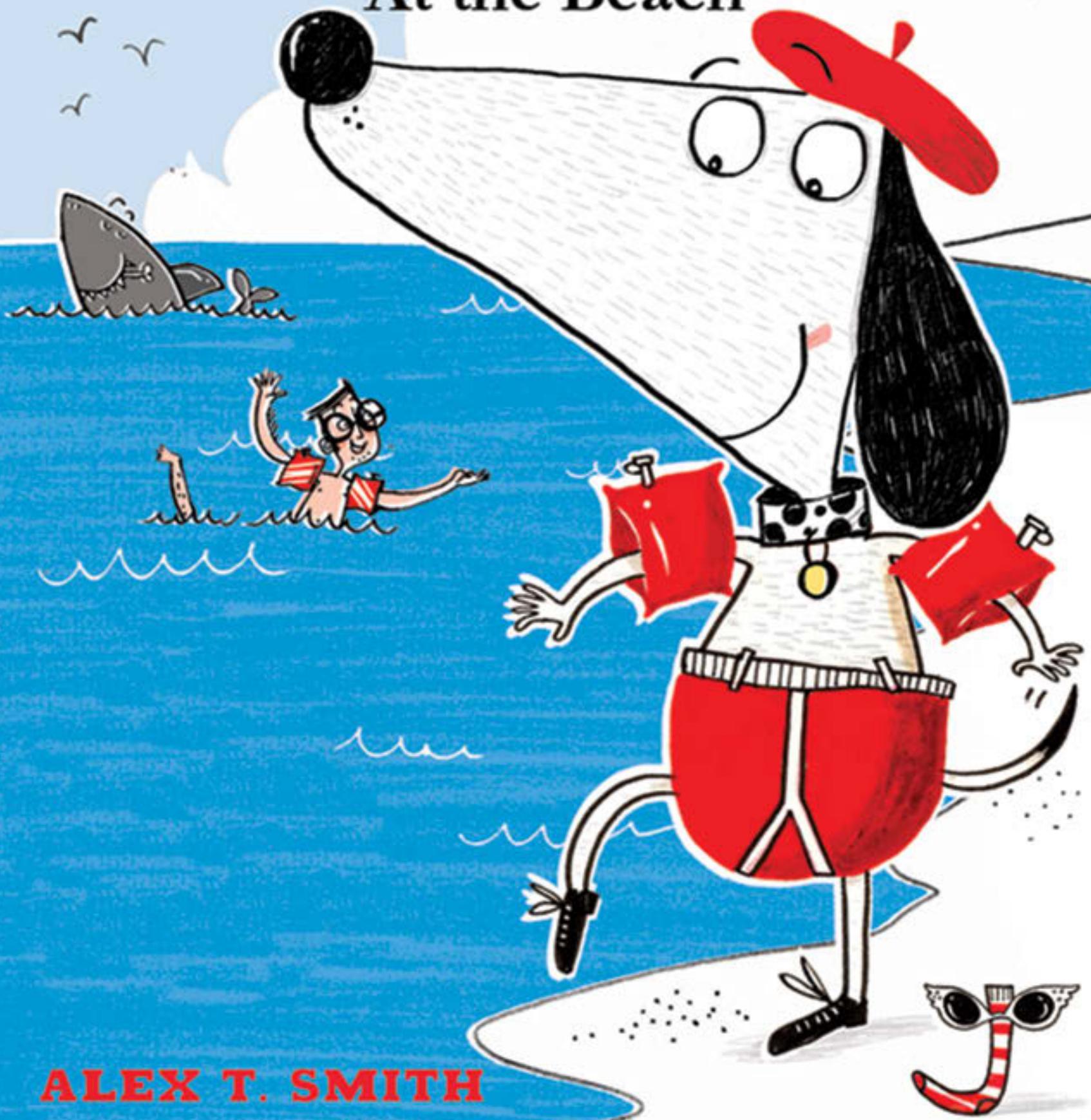


CLAUDE

At the Beach



ALEX T. SMITH



*For my Dad,
Master of the Terrible Joke*

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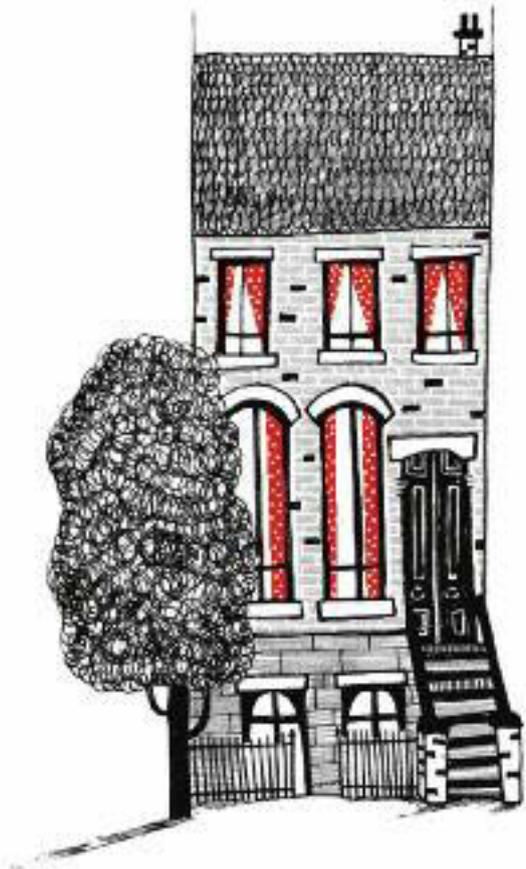
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CLAUDE

on Holiday



ALEX T. SMITH



At 112 Waggy Avenue, behind a tall front door with a big brass knocker, lives Claude.

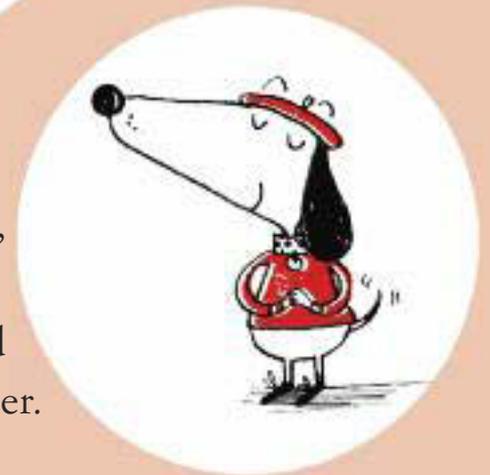
And here he is now.



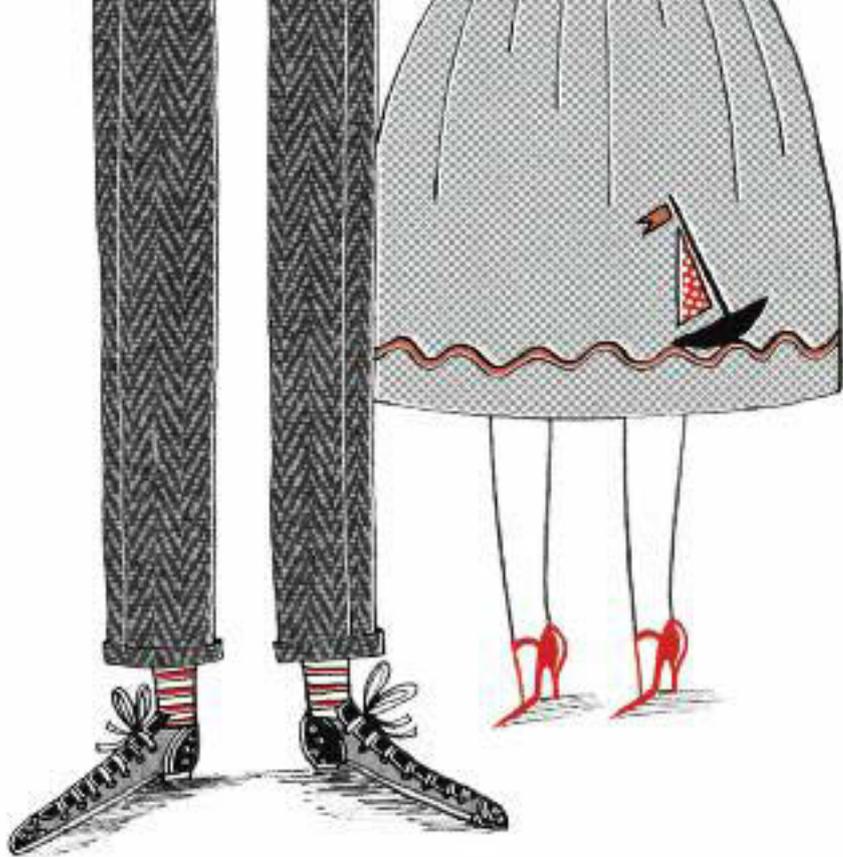
Claude is a dog.

Claude is a small dog.

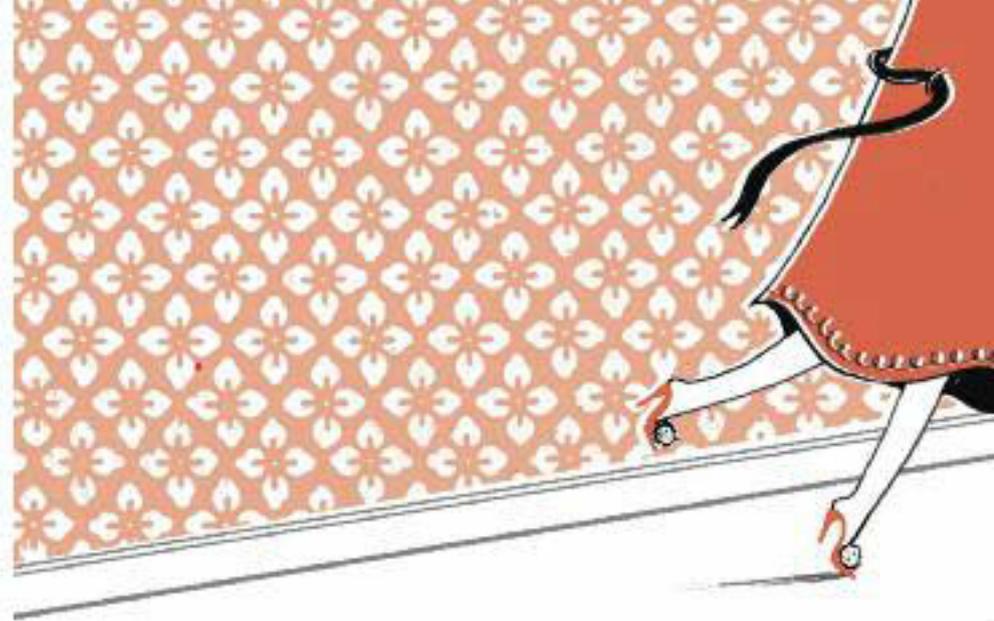
Claude is a small, plump dog.



Claude is a small, plump dog who wears a beret and a lovely red jumper.



Claude lives in his house with two people who are too tall to fit on this page. They are called Mr and Mrs Shinyshoes, and they both have very shiny shoes and neat ankles.



Every morning, while Claude is tucked up in his bed, Mr and Mrs Shinyshoes whizz around the house, getting ready to go to work.



Sometimes Claude watches them
with his beady eyes and sometimes
he just pretends to be asleep.



Then at half past eight on
the dot, Mr and Mrs
Shinyshoes put on their
coats. 'Be a good boy, Claude,'
they say. 'We'll see you later!'
And off they pop to work.



Once the front door has closed behind them, Claude leaps out of bed. He puts his beret on his head and fishes his best friend, Sir Bobblysock, out from under the blankets. It is time for an adventure!

Sir Bobblysock



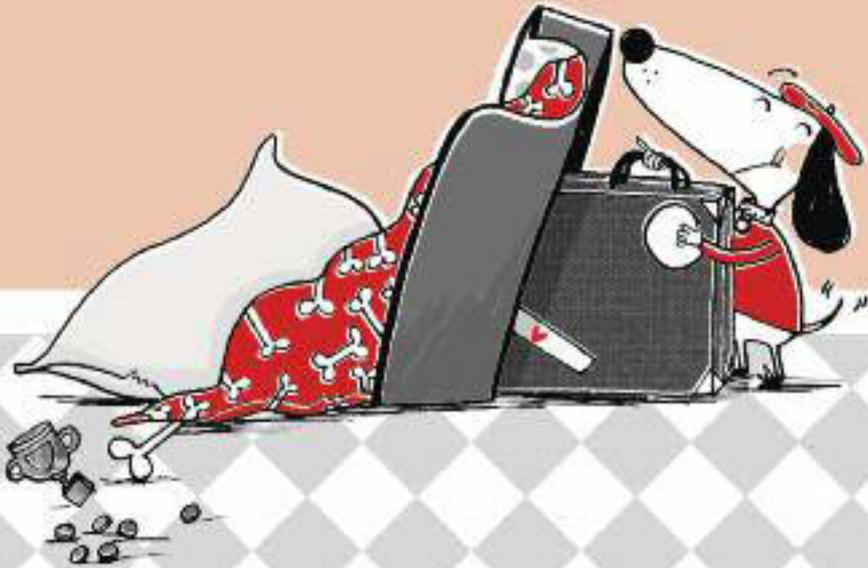
Where will Claude and Sir Bobblysock go today?



One morning Claude had a brilliant idea.

‘I think I will go on holiday!’ he said.

Sir Bobblysock decided he would come too, as he had been very busy lately and felt like a rest.



Claude had never been on holiday before, so he didn't know quite what he was meant to do. He thought it would be a good idea to take all sorts of interesting things with him, just in case they came in useful.

So he pulled out a suitcase from under his bed and started to pack.



He put in some underpants and a tambourine. He added some suncream and some squirty cream in a can. He popped in a lampshade, some sticky tape and a selection of slightly squished sandwiches.

