

You don't have to be big to be brave

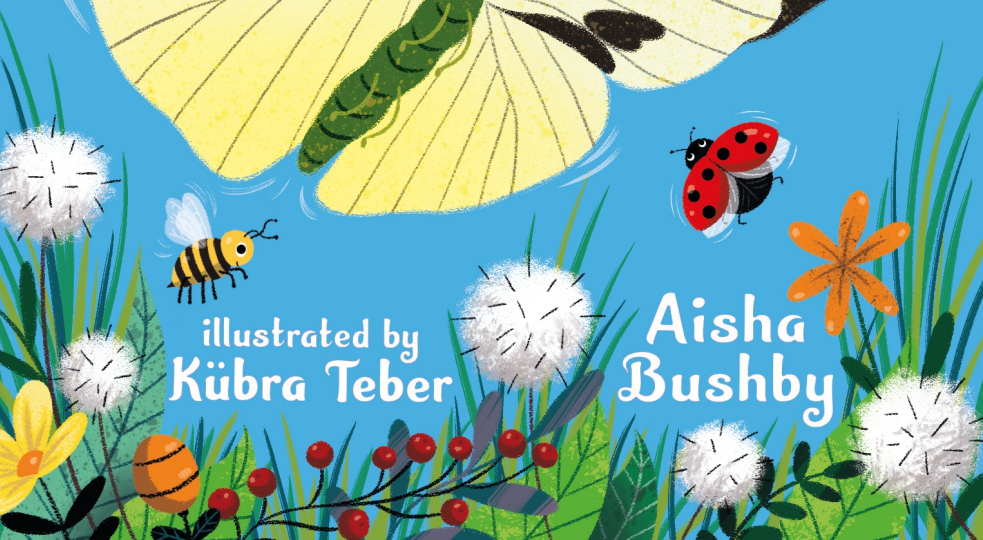


# TINY<sup>the</sup> Secret Adventurer



illustrated by  
Kübra Teber

Aisha  
Bushby



Join Tiny in her miniature world  
filled with BIG adventures!





# TINY<sup>the</sup> Secret Adventurer



First published in the UK in 2023 by Usborne Publishing Limited, Usborne House,  
83-85 Saffron Hill, London EC1N 8RT, England. [usborne.com](http://usborne.com)  
Usborne Verlag, Usborne Publishing Ltd., Prüfeninger Str. 20,  
93049 Regensburg, Deutschland, VK Nr. 17560

Text copyright © Aisha Bushby, 2023

The right of Aisha Bushby to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by her  
in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

Illustrations by Kübra Teber © Usborne Publishing Limited, 2023.

The name Usborne and the Balloon logo are trade marks of Usborne Publishing Limited.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system  
or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior permission of the publisher.

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents, and dialogues are products of the author's  
imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons,  
living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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

JFMA JJASOND/23 7639/1 ISBN 9781801314121

Printed and bound using 100% renewable energy at CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY.




**Aisha Bushby**  
illustrated by **Kübra Teber**



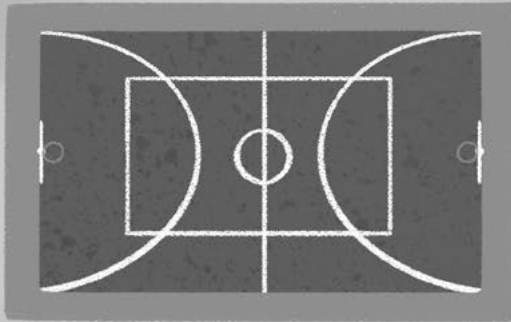
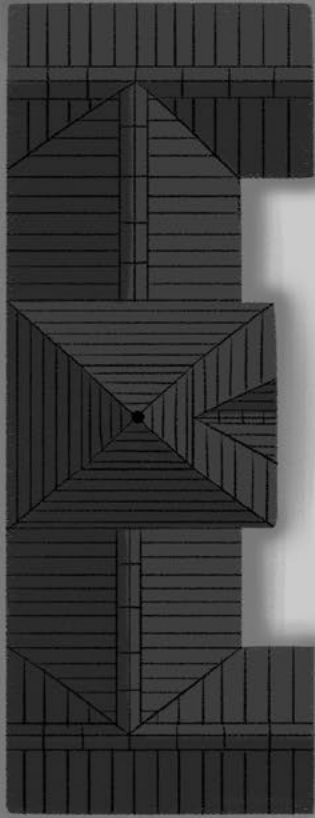


# Contents

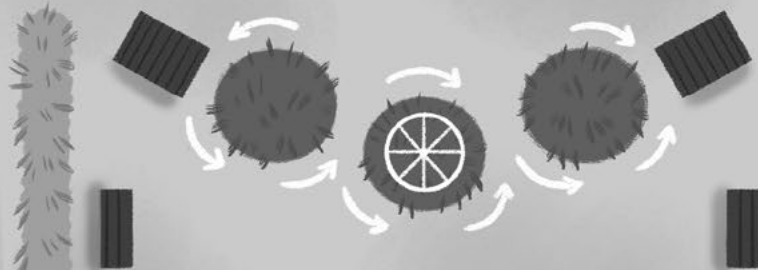
Oakwood Primary School	6
How it Began	9
Chapter 1    Tiny	15
Chapter 2    The Mice	23
Chapter 3    I'm Not Silly	31
Chapter 4    The Animals	38
Chapter 5    Run!	54
Chapter 6    Hide!	68
Chapter 7    A Disaster	81
Chapter 8    In the Forest	90
Chapter 9    Helping Frog	103
Chapter 10   Home Time	113



OAKWOOD PRIMARY SCHOOL



PLAYGROUND



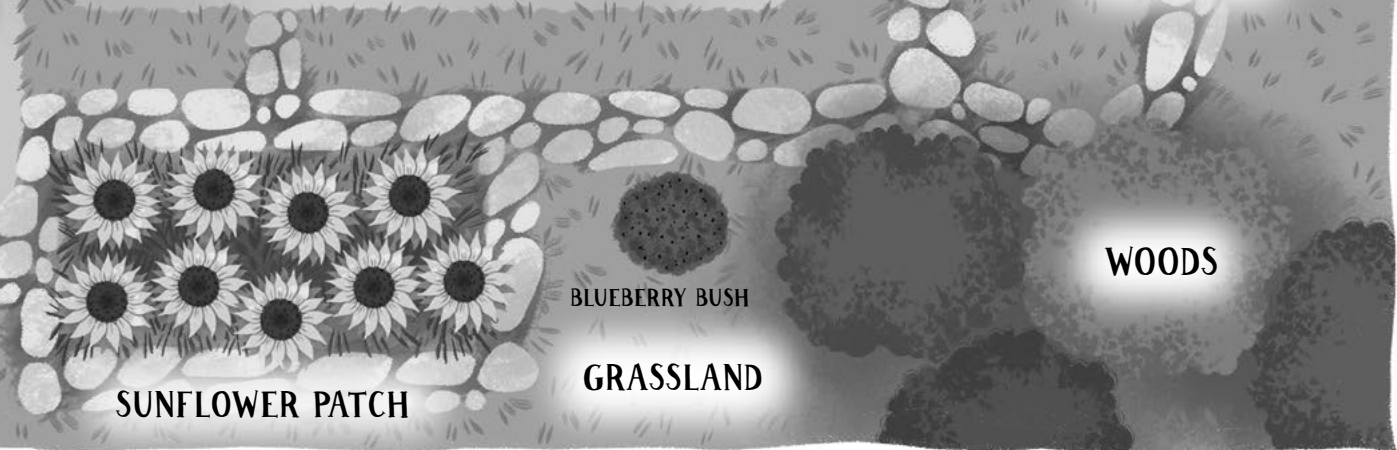
FROG'S HOLLOW

GARDEN SHED

WILDFLOWER MEADOW



VEGETABLE PATCH



SUNFLOWER PATCH

BLUEBERRY BUSH

GRASSLAND

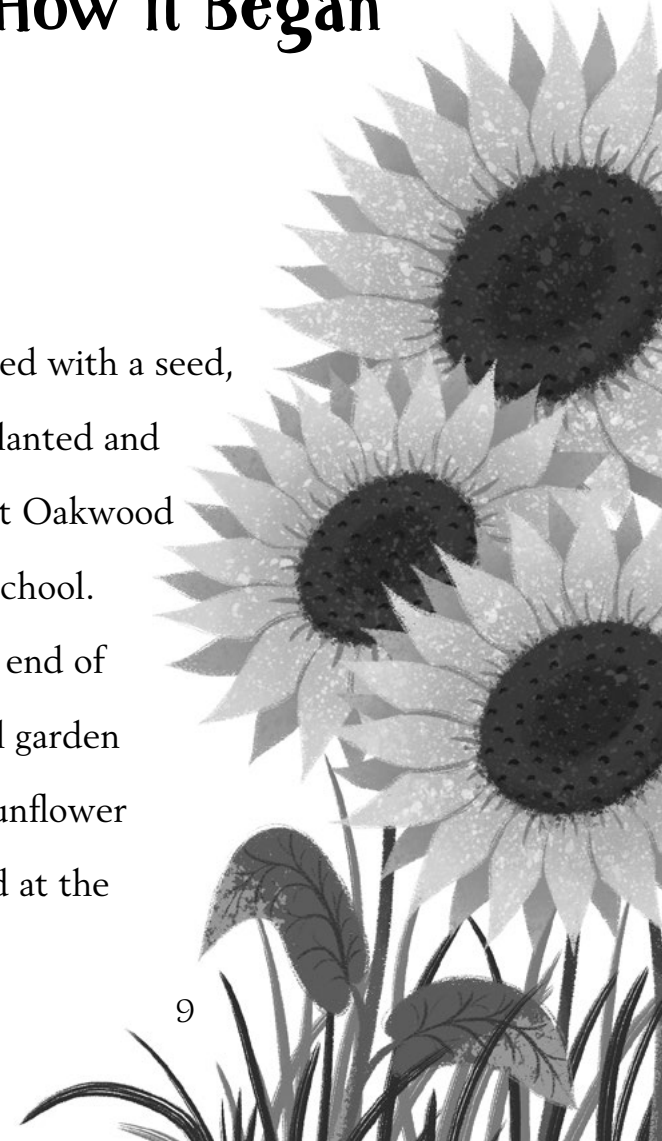
WOODS



## How it Began

It all started with a seed,  
lovingly planted and  
watered at Oakwood  
Primary School.

At one end of  
the school garden  
was the sunflower  
patch, and at the



other was Frog's Hollow, where a pond was surrounded by tall grass. In between there were grasslands, a blueberry bush, woods, a wildflower meadow and a vegetable patch. Each part of the garden was like a different colour of the rainbow.

After several weeks the sunflower seeds, watched closely by the children every day at break times, grew into shoots. These sprouted into leaves and then the colourful heads of sunflowers. Their petals were clasped shut.





The sunflowers grew  
and grew and grew until  
the flowers reached  
the height of the  
children's knees.  
They grew past their  
shoulders, eventually  
stretching as tall as  
the children. It was  
when the sunflowers  
were taller than even  
the tallest child, that  
the flowers began to  
bloom. Their petals were  
as bright as the sun.

Only one flower – the smallest of the  
bunch – bloomed with something extra  
special...

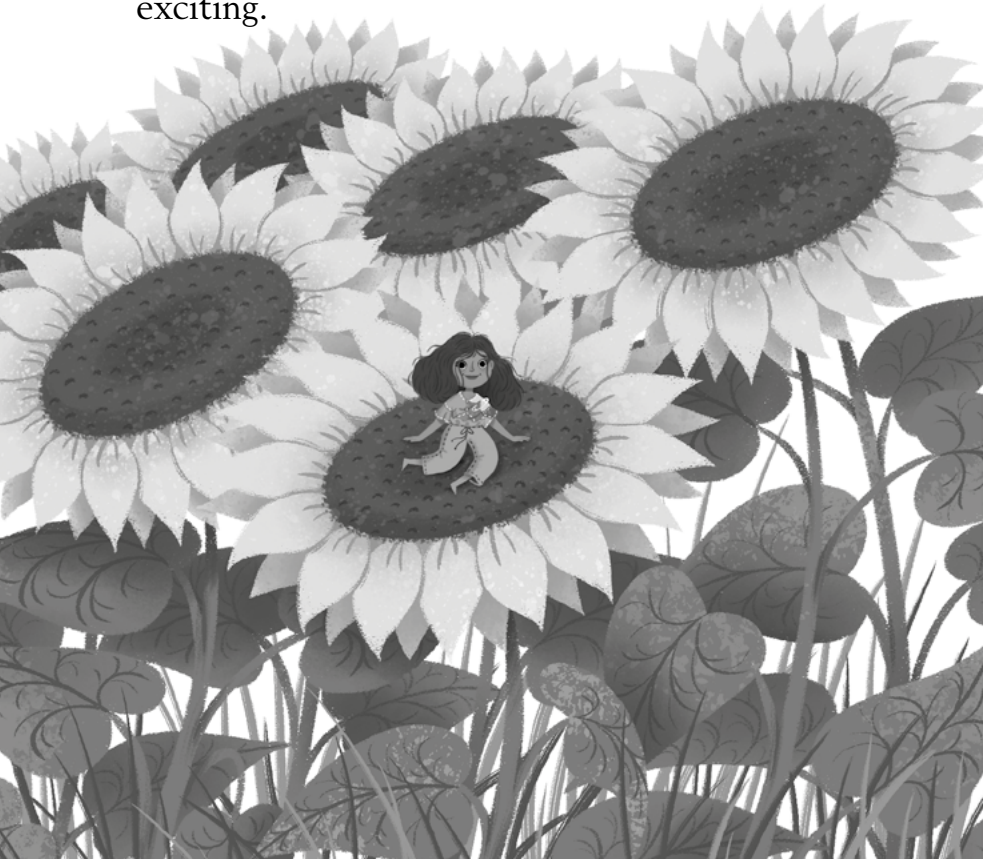
A little creature, born early one  
morning, before school began. She was just  
getting used to her surroundings when the  
children arrived.

“That one’s tiny!” said a child, pointing  
at the special sunflower with the brightest  
petals. It was this sunflower that housed  
the little creature never seen before in  
the school garden. The creature, who  
resembled a human child in every way  
apart from her size, decided that this  
would become her name: Tiny.



Tiny stood as tall as your forefinger,  
with wavy brown hair that fell down to her  
chin, and brown skin and eyes too.

And though she was only little, the  
adventures she went on in the school  
garden were rather big and scary and  
exciting.



## CHAPTER 1

# Tiny

Tiny liked the sound a book made as the  
page turned. It swished, like a bird's wings  
flapping through the air. Quietly, so the  
human girl who was reading it didn't hear  
her, Tiny scuttled forward. She wanted  
to peer at the book up close. It had lots  
of pictures inside it, sketched in black  
and white.



Tiny couldn't  
read along  
with the  
human girl  
because  
the words  
were  
strange  
symbols  
that she didn't  
recognize. And they  
wiggled around like worms. But Tiny  
could hear the girl whisper them aloud,  
and she drank them in like they were  
dewdrops on a cold morning.

Words, Tiny decided, were her favourite  
things – beside the taste of delicious  
blueberries and the sight of bright butterfly  
wings – and she tried her best to remember  
the ones that sounded fun in her mouth.

“Nour,” an older human said as they  
approached the girl. “What are you reading  
today?”

*Nour*, thought Tiny. *That's a nice-  
sounding name.* But then she realized the  
older human would see her unless she hid  
very quickly. And so she scrambled away  
from the edge of the playground and into  
the sunflower patch, hiding among the  
stalks and leaves.

Just before she started reading her book, Nour had tended to Tiny's sunflower the way she did every morning before the bell rang. Sometimes she stopped ants from climbing up the sunflower stalks and eating its petals. And other times, on a hot day like today, she watered the sunflower to keep it nourished.



Nour shared Tiny's brown skin, but she had long brown hair twisted together in two plaits. Where Tiny's clothes were made from bright sweet wrappers and other things Tiny had found in the garden, Nour wore a white T-shirt and grey shorts, with white stripy socks and white shoes.

Other children were there, all wearing the same white and grey clothes. Dozens of them ran around the playground of Oakwood Primary, dust flying up from their shoes. Tiny knew never *ever* to cross the playground, or else she might be squashed. These

humans were different to Nour, making lots of noise, screaming and laughing as they ran.

Tiny spent most of her days alone in the sunflower patch, occasionally spying a mouse. They seemed sweet, with their grey fur and beady eyes. And best of all they were just her size!

Tiny wanted to play with the mice the way the children played together. She was lonely by herself and she wondered what it would be like to have a friend. Or at least someone to talk to.

