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BILL AND PHIL AND THE VERY BIG HILL
Andy Griffiths is one of Australia’s funniest and most successful authors. His books include the extremely popular *Just!* series, which has sold over two million copies worldwide, as well as the *New York Times* bestselling Bum trilogy. He lives in Melbourne with his wife, two daughters and one (non-flat) cat.

Tenderised at an early age by his four brothers, Terry Denton somehow survived childhood in inner suburban Melbourne. He escaped to the seaside where he started writing and illustrating children’s books. He is best known for his illustrations in Andy Griffiths’ *Just!* series and *The Bad Book*, and for his own *Gasp!* books and *Wombat and Fox* stories. He shares a house with his wife and three children and a lawn mower and an electric pencil sharpener and a pop-up toaster that only toasts toast on one side.
ANDY GRIFFITHS

THE CAT ON THE MAT IS FLAT

ILLUSTRATED BY TERRY DENTON
THE CAT,
THE MAT,
THE RAT,
AND THE
BASEBALL BAT
The cat sat.
The cat sat on the mat.

The cat sat on the mat and as it sat it saw a rat.

The cat jumped up and chased the rat around and around and around the mat.

The rat did not like being chased by the cat, and after three laps around the mat.
the rat said, 'That's enough of that!' And it went and got...
a baseball bat.

The rat chased the cat.

The rat chased the cat with the baseball bat.
Around and around and around and around the mat

the rat chased the cat with the baseball bat until ...
KER SPLAT!
Never again did that cat chase the rat—the cat was much too flat for that.
ED AND TED
AND
TED’S DOG
FRED
There was a man whose name was Ed.

Ed lived in a shed with his friend Ted.

Ted had a dog whose name was Fred.

Ed liked Ted.
and Ted liked Ed

and Fred liked Ted
but he didn’t like Ed.

One morning Fred
jumped on Ed’s bed.

Ed said: ‘Fred, get off my bed!’
But Fred
just growled
and bit Ed’s head.

Ed saw red
and then
he said:

‘I’m fed up
with Fred
always biting
my head!

I’m leaving this shed.’

And he went
to his car (which was red).

He jumped in and away he sped.

Ted said: ‘Ed! Come back to the shed!’ But Ed just shook his head and fled.

So Ted jumped in his car (which was also red).

But it wouldn’t start. The battery was dead.
Ted stamped his feet and his face went red. ‘Bother! Bother! Bother!’ he said. ‘I’ll have to take the sled instead.’

Ted hitched up Fred to the front of the sled (which, by the way, was also red) and away from the shed sped Fred and Ted.

Ted and Fred sped after Ed.
Ted saw Ed’s red car up ahead. ‘Faster, Faster, Faster, Fred!’ said Ted.

Ted and Fred were gaining on Ed, but all of a sudden, Ed stopped dead. There was a road block and a sign that read, ‘STOP! DO NOT DRIVE!’
BIG CLIFF AHEAD!’

Ted said, ‘Fred! Stop the sled!’
But Fred could not. On they sped!

Ted and Fred smashed into Ed.
Over the cliff Ed plumm-et-ed! Closely followed by Ted and Fred.
They hit the water
and sank like lead.
Poor Ed
and Ted
and Ted’s dog
Fred!
They were drowning
and almost dead ...

when they were swallowed
by a whale
called
Ned.
‘Bother!’ said Ed.
‘Bother!’ said Ted.
‘Woof! Woof! Woof!’ said Ted’s dog Fred,
as they bobbed around
in the belly of Ned.

Ed and Ted and Ted’s dog Fred
were certain
they were surely dead,
but the
whale called Ned—
who was overfed—
blew Ed
and Ted
and Ted’s dog Fred
out of
the hole
in the top
of his head.

Up,
up,
up,
flew
Ed
and
Ted.
Up,
up,
up,
flew Ted’s
dog
Fred

and
then ...
down,
down,
down,
down,
they all did
head!

‘Oh no,’
said Ted
with deathly
dread.
‘We’ll hit
the ground.
We’ll end up
dead!’
'Fear not,' said Ed, to his friend Ted, stretching a handkerchief over his head. ‘Hang on to me, Ted! Hang on to Ted, Fred!’ and down to the ground they para-chut-ed.

‘Thank you, thank you, Ed!’ said Ted. ‘Thanks to you we are not dead!’
‘Woof! Woof! Woof!’ said Ted’s dog Fred as he jumped up and LICKED Ed’s head.

Ed hugged Fred!

Fred hugged Ed!

Ted hugged Fred!
Fred hugged Ted!

Ed hugged Ted!

Ted hugged Ed!

And they
lived happily ever after ... in their shed.
PINKY PONKY
THE SHONKY,
WONKY,
BONKY
DONKEY
This is the story of Pinky Ponky.  
Pinky Ponky was a donkey.

Pinky Ponky’s tail was shonky.

Pinky Ponky’s leg was wonky.

Pinky Ponky’s brain was bonky.

And that’s the story of Pinky Ponky:  
the shonky,  
wonky,  
bonky  
donkey.
There once was a frog who lived in a bog.

The frog rode around on a jet-rocket log. There was no faster frog in the bog.

But then one day while riding its log the frog looked up and saw a dog. The dog was riding a jet-rocket cog.

‘My cog is faster than your boggy old log,’ said the dog on a cog to the frog on a log.
‘My log is faster
than your rusty old cog,’
said the frog on a log
to the dog on a cog.

‘We’ll see about that!’
said the dog on a cog.
‘I challenge you, frog,
to a race round the bog!’
'I agree!' said the frog.  
'It's you and your cog versus me and my log ...

and I'm going to beat you, 
Dog-on-a-cog.'

But just then along came the boss of the bog: 
a big fat hairy slob of a hog.
‘STOP!’ said the hog to the dog and the frog.
‘Racing is NOT allowed in my bog!
Not on a log!
Not on a cog!
No log-racing frogs!
No cog-racing dogs!
Do you hear me,
Frog-on-a-log?
Do you hear me,
Dog-on-a-cog?’

But the dog and the frog just laughed at the hog—
and took off at high speed around the bog.

The frog on a log got in front of the dog!

Then the dog on a cog got in front of the frog!

The frog raced its log and the dog raced its cog around and around and around the bog

until ...
up ahead
they saw the hog
standing on top of a
wall made of logs!

‘Stop!’ cried the hog.
‘Stop, dog!
Stop, frog!
Stop this race around my bog!’

‘But we’re going too fast!’
cried the frog on a log.
‘We CANNOT stop!’
cried the dog on a cog.
Into the air flew the dog and the frog.
Into the air flew the log and the cog.
Into the air flew the hog and his logs.

And then
down came the dog
on top of the cog!

Down came the frog
on top of the dog!
And last of all
down came the hog—
right on top of
the frog’s
rocket log!

‘Hey, this is fun!’
said the log-riding hog
as he rode the frog’s log
past the dog and the frog.
'I’m the fastest hog on a log in the bog!
Try to catch me, dog and frog!
Try to catch me on the cog!'

‘Okay!’ said the frog.
‘It’s you on the log
versus us on the cog,
and we’re going
to beat you,
Hog-on-a-log.’

And so the dog and the frog
on the jet-rocket cog
spent the rest of the day
racing the hog...
around and around and around the bog.
HARRY BLACK,
THE SACK,
THE SNACK
AND A SNEAKY
SNACK-STEALING
YAK CALLED JACK
There was a man called Harry Black.
Harry Black had a sack.
In his sack he had a snack.
He carried the sack with the snack on his back.

One day while walking down a track,
Harry Black met Jack the Yak.
‘Hello, Jack,’ said Harry Black.

‘Hello, Harry Black,’ said Jack.
‘Is that a snack I can smell in your sack?’
‘Why, yes, it is,’
said Harry Black.
‘I carry a snack
in the sack on my back.’

‘Can I have some, Harry Black?’
said Jack the Yak, who had no snack.

‘No way, Jack,’ said Harry Black.
‘Get your own snack, Jack the Yak!’
‘You’ll be sorry,’ said Jack the Yak.
‘You’ll be sorry, Harry Black!’
But Harry Black just turned his back and kept on walking down the track until he saw a big haystack.

‘I think I’ll have a little nap and rest my sore and aching back,’ said the very tired Harry Black, as he climbed the haystack with his sack.

But while Harry Black enjoyed his nap, Jack the Yak
snuck into the sack
and ate up all of Harry’s snack.

Then Jack the sleepy,
snack-filled Yak
fell fast asleep
in Harry’s sack.

‘Alas! Alack!’ cried Harry Black
when he woke up—
opened his sack—
and found Jack the Yak
in place of his snack.
‘Alas! Alack! What a setback!
My snack has been stolen
by a snack-stealing yak!’
said the very angry Harry Black.
‘I’m going to give that yak a whack!’

But Jack the Yak
jumped out of the sack
and yelled, ‘Get back,
I’ve got a tack!
And it’s a SHARP one,
Harry Black!’
‘Alas! Alack!’ said Harry Black.
‘I cannot give that yak a whack!
Or he’ll attack me with that tack!’

And then Jack the Yak
with his sharp tack
jumped out of the sack
and fled on horseback.

So ...
if you’re ever walking
down a track
carrying a snack in a sack
on your back
and you meet a snackless yak
called Jack,
don’t hold back:
open your sack
and share your snack—

for Jack the sneaky,

snack-stealing Yak

might just have

a very sharp tack

and you could end up

like poor Harry Black—

alone and hungry

on a haystack

with nothing but

a snackless sack.
DUCK IN A TRUCK IN THE MUCK
There was a duck.
His name was Chuck.
Chuck the Duck
drove an ice-cream truck.

But one wet day Chuck’s truck got stuck.

‘What bad luck,’ said Chuck the Duck. ‘My ice-cream truck is stuck in muck.’

But just then along came his friend Buck in his brand-new shiny
‘Hey, Buck,’ said Chuck,  
‘my truck is stuck. My truck is stuck  
in all this muck.’

‘You’re in luck, Chuck,’  
said Buck the Duck.  
‘I can get your truck unstuck.'
I can suck up all the muck
with the muck-sucker-upper
on my muck-sucking truck!'”

‘Thank you, thank you, Buck,’
said Chuck.
‘What are friends for?’
said Buck to Chuck.

Buck’s
muck-sucker-upper
began to suck.

It sucked
and sucked
and sucked
and sucked until all the muck
had been
sucked up.

‘Hooray!’ cried Chuck
as he ran to his truck.
‘Get back, Chuck!’
yelled Buck the Duck.
‘I haven’t yet shut my muck-sucker up.’
But it was too late
    for Chuck the Duck—
he got sucked up into the truck.
And then the muck-sucker sucked up Buck!
The muck-sucker-upper just kept on sucking.

It sucked and sucked and sucked and sucked …
until Buck the Duck’s brand-new truck got too full and it blew Up!
Out flew Chuck.

Out flew all the sucked-up muck.
‘Boo-hoo,’ cried Buck.  
‘My brand-new truck!  
My brand-new shiny truck blew up!’
‘Don’t cry, Buck,’ said the kind duck Chuck. ‘We can share my ice-cream truck!’

‘Do you mean it, Chuck?’ said Buck. ‘What are friends for?’ said Chuck to Buck.

So Buck hopped up with Chuck the Duck and they drove off together in their ice-cream truck.
UNLUCKY LOU,
A KIND KANGAROO,
A HOLE IN A SHOE
AND SOME
EXTRA-SUPER-FAST-STICKING
SUPER-ROO-GLUE
There once was a girl called Unlucky Lou: the unluckiest girl that the world ever knew.

One day while visiting at the zoo, Lou found a hole in the sole of her shoe.

‘Boo-hoo!’ cried Lou, ‘what
will I do? If only I had some Superglue!*

‘Don’t cry, Lou,’ said a kind kangaroo. ‘You can borrow some of my super-roo-glue! It’s even more super than Superglue AND it’s extra-super-fast-sticking too!’

‘Oh, thank you, thank you!’ said Lou to the roo. ‘Thanks to you and your super-roo-glue now I can fix the hole in my shoe.’
But while super-roo-gluing the hole in her shoe, Lou slipped and spilt almost all of the glue, and then she tripped and fell in it, too.

‘Boo-hoo!’ cried Lou, ‘now what will I do?’

I’ve fixed the hole
in the sole
of my shoe,
but now I’m stuck
in all this goo!’

But the kangaroo
knew just what to do.

It jumped over the fence
and kicked poor Lou,
as hard as only a roo can do.

Out of the glue
flew Unlucky Lou.
Up into the air
she flew and flew!

She flew right over
the walls of the zoo
and landed head-first
where a prickle-bush grew.

Poor old prickly-headed
Superglued Lou:

the unluckiest girl
that the world ever knew!
BILL
AND PHIL
AND
THE
VERY
BIG HILL
There was a man.
His name was Bill.
Bill had a friend.
His name was Phil.

One day Bill and his friend Phil climbed to the top of a very big hill.

‘I dare you to roll down the hill,’ said Bill.
‘I will if you will, Bill,’ said Phil.
‘I will if you will, Phil,’ said Bill.

So Bill and Phil rolled down the hill.

Faster and faster
rolled Phil and Bill.
‘Help!’ said Bill.
‘I’m feeling ill!’
‘Me too,’ said Phil.
‘It’s a VERY big hill!’

But Bill and Phil kept rolling until they landed in a puddle of
smelly pig swill!
‘Yuck!’ said Bill.
‘Yuck!’ said Phil.
‘Do you want to do it again?’ said Bill.
‘I will if you will, Bill,’ said Phil.
‘I will if you will, Phil,’ said Bill.

So …
once more they climbed
that very big hill
and rolled back down
into the swill.
And then they did it again …
and again ...
and again …
and for all I know
they’re doing it still.
ANDY G,
TERRY D,
THE BRAVE TEA-LADY
AND
THE EVIL BEE
One day while out walking by the sea,
I saw a sign saying,
‘BEWARE OF THE BEE.
YOU’LL GET STUNG UNLESS YOU FLEE!’
But before I could flee,
I saw the bee.
And, even worse,
that bee saw me.
I had to run.
I had to flee.
As fast as my feet could carry me.
As I ran I saw Terry D
and he looked up and he saw me.
‘Why do you run so fast?’ said he.
‘Where are you going, Andy G?’
‘The bee!’ I cried.
‘Can’t you see?
That evil bee is after me.
From that bee I must flee
or it will surely bee-sting me.’
‘I see, I see,’ said Terry D.
‘I see the bee.
I see that I must also flee.
I’ll come with you, Andy G.’

And so Terry D ran after me.
We ran and ran quite speedily.
We passed a lady selling tea.
‘Why are you running so fast?’ said she.
‘Won’t you stop and have some tea?’
‘No time for tea,’ said Terry D.
‘We’re being chased by an evil bee.
From that bee we must flee
or stung by the bee
we’ll surely be.’
‘I see,’ said the lady selling tea.
‘I see the bee.
I see that I must also flee.
Jump aboard my trolley with me.
It’s a super-fast trolley
that is powered by tea.’

And so we fled.
We fled, all three.
As fast as we could—
pursued by that bee.
But just as we were almost free
the tea-trolley crashed
into a mighty tree.
‘Quick!’ said Terry,
‘climb up the tree.
As fast as you can,
because here
comes the bee.’
Up we climbed.
One, two, three!
Terry D, the tea-lady and me.
We climbed and climbed
and climbed, we three.

We climbed right up
to the top
of that tree
until there was
nowhere left to flee.
I turned to face our enemy—that evil, nasty, stinging bee—and said to it most angrily, ‘Why do you seek to sting us three? Just buzz off and let us be.’

But the bee just buzzed with evil glee and made a bee-line straight for me!
But I didn’t get stung by that evil bee thanks to the tea-lady’s bravery. She quickly jumped in front of me and waved her teapot threateningly. ‘STOP!’ she cried, ‘you nasty bee!’
But STOP
that nasty bee
DID NOT …

and so she
trapped it in her pot!
‘Yippee! Yippee!’ cried Terry D.
‘No longer will that bee fly free.’

‘Now,’ sighed
the tea-lady
cheerfully,
‘how about
that cup of tea?’
So we all sat down at the top of the tree and shared a pot of fresh bee tea.