I LOST MY GRANNY IN THE SUPERMARKET



Books by Jo Simmons

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Jo Simmons

Illustrated by Nathan Reed

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For Lyn, the grooviest granny of all

CHAPTER ONE

'Mum!' Harry shouted. 'Primrose and Daisy are in the garden.'

Harry spotted them from his seat at the kitchen table, where he was eating breakfast. Primrose and Daisy were next door's goats.

Only they weren't next door any more. They had broken into Harry's garden and

were devouring his mum's flowers.

From upstairs, Harry heard a screech from his mum.

'Get ready,' he said to Kerry, his teenage sister, who was sitting opposite.

Mum raced into the kitchen, grabbed a saucepan and a wooden spoon and, banging the two together, steamed out into the garden, her skirt billowing around her. Harry imagined her as some sort of rubbish superhero. Pan Woman–Goat Nemesis!

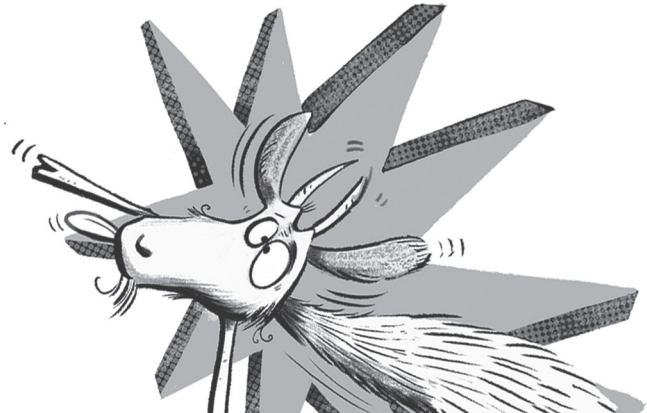
Harry and Kerry carried on spooning cereal into their mouths, while their mum raced after the goats, shouting, 'Get out of it, you filthy animals!'





‘She shouldn’t talk to them like that,’ Harry muttered. ‘Goats have feelings too.’

Eventually, after Primrose had butted Mum and Daisy had eaten a tea towel off the washing line, Mum managed to herd the animals back into the neighbouring garden.



'This is going to be my fault, isn't it? I can tell by the way she's walking. That's the "I need to speak to Harry about this" walk,' Harry said, as his mum stomped back towards the house.

'Oh yeah, it's totally that walk and I think it's also that frown. The one that comes before Mum says "If only you had never let the goats in",' Kerry added. 'Wait for it …'

Mum slammed the back door.

'Those stinking goats! If only you had never let them in that time, Harry,' she fumed.

'Told you! There it is!' Kerry said, grinning like she'd just won a chocolate cake in a raffle.

‘That was months ago, Mum, and it was an accident,’ Harry protested. ‘I was just practising kick-boxing, but because my legs are so long, I accidentally kicked a hole in the fence and the goats got in. How many times do I have to say sorry?’

‘A million times? Five million?’ Kerry said.

‘Be quiet, Kerry,’ Mum snapped. ‘The point is, Harry, those goats have been breaking into my garden ever since you broke the fence. It was completely irresponsible of you! They are trampling my flower beds, eating my roses and leaving goat droppings all over the place. And I don’t like the way they look at me. They’ve got funny eyes.’

‘It’s their rectangular pupils,’ Harry explained. ‘It allows them to see danger approaching from all angles.’

‘Like a woman with a pan and a wooden spoon?’ Kerry suggested.

Harry laughed and then stopped, quickly, when he saw his mum staring sternly at him.

‘Sorry, Mum,’ Harry said. ‘Sorry for the goats getting in. Sorry for being so tall that I broke the fence. Sorry.’

Harry was eleven, but as tall as a very tall adult. To his friends he was Harry the Hulk, but unlike the actual Hulk, who went green, exploded out of his shirt and smashed things up, Harry was kind and easy-going.

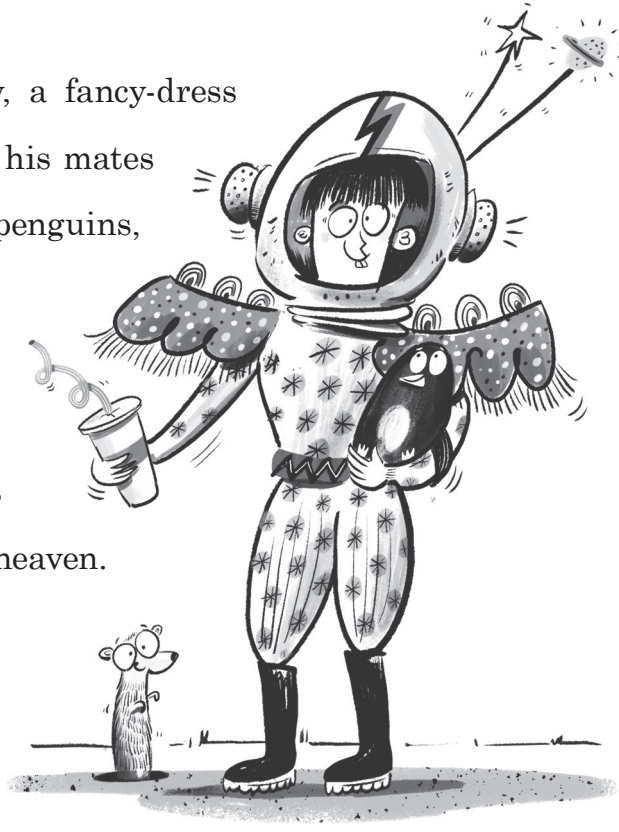
He loved animals (and knew a lot about them).

He loved hanging out with his friends.

He loved muffins and milkshakes.

He loved dressing up in outrageous outfits (and he was pretty good at designing them, too).

Basically, a fancy-dress party with his mates and added penguins, pandas, meerkats and milky drinks was his idea of heaven.



‘Where’s Mini?’ Mum asked, after she had sat down at the kitchen table.

Mini was Harry’s granny. Everyone called her Mini. Not Gran or Mum – always Mini.

Unlike Harry, Mini was small, as her nickname suggested. Also unlike Harry, who sometimes felt embarrassed about his height, Mini couldn’t have cared less about being short. She marched around like she was the very tiny boss of all things.

‘She’s in the shower,’ said Harry, pointing to the bathroom above with his spoon.

‘She’s not supposed to be in the shower,’ Mum screeched, leaping up. ‘No one’s supposed to be in the shower. It leaks, remember?’

At that exact moment, a drop of water splashed on Harry's head.

Another bounced off the table.

Then another splashed into Kerry's cereal bowl.

Then – **WHOOSH!** – water began pouring down the walls and streaming out of the light fittings.

Mum raced upstairs.

'Today we can expect sudden downpours in the kitchen,' said Harry, laughing, 'with occasional outbreaks of swearing from Mum. It will be drier later, once Mini gets out of the shower.'

Kerry kicked water at Harry, who laughed

as he dodged out of the way.

Upstairs, Mum was hammering on the bathroom door, roaring at Mini to turn the shower off. But Mini, as well as being small, was slightly deaf. She didn't hear.

More water flooded down. Soon the kitchen floor looked like the shallow end of the leisure centre pool, minus the toddlers in armbands.

Harry and Kerry sprinted upstairs and began pounding on the bathroom door, too. Eventually, the shower went quiet and the door opened.

Mini appeared wearing a fluffy orange dressing gown, her curly white hair hidden beneath a bright pink shower cap.


I ♥ PARIS

‘Oh, wasn’t expecting to find you three standing there,’ she said. ‘Have you got nothing better to do?’

‘You flooded the kitchen, Mini, when you had your shower,’ Harry explained. ‘It’s like a fish pond down there. Or a tiny lake. Or a very big puddle. It’s really wet!’

‘I see,’ said Mini. ‘Well, I wouldn’t stand around chatting then. You better get downstairs and sort it out.’