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Opening extract from

Borgon the Axeboy and the Dangerous Breakfast

Written by

Kjartan Poskitt

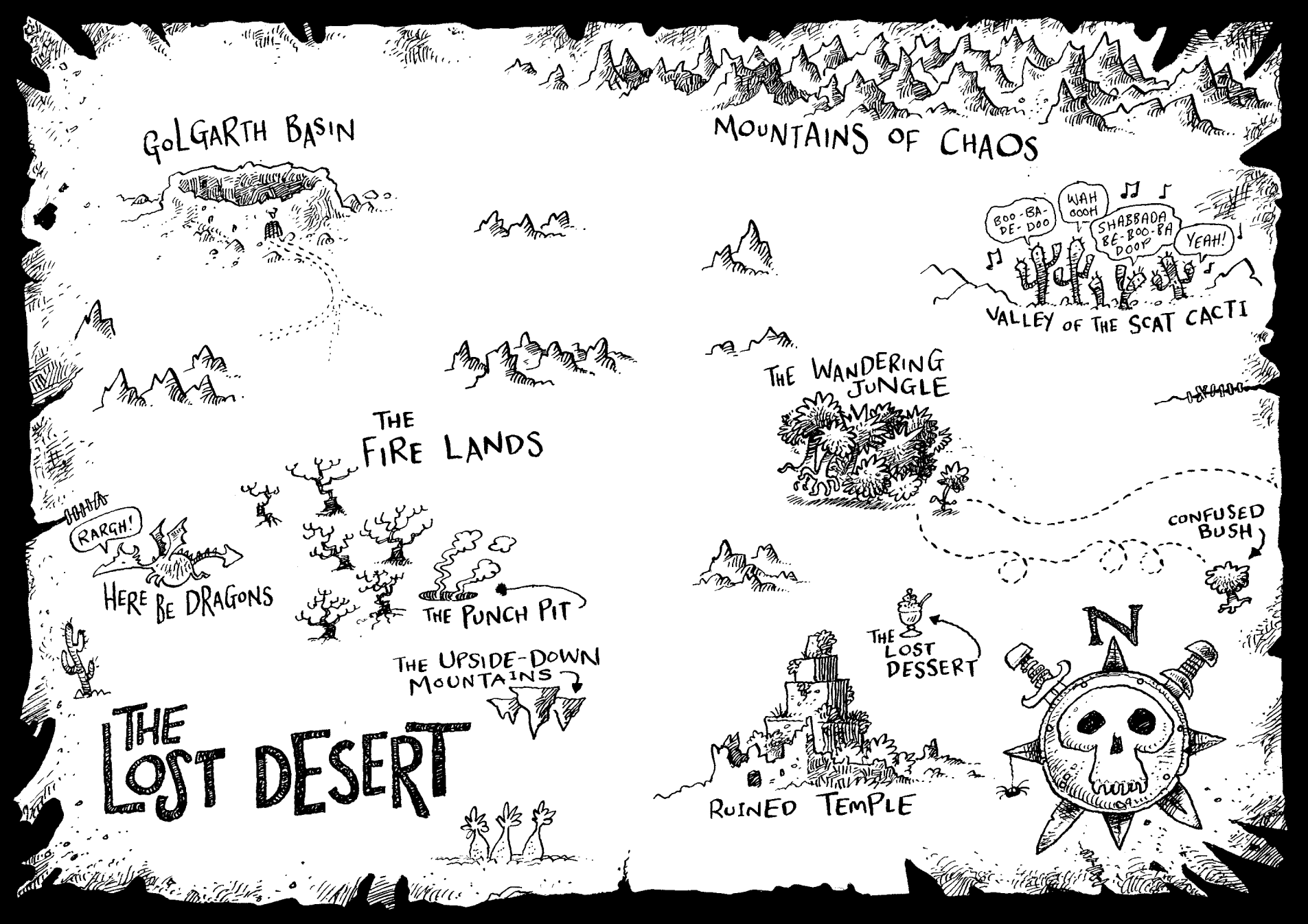
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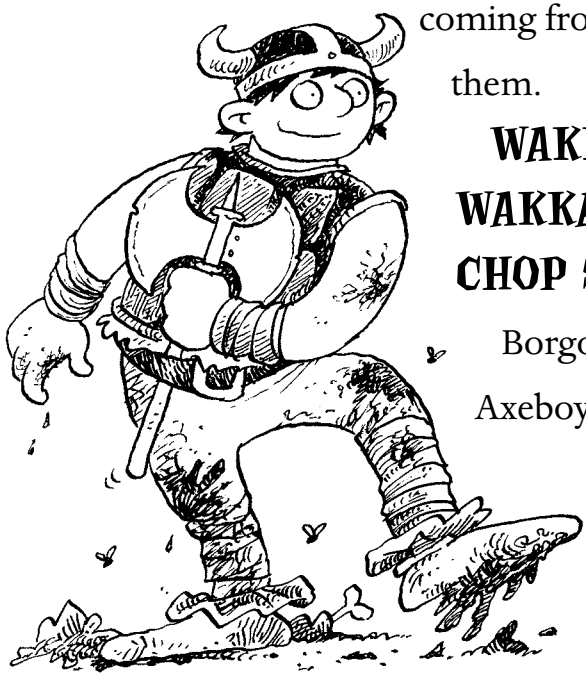

GOLGARTH BASIN
MOUNTAINS OF CHAOS
BOO-BA-DE-DOO
WAH OOOH
SHABBADA BE-BOO-BA DOOP
YEAH!
VALLEY OF THE SCAT CACTI
THE WANDERING JUNGLE
THE FIRE LANDS
RARGH!
HERE BE DRAGONS
THE PUNCH PIT
CONFUSED BUSH
THE UPSIDE-DOWN MOUNTAINS
THE LOST DESSERT
THE LOST DESERT
RUINED TEMPLE
N



Crocodile Tails

It was early morning in the Lost Desert. The vultures were snoozing in their nests, the scorpions were tucked up in their rock holes and even the rattlesnakes hadn't started to rattle. They were curled up underneath the cactuses, having lovely dreams about biting big animals and watching them fall over and die.

The sunlight broke over the mountains, and lit up a dusty patch of ground known as Golgarth Basin. The basin was surrounded by dark caves where all the different savages lived, and some strange noises were coming from one of them.



WAKKA-WAKKA CHOP CHOP SPLOTCH!

Borgon the Axeboy tucked his axe into his belt and hurried to

the back of the cave where his mum and dad were still asleep.

'Wake up!' he said. 'I've got a lovely surprise for you.'

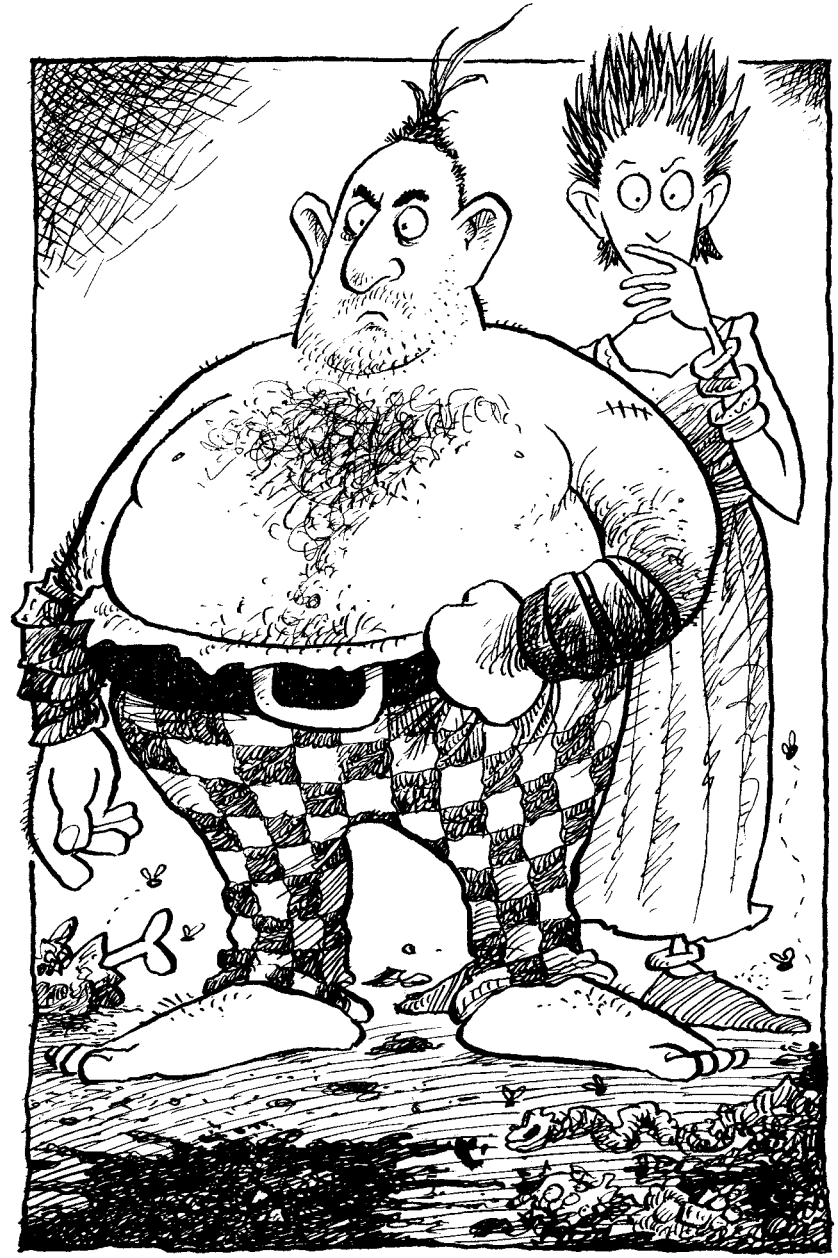
'Eh? What?' came a sleepy voice.

'Come on! Get up, come and see.'

Borgon's parents crawled out from underneath their mammoth skin blanket. His mum was called Fulma. She was very tall, very skinny and had dark red spiky hair. Nobody else in the desert looked anything like her, especially not Borgon's dad. He was called Fulgut and he had a big head, a big nose, big arms, big ears . . . in fact everything about him was big.

Fulma and Fulgut were a special type of savage called barbarians. Barbarians were the toughest and scariest savages in the Lost Desert, but it didn't matter how tough and scary Borgon's mum and dad were supposed to be, they still got a shock when they saw what was waiting for them in the main part of the cave. The floor was covered with fresh bones and bits of green skin, and on the table was a huge dripping pile of raw meat.

Fulgut and Fulma made their way down to the main part of the cave and looked around in astonishment. The floor was covered with fresh bones and bits of green skin, and on the table was a huge dripping pile of raw meat.





'Borgon! What's this supposed to be?' asked Fulma.

'It's breakfast!' said Borgon proudly.

Fulma picked up a lump of meat. It was long and fat and still twitching.

'Borgon . . . this looks like a crocodile tail . . .' said Fulma.

'That's right!' said Borgon. 'You're always telling me that we're the last barbarians in the Lost Desert. We're supposed to be tougher and scarier than the other savages, so for once I've made us all a *real* barbarian breakfast.'

Fulma dropped the tail back onto the table.

SPLOTT!

'Sorry Borgon,' she said. 'But I can't eat that.'

'Why?' asked Borgon. 'Isn't it lovely?'

'Yes, it's VERY lovely,' sighed Fulma. 'But I'm having my teeth sharpened today. I can't eat tough things like tails on teeth sharpening day.'

'What?' gasped Borgon. 'After all my hard work?'

'Go on dear,' said Fulgut. 'Have a try.'

Fulma picked up a tiny piece of loose meat. She tried to chew it but had to spit it out.

'It's no good,' she said. 'You and your dad

will just have to eat it all between you.'

Borgon and Fulgut both did a little bounce of joy. If there's one thing barbarians LOVE, it's having extra breakfast.

'**YARGHHHHHH!**' they cheered, then they both opened their mouths and dived in, teeth first.

Fulma stood back and watched as the pile of tails started to disappear.

'It's a good breakfast son,' said Fulgut with his mouth full. 'You're going to make a great barbarian one day.'

'But I'm a barbarian now!' said Borgon. 'I'm one of the maddest baddest savages in the Lost Desert. **YARGHHHH!**'

Fulma shook her head. 'If you want to be a *real* barbarian, you need to be more like your father,' she said.

'**MUNCH SLOBBER BOILK CHOMP!**' agreed Fulgut.

The old savage tipped back his big head and swallowed what was left of the tail in one big GULP. Then he gave off a whopping great BURP.

Fulma smiled. 'You see, Borgon? Now you try.'

Borgon grabbed another crocodile tail. It was as big as his own leg, so he picked up a long rusty dagger and started to cut off a slice.

Fulma shook her head.

'NO NO NO!' she said. 'You're not a baby any more. If you need to cut it, use your axe!'

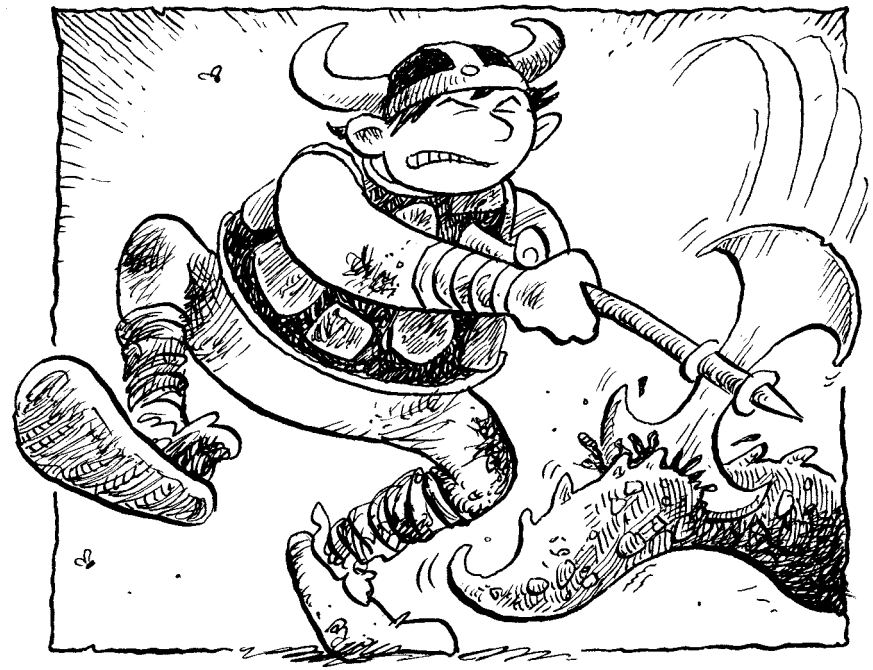
'Even when we're sitting at the table?' said Borgon.

'Absolutely!' grinned Fulgut. 'That's what your Uncle Jing always did, and he was the maddest barbarian ever.'

Borgon leapt to his feet excitedly. He pulled his axe from his belt, raised it high above his head, then whacked it down into the crocodile tail as hard as he could.

SPLUTCH!

'Well done,' laughed Fulgut. 'An axe always turns a meal into a party.'



Borgon chewed away on a lump of tail.

GOBBLE BLONCH SLOOP!

'That's it!' said Fulgut. 'Barbarians always eat loudly. It makes all the other savages jealous.'

‘Don’t forget to burp . . .’ said Fulma.

BURP! went Borgon.

‘. . . and wipe your hands on your hair.’

‘Or better still,’ said Fulgut, ‘wipe your hands on somebody else’s hair! That’s what I always used to do.’

‘Didn’t any one complain?’ asked Borgon.

‘No one dared!’ laughed Fulma. ‘Your dad was the fiercest savage the Lost Desert has ever known.’

The old savage smiled, then did a big yawn.

‘That was a long time ago,’ admitted Fulgut. ‘That was when your mum was the SCARIEST savage the Lost Desert has ever

known. They used to call her Freaky Fulma.’

‘Dad, did you ever wipe your hands on Mum’s hair?’ asked Borgon.

Oh dear! Fulma did NOT think that was funny. She hissed through her teeth, her eyes narrowed to tiny slits and her dark red hair stuck out even more.

‘We don’t talk about that,’ said Fulgut hurriedly.

‘It must have been great being you two in the old days,’ sighed Borgon. ‘What about that time when you ambushed the Evil Snake People and tied all their tails together? Or when you went tight-rope walking over that volcano crater? And Dad, is it true you



once drove off a whole gang of wild desert bandits with a teaspoon?'

'It's not quite true,' chuckled Fulgut.

'He had a fork as well,' said Fulma.

'It served them right for trying to attack me at dinner time,' said Fulgut.

'Lucky you,' said Borgon. 'Barbarians used to have loads of fights and excitement but I don't. All I ever get to do is eat and burp.'

'Don't give up hope son,' said Fulgut. 'You never know when something extremely nasty and ridiculously dangerous might crop up.'

'Right, you two, I'm off,' said Fulma. She went over to the mouth of the cave and gave

a sharp whistle. A dark red horse trotted across the sandy basin to meet her. (That's right, Fulma had dark red hair and also a dark red horse. Matching hair and horse was the top fashion for lady savages.)

'But, Mum! You haven't had any of the breakfast I made,' said Borgon.

'I know,' said Fulma. 'But like I said, I can't eat tails right now. I'll have to get something when I'm back.'

And with that, Fulgut lifted her up onto her horse and she galloped away.