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opening extract from

The Grunt and the Grouch

written by

Tracy Corderoy

published by

Little Tiger Press

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please print off and read at your leisure.



For Mark, Anna and Charlotte
with my love – TC

To Laura, Grace and Oscar
for putting up with Trolls in the house
– LW

Tracey
Corderoy

Lee
Wildish

LITTLE TIGER PRESS
London

THE GRUNT AND THE GROUCH

Daily Mail

Little Tiger Press
An imprint of Magi Publications
1 The Coda Centre, 189 Munster Road,
London SW6 6AW • www.littletigerpress.com
First published in Great Britain 2010
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A CIP catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library • All rights reserved
ISBN 978-1-84895-024-5 • Printed in xxxxx
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

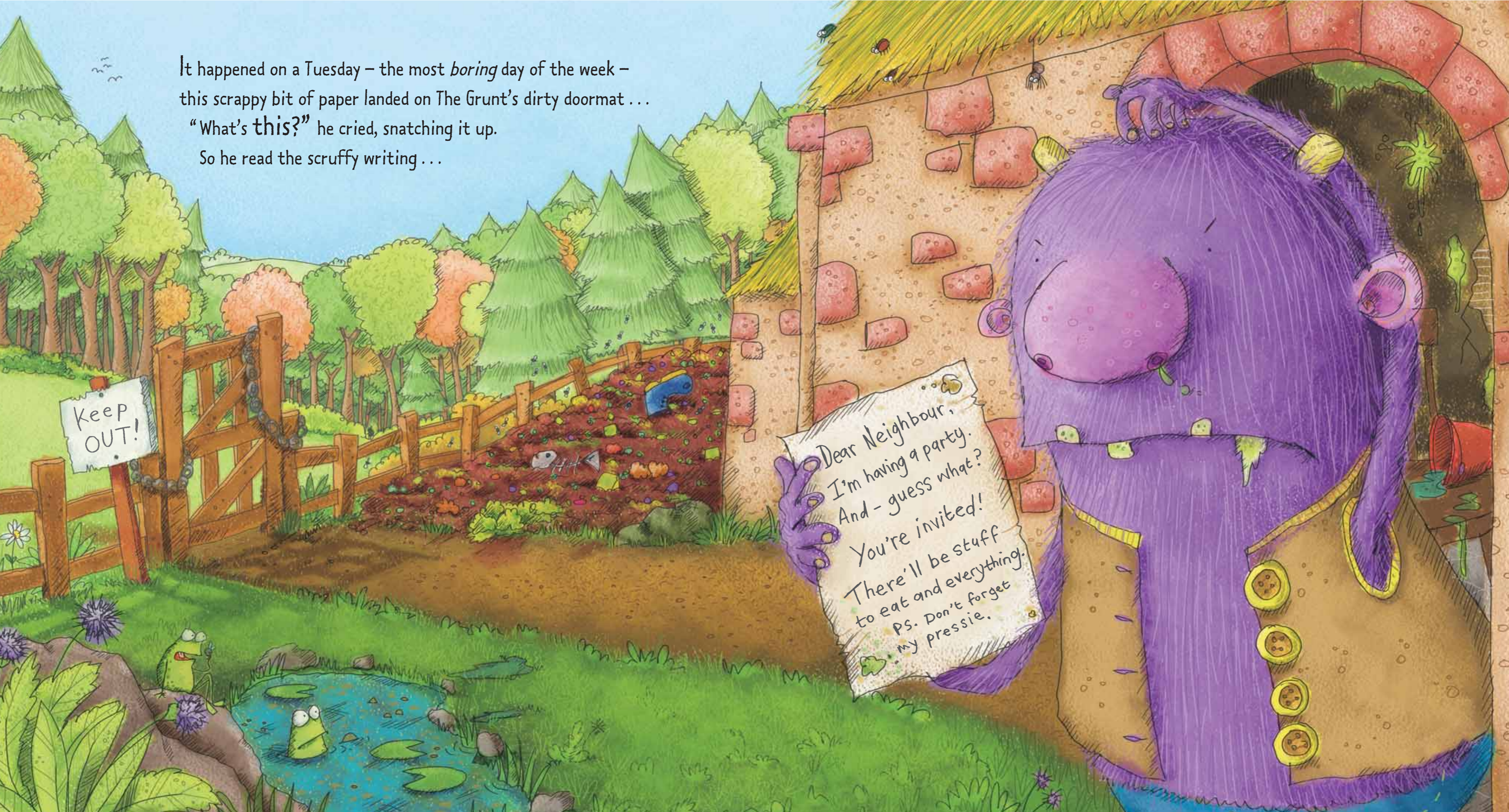
Mouldy
wet Big
Bogey's

The Grunt was probably
the grumpiest troll you'd ever be
likely to meet. Just look at his face!
Now tell me – would you invite *him* to your
party? Well, one day someone did just that.
And things were never quite the same again . . .

It happened on a Tuesday – the most *boring* day of the week –
this scrappy bit of paper landed on The Grunt's dirty doormat . . .

“What's **this?**” he cried, snatching it up.

So he read the scruffy writing . . .



Dear Neighbour,
I'm having a party.
And - guess what?
You're invited!
There'll be stuff
to eat and everything.
P.S. Don't forget
my pressie.

“Who’s dared leave this on my mat?”
growled The Grunt.

“I don’t like Tuesdays. I don’t like visitors.
And I really don’t like parties . . .
so I’m not coming!”



With that, he tore the invitation
into tiny shreds, then stomped back
inside and finally got to work . . .

Not picking bits of
mould off his teeth . . .

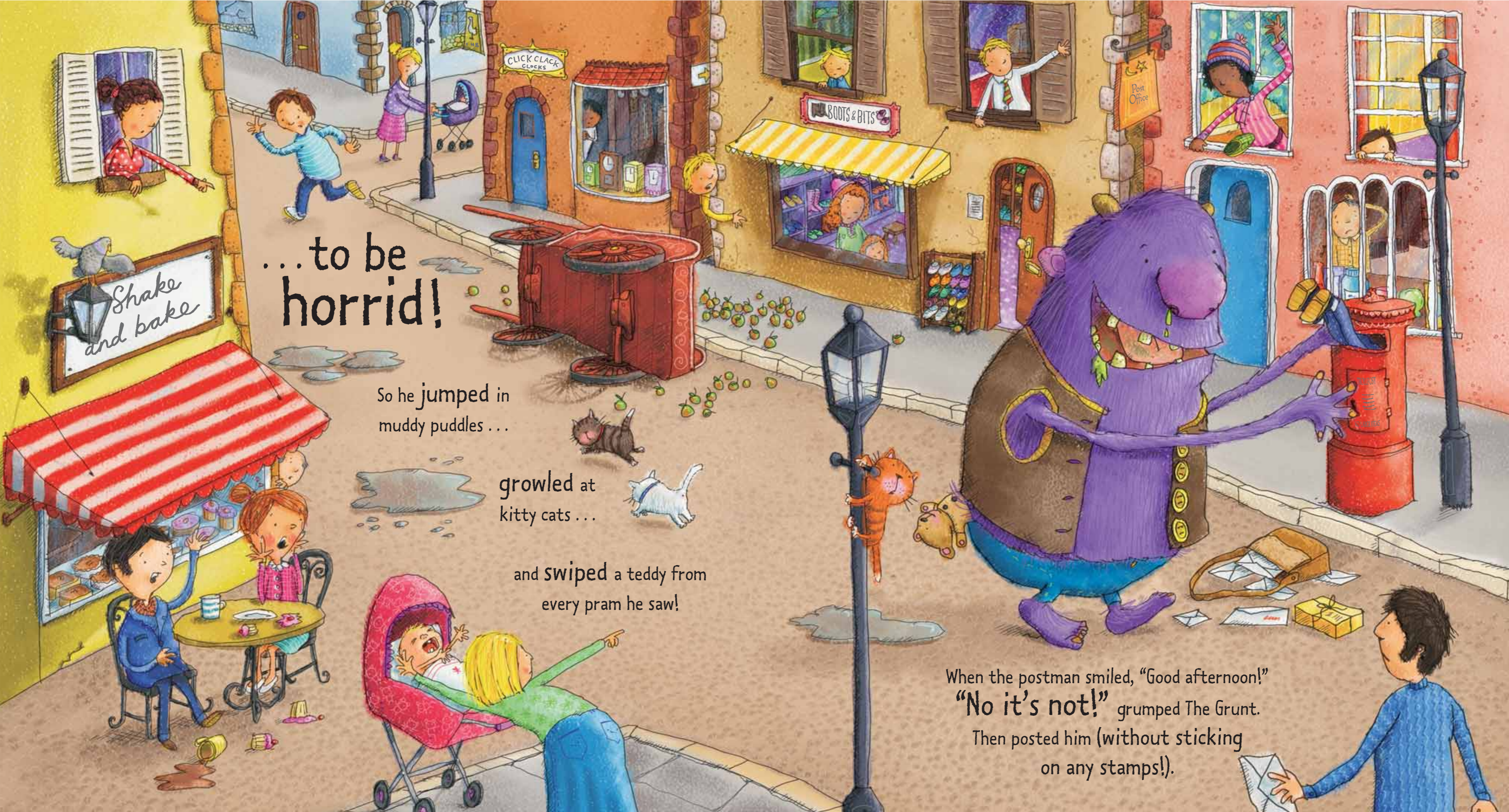
Not cleaning
the bath . . .

Not doing the
washing up . . .

Not even flushing
the toilet!



Boring Tuesday morning ended and boring Tuesday
afternoon began. So The Grunt went to town –
it was, after all, the perfect place . . .



...to be
horrid!

So he jumped in
muddy puddles ...

growled at
kitty cats ...

and swiped a teddy from
every pram he saw!

When the postman smiled, "Good afternoon!"
"No it's not!" grumped The Grunt.
Then posted him (without sticking
on any stamps!).