

Alphabet Arthur

An invitation sits on the desks.

Boys desks as it happens.

"Can I go with you, Chris?" Arthur asks his best friend.

"Don't forget the present, Arthur Zero" yells Mum.

Evan puts everyone into a team.

Fifteen boys, seven in each team, Arthur left over.

"Go and find the puppy to play with," says Mrs Simpson.

"Hero, here hero" calls Arthur.

In his ears, in his mouth, in his nose, Hero the puppy, licks him.

"Just a minute, Arthur, here, take a tissue to blow your nose," says Mrs Simpson.

"Keep it in your pocket; now go back to the party."

"Look, puppy, let's take the toilet paper roll instead and go play outside," says Arthur.

"Missing in action, where are you, puppy?" yells Arthur.

Noises from a deep hole under the house, woofing noises, yelping noises, scrabbling noises.

"Oi, Evan, your puppy is trapped in a hole," says Arthur.

"Push off, Arthur and tell Mum," says Evan, "We're playing."

"Quickly Mrs Simpson, I need your help, the puppy's trapped in a hole."

"Run away, Clive, and get me some toilet paper please," says Mrs Simpson.

" 's that all you want? Here use mine, but there's a bit of mud on it."

"Too much, too much," moans Mrs Simpson, from the toilet.

Under the house, stuck in a hole, the puppy is very scared.

Very carefully, Clive prises open a board with Mrs Simpson's favourite trowel.

With a graunch and a groan, a slither and a slide, Arthur reaches the puppy.

Xeranthemum flowers cover the ground as the puppy flies into Arthur's arms.

"You saved Hero," said Evan, "Thank you."

"Zero to Hero," yells Arthur. "I'm a hero!"