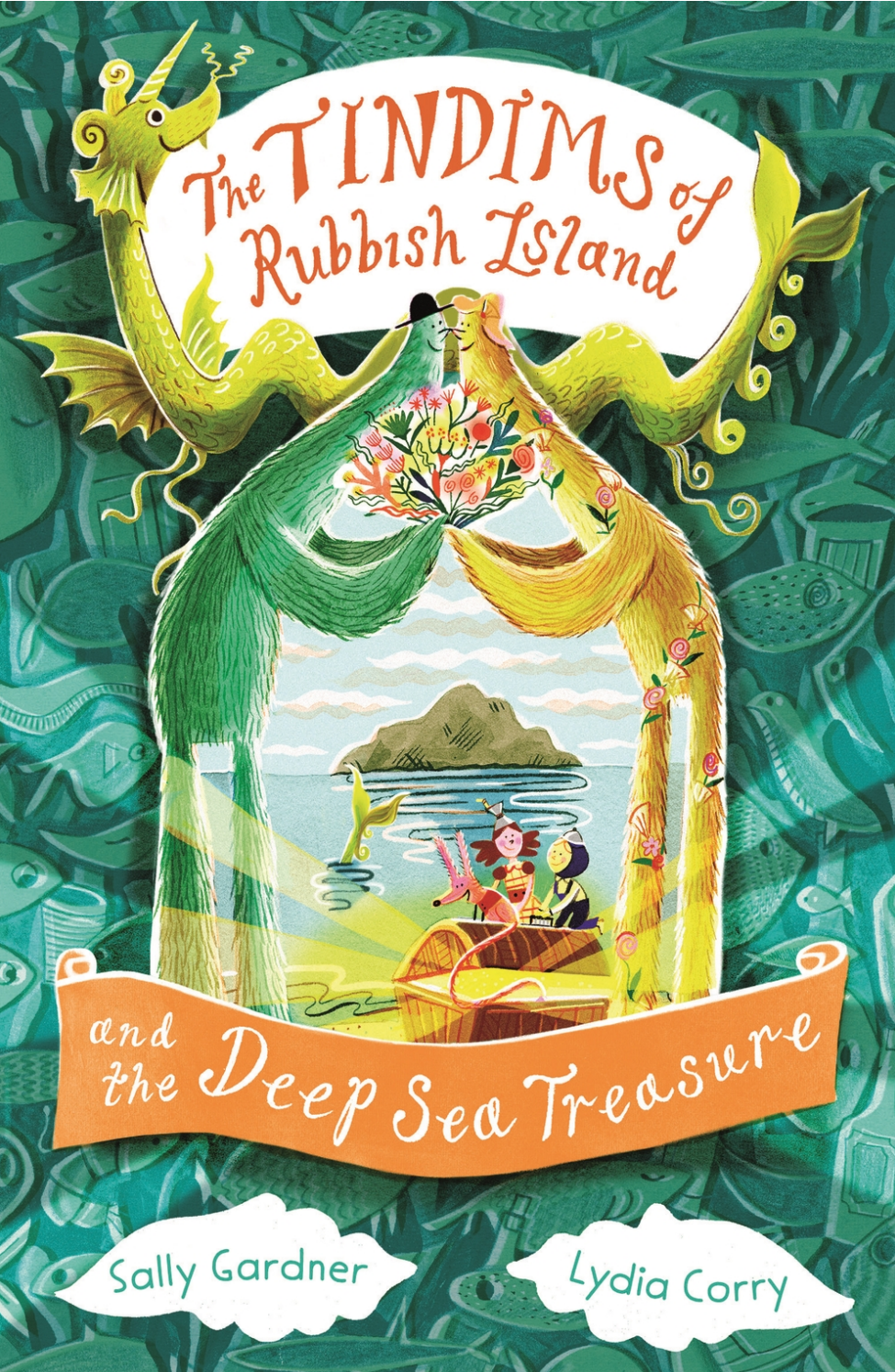

The TINDIMS of Rubbish Island
and the Deep Sea Treasure
Sally Gardner
Lydia Corry

This is a Zephyr book, first published in the UK in 2024 by
Head of Zeus, part of Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

Text copyright © Sally Gardner, 2024
Artwork copyright © Lydia Corry, 2024

The moral right of Sally Gardner to be identified as the author and Lydia Corry to be identified as the artist of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act of 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior permission of both the copyright owner and the above publisher of this book.

This is a work of fiction. All characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

9 7 5 3 1 2 4 6 8

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN (PB): 9781804549315
ISBN (E): 9781804549322

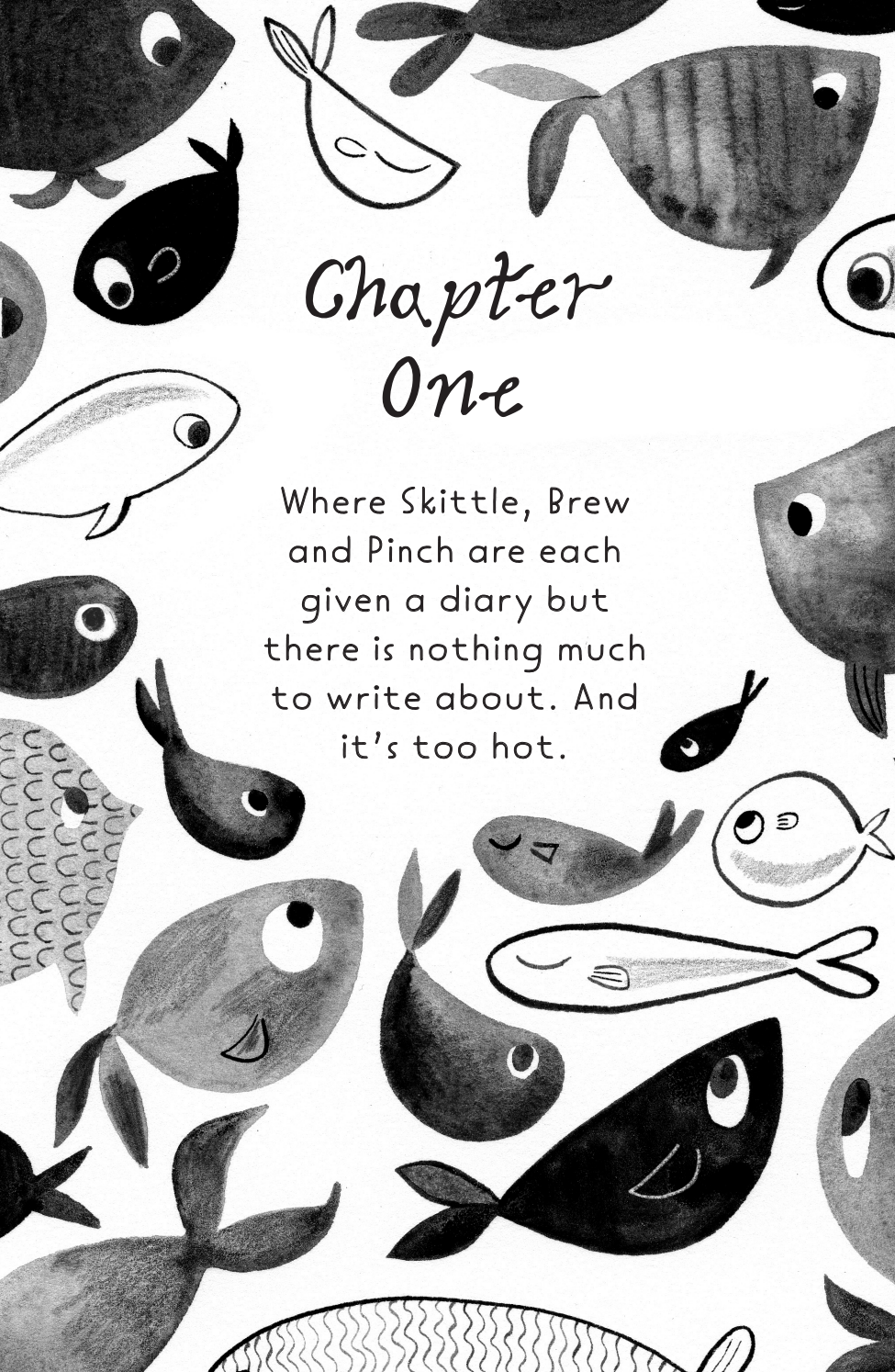
Printed and bound in Great Britain by
CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY



Typesetting & design by Jessie Price

Head of Zeus Ltd
First Floor East
5-8 Hardwick Street
London EC1R 4RG

www.headofzeus.com



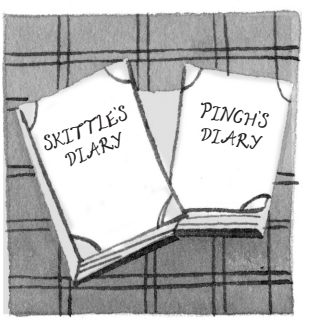
Chapter One

Where Skittle, Brew and Pinch are each given a diary but there is nothing much to write about. And it's too hot.

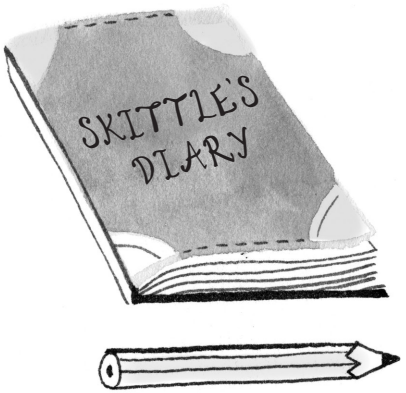








Granny Gull had given Skittle, Brew and Pinch a diary each. She'd made them from paper that she and Barnacle Bow had fished from the sea. They'd washed the paper and pressed it, then cut it to size. Barnacle Bow had bound the books and Granny Gull had sewn Skittle, Brew and Pinch's names on the covers so there would be no mistake about who each diary belonged to.



'Wow,' said Skittle. 'I can use my 2b pencil to write in it.'

'Great,' said Brew politely. 'I've always wanted a diary.'

'Thank you,' said Pinch, 'but what do I do with it?'

'You write in it every day,' said Granny Gull.

'Write what?' asked Pinch.

'You write about the things you do,' said Granny Gull.

Pinch thought for a moment, then said, 'I sniff a lot, I eat a lot, I dig a lot. *And that's a fact, actually.* And I follow Skittle wherever she goes.'

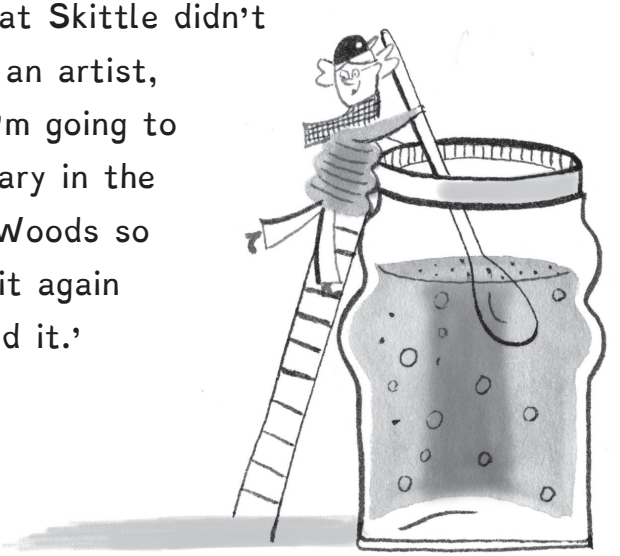
'You could write all that,' said Granny Gull. 'Or draw a picture.'



Pinch's ears pricked up. 'Draw?' he said. 'That's a good idea.'

'Can you draw?' asked Skittle.

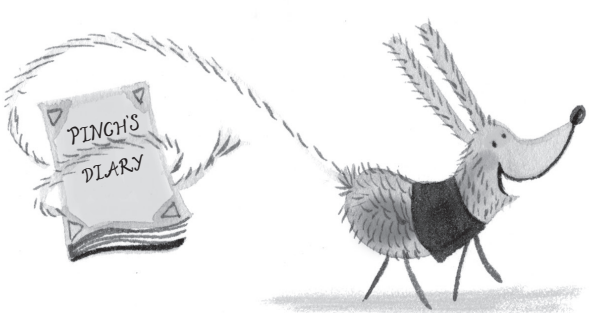
'Yes,' said Pinch, a little put out that Skittle didn't know. 'I'm an artist, actually. I'm going to bury my diary in the Roo-Roo Woods so I can find it again when I need it.'



'You could put it in the box that Barnacle Bow made for you to keep your scarf in,' said Skittle.

'Where's the fun in that?' said Pinch and he sang an old Tindim ditty.

'Most things we do we find funny
I'd write in my diary if I could
But because it's so hot and so sunny
I'll bury my diary in the wood.'





'That's not what you're meant to do with a diary,' Skittle called after him.

But Pinch, still singing to himself, had gone.

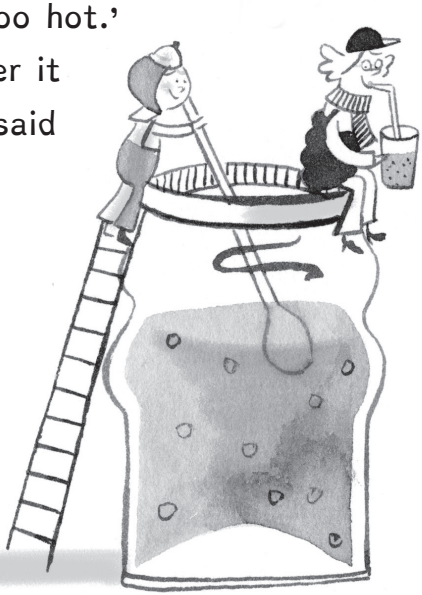
'I'd write in my diary if I could.'

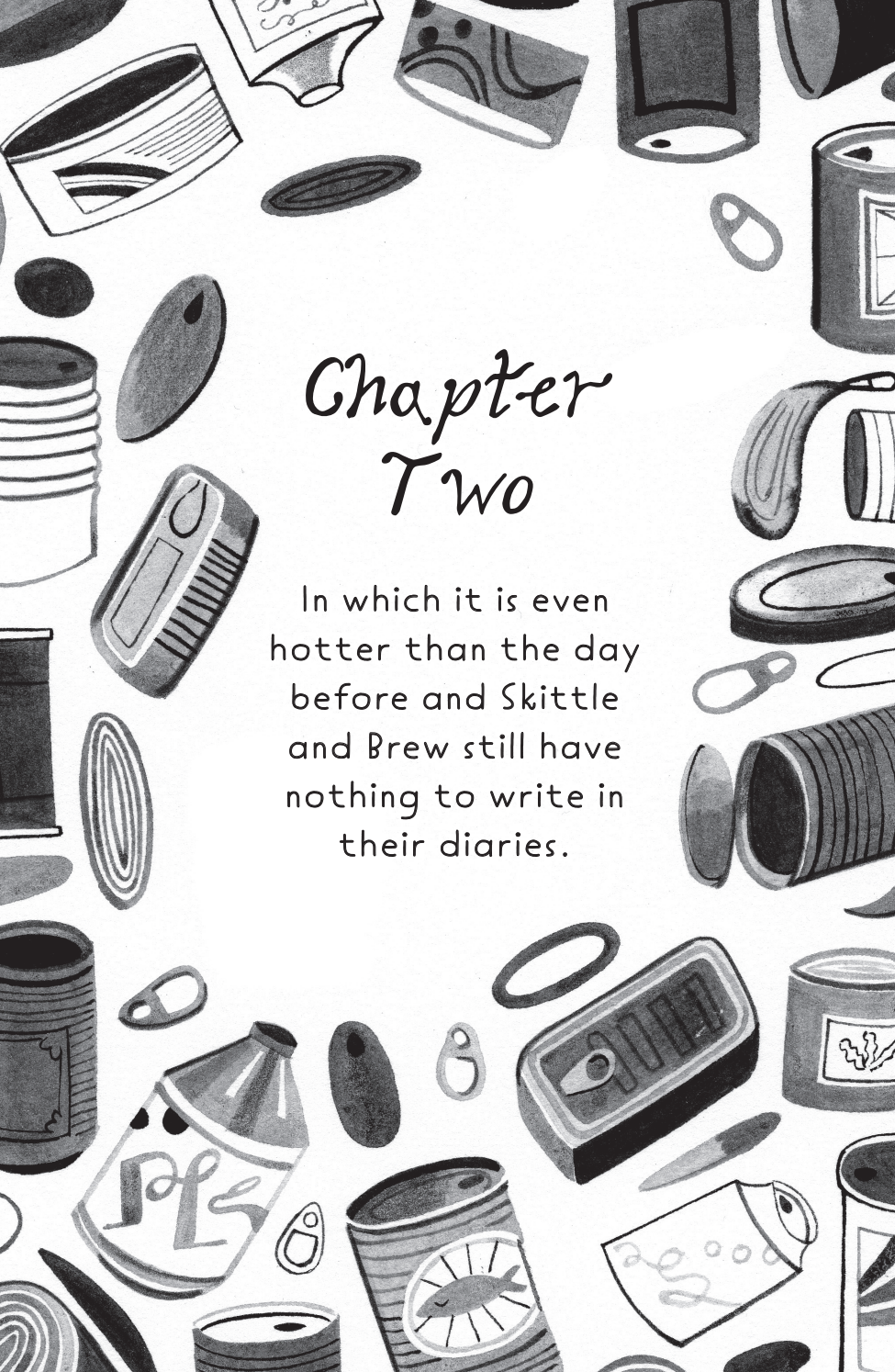
'Oh, well,' said Brew. 'Every Tindim does things differently. And he's right – it's too hot.'

'I don't ever remember it being this hot before,' said Skittle.

'Neither do I,' said Brew.

'Neither do I,' said Granny Gull.





Chapter Two

In which it is even hotter than the day before and Skittle and Brew still have nothing to write in their diaries.





At breakfast next neeptide, Skittle said, 'This is a perfect day for me to start my diary.'

'It's too hot for tin hats,' said Captain Spoons, 'and nearly too hot for Tindims.' He went to lie in his hammock for a moment, before he went on lookout duty.

Admiral Bonnet had made herself a paper fan and said if anyone wanted her, she would be in the watchtower.

Pinch fanned himself with his tail and said he was going to find his diary.



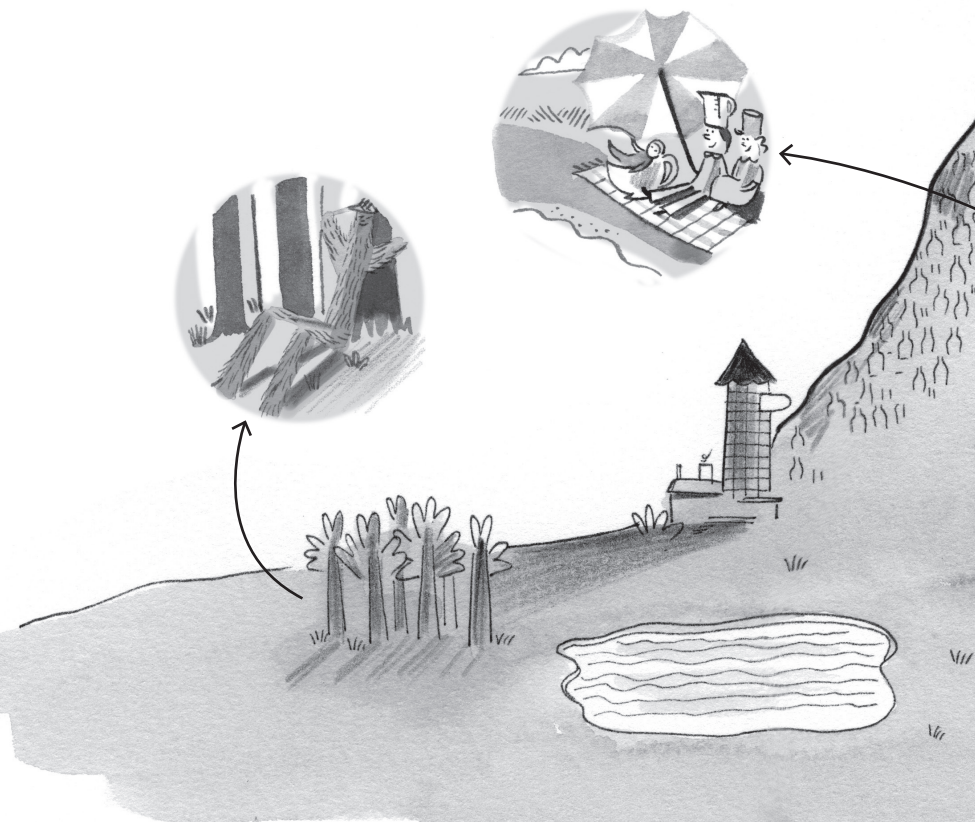


Skittle sat at the kitchen table, opened her diary to the first page and wrote:

I woke up and got out of bed. It is very hot and Dad said it's too hot for pancakes.

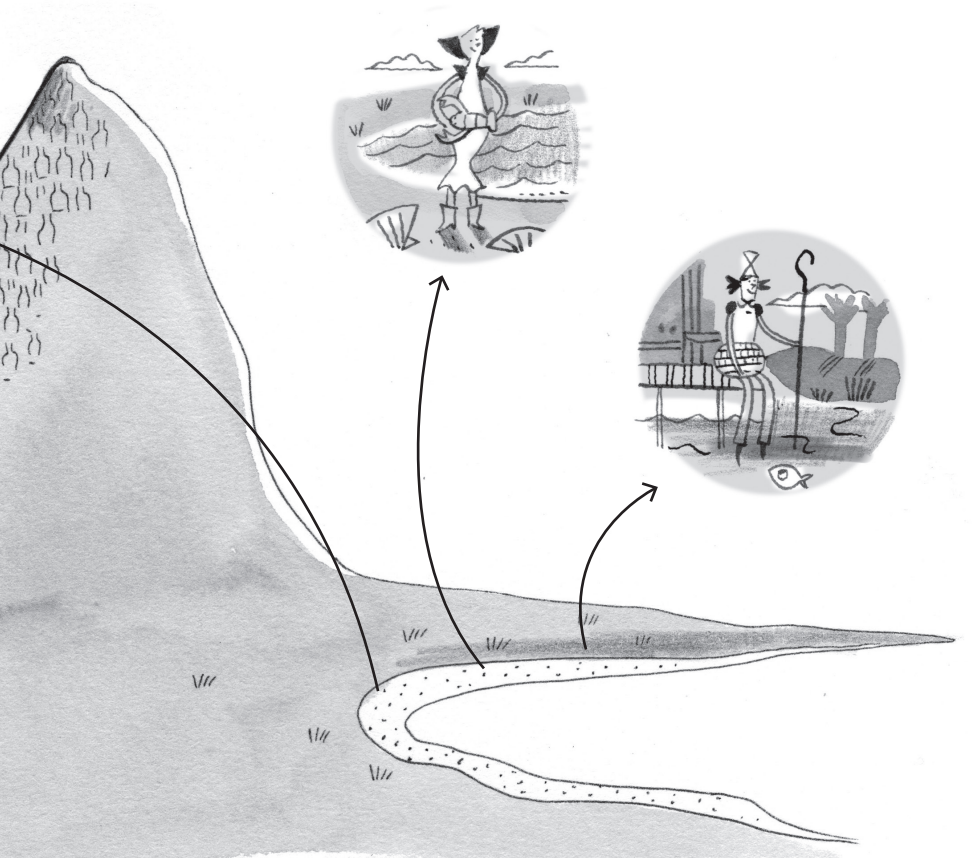
She sighed and couldn't think what else to write. Brew came over from All-Sorts, where he lived with his mum and dad, Mug and Jug, and Baby Cup. It was only forty-seven steps away. He asked if he might come in.

‘Everyone has gone to Turtle Bay and Admiral Bonnet has phoned Spokes to say today is a holiday because it’s so hot. So that means there’s no bottle duty,’ he said. They both agreed that was something they could write about, as fishing plastic bottles out of the sea was what they did most days.



‘What have you written in your diary?’ asked Skittle.

‘I wrote the sky is blue, the sun is yellow,’ said Brew. ‘Then I crossed that out and put the sun is an orange, the sea is as still as bath water. I couldn’t think what else to write, so I came to find you instead.’





'It's a bit hard, this writing about nothing,' said Skittle.

'What do you mean?' asked Brew.

'Well, nothing has happened today,' said Skittle.

'I suppose not,' said Brew. 'Could you write about finding Broom dozing in the shade of the Roo-Roo trees with a sun hat on his head?'

'No,' said Skittle.

'Or about Ethel B Dina who is at Turtle Bay with a new lifesaver ring shaped like a lobster?' said Brew.

Is that worth writing about? Skittle wondered. Then said, 'Maybe.'

'Or about Hitch Stitch dipping her tootsies in the water?'

‘That seems a bit dull,’ said Skittle.

‘I suppose I could write about Mug, Jug and Baby Cup having a picnic by the lake under an umbrella,’ said Brew. ‘But I’m here and they are there.’

‘That’s my point,’ said Skittle. ‘Nothing is happening.’

‘What have you written so far?’ asked Brew.

‘I got out of bed,’ said Skittle.

‘Oh,’ said Brew. ‘But we all get out of bed in the neeptide. I’m going to write about finding treasure.’

‘We haven’t found any treasure, though,’ said Skittle, looking puzzled.

‘When we do,’ said Brew, ‘there’ll be something to write about.’

