J.T. Bird

A Feast for Pleasant Beasts

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A Cook in a Cave

Cuthbert Wormhill was a boy who lived in a cave on an island, but he was very rarely alone. There were spiders, there were bats, even a grizzly bear, and each he called a friend.

The spiders knitted webs, the bear rolled in honey and the bats snored upside down, but Cuthbert spent his time baking treats.

Monday mornings were perfect for making brownies. Tuesdays were reserved for tiny pavlovas, huge pavlovas and a couple of cherry tarts. Wednesday, as I'm sure you're aware, is the day of the blueberry muffin. On Thursdays he was busy building towers of chocolate and dozens of rocky roads. Friday - his favourite day - meant plenty of Vicky sponge. And weekends, of course, were devoted to whipping up scones.

Every year, Cuthbert arranged a fabulous picnic. Come rain, or shine, or snowy blizzard, it took place on the seventh day of the seventh month. A feast for all manner of beasts, but only those with impeccable manners were sent an invite.



The Angler with a Bulbous Nose

A picnic is not complete without a troll. Therefore, Ingrid was often first to get an invite. Still, she had to remember to put on a splodge of sun cream or there was a chance she'd turn to stone. She wore a baggy dress, a floppy hat and rather large sunglasses too – as becoming a statue right before lunch would certainly spoil the day.

Ingrid had a number of lovely homes. There were two in leafy Surrey, a small one in Sweden, the big one in Norway, and each was under a bridge. They were dark and dingy, true, but she still found space for her hammock and teeny telly.

So, do be on the lookout next time you take a stroll. She's often to be found down by the riverside catching fish to share with her chums. Cuthbert always gobbles the pufferfish pizza, but there's banana and piranha pie if that's more to your liking?

And there's no beast in the land that doesn't love her *Hogsmill Fizz*. It's the greatest lemonade in the world and guzzled every year at the gathering.

