

Herbert Herifious Henry Todd was a business man. He was always "Much too busy, old chap" and he always had "Frightfully important business meetings". Infact, he didn't do anything but work. And if you wanted to see him, you had to make an appointment 3 weeks beforehand he was so busy.

Herbert Herifious Henry Todd worked out, sums all day. He worked them out during lunch, when he got home, when he had his supper, and even in the bath! He had a bad temper, and a very bad headache.

H.H.H. Todd and Co. had a lot of business. They sold things that weren't really important, and rather silly, such as Kitten's tails (for Manx cats), packets of Argentinian spiders (open them - they kill flies), bags of dirty washing (for women with soft hands), and broken toys by the dozen (for the man who has everything).

Suddenly, H.H.H. Todd and Co. had a decline in business.

There were no more Argentinian spiders to be found.

All their previous business went down by 99.9999999999

99862%. Herbert Herifious Henry Todd didn't know what

to do. True, they still sold kitten's tails (for Manx cats)

bags of dirty washing (for women with soft hands), and

broken toys by the dozen (for the man who has everything),

but these had never been as popular and successful as

the Argentinian spiders.

Suddenly, someone had a brainwave. "Why not get Ecuadorian spiders from Ecuador?" "What a good idea" they all said.

So they set off on 'Expedition Spiders' to Ecuador. They

took with them; a fridge, freezer, T.V. set, a grand piano,

Rolls Royce, chauffeur, coal scuttle, 97 packets of jelly,

one bloodhound, 3 trained octopussies, and the little woman.

When they reached Ecuador (which is in South America)

they set up camp in the back of the Rolls. They had a dinner

of tomato jelly, salmon jelly, salad jelly, then raspberry

jelly for pudding. After this came cheese jelly and jelly

biscuits. To drink they had coffee jelly and wine jelly. Then, full of jelly, they went to sleep in the Rolls, dreaming jelly thoughts.

Next day, they were up bright and early at 11.30am. They set off to catch the Ecuadorian spiders. Suddenly they came face to face with the notorious Ecuadorian spider-Fred, who was four feet high, fond of beer, and always wore yellow socks. The little woman fainted, the Rolls Royce bolted, and everyone else had kittens. "Hallo there" said Fred in an Australian accent. "Hows Australia?"

"Fine, fine" gasped Mr. Todd. "But we're English, we come from England!"

"Oh" said Fred in a frightfully posh voice. "Hows good old England, what?"

"Fine, fine, I think" gabbled Mr. Todd.

"Got any beer?" asked Fred.

"No" said Mr. Todd. "But we've got some jelly".

"I don't like beer, I only like jelly" said Fred crossly.

"Yes, but we've got some beer jelly" ~~X~~, Mr. Todd replied.

Fred accepted four packets of beer jelly, and invited the entire party (including the little woman and all the kittens) to his camp. There they were treated very well, and negotiations started. When they had finished, it was agreed that Mr. Todd should demolish his shops selling kittens tails, dirty washing, and broken toys, and start a travey agency business arranging foreign holidays for all Fred's nephews and nieces: soon, the travel agency for all Fred's relatives.

Today it is a booming business for all spiders, and is well worth going on. Even the little woman does her bit. She brings the coal in, and washes Fred's dirty socks.

