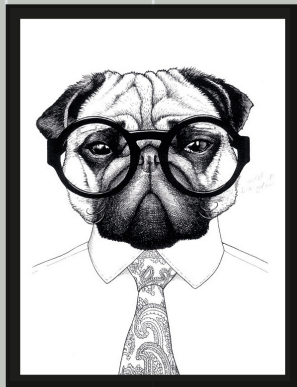




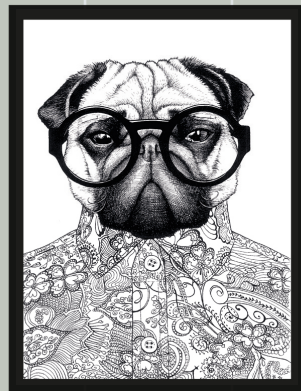
THE
INK HOUSE

By
Rory Dobner

Laurence King Publishing



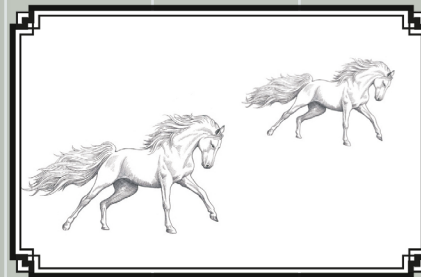
PROFESSOR P. PUGWORTHY



PROFESSOR T. PUGWORTHY



SIR WALTER LITTLE



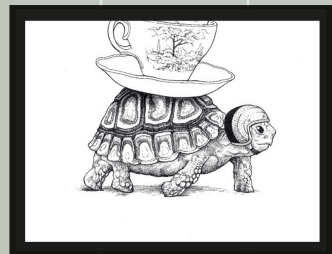
MUSTANG & BRUMBY



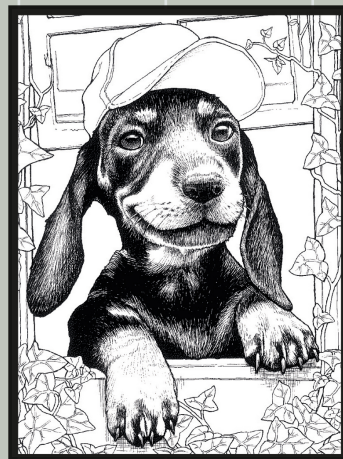
GWENDOLENE



THE KRAKEN



MARY SHELLY



BARNEY



FREDDIE FOXGLOVE



GEORGE



PRICKLY PETE



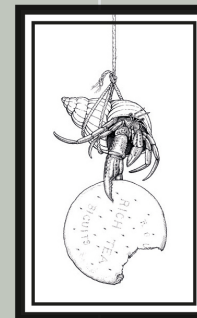
MAESTRO



KEITH



SID



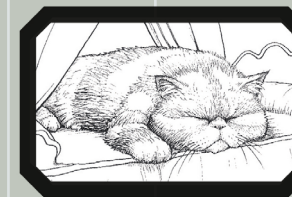
HERMAN



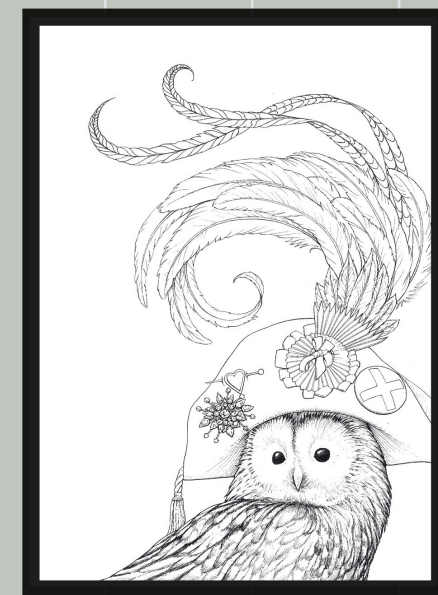
HUGO



MARCONI



CLAUDE



LUNA PLUME



In another hundred years, the Ink House would simply have disappeared, engulfed by the giant oak and ash trees surrounding it. With no place to go, this grand mansion remained rooted to the spot, perched on an elegant red brick bridge above the cool, dark waters of the lake below.

I first discovered the house early one crisp autumn morning. I quietly slipped through a gap in the iron gates and followed the path, stepping over thick tree roots that meandered across it.

Then, I saw the house. And what a house it was. Sharp, pointed towers pierced the sky; vast windows – or what was left of them – sparkled in the sun. The house's only defense was a mass of tangled, wild roses that ensnared it like beautiful barbed wire. If nature were trying to keep the house for itself, it was no match for a brave fox like myself. I climbed the steps, brushed the carpet of petals aside with my bushy tail and entered the unknown.

As they say, 'the rest is history'. I have since pruned the defenses, patched-up the roof, fuelled the fireplaces and invited all my friends to stay. From what we found abandoned, we have made our home and it would be an honour to share it with you.

The doors are always open, so please come in and explore the mazes of rooms and passageways. You never know who you might meet...

Yours sincerely,

Fredric Foxglove

