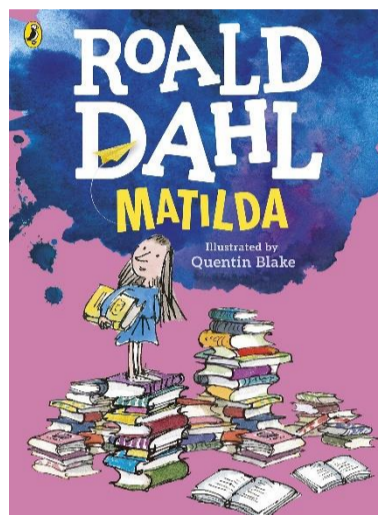
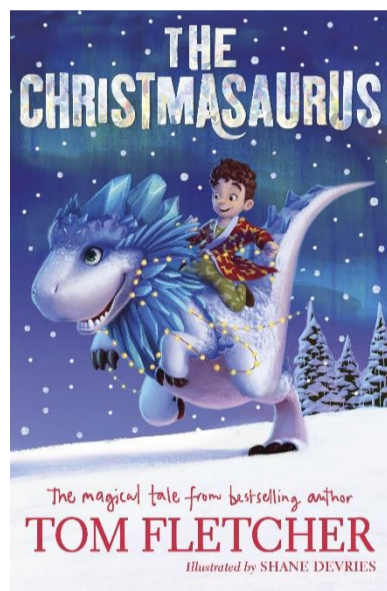


Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, “and what is the use of a book,” thought Alice “without pictures or conversations?”

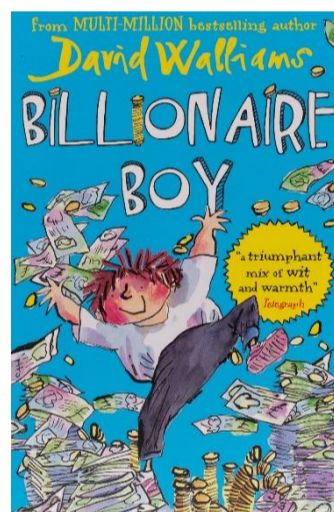


It's a funny thing about mothers and fathers. Even when their own child is the most disgusting little blister you could ever imagine, they still think that he or she is wonderful.

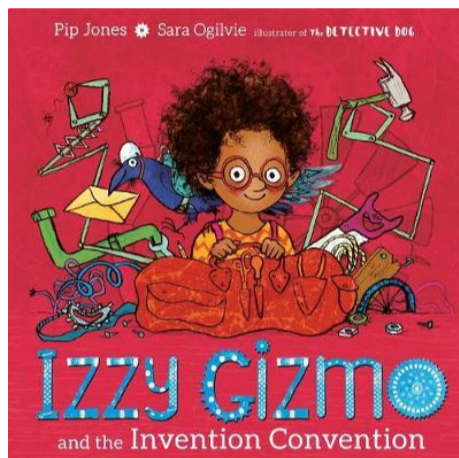
Some parents go further. They become so blinded by adoration they manage to convince themselves their child has qualities of genius.



This story starts like all good stories do, *a long time ago*. Not just a long time ago, but a very, very, very long time ago. Squillions of years ago, in fact. Long before your granny and your grandad were born. Before there were any human beings at all. Before cars and aeroplanes, even before there was the internet, there was something even better...DINOSAURS!



Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have a million pounds? Or a billion? How about a trillion? Or even a gazillion? Meet Joe Spud. Joe didn't have to imagine what it would be like to have loads and loads and loads of money. He was only twelve, but he was preposterously rich. Joe had everything he could ever want?



Izzy Gizmo and Fixer were making a racket (inventing a So-Sew to fix Grandpa's jacket), when

DING

DANG

DONG

DOINK!

Went the bell on the door, and a golden note fluttered down onto the floor.