

DIMPLE AND THE BOO

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This book is in a super-readable format for young readers beginning their independent reading journey.



For my littlest niece, beautiful Evie xx



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CHAPTER 1

PopPop's gone

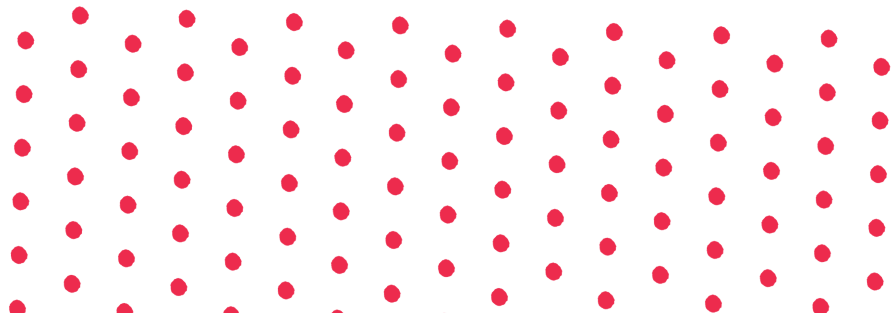
Dimple didn't want PopPop to see him cry, so he sat under the lomplit tree and hid his face in his hands.

“I won't be gone long, Dimple!” PopPop told him. “Only two weeks.”

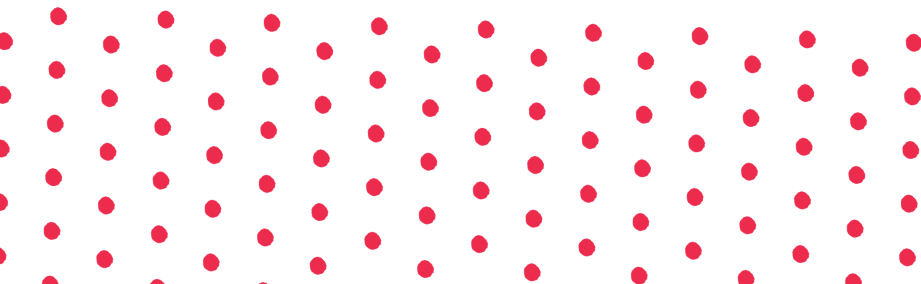
“You promised we'd play hoop-ball this weekend,” Dimple said sadly.

Everything had been fine until a few weeks ago, when PopPop had to close his whizzy-kart workshop.

You see, every gnome had a whizzy-kart to zoom about in, and PopPop's karts were the best.



Dimple didn't understand why
PopPop couldn't just keep his whizzy-kart
workshop at the end of the road open.
Why couldn't everything stay the same?
Why did PopPop have to go and work
somewhere else?



“I told you, Dimple,” said PopPop.

“Everyone wants to buy the new type of whizzy-kart now. That means I have to go and work at a new factory to make the money we need. I’m sorry it’s far away.

“I’ll be back before you know it,” PopPop added, and he gave Dimple a big hug.

Dimple listened to PopPop's footsteps as he walked away. Then he heard PopPop's engine whizzing. He only stood up and uncovered his eyes when he couldn't hear the engine any more.

PopPop had gone. It wasn't fair.

The yard was empty apart from a single hoop-ball and the lompit tree.



Dimple's cheeks suddenly felt hot.
He kicked the lompit tree as hard as
he could.

“OUCH! GRRRRR!!” Dimple growled.

The dark green leaves shook and
something crashed down the branches.
It landed next to Dimple's foot, which was
now sore.



A lompit.

“Huh?”

The lompit looked a bit ... odd.