

FRANK *the* PIZZA



E. M.

To my little pizza-loving partners in crime, Oscar and Harry.

M. B.



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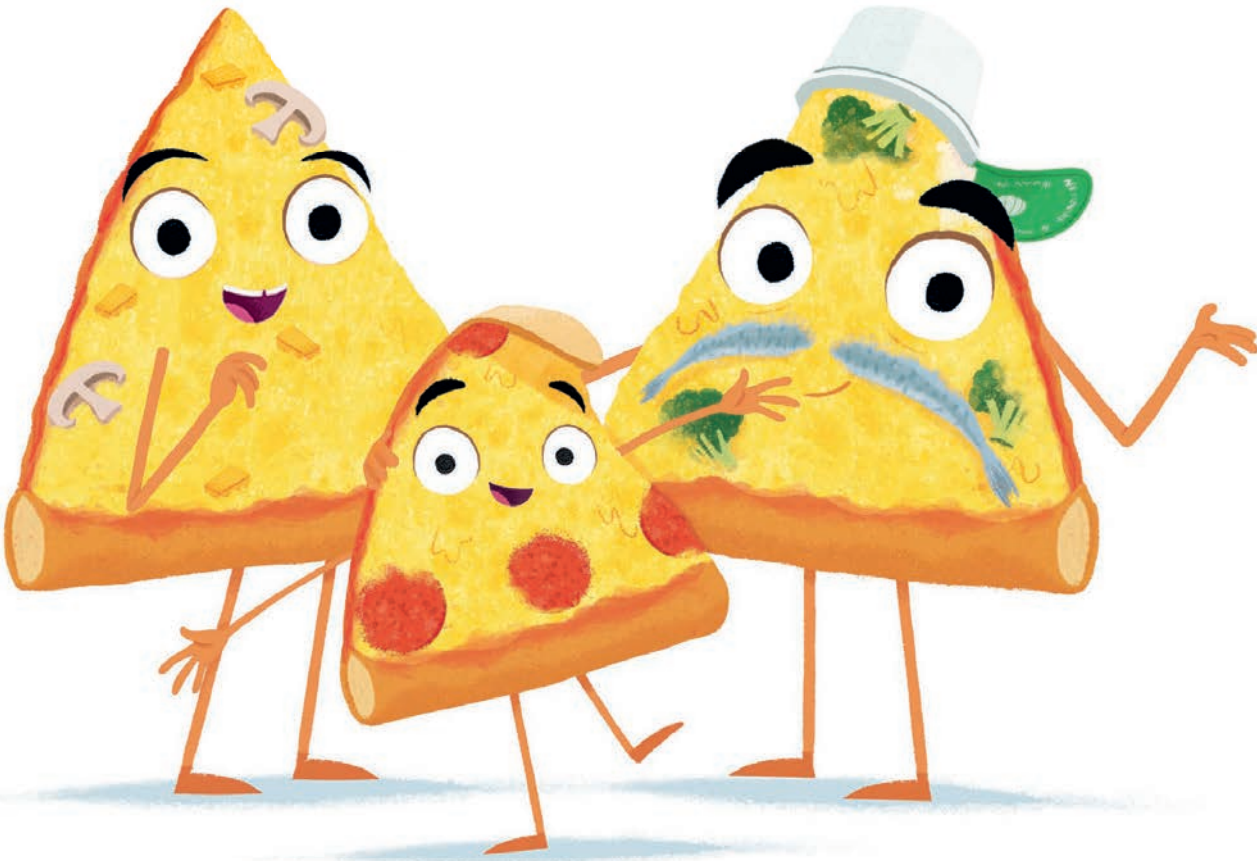
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FRANK *the* PIZZA



EOIN MCLAUGHLIN
& MIKE BYRNE



It's hard to tell who your friends are when you're a pizza.
Some people want to meet you.

Other people want to **eat** you.

Frank needed a
friend who liked
him for who he was,
not how he tasted.



But then, **this** happened.



“I’m not sure a **birthday party** is a **safe** environment for a small pizza,” said Frank’s mum.

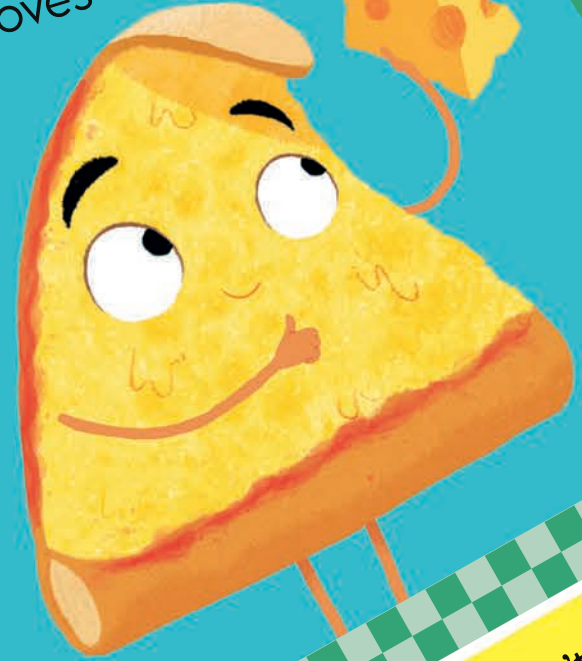
“I went to a birthday party once,” said Frank’s dad.
“**Never** again.”

But Frank was already deciding **what to wear**.

“Yes,” said Mum. “There’s no two ways about it:
LIFE’S DANGEROUS WHEN YOU’RE DELICIOUS.”



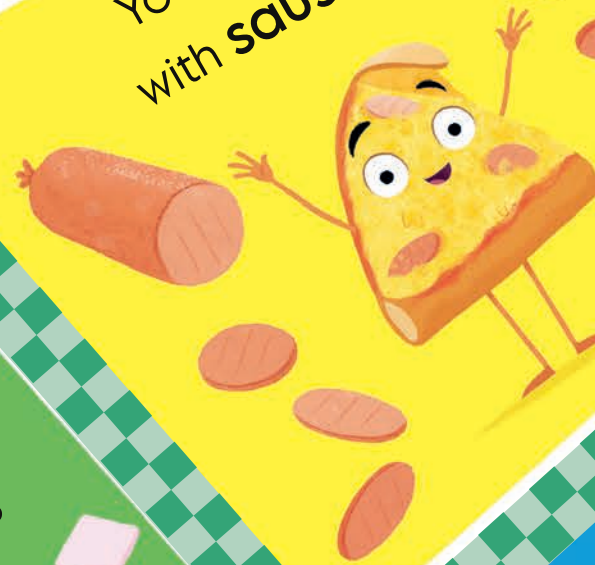
“Everybody
loves **cheese!**”



How about **sweetcorn?**



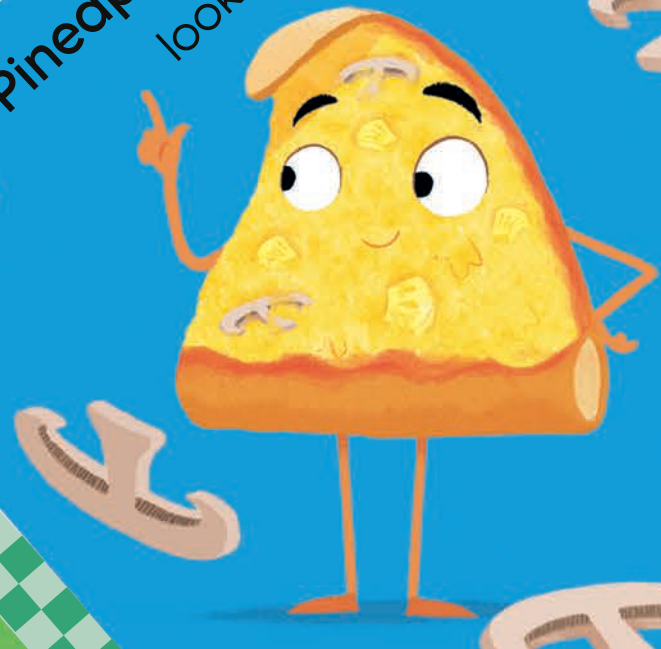
You can't argue
with **sausage**



Maybe I'm a
ham man?



Pineapple and mushroom's
lookin' real good.



It's so **hard** to decide.

Let's keep it simple.



Classic. Pepperoni, baby.