

CATHERINE  
CAWTHORNE

MIKE  
BYRNE

# OH NO, FLO!



A FUNNY FARMYARD FIASCO!



THIS BOOK BELONGS TO:

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For Andrew, who is always as kind  
as Farmer whenever I'm being a bit of a Flo.  
Also in memory of the original Flo, a lovely sheepdog  
who lived on a real farm in Hartland, Devon - C.C.

For Ada Mae, from Uncle Freedom - M.B.

A TEMPLAR BOOK

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# OH NO, FLO!



CATHERINE  
CAWTHORNE



MIKE  
BYRNE



Farmer loved looking  
after her animals.

Every day...



of every week...



of every month...



of every year...



Farmer did all the jobs that needed to be done.  
And she did them *just* right.



But most of all,  
Farmer loved  
looking after Flo...

and she always gave the **BEST** tummy rubs.

Except one morning, when Flo went to find breakfast. . .  
There was no food. No tummy rub.  
And **NO FARMER.**



Where was she?  
And what was that **AWFUL** noise?



**OH NO!** If Farmer  
needed to stay in bed,  
who would run the farm?

Luckily, Flo knew just the **DOG** for the job. . .

TA-DAH!

Farmer Flo  
to the rescue!

But... what does Farmer  
actually **DO** all day?  
(Apart from give tummy  
rubs, of course.)



Poor Flo couldn't remember!  
She decided to ask  
the others for help...



**MOO!**

Milk the cow!

**HONK!**

Sow the corn!

**OINK!**

Feed the pig!



**BOING!**

Pull up the carrots!

**CLUCK  
CLUCK!**

Collect the eggs!



**NEIGH!**

Brush the horse!



**BAA!**

Shear the sheep!



**MIAOW!**

Stroke the cat!



**SLITHER!**

Water the  
cabbages!



Feed the **WHAT?** Milk **WHO?**

Flo decided to start  
with an easy job.



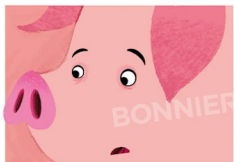
**HONK!**  
Oh no, Flo!



Right, Farmer definitely  
did milking in the mornings  
too, didn't she?



JOB  
NUMBER 2:  
Milk the pig.



It wasn't easy, milking with paws.



And there wasn't much milk in the bucket. . .



But it was another job  
done – Farmer would be  
**VERY PLEASED!**

Flo was getting in the swing of it now!

Next was:

**JOB NUMBER 3:**  
Pull up the cow.



**MOOI!**  
Oh no, Flo!

Why did Farmer even  
need to dangle Cow  
in mid-air?

Flo had forgotten,  
but she felt sure there  
**MUST** be a good reason.



And anyway, her tummy was rumbling.  
It must be feeding time! But feed the **WHAT?**

That was it!

**JOB NUMBER 4:**  
Feed the eggs.

**CLUCK!**  
Oh no, Flo!

The eggs wouldn't eat at all!  
Not even Flo's best doggie biscuits.  
Naughty eggs!



**JOB NUMBER 5:**  
Brush the carrots.

This went much better.

**BOING!**  
Oh no, Flo!



And Flo was sure she'd have no trouble with...

JOB NUMBER 6:  
Sow the sheep.



There was just one more job – and Flo had saved this one for last...

JOB NUMBER 7:  
Shear the cat.

**TA-DAH!**  
Cat looked so handsome!

**MIAOW!**  
Oh no, Flo!

**PHEW!** That was hard work.

It must nearly be time for a tummy rub...



OH  
NO,  
FLO!

Flo had almost forgotten!  
There was in fact one last job  
on the list...

JOB NUMBER 8:  
Water the FARMER!



**WHOOPS!**  
Oh no, Flo!

Flo *did* do all the jobs that  
needed to be done...



**WELL DONE,  
FLO!**



Even if she didn't get  
them quite right!





