

Helping your children choose books they will love



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created for parents and children to make
choosing books easy and fun

opening extract from

Glister: The Haunted Teapot

written by

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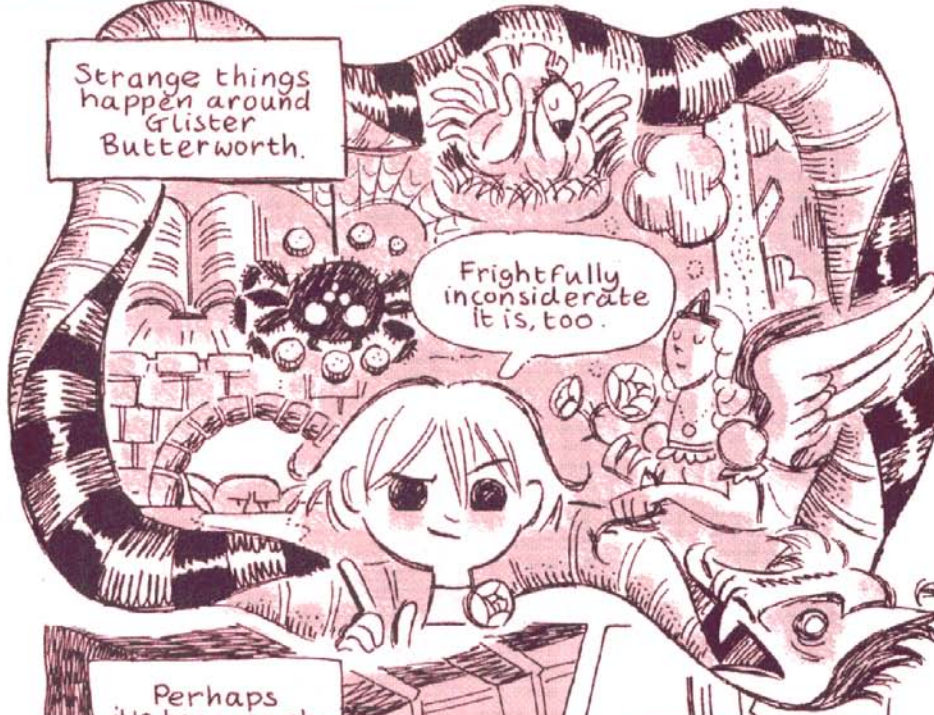
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Strange things
happen around
Glister
Butterworth.

Frightfully
inconsiderate
it is, too.

Perhaps
it's because she
gets out of the
wrong side of
the bed each
morning.

Or perhaps
it's because the
clocks struck
thirteen when
she was born.

Occasionally
the strange
things begin
with a knock
at the door.

KNOCK
KNOCK



Glisten lives with her father in Chilblain Hall, so called because the draughts are so strong that they blow out the fires in the hearth.



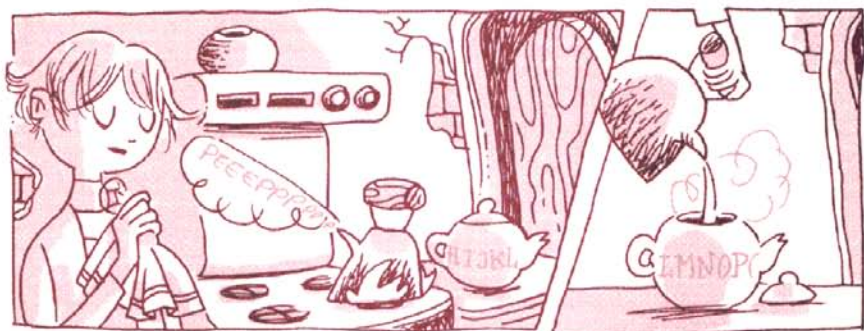
It's been left
for us, so you
may as well
open it.

Did you
order a
teapot?

ABCDEF

No, but
we'll have it
none the less.

"The old
one's a
wretched
pouurer."





Allow me to
introduce
myself.

I am Phillip
Bulwark-Stratton,
writer and
novelist.

Oh,
hello.

Shall we
begin work
directly?

Phillip
Bulwark-Stratton
happens to have
written novels a
long time ago.
Unfortunately,
they have fallen
from critical
favour.

D.J. Whitely
"Dreadful"

HAY O. WHY
"DREARY"

Five for a
pound.

J. Smith, Bookseller



And now,
in the New World,
an educational
facility in a place
called Nebraska...
have you heard
of it?

Nebraska?

No.

They conduct
a competition
each year called
the Phillip Bulwark-
Stratton Award.

Wonderful,
that is good
news. An award
for exceptional
young writers?

The contest
has a prize of one
dollar, a paltry
amount I am to
understand.

A dollar
for writing
the worst
possible
ending to
a novel.

How
do you
like
that?

Sticks
and
stones.

Indeed, you
put little stock
in reputation.
That is the luxury
of the young...
and the living.

When
you are
dead...

I have no
intention
of dying,
thank you
very much.



... it's a matter of considerable concern, and if you happen to be a dead writer, it's all that matters.

Each orphan volume left to gather dust on the shelf is like a dagger to the heart.

I see it's very distressing for you but I don't know what I can do about it.

Mr Bulwark-Stratton hasn't only risen from the grave to complain about his damaged reputation, he still has to finish his one great novel.

Oh, well. Ahem. If I might explain.