

ALBERT JOHNSON AND THE BUNS OF STEEL

Little
Gems

Illustrated by
Steve May

PHIL
EARLE







**ALBERT JOHNSON
AND THE
BUNS OF STEEL**



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This book is in a super-readable format for young readers
beginning their independent reading journey.

*For Albie (of course)
and also for Milton & Woody,
with love x*





CONTENTS

1	A Family Business	1
2	Big Shoes to Fill	7
3	Simply the Best	10
4	The Sporting Life	18
5	SURPRISE!!!	24
6	Whoa ...	29
7	Busy, Busy, Busy	34
8	Uh Oh – Here Comes Trouble	41
9	What? How? Why?	46
10	Sweet Revenge	55
11	Albert Hatches a Plan	61
12	What a Shot!!	67
13	What Now?	75
14	The Final Swing	87

CHAPTER 1

A FAMILY BUSINESS



Albert Johnson's family had always been bakers. Not just any bakers. Master Bakers. The most talented known to man.

There was his father, grandmother, great-grandmother, great-great-grandfather, great-great-great-grandfat—. You get the message.

There was nothing that Albert's dad couldn't shape out of dough.

A loaf like a swan? No problem.

A cake that looked like the Empire State Building? Easy.

A sliced white loaf the spitting image of Donald Trump?



... Well, you should probably see a doctor, but Albert's dad could bake you one anyway.

He was the best of the best and, boy, was he busy.

By 7 a.m. every day, the queue for the baker's shop stretched along the street. Customers dribbled like babies as the sweet smells invaded their nostrils.

But in order to make all that bread,
Dad had to set his alarm for 2 a.m. to
fire up the oven and knead his dough.
Some nights he never went to bed at all.



This meant he had no time to spend with Albert, which made the boy feel, well, sad.



It also meant that Dad was pooped.
So tired that he needed some help, which
was where the problems began. And
when I say problems, I mean PROBLEMS,
as he (or rather Albert) nearly caused ...
THE END OF THE WORLD!