

J.R Bates

Toodle and the Porky Poodles

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J.R Bates was born in the UK in 1983. He holds a degree in electricals and does lots for charity.

Toodle and the Porky Poodles, J.R Bates first published work, started as a bedtime story for his pussy cat Wendy. It has been in print in a variety of different editions ever since.

“Epicness has a new name.” *Pussy cat weekly*

“Arrrgh, a real corker.” *Tractor farming monthly*

by the same author

Bambino and his kind

Beans and noodles!

The Best Bacon Sandwich

Toodle and the Porky Poodles

By J.R Bates

There is a battle between what is known as good and evil or otherwise known as smiley faces and grumpiness. Nothing new then. The beginning of this tale takes place in another world though. Interesting maybe. You might scratch your beard and ponder for a moment if you had a beard. Ponder why you should read this. In due time I will also tell you about a rather loving pussy cat named Wendy. This other world that I know is a forest world known as Humphrey and everything and everyone in this world is at peace. The trees have leaves of chocolate. There is a well maintained eco system. Maintained by someone known as the big man. The big man AKA Mr Porkly has written a love letter to help people understand this world. Poodles of different colours and varieties eat the chocolate leaves whilst the furry truffle pigs of this world snuffle truffles. Some of Humphrey's inhabitants enjoy skateboarding too, but there is far more to enjoy in Humphrey as you will discover soon.

As unravelling's occur throughout this book, you will experience more of Humphrey in detail, but I will give you a quick tasty taster now. When you speak one of the languages of this world, you tingle, smile, and realise that there is truly no better place to be. The people of this world sing beautiful songs to each other, have never argued, and sometimes cuddle. These are only a few of their many languages. It is ok if you do not like cuddling. Cuddle is only one language. Another language is Melodish, that is their singing language. Do not fret though, if you were ever to go to this world, there are so many loving languages that you would be given a selection to choose from and a tester sample for each. Skaterlish is often chosen by new migrants. This is probably because the introductory sample is so good. This sample consists of being able to skate the skatepark that your imagination decides would be rather nice.

Chapter 1

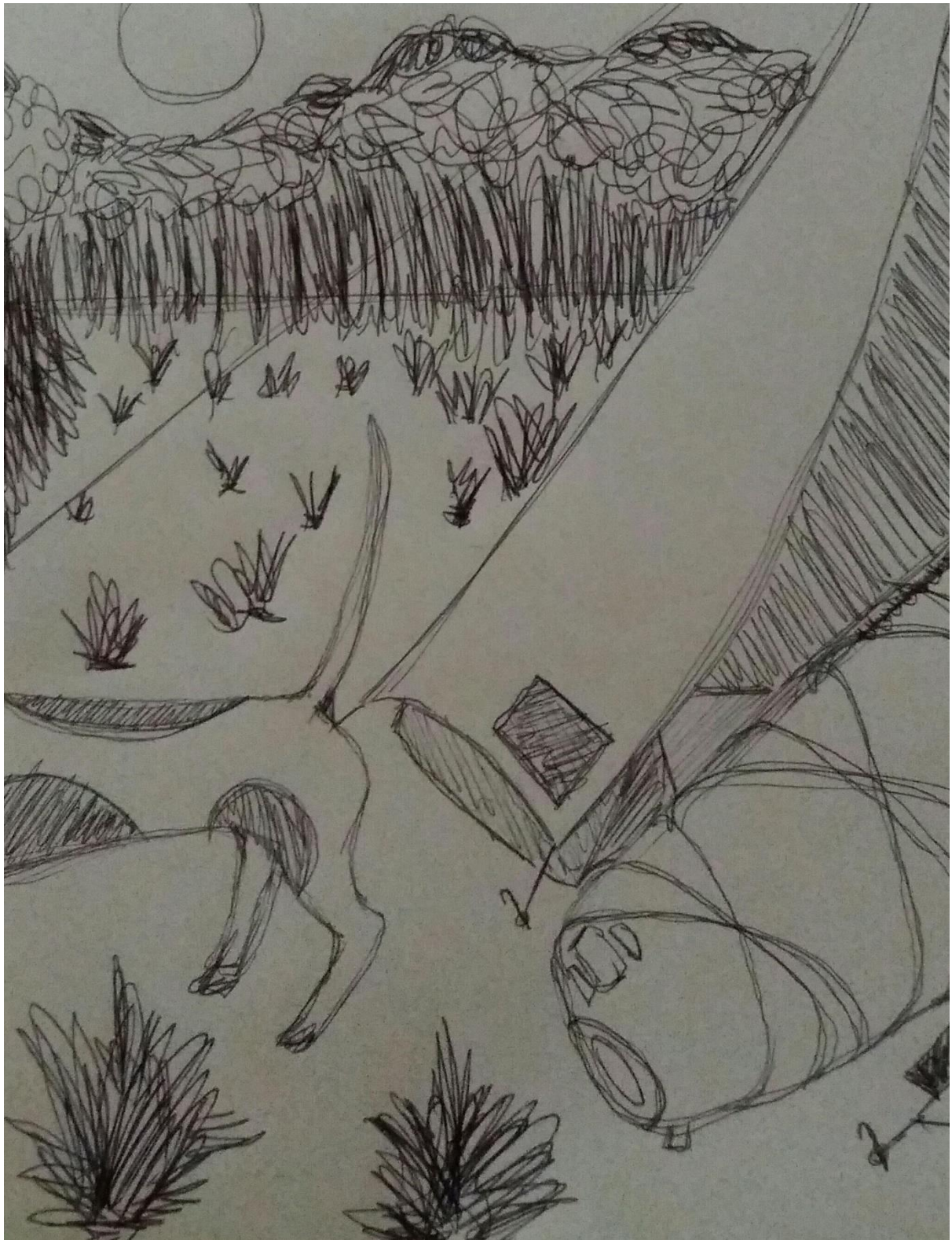
Bothersome Times

“The big man in the sky is far greater than Corona. Greater as the stars He created are greater than the earth that the virus makes grumpy.”

J.R Bates April 2020

This world was in a pickle. More of a pickle than ever before because in that day and age the people who dwelt on the earth were experts at making pickle. The kind of pickles they made were things such as the Internet and unhealthy food that gave you a big belly and spots on your face. People had forgotten that snuggling with the ones that genuinely love them is one of the most important things you can do. More importantly and more forgotten too, was that people had forgotten to snuggle with the big man of the sky. Although the rulers of the earth mostly meant well, there was one grumpy ruler. I will mention this individual in due time. Either way, all the rulers liked science a lot. Probably because a little while ago someone made something called a computer chip. The chips got cleverer over time, and as the things they powered got more amazing too, people ate more potato chips as normal every-day tasks were completed for them easily. The earth's rulers had forgot about the big man and had decided to celebrate chips instead of him. Not that chips are bad that is.

Zoomed in a bit now. The rural village I am about to speak of, did have pickle problems but the taste of this pickle was only moderately dodgy. It did smell a bit as there were a few farms about and horses that did particularly big droppings on the road. People in remote villages can be a bit strange and sometimes even scary. What was scarier was the seven-foot quarter pipe in the local indoor skatepark that was temporarily closed. No need not be scared any more then. When you are travelling down the road and a red-faced angry farmer, drives past you and almost squashes you, you get scared too. This village is known as Toodle and it is located in the district of Blubberton. A local yob once deliberately burped very loudly at one of the more upper-class resident's sausage dog. Apparently, this was revenge for when the sausage dog walked over this young homeless yob's sleeping bag as he slept in his tent, pitched in the local park.



History has shown us that humans do not seem to get on very well with other humans, at least not for long. Maybe if some of them read this book, they would become slightly less grumpy. Toodle is pronounced “to do” and it’s meaning translates as “the things we need to do”. Well, that is planet earth’s current state of affairs, zoomed in a bit to Toodle’s current state. In this of town Toodle there also lived a middle-aged man named Albert. He was once homeless too, although he managed to find a humble home to abide in now. His homeless days are another story to be told before you are old. Anyway, Albert lived alone with a cat named Wendy. In his house he also had a big colourful screen, his only other company whilst the world was going through a rather troublesome time. Troublesome due to a virus sweeping across the world. This virus had the effect of making people very lazy, sleepy. Most people had screens in their homes. On these screens were the most colourful tasty eye treats you could think of. Things known as graphics, special effects, and pictures of tasty food. The amazing dazzling colours of the screens probably explained why the humans believed whatever the screens told them. To be fair, a lot of the screens showed treats that were healthy for the eyes and belly. For example, screens showing beautiful animals that the big man had made. Roughly every hour the screens would show everyone what is going on all over the world. This was known as the news but just like the pickle problem that the world has, some countries would say that their country is better than other countries. The love letter that the big man made, did say this would happen. In fact, if the letter says that, then it would probably be a good guide for doing well in any time of pickle. People did not read it much though as it sometimes seemed a bit boring. A bit of a worrying walrus that is. I cannot think of any other way to put it. They did not realise that the big man followers had written other versions that were easier and more fun to read. Albert had felt lonely at times, despite having Wendy with him. He had lots of time to do creative things though. Somehow, in another dimension of space and time it seems as if Albert had written this book but that is just silly nibblets from a squidgy piglet’s mind. Obviously. He often wondered why humans were so grumpy with each other. At one point he tried to talk politely to the local sausage dog victim and encourage him to read that love letter we mentioned. The yob did actually realise that the letter was true and in time he changed his ways quite significantly. Now, powered by the big man, he too has a house, loves his fellow man, and can skateboard quite well. The local farmers who were very much set in their ways, could not see that this yob was now a new

man. Instead, they just boasted about their combine harvesters. Not all of the farmers were like this though; one of them used his welding machine to weld his BMX sprocket so he had no free wheel. He stacked hard but at least he tried and that is all the big man wants. Albert thought it unrealistic to explain his beliefs to combine harvester driving red-faced fearsome farmers. This is ok though as the love letter says that we should be sensible when we help other humans. Other nearby residents of Toodle were quite wealthy. They lived in luxury homes and had luxury lobster lunches. They did not have time to think about the love letter or the big man. Any thought of change to their luxury lives, they ignored. People like this try to use their money to make themselves happy. They were somewhat happy but could never find peace like the followers of the big man do. This reality could be seen daily on the pavements of Toodle as people passed one another if you looked closely enough. What was odd was that when these rich pretended to smile, they did actually feel happier for a short time. Clever people who work in Universities know why this happens. I think I might try it for when I next feel depressed.

Albert finished crying over his beans on toast. He was crying because of the groundhogs of lockdown. There had to be Government lockdowns to stop the spread of the sleepy virus. Anyway, Albert opened his fun version of the love letter. He read a part that gave him hope. It said that for every bad thing that happens, something good comes out of it for the people who love the big man. This happened all the time for Albert whilst he was a follower. He would even look out for when the good thing would happen as if looking forward to it. Anyone can be positive though, I guess it's when you see the big man do it. In the scenario I am speaking of, Albert had been playing heavy metal big man songs on his electric guitar whilst Wendy would head bang and go nuts around the house. Due to lockdown, Wendy was unable to do skilful skateboarding tricks at the local indoor park. If I am feeling kind, I might let you in on how a cat can skateboard. Maybe later. Not all homes are completely easy going though. Then again, if it were all plain sailing, you would not recognise any sailing boats in the harbour and it would just be a harbour that smelt of fish.

"Settle down please, you have had enough tasty treats today. I wish you did not eat that page from the letter. You were welcome to the bug sitting on it but not to the page". Said Albert to Wendy in a firm yet loving tone.

Albert did not appreciate Wendy's way of manipulating him for tasty treats and even less for eating pages. She was a bit naughty and would cause troubles

within the house if she did not get her way. She was a mischief basically, but she was also very loving too. This mischief did happen daily though. Wendy did not put on much weight over lockdown and Albert in his attempt to be holy would have healthy salads and a balance of different foods. In time he became a good cook, thus his tasty treats took away some of the burden of his Toodle groundhog life. Like I said, Wendy did have a snuggly warm side and it is unfair to say that other cats are not naughty sometimes. Most cats, and dogs, and furry creatures that live in the home are usually very snuggly and will help in not so snuggly times. Times such as virus times. Possibly Wendy's mishchief was to keep Albert on his toes so that he remained holy.

"Night, night sweetie" said Albert to Wendy as they snuggled for a moment and then went to their beds. Wendy purred a tired purr and before long they both drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 2

Dreams of Change

“Pussy cats like affection and when we are nice to them, they lift our spirits.
Basically.”

J.R Bates April 2020

“Wendy, where are we?” said Albert.

Wendy purred awkwardly and then coughed up the page of the letter that she had eaten the night before.

We should be incredibly careful of strangers so remember please that Albert and Wendy are just characters in a story book.

They looked around at their surroundings and were amazed to see that they were in a forest of oak trees that had chocolate leaves. There were bushes of bright colourful flowers. Bright red apples were spread across a mossy forest floor. The leaves had not melted even though the cosy warmth of the sun shone through them. The ground they stood on was a deep green moss that grew up the sides of the wide tree roots.



“Erm, it’s not melting but it looks fine. Won’t hurt to try a bit” Albert thought to himself, prioritizing eating chocolate instead of eating apples. This is not recommended but might be more realistic. It was indeed chocolate, and it was delicious like no other chocolate he had known. He gave a bit to Wendy but

cats being cats, she did not want it. She started to nuzzle at the side of a mossy rotten tree. She had found a truffle! Strange as usually only truffle pigs find truffles. She gobbled it down and burped rather loudly. Albert giggled and then gave her a fuss. Albert not looking at Wendy, but instead concentrating on eating chocolate with one hand, felt sure that Wendy's head had grown bigger, so he looked down and to his amazement he saw an overweight brown poodle. Full of life and energy, with chocolate all over his mouth and making a lovely warm howling sound. This howling sound brought other poodles nearby. Just like the first chocolate waffle chops, they were all full of life and friendliness. Albert, almost overwhelmed, had started to giggle even more as Wendy began to bounce on the moss with excitement. Then what looked like a truffle pig appeared. Smiling at Wendy to suggest that he was pleased she enjoyed their food, he gave a snort of approval. Just a general snarl, nothing like the howl and not the kind of snarl that is a grumpy snarl, instead a snuggly snarl it was. There was a rustling in the colourful flowers and a voice singing.

"Grassy glowing trees,
Moths and moss that does not make you sneeze,
Porky poodles,
Birds and bees"

"Hello my furry and not so furry friend" said an old man in a loving and friendly voice. An amazing aura of white light shone around him and he held a colourful moth in the palm of his hand. As if directed on mission but directed without words, the moth took off and flew away. The old man's name was Mr Porkly and he was a lovely man. In fact, he was the big man who managed and maintained what is known as Humphrey world. His voice reflected his character and appearance. That of a powerful wise man who knew in his heart that it was only right to love his fellow man.

"I am Mr Porkly. You are asleep Albert" said Mr Porkly.

"You, and your wonderful furry friend Wendy. I would just like to say that I have seen what you did for the homeless sausage dog victim and I thought it very honourable Albert. Wendy, I am impressed with your skateboarding, especially doing a kickflip to crooked grind down Toodle's supermarket

handrail. You did it like a boss". Albert nodded and smiled a humble smile whilst Wendy purred around Albert's leg.

"Thank you for saying those things, but how did you know that. How do you know both of our names. Where on earth are, we?" said Albert politely yet trying to empathise his need for an answer.

"Well, Albert and Wendy" said Mr Porkly. You are not currently on earth. Your eye doors, also known as your eye lids, shut shortly after you snuggled up with Wendy in your hometown of Toodle. Not many earthlings realise this, but when an earthling sleeps, they sometimes enter another world, a forest world known as Humphrey. Sometimes earthlings can even choose what to do in this type of earthling sleep. They are the earthlings who have done something kind for the big man before their kip. I am glad to say that this world does not share the troubles of earth and I am sad to say that earth has troubles. Please excuse me if it seems strange that I know your names and what you have been doing. The reason is that this world is in a way, present in your world, just invisible. This world becomes visible in your dreams sometimes, and sometimes your dreams are just remnants of your day and nothing else.

"Like I said, I am impressed with the both of you. Did you realise that the love letter you read, was written here? In fact, because you have taken heed of the letter, you have been given a freewill visit here before your final time so that you can do what you choose to do here. This is to make your final time even better when your final time comes. You see, we realise that those who are not grumpy with a small amount, are not grumpy with a large amount. Thus, you are to be given a large non-grumpy amount to enjoy".

"Erm, I think I get what you mean Mr Porkly" said Albert.

"Albert and Wendy, your destiny, once you have woken up is to make the earth a happier place for people so that I, the big man will be happy and bless everyone's socks off. As I live invisibly on earth everywhere and know the future, your task should be a doddle."

"Wow, yes for sure, you are the big man" said Albert.

But then straight away Albert doubted in his heart and wondered how he could possibly complete this mission.

“Piglets Wendy!” said Albert in a bewildered cry as he used his palm against his forehead. Things are difficult in Toodle because of the virus and I am isolated and have no one to talk to. How can I possibly do anything to help?”

Mr Porkly laughed and suggested some of the words of the letter that Albert reads daily. “Now remember that you do nothing by yourself Albert. That means that I will help you. Now, Albert, if I am everywhere, things should be as easy as I decide them to be, and do not forget that I love you both very much.”

Albert’s hand travelled from his forehead to his chin where he scratched with his thumb nail. “On second thoughts, that sounds ok. Why though do I still feel fearful”.

“It is natural to feel afraid Albert but you will soon learn not to be afraid. I will teach you. Now you go and enjoy Humphrey for a bit. Go and explore. Do not eat too much chocolate and truffles though, and do not stay too long as you might squeeze completely into this world and find a bit of a plomb when you wake up. Oh, and Albert, put this backpack on your back. Inside it there are some helpful bits for your mission. Remember that when grumpy people do grumpy things, I will make sure it is turned around to good instead. The bigger the grumpiness, the bigger the good to follow. Laws of the Universe you see” Mr Porkly said this whilst laughing, as he knew they would feast on chocolate and truffles for a piglet like amount of time.

Chapter 3

Chocolate realizations of the conscience

“If we all did one good deed a day then the world would not dismay.”

J.R Bates *May 2021*

Climbing Cathedral roofs is not recommended at all as they are remarkably high and thus extremely dangerous, perhaps sometimes leading to a remarkable splat. It is no excuse to say you were plombed there after waking up from a dream. No one will except the word plomb either, well not outside of this book. Albert felt a warmth on his eyelids as he awoke to sunshine on his face. It was half blocked by the back of a gargoyle that looked a bit like the back of a poodle. Science would just say that this is the remnants of a dream, and probably right but as Wendy shook her head and stretched herself after waking, they both had the most amazing view of the district of Blubberton over the backs of three gargoyles evenly spaced in front of them. Sunlit roofs of well-maintained Victorian style houses, cosy cottages, and the sunlit tips of trees in the distance. The sun lit up the neatly cut stones of the cathedral roof as if it were divine. There was a very slight slope and room enough to manoeuvre. The only worry was that they were high above the ground.

“Oh yes, the big man said we might get plombed back in a different location than our beds if we stayed too long” Albert said to himself.

Wendy snuffled in Albert’s backpack and then jumped up in surprise when she heard a metallic clunk. Albert looked round from the view to Wendy and the backpack with an expression that could only be described as a chocolate face smeared “duh”.

He opened the bag that Mr Porkly had given him and he found a note inside:

*Itinerary
of Albert's (AKA chocolate duh face) backpack*

- This itinerary note obviously
- Thick gloves
- Plastic bags
- Litter picker
- A gas stove
- Gas
- Two camping mess tins
- Cutlery
- Food to cook for breakfast (beans and noodles)
- More beans and noodles
- Water
- Instant coffee and dried milk
- Plasters
- Kendal mint cake
- Map and compass

Only adults who do not make chocolate faced “duh’s” should operate such machinery as gas stoves. Albert had some experience from his homeless days of wondering though. Ah hmm, erm, that is another story. Ah hmm, ah hmm, do not ever smoke either, it is truly only a mug’s game that stops your noggin being able to enjoy books, BMX’s, beavers and other brilliant things.

They both started the day by having warm coffee in a bowl and a mug, and baked beans and super noodles in the mess tins. It was simple yet beautiful to look out at the sunlit view, it reminds one of how eating a big fat lobster on a cruise ship could easily be less pleasurable.

They both heard a faint and distant woof from a hound on the ground below. Albert looked at the back of the gargoyles again briefly, and still with chocolate duh head, he started to make all sorts of excuses in his mind as to why he should spend the whole day occupied with eating dairy milk chocolate and nothing else.

“It was just a dream. It was quite a special dream though and the letter says I should be wise about dreams and see if they fit right with the big man’s letter.

That is how I know if the dream was from the big man or not. The big man was in it and he loved me. Hmm, there was lots of chocolate though so I will just say that it was a dream that I should ignore for now then."

Often humans make excuses for themselves to have more chocolate. Albert thought these excuses with his fuzzy chocolate brain quite often. What he did not currently realise was that the big man was watching him in the invisible realms, waiting to bless his socks off after he blesses other people's socks off. Often, we find that when we are selfish, things seem a bit grumpy. On the other hand, when we help others, we find that things go well. This is clearly documented in the letter and only squidgy piglets neglect this. Mr Porkly realises that this how all humans start off, and he loves them massively anyway. Maybe a divine prod in the right direction would help...

"Yes, chocolate was made to enjoy and I will enjoy it" thought Albert.

The big man is just love and usually only gives gentle prods thus they managed to get down through a small round window leading to the storage lofts and then to the stairs of the cathedral. Did I mention that Albert got a rather large surprise from a rather fat rat in the loft? Ratty knocked over a large dusty love letter. Hmmm, well, all things that happen can be viewed as positive as it removed his chocolate duh head and woke him up a bit. Still making excuses in his mind and driven by his urge for that food I keep mentioning, he stealthily sneaked behind the meeting taking place on the ground floor by using the grand and beautiful architecture of the building. When the entrance was reached, Wendy gave a rather big sneeze due to the misty incense the people of the meeting were using. This caught the attention of someone that Albert would not like to mention.

"Oh, how lovely, a sweet pussy cat" said one of the members of the meeting with a pleasantly surprised smile.

Albert pretended to read the charity leaflets in the arch of the entrance in the hope that he would not be noticed. His brain made a reasonable start at adding very small numbers together. Numbers like two plus two. One of the leaflets that caught his eye was a leaflet with the title "What one good deed can we do today."

"Ratty, erm why did that happen I wonder. The pussy cat, hmmm, strange too. Have I done any good deeds today? That dream....". Albert thought to himself.

“Is this your pussy cat? She is rather nice, can I help you with anything?” said the vicar in a friendly and up standing citizen like way.

“Oh no, just browsing, I need to get something else to eat for breakfast as my tummy is a bit empty thus I best be off.”

Walking out of the archway he heard a squark and felt something on his head. It was pigeon doo do from a rather overweight pigeon that had took flight after sunbathing in the morning sun. I am sure that this pigeon need not feel convicted in his conscience for sunbathing in the morning, as this pigeon was only a pigeon. Just like Wendy should not be concerned with giving a rather loud sneeze at certain locations and certain timings. That is because Wendy is just a pussy cat.

“Right, that is enough. Ratty first, the pussy cat and now the pigeon poo too” said Albert in a tantrum.

He went to sit on one of the benches in the courtyard of the cathedral and pondered in his mind what had happened in his dream and the events of today so far. Wendy sat on his lap making herself comfy.

“Well, I think that maybe the big man is trying to tell me something. I usually do good things for people though. I guess I just got a bit distracted today and plus, that dream, a bit blurry now, was to help people in a big way I think. Ah that was it, I probably had too much chocolate in the dream and went into chocolate mode”.

Chocolate mode is a well-known disorder that affects many people in many nations. Wisdom is for the learned. Ah hmm, onwards then.

“I best let the big man lead me into doing something to help others today. I know. I will go to the village of Spriggle where someone might need my help. For some reason I believe in my heart that this is right to do. It is a long way and I can pick up some rubbish on the way by using thick gloves, litter picker and a bag”.

A middle-aged couple walking from the road and into the yard stopped in front of him in a hurried halt.

“Is the cathedral open do you know?” the man said.

“Yes, it is very open” Albert said, trying his best to be as honest as possible in order to satisfy his guilty conscience.

You should never accept sweets or chocolate from strangers. Probably even if you are as old as Albert. This is only a story though.

“Thankyou. Do you want this chocolate bar, I am full and feel rather tubby anyway” the lady said.

“Erm, ok, please” Albert said as his jaw dropped with the start of a chocolate realization of conscience. That is to say that when we seek first the big man and his house, we find that our needs just seem to get met anyway.

Too busy to notice his expression, they carried on into the large, beautiful building. Albert did think to himself that this experience was something to do with the invisible world that the letter talks of. The dream became less blurry as he remembered that a kind man had said something like this in the dream too. For some reason he felt a sensation of warmth rise up in his chest, a contented type of joy. He got up, got his litter picking bits out of his backpack and he and Wendy set off on their journey through the countryside in the direction of Spriggle.

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Walking and litter picking occurred for two whole hours. Albert left bags full of rubbish at the council bins he found on the way. Usually when people do this, it seems quite satisfying to know that the forest looks beautiful still because of your work. However...

“Oh twiglets, it’s dark and misty too. There is an empty pack of twiglets on the ground and I am hungry again. This mist is scaring the heeby geeby’s out of me, we are miles from home and I think I have a blister too” Said Albert to himself with the beginnings of what looked like that face again. His chocolate duh face anxiety then turned to grumpiness and he had a temper tantrum. Albert threw his backpack to the ground and then stamped his foot. His blister made the stomp twice as unpleasant and he let out a load yelp.

“Aaarrgh, piglets! It does not say this in the letter. I have been good!”.

As Albert sat on his peeved and grumpy ground with his arms around his shins, he felt a gentle and mysterious breeze caress his sad face. He then heard the following as a whisper in his mind.

“Mr Porkly had very hard times managing to complete his love letter and Mr Porkly never ever did a single thing wrong. He completed it so that everyone can know that they are loved by him. Mr Porkly watches over us from Humphrey and looks after everyone with his porkly powers. We should endure not so snuggly times even when we have been good. This is because Mr Porkly who had done nothing wrong had had the most un-snuggly time of all himself for our sakes. By the way, your compass is broken. Don’t fret, Mr Porkly will lead you”.

Albert sat there gob smacked but at the same time he felt a feeling that he was loved and safe. Like a feeling from another world. Wendy nuzzled Albert’s smelly armpit affectionately but then something a bit out of the blue happened. Wendy started trying to catch a moth in mid-flight. Wendy is usually a big more agreeable with bugs but this time she meowed and leapt like a crazy cat. This was still to no avail as the bug decided to hover just above her claw range. Albert looked in the direction of this skirmish and found that there was a light coming from the trees in the far distance. So, they began again through the moon lit forest. Over slippery tree roots and down winding paths that had seen few feet, they ventured on. Always trying to keep in the direction of the light, Albert ventured forth and Wendy followed. They were close now and heard the interesting voices of what sounded like hippie travellers. Remember what I said about strangers please. Albert and Wendy listened whilst crouched behind the thick trees that surrounded the travellers. Seven hippies sat on a wide grassy clearing. They had a big blazing campfire.

“Sandy, this sandwich you packed tastes sandy” said one of the hippies who wore a black beanie hat and had a neatly trimmed goatee beard.

“Well eat marsh mellows then you fussy frog” said Sandy.

“How about we eat the both of you two grumpy goats” joked the other five.

They continued to banter around the fire and eat their tasty treats but as time went on, Albert thought he should be brave as he realised that sometimes courage really can help the situation.

“Hello. Hello.” Albert said as he broke through the thick surrounding wall of trees into the clearing where they sat. Wendy effortlessly jumped through as she was a less porky pussy cat.

“Who goes there” said Sandy in a surprised voice.

“I am Albert and this is my cat Wendy. We are lost.”

The hippies looked round at each other and at their food.

“Well, come take a seat, have some food and be lost with us then” Sandy said with a big welcoming smile.

And so they did and they all talked and joked around the fire for hours into the night. The hippies told stories of their travelling adventures and Albert told them of his chocolate realizations of conscience. Albert and Wendy were well fed, had a twenty minute power nap, sorted the blister and then were given directions as they borrowed a compass.

“Thankyou hippies so much. We best be off on our way now as I believe I have a mission from the big man that we were talking about” said Albert.

“A pleasure. Such a good conversation, we will consider the big man and his love letter ourselves” the travellers agreed.



Chapter 4

The good and grouchy monks of Spriggle

Spriggle had all the characteristics of a hamlet. That is, little too no cars driving by, the occasional horse doodoo on the road, and people who gave you the impression that they only have a radio in their house and not a colourful screen. The rotten corner of a wooden sign read “Spriggle” and poked through the dense and eerie mist that remained in the early morning. A big black crow made a big squark like a squark that seemed right for it’s size. Albert trembled as he tried to see the pavement in front of him. Wendy’s tail had gone bushy. This is a common thing for pussy cats who are scared. I think it is to make them look bigger than what they fear. Both were apprehensive as they took small steps through the mist.

“Grunt grunt, grunt grunt, snuffle snuffle”

Albert stood still almost shaking. Albert’s reaction was to close his eyes and speak to the big man in his thoughts. Then a rather overweight St Bernard with slobbery chops appeared, nuzzled Albert’s jumper leaving slobber all over him. The St Bernard then disappeared into the mist. Albert opened his eye doors again and thanked the big man that the experience was now over. He did not notice the slobber.

“What was that grunting and snuffling. It must have been a truffle pig” he thought.

Then again.

“Grunt grunt, snuffle snuffle.”

Albert remembered that letter said that sometimes we should be brave but only if we are sensible at the same time. He felt courage well up inside of him as he thought of what the letter said.

“Right, you grumpy grunting snuffler, I am going to follow you.”

And so, Albert did and followed the snuffling through the mist all the way to an old monastery. Overgrown with ivy it had stood there for many years. Some of its stonework needed repair. The monastery was located on the outskirts of Spriggle, hopefully to indicate a holy welcome to Spriggle should any visitors be able to see it without the mist. Albert stopped on the worn stone pavement

below the ivy grown pillars of the entrance and looked up at the building. He could just about read a damp golden plack near to the handrail of the steps that led to the front door. The plak read, "The Monastery of St Doodle." It seemed as if the "D" on the word Doodle at one time used to be a P to make the word "Poodle". The lower part of the "P" had been painted over. Perhaps this had been changed at some point to reflect what the clever councils of big man followers had decided about his letter. Humanity had evolved into more and more sophistication and deep profound understandings. Either way, being a good monk is one way to get to Humphrey land. Wendy brushed up against Albert's leg and let out hungry meow. Albert heard his belly rumble too. Albert wondered if they would give him some food and tasty treats for Wendy if they went inside. They are supposed to be charitable in places such as this. They walked up the twelve steps, Wendy's tail bushy again at this point due to fear of the unknown. Albert still felt courageous, and he did not fret. Just one nugget of a verse from the letter can be like swallowing a power pellet. They progressed through the tall arch to a thick oak door with large metal hinges. It had been left open. At this point, still courageous but also sensible, he thought it polite to knock. He knocked but heard no answer. Again, but no answer. Wendy meowed and curled her bushy tail around his leg. Only in emergencies should we ask for help from people we do not know. We should never walk into the houses of strangers. This is only a story though. As Albert peered round the corner of the door into the building, he could see a well-lit circular hall, lit with many candles and fiery lamps. It had a high ceiling with beautiful murals of what looked like doodles somehow, or somehow Poodles instead, like a trick of the eye. Colourful carpet of browns, reds and blues covered the floor. Albert could see a St Bernard and a group of roughly eight monks in the middle of the hall with long grey beards and all dressed in creamy coloured robes. The St Bernard was grunting whilst rolling on his back and expecting a belly rub from the monks. The monks had their heads bowed in conversation with the big man (also known as prayer to some people). The grunting continued and one of the monks opened one eye and frowned at the large demanding hound. Albert had now twigged that the grunting and snuffling was not a truffle pig but instead the hound in question. They continued each separately one at a time in prayer:

"Dear caring and delightful big man of the sky. Dear Mr Porkly we have been waiting so long for the St Poodle prophecy to be fulfilled. We know that you

know we have had to go into hiding due to the misunderstandings of this current day and age. How long must we pray Mr Porkly, how long...”

Albert was astonished that they had mentioned the name Mr Porkly, as he had remembered Mr Porkly and what he had said in the dream. He carried on listening with incredibly open ears.

“Mr Porkly, you have always assured us that the time is near. We have waited long for the Poodles to be amongst us and save us from the aching’s of this aching world. Especially at this current time where we must be more than vigilant because of the virus”.

Albert knew to expect the unexpected in situations such as this, so he made himself stand sturdy with his feet shoulder width apart and his body weight spread apart on both of his feet. As if by Albert knowing the future, Wendy sneezed an almighty grunting and sniffly sneeze. The St Bernard looked over at Wendy, and then shook his big head, sending slobber all around the hall and over the monks. The monks looked round in surprise, rubbing their eyes and gaining their composure by itching their beards.

“Well, well, we have visitors. How do you doodle?” said the tallest of the monks with a joyful yet surprised smile.

“Erm hello, with pencil and paper I guess” said Albert slightly shaken but still standing his ground.

“No, no. How do you doo dle?”

“Ah yes, me and my furry friend are fine” said Albert by performing nothing less than mental gymnastics and not accounting for Wendy’s bushy tail.

By this time, the drooling hound was trying to give Wendy an affectionate nose nuzzle. Wendy must have sensed that this was a sound hound, as the bushiness went away and she nuzzled back.

“My name is Arthur, I am the leader of St Doodle and these monks are my monk friends. What are your names? Are you hungry, we have some chocolate fudge cake and the tastiest cat food. In fact we have a whole platter of delicious food to feast on.”

Albert tried not to giggle, remembering how tasty treats always came his way as he followed the letter. The monk who had frowned at the hound raised his voice.

“Well my name is Ruthless Rupert Rodriguez, third monk of the line of St Rodriguez and I have had enough of drooling St Bernard’s interrupting prayer and fattening food being offered to strangers”.

The St Bernard woofed an angry woof in his direction and Ruthless then disappeared into another room in a grumpy faced flurry.

“Oh don’t worry about him, Ruthless has been here many years and has a thing about strangers” said Arthur in an embarrassed tone.

The other monks nodded, also slightly embarrassed.

“Ok, I understand. I am Albert, and this is my pussy cat Wendy. Nice to meet you”.

After the slobbery introduction they all sat around a big oak table and had something to eat. The monks introduced themselves and talked about the history of the monastery. As time went on, they asked Albert what he thought about the big man, and Albert, amazed, went on to explain what he could remember of his dream the night before. The monks of St Doodle were awed at his dream and thought Albert to be a special person, especially as he said he had talked to the big man face to face and had seen porky poodles.

“Wowzers! Really. This must be the time my dear monks of St Poodle. We will no longer doodle, we will open and read aloud the scroll of the hound” said Arthur in an uncontainable excitement that made his whole body shake.

“Scroll of the hound?” said Albert.

“Yes yes, we have been praying for years for this time to occur. The big man had put this time in the end of his letter”.

“No, no, no. Complete carrots. This is not the time and no I no longer want to dine” shouted Ruthless in a rage from the corner of the hall.

Ruthless then quickly scurried across the hall eating chocolate cake with one hand and holding his robe with the other. What happened next is probably what the big man means when he wrote in the letter that grumpy people’s grumpiness always gets made into non-grumpy things. In his hurried scuffle of rage, Ruthless stubbed his toe on one of the ornate hall decorations, dropped his cake and then holding his toe in pain he hopped on one foot across the hall until he then tripped and head butted a rather large gong that had the face of an overweight poodle engraved into it. Suddenly the foundations of the hall

shook. Decades old dusty books came tumbling off their shelves as a powerful and awful woof shook the hall. As the hall shook with what seemed like an earthquake, Arthur read aloud the scroll of the hound.

Chapter 5

Chubby chapter

Much food has been eaten and will be eaten and this is the Chubby chapter, thus to not be greedy, I will skip it completely and you should too as it is not good to be greedy. Have salad instead please. I should not need to say this really.

Chapter 6

Porky poodles

“If your noggin had no belief in the big man, then your noggin is beyond beggars belief”

J.R Bates 2210

“Oh twigglets!” said Albert as he climbed out of the wreckage. An overweight poodle then slobbered on his face as he pulled himself through the debris. This porky poodle and many others then filled the hall. They ate all the food in a noticeably short time. Remember that Albert and Wendy had seen these poodles in their dream. Remember also that the dream occurred in the world of Humphrey, the invisible world that is present over all of earth. The grumpy monk had actually opened many portals to this invisible world. This had been triggered through the head butting of the gong. The poodles poured out from portals all over the earth and in great numbers too. There were thousands of them scrambling out looking for a fuss, food and to make people smile. They kept coming out all over planet earth. The food in the monastery had quickly disappeared in the first five minutes of the portal being opened. In fact, many tasty treats all over the world had vanished, that is except for the poorer countries where the poodles knew by their happiness making instincts to cuddle up to poor people instead. Hundreds of thousands of poodles, brown, black, golden, and white, all wagging, drooling and being affectionate to people. Vast numbers running in all directions looking for food when it was the right place and time to do so. They gave out cuddles in return for a fuss. There was a poodle per every square twenty meters of planet earth. Their divine abilities also allowed them to swim across the seas effortlessly, even to remote tribes in the most distant places. Seeing poodle’s shake themselves dry on the shore of a beach is a profound and perfect poodle sight indeed. We should remember that this was the big man’s plan all along. His end plan at the end of his love letter. But how would all these cuddly poodles cure a virus? Obviously, it did not take long for this event to be broadcast on the colourful screens all over the world. Not that this was required anyway, as the poodles were everywhere. People had been affected by the virus in a big drowsy way. They had become sleepy heads. The people were much happier with a cuddle and a fuss from a poodle. Happier but still sleepy though. Half of earth’s population who were sleeping in, now got up to a happy surprise, but again, half still slept

in. The poodles were aware of the drowsy threat that had gripped the globe. They were made aware through the instructions of the big man. They did their best to wake people up with an affectionate morning nose nuzzle and where poodle compatible, they switched kettles on to keep people up for the day with a coffee or a cup of tea. Compatibility in this case was about the need for a paw operated power on button. You might have thought that the poodle's divine abilities to do things like swimming over oceans would easily allow them to even cook a full English breakfast and that making a cup of tea would be too easy. Sometimes there are things that cannot be understood through our own understanding though and instead we should just trust the big man and take him at his love letter. It does in fact say that in the love letter. However, this was a significant step for the powers of love to scrunch down the drowsy virus. The inhabitants of the various countries of the world showed their appreciation of the poodles in different ways. For example, the English and the Americans realised that it was important to share tasty treats with a coffee or cup of tea. The poodle kettle tactic really helped this where there was compatibility. It also boosted the belief of drowsy people. Belief in the big man. They learnt to trust him more. I just scratched my head and the word faith came to mind. Anyways, onwards with the writings. The French gave them the tastiest food of all the countries as that is where the tastiest foods come from. Fresh crunchy French sticks and the finest cheeses and ham to go inside it. The people of France were so happy with the Poodles that their usual healthy protesting against anything became instead a protest for the care and welfare of poodles. Germany very efficiently created orderly cuddle queues and started mass production of set tasty treats for them. In this country, the drowsiness had been reduced the most due to the efficient ways of the Germans. The people of third world countries gathered and sang songs together as the poodles howled along. Remember that Melodish is one of the languages of Humprey, where the Poodles came from. Also remember that in Humprey, there is just love and peace. Music can alter moods and talk to you so even though the third world countries still had the worst sleepy problems, they were the happiest through the Melodish howlings. Things had taken a turn for the better and there was much more hope about in the world. Hope is a good thing for your noggin actually and if you do things to keep your hope up or if someone encourages you with hope, your noggin will function significantly better.

Chapter 7

Fast food and the squidgy piglet ruler

The various rulers of the countries of the earth were a bit concerned about what was going on. They were a bit worried about what else might come out of the portals and some, not all of them were annoyed about there being less food. Only one ruler got properly grumpy though. This was the squidgy piglet ruler and his name was King Bambino, King of Wales. Wales being a mostly rainy country that had many hills of many sheep. Other rulers, although they only understood science, were less concerned, and therefore let the Poodles be. I will note that sometimes it is of high importance for the rulers of the earth to prudently see such Bambino's before they rise to power. This is due to the troubles that they cause. If you sit enthroned as ruler and king of the country whilst having the character of a squidgy piglet, your people will suffer. Sometimes the way to avoid this problem is to investigate that potential ruler's background and upbringing before they rise to power. However, this Bambino managed to slip through the net. To tell the tale of him and his kind is another story, just like Albert's homeless adventure is another story. For now, let's just say that when King Bambino was a young Bambino, he would do things like hurt butterflies for fun. Of course, people can and do change with Mr Porkly's help although King Bambino rejected Mr Porkly's love all along as if Mr Porkly was no more than a pork scratching. And so the people of Wales felt oppressed and depressed under his rule. Certain niggling piglet laws had been put in place. Laws meaning that the people of Wales had to pay high taxes for King Bambino's apparent need of a lavish and expensive palace with ongoing extensions that kept on extending. If any Welsh citizen were to object or not be able to pay the extortionate weekly sum or money, they would be sent to a dungeon located under the palace. At the time of the unravelling's of the Porky poodle prophesy, it was King Bambino who characteristically ordered a decree to the people of Wales that all of the poodles in Wales were to sit, stay and not be allowed a fuss. This decree as I am sure you will agree, was the height of human grumpiness. It was not in the character of a Poodle to complain about such a situation although they were a bit sad as all they wanted to do was make people happy. In fact, they became rather anxious, and this anxiety led them to vomit up the fast food they had recently eaten. Why had they eaten

fast food and why the vomit you might ask. The answer is due to the blubbery zombie head and belly that fast food gives you. This is what King Bambino wanted you see. People with zombie head are less able to think for themselves and are instead more vulnerable to being control by Bambino's tyrannical reign. The effect of the fast food on your belly is that your belly keeps on rumbling and complaining for more, thus completing a rather plump mind and body mess. This is the food that King Bambino had selected for the poodles inhabiting the country of Wales. The educated amongst could maybe guess that the colourful screen news reporters for this country were forced to only show pathetic propaganda such perfectly prepared BSE burgers. BSE is also known as mad cow disease and no we won't bring King Bambino's wife into the discussion as she is a snarling witch, which reminds me that I should stop setting the scene and instead continue with the poodle plot as one such vomit was on the actual shoes of King Bambino himself which led him to have the tantrum above all tantrum's. Bambino decided to have the poodle's arrested and sent to his under palace dungeon. Grumpiness had a new name. Again, just like the darker monk of the monastery who ended up head butting the gong, we must remember that situations like this, get turned to good through Mr Porkly's sovereign providence. The vomit had the cure for the sleepy virus and just as fast as the virus spread around the world, the cure did too. Thus the people of earth were again awake. But what about our poodle heroes in King Bambino's dungeon! Other rulers of the earth were wise and prudent with their use of science. Just like trying to spot Bambinos before they rise into power, they would investigate the virus cure for the sake of research, should another virus occur. And so with forensic furry foraging they traced the cure back to fur that had been shed from the Welsh poodles. The teams were obviously surprised that there were no poodles to be seen anywhere and so the earth's collective justice team were called into action to investigate the Welsh King. Wales did have an army but they just wailed with laughter at Bambino, instead of defending him. The justice team had a beautiful building located in a place named Ham Burger. It had intricate architecture and had stood there for many years as if it never forgot the lessons of history. Anyway, King Bambino was called to account in this building. All that was hidden was made known and the porky poodles were freed, Bambino was made to step down from his high position as King and instead give his throne to Wendy the pussy cat.

Chapter 8

A more restful sleep and then up early

The rulers of the earth bar the big Bambino were now more than happy with the big man being made known to everyone, in fact they even made a point of showing the love letter on the colourful screens. Wowzers, why? It was because they loved the poodles that the big man had sent, Bambino's blubber head regime had been toppled and the poodle vomit cured the virus. There were only a few piles of vomit left in Wales but enough for the cure to spread. King Bambino was made to clean up the vomit piles as penance and he cried like a big baby. The ideas of the rulers went back to the ideas they had many centuries ago. That is to say that the engine room of the justice building had started to function more smoothly than ever before. This engine also provided more electrical power to the building's coffee machines, thus the people inside were in a better state of mind to decide future plans. What I mean is that they decided to put the letter and the unseen world of Humprey as priority over microchips. Microchips were still considered useful but everything from marsh mellows too microchips too monkeys, originally came from Humphrey land. This is stated at the start of the letter where Mr Porkly spoke and everything appeared from nothing. The rulers realised that microchips helped explain monkey development with things like clever graphs and wires, but that this was only the how and not the Humprey world why. The liberated people of Wales awoke from there double zombie head and were happy with the big man that fast food had been used for something positive for a change. A poodle who had swam across to the UK from China gave out specific ideas from Mr Porkly that the West (that include the USA), should consider Eastern remedies, diets and various noodle ways to help with zombie noggins should our noggins ever get that way again. In other words, Mr Porkly helped the Westerner's to be healthy by using Eastern wisdom. Various herbs and relaxing ways which made a significantly positive impact on everyone's noggin. Humans and poodles now did extreme sports together as the sleepy virus had finished and the skateparks had re-opened. Wendy's skills were unparalleled even by the Poodles. She won many tasty treat trophies. Wendy's skills and success made her incredibly happy. Wendy won her latest trophy by doing back to back 1080's on the X games vert ramp. How is it that a pussy cat can do this? People should refrain from asking the brain silly questions obviously. Albert was rewarded by the scientists with a specially developed chocolate bar that

re-appeared every time it was eaten. The chocolate was made of the best coco and so it tasted delicious. Albert lived to old age and then died with a chocolate smeared happy face before going to Humphrey land where he was richly rewarded for his trust in the big man. The big man was ecstatic that his final plan to bless everybody's socks off went perfectly. He was both ecstatic and grumpy many years ago when he made the earth, but now that all was said and done, he was only happy instead. Mr Porkly exists outside of time as he is God. Is it harder to believe what many have believed for millennia and still do, or in a skateboarding pussy cat? The porky poodle's were also happy, but they are always happy anyway. Except on rare occasions when Bambino's don't behave. The best and most important thing though, was that because everyone now loved the big man and believed in his love letter, they all went to Humphrey land when their time on earth had finished. Basically, and blatantly, there is no more to say for now. Enough said. Yes, enough said.