

## CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

**L**ISTEN to me first, Krindlekrax,' continued Ruskin. 'If I do this, you must never threaten Lizard Street again.'

Krindlekrax slowly nodded.

Ruskin stepped over the bottom row of Krindlekrax's teeth, and crawled into the soft, pink mouth.

It was like entering a cave full of steam, like when Wendy left the kettle boiling and the kitchen got hot and damp.

Slime dripped from the roof of the mouth and trickled down Ruskin's neck. The slime was thick and very sticky, like marmalade.

Despite the sticky slime and the slippery tongue, Ruskin found it oddly comforting in the mouth of

## *Krindlekrax*

Krindlekrax. It smelt of toast and reminded him of home.

Ruskin dislodged the medal from Krindlekrax's throat and crawled back out of the mouth, clutching the medal in his hands.

'Now go back to the sewer!' exclaimed Ruskin. 'Lizard Street is full of my friends and I don't want you threatening them.'

