Story starter wheel

BOB-OTTER, BOB-OTTER, BOB-OTTER chugged the boat's engine.

IT WAS A DRIZZLY sort of day, and a chilly sort of morning, and so Mr Erasmus was not to be found outside in his sprawling walled garden.

OUT ON THE OCEAN not a breath of breeze stirred. The water was as flat as a sheet of paper and there was not a single cloud in the sky.

Whoo-hiss-whoooooooooooooooooooo oosh! Whoo-hiss-whoooooooooooooooooooo oosh!

It was full steam ahead for the intrepid airship Cumulus

THE SS WEBWEAVER was sailing slowly down the southern reaches of the mighty Mississippi River. It was a warm and peaceful morning

'IT ONLY HAPPENS at night,' Mrs Sayers told Jools and Vern. 'That's the only time they steal from me!'

Cliffhanger wheel

As they disappeared over the crest of a hill they were unaware of the glinting, greenish-yellow eyes watching their every move.

Quickly she uncorked the bottle. Inside was another piece of rolled-up paper.

Please help me! You will be rewarded. Our lives depend upon it!

All of the people—about a dozen, women, men and some children— were pale and cold-looking, and their gaze was steady and searching.

Waves were rolling towards the Webweaver, coming from the centre of the Gulf—large, curling waves with thick, frothy white crests of spumage.

'Mount Werbbly only blows when heavy, thunderous clouds are about. And today there are none. And that means the worst thing ever for us here on the Goluptious Islands!'

'And every time, after you come back with your cup of peppermint tea,' Jools continued, 'you find that your Inksplurter 4 has vanished?'

Resolution wheel

'Captain, Shasta, these finely-voiced Sirens aren't Sirens at all! No siree! They be none other than The Mellow Mommas!'

'Well,' Owen Ethur replied, 'if there's one thing we all abide by under MKR, it's the rule that we never— ever—munch on anyone when it's their birthday. We always leave them well alone on their birthday. And their friends too. Meaning of respect'

Whenever you stood up, you must have brrrrushed your arm against the pen you'd just put down, and the pen attached itself to the wool. That's where they've all disappearrrred to!'

'Window displays,' Mr Erasmus added. 'And I'll bet my whiskers that those moody-looking, pasty-faced strangers up there are none other than Great-Uncle Clovis's private collection.

'Mount Werbbly only blows when heavy, thunderous clouds are about. And today there are none. And that means the worst thing ever for us here on the Goluptious Islands!'

Then thousands of loud POPs could be heard, over and over and over, as from out of the top of the volcano poured countless big, plump, warm pink and white and pale green marshmallows. 'Plucked away by those pesky phantoms!' Mrs Sayers bristled.'