

For James, who has always believed in me. N.J.  
For my daughter Tate—a proud dyslexic. R.A.



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# THUNDER BOOTS



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Trixie was the smallest person in Primrose Tower.  
She was also the loudest.

She loved to run and  
jump up the stairs . . .



'Wheee!'

cartwheel down  
the corridors . . .



and dance into  
her flat.





Everyone in Primrose Tower knew when Trixie was home.  
They even had a special name for her—Thunderboots.

One day Trixie was big enough to start school.

She ran out of her flat and jumped down the stairs.





'Good luck,  
Thunderboots!'

'Enjoy school!'

'Have fun!'

Everyone was there  
to wish her good luck.

Trixie loved school.

She loved her teacher, Miss Fry, and her new friends.  
She loved playing in the playground . . .



and eating lunch in the hall.



'Has anyone seen my water bottle?'