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Opening extract from
Food Fright

Written by
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Prologue

Did you know that there are places where our ordinary world rubs against strange, magical worlds? When this happens holes sometimes get worn between the two, creating doorways.



It can happen anywhere.

Perhaps on a street near you.

An ordinary-looking door will appear, so ordinary that you might not even notice it. Like the door of a diner - just a place that sells burgers and chips. But there might be a very special diner on the other side of that door, with very special customers...



CHAPTER I

Terror of the Towering Sandwiches

Joe Shoe was bored. It was quite possibly the longest school day of his entire life. His teacher, Mrs Sprattly, was going for the world record in how-many-dull-subjects-can-you-talk-about-without-taking-a-breath. It was looking like she had a good chance of beating the previous record holder (also Mrs Sprattly) by some way. Her current subject was

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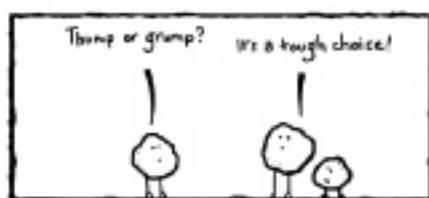
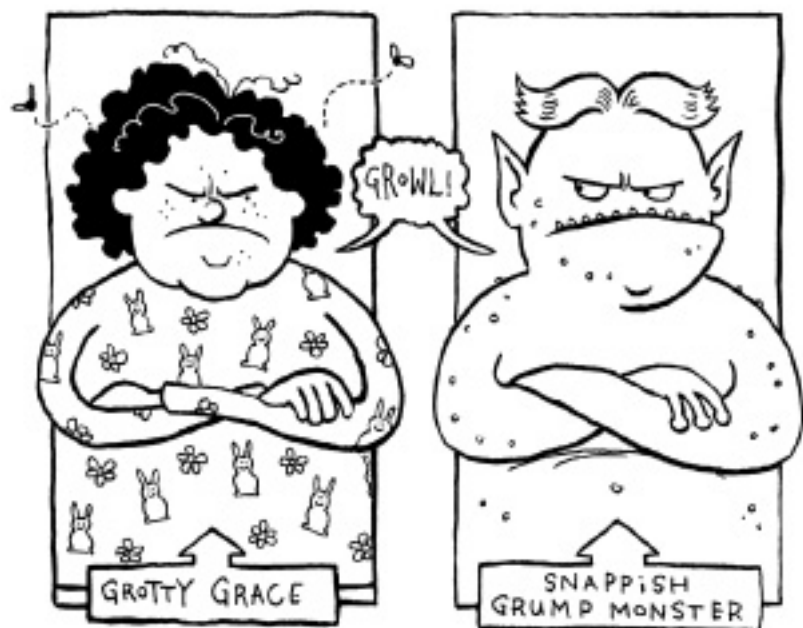


sock-making in the Himalayas. To relieve the boredom, school bully Grotty Grace was casually flicking the back of Joe's head with a rubber band.



"I'm just softening your head up for the thumping you'll get later, you little bum-toot," she growled over Joe's shoulder.

Joe didn't bother to argue. It would be like trying to reason with a Snappish Grump-monster, and Joe had met enough of those to know better. Joe had met a lot of strange



creatures at Fuzzby's Diner. Fuzzby's was a café for hungry monsters and it served the best chips ANYWHERE.

Joe had discovered the monster diner hidden down a spooky alley, behind a magic door. It was owned by Fuzzby Bixington, a big green friendly monster who had offered Joe a job. Joe helped to serve the monster customers and cook the disgusting food they loved to eat. He was the only 'hooman' as they called him who had ever found the diner, and he'd been having loads of adventures with Fuzzby and his monster friends ever since.

BBBBRRRIIIIIIIIIINNNNGG! Much to Joe's

relief, the school bell rang. He quickly dodged Grace's fat hands as she tried to grab him, and rushed out of the school gates.

I bet Fuzzby never got the back of his head flicked by a rubber band, thought Joe as he ran down the alley to the familiar red door of Fuzzby's Diner with its bright neon sign. But when the door opened, it wasn't Fuzzby who greeted him, but a large, furry YELLOW monster, with one big eye and a pair of horns.

"Hello, Joel" it said cheerily, just like Fuzzby normally did. Was Fuzzby wearing a costume, dressing up as another monster?

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Joe was confused until a green furry face



appeared over the other monster's shoulder, grinning happily. It was the real Fuzzby, in his striped apron, waving a spatula dripping with bubbling brown grease.

"Hello, Joel!" he said. "I see you've met my cousin, Zuffby. He's here for a visit."



The diner wasn't too busy, so Joe and Zuffby sat down at one of the tables while Fuzzby continued cooking. They sat next to the Guzzelins, a family of little rock monsters who were regulars at Fuzzby's. The Guzzelins were slurping their favourite pongleberry and gurglefish milkshake and giggling whenever little Lemmy Guzzelin burped purple bubbles from drinking too quickly.



"I've heard all about you, Joe," said Zuffby with the same cheery grin as his cousin. "Fuzzby tells me you're the key ingredient for the smooth running of the diner."

