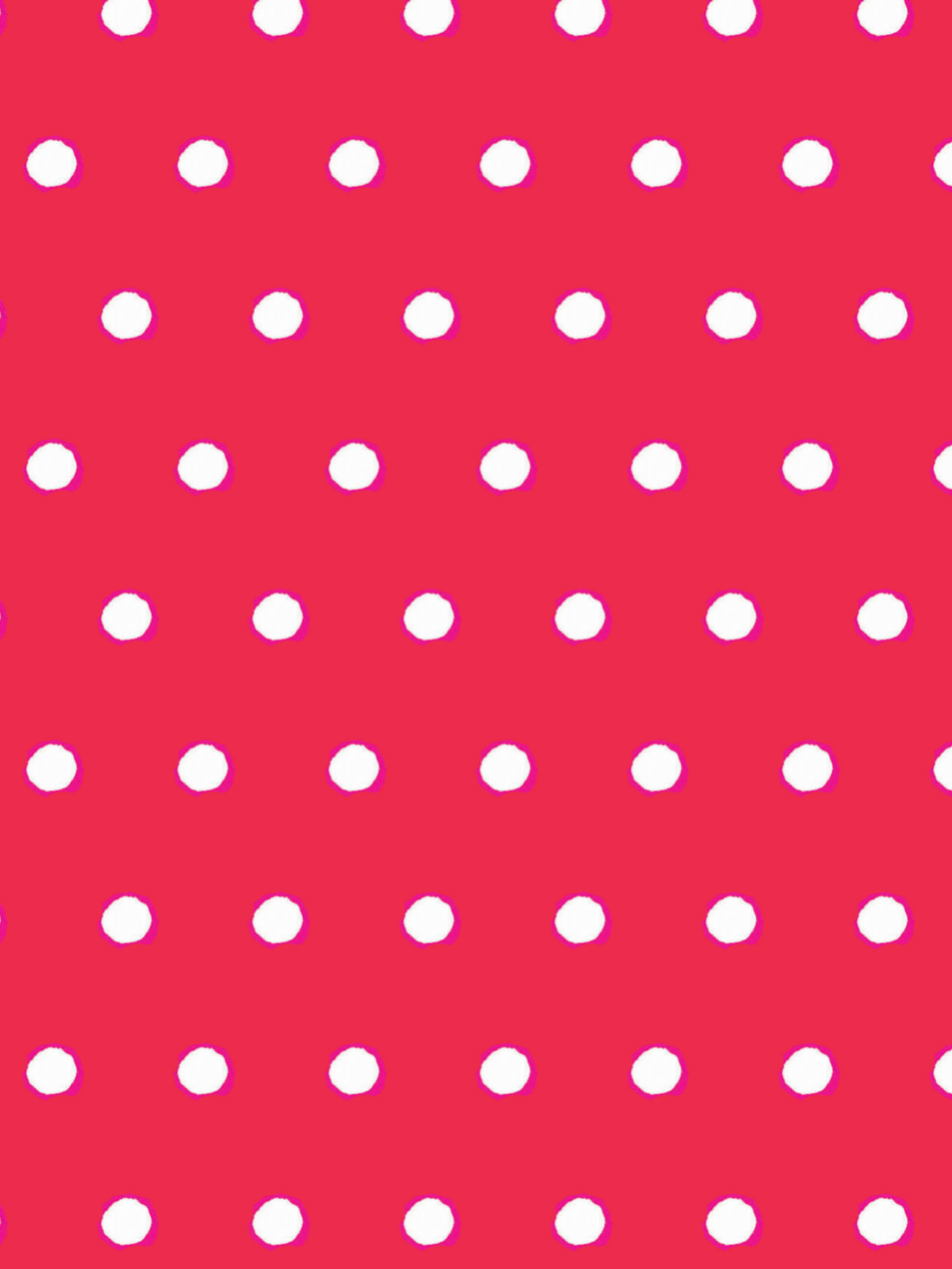


DIMPLE AND THE BOO

PIP JONES



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Barrington Stoke

First published in 2022 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

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A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-80090-145-2

Printed by Hussar Books, Poland

This book is in a super-readable format for young readers beginning their independent reading journey.



For my littlest niece, beautiful Evie xx

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CHAPTER 1
PopPop's gone

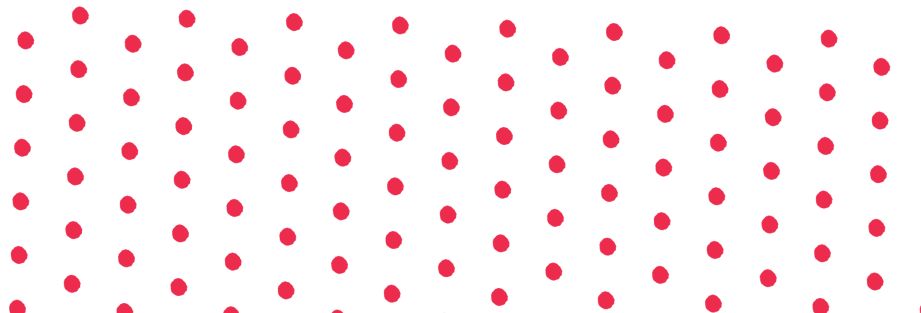
Dimple didn't want PopPop to see him cry, so he sat under the lompit tree and hid his face in his hands.

"I won't be gone long, Dimple!" PopPop told him. "Only two weeks."

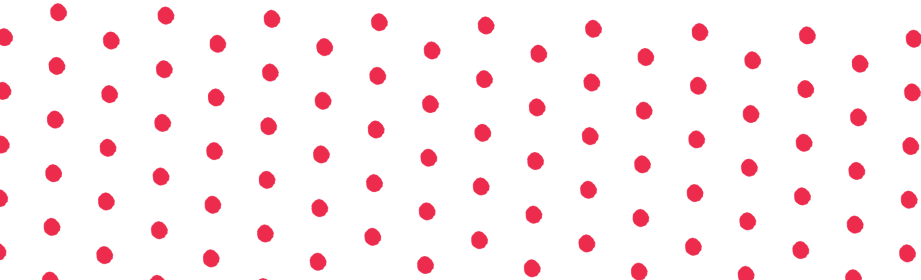
"You promised we'd play hoop-ball this weekend," Dimple said sadly.

Everything had been fine until a few weeks ago, when PopPop had to close his whizzy-kart workshop.

You see, every gnome had a whizzy-kart to zoom about in, and PopPop's karts were the best.



Dimple didn't understand why PopPop couldn't just keep his whizzy-kart workshop at the end of the road open. Why couldn't everything stay the same? Why did PopPop have to go and work somewhere else?



"I told you, Dimple," said PopPop. "Everyone wants to buy the new type of whizzy-kart now. That means I have to go and work at a new factory to make the money we need. I'm sorry it's far away.

"I'll be back before you know it," PopPop added, and he gave Dimple a big hug.

Dimple listened to PopPop's footsteps as he walked away. Then he heard PopPop's engine whizzing. He only stood up and uncovered his eyes when he couldn't hear the engine any more.

PopPop had gone. It wasn't fair.

The yard was empty apart from a single hoop-ball and the lompit tree.



Dimple's cheeks suddenly felt hot. He kicked the lompit tree as hard as he could.

"OUCH! GRRRRR!!" Dimple growled.

The dark green leaves shook and something crashed down the branches. It landed next to Dimple's foot, which was now sore.



A lompit.

“Huh?”

The lompit looked a bit … odd.