

The Charlie Small Journals

# THE FINAL SHOWDOWN

*If you find this book,  
PLEASE look after it.  
This is the only true account  
of my remarkable adventures.*



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About the Author

Also by Charlie Small

Copyright

## About the Book

Something happened to Charlie Small when he was just eight years old. He went on a journey - and he's been trying to get back for over four hundred years!

YIKES! Charlie finds himself in a gang of pickpockets in the heart of Fortune City. Is he nabbed by the rat-faced City Guardians, or does he finally make it home in time for tea?

Gadgets, inventions, monstrous creatures, evil villains . . .  
No adventure is too BIG for Charlie Small.

## **PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

This is the twelfth volume of Charlie Small's amazing journal. A fusty old businessman found the notebook in the luggage rack on a train. It was dog-eared and dirty but filled with the most amazing tales of derring-do. The man recognized Charlie's writing and as soon as he arrived at his station, he brought the journal straight to us. Here is the thrilling conclusion to Charlie Small's incredible adventures!

Does Charlie make it home? Will there be other journals to find? Only time will tell. So, keep your eyes peeled and if you do come across a curious-looking diary or see an eight-year-old boy carrying an explorer's kit, please let us know at the website:

**[www.charliesmall.co.uk](http://www.charliesmall.co.uk)**



NAME: Charlie Small

ADDRESS: Fortune City

AGE: I'm an eight-year-old boy who's  
lived for four hundred years!

MOBILE: 07713 1234

SCHOOL: St Beckham's

THINGS I LIKE: The Air-rider; Snipe  
and the Outcasts; Mum and Dad;  
Jumbo

THINGS I HATE: Joseph Craik  
(my arch-enemy);

Bush Spiders; lonely Yeti



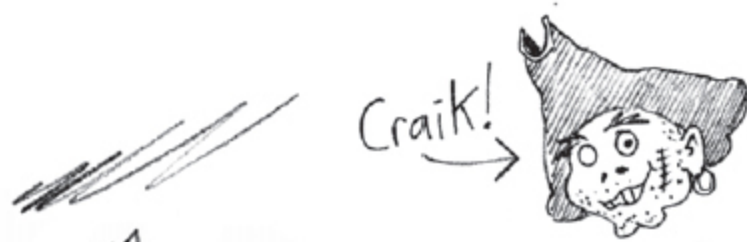
If you find this book, PLEASE look after it.  
This is the final account of my remarkable adventures.

My name is Charlie Small and I am four hundred years old, maybe even more. But in all those long years, I have never grown up. ~~Some~~ Something happened when I was eight years old, something I can't begin to understand. I went on a journey... and I'm still trying to find my way home. Now, although I've come face to face with an enormous and hairy yeti, been attacked by huge, wind-blown spiders and nearly arrested by a race of strange rat-like people, I still look like any eight-year-old boy you might pass in the street.

I've climbed mountains, crossed a vast, muddy desert and been chased by a dangerous villain through the carriages of a high-speed train. You may think this sounds fantastic, you could think it's a lie, but you would be wrong. Because EVERYTHING IN THIS BOOK IS TRUE. Believe this single fact and you can share the most incredible journey ever experienced.

Charlie Small





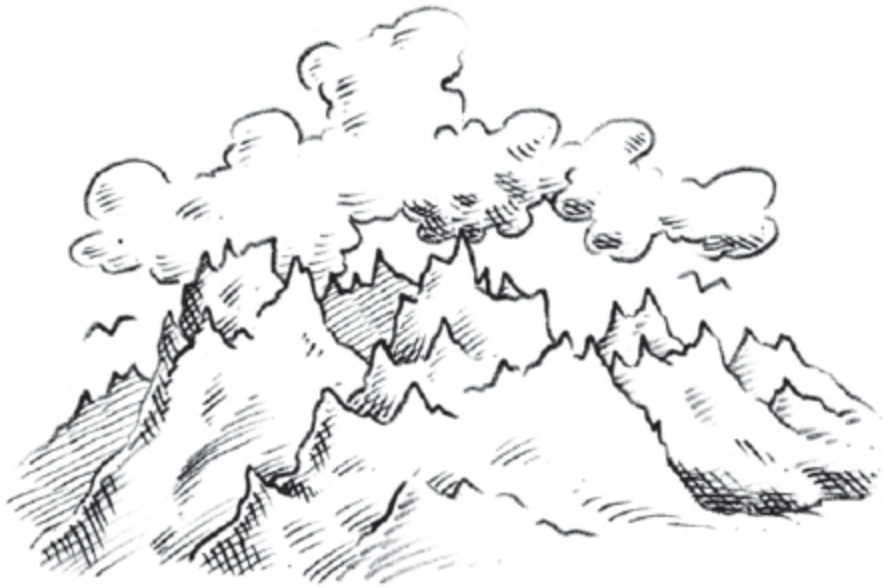
**THE**  
**AMAZING ADVENTURES OF**  
**CHARLIE SMALL (400)**

**Notebook 12**

**THE FINAL**  
**SHOWDOWN**



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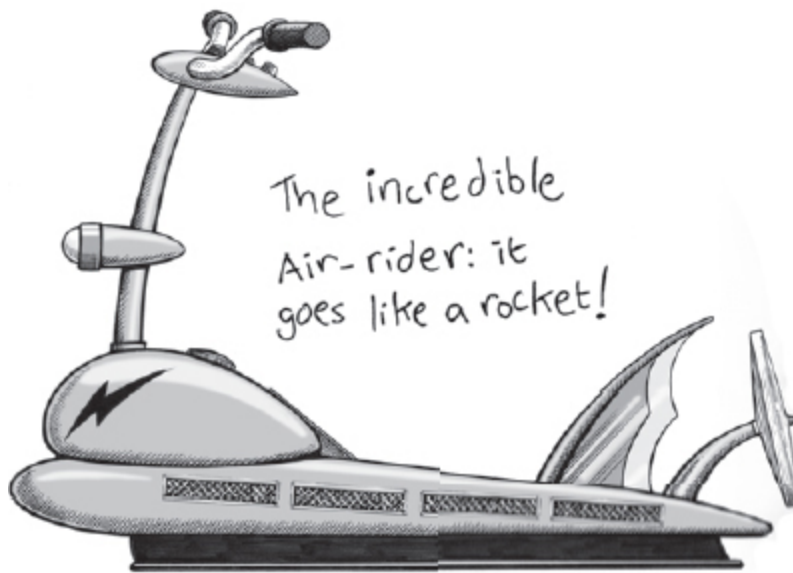


The mountains of  
the Jagged Edge

## On The Mountains Of The Jagged Edge

I cowered behind a large slab of rock, holding my breath and straining my ears. I could definitely hear something; a scuffing, padding sound that was almost lost in the noise of the wind that blew across the top of the mountain. What could it be?

From the moment I set out on my journey, I was sure someone was on my trail. Every now and then I stopped and looked behind me, studying the landscape through my telescope. I didn't see anything other than shifting shadows, but I was certain someone was there, watching my every move.



I'd been zooming along on the Air-rider, an incredible hovering scooter invented by my friend Jakeman, but when I reached the Jagged Mountains, I had to stop. The rock-strewn cliffs were too steep for the scooter, so I had to haul it up behind me with my home-made lasso. Finally, after hours of exhausting climbing, I scrambled onto the windy

top of one of the peaks and dragged the Air-rider after me. I looked around the lonely mountaintop. It seemed deserted, but then I heard the scuffing, padding noise . . .

The swirling wind made it impossible to tell where the noise was coming from, but it sounded close. I didn't want to hang around in the open, so I ran for one of the great spears of rock that jutted from the peak. I crouched down behind it, hoping the noise was just my crazy imagination playing tricks.

It wasn't! Now I can hear the padding of footsteps quite clearly, and the hoarse panting of breath as my pursuer shuffles around the mountaintop. It is snuffling and sniffing the air like some huge bloodhound. Help! I've just peeped round the edge of my hiding place and seen an enormous, white hairy foot on the other side of the rock. *Yikes!*



*It was a yeti!*

Yeti! 00

Oh, brilliant! You'll never guess where I am now. I've been captured and I'm languishing in a dingy den. I don't know how I'll ever escape.

This is what happened.

I scrambled to my feet and darted away, desperately searching for an escape route, but the big-footed monster was right behind me. I turned to face him, and the blood froze in my veins. It was a yeti - an abominable, hairy-faced yeti!

The creature towered above me. He was three metres tall and covered in shaggy white hair. Two lime-green eyes shone out from a dark blue, leathery face and large, curved horns above a low brow gave him a brooding, menacing expression.

'Wah!' the yeti barked, showing a line of terrible teeth, and he stepped towards me. I took a pace back.

'Wah!' he repeated, lifting a massive hand and gesticulating to the far side of the mountaintop. The yeti's arms were even longer and thicker than Thrak's, the old silverback gorilla who had kidnapped me at the very start of my adventures.

He stepped forward again, and I retreated again, but I was now backed against another of the soaring rock spears. The yeti gave a low growl and lifted his enormous hand towards me. It was big enough to crush my skull like a tangerine, and my knees started to wobble.

'Wah!' the beast barked again. I felt faint with terror, and my legs folded beneath me. As I fell, I was aware of being lifted high into the air. Then I blacked out completely.

