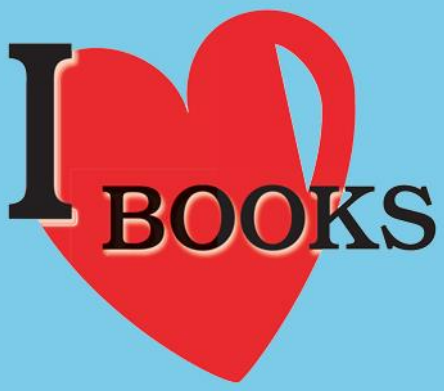


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Opening extract from

The Prince and the Pee

Written by

Greg Gormley

Illustrated by

Chris Mould

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For Roxana and Fran
G. G.

If you needed to go before you sat down to read
this story, this book is dedicated to you
C. M.

THE PRINCE AND THE PEE

Greg Gormley
illustrated by
Chris Mould

nosy crow

Prince Freddie was on holiday.

He was sunbathing outside the royal tent, reading comics and slurping the lemoniest lemonade he had ever tasted.

When suddenly . . .

. . . his horse, Sir Rushington, appeared.

"Your Royal Highness," said the horse,
"a terrible dragon is attacking Castle Crumbly!
We must go and save everyone!"

"Righty-ho!"
said Prince Freddie.

He gulped down
the very last drop of his lemonade,
then he jumped onto Sir Rushington
and they galloped away.

They hadn't gone very far when Prince Freddie felt a tingling.
"I need to pee," he said.

Sir Rushington sighed. "Your Royal Highness,
you should have gone before we left."

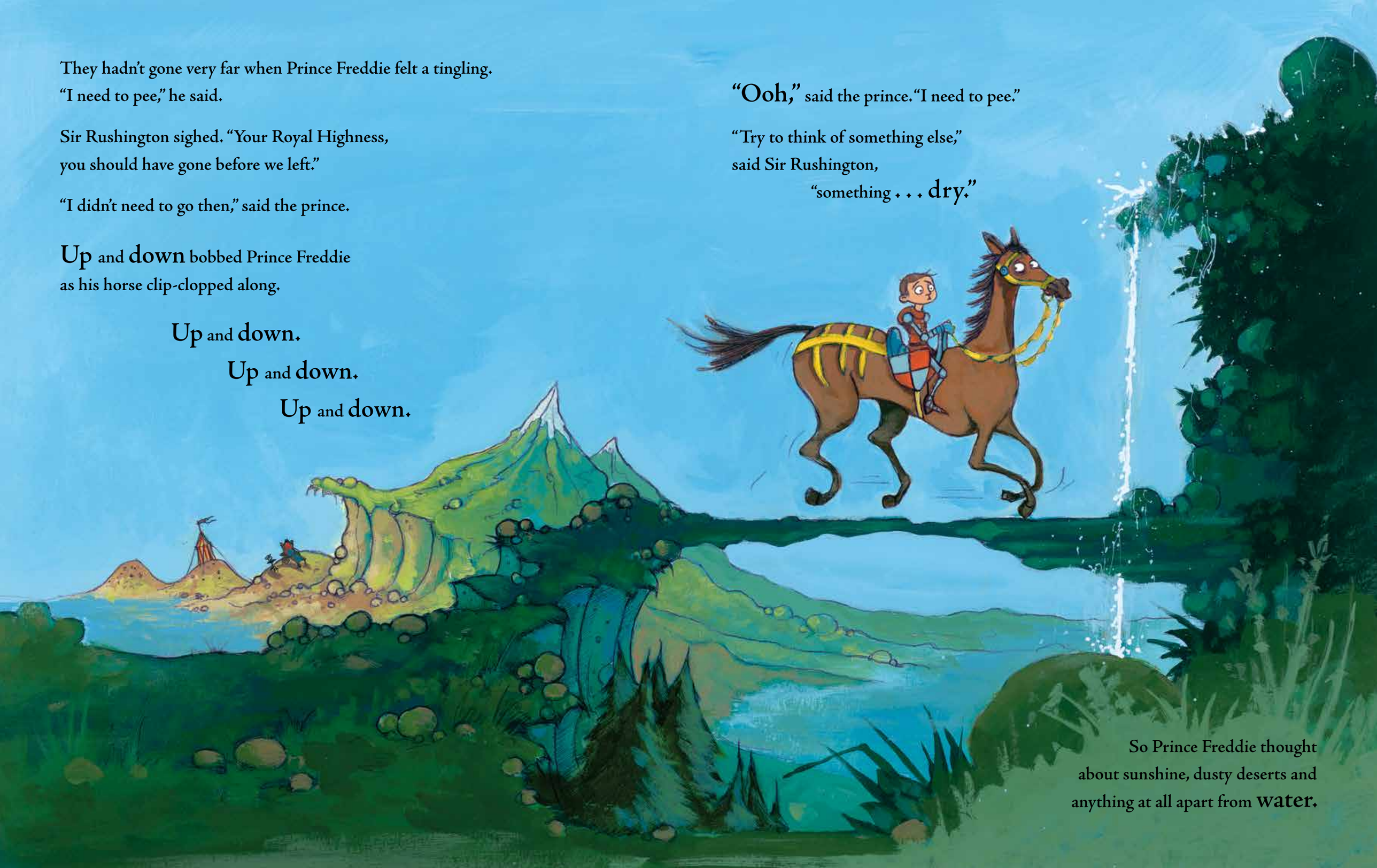
"I didn't need to go then," said the prince.

Up and down bobbed Prince Freddie
as his horse clip-clopped along.

Up and down.
Up and down.
Up and down.

"Ooh," said the prince. "I need to pee."

"Try to think of something else,"
said Sir Rushington,
"something . . . dry."



So Prince Freddie thought
about sunshine, dusty deserts and
anything at all apart from water.