

RABBIT SQUIRREL

"I hunted for days on end to find the extremely rare Rabbit Squirrel. I know it sounds a bit like a rabid squirrel but it is not. If you stare at the picture for an hour the squirrel will come out of its camouflage."

Agent Crooks
Leicestershire, UK

Mr. Brooks studied the telegram carefully. Officially he spoke forty-seven different languages, but English was his weakest. He sipped his tea and removed his monocle.

"Master!" he cried across the room. "I think you'd better take a look at this!"

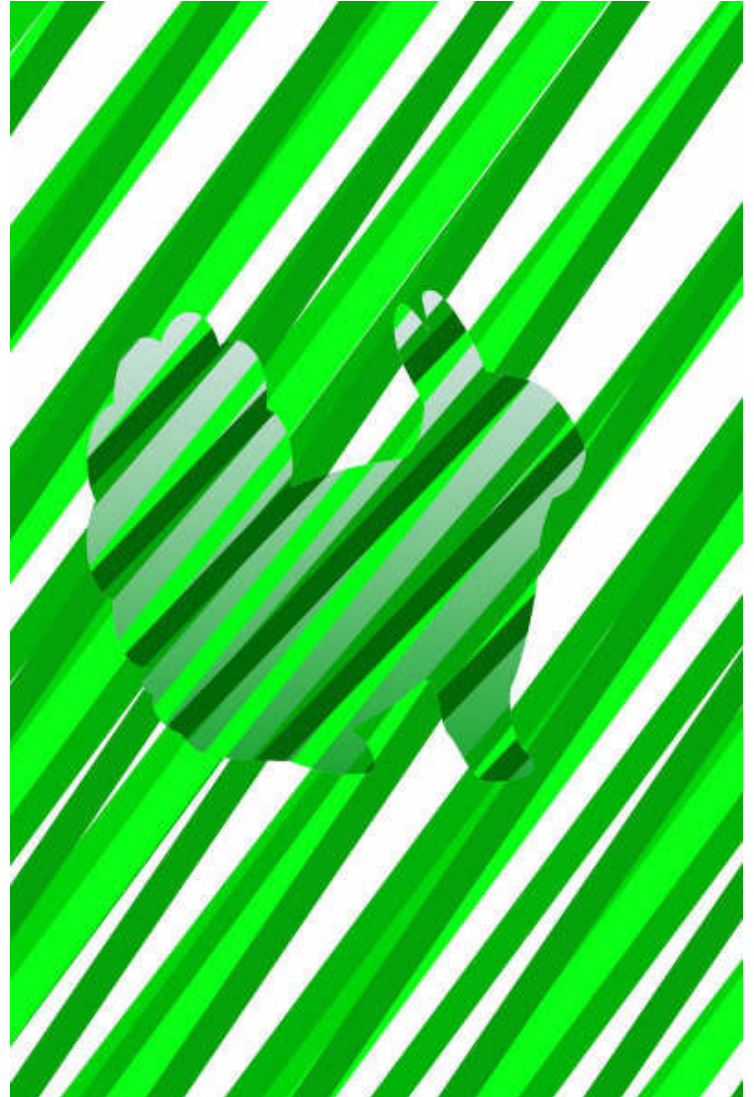
The Master Hunter dropped his knitting needles and pounced over to Mr. Brooks. "Rabbit squirrel?" he said. "Rare? Picture? Camouflage?"

Mr. Brooks nodded sincerely. "That's what I concluded," he said. "What do you propose we do about it?"

The Master Hunter groomed his underarm hair, deep in thought. "We had best find out if it is good or evil," he said eventually. "Send out 00'Leary and that new chap to try and capture one."

"Beard sir?" asked Mr. Brooks.

"Thanks, I don't," said the Master.



Three hours later Agents Beard and 00'Leary still hadn't found the rabbit squirrel, although they had managed to fit in six pints of ale.

"I have come up with a rather excellent plan," said 00'Leary. "Let's beat each other up, pretend we got beaten up by the squirrel and then tell the Master Hunter that the blasted thing is evil."

Beard thought for a moment. "I have an even better idea," he said. "Let's *not* beat each other up, pretend we *hadn't* been beaten up by the squirrel and then tell the Master Hunter that it is *not* evil."

"Ah," said 00'Leary, smiling. "Just not a pretty face, eh?" He reached for his pint glass and frowned upon discovering its emptiness. "Your round," he said.

"No I'm not!" replied Beard angrily. "I've lost seven grams since Christmas!"

Beard leapt upon 00'Leary and head butted him in the head and butt. 00'Leary reposted by punching him in the fist and biting his teeth. Pretty soon a ferocious fight had broken out with limbs and bones flying everywhere. One minute later, thoroughly exhausted, Beard and 00'Leary sat down again. Beard studied the battered 00'Leary through black eyes. "We'll say it's evil then?" he said. And they did.

The Master Hunter
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OLD SQUIRREL, NEW TRICKS

The Master Hunter's favourite things to do with a drunken squirrel.

Trick 2 – Imbibe It.

Everyone knows that squirrels are porous and that they absorb fluid like a sponge. I have learnt to exploit this to get a free drink. Simply wait until the squirrel has consumed a decent amount of beer and then hold it upside down above your glass and wring it out. Scoop off the fleas and savour that squirrely flavour.

CANNIBAL SQUIRREL EATS OWN NUTS!

Photos page 10.



THE STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM FLAVOURED MONSTER

Since the death of the world's strongest monster, the Fearsome Gurgle, there has been a void in the general monstrosity of my life. Like any man missing the touch of a good monster I tried to fill the heartache with romantic comedies and ice cream. Imagine my delight when I opened the tub to reveal the Strawberry Ice Cream Flavoured Monster! We did a photo shoot in my garden; the best picture is to the left.

The Master Hunter