

# Chapter 1

I felt that something was not right.

It was not just that I didn't wake up in time to go to school – again. That happens every week. This was different.

It seemed that something had happened in the night, but I didn't know what.

I lay there thinking and trying to remember for a while, but nothing came to me, so all I could do was get up and start the day.

I got out of bed and - wham. Flat on my back, and I'm thinking – how did that happen? All my life I've got out of bed without falling on my back, but this time I couldn't do it.

So I tried to stand up, and that's when it came to me. The thing that was not right about me was that - my feet were not there.

I've always had feet. Right from when I was really small, I didn't have much of a brain, but I did have feet.

So I checked the ends of my legs again and there were still no feet.

You would think that if your feet were chopped off - like maybe, if some beast came in the night and ate your feet when you were asleep - you would be bleeding buckets, but my legs ended with skin, all round and neat. There were no teeth marks, nothing to show what might have happened to my feet.

By this time I was getting hungry, and I was thinking I might feel better about having no feet if I had my Frosty Flakes. The

problem was - how was I going to get to the  
Frosty Flakes with no feet?