

Peter Puppy's Perfect Pizza

One morning, Peter Puppy woke up and knew that something exciting was going to happen that day. "Wake up, Peter!" called his mummy. "It's playschool today!"

Peter Puppy left out of bed excitedly. He was going to start playschool that morning. He would see his friends, play in the playground and learn lots of new things.

"And at snack time," said his mummy, "there'll be lots of nice things to eat."

"Will there be pizza?" asked Peter.

"I don't think so," said his mummy.

"Then I don't want to go," said Peter sulkily. "I only like pizza!"

Peter Puppy did indeed like pizza. He wanted pizza for breakfast, pizza for lunch and pizza for tea. If he was hungry in between meals, he asked for a snack – of pizza. If he went on a picnic, he wanted to take a sandwich box – full of pizza.

Peter Puppy's mummy didn't know what to do. She didn't mind him eating pizza but she did want him to try some new things as well.

"Please, Peter," she'd say. "Just try some nice potatoes, or salad, or meat. You can't eat pizza all day long." But the reply was always the same: "I only like pizza!"



So Peter Puppy's mummy decided to go and see Clever Cat and ask her what she should do. Clever Cat was having her breakfast.

"He doesn't want to go to playschool?" said Clever Cat. "Oh dear! Playschool is lots of fun. I loved school. That's how I got to be so clever."

"He doesn't want to go because there won't be any pizza," said Peter's mummy.

"No pizza?" said Clever Cat. "Now, let me think!"

Just then Harry Hat Man came by, eating a hamburger. Clever Cat told him the problem.

"Hhhmm," said Harry Hat Man, thinking hard. "I know! Let's get Peter's friends to tell him about the things they like to eat. That might change his mind."



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So Peter and his mummy went to call on Noisy Nick, who was having breakfast with Eddy Elephant.

Eddy was eating a lovely boiled egg. "Try an egg, Peter," he said. "They're really good for you. And they taste excellent!"

But Peter just shook his head. "I only like pizza," he said.

Noisy Nick was eating noodles for *his* breakfast!



“Have some noodles, Peter,” said Nick.

“They’re really nice. I have them for breakfast, lunch and tea.”

“I wish he liked other things as much,” sighed Noisy Nick’s mummy. “Like eggs or pizza.”

“I like pizza,” Peter pointed out. “That’s all I ever want to eat.”

As they left Nick’s house, Dippy Duck flew by with something round and tasty in her beak.



“Look!” said Peter Puppy’s mummy. “Dippy’s got a doughnut. Doughnuts are delicious.”

“Bouncy Ben has been baking,” shouted Dippy Duck with her mouth full. “Go and see!”

Bouncy Ben was bouncing past Clever Cat’s cottage with a tray of blueberry buns. “Go on, Peter,” he said. “Have one. I have just baked them.”

But Peter shook his head. “I only like pizza,” he said.

By now they had reached the seashore, and there stood Oscar Orange on top of a big box. “What’s in the box, Oscar?” asked Peter.