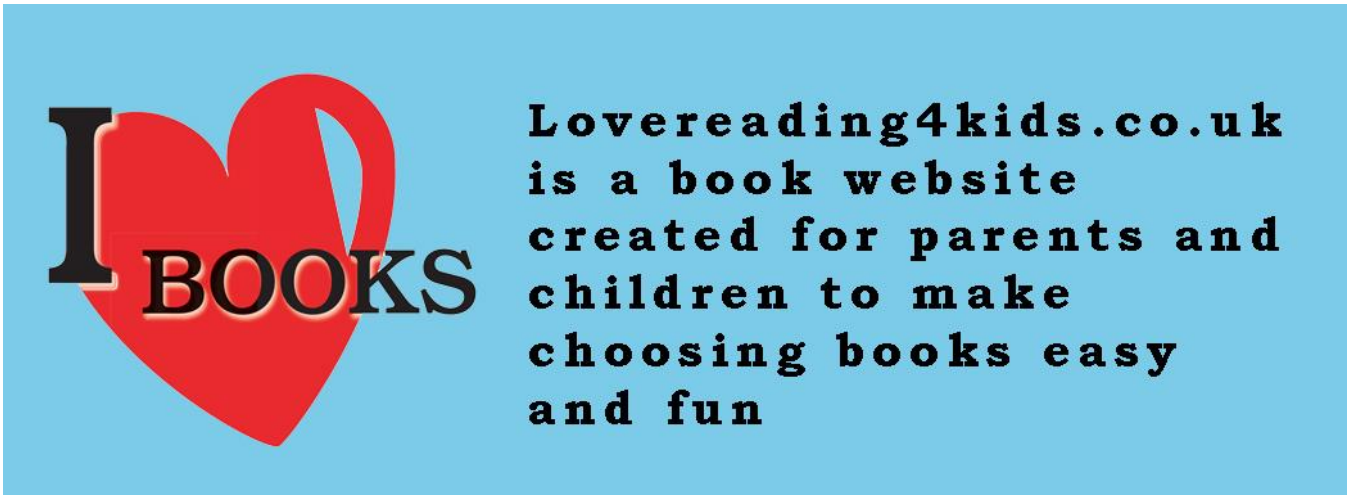


extracts from

The Girl Who Cried Wolf

Written by

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Illustrated by

Neil Price

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The Girl Who Cried Wolf!



Written by Steve Smallman
Illustrated by Neil Price

QED


In minutes, all the townsfolk came rushing up the hill, waving forks and flaming torches to scare away the wolf.
"Princess, are you alright?" cried one of the men.
"Oh, sorry, your high... I mean shepherd... ness," stuttered the man. "But where's the wolf?"
"I'm not a princess, you silly man, I'm a shepherd!" Arabella snapped. "If you want to speak to royalty, talk to the new prince. He'll be having a bubble bath about now."
"Oh, it seems to have gone now," Arabella said sweetly. "Off you pop! Thanks for coming!"

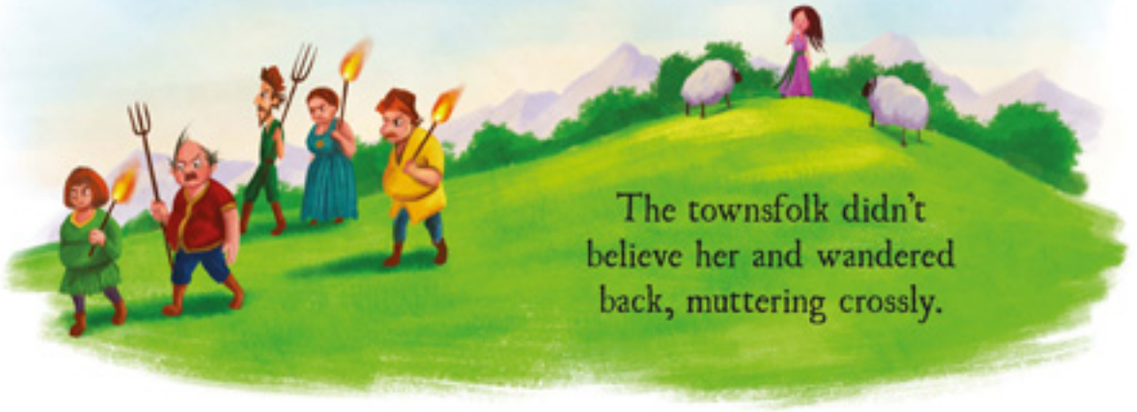
Arabella, still chuckling to herself, went back to watching the sheep. But it wasn't long before she was bored again...



In a few minutes, all the people from the town came rushing up the hill, red-faced and out of breath.

"Where's the bear?"
gasped the townsfolk.

"Oh, you were too slow,"
giggled Arabella.



The townsfolk didn't believe her and wandered back, muttering crossly.

"She's lying again!" cried Prince Tom who was being forced to eat fancy food.

"I really wish I could go back to my old job," he sighed.



Arabella soon got bored again and this time she shouted, "TROLL, TROLL!" at the top of her voice.



The townsfolk came puffing back up the hill, looking hot and puzzled.



"Where's the troll?" they asked.

"Oh, I scared it away," cackled Arabella. "I poked it with a long stick."

"So where is it now?" they asked.

"Oh, it'll be over that hill by now. It was a very fast troll, with... er... running shoes on," Arabella replied.

The townsfolk didn't believe her at all and angrily stomped back down the hill.