

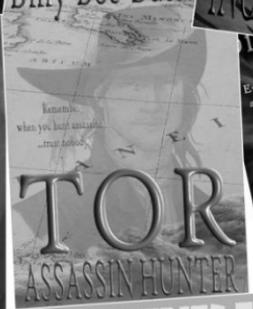
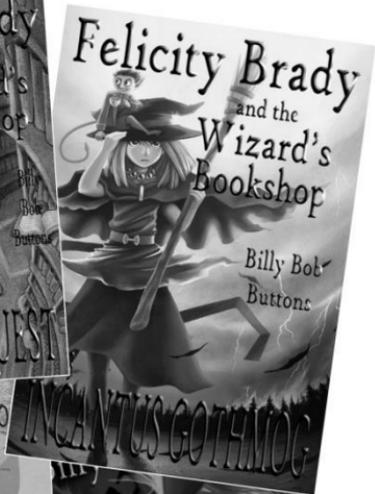
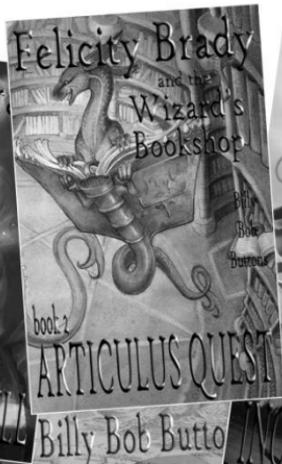
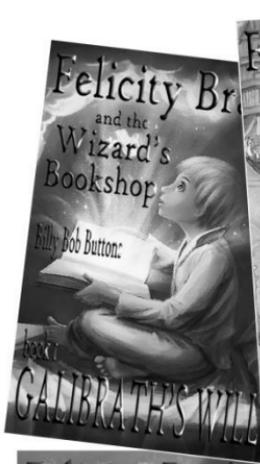


BILLY BOB BUTTONS is the award-winning author of eleven children's novels including the Rubery Book Award FINALIST, Felicity Brady and the Wizard's Bookshop, the much loved The Gullfoss Legends, TOR Assassin Hunter, TOR Wolf Rising, the hysterical Muffin Monster and the UK People's Book Prize WINNER, I Think I Murdered Miss.

He is also a PATRON OF READING.

Born in the Viking city of York, he and his wife, Therese, a true Swedish girl from the IKEA county of Småland, now live in Stockholm and London. Their twin girls, Rebecca and Beatrix, and little boy, Alfred, inspire Billy Bob every day to pick up a pen and work on his books.

When not writing, he enjoys tennis and playing 'MONSTER!' with his three children.







For my little Albert and the
grandad he never met

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Chapter 1

A Very Odd Letter

ALBERT SAT ON THE BUS WATCHING the tiny town of Trotswood rumble by. He was very excited. He was going to stay with Grandad and Grandma for two weeks and help them in their muffin shop.

Nobody in his family, not even his mum and dad, had been invited to

Muffin Monster

Grandad's shop for months and months and MONTHS and nobody knew why. So he had been over the moon when Mum had shown him the letter.

But, to be honest, he'd been a bit sad too. So, yesterday, he and his mum had snuggled up on the sofa, watched cartoons on TV and gobbled popcorn. He'd felt much better after that.

As the bus thundered and swerved up the tiny, cobbled street, Albert pulled the crumpled scrap of paper from his bag and unfolded it.

Hello Albert,

Your grandma and I were wondering

Muffin Monster

if you fancy spending two weeks with



*us this summer. We miss you very much
and there's a tiny problem I think you
can help me with.*

Let me know and I will pick you up

Muffin Monster

from the bus stop.

Love,

Grandad Irish

PS

VERY IMPORTANT! Bring your cycling helmet.

PPS

And your football shinpads.



Everybody, even the postman and the newspaper boy, called Grandad, Grandad Irish. He was from Dublin, you see, and he always had a fresh clover pinned to his lapel. 

The bus turned a corner, trundling by a shaggy-looking dog peeing up a tree. Albert wondered what the

Muffin Monster

problem was. Was Grandma ill and Grandad needed help in the kitchen baking all the muffins? He knew the shop was often busy in the summer. But why the helmet and shinpads, he pondered, and why did Grandad not ask him to bring his bicycle and football too.

Albert spotted there were lots of gummy-looking red blobs on the bottom corner of the letter. He put the biggest of them up to his nose and sniffed. 'Hmm!' Strawberry jam with a tiny hint of rhubarb.

His tummy rumbled as he thought of Magic Muffins, his grandad's cosy little shop. There were hazelnut muffins,

Muffin Monster

rhubarb muffins, even muffins crammed with toffee chunks; and every muffin, EVERY MUFFIN was topped with jam and a tasty red cherry.

Suddenly, the bus shuddered and rolled to a stop. Excitedly, Albert stuffed the letter back in his bag, thanked the driver and jumped off.

Shading his eyes from the afternoon sun, he soon spotted Grandad Irish sitting on a graffiti-scrawled bench under a conker tree. 'Hello!' Albert yelled, sprinting over to him. He was a very fast runner.

Grandad stood up slowly and waved. He was a rather odd-looking

Muffin Monster

fellow. He always, ALWAYS had on



a brown, patched-up jumper and very old slippers on his dolphin-flipped feet. His grey, wispy curls were often hidden under a bobbly hat (even when he was in the shop) and he only

Muffin Monster

had two teeth. Just two. He had lost the rest of them in a cricket match.

'Mind you, I did catch the ball,' he always told Albert with a playful wink.

'Just not with my hands.'

Grandad dropped to a knee and hugged the grinning boy. Then, he took him by the shoulders and asked him, sternly, 'Where's your helmet and shinpads, lad?'