

The Story Weavers of Bacalen

The Story Snatchers



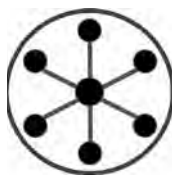
D.I.D Card
The Great Archives of Bacalen

Travellers:		
Destinations:		

A.J. Hill

Junior authors: M.E. Grace & C. Höök





*Protect your books' stories:
a warning to readers from
The Great Archives of Bacalen.*

The words on the spine and title page of this book are written in an ancient script from The Great Archives of Bacalen.

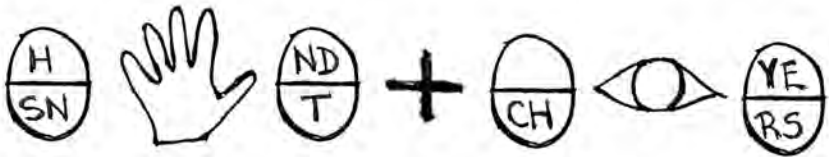
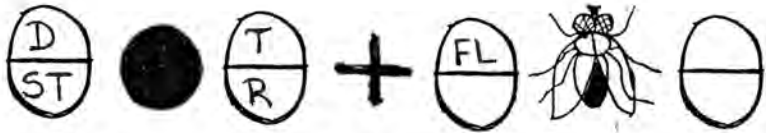
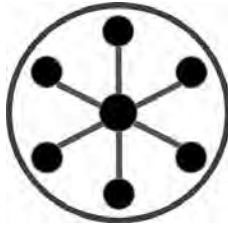
Diegesis Script will protect this story from the steals of Story Snatchers who prowl our world, searching for books so that they can change their stories.

If you are truly a friend of The Great Archives, you can use this script to save other stories from The Snatchers.

Translate your book's title into Diegesis Script, write it on a bookmark or strip of paper and place it between the book's pages each time you have finished reading. The Snatchers can't remove a bookmark touched with Diegesis Script. It will protect the story forever!

To translate a book title into Diegesis Script, you will need to decipher the words woven into the magical bookmarks that the Story Weavers find in this adventure.





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Junior Authors: M.E. Grace and C. Hook

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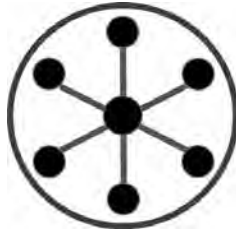
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The History of Stories

“Stories are everywhere;

And in everything;

In all that we do;

In all that we see.

They are why we learn.

They are why we question.

But,

If stories are lost;

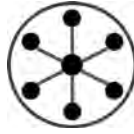
If stories are changed;

Then our lives;

Then our world;

Changes too.”

*(Diegesis, The First Great Storyteller
at The Great Archives of Bacalen)*



Chapter 13:

How can stories be saved?

I stood quietly with the other Weavers. Miss Paige also seemed lost in thought. My mind was reeling with the news of the traitor.

Finally, I broke the silence. “I think I have a plan that might identify the traitor at The Great Archives.”

The others turned and waited for me to continue.

“We must set the trap carefully. Let’s send a note to Spinner saying that we’re going to spend the night at the town library because we think that’s where The Snatchers will appear next.”

Caitlin and Anna looked excited, they had quickly understood my plan.

Caitlin said, “The traitor will think it’s safe to poach the remaining story-threads from

Multi-Story.”

“And we’ll be waiting for them!” added Anna.

Meg looked at me. “I like your style, Samuel. Simple, yet sneaky! That’s exactly what we need to catch a steal of sneaky Snatchers!”

We asked Miss Paige to send the message to Spinner and then to travel back to The Great Archives to tell him our actual plan.

“I’ll leave The Book with you in case you need some help,” she said. “I shan’t be long but I will have to find a quiet place to discuss things with Spinner. If the walls at The Great Archive have ears, then we’ll have to be extremely careful.”

She walked with us to the book chute. Janet joined us, looking concerned.

“Everything alright?” she asked, seeing the determination in our faces. “Were you able to speak to the books?”

“Yes,” replied her sister, handing her The Book, “and they have given us some vital information. We have a plan to catch The Snatchers. The Weavers will fill you in. I need to go to The Great Archives for a short time.

See you soon.”

The chute opened and Miss Paige was gone.

“Well,” said Janet, putting The Book inside her satchel, “it’s getting late, almost closing time. How about I order something from the bakery across the road?”

We nodded eagerly. Talking to the books had given me an appetite and must have had the same effect on everyone.

“You can tell us what you’ve discovered while we eat. It sounds important. Meg’s dad will get the order. We’d better start closing the shop.”

Janet turned the sign on the front door to ‘CLOSED’. Meg and Andy made sure all the remaining customers had been served and locked the door after the last one had left.

Janet came and spoke to me quietly. “Come and call your mother, Samuel.”

I was only ten-years-old and my parents would want to know I was safe. “Thank you.” What would I say? My steps hesitated and I bit my lips.

“Did you know your mother and I are old friends?” asked Janet. “We grew up together.

She's always loved books and knows about Bookworms. Once, we travelled to The Great Archives together. That's where she met your dad, but that is another story!"

What? My parents MET at The Great Archives. Why haven't I heard that story?

I'll have to find out more when this adventure is over. I couldn't think of anything to say. My mouth had dropped open and I stared at Janet.

"You'll hear that story one day," laughed Janet. "Just give your mum a call and let her know you're OK." Janet said, pointing to the brightly coloured telephone on the counter.

I went over to the phone and dialled my mum's number. What will she say?

"Mum," I said, "Why didn't you tell me about The Great Archives of Bacalen? They're amazing! I'm a Story Weaver and we've got to stop The Story Snatchers..."

There was so much to tell her. Janet must have filled her in so she wasn't too surprised when I told her about my adventure.

"See," Mum said, "you do have a gift! Just take care! I've heard stories about those Snatchers. Please listen to Beatrix, Janet

and Andy – they have experience with **Story Snatchers.**”

I promised her I would be careful and made her promise that when I returned she would tell me the story about how she had met my dad.

Had she also met **Cetus** at **The Great Archives**? Had she travelled anywhere else in **Bacalen**? I had so many questions for her but I'd have to wait until I got home. I had a job to do now.

I went to join the other **Weavers**. They had started to pick up books from the floor and put them back on the shelves.

“Everything OK?” asked Meg.

I nodded. “Mum already knows about **The Snatchers**. She's worried about me but she understands it is important. Did you know she visited **The Great Archives** with your mum? She met my dad there!”

“Really?” said Meg, “Wow! That'll be a good story to hear. I want to listen to that one too!”

I laughed. “Deal!”

I picked up a book from the floor. The life had been lost from it. The books that had been left open, discarded on the floor had

been poached by The Snatchers. They had lost their true story-threads and had become poor versions of the original.

Is that the corner of another book poking out from under the bookshelf? I retrieved it from its hiding place. It was one of my favourites—a comic book series about a boy reporter and his smart, little dog. How would he have solved this mystery?

Something was stuck to the back cover. A thin, pale-yellow strand came free and floated to the floor. A story-thread!

I scooped it up and called to the others. “A thread, I found a piece of yellow thread!” The others crowded around me in great excitement.

“Quickly, into your bag,” Bella said.

“Yes,” agreed Anna. “Send it back to The Yarn Room.”

I placed the thread into my Transporter Bag and it instantly disappeared.

“There might be more!” Meg said. She was eagerly searching under the shelves where I had found the hidden book.

“Keep looking!” Caitlin instructed.

“Don’t forget to search for bookmarks

too,” Leo reminded us.

Nothing. The Snatchers had been very thorough and careful this time.

“Any more story-threads?” Janet asked hopefully.

We shook our heads.

“Don’t be disappointed,” she said.

“Tonight’s plan could uncover more threads.”

Andy walked in with the bakery order. We sat around one of the bookshop’s reading tables, hungrily eating the tempting selection of sweet and savoury pastries and planning the night’s activities.

Would we be able to surprise The Snatchers and catch them with our saga pods? Who was helping The Snatchers use the book chutes?

Darkness could not come soon enough. We were all ready to find some answers!

