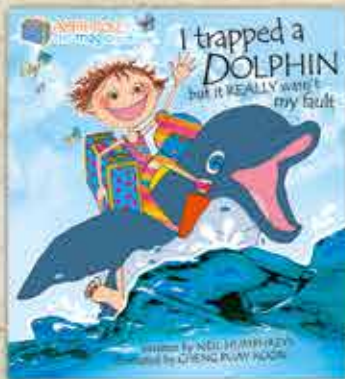
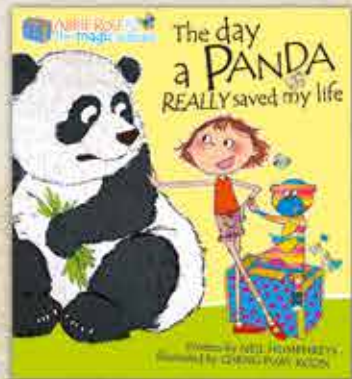


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She doesn't find a new otter home. She finds a dangerous cage and gets herself trapped. This time, the otters must work together as a family to save Abbie Rose.

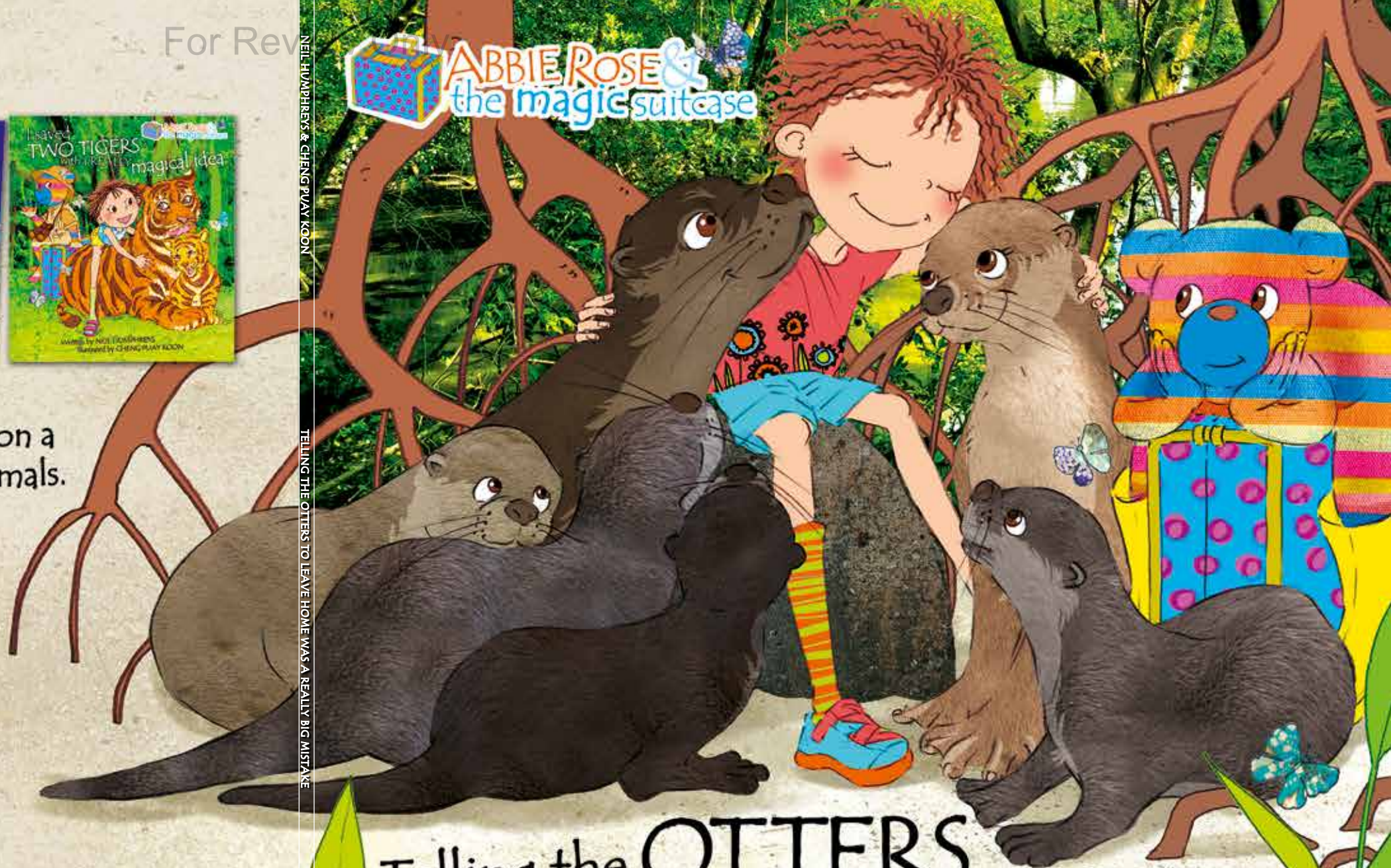
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ABBIE ROSE & the magic suitcase



Telling the **OTTERS**
to leave home was a REALLY
big mistake

Written by NEIL HUMPHREYS
Illustrated by CHENG PUAY KOON

Telling the OTTERS
to leave home was a REALLY
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Written by

NEIL HUMPHREYS

Illustrated and Designed by

CHENG PUAY KOON



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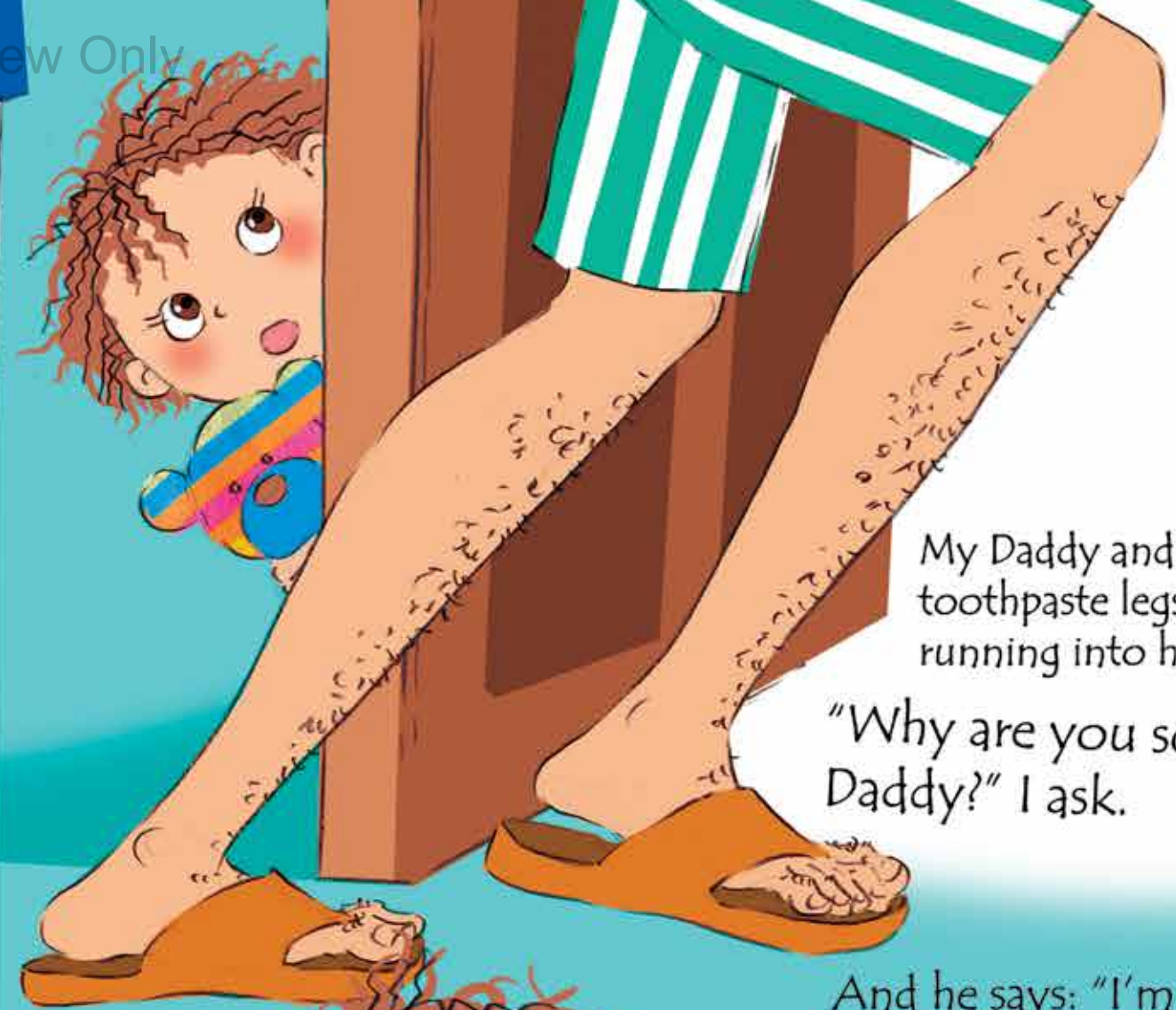
MY Daddy writes
REALLY LONG
stories that are nearly
as long as his legs.

He thinks he has legs like a
TIGER, but I think his legs are like
toothpaste.

And I wouldn't want
to brush my teeth
with his hairy legs.



For Review Only



My Daddy and his
toothpaste legs are
running into his office.

"Why are you so busy,
Daddy?" I ask.

And he says: "I'm writing
a new adventure about
smooth-coated otters."

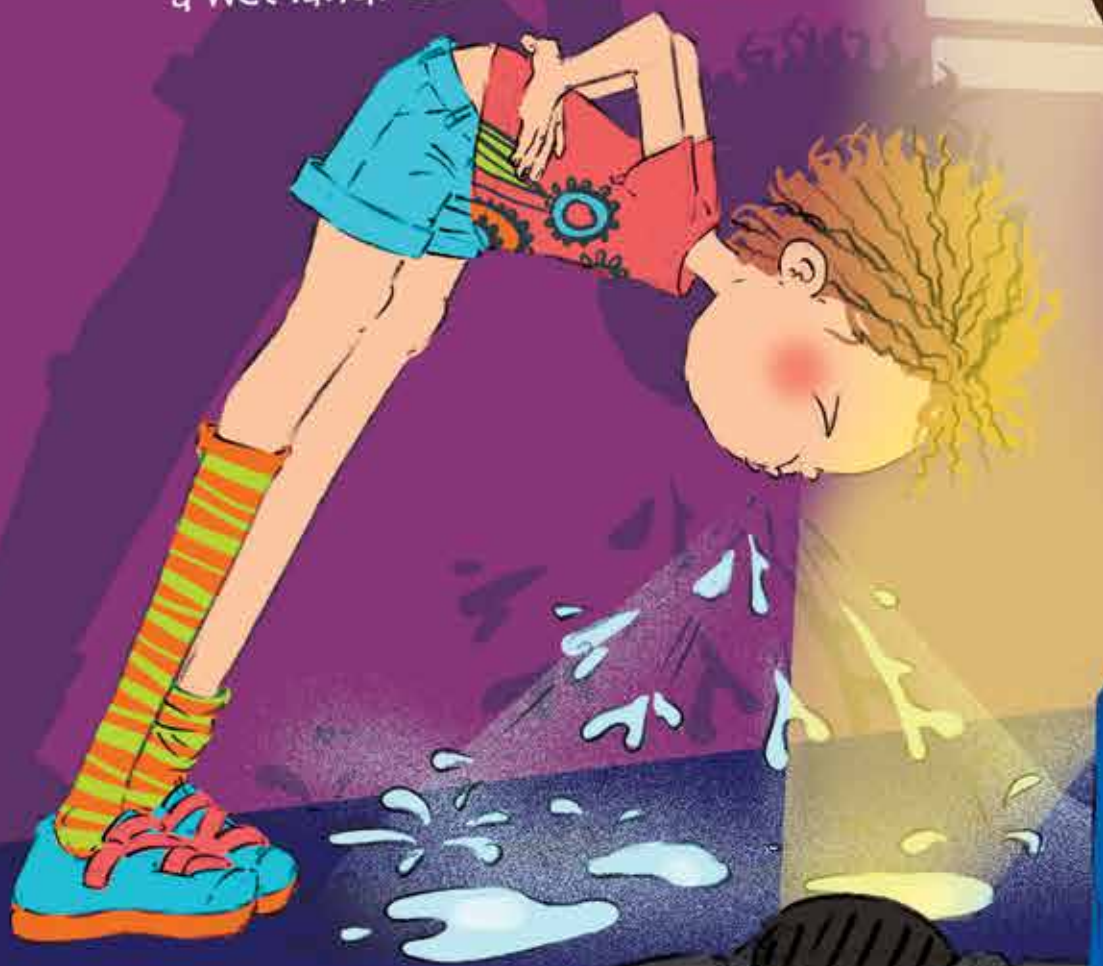
So I shout: "Yay!
I love smoothies,
especially strawberry smoothies.
Why are you writing a book
about a drink, Daddy?"



Daddy laughs and shows me a photo of a SUPER furry animal. "No, NOT smoothies," he says. "Smooth-coated otters. They live in the wetlands."

"I know what wetlands are," I shout.

"If you sneeze without a tissue – **ACHOO** – you'll make the floor all wet and then you'll have a wet land! Get it? A wet land!"



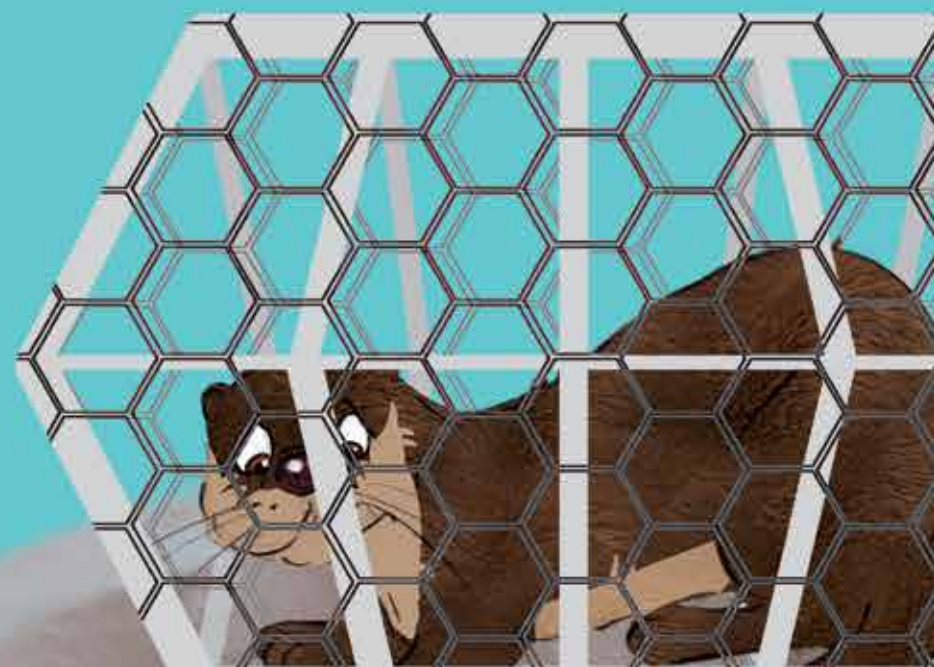
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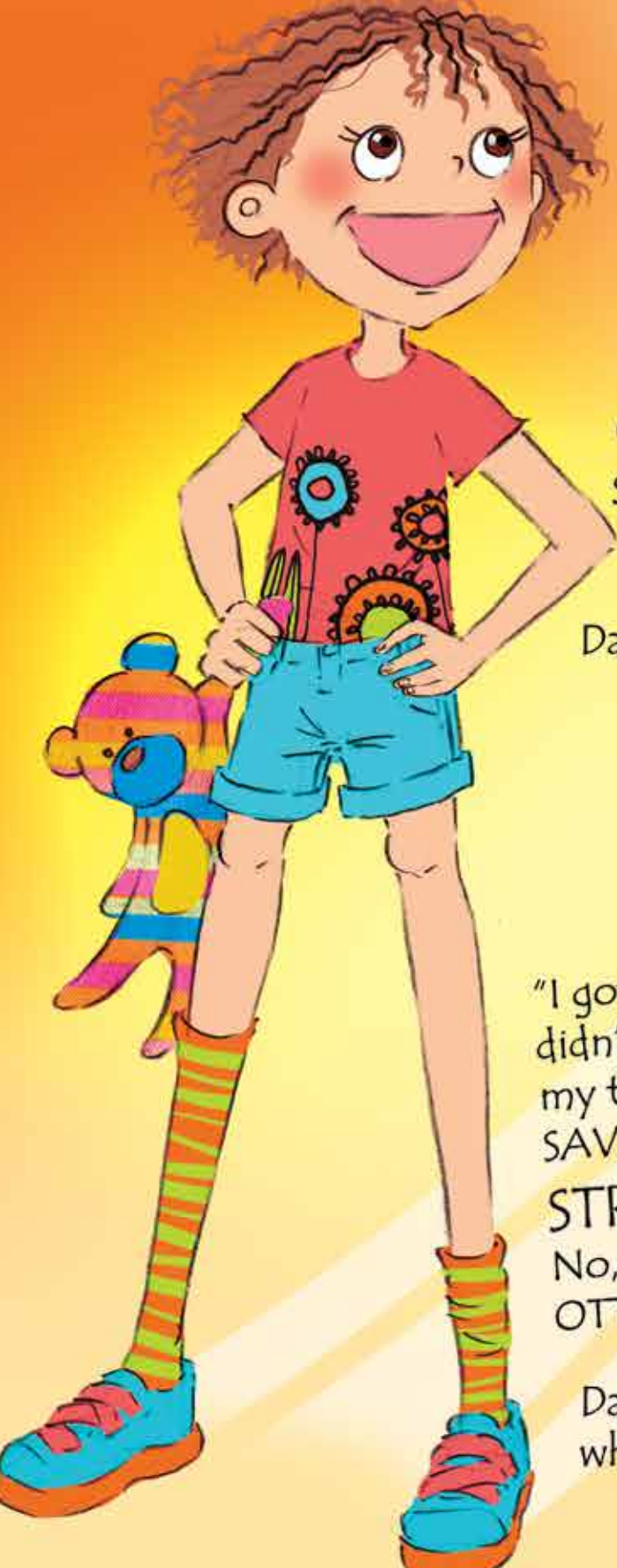


Daddy laughs again. "Not quite, Abbie Rose. WETLANDS are damp and swampy most of the time."

"That's DISGUSTING," I say. "Who'd want to live in the smelly, swampy wetlands?"

Daddy grins. "Smooth-coated otters do! But they must be careful. Sometimes, they get caught in fishing cages."





I put my hands on my hips like a **SUPERHERO** and shout: "Then I will **SAVE** them from the fishing cages, Daddy. I will **RESCUE** the **otter-coated smoothies**."

Daddy shakes his head.

"I got the name wrong, didn't I?" I say, clearing my throat. "OK, I will **SAVE** the smooth-coated **STRAWBERRY!** ... No, the smooth-coated **OTTER!** That's it!"

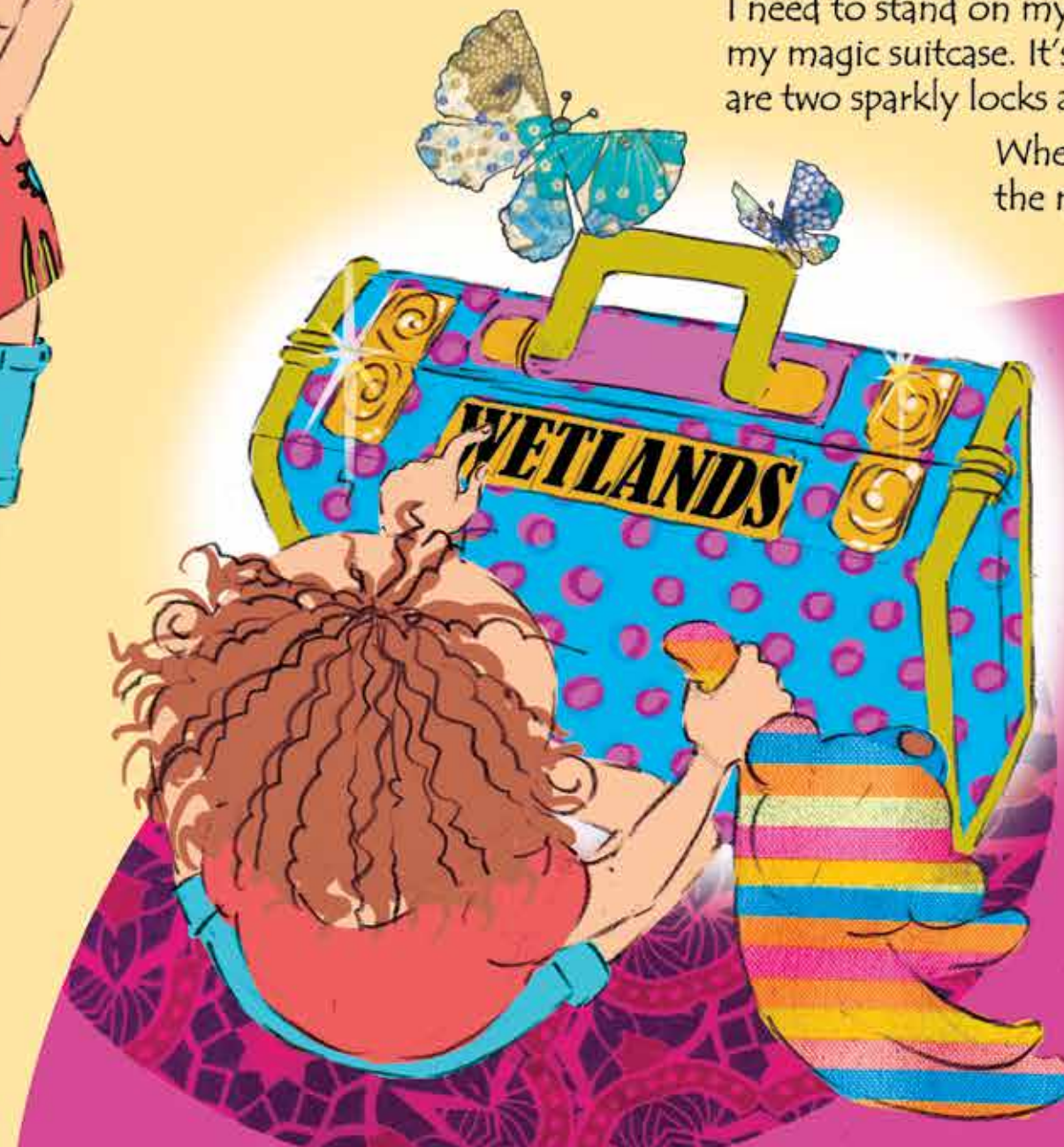
Daddy giggles: "Then what is our little secret?"



"The magic suitcase," I cry. "It is the **MOST** magical suitcase on the **WHOLE** cupboard shelf."

I need to stand on my tippiest of tippy toes to reach my magic suitcase. It's **REALLY** special because there are two sparkly locks and lots of letters.

When I turn the letters, I can make the name of the place I want to go.



I grab Billy. He is my **BEST FRIEND** for hugging, sleeping and magic suitcase adventures.

"Come on Billy," I shout. "Let's find the letters for **W-E-T-L-A-N-D-S.**"

The Magic Suitcase glows. "It's time, Billy," I whisper. "Hold my hand and close your eyes. When we hear the click, we will be in the ..."



W-E-T-L-A-N-D-S!

Billy and I open our eyes. The wetlands are MUDDY and WATERY and they smell worse than my armpits after a P.E. lesson.

I march off into the wetlands.
My shoes SQUELCH in the mud.
My feet SPLASH through the puddles.

"Remember to look out for fishing cages, nets and traps," I say.
"Remember that. Fishing cages, nets and traps, OK?"

Billy points behind me.
"Abbie Rose," he cries.

"Billy," I say. "Why are you so SMELLY? Did you change your underwear?"

"That's NOT me," Billy replies.
"That's the damp wetlands."

That's funny, Billy can talk in the wetlands.
He NEVER talks at home.

"Billy, don't interrupt me when I'm talking about fishing cages, nets and ...
ARGH!!!"

