

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

'RAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!'

Ruskin could feel hot air on the back of his neck.

'RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!'

Ruskin reached the ladder and started to climb.

His feet slipped on the rungs a few times, but he still managed to get to the surface.

He ran down Lizard Street and hid behind the pile of toast.

He stared at the hole in the road.

Don't be scared, Ruskin thought. This is what I wanted to happen. This is what I hoped for. To come face to face with the monster. This is the only way. I should be pleased.

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He clutched the walking stick as tightly as he could.

Be brave! he thought.

Suddenly, mustering all his courage, he jumped on top of the pile of toast and, waving the walking stick in the air, cried, 'I'm ready for you, monster!'

And that's when Krindlekrax appeared.

CHAPTER FIFTY

A CLAW.

A gleaming, black, sharp claw.

Then another claw.

And another . . .

Until a whole leg came to the surface.

A dark green, scaly leg, dripping with slime.

Then another claw.

A gleaming, black, sharp claw.

Then another.

Until a second dark green, scaly leg came to the surface.

Ruskin was so scared he couldn't move. He felt as if his feet were stuck to the toast. He wondered if the congealed butter had hardened round the soles of his boots, trapping him. Then he realized

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he couldn't move his knees either, or his arms, or his neck, or even his eyes.

His eyes were wide open and staring at the head of Krindlekrax as it rose from the drain . . .

