PARTYTRAIL STORIES

Alex and the Giggle Compass



FREE ILLUSTRATED CONCEPT SAMPLE

Alex and the Giggle Compass

A little courage. A lot of laughter.

A read-together story for around ages 6–9.

20 illustrated story pages, plus cover, title, dedication and closing activity.

Illustrated concept sample with an entirely fictional child. AI-generated artwork, with separately typeset story text. This is not a customer book or a photo-personalisation result.

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For every little explorer

who notices something unusual, asks one more question, tries again, or wears two completely different socks.

The world needs your kind of adventure.

This sample uses the fictional name Alex. No real child or photo was used to make it.

A very unusual breakfast



Alex was giving their toast a magnificent smile when something CLINKED through the letterbox. Inside the envelope lay a brass compass and a map. Alex pulled up one red sock and one blue sock. An adventure clearly needed the right sort of socks.

Welcome aboard



At the harbour, Captain Coral waved from her ship. “That compass has been waiting for someone who sees things differently.” Pip the parrot inspected Alex’s socks. “Excellent. Two colours. Twice the captain.” Alex tried to bow and nearly saluted their own knee.

Three little secrets



The map showed a feather, a moon and a lighthouse. “Smile Island’s welcome light has gone out,” said Coral. “New visitors need it to find our harbour.” Alex looked at the compass. Its needle pointed everywhere at once. “I think it has the hiccups.”

Follow the giggles



Alex hummed the tune they always hummed when thinking. Pip added a spectacularly wobbly note. Alex giggled. The compass needle swung towards Smile Island and stayed there. “A Giggle Compass!” cried Coral. “It follows a happy idea.” They set sail for the island.

The feather trail



On the island, a fern path curled between enormous leaves. Alex hummed softly. Pip hummed loudly. Neither hummed particularly in tune. The compass led them to a great white feather. Just beyond it, pelicans stood across the path like extremely serious security guards.

The very important queue



Alex gave the pelicans a splendid bow. The pelicans bowed back. Alex tilted their head. The pelicans tilted theirs. Pip flapped with delight. “You’ve started a meeting!” he squawked. The birds shuffled aside, still looking very important. Being polite had opened a path.

One tiny tickle



Alex picked up the fallen feather. Its soft end brushed their own palm. “Hee!” A small giggle became a larger one. The compass spun, then pointed at a stone arch. Carved beside the arch was a shape exactly like the feather on the map.

The first secret



Alex slid the feather into the feather-shaped slot. CLICK. A little gate swung open. Beyond it stretched a sturdy bridge with rope handrails and five brass bells. “That looks promising,” said Coral. “That looks noisy,” said Pip. Both of them were right.

The bell bridge



Five bells hung above the bridge, each a different size. Alex listened before taking a step. DING, DONG, DING. “It’s a pattern,” they said. “Like a tune with feet.” Coral checked the handrail. Together they began walking slowly across the solid wooden planks.

A tune with feet



Step, pause, step-step. Alex hummed, and the bells answered. Pip attempted the rhythm with his beak. It sounded like a spoon falling into a saucepan. They laughed, tried again and reached the other side. A tricky thing could become easier when everyone took their time.

The shell song



On a flat rock lay three shells: small, medium and large. Alex tapped each gently. Plink, plonk, ploong. “Small to large,” they said, remembering the bells. Beside the shells was a crescent moon. They hummed the three notes until the tune felt easy to remember.

A sleepy front door



The path ended at a little lighthouse. Three tiny bells guarded its door. A crescent-moon latch sat above them. “The shell song!” whispered Alex. But when Pip tapped all three at once, the door stayed shut. “Perhaps,” said Alex, “it likes a quieter hello.”

Two excellent socks



Alex sat safely on the doorstep and took off their shoes. Then came the red sock. Then the blue. They slipped one over each of two bells. “Official bell pyjamas,” Alex announced. Coral laughed. The socks looked ridiculous. They were also exactly what the team needed.

The second secret



Alex tapped the one uncovered bell, very gently, and hummed the shell song. The moon latch turned. The door opened. Pip peered inside. “I shall never underestimate laundry again.” Alex put their socks and shoes back on. A good adventure should have comfortable feet.

Keeper Click



Inside stood a little copper crab with a winding key. “Click,” it said, waving a claw. “Welcome, Keeper Click,” said Coral. A lantern stood beside a closed chest. Its light looked very dim. Click pointed at a dusty metal reflector. Even a lighthouse sometimes needed a tidy-up.

The third secret



Alex studied the lantern, then the shiny inside of the compass lid. “The lid sends light back towards me,” they said. “Could the reflector send the lantern’s light towards the sea?” Click’s claws clattered with excitement. The third secret was not a password. It was a bright idea.

A little polish



Coral passed Alex a clean cloth. Click lifted the cool, removable reflector onto the table. Alex polished one small patch, then another. Pip supervised from a safe perch. “Excellent circles,” he declared. “Very circular.” Soon the reflector shone. They fitted it back into place together.

Hello, harbour



The lantern sent a warm beam through the window. Far below, the ship’s sail glowed gold. Smile Island’s welcome light was back. Alex let out a happy laugh. The compass gave a tiny, satisfied click. Everyone had brought something useful: care, patience, a bright idea and two very unusual socks.

The best sort of treasure



Keeper Click opened the chest. Inside were little compass badges and a new chart. Alex chose a badge. “For noticing,” said Coral. “For trying again,” said Pip. “And for outstanding socks.” Alex grinned. Treasure felt even better when there were friends to share the moment.

One more happy idea



Back aboard, Alex pinned on the badge and hummed a brand-new tune. “Where next?” asked Coral. On the horizon waited another island. Alex looked at their red sock, then their blue one. “Somewhere that needs us just as we are.” The compass pointed ahead. The whole crew smiled.

Where would your compass lead?

Think of something small that makes you laugh. How could it help the crew on their next adventure?

Draw a new island, a funny creature or a bright idea.

Read together. Make up a kind, silly ending. Everyday objects in a story do not need to be copied as real-life activities.

For anonymous sample feedback: partytrailgames@gmail.com. Please do not include children’s names, photos or private details.