

The Great Glue Painting Begins

'This is the living-room,' announced Muggle-Wump. 'The grand and glorious living-room where those two fearful frumpitious freaks eat Bird Pie every week for supper!'

'Please don't mention Bird Pie again,' said the Roly-Poly Bird. 'It gives me the shudders.'

'We mustn't waste time!' cried Muggle-Wump. 'Hurry up, hurry up! Now the first thing is this! I want everyone to paint sticky glue all over the ceiling! Cover it all! Smear it in every corner!'

'Over the ceiling!' they cried. 'Why the ceiling?'



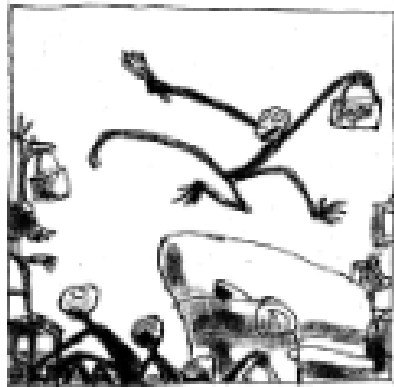
'Never mind why!' shouted Muggle-Wump. 'Just do as you're told and don't argue!'

'But how do we get up there?' they asked. 'We can't reach.'

'Monkeys can reach anywhere!' shouted Muggle-Wump. He was in a frenzy of excitement now, waving his paint-brush and his bucket and leaping about all over the room. 'Come on, come on! Jump on the table! Stand on the chairs! Hop on each other's shoulders!'

Roly-Poly can do it flying! Don't stand there gaping! We have to hurry, don't you understand that? Those terrible Twits will be back any moment and this time they'll have guns! Get on with it, for heaven's sake! Get on with it!

And so the great glue-painting of the ceiling began. All the other birds who had been sitting on the roof flew in to help, carrying paintbrushes in their claws and beaks.





There were buzzards, magpies, rooks, ravens and many more. Everyone was splashing away like mad and with so many helpers, the job was soon finished.