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Opening extract from

Doug the Bug

Written by

Sue Hendra

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For all the wonderful staff and children
at Blueberry Nursery

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DOUG

THE BUG THAT WENT BOING!

by Sue Hendra

SIMON AND SCHUSTER
London New York Sydney Toronto New Delhi

Doug and Trevor had been best friends
for a long time. They played together every day
and didn't like to be apart.

One day they were playing Berry Ball when . . .

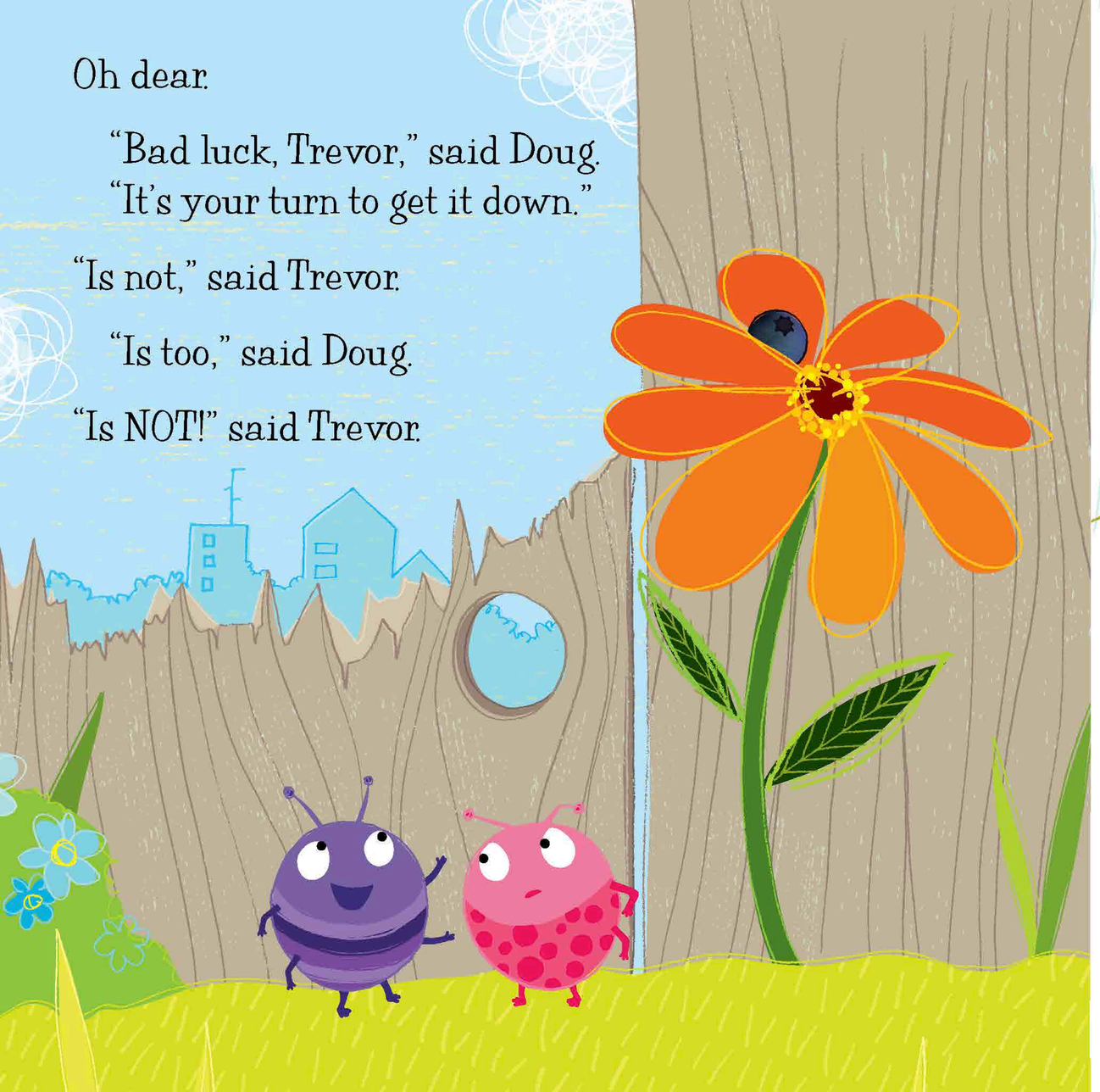
Oh dear.

"Bad luck, Trevor," said Doug. "It's your turn to get it down."

"Is not," said Trevor.

"Is too," said Doug.

"Is NOT!" said Trevor.



"You always make me climb up there," said Doug, crossly. "You always say it's my turn when it's not. I don't want to play any more."

"Fine," said Trevor. And he turned away in a huff.

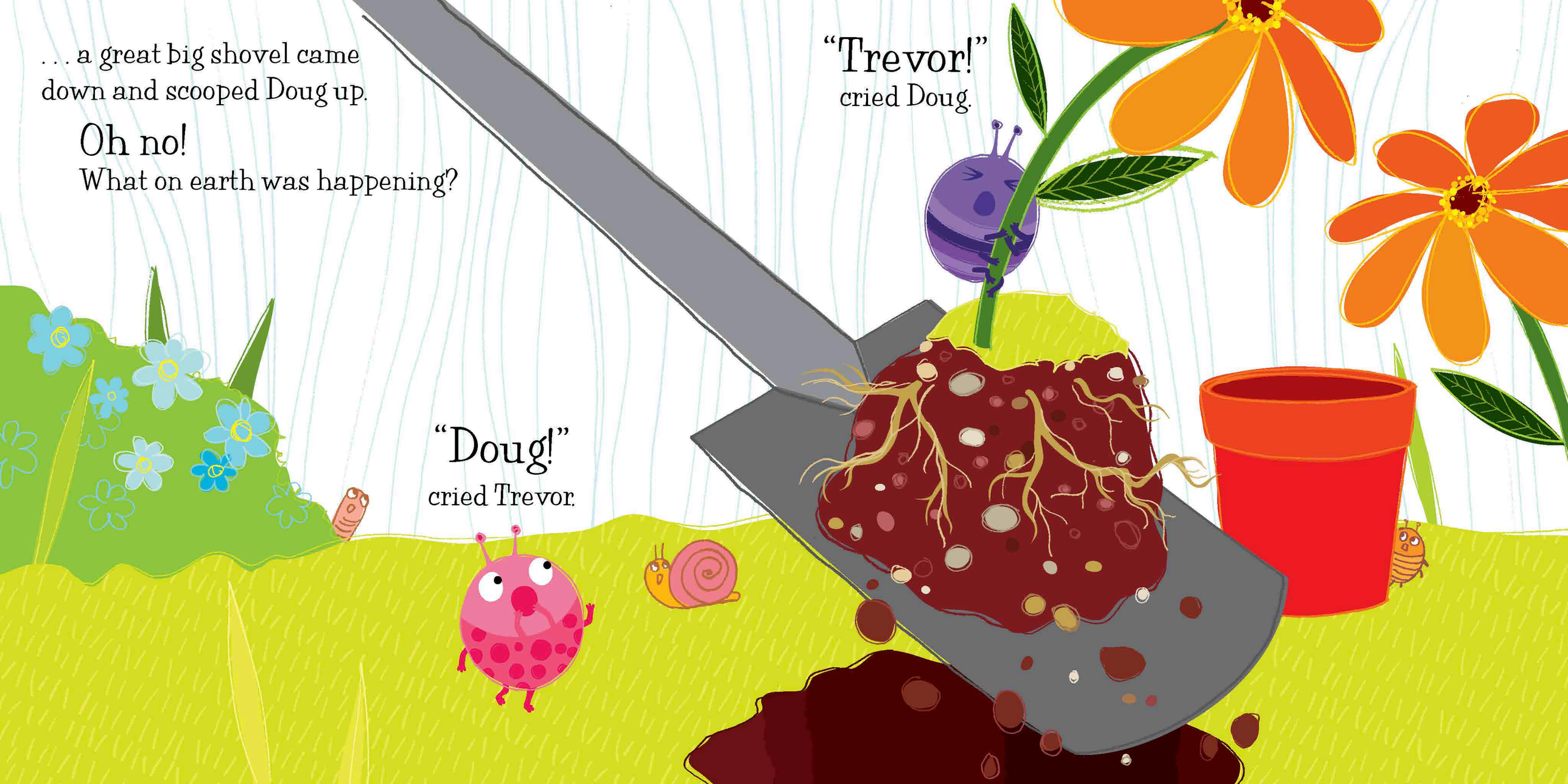
But just then . . .

. . . a great big shovel came down and scooped Doug up.

Oh no!
What on earth was happening?

"Trevor!"
cried Doug.

"Doug!"
cried Trevor.



When he finally opened his eyes,
Doug got quite a surprise.

"TREVOR!" he yelled. "HELP!"

But Trevor was too far away to hear him.

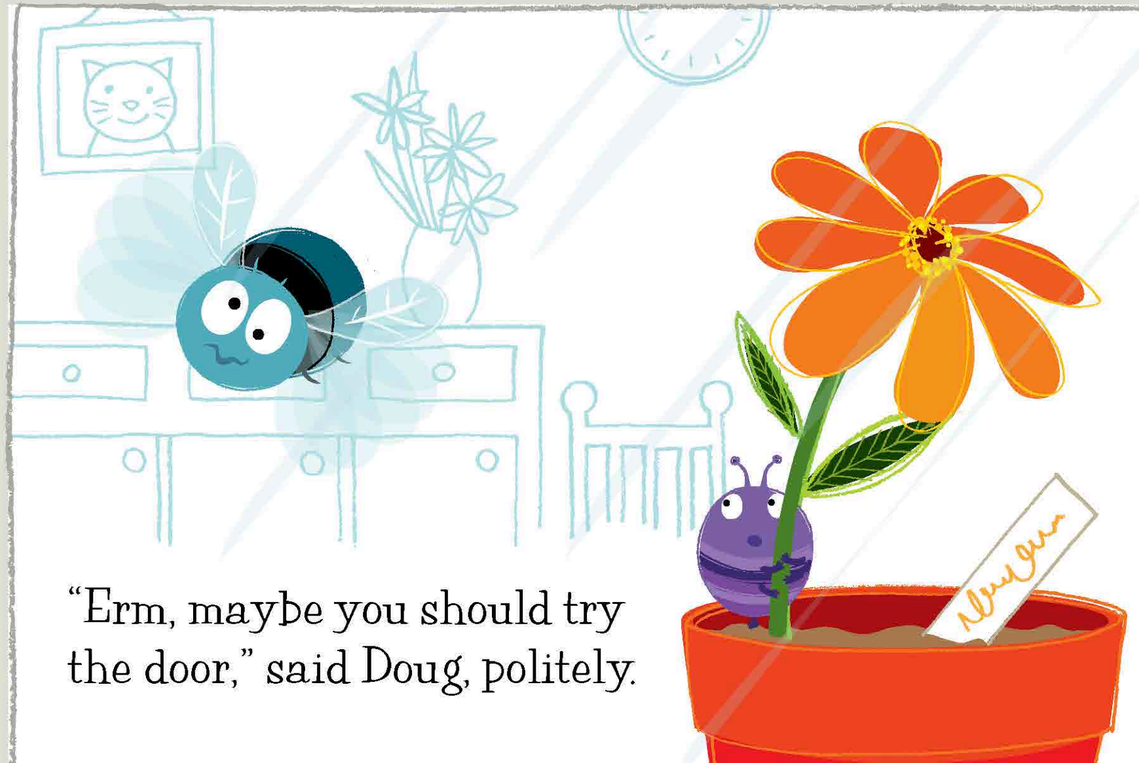
"I've got to get home,"
thought Doug. But how?

Then he heard a funny noise.

Bzzzz, bzzzz, bump!

It was a very dizzy fly. He was banging his head against the window.

Bzzzz, bzzzz, bump!



"Erm, maybe you should try the door," said Doug, politely.

"The door? Great idea! Why didn't I think of that? I've been here for days. Oh, how can I ever thank you?" said the fly.

Doug tried not to laugh. "Well," he said, "maybe you could take me with you?"

"I'll try," said the fly. "You look quite heavy. But here goes!"

Bzzzz, bzzzz . . .