

SEARCH

FOR

A

TUMSHIE



Wance there  
wis twa rid  
coddies, they wos  
monching oan  
some twnshie...



Mh

Mh

Mh

Mh

Mh

Mh

Mh

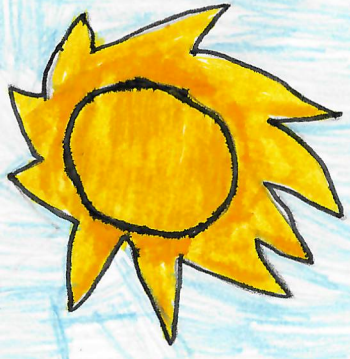
“Ma tumshies  
aw dry!”  
wan coddie  
said.

GANZ!

“Mine tae!”  
the ither wan  
said...

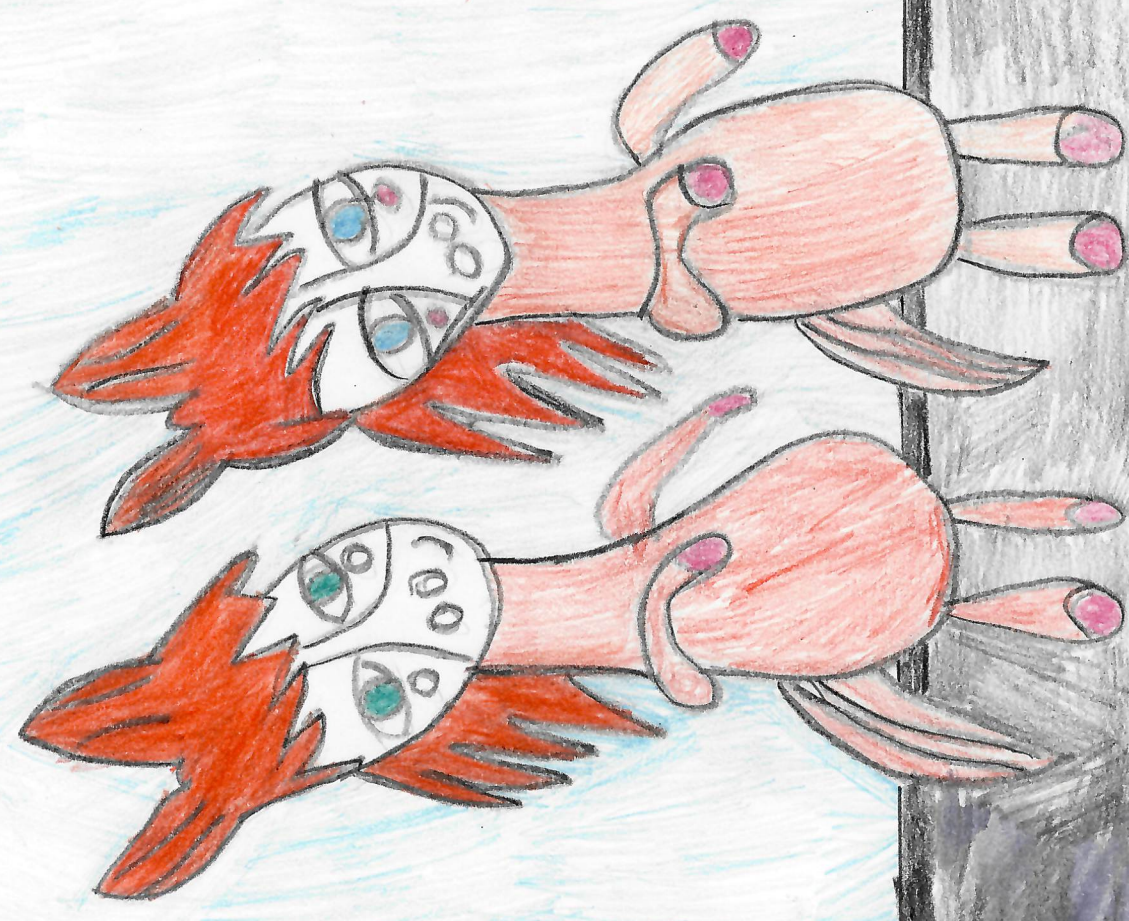
They daddled doon  
the street tae buy  
mair tumshie.

They went tae  
the butchers  
tae see if  
they hüd  
tumshie.



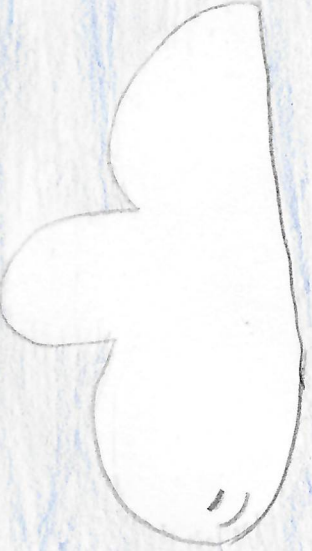
Butchers

OPEN





“Dae ye sell  
tumshie?”  
wan cuddie asked.



“Now we dinnae,”  
the butcher replied.

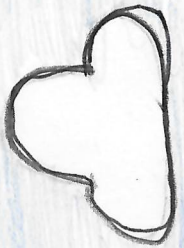
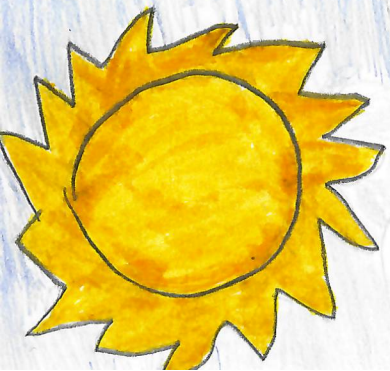
Wuu!!!



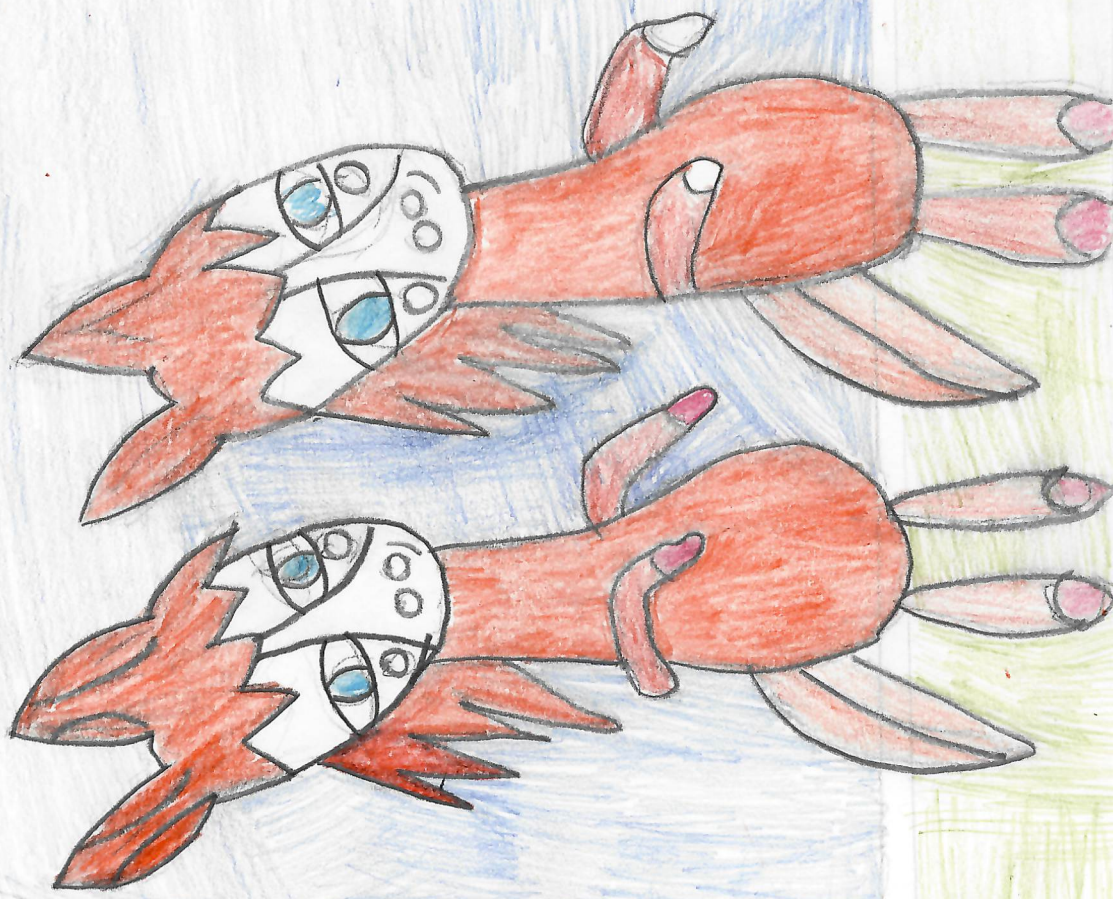
BUTCHERS

OPEN





They decided  
further down  
the street  
to the  
flower shop.



"Do you sell turnshie?"  
won cuddie said.

"Now we dinnae!"  
the flooer guy said.

AWWWW

They dodded  
even further  
down the street.

They went  
to the bakers  
to see if  
they had  
townshie.



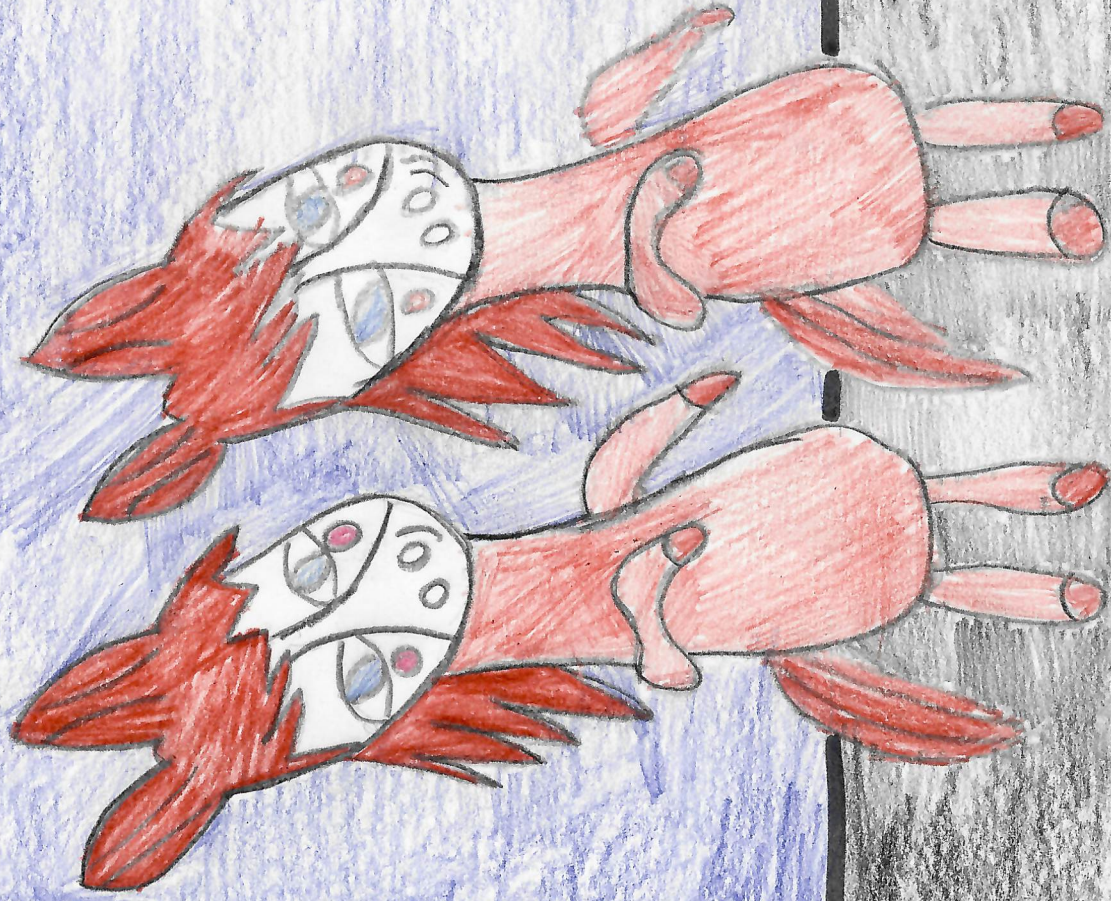


“Do ye sell bumshie?”  
Wan cuddie said

“NAW WE  
DINNAE!  
AWW!!!”

The Baker said

They daddled  
even further  
doon the  
Street toe  
the fruit Shop.





...  
"Ya dances!!!"  
the Coddies said.

They doddled home  
tae munch their  
tumshies.





“Mmm this is  
giddy”  
wan cuddie  
said.

“Aye it is!”  
the  
other  
cuddie  
said.

This is the story of  
two rid Cuddies on  
the search for a  
tumshie, but will the  
Cuddies eventually  
find the tumshie...?

