



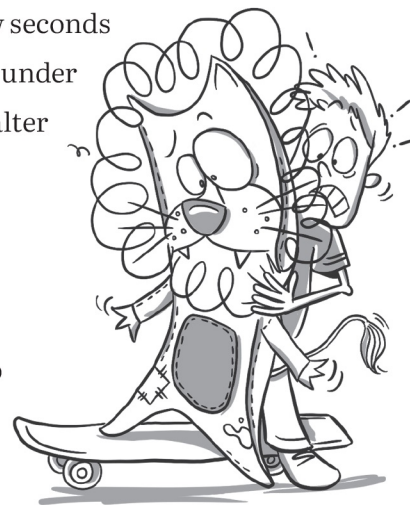
## CHAPTER 1

# THE LION, THE BEANS AND THE SKATEBOARD

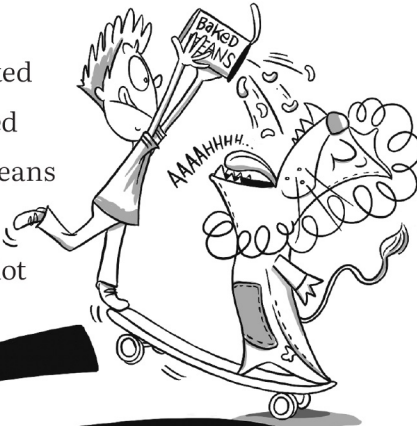
Roars stepped onto the skateboard, wobbling unsteadily for a few seconds before bringing himself under control. He looked at Walter with purpose.

‘Get on.’

Walter didn’t argue. He climbed onto Roars’s back, holding on tight to his hand-stitched fur.

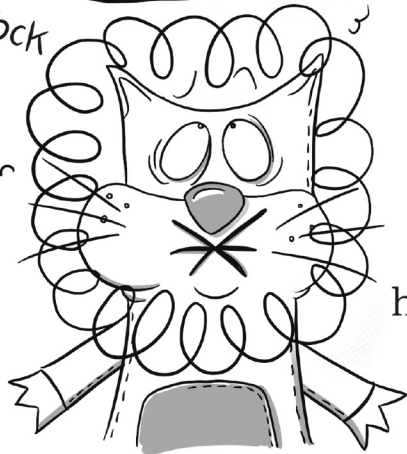


Roars opened his mouth wide and winked at Walter, who emptied the last tin of baked beans into the lion's mouth. Roars swallowed the lot without chewing.



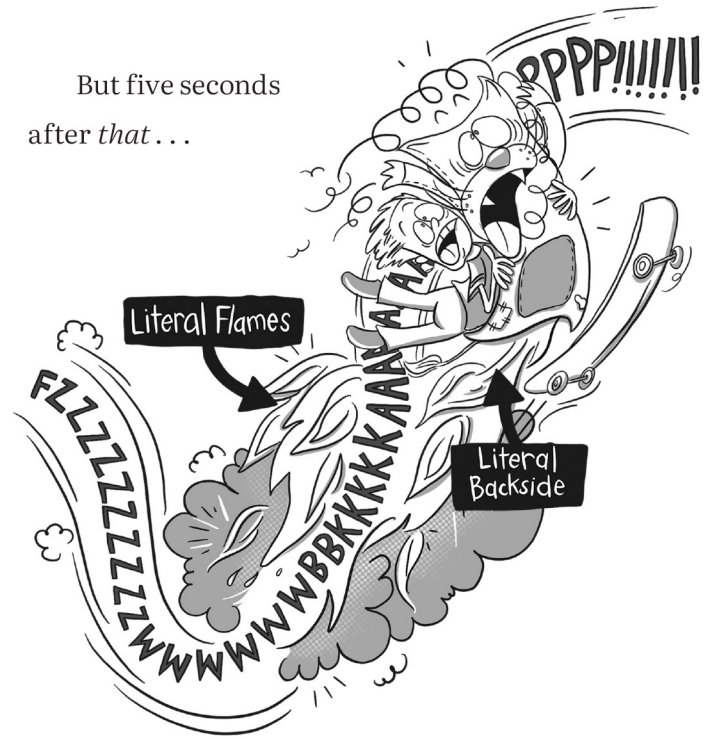
Tick  
Tock  
Tick  
Tock

FIVE SECONDS LATER...



Nothing happened!

But five seconds after that...



Literal flames shot out of Roars's literal backside and they took off, the skateboard zooming down the road at high speed. They got to the bottom of the hill, shot up a mound of dirt and flew high into the air, flames continuing to blast out of Roars's rear end.

A passing pelican shook her head with disgust.

'This used to be a good neighbourhood,' she said to an eagle, who breathed in some lion-fart fumes and promptly passed out.



They were so high Walter felt like he could touch the moon. But as he reached out, dark clouds gathered and the moon disappeared.

So did Roars.

'NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!' screamed Walter.

Walter was alone, arms flailing, zooming through the air, no longer fart-propelled. He looked down, hoping for a soft landing.

Instead, he saw a hedgehog . . .

