

## CHAPTER ONE

## NOBODY KNOWS THIS except you and I.

And I'm only telling you if you promise to wash behind your ears every night for the next week.

You promise?

Right. Here goes.

This is a story about a little tiny man who nobody but me has ever seen.

His name is Chilly Billy, and he lives inside your fridge.

You don't believe me? Well, here's a way you can tell it's true for yourself.

Tomorrow night, just before you go to bed, creep into the kitchen very, very quietly.

Go up to the fridge, and don't make a sound. (I usually hold my breath as I do this, and maybe you should too.)

Now comes the difficult part. Pretend as hard as you can that you're going to walk right past the fridge.

Then, just when you think you really *are* going to walk past, turn around all of a sudden at the very last second as quick as you can, and open the fridge door.

What do you see?

A light. There's a light on inside the fridge.

You didn't turn it on, because you were pretending to walk past.

I didn't turn it on, because I wasn't there.

Chilly Billy turned it on.

He always hears you coming, and he switches the light on just in time. Then when you close the door, he switches it off.

But that's not all he does.

Chilly Billy is probably the busiest little tiny man in the entire world. But before I tell you about some of his adventures, I think you should say hello to him, and see what he looks like.

The picture shows him much, much bigger than he really is.

That's because it's only when Billy is magnified several times that you see what an extraordinary little fellow he is.

First of all, take a look at his ears. Very remarkable, those ears are. They can hear you

coming a long, long way away, and that gives him time to climb down from his favourite seat on the milk bottle and turn the light on as you open the door.

His ears are so amazingly good at hearing things that he can sometimes hear what you're going to say even before you say it.

So you must remember not to make fun of him, because he'll hear. And he'll get cross. And he'll let the ice cream melt, or knock over your chocolate drink, or stamp around in the butter.

And believe me, when Chilly Billy stamps on something, it really gets stamped on. Because, as you can see, he wears enormous boots for such a little person.

You won't find boots like that anywhere outside a fridge. And the magic thing about them is that they can actually walk up walls, over lemonade bottles and across giant ice cubes without a single slip. Not only that. They even let Chilly Billy walk upside down, hanging from the ceiling. How this happens is another secret, but as you're being good I'll tell you.



Take an extra careful look at this picture of the soles of his very big boots.

See? Hundreds and hundreds of sucker pads. *That's* how Chilly Billy can walk up walls and along ceilings and over ice cubes.

It's really a mixture of walking and sucking, I suppose. So what he does is he wucks.

## Peter Mayle & Arthur Robins

I think that's enough for now. So what we'll do now that you've met Chilly Billy is you go and do whatever you have to do next, and I'll get another story ready.

