

BOOK
SAMPLE

Mr Clops
& Mr Balls
SILVERSTONE

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Also By Kelvin Rush

Jimmy Spence - 8th Of June 1974

Fish - Operation Electric Man

A World Full Of Zombies

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THE BIG DAY HAS FINALLY ARRIVED

The alarm clock went off at precisely 7.00am. Mr Clops leapt out of bed, like a kid on Christmas morning. He'd been planning this day for several weeks, and now it had finally arrived, he couldn't contain his excitement. He strode over to the window and drew back the curtains. It was a bright and sunny day. He opened the side window, pushing it outwards as far as it would go. He then stuck his head outside and took in a big gulp of air, filling up his lungs, before bursting into song:

'Oh what a beautiful morning

Oh what a beautiful day

I've got a wonderful feeling

La, la, la, la, la, la, day.'

He noticed his next door neighbour coming out of the garden gate. 'Alright Mr Benrose!?' he

shouted. 'Are you off for ya papers!?' Old Mr Benrose looked up, quite surprised that Mr Clops was hanging out of the window so early on a Saturday morning.

'I am love,' he replied, as he closed the gate.

'You sound cheerful, have ya won the lottery or summat?' Mr Clops smiled, as he spit on his right forefinger, and wiped away a smidgen of pigeon shit from the windowsill.

'You don't need to win the lottery to be cheerful Mr Benrose.' Mr Benrose nodded in agreement. 'That's true lad, but I bet it would help.' Mr Benrose then set off down the street. He was hunched over, as he shuffled forward inch by inch, with the support of his two walking sticks. I'm sure without the sticks he would have toppled over, quicker than a flimsy two-man tent in a tornado. Mr Clops watched him carefully, hoping that he wouldn't fall again, like he had done recently.

Mr Benrose made it safely to the end of the street, before turning right towards the newsagents.

Mr Clops closed the window and stood there for a few moments, wondering whether or not to nip down to the newsagents, to make sure Mr Benrose was ok. Mr Benrose, who was well into his nineties, had only recently been released from hospital. He'd fallen in the back garden, while he was filling the bird table with seed and stale bread. He lost his balance and went crashing to the concrete floor. He was there for over an hour, before the postman heard him crying out for help. The postman sprinted down the garden path, and found him lying on the floor in a great deal of pain and distress. He tried to calm him down the best he could.

'Now what exactly have you been up to Mr Benrose?' he asked, as he knelt down beside

him. Mr Benrose carefully reached out and put his purple shaking hand on the postman's arm.

'I think av fallen..... Av I got any post?' The postman smiled. 'More brown envelopes Mr Benrose, bills no doubt. I've put them through your letterbox.' It took Mr Benrose a good few seconds to process the information.

'More bills.....!? Bloody hell.....! Can you help me up please?' The postman gently took hold of Mr Benrose's hand. It was colder than ice.

'I'd rather you stay there Mr Benrose, you might have broken something, I'll ring for an ambulance. I'll stay with you until it arrives.' Poor Mr Benrose looked even more distressed.

'An ambulance.....!? Oh bloody hell.....!' The ambulance arrived shortly after and took Mr Benrose to the hospital to be examined. He had a fractured shoulder and a badly bruised leg, and spent six weeks on ward B1. God only

knows what would have happened, if the postman hadn't found him.

— Mr Benrose had lived on his own, ever since his wife Doris had passed away from a stroke several years ago. He was incredibly independent and refused any help from the council or from the neighbours. Even home help were sent packing when they came to visit him. He made sure the front and back doors were always locked, so they couldn't let themselves in. Preferring instead, to communicate with them through the window:

'What do you want?'

'Oh hello Mr Benrose, we're here from home help, are you ok? Can we come in please?'

'Bugger off! I don't need anyone's help! How many more times do you lot need telling!?'

'We only want to make sure you're ok Mr Benrose.'

'You can see I'm ok can't ya!? Now bugger

off! and stop poking ya nose into other people's affairs!'

There wasn't much more home help could do, but to their credit they continued to visit Mr Benrose, even though they most definitely weren't welcome.

Mr Benrose's distrust of home help was partly down to Babs Whitaker. She'd told him that the council were trying to get him into an old people's home, and he would have to sell his house to pay for it. Babs was a close friend of Mr Benrose, and did some of his shopping. She lived on the next street and was often seen going into Mr Benrose's house carrying groceries. Everyone knew Babs Whitaker, and she was very distinctive. She had a blonde beehive hairdo, that was at least a foot above her forehead, and often wore a short leather skirt, high heels and bright red glossy lipstick. She also had an ample cleavage that was on

show most of the time, and she was always caked in a variety of multicoloured heavy-duty make-up, that had no doubt been applied with a builders trowel. Considering she was in her seventies, she certainly made an impression, that's for sure. You could often hear the sound of stilettos clobbering down on the concrete pavement, as the blonde bombshell strutted down the street. The neighbours often had a good giggle at her expense:

‘Here she comes look, Lilo Lill after the old man’s money.’

‘She’s here again, owd Droopy-Drawers, as common as muck with the looks to go with it.’

The one thing she didn’t do for Mr Benrose was go for his newspapers. He insisted on walking to the newsagents each morning himself. It was the only time he left the house. He had the same three newspapers every day: The Daily Mirror, The Daily Mail and The

Sun. He'd often be sat in the garden reading his newspapers, quite content with life, (what was left of it).

Ever since Mr Benrose's fall, Mr Clops had kept an eye on him whenever he could. He was still stood at the window, and couldn't decide whether or not to nip down to the newsagents to make sure Mr Benrose was ok.

'I'll give him fifteen minutes,' he muttered to himself. 'If he's not back by then, I'll go and see what's happened to him.' Fifteen minutes was just enough time for Mr Clops to do his morning exercises. He'd done the same routine religiously every day for the past five months.

He'd put on half a stone over the Christmas and New Year period and was determined to get rid of it. To look at him you would think he needed to gain weight not lose it. He was as skinny as a toothpick, with hardly any fat on him. His routine consisted of five minutes on

the exercise bike, peddling like a maniac. Three sets of ten arm curls and shoulder presses, with the 10kg dumbbells. Fifty sit-ups, fifty press-ups and twenty star jumps. He'd become a lot more health-conscious ever since his mild heart attack six months ago.

He'd completely changed his lifestyle. He'd stopped putting sugar in his tea and on his cornflakes. He'd cut down on the takeaways and processed meals, and he'd even completed a course on cooking and nutrition. On top of all that, he also did his fitness routine every morning, went for long walks three times a week and jumped on his bike at the weekends, cycling around the streets and the local park.

The heart attack was a big turning point for Mr Clops, and it shook him up quite badly.

His attitude towards life had also changed dramatically. He now lived every day like it was his last. He was convinced that stress was

partly to blame for his heart attack, which is why he'd changed jobs. Previously, he'd been working in the oil industry for a large multinational company. It was a high-pressured, very stressful job with long hours, and although it was very well paid, he was no longer enjoying the work. The heart attack was the final straw, and he accepted a redundancy package shortly after. His new job was working at the local B&Q Warehouse on the help desk. Although he was on a lot less money, he loved the work and thrived on helping the general public sort out their DIY problems. Most importantly of all, it was a lot less stressful than his previous job.

Just as he finished his last star jump, he heard next doors gate open and then slam shut. He rushed to the window to see Mr Benrose tottering down the path, with his newspapers poking out of his jacket pocket.

‘That’s a relief,’ he said, as he put on his blue silk dressing gown, that was hanging on the back of the door. He pulled the chord tight around his waist, before pushing his size nine feet into his tartan slippers. He then began rubbing his hands together vigorously.

‘Oooh..... this is gonna be a brilliant day,’ he said, with a big cheesy grin on his face. He then walked across the hallway to Mr Balls’s bedroom. He flung the door open and burst in. It was just like a police raid on a drugs den. The door belted the side of the wardrobe.

‘Wake up Mr Balls! It’s time to get up!’ he shouted. ‘The big day has finally arrived!’

‘Get lost!’ screamed Mr Balls, as he pulled the duvet right over his head, still half asleep. Mr Clops opened the curtains and then the window. A fresh summer breeze blew into the bedroom, as he burst into song once again:

‘Oh what a beautiful morning

*Oh what a beautiful day
I've got a wonderful feeling
La, la, la, la, la, la, day.'*

Mr Balls wasn't at all impressed and began swearing angrily from underneath the duvet. Mr Clops wasn't deterred. 'Come on birthday boy it's time to get up!' he shouted once again, as he pulled the duvet off Mr Balls and slung it onto the floor. Mr Balls was livid, (not to mention butt naked). His enormous fat body was straggled across the king size bed, like a stranded beach whale. He used both hands to cover up his meat and two veg, before erupting like a volcano.

'You bloody tosspot!! Give me that bleedin duvet back now!!' he blasted. Mr Clops wasn't in the least bit fazed.

'There's no need to be like that Mr Balls. It's your birthday, the big Five-O and I've got some surprises lined up.' Mr Balls's already

red face, turned purple with rage.

‘Surprises lined up!?! Are you mental or something!?! I can’t stand birthdays! Give me the duvet back and get out of my bedroom! And close that bleedin window! I’m freezing mi nuts off here!’ Mr Clops still wasn’t fazed.

‘Forget the duvet Mr Balls, get dressed, breakfast will be ready in twenty minutes. I’m cooking your favourite meal: A full English belly-buster, the full works. It’s one of your birthday surprises.’ Mr Balls was instantly impressed. His mood changed from anger to excitement in a matter of seconds.

‘A full English belly-buster!?’ he shouted grinning. ‘Why didn’t you say so in the first place?’

— There were only two reasons in the whole world, that would make Mr Balls get out of bed at 7.15am on a Saturday morning.

The first reason was a midday kick-off at

Elland Road, where his beloved Leeds United football team played. He would meet up with the other loyal Leeds United fans, at The Old Peacock pub at 8.00am. That gave them time to get sufficiently boozed-up before kick-off. The second reason was a full English belly-buster, (especially if Mr Clops was cooking it). Mr Clops was a great cook, (thanks to his evening classes), and was partly responsible for Mr Balls being so overweight.

Before long the house was engulfed with the aromas of fried food. Mr Clops was in his element, as he stood over the frying pan, occasionally turning over the rashers of bacon, sausages, mushrooms and fried bread. He opened the small top window to let out some of the fumes, before setting the table, ready for the big breakfast feast. Mr Balls was still upstairs having a shower. The smell of fried bacon and sausages always made him happy,

and soon he was singing away, as he washed himself down with a large car sponge soaked in Lynx Excite shower gel.

'Food glorious food

Hot crumpets and mustard

We're all in the mood

A pint of lager with custard

Marshmallows and turkey roast

Carrots mash and gravy

Everyone loves a Sunday lunch

Even those in the navy.'

After his shower he hurriedly got dressed and headed downstairs to the kitchen. The full English belly-buster was waiting for him on the table. It was a breakfast fit for a king, (a very fat king). It consisted of four sausages, six rashers of bacon, three hash browns, two fried eggs, two fried tomatoes (sliced in half), ten fried mushrooms, three pieces of fried black pudding, two slices of fried bread, two

slices of buttered toast, and a pint mug of tea with five sugars. At one thousand six hundred calories, it was a definite heart attack waiting to happen, (if ever there was one). Mr Balls sat down and couldn't wait to get stuck in, salivating uncontrollably, as he looked down at the mountain of food on his plate.

'Where's the baked beans!?' he snapped.

'It's not a proper belly-buster without baked beans!' Mr Clops, who was sat in the armchair reading the Guardian newspaper, chuckled to himself. 'We're out of baked beans Mr Balls, you'll have to do without.'

'Do without baked beans Mr Clops!?! You can't do without baked beans!'

'Well I'm afraid you'll have to do without baked beans on this occasion Mr Balls, cos we don't have any.'

'Never mind,' said a disappointed Mr Balls, as he took a sip of his sweet tea and prepared

to demolish his breakfast.

He started off by making a bacon and sausage toastie butty. He picked up a slice of hot buttered toast from the side plate on the table, and carefully added the six rashers of bacon, (three on the bottom and three on the top, criss-cross style). Next, he positioned the four pork sausages neatly on top of the bacon, before applying a large dollop of tangy brown sauce. He then placed the other slice of hot buttered toast on top, and squashed it all together with his massive shovel hands. The tangy brown sauce and hot melted butter dripped over the sides and onto the table top.

Mr Balls held up the butty an inch away from his face, and fixated on it with his big green eyes. ‘Oooh..... I would definitely die for a bacon and sausage toastie butty,’ he said drooling. He looked across at Mr Clops, who was reading a story about the ex-footballer

Paul Gascoigne.

‘What do you say Mr Clops? You like a good butty don’t ya?’ Mr Clops’s head peeked over the top of his newspaper.

‘I see Gazza’s been drinking again,’ he said, showing Mr Balls the large headline. Mr Balls tutted and shook his head.

‘Oh dear not again, I wish he could sort himself out. Anyway what about the butty Mr Clops? I bet you’d die for a bacon and sausage toastie butty wouldn’t ya? Go on admit it.’

Mr Clops glanced at the butty, (that still had tangy brown sauce and melted butter dripping from it). ‘I would have said yes before my heart attack Mr Balls, but not now. I need to shed at least half a stone, and I’m not going to do that by eating bacon and sausage toastie butties.’ Mr Balls smiled.

‘Look at ya Mr Clops..... I’ve seen more fat on a sparrow's kneecap. You should be putting

weight on, not trying to get rid of it. I'd give ya some of mine if I could, I've plenty to spare ya know.'

— Mr Balls was right about that, he did have plenty to spare. In fact, he had enough to spare for the whole street. However, unlike Mr Clops, the last thing on Mr Balls's mind was shedding the pounds, (despite the fact that he was grotesquely overweight and clinically obese). He loved his food far too much to be thinking about dieting. He dunked his butty aggressively several times into the two fried eggs, before taking an enormous bite. At least a quarter of the butty quickly disappeared into his mouth. There was egg yolk all over his greasy lips and on his greying beard, (which he'd specifically grown to try and make his face look slimmer, although it didn't seem to be working). He began chomping away making his usual grunting noises, while grinding his

teeth together.

'Mmm..... Mmm..... cooked to a tee as usual Mr Clops,' he said with his mouth full, as particles of food and spit flew in all directions. In no time at all he'd devoured the butty, followed in quick succession by the hash browns, black puddings, fried eggs, mushrooms, tomatoes and fried bread. He'd scoffed the lot in under ten minutes. He picked up the plate and licked it clean, before letting out an enormous belch. He sat back in his chair very content, now that his belly was full.

'I'll tell ya what Mr Clops, baked beans aside, that was the best breakfast I've ever eaten.' That was sweet music to the ears of Mr Clops, who loved his cooking and saw himself as an accomplished chef, even a connoisseur.

'Glad you enjoyed it,' he said proudly. 'I always like to see a clean plate.' Mr Clops then got up from his armchair and opened the

bottom drawer of the cabinet. He removed two envelopes, handing them to Mr Balls, while wishing him a very happy fiftieth birthday. Mr Balls looked surprised and also a little annoyed.

‘I told you not to bother Mr Clops, you know I hate birthdays,’ he said, while opening up the first envelope. He pulled out a birthday card with a black and white cat on the front. An enormous grin suddenly appeared on his face, as he realised the cat was Topsy. Topsy was Mr Balls’s cat, which he’d had from being a kitten. He got him from Feline Friends, the local cat shelter. His other cat Kojak, (named after the famous bald-headed New York detective, on account of losing all his fur in a house fire), had disappeared over a year ago and hadn’t been seen since. Mr Balls thought Kojak (who was also from Feline Friends), must have either got lost somewhere, been

stolen, or been in some kind of accident.

Either way he was devastated, and ended up going to the cat shelter and bringing back Topsy, in an attempt to try and lessen the pain he was feeling. He named the cat Topsy as he was always licking Mr Balls's beer glass, when he wasn't looking. Always in the back of Mr Balls's mind, was how Kojak would react if he came back home one day, and found Topsy lounging around the house, as if he owned the place.

Mr Balls was moved by the birthday card.

'Thanks for that Mr Clops, that's a very nice thought,' he said, as he stood the card on the table. He then bent down and gave Topsy a real good rub. Topsy (who was snoozing away in his usual place under the chair), didn't take much notice. 'Thanks for the card Topsy,' said Mr Balls in a childish voice, as he tried to pick him up, and sit him on the dining table next to

the card, so he could take a few pictures on his phone. Unfortunately however, Topsy was in no mood for a photoshoot and quickly legged it into the living room and hid behind the settee.

‘Not to worry,’ said Mr Balls. ‘We’ll do it later. He’s always been a bit camera-shy has Topsy.’

Mr Balls then opened the second envelope and slowly pulled out a gift voucher. It was a Silverstone Single Seater Thrill for two people. His face lit up. He was a big Formula One fan, and had always wanted to go to Silverstone to see the British Grand Prix, but had never actually been, due to the cost.

‘Is it alright Mr Balls?’ asked Mr Clops.

‘Alright!? It’s brilliant!’ yelled a jubilant Mr Balls. ‘But what’s a Single Seater Thrill?’ he asked, staring curiously at the voucher. Mr Clops (who was also a Formula One fan) got all excited. ‘Well..... a single seater is a racing

car with one seat, a bit like a Formula One car. It's obviously not as fast or as powerful as a Formula One car, but it's the closest you'll ever come to driving one. And it has a top speed of 145 miles per hour. The thrill bit comes, when ya bombing around Silverstone like Lewis Hamilton. At least that's what it says on the website.' Mr Balls sat there with his mouth open, still staring at the voucher, imagining what it would be like driving around the famous Silverstone circuit, just like Lewis Hamilton. Mr Clops had a cheeky grin on his face, as he looked over the right shoulder of Mr Balls, and glanced down at the voucher. 'Oh, I see it's for two people Mr Balls. Who will you be going with?'

— Mr Clops knew what the answer would be. After all, he and Mr Balls went everywhere together. The only two exceptions were when Mr Balls went to watch Leeds United play

football, or when he went to The Old Peacock pub every Thursday night to play darts. Mr Clops couldn't stand football or darts. Mr Balls finally put the voucher down on the table.

'Oooh now let me see..... Who will I be going with? That's a tough one Mr Clops. Well..... erm..... erm..... would you like to go?'

'That's very kind of you Mr Balls, I accept.'

'So when shall we go?' asked an eager Mr Balls, who was now starting to enjoy his birthday. Mr Clops pulled out the chair from underneath the table, and sat down directly across from Mr Balls. He had a slightly mischievous look on his face, as if he'd done something unexpected and couldn't wait to spill the beans. 'Today!' he replied. 'We're going today! It's another one of your birthday surprises.' Mr Balls couldn't quite grasp what Mr Clops had just said. 'Today.....?! What do you mean today.....?! How can we go today.....?!'

Mr Clops was bursting with enthusiasm, like he was about to explode any second. He was more animated than a mad professor on cocaine, as he went into one of his famous speech-like statements. He was always making statements was Mr Clops, especially when it related to health issues, like how to prevent a heart attack. (Although not in the case of Mr Balls it has to be said.)

‘We’re going today Mr Balls, it’s all been arranged. We’re travelling down by train. I’ve already bought the tickets. The taxi’s picking us up at nine, and taking us to the train station. We then go to platform 15 and get on the 9.46 to Manchester Piccadilly, arriving at 11.34. We then change trains and go to platform 5 and get on the 11.55 to Wolverton Rail Station, arriving at 13.46. From there we get a taxi to the Silverstone circuit, arriving at approximately 14.15. In layman’s terms, quarter

past two this afternoon.'

— As always Mr Clops was incredibly organised, and had planned the trip down to the last minor detail. He was the one who made sure all the household bills were paid on time. He paid the mortgage, the home and car insurance and did all the food shopping. He even bought and sent out Birthday and Christmas cards to friends and family, on behalf of Mr Balls, who couldn't be arsed to do anything, other than listen to his endless collection of Soul and Motown records, watch tv and football, drink beer, play darts and eat. Mr Clops even had a list on the kitchen wall, for daily, weekly and monthly household chores. None of which Mr Balls paid much attention to.

Mr Balls was gobsmacked to say the least. He sat there in complete shock, (as if someone had just asked him to be the next Leeds United manager). 'Well..... I don't know what

to say Mr Clops. As usual yav pulled it off once again.’

— Mr Balls was referring to all the other times Mr Clops had exceeded expectations. Like the time when he rescued Mr Balls from a near-death experience at the hands of Lucifer, the American Pit Bull Terrier, that lived down the street at number 66. Everyone called him Lucifer, due to his uncanny resemblance to Satan, not to mention an evil and vicious temper to go with it.

He’d mauled a few cats in the past and was avoided like the plague. His real name was Doughnut, thanks to the small hole on the top of his head, after being in numerous fights with other dogs. His owner was the local thug Billy Jayson, also known as Billy Jay Virus, and Numbnuts, (on account of only having one brain cell). Lucifer had taken a big dislike to Mr Balls, ever since their infamous encounter

with a Vespa scooter, a privet hedge, and an Albertine rose bush.

Numbnuts had tied Lucifer to the lamppost, while he went in the bookies to put his bet on. Mr Balls was riding down the street on his Vespa scooter. He was going to Pizza Express on the high street to pick up his order. He'd ordered a Calamari starter, a giant Pizza Margherita, a side order of Polenta Chips and Crunchy Coleslaw, and two Chocolate Brownies. He was so engrossed in his food thoughts and filling up his belly, he'd completely forgot to avoid the numerous potholes, that were scattered all down the road.

— Despite endless complaints to the local council, nothing had been done to the road for years, and the residents were extremely angry and at breaking point. They'd even threatened to withhold council tax payments until the road was repaired, (although that didn't seem

to make any difference whatsoever). The scooter's front wheel suddenly hit one of the biggest potholes on the road, and sent it veering out of control, heading straight in the direction of Lucifer. In a split second, Mr Balls's focus had gone from Polenta Chips and Crunchy Coleslaw to: 'OH BLOODY HELL!!'

The Scooter was wobbling and swerving violently all over the road. Mr Balls was frantically holding on to the handlebars for dear life, while at the same time (and more importantly), trying to steer the scooter away from Lucifer. Lucifer (who was minding his own business, licking his private parts, enjoying himself), was oblivious to the imminent calamity. Just before the inevitable collision, Mr Balls screamed out in desperation. 'Luciferrrrrrrrrrrrr.....!!' was the last thing he said, before: CRASH! BANG! WALLOP!! Poor old Lucifer couldn't have been

tied to the lamppost very securely, cos he flew through the air like a trapeze artist at Billy Smart's Circus, right over Mrs Lansley's privet edge. Mrs Lansley, who was in the garden hanging out the washing, thought she must have been dreaming or something.

'Well..... I've heard of flying pigs before, but never flying Pit Bulls,' she said. However, she soon realised it was no dream, as Lucifer landed head first right in the middle of her immaculately kept Albertaine rose bushes, and yelped out in pain. She was well aware of Lucifer's reputation and instantly went into survival mode. She dropped all the wet washing and the peg bag, and pelted into the house locking the door. She peeked through the window moments later, and was relieved to see Lucifer (who had a face full of rose thorns), jump back over the privet hedge barking and growling like a lunatic, baying for blood.

Luckily for Mr Balls, he'd vanished quicker than a toupee in a headwind. He was last seen bombing down the street on his scooter, with a missing front panel, two shattered wing mirrors and mangled handlebars. He managed to get to the end of the street and then disappear out of view, before Lucifer got hold of him. Although Lucifer wasn't badly hurt, and was more shocked than anything else, he was extremely angry, and his big ego and reputation had been tarnished. From that point on, Mr Balls's cards had been well and truly marked.

Lucifer was out for revenge, and his big opportunity came a few weeks later.....

Mr Balls was staining the front garden fence in the afternoon. He'd just finished applying the second coat of Ronseal Exterior 5 Year Woodstain, in Antique Pine. He stood back a foot away from the fence admiring his

work. 'Oh yes,' he said. 'That looks great. I've done a good job as usual, I think I deserve a treat. I'll nip down to the chippy, now what do I fancy.....? Right..... I'll get two large battered cod and chips, large mushy peas, and a good helping of scraps. Yav got to av a good helping of scraps with fish and chips,' he said to himself all excited. (As it turned out, scraps and fish and chips would end up being the last thing on his mind.)

At the same time, Numbnuts was walking Lucifer on the opposite side of the street. He stopped about halfway down to cadge a fag off his mate Ronnie Beetle.

'Alright Ronnie? As tha gorra fag mate? Av come out without mine.' Ronnie reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a packet of twenty Silk Cut and a cheap throwaway red lighter. He took out two cigarettes and popped them into his mouth. Hit lit them both at the

same time and took a good double blast of nicotine, before handing one to Numbnuts.

‘There ya go pal. Av not seen ya for ages, what’s tha bin up to?’ he said, while blowing out an enormous amount of smoke from his mouth and nostrils. Numbnuts took a lengthy drag on his fag.

‘Oh nothing much Ronnie, the usual shit ya know. Trying to keep mi ed above water, what about you?’

‘Much the same, nowt much changes does it?’ Numbnuts and Ronnie began chewing the fat, catching up on all the latest gossip and mishaps.

Lucifer (who still hadn’t forgotten about the scooter incident), was sat on the pavement, desperately waiting for Ronnie to disappear, so he could find the nearest lamppost or side of a car, and relieve himself. Then all of a sudden he got distracted. He shot up onto his

hind legs, and stuck his nose in the air, sniffing out danger. His ears pricked up like two radars. He'd spotted Mr Balls. His cold black eyes zoned in on the target, and he began to growl quietly under his breath, as if not to disturb the enemy. Seconds later he made his move. He shot off quicker than a bullet from a Smith & Wesson 500. The dog lead was ripped from the right hand of Numbnuts, and moments later Lucifer was a meter away from Mr Balls. He then leapt off the ground and flew into the air, like an Exocet missile. It was a direct hit. He sunk his gnashers right into Mr Balls's fleshy meaty backside.

END OF BOOK SAMPLE