

Jeremy Strong Openings

Beware! Killer Tomatoes

Is life wonderful? No. Am I enjoying myself? No. Am I surrounded by disease and despair? Yes. Which is hardly surprising, because I'm in hospital. Again. Do you think I like coming here? No. In fact I take great pains to try and avoid it but somehow, somehow, I always seem to end up here, often with a great pain.

Mum says I'm a walking disaster. Dad says I don't have accidents. 'You're an accident waiting to happen, Jack,' he told me. 'In fact you *are* an accident.'

'A Jaccident,' sniggered my Little bro Ben. The whole family laughed. Even me. You think I was tied to this hospital with elastic. The moment I escape-boyoyoing! I come zooming back. Dad says he is plain fed up.

The Hundred-Mile-An-Hour Dog

Streaker is a mixed-up kind of dog. You can see from her thin body and powerful legs that she's got a lot of greyhound blood in her, along with quite a bit of Ferrari and a large chunk of whirlwind.

Nobody in our family likes walking her and this is hardly surprising. Streaker can out-accelerate a torpedo. She can do 0 to 100 mph in the blink of an eye. She's usually vanished over the far horizon long before you have time to yell - 'Streaker!'

My Brother's Famous bottom

My dad's got a Big Plan. He told us all about it at a special family meeting. All of us were there- Mum, Dad, Granny and her husband, Lancelot, me and the twins, even though they're only one and a bit.

Dad banged a big spoon on the table to get our attention and made his announcement. 'We need a Big Plan,' he told us. 'A big flan, dear?' said Granny. She's a bit deaf and gets the wrong idea sometimes. 'What kind of flan? Strawberry? I like strawberry flan. As long as it's not gooseberry or Marmite.' Granny pulled a face.

'You're so kind, Mother dear,' dad said icily. Mum sighed. Dad frowned and pulled his beard, 'We have money problems. And the money problem is- we don't have any.'

