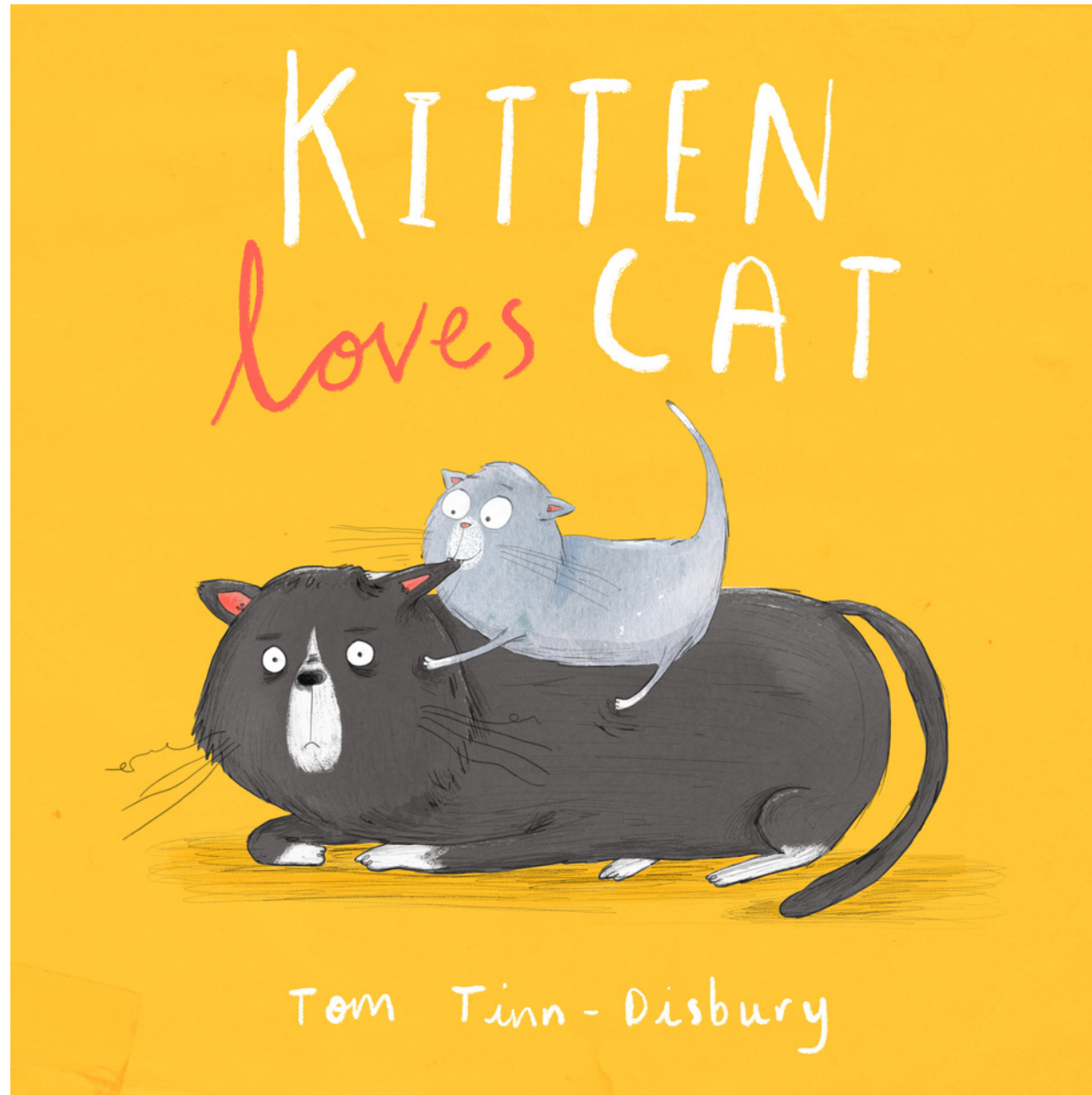


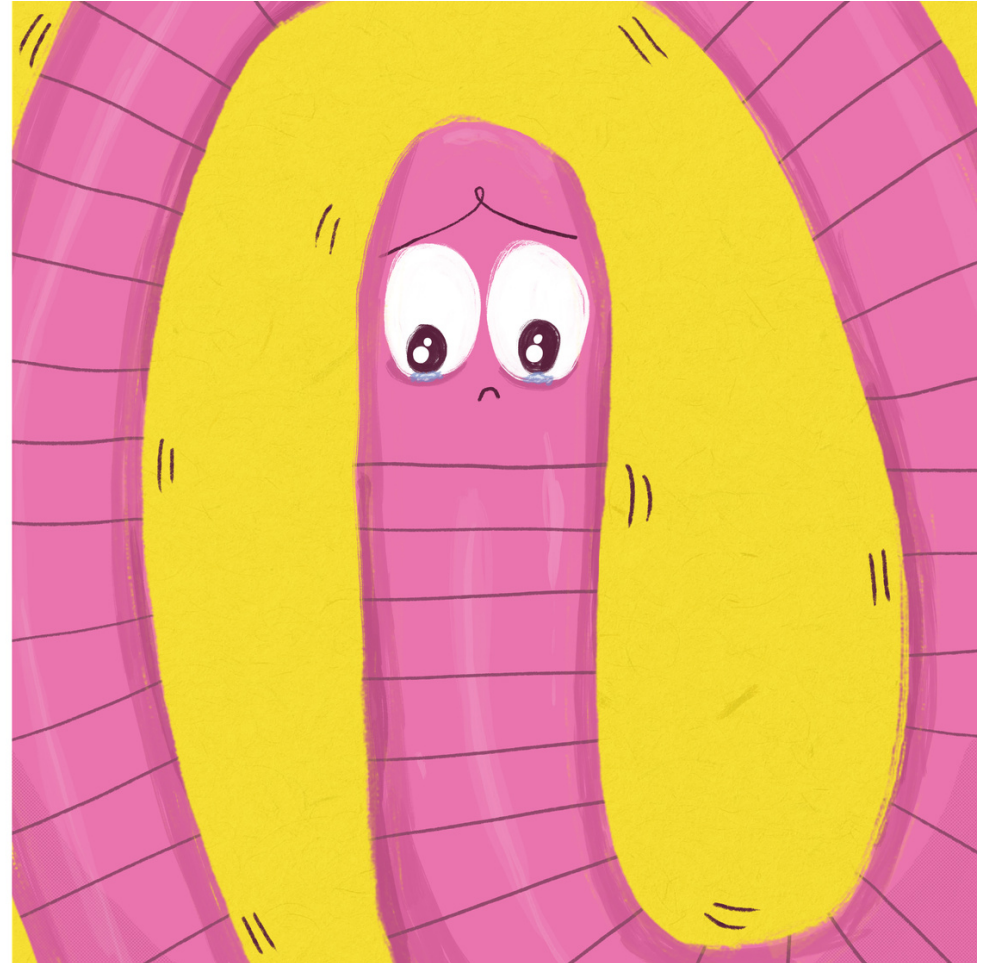
Tom Tinn-Disbury









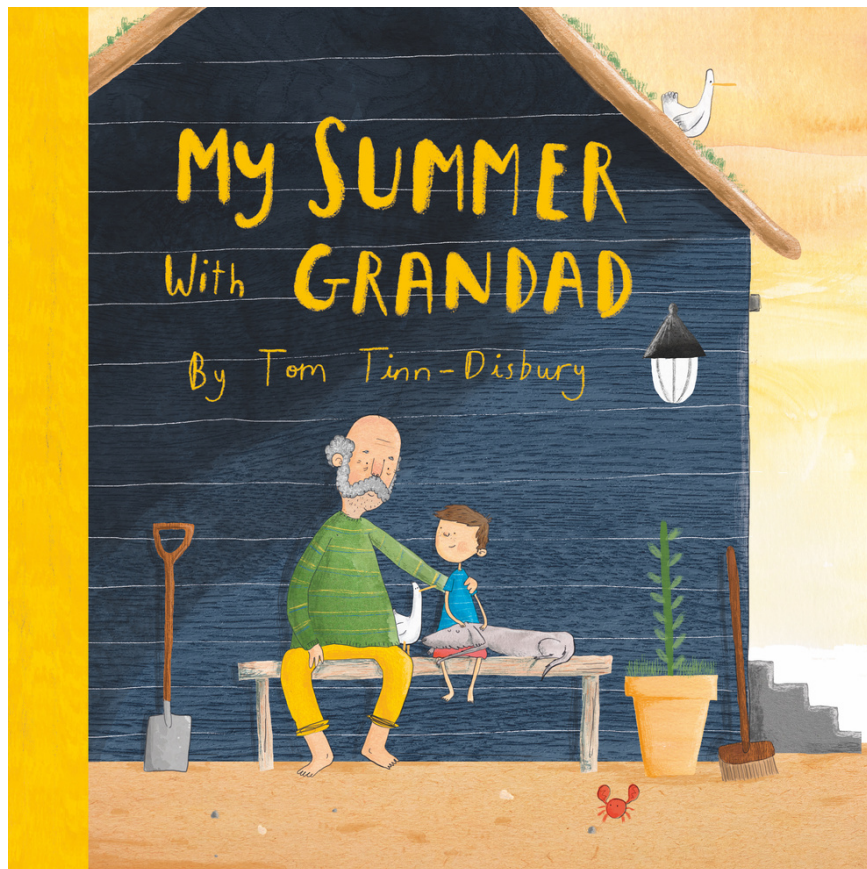








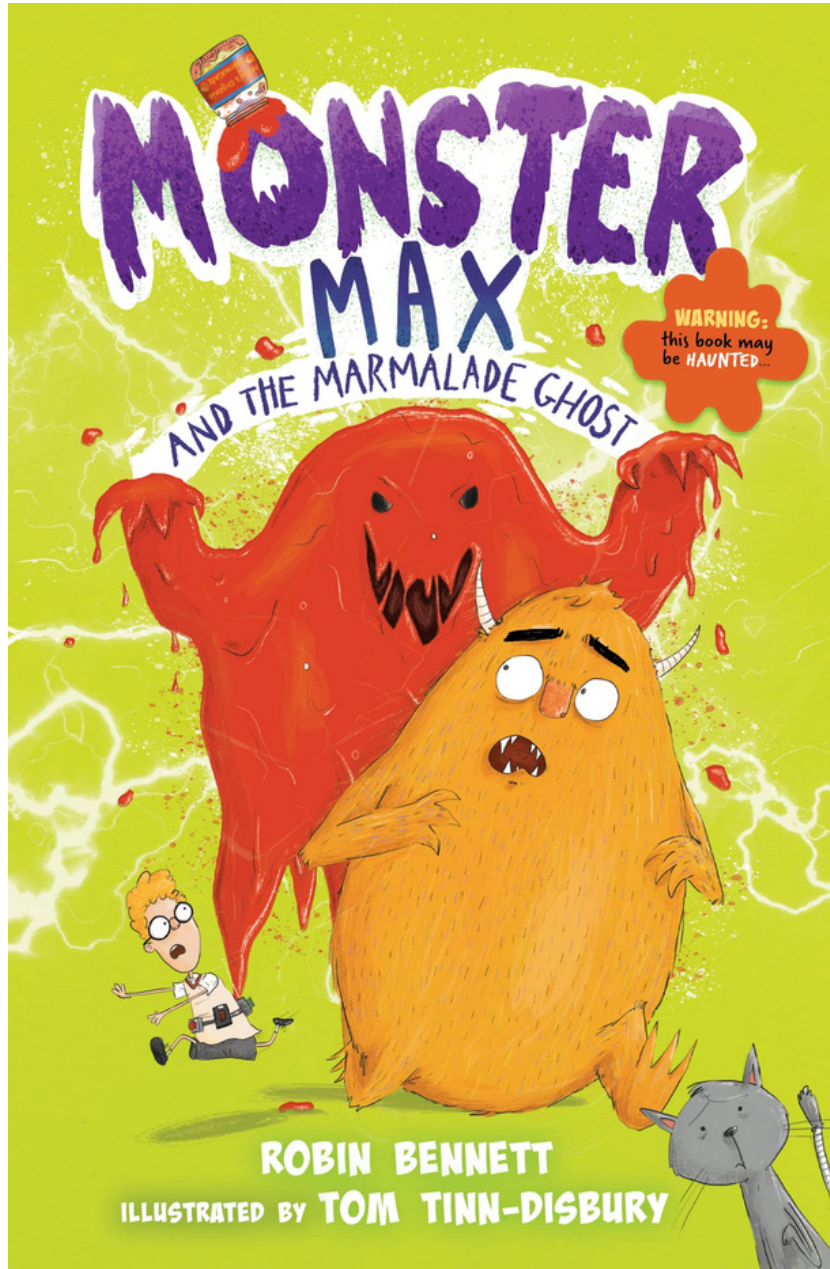


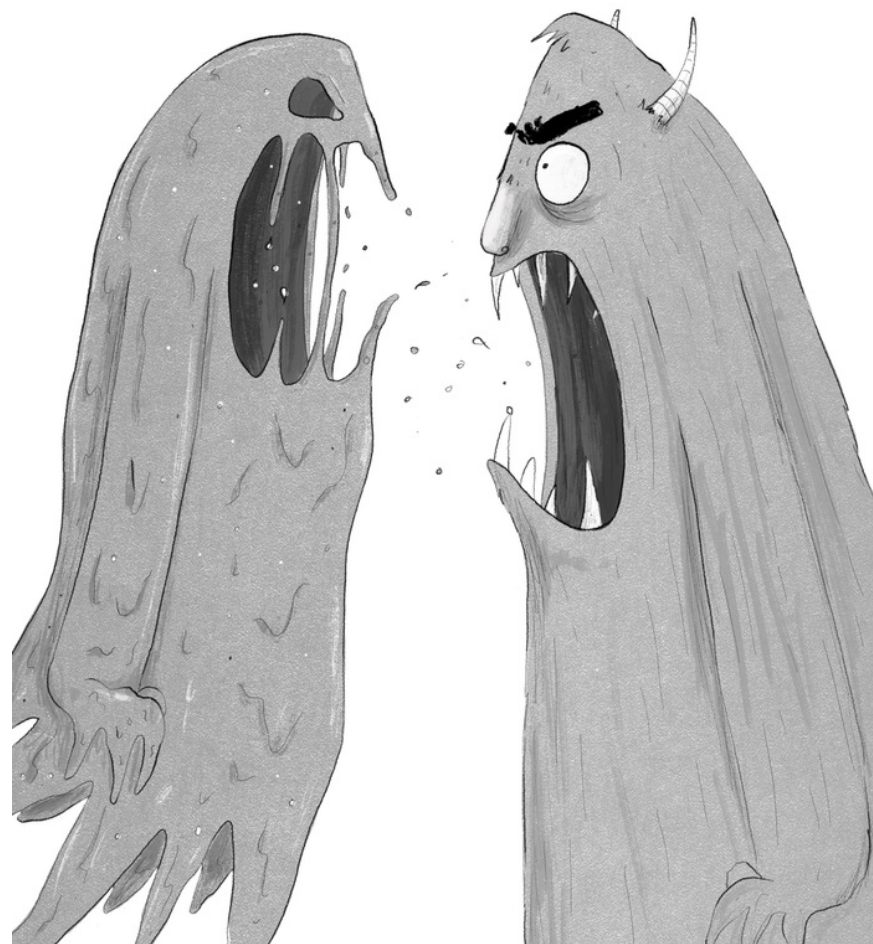
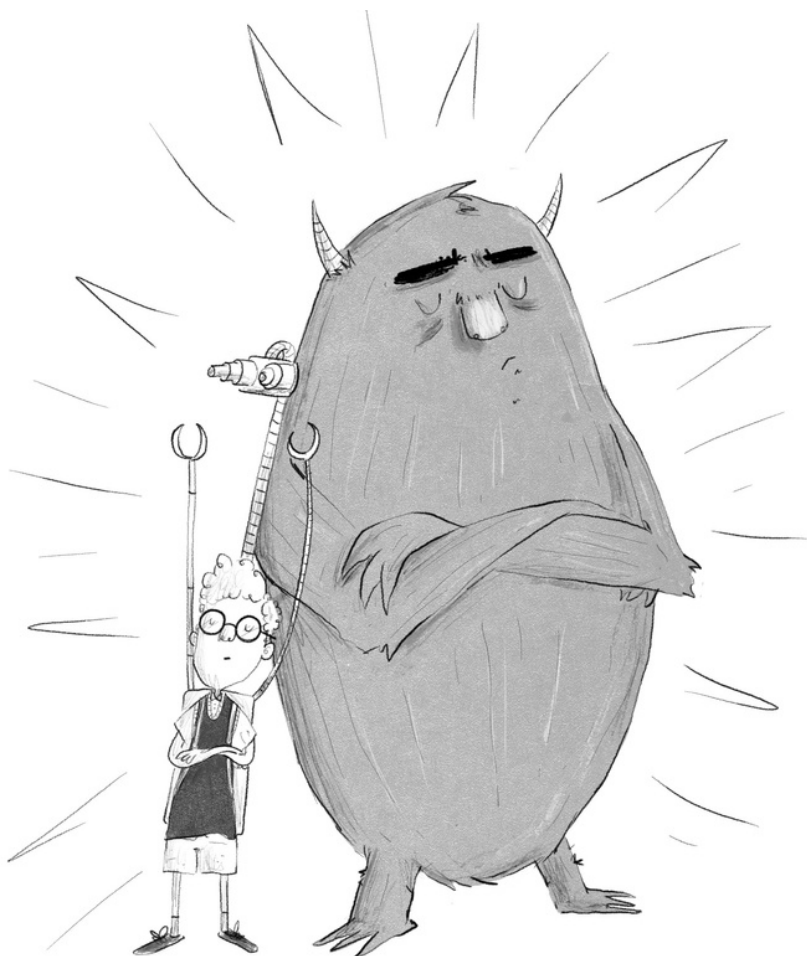












craggy rocks above their heads. A very large tree flew into the air.

‘The Rock Giants are still chucking things at us!’ shouted Peregrine as the tree hurtled towards them, its roots and branches shaking in the moonlight.



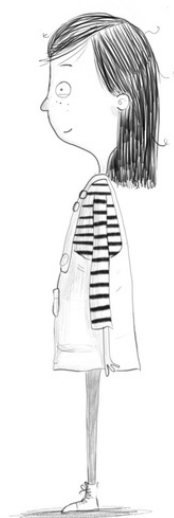
It landed on Peregrine’s metal grabbers with a horrible crunching noise, instantly smashing them to pieces. Both boys started falling down the cliff again.

The Rock Giant’s large, stony head looked over the edge as they tumbled into the darkness and it waved its fists.

Max wrapped himself into a big furry ball around both of them, to protect Peregrine from any more flying trees and from whatever they were going to hit when they landed.

‘Ooof, ow, oooof,’ (more rocks), ‘ow, ow ow, ouch, OOOFFF!’ Max added as they finally came to a stop. ‘You alright, Grerigrine?’

‘Yes, I suppose.’ Peregrine looked a little pale but fine.



Betsy



Ernest





He had money in his pocket and a companion for the road. Another butcher, Thomas Cornell, has promised to come along.

Newspapermen interviewed the pair before they mounted their metal steeds and were escorted out of town by other members of the Acme Cycling Club.

George didn't bring a map. "We can always ask for directions," he said. "Besides, we know where we're going—east!"

That may have been when Thomas began to worry.

George kept smiling. He loved pedaling along—the wind in his moustache and the world flying past. Ah, the romance!

Sweat poured down their faces, turning to mud as thick dust rose from the dirt road. They dunked their heads in every stream they passed, but it didn't help.

Thomas only made it as far as Sacramento before he gave up. George went on alone, ripe for adventure.

Once he leaped from his wheel to help folks beating out a stubble fire with wet sacks. By the time he was done his eyes shone white against a soot-covered face. With thanks ringing in his ears, and his moustache smelling of smoke, he was soon off again.

Some nights he stayed in hotels or people's homes. Sometimes he camped out. He tried sleeping in a haystack, but spent the whole

next day picking the prickly stuff out of his clothes and hair.

Every morning George rose with the sun and set off. If the road was level, things usually went well. Usually.

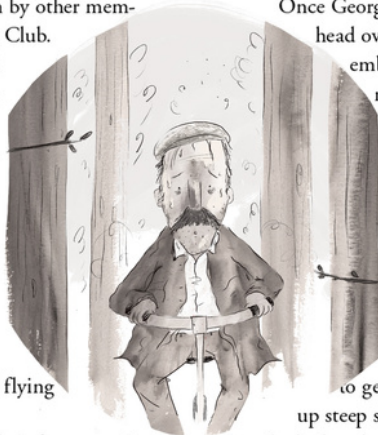
Once George hit a stake that sent him head over handlebars down an embankment. Luckily some railroad folks threw him a rope, or he might have been stuck there for days.

Most roads were dirt—not designed for his type of wheel. Sometimes he bumped along the railroad tracks.

Hills were bad. He had to get off his bike and push it up steep slopes, then walk it down since he had no brakes. Coaster brakes wouldn't be invented for another 3 years.

Still, walking downhill didn't make sense. Gravity should be his friend.

"Hmmm," he thought.



Finally he found himself riding along the Erie Canal, the canalboat drivers yelling at him for frightening the mules.

He just waved. He loved pedaling along—the wind in his moustache and the world flying past. Ah, the romance!

Then on October 30th, after 80 days on the road and over 4300 miles, George pedaled into New York City. Tall buildings, crowds of people, and bicycles, yes wheels, were everywhere. Folks in the big city used them to get around where horses and buggies would get stuck in traffic. He fit right in!

"Welcome!" cried the local bicycling clubs.

They showed him all the tourist sites. George even went to Sing Sing Prison where the warden let him sit in the electric chair. It was comfortable enough, as long as it was turned off.

He especially enjoyed seeing that new Statue of Liberty out in the harbor. It was

only nine years old, and looked pretty impressive.

There was another lady who impressed him more, however. Her name was Ellen Riley. She was awfully nice, and seemed rather taken with this butcher from California.

They were married a little more than a year later.

Ah, the romance!





When Tom studied animation at university, he realised that the best part of the process was writing stories and drawing characters and not necessarily making them move!

After a brief foray into film editing and broadcast TV, Tom decided to pursue a career in picture book making.

After plugging away on his portfolio for several years, he secured a deal for his first book as author and illustrator with New Frontier Publishing. 'The Caveman Next Door' was published in 2019 and was Runner Up in the Cambridge 'Read it Again' awards. His second book 'My Summer with Grandad' again published with New Frontier was released in 2021, then shortly after his third book was published, this time with DK. 'Lost in the Clouds' was released and featured on many recommended reading lists to help children with the difficult subject of grief.

In early 2022, his fourth book was released. 'Brian the Dancing Lion' was published by Capstone/Raintree and he is currently working on the follow up to 'Lost in the Clouds' with DK.

Tom uses a mix of pens, pencils, paint and Photoshop to create his art and coffee and sandwiches to write his stories!

As well as writing and drawing his own stories, he is also keen on collaborating with other writers to illustrate their stories.