



## opening extract from

## Inkheart: Movie Storybook

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arts piled with books lined the shop's entrance. Mo's fingers ran

over the spines as he scanned the titles one by one.

"Maybe you'll find it here, Mo," said Meggie. "That book you're always looking for."

"What?" asked Mo, stopping abruptly. "I'm not looking for any particular—"

"Yes, you are," Meggie interrupted: "What, you don't think I've noticed? We never leave a bookstore until you've checked every corner, every shelf. You always come away disappointed. Sometimes your eyes are even a little red."

As Mo headed inside the shop, he gave his usual warning: "Remember, no reading aloud."

Meggie nodded and rolled her eyes. Like she'd ever forget. She'd only heard her father's warning a thousand times.





nside, Mo headed into the maze of shelves. Each shelf was crammed with old books. Just as he had done outside, Mo checked every title. He even lifted books, looking behind them as if he'd lost something.

But there was nothing there.

Then, as he ran his fingers across yet another row of books, a strange thing happened—a trail of whispering voices floated into the air. Mo didn't seem surprised. Books had always whispered to him.

Suddenly, Mo stopped. He stood absolutely still. There was a new whisper—a woman's voice. He knew that voice. He headed in the direction of the voice.

After years of searching, he had finally found it—Inkheart.

Mo didn't know if he should leap for joy or burst into tears.

