

Helping you choose books for children



opening extract from

Nutmeg

written by

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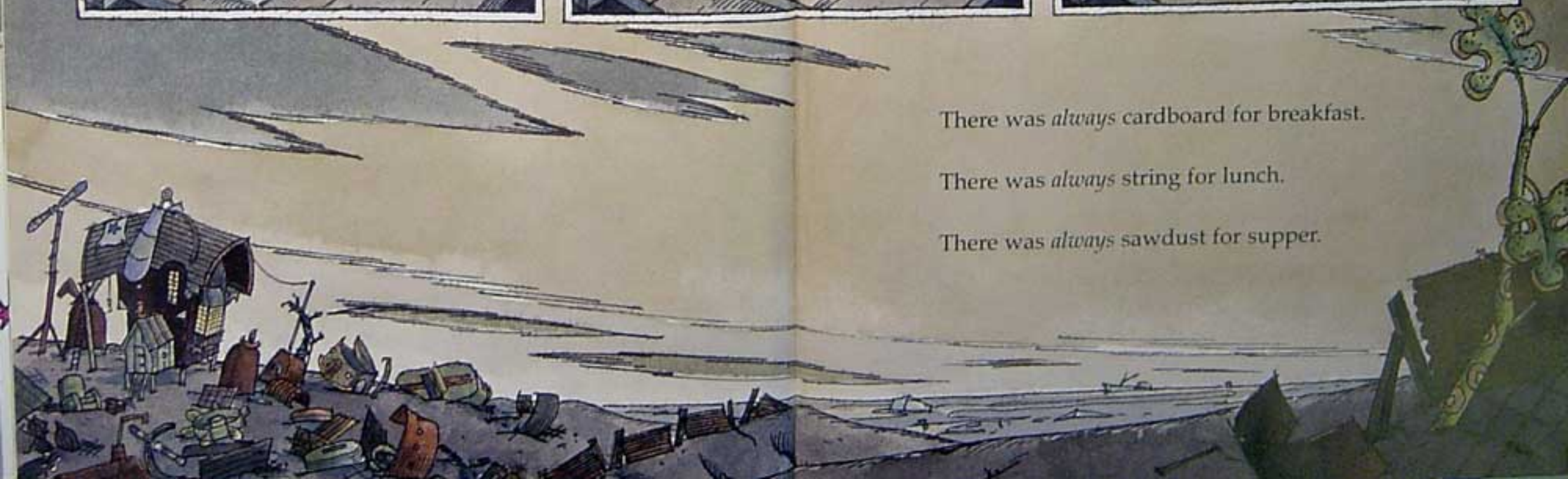
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There was *always* cardboard for breakfast.

There was *always* string for lunch.

There was *always* sawdust for supper.





The living room was full of junk.
Nutmeg looked out of the window.
Cousin Nesbit fiddled with bits of things.
Uncle Nicodemus sat in his chair and dozed.

Nutmeg stood up.
"I am going for a *walk*," she said.
"Why?" said Cousin Nesbit.
"Whatever for?" said Uncle Nicodemus.
"I don't *know*!" said Nutmeg.



But she went for a walk nevertheless.