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opening extract from

The Grunt and the Grouch

written by

Tracy Corderoy

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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

STINK POWDER

GOOEY
EAR
WAX

ROTTEN
LEAVES

INSTA
MUD

TRUMPING
POWDER

PLUG HOLE
BITS &
SLIME

- ☒ DON'T FLUSH TOILET
- ☒ DON'T CLEAN POTS
- ☒ DON'T WASH!
- ☒ SPLASH IN PUDDLES

- ☐ Feed Frog
- ☐ Feed Spiders
- ☒ add wax

SPIDERS.
CAUTION.....

SICK
BAG

FLIES
YUMMY!

BONES

cheese

HAIR

MAGGOTS

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

Daily Mail

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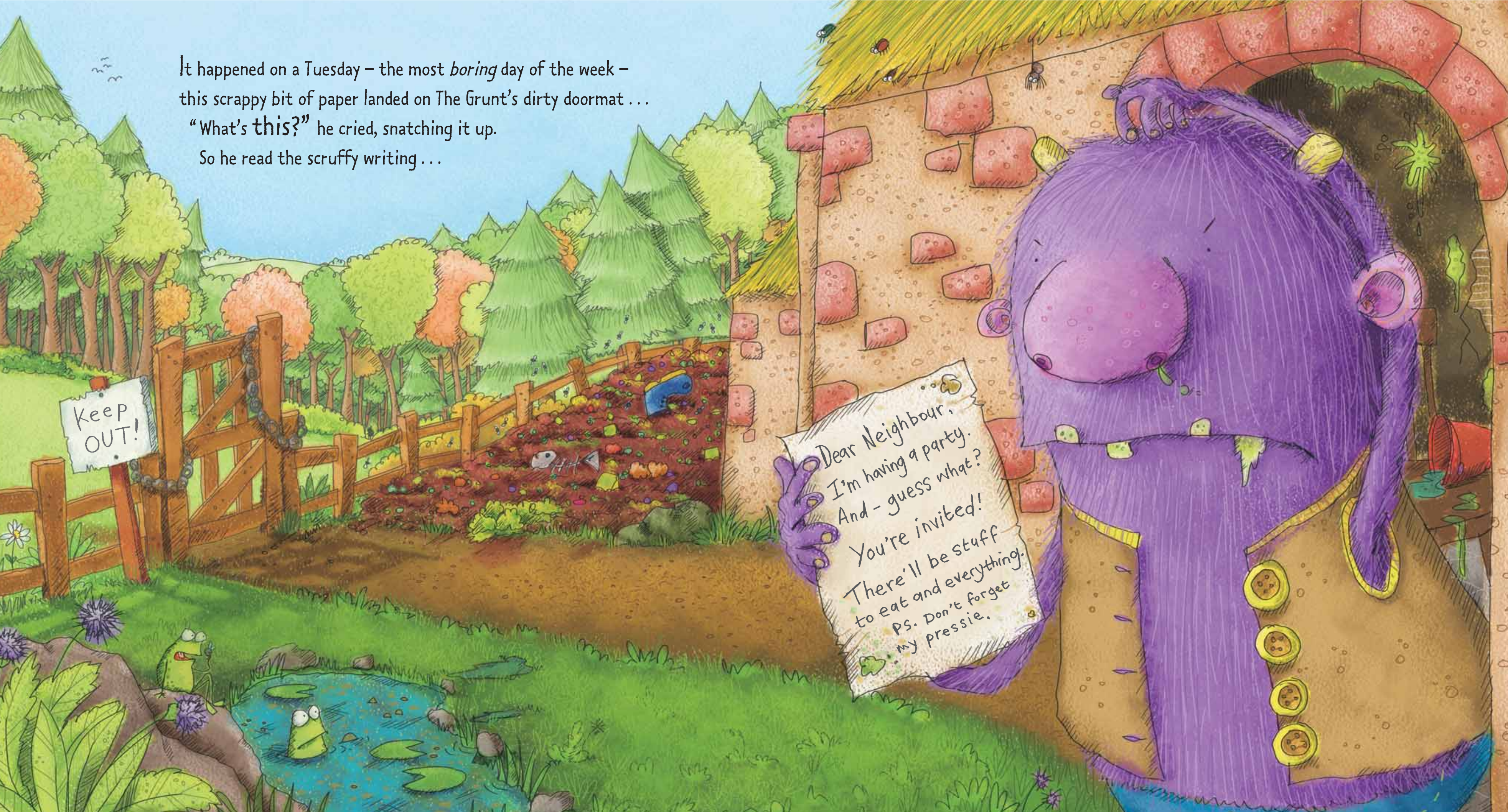
THE GRUNT AND THE GROUCH

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!).

