

THE ADVENTURES OF EXIT ERIK

London



Colouring Book



This book belongs to:

Illustrations by: Gaspar Sabater
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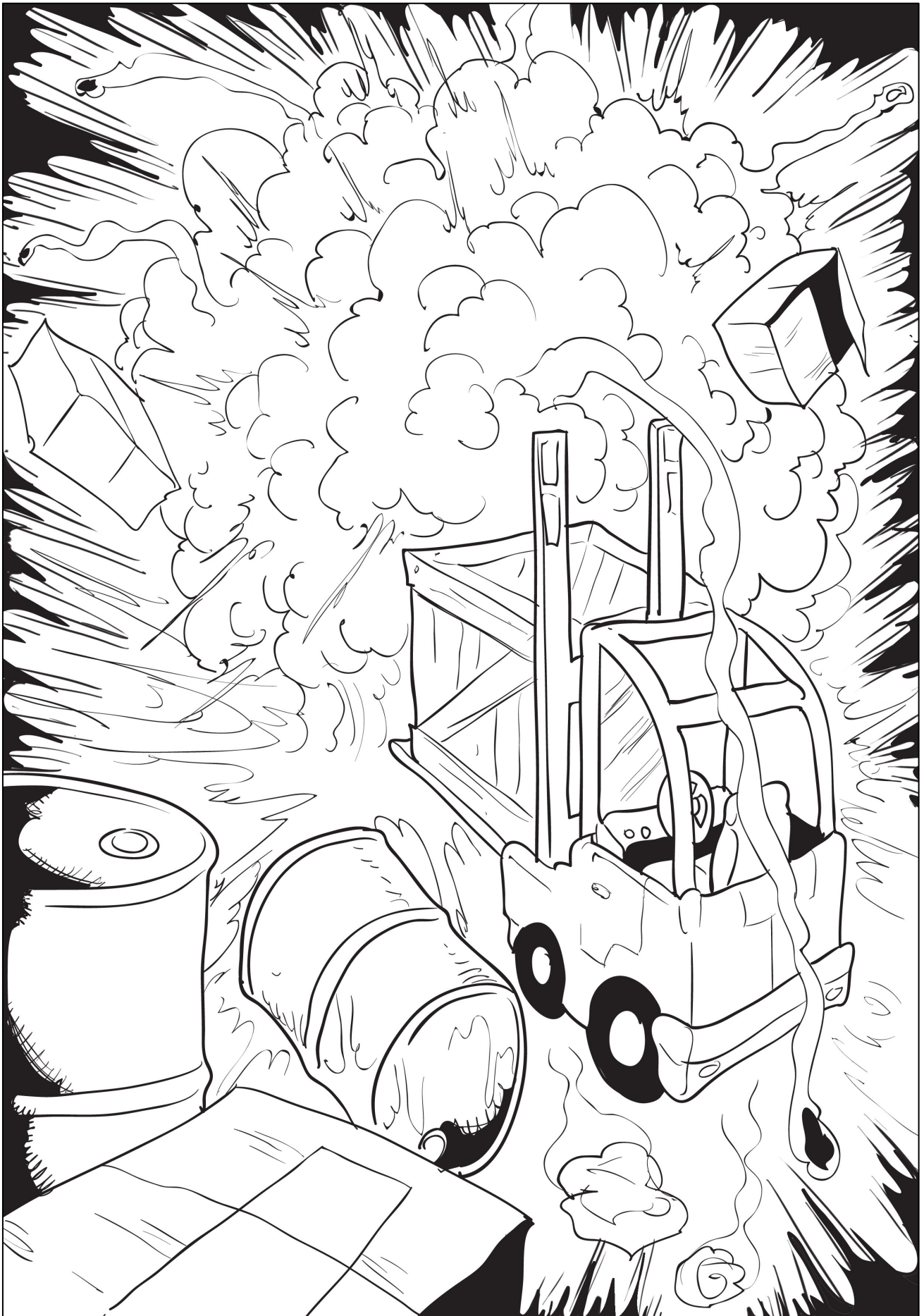
Visit:

www.ExitErik.com

for more fun activities and
information about where you can buy the novella
that tells the full story of Exit Erik's adventures in London, England.

BA...BA...BA...BAB000000M!

An enormous explosion rocks the building. Containers of hazardous substances topple over. Large drums of toxic liquid **gurgle** and **hiss** and **pop**. Heavy beams crash to the floor.



V...VA...VAR...VAROOM!

A second and much more violent explosion knocks Exit Erik off the wall. He plummets to the ground, landing with a dull and throbbing **WHOMP** on the hard concrete floor far below. In stunned shock, he stares helplessly up at the ceiling as the last of the terrified workers trample him in their panic to escape.



Where am I...? Why can I move...? And why am I so big...?

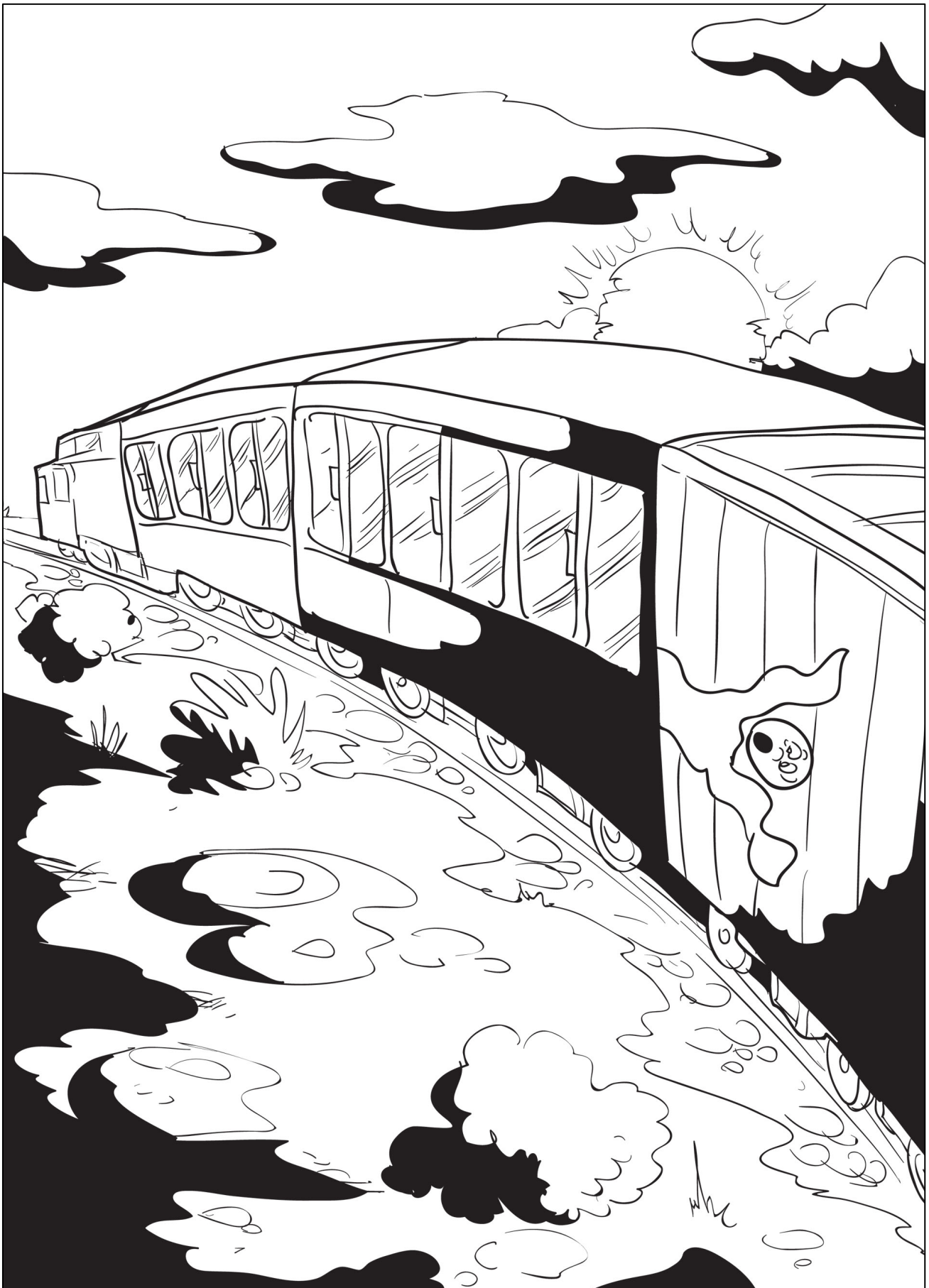
Puzzled and growing scared, Exit Erik looks around. He notices toppled boxes of ruined supplies and destroyed equipment. He sees sharp shards of scrap metal strewn everywhere. Large drums of toxic waste are tipped over. Everything is a sticky, sloppy mess – and Exit Erik is sitting right in the middle of it!



WHOOSH!

Exit Erik's already woozy head is instantly sucked out and away from the rest of his body with a great and confusing force. Then his shoulders are pulled out. Then his waist...

'**AHHHHHH!**' he yells



Could it be?

Just then, on the opposite wall that runs alongside the train's long, narrow platform, he spies something that makes him flutter with hope. *It looks like another exit man – just like me – just like my friends back home...* Excited, Exit Erik inches carefully along the wall of the train until he's as close as he can get.



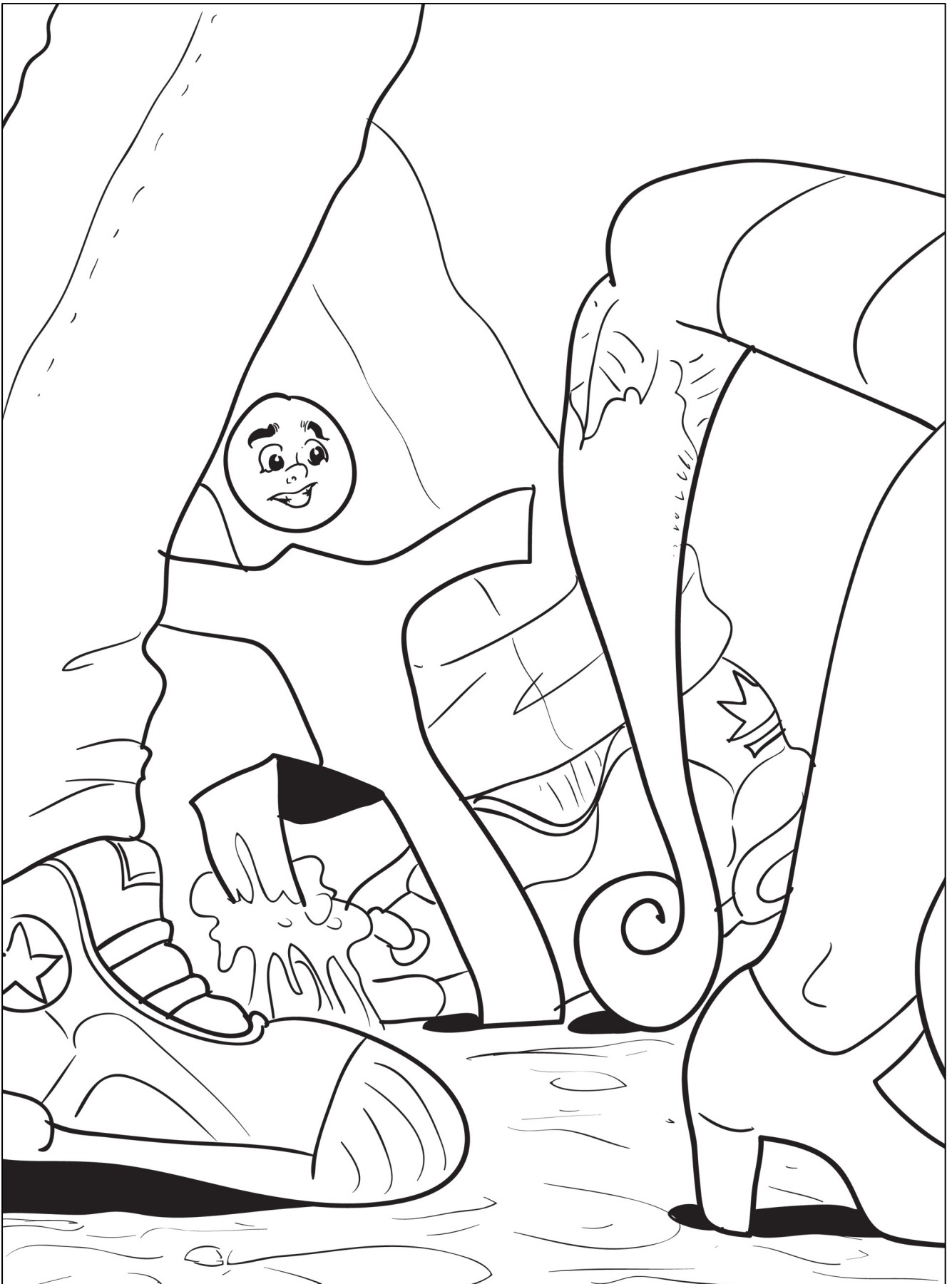
KERTHUNK!

Losing his grip, Exit Erik begins to slide down her back, his face twisted in surprise. His hands reach out, frantically trying to hold on. **But he cannot.** Landing in a painfully contorted fashion, he lies there motionless, staring up at her in surprise. Coming to his senses, he quickly decides, *I need a new plan – fast!*



Pink Goo

Exit Erik is pulling – pulling with all his might – but he is not moving. He's *stuck* to the ground! Investigating, he spies a pink gooey substance holding his right leg to the ground. Trying to pull himself free, he simply cannot. The pink strings of gooeyness are just too strong for him.



'Is it a Hat Stand?'

'Hmmm,' admires the woman. 'Works rather well, doesn't it? I reckon it's also great for handbags!' she suggests, hanging a heavy bag with a long strap around Exit Erik's neck. All of Exit Erik's strength is required to remain perfectly still, the shocking weight of the bag threatening to topple him.



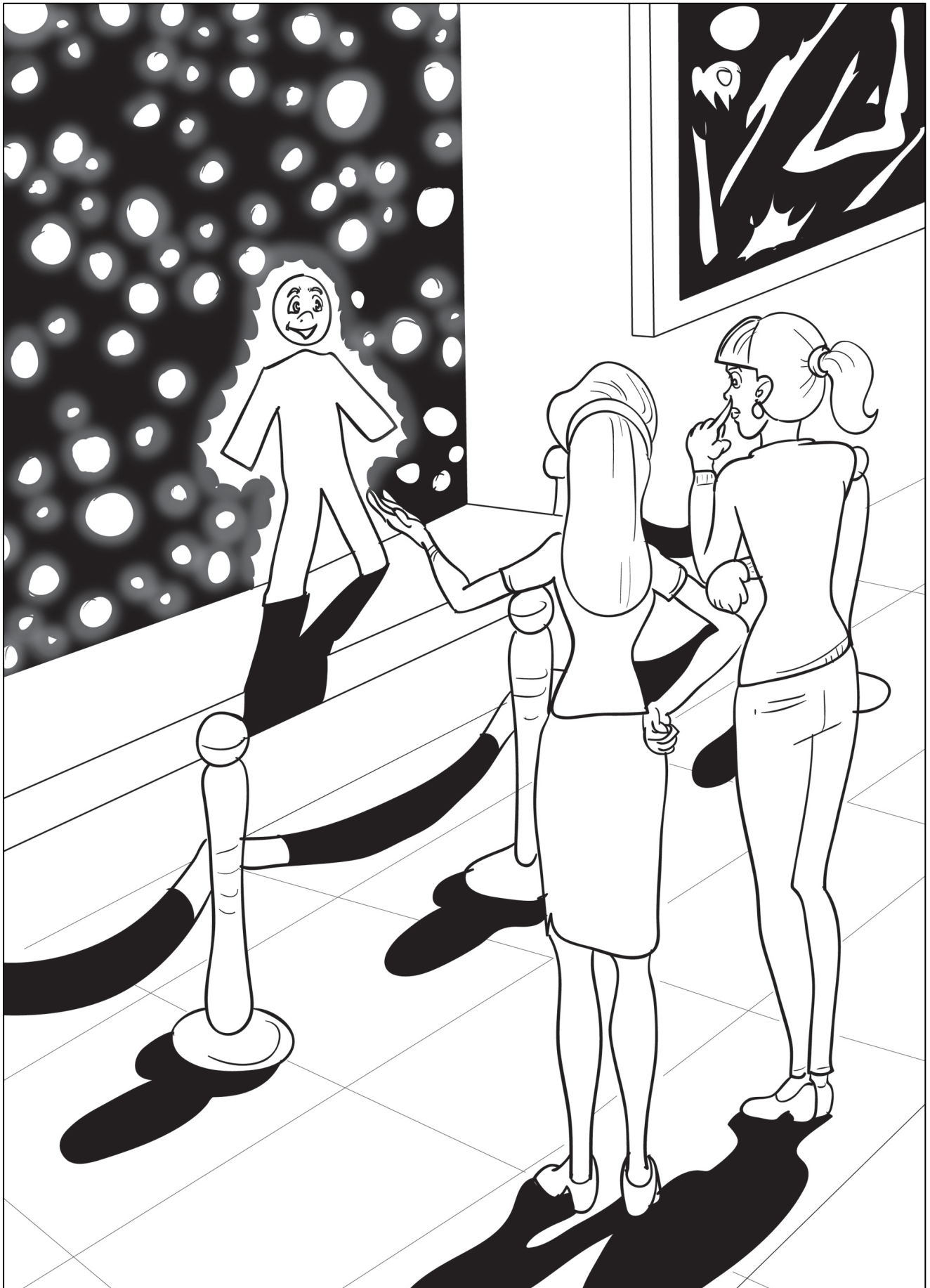
Exit Erik the Crawling Crab!

Slipping between the pages, he keeps his head, hands and feet out. Using all the energy he has left, he slowly moves himself along the floor like a crab, careful to avoid being trampled by feet. Cautiously, and with his eyes on high alert, Exit Erik scurries to the lift when he spies it in the distance.



Time to Recharge!

With the light of the many bulbs shining through him, Exit Erik glows a vibrant, happy green – just like he did when he was sitting above his door, guiding everyone to safety. He closes his eyes and drinks in the special, happy feeling that he’s just returned home.



Parachute

With lightning speed, he bends so that his hands connect with his feet. **WOOSSSSHHHH!** Instantly, his descent slows to a gentle drift as the cool air rushes into his belly and balloons him out like a thin green parachute.

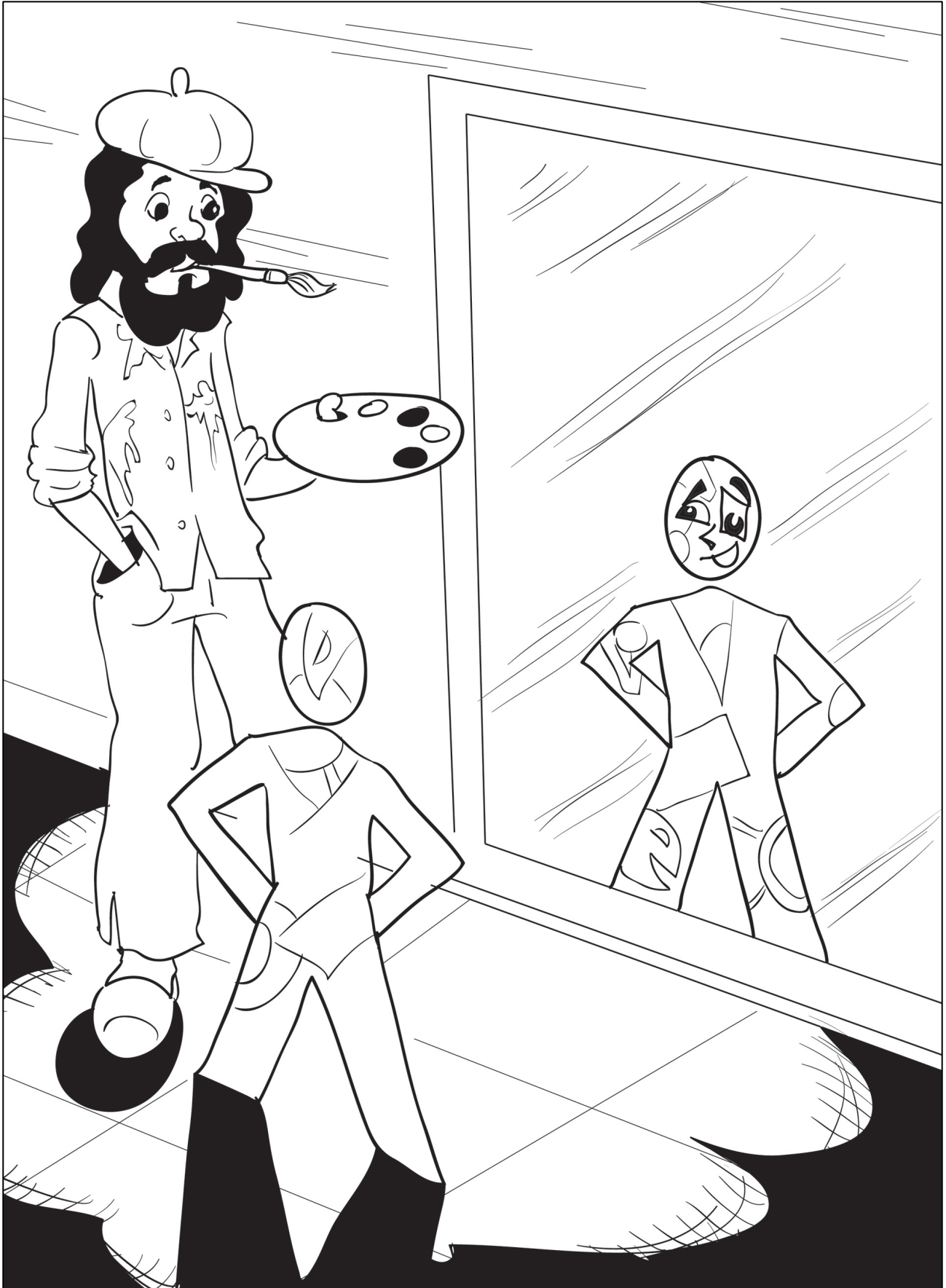
'Weeeeeeeeeeeeee!' he laughs with great joy, sailing gently to the ground in the perfect darkness of the shaft beneath the lift.



Picasso

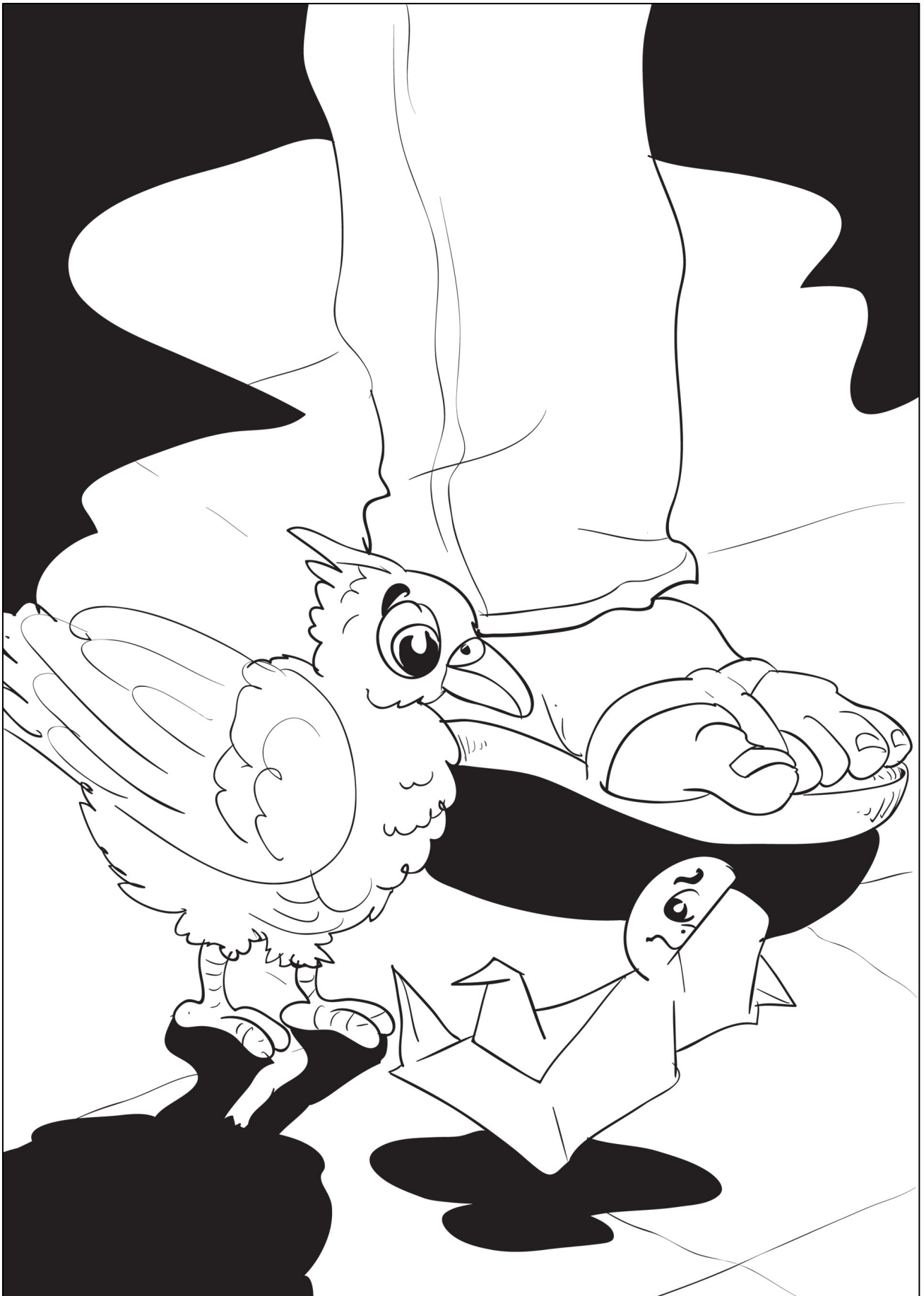
'Take a look,' says the artist to Exit Erik, nodding to the tall mirror leaning against the wall beside them. 'What do you think? Is this what you wanted?'

'**Wooahoo!**' exclaims Exit Erik, catching the first glimpse of himself. 'Just amazing! Incredible!' he laughs, thoroughly enchanted.



Origami Man

With ease, Exit Erik drops to the ground and folds himself until he looks like the bird the artist has drawn. In doing so, he attracts the unwanted attention of a similar looking bird, who effortlessly lands beside him, enthusiastically trying to make friends.



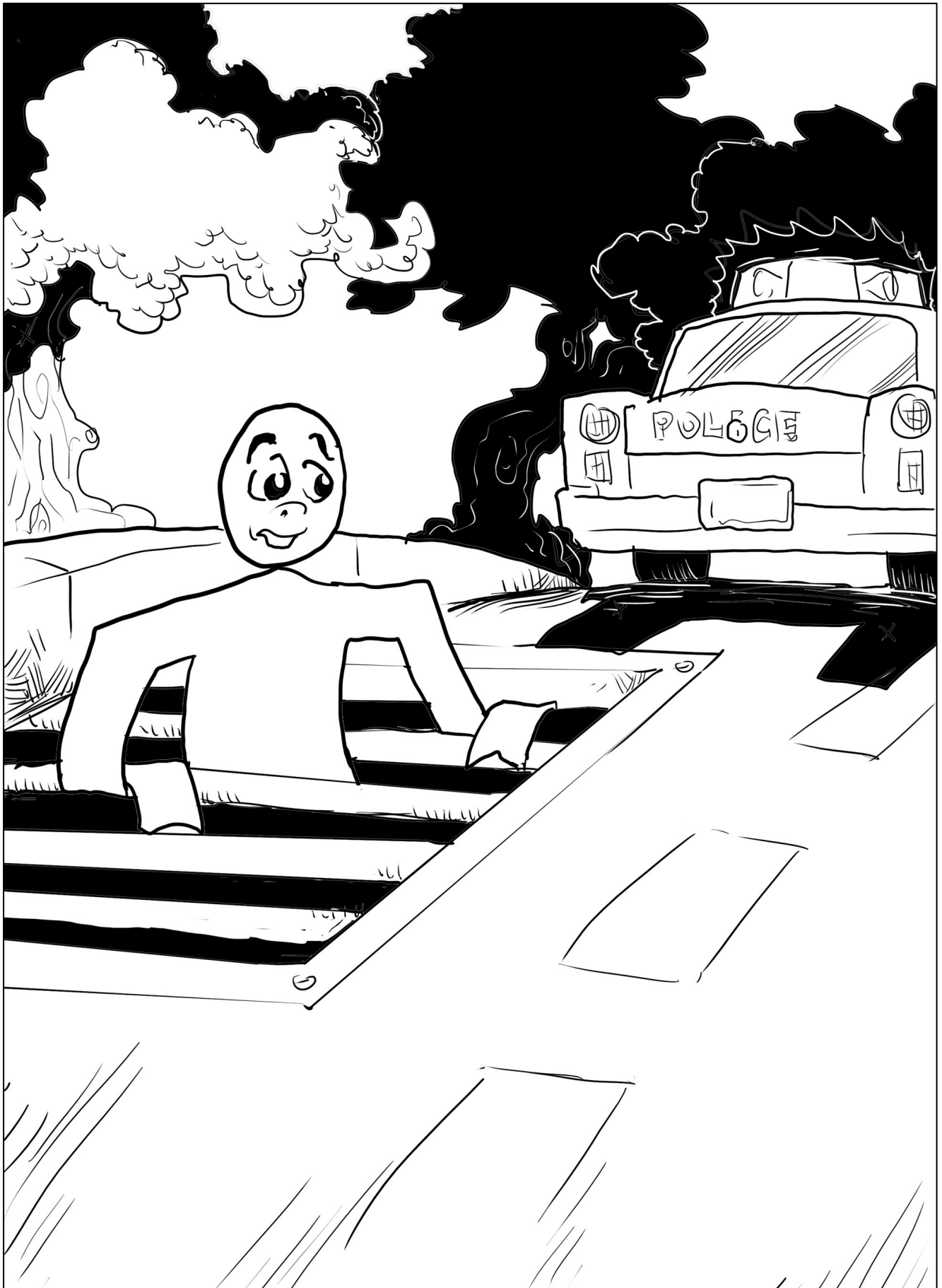
Arrested!

The officer escorts Exit Erik firmly through the entertained crowd and ushers him into the back seat of his police car. Staring helplessly out the open door, Exit Erik watches the artist and wishes for a miracle.



Escape

Reaching up, he grabs hold of the steel bars overhead and slips out of his grimy refuge, just enough to see the police car disappear down the street. Spying a tall red phone booth at the end of the street, Exit Erik thinks that perhaps he'll be safe in there.



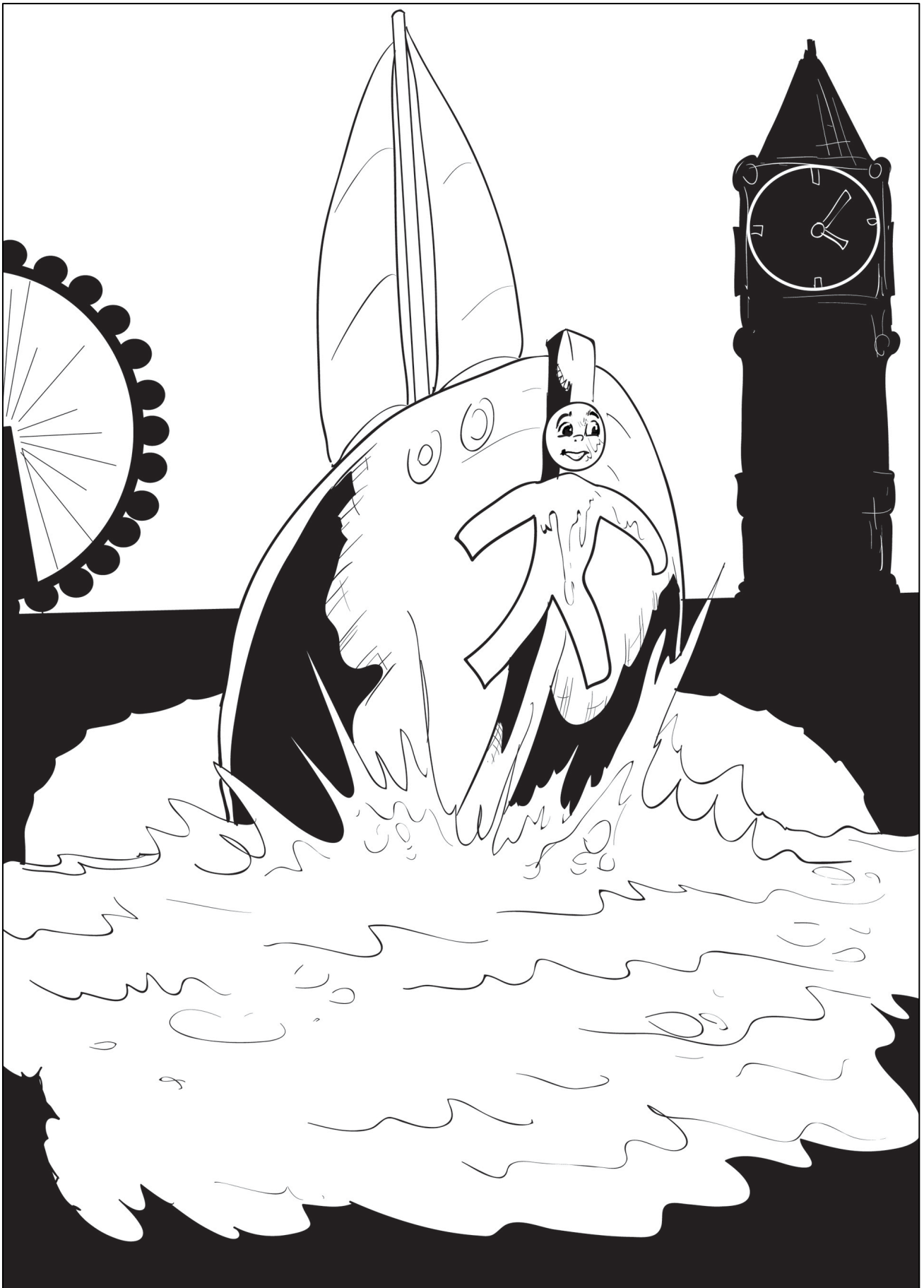
London Eye

'The London Eye is my answer,' he whispers, instantly injected with a hopeful smile, awed to finally be seeing this incredible treasure for real. *I could see the entire city from up there. I could even find Waterloo Station!* he decides. *Then I would just have to get on a train and I'd be gone from London as quickly as I arrived. It's as easy as that! I just have to get inside one of those pods...*



SMUCK!

Exit Erik feels his body be folded partially in half and lodged aggressively against something hard. *What's happened now?* Clearing his eyes, he discovers that he's glued to the front of a boat. Rolling his eyes at yet more bad luck, he gives up and waits to be sucked under the water.



Slippery Simon

Exit Erik finally spots the source of the voice, but he is most confused. He's being spoken to by the curious man on the *yellow plastic triangle* that's sitting on the dock near him. He's *black* instead of *green* and, instead of pointing the way to the exit, he looks like he's slipping on a wet floor and *falling on his bottom*.



Big Red Bus

Standing a little higher to look carefully around, he searches desperately for the London Eye. Instantly, a gust of wind pulls him off the bus and sends him flying wildly through the air. With a horrifying **SPLAT**, Exit Erik connects with something solid. He groans in pain. A second later, he blacks out.



Maniac Monkeys

Terrified, he wraps himself around the trunk of a fat tree for protection. Then he looks up. Mysterious creatures swing through the branches overhead, making ear-piercingly shrill noises that petrify him. Mustering what feels like his last ounce of courage, he gets ready to defend himself if they try to attack again.



Failure

'Everything I do just seems to go...well... *wrong*,' admits Exit Erik.

'But...isn't this just your *first* day?' asks Monkey Matt. 'I heard you just arrived this morning. Perhaps you're just expecting too much from yourself. Everyone struggles when they're new at something,' soothes Monkey Matt.



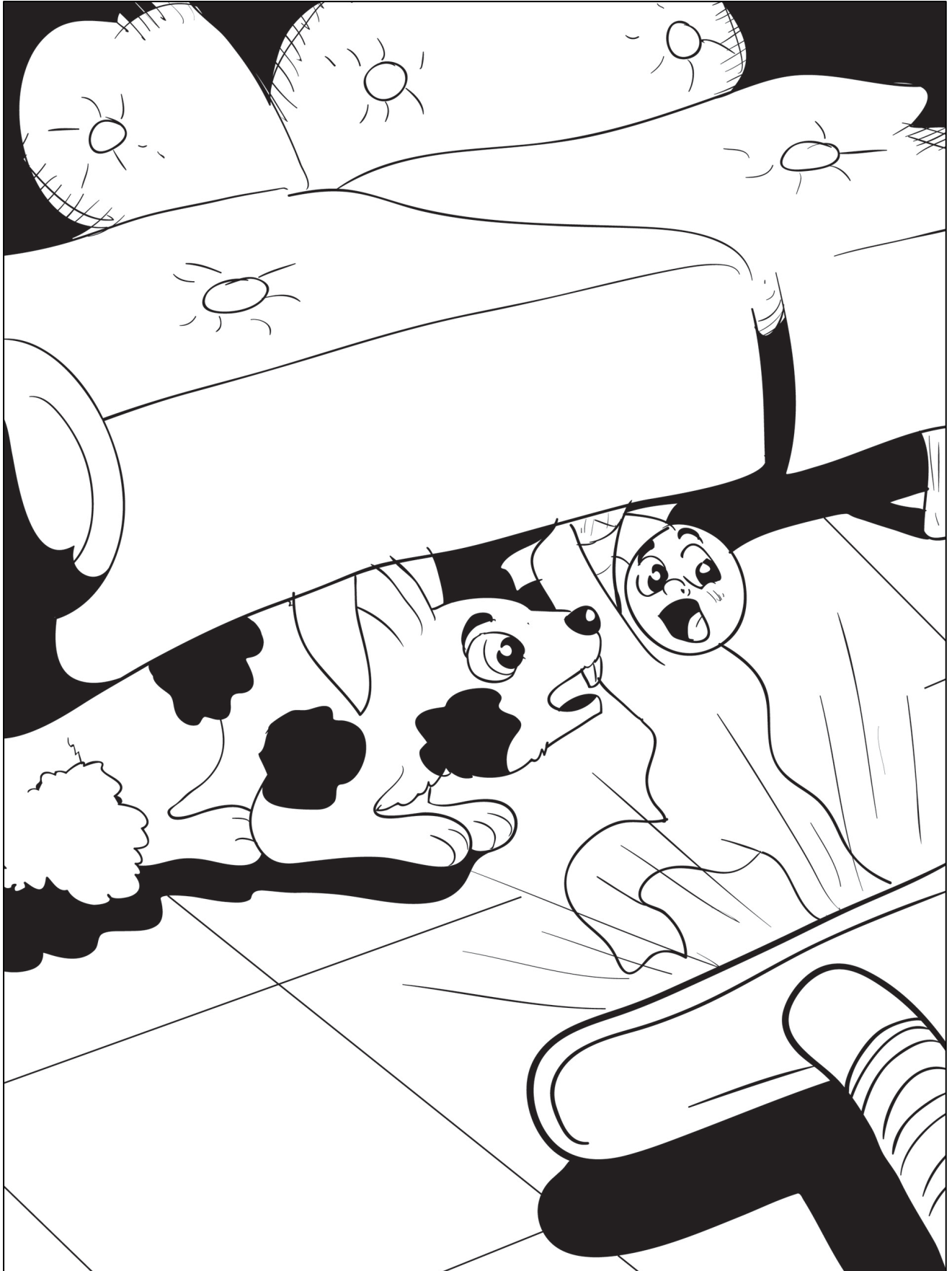
What's a poo machine?

Feeling something heavy jumping on top of him, feeling a warm liquid seeping all around him, Exit Erik has the sneaking suspicion he's about to find out! *What's going on?* he wonders, peeking out from inside the newspaper, gagging on the burning stench of the yellow liquid.



Now he has a new problem.

Without any warning, the air begins humming with a fierce, deafening noise. *What's going on?* he wonders in pain, covering his ringing ears. Struggling to make sense of this new situation, he feels something tug firmly at his feet. Wrapping his arms around one leg of the sofa, he holds on for dear life.



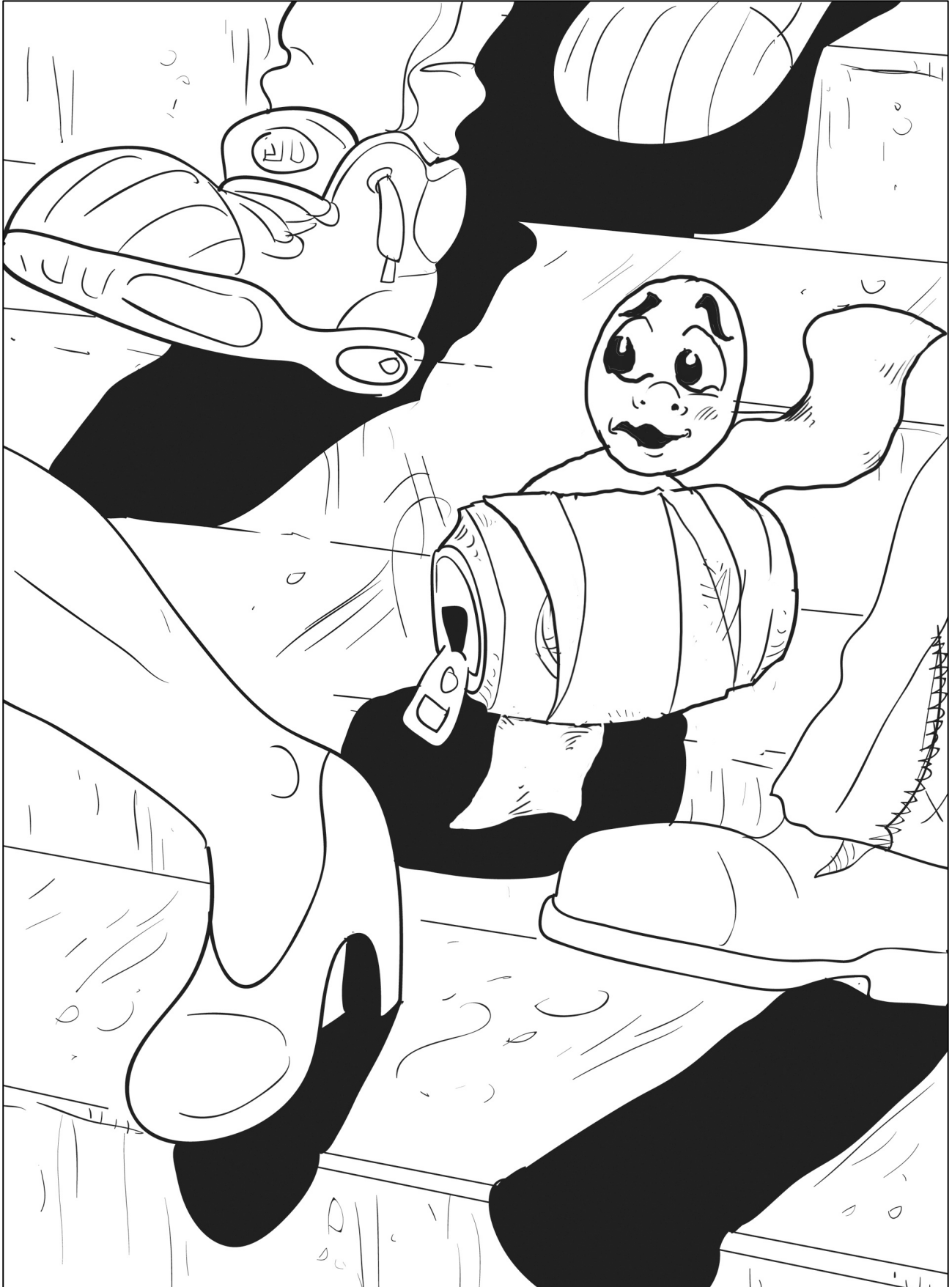
Paper Airplane

Exit Erik is pulled and squeezed and pinched and tugged. He closes his eyes, praying it will end. Then he feels himself being released into the air. Once more he's flying – but this realization doesn't give him much comfort, for he knows what's going to happen next. He closes his eyes and waits for it...



Kerthunk... Crunch... Kerplunk...

In the far corner, Exit Erik spies an empty drink can on the floor. Seeing his opportunity, he walks up to it with determination and flops down. Quickly, he wraps himself around it. Pushing firmly off with his feet, he zooms through the ticket barrier undetected and dizzily rattles his way down the stairs...



Mind the Gap

On his third attempt, he finally manages to get his head and arms inside the door of the carriage. Just as he is feeling hopeful, battling to pull the rest of his body inside...**BEEEEEEEEPPPP!** The doors close on him.



Goodbye Bobbaroo

'I need to go because I'm messing *everything* up. And...er...well...I've, uh, sort of gotten in trouble with the police. I just can't stay any longer,' apologizes Exit Erik.



Epiphany

Yes, I was happy above that door – when that was all I knew, he decides. **But now I know more.** How can I be happy being an exit man again, with every day looking the same as the last? I...I can't, he realizes. *It's impossible. I can't go back to my old life because I'm not that same exit man anymore. I'm **alive** now!*



South Africa

'I don't really like the weather in London very much right now,' shrugs Exit Erik. 'It's a little too windy for someone as small and thin as me,'

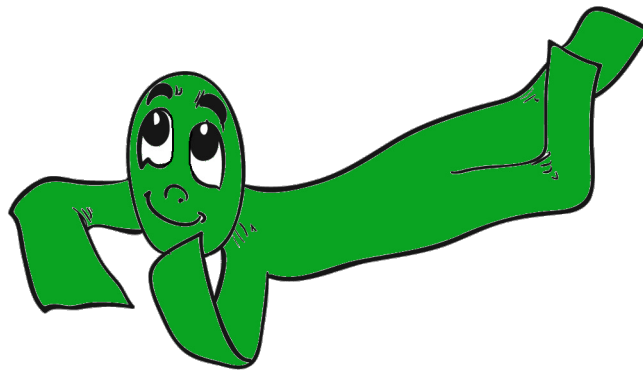
'Well, my ears tell me that South Africa is rather nice this time of year...' smiles Bobbaroo suggestively.

'South Africa?' asks Exit Erik, intrigued. 'Where's that?'



Maybe – just maybe –
being knocked off the wall
and out of your comfort zone
is *exactly* what you need...

...just like Exit Erik.



Difficulty?
or
Adventure?

Only *you* can decide.

If you enjoyed these illustrations and excerpts,
you may like to visit:

www.ExitErik.com

for more fun activities and
information about where you can buy the novella
that tells the full story of Exit Erik's adventures in London, England.