



Burglar Bill



Janet & Allan Ahlberg

Burglars



break into the house to steal things.

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Burglar Bill



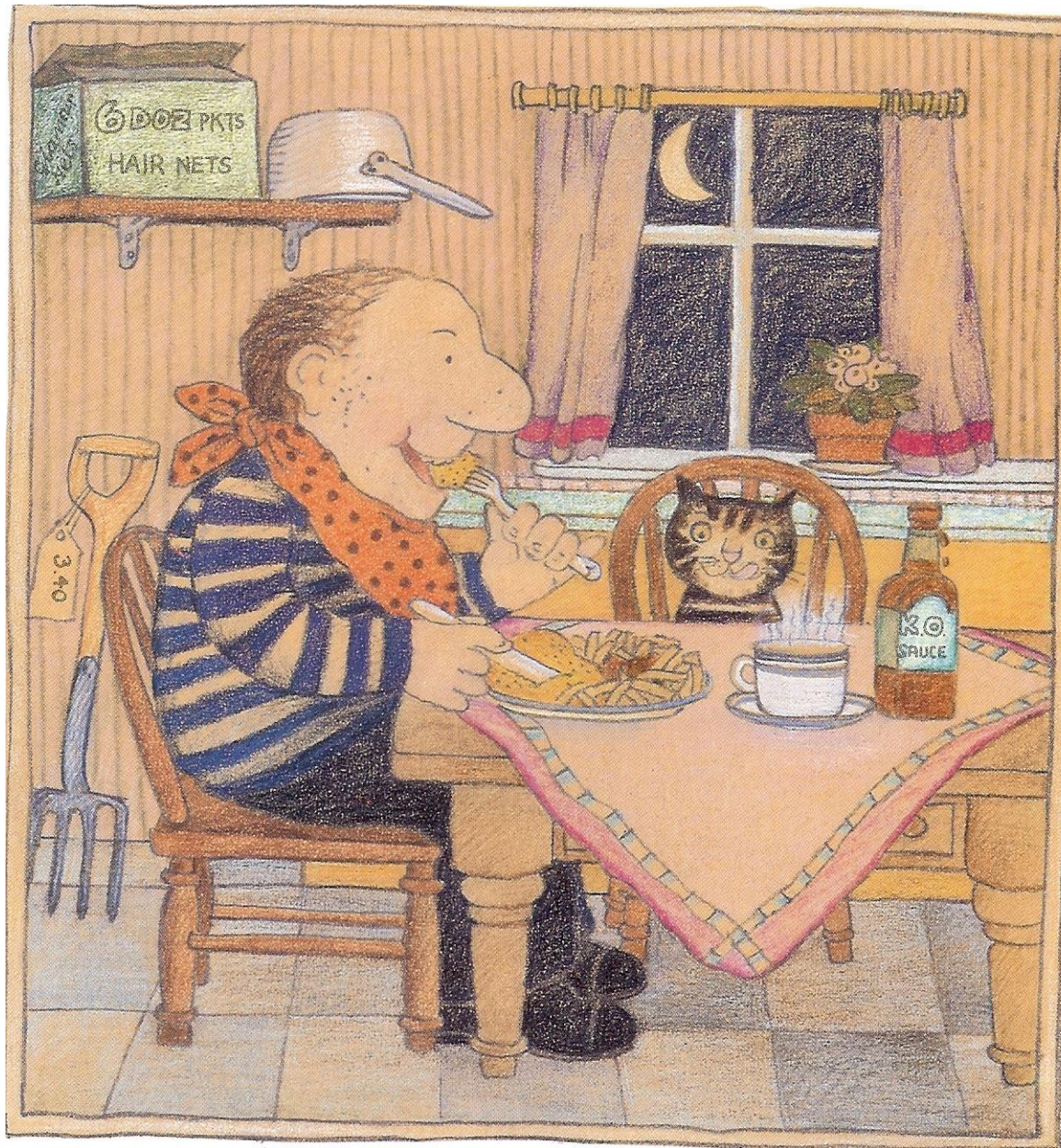
mask



sack



torch



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in the evening,
at night



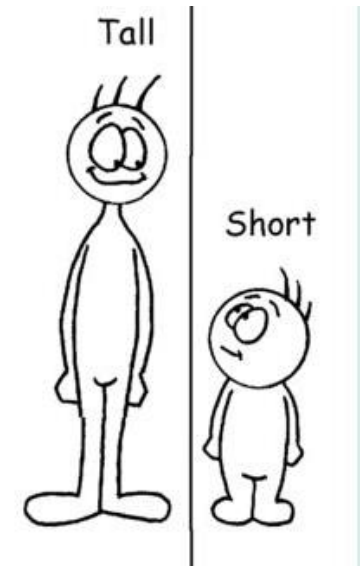
fish and chips



tea

supper
light evening meal

by himself, alone

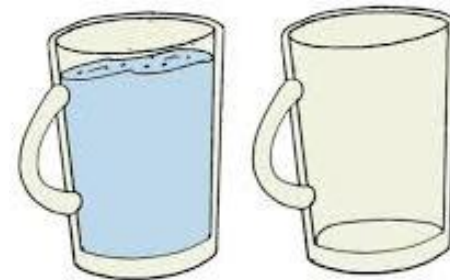


your property
your things

Burglar Bill lives by himself in a tall house full of stolen property. Every night he has stolen fish and chips and a cup of stolen tea for supper. Then he swings a big stolen sack over his shoulder and goes off to work, stealing things.



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FULL

EMPTY

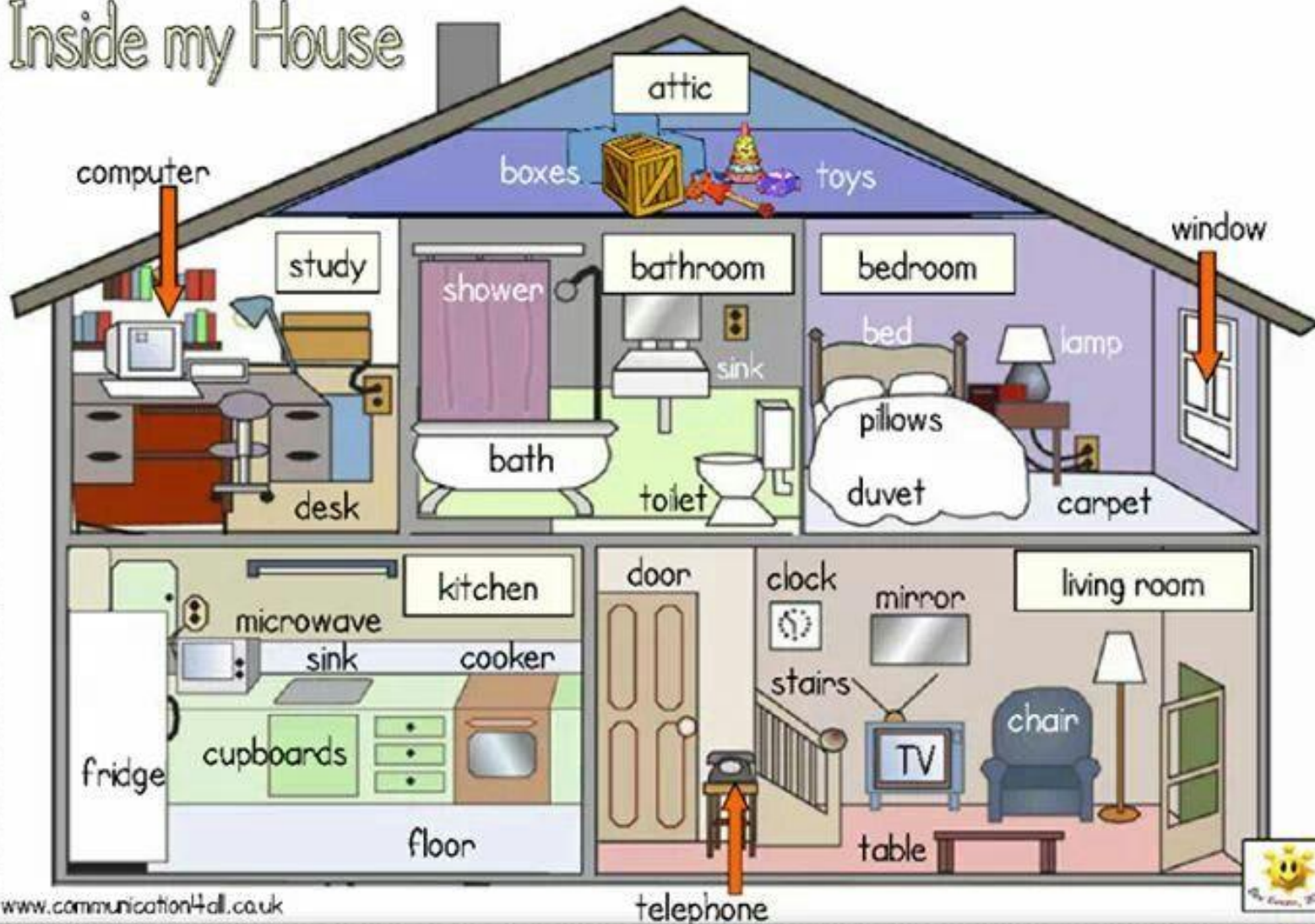


shoulders



swing

Inside my House





Every morning Burglar Bill comes home from work and has stolen toast and marmalade and a cup of stolen coffee for breakfast. Then he goes upstairs and sleeps all day in a comfortable stolen bed.

morning afternoon



evening night



marmalade
on toast



Every morning Burglar Bill comes home from work and has stolen toast and marmalade and a cup of stolen coffee for breakfast. Then he goes upstairs and sleeps all day in a comfortable stolen bed.

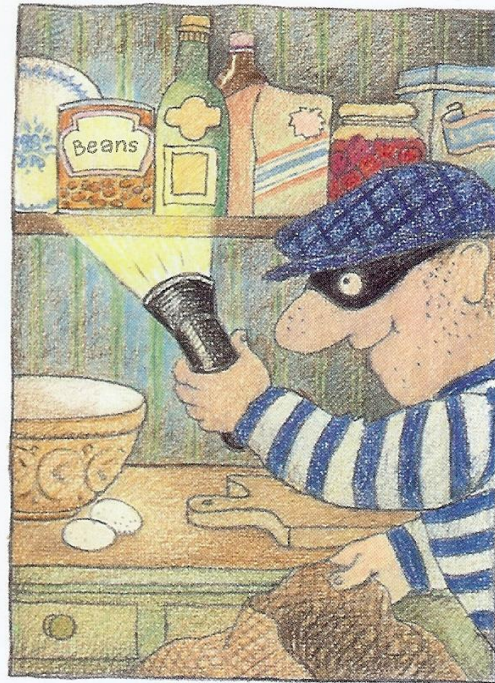
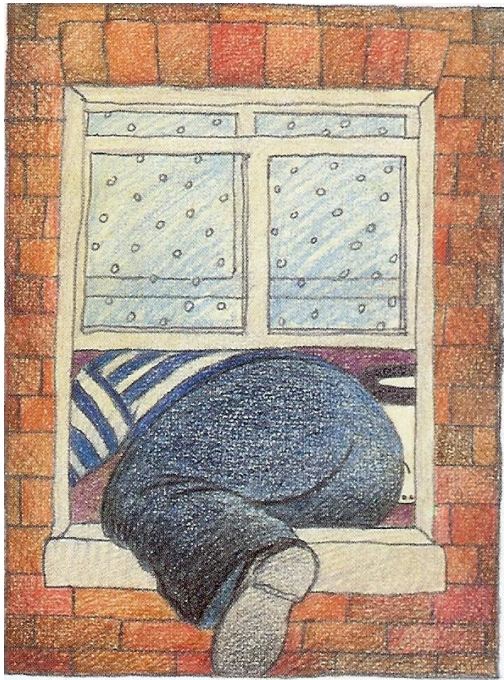
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downstairs

comfortable
something that makes
you feel relaxed





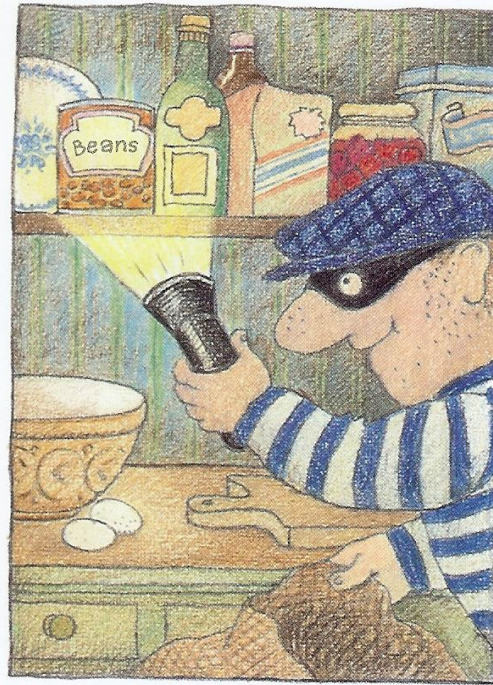
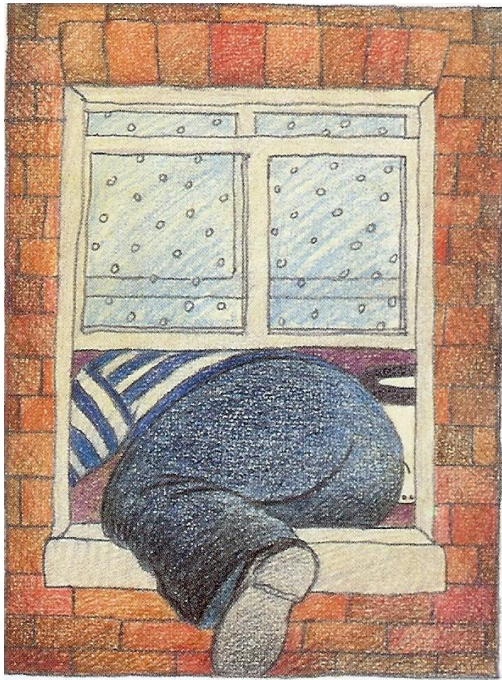
He climbs ...



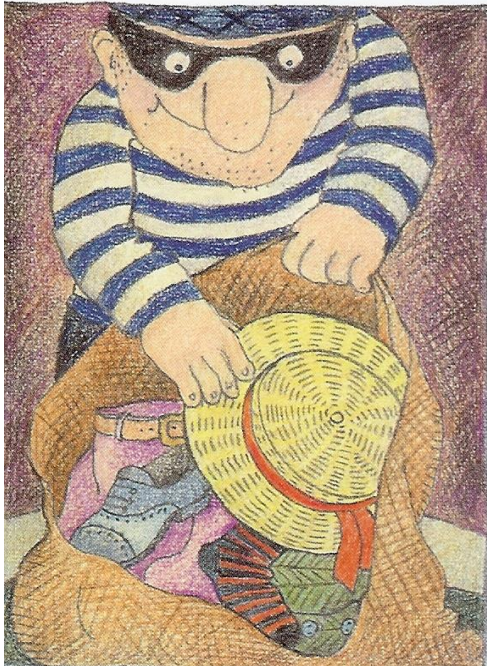
...in a house through
the window



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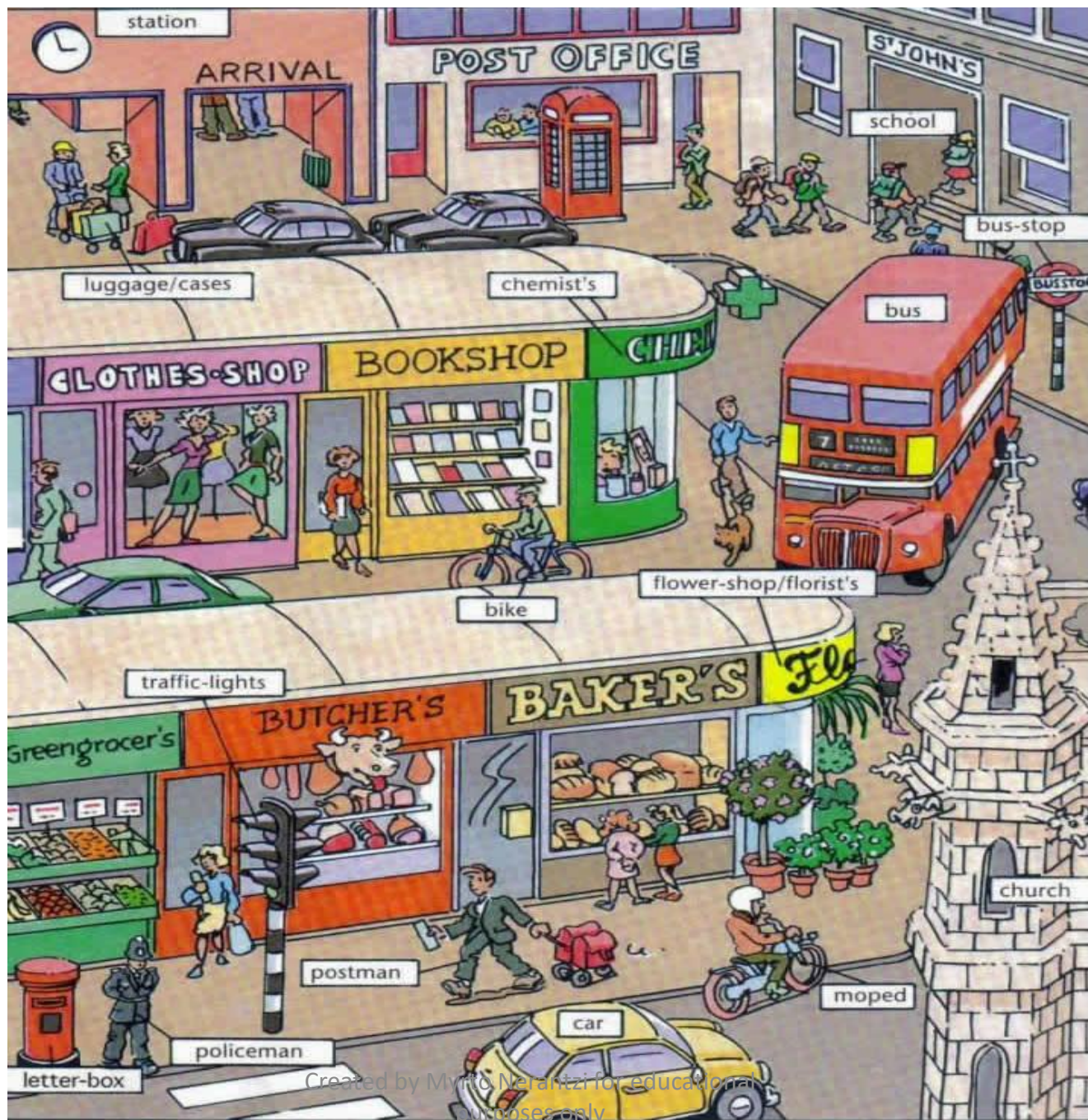


He shines his
torch around ...



He puts the
stolen things into
his sack ...





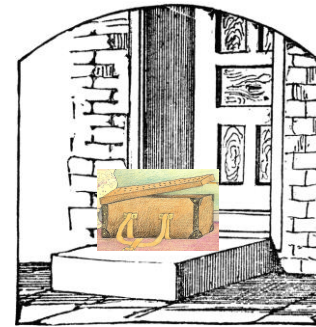
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When he comes to the sixteenth house, he stops.
There on the front step is a big brown box with
little holes in it.

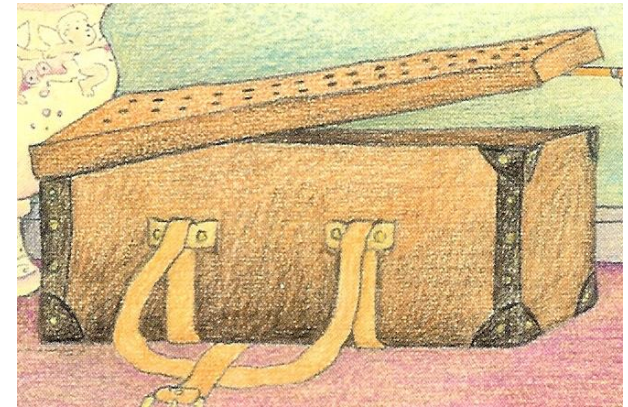
‘That’s a nice big brown box with little holes
in it,’ says Burglar Bill. ‘I’ll have that!’

In the distance the town hall clock strikes five.
‘Time to stop work,’ says Burglar Bill.

He swings the sack over his shoulder, picks up
the box and goes home to have breakfast.



On the front step ...



A big brown box with
little holes in it ...

in the distance = far
away



The clock
strikes five ...







by the fire

After breakfast Burglar Bill plays with his cat by the fire. Suddenly he hears a noise.

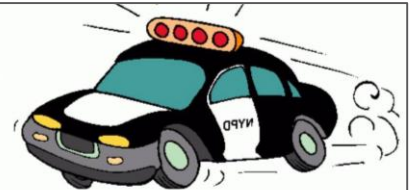
‘Sounds like a police car!’ says Burglar Bill.

But the noise is coming from the big brown box, and it is getting louder.

‘Sounds like TWO police cars!’ says Burglar Bill. He creeps up to the box and raises the lid.

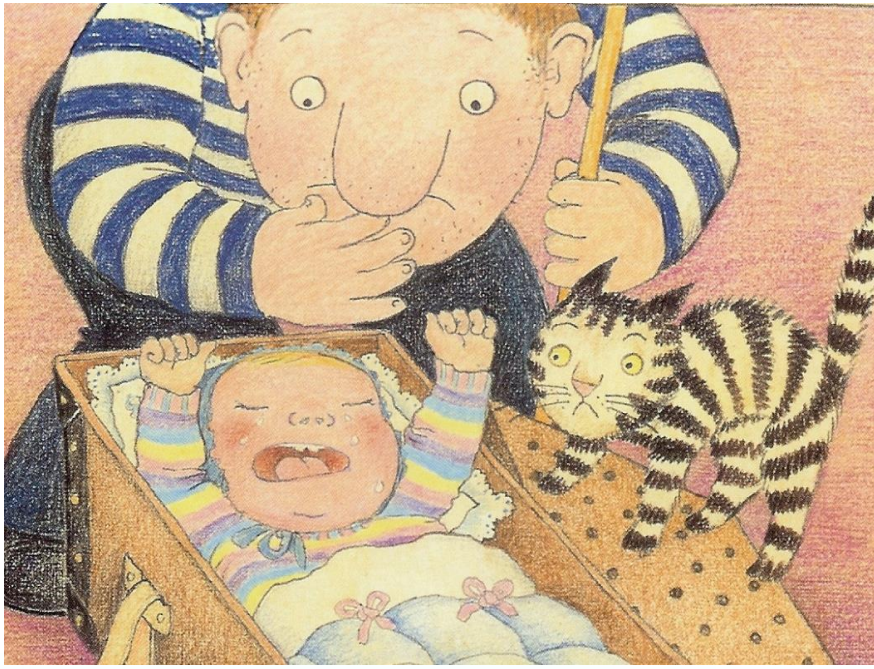
‘Blow me down,’ he says. ‘It ain’t no police cars, it’s a . . .

**Police
Siren**



The noise is loud >>> it
is getting **louder**





... baby!’

Burglar Bill puts the baby on the table.

‘What was you doing in that box, baby?’ he says.

But the baby only keeps on crying.

‘All alone,’ says Burglar Bill. He pats the baby’s little hand. ‘A orphan!’

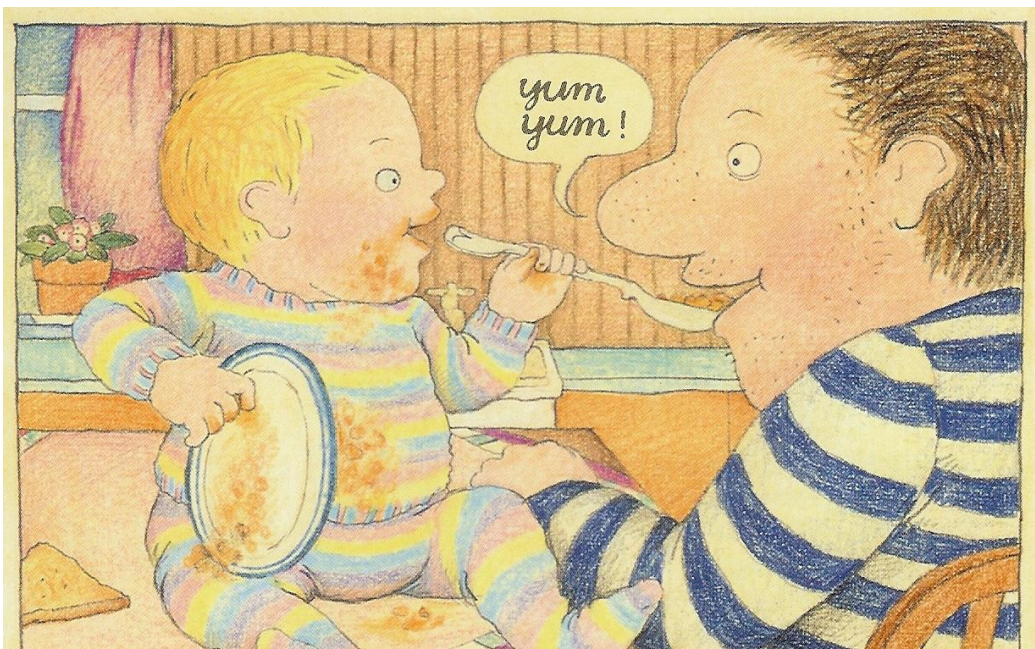
But the baby only keeps on crying.

Then Burglar Bill says, ‘I know what you want – grub!’



pat

grub = food



Burglar Bill gives an apple to the baby. But still the baby cries.

He gives a slice of toast and marmalade to the baby. But still the baby cries.

He gives a plate of beans and a cup of tea to the baby. The baby eats the beans, throws the cup of tea on the floor and starts to laugh.

‘That’s better,’ says Burglar Bill. ‘I like a few beans meself!’



A slice of bread and marmalade



A plate of beans



laugh

Burglar Bill sits by the fire and wonders what to do. The baby is crying again.

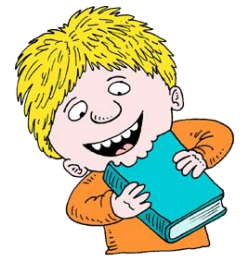
He wonders what to do.



He gives the baby a football to play with. The baby throws the football at the cat and keeps on crying.

He gives the baby a book to look at. The baby bites a hole in the book and keeps on crying.

He bites a hole ...



He sings a song and plays the piano to the baby. The baby cries louder than ever.

He falls off the piano stool and bangs his nose on the floor.

He falls off ...



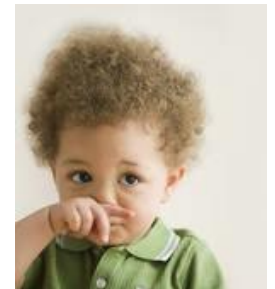
The baby laughs and shouts, 'Again!'

'Again?' says Burglar Bill. He rubs his nose.

'I didn't want to do it the first time!'

bang = hit

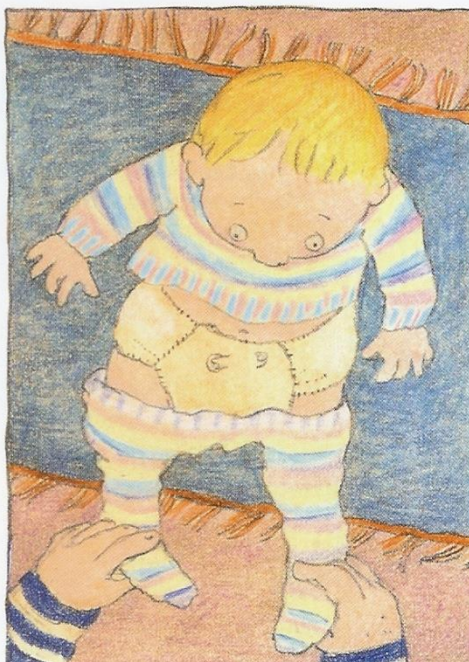
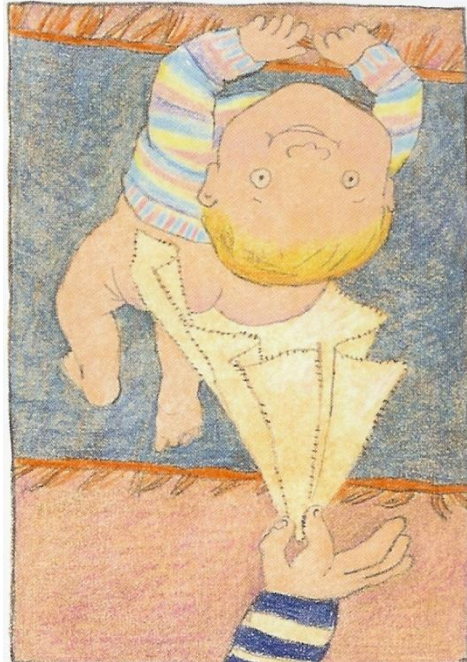
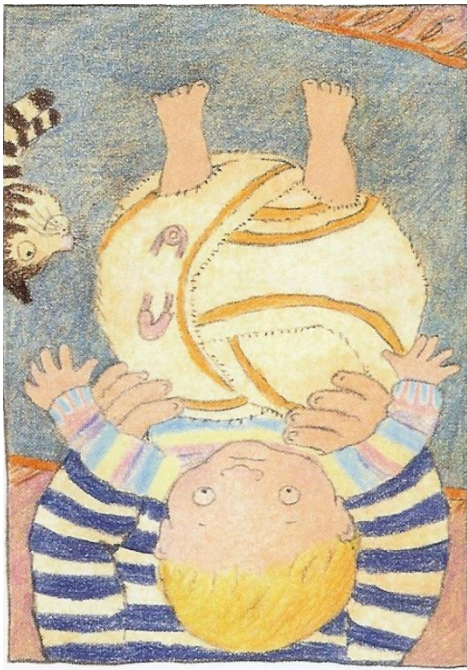
He rubs his nose





For he's a jolly good fellow
for he's a jolly good fellow
For he's a jolly good fellow
which nobody can deny
Which nobody can deny
For he's a jolly good fellow,
for he's a jolly good fellow
For he's a jolly good fellow
(pause),
which nobody can deny!

Oh Yes!



What is Burglar Bill trying to do?

He is trying to change the baby's nappy.

Burglar Bill bounces the baby on his knee.

‘So you can talk,’ he says. ‘Say “Burglar Bill”.’

‘Boglaboll,’ says the baby.

‘Say “Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper”,’ says Burglar Bill.

‘Boglaboll,’ says the baby.

Suddenly Burglar Bill feels his knee getting wet and smells a smell.

‘Poo,’ he says. ‘I know what YOU want!’

‘Poo,’ says the baby.

Burglar Bill changes the baby’s nappy. He doesn’t have another one so he uses an old bath towel instead.

‘Say “For he’s a jolly good fellow for changing my nappy”,’ says Burglar Bill.

**She bounces
the baby on her
knee**



peck = about 9 litres

**He uses a bath towel
instead of a nappy.**

He shows the baby around the house = He takes the baby to every room and shows it to him



Burglar Bill plays with the baby and shows it round the house. He feeds it again, changes its nappy again, washes its clothes and hangs them on a line in the kitchen.



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Run for it!

When night comes he takes the baby for a walk in the park.

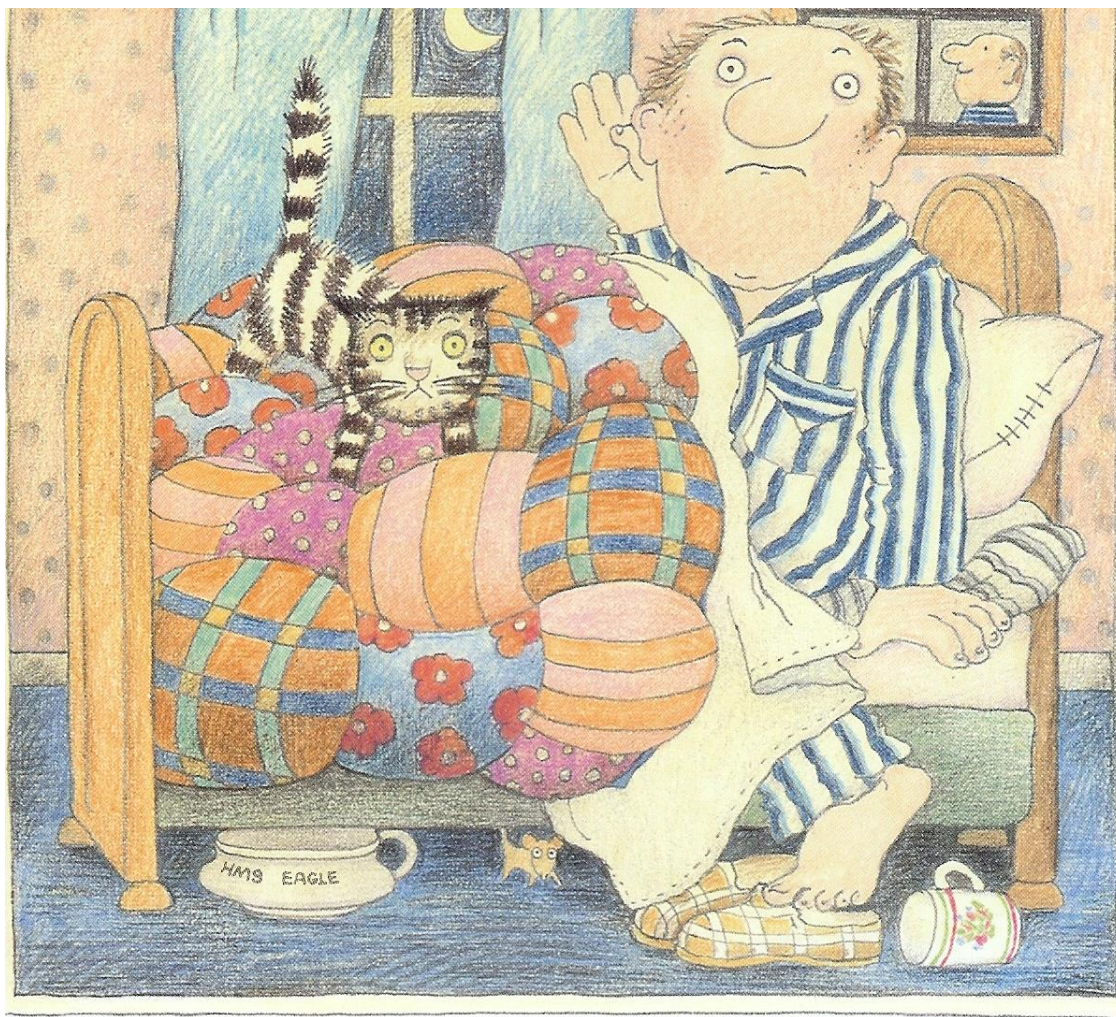
‘Say “Run for it”, if you see anybody,’ says Burglar Bill.

‘Runfrit,’ the baby says.

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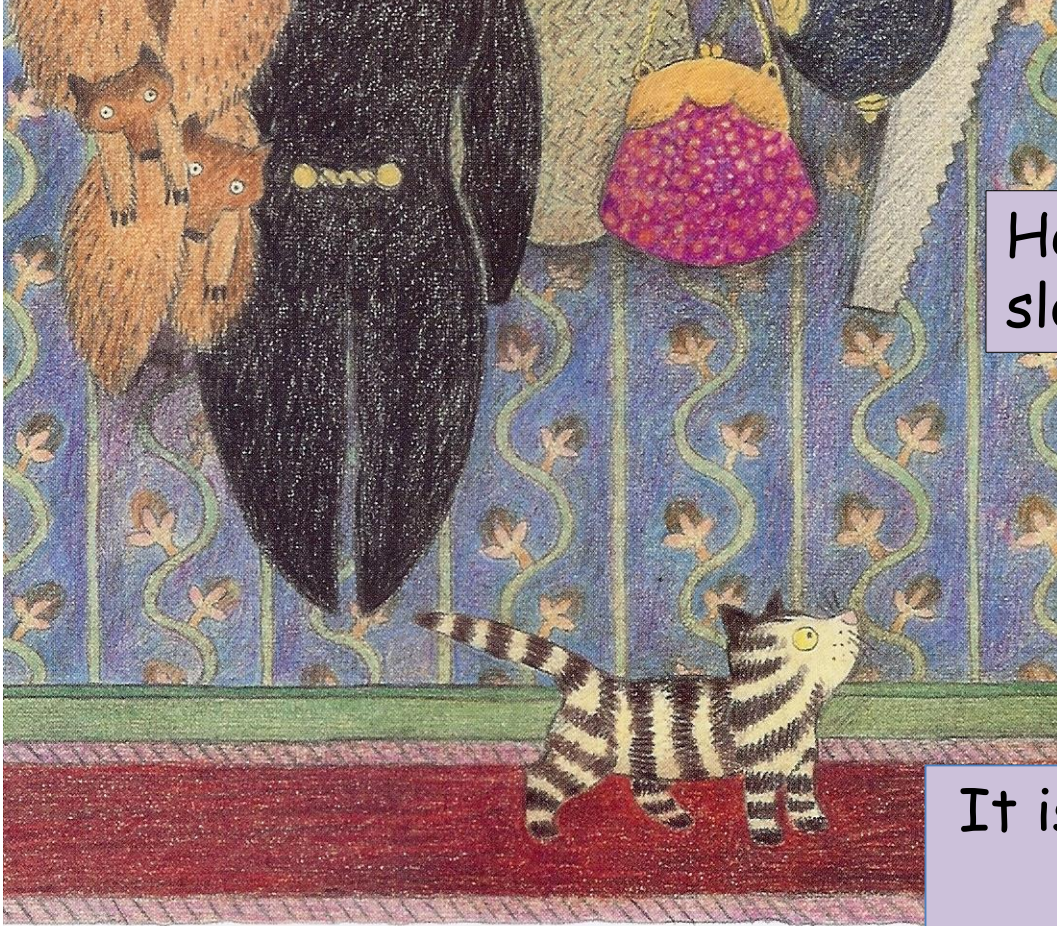


At twelve o'clock Burglar Bill comes home, puts the baby to bed and goes to bed himself. Soon he is snoring softly and dreaming of his childhood days. Suddenly he wakes up. Downstairs there is a noise.



It is a noise that Burglar Bill has heard before; the noise of someone opening a window and climbing carefully in.

‘Blow me down,’ says Burglar Bill. ‘I’m being burgled!’



He creeps ... = He moves slowly and cautiously.



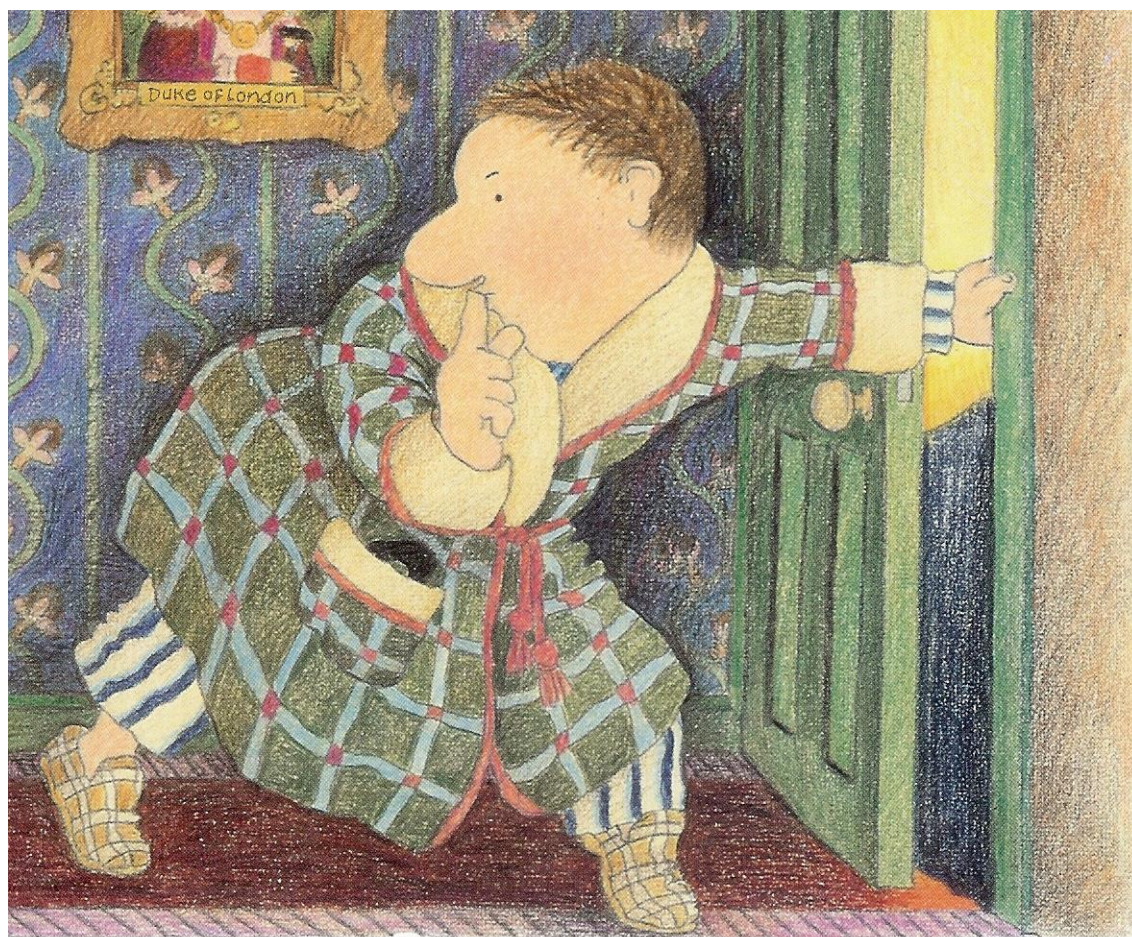
It is sitting at the top of the stairs, not at the bottom.

Burglar Bill creeps to the top of the stairs.
Down below a torch is shining and a voice says,
'That's a nice umbrella – I'll have that!'

Burglar Bill creeps down the stairs. The
voice says, 'That's a nice tin of beans – I'll
have that!'

A torch is shining





date



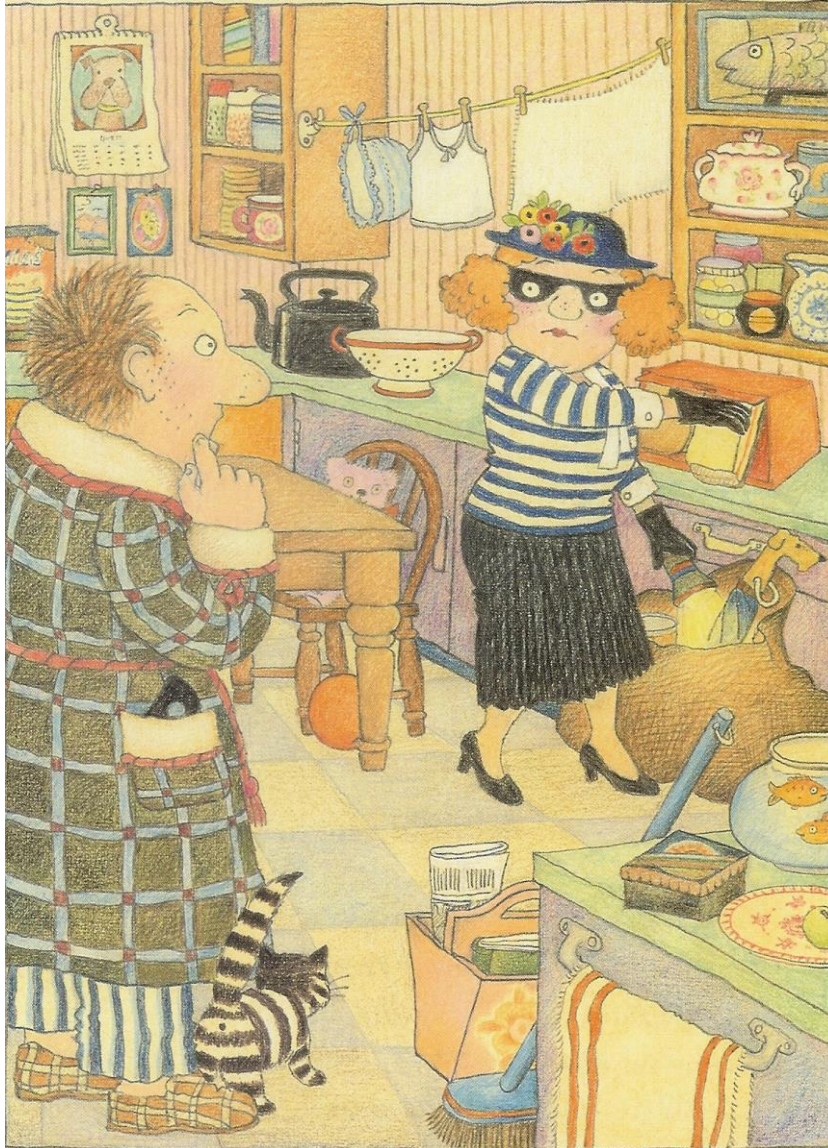
walnut

Burglar Bill creeps along the hall and into the kitchen. The voice says, 'That's a nice date and walnut cake with buttercream filling and icing on the top – I'll have that!'

BURGLAR BILL PUTS ON THE LIGHT.



A cake with
buttercream
filling and
icing on the
top



Where is she?

What is she wearing?

What is she about to do?

What is there in her sack?

There, with a black mask over her eyes and her hand in the bread-bin, stands a lady.

‘Who are you?’ says Burglar Bill.

‘I’m Burglar Betty,’ says the lady.

‘Who are you?’

Burglar Bill puts on his own mask.

‘Oh,’ says Burglar Betty, ‘I know you – it’s Burglar Bill! I seen your picture in the *Police Gazette*.’ Then she says, ‘Look here, I’m ever so sorry – breaking in like this. If I’d have known . . .’

‘Don’t mention it,’ says Burglar Bill. He holds out his hand. ‘Pleased to meet you.’

I seen your picture ... <<< I **have** seen your picture ...

If I’d have known ... <<< If I **had** known, I wouldn’t have broken in like this.

‘Likewise, I’m sure,’ Burglar Betty says.

Burglar Bill makes a jug of cocoa and opens a packet of ginger biscuits. The two burglars sit round the kitchen table.

‘You married, Bill?’ says Burglar Betty.

‘No,’ says Burglar Bill. ‘The right woman never come along.’

He offers the biscuits to Burglar Betty. She takes one and dips it in her cocoa.

‘Only I just wondered,’ she says; ‘seeing these baby things.’

She dips the biscuit in
her cocoa.

The right woman never come along ... <<<

The right woman **has** never come along ...



A jug of cocoa



ginger



‘Oh, I got a baby,’ says Burglar Bill. ‘Found it on a doorstep in a box.’

‘In a box?’ says Burglar Betty.

‘That’s right,’ says Burglar Bill. ‘A big brown box with little holes in it.’

‘A big BROWN box with little HOLES in it?’ says Burglar Betty.

‘That’s right,’ says Burglar Bill.

‘Well blow me down,’ says Burglar Betty.

‘That baby’s mine!’

The two burglars hurry upstairs to the baby’s room.

‘That’s him!’ says Burglar Betty.

She swings the baby in the air.

‘You see, he’s got this little birth mark on his leg! And these are his own little clothes as well, what his grandma knit him.’

Found it on a doorstep ... >>>
I found it



She swings the baby in the air.

A birth mark



Grandma
knitting a sock



How does Burglar Betty feel?

How does the baby feel?

What can you see in the picture?



Back in the kitchen Burglar Bill makes a fresh jug of cocoa and opens a packet of arrowroot biscuits. Meanwhile, Burglar Betty tells him how she lost the baby.

‘You see, I just left him on that doorstep for a minute while I was burgling the house, and when I come out he was gone! I thought the police had got him.’

‘I only thought it was a useful sort of box,’ says



arrowroot

**meanwhile = at
the same time**



I never knowed ... >>>
I never knew

I got it home =
I brought it home

I suppose ... =
I believe ...

Burglar Bill. 'I never knowed there was a baby in there till I got it home.'

Burglar Betty gets ready to leave.

'I suppose your husband'll be glad when you get back,' says Burglar Bill.

'No he won't,' says Burglar Betty. 'I ain't got no husband.'

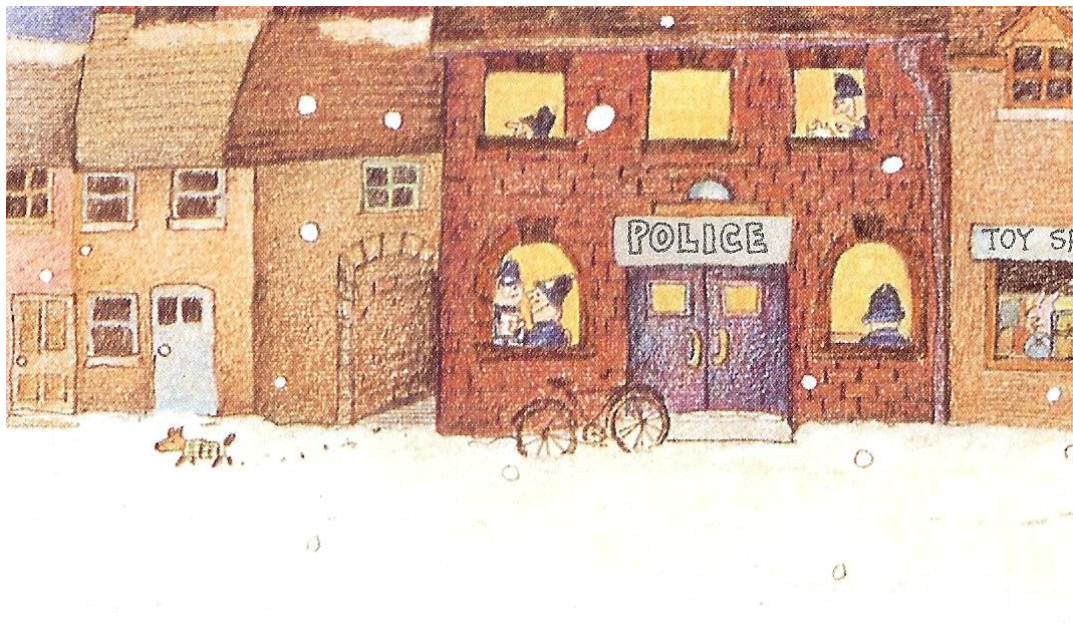
She dabs a little hankie to her eyes.

'You see, I'm a widow-lady.'

I ain't got no husband >>>
I haven't got a husband

She dabs a hankie
to her eyes





It gives me the fright =
It makes me scared

Burglar Bill walks through the town with
Burglar Betty and the baby.

‘You know, Betty,’ he says, ‘getting
burgled like that give me a fright.’

‘I know what you mean,’ says Burglar
Betty. ‘Losing my baby like that give ME a fright.’

‘I can see the error of my ways,’ says
Burglar Bill. ‘I’ve been a bad man.’

‘Me too,’ says Burglar Betty. ‘I’ve been a
bad woman – I’ve been a TERRIBLE woman!’



Just then the baby starts to cry.

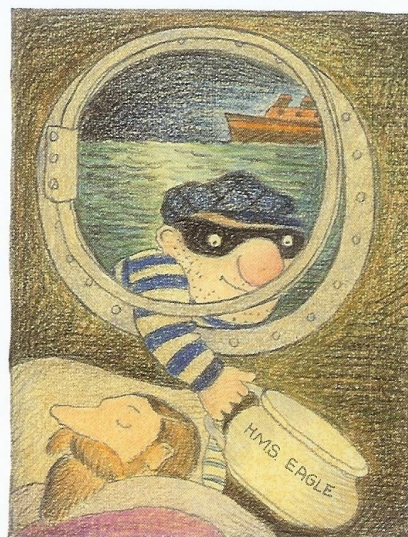
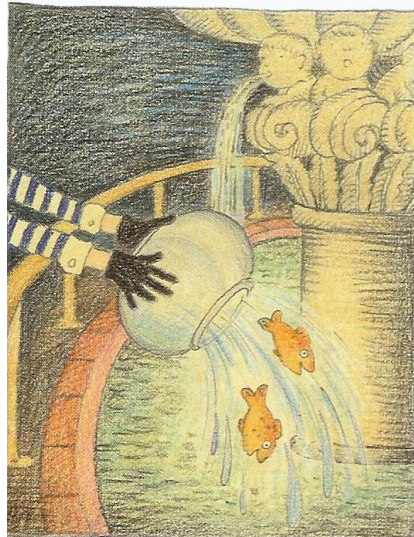
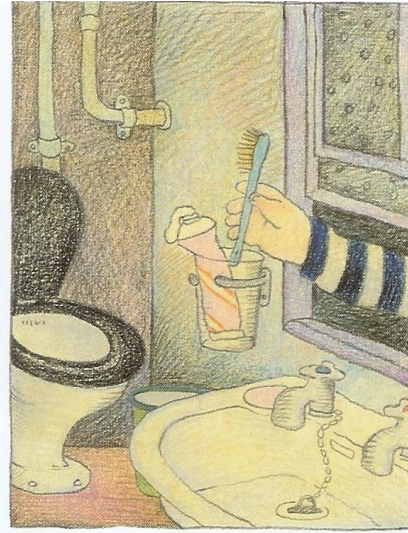
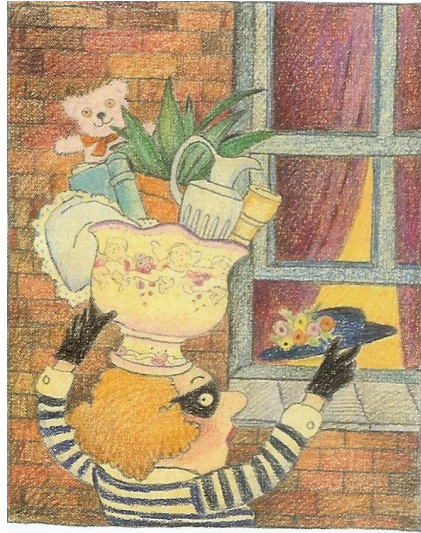
‘Sh!’ says Burglar Betty. ‘You’ll have the police after us.’

Burglar Bill looks over his shoulder.

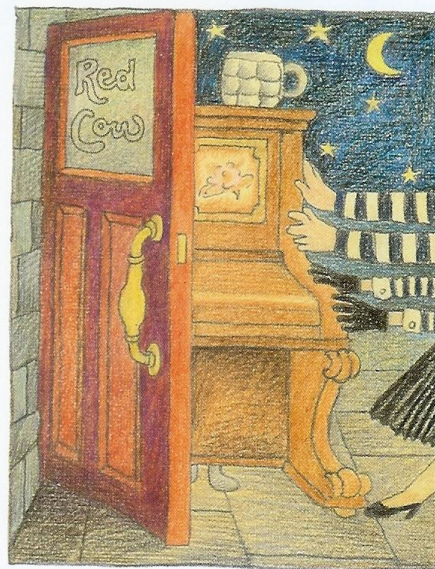
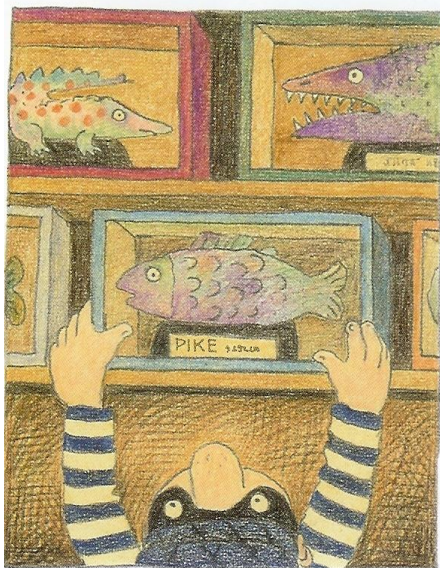
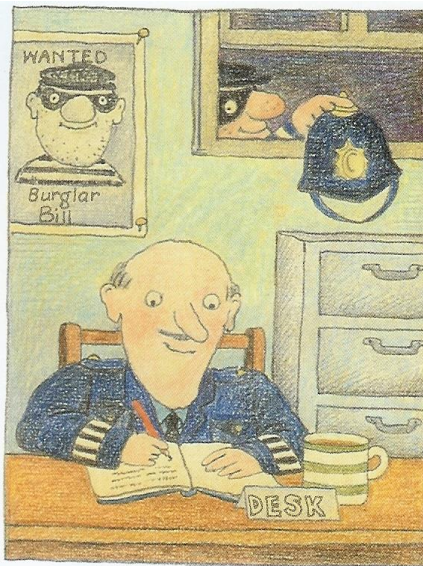
‘From now on I’m going to lead a honest life,’ he says. ‘And all them things I’ve pinched –’

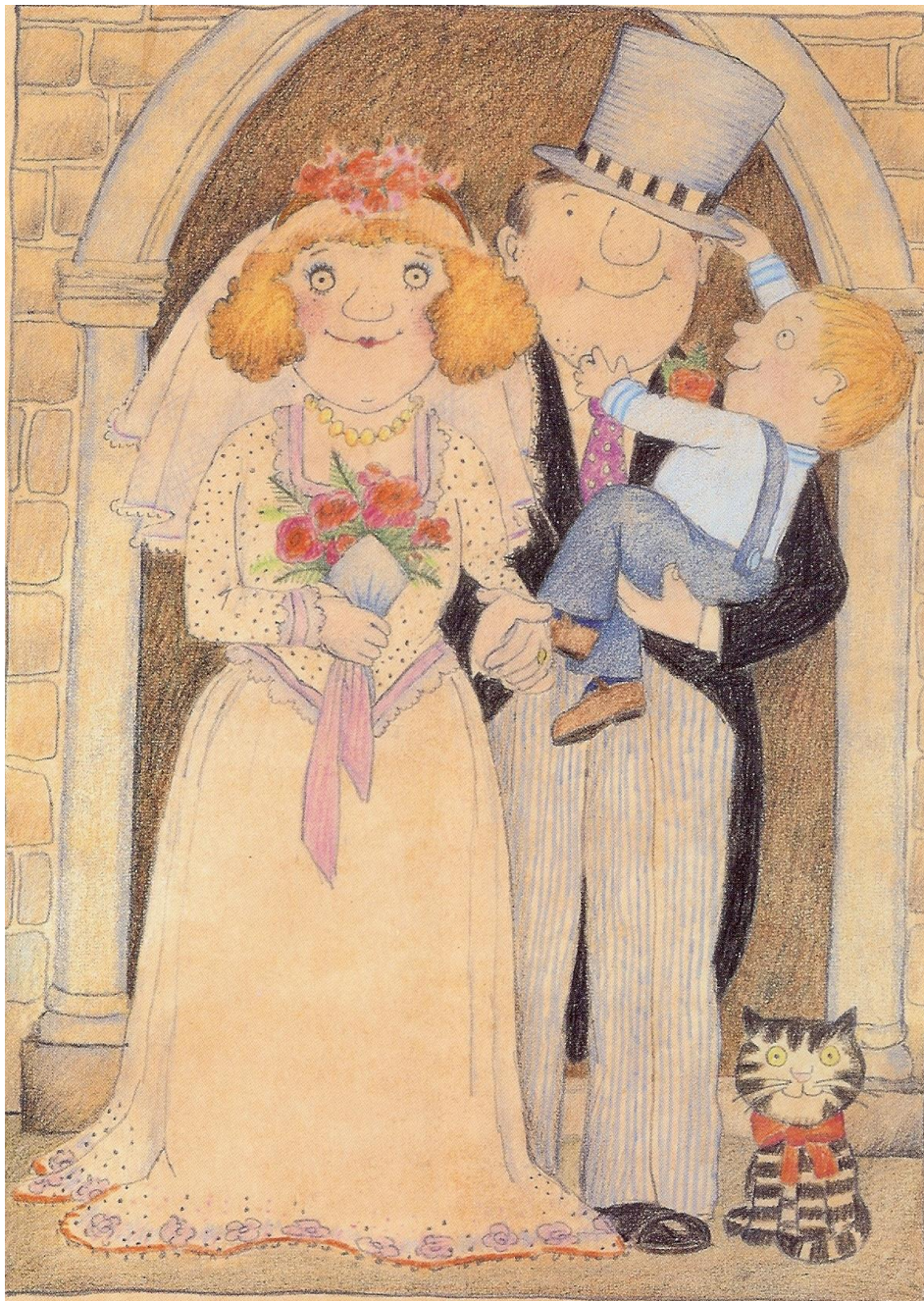
‘All them things I’VE pinched as well,’ says Burglar Betty.

‘All them things,’ says Burglar Bill, ‘mine and yours, Betty, we’re going to . . .’



‘...TAKE THEM BACK!’





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So Burglar Bill stops being a burglar and, after a time, starts working as a bread-man in the local bakery. Burglar Betty stops being a burglar as well. When spring comes she sells her house and gives the money to the Police Benevolent Fund. Then she gets married to Burglar Bill.

Outside the church Bill stands with the baby in his arms.

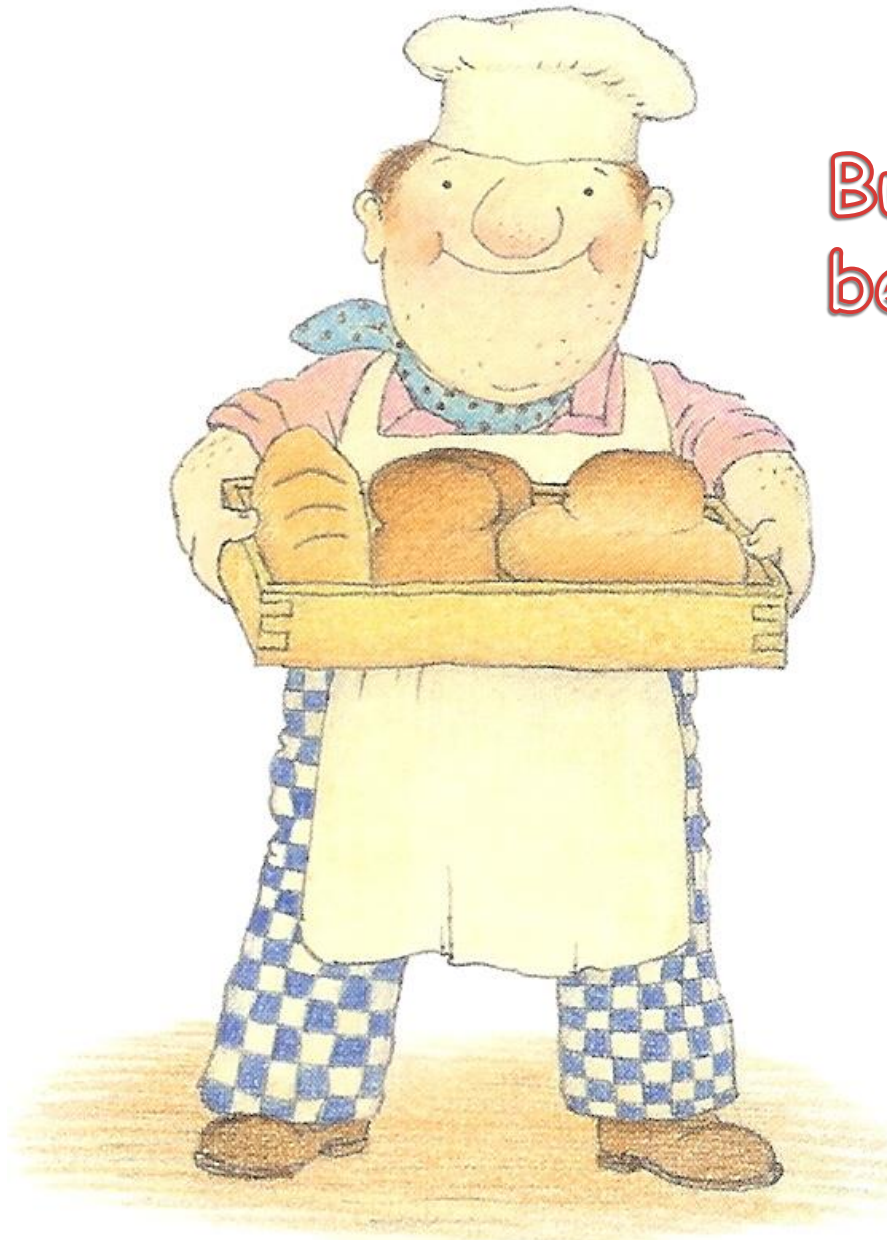
‘Say “Bakery Bill”,’ he says.

‘Bakery Bill,’ says the baby.

‘Say “For he’s a jolly good fellow for marrying my mum”,’ says Bill.

‘Say “For she’s a jolly good fellow for marrying HIM”,’ Betty says.

In the distance the town hall clock strikes four. Bill, Betty and the baby leave the church, walk down the little street behind the police station and go home to have their tea.



Burglar Bill has
become ...

Baker Bill