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Opening extract from

Granny Samurai and the Brain of Ultimate Doomitude

Written by

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A Rainy Day

It was a terrifically dull morning and I was perusing a tome from my uncle's library.

This is the first sentence of a book I was thinking about reading. It was Friday after school and I was at home poking around in my Uncle Vesuvio's study. He had thousands of books in there, all neatly arranged, more even than the school library and better too, with better titles also. The school library has lots of books on sport, for example, to get boys reading who normally don't, which is a massive waste of time in my opinion.

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This is because boys who are interested in sport prefer to do it instead of reading about it, while boys who aren't interested in sport don't like either. Therefore it is a double whammy, which means lose–lose, and the reason why I was in my uncle's study and perusing, which means reading bits out of, his books now.

My uncle, Lord Witherington Weatherby Willoughby, was a collector of fine volumes and valuable treatises pertaining to ancient matters.

This was the second sentence of the book, and excessively vital for luring the reader into reading the rest. My own uncle says that a good first sentence is like a fly dropped on the water to get the fish's attention. A good second sentence is the hook that snags the fish. The rest of the book is the angler reeling the reader in. These are metaphors, or mind pictures,



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for explaining ideas – something my uncle is incredibly good at. I perused further.

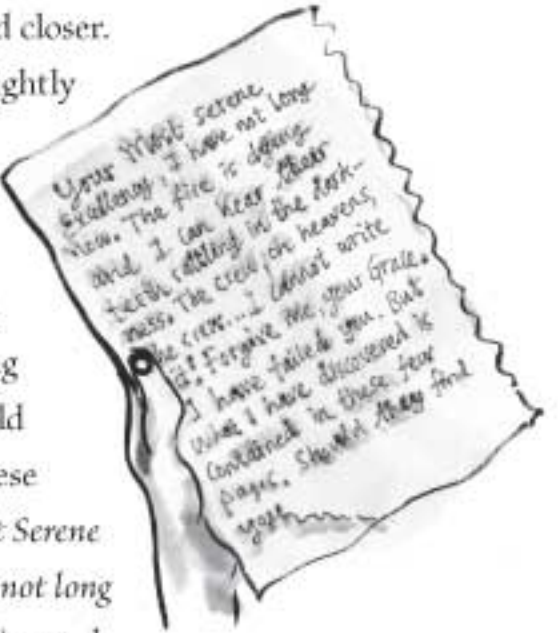
What ancient matters this tome of my exalted relation would thus pertain to would thereof be demonstrated shortly and I prepared to roll my eyeballs over the coming paragraph.

I emitted a massive yawn and put the book back. I would rather read three books on sport than *that*. I pulled out another volume and looked at it. GREAT GOLF GAMES OF THE 1920s WITH PUTTING ILLUSTRATIONS. Well maybe not. I returned the book to the shelf, and as I did, a page fell out of its middle. I bent down to pick it up. Drawings of golf courses, I thought, glancing down at the flimsy paper. What a massively dull and rainy day it was turning out to be.



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Then I looked closer. The page, only slightly wider than my hand, had been torn from an old notebook. In spidery writing on one side I could just make out these words: *Your Most Serene Excellency, I have not long now. The fire is dying and I can hear their teeth rattling in the darkness. The crew, oh heavens, the crew... I cannot write it! Forgive me, Your Grace. I have failed you. But what I have discovered is contained in these few pages. Should they find you...*



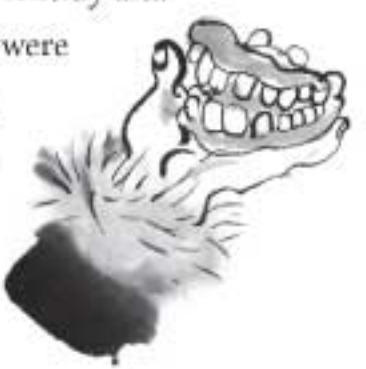
As you can see, the "you" ended in a squiggle, as if the writer's hand had slipped. I enjoy scribing myself, as a hobby, and like clean copy – which means no squiggles.



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I wondered what had happened to make this writer's hand slip. I flipped the page over and studied the other side. There was a drawing of something on it, though not a golf course. It had been done with the same scratchy pen, like a nib that you dip into ink. I knew about this because of my scribal inks collection, which is quite large, though I mostly do my schoolwork on a laptop now. But in ancient times, everybody wrote with these pens. Everybody who could write, I mean. In ye olden times not everybody *could* write – or read, for that matter.

I examined the page again. The paper was excessively old and wrinkly and I wondered whose teeth were rattling in the darkness. The only person I knew whose teeth rattled was excessively old and wrinkly also,



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but her teeth rattled because they were false and she enjoyed the sound. Then I wondered where the other "few pages" were and spent the remains of the day in the library looking for them. Sadly, although I found a great many other interesting books, the torn-out pages I was seeking stayed sought. But by then the rain had stopped and the day was nearly over and had turned out pretty interesting after all. So that was good.



Here is a list of the top five interesting books I found in my uncle's study that day:



1. Lost Worlds and Their Suspected Locations, with Maps and Shipping Timetables. As this tome was printed in 1782, which is pretty pre-histrionic, I suspected they weren't that lost any more.

2. Your Home Is Your Castle, with Practical Illustrations for Building a Moat, Installing Arrow Slits and Converting Your Front Door to a Drawbridge. I admire drawbridges and considered proposing to my Uncle Vesuvio that we build one.



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3. Winning Through Hypnosis: Seven Steps Towards Bending Your Opponent to Your Will. This is maybe a bit too much like cheating, but it might be useful if your opponent is cheating.





4. Seriously Top Secrets. This book was printed in invisible ink and you had to iron each page to make the writing visible.

5. 100 Amazing Chocolate Recipes. I decided to make recipe number 17 for tea.



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Tea

This is me in the kitchen, making Amazing Chocolate Recipe number 17. It is called Chocolate Chicken Supreme. The recipe is: *Melt some chocolate. Draw the outline of a chicken onto a cold plate. Carefully pour chocolate into the outline. Let it cool. Eat.*



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I ate.

While I was eating I studied the mysterious page again. The drawing was covered in funny writing, which I couldn't read. At least I thought it was writing. If you look at the picture of the drawing you will see what I mean. The truth is, I didn't know which way was up, or down, or even sideways.



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