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First published in hardback by Viking and in paperback by Puffin Books 1980
This edition published 2017

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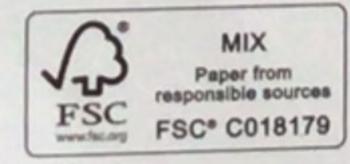
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Printed in China

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978-0-723-27558-9

All correspondence to:
Puffin Books, Penguin Random House Children's
80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL





There was once a man named Mr Bop.
Mr Bop was a boxer.

He was as fit as a fiddle.

He was the toughest man in the town.

He was the champion.

There was another boxer in the town. His name was Mr Biff.



Mr Biff was not as fit as a fiddle.

He ate too many cream cakes.

He drank too many bottles of beer.

Mr Biff was not tough.

He liked to sit in an easy chair
by a cosy fire.

He liked to put his slippers on
and read the paper.

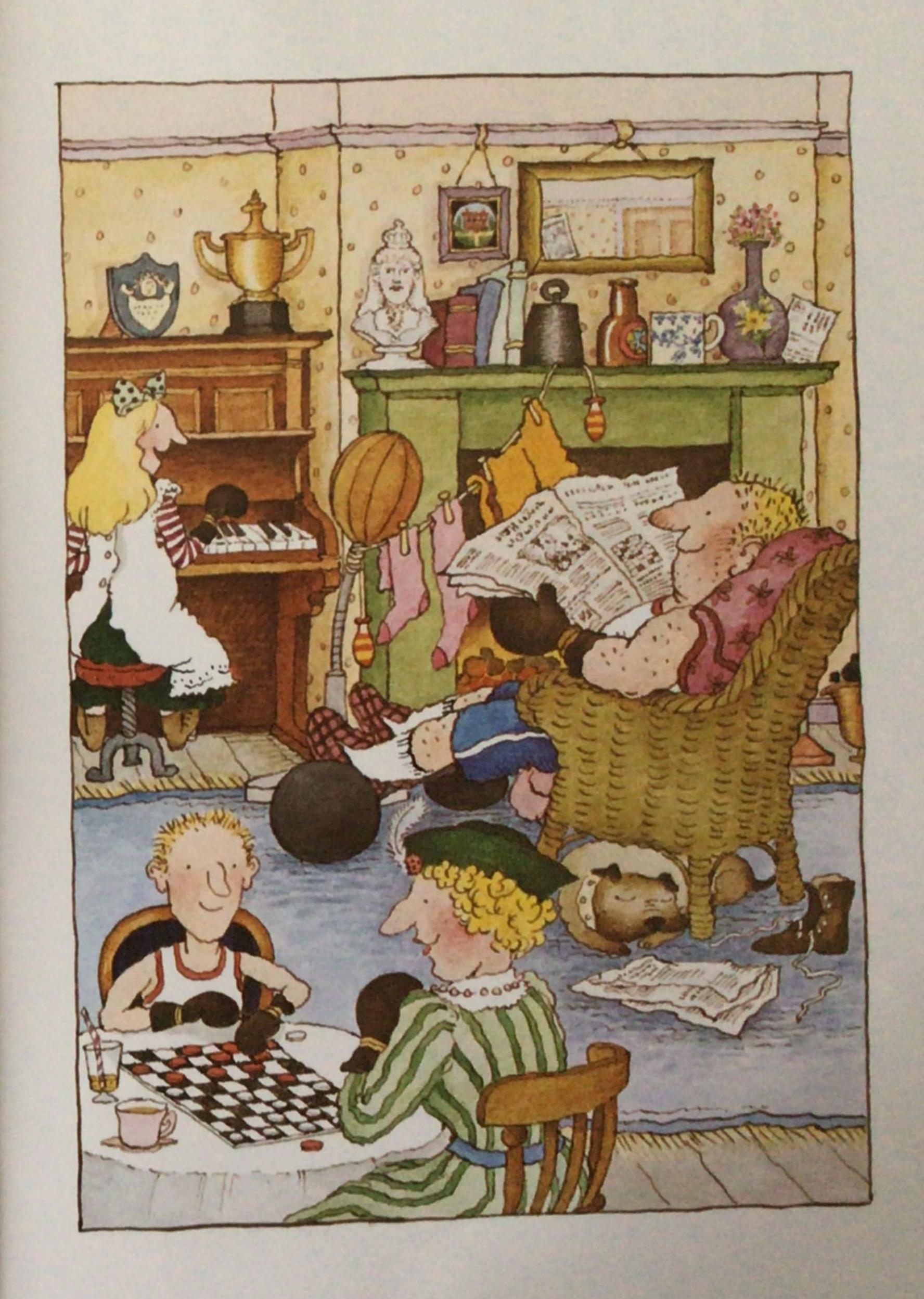
He slept in a feather bed.



One day posters appeared in the town. They said:

BIG CHARITY FIGHT

MR BIFF AGAINST MR BOP





Mr Biff told his wife about the fight.

"It's for charity," he said.

"Me against Mr Bop."

"Oh dear," said Mrs Biff.

"They say he is the toughest man in the town."

"They say his wife is the toughest woman, too," said Mr Biff.

Mrs Biff told the children about the fight.

"It's for charity," she said.

"Your dad against Mr Bop."

"Our dad will win," said Billy Biff.

"He will biff him!" Betty Biff said.



"But your dad is not fit,"
said Mrs Biff. "And he is not tough."
"We will be his trainers then,"
said Billy Biff.

"And toughen him up," Betty Biff said.

"You wait and see!"



The next day Mr Biff began training.
His family helped.
Billy Biff took him running.
Betty Biff took him skipping.





Mrs Biff hid his paper and his slippers.
Bonzo Biff kept him out of the easy chair.



Mr Biff was put on a diet.

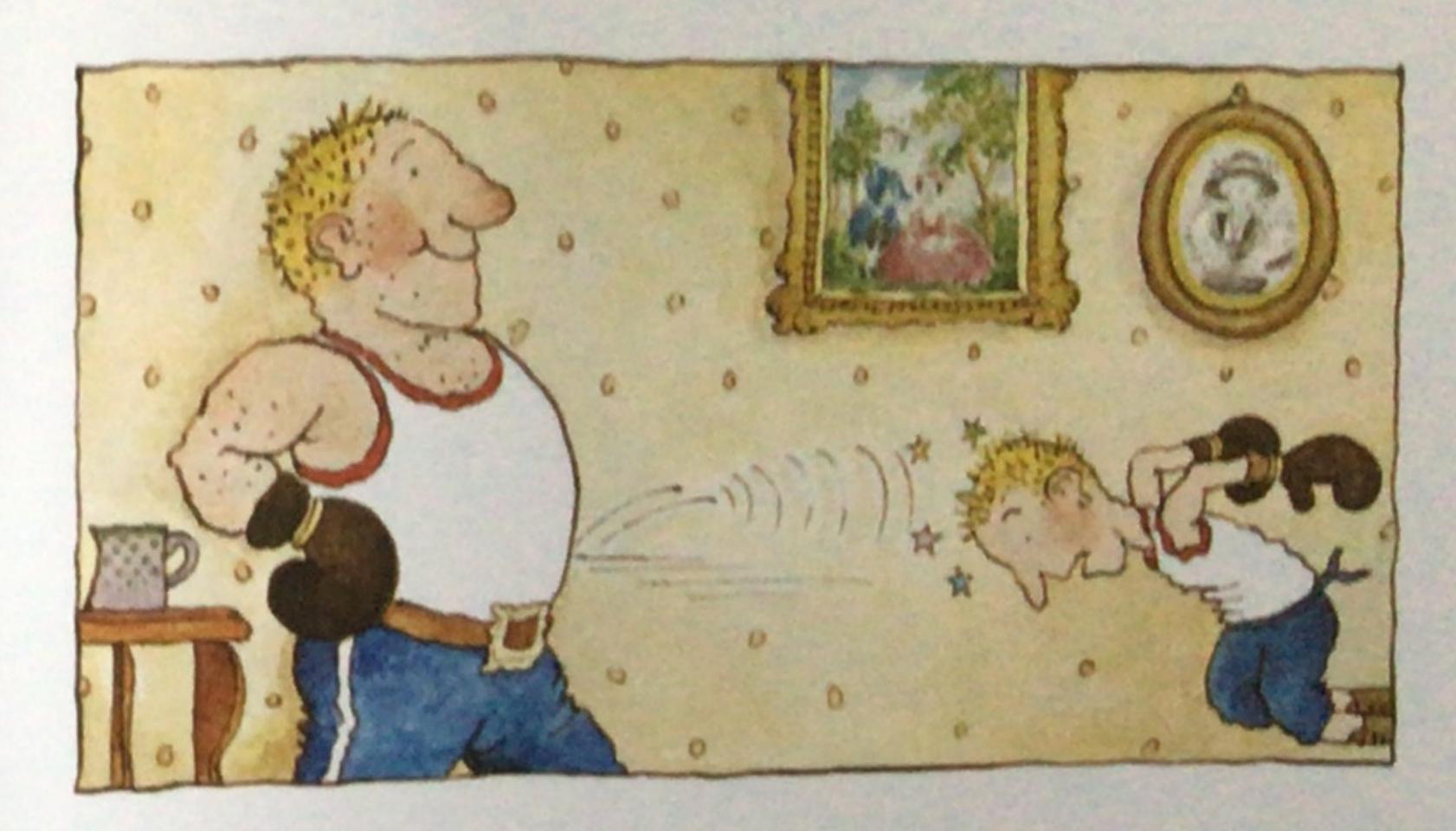
"I'd like three cream cakes and a bottle of beer," he said.

"You can have three carrots and a glass of water," said Mrs Biff.



Each day the children said,
"How do you feel, dad?"

Each day Mr Biff said,
"I feel terrible!"



But one day the children said,
"How do you feel, dad?"
And Mr Biff said,
"I feel as fit as a fiddle!"



Now it was the day of the fight.

A big tent was put up in the town.

Everybody was excited.

Crowds gathered.



The referee stepped into the ring.

"My lords, ladies and gentlemen," he said.

"On my right - Mr Bop!"

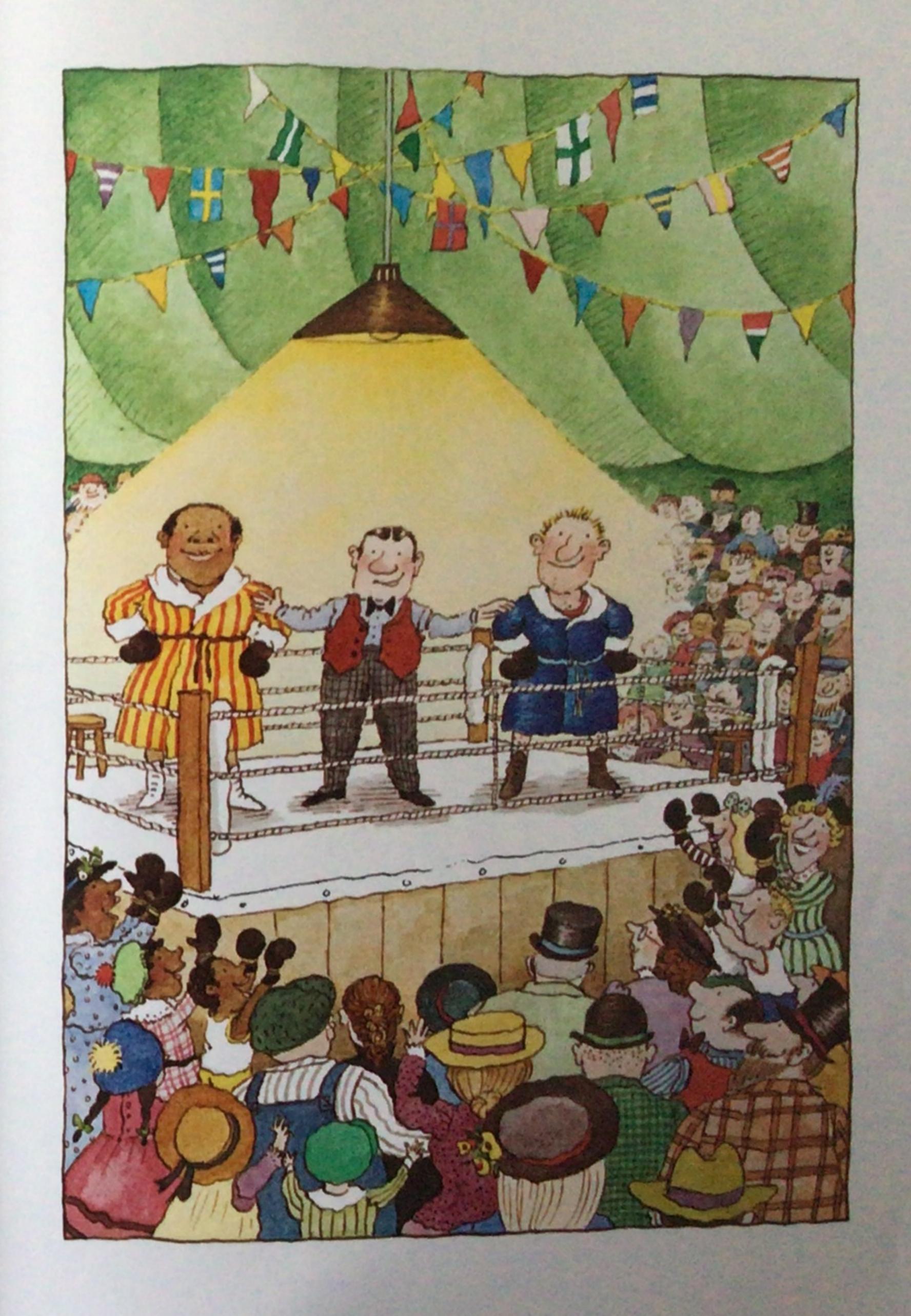
Everybody cheered.

"That's my husband!" said Mrs Bop.

"On my left - Mr Biff!"

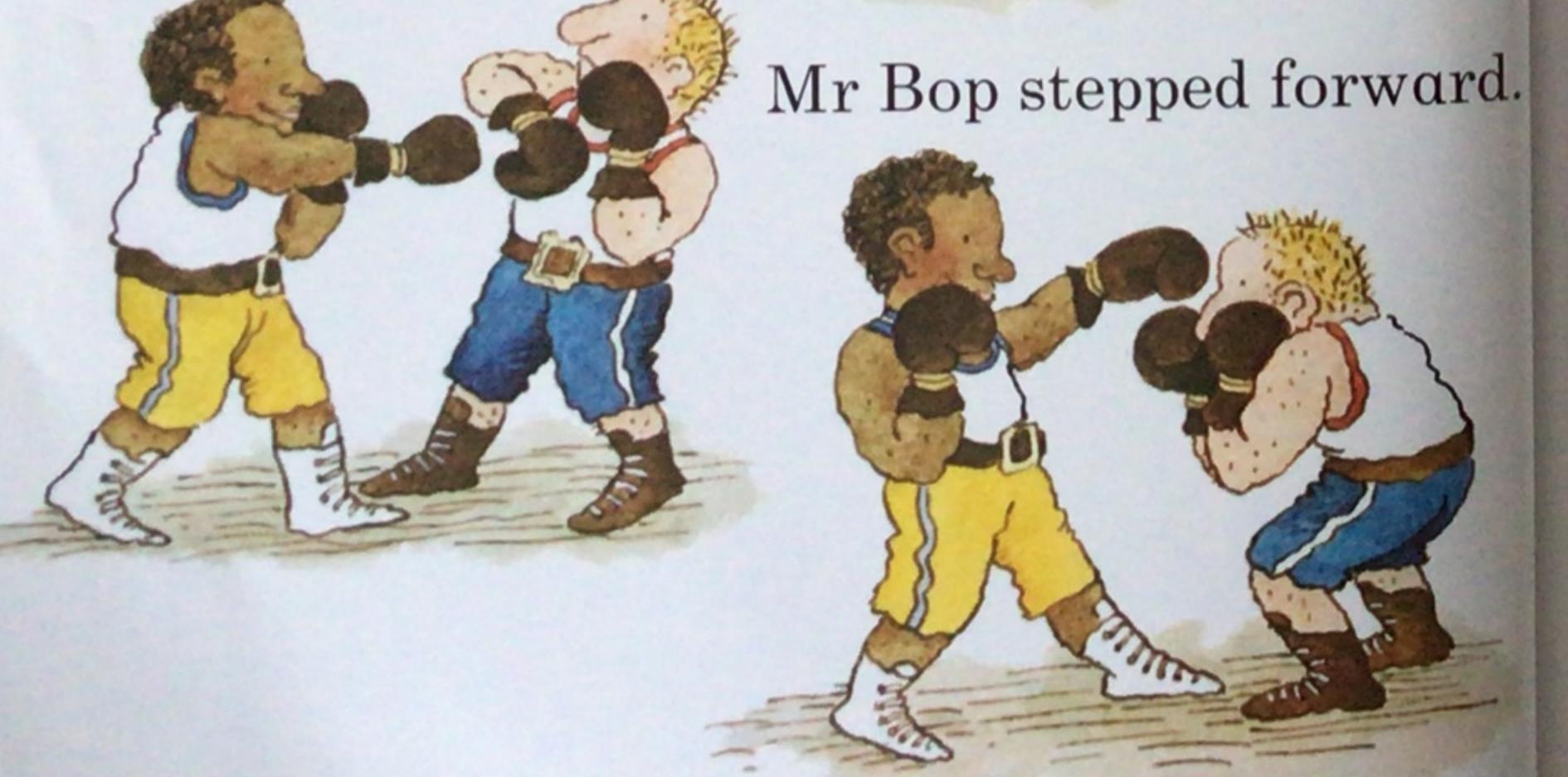
Everybody cheered again.

"That's my dad!" Billy Biff shouted.



The time-keeper rang his bell.
"Ding-ding!"
The fight began.







Mr Bop moved to the right.



Mr Biff moved to the left.

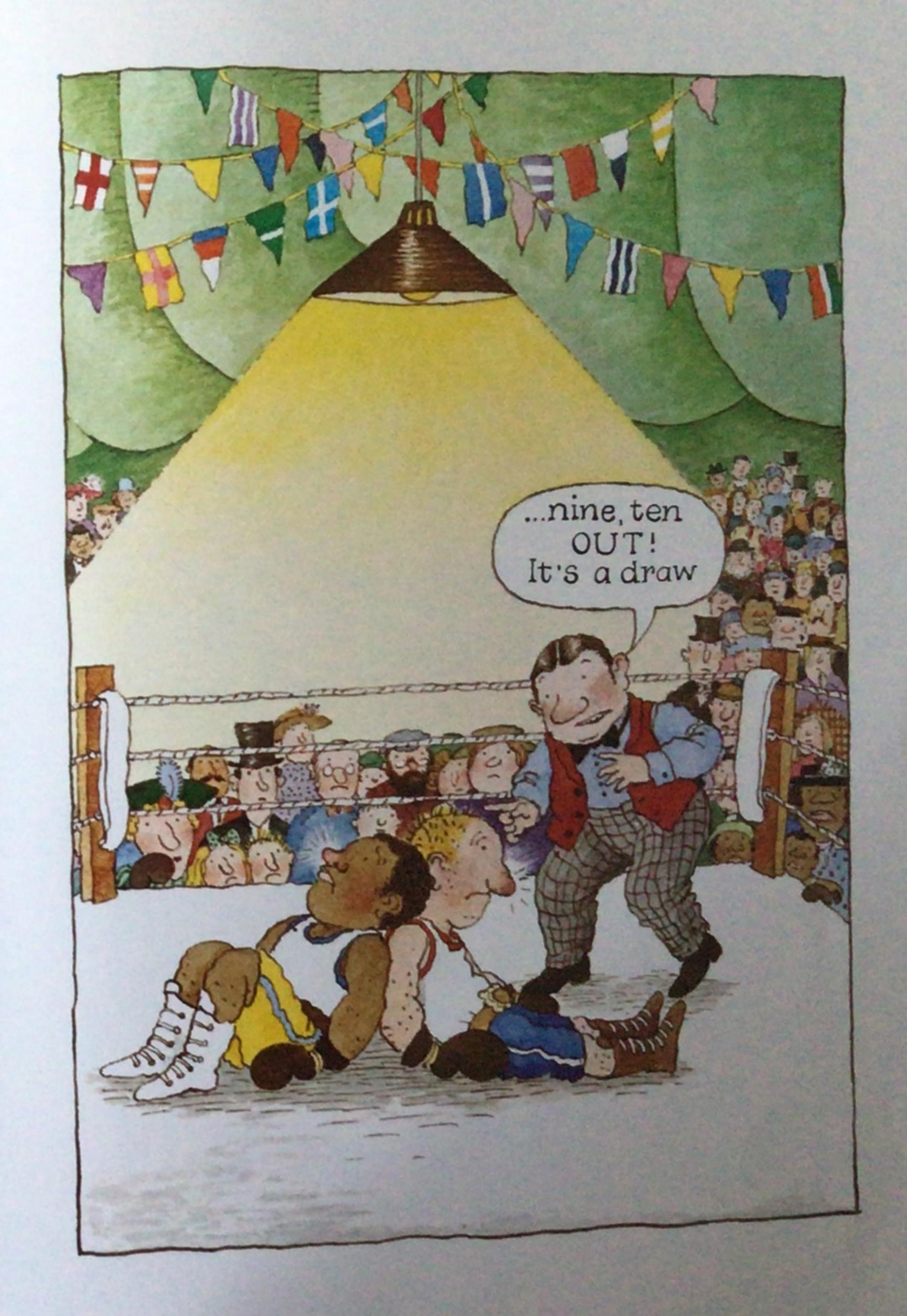


Suddenly Mr Bop bopped Mr Biff. At the same time Mr Biff biffed Mr Bop.

They biffed and bopped each other out!



"It's a draw!" the referee said.
The time-keeper rang his bell.
"Ding-ding!"
The fight was ended.





In the dressing-room Mr Biff said,
"How do you feel?"
"I feel terrible!" said Mr Bop.
"I think bopping people is silly."
"Biffing people is silly too,"
said Mr Biff.
Then Mr Bop said,
"I feel hungry as well.
I have been on a diet."
"Me too," said Mr Biff.

"I could just eat a cream cake now!"

"And a jam tart!" said Mr Bop.

"And fish and chips!" said Mr Biff.

"And roast chicken and potatoes
and peas, and bread and butter,
and a bottle of beer!" Mr Bop said.





Bonzo Biff shared a bone with the Bop dog. And a happy time was had by all.



The End

