



BLUE PENCIL

# The Magic Towel



Krrish Mishra

## *Krrish Mishra*

*Krrish found it really exciting and enjoyed writing this book at the age of just seven! One day, Krrish was thinking about things in the shower and the idea of The Magic Towel automatically flew into his mind!*

*Eight year old Krrish lives in London, England with his parents, Debadutta Mishra and Priyanka Rath. Krrish goes to an Independent Boys school, and is an avid reader.*

*From a young age, he has diligently pursued creative studies - participating in "Expressive Arts"*



*weeks organised at school, and beyond. He also has a passion for music and is training towards his Grade 4 Piano certification. Besides, he plays the violin and sings in the school choir group.*





## **BLUE PENCIL**

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Krrish Mishra asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

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## Introduction

*Meet Jack James - A very nice and kind little boy, all of seven years old. Though, there is one thing Jack hates.... WATER!*





*Jack always got mad when it was time for a shower, or was given water to drink; he even hated swimming. But he was determined to get over his dislike of water... it was just a liquid, after all!*



# CHAPTER 1

## The Old Towel

*One day, Jack was coming home from school when something very peculiar happened - the ground beneath his feet felt quite slippery; the pavement suddenly felt very soft.*

*"How strange..." thought Jack, "I have never ever felt anything like this before, never on my way back home". Jack looked down and saw an old towel under his feet.*

*"How weird!", thought Jack, "I didn't see this towel lying here, it seems to have appeared from nowhere!", he exclaimed.*

*"Maybe someone accidentally dropped it while on way to swimming or something...", Jack mused.*

He picked up the towel and stuffed it into his rucksack. When he got home, Jack showed his mum what he had found. His mum was shocked!

"WHY DID YOU BRING THIS TOWEL INSIDE THE HOUSE??", she shouted. "IT MAY BE LADEN WITH GERMS", she yelled.

"Where did you get it from?", asked mum, seeing Jack's shocked face.



"I found it on the pavement, while I was walking home from school", Jack said sheepishly.

Instantly, he realised he shouldn't have said that, as it only made mum **MADDER** than **MAD**! Jack worried she would yell so hard, his eardrums may explode! Luckily, Jack was clever enough to quickly say, "I'm really sorry mum...I didn't want to upset you".

"How about this - I will throw this towel in the bin outside, and clean up my mess. Then we could bake some nice cookies together?", asked Jack apologetically. "That's fine Jack", mum took a deep breath.



*After an hour, Jack was all done. He had his dinner and went to bed. Later that night, the weirdest thing happened. At midnight, just as the clock struck 12, the old towel flew out of the bin and actually started talking!*

*"HMMMMM, looks like it's night time, and everyone's asleep...but I need to find Jack's room first", the towel said. It flew into Jack's bedroom through an open window and laid itself on the floor right next to his bed.*



## CHAPTER 2

### No Ordinary Towel This One Talks!

The next morning Jack woke up and saw the towel in his room. The towel said, "Hi Jack - you are up! I have been waiting all night..."

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH", Jack screamed. "MUM, THERE'S A



TALKING TOWEL IN MY ROOM,  
MUM!!”

Just then, Jack noticed the towel sadly drop on the floor. “What’s the matter towel?”, asked Jack. “I only want to be your friend... I won’t harm you. I also forgive you for throwing me in the bin...my name is Hugo”.



End of Preview

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YOU SAW?**

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