

FLUFFY SPACE



BALBEER BAHN

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For Luna

Prologue

Kram Discovers The Silver Thing

Kram sat with his family scoffing a breakfast of eggs, breads, jams and juices.

His Mother and Father fussed over his energetic Baby Brother, Turam.

His Big Sister, Muram, ate reading a magazine.

Grandpa buttered a crumpet and *booted*.

Kram *tooted* back, and passed the jam.

Lunlans have trunks like elephants and speak with *toots*, *boots* and *whistles* only their cousins the Funlans and Tunlans understand, because they have elephant trunks too.

They also have big, floppy ears.

Kram's family had orange eyes.

After breakfast, Kram set off through the front door in his dungarees, with his fishing net on a long pole and a dented pail.

He skipped through the garden gate, hanging on one hinge.

Kram *tooted* cheerfully at the passing Lunlans, Funlans and Tunlans.

They rode bicycles, tricycles, and quadricycles.

They ran doughnut and ice-cream stalls.

They gathered bright fruits from blue trees.

And collected speckled eggs from squawking Necnecs who scratched for wroms.

Tiny planets like Kram's hung in the sky, some so close Lunlans, Funlans and Tunlans walked between them on rope bridges.

Some travelled by kayak between planets.

Merchants ferried flowers, fruits, and vegetables in yachts with colourful sails.

Kram strolled through their village, into a delightful blue forest.

All morning, Kram patiently skipped under the trees between craters filled with water, and caught superfast bracs, crawling backstickles, and poletads, collecting them in his dented pail.

Then he discovered a pond, with extra-colourful tewns scrambling over thick clumps of grofspawn.

A *silver thing*, the size of a pocketbook, rippled at the bottom of the pond.

Kram reached for it with his net and pole... *slipped*, and *fell* into the slimy pond...!

Blaring, he splashed to the shore, sat on the floor, crossed his legs and arms, and took long deep breaths.

Calmed down, he picked up his pail and *squelched* away. *Squelch. Squelch. Squelch.*

Remembered his fishing pole, floating in the pond, Kram *squelched* back. *Squelch. Squelch. Squelch.*

The silver thing still rippled at the bottom of the pond.

Carefully, Kram reached for his pole and net. Then fished with it... and caught the silver thing.

It was the size of a pocketbook, smooth as a pebble, thin as a pancake, and in the middle of one side was a shiny Red Button.

Kram tipped the bracs, backstickle and poletads from his pail into the pond, and placed the silver thing into the pail.

With the fishing pole over his shoulder, he walked on: *squelch, squelch, squelch...*

Squelching every step all afternoon, he reached his back garden.

He had walked ALL the way around his tiny little planet.

Kram hurried past rows of sprouting vegetables, propped his fishing pole against their burrow wall, and carried his pail into the conservatory.

Baby Brother Turam kicked a ball, and *tooted*, “Kram! Play! Kram play!?”

Kram shook his head and hurried into the living room.

Grandpa *snored* in his rocking chair.

In the dining room, his sister Muram sat reading.

“Ugh, more tewns. Grow up,” she *tooted*, and went back to her magazine – Lunlan Rockstars on its cover.

In the kitchen, his Father cooked lunch, and *booted*, “Yeesh, wash your hands, Kram. And get that smelly pail out of here.”

Kram *sighed*.

Bang, bang, outside, he ran through the front door.

His Mother *hammered* a new hinge into the lopsided garden gate.

“Kram...!” his Mother *booted*, noticing his soggy dungarees. “Not again! You’ll catch a cold! Show me what you caught later. First, go put on some dry clothes! Now. Go on!”

Kram shrugged. He walked back through the front door.

Past his Father cooking in the kitchen, his Sister reading in the dining room, and Grandpa *snoring* in the living room, to his bedroom.

Kram stripped, dried himself, put on a clean shirt, dungarees, socks and shoes, and checked himself in the mirror...

In the reflection his Baby Brother reached for the silver thing in the pail...

“No!” Kram *blared*, grabbing Turam’s wrist.

“No touch, no touch,” Turam *booted* and wrinkled his nose.

Kram put the silver thing into his dungarees’ pocket, and took his pail with him out through the back door.

Outside, Kram placed his pail upside down, sat on it, looked up at the busy sky, and thought about his life.

He loved each and every one in his family, but his Baby Brother just wanted to play, his Sister was always reading, his Mother and Father were always doing stuff, and Grandpa... he was perfect, just slow.

He took the silver thing out of his pocket, and examined it.

Why was no one interested in what he’d found?

No one’s name written on it. Just one shiny Red Button...

Slowly... Kram raised a stubby finger...

And pressed the Red Button.

He began to *float*, and *grow*, and *grow* so incredibly fast in seconds his planet was the size of a pea.

The planets of the Lunlans, Funlans, and Tunlans shrank to atoms.

Kram grew so big, he POPPED into another universe.

Chapter One

Monkey World

A spider the size of a moon.
Kram *shrieked*, and kept growing...

In split-seconds the spider was regular-sized. And crawled under a desk.

The silver thing in his hand, Kram stood in a room full of books, guitars, and piles of sheet music everywhere.

By the window, *tip tap tapping* on a typewriter, sat Jimmi – a musical howling spider monkey – in a colourful shirt, trousers, and a headband around his long hair.

Kram peered over Jimmi's shoulder at his typing:

*'If ten thousand humans typed for ten thousand years,
Would they accidentally type Shakespeare's complete...'*

"Leaping lemurs!" Jimmi noticed Kram, and jumping to his feet, knocking over his glittery guitar, propped against the table...

"Not my baby!" Jimmi cred.

Kram caught, and stared at the wonderful guitar.

"Thank you." Jimmi took it from Kram. "You after an autograph?"

Kram *tooted*, and held up the silver thing with the Red Button.

Jimmi could not understand Kram. “You in that gorillaween suit, Johnee? This one of your high-jinks?”

Jimmi checked his watch, and placed sheet-music from his desk and his guitar into a guitar-case.

“Listen, elephant-face, my left-handed Stratoblaster is one in a million. And I’ve barely got time to rehearse my new song before tonight’s biggest gig of my life.”

Kram followed Jimmi through the apartment.

Jimmi checked himself in a mirror, next to a huge poster of himself, posing with his Stratoblaster like a fully-fledged rock star.

“Things get heavy,” Jimmi affirmed in the mirror, “just call me helium.”

He stepped out of his apartment with his guitar-case, beckoning Kram.

“We need to hustle. Shift your petunia.”

Jimmi locked his door, and strode down the corridor to the elevator.

Not sure what else to do, Kram followed.

When the elevator doors slid open, both stepped in.

Never having gone down six floors in a steel box before, Kram’s floppy ears *rippled*.

“Cool,” Jimmi smiled. “You can take your mask off now.”

The doors opened on an underground car park.

Jimmi put his guitar-case in the back of his nearby clapped-out convertible.

Kram sat outside the elevator, crossed his legs and arms, and took deep breaths.

“Nice knowing ya.” Jimmi jumped in and started his car.

Kram *tooted* and *whistled* and thought about pressing the silver thing’s Red Button.

Jimmi drove off, his tyres *squealing*...

Ten metres later, he *squealed* to a stop.

Looking at Kram over his shoulder, Jimmi reversed back, and called. “You lost?”

Kram jumped up.

“You a kid in there?” Jimmi checked his watch. “Come on, we’ll figure this out.”

Kram *tooted*, and jumped through the passenger door Jimmi held open.

“Don’t make me regret this.” Jimmi buckled Kram up.

Jimmi pulled out of the car park.

Kram’s eyes widened as they joined the busy traffic.

The other cars, taxis, buses, trams, shops, restaurants, car-washes – everything was run by Monkeys.

On giant screens: Chimpanzees played baseball against Colobuses.

Baboons and Macaques performed Shakespeare in a Monkey Globe.

Proboscis piloted aeroplanes...

Kram *tooted* with joy.

“Your sound...?” Jimmi drove. “You sound out of this world.”

Jimmi drove Kram to the giant Samango Stadium’s near-empty car park.

Hundreds of Mandrill Roadies unloaded tonnes of stage equipment from dozens of trucks.

“Hey, Jimmi!” a mixed bunch of young Monkeys hustled over, and crowded Jimmi as he parked. “Have a great Concert, Jimmi!” “Jimmi who...?” “He’s just the opening act!” “Don’t listen to them, we love you, Jimmi!”

Kram excitedly watched from the passenger seat.

“Hey! Back up!” Jimmi’s door was pinned by the fans. “Why the clamour?”

“Tell ’em, Jimmi!” said a teen-Gorilla. “The Siamangs say we’re nothing but big dopes!”

Orangutan Security guards arrived to shoo the fans away.

“Love, Peace, and Harmony, my brethren!” Jimmi jumped out and grabbed his guitar-case. “That’s what tonight’s gig is about! Starting with us, the opening act, The Eclectic Howlers!”

One of the Orangutan Security Guards checked Kram.

“This furry little freak brother’s with me.” Jimmi opened the passenger door for Kram.

Kram ran to keep up with Jimmi, striding with his guitar-case towards the stadium’s colossus stage.

The main band, ‘The All Star Funkstars’, with twenty backing vocalists and an entire orchestra, performed their sound checks.

Kram was impressed by the Langur Roadies rigging hundreds of superbright lights in the ceiling.

Jimmi led Kram up the stairs to the stage...

Through the wings, past props, costumes, wires and curtains...

And down the back of the stage.

Jimmi kept walking.

Past the VIP marquee.

Past food and drinks stalls.

To a tent full of sweaty Bonobos tending smoky barbecue grills.

At the back of the barbecue tent:

Johnee – a Howling Woolly Monkey – strummed his electric acoustic guitar.

Bobbi – a Woolly Spider Monkey – thumbed her five-string bass.

“You got the music to my lyrics, Jimmi?” Johnee peeped from behind his yellow-tinted glasses. “Which we’ve yet to rehearse for the most important gig of our lives...”

“Me a-know me anew to your band...” Bobbi held her bass. “But I and I prefer a lickle jam ’fore a gig to find my groove.”

“Sorry Bobbi, Johnee...” Jimmi unpacked his guitar-case and handed them his sheet music.

Johnee and Bobbi arranged it on their stands.

Kram *booted* to himself, the barbecue smells making him hungry.

“Who the lickle lion in the elephant mask?” asked Bobbi.

“Not one of your jolly japes, Johnee?” Jimmi asked.

“Not me,” Johnee studied the music. “You have got creative with the harmonies.”

“A lot of blood, sweat and tears.” Jimmi strapped on his Stratoblaster.

“Me a-tell you,” Bobbi gave her verdict, “this tune would rise with some judicious percussionment.”

Stepping past a microphone, Kram's *booting* was amplified through the speakers.

Surprised, Kram *tooted* into the microphone more.

The three Monkeys listened to Kram's melodious sounds fill the tent. He sounded like a trumpet, a flute and a saxophone.

"This little jazz-cat..." Jimmi imitated Kram's *toots* on his Stratoblaster. "He's jiving a... sliding... pentatonic... Mixolydian scale..."

Amazed Jimmi's guitar sounded like him, Kram held up the silver thing and *tooted*.

"I can't tell what he's saying," Jimmi conceded. "But he keeps waving that silver gadget at me."

"What's that Red Button do?" asked Johnee.

Kram's eyes widened, but before he could stop it, Johnee pressed the Red Button.

Kram, Johnee, Jimmi and Bobbi, with their guitars, floated and grew...

They ripped the barbecue tent's fixing ropes away, the Bonobos waving their fists...

Kram, Johnee, Jimmi and Bobbi super-sized so quick, Monkey World shrank to the size of a pea.

They grew so massive, stars and planets swirled like sparkling crystals around their heads...

They POPPED dimensions.

Chapter Two

Galeria Krakowska Shopping Mall

Kram, Johnee, Jimmi and Bobbi, with their guitars, **POPPED** into...

The path of young Tyrannosaurus Rex *roaring* towards them...

Kram and the Monkeys screamed in terror.

Except, the Tyrannosaur was on roller skates. And tiny arms waving, quite unbalanced... She tumbled and *crashed* to the ground.

A laughing, following pack of youthful Tyrannosaurs, also on roller skates, Rollerblades and skateboards, helped their fallen friend to her unsteady feet.

Kram and the Monkeys were in a beautiful park under a clear blue sky.

Raptors played football. Lurusosaurs played cricket.

Picnicking Plateosaurs were reminded to pick up their litter.

“That’s what the Red Button does, Johnee...” Jimmi stared about him.

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“If they’re real dinosaurs,” Johnee replied, “is he a real elephant-kid?”

“This ‘ere new place ain’t as civil as it look!” Bobbi pointed.

A Pterodactyl in the blue sky swooped towards them.

“Press the button!” demanded Jimmi, Bobbi, and Johnee.

Kram hit the Red Button.

Kram and the Monkeys again grew and floated so quick...

The swooping Pterodactyl *bounced* off Kram like a needle against a Blue Whale.

Watching them disappear, the Tyrannosaurs on their skates, blades, and boards tipped over backwards in a heap.

Dinosaur World shrank to the size of a pea.

The Milky Way swirled around their heads, and they...

POPPED dimensions.

Kram, Jimmi, Johnee and Bobbi, with their guitars, grew from incy-wincy, teeny tiny...

Into the bustling Galeria Krakowska Shopping Mall, Poland. Earth.

They stared at the humans in their clothes and hats, coats and shoes, milling with their shopping bags past brightly lit shops.

The nearest shoppers stared back.

Kram was the size of a child, shoulder height to the Monkeys, who were shoulder height to the humans.

Kram held forward the silver gadget's Red Button.

"No, please!" Jimmi begged. "Giganticising twice already is frying my mind."

"Friendlier looking audience than the last one."

Johnee looked through his yellow-tinted glasses.

"Reggae, rockstars!" Bobbi jammed with her guitar.

"Everyone luvs reggae." She sang:

"We don't know how we got here,

We haven't got a clue.

But seeing as we've met you,

Let's see what we can do..."

Jimmi and Johnee played along, an eye on the shoppers. Bobbi sang:

"Love to you, my sister,

Peace to you my, brother.

Spread the words of our humble song

And harmony will bless you too..."

Passing children pointed and giggled at Kram.

Kram shuffled nervously and waved back.

"They've got to be costumes," a Shopper videoing on his phone stepped closer.

"One way to find out..."

A second Shopper grabbed Kram's ears and tried to lift his head off.

Kram *blared* in pain.

"Stop that you bully!" Jimmi *stamped* on the Shopper's toes.

The Shopper *hollered*, released Kram, and staggered back. "He... the elephant... felt real...! The elephant's real!"

"The singing monkeys are real?" shouted a Shopper.

"Don't be stupid!" The excited shoppers pushed closer, more of them filming on their phones. "They're AI robots!"

A Security Guard pushed his way to the front, and waved his baton at a no-busking sign on the wall: *A guitar with a red 'X' across it.*

"How is it wherever one go." Bobbi stopped playing. "Babylon done ruin one's fun?"

"Sisters! Brothers!" Jimmi tried to calm them.

"I and I are but one people, one love..." tried Bobbi.

"My kind of people are bananas..." Johnee looked around.

"Who split!" Jimmi finished. "Don't forget our jazz-cat and his gadget!"

The Monkeys grabbed Kram and leapt over the crowd's shoulders.

Their guitars *knocking* several shoppers' heads, they scarpered over and through the humans.

The Security Guard took out his whistle, and *blew!*

Jimmi, Johnee and Bobbi ran and jumped with Kram and their guitars, out through the Shopping Mall's exit, into a vast car park.

Behind them, through the closing automatic doors, the whistle-blowing Security Guard led the mob of shoppers towards them.

“They seem very determined about their no-busking policy,” Johnee looked about.

A delivery truck with a canvas roof drove towards them.

“Remember how we hitched rides to our first gigs?” Jimmi grinned.

“Guys, I wasn't there for your first gigs!” Bobbi was confused.

“Then, this could get a bit bumpy.” Johnee took Bobbi's hand.

They jumped – Jimmi holding Kram, Johnee holding Bobbi's hand – with their guitars onto the roof of the passing truck.

The Security Guard and the mob of shoppers tumbled out of the Shopping Mall.

They searched the car park for the musical Monkeys and their elephant-headed accomplice, paying no attention to the truck that drove away.

Chapter Three

The Percussionist Princess

Held steady by the Monkeys on the bouncing truck's roof, Kram quite enjoyed the wind flapping his ears.

Ducking the passing branches of leafy trees, they watched the beautiful Kraków city pass by.

"The ride's very scenic, fellas," Bobbi commented. "But it's not the gig I signed up for."

"How's about a quiet tree-break?" Jimmi suggested.

The Monkeys *jumped* from the truck with Kram and their guitars onto the next tree.

BOM BOM PARADIDDLE BOM BOM BOM... drums played noisily from the first-floor of a block of apartments.

"This quiet enough, Jimmi?" Johnee smiled.

Working their way across the tree, they looked through a window.

Inside her bedroom, Mel – a determined eleven-year-old, and a big ball of tension – played her drumkit *loudly*.

“There’s one funky groove in that chaos soup...” Jimmi stepped with Kram onto the apartment’s balcony, and played his guitar along with Mel’s drums.

“You feel me about percussionment?” Bobbi joined him, and played her bass.

“Can you feel her... her fury!” Johnee took out his harmonica, and blew along.

Kram looked through Mel’s window. Her bedroom’s walls were crammed with colourful hand-drawn posters, books were placed tidily in shelves, school homework was scattered on her desk...

The guitars and harmonica playing outside distracting her, Mel spotted Kram at the window.

Kram waved and *whistled*.

Surprised, Mel stopped playing, wiped her sweaty forehead, and got up to investigate.

Her eyes widened with delight when she saw Kram and the Monkeys outside.

“How did you get up here?” asked Mel. “That’s my balcony!”

“If it’s *your* balcony...” Johnee pocketed his harmonica. “We’ll be on our way.”

“Tell me though, Percussionist Princess,” Bobbi asked. “Who taught you to play your drums so good?”

“A Percussionist what...?” Mel stared at them. “No one taught me. I just have to play every day, otherwise my grandparents forget who I am.”

Kram *booted* in surprise.

No idea what Kram said, Mel asked, “Are those Halloween costumes?”

“Hallo-who...?” Johnee improvised, “Yeah! Costumes... cos we were... at a jungle-themed birthday party!”

“Want to come in and play along?” Mel opened the balcony door. “I’ve never played my drums with anyone on guitars before. Not live.”

Kram and the Monkeys gratefully stepped into Mel’s sparsely furnished room.

Mel called from her open door, “Keep listening Grandma, Grandpa, I’m gonna play along to the radio!”

“That’s how I started.” Jimmi waited by her drumkit. “Playing along to my dad’s records.”

Mel sat behind her drums and played a steady rhythm.

Johnee and Bobbi sat on Mel’s bed and jammed along on their guitars.

Kram marvelled at Mel, synchronising her bass drum and hi-hat with her foot pedals, and hitting her other drums and cymbals with her drumsticks.

Mel gradually played too fast.

“Slowdown that runaway train...” said Bobbi.

Mel slowed down... for a moment. Within a few phrases she played too fast again.

“Let’s try the Fast Foot Floogie.” Jimmi winked to Johnee and Bobbi.

The three Monkeys picked up the pace, until they played considerably faster.

Mel kept up at first... then her drumsticks tripped over each other.

"I can't play that fast!" Mel threw her drumsticks into the air.

"You can't play fast..." Johnee teased. "Coz you can't play slow."

"Don't be silly." Mel laughed.

Kram picked up Mel's drumsticks and admired her drumkit.

"Can I see what you look like without your costumes, please?" Mel stared at them "No kids play guitars that good. Are you short grown-ups in there?"

Kram and the Monkeys shook their heads.

"If you are short grown-ups, I don't think I should have let you in." Mel thought over what she had done. "Grand...!"

'Shhhhhhh!' Kram's trunk rushed to Mel's lips.

"Give peace a chance." Johnee sprang to the open door, ready to close it. "If you listen, you might agree our adventure so far is quite funny, in its own peculiar way."

Mel thought about it, and nodded. "Tell me what happened to you."

Chapter Four

The Big Question

Kram sat behind Mel's drumkit, while Bobbi, Johnee and Jimmi told Mel about their bizarre afternoon.

"That sounds ... crazy," she said, and excused herself, "I have to do something for my grandparents. I promise I won't tell them about you."

"Sure," said Johnee. "Thank you for listening."

"I'm Bobbi," said Bobbi. "This is Johnee, and Jimmi. We don't know our lickle elephant-lion fren name."

"I'm Mel," she peeked out of her bedroom door. "Melody Izabella Wladyslaw."

Kram *tooted* and clapped his hands with joy.

Mel stepped out, and closed the door behind her.

Mel went down the stairs as if it was any other day.

Mel's Grandma and Grandpa – both close to seventy – sat in their comfortable armchairs and watched a singing competition on TV.

Their empty dinner plates were on trays hooked over their chair's arms.

"The pork was too salty!" Grandma complained, her gaze fixed on the TV.

"It was tuna, Grandma," Mel replied.

"Fetch the bill!" Grandpa demanded. "Then call a taxi to pick us up."

"Yes, Grandpa." Mel waited for them. "After you, you know..."

Both Grandma and Grandpa took out their false teeth, and put them on their plates with the leftovers and cutlery.

Mel took the trays to the kitchen. She put them next to the sink, in which soaked the pots and pans she'd used to make the dinner earlier.

Mel poured milk from the fridge into a pan to heat on the stove.

Then she stood on a plastic stool, and one eye on the milk in the pan, washed the dishes, cutlery, and pots and pans. She washed the false teeth too.

Mel made two mugs of hot chocolate, and took them on a tray to her Grandma and Grandpa.

A *noise* upstairs, like a cymbal, almost made Mel spill the hot chocolate.

Her Grandparents, watching a drama on TV, didn't notice.

Mel placed the mugs carefully by each of them.

"I'm going to bed," she quickly declared, and kissed each of them. "Goodnight, Grandpa. Goodnight, Grandma."

"Don't forget to feed the horses," said Grandma.

"I never forget the horses, Grandma," replied Mel, even though they had no horses.

"They like cupcakes, cupcake," said Grandpa.

"Night-night, Grandpa." Mel walked up the stairs. "Call if you need anything."

At the top of the stairs, Mel quietly collected several blankets from the airing cupboard, and took them to her bedroom.

Kram sat with Mel's drumsticks behind her drumkit, playing air-drums.

Bobbi and Johnee strummed their guitars on her bed.

Jimmi stood, staring out of the balcony window.

It was getting dark outside.

Toot-toot, Kram welcomed Mel.

“Shhhh!” Mel beamed when she saw them. “My grandparents have everything they need for the night, but we can’t get them stressed.”

“We’d have finished our gig by now.” Jimmi checked his watch. “I’d have blown their minds with my funky sounds.”

“With my loving lyrics.” Johnee said, “my fans would have blown the roof off.”

“We missed the gig!” Bobbi fumed. “The reviews will murderise me. I’ll never work again!”

“I got you these,” Mel placed the blankets on a chair.

“Thank you, Mel,” Jimmi smiled. “You’re very considerate.”

“I have to get ready for bed.” Mel picked up her pyjamas, and paused by her bathroom door. “If you could get smaller, how would you know the *exact* place where to shrink from? To get *exactly* back, to your *exact* home?”

Kram and the Monkeys stayed quiet. None of them had an answer.

Mel yawned, went into her bathroom, and closed the door.

Kram sat behind the drumkit, and pretended to play. Bobbi and Johnee strummed their guitars.

Jimmi looked out of the window.

Mel came out of the bathroom changed into her pyjamas, teeth brushed, face washed, hair brushed. She asked straightaway, “Did you decide what to do?”

“I don’t know about shrinking,” Jimmi answered. “Any time we press that Red Button, all we do is get bigger.”

Kram nodded, and patted the silver gadget in his pocket.

“You’ll have to excuse me,” Mel yawned, and got into her bed. “I’m so tired! I have to sleep. You can make yourselves comfortable.”

“Thank you, Mel,” said Jimmi, and carefully put aside his Stratoblaster. “We shouldn’t keep you awake, not if you need to sleep.”

Jimmi picked up a blanket, lay under it on the floor, and made himself comfortable.

“I’m sorry to go to sleep.” Mel yawned again. “You are the most exciting guests I could ever imagine. But I have to get up early to make sandwiches for my grandparents before school.”

Bobbi and Johnee also took blankets and lay on the floor.

Kram lay under a blanket by Mel’s bedside.

“You look after your grandparents?” Johnee asked. “What happened to your parents?”

“We don’t talk about that.” Mel switched off the lights. “I have to sleep. Night-night.”

“Goodnight, Mel!” said the three Monkeys.

Hoot-boot, said Kram.

“It is a big heart,” Bobbi complimented, “that has kindness spare to bestow.”

Mel turned over in her bed, but it was obvious she couldn’t sleep.

Beside Mel’s bed, Kram gently *tooted* a lullaby.

“What do you think they did without us?” Jimmi whispered, “At the concert we missed.”

“They’d call a backup band,” Bobbi whispered.

“What if the backup band couldn’t make it?” whispered Johnee. “You’d need a backup band for the backup band...”

“All I know is,” Jimmi whispered, “The Eclectic Howlers are going to be remembered, or forgotten, as the guys that didn’t turn up.”

They lay under their blankets, and with Kram’s gentle *tooting*, tried to fall asleep.

About the Author

Balbeer Bahi is a London-Slough-Punjabi novelist, scriptwriter, filmmaker and director.

Working in theatre many decades, Balbeer formed *The Storytelling Machine*, which specialised in entertaining school children, (with the secret agenda of encouraging their natural delight in reading and writing stories of their own).

Balbeer's passion can be summed up as
'Fantastically Tall Tales.'

You can find out all about him,
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www.thestorytellingmachine.com



**On his tiny planet
KRAM... dreams**

**featuring
MEL, JIMMI, BOBBI & JOHNEE
– The Percussionist Princess
& The Eclectic Howlers –
Kram's adventures
begin**

**Share the Impossible
Times three**