

‘Odd as a sock,’ Pippin said after a long pause. ‘Why monkeys?’

Praise for the **Shiny Pippin** series:

‘I read it to my sons and  
we laughed ourselves inside out.’

**Ed Byrne**

‘A lovely book that was hard to put  
down! **Mesmerizing and funny**, and  
reminded me of Lemony Snicket.’

Ama, age 7

‘Harry Heape has written a **brilliant,  
funny, warm** book. Children may find  
their bedside table raided by parents  
eager to get aboard the laugh-train!’

**Jesse Armstrong** (writer of *Peep Show*,

*The Thick of It*, *Four Lions*)

‘**I love this book.** A wonderful  
world of funny and strange with  
a gripping tale to boot.’

**Bob Mortimer**

‘**I recommend it** for anyone that likes  
magical, detective and exciting stories.’

Freya, age 8

‘My son and I thoroughly enjoyed.  
Both of us laughed out loud. A perfect  
gift for all those 6 & 7 year olds,  
**a guaranteed hit!**’

Theo, age 6

‘Captivating illustrations . . . Children  
who enjoy **David Walliams** are likely to be  
enthralled. A wonderful wacky début.’

*Children’s Books Ireland*

‘**Very funny.**’

*City Kids Magazine*

‘A truly magical book. We have found a  
new favourite author in Harry Heape  
and **cannot wait for his next book.**’

Polly, age 8

‘Had me utterly delighted all the way  
through. It’s **wonderfully original** and  
consistently **laugh-out-loud funny.**

Kids will love it.’

**Joe Craig** (writer of the bestselling

Jimmy Coates series)

All children’s reviews provided by Topпта



**HARRY HEAPE** is an artist, a visionary and a very successful none-of-your-businessman. A shy and quiet man, Harry lives and writes on the edge of a magical forest where he spends any spare time that he has collecting enamel badges and volunteering at his local monkey prison.



**REBECCA BAGLEY** lives in Bath (the city, not A BATH, although she did have one once) where she draws pictures so she doesn't have to get a real job. When she's not hanging out in the world of children's books, she'll probably be in a headstand, plotting how to best smuggle a husky into her flat without anyone noticing.

# Shiny Pippin and the Monkey Burglars

**Harry Heape**

Illustrated by  
**Rebecca Bagley**

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FABER & FABER

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For Chas and Susy,  
with all my love.

HH

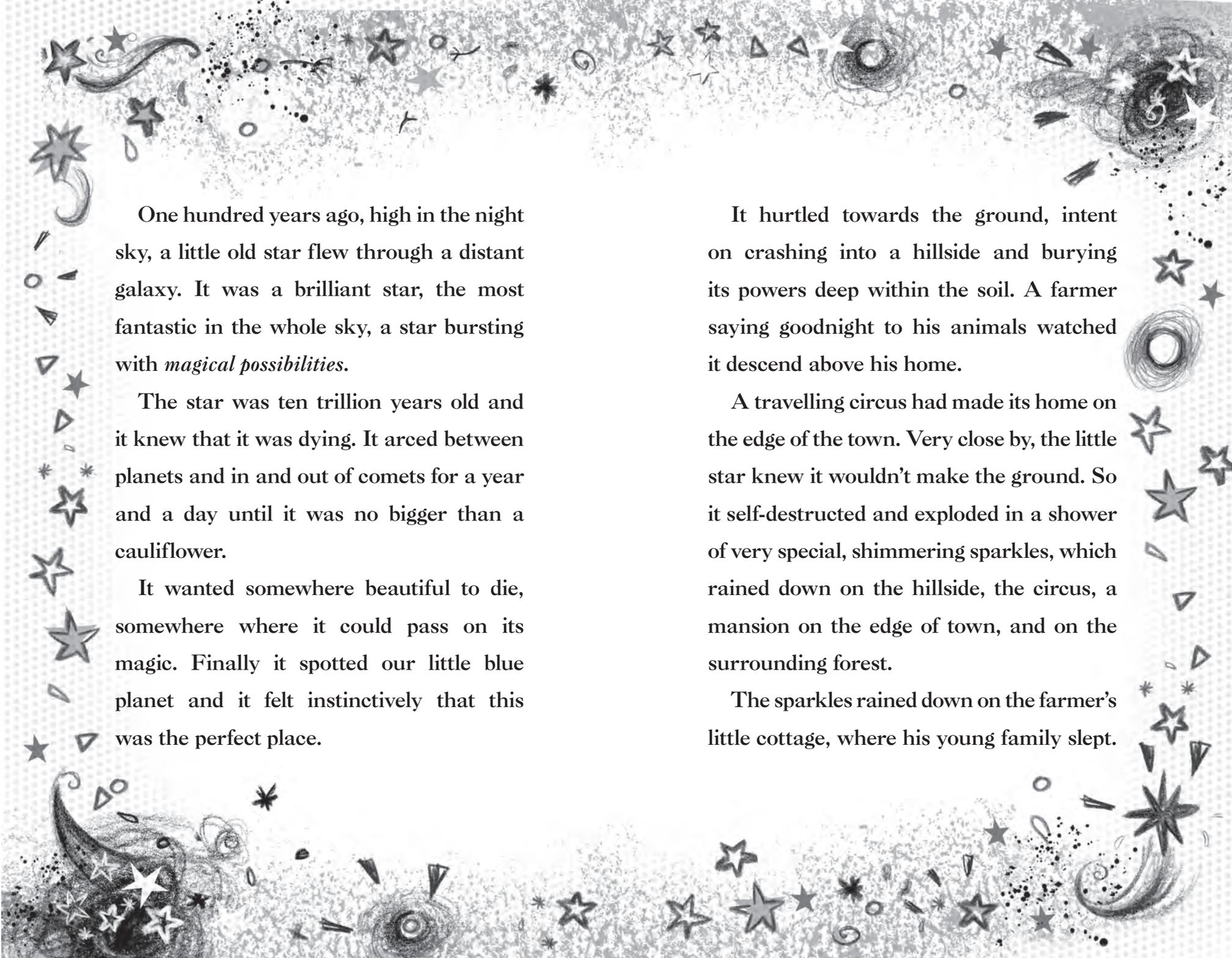
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## PROLOGUE

# Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

**P**ermit me, lovely readers, to take you back in time. The first thing that I want you to do is to close your eyes and breathe deeply. Okay, great, now open them again very slowly. Are you ready? Good, then let us begin.



One hundred years ago, high in the night sky, a little old star flew through a distant galaxy. It was a brilliant star, the most fantastic in the whole sky, a star bursting with *magical possibilities*.

The star was ten trillion years old and it knew that it was dying. It arced between planets and in and out of comets for a year and a day until it was no bigger than a cauliflower.

It wanted somewhere beautiful to die, somewhere where it could pass on its magic. Finally it spotted our little blue planet and it felt instinctively that this was the perfect place.

It hurtled towards the ground, intent on crashing into a hillside and burying its powers deep within the soil. A farmer saying goodnight to his animals watched it descend above his home.

A travelling circus had made its home on the edge of the town. Very close by, the little star knew it wouldn't make the ground. So it self-destructed and exploded in a shower of very special, shimmering sparkles, which rained down on the hillside, the circus, a mansion on the edge of town, and on the surrounding forest.

The sparkles rained down on the farmer's little cottage, where his young family slept.

They drifted down its chimney and fizzed and flickered and bounced through all the rooms where the farmer's twin baby children slept. In the bed next to the crib the children's mother slept fitfully, having the most fantastic dream. Outside, all was quiet until a little bird began to sing.

Over time, the star's magic soaked deep into the soil, where it waited and it waited. A hundred years later, this twinkly, shiny, brilliant magic had grown into something rather wonderful and this, my lovely readers, is what our stories are all about.



## Cock-a-Doodle Yay

Let's start with a lovely big

# HELLO!!

It feels so nice to be back, my fantastic friends. You hold in your hands the beginning of the next big banging badventure for

Shiny Pippin and all her magical woodland animals.

Just to send you all a little reminder, Pippin is the H to the E to the R to the O – HERO – of our book. She is ten years old (seventy in dog years) and she spends a lot of time hanging out with her twinkly granny. You probably already know that they are two VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE.

They share a massively magical connection, a rather marvellous gift – they can talk to animals because they are Shiny. Don't be silly, a sergeant major's best marching boots and a film star's teeth are shiny, NOT little girls and certainly not old

ladies. If anything, old ladies are dusty – no offence to any old ladies having this read to them as their bedtime story.

Well, this is a special sort of Shiny, THAT'S why it has a capital S. It's an ancient, twinkly magic that comes from the stars. It's funderful because it means that Pippin and Granny can talk to Shiny animals and share a special telepathy with them. This magic pair can hear the thoughts of Shiny creatures and the creatures can hear their thoughts too.

Pippin's Shiny soulmate is a little mouse called Tony who she totally Shines with all the time. He spends a lot of time asleep in

Pippin's pocket because it smells of cinder toffee and is always warm and snuggly.

So, to the story. We join them on a beautiful morning. Granny and Pippin were sitting happily on Granny's comfy sofa (so good) eating marshmallows and drinking only the bubbles out of lemonade. They grinned at each other because they were both feeling superb-duperb that they weren't having to battle a scarifying scientist, a pecky-ass penguin, or a crusty, old crocodile, thank you very much for asking.

Granny's house was in the middle of being decorated and so the little old lady's place was as messy as a teenage pig's



bedroom. Everything was a bit upside down and quite a lot of things were downside up. Granny didn't care, though – she was relaxing and watching her enormous

## TELEVISION.

Pippin helped herself to another of Granny's deliciously podgy marshmallows. She was enjoying its yummy chubbiness so much that she didn't notice her friend Mungo the geologist arrive with the morning newspaper tucked under his arm.

After her first big adventure, Pippin had decided to use her Shiny powers to do

good things and had set up the Woodland Detective Agency. Unfortunutterly, they'd been open for months and had not had a single case. Nothing, not even



a missing hedgehog, OR



an owl's stolen spectacles, OR



a mole who'd lost his hole.

To try and generate some work, Pippin had decided to put an advert in the local newspaper. She had spent a very long time coming up with the perfect words for

the ad. Mungo had delivered those words himself to the newspaper offices.

‘Ooooh,’ said Pippin, spotting her big pal at the door, ‘is that the newspaper with our advert in it?’

‘Erm, kind of yes,’ replied Mungo sheepishly. ‘It definitely sort of might be ... in a way.’

‘Oh dear,’ Granny twinkled. ‘What have you done THIS time, you enormous cheeky chip shop of a fellow?’

‘I can’t tell you,’ said Mungo

‘Oh, come on!’ smiled Pippin. ‘It can’t be that bad.’

Mungo looked sheepish. By this I mean

Mungo looked embarrassed, NOT that he looked like a sheep. ‘It’s a little bit bad,’ he said, not making eye contact with either of them.

The truth was, you lovely gaggle of book snorters, that it was of very little consequence WHAT poor Mungo had done with the lovely advert shmadvert. It was ~~irrevelent~~. It was ~~illeverent~~. Gaaah! **IT DIDN’T MATTER!**

Nobody knew it yet, but in just a few small hours they would all be hundreds of miles away next to the roaring ocean, having the biggest, most banging badventure that you could possibly imagine and

**I'M NOT EVEN KIDDING.**

You are kidding. No, Imaginary  
Made-Up Robert, I am not.

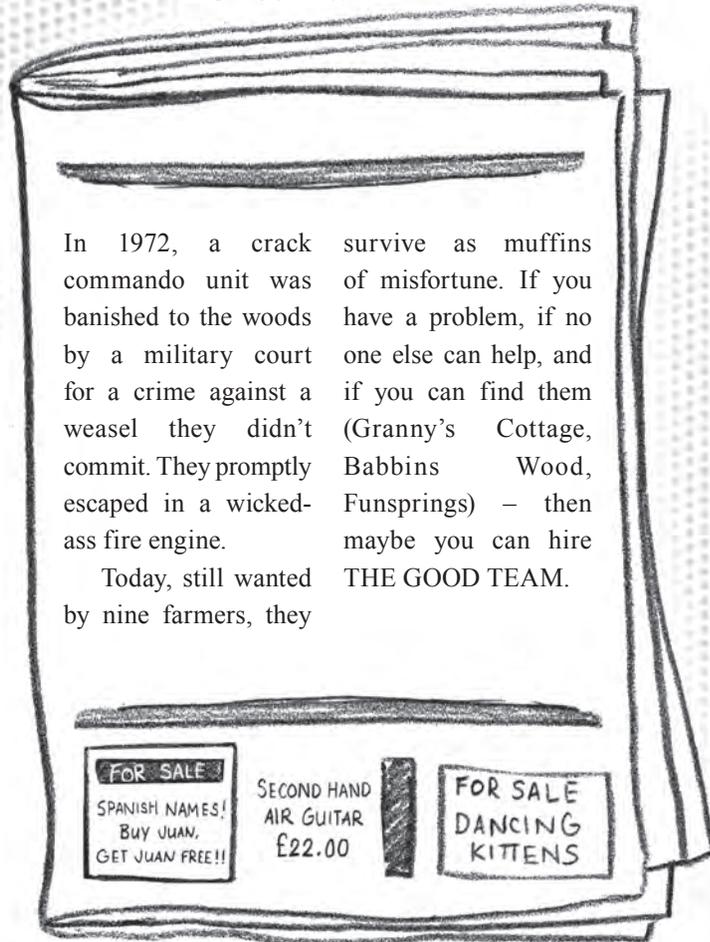


The Good Team

**M**ungo took the newspaper from under his arm and handed it, very nervously, to Granny to read. The twinkly old lady put on her reading goggles, and began to turn the pages of the paper looking for their advert. She found it eventually, towards the back of

the newspaper. I have asked my favourite picture wizard, Rebecca Wiggley, to draw it for us so we can totally understand its vibe.

Check it.



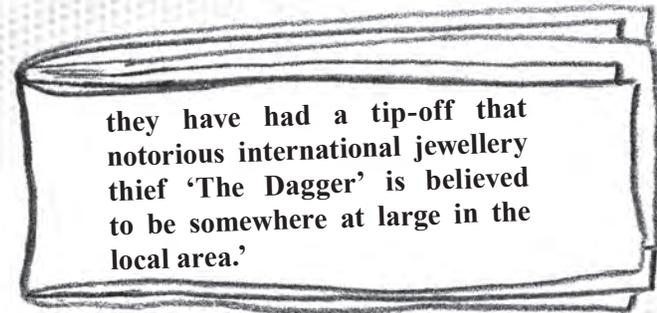
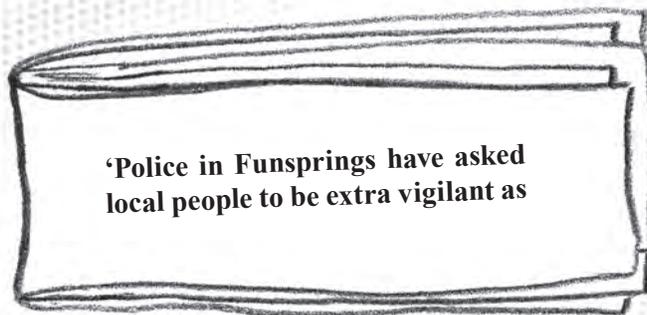
Granny and Pippin looked at Mungo with open mouths. It was the little girl who spoke first. ‘What ... happened ... to the other, much better words that I wrote down?’

‘I’m really sorry!’ explained Mungo. ‘I was excited and a wincey bit late. I ran to the newspaper offices and when I got there, I couldn’t find the proper words! I emptied my pockets but they were just full of conkers and geology and fluff, and I couldn’t find the special bit of paper. It was really late and the offices were about to close, so I chose some new words very quickly and that was all that came out of my wonky word-hole. I’m really, really sorry.’

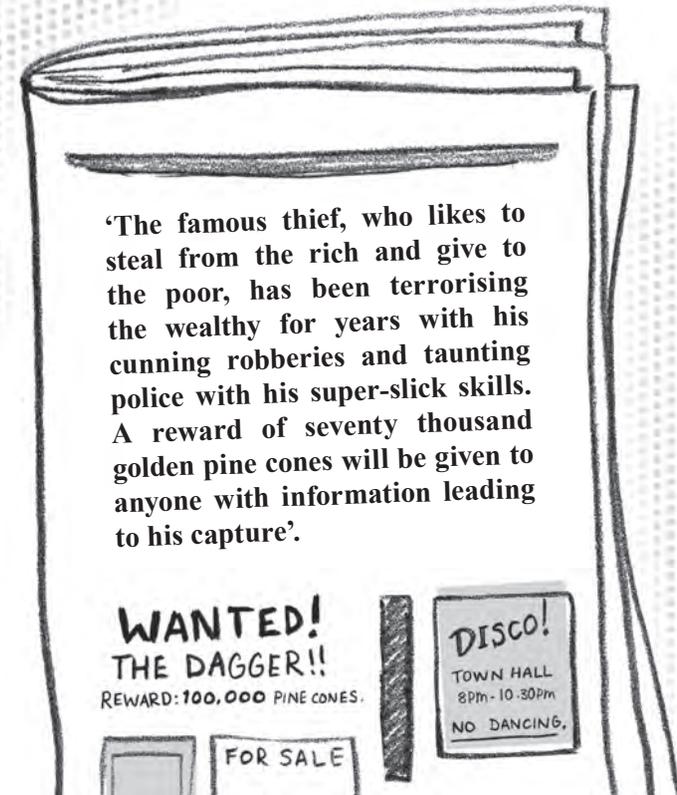
Pippin and Granny looked at each other and smiled because it was rather funny.

‘Anyone can make a mistake,’ Granny said with a twinkle. ‘I think you did a good job under the circumferencestances, and at least you remembered the address.’

Mungo, feeling much better, picked up the newspaper. ‘But also, LOOK!’ he said. ‘I saw this, next to our ad.’ The big man was bouncing up and down excitedly. ‘This is super-amazing. Maybe THIS could be our first case!’ and he began to read aloud.



Pippin gasped and looked at Mungo who continued to read.



Just then there was a loud knock-a-doodle-doo at the door. ‘Rusty old robots!’ said Granny, twinkling like a golden peach. ‘Who in the name of wiggly Saint Samantha could that be? I’ll just go and see.’

Granny was old and as slow as an assembly – it always took her an hour and a quarter to answer the door. ‘Don’t worry, I’ll get it. You stay and finish your marshmallow,’ said Mungo, delighted that he was not in trouble. What the big man didn’t know was that once he opened the door, his life would never, ever, ever be the same again.



## Lady Elliot

**M**ungo skipped along the hall towards the front door like a six-foot toddler. As he went he sang a little song to himself because he felt one hundred and ten per cent happy and one hundred and twenty-seven per cent nice. It was a funny song about pretending to be

the Mayor of Funsprings, which was one of his main ambitions.

Anyone reading this story, especially grown-ups, must *actually* sing, or put twenty pence in your piggy bank. That is one of the rules of this book and you must obey because I am the captain and somewhere I have a captain's hat to prove it. Sing:

♪ *I'm Mungo,*

*Mungo the Mayor.*

*Everyone knows my name.*

*I'm Mungo,*

*Mungo the Mayor.*

*Everyone knows my name*

*And all of my games.* ♪

The friendly geologist reached the door and opened it. What he saw hit him like a steam train, so much so that he let out an enormous, 'Chooooo-Chooooooo,' for outside, standing on the doorstep, was the most beautiful lady that he'd ever seen with EITHER of his eyeballs.

The visitor spoke in a voice that was smoother than a mole in a velvet dressing gown. 'Good morning. My name is Lady Rosemary Elliot.' She seemed a little distressed. 'I am here to speak with ...