

THE ADVENTURES OF  
**LITTLE  
BRUSH  
BIG  
BRUSH**

*Smile*





Did you know that brushing before bedtime is just as important as brushing in the morning? At night, any bacteria on our teeth can cause a build-up of plaque that can eventually lead to tooth decay.

Now make brush time fun time, with Little Brush and Big Brush! Join them on their whirlwind of adventures around the world as they take on exciting brushing challenges with the help of their talented animal friends.



So hop on and buckle up for a load of fun, laughter and toothbrushing habits for life!

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# LANDING IN THE SERENGETI

It was an ordinary evening in the Brush family household. Big Brush was reading her book. Little Brush was playing next to her on the sofa.

“Look! Look how high I can bounce!” Little Brush laughed.

“Not now Little Brush!” Big Brush said. “It’s time for bed. Go and change into your pyjamas. And don’t forget to brush your teeth.”

“Oh!” said Little Brush, disappointed. “But I’m not tired. And brushing my teeth is so boring.” Little Brush continued to bounce and bounce some more.



Just then, there was a loud and terrifying sound.

It sounded like a RIP! Then a CRACK! Then a BANG!

And, suddenly, a ginormous hole appeared in the bottom of the sofa.



Down Little Brush and Big Brush fell with a WHOOSH.

Down, down, down, until seconds later they landed with a THUMP in a very large and spiky bush.



“Where are we?” asked Little Brush, confused.

“I don’t know,” said Big Brush. And then she screamed.

For there standing right in front of them was a rather large and scary-looking lion. With enormous, sharp and glistening white teeth.

“Don’t eat us!” Little Brush screamed.

“Eat you?” the lion laughed. “EAT YOU? Don’t be silly. I’ve just brushed my teeth and I never eat before bedtime. Allow me to introduce myself. I’m King Leo III, ruler of the Serengeti.”

“The Serengeti? In Africa?” said Little Brush. “But how did we get here?”

“More importantly, how are we going to get home?” Big Brush cried.

But before King Leo III could answer, Little Brush started jumping up and down excitedly.

“Look over there!” Little Brush said, pointing in the distance at a giant red and yellow striped hot air balloon. “We can fly home in that!”

“Not so fast,” said King Leo III, “That’s MY hot air balloon and only people who brush their teeth the right way can fly in it. Show me the perfect tooth brushing routine and you may have my balloon to fly home.”

Quick as a flash, King Leo III produced a tube of toothpaste and two toothbrushes.



“Let’s do it!” Little Brush and Big Brush said.

“Remember,” said King Leo III. “I’ll be looking for the perfect up and down brushing technique, inside and outside teeth, front and back, for no less than two minutes.”

***But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? Join Little Brush and Big Brush as they brush their teeth before they carry on their adventure!***

So Little Brush brushed and Big Brush brushed, and when the two minutes were up they turned to King Leo III and smiled, their biggest, brightest, sparkliest smiles.”

“Wow!” the King Leo III clapped, “Brilliant job you two. As your reward, you may have my hot air balloon.”



“Thank you, thank you,” said Little Brush and Big Brush as they jumped into the hot air balloon and prepared to fly home.

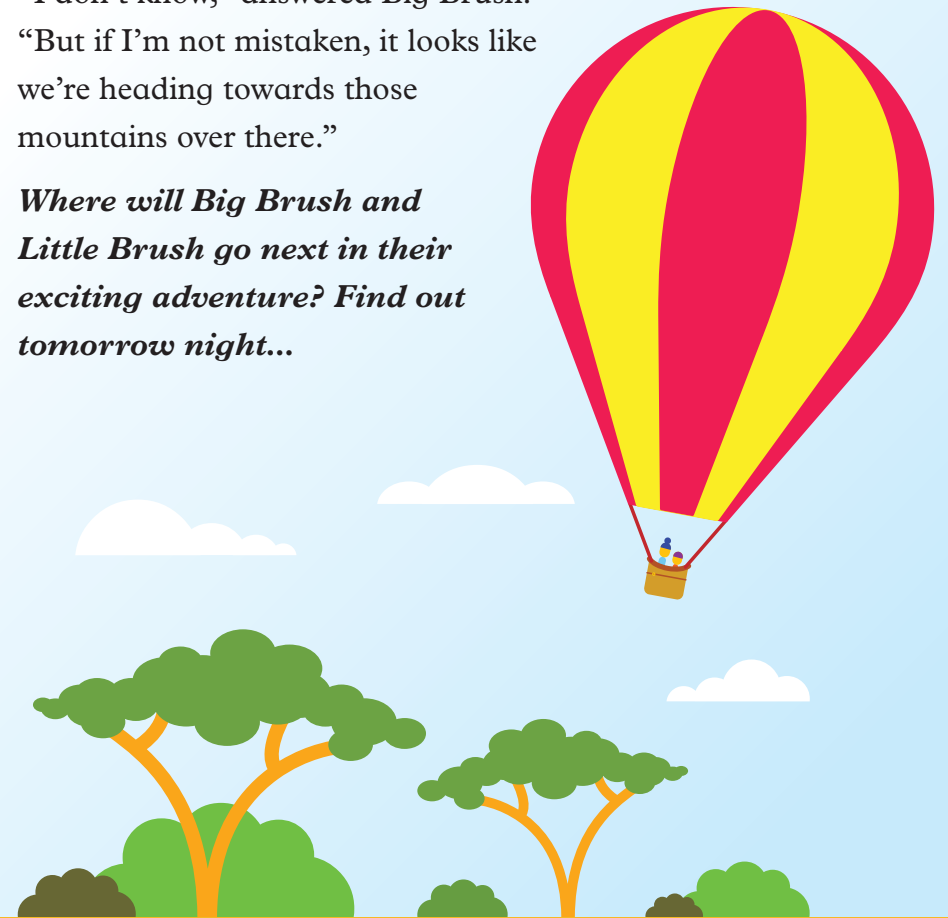
“And don’t forget to always brush your teeth before bedtime,” King Leo III shouted as he untied the ropes and waved goodbye.

The hot air balloon rose silently into the air, up and up until the trees and plains of the Serengeti looked like miniature toys below them.

“Where are we going now?” Little Brush asked.

“I don’t know,” answered Big Brush. “But if I’m not mistaken, it looks like we’re heading towards those mountains over there.”

***Where will Big Brush and Little Brush go next in their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***





# SCALING THE HIMALAYAS

A storm was brewing as the hot air balloon carrying Little Brush and Big Brush floated through the air, leaving King Leo III and the Serengeti far behind.

Thunder **BOOMED** and lightning **CRACKED**, filling the sky with a giant flash.

“Those mountains are getting really, **REALLY** close now,” Little Brush cried, as the hot air balloon veered dangerously towards the mountain range.

“Too close!” Big Brush yelled in fright. “Hang on!”



With a gigantic thud and a massive burst of snow, the hot air balloon crashed down, toppling Little Brush and Big Brush onto the mountaintop.

“Have we landed?” Little Brush cried, peering all around as the snow settled.

“Yes, right on top of a mountain!” Big Brush said. “And it’s a very long way down.”

“Oh no,” Little Brush said. “We’re stuck! What are we going to do?”





Just then a jolly-sounding voice echoed above them.

“Hey there, dudes!” the voice said.

Little Brush and Big Brush looked up. A mountain goat was smiling at them from a neighbouring peak.

“I didn’t expect to see anyone else up here in the Himalayas climbing in THIS storm,” the goat continued. “You guys ROCK!”

“Well, we weren’t exactly climbing.” Big Brush said, clearly annoyed. “More like falling. Our balloon crashed and now we can’t get home.”

“Well, look no further,” he said. “I’m Goat and I know all there is to know about climbing mountains. And let me tell you this dudes, the easiest way to get down is to... JUMP!”



“Jump?!” cried Little Brush and Big Brush, a little alarmed.

“Yes, jump!” Goat said and with that he leaped high into the air, disappearing into the clouds. Seconds later he reappeared, floating down on a giant multi-coloured parachute. “You didn’t think I was going to make you jump without one of these did you?” he said, laughing.

“But we don’t have any parachutes,” Big Brush said.

“No problemo!” Goat said. “I can lend you my spare ones. But first you have to show me that you can land properly.”

“Land properly?” Little Brush said, confused.



“Exactly,” said Goat. “You have to bend your knees, nice and low while brushing your teeth at the same time. And remember to follow the proper brushing technique too. Front and back, inside and out, for a whole two minutes.”

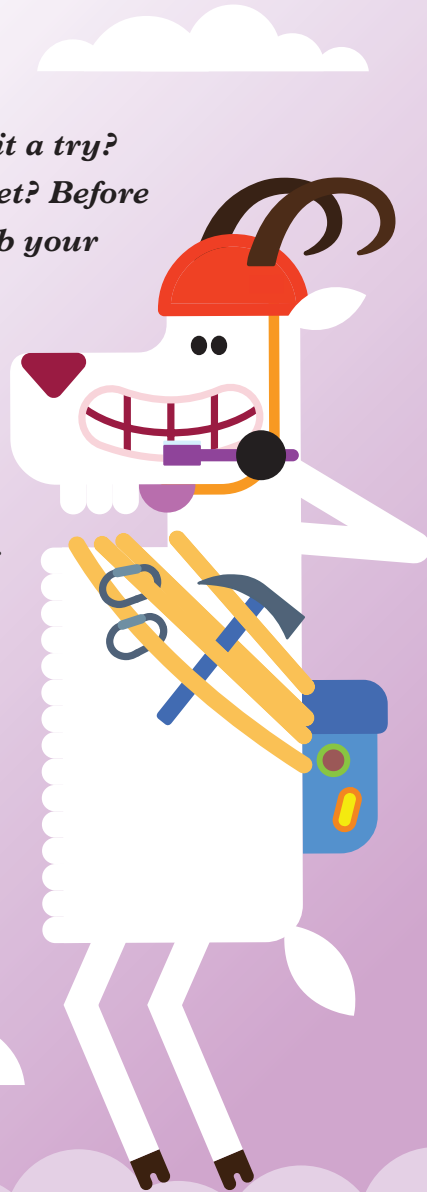
Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Let’s do it!” they said.

***But wait... how about you give it a try? Have you brushed your teeth yet? Before we continue with the story, grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and brush along. And remember to practise bending your knees as you do it.***

“Wow!” Goat said when Little Brush and Big Brush had finished. “Brilliant job, you two. As your reward, take my parachutes. They’ll carry you down to the ground safely”.

“Thank you!” Little Brush and Big Brush exclaimed as they strapped on their parachutes and prepared to jump.



“Don’t forget to practise bending your knees,” Goat said. “And remember to always brush your teeth before bedtime.”

“We will,” Little Brush and Big Brush said. “Goodbye Goat!”

“Goodbye,” Goat said. “Now ready? On the count of 3. 1.... 2.... 3... JUMP!”

Little Brush and Big Brush jumped into the air and within seconds their parachutes billowed open and they floated gently down.

“Whooaaaa,” said Little Brush. “Where do you think we’re heading now?”

“I don’t know,” said Big Brush. “But by the looks of that deep, dark jungle over there, we’re in for a tricky landing!”

***Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***





# CROSSING INTO MYANMAR

If you've ever parachuted off the top of a mountain, you'll know it can get very, very windy. And that's exactly what Little Brush and Big Brush were finding out right now!

As the pair floated downwards, great GUSTS of wind blew them this way and that, pushing them closer and closer to a deep, dark jungle below.

"Big Brush, I can't stop!" Little Brush shouted. "And it looks like we're going to crash into that ENORMOUS..."



"Treeeeeeee!" Big Brush cried as they landed with a CRASH in the branches of a huge tree. Nearby, birds darted out of their nests in fright while lizards scuttled away in shock.

"Where are we now?" Little Brush asked.



"I'm not sure, but we're certainly not up a mountain anymore," Big Brush replied.

"Look, over there!" Little Brush exclaimed, pointing to an old rope bridge hidden in the treetops. "Maybe that's the way out!"

"Good thinking," Big Brush said. "Come on, let's go."

Around them, the jungle was full of noise. Parrots went CAW. Tigers went ROAR. And monkeys went...

“Tickets please!”

A very large and official-looking monkey had swung down from a tree and was blocking their path.

“You’re now crossing into Myanmar,” the monkey said.

“And tickets for admission via the bridge cost 10 dollars. No jumping, no laughing and definitely no looking down.”



He tapped a shiny ticket machine hanging from his neck.

“But we don’t have any money,” Big Brush said. “I left my purse at home. The only thing we have are these bananas. Would you take them instead?”

“Bananas?” the monkey said. “Bananas?! What could I possibly do with...”



But as he looked at them, his eyes grew wide and his mouth started to water. For as we all know, monkeys like nothing more than a delicious, ripe banana.

Quick as a flash, the monkey grabbed the bananas and stuffed them into his mouth, throwing the peels over his shoulder.

“Mmmmmnnn, delicious,” he mumbled. “So yummy.”

He let out an enormous BUURRRRP!

“Pardon me,” he said, wiping his mouth. “But I do love bananas. And seeing as you gave me yours, you’re free to cross my bridge.”

“Yay! We’re going home!” said Little Brush.



“Hold on a moment,” the monkey said, stepping in front of them again. “First, you have to prove you can cross my bridge without looking down.”

But how we can do that?” Little Brush asked.

“Simple,” the monkey answered. “Stare into each other’s eyes while brushing your teeth for two whole minutes.”

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“That’s easy!” they smiled.

“Hmmm, we’ll see about that,” said the monkey. “Show me your best Staring Brush.”

*Before we see how Little Brush and Big Brush get on – have you brushed your teeth yet? Join in with the Staring Brush game before Little Brush and Big Brush continue on their adventure...*



“Brilliant!” the monkey said when the two minutes were up. “Your teeth are so sparkly and I didn’t see either of you look down once! As your reward, you may now cross my bridge.”

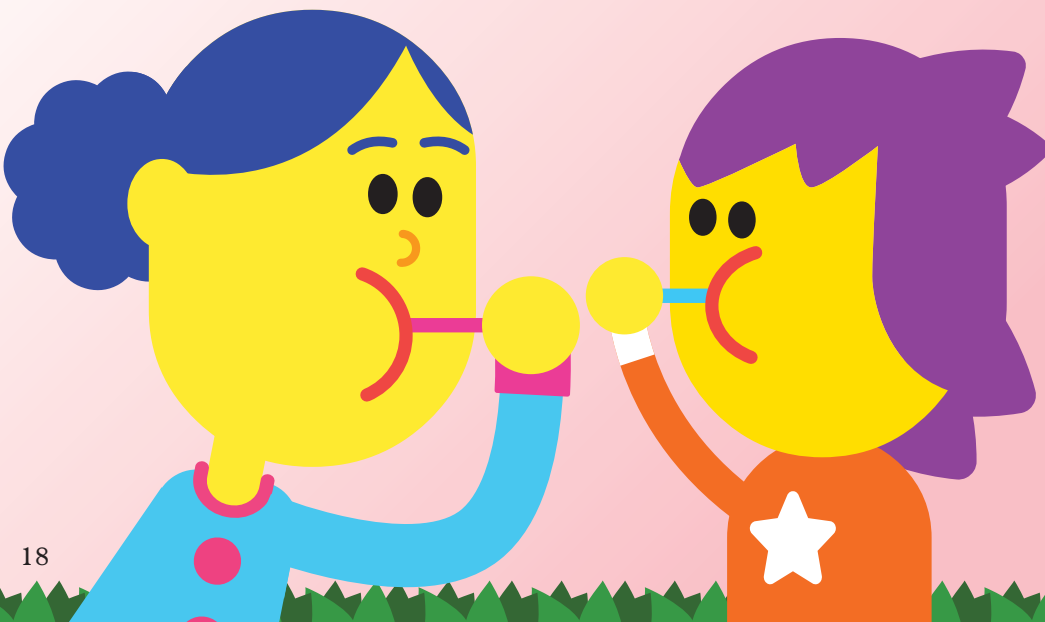
“Thank you!” Little Brush and Big Brush jumped up and down excitedly. “Goodbye!”

“Goodbye, and don’t forget to brush your teeth before you go to bed,” the monkey called after them. “And practise your best Staring Brush as you do it.”

Little Brush and Big Brush waved before setting off across the wibbly-wobbly rope bridge.

“Hold on tight,” Big Brush said. “And mind your step. This bridge is very slippery and we absolutely DEFINITELY do NOT want to fall.”

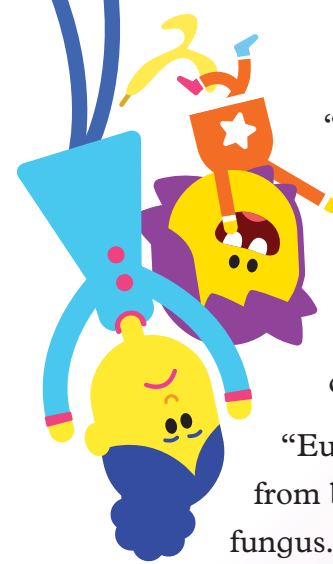
*Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...*



# TIPTOEING THROUGH THAILAND

Little Brush and Big Brush crossed the old rope bridge, leaving the monkey and Myanmar behind them.

But they were so busy trying not to look down as instructed, that they failed to notice two very slippery banana skins lying on the bridge in front of them. They were the same two banana skins that Monkey had carelessly tossed over his shoulder moments earlier.



“Whooooooooaaaa!” Little Brush and Big Brush yelled as they skidded on the banana skins and tumbled off the bridge.

Down they fell through the trees before landing with a giant PLOP in a deep, dark swamp.

“Eughhhhh!” Little Brush cried, appearing from beneath a big pile of slimy, green jungle fungus. “Where are we now?”

“I don’t know but it looks like a ginormous swamp,” Big Brush said.

Just then a voice whispered out of the gloom.



“Sshhhhhhhhh!”

A large green frog appeared, landing on a lily pad beside them. “You’re disturbing my guests,” the frog continued crossly, tutting her slippery lips. “And, excuse me, but this is NO ordinary swamp. This is Madame Green’s Day Spa, and I am Madame Green. Relaxing cucumber eye mask anyone?”

“Er... sorry,” said Big Brush. “And thank you for the offer. But we really can’t stay. We need to get...”

“Shush! Please!” Madame Green repeated, looking nervously all around. “My customers, the crocodiles, get very angry if they’re disturbed. Come now, relax. Relax, darlings.”

Little Brush and Big Brush glanced around. Sure enough, a party of crocodiles were basking in the warm water, cucumber eye masks covering their beady eyes, sharp teeth gleaming in their mouths.

“Wait,” Little Brush cried, spotting something. “Is that a powerboat?”

Half hidden in a clump of mangrove trees, bobbing in the water was indeed a powerboat. The super speedy kind that’s perfect for navigating tricky jungle waters.

“We can use it to get home!” Big Brush said excitedly. “Can we borrow it, Madame Green? Please?”

Please, please, PLEEEEEEEASE!” Little Brush begged.

“Alright, alright, hush now,” Madame Green said. “Yes, you can borrow my boat. But before you do, you must show me that you can tiptoe very quietly over the lily pads while you brush your teeth. Like this.”





Madame Green stretched out one long green leg, then another and demonstrated her most delicate, silent tiptoeing across the lily pads.

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“That’s easy!” they said. “Let’s do it.”

***But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? Grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and join in the Tiptoe Brushing game with Little Brush and Big Brush!***

“Darlings, your teeth are shining like stars!”

Madame Green cried after Little Brush and Big Brush had finished two minutes of tiptoe brushing.

“And you didn’t disturb a single one of my spa customers. Now, take my boat and off you go. But please be very, very quiet!”



“Thank you. And goodbye,” Little Brush and Big Brush whispered as they jumped into the boat.

There was a sudden ear-splitting ROAR as the boat’s engine sprang into life, waking up ALL Madame Green’s customers.

“Oops! Sorry!” Big Brush shouted as they zoomed off down the river, leaving a very cross Madame Green far behind.

“I wonder where we’re going next!” cried Little Brush.

“I’m not sure,” said Big Brush, “but let’s hope none of those crocodiles are following us and that we get out of this jungle once and for all!”

***Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***





# INTO INDONESIA

The powerboat zipped down the river, carrying Little Brush and Big Brush away from Madame Green's Day Spa and her crocodile guests.

"It's a bit noisy, isn't it?" Big Brush shouted over the ROAR of the engine.

"Yes, but loads of fun," said Little Brush. "I wonder where we're we going now?"

"I don't know," said Big Brush. "But let's make sure we don't steer into that river bank over... Too Late! Look Out!!"



The boat veered out of control and crashed into the banks of the river, finally coming to a halt in a thick, sticky puddle of mud. SPLOOSH!

"Oh no, now what do we do?" said Big Brush. "We're stuck again!"

"No we're not. Look up there!" said Little Brush, pointing to a wooden house nestled at the top of an enormous tree in front of them. "Come on, let's see who lives there. Maybe they can help us get home."

Soon, Little Brush and Big Brush were climbing the tree. Up and up and up they went until they found themselves standing in front of a little house made entirely of logs.





The door burst open and there, standing in front of them, was a flying squirrel dressed in a white coat with a large lamp strapped to his forehead.

“Aha!” he said. “Patients! At last! Are you two looking for a dentist?”

“Not exactly!” Big Brush said, jumping down from a nearby branch. “We’re actually looking for a way out of this jungle.”

“Oh,” replied the squirrel. “Well, anyway, allow me to introduce myself. I’m Glider, jungle dentist. And luckily for you, I’m not just any old dentist. I’m a SUPER DENTIST.”



With that, Glider spun around so fast he was just a blur. When he finally stopped spinning, he was wearing a very fancy looking superhero cape covered in red and gold stars.

“Ta dah!” he said. “Super Dentist to the rescue. With my trusty cape I can glide effortlessly through the trees. And you can too! IF you show me you can brush your teeth while gliding LEFT then RIGHT then BACK AGAIN then I’ll give you two capes of your very own so you can glide through the treetops just like me!

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Got it!!” they both cried, jumping up and down excitedly.



“Great, let’s do it,” Glider said. “And remember, I’ll be looking for the perfect up and down brushing technique, inside and outside, front and back, for two whole minutes.”

***But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? Grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and glide along with Little Brush and Big Brush before we continue on their adventure!***

Big Brush brushed and so did Little Brush, both of them gliding left and right and back again.

“Excellent job!” Glider said when they finished. “That was the best gliding I’ve ever seen and your teeth are nice and shiny too. And as your reward here are your capes.”

Glider handed them two very special capes, shiny and red with gold stars just like his own.

“Now, strap these around your necks and when you’re ready, just gliiiiide.”



“Thank you!” Little Brush and Big Brush said as they put on their capes. “Goodbye!”

Together, the pair took a deep breath and launched themselves off the tree. As they flew through the air, their capes spread open and soon they were gliding across the treetops leaving Glider and his little house far behind.

“Weeeee!” smiled Little Brush. “This is so much fun! How long do you think we can glide for?”

“I don’t know,” said Big Brush. “But it looks like we might be heading towards the sea. Which means, if we don’t land soon, we’re going to get very wet!”

***Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***





# OUT OF INDONESIA

Little Brush and Big Brush soared through the air with their bright red shiny capes. Soon, they were zipping over a vast ocean, with Glider the Super Dentist and his jungle tree house far behind them.

Suddenly, the air grew chilly and the wind dropped.

Little Brush and Big Brush started to sink lower and lower in the sky.

“Oh no!” Little Brush cried. “My cape’s stopped working!”

“Mine too!” shouted Big Brush. “Quick, let’s see if we can reach that beach over there! I don’t like the thought of landing in the water!”



Little Brush and Big Brush steered themselves towards the beach, bracing themselves for a rough landing. THUMP! They crashed onto the ground, sending sand, shells and seaweed flying everywhere.

Shaking themselves off, Little Brush and Big Brush looked all around.



Just then, out of the water, a giant turtle appeared, carrying a small group of animal passengers on his shell.

He pulled up to a little wooden jetty and one by one the animals got off, chatting happily as they stepped onto the shore.

“That turtle might be able to help us,” Little Brush said as the last passenger, a little starfish, disembarked.

“You may be right,” Big Brush. “Hi there Mr Turtle! Do you happen to know a way off this beach?”

“I’m terribly sorry,” the turtle said. “You’ve just missed the last Turtle Tour. Best come back tomorrow.” And with that, he turned and started slowly paddling away.

“We don’t want a tour!” Little Brush shouted after him. “Just a way home.”

But Turtle carried on his way, sinking below the water’s surface and leaving only bubbles in his wake.

“Wait!” Big Brush tried again. “We can’t sleep on the beach!”

“Sleep on the beach?” Turtle’s head appeared suddenly above the water. “Sleep on the beach?” Turtle repeated. “Not on my watch. I’m Admiral Turtle and an admiral never leaves a crewmate stranded”

He looked Little Brush and Big Brush up and down. “How are your sea legs?”

“What do you mean?” asked Little Brush.

“Well, I’ll give you a lift but first you need to prove to me that you have great balancing skills, otherwise you’ll tip me over.”

“We’ve got amazing balancing skills,” Little Brush assured him.

“Okay then,” said Admiral Turtle. “Show me you can balance on one leg while brushing your teeth and I’ll give you a lift to the next island.”





Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“You’re on!” they both said.

“But be warned. It’s not as easy as you might think,” Admiral Turtle said. “You have to make sure you’re brushing your teeth correctly – front and back, inside and out, for two whole minutes.”

“Let’s do it!” Little Brush and Big Brush cried.

*But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? Grab your toothbrush and toothpaste, join in and brush along with Little Brush and Big Brush! Remember to practise balancing on one leg as you do it.*

“Top job!” Admiral Turtle beamed when they’d finished. “You brushed your teeth while standing on one leg and you didn’t wobble once. I’ll gladly give you a lift to the next island. Jump aboard!”

Little Brush and Big Brush hopped on to Admiral Turtle’s giant shell as he cast off from the shore and headed out to sea.

“So this next island we’re heading to? Where is it?” Big Brush asked.

“Well, it’s rather a small place,” Admiral Turtle replied. “it’s called Kangaroo Island.”

“Kangaroo Island?!” Little Brush repeated. “Sounds exciting!”

“Oh no,” Big Brush sighed sadly. “Will we ever get home?”

*What happens next on Little Brush and Big Brush’s exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...*





# SURF'S UP DOWN UNDER

Little Brush and Big Brush sat back and relaxed on Admiral Turtle's giant shell as he carried them smoothly across the sea. They were heading for Kangaroo Island in the distance.

As they got closer, Admiral Turtle stopped.

"Okay folks!" he announced. "This is Kangaroo Island and it's as far as I go."

And with that he tipped up his shell, sending Little Brush and Big Brush tumbling gently onto the sandy beach.



"So long, sailors!" he smiled before disappearing back under the water.

Little Brush and Big Brush looked around. The island was very small and, apart from a single, lonely palm tree, there was nothing else on it. In fact there was nothing even around it for miles and miles, apart from the giant waves crashing onto the shore.



"Wait! He can't just leave us here on a deserted island," Little Brush said.

"How are we going to get past all those big waves?" Big Brush replied, equally concerned.

But then a loud voice interrupted the silence. "WOO HOOOOOO! Pro Surfer coming through!"

Suddenly, a kangaroo on a big red surfboard came swooping towards them. “There’s nothing wrong with giant waves, mate,” he said as he leaped on to the sand and grabbed his board. “That’s what brought me here. Allow me to introduce myself. Chad Hopman. Pro Surfer.”



“You mean you came to this deserted island on purpose?” Big Brush asked in bewilderment.

“That’s right. I’m a Pro!” Chad said. “Seeking out the biggest surf in my sea plane IS my purpose.”

“Sea Plane?” said Little Brush and Big Brush together.

”What sea plane?”

“That sea plane,” Chad said, pointing to the palm tree. “Right over there.”

In a flash, the palm tree dropped into the sand and in its place stood a magnificent seaplane, propeller gleaming in the sunshine.

“Yay!” exclaimed Little Brush, jumping up and down excitedly. “Got room for any passengers?”

“That depends, mate. Are you Pro enough?” Chad said. “I can’t afford any drifters holding me back.”

“We’re total Pros!” Little Brush and Big Brush promised.

“Alright. If you can show me that you can hop and brush your teeth like a Pro, you’ve got two seats in my ride!”

Chad explained.



Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“You’re on!”

“Great!” said Chad. “Let’s do the Hop and Brush”.

***But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet?  
Grab your toothbrush and toothpaste  
and do the Hop and Brush with Little  
Brush and Big Brush.***

So, Big Brush hopped and brushed and Little Brushed hopped and brushed.

“Nice one Dingoes!” Chad said when they’d hopped and brushed for two whole minutes. Climb aboard my sea plane and I’ll give you a lift to wherever you want to go!”



“Really? Anywhere?” Big Brush asked. “Can you take us home?”

“Home? Of course,” said Chad. “Now buckle up and let’s prepare for take-off.”

The seaplane soared into the sky, heading towards a forest way off in the distance.

“That must be a rainforest,” Big Brush said, looking out the window. “Maybe once we’re past it we’ll be home?”

“Yippee,” exclaimed Little Brush. “But Big Brush, what’s that funny noise coming from the engine?”

“I’m not sure,” answered Big Brush, looking confused. “But it sounds to me like we’re running out of fuel!”

***What happens to Little Brush and Big Brush next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***



# RAINFOREST CRASH LANDING

The little sea plane flew over the rainforest, engine wheezing and sputtering like it had a very nasty cough.

“The engine’s failing, mates.” Chad yelled above the din, desperately tapping the little dials on the dashboard. “We’d better land.”

“But there’s nothing but rainforest down there,” cried Little Brush, squinting down at the trees below.

“Wait! Look over there,” said Chad. “There’s a clearing.”

Sure enough, there was a flat strip of green grass right ahead, just perfect for emergency sea plane landings.

Chad steered the plane towards the clearing in the trees as Little Brush and Big Brush hugged each other tight, afraid to look.

Down the plane went. Down, down, down... until BUMP! It landed, coming to a stop against a gnarled old tree stump.



“Jeepers!” Chad cried, climbing out of the cockpit and examining the big dent in the side of his plane. “It’s going to take a Pro to fix this. You guys will have to continue on your adventure without me,” he said, apologetically.

“No problem,” said Big Brush. “Thanks for getting us this far!”

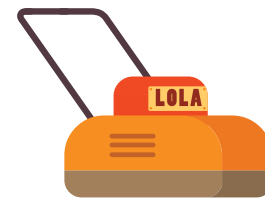
“Wow! This is the neatest runway ever,” said Little Brush in amazement, following Big Brush as she set off across the perfectly straight and even stripes mowed into the lush green grass. “But what’s that noise? It sounds like someone crying!”

Little Brush was right. There at the end of the lawn, leaning against a bright shiny orange lawnmower, was a leopard. His head was in his paws and he seemed very upset.

“Oh no!” he wailed. “My beautiful lawn is ruined! Do you know how long it’s taken me to get the stripes just right? Months!”

Little Brush and Big Brush looked at the great big mud path the sea plane had carved into the beautiful lawn.

“Oh dear. We’re terribly sorry!” Little Brush said.



“We’ve got a garden just like this at home,” Big Brush sighed. “If only we could get there. Now we’re stuck in a jungle.”

Just then, Little Brush had an idea.

“What if we borrowed that lawnmower over there and cut a path through the jungle,” Little Brush asked.

“Not a chance!” the leopard jumped up. “That’s my precision instrument!”



“Hmmm,” said Big Brush, scratching her chin. Next to the lawn was a big sign saying, “Keep off the grass”.

An idea popped into Big Brush’s head.

“Well, if we can’t get home then we’ll just have to stay here,” she said. “Standing in our big clumsy boots on your perfect lawn. Or maybe we won’t just stand. Maybe we’ll run and jump and slide and roll...”

“Stop!” the leopard yelled. “Alright! You can borrow my lawnmower. But I warn you, it’s a powerful machine and you’ll need a lot of stamina to handle it. I’ll lend it to you if you can show me that you can brush your teeth for two whole minutes while holding your hand in the air, like this!”

The leopard held one paw high above its head.

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Easy peasy!” they laughed. “Let’s do it!”

“Great!” said the leopard. “Show me the Stamina Brush!”

*But wait... do you think you have the stamina to control the lawnmower? If you haven’t brushed your teeth yet, grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and do the Stamina Brush along with Little Brush and Big Brush.*



“Well done, my friends!” the leopard beamed, clearly impressed with Little Brush and Big Brush’s stamina. “You can have my lawnmower to help you get home!”

“Yay!” Little Brush and Big Brush jumped up and down, happy that once again they’d be on their way. “Goodbye and thank you!”

Big Brush pulled the ripcord and the lawnmower’s engine roared to life and they set off.

“Wow!” said Little Brush once they were on their way, the strong blades cutting a neat path through the jungle. “At this rate we’ll be home in no time!”

“Yes!” said Big Brush. “But whatever you do, hold on tight! Who knows what might happen if we let go!”

*What happens to Little Brush and Big Brush next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...*







# PERILOUS IN PERU

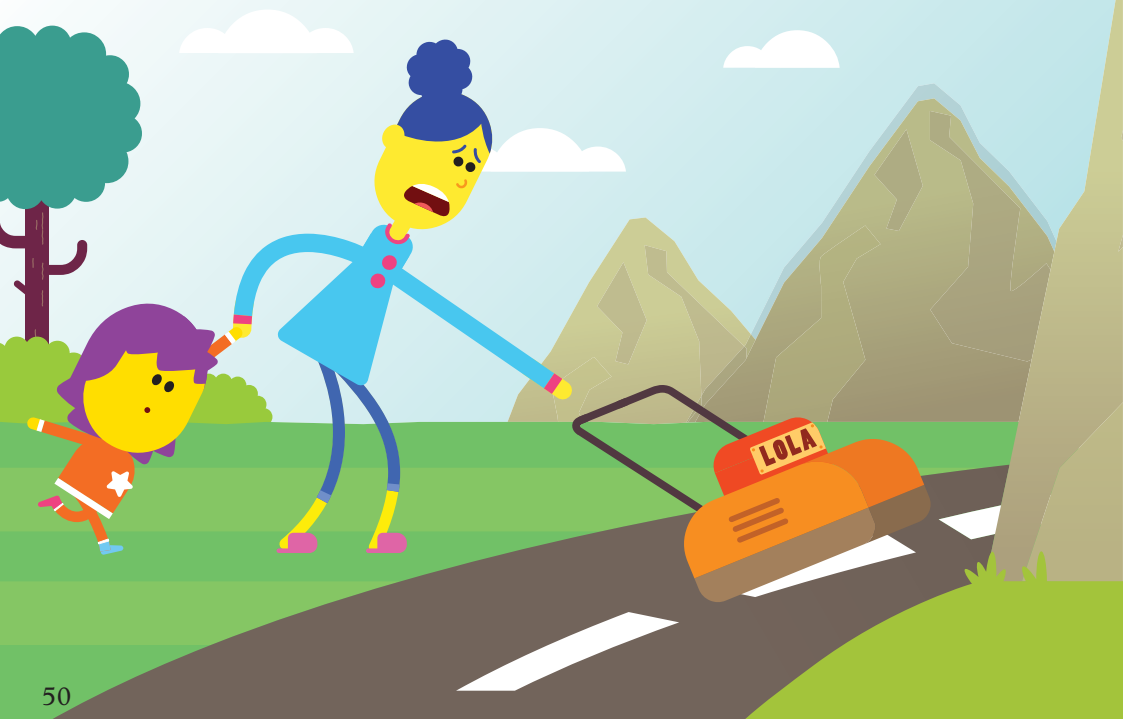
Little Brush and Big Brush held on tight as the lawnmower cut a path through the deep, dark rainforest. The lawnmower was very powerful, and it had taken all of their stamina to keep up.

“I’m so tired,” whined Little Brush.

“Me too,” said Big Brush. “I don’t think... I can... hold... on any... OH NO!”

Suddenly, the handle slipped from their grip and the lawnmower roared off towards a very busy road on the side of the mountain.

“Wait, that’s a road!” cried Big Brush in horror.



HONK HONK!! A loud horn blared as a bright red racing car came rushing round the bend, heading straight towards the lawnmower. With a terrifying SQUEAL of brakes, the car stopped just in time.



“Hey! Amigos!” An irate looking sloth in a crash helmet stuck his head above the windscreen, waving his very long arms in the air in frustration. “Why are you gardening in the middle of a road in Peru?”

“Well...” Little Brush took a deep breath. “Let me explain. First we fell down the back of the sofa, then we borrowed King Leo III’s balloon, then we got stuck up a mountain, then we slipped off a bridge, tip-toed through a swamp, flew through a jungle, rode a sea turtle, crashed in a rainforest...”

“Woah, woah, woah,” cried the sloth. “Slow down, amigo! You’re going way too fast.”

“Sorry about that,” said Big Brush. “We’re just in a rush to get back home. Are you hurt?”

“Me?” the sloth laughed. “No way José! But you guys gotta learn to take life more slowly. Not everyone is built for speed like me!”

“Erm, but you’re a sloth!” said Little Brush, confused.

“Exactly!” the sloth said. “Now promise you’ll stop rushing around and I promise I’ll give you something that will help you get home.”

With that he ducked behind the dashboard and started rummaging around in the glove box.

“Here it is!” he exclaimed moments later, holding an electronic tablet high above his head. “My digital map!”

“Whoopee!” Little Brush and Big Brush cheered excitedly. “That will show us exactly how to get home!”

“That’s right,” the sloth said. “But first, you gotta prove to me you can brush your teeth real slow. Is that a deal?”

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Deal,” they said and jumped up and down, quite forgetting their earlier promise to take things slowly.



“Okay. Let’s do the Slow Brush!” the sloth said.

***But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? Grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and try the Slow Brush, brushing your teeth real sloooooow, just like Little Brush and Big Brush.***

Little Brush brushed slowly. Big Brush brushed slowly. When they had finished, they showed the sloth their biggest, cheesiest grins.

“Well done, amigos!” the sloth said, beaming a wide smile.

“You brushed your teeth so slowly, now they’re all super clean. I’ll see to it that the lawnmower gets back to its owner, and you two can have my digital map as your reward.”



Little Brush and Big Brush cheered. They took the tablet and tapped in the coordinates for home.

“Goodbye!” Little Brush and Big Brush waved, and they set off into the mountains.

“Farewell, amigos! Good luck!” said the sloth.

Some time later, Little Brush and Big Brush stopped to study the map.

“Wow, we still have quite a long way to go,” Big Brush sighed.

“But it should be easy from now on.”



Little Brush said pointing to a blue squiggly line on the map. “All we have to do is cross that tiny stream.”

***Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***



# ON THE AMAZON

Little Brush and Big Brush had trekked their way out of deepest, darkest Peru using the sloth's digital map as a guide.

"Erm, Little Brush?" Big Brush said, stopping in her tracks. "Remember that little stream you said we had to cross?"

"Yes," replied Little Brush. "Why?"

"Well, it doesn't look very little to me!" Big Brush exclaimed and pointed to the vast, gushing river right in front of them.



"Not only is that NOT a little stream," Big Brush said. "BUT it just so happens to be the longest river in South America, the Amazon? How on earth are we going to cross that?"

"Swim?" Little Brush suggested, jumping into the water and taking Big Brush by surprise.

"Absolutely not, Little Brush!" Big Brush said, pulling Little Brush back onto dry land. "You only ate 10 minutes ago and you should never swim on a full stomach."

"Oh no," Little Brush cried, shaking the sloth's digital map. "It's broken. The water must have damaged it."

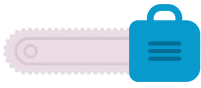
"Now what will we do?" replied Big Brush in exasperation.



Just then, a log floated by and landed on the riverbank. Two furry creatures that looked very much like giant guinea pigs, jumped out of the bushes and started sawing at it with big heavy chainsaws.

“Hey, guys!” said the first guinea pig-like creature, turning to Little Brush and Big Brush as it stopped to rest for a moment. “Do you mind keeping it down?”

“Yeah! Us capybaras are working over here!” said the second. “We gotta saw this log into a canoe before sundown.”

 They started up their chainsaws again and got back to work. BUZZZZZ.

“Excuse me!” Big Brush shouted over the buzzing. “But what’s the best way across this river?”



“Swimming?” Little Brush asked cheekily.

“Look Little Brush!” Big Brush said in a very irritated tone of voice. “We’re absolutely definitely NOT going swimming. And that’s final!”

“Well,” said the first capybara turning to Big Brush. “The best way is to use a canoe.”

“But if you’re gonna argue with each other,” said the second capybara. “Then your canoe will just end up going around in circles.”

“Oh please!” begged Little Brush. “We’re just trying to get home.”

“Alright, I’ll tell you what we’ll do,” said the first capybara, sighing. “Can you work as a team?”

“We CAN work as a team! Honest!” Little Brush promised.

“Hmm, well, okey dokey dooooo,” said the first capybara. “If you can brush your teeth in perfect time with each other then you can have this canoe right here.”

With that the capybaras started up their chainsaws and got to work. Minutes later, they were finished and there, right before their eyes, was a beautiful log canoe.





Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Let’s do it!” they cheered.

“Okay. Let’s do the Team Brush!” the capybaras said.

***But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? Grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and ask a friend or family member to join in and give the Team Brush a try.***

“Great teamwork, you guys!” the capybaras said after Little Brush and Big Brush had finished. “Synchronised tooth brushing should be a SPORT! Now, as your reward, take this canoe to help you get home.”

“Thank you,” Little Brush and Big Brush replied, gratefully.

“You’re very welcome,” said the first capybara. “Now off you go, and don’t forget to brush your teeth every night before bed, do you hear?”

“We will. Goodbye!” Little Brush and Big Brush waved as they paddled off down the mighty Amazon.

“I love swimming,” said Little Brush, paddling along. “But I REALLY love canoeing.”

“Me too,” said Big Brush. “And if we keep paddling, we should be home in no time at all.”

“What did you say?” Little Brush said. “I can’t hear you over the noise of that gigantic waterfall over there!”

***Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***







# BRAZILIAN BIRTHDAY

Rowing their log canoe up the mighty Amazon river, Little Brush and Big Brush could feel the water speeding up beneath them.

They closer they got to the huge waterfall, the faster they went.

In fact, they were heading straight for it!

Big Brush paddled harder and harder.

“Quick Little Brush,” she screamed in panic. “Turn around! “If we go over that waterfall, who knows what will happen to us?!”

But it was too late.

“Hold on tight!” Big Brush yelled as the canoe tipped over the edge of the waterfall and they went tumbling down.

“Weeeeeee!” cried Little Brush. It felt just like being on a giant rollercoaster.

Meanwhile, in a quiet pool down below the waterfall, an unusual-looking creature which looked like a large pig with a very long nose was lounging in a giant yellow rubber ring, preparing for his birthday party.

“Alriiight!” he said with satisfaction, looking around at all the food and balloons he had prepared for his guests. “I got the Jungle Juice, got the beach balls, Birthday Mix Tape... HIT IT!”



Just at that very moment, Little Brush and Big Brush splashed into the pool right on top of him with a huge SPLOSH!

“Sorry!” cried Little Brush, studying the creature, as they surfaced in the pool, weeds and mud clinging to their hair. “I hope you don’t mind me asking, but what kind of animal are you? And who is all that food for?” Little Brush continued.

“That’s alright,” the creature smiled. “I’m a tapir and it’s for my birthday party.”

“Ooh! I love parties,” said Little Brush jumping up and down in excitement.

“We haven’t got time,” said Big Brush, looking cross. “We’re trying to get home.”

“Home?” said the tapir in astonishment. “But this JAM’s just getting started. Now, let’s BOOGIE!” and he hit the play button on his Boom Box.

Suddenly the jungle came alive with funky disco music. The tapir started clicking his fingers and wiggling his bottom in time to the beat.



“Now over to you,” he said, pointing at Big Brush.

Big Brush tapped her feet. Then she clicked her fingers. And it did not take long, and she was doing a full on robot-dance.

“Hey, stop mucking around!” said Little Brush. “Big Brush is right. We need to get home.”



“Okay boss!” said the tapir, switching off the music. “Here’s the deal. If you can boogie along with me while brushing your teeth, then I’ll give you the key to a shortcut out of here.” He pointed to a shiny gold key hanging from a heavy chain around his neck. “Can you get down with that?”

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“We can get down with that!” they cheered. “Let’s do it!”

“Okay, let’s do the Boogie brush!” said the tapir. “Hit it!” and he clicked the button on his boom box and the music started once again.

***But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? Grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and do the Boogie Brush along with Little Brush and Big Brush before they continue on their adventure.***

Little Brush and Big Brush boogied and brushed until their teeth were bright and gleaming.

“Disco!!!!” said the tapir approvingly. “That was magnificent. You cut all the right moves while brushing your teeth. Now take this key and head behind the waterfall. You’ll see the short cut I was talking about.”

“Thank you,” Little Brush and Big Brush said happily.

“You’re very welcome.” said the tapir. “Now off you go, and don’t forget to brush your teeth every night before bed. And keeeeee dancing”

“We will. Goodbye!” Little Brush and Big Brush waved and off they waded.

“Wow, that waterfall was a lot of fun. And that party was epic,” said Little Brush. “I wonder where we’ll end up next?”

“I don’t know,” said Big Brush. “But this short cut doesn’t seem to be anywhere around here. Let’s keep looking and see what we can find.”

***Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***





# UNITED STATES OF ATTEN-SHUN!

Little Brush and Big Brush waded back towards the waterfall leaving the tapir dancing along to his Birthday Mix Tape.

“We MAY have the key to the shortcut,” said Little Brush holding the golden key above his head and being careful not to drop it in the water. “But where IS the shortcut?”

“I don’t know, but it must be around here somewhere. What’s this?” Big Brush said, tripping on a large rock submerged below the water. “There’s a rock here and it looks like it has a keyhole in it.”

“Let’s try the key!” Little Brush cheered.

Little Brush slipped the key into the rock excitedly and turned it this way and that.



There was a sharp CLICK, then a long GROAN, followed by a slow RUMBLING sound getting louder and louder, and louder until...

“Look, Little Brush,” said Big Brush pointing at the waterfall.



The waterfall was slowly parting in the middle like a giant pair of wet curtains, and the rocks behind it were sliding apart revealing the entrance to a secret tunnel.

“Yay! The shortcut! We found it!” said Little Brush. “Come on.”

Little Brush and Big Brush climbed over the rocks and into the tunnel. Inside it was very dark and very damp and very scary.

“Little Brush, are you sure this is a good idea?” Big Brush asked nervously.

“Yes, of course, silly!” Little Brush replied.



Suddenly an ear-splitting siren wailed through the tunnel. Red warning lights flashed on and off.

“Wooooaaaa,” said Big Brush. “We’re in trouble now. We must have set off an alarm.”

“HALT!” A loud angry voice shouted from the darkness and a large scary porcupine suddenly emerged from the shadows. He was wearing a camouflage helmet and big black army boots. “This is a high security bunker. Authorised personnel only!” he continued, glaring at them fiercely. “All unauthorised personnel will be marched out of here!”

“Out of here?” said Big Brush.

“Like outside?” said Little Brush.

“That’s right!” said the porcupine.



“Yippee!” Little Brush cried. “We’re definitely unauthorised personnel. Can you march us outside please? We need to get out of this tunnel and find our way home.”

“Affirmative!” barked the porcupine sharply, looking them up and down. “But wait a minute. Those aren’t regulation boots,” he said. “The terrain gets pretty tricky around here. First you’re going to need proper marching boots.”

“But we don’t have marching boots,” Big Brush said, sadly.

The porcupine twitched his bristles, deep in thought.

“I will issue you with standard ration army boots,” he began, “IF you can show me that you can march and brush your teeth at the same time.”





The porcupine did a swift turn on his heels and proceeded to march up and down in a straight line, performing a precise tooth brushing action.

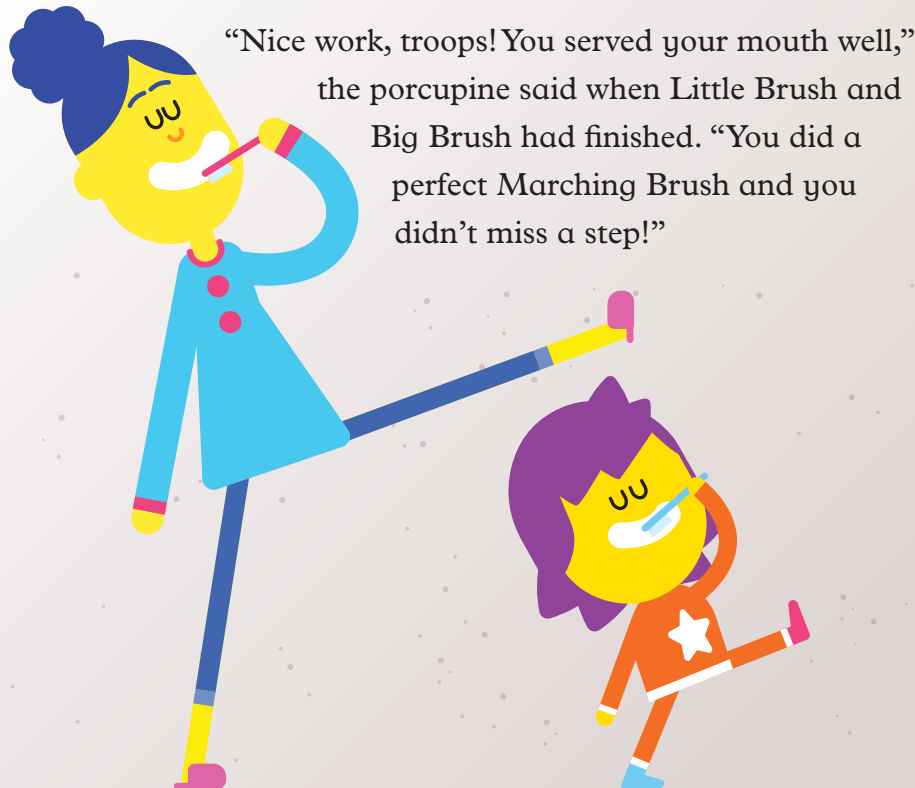
“Left, right, left...” he yelled as he marched.

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Sir! Yes sir!” they shouted. “Ready for action.”

“Okay. Fall in troops,” said the porcupine. “Let’s do the Marching Brush.”

***But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? Why don't you do the Marching Brush along with Little Brush and Big Brush before we continue with their adventure?***



“Nice work, troops! You served your mouth well,” the porcupine said when Little Brush and Big Brush had finished. “You did a perfect Marching Brush and you didn’t miss a step!”

He turned and quickly rummaged in a supplies cupboard, reappearing seconds later with two pairs of boots. “Here! Put these on and follow me.”

So Little Brush and Big Brush put on their boots and followed the porcupine on a brisk march.

“Left. Right. Left, right, left,” the porcupine called as they marched up a flight of stairs.

“What do you think we’ll see when we get outside?” Little Brush panted, a little out of breath.

“I don’t know,” said Big Brush. “But after the waterfall, let’s hope wherever we’re going is nice and dry.”

***Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***





# FUN RUNNING ON THE PRAIRIE

Little Brush and Big Brush marched along through the tunnel in their new army boots, the porcupine barking orders as he brought up the rear.

“Left. Right. Left, right, left,” the porcupine bellowed as they marched up and up a seemingly endless flight of stairs. When Little Brush and Big Brush felt they could march no further, they suddenly found themselves at a dead end. There was no way up. There was no way left. There was no way right. The only way they could see was the way they had come.

“Er, we seem to be stuck?” Big Brush said.

“Negative!” the porcupine hollered and elbowed a big red button on the wall.



There was a loud WHOOSHING noise and the ceiling slid back to reveal brilliant blue sky and sunshine above.

Little Brush, Big Brush and the porcupine stepped out of the tunnel onto a beautiful grassy plain, stretching out to the horizon as far as the eye could see.

“Where are we now?” Little Brush said, blinking in the bright sunlight.

“No time for questions,” said the porcupine urgently. “Hit the ground troops. Go, go, go!”



Little Brush ducked. Big Brush ducked. The porcupine ducked.

In the distance there was a low rumbling sound, getting louder and louder as it came closer. It sounded like a herd of...

“U.G.Os!” the porcupine yelled in terror. “Unidentified Galloping Objects! Return to your posts. Protect the base!” he cried and took off, running towards the tunnel, leaving Little Brush and Big Brush behind.



“UGOs?” said Little Brush, puzzled.

“Does he mean horses?”

For just then a herd of brightly dressed horses galloped by, laughing and tossing their manes. They were wearing colourful gym kit and sparkly headbands and sporting some very snazzy trainers.

One of the herd trotted over to Little Brush and Big Brush and gave them a sniff. She had a blue and white glittery bandana wrapped around her long blonde mane and was wearing very bright pink lipstick.



“Who are you?” Little Brush asked.

“Catch up people, I’m running,” she said, twitching her tail and jogging in a circle around them. “We’re the local running group on a fun run. Running on this prairie right here is the best exercise in the world.”

“Can we join in, Big Brush?” Little Brush begged. “Can we, can we, can we, pleeeeeeease?”

“Well... alright. Whatever gets us back home, I suppose,” said Big Brush nodding reluctantly.

“Sure thing people,” said the horse smiling and showing her long horsey white teeth. But the smile suddenly faded. “But not in those stinky boots!” she said turning up her nose in disgust.

Little Brush and Big Brush looked down at their ugly army boots. With another toss of her mane, the horse reached into her saddlebag and brought out two pairs of trainers, one pink one blue.

“Cool!” Little Brush jumped up trying to reach them, but the horse had other ideas.



“You can have these totally fabulous trainers,” she said with a snort, holding them high in the air. “But only IF you warm up first. I want to see you stretch while brushing your teeth. If you think you can do it, give me an A-WOOGA!”

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“A-WOOGAAAA!” they both laughed.

“Super,” said the horse. “Feel the burn people. Let’s do the Stretching Brush,” she said and she dropped into a low lunge.

*Wait – have you brushed your teeth yet? How about you do the Stretching Brush along with Little Brush and Big Brush before we continue with our story.*



“And... five more reps! Great job!” said the horse when Little Brush and Big Brush had finished stretching and brushing. “You brushed your teeth perfectly, and after all that stretching your muscles are totally warmed up for running. You can keep those trainers. They’ll help you get home super fast.”

“Yippeeee! Thank you,” Little Brush and Big Brush said excitedly.

“Now I must re-join my running group, goodbye” the horse said. “Goodbye!” said Little Brush and Big Brush and waved as the horse jogged off.

“Which way now?” Little Brush said, coming across a signpost in the middle of the field. To the West were the mountains. To the East was the sea.

“How about we head towards the sea?” said Big Brush. “With any luck we’ll find a boat to take us home.”

*Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...*





# TRAWLING THE ATLANTIC

Little Brush and Big Brush had been jogging for quite some time, leaving the prairie behind them and heading towards the sea. They were both proudly wearing the brand new sparkly trainers that the horse had given them.



“Thank goodness we did all those stretching exercises,” Big Brush said, puffing hard and stopping to catch her breath.

“Wow! Look!” said Little Brush, pointing in the distance and jumping up and down with excitement. “There it is. The sea! The sea!”

“I think we’ve reached the Atlantic!” Big Brush said admiring the view. Fishing boats bobbed in a little harbour down below, tied to the quayside with neatly coiled ropes. Fishermen were hard at work preparing to set sail and catch their fishy haul for the day. “If we can cross the Atlantic, we’ll be home soon. Come on.”

Little Brush and Big Brush jogged towards the shoreline excitedly.

“I’m going to beat you,” said Little Brush running ahead onto the quayside.

“Waaaahhh!” cried Little Brush, tripping over a rope and flying through the air before landing with a BUMP next to an old red and white bathtub of a boat. “Who put that rope there?”





“Ahoy there! You must be my new crew?” said a deep voice. There, standing on the boat, dressed in a yellow oilskin raincoat and rain hat, was a large and grumpy looking grizzly bear.

“Er, I don’t think so,” said Big Brush. “We’re not fishermen. We’re just trying to get home.”

“Aw, a teddy bear!” said Little Brush. “We’ll be your new crew!”



“Teddy bear? I’m NO teddy bear,” roared the bear ferociously. “I’m the captain!”

“Aye Aye Captain,” Little Brush cheered happily and jumped straight on to the boat and into the Captain’s furry arms.

“Awwww,” said the Captain, the fierce look melting from his face as he blushed bright red. “My little first mate!”

“Hold on,” said Big Brush, looking worried. “We don’t even know where we’re sailing yet.”

The Captain’s face grew dark with worry as he pointed out to sea. “Listen up crew,” he said, his voice low and menacing. “We’re heading across the Atlantic. But first, you need to show your Captain that you can follow orders. Salute to me while you’re brushing your teeth or... we’ll all be lost at sea!”

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Aye Aye Captain Teddy!” said Big Brush.

“Aw, come to Captain you little sardines,” he said and gave them a squeeze. “Now, show your Captain the Salute and Brush.”



*If you haven't brushed, how about you grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and practise the Salute and Brush along with Little Brush and Big Brush before we carry on with their adventure?*

“Well done me old ship mates!” The Captain clapped once Little Brush and Big Brush had finished their Salute and Brush. “Your smiles are ship shape and you saluted your Captain like old salty sea dogs. Now, climb aboard and I’ll take you across the sea.”

“Yay!! Thank you,” Little Brush and Big Brush said gratefully.

“Not at all,” said the Captain. “Now grab your lifejackets and don’t forget your toothbrushes. I run a very tight ship and everyone must brush their teeth every night before bed.”

Anchor raised, ropes untied, Little Brush and Big Brush cast off and the Captain steered the boat out of the harbour and into open water.

Thick black clouds had started to form on the horizon as the boat chugged along, blanketing the sky.

“Erm, Captain,” said Big Brush, a concerned frown on her face. “I don’t mean to worry you, but it looks like we’re sailing directly into that storm over there.”

*Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...*





# CAPTURED IN THE BAY OF BISCAIY

As the ferocious storm raged around them, the fishing boat carrying Little Brush, Big Brush and the captain across the Atlantic was tossed this way and that on the gigantic waves.

“It doesn’t look like this storm will be ending any time soon,” said Big Brush nervously.

Just then an enormous wave rose high above them, as tall as a skyscraper and as wide as ten buses. Down it crashed onto the little boat, pushing it underwater into the darkness.

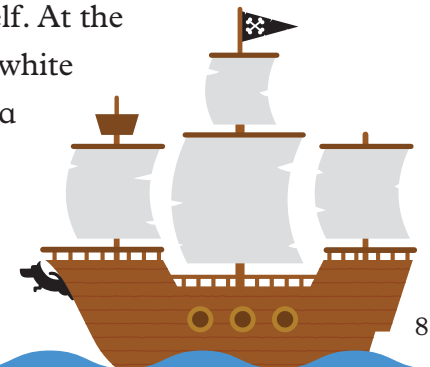
“We’re all doooooomed!” Little Brush cried.

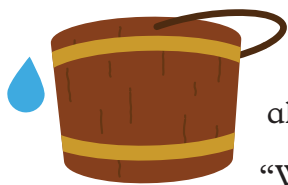
And then everything went very, very dark.

The next thing Little Brush and Big Brush knew, it was day, and they were tied together on the deck of a very large ship. The captain was nowhere to be seen. The sun burned hot in the sky. A black pirate flag flew from the mast.



Little Brush and Big Brush looked around. A pack of wild dogs was standing in a circle around them and they didn’t look very friendly. A big muscly bulldog wearing a blue skull cap growled menacingly; a spaniel in a red and white polka dot neckerchief drooled all over his chin; and a tiny Chihuahua with an eye patch sniggered to himself. At the front of the pack was an evil looking white poodle, a pirate hat on his head and a golden hook in place of a paw.





“Wakey wakey landlubbers!” the pirate poodle snarled and threw a bucket of water all over Little Brush and Big Brush.

“Where are we?” Big Brush said, dripping wet and shivering with cold. “And where’s our captain?”

“We captured your boat in the Bay of Biscay. Unfortunately, your captain managed to escape but you two are now our prisoners aboard ze pirate ship ze Black Labrador!” the pirate poodle said.

There were barks of laughter from the canine crew.

“Let us go, you mongrels!” Big Brush shouted bravely.

“Mongrels?” the poodle snapped and smiled an evil smile, glancing at his pirate shipmates. “That’s right. We ARE mongrels! None of this fancy pedigree stuff for us!”

The pirate dogs laughed again.

“SILENCE!” the pirate poodle snapped, drawing a big cutlass from his belt and turning to Big Brush. “Let you go? Now why would I do zis?”

“Because we’re lost,” said Big Brush hopefully.

“And you look like a lovely fluffy doggy who can help,” added Little Brush.

The doggy crew laughed even louder but the pirate poodle didn’t think it was funny at all. His little furry body shook with rage.

“ENOUGH!” he screamed. “So, you like entertaining my crew huh? Well, entertain them with your best Pirate Brush and you may join us.”



He unscrewed the hook from the end of one paw and replaced it with a toothbrush. “The eye patches ARE rather fetching,” he added.

The Chihuahua in the eye patch nodded enthusiastically.

“To do the Pirate Brush you must cover one eye while brushing your teeth for two whole minutes,” the pirate poodle commanded.

“And then you’ll take us to dry land?” asked Big Brush.

“But of course,” the pirate poodle said.

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush. “Let’s do the Pirate Brush!” they cheered.

*Before we continue with the story, have you brushed your teeth yet? How about you practise the Pirate Brush with Little Brush and Big Brush before we carry on with their adventure?*



“Et voila!” the pirate poodle applauded after Little Brush and Big Brush had finished their Pirate Brush. “You have the dazzling smiles of

true pirates and you covered your eyes perfectly while you brushed. Join our pirate pack, and take zeez honorary eye patches as a reward.”

“Thank you,” Little Brush and Big Brush said and slipped on their eye patches like real pirates.

The pirate poodle did a little bow. “But now,” he said. “Hoist the main sail me hearties, and let’s be away!”

The crew set to work, busily preparing the Black Labrador for its next voyage.

“Where do you think we’re going now?” Little Brush whispered moments later when the pirate poodle’s back was turned.

“I don’t know,” Big Brush whispered back. “But one thing I do know is we have to get off this ship and soon.”

*Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...*







# BEAUTIFUL ITALY

The crew of the Black Labrador pirate ship were in high spirits after their long voyage. They had pulled into harbour and were now below deck, dancing and singing old sea shanties. They were so loud and raucous, they didn't notice Little Brush and Big Brush quietly slip out.

“Look, Little Brush!” said Big Brush excitedly pointing towards the harbour. “Dry land at last.”

There in front of them was a colourful little town, busy with people going about their day. Brightly coloured houses nestled on a very steep hill above a pristine blue sea.

Little cars and mopeds buzzed up and down through the narrow streets.

“Wow! It's beautiful,” said Little Brush.



“It's also our chance to escape,” Big Brush whispered urgently, looking around to make sure the pirates hadn't seen them.

“Quick! Let's go.”

Little Brush and Big Brush tiptoed across the gangplank, being careful not to alert the pirates below deck. The sun was at its highest point in the sky and it was very hot as they stepped onto shore and set off.

“Ugh, dry land is so tiring,” Little Brush moaned, as they climbed the steep hill leading through the town.



Just then there was a honk of horns and the buzz of engines as a gang of mopeds rushed by. The small motorcycles with bicycle pedals zipped easily and effortlessly through the narrow, winding streets and covered Little Brush and Big Brush in a cloud of dust.

“We could do with one of those to get us home!” Little Brush coughed.

“But where are we going to find a moped?” asked Big Brush.

They both looked up the street and down the street.

“Look!” Little Brush cried, excitedly. “Over there!”

Under an old bridge was a shop with a sign hanging above it, saying Moped Repairs.

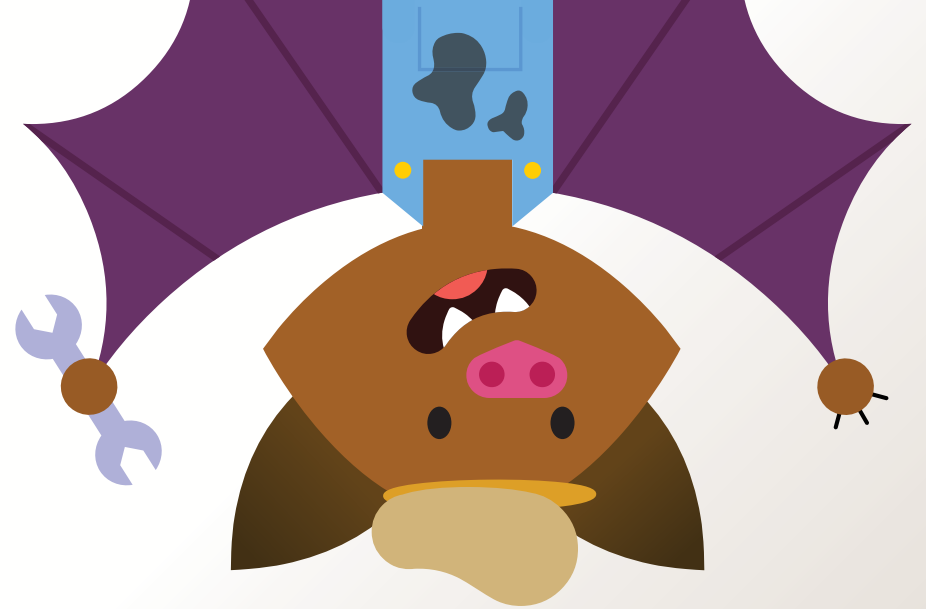


Little Brush and Big Brush hurried towards it and knocked on the door.

“Hello?” Little Brush called, peering inside, but no one answered.

“Come on, let’s go in,” Little Brush replied, bravely.

Inside, the workshop was dark and gloomy. Water dripped from the ceiling and tiny animals scurried on the floor. Some way off, a radio was playing salsa music and there was the sound of hammering.



“Ciao! Welcome,” said a loud voice from out of the darkness, making Little Brush and Big Brush jump in fright.

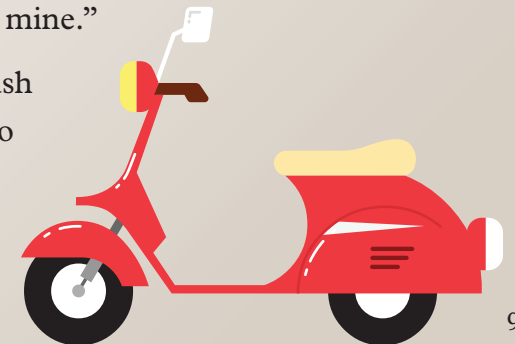
A large bat had appeared in front of them, hanging upside down from underneath a car he had been fixing.

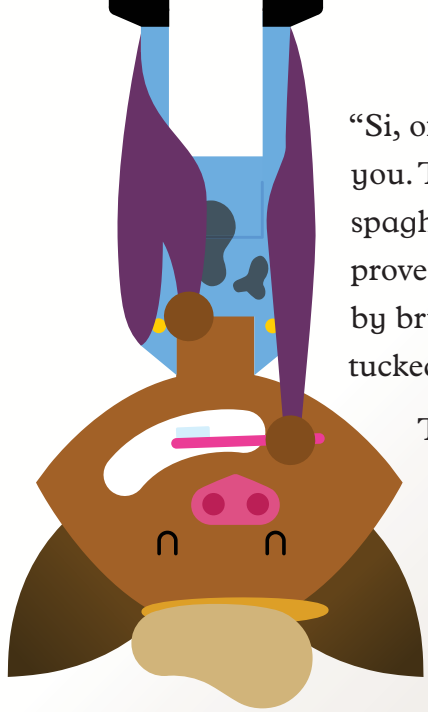
“Do you want-a me to fix-a your moped, bella?” the bat said smiling.

“We don’t have a moped,” said Big Brush once her nerves had steadied. “But we really need one to help us get home.”

“Mama Mia! No moped?” the bat exclaimed, so surprised he lost his grip and fell to the floor. “But everyone in Italy has a moped. Maybe I can lend you mine.”

“Would you really?” Little Brush and Big Brush asked, unable to believe their luck. “But will it get us home?”





“Si, of course,” the bat said. “But I warn you. The streets are narrow as Mama’s spaghetti round here. So, first you have to prove you can drive through them safely by brushing your teeth with your elbows tucked right in. Like this.”

The bat bent his wings and squeezed them tight against either side of his furry body. “Then you can have my moped. Capiche?”

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Capiche!” they both said and clapped their hands in excitement.

“Okay!” said the bat. “Lets-a do-a the Elbow Brush.”

*But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? How about you practise the Elbow Brush with Little Brush and Big Brush before we carry on with their adventure?*



“Eccelente!” The bat flapped his wings happily after Little Brush and Big Brush had finished their Elbow Brush. “You kept your elbows tucked in perfectly for two whole minutes! Now, please, take my moped as your reward.”

“Yay! Grazie!” Little Brush and Big Brush cheered.

“No problema!,” said the bat. “Now, be sure to wear your helmets and make sure you practise your Elbow Brush every night before bed.”

“We will,” Little Brush and Big Brush promised as they jumped on the moped.

“Thank goodness we don’t have to walk,” said Little Brush, looking back as the moped took off up the hill. “Where are we going next, Big Brush?”

Big Brush looked at the road signs pointing this way and that.

“How about we keep following this road north?” she suggested.

“With any luck, we’ll be home in no time.”

*Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...*



# NORWAY OR THE HIGHWAY

Little Brush and Big Brush zipped along on their moped, heading north and away from the little Italian harbour town and their friend the bat.

BZZZZ, BZZZZ, BZZZZ, the engine buzzed as they rode.

Eventually, after travelling for one whole day and one whole night, they found themselves high up in the mountains. Pine trees lined the icy roads as they drove through wind, and rain and...

“Snow!” Little Brush called excitedly, as huge snowflakes started to fall from the thick grey clouds above.

Very soon, the snow was coming thick, fast and heavy.



“It’s freeeezing,” Big Brush shivered as she struggled to control the moped through the snow. “We didn’t really pack for cold weather.”

“I know,” said Little Brush. “And it’s getting too slippery to ride our moped.”



Just then, there was a **SWOOSHING** noise from high up the mountain. Little Brush and Big Brush looked up just in time to see a big, furry beast with antlers skiing elegantly through the pine trees, performing skilful turns and graceful jumps.

“Look. I think that’s an elk,” said Little Brush. “Hey, Elk!”

The elk saluted as he headed towards a ski jump. **WHOOSH!** He launched into the air in a death-defying leap before landing with a gentle knee bend on the slopes.

Little Brush and Big Brush were so impressed watching the elk that they didn't notice the giant bank of snow blocking their path.

"Ahhhhh," they yelled as the moped crashed, sending them both flying. They were both unhurt but it was clear their moped wasn't going anywhere now.

Just then, the elk appeared through the trees, skiing towards them at an alarming speed. It looked like he was going to ski straight into them but, in the nick of time, he did a swift about turn and came to a stop, showering them from head to toe in snow.

"Wow, that was awesome!" Little Brush clapped.

"Ja! Although all of my students can do that, of course," the elk said, taking off his sunglasses and looking at them in amusement.

"Really? Will you teach us too," begged Little Brush. "Then we can ski home."

"Hmm," said the elk, looking them up and down. "But I've never taught a snowman before."

Little Brush and Big Brush looked at each other and laughed. They were covered from head to toe in snow and looked EXACTLY like snowmen.

"We're not snowmen, silly," they said and shook their clothes, freeing themselves of their snow.

"Okay," chuckled the elk. "In that case, I'll certainly teach you how to ski. And IF you pass my skiing test then you'll earn your beginners' skis."

"Fantastic," asked Big Brush. "What do we have to do?"





“Well, first you have to learn the Ski Brush,” replied the Elk. “Lesson Number One. Bend down. Lean forward. Stick your bottom out. And stretch your arms out in front of you. Now, are you ready?”

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Let’s do the Ski Brush!” they cheered.

***But wait... have you brushed your teeth yet? How about you practise the Ski Brush with Little Brush and Big Brush before we carry on with their adventure?***

Little Brush and Big Brush bent their legs, leaned forward and stuck their bottoms out. They stayed that way while brushing their teeth for two whole minutes. When they had finished, they turned to the elk with big smiles.

“Sweet moves, my friends!” the elk exclaimed. “That’s one of the best Ski Brushes I’ve ever seen. Now, take these skis and off you go.”



The elk handed them two pairs of long, shiny skis. “And make sure you brush your teeth every night before bed,” he added.

“Thank you, Elk,” Little Brush and Big Brush said. “We will.”

Little Brush and Big Brush strapped on their new skis and, with a wave goodbye, skied off through the pine trees. Down the slopes they went, going faster and faster like they were ski professionals.

“Do you know where we’re going?” Little Brush asked, after they stopped for a rest some time later.

“Er...I’m not sure,” said Big Brush, looking around. “What does that signpost say?”. She pointed at a sign half buried in the snow under a pine tree.

“Big Brush...?” Little Brush said nervously, brushing snow off the signpost. “It says we’re heading towards the Arctic!!”

“The Arctic? Oh no!” cried Big Brush. “That’s a long, long way from home.”

***Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***

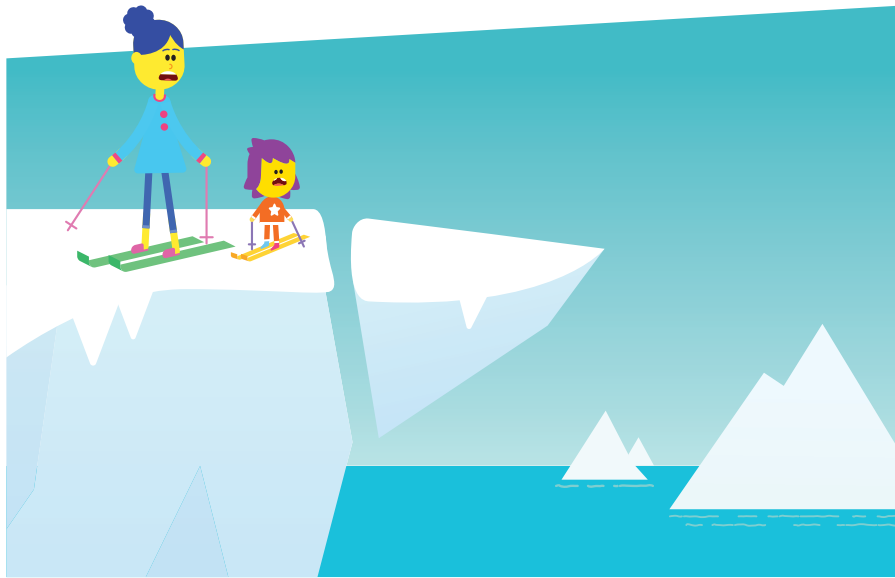




# ARRIVING IN THE ARCTIC

Little Brush and Big Brush were skiing down the mountain slope after saying goodbye to the ski instructing elk. Faster and faster they went, heading off-piste towards the Arctic.

The temperature had dropped to below zero and the wind blew icy cold.



“It looks like we’re heading towards the sea again, Big Brush.” Little Brush shouted over the WHOOSH of their skis. “What are those giant icy rocks in the water? Are they icebergs?”

Before Big Brush could answer, there was a mighty CRACK and a SPLIT. The icy ground in front of them broke off and fell with a SPLOSH into the sea, narrowly missing a seal in a red swimming cap bobbing about in the water below.

“Oops, sorry!” cried Little Brush and Big Brush together as they peered over the edge. “Was that out fault?”

The seal popped his head above the surface, clutching a clipboard and pen.

“Global warming is everyone’s fault,” he said officiously, busy scribbling notes on his clipboard. He dived below the water before reappearing moments later in a hole in the ice next to Little Brush and Big Brush.

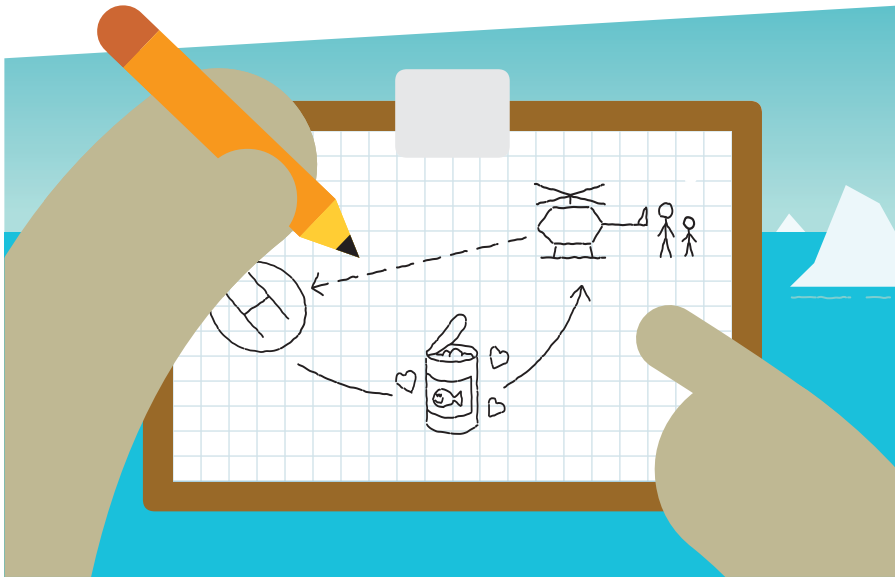
“But don’t worry,” he said shuffling towards them. “Science Officer Seal can solve any problem.”



“Really?” asked Little Brush, clearly impressed.

“Okay,” said Big Brush. “Could you solve this for us, then? How do we get off this iceberg?”

The seal looked all around. The ice they had been standing on had broken off from the mainland and they were now floating out to sea.



“Hmm, let’s see,” he said. He took out his notebook and pencil and started scribbling. “Calculating... two humans, one supply helicopter. But ZERO supplies! Hmmm.”

The seal scratched his head deep in thought. Then his eyes lit up. “Solution!” he exclaimed. “Humans fly supply helicopter off iceberg to supply base so someone else can fly yummy supplies back to me!”

“Sounds great!” cried Little Brush. “But what helicopter?”

“That helicopter,” said the seal. He pointed to a large shiny red helicopter that had been parked behind a snowbank.

“Yay!” Little Brush and Big Brush cheered.

“But wait,” said the seal, sternly. “Before you can take my helicopter, you have to pass my coordination test. If you can prove to me that you can pat your head and brush your teeth at the same time, you can fly.”

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“That’s easy, Science Officer Seal,” they said, jumping up and down in excitement.



“Okay then subjects, let’s do the Pat and Brush,” replied the seal. Quick as a flash, he produced toothpaste and toothbrushes so they could begin.

***If you haven’t brushed, why don’t you grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and practise the Pat and Brush with Little Brush and Big Brush before we carry on with their adventure?***

Little Brush and Big Brush patted their heads and brushed their teeth at the same time for two whole minutes. When they were finished, they turned to the seal and smiled their brightest smiles.

“Very, very impressive,” the seal said.

“You brushed your teeth while patting your head, demonstrating super coordination. You’ve proved to me that you have the flying skills you need. As your reward, you can take my helicopter to the supply island and carry on your journey home.”



“Thank you, Science Officer Seal,” Little Brush and Big Brush replied, happily.

They climbed into the helicopter and buckled themselves in ready to fly.

“Goodbye. And remember to always brush your teeth before you go to bed,” said the seal as he waved them off.

Big Brush started the engine and the propellers began to turn. Round and round they WHIRRED, getting faster and faster until the helicopter lifted off the ground.

“Great job, Big Brush,” cheered Little Brush. “Now, which way is the supply island?”

“Let’s take a look at the map,” Big Brush said. “Hmm, it looks like we need to head towards that desert over here. Keep your eyes peeled for the helipad – it will be marked with a giant H in the sand.”

***Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...***



# DISCOVERED IN THE DUNES

Little Brush and Big Brush blinked their eyes against the bright sun as they piloted the helicopter away from the Arctic towards the sandy desert in the distance.

Over hills and green fields they flew, on the lookout for the seal's supply island. Gradually, the landscape below them became dry and dusty. They were getting close.

"Look," shouted Little Brush above the WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP of the helicopter's rotor blades while scanning the ground below. "That must be the helipad."

Sure enough, painted in the sand was a big red H surrounded by miles of sand dunes as far as the eye could see. Desert foxes scurried busily around loading and unloading supplies.



"You're right, Little Brush," Big Brush cried. "Let's land and ask those foxes if they can help us get home."

The helicopter hovered and landed, billowing huge clouds of sand into the air and sending the tiny foxes running for cover.

"Oh no! Don't run away," pleaded Little Brush. "Come back!"



It was too late. All the foxes had run away, disappearing down tiny foxholes in the sand.

"Now what?" said Little Brush, about to cry. "Who's going to help us now?"

Big Brush looked all around. There was nothing to see but sand, sand and more sand.

"It looks like we're going to have to walk," she said.

The hot desert sun beat down as Little Brush and Big Brush trudged across the sand. They walked and walked, and it wasn't long before they both felt very hot, thirsty and tired.



"I'm... so... tired," panted Little Brush.

"Me too," said Big Brush, wiping sweat from her forehead. "We need to rest!"

"Let's sit on that sofa over there," suggested Little Brush.

"Sofa?" said Big Brush looking to where little Brush had pointed. "Oh yes!"

But as she looked, the sofa shimmered, wobbled and suddenly disappeared before their eyes. In its place was a surprised looking camel.

"That's definitely not a sofa!" said Little Brush, puzzled.

"It must have been a mirage," said Big Brush, rubbing her eyes.

"By the Sands of Time," the camel exclaimed, getting to his feet. "What are YOU doing here? No-one ever comes this way!"

"Well, the short version is..."

Big Brush began.

"We're trying to get back home," interrupted Little Brush.

"My friends," the camel said, sympathetically. "It sounds like you need to speak to the Wise Master Ooh-Ooh!"

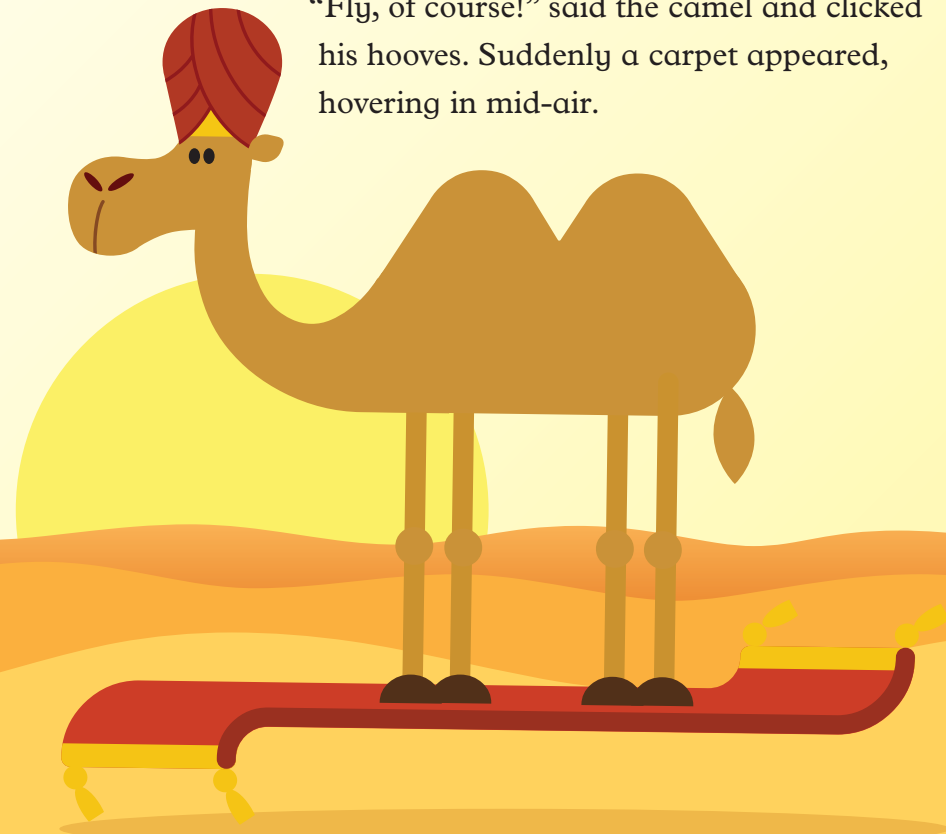
"Wise master Who-Who?" repeated Little Brush and Big Brush.

"No, Ooh-Ooh," the camel said. "Only he can get you home. You must travel to his Volcanic Palace, across shifting sand dunes that swallow all who set foot upon them!"

Little Brush and Big Brush gasped.

"Er, in that case, how are we supposed to get there?" asked Little Brush, more than a little confused.

"Fly, of course!" said the camel and clicked his hooves. Suddenly a carpet appeared, hovering in mid-air.



“Wow! A magic carpet!” Little Brush and Big Brush cried in delight.

“Indeed, my friends. And you can have it, but first you must practise riding it while brushing your teeth,” said the camel. “Point your hand forward and kneel down on one knee, all while brushing your teeth for two whole minutes.”

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

“Easy peasy!” they cheered.

“Marvellous!” said the camel. “Let’s practise the Flying Brush.”

*If you haven’t brushed, why don’t you grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and practise the Flying Brush with Little Brush and Big Brush before we carry on with their adventure?*



“All done my little desert delights!” said the camel when Little Brush and Big Brush had finished their Flying Brush. “You have earned my magic carpet. Now fly, fly! But remember to keep up that excellent tooth brushing every night before you go to bed.”



“Thank you,” Little Brush and Big Brush said gratefully as they hopped on top of the carpet and assumed the Flying Brush position.

“Goodbye,” they said as the magic carpet took off, quickly soaring high into the air and leaving the camel far behind.

“Are we there yet?” asked Little Brush feeling bored after they had been travelling for some time.

“Almost!” replied Big Brush. “See that volcano over there? That must be Master Ooh-Ooh’s Volcanic Palace. Let’s hope he’s expecting us.”

*Where will Little Brush and Big Brush go next on their exciting adventure? Find out tomorrow night...*

# THE GREAT WALL OF PANDA

Little Brush and Big Brush zoomed over the desert on their magic carpet, heading towards Master Ooh-Ooh's Volcanic Palace in the heart of the Volcanic City.

The magic carpet flew like the wind, faster and faster, gathering speed until soon they had reached the city walls. The walls were very thick and stretched up as far as the eye could see.

Little Brush and Big Brush looked around. Apart from the large metal gate in front of them, there seemed to be no other way in.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a giant black furry paw appeared blocking their path.



The paw was attached to a giant furry black arm that was attached to a HUGE, black and white furry panda, guarding the entrance.

Without saying a word the panda adjusted his dark sunglasses, twiddled his earpiece, crossed his arms and shook his head with a look that could only mean one thing: NO ENTRY.

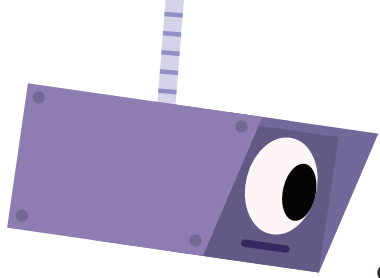
“We’ve got an urgent appointment with Master Ooh-Ooh,” Little Brush said excitedly, jumping off the magic carpet and running towards the entrance. “Let us through please.”



The panda silently stretched out his big black hand and flicked Little Brush away like a very tiny ant.

“Hey, stop!” Big Brush yelled, annoyed. “That’s not fair!”

“We need to see Master Ooh-Ooh,” Little Brush tried again, louder this time. “Please. Let. Us. Through.”



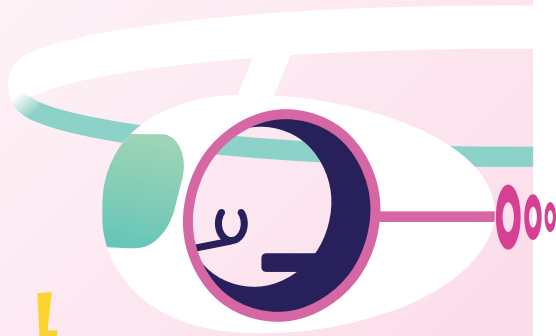
Just then there was a buzzing sound as a security camera dropped down and turned towards them. A voice crackled over the intercom.

“What’s all the commotion?” the voice said, sounding very ancient and wise. It was Master Ooh-Ooh. “Are you playing nicely Mr Chen?” he asked.

The panda nodded sheepishly before the security camera zoomed in for a closer look at the new arrivals.

“It’s Little Brush and Big Brush,” Master Ooh-Ooh continued. “I have been expecting them. Well, Mr Chen, what are you waiting for? Give them your challenge then let them on the monorail.”

Mr Chen nodded silently.



Little Brush and Big Brush peered behind the gate and saw a space-age monorail snaking off through the city, up towards the Volcanic Palace sitting on the towering volcano above.

“Yay! Monorail!” Little Brush cheered and started to run, but Mr Chen had other ideas. He stretched out his giant paw once again, blocking Little Brush’s path.

“Aw, now what?” Little Brush asked in frustration.



Mr Chen made silent tooth brushing actions with his paw.

“I think he’s trying to tell us something,” Big Brush said, studying Mr Chen closely.

Mr Chen nodded.

“I think he’s trying to tell us we can only use the monorail if we brush in silence like him,” Little Brush said.

“Exactly,” said Master Ooh-Ooh, over the intercom.

Little Brush looked at Big Brush. Big Brush looked at Little Brush.

“Let’s do it!” they yelled.

“Excellent!” said Master Ooh-Ooh. “Let’s do the Silent Brush. Now sssshhhh...”

***If you haven’t brushed, why don’t you grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and do the Silent Brush with Little Brush and Big Brush before we carry on with their adventure?***

“Excellent job!” cried Master Ooh-Ooh over the intercom two minutes later when they had finished the Silent Brush. “You’re all done. Now Mr Chen, please see my guests to the monorail.”



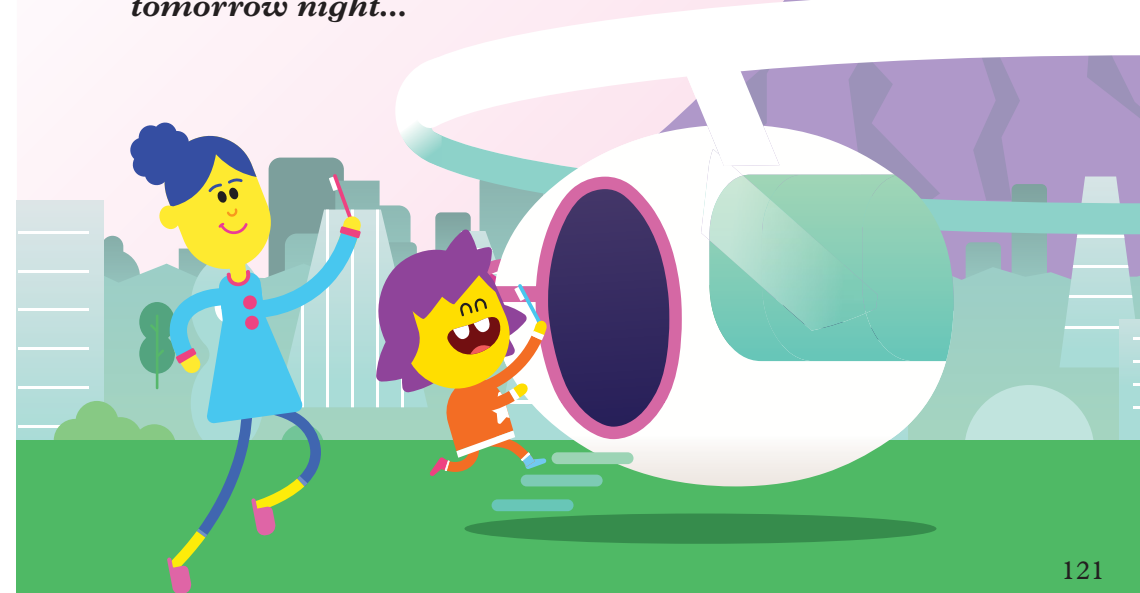
“Thank you, Master Ooh-Ooh!” smiled Little Brush as Mr Chen led them to the monorail and they jumped in.

The door slid shut and there was a WHOOSH and a BUZZ as the doors closed and the monorail started to move. Soon Little Brush and Big Brush were being transported high above the city towards Master Ooh-Ooh’s Volcanic Palace.

“I wonder how old Master Ooh-Ooh is,” said Little Brush as they headed towards the Palace.

“More importantly, I wonder if he’ll really be able to help us get home,” said Big Brush. “And, if the rest of our journey is anything to go by, what challenge he will make us complete first!”

***Will Little Brush and Big Brush really make it home this time. Find out tomorrow night...***







# MEETING MASTER OOH-OOH

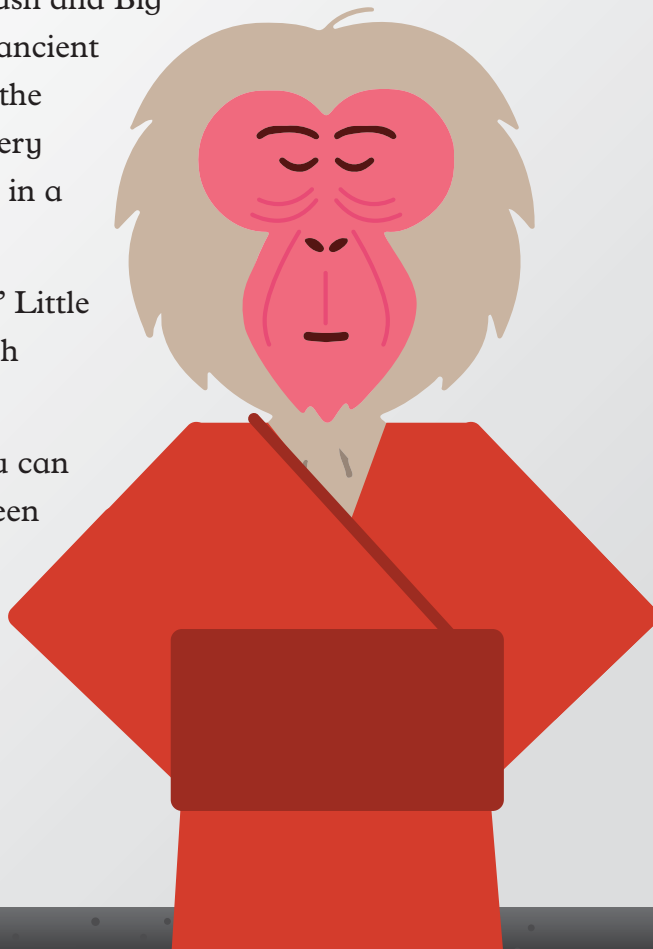
The monorail carried Little Brush and Big Brush high above the city to Master Ooh-Ooh's Volcanic Palace.

As they got closer, a giant doorway opened in the side of the volcano and the monorail disappeared inside.

"Welcome Little Brush and Big Brush," a wise and ancient voice boomed from the darkness. It was a very old monkey dressed in a red silk kimono.

"Master Ooh-Ooh!" Little Brush and Big Brush cheered in delight.

"Indeed, and as you can see Ooh-Ooh has been expecting you," the monkey said pointing towards the TV screens.



There on each of the screens were Little Brush and Big Brush at different points on their exciting adventure. There was their sofa at home and King Leo III and his hot air balloon. There was Madame Green and her powerboat and Chad Hopman and his plane. There on yet another screen was the camel with his magic flying carpet.

"Look!" gasped Little Brush in amazement. "It's us!"



"Correct!" Master Ooh-Ooh said. "Ooh-Ooh has followed your journey since the very beginning. Of all the families that have taken on Ooh-Ooh's challenges, you're the first to have made it this far."

"Brilliant!" said Big Brush, swelling with pride. "So that means you'll zap us back home then. Right...?"

Master Ooh-Ooh laughed.

"What's so funny?" asked Big Brush, starting to get annoyed.

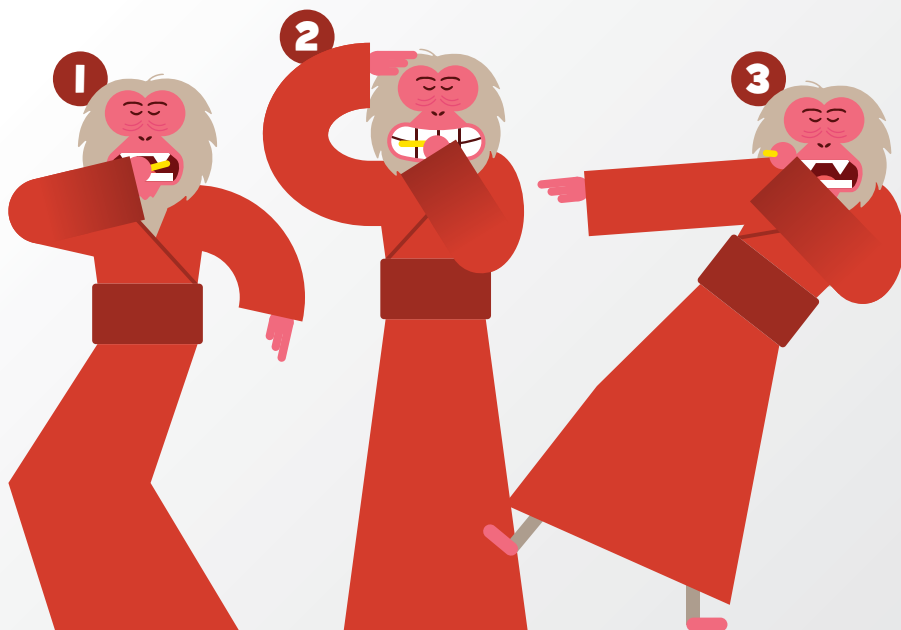
“Patience, Big Brush,” said Master Ooh-Ooh and clicked his TV remote to reveal a hologram of their sofa hovering in front of them.

“Our sofa!” Little Brush cried and ran towards it, ready to jump.

“Not so fast,” said Master Ooh-Ooh, blocking Little Brush’s path. “If you want to get back home you need to complete the Ultimate Brush.”

“What do we have to do? Little Brush and Big Brush asked, a little nervously.

“You must brush your teeth while completing every task Ooh-Ooh throws at you,” said the wise old monkey. “First you have to bend your knees. Then you have to salute. Balancing on one leg comes next. Then you have to boogie, followed by patting your head. And, finally, you have to tiptoe... all while brushing your teeth for two whole minutes.”



Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush. Of all the challenges they’d completed, this sounded BY FAR the hardest.

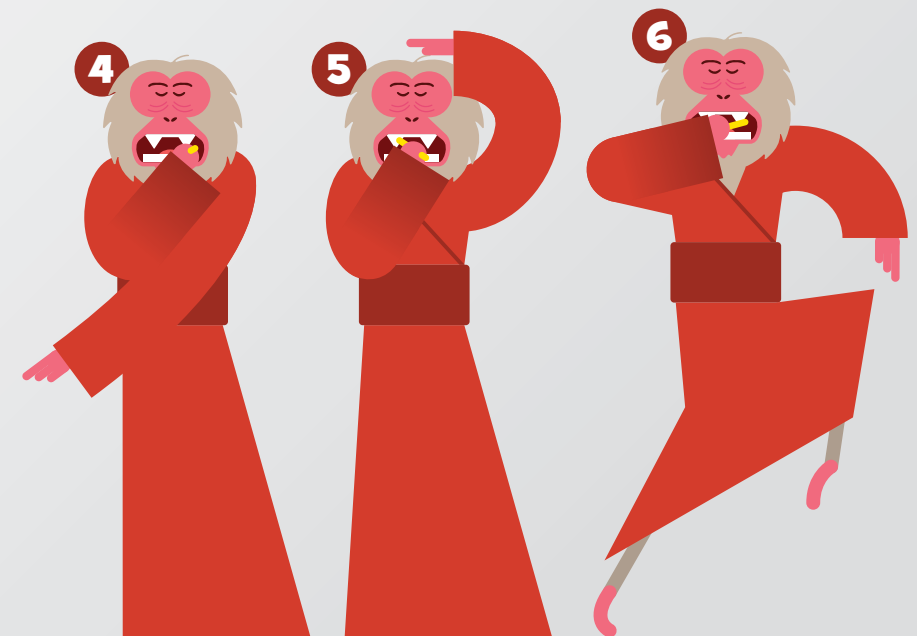
But they wanted to get home more than anything.

“Bring it on Ooh-Ooh,” they nodded, giving each other a fist bump.

And, with that, Master Ooh-Ooh closed his eyes and stretched out his arms.

“Show me the Ultimate Brush!” he commanded. “Three... Two... One...”

*Before we continue with the story, grab your toothbrush and toothpaste and do the Ultimate Brush along with Little Brush and Big Brush. Whoever’s brushing with you can shout out the different parts of the challenge as you go.*



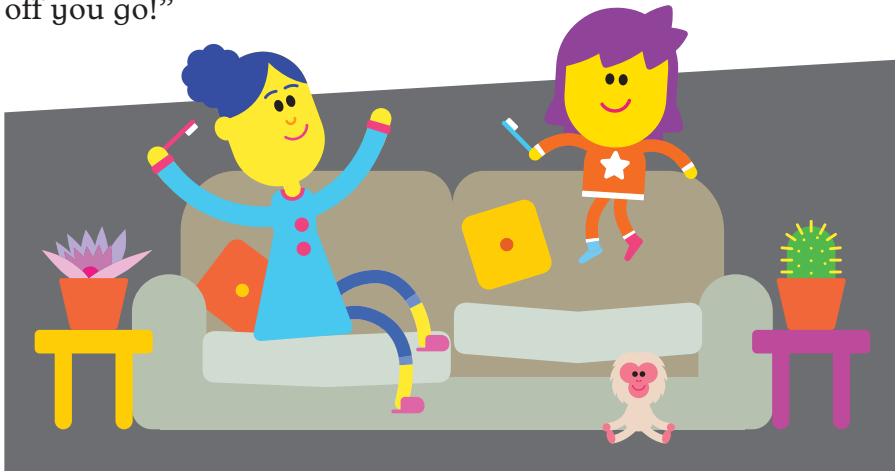
“Excellent work, Little Brush and Big Brush,” said Master Ooh-Ooh, beaming with pride. “You’ve completed the Ultimate Brush, which means you’re now Tooth Brushing Masters. Well done!”

“Does that mean we can go home now?” Little Brush asked, hopefully.

“Of course! Master Ooh-Ooh replied. “Now, close your eyes.”

Little Brush and Big Brush closed their eyes.

“Before you go, remember my words. As Tooth Brushing Masters you will remember to always brush your teeth before bed and practise all the challenges your friends set you. Now, off you go!”



Master Ooh-Ooh clapped his hands and suddenly everything disappeared...

“We’re home!” Little Brush cheered, looking around their living room and bouncing up and down on the sofa in excitement.

“At last!” sighed Big Brush patting the sofa happily. “What an adventure! We travelled to so many places and met so many different friends.”

“And did so many challenges,” Little Brush reminded her. “YAWN! And now I’m so tired.”

“Me too,” said Big Brush. “Time for bed, I think Little Brush.”

“Good idea and let’s remember to brush our teeth first,” smiled Little Brush.

“Exactly,” replied Big Brush.

Big Brush looked at Little Brush. Little Brush looked at Big Brush.

*“Let’s do it!” they cried and laughed... and laughed and laughed.*



# THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE BRUSH BIG BRUSH

**CRACK! BANG! WHOOSH!**

What would you do if you suddenly fell through  
a hole in your living room sofa and landed  
in the African Serengeti?

**Well, that's just what happened to  
Little Brush and Big Brush.**

Come aboard the fun-filled adventures of  
Little Brush and Big Brush where they travel all  
across the world, from Italy to the Atlantic, meeting  
talented local animal friends along the way. They  
will soon discover how brushing their teeth can take  
them further than they could ever have hoped for,  
and might just be the key that takes them home!



**Smile**

