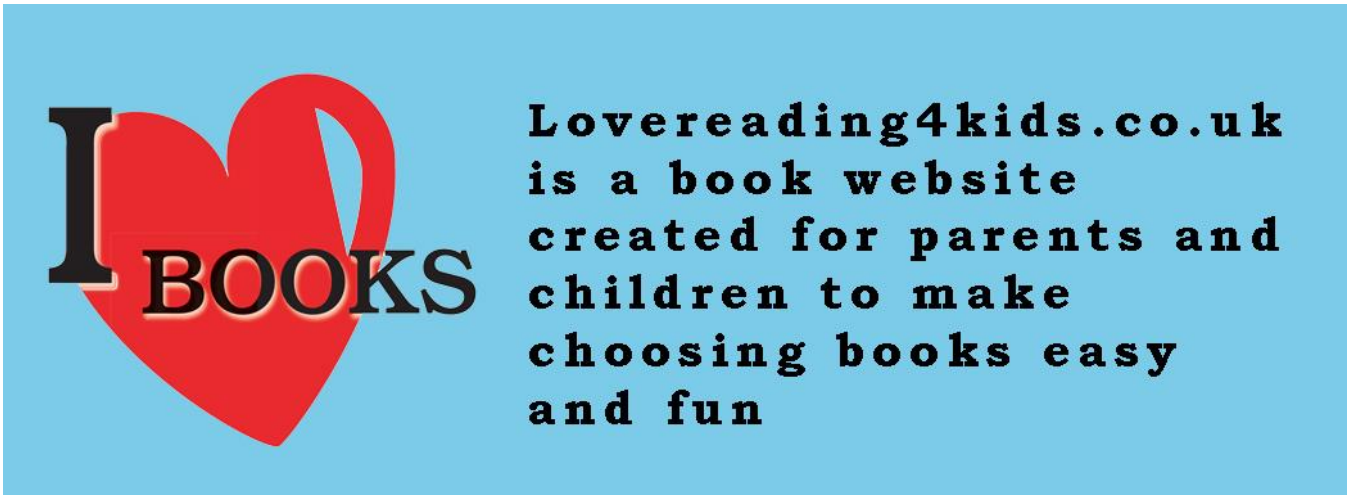


extracts from

Mortimer's Picnic

Written & Illustrated by

Nick Ward

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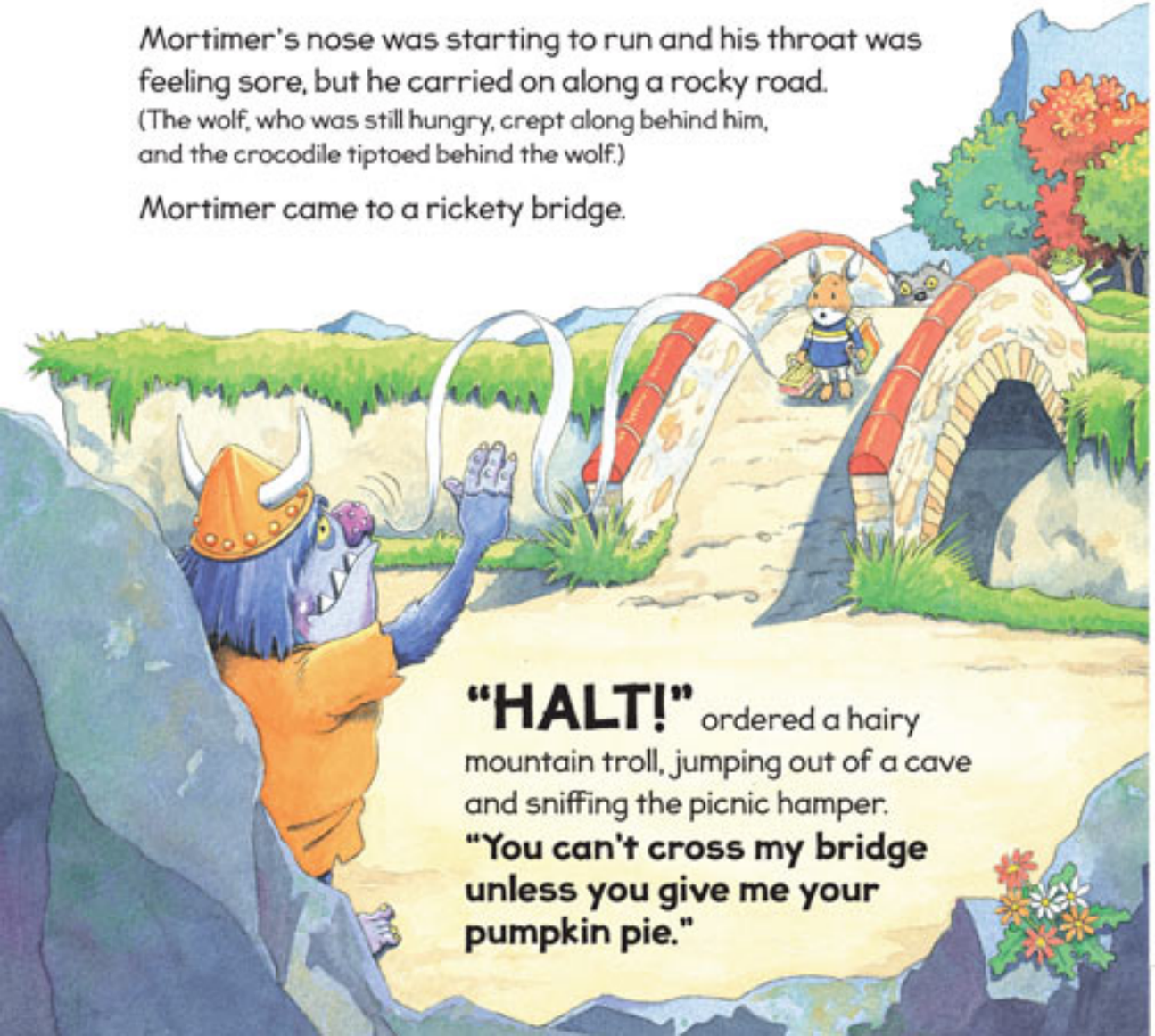
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Mortimer's nose was starting to run and his throat was feeling sore, but he carried on along a rocky road.
(The wolf, who was still hungry, crept along behind him, and the crocodile tiptoed behind the wolf.)

Mortimer came to a rickety bridge.



"HALT!" ordered a hairy mountain troll, jumping out of a cave and sniffing the picnic hamper.
"You can't cross my bridge unless you give me your pumpkin pie."

"No!" said Mortimer.
"It's for . . .
Sniff!
my best friend."





But the mountain troll snatched the hamper and gobbled down the pumpkin pie.

Yum, yum, yum!

"I'm still hungry," growled the troll,
looking into the empty basket,
"And I eat little rabbits too!" He roared
and he snarled and he chased Mortimer across the bridge.

"Come back!"
I saw him before you!"
howled the wolf.

"I saw him first!" snapped the crocodile.

And they all chased after Mortimer.
"We eat little rabbits!"
they roared.

