



...but what happens when they get to the forest?

Roxy Firestorm

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This version was published on 2012-11-03

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“so you’ve been sat there for half an hour now?”

“yup”

“and you’ve managed to do what so far...?”

“i started formatting it. I can’t get the title page to do anything, and i’ve broken my spellcheck. There’s no contents page and i’ve no idea how to make it work.”

“...right. So what are you going to write about? Don’t forget you still have that report to do as well. Did you seriously give this any consideration before last night?”

“I did. I gave it lots of thought. In august. Then I forgot about it. Until last night.”

“fantastic. I can see you’re going to excell at this.”

I sighed. She was right. I’d been putting this off as much as anything else. Given the choice between writing a story and filing a report on quality assurance, this was the more fun option. Even if the report was due in tomorrow. Productive procrastination, that’s what I like to call it. Doesn’t get you very far in the right direction, but it’s better than doing nothing. Add to that the call of my latest browser based game addiction and we have all the ingredients for another unproductive month. Still, two screens on the computer means I can procrastinate whilst procrastinating, right?

221 words. That’s a start. Too much coffee after a day of explaining away my life choices to a friend, and the first day of being consciously separated from Him. It’s a decision I did not take lightly, and mused over it for days. Timing was perfect. Writing a novel gives me a focus, and

having him out of my mind... who am I kidding? He's never out of my mind. That's why I needed the time off. That reminds me, still need to get my watch fixed. So many things to do, so many distractions to work around.

It's at this point I look over and see Bear. Even he looks disappointed. He's usually such a happy bear, in his hand made dungaroos and badly made t shirt. He looks a little sad too. It's been a while since we had an adventure.

Maybe that's where I should start. I should tell you about Bear, and all the others, and the adventures we've had so far. I might even get this finished in time to start reading it to you before you're here. You have the biggest adventure ahead of you, and I can't wait to be there for you. I'll be "āyí", and maybe he'll be "yí zhàng", if he gets himself sorted out. We'll see. If he manages it before the end of the month then maybe he'll get in the book too. But this is your book. My gift to you. There's no mandarin translation for "Sproglett". I'll get you a cute nickname once you join us properly, but until then let me tell you about Bear and his friends and what happened when they got to the forest.