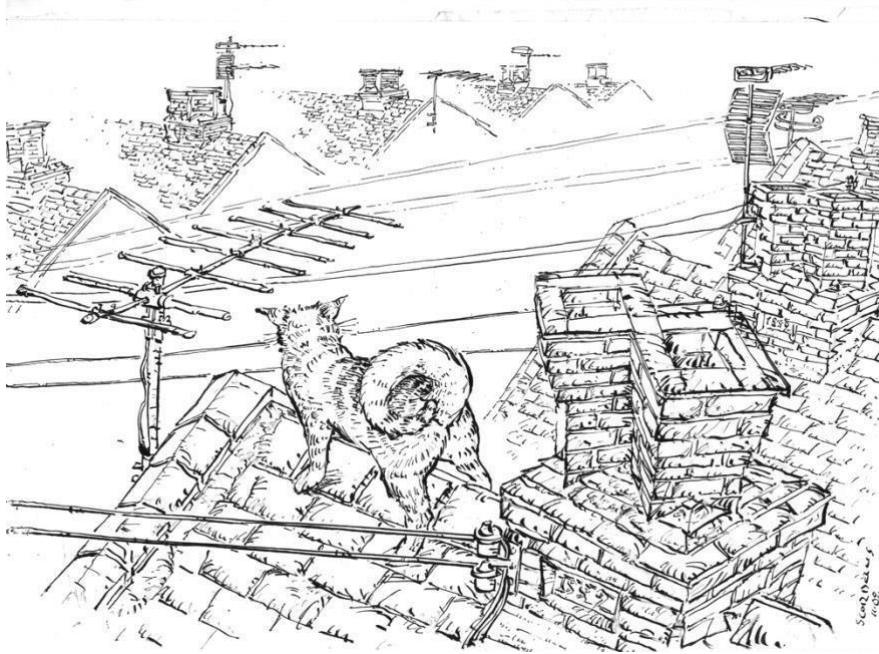


WILFRED, FANNY & FLOYD BY GAYLE CURTIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDY SCORDELLIS



Escargots Francoise Du Pre - Snails Franchoise Du Pre in Ramekins

This week I attempted to make Snails in Pots, a recipe by Mr. Floyd. I am struggling with Mrs. Fanny Crackhaddock's culinaire because she keeps prattling on about rations and a war. What rations have to do with war I have no idea but there's no excuse for meany type Scroogeness in my book.

During this cat week I yet again fell off my helter skelter, and having reached the coconut matting at the bottom I thought I was going to end up on the merrygo-round, so I did. But thanks to She I managed to claw my way back up the curly slide, much to the annoyance of the queue of Scrambled Heads

waiting to go down. I have been quite astounded at the care She has shown me since my 'Mr. Pig induced accident'.

The cat week started badly when I became wedged in the cat door. I do not and cannot understand why this happened, dear readers. The only thing I can think of is that all the rain we've been having has probably shrunk said door. The reason I say this is because I got caught in it the other day and it caused pink ruffle to shrink and I am finding it quite tight around my belly.

Anyway, I digest, back to Mr. Floyd's recipe. I collected a bucket load of snails from my garden because I couldn't see the point in buying them when I have free range ones on my doorstep.

Now here comes the tricky part. Mr. Floyd says it's very important you make sure the snails are starving. I thought the easiest way to tackle this would be to lay them all out on a large baking tray and ask them how they were feeling. I waited a few cat minutes but couldn't hear anything, not a squeak from any of them. Wondering if they might be deaf, I fetched my megaphone to see if that would help. Yet again, there was nothing. After some time, I got the feeling they had all made a pact not to speak to me which was not surprising seeing as I was going to eat them.

I soon realized hostage style tactics were needed so I volunteered Mr. Pig to help me. We borrowed a small chair from my friend, Cindy Doll and placed one of the snails on it. I cleverly thought of the idea of putting him in the sitting room in front of the picture box to make him watch the entire series of Delia Smith's Christmas which I have on DVD. My genius in this thinking was that the episode would make him so hungry that he'd be forced to shout out 'I'm starving!' which would cause the others to follow.

Mr. Pig and I structurally placed a table in the doorway between the two rooms so we could view all our hostages while we occupied ourselves with a game of Monopoly. I soon got fed up with this when Mr. Pig started his nonsense, all because he wanted to be the car and not the iron as I'd told him he had to be. Mr. Pig has aspirations above his station at times and needs to be put in his place especially when it comes to playing parlor games. Anyway, I fought the urge to put him in my toasted Panini maker and press the lid down really hard whilst waiting for it to heat up (rule number 42 of the Guinea Pig Anger Management Code) and decided we should play Operation instead.

After two cat hours of Operation and several urges to wire Mr. Pig up to the actual game I realized the snails must be starving because they hadn't eaten since their capture that morning, so there was no point waiting any longer.

In Heinz sight I should have bought some cockles and used those instead because I now think snails have a sacred aura because there seemed to be some sort of karmic force at work.

I am blaming Mr. Pig for what happened next because it was his idea to put them in the fryer instead of a pan of boiling water as Mr. Floyd suggests. Due to my ravernousness I agreed with him thinking they would be tastier if they were crispened first.

Unfortunately, my fryer didn't like the tray load of snails including the one now educated in the culinary works of Delia Smith, and it exploded.

The upshot is, I now have paisley patterned patches of pink skin showing through my ginger fur, no eyebrows, eyelashes or whiskers and I look like an in-patient from the Tiddly Winks Scrambled Head Home. How the snails survived I will never know but they were catapulted from the fryer and made their way slowly out of the open back door.

What happened to Mr. Pig, I hear you cry! Well, he wasn't there during the explosion having told me he had to get back to his caravan to meet Eileen and wouldn't be able to help me any further with Mr. Floyd's recipe. He came back as soon as he heard what had happened and tried to tell me that my scorched and oil splattered kitchen was very 'shabby chic'. I'm afraid I broke number 84 of the Guinea Pig Anger Management Code and wedged him in an empty toilet roll holder, popped him in a Jiffy bag and posted him to a local Chinese Takeaway.

I mustn't grumble because due to She looking after me I have managed to stay on top of my helter skelter. I've even begun to change my mind about Vomit because she's been 'getting' me luxury foods from She's freezer which I am forbidden from going in. Vomit's got a deft paw for picking padlocks.

Anyway, after my 'Mr. Pig induced accident' I would suggest not to bother with this particular recipe.

I must dash because my Take the High Road DVD box set arrived this morning and I'm eager to make a start on it while I eat the cheese and prawn volley vaults I made this morning.

Your Bestest fluff

Wilfred.

Piss. S. In case you're worried, Mr. Pig returned to his stupid caravan a couple of days later completely unharmed. He attempted to deliver some out-of-date Maltesers as a way of an apology. I covered him in Pedigree Chum and launched him into the garden next door where a well-known cur called Tommy lives. This particular act isn't listed in the Guinea Pig Anger Management Code so therefore I am not breaking any of the 254 rules. I hope he can run in his new flip-flops...

Fondue du Fromage

I often take a turn around the garden when I have a dilima to ponder upon which is exactly what I did at the beginning of this cat week. I needed time to think about why the cat door was getting ever tighter and pink ruffle had shrunk so much. I had begun to lose the feeling in my baked beans and was concerned that my 'Mr. Pig induced accident injuries' were far more serious than I'd first thought. Then She suggested I cut pink ruffle off as it had almost disappeared within the depths of my impending winter ginger fur. I agreed and the relief was immense, dear readers!

During my turn it suddenly dawned on me that I had probably gained some weight during my culinary adventure. I decided very quickly that I was prepared to continue on behalf of my dear and loyal readers and that every culinary

genius has to make sacrifices for their art de trumps. My moment of genius brought about a solution that will serve us all! I remembered seeing an advert for a slimming product called Yummy on the picture box. You take two doses twice a day on top of your usual diet and it gives you a mild form of Dysentery. Perfect! It means I can teach you all how to cook, sample my findings and still keep my hourglass figure. It's already working because when I sit down there is only one roll of fat instead of the two, I had when I wore pink ruffle.

My other dilima that caused me to take an extra turn around the garden concerned Mr. Pig. He and Eileen have discovered they have a mutual hobby of map reading with magnifying glasses. You know the large yokes with the heavy metal handles? Why they have a hobby in map reading I'll never know because they don't go anywhere. The furthest Mr. Pig has been in the last two cat months was the cur's garden next door, when I hoofed him in there last week due to my 'Mr. Pig induced accident injuries'. I discovered afterwards that the cur is very old and had lost his teeth many years ago. The most he could achieve was first place in a Fruit Pastel competition; Mr. Pig being the sweet and the cur being the host. The upshot was he lost his flip flops and quite a lot of his fur when he was eventually spat out and came back generally unscathed.

I digest. As way of an apology Mr. Pig had offered to host the next culinary experiment in his caravan. I told him in order to fulfil his apology he'd have to buy all the ingredients and then make the dishes under my instruction, to which he agreed. Seeing as I'm not talking to Mr. Waitrose at the moment due to him not responding to my letters about my Norfolk Pasties with an Irish Twist, I sent him to the shop in the village.

I had decided to create Mrs. Fanny Crackhaddock's Fondue. I am using this term loosely because I changed the ingredients quite a bit due to the fact Fondue is a speciality of mine. I've found over the cat years that Dairylea cheese triangles and Laughing Cow spread work best in the sauce and just as well as Rockfought. If you have trouble getting these items from your local shop, tins of Homepride cooking sauce are very tasty and have the added bonus of a variety of flavours. Space Raiders, Twiglets, Squares, Frazzles, Chipsticks, Skips and Wotsits are all acceptable crudities for these dishes.

I gave Mr. Pig and Eileen my vast shopping list and left them with strict instructions that I wasn't afraid of the namby pamby do gooder who runs the Guinea Pig Anger Management Group and would gladly try out rule number 16 on them should they fail to bring back all the ingredients. Rule 16 involves a Teas Maid and the components of a bicycle puncture repair kit, and I played the scenario over in my head several times while they were at the shop.

They managed to bypass my expectations and got all the ingredients, and more besides for my Fondue Soiree! Mr. Pig had finally rectified himself! But then disaster struck dear readers. While we were checking all the ingredients, we noticed smoke and flames coming from the bottom of the garden. We all ran outside to find that Mr. Pig's caravan was on fire.

I'm not going into details about the drama of it all because quite frankly I think it was retribution for my 'Mr. Pig induced accident injuries' and anyway, it was his entire fault.

He and Eileen had been map reading before they came to collect my shopping list, and they left their magnifiers on the caravan table in full view of the scorching sunshine and that, dear readers are what caused the fire and burnt his

estate to the ground. I have explained all this to Mr. Pig, but he still can't understand how it happened. Guinea pigs are known for their bad eyesight and stupidity.

The dilemma I had this cat week was whether or not to allow him to live in my outhouse which I currently use as my Yoga practice room. I couldn't have him stay in my cottage because I would have broken rules 34, 75, 29, 4 and 19 of the Guinea Pig Anger Management Code and I don't have all the household implements immediately available to my baked beans in order to carry them out.

I agreed, in the end to let him live in my outhouse because I had a brief moment of sympathy for him and felt I would be fulfilling my Karmic purpose if I did him a good turn.

I regretted the decision quite quickly. I asked She if I could use her kitchen in order to carry on with my Fondue Soiree which I told Mr. Pig he would have to prepare because I was far too weak and poorly due to his shanniness last week.

I ASKED HIM TO MAKE 5 SEPARATE FONDUE SAUCES, THAT'S 5.

What did he do? He put all the ingredients in the same pot and munched his way through two packets of Wotsits, three packets of Twiglets and four packets of Skips.

Mr. Pig suffered rules 52 and 67 simultaneously of the Guinea Pig Anger Management Code. I gave him 6 doses of Yummy and sellotaped him to a Catherine Wheel left over from last year's firework night which I plan to light this coming Friday when I recreate my Fondue Soiree.

I really must go because this morning's Dysentery is gurgling through and the postman has just delivered my latest copy of Take a Break magazine.

Your bestest fluff

Wilfred.

Piss. S Eileen reported me to the namby pamby do gooder who runs the Guinea Pig Anger Management Group. Should you need to contact the namby pamby do gooder, or Eileen for that matter over the next few cat weeks, they will be otherwise detained in an airmail bag on their way to Peru. I thought they might like to sample some of their native culture. Or the native culture might like to sample them...



Individually Baked Alaskans - Les Arctique Rolles

For some of this cat week I had a lot of peace due to Mr. Pig departing on his quest to find Eileen. He didn't like staying in my outhouse, thank goodness, because it doesn't have any wheels and therefore no travelling potential. He said it accentuated his closetphobia. I was elated, dear readers!

This gave me a chance to concentrate on my culinary project and I decided to demonstrate one of my own interventions called Individually Baked Alaskans. I know they sound complicated but there is an art to it, trust me.

Anyway, more of that in a cat minute. I have decided not to take Yummy anymore because it was making me feel quite ill. It came to the last twig for She when I projected vomit (not Vomit the kitten, you understand) on the stairs, in two of the bedrooms, the sitting room, the downstairs hall and finally up the kitchen wall and then I had to go outside for some fresh air.

SHE came rushing outside after me and we had a spat about me expelling myself in the house instead of outside, but I can't help having Dysentery and it is MY cottage after all and the weather IS on the turn.

After several cat minutes of a 'yes you will' and 'no I won't' argument along with a physical grapple, I agreed to stop taking the Yummy. The day was saved, dear readers because I have discovered something far more amazing! It's called Slim Fat!

It helps you keep your hourglass figure, that's if you're lucky enough to have one like me and you can eat whatever you like. You have a shake with your breakfast, one with lunch, one with dinner, one with supper, plus one midmorning, and one mid-afternoon alongside your snacks. It's packed full of vitamins too so it's very healthy. I've noticed the difference already because I

feel more alert and managed to fill in two answers in the Times Crossword yesterday.

Back to my Individually Baked Alaskans. You need to get yourself a sponge from your local shop, (I'm still not talking to Mr. Waitrose) and cut it into slices. You can get merangoo nests from the shop too - you need to punch the bases out with your paw so they are hollow.

Miss Havisham who lives in my cottage, always likes to eat the remnants from the punched out merangoos while she drinks her port. Her name's actually Enid but I call her Miss Havisham because she's anciently old, is often covered in cobwebs (she sits in the same place for long cat weeks) and she fiddles with the clocks in my cottage.

She was having a rare moment from her hibernation because she shuts herself away during the summer and joined me in the kitchen to watch me create my masterpieces.

We have some very intermellectual and informative conversation and I enjoy her company even though she tends to burp, snore and trump at the same time which can be slightly off putting.

Back to my creations. Lay your cake slices out ready for the ice cream. I use very expensive, luxury ice cream which I'm not allowed to mention due to advertising regumelations. I can tell you though; it begins with W and shares its name with something I would play Squash against, using Mr. Pig as the ball. Rule number 64 of the namby pamby do gooder's guinea pig guide.

If you're on an economic skid patch then Green and Blacks, Ben and Jerry's or

Hagen Ditz will have to do. Now then, this is the difficult part and involves some culinary trickery. You need complete silence in order to concentrate. I turned off Neil Diamond's Greatest Hits and locked Vomit outside because she kept deftly stealing the cake slices off my work top.

Scoop the ice cream onto one of the slices and quickly pop a merangoo nest on the top. It normally doesn't fit which is where the craftyship comes in. Rapidly eat the ice cream until the nest fits. You need to do this with all the Individually Baked Alaskans at once.

Miss Havisham suggested I fill the nests with ice cream and then place the cake slice on the bottom, but I ignored her because it's simply a ridiculous idea.

During the experiment I ended up with an ice cream headache and had to sit down and watch Countdown on the picture box. When I returned to the kitchen I had to start again because all the ice cream had melted.

I repeated this process five times until disaster struck dear readers! During the fifth attempt I noticed out of the corner of my eye something black moving across my shoulder. I screamed at Miss Havisham to tell me what it was but she'd fallen asleep on her kitchen stool. Not daring to look I rushed to the door and let Vomit in. I grabbed her by her tiny neck and begged her to remove it because I knew what it was, dear readers but couldn't bring myself to say it out loud. She quickly shifted it with her nimble, thieving paws whilst simultaneously stealing two cake slices, and she put the intruder outside. Down the very bottom of the garden, I screamed after her! It was, dearest readers, a gargantuan spider from one of Miss Havisham's smelly cobwebs! Never again will I allow her in my kitchen after her summer hibernation.

After Vomit had removed the evil imposer, Miss Havisham fell off her stool having consumed most of a bottle of port. I left her on the floor because quite frankly her merangoo crumbed port-stained mouth and trump fumes were making me feel sick. In return for two spam fritters, three Norfolk Pasties with an Irish Twist and a six-pack bag of NikNaks, Vomit agreed to shave her from head to toe while she was in a drunken stupor so I would be safe in the assurance that all the tormenting hairy legged freaks had been evicted from my cottage. Anyone who sits and weaves all day like a smelly old crone is not to be trusted. They are cursed creatures, dear readers and need to be extinctualised!

My advice dear readers is to buy yourself an Arctic Roll - nobody likes merangoo anyway because it requires no chewing which means it doesn't have any savour cat minute qualities.

I must dash because due to my vitamin intake via Slim Fat I have become very good at Eggy Bread Heads, the game quiz show on the picture box and Vomit has challenged me to a quick fire round. It's also time for my mid-afternoon shake accompanied by garlic dough balls which I need to get in the stove.

Your bestest most important fluff

Wilfred.

Piss. S. In case you're wondering about Mr. Pig, he's left several messages on my answerphone telecom system telling me his rental camper van has been hijacked by some Mexican Fruit Bats demanding ransom money. He's such a drama queen!! They've probably stopped to ask him if he has any spare tortilla chips and guacmoley dip - he does have a tendency to exaggerate. I haven't

called him back yet. I've been very busy doing spider surveillance on my cottage.

Souffle de Truites, Oie Farcie aux Marrons & Mousse au Chocolat Basque

I was going to cook all of the above, so I was, but I'm not now and you can blame She for that. I, dear readers have had to barrack myself into my sitting room because my cottage resembles a scene from one of the Harry Potter films and we are besieged by spiders which I am referring to as The Evil Ones. They're everywhere! I can't sleep for fear of them tormenting me and I can hear them walking around in their charity shop shoes. She won't allow me to prangle them to death and after a long argument and a grapple I decided there was no other option than to barrack myself in what I consider to be the safest and most comfortable room in MY cottage.

I can't move into my outhouse because Mr. Pig and Eileen are back from Peru and using it temporarily until his new caravan arrives. In order to release himself from his hostage situation Mr. Pig had to buy 250,000 Old El Paso Fajitas Dinner Kits.

They arrived two days after he did and have filled up my shed. I didn't use any of the 254 Guinea Pig Anger Management Rules. I used one of my own because I happened to be tidying round when he made his announcement, and I was holding an empty kitchen roll tube which I was about to put into the recycling bin. Instead, I popped Mr. Pig into it, climbed on top of the outhouse roof, took a deep breath and blew very hard. I was surprised at how far he travelled. Anyway, I am quite happy in my barracked room and have managed to catch up

on my sleep and my boxed set of The Walton's. I did panic slightly when I ran out of food, but Vomit has been rather good at 'getting' me everything I need and is also keeping me company, occasionally by playing my favorite parlor games, mainly Mastermind and Draughts. I must frisk her of course every time she enters, in case she has any of The Evil Ones about her personage.

I did have to take drastic measures regarding Miss Havisham, and she is currently shut in the small cupboard under the stairs with a bottle of Port. I have Duck taped the door so she and the Evil Ones can't get out. Even with her shaved body she's still drawing them to her, I think it's the smell of antique attracting them, that and the Pledge I used to polish her with before putting her in the cupboard.

All in all, it's going quite well. I don't have to do any housework. I don't have to talk to anyone I don't want to, and I can watch whatever I want on the picture box with whomever I want.

Anyway, to make up for my lack of genius and expertise this week I've used my creative surge to write you all a poem. I am, first and foremost a very talented writer. For those of you who weren't aware I put this on the back of the camp stove to teach you all some culinary etiquette. I don't mind making these sacrifices for those of you who are backward in the art of cookery.

I must just tell you that it IS a poem and NOT a prelude and IS my own original work and NOT copied from a Mr. Wordsworth from The Pond District as suggested by SHE. When I get out of my barracks, I am going to seek law advice from Mr. Inspector Morse about suing SHE for slanderousness. She has also accused me of lying about what I was going to cook this week for my

culinary blog. BUT I WAS going to cook Souffle de Truites, followed by Oie Farcie aux Marrons followed by Mousse au Chocolat Basque, so I was.

Here is MY poem and I hope it boosts morelles for anyone suffering from The Evil Ones as I have this cat week.

Pond District - A poem by Mr. Wilfred Ginge

If it wasn't for this

The one, when we were,

Walking up the cliff in Pond District,

Where I looked over yonder at the twinkly river Whilst
chit chatting with other fluffs.

Hark! A mouse!

Where?

Just there, with flip flops on

We spared him his all but tiny life.

He scampered down yonder with his tanning lotion and towel

The sparkly sun began to fall as we drank Spiced Rum and ate Frazzles.

I am very proud of my work and will not allow SHE to prangle my creative talents and so I have decided to follow my twinkly career as a poet. I need a short satanical from cooking because my baked beans are shiny from burning them on the stove.

I must dash because Mr. Mark Spencer is delivering me some luxury food and I'm hoping he's going to accept some Old El Paso Fajitas Dinner Kits as payment.

Your best fluff

Wilfred.

Piss. S. I know you probably think I'm very unfair to Mr. Pig, but I have had a lifetime of him and his community camping with their caravans in my garden. I am all for Guinea Pig Rights and Freedom and fully understand their genetic need to travel and their closet phobia, but I will openly admit I am a Socialist NIMBY. So, for Mr. Pig to enjoy his Rights and Freedom he will have to endure some of the 254 Guinea Pig Anger Management Codes, so he will...