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opening extract from

Blart 2

written by

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Chapter 1

Blart was master of all he surveyed.

On condition he didn't look very far. Or very wide. But if he concentrated on staring straight in front of him and bent his head downwards, then he was still just about master of all he surveyed – one field, one pig shed, one small barn and two pigs.

'Here, Venerable. Here, Bede.'

The pigs looked up at him. They saw a gawky looking fifteen-year-old boy whose mouth was hanging open. His face was smeared with dirt, his jumper was torn and his trousers had muddy knees. Fortunately none of this interested the pigs. What interested them were the apples he held out towards them. They snuffled over and began to eat. Blart listened appreciatively to the munching. *However bad things are*, he thought, *the sight of a pig eating an apple raises your spirits.*

Because otherwise things were very bad.

After saving the world from the evil Zoltab and his foul minions, Blart's real dream had come true. With the reward

money given to him by King Philidor the Happy, monarch of Elysium, Blart had purchased a large farmhouse, two orchards, three barns and ninety-eight pigs, and all the fields he could see from where he stood (without bending down).

But only a year later, the two apples that the pigs were now munching were the last that he possessed, and as he no longer owned either of the two orchards, he had no way of feeding the pigs once those were gone. And from the noises the pigs were making they were very close to being gone indeed. Faced with the prospect of the loss of his livestock, Blart acted as countless farmers (but not many fifteen-year-old boys) had done before him down the ages – he leant against a fence, stuck a bit of straw in his mouth and wondered where it had all gone wrong.

And then he remembered where it had all gone wrong – Milkdale.