Lovereading4kids.co.uk

Helping you choose books for children

0-5 5-7 7-9 9-12 12+

Opening extract from

The Sam Pig Storybook

Written by

Alison Uttley

Published by

Faber & Faber

All text is copyright of the author and illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Contents

The Billy Goat, 1
Sam Pig Seeks His Fortune, 21
Magic Water, 35
Sam Pig's Trousers, 52
Sam Pig and the Wind, 64
Sam Pig and the Dragon, 80
Sam Pig and the Cuckoo Clock, 99
The Theatre, 118
The Boat, 131
The Christmas Box, 154
Sam Pig Goes To Market, 170
Sam Pig and the Water-Baby, 190
Sam Pig and the Scarecrow, 206
The Chimney-Sweep, 225
The Cheshire Cheese, 237
Sam Pig and the Honey-Bees, 248
Dinner for Brock, 262
Thursday's Child, 275
Sam Pig Goes To School, 298
The Treasure, 312
Sam Pig at the Circus, 328
Sam Pig Has a Bath, 362
Brock's Watch, 380
The Hole in the Road, 403
Sam Pig in Love, 425

The Billy Goat

In a small thatched cottage by the side of a shady lane lived four young pigs, whose names were Tom, Bill, Sam, and Ann. With them was their guardian, Brock the Badger, the wise old friend who took care of them.

Tom did the cooking, and Bill looked after the garden. Ann had charge of the workbasket and sewed the buttons on as fast as they flew off. Sam got in everybody's way for he was young and simple. The Badger wound up the clock and gave advice, and did all the clever things in the house.

Tom Pig was a fat little cook for he always tasted everything he made, whether it was acorn soup, or omelette of pheasants' eggs, or mushroom pie. Sometimes he tasted so much he couldn't eat his dinner until he had burst a button or two off his clothes. Later, while Bill washed up, and Sam dried the pots, careful Ann took her needle and thread and sewed the

worn in holes, and Ann had to mend them every day. He was the stoutest little pig of the family.

The most important member was Brock. He belonged to an ancient family which had lived before Man came into the world. Badger still ruled the woodlands, and every creature gave way before him. He had a long head with black and white stripes down it, which helped him to remain unseen when the light flashed among the trees. His hair was dark brown and his feet black as jet. The little pigs admired him for his strength and courage, and his wisdom. He could climb high walls when they ran round squealing. He could squeeze through narrow spaces when they were too fat to get through. He had a big armchair in which no one else might sit, and a tankard from which no one else might drink.

Every morning after breakfast he went off for a walk in the forest, and he didn't return till dusk. The fringe of the wood was pleasant, for the sun shone through the leaves and dappled the ground with spots of light. Here grew tall beech trees and little hazel trees, and the pigs

bold manner. He was haughty and proud and the little pigs stood humbly before him.

'Is this where the noble family of Pigs dwells?' he asked in a fine, polite voice, and he wagged his long beard and blinked his bright eyes. He was a Billy-goat, without home or relations, seeking protection and comforts.

'Yes,' replied Bill, flattered at this praise. 'Yes. Here we all live. Won't you come in, Sir?'

'Oh I say, Bill,' whispered little Sam. 'Oh, he can't come in you know.'

But the Billy-goat had already put his hoof in the doorway. He bowed his head to avoid the beam and entered the kitchen.

'Yes. It's a very nice house,' said he, looking round. 'It's the kind of house your distinguished ancestor, Sir Honey, might have lived in before he removed to his silver dwelling-place.'

He shook the cushions on Badger's armchair and sat down without waiting to be asked.

'Sir Honey?' whispered Bill to Sam. 'Who is he?'

'Sir Honey?' said Sam to Tom. 'Who is he?'

'Sir Honey?' murmured Tom to the kettle on

"Honey," said she.
"Speak or my heart will break."
"Hunc!" said he.'

'The Pig-Hog was your ancestor,' said the Goat, looking at them with his crafty eyes, as they applauded his fine singing.

'I've never heard of him,' said Bill and the others agreed that they too knew nothing of their famous ancestor.

'Sir Honey Pig-Hog kept a good table,' remarked the Billy-goat. 'I haven't had any dinner today.'

He gazed at the half-open door of the larder, and the plate of cakes and the row of pies on the shelf.

'I have been looking for a house like this for some time,' he continued, as his glance fell on the barrel of herb-beer. 'I think I will honour you with my presence and stay here as your Paying Guest.'

'What's that?' asked Sam bluntly. He didn't want the Billy-goat to sit in Badger's chair as if he owned it.

'A young cuckoo is a guest, and the hedge-sparrows have told me about his manners. We don't want a cuckoo in the house.'

'He isn't at all like a cuckoo,' explained Bill. 'He has no wings or feathers. He knew our ancestor Sir Honey Pig-Hog, and he will give us the Seal of Solomon for looking after him.'

'Solomon was a great wise king who lived long ago,' said Ann, opening wide her blue eyes. 'I should think his seal is a beautiful thing, carved in ivory and set with pearls. Yes, it must be one of the world's wonders.'

She opened the door and looked at the Billy-goat, who rose and bowed to her. She was impressed by his long beard, and his golden eyes, his shaggy hair and his neat polished hooves. She spoke quietly and bade him welcome.

After dinner the Billy-goat went upstairs and lay down on the bed in Badger's room. He couldn't sleep in the small room Ann offered him. He was used to the best, he told her. He put his hooves on the linen sheets and drew the home-spun blankets round his head. He



The dormice and hedgehogs and moles ran to peep in at the garden gate. They wanted to get a glimpse of the Paying Guest who was honouring the Pig family, the famous Goat who knew King Solomon and the Pig in the silver sty. The Goat never went out, and nobody saw him but the four pigs who were heartily sick of him.

'*Will* you, *won't* you, *will* you pay?' sang little Sam in a very small voice, but the Billy-goat heard him and frowned.

'I'll stay and I'll pay,' he roared. 'The Seal of Solomon is in the wood, and you can find it for yourselves!'

He shut his eyes and pulled the handkerchief over his head and the pigs backed out of the room.

'There is no such thing as the Seal of Solomon,' sighed Ann, and her brothers agreed with her.

There was no rest for anybody after that. Never could they stroll through the fields to see the ripening corn. Never could they dance among the flowers in the meadow. They could not sup with a neighbour or take tea with a friend. It was work from dawn to eve, looking after the Paying Guest who filled the small kitchen with his vast body.

'Badger would get him out,' muttered Bill to Tom. 'If only Badger would come home! He has never been away so long in the summer.'

'But what about those horns?' asked Tom.

them. Hop-'o-my-thumb did that. Then I can find my way back if I don't get to Badger's castle.'

They all thought this was a good plan and Sam collected the white stones in a calico bag while Ann put on her cloak. Bill cut a crooked stick for her protection, and, grasping it in one hand and the bag in the other, the little pig set out on her journey. Deep into the wood she walked and every few minutes she dropped a pebble.

The brown rabbits, sitting at their doors, the squirrels in the tree tops, the deer peeping through the trees, all directed her to Badger's winter house. She went far into the bracken-filled wood, struggling through the brambles and undergrowth, wading through the streams, up to her knees in the bogs.

Evening came, and the bit-bats flickered and darted shrilly overhead. The blackbird sang its late song, and darkness came down to hide the earth. But the little glow-worms lighted her onward, and the hooting owl kept her company. Fierce eyes peered at her as she plodded on,

the Seal of Solomon, and then he said we could get it for ourselves from the wood.'

'That's true,' said Badger slowly. 'I know the Seal of Solomon.'

'He won't go away. He sits in your chair, and sleeps in your bed, Brock,' said Ann.

'What! Sleeps in *my* bed, and sits in *my* chair!' roared Brock. 'I'll see to this Paying Guest.' He looked so fierce little Ann jumped up in a fright.

'Off we go at once, Ann,' cried the Badger and away they went without waiting for Badger to take off his hunting kit. On the way Ann described the Paying Guest, for Badger couldn't imagine who had ventured to live in the small house with the four pigs.

'He has very sharp horns,' she said.

'One or two?' asked Badger. 'He may be a Bull, or he may be a Unicorn. It all depends on the number of horns.'

'Two horns,' replied Ann. 'He has a long beard and golden eyes, and he is always very cross.'

'It's a Billy-goat! That's better! Only a

the wood, for Badger had much knowledge of ancient plants and strange roots.

The family came running to meet them as they came down the lane.

'Oh Brock! Oh Ann! He's been worse than ever. He tossed poor Sam out of the door into the garden this morning. He keeps asking where you are. He has torn his coat and there's nobody to sew it for him.'

'Umph!' muttered Badger. 'Where is he?'

'In bed, and he won't get up. He's very cross today.'

'I'll make him a sleeping draught, and then he won't want to get up,' said Badger.

That evening the Goat drank a soothing brew of Viper's Bugloss and Goat's Beard, of Mandrake and Poppy, which Badger had prepared. Ann took it up to him on a clean white tray, and he sipped it with the best spoon.

He slept like old Solomon himself in his tomb!

Then Badger trussed him with a couple of sheets and tied him with a rope. He hauled him down the garden, and across many a field and little wood to the distant farmyard. There he