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Aisha Bushby

The

Mystery Visitor

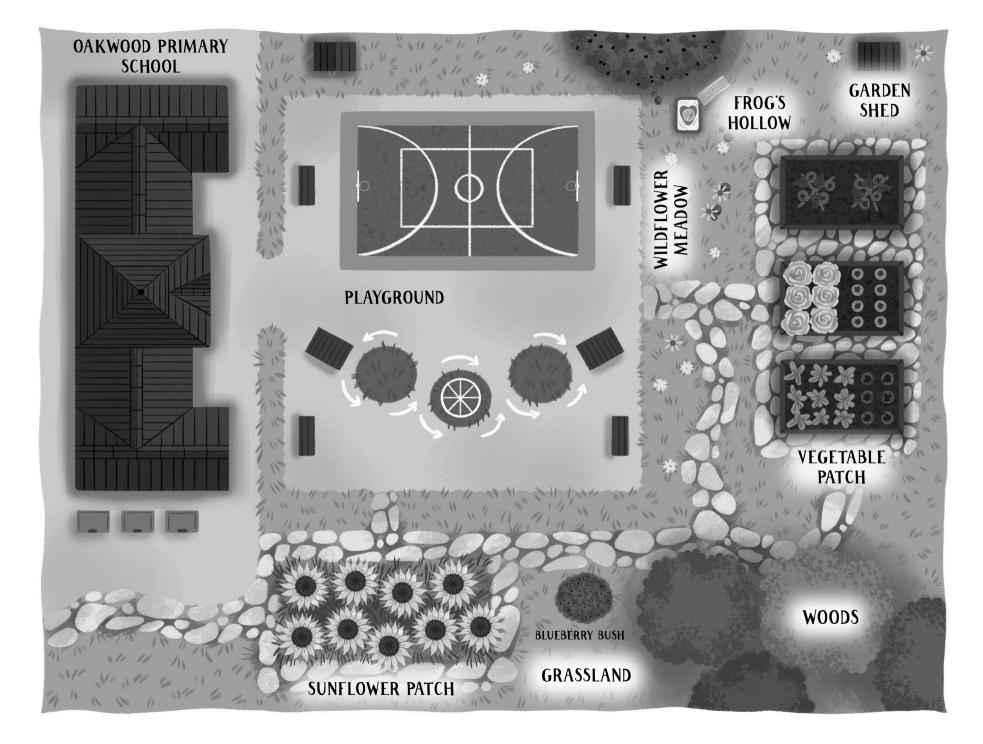
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CHAPTER 1 The Mystery Visitor

Tiny was staring up at the clouds, watching as they raced across the sky, when she felt the shock of cold water splashing her face. She sat up suddenly and shook her head. She was sitting at the centre of her sunflower, which was slightly tipped towards the sun. Tiny peered round to find out why she was so wet. Surrounding her were bright yellow petals fanning upwards, each of them carrying a raindrop from the night before. It was a single raindrop that had slid down one petal and onto Tiny's face.



Though a raindrop would hardly bother a human, it was enough to soak Tiny's hair. Because she wasn't a human at all. Even though she looked human – with arms and legs and hands and feet – she reached just the height of your forefinger.

Tiny looked like any human child might, with brown skin and eyes, and wavy brown hair.

But unlike a human child she wore bright sweet wrappers for clothes, which she made herself with whatever she found in the school garden where she lived.

Tiny could hear the birds chirp in the trees, cheerily welcoming another morning.

But she wasn't quite ready for it herself. It had been a long night for her, as something strange and new rustled in the grass. She listened to the birds' updates to find out what was going on across the garden and beyond. They sat at a great height and flew great

distances, and so they told tales of places Tiny could only imagine.

Tiny had never left the school garden, which consisted of the sunflower patch, grassland and woods, where her friend Squirrel lived. Beyond that was the vegetable patch and wildflower meadow, leading to the pond where her other friend,

Frog, lived. In between were lots of other creatures, the sort that humans might not notice because they live between blades of grass, or inside shrubs. There were spiders and slugs; woodlice and worms; and mice that skittered and scattered at the sound of any movement.

The garden was in the grounds of Oakwood Primary School, where children came to learn each day. Tiny and her friends knew to stay away from the playground, where the children gathered at the sound of a great big bell. But there was one child Tiny quite liked: Nour.

She had planted Tiny's sunflower.

She tended to it lovingly each day, and afterwards she often sat nearby, reading a book that Tiny would secretly glance at. In a way, Tiny felt like Nour was

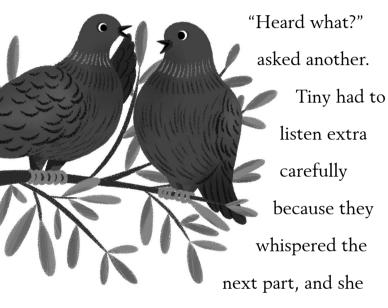
her friend.

After the bell rang each morning and Nour went inside with the other children, Tiny liked to hear what the birds had to say.



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But today, as the playground emptied, they said something that alarmed her. "Have you heard?" said one bird.



only caught a few words of what they were saying. But each one was more frightening than the last. "Mysterious creature..."

"Sharp claws...scary fangs..."

That was enough for Tiny to decide she had to do some investigating. She slipped between the sunflower's petals and climbed carefully down its stem, using each leaf as a stepladder. When she was close enough, she leaped to the ground.

Tiny decided to visit her friend Squirrel first. Squirrel lived in the tree next to the birds, so she might know what the birds were whispering about. Maybe, together, Tiny and Squirrel could find out more about their mystery visitor.



CHAPTER 2 Tiny Investigates

It was a long walk to Squirrel's, and Tiny made sure to nibble on a seed and sip on a raindrop before she left. She would need to cross the sunflower patch before making it to the grassland that came before the woods where Squirrel lived.

A sunflower was as tall as a tree to Tiny, but she could recognize each one by