

Alphabet Arthur

An invitation sits on the desks.

Boys desks as it happens.

"**C**an I go with you, Chris?" Arthur asks his best friend.

"**D**on't forget the present, Arthur Zero" yells Mum.

Evan puts everyone into a team.

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

"**G**o and find the puppy to play with," says Mrs Simpson.

"**H**ero, here hero" calls Arthur.

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

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

"**K**eeep it in your pocket; now go back to the party."

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

"**M**issing in action, where are you, puppy?" yells Arthur.

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

"**O**i, Evan, your puppy is trapped in a hole," says Arthur.

"**P**ush off, Arthur and tell Mum," says Evan, "We're playing."

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

"**R**un 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."

"**T**oo 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!"