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Opening extract from
The Snorgh and the Sailor

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The Snorgh lived alone, in an ugly little house on the marsh.
Every day he snuffled along the shoreline, picking samphire
to make soup. His webbed feet sank into the mud and the
wind made lonely sounds as it came from the sea.



Every evening the Snorgh huddled
in his chair by the fire.



"How lucky I am," he muttered, "to have nobody
to share my fire." He took a slurp of salty soup.
"How nice," he said, "to have my soup to myself."

But one night a terrible storm blew up.
The Snorgh was listening to the howl of the
wind when he heard a sound at the door:

Knock!

Knock!

KNOCK!

Knock!

Knock!

KNOCK!

Nobody had ever
knocked at the
Snorgh's door before.

He shuffled over and
opened it just a crack.

