

BURIED AND GUTLESS

It was a cold, windy afternoon as I struggled out of sleep and into my dressing gown. From the other side of my spartan bedroom my guts grinned at me from a large jar. I had had them removed only a week previously, and the scar from the operation still hurt. The newfangled electronic guts that the surgeons had supplied me with as a replacement twinkled and blinked through the flesh of my abdomen, they chirruped and hiccupped as I rushed to the toilet for my traditional early afternoon vomit. My life had certainly taken a turn for the better. This was the life for sure! As I wiped my beard down and swilled my mouth out with water (try doing them at the same time – it's invigorating), I breathed a deep sigh of contentment. After my choking fit from my mouth swill water had subsided, like much of Aberystwyth University, built, as it is, on shale, I tottered downstairs to find some tea and toast. I quashed and quenched my appetites and then sat back in a large, wing-backed chair before the fire and cursed the fact that I was housebound. I longed to be out there, dodging acorns and slaughtering masses of squirrels just like in the old days, but with my new wooden liver, glass bladder and rubber intestines I needed rest and recuperation for up to seven months before I could once more take up my squirrel slashing, chipmunk mashing, pigeon dashing, cocci thrashing paper cut device. I sank into my chair and quaffed a second tea, brought to me by my monkey. My ancestral baronial hall was not a patch on the RSS HQ and I longed to be there instead, convalescing – if I were there I could roar wildly at the young agents and put the fear of me into them, I could demand tea on tap from that snivelling butler chappy, I could shake my sticks at my colleagues and get sneezed at for it, I could challenge all to a hand of Tjord Funderbird (either Mark I, or the newly released Mark II version), and then if I lost, could blame it on my illness and not have to sulk. Ach, I longed to be there. I picked up the old fashioned candlestick phone and dialled the number for the HQ switchboard.

“Good afternoon, RSS HQ, how can I be of service,” twittered 00'Leary as he answered the phone.

“00’, it’s Mr. Brooks. I’m bored -”

“Well, perhaps I could sing to you, or do a little dance? I learnt several as part of that course you and the Master sent me on.”

“No. Be quiet. I would like you to send someone, preferably someone enormously strong, to carry me from my home to the RSS HQ so I can be less bored as I recover from losing my guts in that battle with general anaesthetic that I lost the other week.” Then I hung up the phone and waited for burly chaps to carry me away. Eventually they came and I was whisked off to HQ where I spent the rest of the day doing all those things I said I wanted to do. Hurrah! The next day was not so much fun, as one of the newer agents mistook my slumbering, emaciated form for a coat rack and hung his coat on my head. I can only assume that many more followed his example, as I now find myself under a great weight of fabric and pinned to my chair. The point of writing this report is to alert you to the fact that I am buried somewhere in HQ, possibly under a large number of coats. If you should happen to be in the HQ and see this pile, please remove it as I am finding it increasingly difficult to breathe and my new Perspex lungs are not enjoying this game. I entrust this missive to a mouse who I found in my long, matted beard, and assume that it will reach The Master well enough.

In summary: kindly come and dig me out. Yours sincerely, Mr. Brooks.

OLD SQ'REL, NEW TRICKS

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

Trick 4 – Stretch It.

'Stretch Armstrong' was a popular toy during the 80's and 90's until it sadly went out of fashion. However, squirrels can be toyed with in a similar manner. See diagram.



Fig.1 – Elongated squirrel.