Sammy and Sally have a picnic.

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The sun was shining, the birds were singing and Sammy’s tummy was rumbling. “Hmm,” he thought, “I’m hungry.”

“Sally, it’s nearly lunchtime.”

“Yes, I know,” she replied. “It is such a nice day, I thought we could have a picnic.”
Sammy looked puzzled.
“A pic…nic? I’ve never eaten one of those.”
“A picnic isn’t a thing you eat, it’s how you eat. Instead of being indoors, you are outdoors.”

“I have already washed these carrots and apples. If I wrap them in this blanket, they will be easier to carry.”
They walked down the lane and across the river, looking for somewhere to eat.

“Look, picnic tables and benches,” said Sally. “This is the perfect place for us to eat.”
They settled down, spread out their tablecloth and ate their lunch.
When they had finished their meal, Sally and Sammy started to clear up.

“Let’s make sure we don’t leave any rubbish lying around,” Sally said.
“Why are there so many dustbins?” asked Sammy.

“That’s so we can re-cycle,” Sally explained.

Sammy looked worried.
“Re-cycle? But I can’t even cycle.”
“No, re-cycling is nothing to do with cycling. It is when you save something and use it again.”

“The paper gets scrunched up with water and made into new paper.”

“The glass and plastic get melted down and made into new glass and plastic.”
Sammy was still puzzled.

“But they can’t re-make the food?”

“No, that can be made into compost to feed plants.”
“It seems a lot of trouble?”
Sammy said.

“If we throw everything away, it will keep piling up and up,” explained Sally.
“One day the countryside could be full of rubbish.”
“And if we don’t re-use things, we might run out of them.”

“OK, Sally. I’m going to re-cycle from now on.”