



# Izzy Gizmo

Pip Jones  Sara Ogilvie illustrator of **THE DETECTIVE DOG**



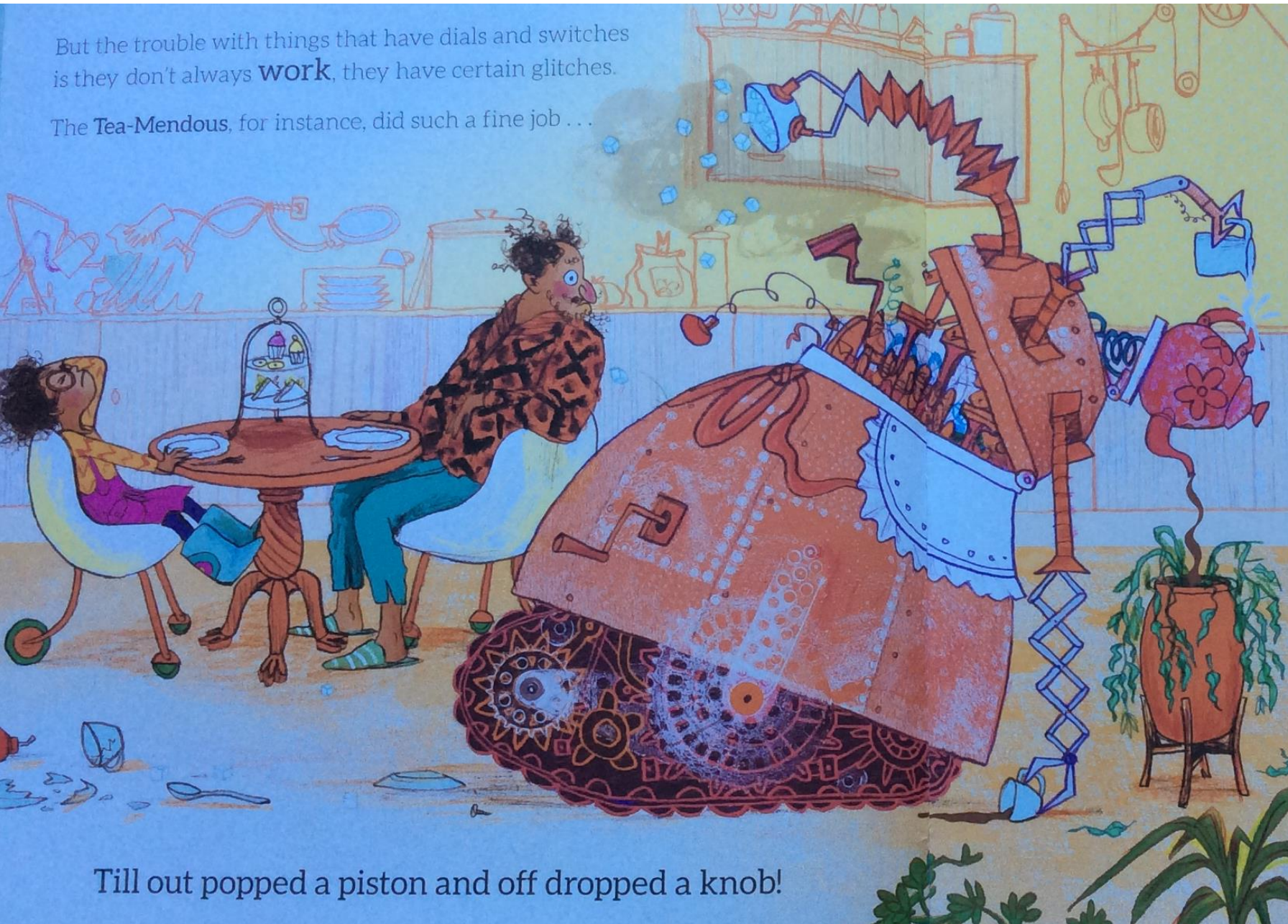


Izzy Gizmo, a girl who LOVED to invent, carried her tool bag wherever she went in case she discovered a thing to be mended, or a gadget to tweak to make it more splendid.



But the trouble with things that have dials and switches is they don't always **work**, they have certain glitches.

The **Tea-Mendous**, for instance, did such a fine job . . .



Till out popped a piston and off dropped a knob!

Then the Swirly-Spagsonic (for eating spaghetti) turned Grandpa's wallpaper into confetti.





The Beard-tastic had Grandpa  
near perfectly styled . . .

Till the foam overflowed,  
and the clippers went **WILD.**

Well, Izabelle, who was so clever and bright,  
would get rather cross when things didn't go right.  
And she huffed, "It's a duff! I've had it! I quit."

She kicked her invention –  
and called it a "TWIT!"





Izabelle fumed.

Grandpa smiled and chuckled.

"You can't give up just 'cos that thingy-bob buckled.

Now, trust me, young lady. Sometimes you need

to try again and again if you want to succeed."



Perhaps Grandpa was right, but still, Izabelle sighed.

She picked up her tool bag and wandered outside.



Kicking the stones on the path as she walked,  
Izzy jumped at a **BUMP!**

Up ahead, something squawked.



From the clouds,  
a poor crow had taken

a tumble,

and landed -

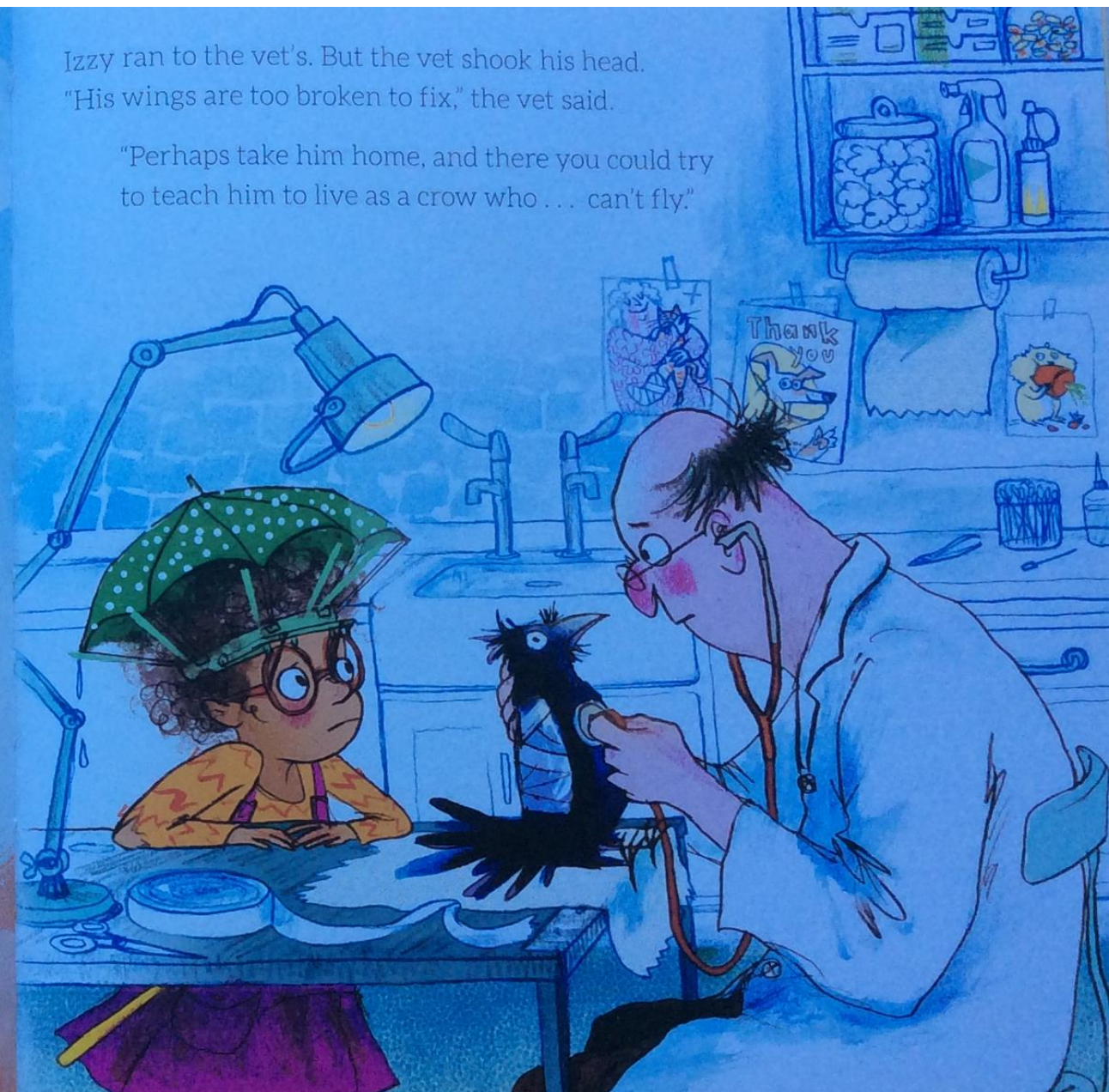
**KAPOOOOF!**

- in a feathery jumble.



Izzy ran to the vet's. But the vet shook his head.  
"His wings are too broken to fix," the vet said.

"Perhaps take him home, and there you could try  
to teach him to live as a crow who . . . can't fly."

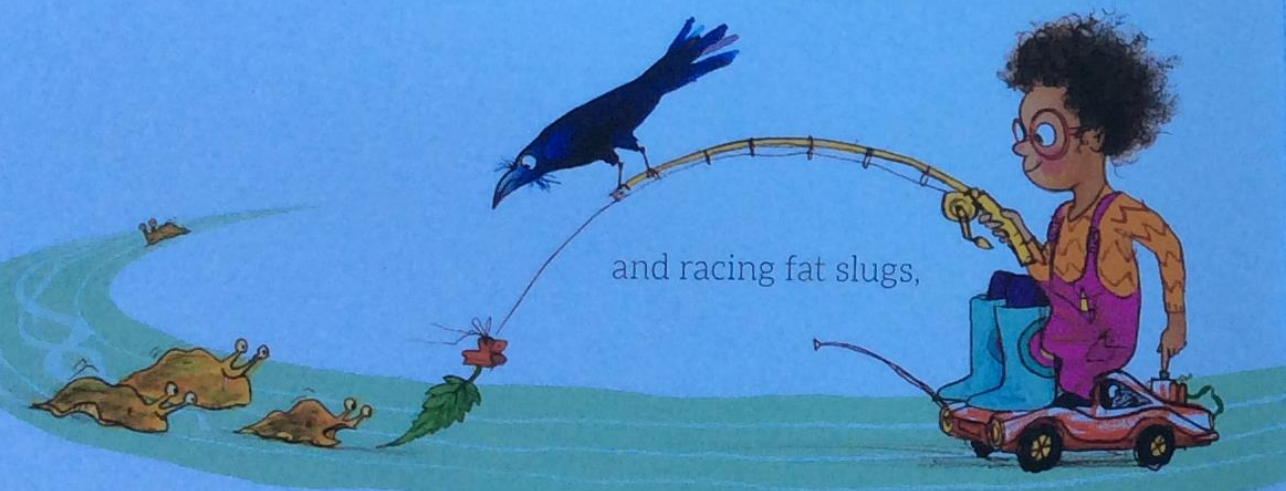




Day after day, Izzy thought she had found something fun for her crow to do on the ground.

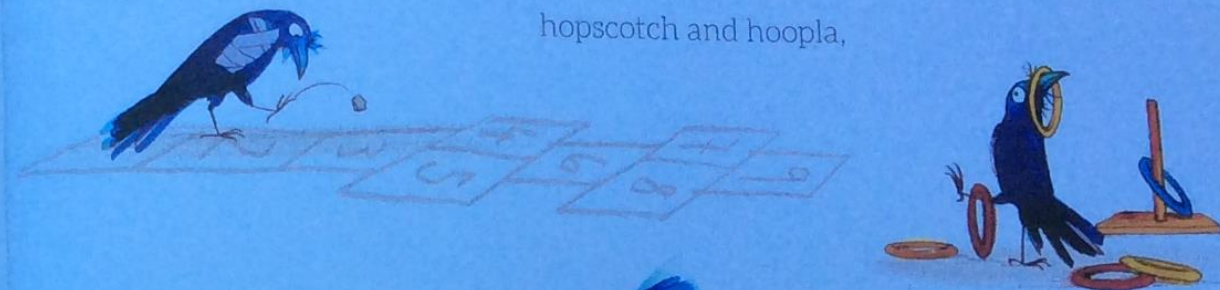


Like digging for worms,



and racing fat slugs,

hopscotch and hoopla,



and searching for bugs.



But the heartbroken crow simply gazed at the sky as the other birds sang . . . and flew happily by.

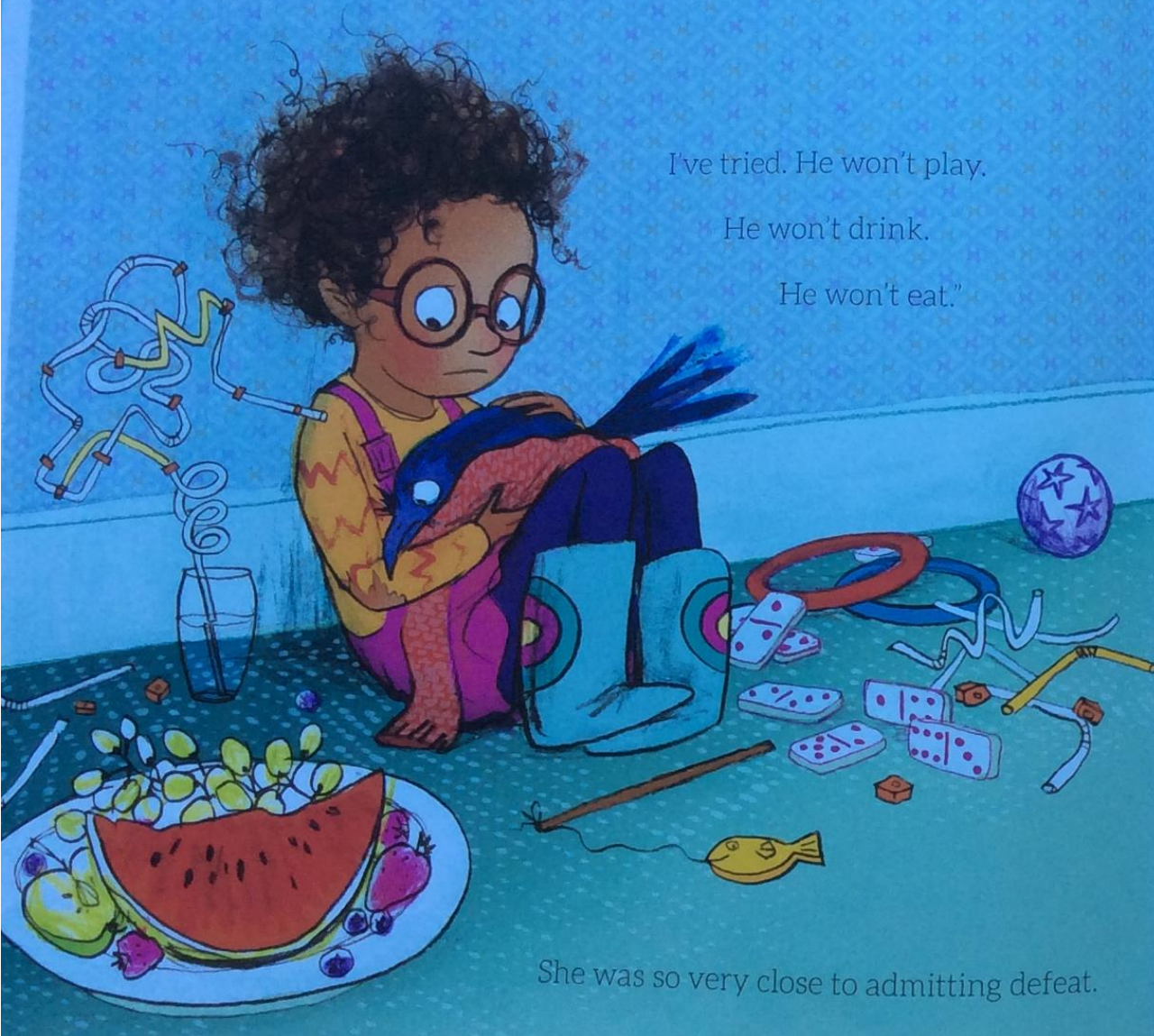


One night, with the crow in the folds of her sweater,  
Izzy sighed, "Oh, I WISH I could make him feel better."

I've tried. He won't play.

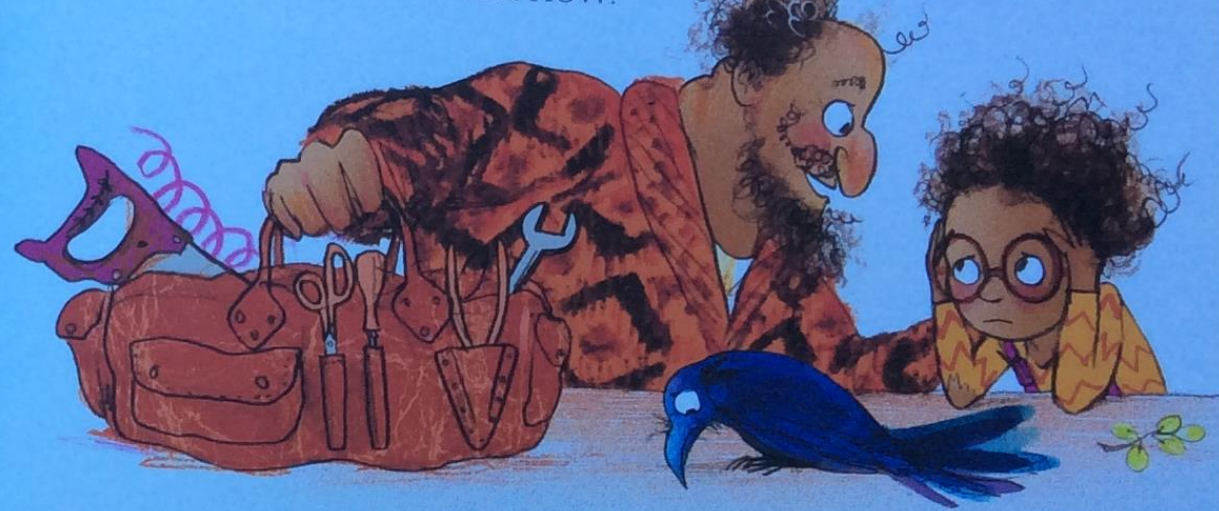
He won't drink.

He won't eat."



She was so very close to admitting defeat.

Grandpa said, "Izzy! Don't give up on him now.  
I know you can do it. Just work out HOW!"



Then Grandpa passed Izzy her gadgety things . . .



And she knew what to do!  
"I'll invent some  
**NEW WINGS!**"



Izzy piled up her books,  
and she started to read.



Then she made a long list of the things she would need.

She searched for some batteries, and old electronics,  
dismantled a mixer and the Swirly-Spagsonic.



The crow watched entranced and he held Izzy's drill,  
while she bent, bashed and battered, and walloped until . . .



"Ta-Da!"



Izzy fastened the wings with a strap . . .



. . . but they hummed and they twitched, far too heavy to flap.

"AARGGHHH!" Izzy yelled.  
"I'm no good at succeeding!"

The crow softly cawed,  
his beady eyes pleading.

"What now?" Izzy sighed.  
"Try AGAIN," Grandpa said.  
"Okay, follow me!"  
And with that, off she sped.

