

Gabi and the Goblin

Book 4

The Values Van Series



**Written and illustrated by
Jenny Diggins**



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Gabi and the Goblin
Book 4: The Values Van Series

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A Note to Parents

These books have been designed for sharing, rather than as a reading exercise. The idea is for the parent to read the story with gusto, allowing the child to feel its rhythms, and to join in wherever they can.

After reading the story together in this way, have a chat about who was your favourite character and why; which part of the story you liked best; if you were worried at any point that things would not turn out well; if you liked how the story ended.

In *Gabby and the Goblin*, the value of community is explored. Talking about this with your child, both in relation to the story and how it applies in your lives, will be an enriching experience for you both.



The festival was about to begin.

The lanterns were ready in the trees.

The people were ready in their costumes.

The band was ready to play.





The cooks were ready with the food.
The puppeteers were ready with their puppets.
The dancers were trying to get ready with their
dance.
But...

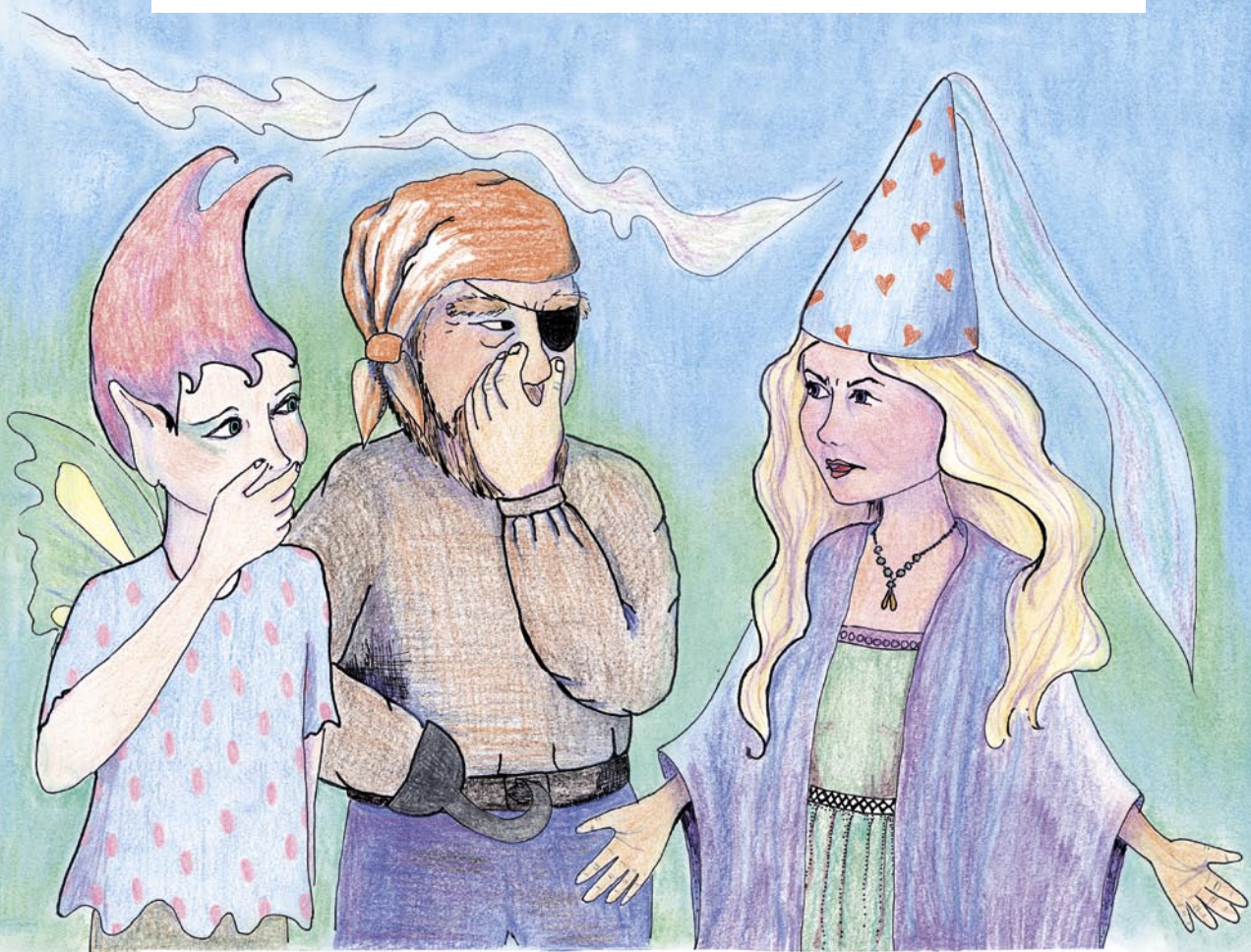


Phew!

What was that terrible smell in the air?

It was a terrible, horrible, awful smell, like elephant poo and squashed ants and smelly socks, all mixed together.

'It will ruin our festival,' said Pixie Pat.
'It's as smelly as rotten fish,' said Pirate Pete.
'Where is it coming from?' asked Princess Pippa.



Everyone looked at each other and nodded.
'Goblin!' everyone cried, all together.

No-one wanted to talk to Goblin about the smell, because Goblin was the worst grouch in town.

In fact, he was the grumpiest, grouchiest, growliest goblin in the whole world.



But, phew!

It was a terrible, horrible, awful smell, like elephant poo and squashed ants and smelly socks, all mixed together.



‘I’ll go,’ said Fairy Gabi.

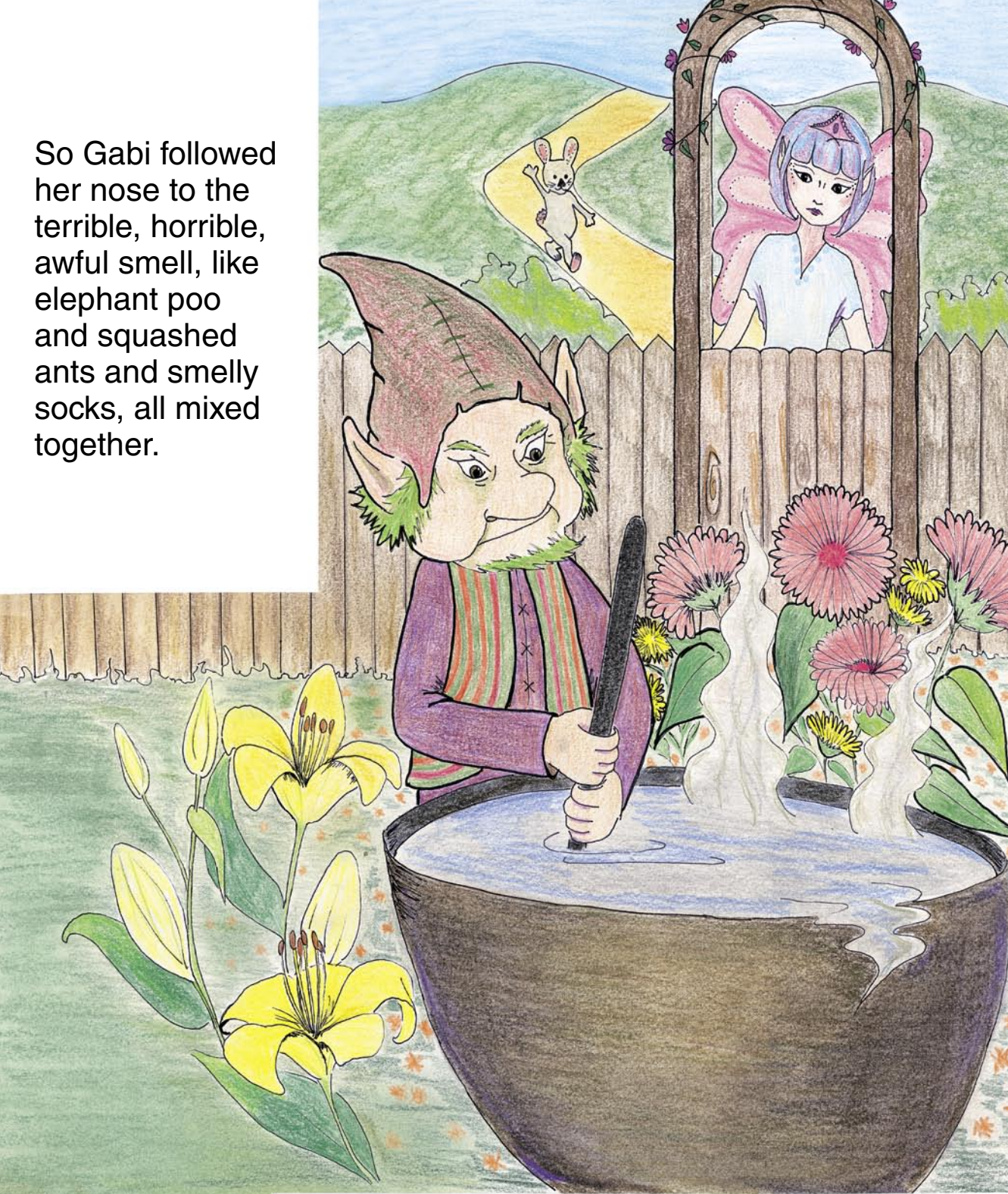
‘What?’

‘Really?’

‘Are you sure?’ said everyone.

‘Yes,’ said Gabi. ‘I love festivals. I won’t let anything get in the way. I won’t!’

So Gabi followed her nose to the terrible, horrible, awful smell, like elephant poo and squashed ants and smelly socks, all mixed together.



In a lush, green garden, she found Goblin, mixing slime in a very big pot.

‘What are you doing here?’ growled Goblin.

‘I’ve come to see you,’ said Gabi.

‘No-one comes to see me. Didn’t anyone tell you? I’m the grumpiest, grouchiest, growliest goblin in the land.’



‘Yes,’ said Gabi, ‘but that is the most terrible, horrible, awful smell in the land, and it will ruin our festival.’



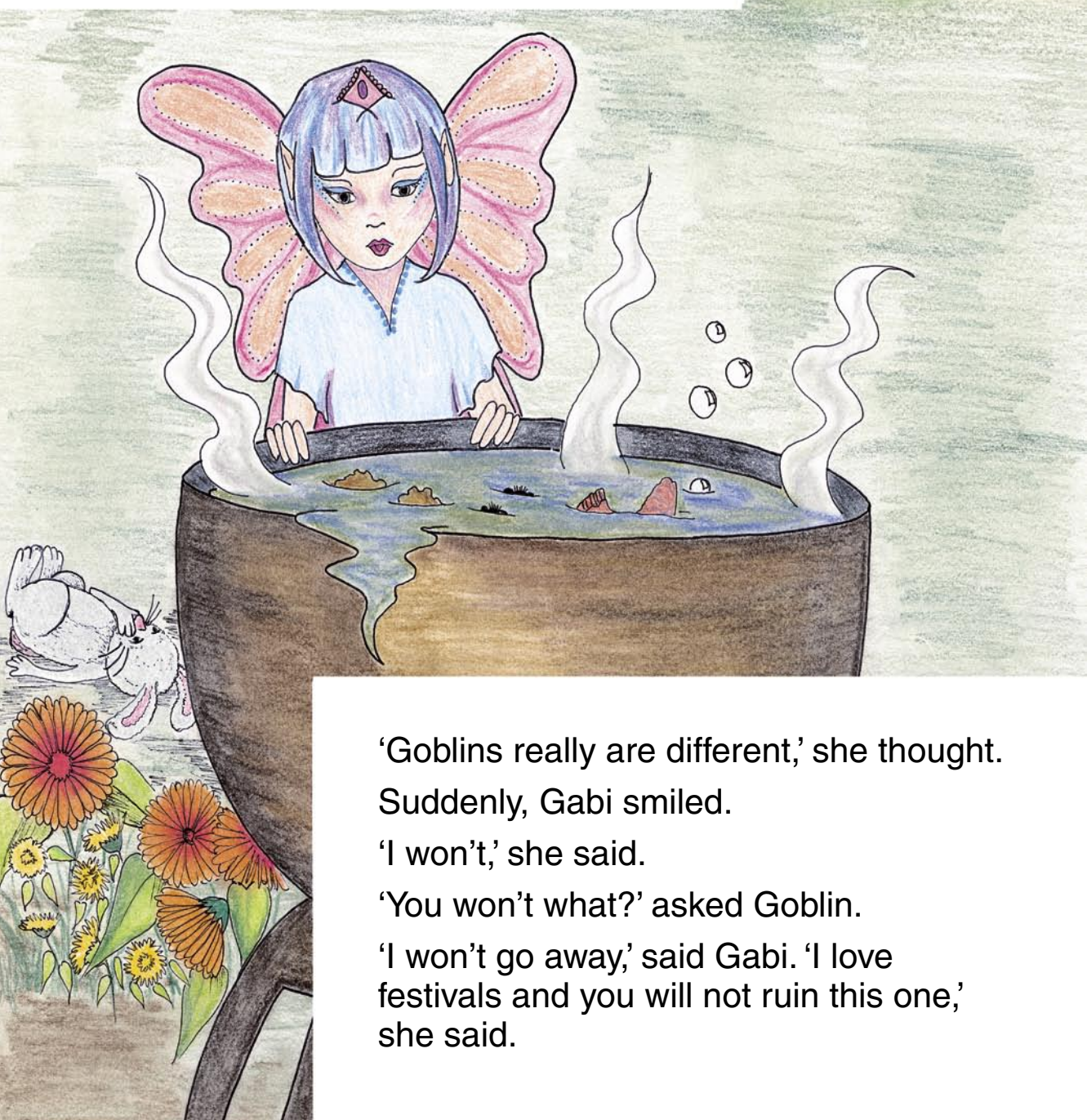
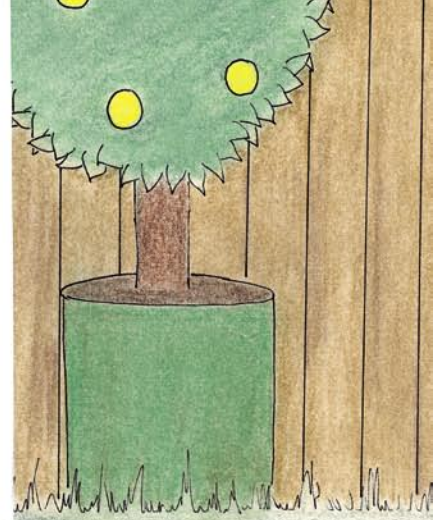
‘Good!’ said Goblin. ‘I don’t like festivals. I don’t like fun. Go away, little fairy. I’m mixing slime. Lovely mucky, sludgy, spongy, grungy slime.’



Gabi smiled her best fairy smile. ‘I’m sure it is lovely ... mucky sludgy, spongy, grungy slime,’ she said, ‘but it will ruin our festival. Why don’t you stop for a while and come and join in the fun?’

‘Didn’t you hear me?’ growled Goblin. ‘I don’t like festivals and festivals don’t like me. Now, go away!’

‘Oh dear,’ thought Gabi. She took a deep breath. Close up, the smell was even worse. She looked at the pot. It really looked like elephant poo and squashed ants and she was sure she saw a smelly sock bobbing about. No wonder it smelled so bad. What could it be good for?

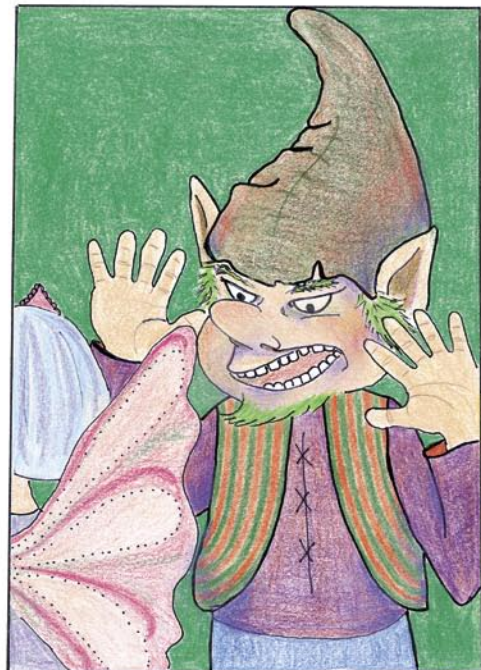


‘Goblins really are different,’ she thought. Suddenly, Gabi smiled.

‘I won’t,’ she said.

‘You won’t what?’ asked Goblin.

‘I won’t go away,’ said Gabi. ‘I love festivals and you will not ruin this one,’ she said.



Goblin growled.



He gave his best
grumpy goblin
glare.



He grumbled.



Gabi did not go away.



Goblin crumpled up his eyebrows and stamped his foot on the ground.

He folded his arms across his chest and gave his scariest goblin frown.

Gabi did not go away.

‘That’s a pretty good dance,’ she said.

‘What?’ growled Goblin.



Gabi crumpled up her eyebrows and stamped her foot on the ground.



She folded her arms across her chest



and did a scary fairy frown.

‘That,’ she said. ‘We need a good dance for the festival. It’s different. It’s interesting. I’ve never seen anything like it before. Everyone will love it. Can you come and show us more?’





‘Me?’ growled Goblin.

‘Yes, you,’ said Gabi. ‘Please,’ she added. ‘We could call the dance The Goblin Groove.’

‘But...’ said Goblin. Gabi saw that he wasn’t growling now.

Goblin looked worried, and puzzled. ‘But, ..., what about my slime?’ he asked.

‘You can put a lid on it until you get back,’ said Gabi.

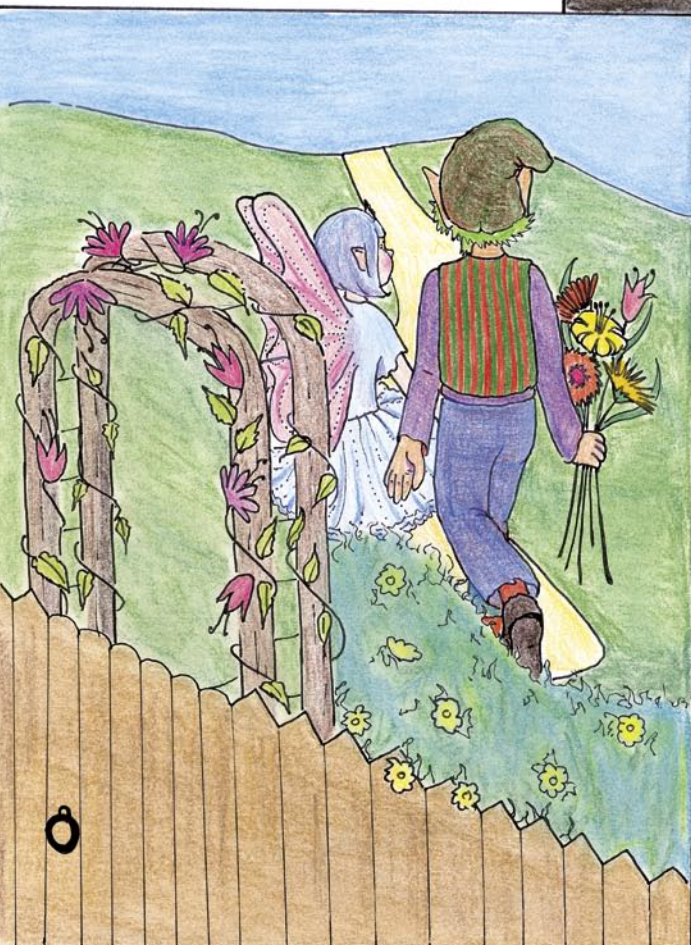
Goblin looked at his
slime and looked back
at Gabi.

‘We need you,’ said
Gabi.

‘Nobody ever needs
me,’ said Goblin.

‘Well, we do now,’ said
Gabi, ‘for the dance.’

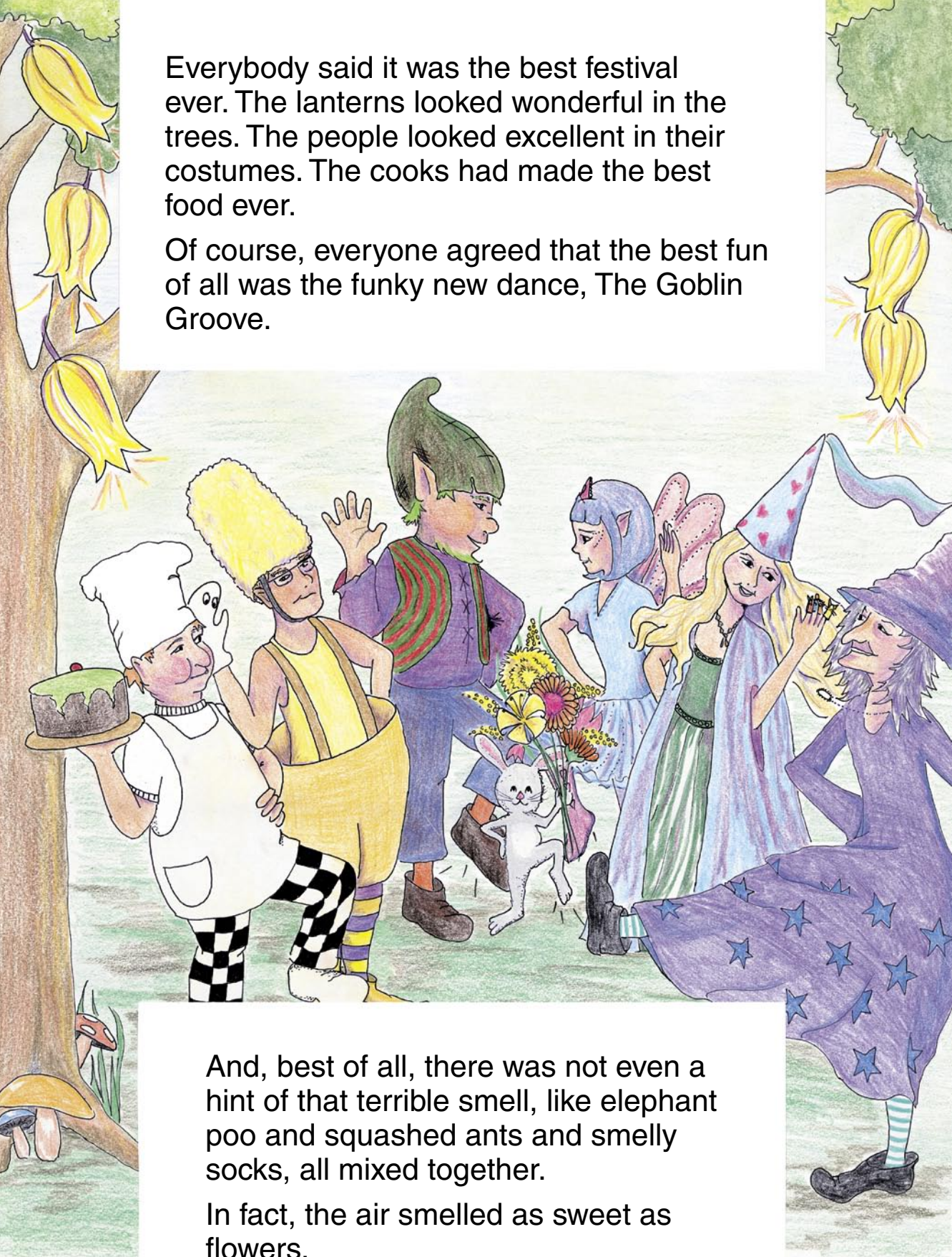
‘I quite like dancing,’
said Goblin, sliding the
lid onto the slime pot.



‘And you’re very good
at it,’ said Gabi, as they
walked into town.

Everybody said it was the best festival ever. The lanterns looked wonderful in the trees. The people looked excellent in their costumes. The cooks had made the best food ever.

Of course, everyone agreed that the best fun of all was the funky new dance, The Goblin Groove.



And, best of all, there was not even a hint of that terrible smell, like elephant poo and squashed ants and smelly socks, all mixed together.

In fact, the air smelled as sweet as flowers.