

THE GRUMPIT

# Harry and the big scary slide



WRITTEN BY POLLY BATEMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRINA GOLINA-SAGATELIAN

To my very own Harry, for being my inspiration – PB

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[www.thegrumpit.com](http://www.thegrumpit.com)

We would love to see what colour *your* Grumpit is, so if you go to [thegrumpit.com/downloads](http://thegrumpit.com/downloads) you can download your *very own* for colouring.







There was a new slide in the park.  
'*I can't wait* to go on it!' said Harry, racing ahead.



Harry ran to the slide. It was **HUGE!**  
It looked as if it reached right up to the sky!









Mummy sat on a park bench and watched as Harry stood at the bottom of the slide. He looked up at the steps. 'I can't climb those. They're much too steep!' he said to himself.







Then Harry thought about being at the top of the slide.  
It made him feel *really* scared.



*Even if I climb the stairs  
and slide down from the top,  
I could fall off the end and  
hurt myself, he thought.*







Harry burst into tears and ran back to Mummy.  
'I don't like this big scary slide!' he sobbed.  
Mummy gave him a long cuddle.









Then she asked him if he was *really, really* scared of the slide. Harry nodded, a last tear splashing onto his shoe. 'Then it's time to tell you about the Grumpit,' said Mummy. 'I've got one of those in my toy box,' cried Harry. 'You blow it and it goes PARP!' Mummy laughed. 'That's a trumpet, darling, not a Grumpit.' 'What's a Grumpit then, Mummy?' Harry asked. 'I'll tell you,' she said, taking his hand.

Harry sat down beside her on the park bench.

‘The Grumpit is a very special friend who you didn’t know you had,’ Mummy said. ‘He loves you very much.’

‘What does he look like?’ asked Harry.

‘Everyone’s Grumpit looks the same but is a different colour,’ she explained. ‘When I was your age, my Grumpit was round like a pom-pom, soft and fluffy and the same colour as my hair. His arms and legs were skinny and he had knobbly knees. He was very cute,’ said Mummy.

*‘Really?’* gasped Harry.

‘Yes, really!’ she said with a smile.









Harry asked Mummy to tell him more.

‘Your Grumpit has the best ears, eyes and nose and he uses them to check anything new or different that might be scary. Then he gets scared for you,’ she went on. ‘He keeps you safe and goes all spikey when he’s scared – that’s what gives you those funny feelings in your tummy that warn you to be careful.’







Harry was very excited now.

‘Where is my Grumpit, Mummy?’ he asked. ‘I can’t see him anywhere.’

‘Ahh! You have to imagine him, Harry. Picture him like mine, but he doesn’t have to be the same colour. What colour is yours?’

Putting his hand to his mouth, Harry closed his eyes and thought hard. Then he giggled. ‘My Grumpit has *lots* of colours like a rainbow.’



Harry thought about his Grumpit for a long time.

‘He’s cool!’ he said.

‘Off you go, then,’ Mummy said, pointing to the slide. ‘You show your Grumpit it’s not *really* scary. It’s just big and high and you need to be careful.’





Harry ran over to the slide. The nearer he got, the more spiky his Grumpit became.

‘He’s giving me funny feelings in my tummy,’ Harry called.

‘Then look at the slide really carefully,’ Mummy called back.

‘Check the sides, the rails and the steps. Ask your Grumpit if it really IS scary or *just seems* scary.’

Harry did as Mummy said.

‘My Grumpit thinks it *just seems* scary,’ answered Harry.

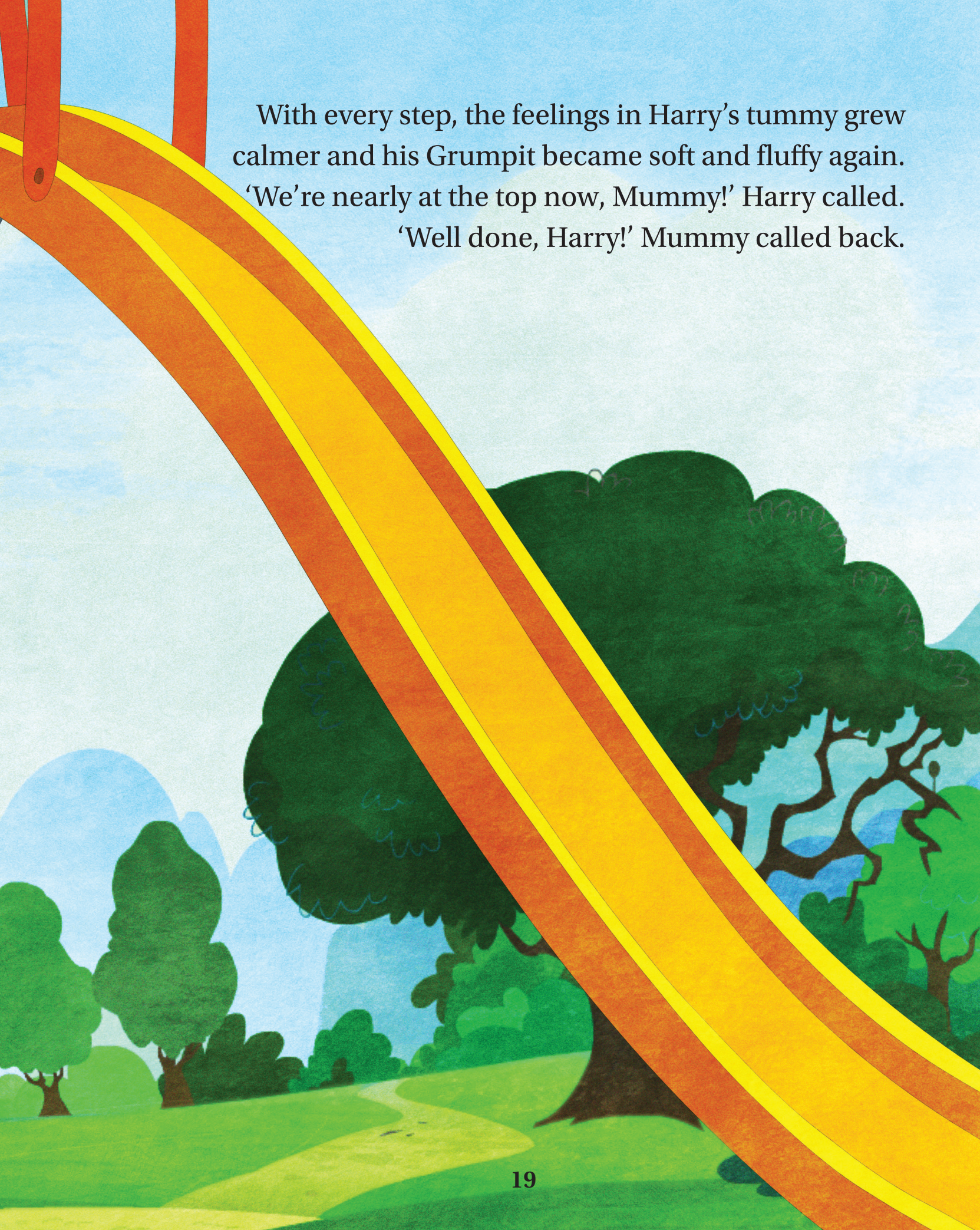




So Harry started to climb the steps.  
'Come on, Grumpit, we can do this,' he whispered.  
'I'll hold really tight and take one step at a time.'  
Slowly and carefully, he made his way upwards.







With every step, the feelings in Harry's tummy grew calmer and his Grumpit became soft and fluffy again. 'We're nearly at the top now, Mummy!' Harry called. 'Well done, Harry!' Mummy called back.



But when Harry got to the top of the slide, he had lots of funny-tummy feelings. It was **SO** high – higher than he'd *ever* been before! And his Grumpit was super-spiky now.

How could Harry help him?

He spoke to his Grumpit in his thoughts.

*I'm going to sit down, Grumpit. That will feel safer.*

So Harry sat down on the top step, holding tightly to the bars either side.

The Grumpit started to become less spiky once more and Harry felt his tummy settle down a little.









Harry sat at the top for a long time.

‘My Grumpit’s scared of falling off the end now, Mummy!’ shouted Harry.

‘Tell him you’ve had a look and you’re sure that won’t happen. He’s only worried about YOU, remember,’ she answered.

*Come on, Grumpit. Sliding down’s the best bit. Let’s try it!*

Harry inched forwards. Then, sucking in a deep breath, he launched himself down the long, silver chute.

He was soon going very fast – **ZOOM!** – and it turned out all right!

Harry slowed down as he reached the bottom and jumped neatly off the end.

‘Bravo, Harry!’ Mummy cheered, and she laughed and clapped her hands.









Harry couldn't wait to have another go.  
'All those funny feelings have gone away and my  
Grumpit's all soft and fluffy again!' he called to Mummy,  
racing back round to the steps.





Then he stopped suddenly.  
Two older children had come to use the slide.  
Harry's Grumpit went all spikey again and his  
tummy felt as if it was turning head-over-heels.





Harry looked at the children. They were big, but they seemed friendly because they were smiling.

*I think these children are all right, Grumpit.*

*If I'm nice to them, they'll be nice to me.*

*Then we can all share the slide.*







So Harry smiled at the children and they smiled back.  
And they let Harry take turns with them on the slide.  
Harry's Grumpit felt really happy and looked like a big  
ball of coloured fluff.





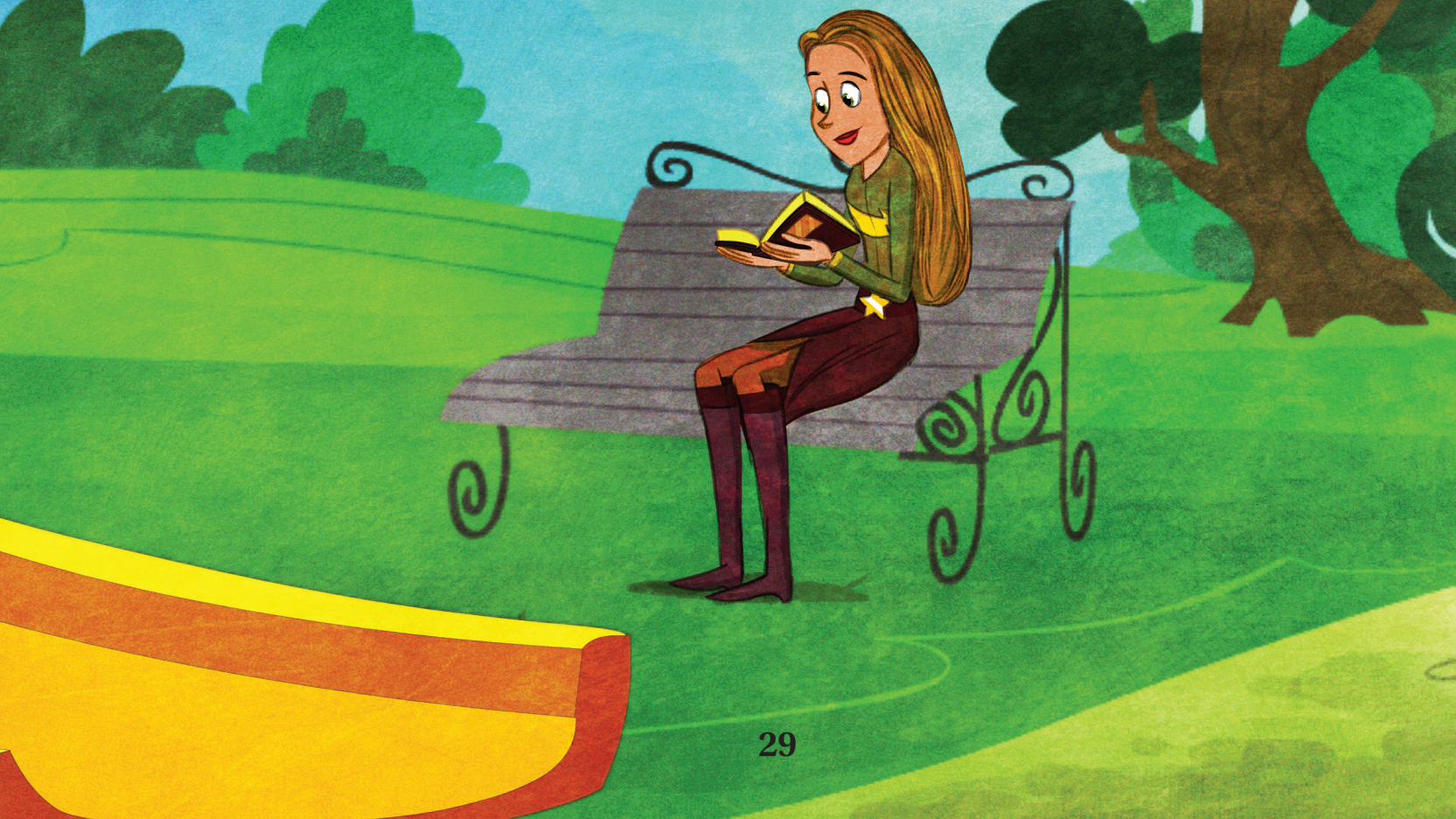


After a while, the older children ran off, leaving Harry on his own again.

‘This slide’s *sooooo* cool!’ he said with a chuckle.

‘Nothing at all to worry about.’

Harry played on the slide all afternoon, sharing it with lots more children.





Then it was time to go home.

‘Thank you for telling me about the Grumpit, Mummy,’  
Harry called, as he raced back to her, bursting with joy.

‘I’ve had a great time on the slide today.’







Mummy smiled. 'I knew you would if you helped him, darling,' she said. 'It's always worth listening to your Grumpit. You just need to check everything carefully and let him know it's all right. Then he calms down.'





Harry and Mummy left the park.  
'Tomorrow I'm going to tell all my friends  
about the Grumpit,' Harry cried.  
Mummy gave him another smile.  
'Good idea, Harry,' she said.