

Around the World and Beyond!

By Jacob Grimm
Illustrations by Sveta Medvedieva



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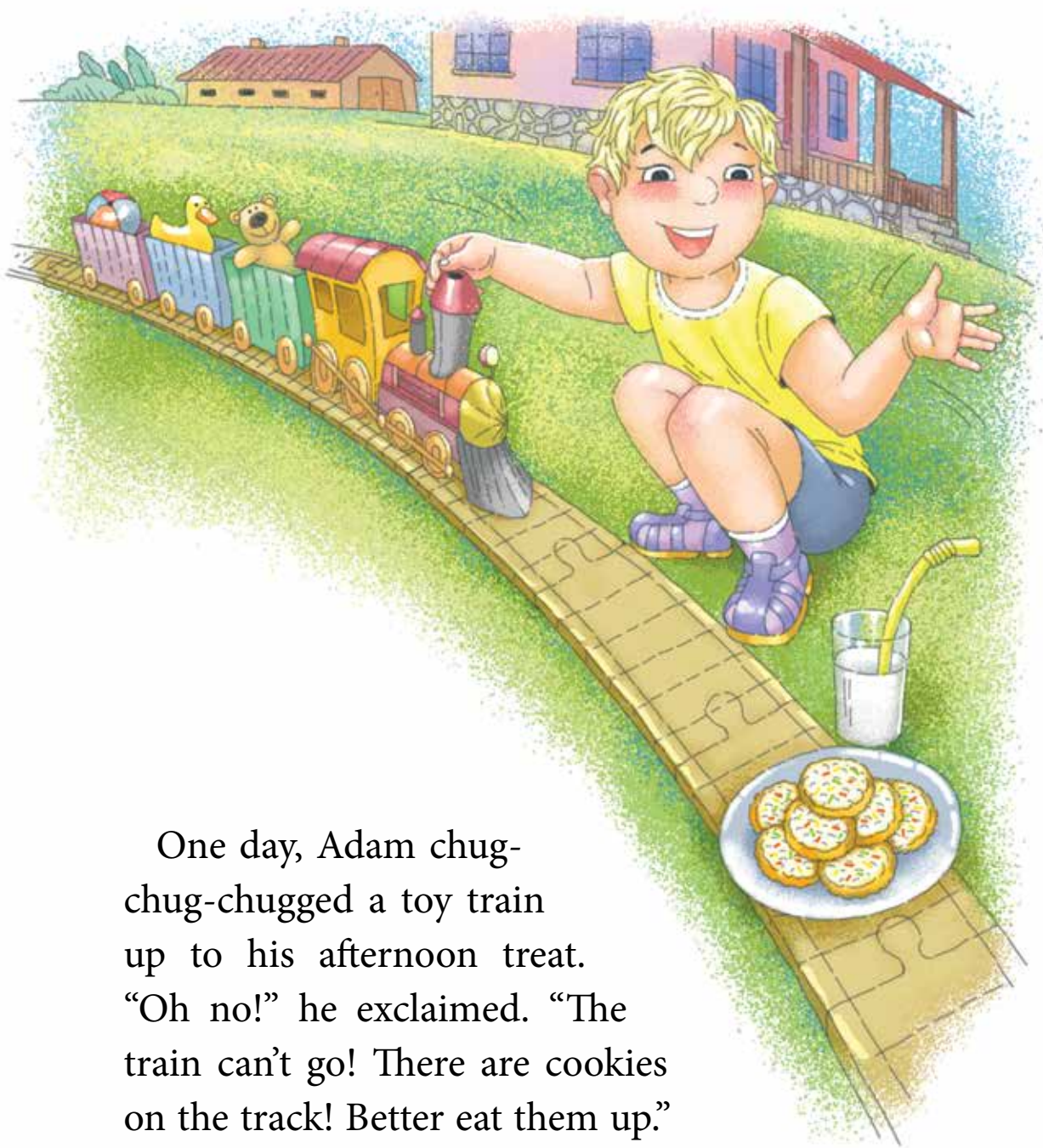
For further information contact:
Institute of Reading Development
5 Commercial Blvd.
Novato, CA 94949
www.readingprograms.org

First Edition
Printed by Friesens Corporation in Altona, MB, Canada.
February 2017, Job #230329





Adam loved trains. He played with trains in the morning, trains in the afternoon, and trains after dinner. He even dreamed of trains at night.



One day, Adam chug-chug-chugged a toy train up to his afternoon treat. “Oh no!” he exclaimed. “The train can’t go! There are cookies on the track! Better eat them up.”

As he took a bite, he heard a loud, low *TOOT*. A real train was stopping on the tracks nearby!



A portly man tumbled out. “Oh, no!” he said. “The train can’t go! There’s hay all over the track!”

“Indeed there is, Bromley,” said a tall man as he stepped down from the train. Here in the American heartland, there’s golden hay for days! Now, how shall we get past?”

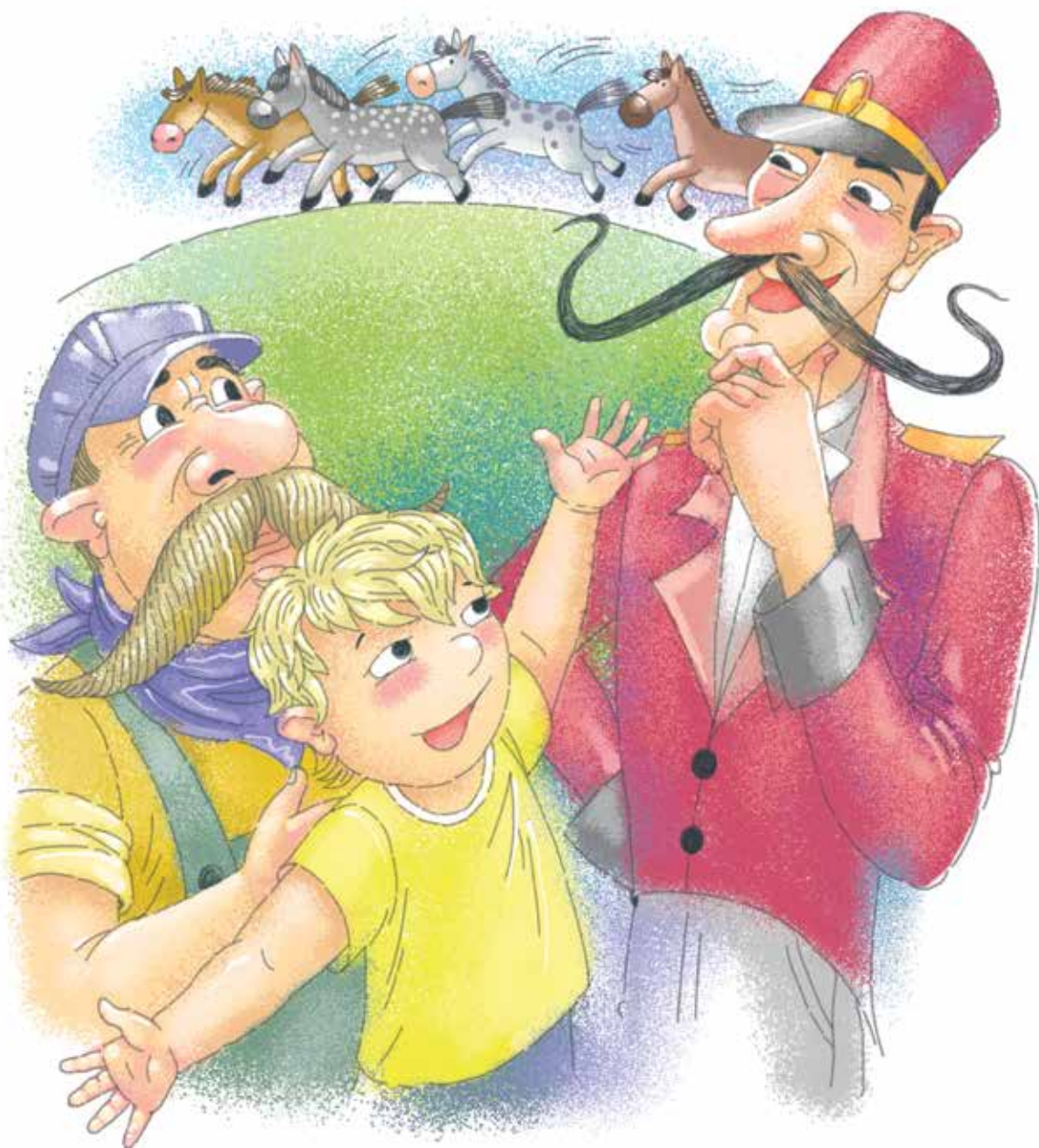


Bromley squinted.

“It’s no use, Sir. We can’t go over it. We can’t go around. We have to turn back!”

“Nonsense!” said Sir. “We’ll tunnel under! We’ll dig down to the earth’s core and right back up!”

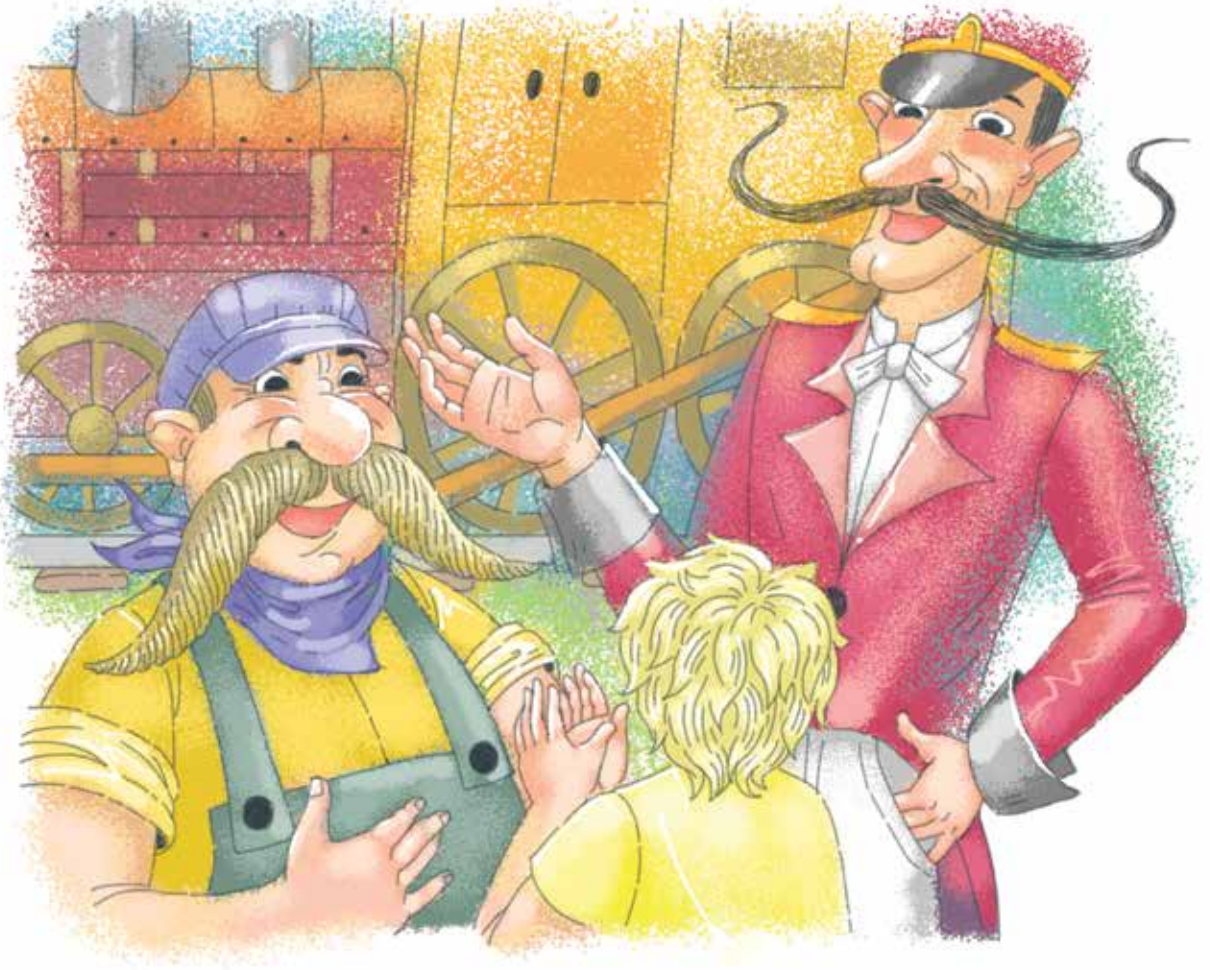
Adam had a better idea. “Excuse me!” he called.



“Our farm has horses. And horses eat hay. They can help clear the track!”



Adam gave a loud whistle. The hungry horses ran to the pile of hay and ate every last bit.



“You saved the day!” Sir cheered. “Allow me to invite you aboard the Taintastic! This fantabulous locomotive will be your chariot around the world and Beyond!”

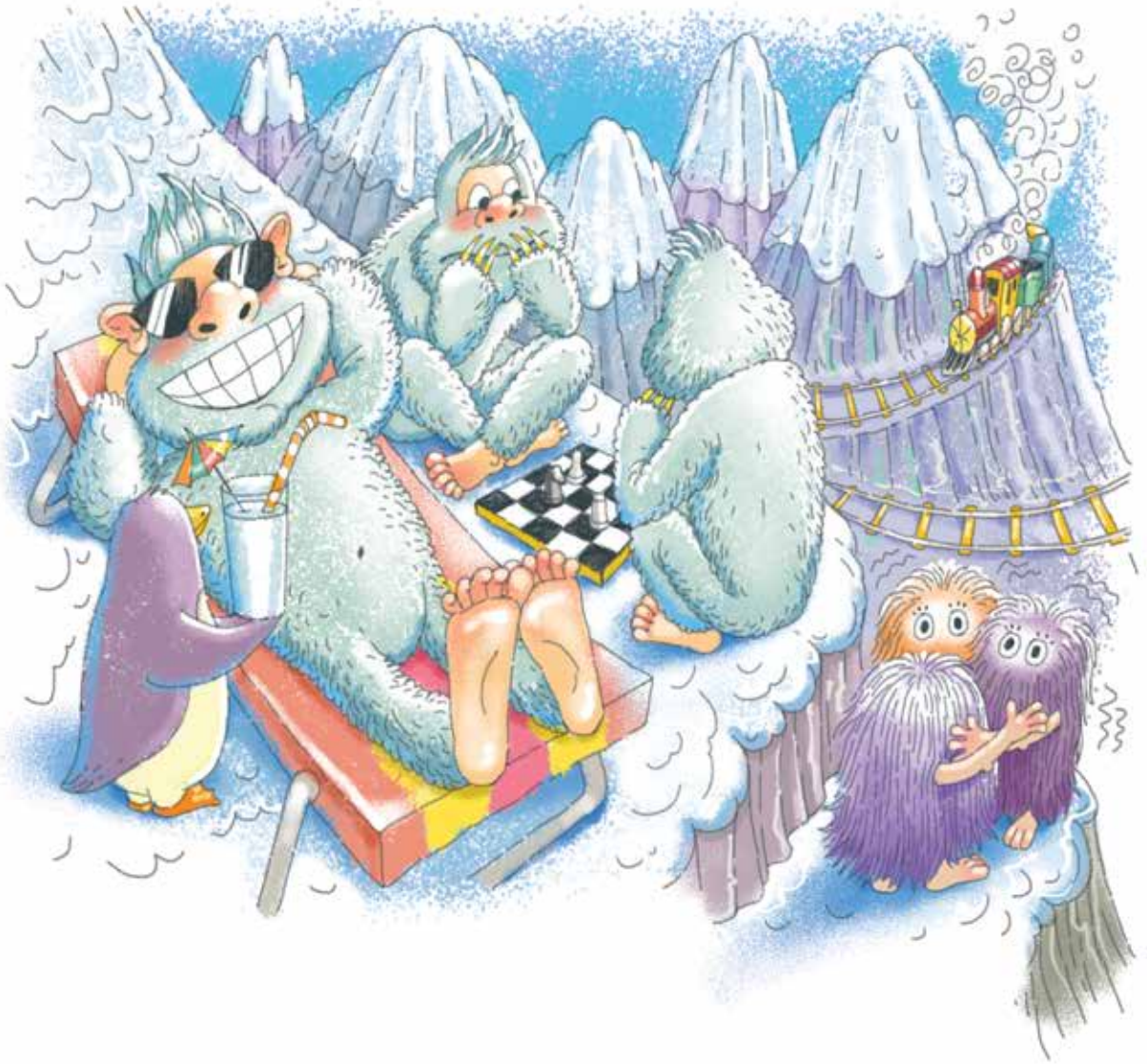
“With your mum’s permission, of course,” added Bromley.



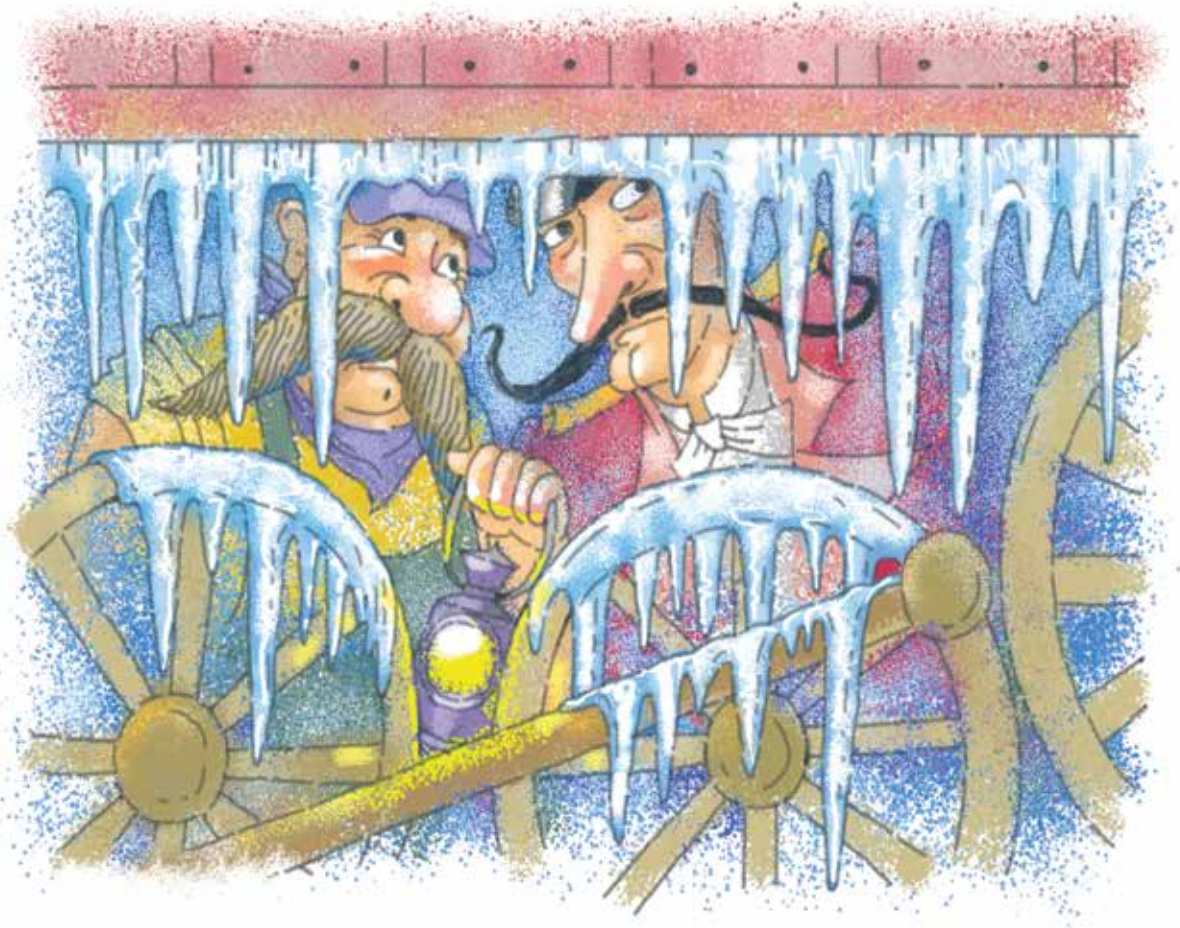
Adam ran inside.

“Mom! The Traintastic is going around the world and beyond! Can I go? Please?”

“*May* you go,” his mother corrected. “And yes, you may. Be back for supper.”



The Traintastic chug-chug-chugged away from the farm and up, up, up. Sir said, “Our first destination is the Snowengeti mountains, where Yetis play and Huddle Nuzzlies cuddle for warmth!”



EEEEEEeeek!

The train stopped. Bromley tumbled onto the snowy ground.

“Oh no!” he said. “The train can’t go! The wheels are frozen to the track!”

“Then we’ll set the wheels on fire!” Sir declared. “We’ll burn them to a crisp! The ice will be no match for that!”

But Adam had a better idea.

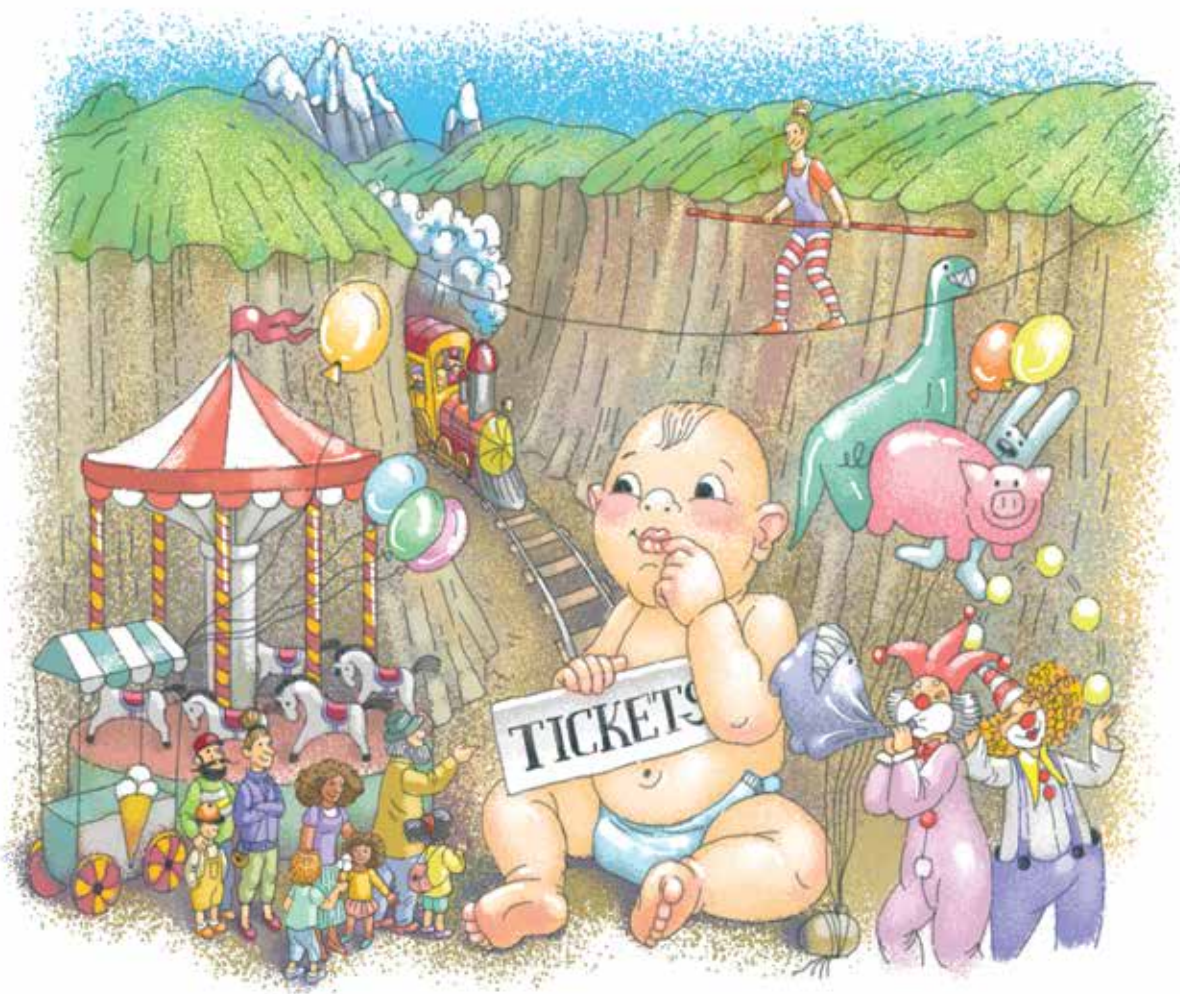


“We’ll need the wheels if we want to keep going.
But the Huddle Nuzzlies keep warm in the snow.
If they cuddle our wheels, the ice will melt!”

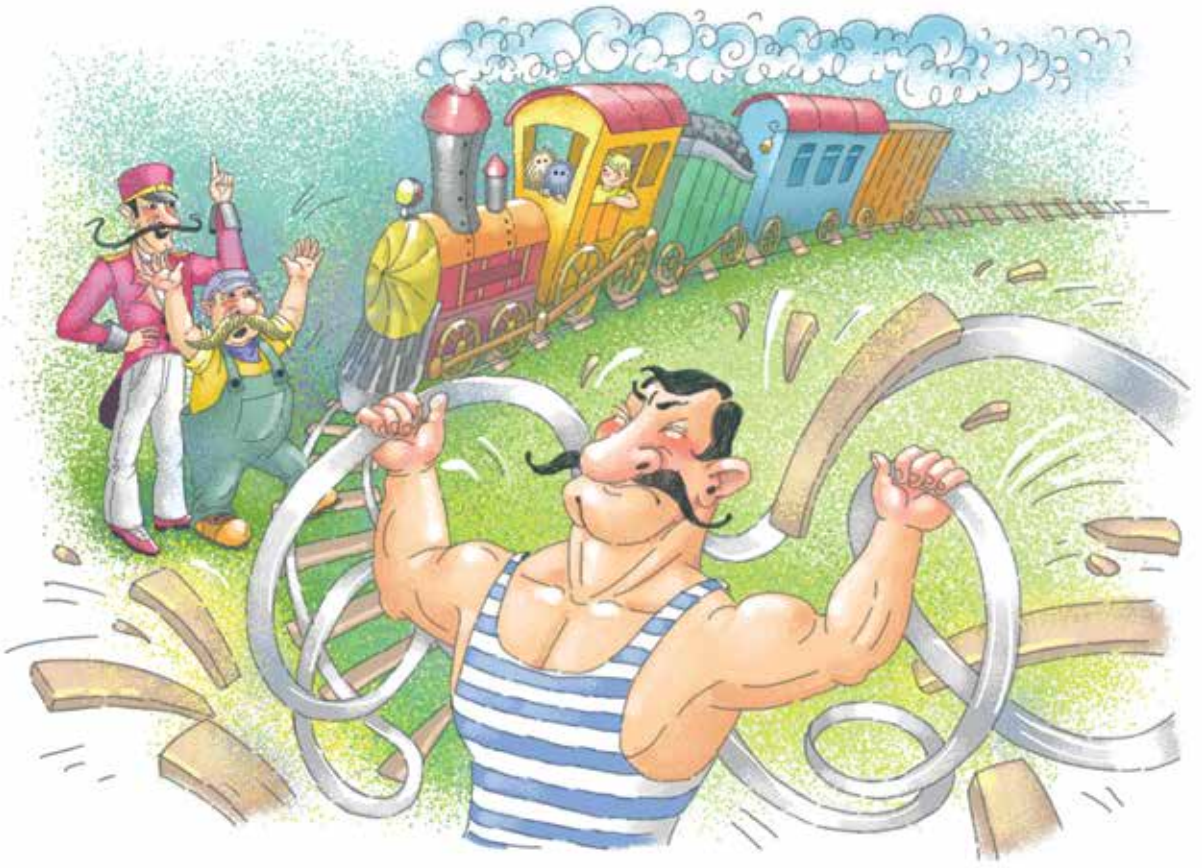


Adam asked the Nuzzlies for help. Their warm fur melted the ice in no time!

“Brilliant, my boy!” Sir exclaimed. “We’re unstuck! Now onward, onward!”



The Traintastic chug-chug-chugged out of the mountains and down, down, down. Sir said, “Next up: the Carnival Canyon! You’ll see astonishing acrobats! The biggest baby in the land! And a veritable zoo of balloon animals!”



EEEEeeek!

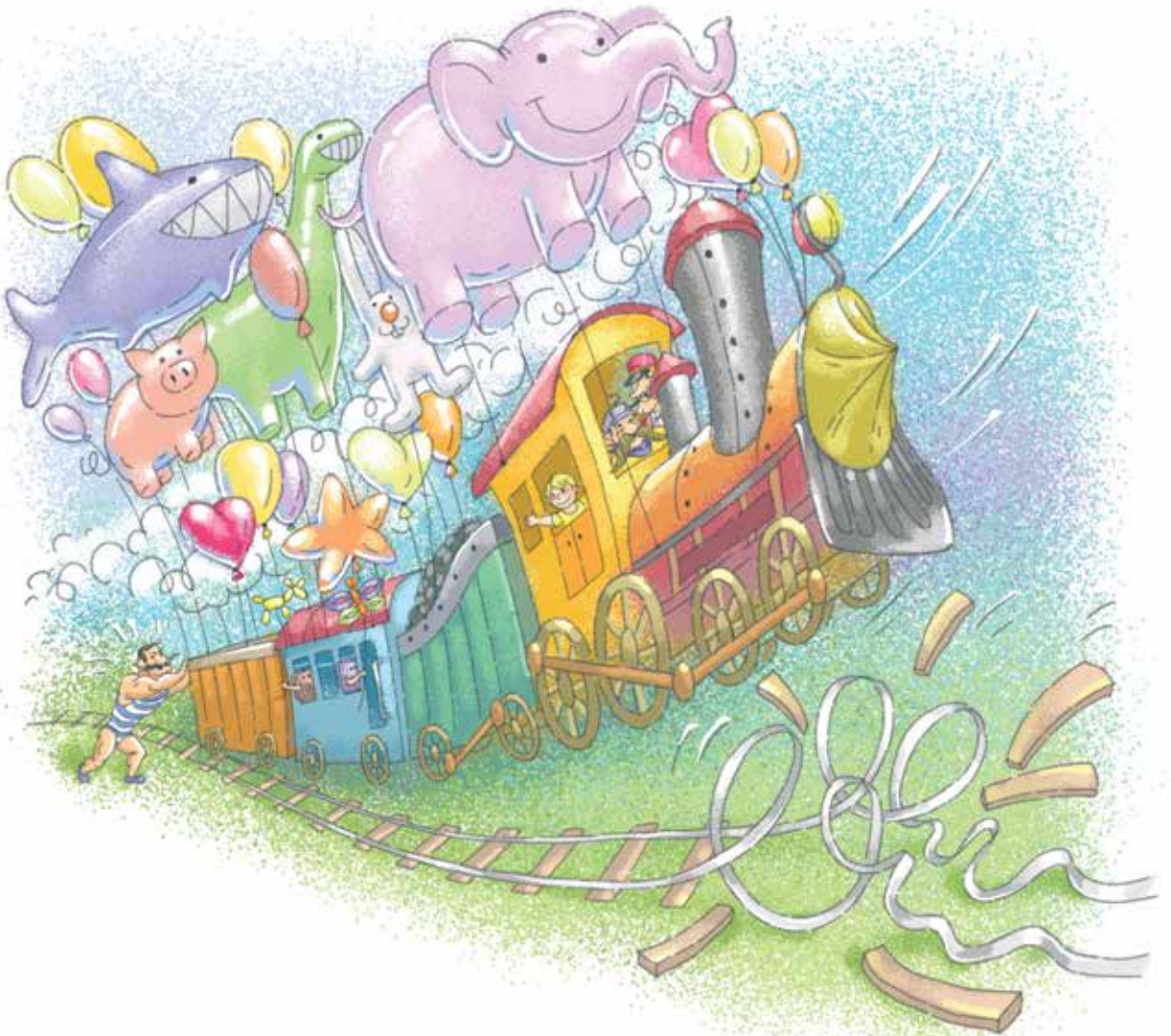
The train stopped. “Oh no!” Bromley said. “The train can’t go! The strongman bent the track!”

“That won’t stop us!” Sir said. “Full speed ahead for a topsy-turvy, twisty-curvy ride!”

But Adam had a better idea.



“We’ll tie balloons to the train until it floats!
When we get past the bent tracks, we’ll land and
keep on going!”



Sir exclaimed, “Adam, you’ve done it again!”

The strongman gave the train a push. It lifted into the air. They were soon past the damaged tracks and the Traintastic continued on its way.



The Traintastic chug-chug-chugged away from the canyon and through the beautiful countryside. Sir said, “Welcome to the kingdom of Blupert the Eighth, where lords, ladies, and livestock nobly amble through peaceful pastures!”



EEEEeeek!

The train stopped. “Oh no!” Bromley said. “The train can’t go! There’s a battle on the track!”

“A battle? What’s this hullabaloo about?” asked Sir.

“I think it’s about snacks,” replied Bromley. “Crumpets, to be precise.”



Two armies faced off. “Crumpets with honey!” proclaimed one side.

“Only butter will do!” shouted the other.

“I’ll settle this,” said Sir. He declared, “Everyone knows crumpets with pickled herring and garlic is best!” Both sides roared, “Yuck!”



Adam had a better idea. He shouted, “Just eat your crumpets the way you want, and let others do the same! There’s no need to fight at all!”

“By George, the boy is right! You may all eat your crumpets as you wish!” decreed King Blupert. “Now let the train pass!”



The Traintastic chug-chug-chugged away from the crowds and over the plains. Sir announced, “Metro Jam City is straight ahead, where high-rises hobnob with the clouds and stars! Do you hear the harmonious honking of cars?”



EEEEEEEEek!

The train stopped. “Oh no!” Bromley said. “The train can’t go! There’s a traffic jam on the track!”

Sir called out, “How long is the wait?”

“I’ve been here for thirty years,” an old, old man replied. “It could be thirty more!”

“Great! We’ll wait!” said Sir. “We have all the time in the world!”

Adam had a better idea.



“This traffic is bad because everyone is going to work and school.” He climbed on top of the train. “Attention! Attention! I declare today a Traintastic holiday! Everyone gets the day off!”



A cheer went up from the crowd of cars. Some people went home, some went to the beach. The tracks were clear.

“Hooray again, my clever friend!” Sir said. “Now onward, onward! There’s so much to see!”

The Traintastic chug-chug-chugged away from the city and on and on and on.

They saw the rhino-sparrows of the Oopertine Rainforests.



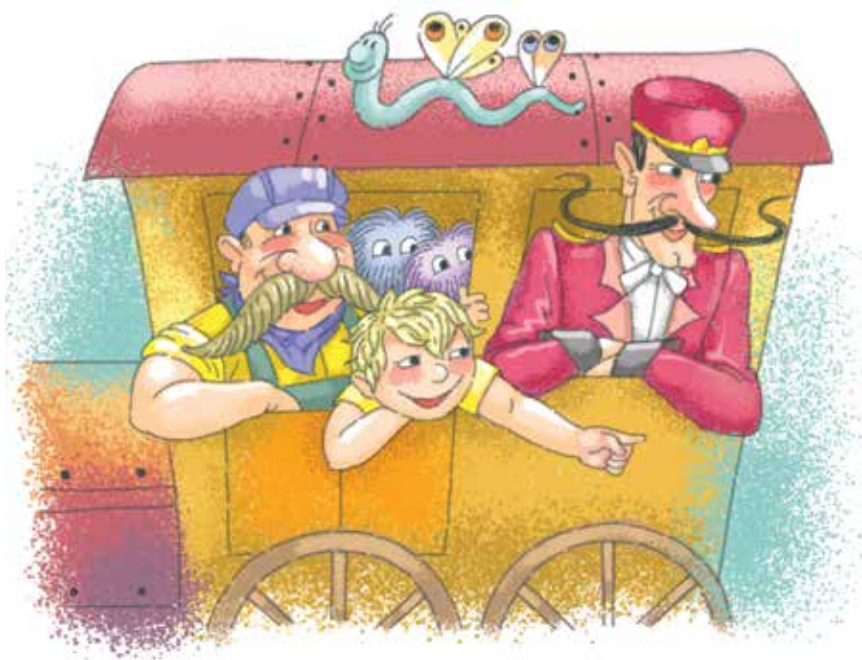
They rolled past the great jelly lakes of Stickicky Flat.

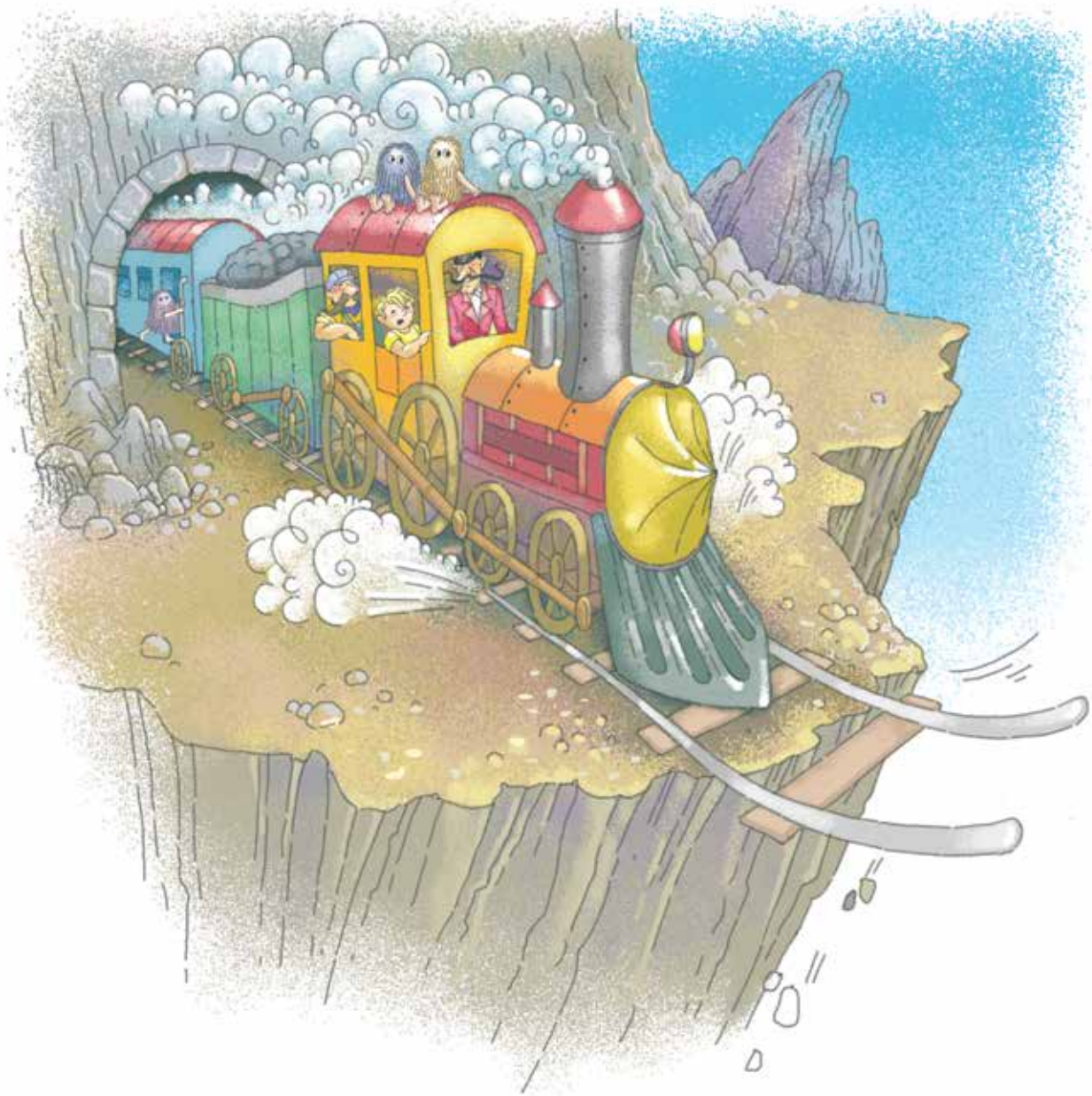


They saw the flannel frogs of the Pajanama Canal.



Every sight was more wonderful than the last!





Finally, the Traintastic rounded a bend. Sir said,
“Next up: the craggy cliffs of World’s End!”



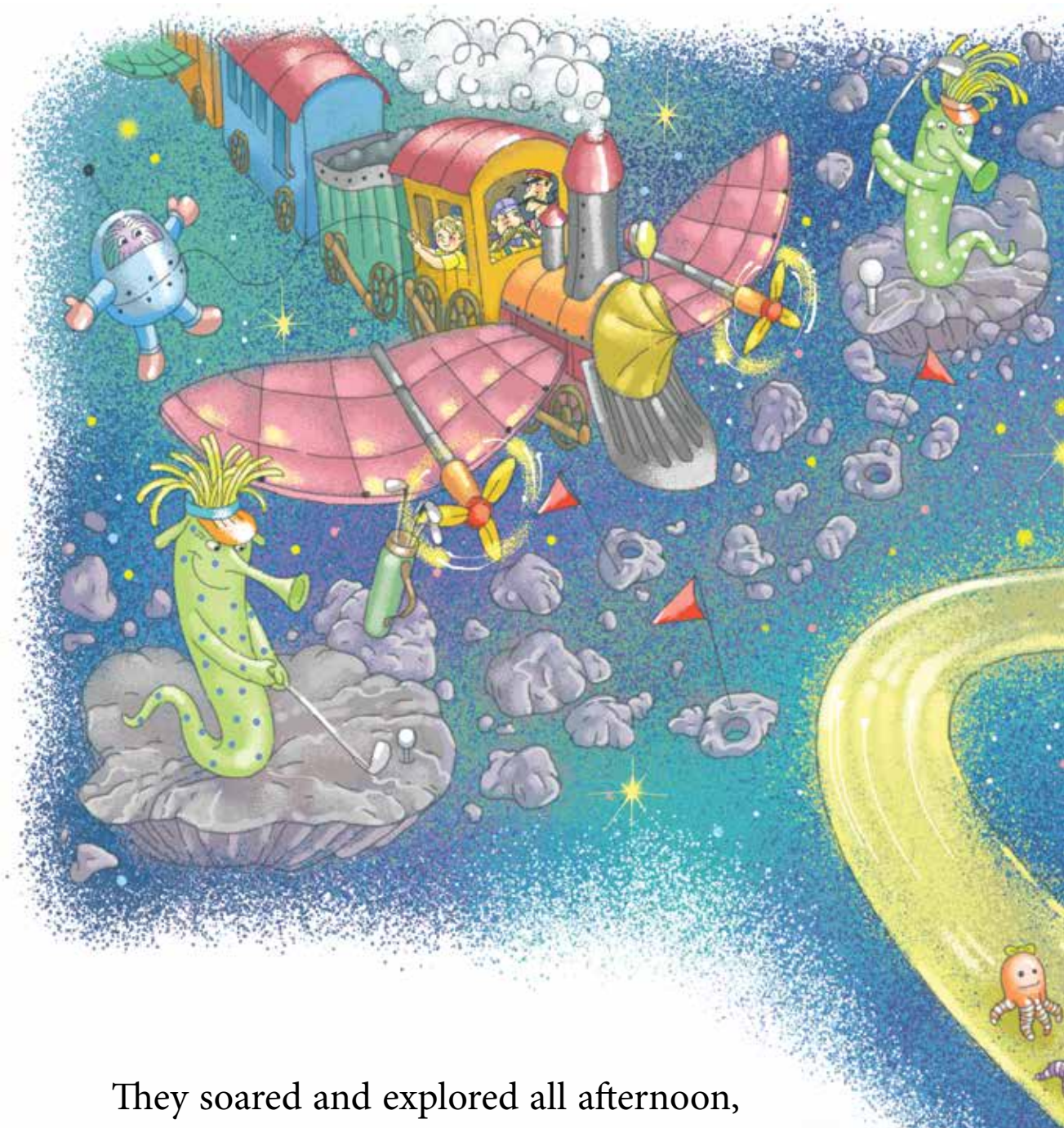
Adam looked ahead. His eyes went wide.
He shouted, “Oh no! The train can’t go! We’re running out of track!”
“Don’t fret, my boy!” said Sir. “This train will go! Ready, Bromley?”



“Unfurl the train-wings! Engines engage! Into the Beyond!”



The Traintastic took flight and left the track far behind.



They soared and explored all afternoon,
until Bromley declared, "I'm hungry!"

"I know a café with the tastiest Martian
moonballs this side of the Beyond!" said Sir.

But Adam had a better idea.





And just as he promised, they made it home for supper on time.

Jacob Grimm lives and writes in San Francisco, CA. He is a short train ride away from his fantastic nephew, Adam.

Sveta Medvedieva is an illustrator and graphic designer. She lives in Kiev, Ukraine with her family. Her daughters are her source of happiness and inspiration.

