

# Simon the Sneaky Snail

Written by Steven James de la Salle

For Bella Skye

Simon was a very sneaky snail. But he wasn't only *sneaky* . . . he was *extremely* HUNGRY!

Being a much-larger than average mollusc, he desperately needed his daily fix of food. And on this incredible day, Simon's eyes blew up like a pair of balloons! For what he was about to discover sent shudders rebounding through his strong shell!

Little Penny Pollop had carelessly left the back door - ajar!

***OOPS!***

Her mum and step dad would be madder than mad if they knew. Their faces would turn purple and their noses would shrivel up like wrinkly raisins or squashed sultanas!

'Ello, ello, ello . . . what treats await me `ere then . . .' Simon the snail snorted as he slowly but surely glided towards the *slightly open door*.

As Simon travelled over the crazy paving a small trail of *mucus* trailed behind. (All land snails leave *minging mucus* trails when they approach rough surfaces. The released mucus helps to reduce friction and allows them to glide more easily ... and slightly quicker. Not that snails *can* move quick)!

Simon was larger than most other snails. He was a gigantic, greedy, always-on-the-look-for-a-feedy snail. Any food found in his path would be gobbled up gratefully!

As Simon finally reached the back door, he had to be extra careful not to get CRUNCHEd! And he sang his sensible motto to himself as he continued to slither forwards:

'A clumpy boot

A stinky shoe,

Dirty trainers

Bare feet too!

If they come down

I'll go: **CRUNCH!**

Snails get crunched

By *the bunch!*'

Slithering cautiously, Simon safely entered the kitchen of Mr and Mrs Bingle.

'Ello, ello, ello . . . what can I smell? That's bacon, eggs... sausages as well!'

The Bingles had recently finished guzzling a tasty, mouth-watering, belly-bopping, greasy fry up for their breakfast. It was their special Sunday treat! And there were plenty of left-overs lingering - which Simon knew only too well!

Using his two shorter tentacles, Simon could sense and smell where the not-so-clean plates were placed. And it didn't take him long to track them down!

But . . . Just at that moment . . . A naked Mr Bingle burst into the kitchen in a hurry!

'Who's left this blinking back door open?' he yelled. 'It's desperately drafty in here! That chilly, late morning air could freeze the false teeth of a nagging nanny!'

Mr Bingle slammed the door shut and dashed upstairs in his underpants. (He wasn't *completely* naked)!

'Phew,' delighted Simon. 'I'm glad I wasn't just crunched like a cornflake!' (Thankfully, Mr Bingle's dodgy eyesight didn't allow him to notice the sneaky invader - or his slimy snail-trail!)

'Now, I must reach those delicious plates! I must get *back* to focusing on my bacon and the rest of the *egg-cellent* fry up remains.'

Snails can (and will) *climb* if they get the urge to. And Simon's greedy gut was certainly not going to prevent him! He wasted little time in using his great suctioning to glide up the side of the kitchen unit. Nothing was going to stop him from ticking into his feast!

When he reached the top he glided across the sink drainer, over many *clean* plates and saucers and pots and pans until he was within inches from his first feed of the day!

'Ello, ello, ello . . .

Gosh, this grub looks tasty,

I'll devour the juicy lot

But, best make it hasty!'

And that is exactly what sneaky Simon did: he polished off the entire lot!

Fried bacon, mushrooms, egg

Sausage, fried bread crumbs,

Left-over tomato skins:

Would tease many tums!

But . . .

Then . . .

All of a sudden there was an *ear-popping* CRASH!

Next there was a *headache-causing* BASH!

That was followed by a *hypnotizing* FLASH!

Mrs Bingle screamed in fright as she shot down the stairs and into the kitchen with a bright yellow towel wrapped around her waist! (She had been relaxing in the bath).

The brand new, forty-two inch, piggy bank busting television had *flown off the wall!*

'I told you Billy Bingle! I told you twice! In fact I told you at least thrice! Proper fixings are required to hold that thing up – not titchy nails from your messy shed!' (Mr Bingle was terrible at DIY).

Well, that television crashing, screen flashing, annoying bashing episode suited Simon just fine. It allowed him plenty of time to *sense* and *reach* his *next* feed!

And once again he sang as he began his search:

'I'm full inside

I may go - POP!

But, new gobbles

I shan't stop!

The Bingles were furious! They had *shelled* out a fortune for their new giant television – and it was splattered all over the lounge carpet in hundreds of tiny pieces!

'I'm a mighty-mega mollusc

Milk is what I need,

Calcium keeps my shell strong

I'm tough, not a weed!'

The Bingles' tall fridge-freezer was firmly in Simon's sight! And off he glided - his smell tentacles twitching like crazy!

With a sluggish wiggle and a squishy wriggle, he moved slowly but surely towards the big white cooling appliance.

(Not only will the calcium keep Simon's shell strong, but it will also strengthen his teeth! Yes, believe it or not – snails have rows of microscopic teeth).

'A fabulous fridge feast,

A splendid idea!

Lots to guzzle

There will be - no fear!'

(He was a truly greedy snail indeed)!

But *how* will this sneaky mollusc be able to open a fridge door by himself? Well, you may not be sure, but Simon's done this sort of thing *BEFORE!*

The snail-trail of shiny, sticky mucus was now building up all over the Bingles' kitchen - and Simon was becoming larger than ever!

The fantastic fry up he had polished off was making him grow **BIGGER** by the second! His body was expanding to a *much more visible size!* Surely the Bingle family won't miss his presence much longer. . .

With his four wobbly antennas (also known as tentacles) jerking frantically, Simon glided down the kitchen worktop, across the kitchen lino towards - the fridge!

'Ello, ello, ello . . .

Let sneaky me see

What this fridge

Has stored for me!'

Simon's suction was powerful beyond belief! He slowly ventured up the side of the fridge door and, when he reached the handle area - he stopped. But this time he didn't leave a mucus trail. The fridge door was slippery enough already!

Simon's body began to shake from side-to-side. Powerfully he wobbled from left to right, over and over and over! He was like a living fridge magnet, clinging to the fridge - but moving!

The suction pressure was building up and up and up. The fridge door was losing grip and, and, and, suddenly, with a plop and a pop - it opened!

(Fridge door opening takes tonnes of energy from a snail. In fact, poor old Simon was huffing and puffing like mad).

With the door opening zapping energy - he desperately needed to rebuild his strength. But first he had to ENTER the fridge!

The bright fridge light made Simon's eyes blurry as he struggled through the open door. But it wasn't long before he was soon inside and relaxing - on the butter shelf.

'Yum, yum, yum, yum, yum

There's cheese, butter and meat

Two bottles of full fat milk,

What a scrummy treat!'

First, Simon got stuck into the butter - literally!



Then he worked his way through the shelves and gobbled up a huge slice of ham and a larger slice of corned beef!

The eggs were still in *their* shells, so he skipped those. But the bottles of milk tingled his attention and his eager eye stalk tentacles danced rapidly! Simon knew how to suck milk from glass bottles - with ease!

He slowly slid over cans of fizzy cola and, after a wobbly wiggle, clung to the side of one of the bottles. With his eager eyes still dancing, he glided towards the bottle top; but . . .

Just at that moment, Mr Bingle charged into the kitchen - this time fully clothed and wearing his glasses!

"Who's left the fridge open?" he shouted at the top of voice. "What the blibbing blobbles is going on in this house today?"

Simon once more held his breath and hoped for the best. He hung on to the bottle for dear life and prayed he wouldn't be caught in the act. Crunched like a crisp; squashed like a satsuma; splattered like a puddle of pigeon poop he would be if angry Billy Bingle was to spot him!

But still Simon's luck held out. Barmy Billy Bingle slammed the fridge door shut in a tantrum.

It had suddenly turned incredibly dark.

And the cold temperature was *decreasing* - rapidly.

Simon was trapped inside the fridge and he wasn't best pleased! His head was shivering, so he retracted into his shell. It was dark and gloomy and scary inside the lifeless fridge and Simon became frightened – as you can see:

Lots of humming, piercing, whirring and zhirring noises were making Simon's teeth grit. He thought that his number was finally up. 'I'm going to perish,' he mumbled. 'I'm not going to last long in here like this...'

But then . . .

**CLOMP – CLOMP – CLOMP.**

*COUGH!*

**ACHOOOOOOO!**

*EWWWWWW!*

(Nasty nose-blowing action filled the airwaves).

Little Penny Pollop, who had a runny nose and tickly cough, opened the fridge door! 'Now... *where* did mum put that Lucozade?' she muttered, roughly.

Simon re-opened his eyes and once more hoped for the best. He was relieved the fridge door was open, but still didn't want to be crunched and squished and in a terrible mess!

Had his luck had run out...

Was this to be *the end...*

Or was he about to make a new friend...

'Hello, hello, hello! What do we have here? A large slimy snail; oh, come you, don't fear,' said Polly, snottily.

*Achoo.*

'I'm very sorry, Mr Snail; please excuse my snotty sneezes.'

And with that, little Polly pulled Simon away from the bottle of milk. A peaceful **POP** was heard as his suction gave way.

'Come on, you can come to my room and keep me company. You'll be my new pet!'

And Polly darted up to her bedroom with a big bottle of Lucozade in one hand - and Simon the sneaky snail in the other!

'Oh no! Oh no! No! No! No!

I cannot be a pet!

For a start, I'm not much fun

And I've had no milk... yet!'

For the rest of the afternoon Simon was poked and prodded and tickled by the snotty hands of Penny Pollop. Her constant sneezing, loud wheezing and frightful nose-blowing gave him a tremendous headache!

'I do wish I hadn't been so greedy. I should have been satisfied with the fry up,' he sobbed.

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As the evening closed in, Penny Pollop decided to keep Simon tucked away in her bedside drawer. 'You can sleep in there tonight,' she giggled, 'and I'll feed you some of my toast in the morning.'

Simon hoped he'd be able to sneak off. After all, he was a *sneaky snail!* And his luck was in once again . . .

'Ello, ello, ello,

That wee Penny Pollop,

Has not closed her stinky drawer

Tight, the dozy dollop!

And that night, whilst Penny snored noisily like a roaring lion with tonsillitis, Simon made his sneaky escape:

He squeezed through the slightly open bedside drawer and glided downwards to the bedroom floor. The carpet was so dusty that Simon almost sneezed himself!

He wriggled and wraggled and ploddled and praggled until - eventually - he was on the Bingles' landing!

'Ello, ello, ello,

A comfy king-size bed,

That could be the perfect place

To now rest my head!

Simon had spotted a monstrous bed in another of the bedrooms. And, as nobody was around, and the door was wide open, he sneaked in to spend the night!

After a tiring journey and clumsy climb, Simon eventually snuggled beneath the extra-thick, soft duvet.

'Oh this is brilliant! So warm and cosy,' he thrilled. 'I'll sleep well tonight.'

But minutes later - Mr Bingle leapt onto the springy mattress and gave Simon a sudden shock!

'Oh no! Oh no! I'm not alone,' he rasped. 'This lumpy man has joined me!' And moments later - Simon was trapped; as now in the bed - there were. . . three!

Mrs Bingle had also plopped herself under the covers and Simon was stuck *in the middle!* To his right lay Mr Bingle's backside; and to his left rested Mrs Bingle's bulgy bottom!

'I must escape as fast I can  
Suffocate like this  
I will, I must sneak away,  
Give this comfy bed a miss!'

And that is exactly what Simon decided to do.

He slithered across the bedsheet, past Mr and Mrs Bingle's legs and right past their **cheesy feet!**

Mr Bingle was already snoring like mad. His breathing was so heavy and fearsome that it made the bed vibrate. Simon looked as though he was in a boat riding frightening,

humongous waves - and must've formed a tremendously tickly tummy!

And Mrs Bingle was beginning to join him!

'This clan are but snoring freaks

Why'd I pick this bed?

I should have gone down the stairs

To the lounge, instead!'

So, during the night, as the entire family snored on, producing revolting noises galore, Simon made his way down the stairs - into the now television-free lounge...

'Ello, ello, ello!

This sofa looks alright;

I'll chill here for a bit and then

Sleep throughout the night!'

And that is exactly what Simon did.

He slept peacefully for hour after hour after hour. A few snail-snores were present, but they weren't loud enough to wake the bed-shaking Bingles or the roaring Penny Pollop!

(A snail-snore is a unique sound. It's like a cross between tapping the side of an egg shell with your fingernail and flicking the end of your sticking out tongue with a different finger - simultaneously. Give it a try and see!)

Simon dreamed the most wonderful dream that night: he was gliding through a great big lake which was filled with frothy, creamy, calcium-packed milk. It made him dribble in excitement!

\* \* \* \*

'What the dithering dingbats is this cheeky pest doing?' shouted Mr Bingle, opening the lounge curtains. He had CAUGHT sleepy Simon snoozing on the leather couch!

'Oh no, that's it, I'm done for now,' cried Simon, waking. 'And I was looking forward to another fry up this morning.'

His eye stalks wobbled in fear and his shell shook wildly.

Bulky Mr Bingle's face filled with rage: his bright red cheeks blew out and his eyebrows rose incredibly high - almost reaching his scalp!

'Sneaky snails don't belong in MY house! How did this creature get in?' he screeched, grabbing a scared Simon from the settee.



Simon was shell-shocked:

'I hope he *doesn't* crunch me or squish me but puts me outside and sets me free,' he sobbed.

But this time, sadly, his luck had *finally* run out...

Mr Bingle lifted Simon and stared at him closely. Simon's shell was inches from Mr Bingle's spectacled eyes:

Then Billy Bingle began to sing:

'A-ha, I know

I have a plan,

I also have a frying pan!

The French, they call this:

*Special treat,*

That tender, juicy snail meat!

I'll fry you high

In olive oil,

Or would it be best to boil...

Snail and egg sounds rather scrummy

In fact it sounds truly yummy!

I'll fill my tum with this treat

Bacon, egg and *snail meat!*

'Oh no!' yelped Simon as Mr Bingle splashed oil into his **ginormous** frying pan! 'I'm going to be sizzled and frizzled. I'll be crunched and munched! My shell will be hollowed and my body will be swallowed!'

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For being far too sneaky,  
Cheeky, over-greedy,  
Simon finished up in Bingle's pan;

And that big lumpy prat  
Alone in joy he sat,  
Scoffing as did *whirrrrr* extractor fan!

He gobbled up the lot,  
And let out from his bott:

One big stinky, brekkie snaily **FAAAAAAAAAART!**

The End