



"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.

WHAT IS
THAT?

I ask.

Sea slugs 
in sauce.
DELICIOUS!



Then they STAB a
piece of sea slug each
with their forks and hold it right near

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

I'M NOT EATING
SEA SLUGS.

EEWWWWWWWW!





I manage to **JOG** the table just as
Mum's pouring water, which misses
the glass and spills



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. ☹️



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

The cousins **LAUGH** and think it's **HILARIOUS**.



Uncle **Kevin** is not **LAUGHING**.

"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.

