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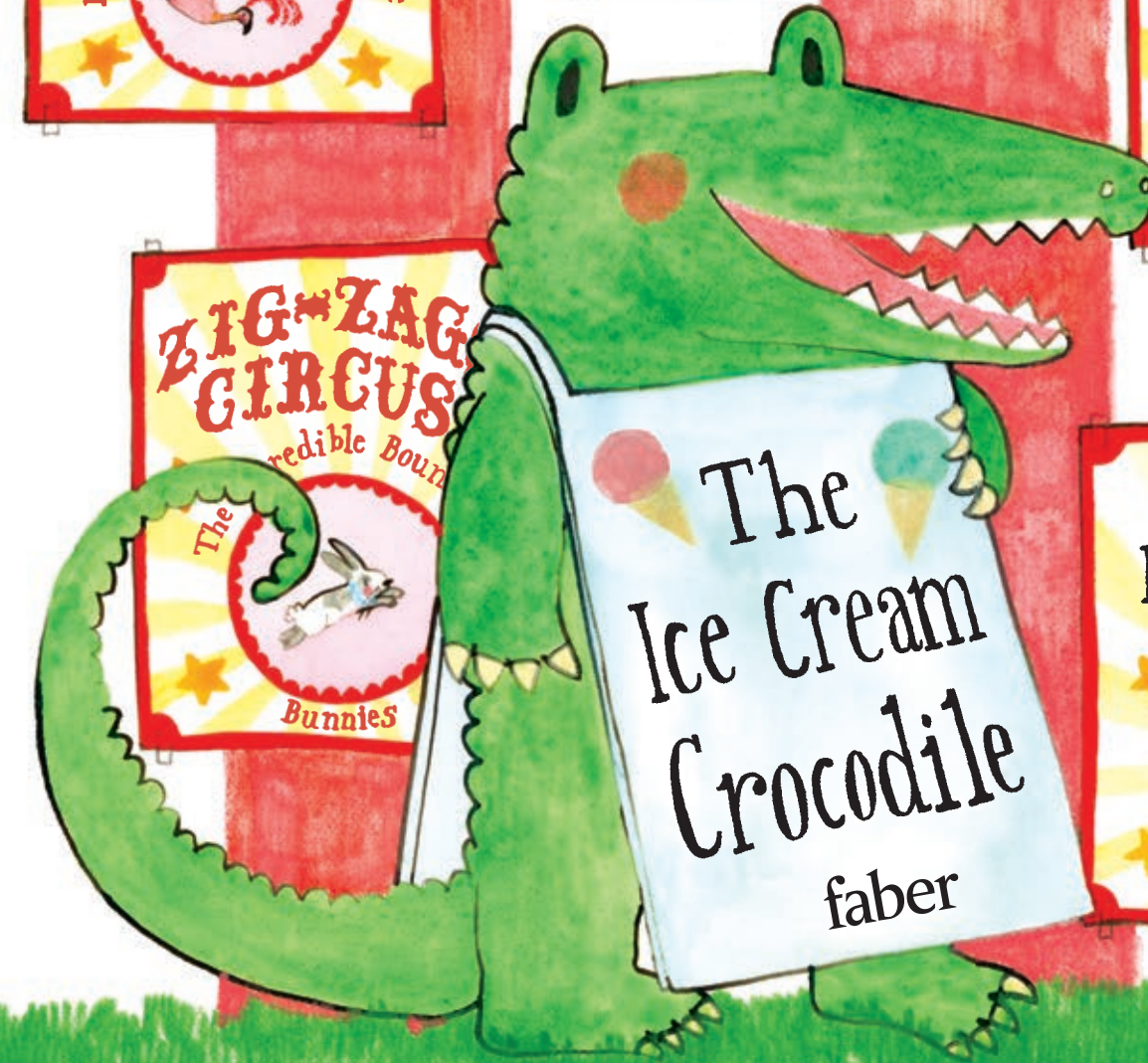
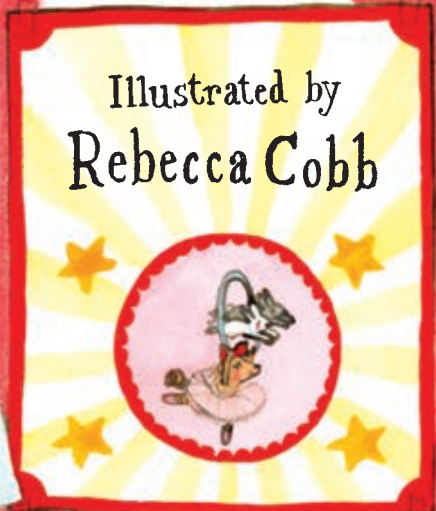
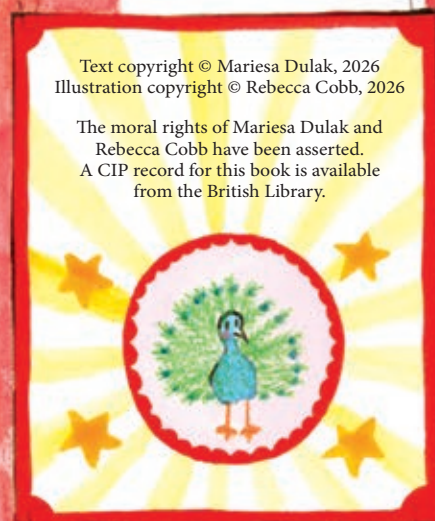
First published in the UK in 2026
First published in the US in 2026
by Faber and Faber Limited
The Bindery, 51 Hatton Garden
London, EC1N 8HN

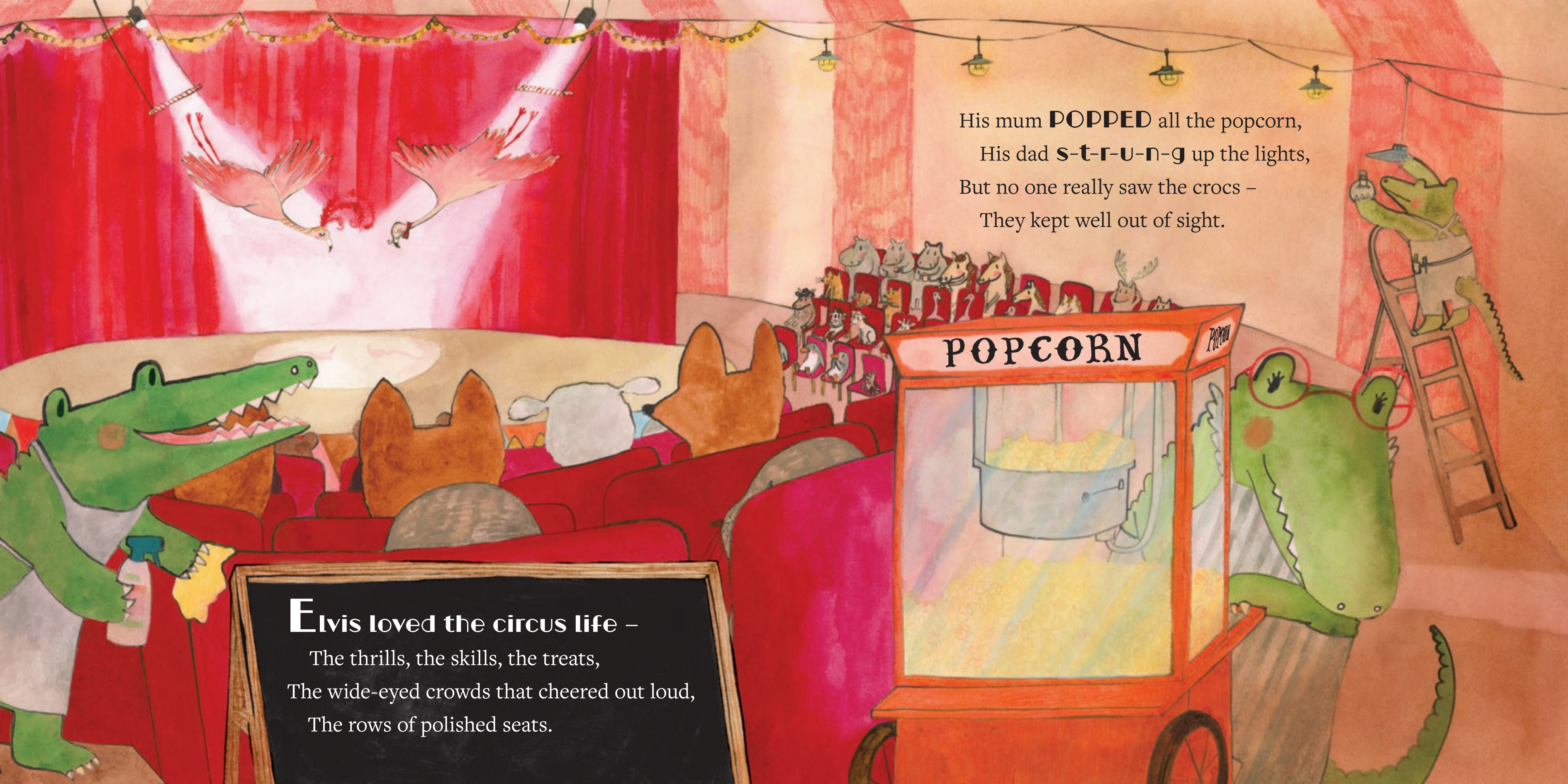
Printed in India
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Our authorised representative in the EU for product safety is Easy Access System Europe.
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HB ISBN 978-0-571-36837-2
PB ISBN 978-0-571-36838-9


1 3 5 7 9 1 0 8 6 4 2





His mum **POPPED** all the popcorn,
His dad **s-t-r-u-n-g** up the lights,
But no one really saw the crocs –
They kept well out of sight.

Elvis loved the circus life –
The thrills, the skills, the treats,
The wide-eyed crowds that cheered out loud,
The rows of polished seats.



Elvis watched the ponies **prance**
In stylish sequinned rows,
As rabbits **leapt** through spangled hoops
And over dogs in bows.

Sidney favoured fluffy coats
And **plumage** on parade,
But anyone with scales or spikes
Was kept well in the shade.

‘Flossie,’ Elvis begged his friend,
‘Teach me the Straddle Whip,
The Triple Twisting Double,
The Backwards Front End Flip.

Show me how to **SOAR** with style,
To leap as if I flew,
To **pirouette**, to **somersault**,
To swing trapeze like you.’



Flossie smiled. ‘You *have* got claws.
Teeth *could* be useful too . . .
While Sidney counts the money,
Let’s see what you can do.’



So, every night when all was quiet,
The friends trained side by side.



‘Mon ami! Such talent!
Fantastique!
Flossie cried.

