



opening extract from

One-Shoe's Wishes

written by

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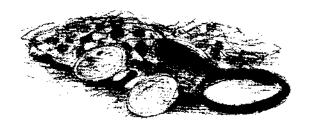
published by

Happy Cat Books

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Chapter 1 ~ One-Shoe

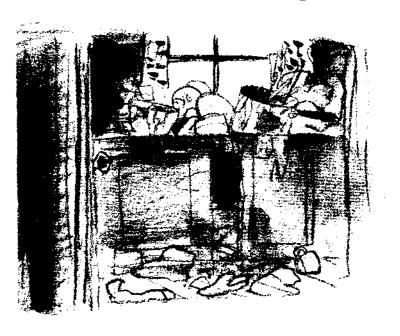


One-Shoe loved things that were old and strange. He loved finding them, then cleaning them up to sell in his little shop at Number Two Squeak Street.

One-Shoe loved his work so much that he found it hard to think about anything else. He forgot to clean his house. He forgot to brush his whiskers. Sometimes he even forgot to eat.

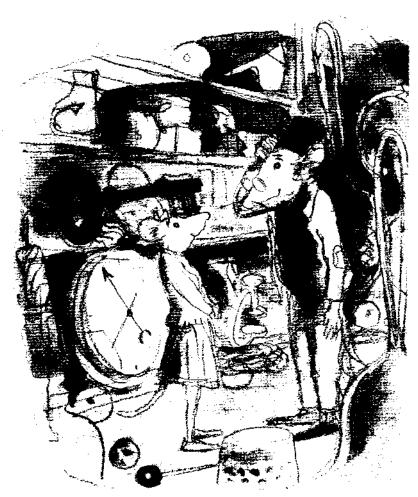


He usually remembered to get dressed in the morning, but his house was so messy that often he only found one shoe to put on.



That was why he was called One-Shoe. His real name was Desmond, but he'd forgotten that long ago.

His shop was famous, and so was he. Mice came from all over Mouseville to buy things from One-Shoe.



When they met him for the first time, they were surprised. They wondered how such a quiet, forgetful mouse had been able to find so many amazing treasures.



But his friends in Squeak Street knew only too well. They knew the other side of One-Shoe — One-Shoe the fearless treasure hunter.



Every now and then, One-Shoe locked his shop and set off on a treasure hunt.

His trips took him to strange, wild places, far from home.



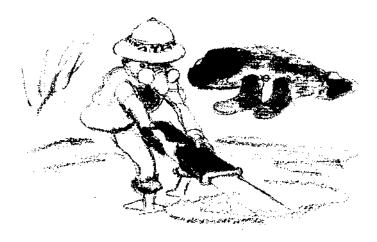
Many times he had risked his life battling steep cliffs, deep rivers and terrible monsters. He never gave up.



How else had he snatched the Crown of a Thousand Stars from the Snails of Doom?



Or saved the famous Silver Sword from the Deep Dark Pool?



One-Shoe loved his life. He didn't have a worry in the world.

Until, one day, he found the most amazing thing of all.

