

I was at the library, running my fingers along the spines of the books, when I found one called Pop-Up Stories. I decided to take it out.

“Ello, Luna!” boomed a kind voice.

“Hi there, Sam!” I replied.

“What ‘ave we got today?” Sam said while he peered over the counter.

“Just this one.”

He scanned the book and handed it to me with a wink.

“It looks like no one has read this in ages. No one will mind if you keep it.” Sam said quietly.

“You mean it?”

Sam nodded and grinned. I went home that night and got straight to reading but I started to see things that couldn’t have been real. I must just have been tired, so I went to bed.

I normally wake up early, but today my sister Sunny was awake before me. Thankfully I still had time to read. It happened again! Sometimes I get words jumbled...but not pictures. So I knew something was wrong.

I brought my book to school to show my friends, but the pictures didn’t move around or jump out of the pages. They said that I needed to go to the opticians, but I didn’t want to believe that so I asked my teacher. She said the same thing.

At break I came in to read my book because it wasn’t a nice day. It was like a pop-up book but so realistic. The ogre walked over the pages as it told the story. All the trees rustled in the wind. The meadow let go of flowers, and some came out onto the carpet! It was beautiful.

My friend came to my house for band practice. Her name is Bella and she plays electric guitar. We played Legend. Later I showed her the book and it finally moved when I showed someone! “I knew it!” I exclaimed. “I’m not crazy? I’m not CRAZY!”

“Wow that is an amazing book”, she said. I really thought that I did need to go to the opticians, but now I knew better.

We went to the Library to show Sam the phenomenal book but weirdly he said: “Keep that book safe, I just realised something! There is a criminal that is trying to steal books, and that is the one he wants the most! Some say it has...’powers’. He’s called The Story Thief. BUT you can’t mention it, it’s a secret. There is a chant to banish him: If you try to steal, you will go in, all will be revealed in a little min!”

WELL, we were loving the sound of that (not). Still, for some reason we decided to try and stop the Story Thief!

“First we make a plan”, I said. “We’ll tell everyone we’re collecting books for the Library on the news (my dad works there so he can help), and we’ll hold our special book up. We’ll say where to deliver them and I’m sure The Story Thief will go there. We say the chant and BOOM he’s gone!”

With my dad’s help, we let everyone know about the campaign on the news: WE ARE HELPING OUR LIBRARY. WILL YOU HELP US IN OUR QUEST BY DONATING YOUR BOOKS?

That night we hid in a cupboard in the library and waited. And waited. And waited. We waited for a long while.

“There, there he is!”, I signalled at last. He looked skinny, short and smart, and he moved quickly. He was wearing all white. He had a blonde beard, moustache and hair. He held a gadget with a book on it. DEFINITELY him.

We jumped out of the cupboard fiercely and chanted: “If you try to steal, you go in, all will be revealed in a little min.” But nothing happened. I stared at Bella and she shrugged and looked defeated. Then suddenly she pointed behind her and shouted, “GET HIM!” We ran and chased him round the library! Finally we caught him, trapped him in a net and took his gadget from him.

“Ooh, that’s what we did wrong. Chant again.”, I said.

So we did: “If you try to steal, you *will* go in, all will be revealed in a little min! He’s trapped!”

This, mind you, all happened very fast. We went home feeling proud of our amazing achievement.

The next morning, we opened the book to find a little man running along the pages shouting, “I WILL GET OUT OF THIS BOOK!”

“Oh really!”, we said laughing.