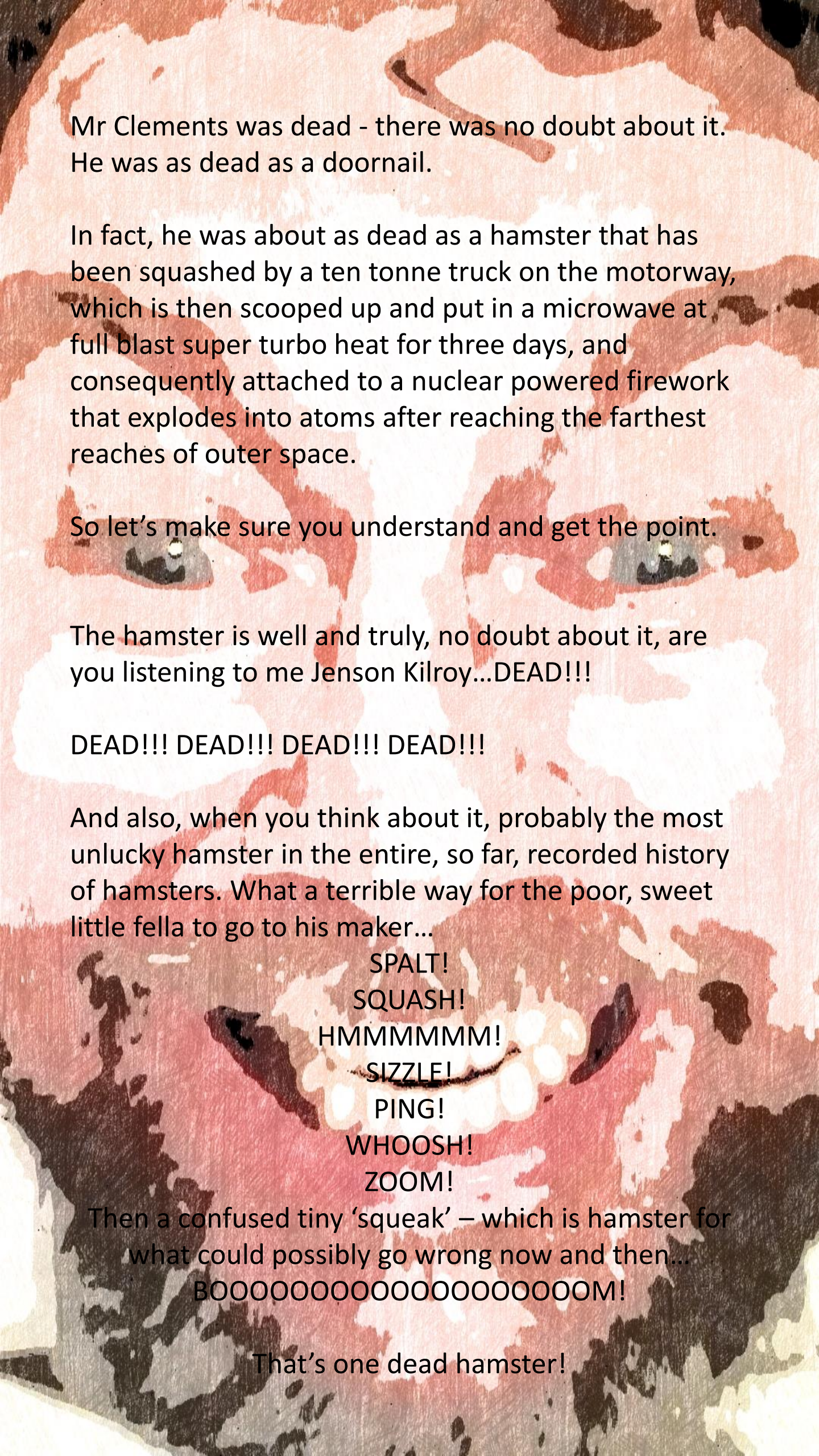


**Mr. Clements
and the
unfeasibly
large and stinky...**



**UNDERPANTS
of
EVIL DOOM!!!**



Mr Clements was dead - there was no doubt about it.
He was as dead as a doornail.

In fact, he was about as dead as a hamster that has
been squashed by a ten tonne truck on the motorway,
which is then scooped up and put in a microwave at
full blast super turbo heat for three days, and
consequently attached to a nuclear powered firework
that explodes into atoms after reaching the farthest
reaches of outer space.

So let's make sure you understand and get the point.

The hamster is well and truly, no doubt about it, are
you listening to me Jenson Kilroy...DEAD!!!

DEAD!!! DEAD!!! DEAD!!! DEAD!!!

And also, when you think about it, probably the most
unlucky hamster in the entire, so far, recorded history
of hamsters. What a terrible way for the poor, sweet
little fella to go to his maker...

SPALT!
SQUASH!
HMMMMMMM!
SIZZLE!
PING!
WHOOSH!
ZOOM!

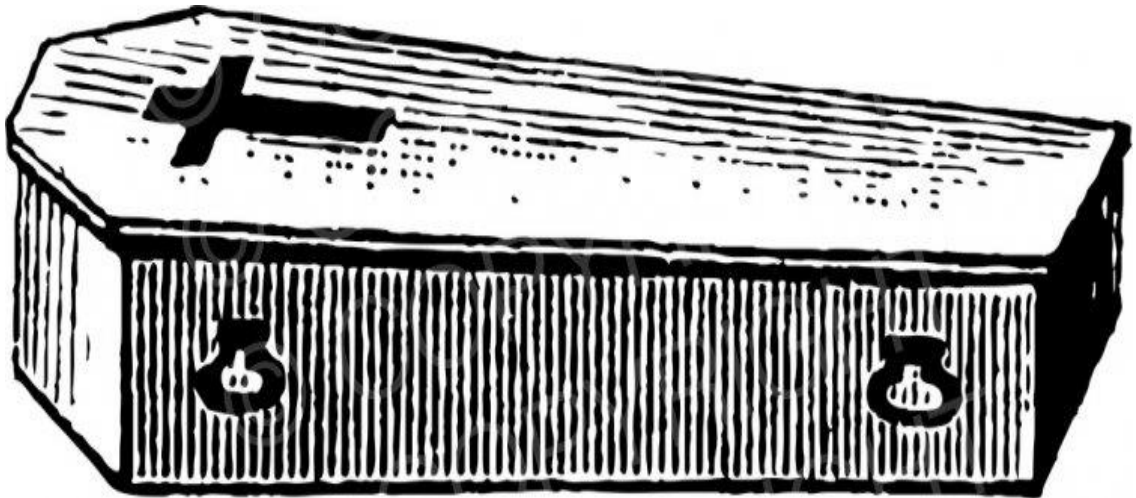
Then a confused tiny 'squeak' – which is hamster for
what could possibly go wrong now and then...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

That's one dead hamster!

Anyway, where was I?

Oh yes, Mr Clements was dead - there was no doubt about it.



But at the funeral that subsequently took place, there were no tears or flowers. No prayers were said over the coffin and there were certainly no kind words to be uttered about the man who now lay cold and still in his grave.

For the truth of the matter, and I'm afraid that it has to be said, even about a person who is no longer with us, so don't take offence when I tell you that...

Mr Clements was the grumpiest git that ever walked on our beautiful planet!

He was a terrible teacher, who went out of his way to make all the poor children in Year 6 about as miserable as a little boy who has recently had a rather HUMUNGOUS session on the toilet and then just noticed that there's actually no toilet paper left for him to do the necessary...mopping up.

There were, however, three mourners in attendance at the funeral that day...



But the three of them felt no tenderness towards their recently departed colleague. Far from being upset about the demise of Mr Clements, they were greedily gleeful about what they could gain from his death.

“I never thought he’d die!” grumbled Panther to the others, “he’s been teaching the same old, boring lessons in Year 6 for about a century!”

“You’re right!” grunted Harrison, “I was only about five years old when he first started teaching. But he stayed around forever...like a really bad smell.”

**“Like a TRUMP!!!” giggled
Davey.**

Panther sniffed and looked down into the grave, “I can’t think of a better way of describing that horrible man.”

“How about,” Harrison could scarcely hold back her chuckles, “instead of calling him Mr Clements, we change his name to Mr Trumpants!”

**“TRUMPANTS! TRUMPANTS!
YOU’RE A STINKY
TRUMPANTS!”
giggled Davey.**

“Anyway, let’s get down to business and not waste any more time,” commanded Panther, “we’re here to take our share of what the old goat left behind. What do you want from the the dead duffer?”

“How about,” Harrison rubbed her hands together, “I now become the Year 6 teacher! I can’t stand those little brats in Foundation Stage. They’re always pooing EVERYWHERE! It’s just not fair! You know,

the other day I was combing my hair in class and I actually found a large sticky brown piece of...”

“Enough!” interrupted Panther, “you can have Year 6 as your class, Mrs Harrison. Now, what about you Mrs Davey? What do you want to take from the bearded berk?”

**“TRUMPANTS! TRUMPANTS!
YOU’RE A STINKY
TRUMPANTS!”**
giggled Davey.

The other two teachers were well accustomed to this unusual behaviour. For Mrs Davey had a condition that is referred to by those in the medical profession as being technically...

COMPLETELY BONKERS

“How about,” Harrison ignored a now happily skipping Davey, “we just give her a couple of packets of Haribo from his sweetie drawer?”

**“TRUMPANTS! TRUMPANTS!
YOU’RE A STINKY
TRUMPANTS!”**

giggled demented Davey
by way of reply.

“That’s settled then!” smiled Panther,
“And as my reward for putting up with
the painful prat for the past few years I
get to take all the resources that he’s
stashed away in his cupboards. All those
lovely new pens and pencil crayons and
all that fresh, unused crisp card that I can
put into my beautiful wall displays.”

Panther closed her eyes in dreamy
triumph at the thought of all the
stationery treasure that she could now
get her greedy hands upon.

“How about,” Harrison rudely interrupted
Panthers pen filled dreams, “someone
explaining to me how we finally got rid of
the old git...”

“How Mr Clements met his end”

This is for your part of the story.

How did you kill me off?

We are now briefly heading back to the funeral or should I say the party or perhaps I should call it a gathering of three very much unmourning mourners.

Actually, gathering three or more people is now illegal but it wasn't when we started so we'll ignore that!

BORIS YOU DO MY HEAD IN!!!

Let's get on with the story...

A rather 'unfortunate' ACCIDENT...

Mrs Harrison, Mrs Panther and the now deliriously dancing Davey, looked upon the Clements filled casket with a growing sense of glee.

All their dreams were about to come true...

Harrison beamed at the thought of teaching Year 6 children. She could get them to sit on the carpet, just like Foundation Stage, but the slightly bigger blighters wouldn't poop themselves or leave chocolate coloured presents oozing in her handbag as soon as her back as turned.

As usual, there was little or no emotion upon Panther's face, but her eyes betrayed a look of steely triumph which now seeped from her avaricious peepers.

A rather 'fortunate' ACCIDENT...

The fat oaf's stock cupboard was now hers for the taking. After all these years of patiently planning and biding her time, the Aladdin's Cave of unused felt tips, pencils, crayons, rubbers, metal sharpeners, working staple guns with boundless staples, multi-coloured pens for marking children's books as well as the most rare and sacred, holiest of all holy teacher yearned for materials...

packets of Blu Tac...

were waiting for her to simply 'help herself.' Or in other words, grab by the bucket load, without a thought of sharing, and then hoard away like a squirrel with an over-eating disorder would do with his nuts in Winter.

A rather 'funny' ACCIDENT...

Mrs Davey, bless her, was still blissfully unaware of...well...to be honest...anything!

“Haribo! Haribo! Me gonna eat the...”

At which point Mrs Davey actually forgot what she was actually talking about...which was Haribo... and so she then proceeded to shout the first thing that sounded a bit like what she going to say in the first place...

“Alfie Boe! Alfie Boe!
Me gonna eat the
Alfie Boe.”

A rather 'overdue' ACCIDENT...

Alfie Boe, for those of you not in the know, is the internationally mega successful singer and performer who comes from Fleetwood. I went to school with him and would regularly, in my role as Prefect, make him follow the one way system of walking around the school while also preventing him, on as many occasions as possible, from going to the toilet when he was desperate.

And look how things have turned out!
Who's laughing now...Boe...you big loser!

ANYWAY...

“Well ladies! Time to move off. He was dreary duffer in life...” Mrs Panther smirked.

“And now he's a dead dreary duffer,” interrupted Mrs Harrison.

A rather 'impending' ACCIDENT...

"A dead dreary decaying duffer," Panther's eyes narrowed as she rose to Harrison's 'd' word challenge.

"A dead dreary decaying doughnut duffer," Harrison carried on.

"A dead dreary decaying doughnut dodo duffer," retorted Panther.

"A dead dreary decaying doughnut dodo dustbin duffer," snapped Harrison.

"A dead dreary decaying doughnut dodo dustbin dung duffer," growled Panther.

"A dead dreary decaying doughnut dodo dustbin dung despicable duffer," Harrison hated to lose at anything.

But Mrs Panther had no intention of backing down to the young teaching upstart. She took the deepest of deep breaths and...

"Alfie Boe! Alfie Boe!"

Mrs Davey, chirped happily, while picking the petals from a bunch of flowers that had

A rather 'frustrating' ACCIDENT...

placed at the front of a nearby gravestone.

It was enough to end the battle of the 'd's. Both Panther and Harrison giggled, they weren't about to let a little squabble get in the way of the occasion. They briefly hugged and then took up the reins which they always attached to Mrs Davey whenever they went out for walks.

For Davey was well known to chase cats, taking no notice of roads or oncoming traffic, she would launch herself forward like a pack of huskies while bellowing...

“I want to stroke the fluffies!”

A rather 'it's up to you' ACCIDENT...



Okay Year 6, over to you...

What's going to happen?

Lot's of detail, funny dialogue and something hilarious that causes the problems.

Mrs Harrison to have an accident and end up in hospital.

Have fun with it!!!

“A rather unfortunate ACCIDENT”

This is for your part of the story.

What happened to Mrs
Harrison?

We are now going to have what is known in a lot of stories, films and many television shows as a linking scene.

After all the story is called...

Mr Clements and the unfeasibly
large and stinky
UNDERPANTS OF EVIL DOOM!

So isn't it about time that those
underpants started to come to life...

The Pants Awaken

Something stirred within the dirty laundry basket.

Something not human.

It slowly opened two malevolent, differently coloured eyes and set its evil gaze on the white wicker walls in which it was currently entombed.



The pants were cross, no, that's not right or very dramatic...they were a furnace of burning rage. There was work to be done, a mission of bitter revenge that would bring doom and destruction on those who had been foolish enough to commit any wrongs against the angry pair of cotton and elastic undergarments.

The Pants Awaken

But the current situation simply would not do! It just wasn't fair! How could any evil genius be expected to bring about schemes that would cause the most delicious of destructions when it was stuck in this current and most irritating of predicaments?



These conditions were terrible! They were ridiculous! The pants would have complained if there was anyone to complain to! And they would certainly have written a strongly worded letter...if they had any paper...or a pen...or for that matter any hands to write with in the first place!

The Pants Awaken

Did you ever hear about one of those James Bond villains planning to take over the world from beneath several piles of increasingly cheesy smelling socks? Did Thanos attempt to gain control of the incredible power of the Infinity Gauntlet while wearing a bra on his head?



MOST CERTAINLY NOT!

Those lesser creatures had much better working conditions AND HALF THE TALENT of these Y-Fronts, while the perturbed pants were forced to lower themselves to this tawdry (which means rubbish) level.

The pants sighed and looked up at the lid of the basket.

The Pants Awaken

If only the blooming basket top would move! The pants began to stare intently at the unwanted ceiling.

Without warning, its one red eye began to glow a fiery, blood red in the gloom.

“MOVE! Do my BIDDING!” commanded the pants...



And move it did! The basket lid flew into the air and landed with a light ‘scuff’ on the tiles of the bathroom floor.

Which was something of a relief for the evil pants and to be fair, and even more of a relief for me because I couldn’t think of a way of getting a pair of underpants to do anything that was even vaguely interesting.

The Pants Awaken

But with the discovery of
EVIL PANTS MAGIC...or how about...
TELEPATHY... Or we could call
it...PANTEPATHY.

I have, quite by accident, along with
the flashing red eye, found a way for
the Underpants of Evil Doom to
embark upon their vile mission of
remorseless revenge.



The pants chortled, but there was
little humour or for that matter
'happiness' that accompanied the
sound. Not because they were simply
evil – which is true, of course – but
also because the laughter was cut
short by the unwelcome taste of a
particularly cheesy sock that popped
into the pants material made mouth.
Much choking and coughing followed.

The Pants Awaken

“ENOUGH!”

Boomed the underpants. It was time. With a twinkle from the its red eye the pants were already beginning to move.

“RISE.”



The pants now levitated up and out of the basket. For a moment, they simply hovered in the air while thinking about which evil scheme would be the most delicious...for a starter.

And then, with sudden unexpected violence and great speed, the pants flew to the window and burst through the glass.

Yes, it was good to be on the way.

HARRISON would be first...