All night Mr Grim could hear people singing in the streets. He could hear them snoring in their beds. He could not sleep. It made him very grouchy. “Keep quiet!” Mr Grim shouted.

Whenever people saw him, they said, “Look out! Here comes Mr Grim. He is a very grumpy and grouchy man.” So one day Mr Grim made up his mind. He packed his bags and went to live in the tall tower at the top of the cliffs.

Suddenly, Tiger grew back to full size. “Now that was cool!” said Cat. “How did you do it?” said Tiger, grinning. “I just twisted it. Max, why don’t you have a try?” Max looked at the others. He took a watch. He twisted it. A large X flashed on the screen. He pushed the X and…

The wind is blowing hard and fast.

Tiny Max goes flying past.
“I think we should definitely teleport out now.” Max hissed into his watch. “Dani? Dani! You there?”

“The storms are interfering with the transmission!” Ant wheezed. “You set loose all kinds of electrical interference back there.”

As if on cue, the door they had come through flew off its hinges and a whirling mass of wind and broken metal enveloped the bottom of the tower, scooping half the X-bots into its vibrating body.

“Tornado!”

The children redoubled their efforts powering round and round the stairs, still heading upwards.

“Funny weather we’re having for this time of year!” Tiger grunted, leading the way.

“You find humour in the oddest situations, you know that?” grumbled Cat.

Though their numbers had been decimated by the storms, the X-bots were utterly tenacious. A dozen had avoided the tornado and were gaining on the children, the Master-bot still in the lead.

“That thing won’t give up,” Max groaned.