

My sidekick is called ..Mr....Purple Pancake.....

*Please draw (or stick on) your sidekick here...*



# The Meeting of Mr Purple Pancake and Dorko

This fearsome vagabond is called Mr Purple Pancake. He is medieval and is the leader of a pancake gang. Mr Purple Pancake is Dorko's ideal sidekick who he now shares his spectacular adventures with. This is how they met...

"If you're happy and you know it clap your hands!" sang Dorko as he happily strolled along the short path that led to his home on the other side of the lake.

He hopped into his rotting raft covered in cobwebs. It was made out of two rusting metal barrels and an old crate that was falling to pieces. There was a single oar propped up against the side of it. It was the only part of it that wasn't worn and didn't look battered.

He pushed off from the shore. His boat was tipping from side-to-side in such a way that he lost his cherry bon-bons off the side! They floated for a little while and then, gradually, they sank, like a weak swimmer drowning in a swimming pool. "Well that was a waste of money wasn't it?" Dorko muttered.

Then it happened. Out of nowhere a squeaky voice said "Hi there!"

Dorko spun round automatically. To his amazement, it was a talking pancake and it was...purple? "The name's Mr Purple Pancake. Leader of the mighty pancake gang. What's yours mate?"

"Dorko," Dorko replied bewildered.

"Why are you talking like you're from the past?"

Doko said suspiciously.

"I'm medieval. I'm from the fifteenth century," he replied in a proud manner. "Are you from the future?"

"Yeah, sure. You're from the past." Dorko spat out the words as if they were poisonous.

"If you don't believe me, go down the way I came up. I'll take you there myself. You can meet the famous pancake gang," Mr Purple Pancake offered with a smile. "Just come with me to medieval times..."