Helping your children choose books they will love

I reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

Sedric and the Great Pig Rescue

Written & Illustrated by

Angie Morgan

Published by

Egmont Books Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk



First published in Great Britain 2015
by Jelly Pie an imprint of Egmont UK Ltd
The Yellow Building, 1 Nicholas Road, London W11 4AN

Text and illustration copyright © Angie Morgan 2015
The moral rights of the author-illustrator have been asserted.

ISBN 978 1 4052 7528 6

www.jellypiecentral.co.uk
www.egmont.co.uk

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library

Printed and bound in Great Britain by the CPI Group

98692/1

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher and copyright owner.

Stay safe online. Any website addresses listed in this book are correct at the time of going to print. However, Egmont is not responsible for content hosted by third parties. Please be aware that online content can be subject to change and websites can contain content that is unsuitable for children. We advise that all children are supervised when using the internet.

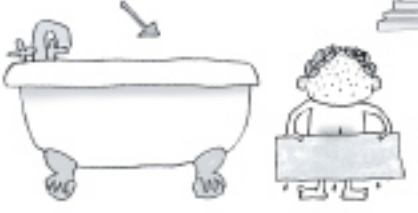
MIX
Paper
FSC FSC® C018306

Before I start my story here is some really useful stuff about...

THE ROMANS

A **VERY** long time ago the **ROMANS** came to **BRITAIN**.
They did some fighting and they swaggered about and showed off a lot.
They built huge posh houses called **VILLAS** that had things called **BATHS** in them.





They wore things called **TOGAS** which were basically just **SHEETS**.

They also invented **CENTRAL HEATING** due to it always being **FREEZING COLD** in Britain.



They were very lazy and they had all their meals in BED.

They ate lots of weird food and talked mainly in LATIN and ROMAN NUMERALS



but after a long time they got fed up with all the RUBBISH WEATHER and the shortage of fresh GARLIC so they took all their FINE WINE and SPAGHETTI and they packed their bags and went back to warm and sunny ROME...





First published in Great Britain 2015
by Jelly Pie an imprint of Egmont UK Ltd
The Yellow Building, 1 Nicholas Road, London W11 4AN

Text and illustration copyright © Angie Morgan 2015
The moral rights of the author-illustrator have been asserted.

ISBN 978 1 4052 7528 6

www.jellypiecentral.co.uk
www.egmont.co.uk

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library

Printed and bound in Great Britain by the CPI Group

98692/1

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher and copyright owner.

Stay safe online. Any website addresses listed in this book are correct at the time of going to print. However, Egmont is not responsible for content hosted by third parties. Please be aware that online content can be subject to change and websites can contain content that is unsuitable for children. We advise that all children are supervised when using the internet.

MIX
Paper
FSC FSC® C018306

We mostly wear **TUNICS** that are **ROUGH** and **ITCHY** and they come in a variety of colours. Light brown, dark brown, mid brown, earth brown, mouse brown and brown. Everyone has loads of



But in spite of **ALL** these things we are mostly **HAPPY**.



(you have to turn over this page now...)

Chapter One

RATS, MUD AND A VERY RUDE AWAKENING





AAARRGH!

I woke up. Something horrible had landed on my face.

It was a rat.

And the rat was attached to a big lump of wet straw. A lump of wet straw which had been part of our roof until the rat munched a great big hole and fell through it on to me.

I was out of bed faster than a Roman with his toga on fire.



It wasn't a good start to the day, but it wasn't especially unusual because the rats in our village LOVE eating wet straw, which is what some idiot decided we should make our roofs from.



My mum started screaming and banging about with a broom and going completely bonkers because she's totally TERRIFIED of rats.

There are rats pretty much everywhere in our village so she screams pretty much all the time. Then she went even more bonkers with the broom because the rat was having a stress attack because it couldn't find the door, and then Denzel joined in which made Mum scream even LOUDER.



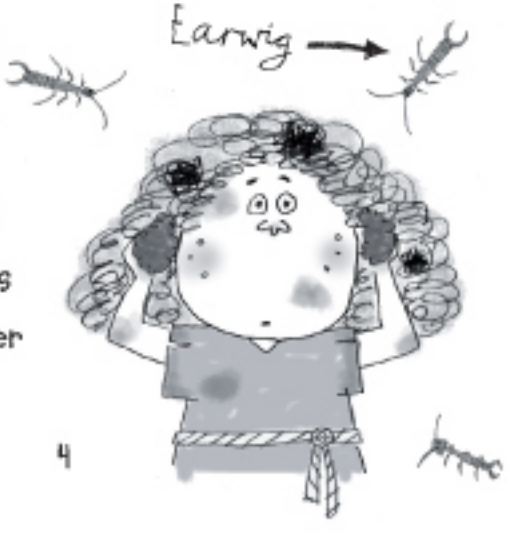


Denzel's my pig. He's very clever and funny, but my mum doesn't think so. She says he's a total pain who should live in the pigsty.

Just as Mum was getting to the completely screamingly insane stage, Verucca arrived. Verucca's my best friend. She's totally brilliant in a crisis.

'Hang on, Sedric's mum! I'll get it out for you!' she shouted.

Verucca's not at all scared of rats. In fact, she's not scared of ANYTHING. Except earwigs. She really hates earwigs. Someone told her



once that earwigs crawl into your ears and eat your brains when you're asleep, so she stuffs mud in her ears every night when she goes to bed so they can't get in. But I don't think earwigs REALLY do that. Eat your brains, I mean.



'Thank you, Verucca, love!' my mum shouted from the table that she'd climbed on to get away from the rat. 'Those blasted great things! We'll all be eaten in our beds one day – and then where will we be?'

Probably dead with bits missing, I thought.

Verucca picked up the rat by the tail and threw it out of the door.

Mum had just calmed down and made a cup of turnip tea when Dad came in. He'd been in the turnip field collecting turnips.



We grow a lot of turnips in our village. Actually turnips are pretty much all we grow which is fine if you like turnips (which I do) but pretty rubbish if you don't.



Mum told him about the rat.

'Well, rats is rats, Ethel, and there's nothing we can do about it,' said Dad.



He's full of pointless statements like that. Like when I suggest we make our hovel roofs from something that rats don't eat, he says, 'My father made his roof from straw and his father before him and his father before that. If it was good enough for them it's good enough for me.'

See what I mean?







