



Game Tale

**THE BIG  
ADVENTURE  
OF THE LITTLE GREMLIN**

## AWARDS AND RECOGNITION

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GameTale: The Big Adventure of the Little Gremlin

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# THE BIG ADVENTURE of the Little Gremlin

Nikola Raykov

[www.GameTale.eu](http://www.GameTale.eu)

*Dedicated to the cutest little gremlin  
in the whole world*

# Adventure map



# Chapter 1

## Where the little gremlin lives

High up in the mountain, deep inside the forest, alongside the river, in a hole in the ground, there lived a little gremlin. Like all gremlins, he didn't have a name, but everyone called him Gremmy. Gremmy loved to walk his pawsies around the forest, wash his downy fur in the river and bathe his tail in the sun, but most of all he loved to munch. He munched blueberries, strawberries and mushrooms, but he *really* loved to munch blackberries and smear them all over his nuzzle-muzzle. But one day he learned that those blackberries might not last!

To the meadow, by the hole, came the Granny Dragon, a kindergarten teacher, and announced that there would be no more food. While it was summer now, soon it would be fall and then winter, and the blueberries, the strawberries, the mushrooms, and even the blackberries Gremmy loved so much, would be gone. That was how seasons worked. The little gremlin didn't know what seasons were, but his tummy grew very worried that there would be no food tomorrow. The idea came from his horns. He had two little horns on his head and they always had the best ideas. Today they told him that everyone should go on an adventure to find food for the whole winter!

The gremlin bustled around his hole, cleaning up, cutting, hammering, cooking and packing his luggage for the adventure to come. Into his little sack, he put a comb, an enchanted key, a piece of old bread, a rope and a rusty penny. It was going to be an incredible adventure, the way only gremlin adventures can be!

And you, little gremlin, listening (or reading) this tale, are going to decide what will happen. Your choices will guide the adventures of Gremmy. So, first you have to decide where he will go:

He could enter the Dark Cave, where he's heard magic mushrooms are growing. Gremmy loves mushrooms and he has never had the magic sort. ([Chapter 2](#))

He could climb the Big Mountain, where blackberries grow. And Gremmy loves blackberries! ([Chapter 3](#))

He could go down along the Deep River to the humans' houses. They always throw away chips and sweets and biscuits and crackers and what-not! ([Chapter 4](#))

He could go into the Enchanted Forest, where enchanted things happen and the world's most beautiful flower grows. And that flower's pollen, they say, is incredibly tasty. ([Chapter 5](#))

Gremmy stopped and wondered. (*You can read the choices again.*)



## Chapter 2

### *Where Gremmy makes his tail longer*

Gremmy lived near the Dark Cave, and the Dark Cave lived near Gremmy. So he reached it quickly. Gremmy didn't know what a cave was, but saw a hole just like his, only much, much bigger. Actually, it was so big that it was nothing like his hole.

Gremmy's nosy-nosie went into the cave by itself, and then his little bushy head and his pawsies wanted to go inside too. He tied the rope to his tail and so got a very very long tail. Hanging by his new tail, he stretched all the way to the floor of the cave.

It was dark in the cave, but the gremlin's little eyesies could see in the dark. And so Gremmy went deeper and deeper. Only his tail trembled from time to time, but that's how tails are: trembly-trembly.

"Careful not to prick those pawsies!" said the prickly thorns that lived in the cave.

And so the gremlin was careful and went around the prickly thorns and didn't prick his pawsies.

"Thank you, prickly thorns," the pawsies said.

The path forked to the left and right, even though Gremmy didn't know left from right. Would left even be left if there was no right, and would right be right if there was no left?

Anyway, one pawsie wanted to go this-away and the other one wanted to go that-away. And while the little gremlin wondered which pawsie to listen to, the tail said, I want to go back, I want to go back. The more Gremmy wondered which pawsie to follow, the more the tail wanted to go back.

It's time to choose:

Gremmy goes wherever the left pawsie wants to go ([Chapter 6](#))

Gremmy goes wherever the right pawsie wants to go ([Chapter 7](#))

Gremmy goes back, just as the tail wants, and chooses one of the other paths:

To the Big Mountain ([Chapter 3](#))

Along the Deep River ([Chapter 4](#))

Or into the Enchanted Forest ([Chapter 5](#))



## Chapter 3

Where there is a wooden sign

The Big Mountain was so big that the eyesies couldn't see it all, because they were just small eyesies. Small eyesies on a small gremlin. And the smaller the small gremlin was, the bigger the Big Mountain was.

And there, on the Big Mountain, lived many trees, flowers and animals. They were so many that they must be eight. Eight was the biggest, the *hugest* number Gremmy had heard of. Some magical creatures lived on the Mountain too, but there weren't very many of them, definitely not as many as eight.

Gremmy tied his sack to a stick and put the stick on his shoulder. He coiled the long rope around his tummy. And so he prepared for a journey across the Big Mountain, for a real big journey—at least as big as the Mountain.

The pawsies climbed up the rocks, then across the meadows and along the slopes. And even though they were small pawsies on a big journey, they didn't get tired easily, because they were used to walking and jumping and climbing. They were really adventurous pawsies!

Suddenly the little gremlin saw a big wooden sign with words and an arrow on it. Gremmy couldn't read, so he didn't understand the writing, but decided it said "Forest singing competition". It might have also said "Dangerous for little gremlins" or even "Dangerous for BIG GREMLINS", but Gremmy decided it said "Forest singing competition", because he loved to sing and had a favourite song. If you've never heard Gremmy's song, you should know it's exceptionally amazing and goes like this: "I am a gremlin, a gremlin, a gremlin!" It has a second verse, a very different one, and it goes like this: "I am Gremmy, Gremmy, Gremmy!" But children, if you want to hear the third verse, which was a very, very different one, you'll have to wait, because the gremlin stopped singing and started wondering.

And so:

Should Gremmy go where the sign points, even though he cannot read it? ([Chapter 31](#))

Or should he climb farther up to the top of the Mountain, where the blackberries grow? ([Chapter 25](#))



## Chapter 4

*Where there are no bananas*

The pawsies found their way to the Deep River all by themselves, because they liked splashing around in it. Gremmy reached the River, which wasn't deep here, but was still called the Deep River. And the pawsies felt hot, so they stopped to splash around a bit.

"Splash, splash, splash," said the pawsies.

"Splash, splash, splash," answered the river.

And when the pawsies stopped splashing, the gremlin's little earsies, which were actually quite big, listened to the songbirds' singsongs. The earsies liked singsongs very much. They liked them most when the gremlin sang them, because he sang better than all the songbirds. Or so he thought. And he sang "I am a gremlin, a gremlin, a gremlin!" Then he sang the second verse, which was very different, and which went like this: "I am Gremmy, Gremmy, Gremmy!" Just as he was about to sing the third verse, which was a very, very different one, the nosie started sniffing.

The nosie was always sniffing around for bananas, although it never seemed to find any. It had heard that other animals' noses found bananas and so it sniffed, even though it didn't even know how bananas smelled. The nosie could smell all sorts of little grasses, little thistles, little buzzing flies, but no bananas.

At last the gremlin reached the old bridge. The old bridge was so old that it wasn't a bridge anymore. And here the river was the same as the river where the pawsies splashed, only not at all. Here it was really the real Deep River. Gremmy couldn't go on without crossing it. The eyesies saw a big old tree and the pawsies said they could climb to the top of it. But the little horns said that the gremlin could build himself a boat.

And so:

The gremlin could try to climb up the tree branches, because he is a great climber – and cross the Deep River like this. ([Chapter 15](#))

Or he could try to build a boat, because he is a great boatbuilder – and cross the Deep River like *that*. ([Chapter 16](#))



## Chapter 5

*Which is enchanted*

The Enchanted Forest had gone so enchanted that it had turned purple in spots. And the gremlin's tail didn't like forests at all, especially the enchanted sort, and most of all it didn't like the *purple* enchanted sort. It knew that tails get lost in purple forests where all manner of enchantments happen, all of them very scary for a little tail. And a tail, even a little one, wants to remain a tail, and not to be enchanted and poof, to become a no-tail.

The eyesies loved enchanted forests. The more purple the forests, the better the eyesies liked them. Inside, all manner of lovely and fun enchantments happened. And while the tail and the eyesies argued, the pawsies were already in the forest, pattering around.

*What's so enchanted about this forest anyway?* thought the gremlin. Just as he thought it, he saw a bag in the middle of the path. The pawsies wanted to go around the bag, the eyesies wanted to look inside and the tail prepared to run. The bag also prepared to run.

"Hey, you've got legs," exclaimed the gremlin.

The bag said nothing.

"And handles. And handles, and legs," the gremlin added.

The bag said nothing again, though it did step back.

"I have legs as well, but I don't have handles," the gremlin explained.

The bag took another step back. Then the tail remarked that the bag didn't have a tail. And the gremlin's tail had never seen a living thing with legs and no tail. Tail-less things were all very suspicious. The eyesies said that there was "luggage" inside bags and they'd never seen "luggage" before, so they had to look inside. And while the little gremlin stood there and wondered, the bag ran out of the woods.

What now?

The gremlin could go after the luggage bag, just as the eyesies want, and leave the forest. ([Chapter 37](#))

The gremlin could go the other way, deeper inside the forest, where there are no running bags, just as the pawsies want. ([Chapter 38](#))

The gremlin could give up and return to the Deep River, which is nearby, like the tail wants. ([Chapter 4](#))





## Chapter 6

Where someone is making soup

Everyone agreed with the left pawsie and so the whole gremlin went that-away. A few stones that-away, a few stones this-away, and the little gremlin reached a strange place. There lived a huge pot, and below the pot burned a fire.

"Doesn't it burn your tail?" the gremlin asked the pot.

"I have no tail," answered the pot.

"Then doesn't it burn your no-tail?" asked the gremlin again.

"It does, but that is how the soup is boiled," answered the pot.

Next to the pot lived a dwarf called Noselong. He stirred and cooked and cooked and stirred. The dwarf had a strange blue hat and a strange no-blue beard. Noselong was mumbling, gabbling, babbling:

"Just a bit of bread, yes, yes, just a bit of bread, yes, yes..."

"Hello there! What are you doing?" asked the gremlin. Gremmy had heard that you must ask, "What are you doing?" even if the eyesies could see what.

"Making soup, yes?" answered the dwarf. "Put in some pinecones, yes, some stones I put in, yes, and water, and salt'n'pepper, yes, yes, yes."

"So why are you still making it?" asked the gremlin.

"Just need a bit of bread and what a wondrous soup it will be. You will lick your hands, yes?" The dwarf kept on stirring with a stick.

The gremlin had never had a wondrous soup and wondered what it tasted like. Gremmy didn't have hands, only pawsies, but he knew it wasn't polite to lick your hands or your pawsies.

"And when will the soup be ready?" he asked.

"If I find a bit of bread, I will cook it first thing tomorrow, yes?" answered the dwarf.

Gremmy had a piece of old bread in his sack and he could give it to Noselong for the soup and help him make it. But when the pawsie went inside the sack, the tummy said, I'm hungry and I want the bread. What now? What does the gremlin do?

Gremmy will listen to the tummy and hide the bread inside the sack and he won't give it to the dwarf. ([Chapter 8](#))

Or Gremmy will listen to the pawsie and he'll give the dwarf the piece of bread to help him. ([Chapter 11](#))

## Wondrous soup

(recipe of Grandma Dwarf)

Ingredients:

Water from the underground lake *or even the river*

Cones from the forest

Little stones *(if none available, break down larger stones)*

Salt ← *and pepper*

Old bread

*Cook in a pot (with no tail) until the stones are boiled.*



## Chapter 7

*Where a gremlin, who isn't a gremlin, lives*

Gremmy walked to the right, to the right, and so much to the right that he ended up on the left, where the underground lake lived. And in the underground lake lived a creature called Fluffurry. Fluffurry had furry ears, a furry belly, and a furry tail. In fact, he looked very much like a gremlin but he wasn't.

"Excuse me, are you a gremlin?" Gremmy asked him.

"No," the non-gremlin said. "I'm a small cave greeble," the small cave greeble added and puffed out his furry belly.

"Hmm," Gremmy said and scratched his head, which didn't itch.

"GURGLE-GUR-GURGLE-GURGLY-GUR" sang the greeble's furry belly.

"Wow!" Gremmy's tummy said. "I've never heard such a loud thing!"

"Greebles' bellies are famous for being the hungriest bellies in the world," Fluffurry said, "the loudest, too."

"No way!" Gremmy said. "I've always thought gremlins' tummies are the hungriest in the world."

"They are," Gremmy's tail added.

"Why are you butting in on bellies' arguments?" the greeble's furry tail butted in.

A great squabble followed, making it clear that the gremlin was hungry, the greeble was hungry, the belly was hungry, the tummy was hungry, the furry nuzzle-muzzle was hungry, the not-so-furry nuzzle-muzzle was hungry ... everyone was hungry!

Gremmy had a piece of old bread in his sack and he could give it to greeble. But when a pawsie went inside the sack, the tummy said, I'm hungry and I want the bread. What now? What will the gremlin do?

Gremmy will listen to the tummy and hide the bread inside the sack and he won't give it to the greeble. ([Chapter 8](#))

Or Gremmy will listen to the pawsie and he'll give the bread to the greeble, so the furry belly can eat. ([Chapter 9](#))



## Chapter 8

### *Where the bread runs away*

The tummy told the pawsie to hide the bread in the sack and so they hid it together and didn't give it to anyone. Just a second later, the gremlin's little feet didn't want to stay here.

"Goodbye, I am in a hurry," Gremmy said, because he'd heard that you hurry the most when you don't know where you're going.

So he was in a hurry. In so much of a hurry that his tail could barely catch up. The hurrying gremlin's nuzzle-muzzle got stuck in a hole and then the whole hurrying gremlin was stuck. It was very close inside and the gremlin's downy fur caught on this and the pawsies caught on that. Gremmy stopped to rest and the tummy said, "gurgle-gurgle". A pawsie took out the bread from the sack, but a rock hit the pawsie, because it was very tight in the hole. The hurting pawsie dropped the bread. When the bread saw it was free, it rolled down the hole and disappeared, far from Gremmy's sight. "Gurgle-gurgle," said the tummy angrily, the way only tummies can get angry when they're hungry.

Hungry and sad, the little gremlin dragged himself out of the hole, patches of downy fur missing. The path continued upwards. Another path, however, continued downwards. Gremmy was confused, because he wasn't sure what was up and what was down. Then he saw a bat, who had wrapped himself in a black blanket and was sleeping upside down.

"Excuse me," said the gremlin, because when he didn't know what to say, he often said, "excuse me". "Could you tell me which way the magic mushrooms are?"

The bat woke up and thought about it.

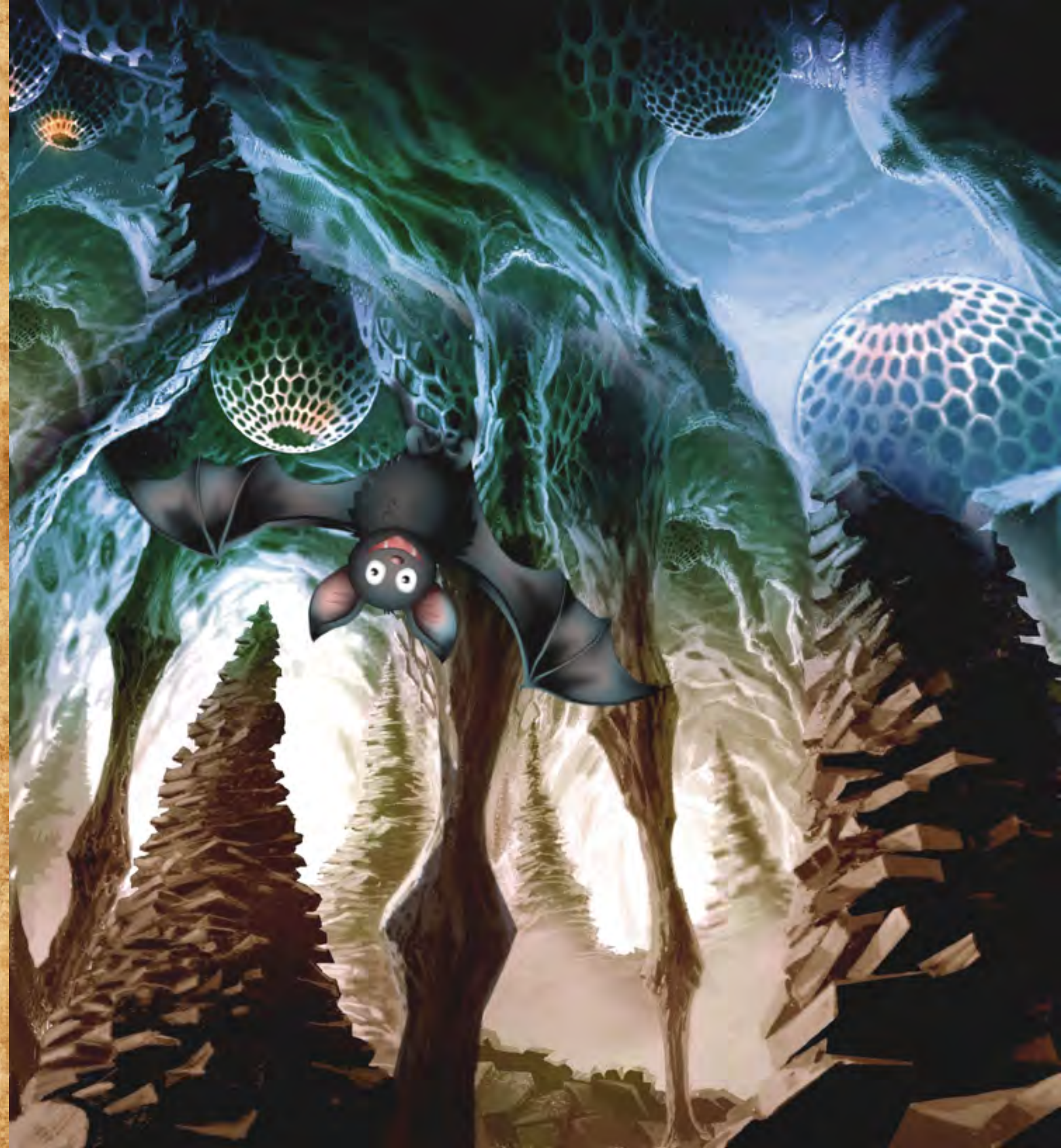
"Well, they're up the path," said the bat. "No, come to think of it (and bats love to think, that's way they always hang upside down), my up is your down and my down is your up.

The gremlin was confused all over again.

"I'll explain," explained the bat. "Stand on your head."

So the little gremlin stood on his head and understood. All of a sudden the up became down, the down, up. And when he stood upside up, the up and down changed places all over again. And now everything was so confused that even up and down didn't know if they were up or down anymore.

Where should Gremmy go? Up ([Chapter 12](#)) or down? ([Chapter 13](#))



## Chapter 9

*A musical one*

The pawsie went inside the sack, took out the bread, and handed it to the greeble's pawsie.

"What's this?" Fluffurry said. "I've never seen such a thing in the cave."

"Hey, if he doesn't want it, I'll take it," Gremmy's tummy said, but the pawsie immediately told it off.

"Well, it's that thing, the thing that is ... bread," Gremmy explained.

"Bread?" Fluffurry repeated.

"You eat it," Gremmy's nuzzle-muzzle said.

The tummy was about to add something but sensed it would be told off again and so kept silent.

*A word is a curious thing, the gremlin thought. If you don't know it, it becomes a nothing, while the thing remains the same thing, even without words.*

The small greeble took the bread, tasted it, tasted some more, and as he kept tasting it, he somehow ate it up. His belly sang a merry little song:

*I'm a belly, and I'm great, as round as an eight.  
I can eat a lot, lot, lot, a whole ca-cha-lot!*

The belly sang, and the greeble danced. He had a very special dance called "the little cave greeble's special dance." Fluffurry bounced on the rocks, spun around, turned muzzle over heels, and finally stood on the tip of his tail! When Gremmy saw him dancing, he started dancing too, and so did his tummy, even though it didn't get to eat the bread. It was a very musical tummy, although it mostly sang when it was hungry.

"Come along!" The greeble beckoned and jumped into a hole.

"But I'm looking for the magic mushrooms," Gremmy said.

"Oh, the magic mushrooms are over there." Fluffurry popped out of the hole and pointed at a passage. "But, magic or not, they're boring. Come with me, I'll show you something."

"What?" Gremmy asked.

"A waterslide! I dug it myself, and it goes down and down, all the way to the treasure!"

The gremlin was getting very hungry though, so he wondered what to do:

Go see the waterslide and the treasure ([Chapter 14](#)) or keep looking for the tasty magic mushrooms ([Chapter 13](#))?



## Chapter 10

*Which is bigger than the other chapters*

The gremlin went with him and the giant was very happy.  
“Why do you carry that big rock?” the gremlin asked, because he was a curious gremlin and loved the question “why”.

“Because *I’m* big,” the giant answered. “And I need food for the big Winter.”

The gremlin had never seen the Winter. But if it was so big, he would surely see it when it came. But how was the big Winter going to get inside his small hole?

And the giant walked slowly, because the rock couldn’t walk by itself and the giant had to carry it.

“Let’s carry the rock together,” the gremlin offered, since he wanted to help.

“But it’s a big rock and you’re just a little gremlin,” the giant answered. “You can’t help me.”

But the giant didn’t know that no matter how small you are, you can always help, if you really want to. And so it was: the little gremlin drank the wondrous soup that he got from the dwarf and all of a sudden he turned into a BIG GREMLIN. Very, very big, bigger even than the giant. Maybe even bigger than the Winter. He had a big nuzzle-muzzle, big pawsies and a big heart. He tied the rock to his tail and started dragging it across the cave. And so they reached the giant’s den; and they became big friends, because they were both big and they were both friends.

“Thank you so much! Now I’ll have a big piece of food for the Winter,” beamed the giant. “Now, do you want to eat some rocks with me?”

“But I don’t know how to eat rocks,” said the gremlin.

“It’s easy,” said the giant, “you’re so big now that all you have to do is sharpen your teeth and you can crunch them right down.”

And so that is what the gremlin did; he sharpened his teeth with a tooth-sharpener and crunched down a few stones. They weren’t as tasty as raspberries or blackberries, but the tummy was no longer hungry. And then the little gremlin who had become a big gremlin knew that, even if you’ve got to eat rocks, it’s more important that your heart is big.

*The End*

If you have *enjoyed the adventure* you can [start over](#) or [support the author](#)!



## Chapter 11

*Where the soup is ready, after all*

The pawsie told off the tummy for being always hungry and it quieted down. The gremlin took out the bread and gave it to the dwarf and that made the dwarf very happy! Making the dwarf happy made Gremmy happy. It made the tummy warm and happy too, even though it didn't eat the bread.

The dwarf crumbled the bread and dropped the crumbs into the cauldron. All of a sudden the soup got all purple, then all green and then all red.

"Wondrous soup, yes? Wondrous soup, yes!" the dwarf shouted happily.

"Wondrous soup! Wondrous soup!" shouted the pot.

"Hooray!" shouted the gremlin.

The dwarf took an empty yogurt cup and poured some soup in it. Then it gave Gremmy the cup.

"When you eat this soup, you'll grow big, yes?" said the dwarf. "And if you want to be small, just do the opposite, yes?"

"Do the opposite? How?" asked the gremlin, not understanding.

"Don't eat it, but pour it out, and you be small, yes, yes."

Gremmy wanted to be big very much, because big gremlins didn't have to go to bed early like him. But then he thought a little and decided that it was not bed-time yet, so he didn't eat the soup and kept walking.

He came across a stone giant who was carrying a huge rock, all tied up with ropes, on his back.

"Hello!" Gremmy said and the giant smiled, because giants like it when you say "hello" to them.

"Hello!" rumbled the giant. "Do you want to come with me and be big friends?"

"Well, I could," Gremmy said. "But I'm looking for magic mushrooms because of the Winter."

"The magic mushrooms are over there, through that hole," the giant said. "But I'm going the other way. Better come with me."

What should Gremmy do?

Go with the giant. ([Chapter 10](#))

Go on to the magic mushrooms. ([Chapter 13](#))



## Chapter 12

*Where the Sun and the Gremmy play hide and seek*

So, if up is down, and down is up... thought the gremlin. This sort of thinking made the world spin, so he went on without thinking. It seemed to Gremmy that the more he went on without thinking, the more some thoughts wanted him to think them. *Strange thing, thoughts*, he thought. As if they're not there, but you can't get rid of them, either.

The pawsies climbed the slope and the tail helped them when the nosie sniffed some nicer air. The more the nosie climbed, the nicer the air got, until it got so nice that the cave ended and the gremlin found himself outside.

And outside, the Winter hadn't come yet. Everything was the same as before, only the sun shone very very bright. The little gremlin closed his eyesies and the Sun said:

"Let's play hide and seek!"

"Yes!" the gremlin agreed. "One o'clock, two o'clock, eight o'clock," counted the gremlin. "Ready or not, here I come!"

Gremmy opened his eyes and saw the Sun had hidden behind a cloud.

And no matter how hard he looked for the Sun, the gremlin couldn't find her. Gremmy got so carried away that instead of finding the sun he found a pear. Actually, the pear found him because it fell on his bushy gremlin head and hit him on the little horns.

"Ouch," said the horns.

Gremmy looked up and saw the biggest pear tree he had ever seen, even though he hadn't seen any other pear trees. The Sun also showed herself from behind the cloud to look at it, even though she had seen lots of other pear trees.

And when Gremmy's little teeth crunched on the pear and his little tongue tasted it, he found out that it was the *most* sweetest pear he had ever tasted, even though he hadn't tasted any other pears. And he learned that it's not always wrong to go down the wrong path. You can search for mushrooms, but find pears, and pears could be even sweeter than mushrooms.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 13

*Where live the mushrooms that are not poisonous*

The gremlin went down and down, passing through a small hole. After the small hole, there was a big hole and after the big one, another small one. All in all, the little gremlin went through many holes and finally he was confused which hole was small and which was big, and saw that the big hole was only big if you passed through a small one first.

Finally Gremmy reached a wide space where the mushrooms lived. As soon as he saw them, Gremmy knew that these were not regular mushrooms, but magic ones. Some were purple with white triangles on them, and some were green with blue squares, and some were orange and striped.

The pawsies pounced on them, the little tail wagging to and fro. But Gremmy stopped. He had heard that you shouldn't eat mushrooms if you don't know if they're poisonous or not, so he asked:

"Mushrooms, are you poisonous?"

"No," answered the orange, striped mushrooms.

"We neither," answered the purple ones with white triangles.

"And we're the most not poisonous of all," said the green ones with the blue squares.

Gremmy wondered which ones he should taste first, and his tummy insisted that he should eat all of them at once. But that's the tummy for you, it always wants to eat more than it can. But if he ate the orange mushrooms with the stripes, the purple ones with the white triangles could get upset. But if he ate them, then the other ones could get upset.

Which one do *you* think he should try first?

Finally the gremlin chose and bravely took a big bite. They tasted just the same as regular mushrooms, but the gremlin knew at once that they were magical. They were very very magical, because Gremmy had gone on a wonderful adventure to reach them and he had learned many many things. And the gremlin learned that even ordinary mushrooms become magical if your journey to them was magical too.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)





## Chapter 14

*Where the tail learns that it doesn't like to slide*

“Follow me!” cried Fluffurry and went right inside the hole. But the gremlin's tail didn't want to poke into any more holes. “Why do we always have to poke inside every hole we see?” it asked. “What gives?” The tail was most afraid that before you enter a hole you can't see what is inside it. And there could be anything inside and the anything might *love* the taste of tails.

“Come on already,” Gremmy told his tail. “We're going sliding!”

The gremlin didn't wait for his tail to answer and quickly wriggled into the hole. The rain in the tunnel had made a terrific waterslide. It was so *terrific* that the tail got *terrified*. But the gremlin had great fun. He was sliding, and sliding, and sliding, until he stopped sliding, because the slide ended. The little gremlin plopped down onto the treasure. The tail plopped down after him.

“Whoa!” the little greeble exclaimed. “Do you like the waterslide?”

“It's *terrific!*” the gremlin answered.

“Yes, *terrifying,*” stuttered the tail.

The gremlin took a careful look at the treasure. There were a lot of shiny coins and sparkling stones and other sparkly, shiny things. “Yes, it's very beautiful,” agreed the eyesies and then the tummy reminded that it was hungry.

“And which one of these shiny things is the most delicious?” asked the gremlin.

“Delicious?” asked the little greeble in surprise. “It's not for eating.”

Gremmy couldn't understand. Not for eating? All around him the cave was full of shiny cups and bowls. What were they for? He tried to eat some sparkly red thingies that looked like raspberries but weren't. He tried some sparkly blue thingies that looked like blueberries but weren't. And he tasted many more things that weren't for tasting. And then he learned that a treasure is something that sparkles and shines a lot, but is absolutely no good for anything. And he decided that whoever had gathered such a huge treasure must have had very big eyes, but a very small tummy. Then he and Fluffurry got out of the cave and found a garden full of sweet tomatoes, but that's another tale.

*The End*

If you have *enjoyed the adventure* you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 15

*Where there is nutty rhyming*

The pawsies started climbing the tree and the tail helped them. But the higher the pawsies got, the less the tail helped them, because it was too busy trembling. A trembling tail has a very hard time helping at all, except in trembling.

The little gremlin reached the highest branches and was about to jump to the tree across the river when he saw a grandmother squirrel. She was very old and her tail had turned grey. She wore glasses, and the two teeth that usually stick out of a squirrel's mouth weren't sticking out, because they had fallen out. The grandmother squirrel leaned on a little wooden stick and limped along. The gremlin moved out of her way, because he knew that it is polite to make way for the elderly. But the grandmother squirrel just potted about and finally started back.

"Granny squirrel, where are you going?" he asked her.

"I'm hurrying, Gremmy, down the trees, to gather nuts and some sweet peas. So when the winds in winter blow, the little ones will eat and grow and stay away from cold and snow," said the grandmother squirrel.

"But there's no snow yet, not one dot, and... we are rhyming, are we not?" asked the gremlin.

"I'm old, and that is all, but what are you rhyming for?" wondered the old squirrel. Then both realized they were characters in a children's tale and there was nothing strange in talking this way. The gremlin asked her where she looked for nuts, because he was looking for food for the winter, too.

"You hop to the other tree and then up and up and onto the mountain," said the squirrel, who had finally stopped rhyming. Gremmy wondered. He had decided to go down along the river and not up onto the mountain. But it looked like there were nuts in the mountain. And nuts were very tasty.

And so:

Gremmy changes his plan and starts up into the mountain. ([Chapter 28](#))

Gremmy climbs down the tree on the other side of the old bridge and goes on down the river. ([Chapter 17](#))



## Chapter 16

### Where Gremmy builds the boat named Ship

The little gremlin bustled about, gathering tree bark to make himself a boat. He gathered leaves for sails and made masts out of sticks. Then he tied everything together with the rope he carried, so the boat would be good and strong. The gremlin took a careful look at the strange thing he had made and decided it was the best boat in the world, so he named it *Ship*. He had heard that good boats are called ships.

Then Gremmy found a piece of old newspaper that some bad-mannered human had thrown away on the river bank. Bad-mannered people often threw away all sorts of useful things. Gremmy made himself a sailor's hat out of the piece of newspaper. His pawsies proudly stepped on board of the boat *Ship* and the tail pushed the boat into the water. And so it sailed. It was just about to bump into a large rock, but the rock shouted, "Be careful!" and so Gremmy was careful and the boat didn't bump into the rock.

"Thank you!" the gremlin said.

"You're welcome," answered the rock. It was an unusual rock, because a frog-enchantress had enchatressed it to speak, so it could warn little boats with little gremlins in them not to bump into it.

The pawsies started paddling so the boat could reach the other bank, but in a little while they said they were tired. Then the boat turned around and the gremlin didn't know which one was the *other* bank anymore. If this bank was *this* bank, then the other one was the *other* one, but if this one was the *other* one, then the other one wasn't. In the end the gremlin decided that it didn't matter where he landed, because both paths led down the river. The pawsies again started paddling towards one side of the river. Or maybe it was the other. The gremlin realized, though, that the pawsies didn't have to get tired; he could travel down the river on his boat, even though he hadn't sailed a boat before.

Should the gremlin tell his pawsies to paddle to the other bank where he can land?

([Chapter 17](#))

Or should the gremlin go on down the river with his boat *Ship*, which could be a dangerous journey? ([Chapter 18](#))



## Chapter 17

*Where it gets very scary (or not exactly)*

The little gremlin reached the bank and stepped on the ground. Then he started walking his pawsies down the river. First the left pawsie, then the right pawsie, left pawsie, right pawsie, left, right... And so Gremmy walked both his pawsies equally so neither would get jealous. And if one of them got jealous, the gremlin would have to hop around only on the other one. And that was very exhausting.

Suddenly there was a rock in the path and next to the rock appeared a little baby troll. He was bigger than the gremlin, he was very furry and he had a huge head. His name was Scaredy. Scaredy stood right on the path, next to the rock. And the rock stood right on the path, next to Scaredy. Either he or the rock had to move, if Gremmy was to continue.

"I'm sorry, could you move?" he asked the rock, but the baby troll decided that Gremmy was talking to him.

"I could, but I don't wanna," said the quarrelsome baby troll, because little baby trolls are taught to quarrel with passers-by. "Are you afraid of me?"

The gremlin wasn't afraid and he wondered what to say so as not to disappoint the baby troll. He got a little sad. The baby troll wasn't scary at all, and couldn't scare anyone; but he seemed to want to so much.

"Mama Troll told me to stand here and scare whoever passes by. And I have to take their treasure from them," Scaredy explained.

The gremlin had in his sack an old rusty penny, which was a huge treasure by itself. It was more than a treasure. If he gave it to the baby troll, Scaredy would probably be happy and would let him pass, even though the gremlin wasn't actually afraid. Gremmy didn't want to give up his penny, though, so instead of going down the path, he could swim down the river.

And so:

Gremmy gives the penny to the baby troll. ([Chapter 19](#))

Gremmy goes into the river. ([Chapter 20](#))



## Chapter 18

*Which is quite a rush*

**S**hip sailed down the middle of the river. And the water started rushing faster and faster. Gremmy asked the water:

“Why are you in such a rush?”

But the water was in *such* a rush that it didn’t have time to talk to a little gremlin. Especially a little gremlin that didn’t know that the most important thing was to hurry in a rush, no matter where to.

And then the wind decided to race the water. And both of them rushed right along. And the boat rushed. And the tail did not. It was a quiet little tail that didn’t like rushing and it was far better in trembling.

All of a sudden the wind got angry that it couldn’t beat the water, and started blustering and thundering. The tail was trembling so much that it rocked the boat. Along with the wind there flew all sorts of things. Leaves flew and pebbles flew and a flying pig flew somewhere far away. And a few beavers desperately waved their paws and beckoned him.

“Ahoy, cap’n! The dam broke, the dam broke!” shouted the beavers. *Ship* waddled like a duckling and tilted to one side. Two of the beavers quickly swam to the boat, and caught it with their teeth and dragged it to the bank. The gremlin was saved!

“Thank you very much!” said the gremlin, because he knew that when someone does you a good deed, you have to thank them.

“The dam broke, cap’n. Very dangerous it be, to boatfloat down the current. Didn’t the rabbits tell you?”

The gremlin hadn’t seen any rabbits. And the rabbits hadn’t seen the gremlin, so maybe that’s why they hadn’t told him.

“Avast, cap’n,” said the beavers, “you’ll have to swim. Too dangerous by boat by far, cap’n!”

And so the gremlin prepared to swim. Then he thought it might be better to help the beavers repair the dam. But the tummy was a-rumble and wanted them to go *now*.

And so:

The gremlin stays to help the beavers. ([Chapter 21](#))

Or the gremlin swims down the river, looking for something to eat. ([Chapter 20](#))



## Chapter 19

*Where a few fairies are confused*

The baby troll must have been standing there all day, so it was probably very bored, because nobody walked down that path. And even if Nobody went there, he might not want to play with the baby troll. One pawsie rummaged in the sack and gave Scaredy the rusty penny.

“Thanks!” said the baby troll, very happy to have some treasure. Then he remembered he was supposed to scare the gremlin and growled. Trying to look very scary, he bared his baby teeth. But seeing that he couldn’t scare the gremlin, he thanked him again.

And so Gremmy went on his way. It wasn’t *his* way, just a path, but the little gremlin had heard other animals say, “I’ll be on my way,” and he wanted to be like the other animals, so he went on his way.

Then the eyesies saw some fairies flying. The fairies were very lovely, and the eyesies loved to look at lovely things.

“Hello, lovely fairies,” said the gremlin.

“But we’re not fairies,” said the fairies.

“What are you then?” wondered the gremlin.

“Dragonflies!” said the fairies.

“But I’ve seen a dragon fly and she didn’t look like you at all,” Gremmy disagreed.

“But we are dragonflies,” the fairies insisted.

Gremmy scratched his head. When he didn’t know what to say, Gremmy liked to scratch his head. Something wasn’t right here. They didn’t look like Granny Dragon, and they didn’t fly like Granny Dragon. The fairies must be confused. And just when Gremmy was about to say that, a HUMAN appeared in the distance! Well, it wasn’t exactly a HUMAN, but a little girl with a red hat and she ran his way with a net for catching fairies.

What now?

Do you want Gremmy to hide from the little girl, so he doesn’t get hurt? ([Chapter 22](#))

Or do you want to stay and try to save the fairies? ([Chapter 23](#))



## Chapter 20

*Where too many things swim and float*

The gremlin dived into the river and the water was suddenly all over him. It was very interesting under the water. It was very interesting above the water too, but under the water was a different kind of interesting. The pawsies and the tail knew how to swim, even though no-one had taught them. Little gremlins know how to swim from birth, but when they grow up they forget.

The eyesies liked everything they saw very much. And they saw all sorts of things. All sorts of fish swam in the water: red fish with blue tails, blue fish with red tails, even fish with no tails. There were even fish that didn't look like fish, because they were frogs. And frogs that didn't look like frogs, because they were... well, they were something else.

Gremmy went around a couple of big clams and swam even lower down the river, where it divided. Some said it divided into two branches, some said it divided into two arms. Gremmy didn't see branches or arms, and no legs or trunks either. But he saw a lot of fish swimming together and decided to ask them where the humans' houses were.

"Hello," said the gremlin.

"Ooh, look at this strange fish," exclaimed the fish, gaping.

"I'm not a fish," the gremlin disagreed.

"Ooh, look at his strange tail," said the fish again, gaping, of course.

"I want to reach the humans' houses," the gremlin explained.

"Ooh, why so?" said a big fish named Goldy. "There are only frying pans in the humans' houses. Come with us. We're going to the lake to leave our spawn there."

Gremmy wasn't sure if he wanted to go with them. He knew that only bad-mannered animals left spoons and frying pans and other stuff in the lake.

"Come, come, come with us, leave the humans be, ooh, please," the fish exclaimed, not leaving him alone.

And so:

Should Gremmy go to the lake with the fish ([Chapter 24](#)), or should he hide and go the other way, to the humans' houses? ([Chapter 22](#))



## Chapter 21

### *Where the Big Beaver is the Most Important*

The gremlin decided that since the beavers had helped him, it would be polite of him to help them too. So he rushed with all of them to the dam. There, a few other beavers tried to plug the leaky hole with their tails. But either their tails were too small, or the hole was too big. Gremmy ran over and put his tail in the hole as well. It didn't help. A beaver with a wetsuit emerged from underwater and tried to fill the hole with mud, but that didn't help either. Everyone was trying to repair the dam; only one beaver stood aside and gave orders:

"Left. No, right. Now up, no, down. Where are the rabbits when you need them the most?"

Gremmy couldn't understand why everyone listened to that beaver while he was not doing any work, but the others quickly explained that this was the Big Beaver and that was why everyone listened to him and he didn't do any other work.

Then Gremmy had a great idea. The pawsies quickly ran along the dam and then back again. Gremmy grabbed his boat and dragged it to the hole, and a few other beavers dragged more wood. Finally he tied everything tight with his rope. And the hole stopped leaking.

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!" shouted the beavers and the Big Beaver was the most pleased of all, because he had thought of a way to plug the hole. The gremlin was also pleased.

The beavers invited Gremmy to stay as their guest, and when he said he was hungry, they taught him to munch wood and eat bark. Then everyone together built a better boat for Gremmy. It was so much better that he called it *Steamship*. He found a sailor-crab named McNabb to swab the deck in a turtleneck, and started sailing up and down the river, although he didn't know where either up or down was. And so the little gremlin learned that you can lose your boat, but you may find friends instead; and that you can always build a better boat, especially with help from your friends.

*The End*

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## Chapter 22

### *Where the Humans live*

Gremmy hid behind a rock and no-one saw him but the rock. He waited a very, very long time, a whole of five minutes, and when he came out, there was no-one there anymore. And so the little gremlin reached the houses where the humans lived.

Strange animals, these humans were. Everyone else lived outside and made a hole or a little nest for themselves for when it got dark or cold. But humans had made some big boxes and they lived inside the entire day. And during the day, it was both warm and bright. Gremmy knew that he must be very careful with those animals that stayed inside the whole day, but when you least expected it: poof, out they jumped!

The pawsies stepped lightly and only the tail trembled a little bit in the wind. Only there was no wind. The nosie sniffed at many smells and was confused. It had never known so many strange smells in the forest. And so Gremmy reached the first of the garbage cans.

“Meeooow!” a monster roared and ran away.

The tail ran away too, but five minutes later it returned to say goodbye. The humans threw all sorts of things in the garbage cans. They threw away so many things that they had to have their garbage cans replaced with new ones so they could throw away more. And the more they threw away, the more was thrown away by them.

Gremmy started looking inside and found a troll necklace, a grown-up gremlin hat, fairy slippers and so on, but he didn't know what most of the other stuff was. Then he looked inside another garbage can and found what he was looking for: food. A half-eaten hamburger, two pieces of pizza, some chocolate and half a lollipop. The gremlin didn't know what they were called, of course, but the nuzzle-muzzle ate them all, because they were very yummy. The tummy was very very full. But when the gremlin started back to the river, the tummy started hurting and the pawsies got tired. The eyesies didn't see very clearly and the earsies didn't hear very well. The gremlin felt ill and he learned that not everything that is yummy for the nuzzle-muzzle is good for the tummy.

*The End*

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## Chapter 23

*Where there is a girl that had forgotten that she knew*

“A gremlin!” the little girl shouted and stopped.

“A little girl!” the gremlin shouted and prepared to run.

The little girl was very surprised to see a gremlin, because she knew gremlins don't exist. And Gremmy was very surprised that the girl could see him, because humans don't see gremlins, since they know gremlins don't exist. It seemed the little girl had forgotten that she knew. Gremmy decided to remind her. Then he saw the fairies had escaped and decided not to. Gremmy scratched his head. The little girl scratched *her* head.

“Why—” the gremlin began.

“You can talk, too?” the little girl interrupted him.

“Well, so can you!” Gremmy retorted. “Why were you chasing those fairies?”

“I just wanted to look at them more carefully, because Daddy said they were dragonflies, but I think they are fairies.”

*This little girl is smart*, the gremlin thought.

“And why have you come so close to our houses, little gremlin?” asked the smart little girl.

“I'm looking for food: chips and sweets and biscuits,” the gremlin explained.

“Oh!” the little girl said with her eyes wide open. “Wait a bit, be right back!”

The gremlin didn't know how much time “right back” was, so he decided to wait for five minutes. Whenever the gremlin didn't know how much time had passed, he would say that it'd been five minutes. And so the little girl returned exactly five minutes later.

“I've brought you food,” she said and gave him a cup.

“What's this?” the gremlin asked.

“It's warm potato, carrot and squash soup,” the little girl said. “Mummy made it with lots of love.”

Gremmy dipped his nuzzle-muzzle in and tasted the soup. It was so delicious! Gremmy gobbled it all up. The tummy felt all warm and very very happy. And then Gremmy learned that the most delicious soup was made from potatoes, carrots and squash, and always with lots and lots of love.

*The End*

If you have *enjoyed the adventure* you can [start over](#) or [support the author](#)!



## Chapter 24

### *Where Gremmy meets a foreigner*

Gremmy often fell back, but the fish waited for him to catch up. Goldy had taken a liking to him and wanted to talk all the time. The others kept mum, as only fish can. "I'm telling ya," Goldy explained. "That's how I catch humans. I go to the quietest waters and lie in wait. I keep quiet like the water. And then a human throws the line and I get hold of the hook and pull!" Goldy told how he loved to go humaning and how big the humans were that he caught and how once he caught three humans all at once.

When the fish reached the lake, Gremmy warned them not to leave anything around. The "spoon", though, turned out to be "spawn", little eggs that little fish hatched from. Gremmy asked the fish if it was possible for little gremlins to hatch from the eggs instead, but the fish didn't know.

Then all of a sudden the little gremlin saw a HUGE GREMLIN on the shore. It didn't look much like a gremlin, but it had horns and Gremmy had never seen anything with horns before, except gremlins. But this gremlin had grown up too big. It probably ate a whole lot. Even now it chewed some grass from the meadow.

"Hello!" the little gremlin greeted.

"Moo," said the big gremlin.

"I didn't know grass was good for food," said Gremmy.

"Moooo," answered the big gremlin.

*This gremlin is a foreigner and speaks a different language, the gremlin decided. He had heard that foreign gremlins had better cuisine and tastier food. Maybe that's why he grew up so big. Maybe I'll try to eat some grass like him.*

It wasn't very delicious, but the tummy filled up anyway, it filled up very very much and got swollen. In a little while, the tummy swelled even more and became very heavy and strange smells started coming out from under the tail. And the gremlin learned that not everything foreigners do was good for him. And that whenever you see someone, you shouldn't do exactly like them. And you, children, be careful when you go near a cow; they can be real gremlins.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 25

*Which is very wacky and bushy-tailed*

Whenever Gremmy saw a signpost, he always decided it said “Forest singing competition”, but then he learned that it had said “Watch out, falling frogs” or “Low-flying storks” or something else entirely that had nothing to do with frogs or storks or songs. Anyway, the badger who wrote the posts was the only animal in the forest who could ever read them.

The pawsies were skipping briskly along the rocks when the eyesies saw someone coming. That someone was red and her name was Clever Fox. Everyone thought Clever Fox was very clever and smart, but in truth she was just wacky. She wore a fancy waistcoat which she had bought from the nutria’s second-hand store. She had curled her foxy muzzle with a pinecone from the pine forest.

“Hello, Clever Fox,” the gremlin greeted.

“Oh, hail and health to you too, and may your health’s health too be hale and healthful.”

Gremmy didn’t understand her. Then he wondered what he should say next, and thinking of nothing suitable, he asked, “And how are you?”

“Oh, good, good,” answered Clever Fox. “Gooder, goodest!, and a goodly day to good your way.”

This fox was very clever. Or very wacky. Anyway, the gremlin couldn’t understand her and he wanted to go on his way. But the fox seemed to want to talk some more.

“Come with me, to a beautiful beauty competition, where there be beatific beauties.”

And as she said that, Clever Fox turned around to “accidentally” show Gremmy the ribbon she had tied to her bushy tail.

What now?

Should Gremmy go to the beauty competition with the wacky Clever Fox? ([Chapter 27](#))

Or should he climb some more and look for blackberries? ([Chapter 28](#))



## Chapter 26

*Where they open the competition, even though it isn't closed*

“Look, Fox, a comb for your fur,” said Gremmy.  
“Oh, a combing comb, to combine with my fur?” Clever Fox exclaimed happily. Then she took the comb, turned it wrong side down and started smoothing her fur, instead of combing it.

“I announce that this competition is now officially open!” announced the guinea pig, who was neither a pig, nor came from Guinea.

Gremmy wondered how the competition could be “officially” open. It was out in the open anyway, and besides no-one had closed it. He had heard that they close some competitions when it starts raining. The contestants started coming out in front.

First there were three blind mice that looked exactly alike. They started arguing which one was the most beautiful. Then came out two patchy peacocks that thought they were incredibly handsome, since that was all they had heard ever since they'd been little chicks. And many other animals came out, even one that didn't know what kind of animal it was supposed to be. Finally came the fox's turn. She slowly stepped in front of everyone, tightened her waistcoat around herself and bowed deeply.

“I greet you with the greatest greetings, and with a great pirouette I say to you, “Well met!” said the fox and whirled so that everyone could “accidentally” see the ribbon on her bushy tail.

“Yes, thank you, Clever Fox,” said the judge Horsey. “You can now sit on your tail.”

Soon every other animal came out, but not the girl gremlin. Horsey whinnied and announced the winners. In the category for most beautiful fox the winner was... the only fox in the competition. The clever, wacky fox went wild with delight. She bounded on the stage to receive her reward: a huge bowl of raspberries, which she brought to Gremmy.

“Let's eat together,” she said, in a completely clear way, greatly surprising everyone. And Gremmy learned that foxes are pretty not because of competitions. And that it doesn't matter whether your fur is combed or not. The most important thing is, when they give you raspberries, to share them with the one who lent you a comb.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 27

*Where Gremmy meets something unexpected*

The gremlin walked calmly with the fox, who constantly ran around him, chasing her tail and asking him if she was pretty enough. Gremmy didn't know how pretty "pretty enough" was, but said "yes", because he liked her pricked ears. Whenever she saw a puddle, the fox always looked at her reflection, then ran around to-and-fro and came to the gremlin to ask:

"Is my thin body thin enough?"

Gremmy didn't know how thin "thin enough" was, but still said "yes", because he liked her pricked ears. And so the two of them reached a wide meadow where many animals had gathered. There was a sign above that maybe said "Beauty Competition". And maybe not. Only the badger could tell.

"Oh, it shall be a show to show them if we can show off so they shower us with their shows of affection!" said the fox to anyone listening. No-one understood her, so everyone thought she must be very clever.

Just then the gremlin saw something he had never seen till now: a gremlin girl! Yes, of course: there were the pawsies, the nuzzle-muzzle, Gremmy listed carefully, also the tail, the horns and the earsies. There was no mistake: a gremlin girl! She had earsie-rings and bracelets for her pawsies, so that is what she was! She was also the prettiest gremlin Gremmy had ever seen, apart from himself, of course. She was surely going to win the competition. Gremmy felt a little sorry for the fox, who hoped to win.

Then it was announced that it was time for the participants to come to the stage. Gremmy remembered he had a little comb in his sack. If he hurried and gave it to the fox to comb her fur, maybe *she* could win. He was going to go to her, but then he thought about the gremlin girl. She was very pretty. Shouldn't he take the comb to her?

Whom should Gremmy give the comb? Clever Fox? ([Chapter 26](#)) Or the gremlin girl? ([Chapter 32](#))



## Chapter 28

*Where there is food everywhere*

The gremlin's pawsies climbed and climbed when suddenly the horns felt like dancing. So they started dancing. When the horns danced, the earsies danced and the eyesies danced and soon the whole gremlin was dancing. And he learned that pawsies climb much more easily when they are dancing. So Gremmy climbed and danced and danced and climbed and reached a place where a big tree lived. "Hello, tree," said the gremlin.

"Hello, gremlin," said a few voices that were not the tree. A few little owls were staring from the branches. On the left branch there were three owls, but Gremmy didn't know left from right and couldn't count to three. On the right branch there was one owl. Gremmy counted it.

"Why are you going this way?" asked the three owls.

"Aren't you going that way?" asked the one owl.

The little gremlin got confused.

"Well, this way isn't that way," the three explained.

"But that way is that way," said the one.

"Well... I was just looking for food," said the gremlin.

"Oh, there's food this way," said the three owls.

"There's food that way," said the one owl.

"Is there food everywhere?" Gremmy asked again, confused.

"No, this way," said the three.

"That way," hooted the one.

In a moment all the little owls were arguing and flying to and fro. And the gremlin no longer knew which owl was only one and which wasn't. At last two of them perched on the left branch and two of them perched on the right one. Gremmy was delighted, because he could count them now, though still he couldn't tell left from right. The owls grew quiet.

"So, about the food..." Gremmy reminded them.

"It would seem, young man, that there has been a mix-up," said the one owl that wasn't only one anymore. "There's food both this way and that!"

"So there's food everywhere!" the gremlin cried.

"No," the owl explained. "Only this way and that way. This way it's blackberries, and that way it's hazelnuts." Gremmy couldn't understand how "this way and that way" wasn't "everywhere", but the more important thing was, there was food close by. And so, where should Gremmy go: this way to the blackberries ([Chapter 35](#)), or that way to the hazelnuts? ([Chapter 36](#))



## Chapter 29

*Which is big and very good*

The gremlin walked down this path and that, through underbrush and overbrush and thornbrush that didn't brush him, because Gremmy was careful. At last the pawsies wondered if they had lost their path. Actually, the path had lost *them*, and confused them, because now it split. Gremmy had heard that if you always turned left, you finally reached right, and if you always turned right, you reached... somewhere else.

Suddenly the earsies heard heavy steps in the forest. Branches and bushes broke when the steps stepped. They were coming this way. The tail prepared to run. But after a moment out of the woods came the Big Good Wolf. He was rather clumsy and when he walked in the mountain, everyone everywhere heard him. And when he tried to walk carefully, they heard him even more everywhere.

"Good day to you, little gremlin," said the wolf in his most polite voice, which thundered through the mountain and scared some birds from their trees.

"Oh, hello, uncle Wolf," said Gremmy.

"I'm so terribly sorry to detain you progress," said the wolf. "But I thought perhaps you might have lost your way. Just the other day a little girl got lost in the mountain and I was obliged to show her the way to her grandmother's castle. There are so many lost people these days. Every couple of days, poof, they become misplaced. I shall have to ask mister Badger to erect some more signs."

"Yes," the gremlin agreed. "I was looking for some blackberries..."

"Oh, blackberries," said the Big Good Wolf dreamily; he had never had meat in his life. "The path at the end of which blackberries lie is this way," he said and pointed that way.

"But then I saw a "Forest singing competition" sign," Gremmy added.

"Hmm," the wolf said. "I have not heard of such a thing. But if there is a sign, then there must be a competition. Perhaps if you took the other path." And he pointed again and clumsily knocked a nest off a branch with his large paw. Gremmy started wondering while the wolf gathered all the fallen chicks carefully and set to mend the nest.

Should Gremmy go to the delicious blackberries ([Chapter 35](#)) or should he go the other way to the competition? ([Chapter 34](#))





## Chapter 30

### *Where Gremmy finds No-one in Granpa Bear's home*

The gremlin first took a good look at the glasses; maybe they weren't Granpa Bear's, maybe they were some other Granpa's or some other Bear's. Then he decided that Granpa Bear probably knew if these were his glasses or not.

Gremmy bounded right along to Granpa Bear's den, which was next to the skunk's perfumery. The skunk made the best perfumes in the mountain, but that's a whole another tale.

Finally Gremmy reached the wooden door and knocked.

"Is there someone in there?" shouted Gremmy.

"No-one," answered a sleepy voice from inside.

So Granpa Bear was probably out somewhere. Gremmy was just about to leave when he thought that maybe he could ask No-one to give the glasses to Granpa Bear.

"No-one, could you come out?" asked the gremlin.

"No, I can't," said the voice. "I'm busy."

"Okay," Gremmy said. "I'm leaving Granpa Bear's glasses on the doorstep."

Gremmy decided that he still could make it to the competition on time. So he prepared to leave, but then the door opened and No-one came out. This No-one looked an awful lot like Granpa Bear.

"I'm sorry, Gremmy," said the bear. "I'm sleeping my summer sleep."

Granpa Bear's summer sleep was the same as his winter sleep, only in the summer, that's why it was called "summer sleep".

"Come in, come in, keep me company for a while. We'll drink some tea and eat some honey cakes from my winter supplies."

"I don't know, I'm late for the competition," Gremmy answered.

"Competition? What competition?" Granpa Bear asked in surprise. He hadn't heard of a competition.

And so:

Should Gremmy stay with Granpa Bear for some honey cakes and tea? ([Chapter 33](#))

Or should he hurry to reach the competition on time? ([Chapter 34](#))



## Chapter 31

*Where a few found things are found again*

While the pawsies bounced happily towards the competition, Gremmy's throat exercised with a little throat-exercising song. It sounded like this: "I'm a little throat, a little throat, a little throat and I exercise!" And while he sang and exercised, exercised and sang, the gremlin reached the magpie's Lost-And-Found. She constantly found lost things in the mountain and looked for someone to return them to. So at last she opened Lost-And-Found.

"Good day, Gremmy," the magpie greeted him. "Have you lost anything recently?"

The little gremlin wondered. A long, long time ago, last Wednesday, he'd lost himself in the wood, but then he found himself again. Actually, he found his tail, but then he decided that wherever there was a tail, there must be a gremlin too. And indeed, soon he found his pawsies, his nuzzle-muzzle, his little horns and his earsies.

"Why is this called Lost-And-Found?" asked the gremlin, who loved to ask why.

"What do you mean why?" the magpie asked, surprised. "Here's my Found," and the magpie perched on her desk and waved around, "and your Lost," and the magpie showed him a pile of useless plastic bottles, empty tin cans and paper scraps.

"Yes," the gremlin agreed, "but why are you calling them lost, if you've found them? Lost things are lost only until someone finds them," Gremmy tried to explain.

The magpie was silent for a long time, wondering, turning this way and that, hopping around on one leg.

"It seems you're right, Gremmy, I'll go find the badger to change the sign to Found-And-Found," said the magpie finally. "But there's more important work to do. Granpa Bear has lost his glasses and he can't see a thing without them. He's old and can't come here, so someone has to take the glasses to him. And our courier Turtley is at the sea-side on holiday. Could you go?"

"But I'm going to the forest singing competition," said Gremmy.

"Competition? What competition?" asked the magpie. She hadn't heard of a competition.

And so:

Should Gremmy go to the competition? ([Chapter 29](#))

Or should he go and take the glasses to Granpa Bear? ([Chapter 30](#))



## Chapter 32

*Where Gremmy misses the competition after all*

Gremmy moved carefully towards the gremlin girl, who hadn't seen him yet. The pawsies stepped lightly and the tail trembled slightly. He was usually a talkative gremlin, but just now he wasn't talkative, not at all. The guinea pig announced that every contestant must now go on stage. Then Gremmy pulled out the comb from his sack and showed himself to the gremlin girl.

"Look, I have a comb if you want to comb your fur..."

The gremlin girl looked at him.

"Not that it's shaggy, but I mean, if you want to be pretty..."

The gremlin girl was still looking at him.

"Not that you're not pretty already, but you know, if you want to be prettier, because..."

Gremmy stopped, confused. He realized it was very difficult to talk to gremlin girls. Especially when they didn't talk back.

"A present? For me?" she said finally, smiling.

Gremmy hadn't thought of giving her the comb as a present, but he did now.

"Yes, a present," he agreed. "For the competition, but you have to go on stage now."

"Oh, I'm not competing," the gremlin girl answered and put the comb in her own sack.

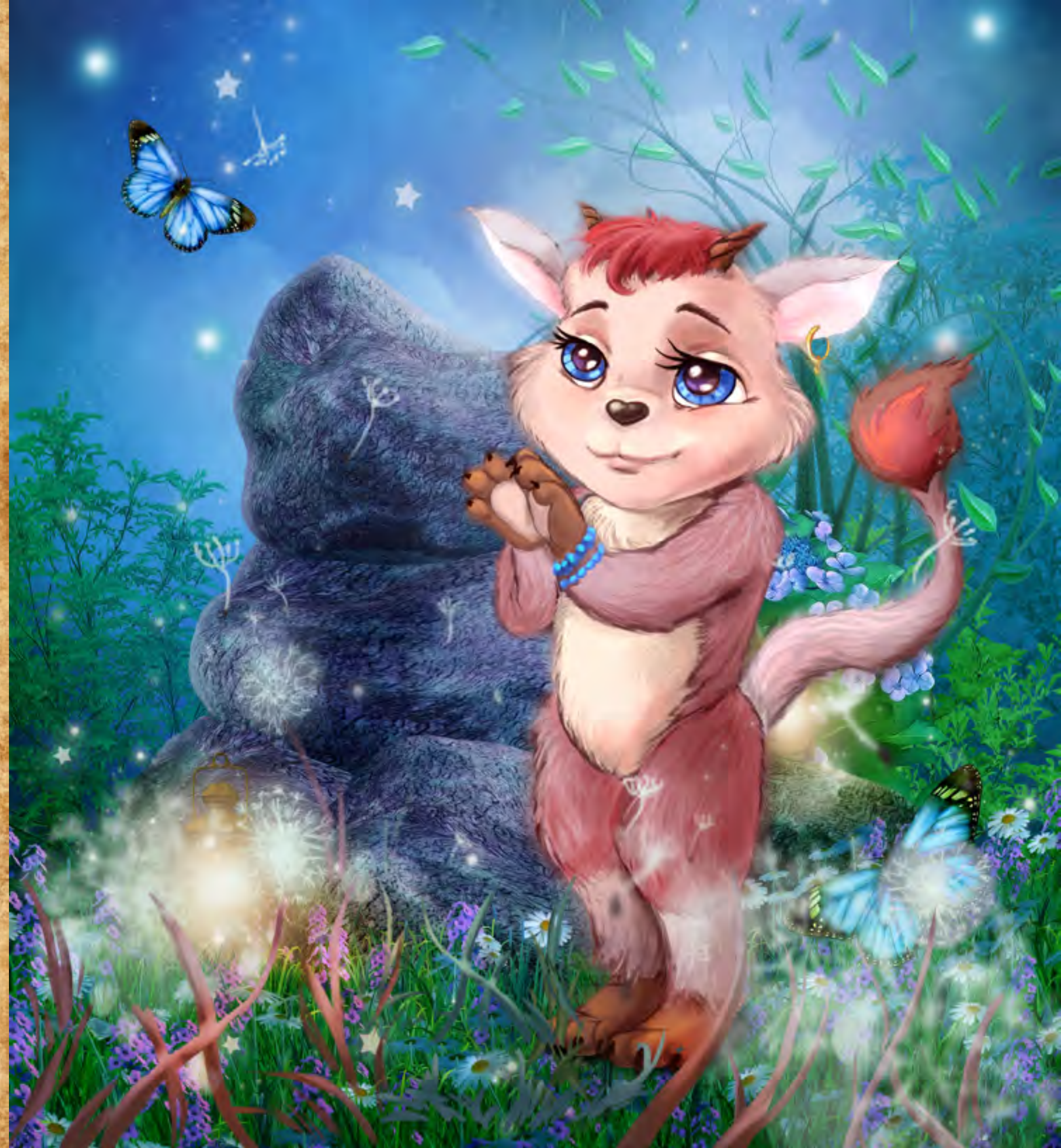
"Well, if you're not going to compete, how will you win?" wondered Gremmy.

"You think I will win?" the gremlin girl asked happily. Then she took his pawsie in hers.

Gremmy was happy. On the stage, there were three blind mice, two patchy peacocks and many other animals. There was even an animal that didn't know what animal it was supposed to be. But Gremmy wasn't paying any attention; he was looking at the gremlin girl. And the tummy forgot that it was hungry and was all warm and tickly. And Gremmy learned that the prettiest animal is the one of your kind. Competitions are just for these animals that only *think* they are pretty.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 33

### Of bears and honey cakes

Granpa Bear's den was very cosy. It was so cosy that Granpa Bear fell asleep a few times while making the honey cakes. Once he almost put his paws in the oven. But then the two of them went to the store-room, where Granpa Bear found a big jar of honey. He put his glasses on his bear-nose and saw that it wasn't honey in the jar, but sauerkraut. But Gremmy's tummy agreed to eat the cakes with sauerkraut, because it was too hungry to wait anymore.

When they went back to the den, Granpa Bear sat comfortably on the rocking chair and in a little while started snoring, the way only bears can snore. Gremmy ate the sauerkraut cakes and also felt sleepy. And both of them slept a long, long, looong time, maybe a whole five minutes until the scent of linden tea woke up Gremmy's nosie.

"Come on, Gremmy, the tea is ready," said the bear.

"Is it hot?" asked Gremmy. Once, he had visited the weasel and the tea there had burned his tongue. Ever since he always asked if it was too hot, even when he drank water from the river.

"It's cool," the bear said and yawned.

The two of them sat down to a cup of tea and talked a long time about tea and weasels and other things that only bears know about. And Bears know a lot of things because they sleep and dream a lot. Then Granpa Bear stood up and set to tidy up the den.

"Do you want to hear a tale, Gremmy?" asked Granpa Bear.

"A tale, a tale!" Gremmy exclaimed happily; he lived in a tale and he loved all sorts of tales.

And so Granpa Bear told this tale: "High up in the mountain, deep inside the forest, alongside the river, in a hole in the ground there lived a gremlin." Gremmy realized that this was *his* tale and felt very happy. He also realized that life can be a fairy-tale, if you just return someone's lost glasses, and like to have guests, and eat whatever treats you're given, even if it's sauerkraut cakes. And have some good sleep, of course.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 34

### The Competition

The gremlin's throat had just started exercising again when the pawsies said they're tired. The throat and the pawsies started arguing if they had to go at all, but finally the horns said it was important that they did, because songs were important, competitions were even more important and Gremmy's song was the most important of all. And just as he sang "I am a gremlin..." Gremmy stopped, because he saw it. The Competition!

Many animals and magical creatures were gathered on the lawn chatting together. A couple of foxes carried carrot juice for the guests. There was a beautifully written sign above it all, which said "Forest singing competition". Or maybe not. Only the badger could read it, and he wasn't there. Gremmy looked around uncertainly. A doe, which is a lady deer, argued with a couple of gnomes. Another doe, which is another lady deer, didn't. A few flies were shouting at one another. Apparently everyone was discussing who should win. Gremmy thought that everyone had already sung *their* songs and he was too late!

The horns told the pawsies to run. The little gremlin zipped in front of all animals and creatures. And he sang. He sang as well as only Gremmy could; and he thought he could sing very well. Here is the song that you already know. You can sing it along with him: "I am a gremlin, a gremlin, a gremlin!" And the second verse, which is very different: "My name is Gremmy, Gremmy, Gremmy!" And also the third verse, which you don't know yet: "I am a..." At that moment, the song was drowned by noisy applause. Everyone came to have a pawshake with the gremlin. Gremmy's tummy thrust forward proudly and forgot it was hungry. And when the pawshakes stopped, everyone went back to chattering again. Gremmy didn't understand what was happening. And what happened was that Gremmy didn't win the competition, because there was no competition. The sign turned out to say "General meeting of all mountain-dwelling animals". And so they made Gremmy an honorary member of their club and brought him a bowl full of fruit. And the gremlin learned that there doesn't have to be a competition to sing songs. Actually songs are sung best when there *isn't* one. And competitions are actually boring places called "general meetings".

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author](#)!



## Chapter 35

*Which is very prickly*

The more Gremmy climbed, the more he had to climb. It was a very climby path to the top of the mountain. At last the pawsies said they couldn't go on and sat down to rest. And as Gremmy was sitting on a little stump he realized that he had already climbed the top. There was nothing more to climb and everything down below had become very small. Or maybe Gremmy had grown very big.

Gremmy started looking around for blackberries. If he was on top of the mountain, then the berries must be here too. The eyesies searched a long time, but couldn't find any berries. Then the tail said that it could see blackberries and the gremlin found out that they had been next to him the whole time, but on the tail's side.

Gremmy carefully drew nearer. He had heard that blackberries brambles prickled, so he asked:

"Are you prickly?"

"Yes, we are, prickle, prickle," the blackberry bush answered.

"What if I touch you?"

"You'll prick your thumb, prickle, prickle," said the bush.

"I won't touch you then," said Gremmy and sat back down.

He looked up at the clouds and wondered if it was going to rain. He had heard that when you look at the clouds you always have to wonder if it's going to rain. The more he wondered if it was going to rain, the more he couldn't stop thinking about the blackberries. He couldn't stand it anymore and asked again:

"All right, so I can't have some blackberries?"

"Of course you can," the bush said. "You just asked if we're prickly, prickle, prickle."

"So how do I not prickle myself?" the gremlin asked.

"You just have to ask and we'll let you have some blackberries, prickle, prickle," the bush answered.

"Please, could I have some?" asked Gremmy and then he ate so many blackberries that his nuzzle-muzzle was smeared all over.

And he learned that sometimes it is enough to just ask for food and even the prickliest bramble will let you have some, prickle, prickle.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 36

*Where there lives a squirrel that's not a squirrel*

Off to the hazelnuts the pawsies ran. And as they ran, they climbed a stump. The stump got up and started running too, with the gremlin on its back.

"Where are you running to?" the gremlin asked.

"I'm going to visit the squirrels," answered the stump, who liked to visit all sorts of animals.

Gremmy knew that wherever there were squirrels, there were hazelnuts too. The stump ran for five minutes and stopped.

"Do the squirrels live here?" the gremlin asked. Kunk! Something hit him on the head.

"What was that?" said the gremlin, then kunk! another hazelnut hit him on the head.

The eyesies looked up and saw a baby kangaroo hanging from the branches of a tree.

"A kangaroo in this forest?" Gremmy asked himself. "A kangaroo in this forest?" the author asked himself. But then both of them realized that the baby kangaroo didn't know he was a baby kangaroo when he said, "Look at my squirrel tail!" and showed his kangaroo tail. But Gremmy was quite the tailer: his tail knew all other tails.

"This isn't a squirrel tail," said the gremlin's tail. "I know a lot of tails and this tail isn't... such a tail."

"I am too!" the kangaroo's tail started arguing.

It was a long and twisted argument, as were most tails. But while the tails argued, the tummies got very hungry.

"I'm very hungry," said Gremmy's tummy.

"I'm very hungry too," said the squirrel-kangaroo's tummy.

Both the gremlin and the little kangaroo, who had been raised by a couple of squirrels, stopped arguing and got together to munch on hazelnuts. And from the nutshells they made a pile, bigger even than the bushiest, biggest tail. And the little gremlin learned that it doesn't matter if the kangaroo is a squirrel, or the squirrel is a kangaroo. Because every animal is whatever it thinks itself to be.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 37

*Where Gremmy chases the bag and then the other way around*

Gremmy rushed after the bag. The more the bag ran, the more Gremmy rushed. And so they ran a long, long time, maybe for five whole minutes. Gremmy got tired. The bag got tired too.

“Let’s sit down and rest a bit,” Gremmy offered.

The bag said nothing, but nodded its handles.

“When I sit down, you sit down,” the gremlin said. “I don’t want to sit down, and then poof, you jump up and run!”

The bag nodded its handles again.

The little gremlin sat on a purple meadow and looked around. He thought they had been running out of the forest, but instead they had gone even deeper into it. This is how it was in the Enchanted Forest: the more you ran out, the more you went in. And they had run out a lot.

The gremlin cast a sidelong glance at the bag, which was also resting.

*I suppose this bag is lost*, Gremmy decided. He had heard that bags get lost a lot, especially the luggage bags that lived at the Airport.

The bag was getting fidgety.

“You want us to chase each other again?” the gremlin asked.

The bag happily nodded her handles again.

“Tag, you’re it!” the gremlin said and ran away.

The bag bolted after him. But as they chased each other, they reached an enchanted tower. It looked like a regular tower, but it was inside the Enchanted Forest, so obviously it was an enchanted tower. The bag went to the door and knocked with its handles. The door opened and the bag slipped inside. Then the door closed. The gremlin wondered what to do. Then another bag appeared in the forest. It waved its handles around, inviting the gremlin closer.

Should Gremmy go and knock on the door ([Chapter 39](#)) or should he go to the other bag that’s calling him? ([Chapter 40](#))





## Chapter 38

### Where Gremmy finds some fruit-in-a-jar

And so, Gremmy walked and thought about food, thinking about food as he walked. He thought a lot and walked a lot and so didn't see the jar of fruit in his way and kicked it by mistake. The jar rolled into the bushes.

"Oh, fruit in a jar!" the gremlin exclaimed happily.

"Oh, a gremlin!" the fruit-in-a-jar exclaimed happily.

"Who said that?" the gremlin asked, because he knew that jars cannot talk. The ones full of fruit are even worse at talking, since their mouths are full.

"It's me, it's me," the voice from the jar said again, "open the jar, open it!"

Gremmy meant to open the jar anyway, because his tummy loved fruit-in-a-jar. He took the key out of the sack and pressed on the jar's lid. "Plonk," said the lid and a genie flew out: The Fruit-in-a-jar genie.

"So many people kicking the jar and not one leak, not one... A genie can't escape like he's supposed to," muttered the genie.

"What?" the gremlin asked, not understanding.

"Oh... Greetings to you, master, um, little masterling," the genie corrected himself.

"How did you get inside the jar?" Gremmy asked, surprised.

"They helped me," the genie answered and started doing stretching exercises. "All right, make your wish and I'll be on my way."

"What wish?" Gremmy asked.

"A wish is something you want," the genie explained patiently.

"Well, I wanted to find food and I wanted to find this flower and..."

"One wish, not three," said the genie. "I'm a Fruit-in-a-jar genie, not a bottle genie. If you want food so much..."

"Yes, yes," the gremlin interrupted him.

"Then I can give you this magic picnic blanket. When you say, 'Blanket, I want food,' it will give you some. But if you want to find the flower, I'll show you the way."

Should Gremmy take the magic blanket ([Chapter 41](#)) or should he ask for the way to the flower? ([Chapter 45](#))



## Chapter 39

*Where Gremmy learns that he is a fairy-tale character*

Gremmy knocked on the door.  
“Come in!” the door said. The gremlin pushed the locked door and saw that the door was locked.

“Use the key,” said the door.

Then the little gremlin remembered that he carried an enchanted key in his sack. So the key jumped up all by itself, slipped in the keyhole and the door opened.

“Come in, we’ve been waiting for you,” said a boy in the door’s voice.

“You have?” asked the gremlin.

“Sure, ever since the fairy-tale began,” the boy said.

The pawsies went inside and the eyesies looked around. A big flying dog was lying at the boy’s feet.

“Oh, you’ve finally come,” said the flying dog, who had just woken up.

“I guess I have,” the gremlin answered.

“About time,” woofed the dog and went to sleep again.

“How do you know about me?” the gremlin asked.

“From the fairy-tale,” the boy answered. “Here, look.” The boy took out a colourful book from the library and showed it to Gremmy.

“Why, that’s me!” he exclaimed in surprise.

“Yes, that’s you. Here you are, putting all your things in your sack and going on an adventure.”

“So how does it end?” Gremmy asked.

“It is all up to you,” the boy said. “Look, this isn’t an ordinary fairy-tale, but a real big adventure.”

“Do I find food?” asked both the gremlin and his tummy.

The boy stood up and went to the other room. He came back in a little while, carrying a picnic blanket.

“Take this magic blanket. When you say ‘Blanket, I want food,’ it will give you food.”

“Stealing things from other tales again, huh, boy?” the flying dog asked, awake again.

“Let’s go already.”

“Off we fly,” said the boy. “Take the blanket and stay in this tale. I don’t know if there’s food in the other tales.”

Should Gremmy take the blanket that gives food ([Chapter 42](#)) or should he go together with the boy and the dog? ([Chapter 43](#))



## Chapter 40

### Quich quacks a lot

This bag wasn't like the other one. It jumped around all the time, stopped to smell the purple flowers and got lost a lot. Gremmy followed it and also got lost. But they both found each other. They had just found each other again when a frog appeared. This frog wasn't like the other frogs, because a hat sat on his head. The hat was made of gold and it was called a Crown. When you have a Crown, even if you're a frog, you're more important than the other frogs. Or so the frog thought. The bag smelled a flower then hopped into the frog's hand.

"Crroak, I, the prince of crroaking frogs, crreet you," the frog said self-importantly.

Gremmy didn't know what to say, so he said, "I the prince of the gremlins, greet you," and then thrust out his tummy proudly.

The frog goggled the way only frogs can. The bag was also very surprised.

"You are the one who was crrosen!" The frog danced and croaked in happiness. "You are the prince of the crremplings!"

"Not a crrempling, a gremlin," Gremmy corrected him.

"Crrexactly, you are the one they crroll Crremmy," said the frog.

Gremmy looked at the strange frog. He had a crown on his head and also held the bag, which turned this way and that. In his other hand he held a stick like a staff. And on his back he wore a rag for a cape.

"Here," said the frog and extended his foot. "You may crrisk my foot."

"Criss your what?" Gremmy was confused.

"Criss my crroot and I'll turn into a crrempling crrine too," said the frog and danced happily once more.

"You mean a gremlin prince?" Gremmy tried to correct him again.

"Crrobviously. A crrempling crrine. A crrerrible sorceress put a crrose on me, to be a crroaking frog and not a crrempling. Criss my foot and I it crill all go away."

The nuzzle-muzzle didn't want to kiss anyone's foot, especially a froggy foot. Even if it was the foot of a prince. Gremmy remembered he had more important business. The tummy was hungry and he was still looking for the magic flower. Should Gremmy tell the prince that he's not a gremlin prince, but an ordinary gremlin ([Chapter 48](#)) or should he kiss the frog prince's foot anyway? ([Chapter 44](#))



## Chapter 41

### Aa-choo!

The little gremlin walked around, looking for a meadow where he could spread his blanket and eat. But there were only trees all around. There were trees with branches like tails, trees with branches like little legs, even trees with no branches at all. There were trees that didn't look like trees, but like ice lollies. There were even trees that looked like trees. The eyesies got tired of looking at so many trees and no-trees, and the pawsies got tired of going around them. Then Gremmy saw a little dragon.

"Oh, hello, little dragon," the gremlin said.

"Oh, hel-ah-aa-choo!" The little dragon sneezed and a little smoke puffed from his nosie.

"Bless you," said the gremlin, because he knew that when someone sneezes, it is good to say "Bless you".

"More like curse me," said the little dragon.

"What?" the gremlin asked, not understanding.

"Well, I think I'm getting ill," the dragon said.

"What from?" the gremlin asked.

"From aa-choo," the little dragon explained. "See: aa-choo!" and out of his mouth there came a little flame.

The gremlin wondered. At that moment, the little dragon coughed and out came so many little flames that they almost singed Gremmy's earsies.

"I think you're not only sick from aa-choo, but from cough-cough too," the gremlin said.

"I think you're right," agreed the little dragon, spread his wingsies and tried to fly away, but he was only a little dragon and he couldn't fly; so he plumped back on his tail.

Gremmy remembered the magic blanket. He knew from other animals that when someone is sick from aa-choo and cough-cough, they need a blanket to keep themselves warm. But if Gremmy gave the magic blanket to the dragon, he would go hungry.

Should the gremlin give the blanket to the sick little dragon ([Chapter 46](#)) or should he keep the magic blanket that gives food for himself? ([Chapter 42](#))



## Chapter 42

### *Where Gremmy eats too well*

Gremmy finally reached a purple meadow and decided to have a picnic there. He spread the blanket, which lay comfortably on the grass and fell asleep. The blanket was dreaming all sorts of blankety dreams when Gremmy's voice woke it up.

"Blanket, I want food," said the gremlin.

"What food?" asked the sleepy blanket.

"Well..." Gremmy thought a little. "What have you got?"

"Let's see what's left," the blanket said and started making a list: "Roasted pumpkin from Cinderella's carriage, some gingerbread, a green pea..." And so the blanket made a long list; so long that before it finished making it, it fell asleep again. It dreamt of curtains and table cloths. Then a rug fell on top of it, and Gremmy's shout woke it up again.

"Chocolate!" shouted the gremlin. "Is there any chocolate?"

"Only from the factory," said the blanket.

"Yes, yes," the hungry gremlin shouted happily. "From the factory!"

Then a huge bar of chocolate appeared on the blanket. Gremmy ate it all and his tummy got full.

"Grapes! Are there any grapes?"

"Yes, but only sour ones," the blanket answered.

"Yes, yes!" Gremmy liked grapes, even when they were sour. Actually, he liked them best when they were sour. Then a few bunches of green grapes appeared on the blanket. Gremmy ate them all again and his tummy was *really* full.

Then the nosie started sniffing. It always sniffed for bananas, even though it didn't know how they smelled, because it never found any.

"Bananas, bananas, bananas!" shouted the little gremlin and then on the blanket appeared some long yellow things. Gremmy ate them all too and he didn't even peel them first. And his tummy was now so full that he couldn't walk anymore. And the Gremmy learned that the tummy always wants more than it can eat; and that it's not always good to listen to it. And if you, children, go for a walk in the Enchanted Forest, look around for a magic blanket, because it is still hanging from the bush where someone threw it away.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 43

*Which is the most confused one in the whole book*

“Come on, get on board, woof!” the flying dog woofed. Gremmy and the boy climbed on the flying dog’s back; and they flew away to a distant land where they had big adventures. They were so big that they can’t fit in this book, nor in all the books in the world, because the distant land they flew off to was called Fantasia. And in Fantasia fairy-tales are bigger than anything else.

There, in Fantasia, the dog flew to Snow White and the Seven Little Pigs that lived happily in their pigsty. The Seven Little Pigs danced, laughed and played with the flying dog. And Gremmy helped them build their winter houses out of straw, and sticks, and bricks.

But when winter came, everyone went to another, warmer forest where there lived the Wolf and the Seven Ugly Ducklings. The Wolf wasn’t the Big Good Wolf, but he was still big and still good. And Gremmy brought enchanted shirts to the Seven Ugly Ducklings and they turned into Eleven Beautiful Swans. And to the Swans came a pussy-cat in big boots that walked by themselves.

In the end all the fairy-tales got so confused that no-one could unconfuse them. In all of this confusion, Gremmy met seven little girls with red riding-hoods. And he helped each little girl wash her riding hood in the river. And the river was always different and always changed the riding-hood’s colours. So then the little gremlin went with the girls with the red, blue, green, yellow, orange, purple and violet riding-hoods to visit their grandfather. And their grandfather lived on the other side of a magical labyrinth, where everyone got lost; but then again, that is what labyrinths are for, to get lost in.

And when they got lost, the boy came and saved everyone. Then the boy married the girl with the purple riding hood, and Gremmy ate so much at their wedding that his tummy swelled big and round. And only then Gremmy learned that eating isn’t that important. The most important thing is to have good friends to play with. And to go with them to the magical lands of Fantasia.

*The End*

If you have *enjoyed the adventure* you can [start over](#) or [support the author](#)!



## Chapter 44

*Where the frog turns into a gremlin, only backwards*

“Croak, here is my foot,” said the frog and showed his foot again. Gremmy bent over and kissed it. All of a sudden Gremmy’s fur became very itchy, and his pawsies became very prickly, and his tail just ran away.

And from a no-tail gremlin he started turning into a frog!

“O, crratastrophe, we crronfused the foot!” shouted the frog-prince. “Crrickly, crriss the right foot!”

“Which one is the right one?” asked the gremlin that was turning into a frog.

“Not the crraft one, but the crrother one, crrickly now,” croaked the frog.

“Crrich is the left one?” croaked the gremlin.

At last the frog held out his right leg and the gremlin-frog quickly kissed it. The fur stopped itching and the pawsies stopped prickling. The tail returned and brought another one with it. The other tail went to the frog-prince and he turned into a gremlin! Gremmy named him Gremmy the Second, because he was a prince after all.

“Come on, let’s play!” shouted Gremmy.

And the two gremlins played the most incredible games, which only two gremlins could imagine. They chased each other’s tails, they raced each other’s pawsies and they wrestled each other’s horns.

On the next day, the two gremlins bathed their furs, then their earsies listened to the birdsongs and the two gremlins sang along. They made themselves a castle from the sand on the riverbanks, then they smashed it and made a better one. Then they bathed their tails in the sun.

And on the next day, they went to a cave, so their eyesies could look at it in the dark. They played hide-and-seek and got lost. Then they found their tails. And when they finished playing in the cave, their pawsies climbed the mountain and on the very top of the mountain they ate raspberries and blackberries and strawberries.

And in the evening, they returned to the Enchanted Forest where they built themselves two little tree houses and went to sleep. And Gremmy learned that you can go anywhere and never be afraid when you have a friend with you. And that the best games a gremlin can play are those that he plays with another gremlin. And that there’s little use in too much croaking.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 45

*Which takes place in the majestic domain of the Rabbit Kingdom*

“You go straight down the path, then you take the second left turn, then after the third meadow you turn right,” the genie explained and then he disappeared.

*So I go left, then straight up the path...*, Gremmy, who didn't know left from right, repeated. *And after the third meadow...*

He counted two meadows and stopped. He could only count to two. From behind the bushes, a few little rabbits showed their long ears and then quickly hid. A few others showed their furry paws from behind the trees and also hid.

*These rabbits must be playing hide-and-seek*, thought Gremmy and then he saw another rabbit, who wasn't playing. He was big and wore a very long shirt named *Mantle*, and on his head lived a hat called *Crown*.

“I, the rabbit king, welcome you to our domain, traveller,” said the rabbit solemnly.

“Thank you!” the gremlin exclaimed. He still didn't understand, so he asked, “Where have I arrived?”

“At the majestic grounds of the rabbits,” the rabbit explained still more solemnly.

The little gremlin looked around but saw no ground, because it was covered with a lot of grass. He didn't see any rabbits either, since all of them had hidden under trees and bushes. “So... can I go now?” Gremmy asked.

There was a stir in the forest. The rabbits all started talking at once and their king seemed confused.

“But why would you leave?” he asked, puzzled. “You fulfilled the prophecy!”

Gremmy didn't remember fully filling anything. Well, he had filled his sack before he went, but it was just a sack, not a whole prophecy. And this prophecy sounded like something very big and hard to fill full.

“It was prophesied that a gremlin would come and I would pronounce him king of all gremlins. Then the rabbits and the gremlins would live in peace for ages and ages.”

“But I don't...” the gremlin started.

Should the gremlin accept and become king of the gremlins ([Chapter 47](#)) or should he say that he's just an ordinary gremlin and he doesn't want to be king? ([Chapter 48](#))





## Chapter 46

*Where the Aa-choo goes away, but then comes back*

“Take this,” said the gremlin and gave the magic blanket to the little dragon.  
“Oh, thank-a-choo,” the dragon tried to say and covered his nose with the blanket. A little flame came out of his nostrils and burned the blanket. “I think I destroyed it,” the little dragon remarked sadly.

“Don’t worry, we’ll find another one,” said the gremlin and started searching for another magic blanket in the bushes. But no matter how hard he looked, he could find neither a magic blanket nor even a simple handkerchief. He did find a few wild strawberries, though.

“Hey, you stopped aa-chooing,” the gremlin said.

“Yes,” the dragon said, “I guess it went away.”

“So where did it go?” Gremmy asked. “If something goes away, it must end up somewhere else. So now someone else is aa-chooing.”

The little gremlin and the little dragon started searching for the aa-choo. The more they searched for it, the more they didn’t find it. They did find some more wild strawberries, though. And then both of them decided to pick some wild strawberries and stop looking for the aa-choo. Just then a big aa-choo appeared. They recognized it at once, because it had a big grey trunk, big round feet and was doing the aa-choo.

“Ah, there it is again!” said the gremlin.

“I have never been here before,” said the aa-choo and sneezed again.

“Oh, then it must have been another aa-choo,” the gremlin exclaimed.

“Yes, the other one was a smaller aa-choo,” the dragon agreed. “It went right up my nose, so it must have been smaller.”

“I was in a circus, not in a nose” the aa-choo explained, “but then I got lost.”

“You’re not lost anymore, we found you!” the gremlin and the dragon shouted together.

And so the gremlin, the little dragon and the aa-choo played for a very, very long time. They picked so many wild strawberries that they couldn’t eat them all, even though the aa-choo ate quite a bit. Then the aa-choo stopped aa-chooing and turned into a regular little elephant. And Gremmy learned that wild strawberries are most delicious when you eat them with little dragons and elephants. And he also learned that when you aa-choo, you need to cover your nose with a hanky so the aa-choo won’t go to anyone else.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)



## Chapter 47

Where King-and-Queen Gremmy the Second is crowned

“I, King-and-Prince Edward Rabbit the Third, pronounce you king of the gremlins! From now on you shall be called King-and-Queen Gremmy the Second!

“Why the Second?” whispered the gremlin. “Was there a first?”

“There was, but he had a different name,” the rabbit explained.

King-and-Queen Gremmy the Second proudly thrust his tummy forward.

“So where are the gremlins that I’m a king-and-queen of?”

“Well, um... I don’t think there are any,” mumbled the rabbit.

“Oh, there they are!” said King-and-Queen Gremmy the Second, whom we’ll call by the shorter name of Gremmy. All sorts of little gremlins and big gremlins started coming from all sides. There were gremlins with crooked horns and gremlins with straight horns and gremlins with no horns at all. There were gremlins with bushy tails and gremlins with prickly tails, but there wasn’t a gremlin with no tail. All the bravest tails had come along with their gremlins. Gremmy was happy that he was King-and-Queen of real gremlins, not only make-believe ones. His tummy thrust forward even more proudly.

And so the gremlins lived near the rabbits on the third meadow. And Gremmy learned to count to three; then he decided to build a castle for the gremlins and call it “The Gremlins’ Castle”. But in the Enchanted Forest, the rocks were enchanted and always went back to where they lived. Then Gremmy learned to count to five and decided that everyone should dig holes and they should make themselves a labyrinth under the earth. And it would be called “The Gremlins’ Labyrinth.” But the earth in the Enchanted Forest is enchanted and the holes filled themselves up, because they didn’t want to live all dug up. Gremmy learned to count to ten and decided that they should build some bridges with ropes and tails, like a city, up in the trees. It would have no name. Whew, the gremlin sighed silently. “One, two, three, five, ten,” he counted all the passing gremlins. *It’s not easy to be king-and-queen, he thought. I’d better be an ordinary gremlin again.*

And poof! He became an ordinary gremlin again! And his name was Gremmy once again. And Gremmy learned that when you’re king-and-queen, there’s a lot of food, but otherwise it’s not that nice. A gremlin feels best when he’s just an ordinary gremlin.

*The End*

If you have enjoyed the adventure you can [start over](#) or [support the author](#)!



## Chapter 48

*Which is the most very beautiful*

“But I’m just an ordinary gremlin!” said the ordinary gremlin. “I’m not a prince or a king!” And when he said that, the gremlin found himself in another place. And the other place wasn’t the same place, but was another one entirely. The gremlin stood in the water, which wasn’t really water, because his fur was dry.

This place must be enchanted, decided the little gremlin. And if it is enchanted, it’s not what it looks like. And then the eyesies saw it! The most very beautiful flower in the world! It was the only purple flower and it was the most very beautiful! And when the pawsies started towards the flower, all sorts of most very beautiful flowers suddenly appeared. Gremmy got confused. All of them were equally most beautiful. Which one should he choose? He didn’t know and so he decided to ask, because he knew that when you don’t know, you ask.

“Which flower is the most beautiful?” asked the not-knowing gremlin.

“Me!” all the flowers answered.

“Okay, but which flower is the veriest mostest beautifulest in the whole wide world?”

“Me,” all the flowers answered again. Gremmy tried to remember which flower he had seen first, but he couldn’t. Then he let the pawsies lead the way. They had remembered where the flower stood and went there all by themselves.

“Well done, good pawsies,” Gremmy said and the pawsies were very happy pawsies.

“How did you know me?” asked the flower.

Then Gremmy looked up and saw that it wasn’t the flower that talked, but a most very beautiful fairy who had flown up from its blossom. The fairy had six hands and in three of them she held magic wands.

“You’re different!” the gremlin answered.

“We’re all different!” said the most very beautiful flowers.

And the gremlin saw that above each flower hovered a different fairy, who was still always the most beautiful. And the gremlin learned that all flowers are different. And all flowers are the most beautiful. And that there isn’t a single most beautiful flower in the world. Then he tasted the magic pollen of the flowers, which was sweeter than chocolate, more fragrant than strawberries and more delicious than bananas. But that’s another tale.

*The End*

If you have *enjoyed the adventure* you can [start over](#) or [support the author!](#)





## Afterword

### Where the author and the book argue

Soon after it had been written, this little book learnt that other books had Forewords and sternly stated it wanted one too.

"But why would you want one?" asked the author, who was sick of writing. "Forewords are horribly boring and sometimes they're longer than the longest tail. And you're such a fun book. You don't need that."

"I do need one, to tell mother and father how to have even more fun with me and with their children," the book explained.

"But isn't it obvious?" the author persisted. "They read from you before bed, the child chooses what happens and then goes to sleep, and then mum and dad go and watch TV."

"No, no. How to play with me during the day," the book explained.

"The day?" The author was surprised.

"Yes, the day. Not only read, but play too."

"How so?"

"Well, the gremlin might not be called Gremmy, but whatever the child wants. And then they'd read from me using that name. Or when the gremlin packs his things for the adventure, the parents tell the child to do the same."

"But you can't have a Foreword, you're already written," the author said. "It should be an Afterword."

"Afterword it is then."

*General guidelines the author wrote down at the book's prompting and translated into Adult:*

1. Ask your child to think of a name for the gremlin and use that name throughout the book.
2. If you wish, tell your child more about the seasonal cycles.
3. Tell the child he or she has to pack important things for the adventure in his or her favourite bag. Let the child choose whatever he or she wishes. If possible, use some of the child's items in the story.
4. Always read out the choices twice, to help the child grasp them.
5. Avoid pointing the child to the choice you would consider "the right one"; let him or her choose.
6. Use your imagination and make changes whenever and however you want, especially if the child insists.
7. If you come across colours in the story, use the occasion to help the child learn them, if he or she doesn't know them yet.
8. Act out the encounters. You could play the creature Gremmy meets, and your child could play Gremmy. Or the other way around.
9. Explain what the animals you meet are and how they live, if the child doesn't know them.
10. Draw pictures together of some of the scenes from the book.
11. Study the letters together with the help of the capitals at the start of each chapter.
12. Study the numbers you come across (if the child doesn't know them yet).

### *The Dark Cave:*

1. Help the child learn the difference between left and right.
2. If you meet the dwarf, cook some wondrous soup yourself. Let the child choose the ingredients and mix them.
3. If you meet the flour bugs and they do their dance, you can also dance with the child.
4. If you meet the bat, lift the child upside down (if he or she wants, of course), to demonstrate how the bat sleeps and why what's up looks down to it.
5. If the Sun plays hide-and-seek, play a game of hide-and-seek yourselves.
6. If you find the magic mushrooms, show the child what triangles, squares and stripes are, by drawing them.



### *The Deep River:*

1. Sing Gremmy's song together.
2. If you decide to sail along the river, go outside with the child and gather sticks, leaves and bark to build your own little boat. Set it in a stream, trench or even a puddle.
3. You can also make the child a sailor's cap from a newspaper.
4. Play out the adventures along the river around the bathtub, or even next to a real river or a stream.

### *The Big Mountain:*

1. If your child already knows the letters, write down the sign's text together.
2. If you decide to go to the singing competition sing along Gremmy's song and the throat-exercising song.
3. If you stay at Granpa Bear, prepare a cup of tea for you and your child.
4. If you reach the prickly bushes show how they do prickle-prickle to your child's ticklish spots.

### *The Enchanted Forest:*

1. If the gremlin goes after the bag, play a game of tag.
2. If you come across the jar of fruit, open one for the child as well (if available, of course).
3. If you reach the end where the gremlin becomes king, ask the child what he or she would do for the other gremlins.
4. If you reach Fantasia, try, along with the child, to invent at least one more chapter of the gremlin's adventures.



Coming up soon...



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Author: Nikola Raykov

Translator: Emanuil Tomov

Editors: Kalin M. Nenov, Daniel Bensen

Illustrators: Nadezhda Yordanova, Ivaylo Iliev,  
Maya Bocheva, Jin Yang Lee, Matthew Cole,  
Andrea Danti, Albert Ziganshin,  
Nikola Raykov and others

Graphic design: Nikola Raykov

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