



opening extract of
bartholomew and
the bug

written by
neal layton

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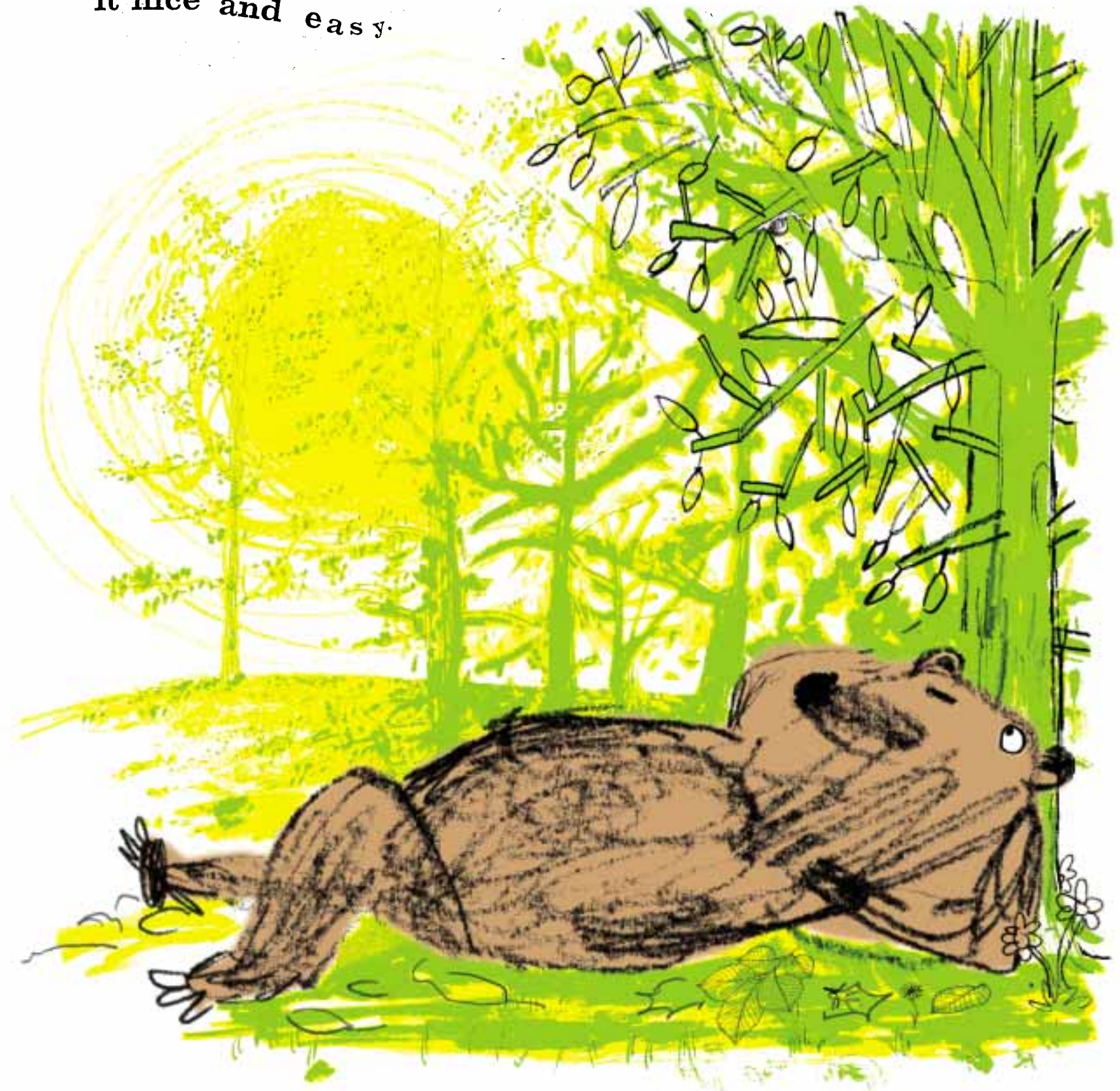
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Bartholomew lived in a cave in a forest at the top of a mountain.



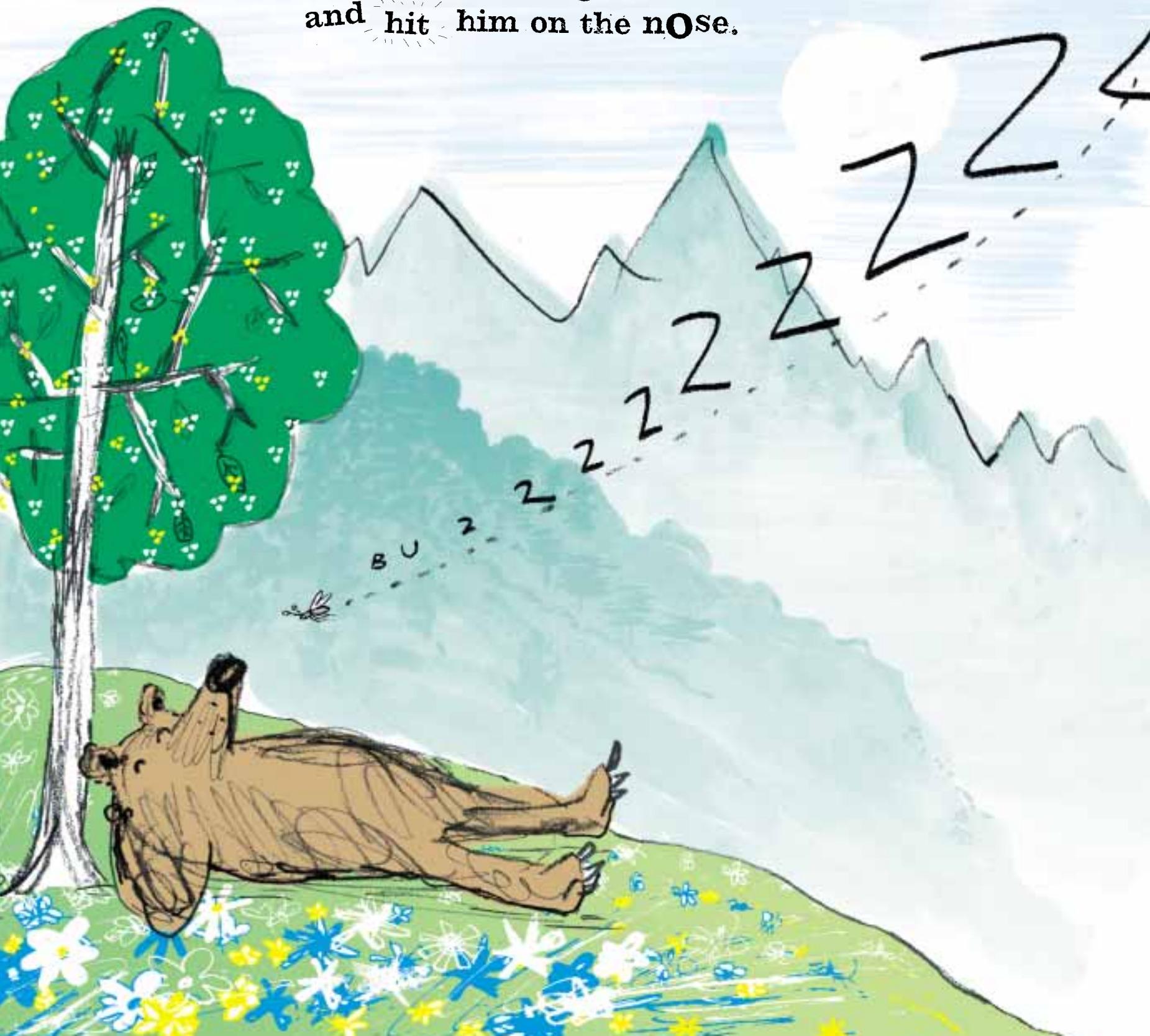
He spent his days sniffing flowers, snøozing in leafy glades, snacking on berries and generally taking it nice and easy.





But sometimes in the evenings he would climb up to the top of the cliff and watch the twinkling lights down in the valley below. He wondered what they were, and what went on there. Perhaps he would go there tomorrow, or sometime next week...

One day whilst he was reclining
in his favourite spot a
strange little bug flew up
and hit him on the nose.



It spoke very quickly in a squeaky voice and kept
gasping for breath, but eventually Bartholomew
managed to work out what it was saying.

