

Henry Higgs (and the Sticky Situations - not just up his Nose!)

1

Meet Henry Higgs

As you can see, this gentleman, with his pointed waxed moustache, his small close-together eyes and his yellow lips, is not exactly a bundle of fun. He never has been. At the age of sixteen he went to work in a glue factory as a fishbone-boiler. In those days, glue was made mostly from fishbones. The fishbones were boiled and boiled in huge cauldrons until they burned into a sticky mess that for some reason or other made a very efficient glue.

Being an ambitious and hardworking boy, young Henry Higgs did such a good job as a fishbone-boiler that after five years he was promoted to the more important post of glue-stirrer. With a long pole, he stirred the bubbling, boiling greyish-coloured glue to stop it going lumpy. Here again, he did great job. In the glue that was stirred by Henry Higgs there was never a single lump.

Three year later, he was again promoted. He became a glue-pourer. This meant that he poured the finished glue out of a big jug into small attractively shaped bottles for the shops. Most glue-pourers spill a lot of glue down the outside of the bottles during the pouring, but not Henry Higgs. He poured the stuff so swiftly and cleanly that in another three years, he was promoted once more, this time to become a cork-popper.

Many who take up cork-popping end up ageing through frustration, because popping corks into glass bottlenecks is a very tricky task. But, as usual, Mr Henry Higgs succeeded to the highest standard. He became a magnificent cork-popper - the best that the factory had ever known.

Aged thirty, a not-so-young Henry Higgs was again promoted. This time he was made assistant glue-inspector. The chief glue-inspector, one Mr Cedric Sniff, was approaching retirement and Henry has his eyes set on taking his position.

Now, glue-inspectors had an extremely difficult task indeed. They had to - very carefully - inhale just the right amount of the finished product in order to allow it to go on sale. On the glue-smell scale, which ranged from 1-10, each batch had to sit between 3 and 5 for it to be sticky enough. Below 3 was not acceptable and over 5 could have led to disaster.

Glue-inspectors were known in Henry Higgs' time as blue-cheeked blowers, for they often had their nasal passages blocked - sometimes fully - so bad to breathe through their mouths, often frantically.

But once more, Henry was determined to prove his ability to be the best. He has decided to knuckle down and become the greatest glue-inspector the world had ever seen, and limit his blue-cheeked blowing to the smallest amount possible.

And this is where the story begins...

2

Accident at Work

It was a smelly morning with the sun trying its best to hide. And nobody could blame it, for pervading the atmosphere surrounding the glue factory was a mixture of rotten cabbage and dirty nappies. Inside the factory it was worse. Much worse. Henry, who had so far retained clear-ish nasals, was twitching away like a man receiving an electric shock. Just watching him made eyeballs ache as he vibrated and jolted tremendously. His yellow inspection folder was being filled in and a short man with a large bottom was crossing his fingers tightly.

Henry bowed into a great big cauldron-shaped pot and sniffed the man's mixture. He did this by inserting a long wooden straw up his nose (left nostril first) - making sure he inhaled just the correct amount. A gurgling noise joined in with his twitching and the big-bottomed worker suddenly blew off. He blew off so loudly that it caused Henry's vibrations to cease. It was a revolting sound - just like an elephant collapsing onto a thousand overblown whoopee cushions!

Mr Higgs immediately let go of the straw and shrilled at the top of his, now incredibly high-pitch voice, "Ow-eeeeee!"

With a gigantic crash the wooden sniff-tube bounced off the side of the glue-pot and the thick, sticky liquid lurched up into each of his beady eyes. "Ow-eeeeee!" he repeated, this time his folder tumbling into the cauldron .

The blow-off culprit bolted across the stuffy factory's floor and - there is little pleasure in penning these lines, but - he met a stupendously sticky end. The silly twit trundled through a huge patch of glue-spill (which is what materialises when drunken glue-pourers have an off-day). And with his oversized size sevens fixed in the puddle, the stupid twonk, in a fit of eccentric excitement, continued his journey. There followed a pathetic squeal as his shiny head cracked against the metal security doors and down he plunged like a sack of cauliflowers.

"Has he knocked himself out?" a female voice gargled, concerned. But, sadly for this big-bottomed belcher, there was no danger of a ten count being broken.

"I'm blind! I'm blind!" cried Henry Higgs as he stumbled about the almost silent factory in the dark. "My eyesight! It's gone!"

" Well, where did you last have it? " a sarcastic reply interrupted the library-esque vocal atmosphere. Clanging and banging carried on as the assistant inspector bounced from bench to bench and from cauldron to cauldron. The off cough and gasp mingled in, unhappily.

But all of a sudden a lengthy nose as *blue* as a blueberry entered through the now-dented security

doors...

3

Who Nose What'll Happen Next...

Attached to the long nose - which was also covered in lumpy puss-balls - was the fattest face imaginable. It was as plump as an overblown beachball. And the mop that sat on top caused many folk to giggle!

"What's all the commotion?" the peculiar fellow asked as his wiry frame (excluding his head) danced into full view. "Why aren't you working?"

"I can't see! I can't see!" whined Henry, now bumping into other members of staff and causing them to gurn. "I'm blind as a cat! "

"Be quiet you ignorant prat!" shouted the blueberry-faced entrant .

"Mr Sniff! Mr Sniff! Over here! Come quick! Help me! Help me! I cannot see! I cannot see!" pleaded Henry, springing off a bouncy bust.

Mr Sniff was the chief. The *top* glue-inspector. And his years of experience clearly showed. Cedric Sniff (also known as Sniffy) was a no-nonsense type of geezer. Whatever he said - went, and there was no messing about. He was as blunt as a graphite-less pencil, but as sharp as a sword. "Get this dead body cleared before it smells," he demanded, squeezing one of his wobbly warts articulately . "There's no space for a corpse in here. Then get on with your glue duties: - **IMMEDIATELY!**"

The post-shock staff scurried like rats towards a rotting pigeon and did *exactly* what they were told. Except for Mr Higgs. Bruised and battered on his kneecaps, elbows, hips (and belly button), the dozy plonk still had an eyeful of glue.

"Come with me, sightless assistant," Mr Sniff ordered. Then he placed a sweaty arm around his visionless number two's neck and guided him into a cupboard that STANK LIKE FISH!

4

Another New Chapter

Amongst the fishy waft, Mr Sniff looked Henry up and down. His square eyes seemed as if they had been painted onto his enormous blue face, and just glancing into them for a second made Henry's shoulders shudder. "This is my SECRET office," the inspector enthused. "It's only small, but I've had quite a bit of fun in here, I can tell you! "

Few had been awarded this great privilege. Mr Sniff had been a rather lonely man,

apart from whilst on his glue-check rounds. "Do you know," the old chap went on as Henry's half-drawn eyelids tried to explore the windowless "room." "Over the years I've had so many eyes to unstick; dozens of noses to plunge and countless sticky doo-dah problems."

Fetching a pointed metal toothpick from his desk drawer along with a blob of cotton wool and a small carton wearing a label which read: **AHH-AHH JUICE**, the old boy burst into song!

*"Do sit
sit
sit
And I will mend
mend it.
Giggles is the name,
Glue-trouble's the game."*

*Grit your teeth and clench your fists
Extra-extra tight,
Fingers crossed (with any luck)
I'll restore your sight! "*

Without hesitation, Henry Higgs did what he was asked. His rump caressed the strangest chair that eyes have (probably) ever seen:

And then the entire factory (and possibly the townsfolk of Picklebog) heard it...

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The window pane would have rattled had there been one and the shelves shook. The wall clock's big handle slipped skipped twenty minutes and a snotty tissue hopped its way into the bin!

"That's better!" thrilled Mr Giggles as he scraped Henry's eyes (his left one first. I think that's right,) with his scary-looking instrument. There was a scratchy, teeth-grating combo (the later part flowing from my gob as I write this part;) followed by a truly great PLOP.

Henry Higgs was once again awake to the world of sanity. Well, kind of...

When opening and closing his crusty eyelids, Henry rediscovered Mr Sniff's wart-infested blueberry hooter - and gasped. His face turned as white as snow and his lips burst out as he stared at a mess in the left corner: "What are those?!"

"Those?" replied Mr Sniff, wiping his pointed utensil on his trousers.

"Pants!" shrieked Henry. "Piles of pants!"

Mr Sniff chuckled to himself as he sprang onto his beanbag which looked like a giant cheeseburger:

"Those pants," he confessed, "came from the private parts of naughty little men. Naughty little bleeters who had sticky doo-dah troubles."

"My vision seems fully restored," chuffed Henry.

"Okay-pokey, then get back to your duties" said the old boy, proudly.

"But..."

"Oh... yes. And... Well... That stinky smell is my lunch. The letters of complaint I've received! Tut. Used nappies, my arse!" And with that - he pulled a big fat sandwich from another of his drawers. "Smoked salmon and tuna, swordfish and crab; I like my sarnies tasty, not boring, not drab!"

Henry left the inspector to his smelly feast and decided that, after all, being Cedric Sniff's assistant was not for him.

And so, just like that, off he toddled to the jobcentre where he was greeted by a lady with long golden hair and sparkling blue eyes. At that very moment he fell deeply in love, and down below a muscle did grow.

"There's a vacancy at the Custard Factory," her teasing voice informed the now goggle-eyed Henry Higgs. This is how his face appeared at that precise moment:

And when he realised he could be working in the Custard Factory:

Up the soon-to-be-employed-again Henry rose - and for some unfortunate reason - the pretty jobcentre advisor fainted in her chair.

6

Another New Bit

Henry pushed the bizarre yellow doorbell which made his fingers all gooey. This is how it appeared:

It was just like a big blob of yellow mucus!

But it didn't make a sound - so he pushed it again, this time harder. A strange tune blared out and it caused Henry to jump backwards.

As the rain fell, he waited patiently in a docile daze with the eccentric bell noise filling the airwaves. Like a manic xylophone it played on, badly.

All of a sudden the yellow door swung open and a tubby lady wearing a filthy apron grinned.

"Ha-ha-hello," said Henry , nervously. "I've cer-come about the job."

The tubby lady's grin revealed the most hideous set of choppers known to mankind:

"Oh, I sed," she replied , still grinning.

"So can I, thankfully, after the glue incident!"

" Pardon? Do come in. "

Just as Henry began to hop out of the cloud's powerful wee-wee spree the tubby lady interrupted abruptly, "but take your shoes off. Mr Custard doesn't like patchy carpets. He's the owner and I'm his helper."

Doing as the grinning helper asked, Henry slipped off his (partially covered) doggy-poop-bottomed size nines and revealed his crazy socks:

As the helper's flabby backside wobbled like a jelly before his eyes, Henry couldn't hold it in. "Ha ha ha ha haha ha!" he went . Then, taking a VERY deep breath, off he went again. "Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha!"

"What's so funny?" the old girl yelled defence as her large bottom juggled whilst she slowly span around.

"I'm sorry," Henry apologised . "But; erm; I; ummm; well... What's your name?"

"I'm Bertha. Bertha Bogg," Bertha Bogg proudly announced. "Or Mrs Bogg," she delighted with a flushed face.

"Do you like my socks?" asked Henry, pointing down at them .

"What do they have written on the ends?" Mrs Bogg replied , bending carefully.

"BURP!"

"Pardon?"

"They're BURP socks!"

"Burp socks?"

" Yes, burpy burpy burp socks! " Then Henry made loud burping noises from his mouth which made her gasp. "Push one of the buttons and listen!" he delighted . But Bertha Bogg seemed reluctant to do such a thing. "Go on, I dare you!"

But the chubby old woman was having none of it.

"I've got fart socks too. At home. And other ones that make rude pig sounds!"

"Come with me, up the swirly stairs to Custard's office," Bogg grumbled , her fat bottom rippling like a bouncy castle.

And up he waddled - round and round the swirly staircase that was carpeted bright yellow. As slow as a snails with bellyaches they travelled, Bertha leading the way. And that is when it happened...

7

Yet Another New Bit

"Yowdi Doo Dees" shrilled a gangly old man with ONE eye.

Henry stared at the strange chap and noticed the *blink*.

"Custard's my name; well, my surname. Not that I'm a Sir..." he added , extending his right hand.

Henry shook it and noticed the wobblyness of the elderly gent's skin.

"Are you the new member of our team?"

Henry nodded as the wobbly hand retreated. Then he replied, "the jobcentre told me..."

"Yowdee Dong Dingers!" thrilled Custard, with the *blink* catching Henry's attention again. "I've been on the lookout for someone just like you!"

Bogg giggled (and let a sneaky fart out as she did so.) Her terrible teeth made Henry's knees tremble.

"Do you know anything g about goo? Or slime? Oh, we're gonna have a yiddly-piddly time!"

Henry nodded with a gulp. "I worked months Glue Factory for many years."

Custard's blink sped up. "Well," the eccentric owner went on, " I *did* custard. The best custard in the country it was. As sweet and sticky as bubblegum attached to a trouser's bottom. But, I had enough.

Henry's eyebrows raised and Mrs Bogg was about to blow her nose. "So, I've decided. I'm rambling into a completely new area of stickiness. Oh, wow, the fun we'll have."

"What will you be making instead?" asked Henry .

"We!" delighted Custard. "Not I but we and... Oh... NO! NO! NO! Don't blow! Boggy, don't blow! NO! NO! NO! "

Bertha rolled the tissue back up her sleeve.

"Last time you blew, remember what happened? Those poor babies!"

" I'm sorry Mr Custard, " the old girl said. And then she waddled back down the swirly staircase, her rump swishing like a choppy ocean.

"Follow me, sunshine," said Mr Custard, hurrying into the room on the landing . "We have work to do!"

Henry looked relieved. A half-smile formed on his chops as he hurried behind the lanky custard chief.

No interview was required - he *had* the job and, as in his previous role - he was determined to get *stuck* right in.

8

Bogeys+

The room in which Henry lingered was peculiar. In fact, it made peculiar look peculiar, if that makes sense. Not much does.

"As you can indirectly see," said Mr Custard, pointing to bits and pieces on his top-floor *office* walls, "there are bogeys everywhere:

"Bogeys are sticky

Bogeys are gooey,

Bogeys are slimy
Bogeys are... chewy!" the crazy old geezer informed .
"Bogeys are the answer
Bogeys are the way,
In which nature does here say:
Blue Tac, pins and other sins...
Sellotape! Fill up the bins!
We need you not
Cease shall we
Buying your stuff,
OUR gunk's freeeee!"

Picking his nose eagerly, the mad man continued:

"Mine away
Day after day,
Save the planet
Folk shall pay!"

"But..." Henry replied intelligently . "Bogeys are free to everyone!"

" Yippidy Yum! answered Custard, loudly. "But special bogeys are the key, and how to force those buggers free!"

Henry stared at the one-eyed blink and drifted into a daze. Whilst he was dazing, Custard whipped a long rolled-up tube of paper from a cupboard beneath the windowsill. Then he (and here I shall issue a warning):

Dear reader,

Please do not be alarmed by what you are about to learn:

Mr Custard unrolled the paper and stuck it to one of his yellow walls - using SNOUT-MOULD!
(Known to you and me as BOGEYS!)

With a sparkle in his eye, he clapped his hands together so fiercely that Henry leapt backwards in fright.

"Wakey wakey my new friend,
Your help today I must lend!"

Henry's face turned glum with his nose facing his special burp socks he appeared he appeared to be very upset. As sad as a tired cow with over-squeezed udders.

"What's the matter?" asked Custard, picking his nostrils in determined fashion.

Henry didn't respond.

"We need I get cracking. No... I mean *collecting*. We have no eggs at the moment!"

"I've ruined them, " mumbled Henry, patting his bottom with both hands.

"Ruined what? " the old boy asked, with two fingers now burning calories at a terrific rate:

"My underpants! I've messed them! When you clapped - my bum erupted. An explosion took place."

"Oh dear..."

"It feels all squidgy and squashy down below."

"I know! I know! " said Mr Custard, ecstatically.

"Know what?"

"Sticky bot, with pure snot, mixed together: SUPER LOT! "

"Its a pity you can't add custard too. That'd be the STRONGEST glue!" Henry responded, getting in on the action.

"Wall-fixing satisfaction!"

"Let us get on with EXTRACTION!"

"How much custard?"

"Just a fraction!"

"Will it cause a weird reaction?"

Then, a welcome, sane distraction:

HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!"

9

Gherkins: Gone!

"I'm NOT kidding, Mr Custard, " pleaded Bertha Bogg. "I saw it - clearly! With my own eyes!"

"Well you wouldn't see it with anybody else's, " said Henry, studying the old woman's stockings - carefully.

"It was NIBBLING," replied Bertha, certain.

"Nibbling what?" asked Mr Custard .

"My gherkins! My beautiful gherkins! The sneaky little plop stain!"

The trio stood in the small(ish) (former) Custard Factory canteen, which was really a small kitchen with a fridge, kettle and a wretched pong.

"The bin needs emptying," said Henry, inspector-like.

"Those bleedin' gherkins," angered Custard, his nose twitching rapidly. "Revolting little things. They look like cucumber turds!"

"The rat! The rat!" shrieked Bogg, still up on the wonky stool, riding its not-so-gentle rocks like a cowboy at a rodeo. "It could be ANYWHERE!"

"Don't be silly. it couldn't possibly be ANYWHERE. I mean, how could it be in say, the Cook Islands. It can't fly for a start," lectured Custard, thoroughly. "Now let's get ready for fame. Because we sure as heck will be famous when our NEW product is flying off every shelf, and that's a fact."

"No it's not, actually, Mr Custard," interrupted Henry, still with poop-filled pants. "Technically, it can't be a *fact* until it's happened. And, well, how can sticky-stuff fly?"

"Enough of this nonsense!" ordered the one-eyed entrepreneur. "All three of us, up to my office - NOW!"

(Reader, please fetch a pair of WHOOPEE CUSHIONS, if possible, in preparation for the following chapter). ➡ Plus, ensure lungs are charged and ready. Ready to blow, blow, blow!

10

SUPER STICK-STICK

"Okay, pokie, Ding-Dong-Dokie!" said Mr Custard in great joy. "This is for readers as well as my staff - Boggy and Higgsy:

The Stick-Stick Song!

Here we go...

(Join in sticky friends!)

By the way:

* means collapse bottom onto first whoopee cushion.

** means collapse bottom onto second whoopee cushion.

Verse 1

Up your nose
PICK PICK PICK,
Bulgy bogeys
STICK STICK STICK!

Slimy custard from a can:
Wall attachments - each fall: ban!

Squashy, squidgy panty poo
Come and join the party too!

Super Stick-Stick
Product: new,
Will stick ANYTHING
For you!

CHORUS

With a pick-pick here
And a custard blob
Plus a pinch of brown *
When bums throb,

With a pick-pick deep
And a custard drop
Plus a goeey mess **
When buttocks pop!

Verse 2

You'll stick
 stick
 stick

When we pick
 pick

pick,

Yes, you'll stick
stick
stick

As we plop!

You will stick
stick
stick

When we do our trick,
Our STICKINESS won't stop!

(Repeat Chorus without whoopee explosions, unless you have FOUR!)

11

Choir Ends. CHAOS Descends!

The sticky-holic business began. Noses were dug and underwear was examined. Mr Custard still remembered his formula and created batch after batch of the stickiest, gooeyist, slimiest custard known to mankind. And womankind. And childkind. Even catkind! Ambrosia would be DISGUSTED!

The trio sang as they gathered materials by the bucketload and each night - with sore noses and EXTRA ROUGH bumholes - they relaxed in style. Bertha glugged Babycham. Henry munched Pork Scratchings. As for the boss - Mr Custard - he gorged on... SHERBET FOUNTAIN sarnies!

"We're ready! We're ready! " Custard cheered one Saturday morning, whilst STANDING. "Grab the phone, rich we'll be! I've always fancied a place by the sea!"

"Bognor?" said Bertha.

Henry fetched the telephone (which was so old that it wore wrinkles.) "What's the number?" he asked, placing the receiver to his left ear.

"Errr," replied Custard, blinking like a cokehead on speed. "Ask the operator?"

"Operator?"

"Yes; he operates on things? "

"What kind of things?" (Henry's forehead suddenly revealed a fluid meander.)

"Why not call HIM," chimed in Bertha, with red cheeks and puckered up lips.

"Don't squeeze one out; not in HERE! My office is a Bertha Bum Fire-Free Zone!" said Mr Custard , firmly.

"Call who?" asked Henry, his meander's end now a waterfall.

"Him. You know; him. From the telly!"

(NOTE: This confusing conversation went back and forth and lasted for ALMOST seventy three and a half minutes.)

"I'll call him immediately!" chuffed Custard, his humble allergy in full swing.

The phone rang at Dragons Den: Peter Jones' headquarters. "Hello," said a posh voice lifting the receiver most elegantly. (You may think this book's setting was too early for Peter Jones and the Dragons Den T.V. show. And he wouldn't own the old-school type of telephone - not a chance. Well, confused reader, this was not THE Peter Jones you might be thinking of. It wasn't the lanky tennis-loving bloke who sits with four other wealthy people on the BBC in front of piles of fake cash. It was, in fact, Peter Jones of HOT & FIERY CAVES OF COMBUSTION: A DRAGONS DEN FOR DAREDEVILS - a tourist attraction in the delightful Rochdale Riviera. And he was the SOLE owner of such a money-spinning enterprise. "Well," continued the posh voice a minute later, "I'm certainly interested. I do believe that I can BREATHE some life into this project and lift it to heights brand new."

So that was; erm... That.

12

McBollerx

How on earth will this story end?

To be absolutely honest; a-ha...

(Editor - please scrub out the previous para...)

One Sunday afternoon, with the bluest sky and the fluffiest clouds any brain could conjur, a middle-aged man strolling through McBollerx Park (check a map of unsure), suddenly lost his hair! A ghastly gust of solar system trapped wind was carelessly released. And off it whizzed.

"Oh bugger," the (now-baldy) man moaned. "My bald head will look like an egg!"

The egg-headed chap tried with all his might to retrieve his hair, but it was no good. Across McBollerx Park it bounced, through doggy poop piles and Flymo-free lawns. To outfit baldly - the hair was gone.

WOOF!

BARK!

GROWL!

CHEW, CHEW, CHEW!

(Hair of the dog it literally was.)

(SECRETARY'S NOTE:

Hang on, hang on. There wig needs returning for this tale to finish with a sort-of satisfactory conclusion. Surely...)

(EDITOR 'S TWOPENNENTH WORTH:

Don't be daft enough to think that a windswept mop stuck to his baldy barnet with Super Stick-Stick formula will suffice.)

Oh, sod it. What a pickle I am in. Does Bertha Bogg have any of her gherkins left...?

Let's start a new...

13

Back ON Track...

"I'm stuck!" groaned 104 year old Oliver McGurgle in his downstairs toilet. "I'm stuck, stuck, stuck! How can I have a piddle?! The toilet seat and lid keep slamming back down and won't remain stable! My pecker is bruised beyond belief. This is bog pan brutality!"

('Try the upstairs loo,' thinks a clever reader, loudly.)

((He can't reach it, the author cheerfully pens. His legs are stiff, his knees are locked and his Stannah stairlift is faulty. And that's another story!))

"If only," said Olly McGurgle, hopefully, "I could stand and Lee although those brutes attacking my winkle! I'm dying for a sprinkle!"

Luckily his TV was blaring in the background. And luckier still, his niece, Norma, knew of his toilet trouble in advance...

"WANT TO STICK: EXTRA QUICK! Then use our Super Stick-Stick formula for the ultra sticky experience," ITV blasted during a quiz show. (Use your loaf. Not Hovis!) Then the song we sang earlier followed!

"Hooray! Hooray! I'm saved! I'm freed! Soon the china bowl I'll feed!" thrilled Mr McGurgle, hysterically.

But he waited. And waited. And waited and waited. And waited. And waited (not tables.) And waited and waited; became agitated...

DING DONG!!!

14

Oliver McGurgle's niece clutched a shiny tube which boasted: "CUSTARD'S SUPER STICK-STICK. ANYTHING IT WILL STICK QUICK."

And stick away she did! She barged into his big and did THE BIZ!

Mr McGurgle less for England. And Scotland. Wales even got a spraying! (Sorry Ireland...)

Henry Higgs went on to achieve wonderful things. Just what those wonderful things were, we do not know. But his one-inch-squared Christmas cracker diaries could not be clearer: "WONDERFUL DAY" reigned many a page. And Mr Higgs continued to wear his waxed moustache with pride. He rejected the opportunity to have it trimmed FREE OF CHARGE by Todd's Barbers - without hesitation. His yellow lips blended in beautifully with the mid-summer sun and he lived - apparently - happily with his gang of vicious reptiles in a two-bed flat above MAVIS MOGGINS' NERVE-CALMING SPA.

As for Mr Custard, his solo eye blinked for Europe and Mrs Bogg FINALLY had her teeth fixed. A dentist, one Mr Larsmanky, Mr Mo Larsmanky completed a most fabulous job. Eventually.

And, to be truthful, a tortuous situation has materialised as I wrap this up - not in glossy paper, but...

This adventure was set to continue. To sail overseas. To travel the Milky Way. But, my ink is running; no, scrap that, ploddi ou..

