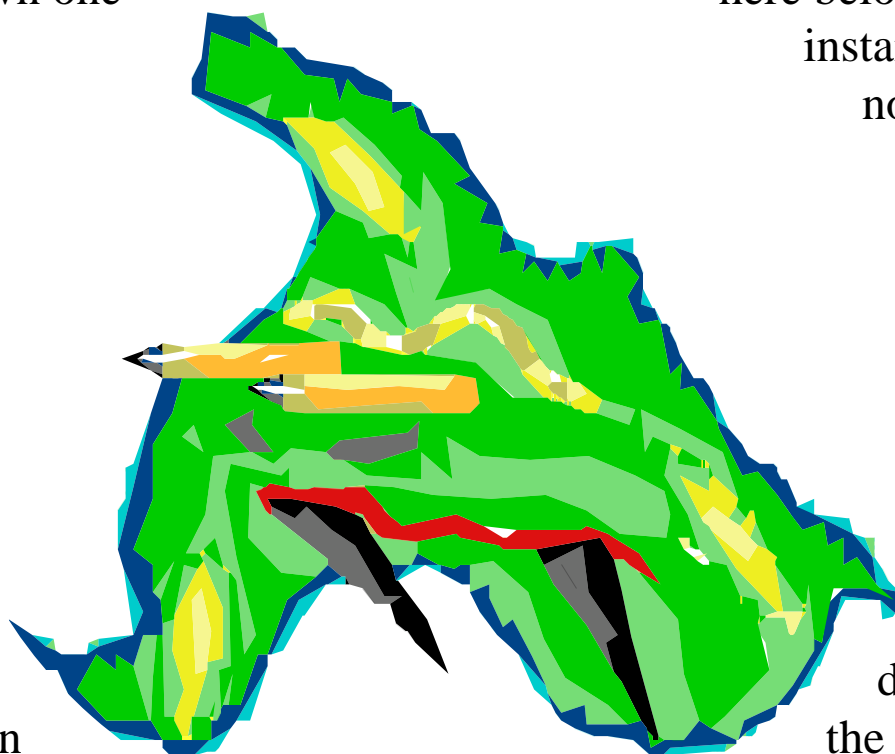


If you can't quite
have drawn one
of course
Glups
slugs,
rather
nasty
time;
actual
of
the
the
found
a rather
attempt on
Digby—Smythe
name & I
believe it!
push the
Almost
the lads
glorious
something that
jelly- babies.



Glup:
note in particular the photo-
synthetic nodes in bands over the body,
suggesting a plant-like or herbivorous life-style.
Then note the teeth... A strange contradiction indeed!
The sack-like body allows it to swallow animals up to
20 times it's own size— and leave room for coffee,
cheese and biscuits afterwards! Be warned that
most glups are not good tippers, and hardly
any are VAT registered.

remember what a Glup looks like, I
here below. You will now
instantly recall that
normally feed on
which makes life
easy yet rather
at the same
like most jobs
ly. A matter
moments after
emergence of
glup, Eustace
himself resisting
determined
the part of Simon
— this was the glup's
can tell that you don't
even from here! — to
float up his left nostril.
immediately, the rest of
took a hand and a sort of
punch-up ensued with
felt rather like a sack of rotting

I can't describe what glups smell like, however, but I can leave you
with the thought that they are never used to promote the sale of perfume
or suchlike products. This says it all really....

After a few minutes of fisticuffs, Simon felt the sudden inclination
(prompted by a well placed boot) to return to the canal, but not before he
had given the company to understand that he did not consider the matter
to be closed, and proposed to take it up again later under more favourable
conditions.

What Simon actually said of course was a bit more succinct than this,
more on the lines of "Me and my mates'll get you bastards." (this being
the time honoured formula for use in such cases). The traditional
response to this formula, is, in essence, a speculation that the first party

cannot even pick their nose without falling over, followed by the profound hope that the said party will not be foolish enough to actually believe the wild delusions which they presently entertain.

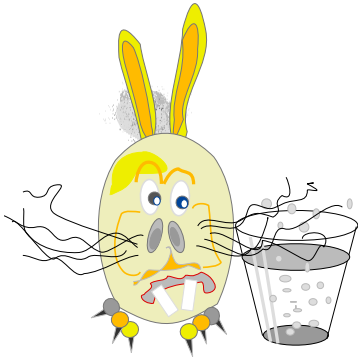
This response was given by the assembled company, and followed by a full stop punctuation mark in the form of a half- brick, which sort of, but not quite missed the target. After this, it was generally agreed that if there was indeed a grain of truth in Simon's ravings, it might be as well if they were all to leave the immediate locality with some dispatch, or again colloquially, to "Bugger off sharpish" in the general direction of the fair.

Now then! You wouldn't be too surprised if it turned out that our friends should, upon their arrival at the fair (with more than a trace of foul in this case) meet, with or, more likely fail to avoid one of our anti-heroes whom you may already have met. This is, of course, assumes that you are reading this book from the front to the back, which, given that you are looking at it anyway, is by no means a certainty. At any rate, be that as it may and notwithstanding, this is where the thick plottens, and we discover some of the physiological effects of Helium over-consumption. The general feeling of the company as they moved away from the canal was tending towards the "sod the football, we're knackered and in need of a drink" stance. Problemata Megala; not even opening-time yet! Well, says Cedric — the resident bright ideas merchant of the company, "the beer tent at the fair will be open so we can have one there now". Even Gypsy Rose Lee could guess what is coming next: Right! Alphonse with the very same bottles that Herbert and He had rapidly prepared only two hours previous.

A special introductory offer on imported Icelandic Viking extra strong mead.....

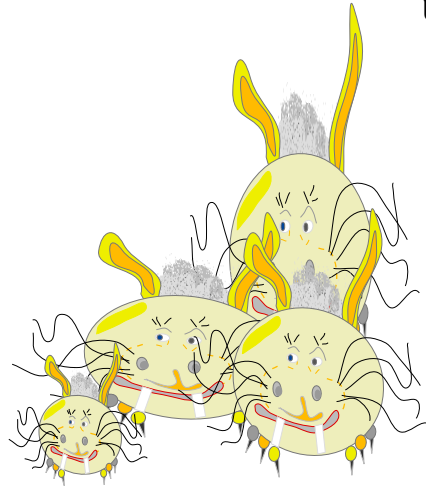
Nobody belived it for a moment, but they were fairly sure that it would have the kick alright, so after the customary exchange of coinage

Eustace, the company's elected lunatic and proto alky stepped in to test Alphonse's proposition that the "stuff" was just the thing to "Buck one up" (a bit of rabbit-specific advertising jargon of which Alphonse was rather proud). Urp! 'Sabit gassy! Eustace remarked after the first half pint to the expectant little group (including Alphonse), who had moved to a fairly safe distance; as if some effect other than the usual staggering, vomiting and then falling in a heap was expected.



Buck Me !

But what about the



UP ?

usual staggering, vomiting and then falling in a heap was expected.

Eustace finished the first pint. Hey! he said to Alphonse, "I thought that all that bit about making you feel light and carefree was all your usual bull-shit, but it's no bull alright! C'mon men, we don't need to go further than right here for a while. The next one's on me"!

This went on for about half an hour, during which time Alphonse's supply of bottles, and profits varied in inverse proportion, The Beer vouchers kept on coming like there was no tomorrow (like some say there isn't anyway).

A certain sense of floating was evident amongst the company, and much more disagreeably, an associated bloated feeling, This was noticed first by Eustace (who as you will recall) was at least a pint ahead. Herbert, had he been present, would have at this point probably started ranting about Archimede's principle — or more likely, kept his trap shut and moved away quietly. Better have a belch, Eustace thought, and then, in typical 'Beer Monster' style, He leaped into the air for the greater effect.

He did not, however come back down....

Que a short poem.....

Floating.

Floating High,
-as You do.

Sky of green,
Grass of Blue.

We'll all come down,
Someday.

Then, We'll land,
feet on the ground,
head in the sand.

But, while We're here
can enjoy the view.

Sky of green,
Grass of Blue.

At
this height,
Eustace thought, a fart
could easily turn out to be
fatal, and anyway, how we
are going to get down
(man)....

