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An extract from

Willy's Stories

Written & Illustrated by

Anthony Browne

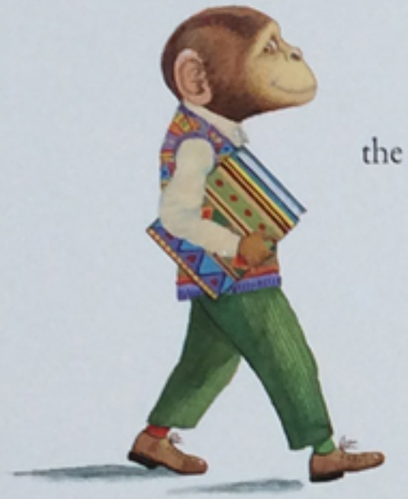
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This book is dedicated to all
the great writers and illustrators who have
inspired me to make picture books.

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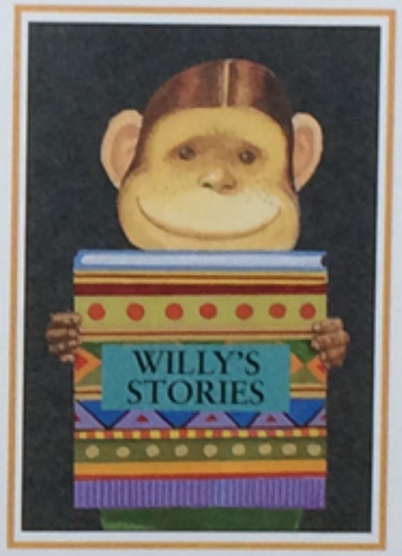
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Willy's Stories



ANTHONY BROWNE

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NE DAY I went through the doors and found I was shipwrecked with the Captain's dog on a desert island. I could see no one else there, and apart from a friendly parrot I was all alone. I walked by the sea looking for signs of life but I never saw anything.

Then, one day – I knew it was a Friday, as I had been marking the days on a calendar – I saw a FOOTPRINT IN THE SAND!

I froze as if I'd seen a ghost. I looked around, up and down the beach. I listened but I could see nothing and hear nothing. I checked to see if I had imagined the footprint (I sometimes do imagine things) but there it was – the exact shape of a foot, in the sand.

But I was sure; there was no one else on the island. I was STUNNED!

Whose footprint do YOU think it was?





NE TIME I went through the doors and (I know it sounds crazy) I felt myself falling down a dark, deep hole – a rabbit hole. It was so deep that I had time to look around as I fell. The walls were covered with shelves full of curious objects and I grabbed at one as I tumbled down. "After a fall like this," I said to myself, "I'll never worry about falling down stairs again."

Down, down, down I went. Would this fall never end? Suddenly, with a WHOOSH! and a THUMP! I landed on a heap of dry leaves, but I wasn't hurt and jumped to my feet.

It was dark. As my eyes got used to the dim light I saw a figure with big ears hurrying down a long passage and turning a corner. I could swear it was a white rabbit, it looked at a pocket watch and then hurried on. I ran after it, around the corner, and THEN…

What do you think I saw?



NEXT TIME, why don't you come with me on my travels,
or better still, why not go on some of your own?

I can't wait for MY new adventure …

