

Bad Brad Saves Christmas

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Published by Joe Corcoran at Smashwords

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Bad Brad Saves Christmas

Once upon a time, in a far, far distant country, there was a little boy called Brad, although no one called him just Brad. Everyone called him Bad Brad. He never said please, and he never said thank you. He never shared, and he never wanted to wait his turn.

"If you're not good," said his parents, "then Father Christmas will put you on the naughty list, and you won't get any presents on Christmas Day."

"I don't care," answered Bad Brad, "I don't believe in Father Christmas."

Well this was bad enough, but it wasn't the worst that Bad Brad could do. He was determined that no one else should believe in Father Christmas either.

"I hope Santa will bring me a puppet theatre on Christmas Eve," said Sally Perkins, one day in the playground.

"You'll be lucky," sneered Bad Brad, "Father Christmas doesn't exist."

"But I wrote a letter to him and everything," wailed Sally, "I put it in the fireplace, and in the morning, it was gone."

"Your parents probably lit the fire after you'd gone to bed," said Bad Brad, "and the letter got burnt up all into ashes."

Sally ran off crying, and for days afterwards she looked quite miserable.

Then Bad Brad told Steve Prado that reindeer couldn't fly – how could they if they didn't have wings. And he told Mario Smith that Father Christmas did exist, but that he'd been arrested by the police, last Christmas, for breaking into Buckingham Palace, and he wouldn't get out of prison for at least twenty years.

"I'll be all grown up by then," said Mario, "will Father Christmas still visit me?"

"Not a chance," replied Bad Brad, and he went away laughing.

The Christmas holidays arrived. The children all exchanged cards and arranged playdates, but no one had a card for Bad Brad, and no one wanted a playdate with him. Even so, he wasn't worried. He had enough fun by himself.

Nevertheless, on Christmas Eve even Bad Brad was surprised to find himself feeling a little bit excited about the thought of the day ahead. He told himself that it was because his parents would have got him a nice present, but deep inside him there was still a tiny bit of Christmas Spirit - burning brightly in the darkness and warming him from within.

BUMP.

Brad woke with a start. Everything was quiet in the house, but something had woken him up. He listened very carefully ... were those sleigh bells? Carefully, quietly, stealthily, Brad slid out of bed and crept over to the window. He pulled open a corner of the curtains and peered outside. The snow that had fallen the night before still lay on the ground and the rooftops, making the world seem bright despite the darkness, but otherwise everything was silent and quiet and ordinary.

A big dollop of snow fell past the window, and Brad looked up. There, poking over the edge of the roof, was something that looked like the back end of a ski. As Brad watched, more snow fell from the roof, and the ski started to move. There was a clattering on the tiles above, and then, to Brad's amazement, a large sleigh fell backwards off the roof. He thought it would smash onto the patio below, but before it hit the ground it stopped, just hanging in mid-air. Then it started moving upwards – slowly at first, but getting faster and faster. It shot past the window, up into the sky, and Brad lost sight of it in the clouds. A few seconds later, down swooped the sleigh again, pulled by a team of reindeer. It wooshed past Brad's window then up and over the roofs of the houses opposite. The last Brad saw of it, the sleigh was doing a loop-the-loop and disappearing into the distance. It certainly looked like Santa's sleigh, except for one thing. Father Christmas had been nowhere in sight. The driver's seat had been

empty.

Determined to get to the bottom of this mystery, Brad pulled on his dressing gown and slippers. He tiptoed out of his room and onto the landing. It was much darker here than in his bedroom, but he was so familiar with the small space that he found his way to the top of the stairs with no difficulty. From here he could see a faint glow coming from under the kitchen door, and the unmistakable smell of cinnamon wafted to his nostrils. Could mummy be cooking at this time of night? Slowly, he went down the stairs, trying to tread lightly and wincing as the old stairs creaked. Now, crouched on the bottom step, he could hear a voice coming from behind the door.

"Yes ... forgot to put the handbrake on ... I know ... they've gone ... no, I've still got the presents ... that's too late, I need transport now!"

Brad crept quietly to the door and silently pushed it open, so that he could see inside. There, talking on a glittery mobile phone, stood a large man in a red coat. He was facing away from the door, but Brad could still see the edges of a big white beard, poking out and scratching against the phone.

"Just get that sleigh back here, promptly," said the man, "or Christmas will be ruined."

Then he popped the phone back into the inner recesses of his big coat, and without turning around, said:

"And you can stop skulking in the shadows. Yes, you Brad. Come on out."

The man looked straight at where Brad was crouching behind the door, and any doubt disappeared. This was Father Christmas for sure. His outfit was a giveaway, but Brad had seen people dressed up as Santa before. The thing that made it definite was that, wherever this man moved, he was illuminated by a soft white light – like the light on the snow outside.

"What are you doing here?" asked Brad, edging around the door and into the room.

"Exactly the question I was asking myself, seeing as you're on the naughty list," replied Santa, "but I don't like giving up on people, so as I was passing, I thought I'd drop in to see if you'd changed your ways. Any small sign would have done. A good school report, some cards from friends or even just leaving a snack for Rudolf, and maybe, you could have earned a present from my sack."

Here Santa looked down, and Brad noticed, for the first time, a huge brown sack of presents that sat by the cooker.

"But there was nothing," Santa's shoulders sank as he sighed a big sigh, "I was just about to leave when I heard the reindeer taking off. This was an unscheduled stop, you see. It was going to make me late, so I was rushing and forgot to put the handbrake on. Now the reindeer are off on a joy ride, and I'm stuck here while my

elves try to catch them. Every minute I spend here means another child who won't get their present this year."

Brad thought about saying how this didn't sound like his problem, but then he thought about how real Father Christmas looked and about how full of presents that sack looked. Finally, he thought very hard about how he could help Santa and, maybe, get his name off the naughty list. His scooter was too slow. Nowadays his fastest mode of transport was ...

"We could take my bike," he said. Then, after thinking a bit more, "You could ride Dad's bike." Father Christmas raised an eyebrow, so he added, "It's really fast, it's a racer."

Father Christmas shrugged and picked up his sack.

"Well," he said, "it's better than doing nothing. Let's go."

Brad led the way out, through the back garden and to the shed where the bikes were kept. He was surprised to find that while he was near Santa he felt toasty and warm, and his slippers didn't seem to get the least bit wet from the snow. Brad unlocked the shed, using the key he'd taken from the hook by the back door. First, he got out his own bike, and then he got out his dad's bike for Father Christmas. Together they opened the back gate and wheeled their bicycles out into the alley.

"Well," said Santa, painfully lifting his leg over the crossbar of the shiny racing bike, "they say you never forget how to ride a bike."

He got a little book out of his pocket, studied it carefully, looked

down at the bicycle and said, in a commanding voice, "Sally Perkins."

Of course, nothing happened, but Santa seemed surprised. He banged the handlebars, rang the bell and finally exclaimed, "This bicycle is broken!"

"You need to pedal," said Brad, "like this," and he cycled up and down the alleyway.

"That looks a lot like exercise to me," said Father Christmas, doubtfully. Then he had a thought, "My magic sleigh takes me straight to the right house when I say a child's name. How will I find the right house without it?"

"Please may I see the list," said Brad, concentrating hard on being polite. Looking down the names, he realised that they were all children from his school.

"I know where all these children live," he said, "you just need to follow me."

First, though, Santa had to remind himself how to ride a bike. It was a good job that they were in a narrow alley because, once or twice, he had to put out a hand to steady himself against a wall. After a very short space of time, however, he was doing well enough to start off towards the first house.

Brad knew the way to Sally's house very well, although he hadn't

often been inside - and never at Christmas. He was about to ring the bell, out of force of habit, but Santa stopped him. With a smile that was almost mischievous, the old man drew out a key from the inner folds of his coat. As Brad watched the key seemed to shift and squirm in Santa's fingers, changing constantly as it was lifted towards the lock. Just as it touched the keyhole, the key seemed to make up its mind. It fixed itself in the form of a perfectly ordinary door key. Santa pushed it into the lock, turned and - click - the door opened to let them inside.

Brad had been quite surprised to be let into someone else's house with a magic key, but that was nothing to his amazement as they walked through the hall and into the living room. He had never seen a house looking so beautiful. Everything was decorated and ready for Christmas, and Brad felt a little tickle down in his tummy as he gazed around at all the tinsel and baubles and paper chains.

“Now, where was that puppet theatre?”

Brad looked round to see Santa rummaging in his sack. He found the package he was looking for and popped it into the stocking that was hanging over the fireplace. Then he turned his attention to a plate that sat on the mantelpiece. There was a carrot, which Santa tucked away for Rudolf, a glass of sherry, which Santa drank himself, and a mince pie, which Santa handed to Brad.

“Perks of the job,” said Father Christmas, with a wink.

As he ate the pie, Brad studied the sign that Sally had left next to the plate. It said ‘For Santa’, with a picture of a sleigh on one side, and a picture of Sally and her parents on the other. Brad thought about his own parents, asleep at home, and suddenly he wanted to do something nice for them at Christmas.

“No time for dawdling,” said Father Christmas, “we need to be off to the next house.”

“Who is it?” asked Brad.

“Steve Prado,” replied Santa, “Do you know him?”

Of course Brad did, although he hadn’t been allowed to his house since the incident with the hamster. Santa seemed to be much more confident on his bike, now he'd had a bit of practice, and Brad was enjoying riding in the snow – which he wasn’t normally allowed to do. Although it did seem to Brad that his bike was not so much driving through the snow as riding slightly above it. He wondered if there was some kind of Father Christmas magic being used, like when he’d first walked out into his back garden.

The question was pushed to the back of his mind the moment they entered the home of Steve Prado. Brad had thought that Sally’s family had been Christmas weirdoes and that the other children’s houses would be just like his own. He now saw that this was far from the truth. Steve’s house was also beautiful – different from Sally’s, but just as magical. Again they left a present, gobbled up the goodies and headed off to the next stop on Santa’s list.

“That's odd,” said Father Christmas, as they arrived at Mario Smith's house, “This boy didn't ask for a present for himself, he just asked for a Royal Pardon ... for me! I don't think I've done anything bad enough to need a Royal Pardon. What do you think we should leave him instead?”

Brad thought hard. He tried to think of what Mario liked, but he'd never paid any attention to what people liked before – only what upset them or scared them.

“What about a picture of you and the Queen,” he said finally, “to show that you're friends and that she wouldn't put you in prison.”

Santa put his head on one side and squinted at Brad.

“Do I look like I carry a photo album around with me?” he said, “No, you'll just have to think of something else.”

Brad thought furiously. Then he suddenly remembered teasing Mario about something. Teasing him about his favourite sport.

“Football,” he blurted out, “No, wait. Rugby. Mario likes rugby.”

“Rugby!” said Father Christmas, slapping his forehead, “What a dunderhead I am. I completely forgot about this.”

He reached inside his robe and pulled out a photograph, which he held out for Brad to see. It showed a rugby team posing for a victory photo, but it was the strangest team that Brad had ever seen. Mostly it was made up of elves, and at the back, towering over everyone, were three huge polar bears. At the front and

centre stood Santa and the Queen, side by side. Everyone wore red and green striped rugby shirts and had their thumbs up, except for the Queen and Santa. Santa held a large trophy, and the Queen held a rugby ball. As Brad leaned closer, he could see several disgruntled looking penguins, kicking up snow in the background. He shot a questioning look at Santa.

“Every four years we hold the Pole vs Pole rugby championships. Each team can invite one special player from outside their country. I was the captain for the North Pole, and I invited the Queen to join our team.”

"Why the Queen?" asked Brad, "I wouldn't have thought she'd be very good at rugby."

"Well, you'd be surprised," said Santa, "and people always think twice before tackling the Queen. She was the main reason we won – although the polar bears are very good in the scrum."

Santa looked lost in the memory for a second, then he continued.

"The Queen had the royal photographer take a picture of the team, then she sent me this print through the post. See what she wrote on the back."

Santa turned over the photo, so that Brad could see the tidy, handwritten dedication. It said:

To Santa. Thank you for including me in this magical event. I

promise never to put you in prison. Never ever. Your friend. The Queen.

"I think this would make a perfect gift for Mario, don't you?" said Santa.

Seeing Brad nodding enthusiastically, he wrapped up the photo and left it in Mario's stocking. What Brad didn't see was that he also left a letter with the present, just as he had at the other houses they had visited.

Together, Brad and Santa left presents for all the other members of Brad's class. They were now enjoying themselves so much that it seemed like no time at all before they were putting the bikes back in the garden shed. Brad was wondering how Santa would continue his deliveries when the sound of jingling bells made him look up. There, on the roof of his house, was Santa's sleigh.

"Oh, those reindeer can be naughty sometimes," chuckled Santa, seeing Brad's puzzled face, "but it's never long before they remember where their duty lies."

The old man looked down at Brad, and his kindly eyes twinkled.

"May I ask one last favour," he said, looking up at the roof, "do you mind if I use your chimney?"

They went inside to the living room, where the fireplace was, and when Santa turned to say his goodbyes, Brad noticed that he

looked sad.

"I'm sad because I can't leave you a present," said Santa, when Brad asked him what was wrong, "You've done a very good thing, helping me with my deliveries, but you're on the naughty list and - well - rules are rules."

Brad wasn't sure how to react to this. It seemed so unfair, after he'd been really good for once, that he wouldn't even get a present for it. Then he thought about all the bad things he'd done that year, and he thought about all the beautifully decorated houses he'd seen, and he thought about how happy he felt right now.

"That's okay," was all he said.

"Please," said Santa, kneeling down so that his face was close to Brad's, "Please, just try to be good this year. You've shown me tonight what kind things you can do, when you put your mind to it, and I'd so like to bring you a present next year."

No more words were spoken. Brad nodded, and Father Christmas laid a kind hand on his head before turning and disappearing up the chimney.

The next morning – Christmas morning – Brad woke late. At first he just wanted to turn over and go back to sleep. Then he suddenly remembered what had happened, and he jumped out of bed to peek through the curtains. The snow in the back garden lay crisp and white and completely undisturbed. There were no footprints and no tyre tracks. It was just as if nothing had happened. Maybe

his adventure with Santa had just been a dream. Dream or not, though, it was still Christmas Day, and so Brad pulled on his clothes and rushed downstairs to see if his parents were already up.

They were indeed up, and they stared at Brad as he rushed into the living room.

"What's all this about?" asked Brad's father, looking more confused than cross. He swept his arm around, pointing at once to the whole room, which was hung with tinsel, baubles and fairy lights. Most striking of all, there was a huge Christmas tree, beautifully decorated and twinkling in the early morning light.

"It's wonderful," said Brad, "What a wonderful Christmas surprise."

Then, after a short pause, he added, "Thank you!"

"Thank us?" said Brad's mother, "We didn't do this. We thought it was you."

"It must have been Santa Claus," whispered Brad.

His father frowned, and his mother strode across the room to rest her hand on Brad's forehead, fearful that he might have a temperature. Nevertheless, neither of them had a better explanation, and they were still thinking about it when the doorbell rang.

"I know it's early," said Sally Perkins, who was standing on the doorstep wearing wellington boots, pyjamas and a long, padded coat, "but I had to come round and thank you straight away."

"Thank me for what?" asked Brad.

"For making sure I got my puppet theatre, of course," grinned Sally, "Santa explained all about it in his letter."

"His letter?" repeated Brad, now thoroughly confused.

"Yes, silly. The one he put in my stocking. It said how you helped him find my house and ... and how sorry you were for teasing me."

Sally looked a little cross as she remembered the things that Brad had said, but then she brightened as she continued.

"We're all meeting later in the park, to play in the snow. Why don't you come along? Everyone will be there, right after the Queen's Speech."

Then Sally turned on her heel and skipped off through the snow. Brad wasn't so sure about her invitation. He didn't think that the other children would be so glad to see him after all the mean things he'd done, but he had barely got back to the living room when the doorbell rang again. This time it was Mario Smith.

"It's the best Christmas present I've ever had," he said, waving the photo in the air, "Mum's going to frame it for me, together with the letter."

"The letter?" asked Brad, feeling a bit wobbly.

"Yes," said Mario, "the one Santa left explaining about the Pole vs Pole championship and about how you had the idea for the perfect present."

The rest of the day passed in a whirlwind of fun and excitement. There were lots of other visitors for Brad, all wanting to thank him for helping Santa. There was a scrumptious Christmas dinner, after which Brad's parents taught him some of the games that they used to play at Christmas, when they were children. It was so nice being there in the warm living room, surrounded by the beautiful decorations, but Brad was surprised to find that what he was looking forward to most was playing with his classmates. Straight after the Queen's Speech, he grabbed his hat, coat and scarf, and headed to the park, eager to see all his new friends.

At about the same time, Santa was yawning a big yawn, as he led Rudolph back to his stable. Christmas starts at different times in different places, and Hawaii is where it starts latest. So while Brad had been enjoying his Christmas Day, Santa had been finishing his long night's work in Honolulu. Then Rudolph had insisted on going to the beach, so they were even later back than usual.

"I must say, you played your part perfectly," said Santa, as he poured out some oats for the tired reindeer.

Rudolph seemed to squint a little at his master.

"I know it was a lot of time to take for just one boy," said Santa, as

if answering a silent question, "but think of all the good he will do, now that he has set his mind to changing his ways."

This time Rudolph put his head on one side and, if he had had one, he would have raised an eyebrow.

"Well I think he'll be good from now on," said Santa to the doubtful deer, "it is difficult to break bad habits, but the boy seemed very determined. I'll bet you a pound of oats that we'll be dropping a present down that chimney next year."

And although Santa won the bet, he still let Rudolf have the oats, because Santa's kind like that.

T H E E N D ...

... but keep reading, for a sneak preview of
'Piglet Gets a New Job'

Piglet Gets a New Job : Preview

The piglet did not get paid for her job, which was very unfair considering how dangerous it was. She did get a certain satisfaction from carrying out her duties, but this was not the main reason for her not complaining about the lack of pay. The fact was that she had no idea about money. You might say that a more intelligent piglet would have figured it out by her age. Everyone who came to see the circus paid for their tickets - in silver or copper coins, depending on their own circumstances. For the circus folk also, money, or rather the lack of it, was one of their favourite topics of conversation. Certainly the man who fed the piglet never failed to mention money during his visits to her.

"You'll eat us out of house and home, you will," he said as he poured the slops into the trough, but to the piglet, this sounded no different to 'enjoy your meal' or 'bon appetit'.

Thinking about it afterwards, with the benefit of old age and wisdom, the piglet concluded that she had just not needed to know about money at that stage in her life. She was fed daily. She had clean straw to sleep on. She had plenty of free time to play with the circus children. In return, she allowed herself to be fired from a cannon - three times daily. Until one day.

It was their last show on the last day in a small place that they only visited once every year or two. Up until then everything had gone as normal, and the piglet could not think what she must have

done in between the second and third shows in order to have delivered such a dramatically different result. The lively crowd had watched with expectation as the piglet was loaded into the cannon. For some, this was the second or even third time that they had seen the performance, but even so, their attention never wandered. They closely followed each elaborate step in the process of preparing the cannon. The setting of the cannon. The checking of the safety net. The fixing of the fuse. Finally, the operator lit the fuse and ran for safety, tripping over – as he always did – just before he made it to the little sandbag wall he had built in the centre of the ring.

BOOM went the cannon. The audience followed, with their eyes, the curved path that the piglet ought to have taken through the air between the cannon and the net. Right on cue the operator staggered to his feet. His face was blackened with soot, and he wobbled about, knocking on his ears as if to get the ringing out of them. Then he stopped. The audience was laughing, just as they always did, but this time there was something wrong with the laughter. It was too loud and a little more ... cruel than usual. He looked at the net and was shocked to find that the piglet was not there. Maybe she missed the net, he thought in panic. Maybe she's hurt. Then he realised that the audience were all looking at the cannon. He turned that way too, slowly, not sure that he wanted to see. There was the piglet, halfway in and halfway out of the cannon. Her front trotters thrashed wildly in the air as she tried to

free herself from this embarrassing prison, but it was no good and her squeals of distress could be clearly heard, even above the laughter.

The operator ran to try and help her get out, while the ringmaster rushed forward to distract the crowd.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, now I think we all understand the meaning of that phrase 'squealing like a stuck pig'."

Everybody laughed, and the ringmaster went on to introduce the next act. Meanwhile the cannon, piglet and all were quietly wheeled out of the tent.

It had taken a while to free the piglet. They had pulled, and she had wriggled. They had poured oil onto her, and she had tried to suck in her tummy. Eventually she had come unstuck with a little 'pop', and everyone had fallen, panting, to the grass. The piglet was unharmed, apart from a red ring around her middle, and even this had gone by the time she woke up the next morning. In fact even the memory of being stuck had started to fade, so it was a bit of a surprise when the ringmaster turned up at her sty. Even without his top hat and red jacket, the ringmaster was a figure to be respected. The piglet could not remember any time when he had come to see her before, and so she was quite terrified – especially as he was accompanied by a crowd of circus folk.

"So, little piglet," he said, looking down at her, "it seems that you are too big to fire from the cannon."

The piglet suddenly felt that the situation had been caused by some willful action on her part and that getting larger was due to more than just the natural process of getting older.

"Well," continued the ringmaster, "we don't have room in this circus for people who can't pull their weight."

He looked at the piglet. The piglet looked blankly back.

"Maybe you can juggle?" suggested the ringmaster.

The piglet shook her head.

"Or walk on two legs?" The ringmaster tried.

Again a shake of the head.

"Is there nothing you can do to earn your keep?"

This time there was no shake of the head. Instead a single, solitary tear rolled down the piglet's cheek and dropped to the straw below.

"She could make us a lovely lot of bacon rashers for our breakfast," called out the clown.

"This piglet has been a member of the circus since she was born," said the ringmaster, "and we all know that the circus is a family."

He looked the clown in the eye as he continued slowly, pausing between each word.

"We ... do ... not ... eat ... family!"

"Why don't we sell her then," replied the clown, cheekily.

"I'll sell you, if you're not careful," spat back the ringmaster, the tone of his voice making it clear that there were to be no further suggestions from the clown.

Unfortunately, nobody else could think of anything that the piglet could do in the circus, now that she would no longer fit in the cannon. The ringmaster sighed a big sigh and knelt down in order to speak to the piglet more directly. The other circus folk began to drift away.

"I'm afraid, my friend, that we circus people are not rich," he said, as if he were revealing a great secret to the piglet alone, "In fact, we are so poor that, if we are not all able to work – if one single member of our family were to stop contributing – the whole circus would fall apart."

He paused, to let the piglet imagine how terrible a thing that would be.

"So you see how it must be? It is time for us to go our separate ways. You do understand, don't you?"

The piglet was suddenly aware that the circus had now been almost entirely dismantled and packed up. She felt sad and frightened about being sent off alone. She also felt sure that in a real family you wouldn't be thrown out simply because you were no longer useful. She almost said this to the ringmaster, but then she remembered the clown. It seemed a good idea not to make the ringmaster angry, as he had just stopped her from being eaten, so

she simply nodded.

"That's the spirit," said the ringmaster.

He stood up and looked around. Seeing one of the acrobats nearby, he called out.

"Billy, let's make sure this brave little pig gets a good meal before she starts her journey."

Then he thought of something else and bent down again.

"You should remember that not all people are like us circus folk. There are many out there who would do you harm. We will be heading to the next town."

He pointed one way down the road.

"You should head into the countryside."

He pointed the other way down the road.

"Be sure to stick to the quieter tracks. Lose yourself in the woods and always – always – hide yourself from people."

The ringmaster stood up, patted her on the head and started to walk away. There were so many questions running around in the piglet's mind that she called out to stop him – or she would have done if, at that moment, Billy hadn't arrived back and dumped a big heap of apples and peelings in front of her. Hungrily the piglet tucked into the food. She stopped eating only when she felt two little arms being flung around her neck. It was one of the children, who gave her a big hug and then ran to join his family on their

caravan. The circus was now moving off in a long convoy of horse-drawn vehicles, and all that the piglet could do was stand and watch as the only life she had ever known disappeared into the distance. Suddenly she lost her appetite, lay down on the ground and waited, unable to decide what to do next.

About the Author

Joe Corcoran was born in Sheffield, grew up in Manchester, was educated in Cambridge and now works in London. He is a devoted husband to Mickey and proud father of Toby, who is the patient recipient of many stories in the making. They live in a nice little house in Twickenham, home of English rugby and match day traffic congestion. Together, Joe and Toby wage an eternal battle against urban foxes - especially their droppings.

The income from his writing being negative, Joe pays the rent by working for a big multi-national. He is an expert in supply chain, which is the art of getting the things that people want to sell to the place where people want to buy them, and he travels the world dispensing advice on the subject. When he is not travelling, Joe works in an office in central London. He commutes every day by train, which provides his main opportunity for writing stories.

You can find out more about Joe and keep up to date with his other books and stories at

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/corcorelli> .

Other Books by the Author

Further books by Joe Corcoran, available at your favourite ebook retailer:

The Twelve Labours of Hercules

With triumph after triumph in his past, Hercules has become proud and boastful, believing himself to be almost a god. Unless he can rediscover what it means to be a man, the king of the giants will break free and destroy the world. Twelve challenges must be completed, and the clock is ticking. Monsters must be fought, puzzles solved and gods confronted, but this time strength will not be enough, it will take honour, wisdom, perseverance and, above all, friendship to win the day.

A book where the adventure never stops, set in the time when heroes and gods still walked the earth, it will enthral children of all ages.

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/580348>

Piglet Gets a New Job

Since before she could remember, the piglet had been part of the circus, but now she has been thrown out and left to fend for herself. All she really wants to do is to go back – to be accepted again into the only family she has ever known – but is this really

the best thing for her? To find out, she must travel a long way and show great determination. There is a whole new world for her to discover, and she will find out who her real friends are – but will she let herself see them? This short story is a modern fairy tale that will delight children and entertain adults alike.

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/595041>

Bunnies from the Future

Calling all dads! It's time for you to become the hero of your own exciting adventure. The Bunnies from the Future need your help, and the fate of all mankind depends on your success. An evil force has taken over the world - a force that only you can defeat. It won't be easy. You'll have to learn space swimming, fight killer carrots, outsmart a super computer and make friends with some Giant Redwoods – but don't worry, you'll be back in time to read bedtime story.

This book is packed with enough excitement to keep any child pleading for 'two more pages', but the best thing is that this is a story about how their Daddy saved the world. Just replace a few names, and hey presto, the adventure is yours ... although I'm sure you'll be too modest to take all the credit.

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