



## Rumblestar: Chapter 8

Note: Slumbergrot, the cloud giant, tells Utterly and Casper that Frostbite is not himself - someone is imitating him. This imposter is a follower of Morg: a Midnight. Although Morg is still trapped in Everdark, she has the Midnights under her spell and she is using them to destroy the marvels (the weather).

**Q1:** What must Utterly and Casper do to save the marvels, Rumblestar and the Faraway?

Husk  
Slumbergrot stretched out  
that he was getting ready to sleep. 'Have the Midnights been  
damaging the marvels?' she asked the giant.

Again, Slumbergrot nodded. 'Somehow they have got  
their hands on a wind called shatterblast. When it blows,  
chaos follows – its bite is worse than fire and its breath  
lays waste to all in its path. The Bottlers here at the castle  
assume only the benevolent winds – cometwhirl, starwisp  
and moonbreeze – are funnelling down the Mixing Tower  
chimneys, but really the Midnights are slipping shatterblast  
down there, too, which is tainting the marvels and ruining  
the other kingdoms' weather scrolls. So *that* is why the winds  
in the Faraway are spiralling out of control.'

Utterly huffed. 'Nothing to do with me messing around  
in the Mixing Tower, as Frostbite will have told the Lofty  
Husks.' She looked up at Slumbergrot. 'So, how do we sort  
all this out?'

'To protect the marvels, you must destroy the Midnights,  
and to destroy the Midnights –' Slumbergrot looked up at  
the night sky, as if searching for something, then Casper felt  
a breeze rustle over the moat and saw it flit through the hairs  
hanging from the giant's ears '– you – Casper – must find a  
familiar face.'

Casper squinted. 'But . . . but that can't be right. It doesn't  
make any sense. I only just got here! I don't know anyone  
in Rumblestar!'



**Activity:** Draw a picture of Slumbergrot the cloud giant, based on the descriptions below.

kingdom used to the stirrings of cloud giants and they slept on as the colossal figure rose up from the rubble.

The giant was as large as the castle itself, with a mane of silver hair and knuckles the size of bowling balls. His body had been carved from the clouds, and round the edges trails of mist unfurled. But this was not to say the giant wasn't solid. He was. He wore a silver breastplate decorated with ice-white patterns and an enormous belt buckled over his tassets. Casper swallowed. This giant was unmistakably armed. And only then did Casper notice that the air smelt suddenly different – of rain and thunder and very much of fear.

'It's Sl ... Slumbergrot!' Utterly stammered.



The giant was not exactly pleasant to look at: he had a bulging nose, several missing teeth and so many scars it was a wonder his face still hung together. But there was something wise about him. You could see it in his ears – which were big and raggedy where the mist unravelled from the tips and drifted into the night – the kind of ears that had listened to the very first moonrise and held the whisperings of a thousand secrets inside them.

Slumbergrot blinked and Casper jumped.

'I'm ... I'm sorry we woke you up,' Casper stuttered.

The giant said nothing. He simply stood silently before them, ribbons of mist trailing from his sides.