

**'This book made  
my face hurt!  
Relentlessly  
funny.'**

Rob Biddulph,  
author of *Peanut Jones*

**'Grimwood  
makes  
me laugh  
out loud.'**

Frank Cottrell Boyce,  
author of *Millions*

**'Ted and Nancy  
are my favourite  
funny foxes  
EVER.'**

Liz Pichon, author  
of *Tom Gates*

**'You're in  
for a treat!'**

Selom Sunu,  
illustrator of  
*Look Both Ways*

**'PURE GENIUS!'**

Louie Stowell, author of  
*Loki: A Bad God's Guide  
to Being Good*

**'Made us  
laugh  
out loud.'**

Jim Smith,  
author of  
*Barry Loser*

**'Fizzes with  
mad energy.'**

Phil Earle, author of  
*When the Sky Falls*

**'I CACKLED ALOUD  
on practically every  
page. Comic gold,  
tinged with such  
tenderness.'**

Kiran Millwood Hargrave,  
author of *The Girl  
of Ink and Stars*

**'UTTERLY  
HILARIOUS.'**  
SOPHY HENN,  
AUTHOR OF *PIZZAZZ*

**'FANTASTIC!'**  
LAUREN LAVERNE

**'FUNNY, ANARCHIC AND  
GLORIOUSLY SILLY.'**  
RICHARD OSMAN

**'Like *Watership Down*,  
but funny. You'll laugh  
hysterically on every  
page.'** Caitlin Moran

Awwww,  
aren't you all  
**LOVELY!**



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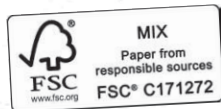
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REAL  
NO ANIMALS WERE HARMED  
IN THE MAKING OF THIS BOOK

# GRIMWOOD

## PARTY ANIMALS



# NADIA SHIREEN

Simon & Schuster

Well! Well, well, well.  
Well, well, well, well, well.  
Well!

Look who it is.  
It's you! And I couldn't be more delighted.

## ERIC DYNAMITE

here, your humble woodlouse friend and guide.

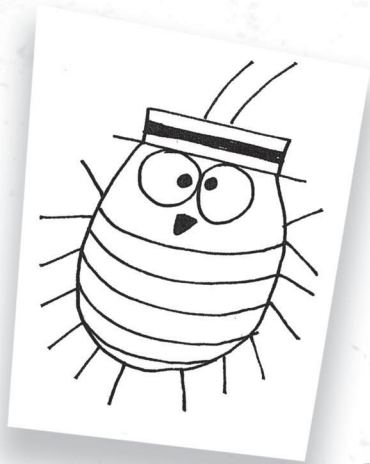
Let me be the first to welcome you back to

Grimwood! A place of wonder and joy.

Of mystery and magic. Of plastic bags

hanging on branches and strange animals

with smelly belly buttons.



Now **SOME** of you have been here before, and probably remember all of the so-called '**characters**' who populate this strange world. But others may be new to Grimwood, and may wish to read this useful guide to the main '**movers**' and '**shakers**' in Grimmers.



# STARRING:



A cute little fox from the Big City who thinks everything in Grimwood is amazing. He likes theatre, smelling flowers and everything being great.

Ted's older sister, a streetwise fox who thinks Grimwood is utterly bananas. She likes coffee, growling and looking after Ted.



Bouncy and ferocious, Willow the rabbit has a big heart and endless energy, but she will thwack you in the face if you call her cute, OK?

The mayor of Grimwood. Titus is a kind old stag who is good at baking and cries at soppy films about dolphins. Wants everyone to be lovely to each other.



An excitable eagle who lives on top of the Magic Tower. Sometimes bites people's heads off.



An extremely glamorous duck who used to be in the movies. Owns a global chain of luxury hotels but currently lives on a pile of old shopping trolleys.



A grumpy owl with massive eyebrows who secretly likes everyone. He spends his evenings reading difficult novels and listening to jazz.



A crow who likes to PARTY. Sharon enjoys music, silly hats and yelling AWOOGA wherever she goes.



A big-hearted badger who always looks out for his friends. He is a terrible driver, but most badgers are.



Ted and Nancy's long-lost brother. A ruffy-tuffy friendly fox who likes to toot on his tin whistle.

Grimwood

Warning: Map completely useless

← THE BIG CITY

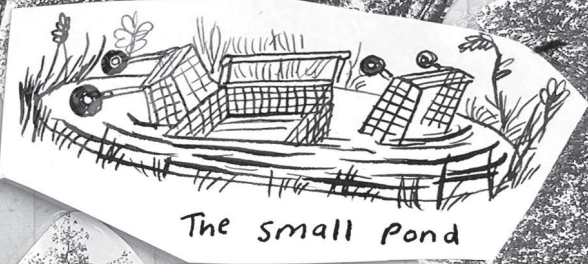


TWINKLENUTS

The Swamp of Despair



THE MAGIC TOWER



The Small Pond

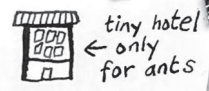
↑ smelly puddle, nobody knows why



TITUS'S CARAVAN



Abandoned old fox den



← tiny hotel only for ants

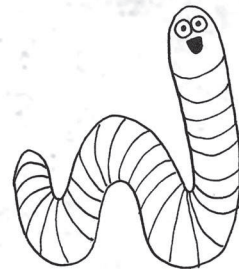
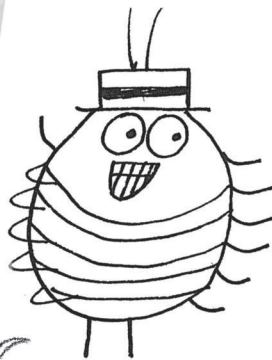
If it's your first time here, please peruse this map, which shows you where everything is. Apart from the toilets. And the fire exit. And the shops. Oh well.

Right, must dash – I'm getting my nails done and it takes FOR EVER. You carry on with the book, and if you've got any problems or questions, don't come crying to me. I'm joking, of course. Please write them down on the OFFICIAL GRIMWOOD COMPLAINTS FORM, which is usefully located at the back of the book.

But for now, hold onto your pants, because it's time for ...

## THE GRIMWOOD THEME TUNE!

Please note: at the time of writing there is no official Grimwood theme tune, so feel free to make it up yourself. We can't do everything around here, you know.



Ooh, actually, I've got some words! I'll have a go. Ahem.

La la la la laaaa  
It's Grimwood Time!  
La la la la laaaa  
I said, it's Grimmy Time!  
We'll meet some foxes  
And some bunnies  
And an owl and a stag  
We'll hang out with some pigeons  
And an eagle and OH NO,  
LOOK OUT, AAARGH!  
AAAARGH!  
NO NO NO!  
NOOOOOO!  
DONT EAT ME!  
AAAAAARGH!

Oh dear. Move along, please. Nothing to see here.





## CHAPTER ONE

### Awooga!

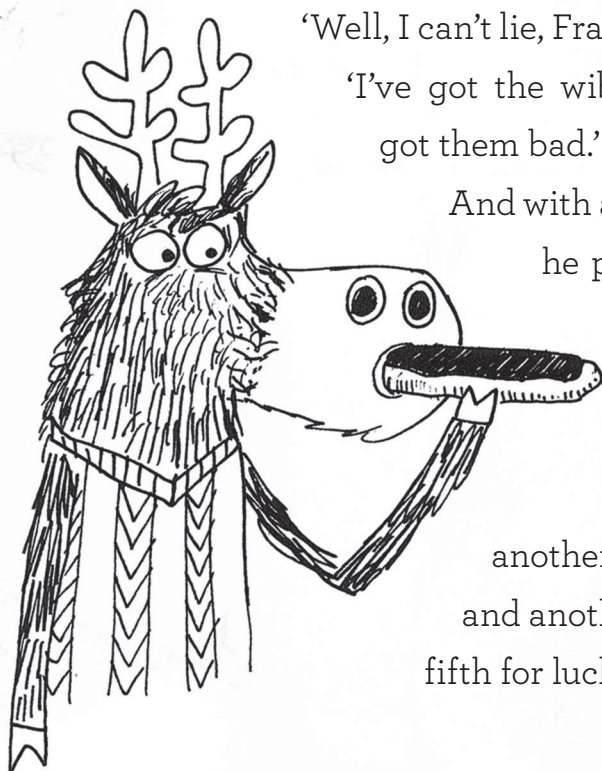
**F**rank the owl was sitting in a tree, combing his large eyebrows and frowning.

‘Ahoy there, Frank!’ called up Titus the stag. ‘Ready for the big day? It’s super-duper party day!’

Frank grunted and shook his big owlsh head in that weird owlsh way.

‘Not really,’ sighed Frank, swooping down to join Titus, who was putting a pot of tea on the wooden table outside his caravan. ‘I don’t like parties at the best of times. But having three of them in one day feels a bit much, if you ask me.’

Three parties in one day?  
**RIDICULOUS.** Also – **sniff** – I  
don't seem to have been invited to  
any of them. An outrage, I tell you!



'Well, I can't lie, Frank,' said Titus.

'I've got the wibbles and I've  
got them bad.'

And with a shaking hoof  
he pushed a large  
chocolate  
éclair into  
his snout,  
followed by  
another, and another,  
and another, and then a  
fifth for luck.

'You do seem a little stressed,' observed  
Frank.

'I just hope that Sharon the Party Crow is up  
to the job,' said Titus. 'Can she bring her jocular  
energy to three parties in a row? It would kill a  
weaker bird.'

'Since when has Sharon ever stopped  
partying?' said Frank. 'It's all she ever does.  
Sounds like my worst nightmare, quite frankly.'

Titus scratched his snout thoughtfully. 'Yes,  
you never hear about party owls, do you? They  
don't seem to be a thing.'

'Owls don't *party*,' said Frank, spitting out  
the last word and frowning. 'We prefer playing  
chess, quietly thinking about things, bobbing  
our heads around, making balloon animals...'

'You make balloon animals?' said Titus.

'Why yes,' said Frank, holding up an inflatable  
dinosaur. 'See? I made this in the time it took you





to say, “balloon animals”?”

Titus clopped his hooves together in wonder.

‘Extraordinary!’ he gasped. ‘Ooh, you are a dark horse, Frank. Well, owl. Owl-horse.

Now, do you have your

present for Wiggy?’

Frank looked a little shifty.

‘Um . . . yes! I am going to give him a . . . balloon dinosaur,’ he said.

‘Wonderful, wonderful. Oooofeuuurgh!’ said Titus, standing up and stretching his hooves up to the sky. He was quite an old stag, so he made lots of ‘phew!’ and ‘oooof!’ noises every time he stood up or sat down. He clambered up a couple

of rickety steps into his caravan, opened the door of his oven and took some deep sniffs with his massive hairy nostrils.

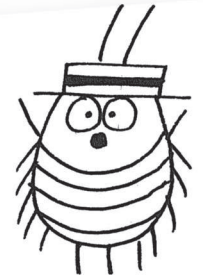
‘Smells like the cake is ready,’ he muttered to himself.

‘DID YOU SAY THE CAKE IS READY?’ shouted Willow, hopping up and down in the way that bunnies do.

‘Where did you come from, young Willow?’ said Titus, because he was *sure* she hadn’t been there one second ago.

‘I was at home in bed,’ panted Willow. ‘But I’m sure I just heard you say “the cake is ready”, so I dashed over as fast as I could.’

**Now that's fast!**



‘Yes, well, it needs to cool down before we can decorate it, so don’t get too excited,’ cautioned Titus.

‘What shape are you going to make it into?’ asked Willow, excitedly. ‘A big car? A badger? A letter W for Wiggy?’

Titus grinned.

‘I’m going to make a cake that is the shape of ... A CAKE!’ he said, triumphantly.

‘That’s rubbish and boring,’ said Willow. ‘Call me when it’s time to lick the icing bowl.’

And with that, Willow bounced out of the caravan and headed towards the fox den.

Nancy was practising her martial arts moves in the quiet calm of the fox den, when Willow barrelled down the tunnel, bounced off the den floor and landed on top of Nancy’s head. Nancy yanked Willow down and swiftly booted her into the air, so she eventually landed on top of Ted’s head.

‘Ow!’ said Ted.



**Whooooosh!** My word, that  
bunny can fly!

‘Morning, Tedlington! Top pal, number-one mate, best furry friend for ever!’ grinned Willow, doing a little dance on top of Ted’s head.

Ted giggled.

‘You two are totally ruining my morning,’ scowled Nancy. ‘Get lost.’

Ted and Willow scampered out of the fox den, though Willow made sure to turn around and blow a big fat raspberry at Nancy when she was at a safe distance.



‘Ooh, it’s super-duper party day, isn’t it?’ said Ted. ‘How exciting. Have you got Wiggy a birthday present?’

Willow proudly whipped a paper bag out from behind her back.

‘I’ve picked him a load of delicious Cosmic Knobblers!’ she said. ‘Here, smell ’em.’

Ted poked his snout into the bag, which was full of slimy brown mushrooms. He sniffed, and then jumped back with a jolt.

‘Euw! They smell horrible, Willow. I don’t think Wiggy is a Cosmic Knobbler fan. In fact, I don’t think anyone is, except you.’

‘Fine,’ said Willow, with a shrug. ‘Waste not, want not.’

She tipped her head back and shook the entire bag of smelly mushrooms into her mouth.

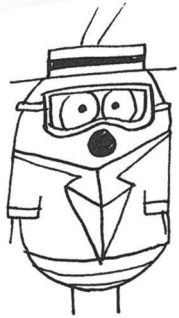
‘Mmmm!’ she said. ‘Mmmlishhshhh!’

Which was her saying ‘delicious’, but with a mouth stuffed full of Cosmic Knobblers. And Ted sighed, because he knew that he was in for a morning of Willow quietly, yet constantly, parping. Cosmic Knobblers always made her do that.

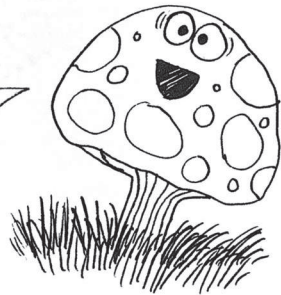


Eric 'Food Standards Agency' Dynamite here.

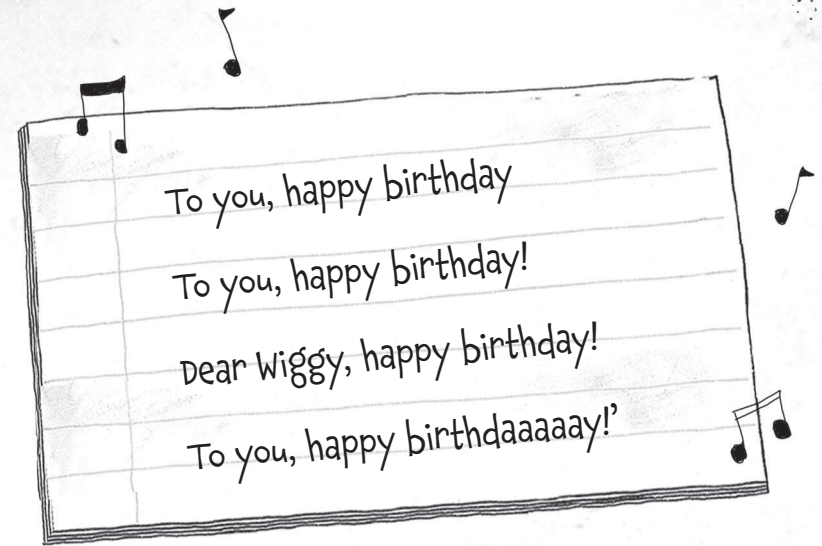
**PLEASE** don't pick and eat any random Cosmic Knobblers you find in the woods. In fact, don't eat ANY random mushrooms in the woods, because while some are delicious on pizza, others will make you **DIE**. Which feels a bit over the top for a vegetable, but there we are.



*Ooh, I just love  
the drama!*



'I've written Wiggy a birthday song,' said Ted, proudly. 'It goes like this:



To you, happy birthday

To you, happy birthday!

Dear Wiggy, happy birthday!

To you, happy birthdaaaaaay!

Ted took a deep bow and waited for Willow to clap.

'Errr. That's just "Happy Birthday" with the words in a different order, dude,' said Willow.

'Oh,' said Ted, and his tail drooped. 'That's not much of a present then.'

He sat down on a log, and Willow sat next to him and rested her head on his shoulder.

'We're bad friends,' said Willow, yanking a bunch of daisies out of the ground.

'The worst,' sighed Ted, doing the same.

‘Wiggy’s always been such a good pal to us,’ said Willow. ‘He took that thorn out of your paw the other day, remember?’

‘Yes,’ nodded Ted. ‘And he cleaned up all your sick when you tried to break the world record for “drinking milkshakes while bouncing on a trampoline”.’

‘I was so close,’ said Willow, shaking her head sadly. ‘But when the puking started, it all got waaaay too messy.’

She absently started to weave together a daisy chain, and Ted copied her.



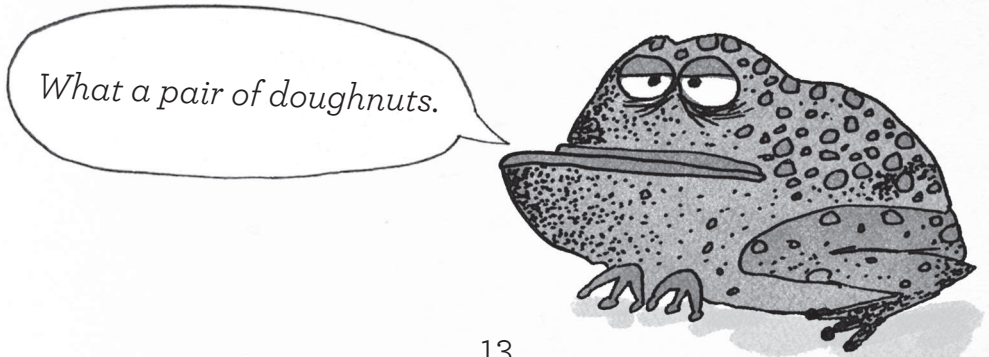
‘If only there was something we could MAKE for him,’ she said, her daisy chain getting longer and longer.

‘Yes, something that showed we were really thinking about him,’ said Ted, lacing the occasional buttercup through his daisy chain.

‘Give him a massive daisy chain, you idiots!’ shouted a passing frog.

‘That’s it!’ said Willow. ‘Let’s make him a MASSIVE daisy chain!’

‘What a great idea!’ said Ted, and the best friends gave each other a high five, which broke both their daisy chains, so they had to start all over again.





A few hours and several daisy chains later, everyone arrived at Wiggy's place, which he shared with his annoying brothers. They were called Monty, Jeremy, Jeremy and Jeremy, and even though they were now not entirely awful to Wiggy, they were still *quite bad*. For example, they seemed to have decided to celebrate Wiggy's birthday by tying him to a tree and pouring fizzy drinks over his head.

'Hello everyone!' spluttered Wiggy, cheerily. 'Don't worry, I'm fine! It's just a family birthday tradition, ho-ho-ho.'

Then his brothers started flicking him with towels and shouting, 'Yaa-boo, Wiggster!' and 'URGH, it's your birthday' and 'Beg for mercy, you big birthday loser'.

Nancy rolled her eyes and marched over to

Wiggy's tree. She picked up a sharp stone and cut through the rope until Wiggy was free. She glared at the other badgers, who all quickly looked down at the ground and shuffled around, shyly. They were VERY scared of Nancy, who was officially the toughest fox ever.

'Thanks, Nance,' said Wiggy gratefully, rubbing at his fur.

'Happy birthday, mate,' said Nancy. 'Me and Rufus took the liberty of cleaning up your Jeep.'

And there was a HONK HONK, as a scruffy fox - who was Rufus - slowly drove Wiggy's Jeep into the clearing. Ted and Willow were standing up on the back seats, waving at everyone until the Jeep came to a stop.

Dear reader, in case you'd forgotten, Rufus is Ted and Nancy's long-lost big brother. **Exciting, isn't it?** I've got about 150 brothers and sisters. I'm sending out birthday cards every other day, it's a right pain.



'Here you go, sir,' said Rufus, hopping out of the driver's seat. 'We've polished it up for ya! I've fixed the mirrors, put new tyres on and tinkered about with the engine so she purrs like a kitten.'

Wiggy beamed and gave Rufus a firm pawshake.

'Awfully decent of you,' said Wiggy. 'What a fantastic pressie! Check it out, chaps!'



After everyone had cooed at the Jeep, Ted and Willow draped their extremely long birthday daisy chain over the very happy badger, and Wiggy admired the cake-shaped cake that Titus presented him with.

'Hooray, cake!' said Willow. 'It's almost a party! Except... I feel like we're missing something.'

And then the ground began to shake. The trees began to sway. Something was coming. Something big.