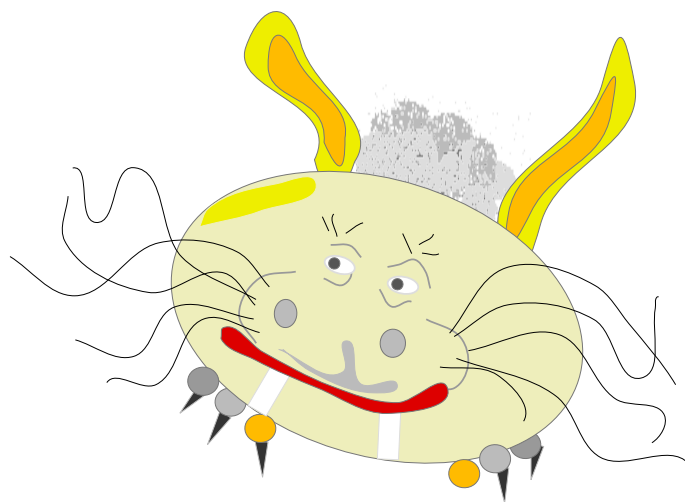
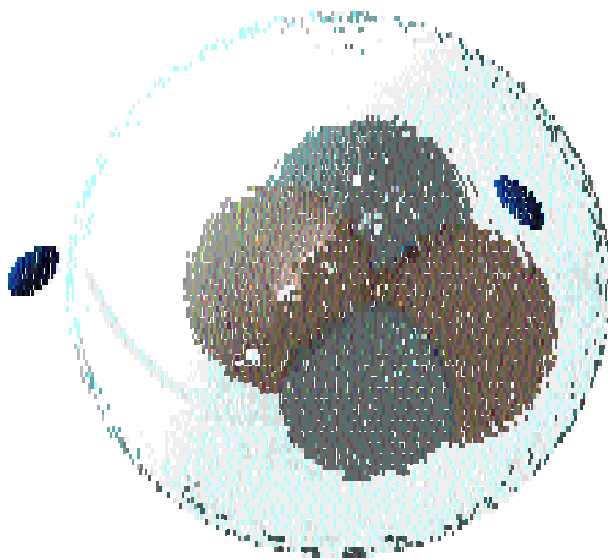


Eustace

and the



Helium



pop

shop.

Eustace The Rabbit.

When I were a lad, nobbut 5' tall, (remember how it was as a lad? Eh?

Ah! happy daze). I was in this band called Tea Time assorted. There was John, Phil and Me and we played Rotten Roll (of course)

and that's why I failed all me exams and things. Well now! After a bit,

what with the shortage of beer vouchers and a gradually

developing social conscience (hah!) I found meself with a

JOB. This was quite a while ago You understand, so it isn't

as unlikely as it may sound now..... There I was then, at the

local chemical works. Three shifts, steam up yer trouser leg, glacial acetic acid

dripping from the overheads. You know the sort of thing! That was where I met Jeff

through him, Eustace. Y' see one who invented

really, and I adopted but I've been drawing

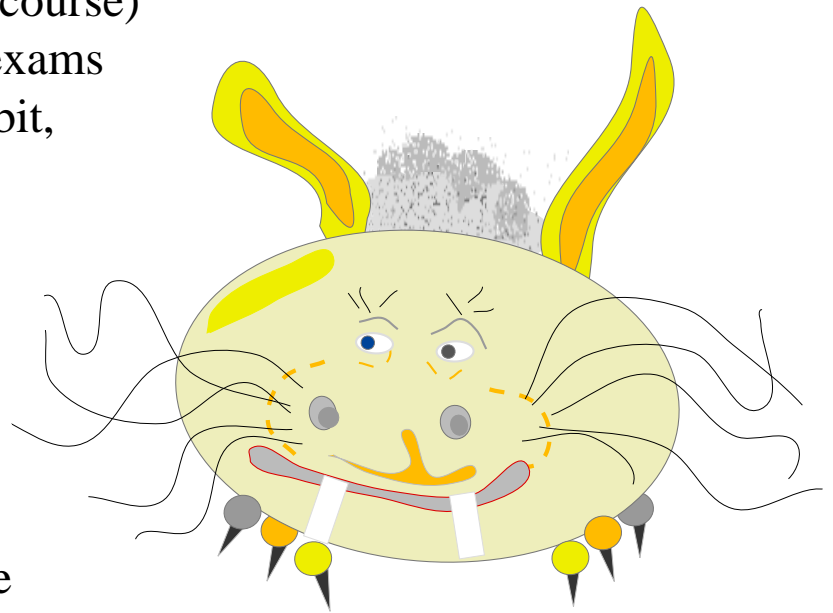
good while now, so I see that it makes all

difference. Nowadays, another band called

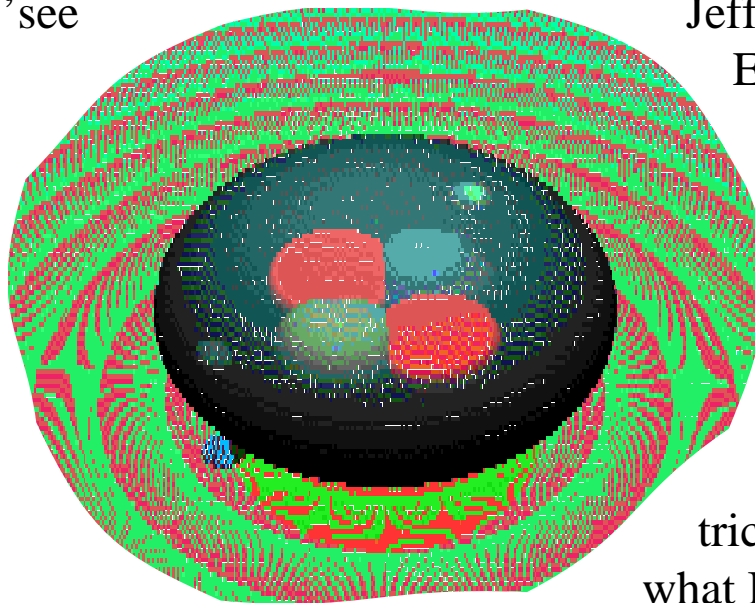
and I have enough last Me through (got the

passing eventually), and was that I could tell You all the

and the Helium Pop- Shop, leaving out the more difficult mathematical theory.



and the Helium Pop- Shop, leaving out the more difficult mathematical theory.



Bloor, and

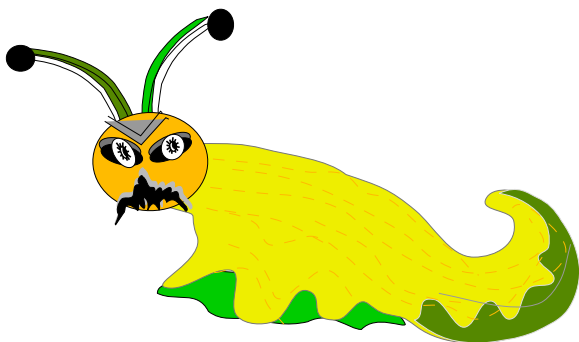
Jeff was the Eustace him after, him a don't that I am in Flotsam, Exams to trick of what I thought

story of Eustace

and the Helium Pop- Shop, leaving out the more difficult mathematical theory.

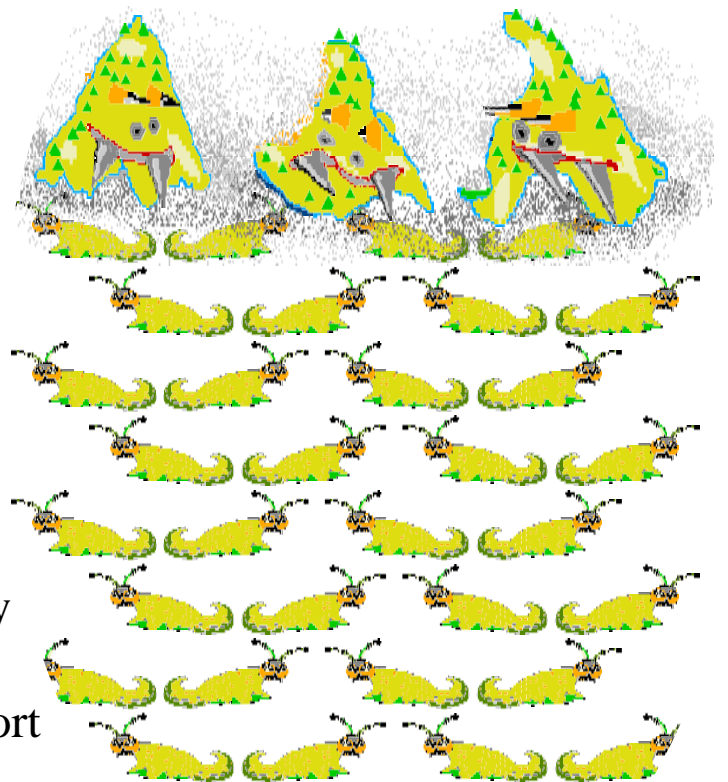
Right ! Once upon a time (or put mathematically $1/T$) , there lived rabbit called Eustace. Yeah!

Well now, Eustace was what we call a bit of a head, and the Flopsy Bunnies just were not in it, not in the same league, mundane city even. Actually, you see, what I am trying to get across or to impart right at the very outset of this tale, is that Eustace had — and still has — a degree of social irresponsibility. By this of course, I don't mean that you would ever catch him weeing in the doorway of McDonald's at 3 Am on a Sunday morning or going on a Morris tour. No, not quite that far out! But he did get involved in several incidents which raised a few eyebrows. Incidentally, this is also good going if you happen to be a slug!



No? not a slug? Well alright! — Only checking!

These here incidents are what the story is about, but of course you've got to let me dither around for a bit before we get into the story proper: fill you in on the situation, introduce the characters, and that sort of thing.



This brings us, (rather neatly I think), to the subject of HELIUM.

There are several things to remember about this stuff:

- It is an odourless gas much lighter than air.
- It is supposed to be chemically inert, and therefore, totally non-addictive; also it makes a funny sound if emitted from [within reason] any bodily orifice.
- Helium is named after $\text{H}\epsilon\lambda\text{i}\text{o}\sigma$, the well known greek god and sweet fennel fetishist, and it is not impossible to pinch a cylinder of the stuff from a fair or somewhere like that where it is used for inflating those silver balloon things.

Of course, if one were after a cylinder of Carbon Dioxide really, but a bit ignorant about cylinder colour schemes, and in a hurry anyway then perhaps one could become confused and end up nicking the wrong gear.....

Come on! It's feasible! It has to be! Otherwise, I might as well stop right here and now!

Well — I haven't stopped! That means this all must at least be possible, Thus reassured, I shall continue with the prologue of this story.

Tell me now, does it take much effort to to imagine or picture the scene of