

She loved the sea, she loved the whistling reeds,
She loved the sparkling seagulls, but most of all,
she loved Mr. Milgosa and his goat Charlie
who lived next door.



Every Saturday, Grace took Charlie to the beach.



Sometimes they come back hot and sandy. Other times they come back cold and dripping.



But they always come back smiling.

Mr Milligan was an excellent gardener. He grew ripe, red strawberries and ate them with a large dollop of cream.



"Absolutely delicious," said Mr Milligan.

"Mum!" said Charlie.

And they always shared their strawberries with Grace.

My Milligan loved picking sweet, juicy grapes.
He ate them with a large dollop of cream.



"Absolutely delicious," said Mr. Milligan.
"Mum!" said Charlie.
And they always shared their grapes with Owen.

My Milligan also gathered crisp, crunchy apples.
He ate them with a large dollop of cream.



"Absolutely delicious," said Mr. Milligan.
"Mum!" said Charlie.
And they always shared their apples with Owen.



One windy morning, Charlie wasn't usual!
He rejected a sweet strawberry. He refused a juicy apple.
He even ignored Owen when she came to visit.

Mr Milligan was worried.
So Owen and Mr Milligan took Charlie to the vet.

