



WALKER STORIES

GLOG

PIPPA GOODHART



ILLUSTRATED BY
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WALKER STORIES

Glog is all alone. Mum-Burn,
Womby, Pog and the rest of his tribe
have gone hunting and forgotten him.

Glog makes some new friends,
Echo, Shadow and Water Boy – but
there's a hungry wolf out there, and Glog
needs his family to keep him really safe.



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ISBN 978-1-4063-0405-3



9 781406 304053



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Chapter 1

In Glog's tribe there were nearly as many people as Glog had fingers and toes. There was Mum-Bum, Womby, Pog, Bugg, Dum-Dum, Tub, Ging, Old Slog, Gluff, Bop, Fob, Pling, Spog, Baby Gloo and a few more.

As well as Glog himself.



One morning, when the sun was still at the bottom of the sky, Glog was woken by a poke.

"Come," said Womby, and he pulled Glog up.

"Take," said Mum-Bum. She pointed.

Everybody stood and stretched and began to collect things together.



Glog's tribe often had to move on. They had to find new animals to hunt and new plants to eat. They had to find more wood for their fires. This time they had to find a good place to stay for the winter.



Glog got up and put all his things onto his sleeping fur. He had a stick that looked like a bird. He had a stone with a hole in the middle. He had a big feather from an eagle.



"Come!" said Womby. Womby pointed to where the sun was growing up from the ground like a pumpkin. The day was moving, but Glog wasn't. "Coming!" said Glog. The others were already on their way.



Old Slog was carrying Ging.
Dum-Dum was carrying Baby Gloo.
Pog and Bugg were carrying spears.
Spog was carrying a sling of arrowheads.
Gluff was carrying a bow.
Tub and Bop and Pling and Fob were
carrying furs and baskets of food.

Glog was the last person left, but
there were still lots of things on the
cave floor. Glog wondered
how he was going
to carry it all.





He picked up the arrows.
Then he picked up the furs.
The arrows slipped and fell.
Glog was getting hot.
The furs fell too.

"Blam!" said

Glog. He picked up
the furs again.

They came so
high that Glog
couldn't see
over the top,

and he walked into the wall of the cave.

"Ow!" The furs
fell onto the floor.



Glog was
cross. He packed
everything together
again. He tied
one fur full of things
around his shoulders.
Then he balanced
a basket of arrows
on his head.

Glog's nose itched and he
scratched it ... and dropped
the basket of arrows.

He picked it all
up again and was
ready at last.



"Coming!" shouted Glog, and he hurried out of the cave.

But there was nobody there.

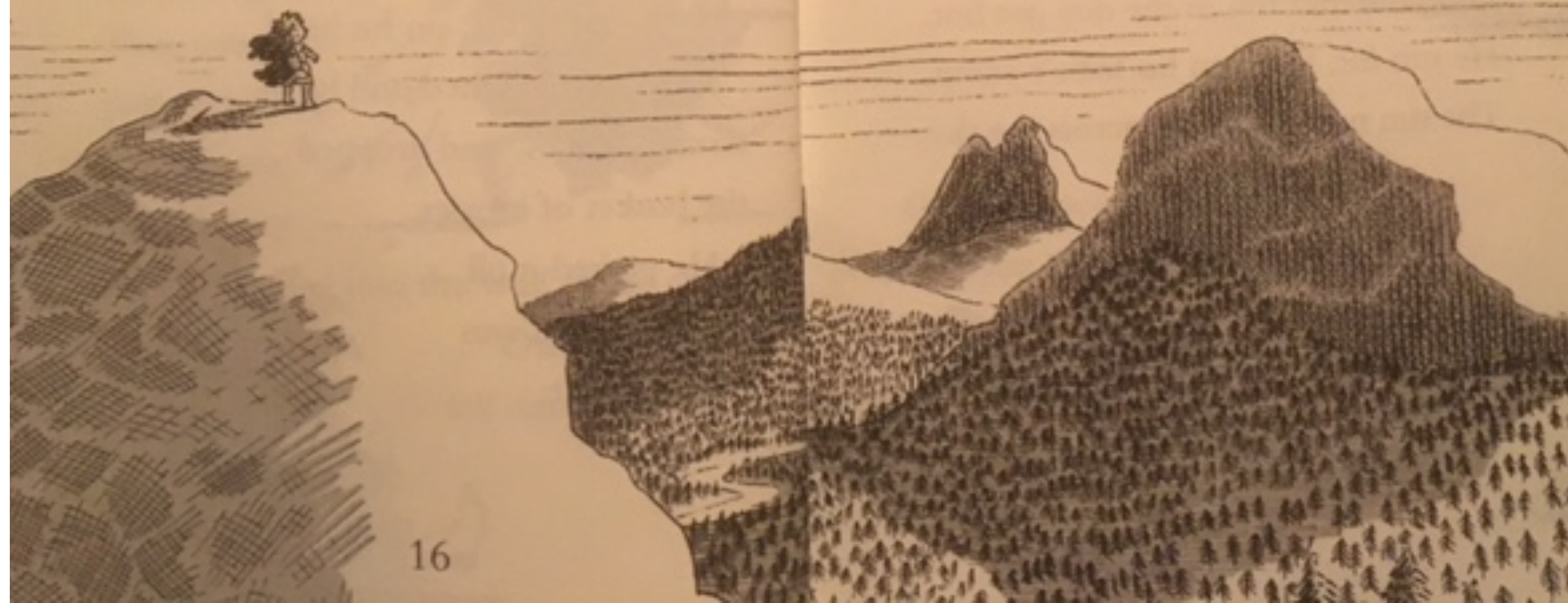
"Womby? Mum-Bum?" said Glog.

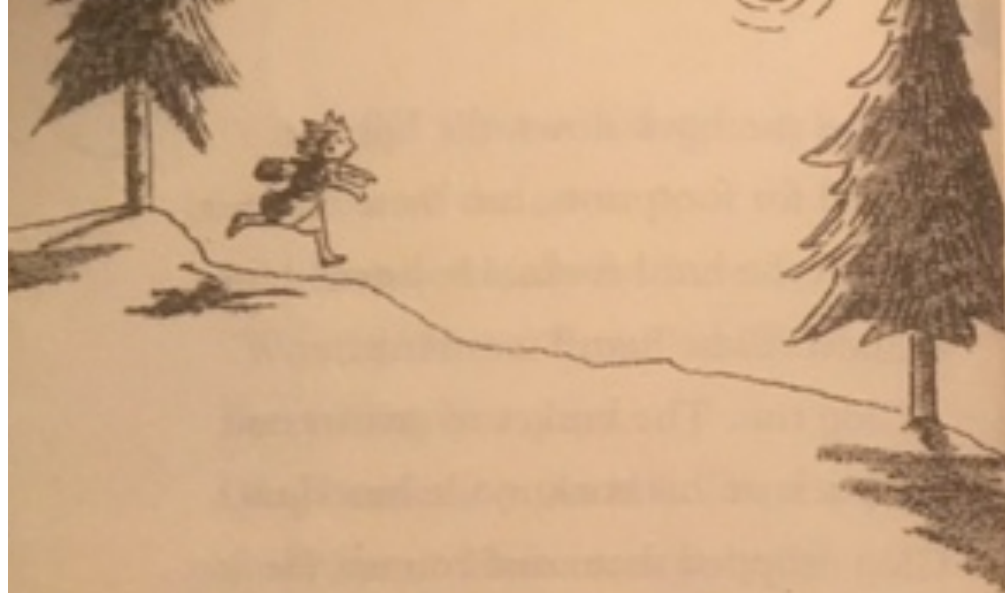
Everything was quiet.

Glog hurried up the hill. There was nobody there. There was nobody anywhere. Glog was alone.

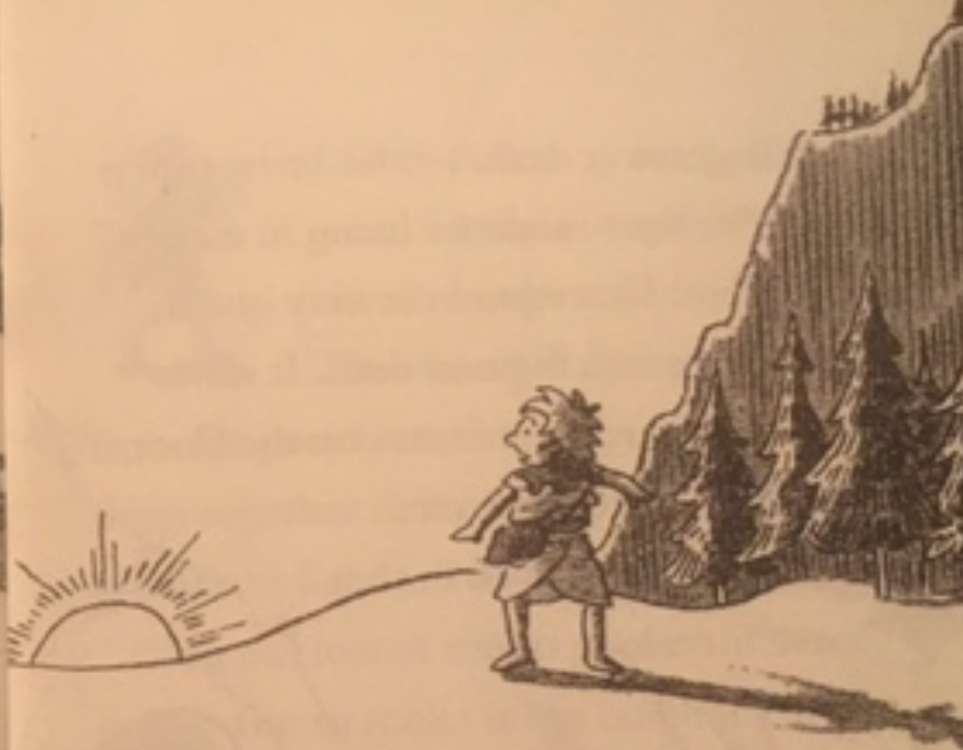
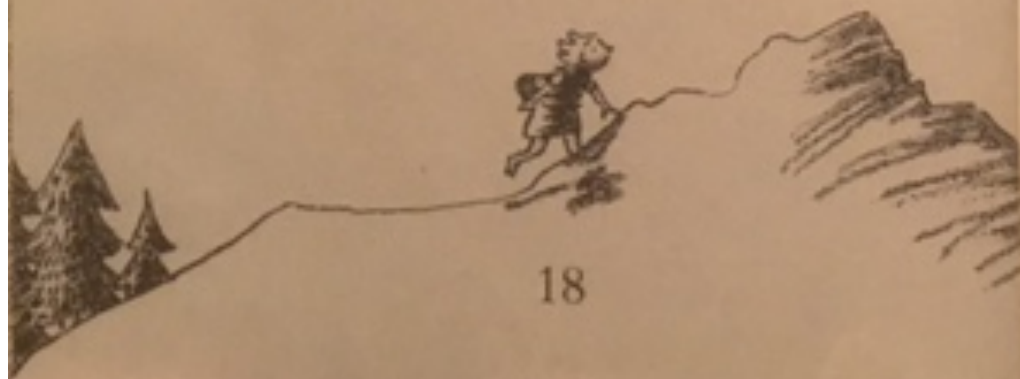
Glog ran back down the hill. He looked for footprints, but there weren't any on the hard rocks. He listened for sounds. All he heard was birds.

Glog ran. The basket of arrows and the pack on his back made him slow. Glog dropped them and ran on. He shouted, "Tub? Pling?"





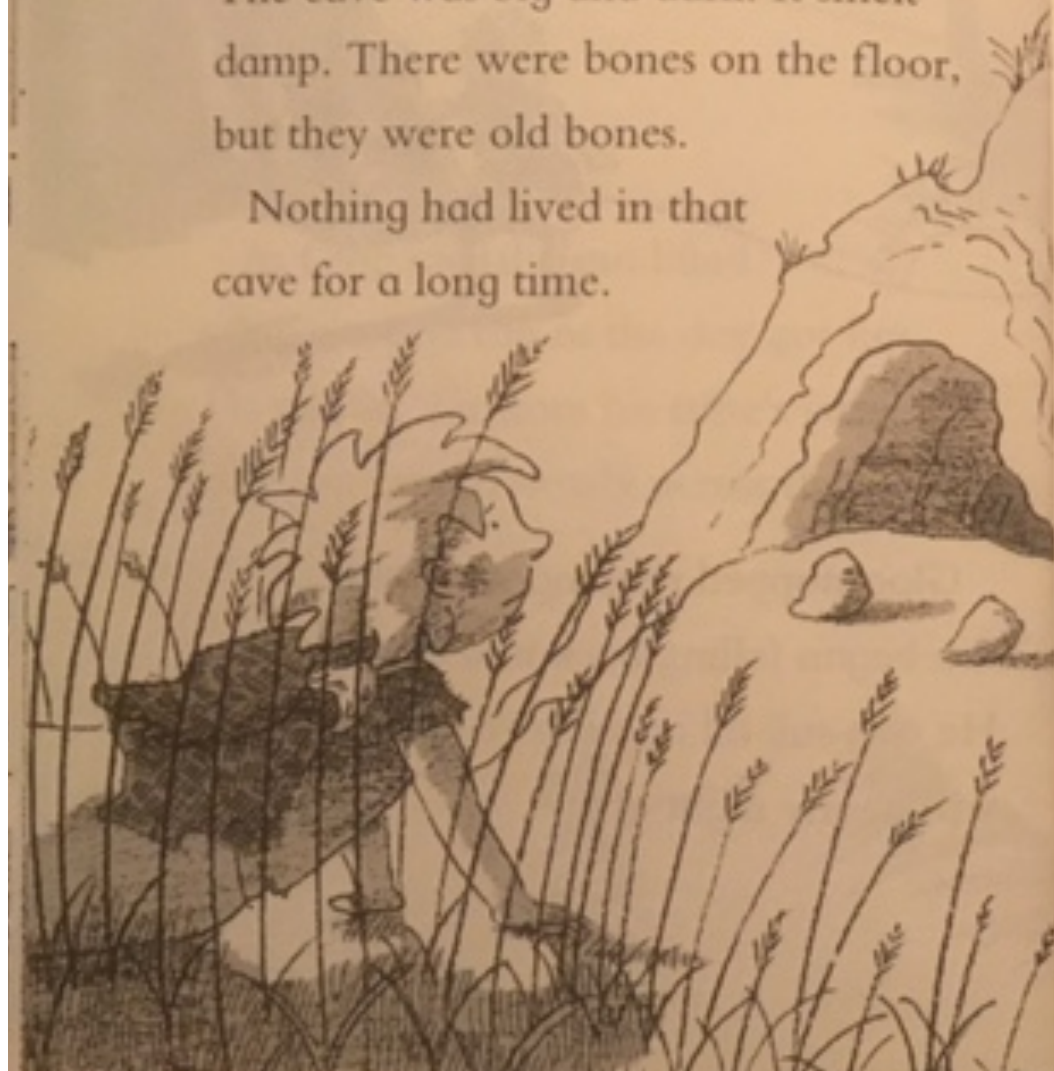
As Glog ran, the sun lifted.
Glog ran and ran as the day got hot.
He ran far, far from his tribe's camp.
The sun moved slowly across the sky.



Glog stopped running when the
sun began falling back into the land.
He was still all on his own and it
was nearly night time.

Glog saw a cave, but he knew that a wolf or tiger might be living in a cave like that. He crept close, very quietly. The cave was big and dark. It smelt damp. There were bones on the floor, but they were old bones.

Nothing had lived in that cave for a long time.



Glog pulled up some dry grass. He took it into the cave to make a bed.

Then he took flints from his pouch and hit them together to make a spark to light a fire.



Glog put lots of sticks on the fire to make it big and hot and bright. Glog thought how his tribe must be sitting beside another fire somewhere out in the dark. Mum-Bum would be cooking. Glog took the few dried berries he had in his pouch.



He ate them, and he cried.

It was time to sleep, but the cave was dark and empty. Glog wished he wasn't alone. He took two sticks from the fire: one was bright with flame, the other was burnt black. Holding up the torch stick, Glog went into the cave. He began to draw on the wall. Glog drew himself.

"Hello, Glog," he said, to make himself feel at home.

A small voice replied, "Hello, Glog."
Glog jumped.

"Boo!" said Glog.

"Boo!" said the small voice.

Glog smiled and picked up his stick. He drew another boy beside the Glog on the wall.



"Echo," said Glog.

"Echo," said Echo.

Now Glog had a new friend, but he still missed his old tribe.

"Goodnight, Echo," said Glog, and he lay down on his grass bed.



End of Chapter 1