

## CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

**K**RINDLEKRAX'S mouth was wider than an open car bonnet and full of sharp teeth, each one the size of a new pencil. The teeth had once been white and healthy, but now they were rotten and discoloured, with slime trickling between the gums. Its breath was hot and smelt of toast and there were flies buzzing round its tongue and nostrils. Its eyes were red, as bright as traffic lights, and its nostrils flared and leaked green liquid.

More of Krindlekrax climbed out of the drain. Its belly was fat and dark, its back legs as claw-sharp as the front, its tail long and pointed. It was the biggest thing Ruskin had ever seen.

Ruskin thought, It could swallow me whole!

*Philip Ridley*

And he wished he was back in bed, tucked up  
and safe, his lips sticky and warm with marmalade  
and tea.

Krindlekrax started to sniff the toast.

Clack! went the jaws.

## CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

**K**RINDLEKRAX munched the toast for a while, then swallowed and took another step forward.

Sniff!

Clack!

Munch!

Step forward.

Ruskin thought, I must move! I must do something!

Sniff!

Clack!

Munch!

Step forward.

Ruskin could feel Krindlekrax's hot breath against his cheek.



Sniff!

Clack!

Munch!

Step forward.

DO SOMETHING! Ruskin thought.

Sniff . . .

Krindlekrax was sniffing the pile of toast.

Its jaws opened wide.

Ruskin stared into the pink steaming cave of its mouth.

In a moment the jaws will clack on me, thought Ruskin.

And then . . .

Da-boinggg!

No, Ruskin thought. It can't be!

Da-boinggg! Da-boinggg!

Krindlekrax stared over Ruskin's shoulder.

Ruskin didn't have to look behind him to know what was there. He knew that, at the other end of Lizard Street, a sleepwalking Elvis had left the pub and was dreamily bouncing his football.

## CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

**K**RINDLEKRAX lost interest in both the pile of toast and Ruskin. Slowly, it walked past Ruskin and started to approach Elvis.

It's going to get him, thought Ruskin. I've got to move. I've got to save Elvis.

Da-boinggg!

Suddenly, Ruskin spun around and raised the walking stick into the air.

'Oh, you terrible monster!' cried Ruskin.

Krindlekrax stopped.

Ruskin jumped from the pile of toast, ran down the street and leaped on to Krindlekrax's tail.

Krindlekrax roared.

'RAAAAHHHH!'



*Philip Ridley*

Ruskin ran up the back of Krindlekrax –  
treading carefully so as not to slip on the  
slime – until he was standing on Krindlekrax's



## Krindlekrax

head. It was very high and Ruskin felt a little giddy.

But he didn't let this stop him.

He was determined now.

He knew he had to tame Krindlekrax and protect – not only Elvis – but the whole of Lizard Street.