



Chapter 1

Uncle Pete and TM sat eating their way through the most enormous pile of strawberry jam sandwiches. There was cheese too, lots of it. And homemade chips. They'd also had a plate of beans on toast each as they were really hungry after their adventure to bring the magical blanket back to Harry that allowed him to get to

sleep for the very first time in his life.

But to help Harry, and visit Mr Weaver's mountain and tower in the clouds, Uncle Pete and TM had jumped out of their plane after it ran out of stardust.

Later on, as they sailed back across the Night Ocean in Mr Weaver's cloud ship, they'd seen the plane far off in the distance.

Uncle Pete guessed the plane must have been carried along by the great unseen waves of the Night Ocean, but he didn't know where they would take it. Perhaps the plane had crashed and would be lost forever, or just maybe it had landed safely and was waiting for Uncle Pete and TM to find it.

"Are you tired?" Uncle Pete asked TM as they sat on the sofa in his forest cabin with tummies full of food.

"Not really," said TM.

"We've been home for a couple of hours, so it's probably time for another adventure, don't you think?" Uncle Pete asked TM. "We should go and find the plane."

"Totally!" said TM. "Let's go!"



She jumped off the sofa and grabbed the little explorer rucksack Uncle Pete had quickly made for her when they'd got home. He thought she should have her own one, now they were a team and a family.

But then TM scratched her head.

"Where do we start looking for the plane?" she asked Uncle Pete, puzzled.

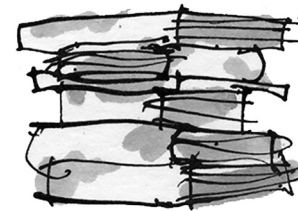
"I have no idea!" said Uncle Pete. "That's the adventure though. We don't know what will happen, or where we're going, but it'll be exciting and fun. It might even be scary at times, but we should just go and see if we can find it. Otherwise, we'll not know what the adventure will be like."

"Well, ok then!" said TM. "We have to start somewhere though. Any ideas?"

"Yes, I do," said Uncle Pete, jumping up off his seat. "The Forest of Lost Things! It's so big, lots of stuff goes missing in it. I wonder if the plane's in there?"

"The Forest of Lost Things?" said TM. "Have you been there before?"

"No, but I've read about it in this book," said Uncle Pete.



Uncle Pete took a big old book down from a shelf. The book was black and covered in cobwebs. Uncle Pete blew the dust off the front cover of the book,

revealing its title which was written in large red capital letters – “PLACES YOU SHOULD NOT VISIT. EVER!”

The book had a whole page about The Forest of Lost Things.

It said all kinds of stuff got lost in it because of the way the winds of the world all gathered there and blew through the forest’s tall trees. Giant waves that travelled the world’s oceans also passed by the coastline at the edge of the forest, carrying things that got lost at sea.

A compass didn’t work in The Forest of Lost Things, so you had no idea of what direction you were travelling. And the trees were so close together, hardly any light reached the forest floor. That made

it very dark indeed. So, if you ended up there, you’d definitely get lost and probably never find your way out again. Maybe. But the book didn’t really know, because nobody had ever come back from trying to visit The Forest of Lost Things.

“I’ll bet we could find our way out of the forest,” said TM, who thought it all sounded like an exciting challenge.

Uncle Pete kept reading...

“Listen to this!” he said, reading a bit more from the book. “Legends say The Forest of Lost Things has oak trees that are so tall they reach up into the clouds. They’re the tallest oak trees in the world. I just wonder if our plane has got tangled up in the treetops of The

Forest of Lost Things? It's worth a look, don't you think? And it's somewhere I've never explored before!"

TM nodded and asked: "Is it far?"

"I have no idea," replied Uncle Pete. "The book doesn't tell us how to get there. It just says 'Don't go to The Forest of Lost Things. It's a really stupid idea to even THINK about visiting there.' BUT! The squirrels might know how to get there."

Uncle Pete told TM how the squirrels who lived in his forest were a super smart and brave bunch. They'd travelled to lots of places – probably more than Uncle Pete had – mostly looking for stuff to eat, but they were also very curious about the world. They kept notebooks full of

information on the places they visited, made maps and were incredibly helpful too.

"If anyone knows how to get to The Forest of Lost Things, it'll be the squirrels," said Uncle Pete. "We'll pack up our rucksacks and make our first stop at their headquarters a few miles away from here. We should bring some nuts – they love nuts – and some fresh notebooks for them too."

And with that, another adventure was under way!

