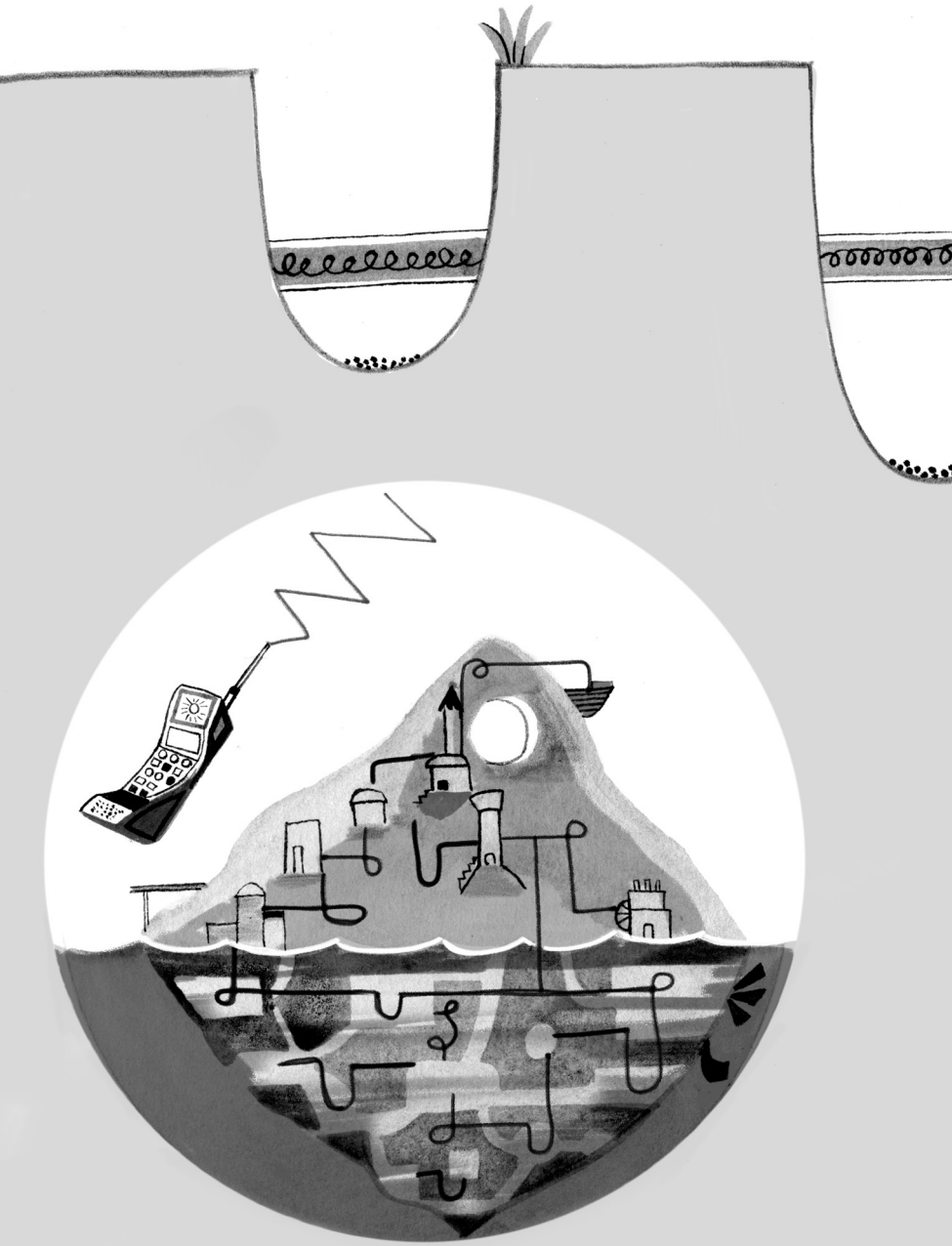
The Tindims call autumn 'driftsea'. It's a time of mists and fogs. When Roo-Roo trees lose their leaves and strange rubbish is found washed up in Turtle Bay. It's a time to make sure that roofs aren't leaking, and that windows and doors don't rattle.

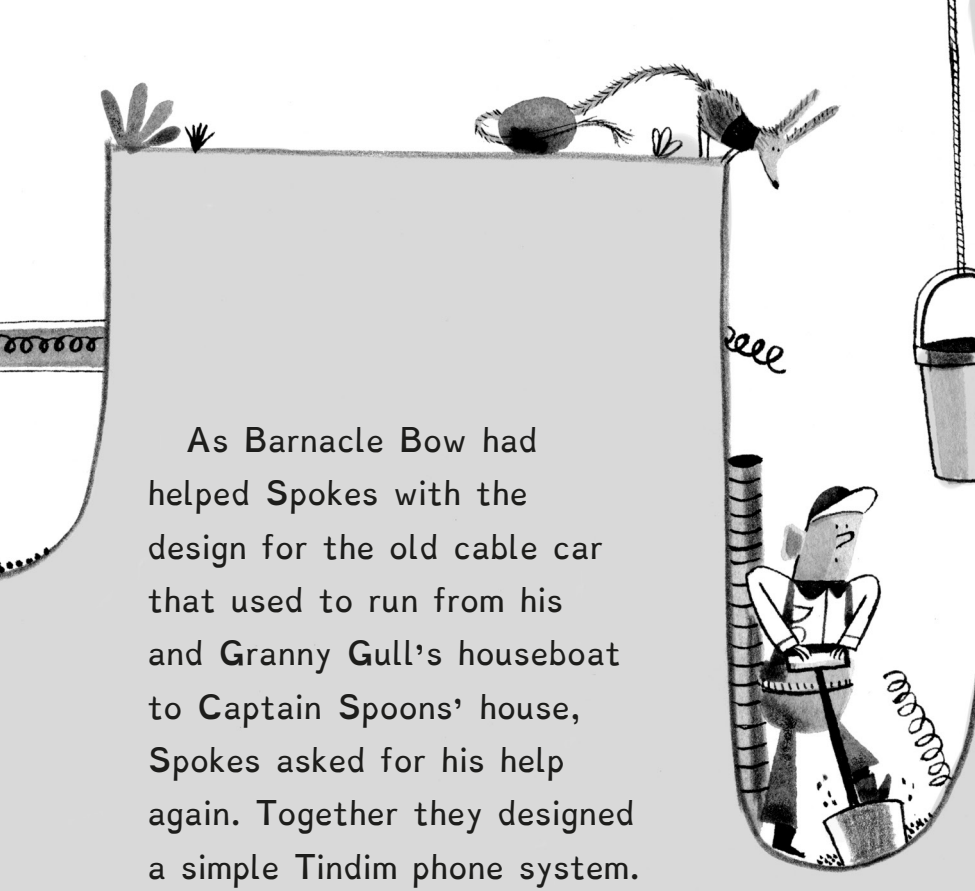


This driftsea, thanks to Spokes' brain-wave, each house had a phone. Something they had never had before. Spokes had the idea after the adventure of the ten green bottles. He said all this getting lost malarkey had to stop. It was most worrying not knowing where everyone was.

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







As Barnacle Bow had helped Spokes with the design for the old cable car that used to run from his and Granny Gull's houseboat to Captain Spoons' house, Spokes asked for his help again. Together they designed a simple Tindim phone system. It was better by far than the old tin phone which Spokes used to talk to Captain Spoons in the wheelhouse.

Putting in a new phone system involved a lot of digging.

And that is where Pinch, Skittle's furry purry pet, found Spokes... down a hole.





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

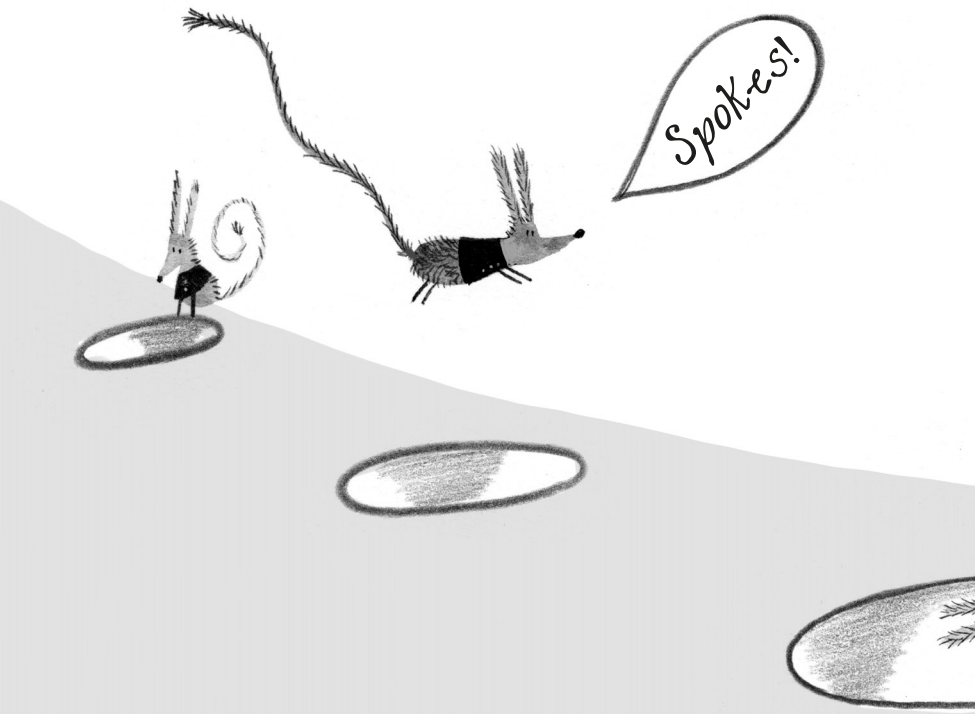
‘I am putting in a phone system,’ said Spokes. ‘So, if you want to speak to Skittle you can call her and tell her where you are.’

‘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.

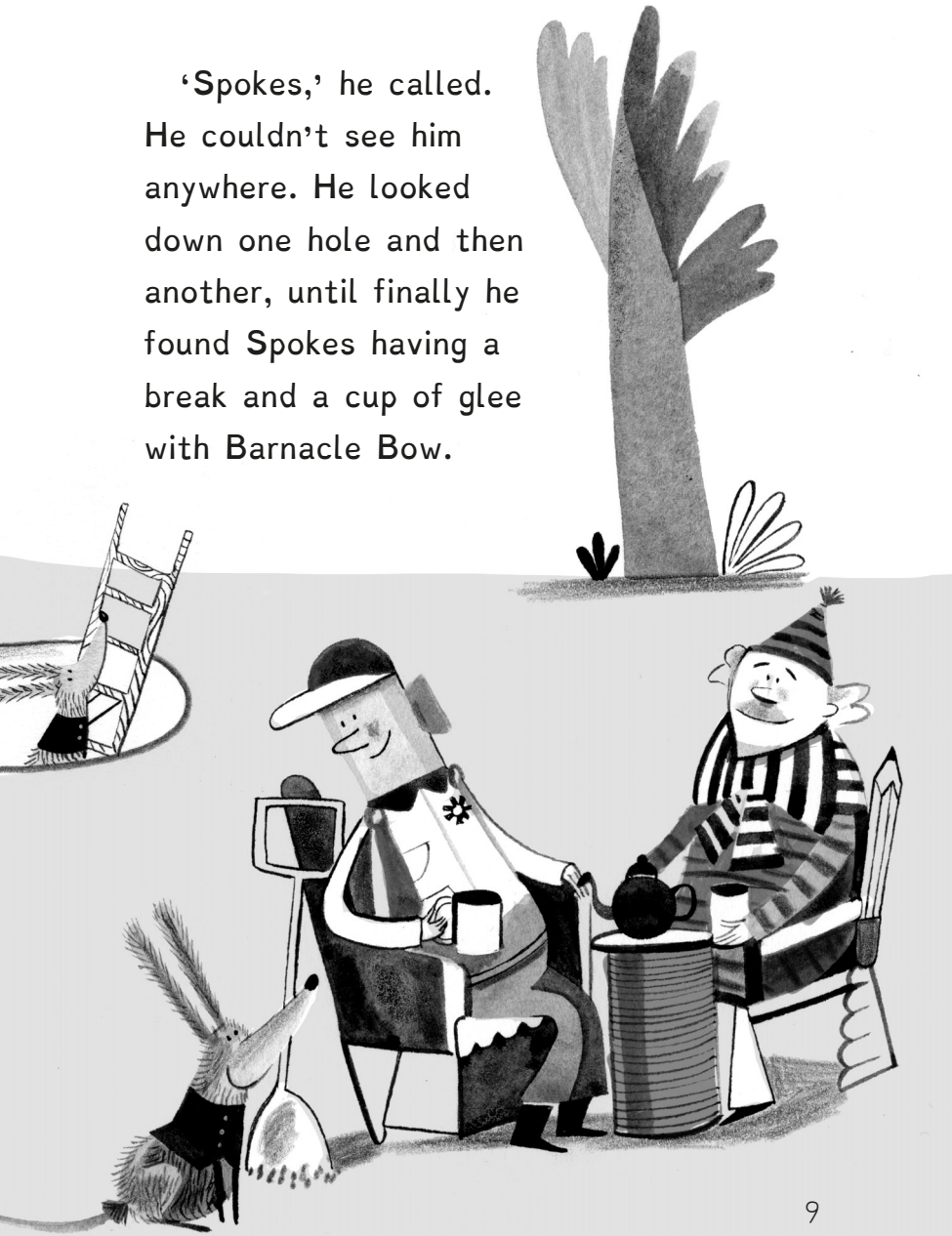
‘Why would I do that, when I can run over and say hello?’ asked Pinch.

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.

