

JONATHAN ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY

KARA MAY



JOE LION'S BIG BOOTS



KINGFISHER



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I AM READING
JOE LION'S
BIG BOOTS

To Marian & Isobel
& Alasdair – J.A.



KINGFISHER

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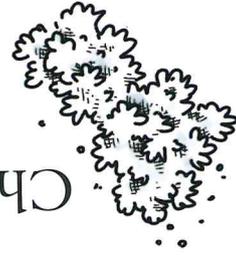
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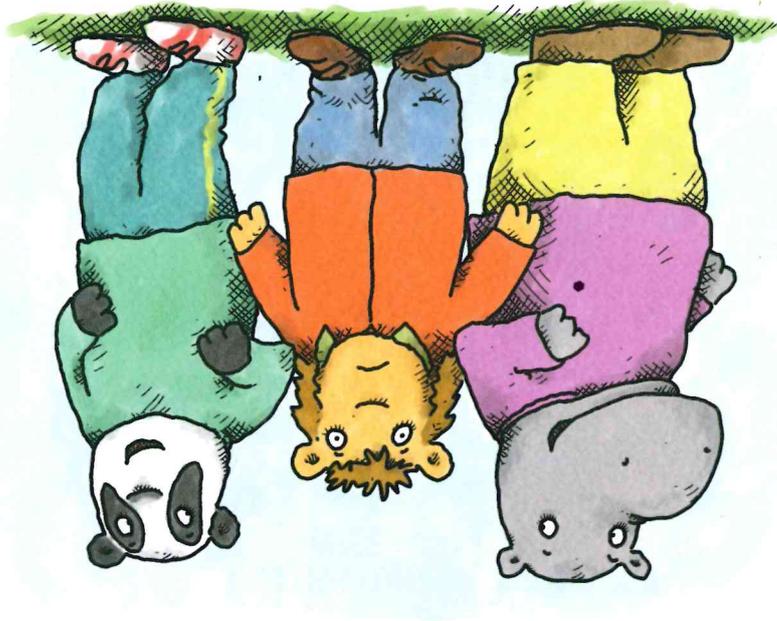


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Chapter One



Joe Lion was small.

He was the smallest in his class.

He couldn't even reach

to feed the goldfish.

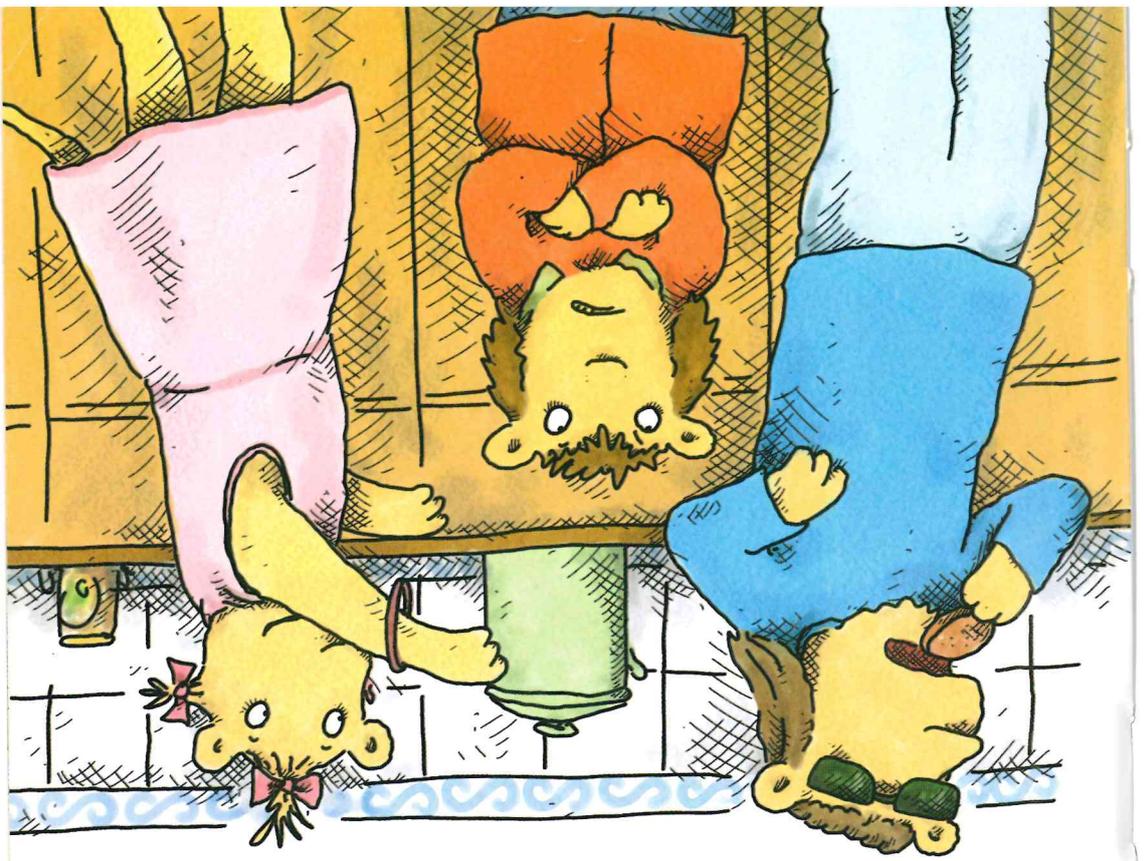
"It's only me who

can't reach,"

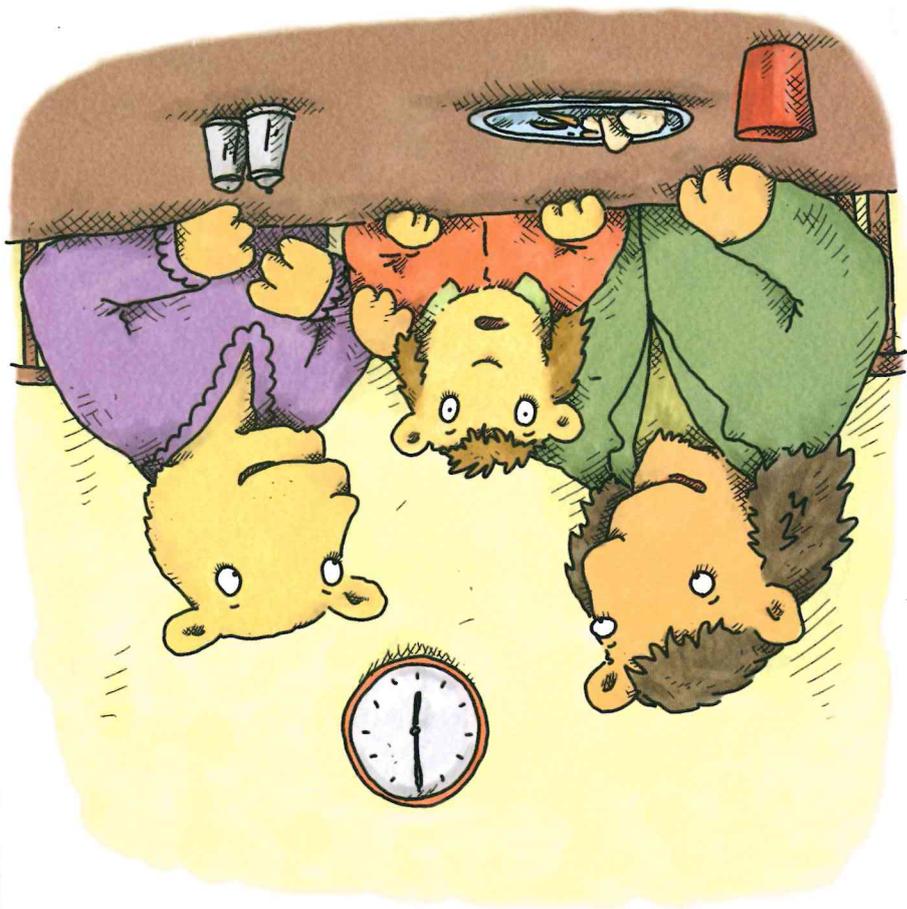
said Joe.



He was the smallest in his family, too.
Big Brother Ben could reach
the biscuit jar, easy peasy.
Sister Susan could reach it
easy peasy, too.
But Joe? He couldn't reach it,
not even on tiptoe.



“I’m fed up with being small,”
he said to Mum and Dad.
“I was small once,” said Dad.
“You’ll grow bigger one day,”
Mum told him.



But Joe wanted to be bigger NOW.
"I'll WISH myself bigger," he said.
He shut his eyes and wished.
He was still wishing when
he went to bed.



But the next morning, he was
the same small Joe Lion.

“Wishing hasn’t made me bigger,” he said.
“I’ll have to think of something else.”

He went to the big comfy chair
where he did his thinking.

But what was this on the chair?

It was Mum’s new book,
How to Grow Sunflowers.
“Aha!” grinned Joe.



“That gives me an idea.”
Big Brother Ben had a *How to . . .*

book – just the book Joe wanted.

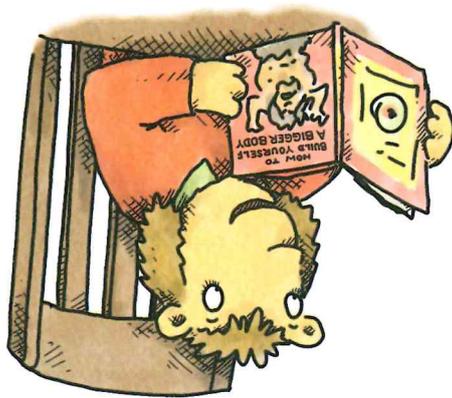
He raced up to Ben’s room.

On the bed he saw the book:

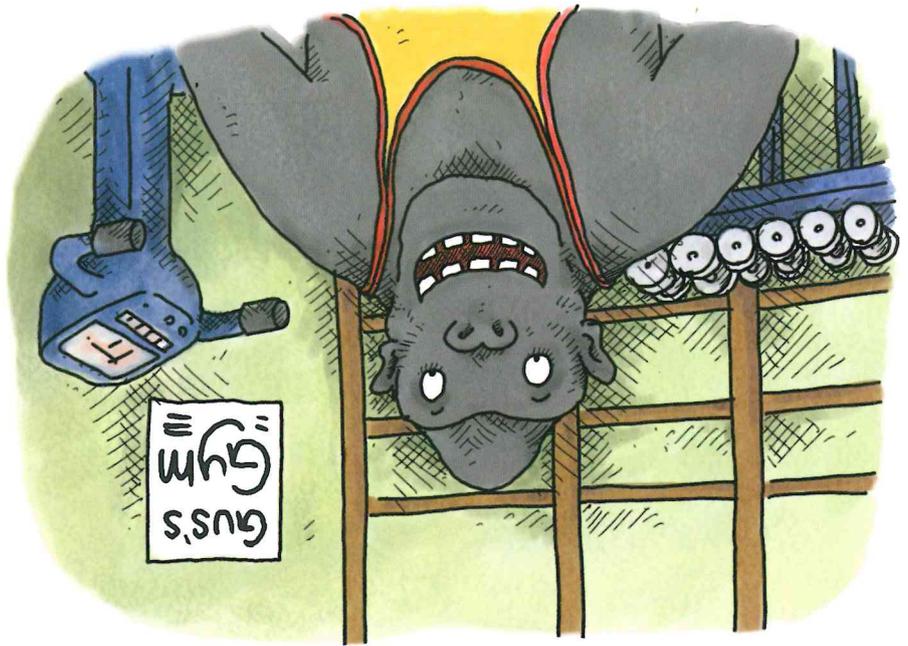
How to Build Yourself a Bigger Body.



Joe read through it in a flash.
To get bigger, he had to eat
lots of food like pasta.
Mmm! Yum!
“I have to work out, too,” said Joe.
“I know where I can do that!”



Chapter Two



Joe ran all the way to Gus Gorilla's gym.

Gus was big. Very big!

"Working out seems to do the trick,"

thought Joe.

"I can't wait to start," he said to Gus.

"What do I have to do?"

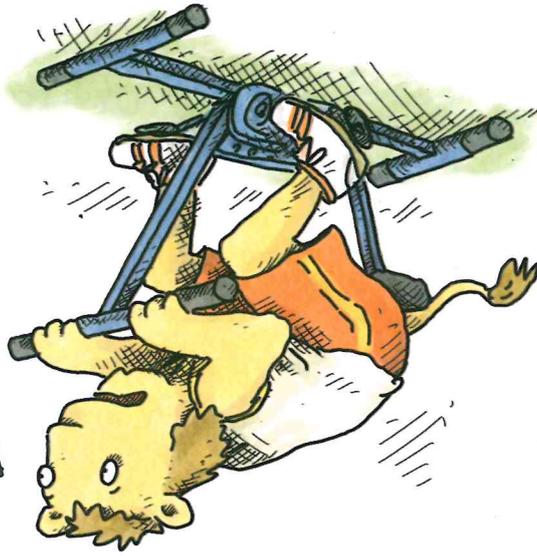
"You stand on this and run!" said Gus.

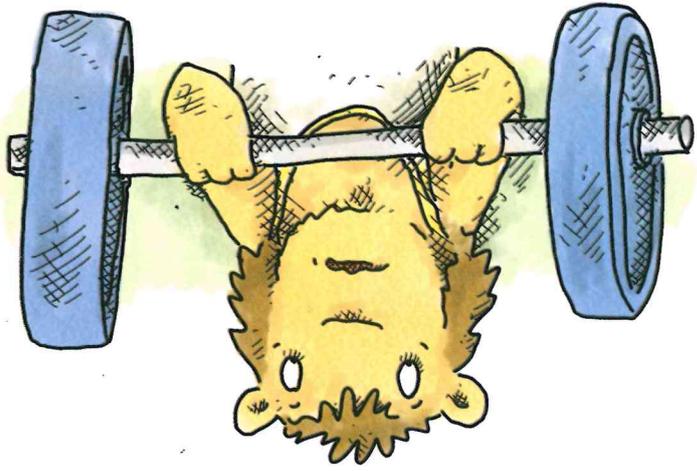


Joe ran on the running machine.

Puffi Puffi
Panti Panti

Then it was onto the exercise bike.





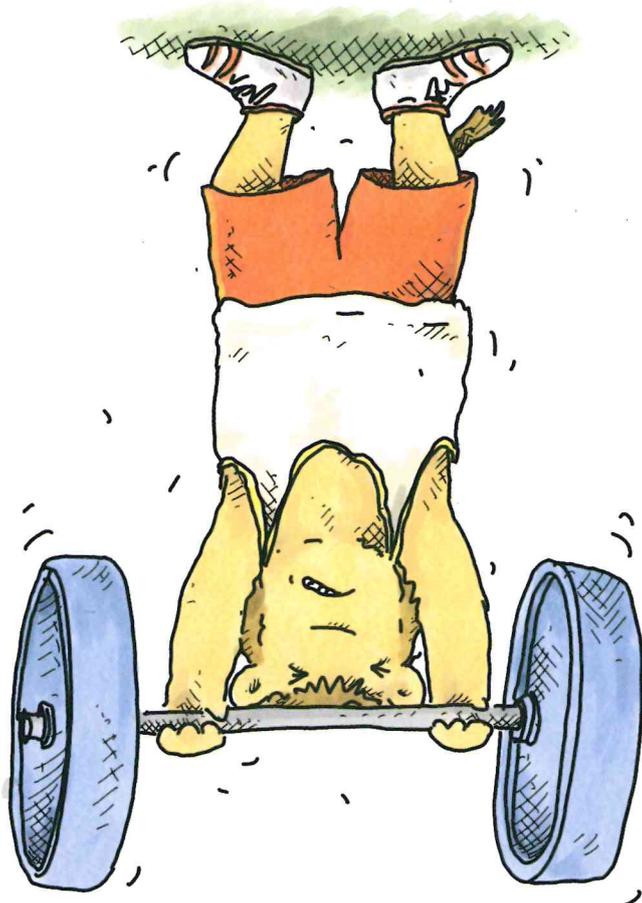
“Now, lift these weights, young Joe,”
said Gus. “Lift them good and high.”



Puffi Puffi Puffi
Panti Panti Panti

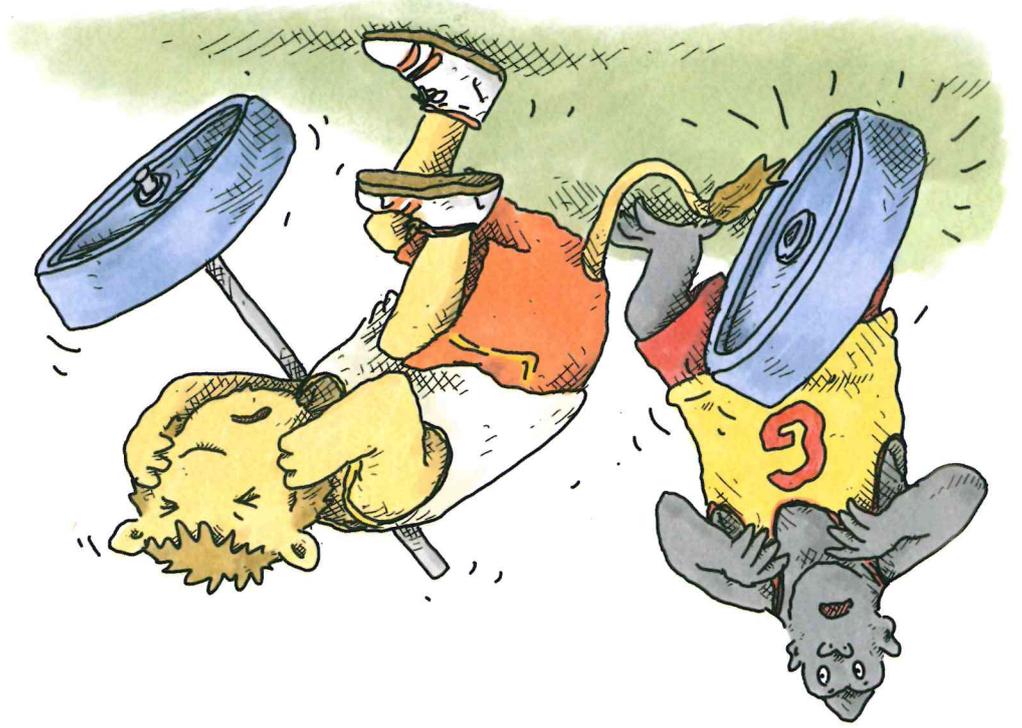
After that, it was the rowing machine.

Joe's arms ached. His legs ached.
Even his little finger ached!
But he wanted to be bigger.
He picked up the weights.



He lifted them good and high . . .

“Yikes! It nearly hit my foot. That’s the end of working out for me,” said Joe. But he was still determined to get bigger.



CRASH!

— until a weight fell —

MUNCHI CRUNCHI GOBBLE



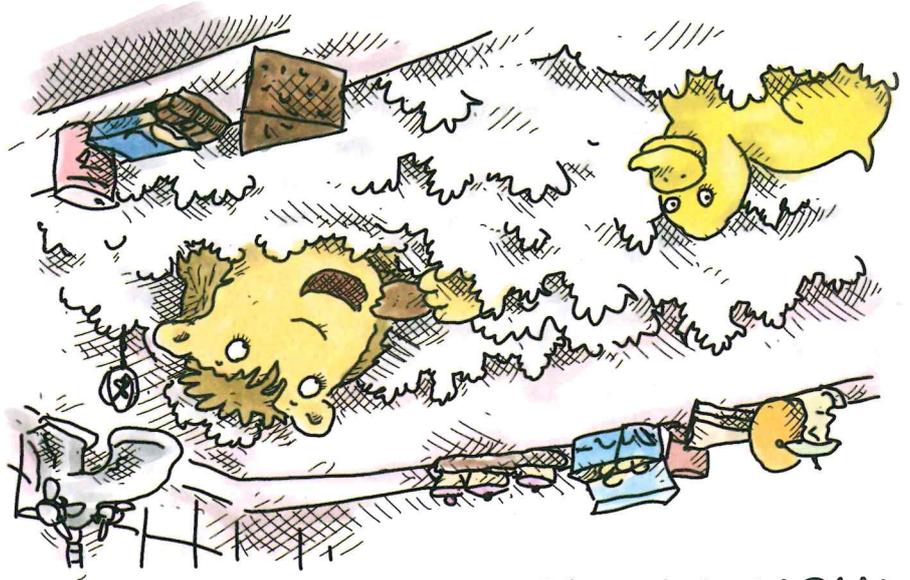
At school:

MUNCHI CRUNCHI GOBBLE!



At home:

“Now I’m not working out,” said Joe, “I’ll do lots of extra eating to make up for it.” Wherever Joe went, whatever Joe was doing, it was: MUNCHI CRUNCHI GOBBLE!



MUNCHI CRUNCHI GOBBLEI

Even in the bath:



MUNCHI CRUNCHI GOBBLEI

On the bus:

"I must be bigger by now,"
said Joe at last. He went to
have a look in the mirror.
He didn't like what he saw.
"Oh no," he groaned. After
all that working out and
eating, he was bigger, yes!
Bigger-WIDER!



“But I want to be bigger-TALLER!”
said Joe.

Sister Susan had got bigger-taller
in just five minutes.

He asked her how she did it.

“I put on my high-heeled shoes,”

she said.

“Aha!” said Joe.

“That gives me an idea . . . !”

