Krelboyne

It's 7.00 a.m.

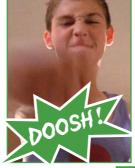


Malcolm ... Malcolm ...

Because we're

going to your stupid Krelboyne

class picnic today.

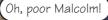




Malcolm doesn't like his class for clever children ...

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.



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





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.