

For everyone at Lady Bay Primary School  
– AM

To the little ones, Ferruccio, Alessandro and Noah. Zia xxx  
– FG

LITTLE TIGER

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# HUXLEY and Flapjack

TROUBLE  
AT SEA



ALAN MACDONALD    FRANCESCA GAMBATESA

LITTLE TIGER

LONDON

Some koala bears are shy, timid creatures.

Huxley *isn't* that sort of bear.

He lives with his best friend Flapjack in a rambling tree house by the woods. Huxley's bedroom is high in the treetops where he sleeps in a hammock with a view of the stars.

Flapjack is a small, rather worried penguin. His bedroom is on the ground floor because he's scared of heights.

For Huxley and Flapjack, every day is a new adventure...



# Chapter One



It was a sizzling-hot day, and the sun baked the tree house.

Flapjack was keeping cool by reading his book in the bath.



But Huxley couldn't relax,  
he was far too hot.



He'd tried lying still.

He'd tried sitting by the  
fridge ... and standing  
on his head –

but  
**nothing**  
helped.



“Where’s all the ice cream?” he called down from the kitchen.

“You ate it yesterday,” replied Flapjack.  
“Why don’t you find some shade and wear a hat?”

“A hat!” cried Huxley. “A hat is just the thing to keep me cool.”

He disappeared up the ladder. Upstairs, he rummaged in his wardrobe.

A beach ball fell out and bounced across the floor.

Huxley stared at it in surprise.

“That’s it, of course!” he said.



“I’ve had an idea, Flapjack, let’s go to the seaside!” he shouted.

“Oh, but I want to finish my book,” sighed Flapjack.

“You can do that at the beach,” said Huxley. “Just think – a cool breeze, the waves waving and nothing to do but relax.”

Flapjack was happy relaxing where he was, but once Huxley got an idea in his head it was no use arguing.

“OK, as long as you don’t get us into any trouble,” said Flapjack.

“Trouble?” laughed Huxley. “What could possibly happen on a quiet day out at the seaside?”



Huxley gathered everything they needed for a trip to the beach.

It turned out to be quite a lot.



“How are we going to get all this on the tandem?” asked Flapjack.

“Easy-cheesy,” said Huxley. “We’ll put it in the basket.”

At last they were ready to set off.

As usual Flapjack did the pedalling while Huxley steered and shouted directions.

The basket was so full he had to lean out to see where they were going.

After whizzing through woods and villages they finally came over a hill.

“Woo-hoo! I can see the sea!” cried Huxley excitedly.

