Helping your children choose books they will love



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opening extract from

The Grunt and the Grouch

written by

Tracy Corderoy

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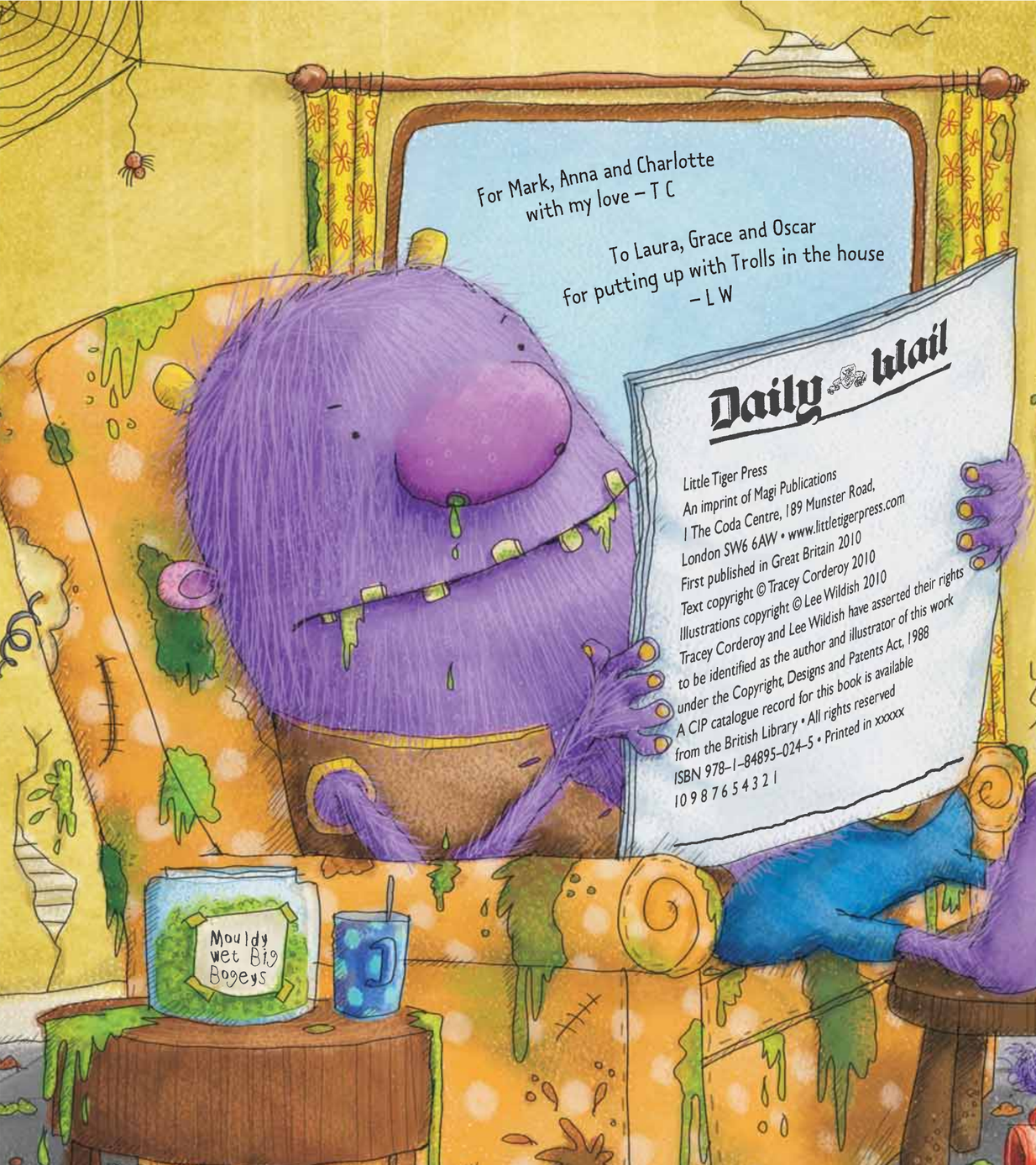
Little Tiger Press

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Toe NAILS
LEECHES
ROTTEN CUSTARD
BELLY BUTTON FLUFF
NAILS
GARLIC TONIC
SMELLY POND WATER
WITCH BREW
ITCHING POWDER
JUICY WET EARTH WORMS
SWAMP WATER
DON'T FLUSH TOILET
DON'T CLEAN POTS
DON'T WASH!
SPLASH IN PUDDLES
STINK POWDER
GOOEY EAR WAX
ROTTEN LEAVES
INSTA MUD
TRUMPING POWDER
PLUG HOLE BITS & SLIME
TINY
EXTRA LARGE
NORMAL BOGEYS
SPIDERS. CAUTION.....
Feed Frog
Feed spiders
add wax
SICK BAG
HAIR
MAGGOTS
FLIES YUMMY!
BONES
cheese



For Mark, Anna and Charlotte
with my love – T C

To Laura, Grace and Oscar
for putting up with Trolls in the house
– L W

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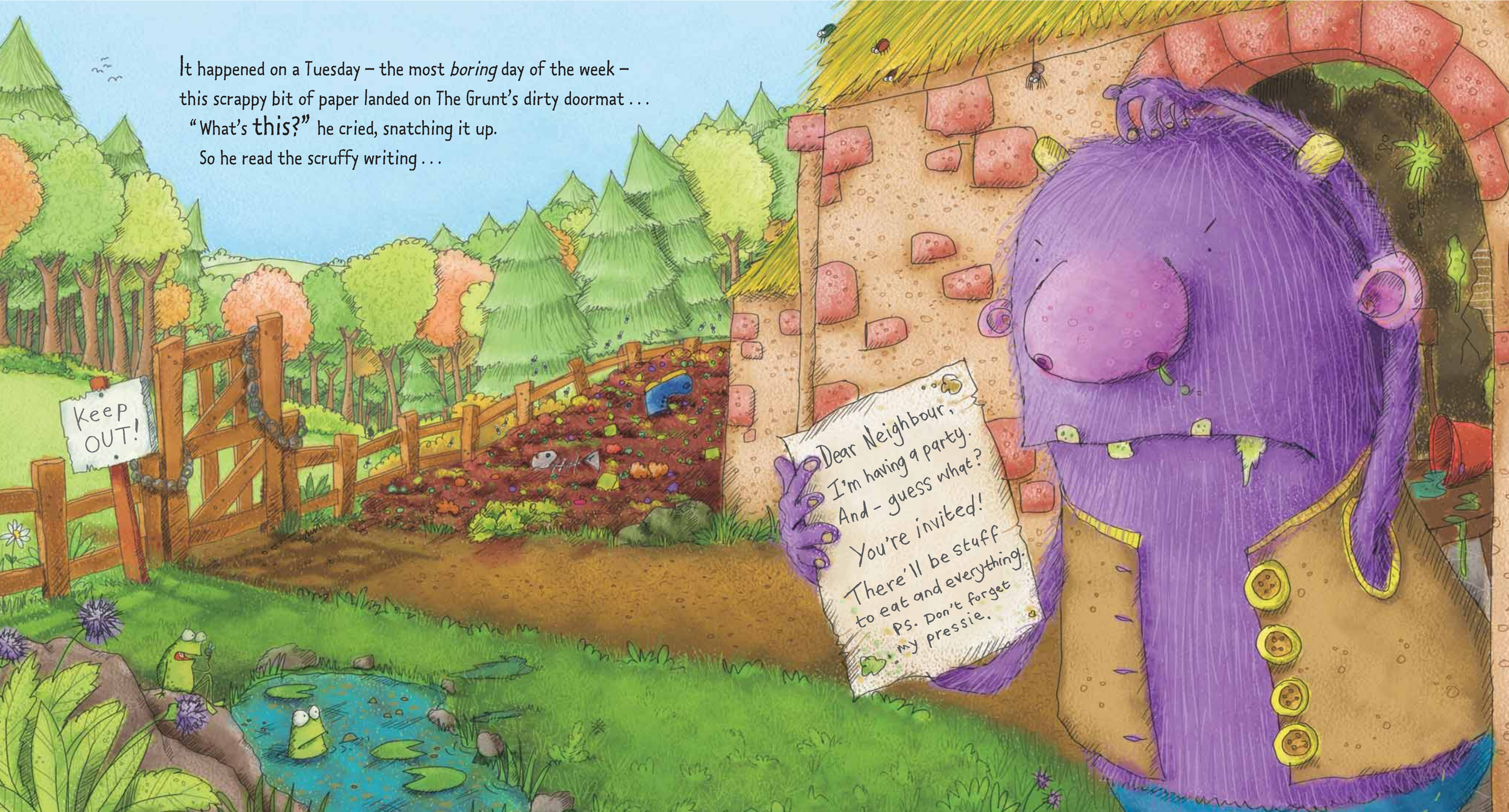
LITTLE TIGER PRESS
London

Tracey Corderoy

Lee Wildish

THE GRUNT AND THE GROUCH

The Grunt was probably the grumpiest troll you'd *ever* be likely to meet. Just look at his face! Now tell me – would you invite *him* to your party? Well, one day someone did just that. And things were never quite the same again . . .


It happened on a Tuesday – the most *boring* day of the week –
this scrappy bit of paper landed on The Grunt's dirty doormat . . .
"What's this?" he cried, snatching it up.
So he read the scruffy writing . . .
KEEP OUT!
Dear Neighbour,
I'm having a party.
And – guess what?
You're invited!
There'll be stuff
to eat and everything.
PS. Don't forget
my pressie.

"Who's **dared** leave this on my mat?"
growled The Grunt.
"I **don't** like Tuesdays. I **don't** like visitors.
And I **really don't** like parties . . .
so I'm not coming!"





With that, he tore the invitation
into tiny shreds, then stomped back
inside and finally got to work . . .

Not picking bits of
mould off his teeth . . .

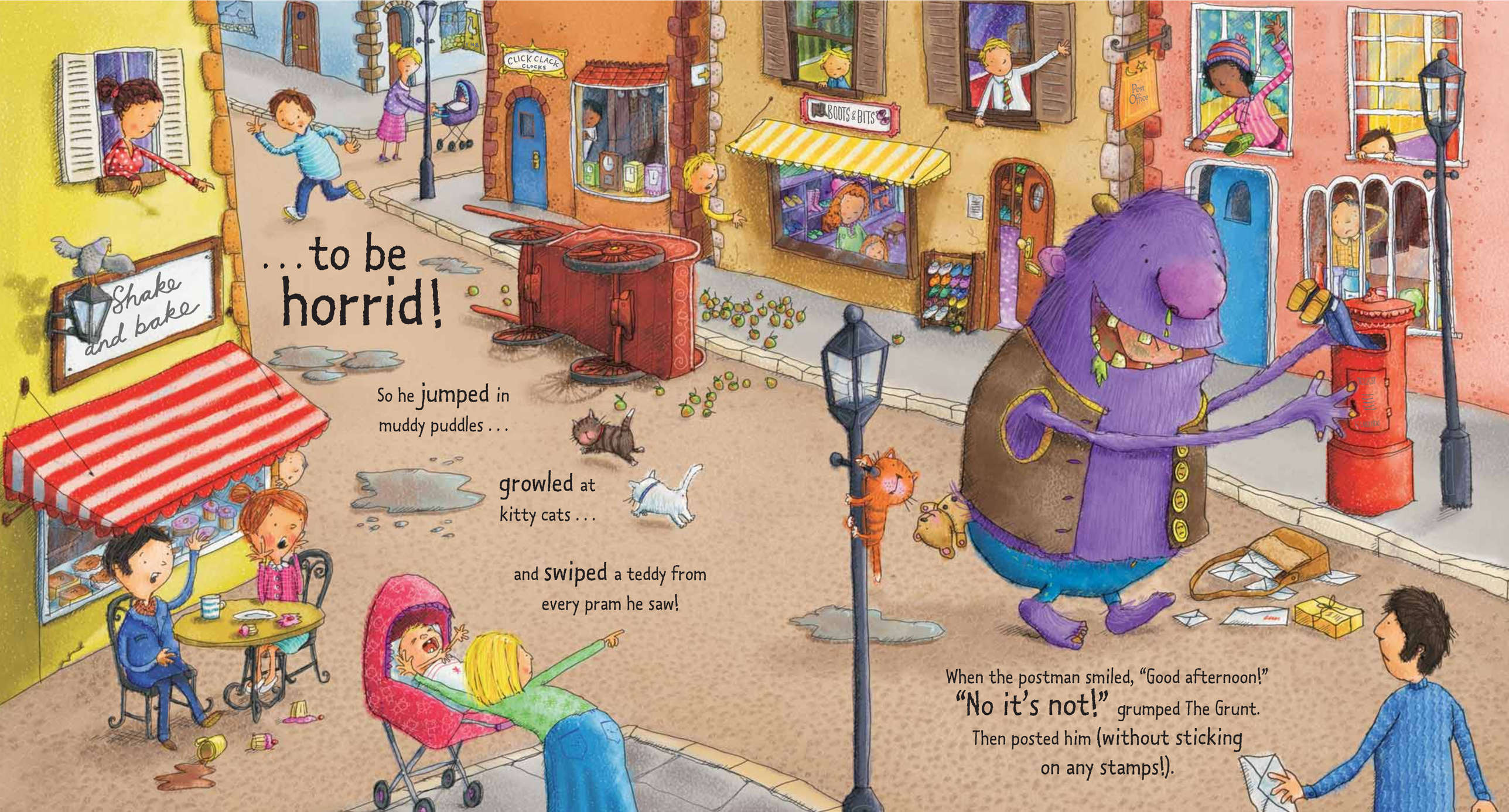
Not cleaning
the bath . . .

Not doing the
washing up . . .

Not even flushing
the toilet!



Boring Tuesday morning ended and **boring** Tuesday
afternoon began. So The Grunt went to town –
it was, after all, the **perfect** place . . .


. . . to be horrid!
So he jumped in muddy puddles . . .
growled at kitty cats . . .
and swiped a teddy from every pram he saw!
When the postman smiled, "Good afternoon!"
"No it's not!" grumped The Grunt.
Then posted him (without sticking on any stamps!).
Shake and bake
CLICK CLACK CLOCKS
BOOTS & BITS
Post Office