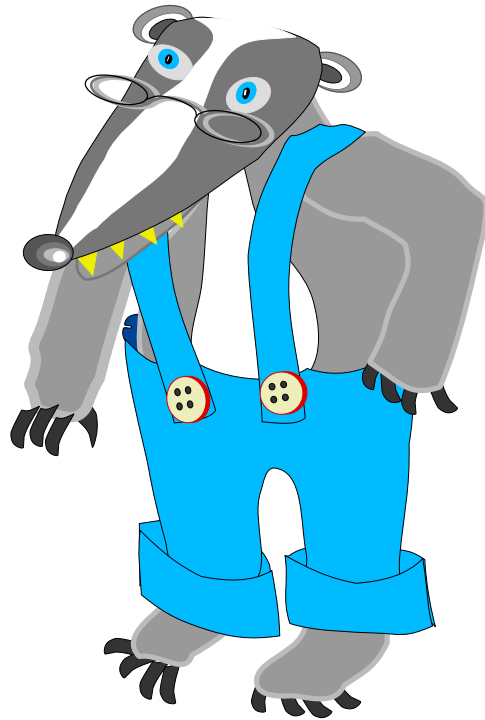


a Badger by the name of

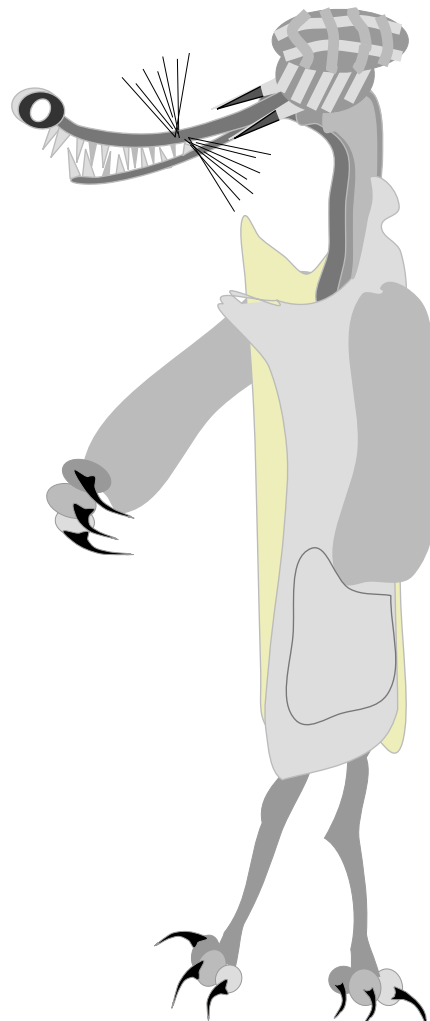
Herbert



and a

Stoat called

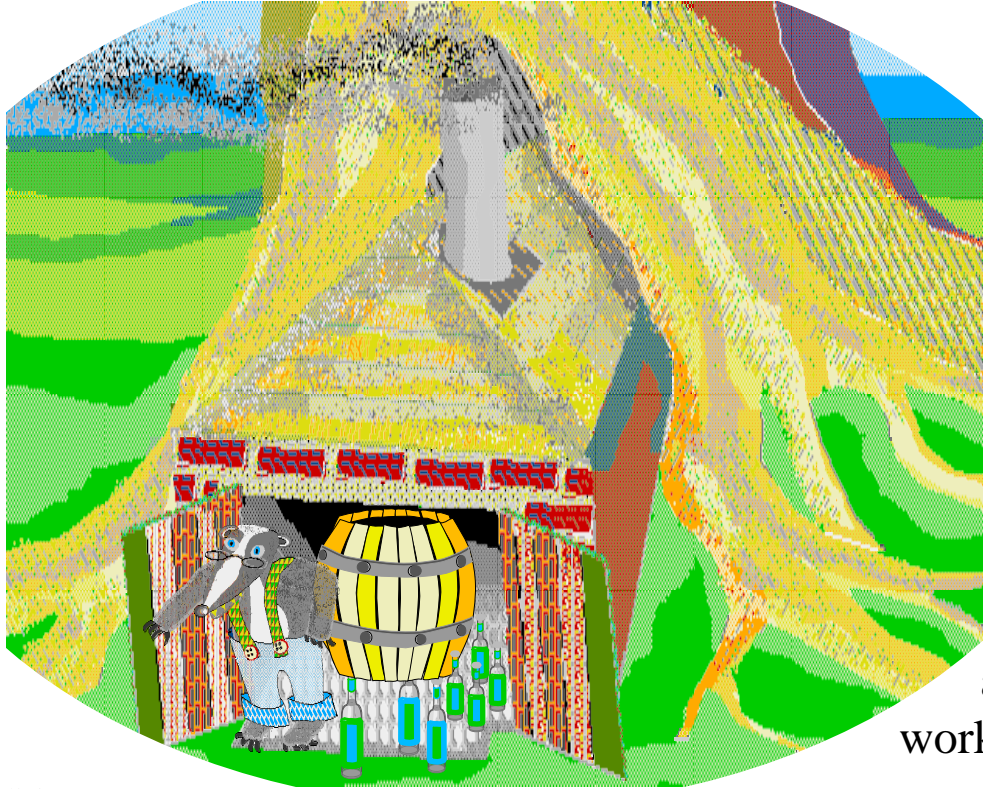
Alphonse



operating a brewery in a burrow under a hollow tree ? Well, like it or not, that is where we are starting out.....

Here is the Brewery that I just mentioned.

The picture shows Herbert in the act of opening up for the day.



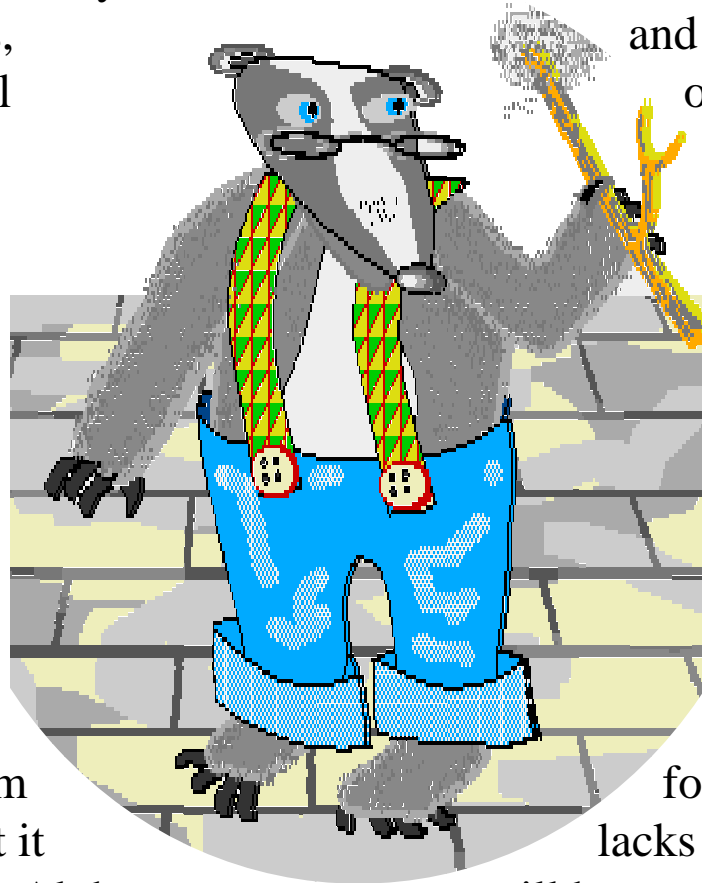
Alphonse
has yet to
He prefers to
into the evening.

arrive, as
work later

This is an enlightened organisation, with flexi-time, bonuses, and the occasional customer sandwich, made out of the bad payers, which for this reason are surprisingly few in number.

There was no particular reason for building the brewery through the centre of an old tree, except that it saved on slates for the roof and bits of wood for the sides, and also used, (pre-poll tax) to qualify for an environmental rates discount because of the noise of acorns landing on the roof. I have drawn it as best I can, but of course, it doesn't look like this at all really!

Things were going badly this morning, because the latest brew looked like it was taking a nasty turn. Herbert stirred it with a stick a few times, and the watched as the bark started to peel off the beer wetted implement. Bits of bark fell of the stick into that lapped the edge of stood in the brewery floor. batch of beer' he put the rest of out of harm's convenient sheet foil. It seems to have lacks sparkle somehow.



'Ah! well, I expect Alphonse will have something to say about that'. With this thought, He turned and shuffled into the bottle store to start making up the day's orders. Alphonse, the sales side of the outfit, always seemed to be harping on about sparkle these days. He would be coming in very soon to pick up the day's deliveries, which Herbert should even now be packing up—but, somehow, Herbert couldn't seem to get going on the job today. He made a roly out of a few odd dandelion leaves and lit it on the stirring stick, which was now smouldering, and about to burst into flames. "Sometimes I wish we could swap jobs, Alphonse and me, he sighed — at least during the summer anyway. A bit of tazzing around the country side, making with the slick sale spiel, eating the odd customer or two, yeah! Could handle that ok! But of course you had to consider the disadvantages too, like what sort of a pig's breakfast would Alphonse make of this job.... Ah! well, perhaps I'll have to stay shovelling shit here while he has a good time of it.

Perhaps if we got another secretary/ receptionist, someone really fit... He brightened perceptibly for a moment or two here, but then, no that's a bit difficult, because Alphonse always eats them sooner or later, and



we've already got a stack of P45's in the back room like you wouldn't believe.