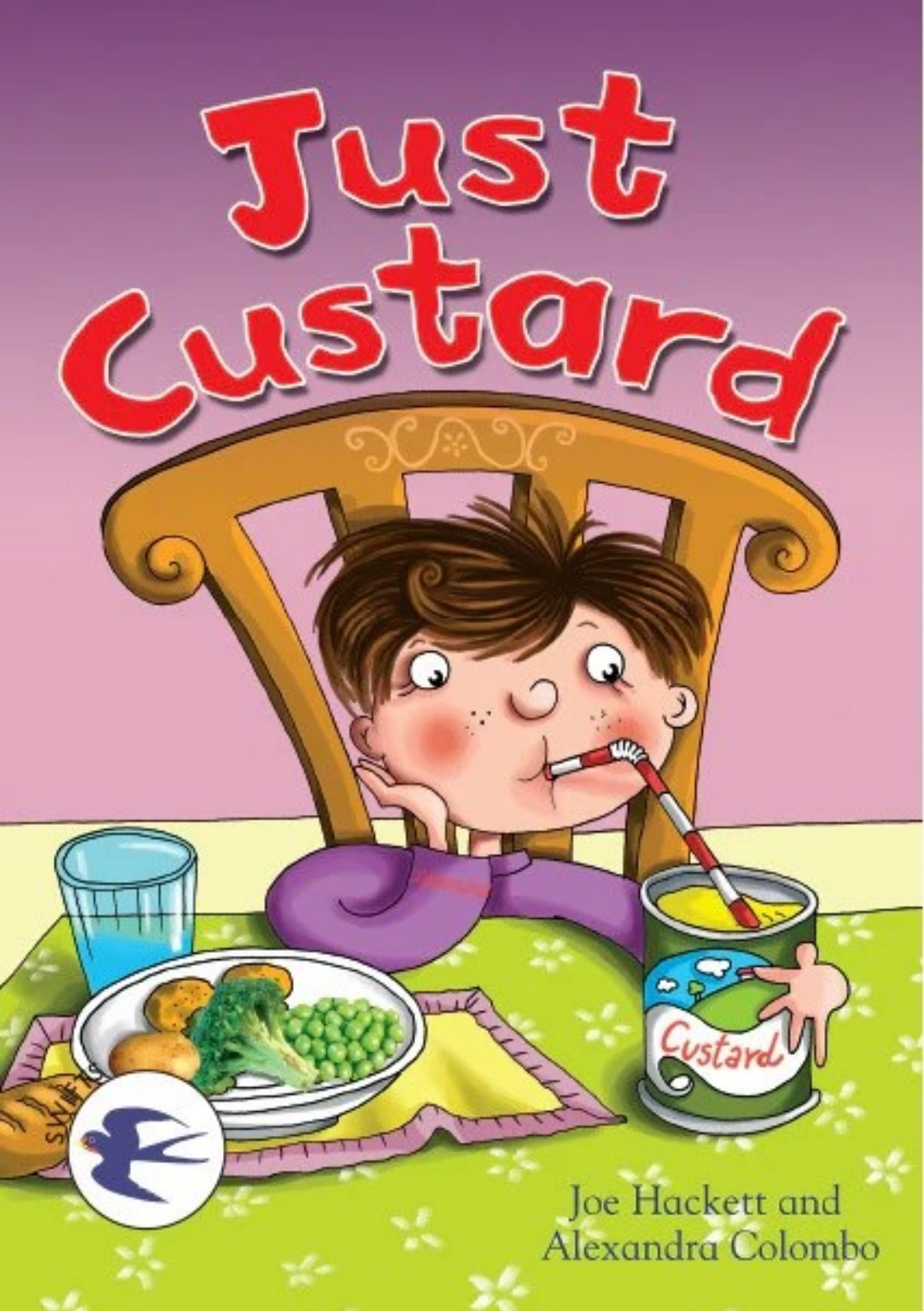
Just Custard



Joe Hackett and
Alexandra Colombo

All Duncan would eat was custard.
Just cold custard.
On its own.
From a tin.



For Review Only

Duncan didn't use a spoon. He drank the custard with a big red stripy straw.

He slurped it between his teeth.



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Dad took the straw away, and got quite cross.

"You're seven years old. Stop messing about," he said, "custard isn't enough to live on."



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Sitting in Mum's lap, drinking a bottle of milk, was Duncan's new baby sister, Angela. She was only a few months old.



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"She's a little angel. That's why we've called her Angela," Mum told anyone who would listen.



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