



They tumbled through nothingness and landed with a muffled crash amongst the soft leaves of a hairy acid-green plant. Indigo rubbed her head and groaned. As she helped Quigley to his feet and brushed gloop from Callisto's feathers, Indigo's eyes adjusted to the World they had fallen into. They were on the crest of a gigantic grassy hill.





Dotted amongst the waist-high grass were the most extraordinary plants. Some were toweringly tall and dripped with syrupy ooze, while others were so small Indigo had to get down on her hands and knees to see them. Great jewel-winged butterflies danced through the grass and the whole place had the subtle flowery smell of Parma violets.



“WOW!” said Indigo, staring around. There were hills everywhere, poking upwards like giant knobbly knees. In the distance, she thought she could make out the shimmer of the ocean. The air was hot and dry and she felt like she was being blown with a hairdryer.



Remembering Madam Grey, Indigo looked about in sudden panic. Their unfortunate neighbour had landed upside down in a bush. Only her legs were visible, bicycling the air frantically as she tried to free herself. Before Indigo could help, the bush gave an enormous SHUDDER, made a retching noise and spat Madam Grey out on to her bony bottom, Pebbles clutched in her trembling arms. The bush hiccupped, grumbled under its breath and became still.

“W—what ... what is this?” breathed Madam Grey, looking frantically around at the spectacular plants, the shimmering Moonbear and then at Indigo and Quigley, who were both trying to work out what on earth they were going to say.

“Errrm ...” started Indigo. But how do you explain that you’ve been sucked into



another world to somebody like Madam Grey? They were certain she couldn't blame **THIS** on an out-of-date lasagne.

“Well ...” signed Quigley.

Callisto padded forward. Madam Grey looked like she was about to faint.

“This is the Unknown World ...” said Callisto. “Well ... this bit of it is called the Unknown Wilderness ... and, more specifically, I think we are currently on one of the Oolith Hills.” The Moonbear seemed to have decided that truth was the only option. Indigo gulped.

“Not many people in your world know about the Unknown World any more ...” Callisto continued sadly. “It used to be that everyone knew about it ... and you could get here much more easily ... but nowadays, **PEOPLE DON'T REALLY LIKE MAGIC.**”



Madam Grey stared at Callisto in horror,
but it seemed the shock of finding herself in
an entirely new world had left her speechless,
as the only noise she could make was a high-
pitched **SQUEAK** that sounded like a gerbil
being sat on.



“What do we do with her?” signed Quigley, looking at his big sister in panic as the plant above them oozed a thick, syrupy blob of goo on to Madam Grey’s head.

“We will have to just ... bring her along,” replied Indigo, who couldn’t see any other option. She squinted towards the jungle. “Any guesses which way we should go?” she asked the Moonbear.



Callisto looked worried. “Ah ... yes, well, you see the thing with the Oolith Hills is that they don’t tend to ... stay still.”

“What do you mean they don’t stay still?” asked Indigo faintly. But her question was answered before Callisto could say another word.

Their hill suddenly gave a huge **LURCH** and began to move. Madam Grey let out a strangled shriek. Indigo and Quigley held on tight to Callisto. The other hills were all moving, too, like a gigantic game of musical chairs. Their hill spun and shuddered, juddered and jiggled until Indigo thought she might be sick. Then, as quickly as it had started, the hill plonked itself down





again with a great grating of rock and a sigh of settling earth.

Their view had completely changed. They had moved to the very edge of the range of hills and now, a vast jungle stretched out directly below them like a multicoloured sea.

“So, that’s the Jungliest Jungle?” asked Indigo as she clambered to her feet.

Callisto nodded.

“But which way should we go?” Indigo asked, a little desperately. This world looked very BIG.

Quigley pointed excitedly into the trees.

Beyond the vast treetop ocean there was a thin trail of coloured smoke curling up into the sky.

“Crumping crumpets! Is that smoke? Good spot, Quig! Maybe it’s Mum and Dad’s campsite? Or the ice cream place?” Indigo



pulled the battered compass from inside the pair of bobbly socks in her backpack.

The compass wasn't marked with north, south, east and west like a normal compass. This one had totally different markings that only made sense in the Unknown World: widdershins, sunwise, gubbins and yonder.



“The smoke is due sunwise. Unless anyone has a better idea, I think we should go that way,” signed Indigo.

Feeling confident, she strode over the crest of the hill ...

... AND FELL RIGHT OFF THE EDGE.

