

This book is based on a story that
Julia Donaldson's son Alastair made up
for his daughter Poppy.



For Ally and Poppy
JD

For my nephew Joel, who only
eats crisps. From Uncle David
DR



First published 2018 by Macmillan Children's Books
an imprint of Pan Macmillan
20 New Wharf Road, London N1 9RR
Associated companies throughout the world
www.panmacmillan.com

ISBN: 978-1-5098-1377-3

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

Printed in Spain.

The Cook and the King



JULIA DONALDSON

DAVID ROBERTS

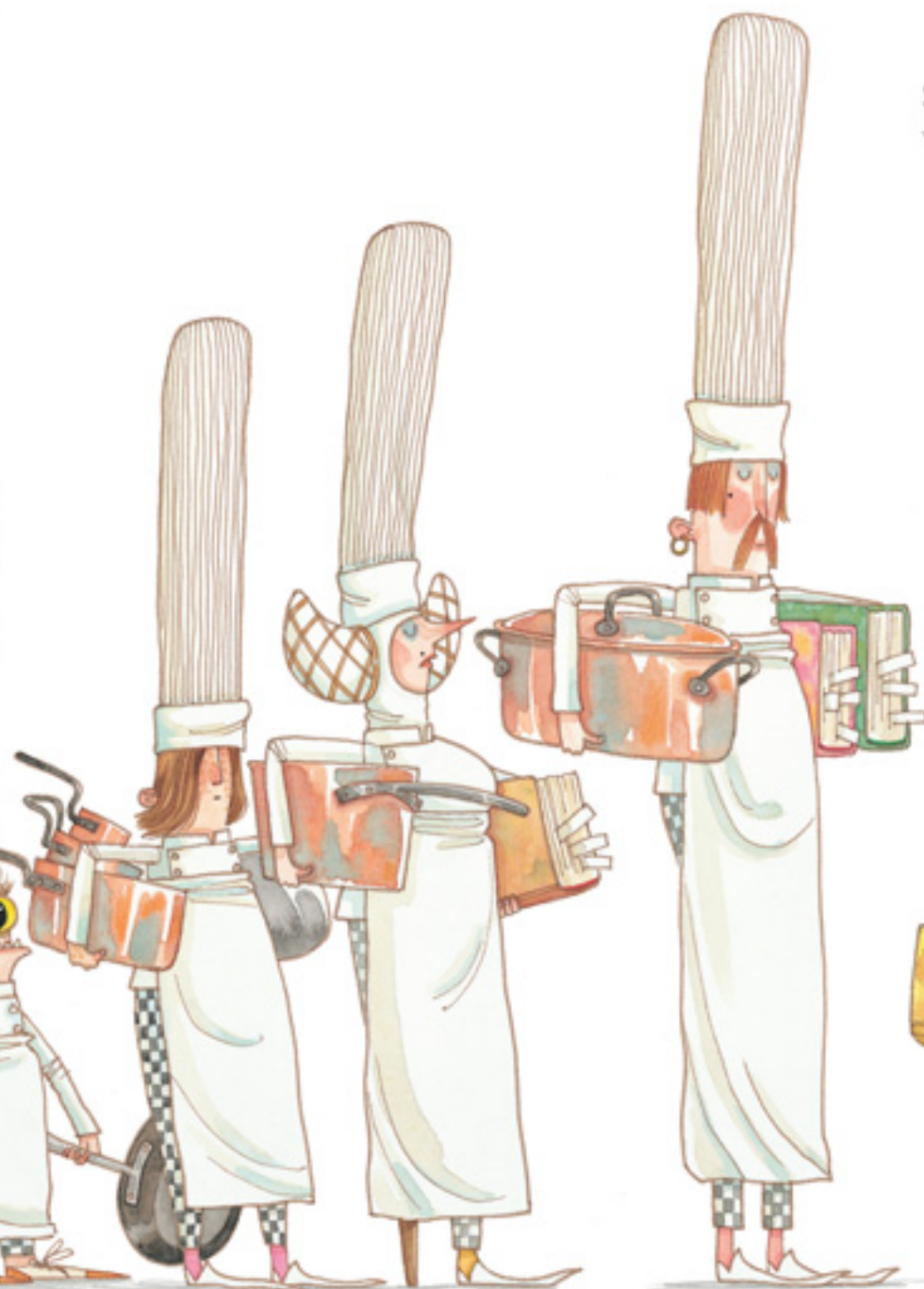
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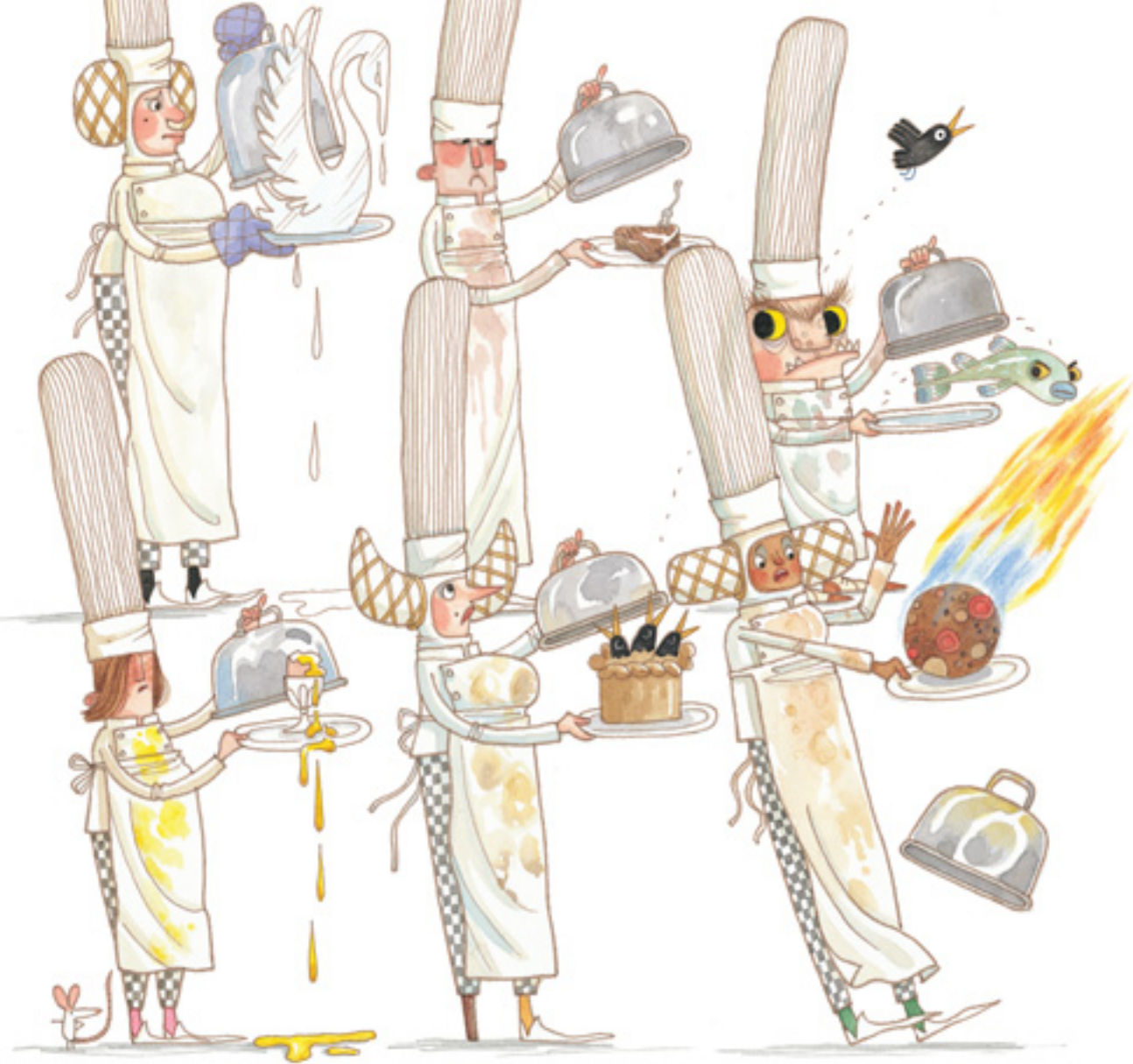
There once was a very hungry king
Who needed a cook like anything.





So he tried out lots and lots of cooks
With their pots and their pans and their cookery books.





One by one they cooked for the king;
They cooked and they cooked like anything,
But nothing they cooked was good enough.
“This egg is runny. This meat is tough.



Too hot! Too cold! Too sour! Too smelly!
I don't want a sausage inside my jelly.
This tastes ALL WRONG,” said the hungry king,
And he frowned and he frowned like anything.



But then he spotted another cook
With feet that shuffled and hands that shook.
“My name,” said the cook, “is Wobbly Bob.
I’m a bit of a wimp, but I’d love the job.”



The king thought hard, then he scratched his head.
“I fancy some fish and chips,” he said.
“Yes, fish and chips is my favourite dish,
But first you will need to catch the fish.”



"Help!" said the cook. "I'm feeling scared.
I'd love to fish if I only dared,
But a shark might land in the fishing net
Or I might get my nice new apron wet.
My knees are knocking," the cook declared.
"I'm scared! I'm scared! I'm terribly scared."