For James, who has always believed in me. N.J.

For my daughter Tate—a proud dyslexic. R.A.

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Naomi Jones Rebecca Ashdown

Thunder Boots



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Trixie was the smallest person in Primrose Tower.
She was also the loudest.

She loved to run and
jump up the stairs . . .



'Wheee!'

cartwheel down
the corridors . . .



and dance into
her flat.





Everyone in Primrose Tower knew when Trixie was home.
They even had a special name for her—Thunderboots.

One day Trixie was big enough to start school.

She ran out of her flat and jumped down the stairs.




'Have fun!'
'Good luck, Thunderboots!'
'Enjoy school!'
Everyone was there to wish her good luck.

Trixie loved school.

She loved her teacher, Miss Fry, and her new friends.
She loved playing in the playground . . .





and eating lunch in the hall.

'Has anyone seen my water bottle?'