



## WARNING!

Do NOT, I repeat, do NOT read this book if you are scared of pigs, zombies or zombies that are made out of pigs.

Hi readers!

Even though I *literally* just wrote two WHOLE books, my mum said I now have to write a letter to tell people what they are about! And apparently, I'm NOT allowed to put, 'IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT ABOUT MY BOOKS THEN READ THEM, YOU BIG LAZAMUFFIN' because my mum says that's rude. Anyway, then she told me if I wrote a 'nice letter' I could have TWO Jaffa Cakes, so here goes...

The first thing I should do is WARN you that THE BEASTS OF KNOBBLY BOTTOM books are VERY scary! So, if you don't like scary stuff then maybe go and read a book about kittens and candy floss instead. (Although do NOT read a book about kittens eating candy floss because my friend Rav's cat once ate a whole bag and started running into walls and hissing pink spit and that WAS terrifying.)

It all started when me, my mum and my little sister Lily moved from our flat in Leicester to Knobbly Bottom (a village, NOT a bum with knobbly bits on -that would be weird.) At first, I thought it was the MOST boring place in the universe, but when I met Gary the Great and Evil Child Eater, Nan Helsing (a tricky old lady with a dark secret) and A BUNCH OF RED-EYED SHEEP WITH FANGS, I realised that Knobbly Bottom was actually the opposite of boring.

Things went from scary to *super scary* when we found out that the sheep were actually VAMPIRES who planned to take over the world! Luckily, there was a gang of brave heroes with garlic baguettes (me, Lily and my new neighbour, Fred) who decided they would try to STOP the vampire sheep.

BUT no sooner had we finished a cup of beast battling victory tea, the Knobbly Bottom PIGS started acting weird... They turned green and gruesome and started eating their way through the village - they were ZOMBIES! So, then we had another battle on our hands!

If you want to find out whether we managed to stop the ZOMBIE PIGS, you'll just have to read the book! Right, I'm off to eat my TWO Jaffa Cakes. I might even get three as I am about to be extra nice and tell your teachers that they look lovely today (grown ups love that).

Yours extra nicely,  
Maggie McKay aka hero of this book x