

Krelboyne

It's 7.00 a.m.



Malcolm ...
Malcolm ...



DOOSH!



Ow, ow! Why ...?



Because we're
going to your
stupid Krelboyne
class picnic today.



Malcolm doesn't like his
class for clever children ...

The Krelboyne class is
having a family day today.
And Francis is home this
weekend. The Krelboynes
are freaks. I'm a freak. But
Francis can't know that.
We can't go to this picnic.

But it's OK. I've got an idea.



Oh, poor Malcolm!

Yeah, Mum, I'm ill.



No you're not. Don't put
soup in the toilet again,
Malcolm.

And I want \$0.49 for
some more soup from
the shop.

Picnic



I don't understand you, Malcolm. Picnics are fun. What's your problem?



Yeah, we can have some nice food ...



Food without meat is very good for you.



But Dad, there's no nice food at the picnic. Krelboyne children don't eat meat.



Tell me again. Why am I going?



Because it's a family picnic, Francis, and you're in this family.

Oh, right. I don't always remember that. Maybe it's because I'm usually living at a school 1500km from here.

