

# What's for Dinner, Mr Gum?



Read  
**THE MISSING  
CHAPTER**  
within

## Dear Valued 'Mr Gum' Customer

If you are reading this, it probably means you were one of the unlucky people who purchased a 'flamingo-y' copy of *What's For Dinner, Mr Gum?* Or it means you typed the word 'flamingo-y' into Google and this is what came up.

In any case, please accept our sincere apologies for printing the wrong chapter. Everyone at Egmont Books is really, really sorry for any inconvenience this may have caused. (Well, not Tim. He doesn't care. In fact, he thinks the whole thing is quite funny. But that's Tim for you.)

And now, without further ado, here is the missing chapter...

Yours Sincerely,

Mr Egmont

Mr Egmont, the Publisher



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## Chapter 10

### *The Train Down to London*

'*W*e're off!' said Friday as the little train pulled out of the station, its wheels glimmering in the last of the afternoon light. 'We're off to Olde London Town!'

The carriages rocked from side to side as the little train rounded the first bend and began to

pick up speed, and soon Polly and her friends had left Lamonic Bibber completely behind.

‘How long does it takes to get down to London, anyway?’ asked Polly as the train rattled along.

‘About ten hours,’ replied Alan Taylor.

‘Ten hours? That’s almost a year!’ exclaimed Polly. ‘We’re gonna gets well bored on the way!’

‘Bored?’ laughed Friday. ‘Little miss,’ he said, tapping his nose wisely. ‘Train rides are one of the most exciting things in the world! We’re bound

to have all sorts of crazy adventures! And as an extra bonus, I’ve brought along some DVDs for later. But hang on – I have a funny feeling that an incredible adventure is going to happen any . . . second . . . **NOW!**’

The three friends sat there.

They sat there a bit longer.

Alan Taylor scratched his foot.

A man in the next carriage sneezed.

‘That was a lot of fun!’ laughed Friday after

about twenty minutes of this sort of thing. 'Now, how about an exciting game of "I Spy"?! I spy, with my little eye, something beginning with "F".'

'Fields,' said Polly, looking out the window.

'Well done,' said Friday. 'Your turn.'

'I spys with my little eye, somethin' beginning with "S",' said Polly.

'Seats,' said Alan Taylor.

'Yes,' said Polly. 'Your go.'

'I spy with my little eye, something beginning

with "P",' said Alan Taylor.

'Passengers,' said Friday.

'Correct,' said Alan Taylor.

'Let's not plays "I Spys" no more,' said Polly.

'It's a complete borer.'

Just then the door at the end of the carriage swung open and Friday's eyes lit up as the ticket collector walked in.

'Now we're in for a treat!' winked Friday.

'Ticket collectors are the best fun of them all!

They've always got the most amazing stories to tell. Just you wait, Polly! Just you wait!

'That's right,' said the ticket collector, stamping each of their tickets in turn. 'You see, being a ticket collector is a fascinating business. For example, I myself have worked as a ticket collector for over thirty years and in that time I have stamped more than ten thousand tickets. Some of the tickets were single tickets. Some of the tickets were return tickets. Some of the



tickets were tickets to Birmingham. Some of the tickets were not tickets to Birmingham. Some of the tickets were yellow. Some of the tickets were orange. None of the tickets were blue. None of the tickets were green. But whatever colour they happened to be, all of the tickets were made out of card. Another interesting thing about being a ticket collector is getting to meet other ticket collectors. For example, I myself have worked as a ticket collector for over thirty years and in that

time I have met over two hundred other ticket collectors. One of the ticket collectors was called Marcus. One of the ticket collectors was called Jeremy. Two of the ticket collectors were called Frank. One of the ticket collectors was called Emma. One of the ticket collectors was called Stuart. One of the ticket collectors was called –'

'Frides,' whispered Polly, 'makes him shut up.'

'Yes, please make him shut up,' whimpered Alan Taylor.

‘It’s impossible,’ said Friday happily. ‘Once a ticket collector’s started telling his tales, you can’t stop him.’



## HALF AN HOUR LATER . . .

‘One of the ticket collectors was called Mary,’ said the ticket collector. ‘And three of the ticket collectors were called Jack. So you see, being a

ticket collector is a lot more interesting than you might think. Good day to you all.’

And off he went into the next carriage.

‘That was thrilling,’ said Friday. ‘Ten out of ten!’

‘I thought train rides was meant to be fun,’ Polly whispered to Alan Taylor.

‘Me too,’ Alan Taylor whispered back. ‘And my foot’s still itchy,’ he complained.

‘Tell you what,’ said Friday. ‘Who fancies a

chocolate muffin? I'll go and get some from the buffet car.'

And that raised everyone's spirits!



FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER . . .

'Sorry,' said Friday, returning to where Polly and Alan Taylor sat staring glumly out at the thick

grey fog rolling past the window. 'No chocolate muffins, I'm afraid – the buffet car was closed.'

'What took you so long? You been gone ages,' said Polly, slumping down in her seat even further.

'I ran into the ticket collector again,' replied Friday cheerfully. 'He had a few more of his amazing stories to tell. It's a shame you didn't get to hear them – hey, should I call him back again?'

'No,' said Alan Taylor immediately. 'How

about we watch those DVDs instead, Friday?’

‘THE TRUTH IS A LEMON MERINGUE!’ exclaimed Friday. ‘What a great idea!’ And reaching into his bag he produced a DVD player and a bunch of shiny silver discs.

‘Here we go!’ he said, sorting through them. ‘We’ve got *The History of Ticket Collecting: Part 1*, *The History of Ticket Collecting: Part 2*, *The History of Ticket Collecting: Part 3*, *The History of Ticket Collecting: Part –*’

‘Frides,’ said Polly. ‘Didn’t you done brung any cartoons or brilliant ‘venture films with magickers in?’

‘*The History of Ticket Collecting: Part 8*,’ continued Friday. ‘*The History of Ticket Collecting: Part 9 . . .*’

‘Alan Taylor, this is the worsts,’ whispered Polly. ‘No adventures whatsoever. Are we nearly there yet?’

‘No,’ said Alan Taylor, scratching his foot.



## SOME HOURS LATER . . .

‘This seat’s well uncomfortable an’ my neck hurts.’ said Polly. ‘Are we nearly there yet?’

‘No,’ said Alan Taylor wearily. ‘Try and get some sleep, Polly.’



## SOME HOURS LATER . . .

Polly awoke and stretched. ‘We mus’ be nearly there by now.’

‘I’m afraid not,’ said Alan Taylor. ‘While you were asleep the train was delayed due to a flea on the track. We’ve hardly moved an inch.’

‘This is the worsts,’ said Polly.



## SOME HOURS LATER . . .

‘Isn’t this marvellous?’ said Friday, as he sat watching *The History of Ticket Collecting: Part 44*. ‘I wish this journey could go on forever! Don’t you?’

Polly and Alan Taylor sat glaring down at the floor.

‘My foot itches,’ said Alan Taylor through gritted teeth.

‘I’m thirsty,’ said Polly.

But at that moment their destination finally came into sight.

‘Are we here already? THE TRUTH IS A LEMON MERINGUE!’ cried Friday as the train drew to a halt. ‘What an incredible train ride! I can’t believe all those hilarious things that happened during the journey! But here we are at last in Olde London Town!’