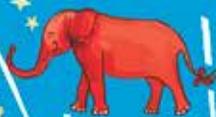




MALORIE BLACKMAN



JACQUELINE WILSON

JEFF KINNEY



JAMIE LITTLER

The PUFFIN

Book of

BIG DREAMS

STORIES TO SPARK YOUR IMAGINATION

AND MANY MORE

MICHAEL ROSEN



ROALD DAHL



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TOM FLETCHER



NADIA SHIREEN



ARTHUR, AGE 10

CELEBRATING

80



YEARS OF DREAMING BIG



Introduction



Puffin has been inspiring big dreams for 80 years. Since 1940, millions of children have grown up dreaming of snowmen coming to life, rivers of chocolate and Borrowers under the kitchen table. Here's how Puffin's own story began . . .

The first ever Puffin books didn't tell stories, but instead were factual books. In 1940, Allen Lane, the founder of Penguin, published the first four Puffin books aimed at children evacuated to the country because of World War Two – *War on Land* and *War at Sea* by James Holland, and *War in the Air* and *On the Farm* by James Gardner. In that same year, the first female editor for Puffin, Eleanor Graham, set out during an air raid to discuss the launch of a paperback series, Puffin Story Books. In 1941, the first fiction books for children were published, including *Worzel Gummidge* by Barbara Euphan Todd.

In the 1960s Puffin launched the Puffin Club, which promised to 'turn children into readers' and at its height had over 200,000 members. Membership included the quarterly magazine, *Puffin Post*, illustrated by Jill McDonald, a badge and a secret code. The Puffineers even raised money to buy a stretch of the Yorkshire coastline to be used as a puffin sanctuary.





Many Puffin stories have had lives beyond the page, transformed into tales told via film, theatre and even computer games. There are many classic children's films inspired by Puffin books: Roald Dahl's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, Michael Ende's *The Neverending Story*, Anne Fine's *Madame Doubtfire*, Dick King-Smith's *The Sheep-Pig* and Jeff Kinney's *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*. In 2020, a reimagined film of Roald Dahl's *The Witches* will be scaring a new generation.

Over the years, Puffin has innovated with books of all shapes, sizes and subject matter. Puffin helped realize Eric Hill's vision for lift-the-flap on his Spot books and Allan and Janet Ahlberg's *The Jolly Postman* envelope design. In 1981, when the Rubik's Cube trend was at fever pitch, Puffin quickly produced *You Can Do the Cube* by schoolboy cube master, Patrick Bossert – which sold a million copies.

The little bird is recognized around the world. India, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand have published Puffin books by their own authors and illustrators. Puffin books have even travelled to outer space, when astronaut Tim Peake read *Goodnight Spaceman* by Michelle Robinson and Nick East from the International Space Station. In 2013 a crater on Mercury was named after the author of *A Wrinkle in Time*, Madeleine L'Engle.



Puffin's story is the sum of a million stories. Every year, editors at Puffin seek out new and exciting voices and worlds to spark readers' imaginations. On the following pages you'll meet a few of Puffin's new heroes, like Hetty Feather, Little Badman and Charlie McGuffin, as well as much-loved favourites like the BFG, Alfie and Stig.

This book has been created to celebrate Puffin's 80th birthday. On its pages you'll find stories, poems and illustrations from Puffin's past, present and future. There's also a sprinkling of big dreams from brilliantly inspiring leaders in their fields and children taking part in Puffin World of Stories, a project co-created with the National Literacy Trust to revitalize school reading spaces.

Some of these dreams are big, and some of them are small. Some are wild, and some are full of love, hope and kindness. There are dreams that are bold and brave, dreams that take you far, far away and dreams that bring you home to your very own bed. There's a dream for everyone in this book: a dream for today and a dream for the future.



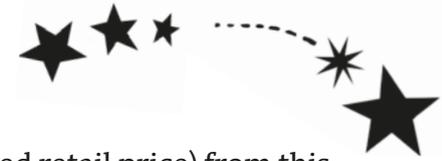


At Puffin, we believe that stories can inspire a child to feel that they can be, and do, anything. However, the reality is that not every child has access to books and stories.

One in 11 disadvantaged children in the UK don't own a book. And children's reading levels in England are the second most unequal in Europe, after Romania.

Lacking vital literacy skills holds a person back at every stage of their life. As a child they won't be able to succeed at school, as a young adult they will be locked out of the job market, and as a parent they won't be able to support their own child's learning.

That's why at Puffin we work closely with our friends at the National Literacy Trust, a charity that supports schools and communities across the UK to give disadvantaged children the literacy skills they need to succeed in life.



Five per cent of the RRP (recommended retail price) from this book will go towards helping the National Literacy Trust continue their life-changing work – from carrying out vital research, to delivering transformational programmes on the ground.

This includes Puffin World of Stories, a programme funded by Puffin, which aims to give primary schools the tools they need to help re-vitalize their school library as a hub of creativity and imagination, and inspire children to fall in love with reading.

Libraries are suffering from a chronic lack of investment – 53 per cent of teachers say they don't have a library in their school. Puffin World of Stories gives participating schools hundreds of brand-new free books and bespoke training for teachers to help them build a love of reading in their school.

In celebration of Puffin's 80th birthday, 80 schools nationwide are taking part in Puffin World of Stories in 2020. You can read pieces about their own big dreams written by children from participating schools throughout this book.

To find out more visit puffinworldofstories.co.uk.



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Stanley's SUPERSONIC VACUUM

WRITTEN BY GARETH PETER

Illustrated by Garry Parsons

Tidy Town was the tidiest place on earth. But Stanley was not a tidy boy. Everyone in Tidy Town liked things spick and span, neat and clean, ordered and arranged. But Stanley was an inventor. He was too busy designing cog-tastic devices to pick up after himself. He loved mess because it inspired him – after all, you never know where your next awesome idea will come from.

Tidy Town was not happy about Stanley's mess. So Mayor Sweep called a TOP-SECRET meeting.

'My classroom's in chaos!' barked Mrs Scrub the teacher.

'My library's like a bombsite!' moaned Mr Wipe the librarian. 'And it's all because of ONE boy.'

'Stanley!' they both roared.

'We must do everything we can!' said the Mayor. 'The town must stay tidy at ALL costs. Stanley will have to go to Cleaning Camp!'

But Stanley had been secretly listening. *I won't go. I'm going to invent my way out of this!* he thought to himself. That night he lay awake scribbling in his notebook, hoping an idea would catapult itself into his mind. But nothing did.

The next morning he was awoken by his dad.

'Stanley,' he called. 'Clean AND vacuum your room. You can't leave until it's done.'

'Blinking Bolts, I've got it!' cried Stanley. 'I'll make the most awesome vacuum . . . EVER. A super-sized, supersonic sucker! No Cleaning Camp for me.'

In secret, he assembled old toasters, frying pans, broken toenail clippers, even a cheese grater. And by the time the moon was up . . . it was ready.

He arranged his toys in a semicircle, put on a top hat and cleared his throat.

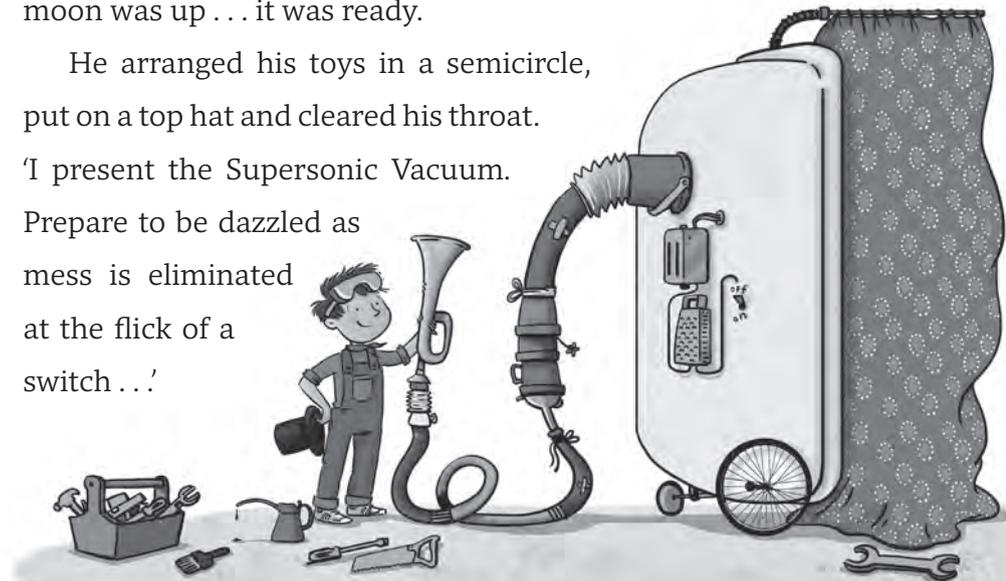
'I present the Supersonic Vacuum.

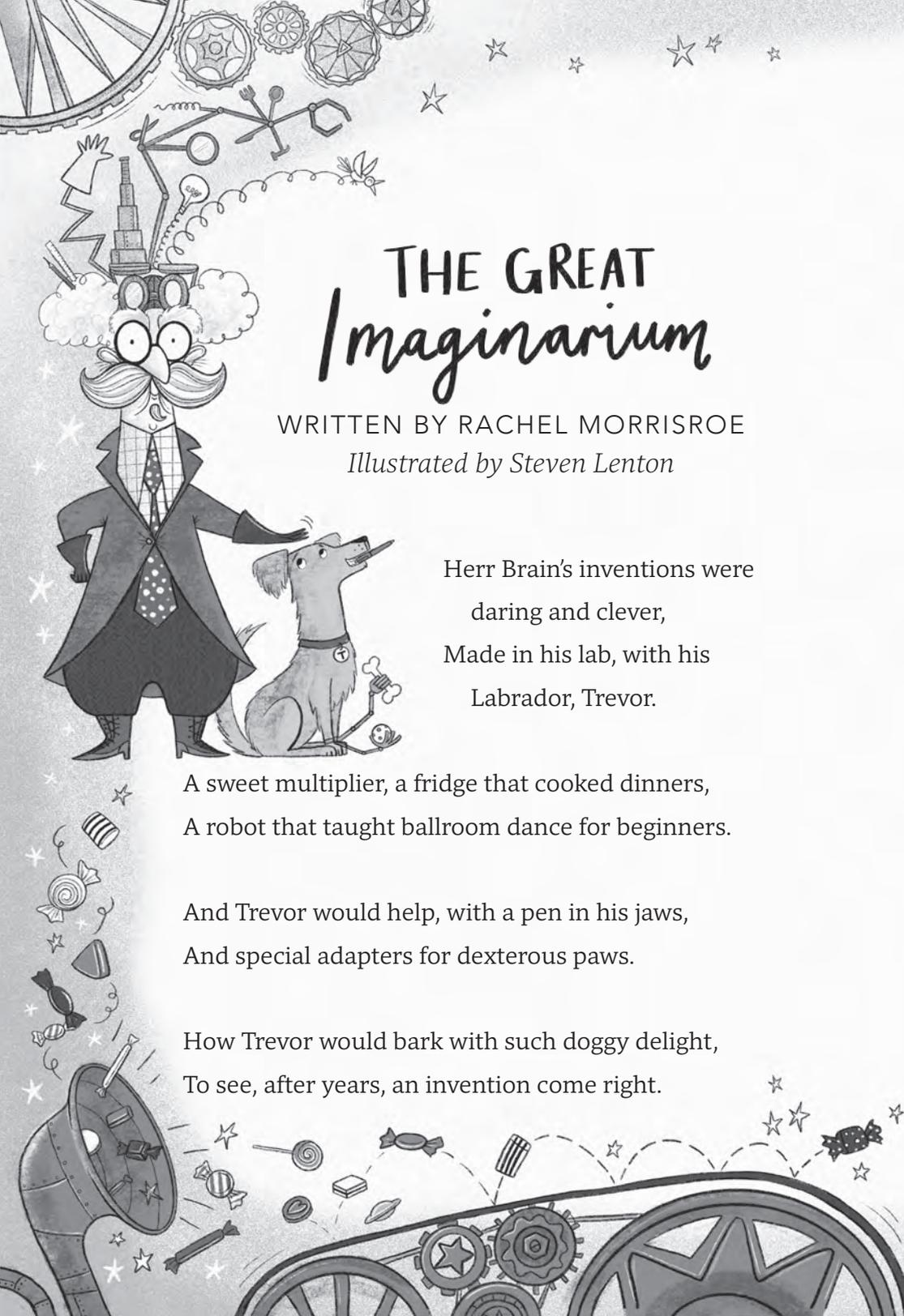
Prepare to be dazzled as

mess is eliminated

at the flick of a

switch . . .'





THE GREAT *Imaginarium*

WRITTEN BY RACHEL MORRISROE

Illustrated by Steven Lenton

Herr Brain's inventions were
daring and clever,
Made in his lab, with his
Labrador, Trevor.

A sweet multiplier, a fridge that cooked dinners,
A robot that taught ballroom dance for beginners.

And Trevor would help, with a pen in his jaws,
And special adapters for dexterous paws.

How Trevor would bark with such doggy delight,
To see, after years, an invention come right.



The dog and the world-famous octogenarian,
Were known, above all, for their IMAGINARIUM.

A wacky machine made of smelly old socks,
A tractor, some glitter, two grandfather clocks.

It tuned into airwaves of childhood ambition,
Powered by gerbils and nuclear fission.

It helped eager children to live out their glories.
A farmer, a doctor, a writer of stories.

But mean Dr Dobad was busily spying,
To get to the top of her game without trying.

She's greedy and grim as a poisonous weed,
'I'm Dobad by name, but I do worse in deed!'



Kandaka

WRITTEN BY YASSMIN ABDEL-MAGIED

Illustrated by Soufeina Hamed

Asmaa adjusted the straps of her backpack on her shoulders and sighed. The blue school bag was full of textbooks and sports gear, weighing heavily on her back as she walked to the bus stop.



It had been a long day for Asmaa, a lanky dark-skinned hijabi girl who had just started at a new school. Her family had moved from London to the countryside, but this new village was nothing like Tottenham. For a start, there was nowhere for Asmaa and her three sisters to get their hair done! Also, people wouldn't

stop staring at them, no matter where they went. To make matters worse, she had failed to make the basketball team. Tryouts that afternoon had been miserable: she was the last to be picked for a team, then no one would pass to her; then, when she eventually did get a chance to shoot, she missed. It was like the countryside had sucked the life out of her: Asmaa was the best basketball player on her whole block back home, but somehow she had lost her spark.

That evening, Asmaa's parents and siblings tried to cheer her up, but had no luck. Without basketball, who was she? She went straight to her room after dinner and curled up on her bed.

'Asmaa, *habiba*,' her mum said softly, as she gently pushed the door open and sat next to her daughter on the bed. 'I'm sorry the basketball didn't work out. *Khair*, maybe you can try another sport?'

Asmaa kissed her teeth and shuffled round, facing the wall away from her mother.

'*Mafi mushkilla*,' her mum said, using the Sudanese phrase for 'no worries'. 'Anyway, I've brought you a special jalabeeya to wear to bed tonight. My mama gave it to me when we left Sudan. It's got a bit of magic in it . . .'

Asmaa's mum left the jalabeeya, the simple Sudanese outfit that looked like a loose, brightly coloured nightgown,

Good Pig

FROM

THE SHEEP-PIG

WRITTEN BY DICK KING-SMITH

Illustrated by Ann Kronheimer

'I want to be a sheep-pig,' he said.

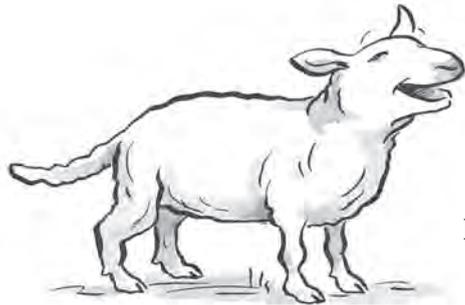
'Ha ha!' bleated a big lamb standing next to Ma.

'Ha ha ha-a-a-a-a!'

'Bide quiet!' said Ma sharply, swinging her head to give the lamb a thumping butt in the side. 'That ain't nothing to laugh at.' Raising her voice, she addressed the flock.

'Listen to me, all you ewes,' she said, 'and lambs too. This young chap was kind to me, like I told you, when I were

poorly. And I told him, if he was to ask me to go somewhere or do something, politely, like he would, why, I'd be only too delighted. We ain't stupid, I told him, all we



do want is to be treated right, and we'm as bright as the next beast, we are.'

'We are!' chorused the flock. 'We are! We are! We a-a-a-a-a-are!'

'Right then,' said Ma. 'What shall us do, Babe?' Babe looked across towards Farmer Hogget, who had opened the gate of the collecting-pen and now stood leaning on his crook, Fly at his feet. The pen was in the left bottom corner of the paddock, and so Babe expected, and at that moment got, the command 'Come by, Pig!' to send him left and so behind the sheep and thus turn them down towards the corner.

He cleared his throat. 'If I might ask a great favour of you,' he said hurriedly, 'could you all please be kind enough to walk down to that gate where the farmer is standing, and to go through it? Take your time, please, there's absolutely no rush.'

A look of pure contentment passed over the faces of the flock, and with one accord they turned and walked across the paddock, Babe a few paces in their rear. Sedately they walked, and steadily, over to the corner, through the gate, into the pen, and then stood quietly waiting. No one broke ranks or tried to slip away, no one pushed or shoved, there was no noise or fuss. From the oldest to the youngest, they went in like lambs.

King OF THE World

WRITTEN BY CHARLIE HIGSON

Illustrated by Fred Blunt

One night Bill dreamed that he was King of the World – and the next day he was.

This is how it happened.

It was a Sunday, and Bill had been playing a game on his phone for hours. In the end his mum got so fed up, she took his phone away from him.

‘What is that silly game you play all the time anyway?’ she said, in the voice she used when she was tired and cross.



‘It’s called *King of the World*,’ said Bill, in the voice he used when he was excited about something. ‘You have to beat all the other players and become King of the World: first you have to build a town, then you have to build farms and mines with farmers and miners, and woodcutters to cut down trees, and the more gold you get, the more you can upgrade your town until you get a barracks, and then you make soldiers and you attack other towns and steal their gold and use it to make your town bigger, and then you can invade more and more countries until you become King of the World . . .’

But his mum hadn’t been listening. She locked his phone in a drawer.

‘Mu-um,’ said Bill.

‘Bed,’ she said.

When Bill got into bed and closed his eyes, he could still see the little people in the game running around in his head, and for a long while he couldn’t get to sleep.

So he lay there thinking about the game and how he could get better at it. Because, even though he played it whenever he could, and was really quite good at it, he’d never actually won it and become King of the World. Not once.





The Tortoises who CAPTURED THE MOON

Written and illustrated by
ALEXIS SNELL

In a hot and dusty place beside a tall, beautiful, stripy building two tortoises lived all summer long. Above the tortoises, the building had a big round window which was brightly lit all day and all night. One tortoise was brave, the other . . . less so. Those were their names: Brave and Less So. They moved slowly, ate leaves slowly and chatted to each other ever so slowly.

'Oh, that looks like a nice leaf.'

'It really is, would you like one?'

'Yes please.'

A lot of their conversations went like this. The other animals who lived nearby thought they were slow and a bit boring. Brave and Less So didn't really mind, they were

perfectly happy. Well almost.

One tortoise had a problem. The weather was getting cooler and the days shorter. It would soon be time to move up the hill and hibernate for the winter months, away from the stripy building with the round, bright window. It wasn't the building or hibernating or the hill that bothered Less So, it was the idea of moving away from the light that filled him with dread. He was afraid of the dark.

Less So was getting more nervous as the days grew chillier.

'Oh dear, what can we do?' Brave said. She really wanted to help her friend.

They stood together and looked up at the night sky.

'Wait, I have had an idea!' Brave was going to go on a voyage to capture the moon, so they had light every night.



Once upon a KNIGHT-TIME

WRITTEN BY HANA TOOKE

Illustrated by Ayesha L. Rubio

Once upon a night-time, beneath the yellowy shimmer of glow-in-the-dark stars, two child-shaped lumps huddled beneath blankets. The only sounds were the gentle patter of rain on the window and the faraway hum of the streetlamps beyond.

Click.

A light, sudden and blinding, filled the room. There was a rustle of blankets from one bed, and a groan of annoyance from the other.

'What are you doing?' the boy child asked, shielding his eyes as he sat up.

He watched in bleary astonishment as his little sister clambered off her bed to stand on their octagonal bedside table.

'I be a knight of the octagonal table,' she said, raising her foam-finger sword up high above her head. 'Thou canst either fight me to thou death or join-eth me as a valiant protector of these lands.' She pointed her weapon down at the boy's throat. 'What's it to be?'

'You're not a knight,' the boy said crossly.

'I clearly am-eth,' the girl said, even more crossly, waving her free hand vaguely about her. 'Why would-eth I be wearing a suit of armour if I wasn't a knight?'

'You're wearing a nightgown. And that's a lampshade, not a helmet.'

'Thou hast clearly been hexed by an evil witch.' The girl lifted her lampshade helmet and smiled. 'Fear-eth not, for I can remove this evil curse.'

She spoke a few nonsensical words, then tapped him on the nose three times.

The boy glowered.

