Huxley and Flapjack

Wild West Escape

To everyone at West Bridgford Infants School
– AM

For my son T. who helped colour this book!
– FG

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Chapter One

Breakfast was over. Flapjack was doing the crossword in the newspaper.

"Hmm … peace and something … begins with a Q," he puzzled.

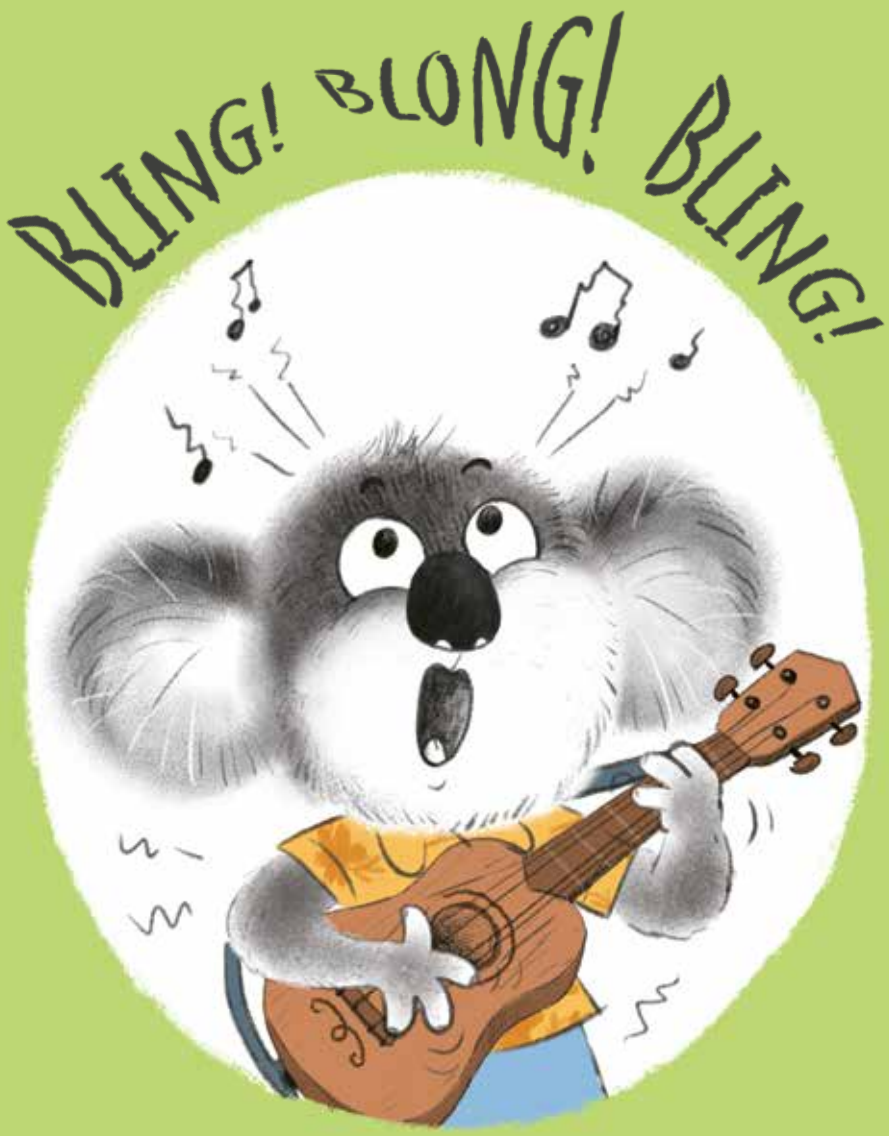
“MY GUITAR!” cried Huxley, bouncing into the room.

Flapjack frowned. “No, that begins with a ‘G’.”

“No, my guitar. I found it in the cupboard,” said Huxley.

“Oh dear, yes,” said Flapjack.

Huxley began to strum the guitar – loudly.



Flapjack covered his ears.

“Isn’t it a bit early for that?” he pleaded.

But Huxley kept on playing until…

TWANG!

…one of the strings broke.

"Oh bother!" said Huxley. "Now I'll have to go into town and buy a new one."

He fetched his piggy bank and shook it out.

“Yikes! Where did all my money go?” he said.

“You spent it last time we went shopping,” said Flapjack.

Huxley sighed. This was no good.

“What can I do?” he moaned.

“You could get a job,” said Flapjack.

“That’s it!” cried Huxley, snatching the newspaper from Flapjack.

"Listen to this," he said…

Huxley rushed upstairs. In no time he was back, wearing a big hat.

"Yee-hah!" he whooped. "What do you think, Flapjack?"

"Very smart. What's it for?" asked Flapjack.

"We're going to be cowboys on a farm," said Huxley.

"*WE?*" said Flapjack. "But, Huxley, you can't even ride a horse."

"Anyone can ride, there's nothing to it," laughed Huxley. "Come on, let's find you a hat."