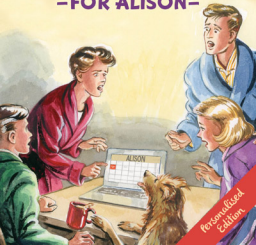


Enid Blyton

FIVE FORGET MOTHER'S DAY -FOR ALISON-



Personalised
Edition

**FIVE GO
GLUTEN FREE
-FOR ROBIN-**

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GLUTEN FREE
-FOR ROBIN-**

Text by
Bruno Vincent

Thanks for the beers
Hope you like this book.

Enid Blyton for Grown-Ups
Quercus

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Text by Bruno Vincent
Original illustrations by Eileen A. Super
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CHAPTER ONE

A Lovely Birthday Picnic

It was a beautiful sunny afternoon in early summer and Julian, George, Dick and Anne had decided to go for a picnic in the park. Timmy was nearby, leaping around in pursuit of butterflies, barking, and generally looking like he was having a jolly time.

'Oh, you are all so wonderful,' Anne was saying. She was sitting surrounded by wrapping paper and clutching a cookery book to her chest, for they had gathered at the picnic to celebrate her birthday. 'Dick, you are just the *sweetest*,' she said.

'Not at all, dear Anne,' said Dick. 'There's no present that's good enough for you!'

(George silently marvelled that, as a grown man, Dick never got tired of these saccharine goings-on, but, seeing as the supply of cream buns was still plentiful, she was happy to keep her thoughts to herself for the time being.)

'No present good enough, that is,' said Julian with a complacent smile, 'except, perhaps, this one.'

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He handed over a card, which Anne duly ripped open with a total lack of girlish decorum. She read the slip of paper that fell out of it, and squeaked.

‘Oh, Julian,’ she said. ‘I’ve run out of superlatives. A weekend at a well-being retreat! For me and a plus one.’

‘You should take one of your girl chums,’ said Julian.

‘Perhaps George would like it?’ added Dick, watching George carefully.

‘Huh,’ granted George. ‘If they serve lager I could sit in the bar and watch the rugby, I suppose.’

Anne laughed, threw the card down and gave Julian a big hug. ‘Obviously I wouldn’t insult George by asking her,’ she said, sitting back and smoothing her dress out prettily. ‘One of the girls from Bikram yoga will go with me.’

‘Last but not least . . .’ said George, handing over a box topped with a fat-ribboned bow.

Anne let out an even higher-pitched squeak than before and the other three all winced. Twenty yards away, Timmy looked round. Anne fell on the wrapping like a hungry lion upon an overweight antelope, and then sat back, looking at the box and wondering what to make of it.

‘What do you want to give her a mangle for?’ asked Julian.

Anne, never able to bear any conflict (and most especially not at her birthday celebrations), opened her mouth to say a

End of Sample.