



Jimba climbed barefoot to a spot where he could watch the waves. When the next wave crashed onto the rocks, he felt the spray of water on his arms. It tingled, fresh and cool in the hot sun. “Are there any octodillioes?” Jimba asked his teacher again. “No, Jimba,” she said. “They only come out at night.” As Mrs Jickelby turned and walked away, Jimba yelled after her. “Will we be here tonight Mrs Jickelby?”

“No, Jimba, we must be back in time for your parents to pick you up from school” Jimba crossed his arms and frowned. He thought she’d used her huffiest voice ever.