

"What's in the bag, Tom? Got any treats?" the cousins want to know.

"Nothing special," I reply fast, to stop them being NOSY. Then I SPOT what they've already been eating and it LOOKS a bit WORRYING.



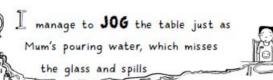
Sea slugs DELICIOUS!

Then they STAB a piece of sea slug each

my mouth. I = LURCH back, away from the slugs.

I'M NOT EATING





## EVERYWHERE.

A small trickle of water makes its way towards me and DRIPS on to my lap before I can move.

"Tom, what are you doing?" Mum says.

Sorry, I can't eat the SEA SLUGS in sauce."

Everyone STOPS and LOOKS at me.

A waiter steps in and hands me a napkin.

I've got a wet patch on my trousers now. O

"Looks like you've had an accident!" the waiter says.

The cousins LAUGH and think it's HILARIOUS.



"They're NOT sea slugs, Tom. It's a selection of WILD hand-picked mushrooms in a delicious tarragon sauce," he tells me, but I still think they look suspicious.