For Ian

and for our daughters, who remind us to *look* – A.W.

To all of us who get distracted by those “lollipops” most of the time!

A nosotros los que nos distraemos por aquellas “chupetas” en la mayor parte de nuestras vidas! – A.L.

First published in Great Britain by Andersen Press Ltd.,
20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1V 2SA, UK
Vijverlaan 48, 3062 HL Rotterdam, Nederland
Published by arrangement with Philomel Books, an imprint of
Penguin Young Readers Group, a division of Penguin Random House LLC.
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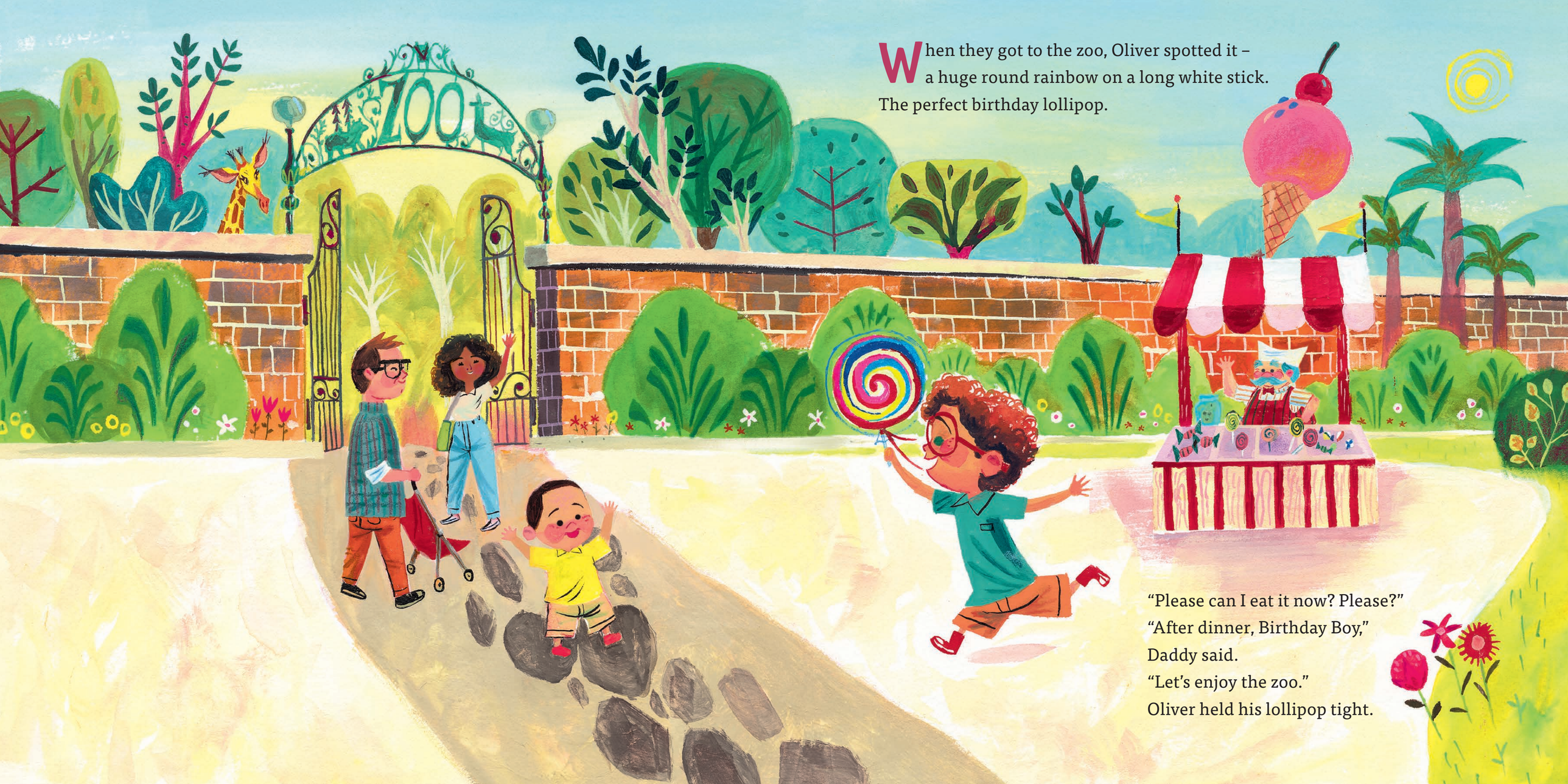
Printed and bound in China.
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2
British Cataloguing in Publication Data Available.
ISBN 978 1 83913 1 882

OLIVER'S LOLLIPOP

Allison Wortche

Andrés Landazábal

ANDERSEN PRESS



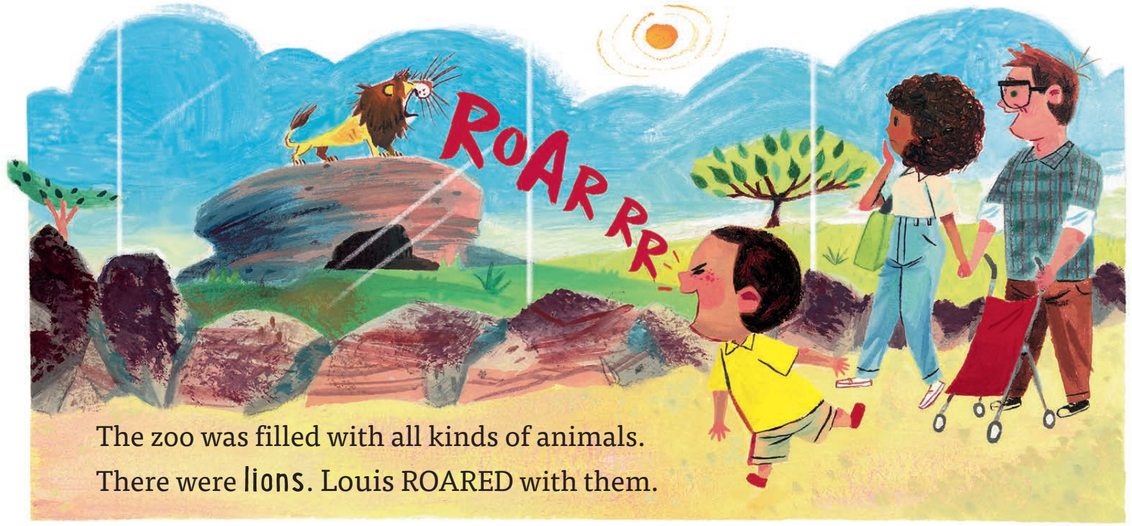
When they got to the zoo, Oliver spotted it –
a huge round rainbow on a long white stick.
The perfect birthday lollipop.

"Please can I eat it now? Please?"
"After dinner, Birthday Boy,"
Daddy said.
"Let's enjoy the zoo."
Oliver held his lollipop tight.

First up: the carousel.
It spun round and round like the swirl of Oliver's lollipop.

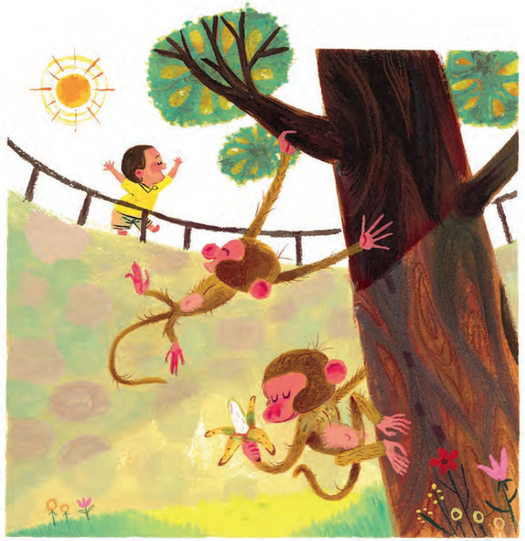
His little brother, Louis, picked a blue beetle. Mummy rode a ladybird. Daddy got the caterpillar.

Oliver worried it would be too hard to hold on to a bug *and* his lollipop. So he waited with the pushchair.

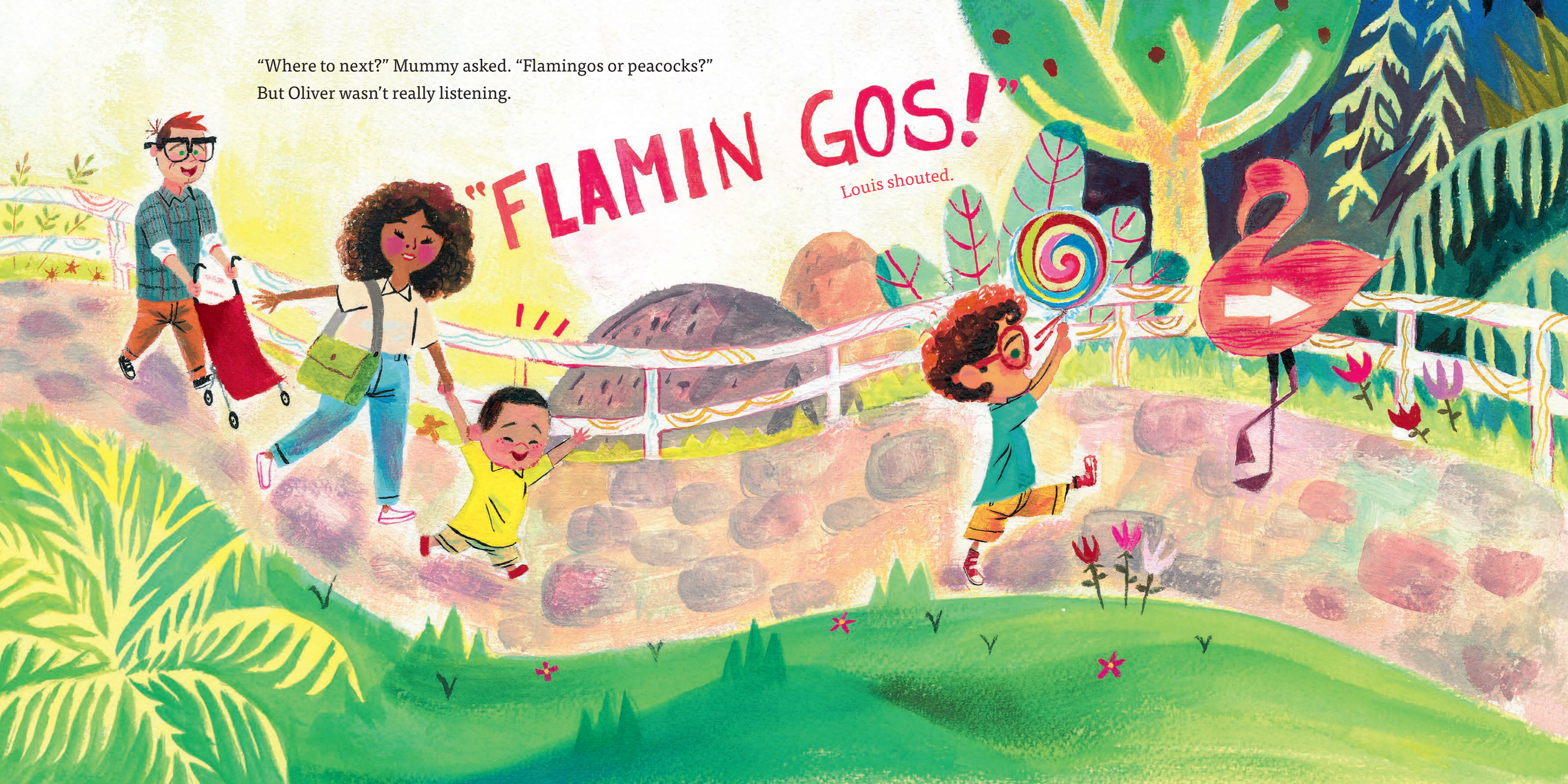


The zoo was filled with all kinds of animals.
There were lions. Louis ROARED with them.

There were pandas.
Louis munched with them.



There were monkeys. Louis
danced with them . . .

. . . while Oliver imagined
how his lollipop would taste.

“Where to next?” Mummy asked. “Flamingos or peacocks?”
But Oliver wasn’t really listening.