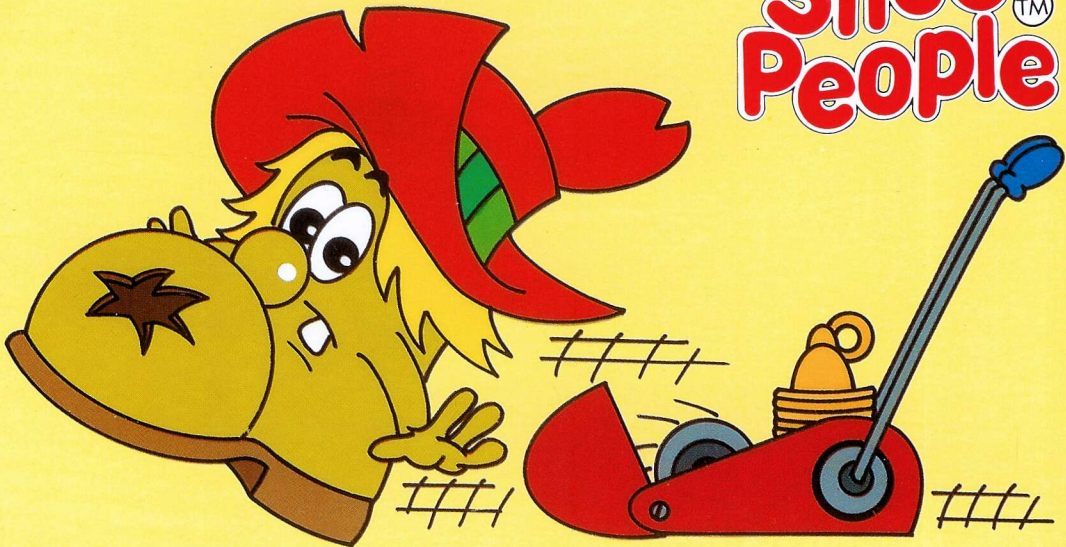


James Driscoll's

the
ShoeTM
People



TRAMPY MOWS THE LAWN

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TRAMPY MOWS THE LAWN

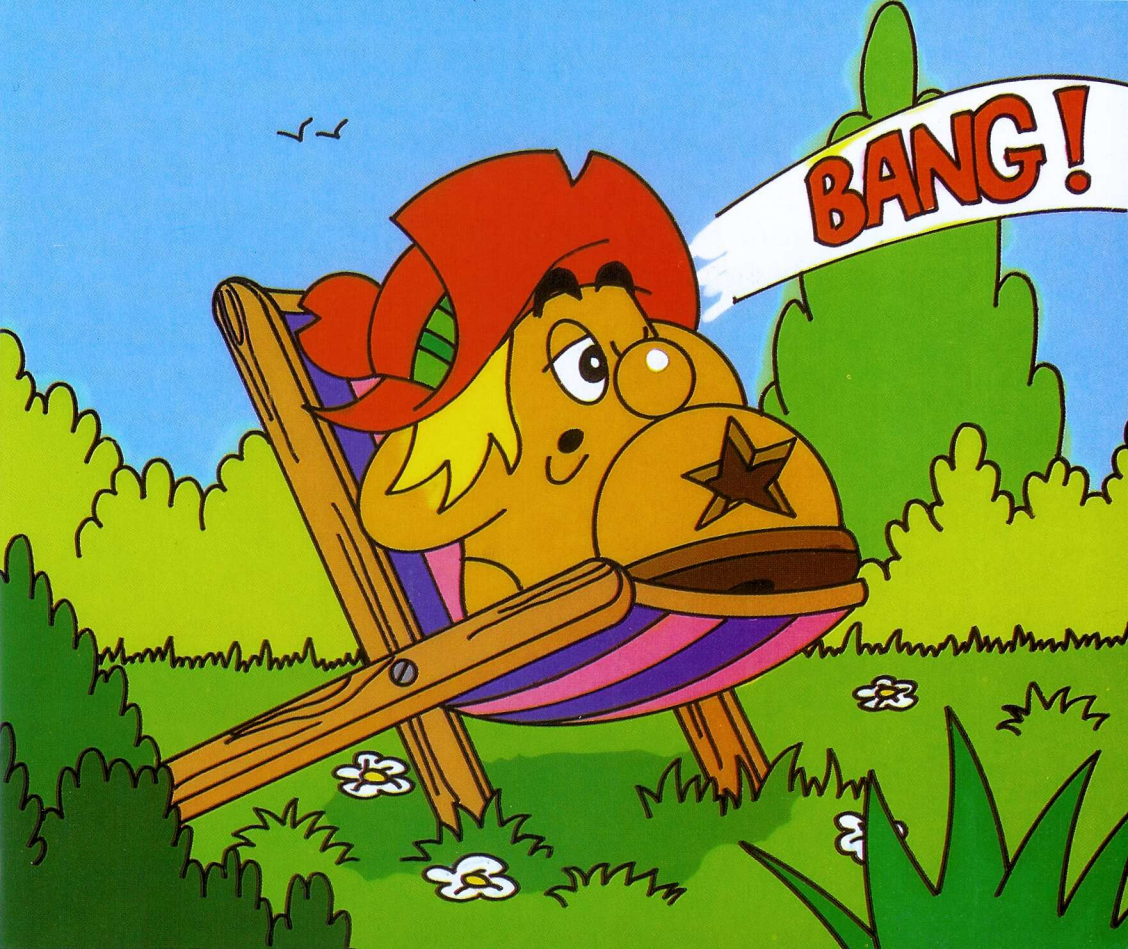
by James Driscoll



It was a lovely summer's afternoon and Trampy was in his garden fast asleep. He was dreaming about Charlie doing some of his circus tricks at the Little Big Top — Charlie was blowing up a big red balloon and then he took a pin out of his hat and stuck it into the balloon . . . BANG!!

"I must have been dreaming." BANG! The noise sounded again.

"No, it isn't a dream. That came from Sergeant Major's garden," he thought.



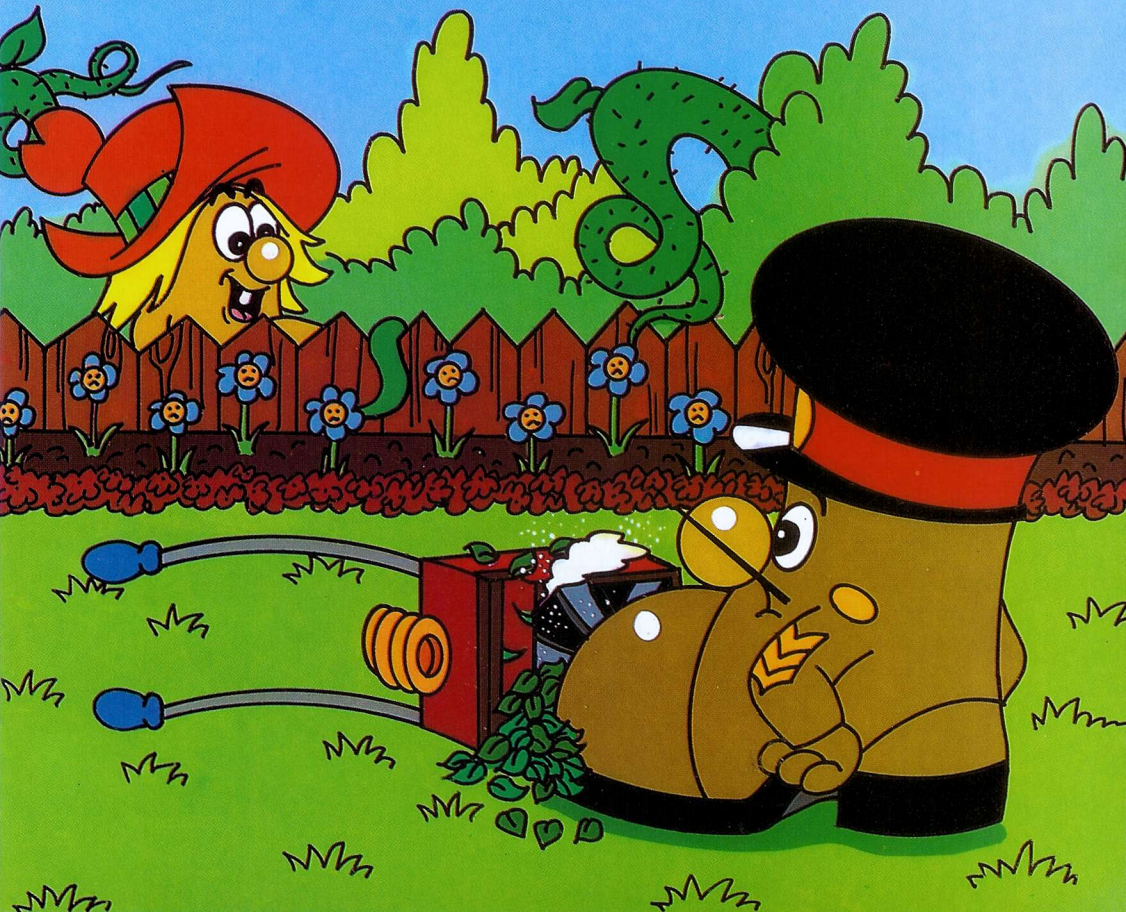
BANG!

"Hello, Sergeant Major. I thought I was dreaming but it seems you're having problems," said Trampy.

"YES, TRAMPY, MY MOWER IS CLOGGED UP WITH WEEDS. MOST OF THEM HAVE GROWN THROUGH FROM YOUR GARDEN, NO DOUBT."

"I'm very sorry Sergeant Major. Can I help you to mend the mower?" asked Trampy trying to be helpful.

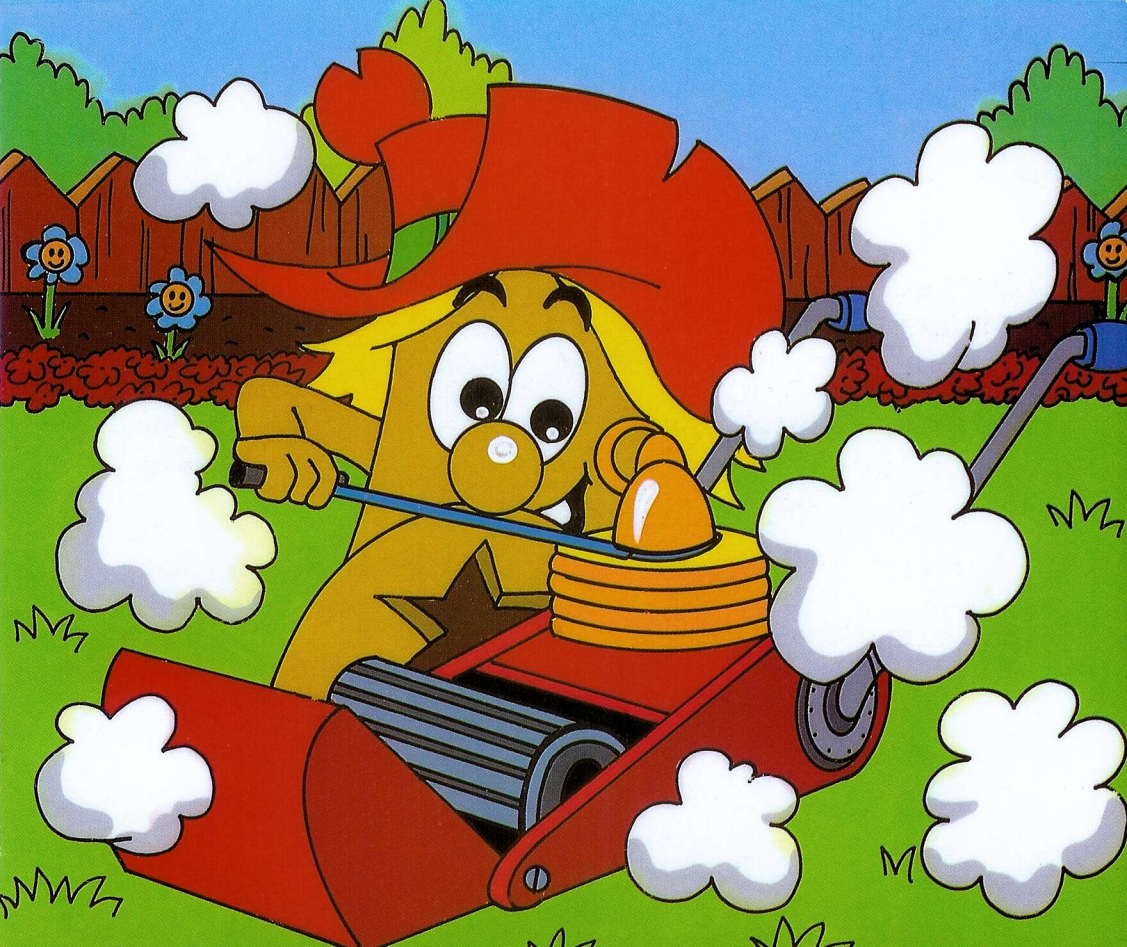
"NO THANK YOU TRAMPY. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT IN TO BE REPAIRED," replied Sergeant Major crossly. "BUT YOU COULD HELP BY KEEPING YOUR WEEDS IN YOUR OWN GARDEN!"



Sergeant Major loaded the mower onto the back of his army Land Rover and set off into Shoe Town.

“Well now, he really is cross,” said Trampy to himself. “I know what I’ll do, I’ll fetch my old lawnmower and cut Sergeant Major’s lawn and surprise him when he gets back. After all, it’s the least I can do.”

Trampy soon returned with his lawnmower. As he started it up, it coughed and spluttered sending clouds of smoke billowing into the air.



Trampy carefully pushed the mower up and down the lawn making sure the stripes were straight and true.

“Sergeant Major always measures the stripes on his lawn,” thought Trampy. “He’s very particular. They must all be exactly the same width.”

Trampy decided to fetch Sergeant Major’s ruler to make sure but he forgot to turn the lawnmower’s engine off.



Suddenly, the mower started off by itself. It went round and round — up and down — from side to side — backwards and forwards — in all directions, all over the lawn!

“Oh no! Look what’s happened!” cried Trampy in alarm when he returned. “Sergeant Major’s lawn looks like a plate of spaghetti. What on earth am I going to do?!”



"Hello, Trampy, what are you doing in Sergeant Major's garden?" called out Charlie arriving on the scene.

"Oh Charlie, I'm in terrible trouble. I wanted to help Sergeant Major because my weeds have caused his mower to break down and just look what I've done. Charlie, what can I do?" asked Trampy in despair.

"Wait there. I've got a great idea. I'll be right back," Charlie said cheerfully.



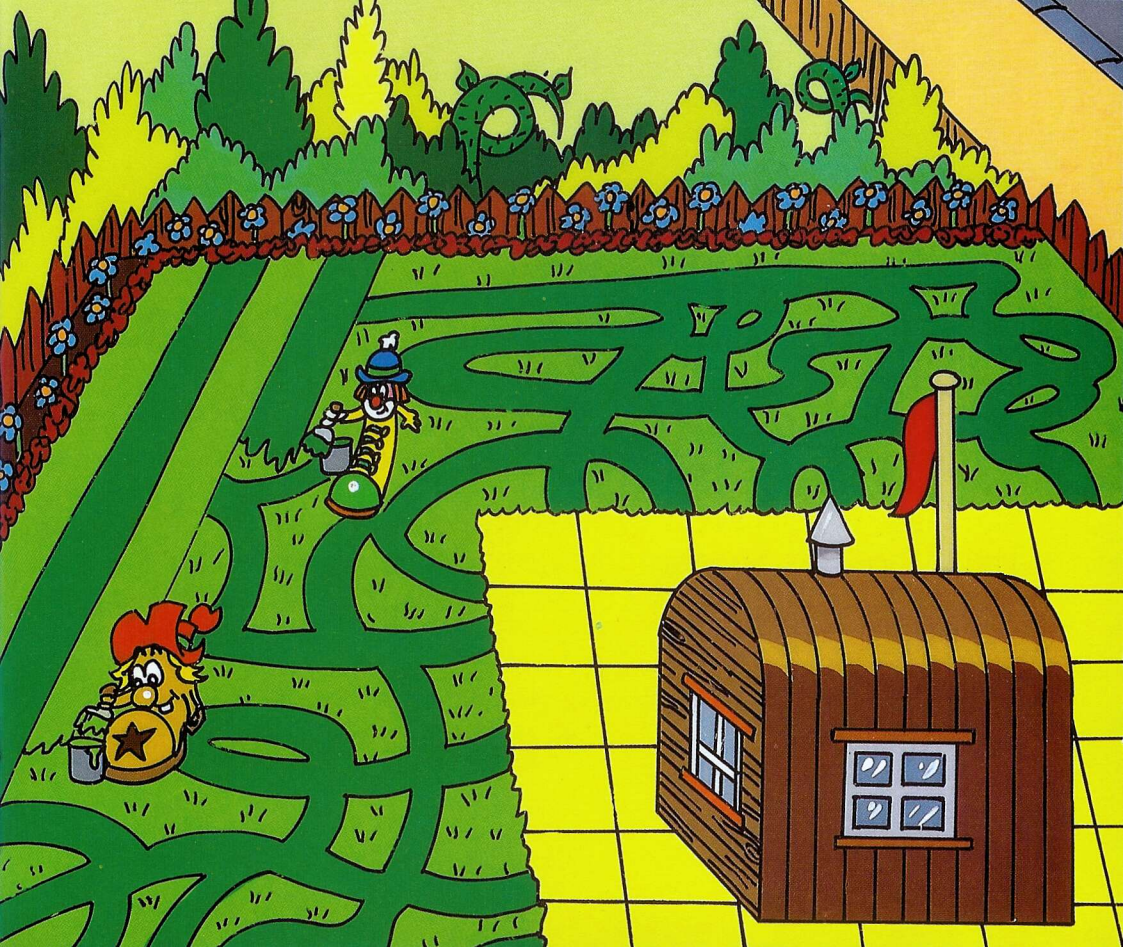
“Trampy I’m back,” called Charlie. “Look at these. Here are two large paint brushes and two tins of paint. This one is dark green and this one light green. You take the can of light green paint and paint a stripe, then I’ll paint a dark green stripe beside it and so on. Sergeant Major will never know. We’ll soon put things right.”



“Charlie, I’m not so sure that this is such a good idea,” Trampy said uncertainly.

“Can you think of a better idea, Trampy?” asked Charlie impatiently.

With that, Trampy and Charlie began painting the lawn with light green and dark green stripes. They started at the far edge and worked back towards Drill Hall.



They were just finishing when they heard an all too familiar voice in the distance.

“LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT” Sergeant Major had returned!

“Quickly Trampy, we must hide the paint. Here comes Sergeant Major!” cried Charlie in alarm.

“HELLO YOU TWO. WELL NOW, WHAT’S ALL THIS?” asked Sergeant Major in surprise. “THIS LAWN LOOKS MARVELLOUS, ABSOLUTELY MARVELLOUS!”

“Er — It’s the least we could do after your mower broke down, isn’t it Trampy?” spluttered Charlie.

LEFT! RIGHT! LEFT! R



“RIGHT THEN. LET’S HAVE A NICE CUP OF GOOD OLD ARMY TEA. YOU TWO DESERVE IT,” beamed Sergeant Major happily.

Sergeant Major inspected the other side of the lawn as he marched round Drill Hall and looked along the stripes admiringly.

“SPOT ON! FIRST CLASS! COULDN’T HAVE CUT THEM STRAIGHTER MYSELF. WELL DONE AND THANK YOU, YOU TWO,” said Sergeant Major as he marched off to make the tea.



As Sergeant Major marched off the lawn and into Drill Hall, he left a trail of footprints — some light green, some dark green — behind him.

Trampy and Charlie were horrified.

“Look Trampy! He’s left footprints — the paint hasn’t dried yet!” cried Charlie in alarm.

“Quick! We must get out of here before he finds out. Come on Charlie, let’s run!” said Trampy and off they hurried.

Trampy and Charlie had just reached Tumbledown House when they heard a loud, angry voice coming from the direction of Drill Hall.



“TRAMPY! CHARLIE! WAIT TILL I GET MY
HANDS ON YOU TWO!”

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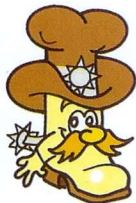
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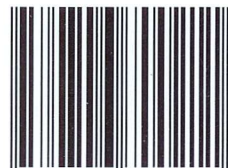
Charlie

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