

Late one evening, the Tear Thief crept into a town. The Tear Thief was invisible and carried a silvery waterproof sack on her back. Only if you happened to look into a puddle as she was passing could you see what the Tear Thief looking like because a puddle was the one thing that showed her reflection. The Tear Thief had short spiky white hair and big grey eyes. She wore a handkerchief dress and silk slippers that made no sound as she walked.

The Tear Thief jumped lightly from the top of the tree on to the roof of the first house. She crept along the rooftops, silent as smoke, listening, listening, until she heard the crying again.

'Boo-hoo-hoo!'

Ha! The crying was coming from number 17. Quick as a blink, the Tear Thief slid down the chimney into the attic and pressed her ear to a floorboard.

'Boo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo!'

Down the stairs, sly as steam, sneaked the Tear Thief, on to the landing and into the bathroom. A boy was sitting in the bath crying his eyes out. His mother kneeling by the side of the bathtub holding a pink bottle of strawberry shampoo.