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Opening extract from
The Glump and the Peeble

Written by
Wendy Meddour
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Published by
Frances Lincoln Children's Books

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Please print off and read at your leisure.

This book is dedicated to all the glumps that want to be peebles
and all the peebles that want to be glumps.

W.M.

To Gerard
R.A.

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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First published in Great Britain and in the USA in 2016 by
Frances Lincoln Children's Books, 74-77 White Lion Street, London N1 4PF
www.franceslincoln.com

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6-10 Kirby Street, London EC1N 8TS.

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.


ISBN 978-1-84780-709-0

Illustrated digitally

Printed in China

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

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He wanted to dance with the pebbles at night.
He wanted to twirl in the glow of moonlight.
But glumps are not made for such dancing and fun –
in fact, what in the world has a glump ever done?

So he sat
all alone,
in a cave,
in a wood.
And tried to do nothing –
just like a glump should.

"Just stretch out your arms wide and do what I do."
"It's no good," said the Glump. "I'm not peeble like you!"
"Come on," said the Peeble. "We're in the moonlight,
Just dance like a glump being peeble at night!"



So the Glump stretched his arms ...

then he twirled,



then he **DANCED!**

"Oh! I knew I'd be good if I just had the chance!"



The pebbles all cheered to see such a sight.
A glump. Yes, a glump twirling under moonlight!
"It's a glump!" they all shouted. "A glump!" they all cried.
"He twirls like a pebble with arms stretched out wide!"



"Oh, Glump," said the Peeble. "I'm ever so proud!
I never knew pebbles could CHEER quite this loud."



"And I," said the Glump, "am so glad you were brave,
and didn't mind coming to sit in my cave.
You're the FIRST EVER pebble to sit still and think!"
said the FIRST EVER glump that has danced until pink.



"Can we come back again? Can we dance in the night?"
"Yes, of course," beamed the Peeble. "You do it just right."