

straight into a Glup net! —— Saved? I should jolly well think not! not yet at least!

There was a cracking of branches and a stretching and twanging like hasty knicker elastic, which was promptly drowned out by the revolting sound of deflating rabbits. After a short (ahh! that's better) pause, this veritable gala of special effects was interrupted by an ominous creak, then a crunch and a single loud snap: look wot you done now! you can buy me a new pair for that.

The final descent phase consisted of a bundle of rabbits in a net, falling out of the darkness and nearly (but not quite) missing Simon Digby-Smythe, who was now distorted into a sort of jelly pancake, with a few pseudopods around the perimeter which were flapping in an angry sort of way.

For a moment, there was quiet, except for a few grunts from Simon, and a final deflating noise from Wilfred †, who had somehow finished up at the bottom of the scrum.

† We can now assume that Wilfred (see arrow on the previous page) Is actually smaller having now a much more accurate estimate of his relative position. Note also that, contrary to expectation, He has been mentioned again.

A frantic struggling and shuffling ensued, as the company tried to free themselves from the net, this together with a flowing, rippling sensation the same as you get when swimming across a trifle with hard-boiled eggs in it. This rippling thing was being caused by Simon (Digby- Smythe) during the process of collecting his wits, and a few other bits that had temporarily been knocked off, whilst sort of oozing out from under the general mayhem above.

He stared for a moment at the heaving mass of ex-aeronauts. Having stared, and made an expression, which might have been mistaken for a smile, but which wasn't, He hobbled over to the radio, unclipped the morse key and sent:

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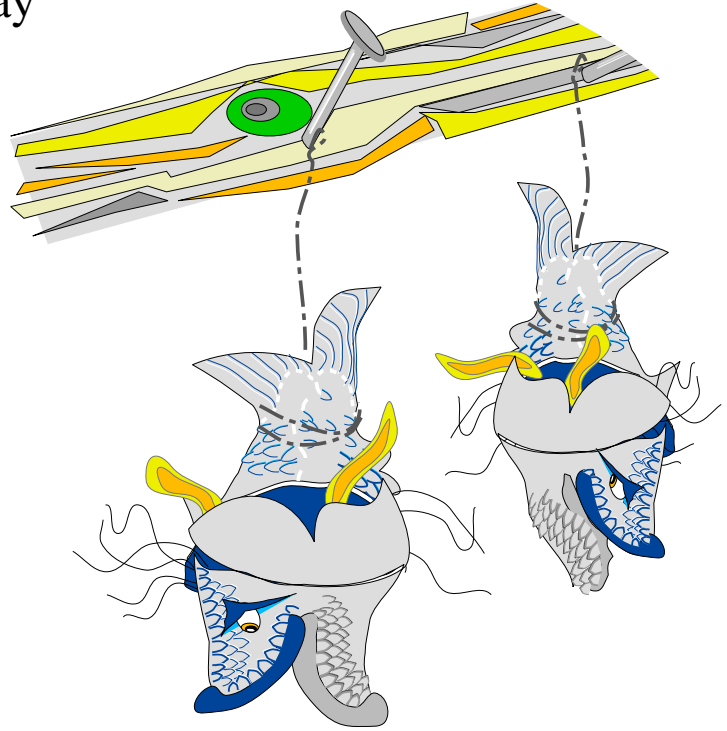
well ominous eh? Then turning back to the still frantically struggling bundle, He unburdened himself of the phrase that baddies always say just as they are about to shove one into the nuclear furnace, or bombard one to death with ping-pong balls. you know the one!

SO! MY FINE FRIENDS! WE MEET AGAIN.....

At this, the struggling stopped to be replaced by cries of “Oh S—t” and “isn't that the geezer that?...”, together with a few nervous gulps.

¶It may be worth pointing out that even though a fairly nasty situation is developing, it is quite socially acceptable for one species to kill and eat another one (ask a shark), and the process which Simon was contemplating, and intending to implement when help arrived, was then, from a detached view point quite in order, and only to be expected in the circumstances.

This intended process, (which may seem a bit bizarre to those who don't know much about glups), involved the use of assorted fish costumes and a big drum of cod-liver oil (which according to the label had added vitamin B₁₂) and was, in effect an ingenious but futile extension of the concept of air-fishing in general.



"I thought it was funny", remarked one of the fish-like objects hanging from the rafters in between bouts of coughing induced by the clouds of smoke rising from below.

"Wot? KOF! kof!" another object replied.

"I mean, when we asked for a last smoke, and they said "Ok! Oak, Ash or Sycamore?" — "I mean.."

"Oh Gawd!" the haddock called Eustace at the end of the rafter burst out, "Look, it seems that the only thing that does it for these Guys is fish" "We need to get P.D.Q. some real fish KOF! or else provide a poor substitute.

I don't know about you lot, but I don't like being second-best, or dead, as they're both bad for yer health".

"Yeah! right! nice so far" the other fish agreed, "but, like where man do we KOF! y'e know, er.."

"We buy it!" Eustace now spoke confidently.

"Oh yeah? with what?"

”With the money that Herbert and Alphonse will kindly give us”

“Oh sure!”

“Tell us another!”

“Bull s—t!”

”No! reely! ‘salright! I can guess what they’d like to do to us, and even what they think they’re going to do to us but if we play our cards right hm.. hmm. yeah!”

With that, He twisted round and yelled out “hey Simon man! let us down a minute, and listen to this deal!”

Remember those Rock concerts they used to hold at the hill farm near Buxton? — The ones where you sat until 2 or 3 AM in your bin-bag stuffed with newspaper? When the band, on the distant stage dotted about with makeshift fires, and huddled groups of survivors, performed to the accompaniment of lashing wind and rain the musical equivalent of rounding Cape Horn in an Antarctic gale. How did you feel about it all eh?

Now, Herbert and Alphonse, who had spent the night cruising the lanes on a beat-up old BSA bike/sidecar combo were feeling more than a bit like that...