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Opening extract from

My Friend's a Gris-Kwok

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This book has dyslexia friendly features

For Neil and Lizzy,
with love as always

Chapter 1

How it Began

My best friend Alex is a Gris-Kwok!

I know what you're thinking. What's a Gris-Kwok?

Well, I didn't know either. But then I found out Alex's secret. And this is how it happened ...

Early one Saturday morning, I popped over to Alex's house. Just as I rang his doorbell, a drop of rain splashed on my cheek. I looked up at the grey sky, and then I saw someone at the bedroom window.

It was Alex's awful little sister, Polly!

Alex opened the front door. "Hi, Mike!" he said with a grin. "Come in. Mum's out so we've got the house to ourselves for a while."



"I thought Polly's bedroom was at the back of the house?" I said.

"It is," Alex said. "Why?"

"Well, I saw her in the front bedroom," I said. "She's making funny faces at me out the window." I pointed up at her. "Very funny faces."

"**What**?" Alex stepped outside to see what was going on.

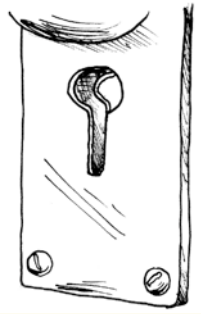
I started to make faces back at Polly. I pulled my lips one way and my cheeks the other and screwed up my eyes.

"Mike, you're as bad as Polly. Come on." Alex grabbed my arm and dragged me into the house. He kicked the door shut behind us and ran upstairs.



I wondered what all the fuss was about as I ran after him. I soon found out. Alex went straight to his mum and dad's bedroom. He turned the door handle, but the door didn't open.

"She's ... she's locked the door!" Alex was so angry. He bent to peer through the keyhole, and then he stood up almost at once.

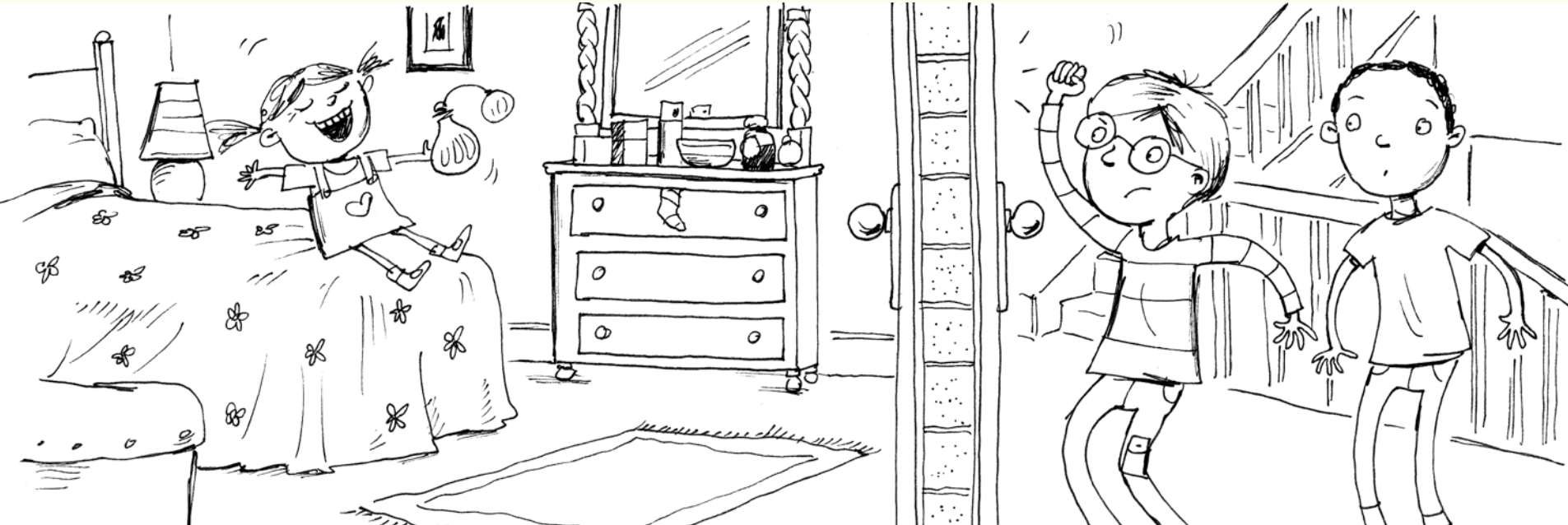


"Polly! Open this door right this **second**!" he yelled.

Behind the door, I could hear Polly laughing her head off. Alex hammered on the door.

"Polly, I'm warning you. If you don't come out, I'll tell Mum and Dad and then you'll be in major trouble!" Alex bent to peep through the keyhole again.

"What's she doing?" I asked.



"Spraying Mum's posh perfume all over herself," Alex shouted.

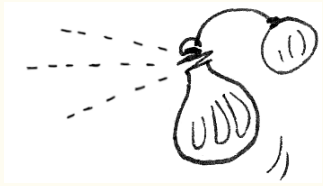
I bit my lip to stop myself from laughing out loud.

"I should never have taken my eyes off her," Alex said. "Not for a moment. Mum warned me not to leave her by herself."

"It's not your fault," I began. "You'll just have to ..."

But Alex wasn't listening. "**Polly**!" he shouted. "**Polly, don't you dare**!"

"What's the matter? What's she doing now?" I asked.



"Rats! She's just turned herself into a bird and she's ... Oops!" Alex slapped his hand over his mouth as he turned to look at me. "Rats! My mouth is bigger than the number 19 bus!"

I stared at him.

"What did you say?" I asked. "Polly's turned herself into a **what**?"

"A ... a bird," Alex said. "A robin, I think. And she's flying around the room."

