You don't have to be big to be brave

USBORNE

TINY the Secret Adventurer



illustrated by Kübra Teber

Aisha Bushby

Join Tiny in her miniature world filled with BIG adventures!

TINY the Secret Adventurer





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Aisha Bushby

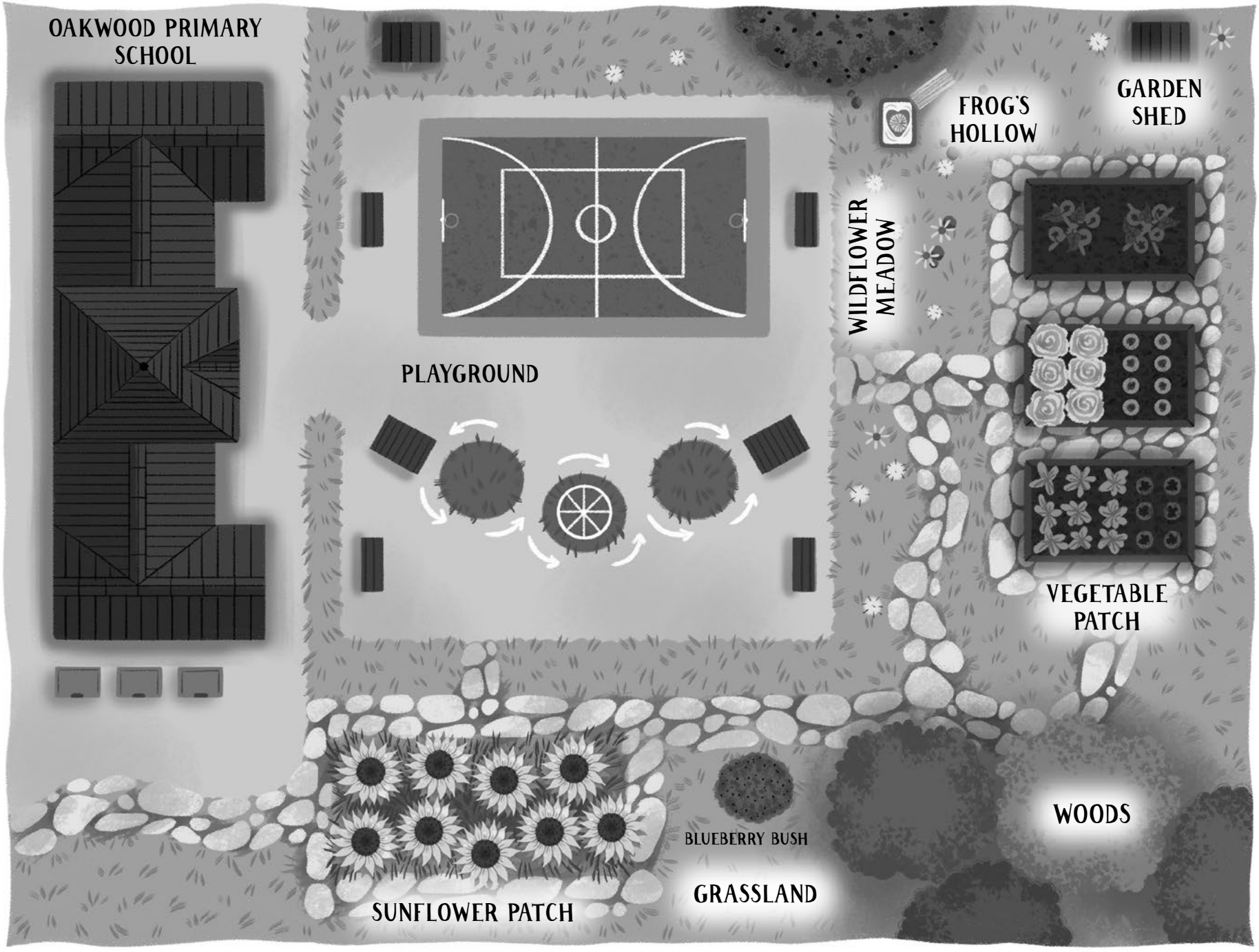
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OAKWOOD PRIMARY SCHOOL
PLAYGROUND
FROG'S HOLLOW
GARDEN SHED
WILDFLOWER MEADOW
VEGETABLE PATCH
WOODS
BLUEBERRY BUSH
GRASSLAND
SUNFLOWER PATCH



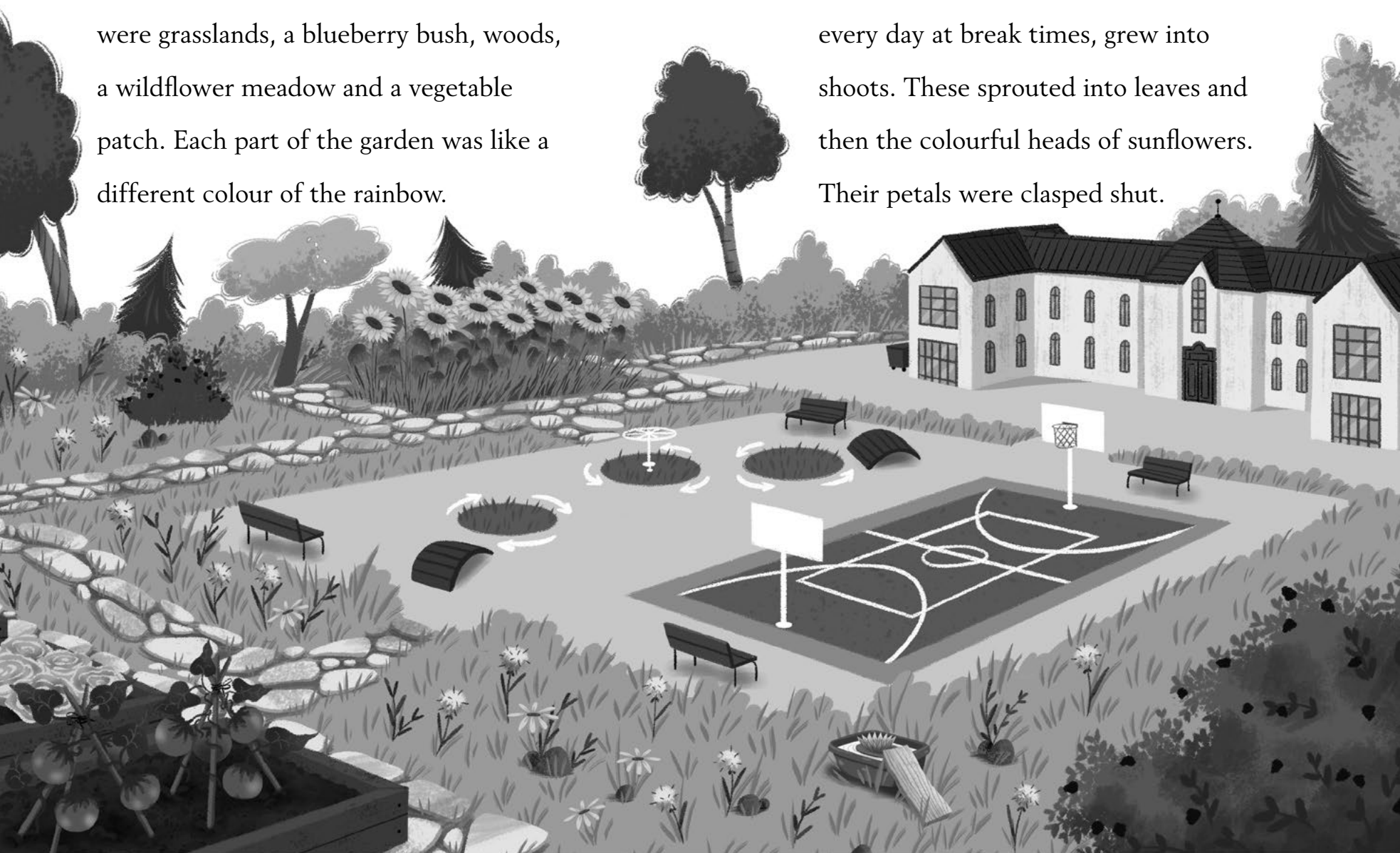
How it Began

It all started with a seed, lovingly planted and watered at Oakwood Primary School.

At one end of the school garden was the sunflower patch, and at the

other was Frog's Hollow, where a pond was surrounded by tall grass. In between there were grasslands, a blueberry bush, woods, a wildflower meadow and a vegetable patch. Each part of the garden was like a different colour of the rainbow.

After several weeks the sunflower seeds, watched closely by the children every day at break times, grew into shoots. These sprouted into leaves and then the colourful heads of sunflowers. Their petals were clasped shut.





The sunflowers grew and grew and grew until the flowers reached the height of the children's knees. They grew past their shoulders, eventually stretching as tall as the children. It was when the sunflowers were taller than even the tallest child, that the flowers began to bloom. Their petals were as bright as the sun.

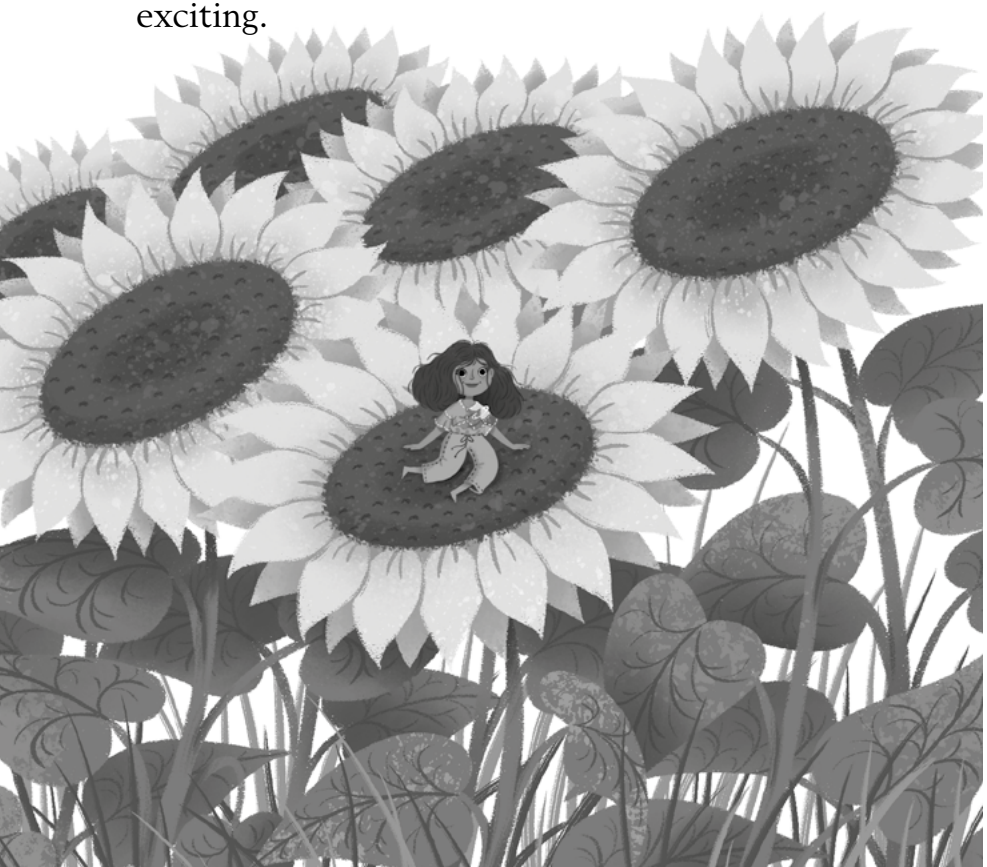
Only one flower – the smallest of the bunch – bloomed with something extra special…

A little creature, born early one morning, before school began. She was just getting used to her surroundings when the children arrived.

"That one's tiny!" said a child, pointing at the special sunflower with the brightest petals. It was this sunflower that housed the little creature never seen before in the school garden. The creature, who resembled a human child in every way apart from her size, decided that this would become her name: Tiny.

Tiny stood as tall as your forefinger, with wavy brown hair that fell down to her chin, and brown skin and eyes too.

And though she was only little, the adventures she went on in the school garden were rather big and scary and exciting.





CHAPTER 1

Tiny

Tiny liked the sound a book made as the page turned. It swished, like a bird's wings flapping through the air. Quietly, so the human girl who was reading it didn't hear her, Tiny scuttled forward. She wanted to peer at the book up close. It had lots of pictures inside it, sketched in black and white.



Tiny couldn't read along with the human girl because the words were strange symbols that she didn't recognize. And they wriggled around like worms. But Tiny could hear the girl whisper them aloud, and she drank them in like they were dewdrops on a cold morning.

Words, Tiny decided, were her favourite things – beside the taste of delicious blueberries and the sight of bright butterfly wings – and she tried her best to remember the ones that sounded fun in her mouth.

"Nour," an older human said as they approached the girl. "What are you reading today?"

Nour, thought Tiny. *That's a nice-sounding name*. But then she realized the older human would see her unless she hid very quickly. And so she scrambled away from the edge of the playground and into the sunflower patch, hiding among the stalks and leaves.

Just before she started reading her book, Nour had tended to Tiny's sunflower the way she did every morning before the bell rang. Sometimes she stopped ants from climbing up the sunflower stalks and eating its petals. And other times, on a hot day like today, she watered the sunflower to keep it nourished.



Nour shared Tiny's brown skin, but she had long brown hair twisted together in two plaits. Where Tiny's clothes were made from bright sweet wrappers and other things Tiny had found in the garden, Nour wore a white T-shirt and grey shorts, with white stripy socks and white shoes.

Other children were there, all wearing the same white and grey clothes. Dozens of them ran around the playground of Oakwood Primary, dust flying up from their shoes. Tiny knew never *ever* to cross the playground, or else she might be squashed. These

humans were different to Nour, making lots of noise, screaming and laughing as they ran.

Tiny spent most of her days alone in the sunflower patch, occasionally spying a mouse. They seemed sweet, with their grey fur and beady eyes. And best of all they were just her size!

Tiny wanted to play with the mice the way the children played together. She was lonely by herself and she wondered what it would be like to have a friend. Or at least someone to talk to.

