

THE Sometimes SOCIETY

Hello everybody. We hope all of you lovely delicious friends and families of the sometimes society are very well indeed!

We think this will probably be the last adventure from The Land Of Sometimes for a while as it is a lazy peaceful place, and generally the folk who live there don't like their routine to be upset.

However we have to report that Since Little Twink hurried back from the bell tower in St Paul's cathedral, the children haven't minded her messing up their rooms one bit, in fact, they have been very cheeky to their parents and refused to tidy up themselves! Most of the parents know what Little Twink gets up to, but the ones that don't walk around all day and night extremely cross and baffled as to why their little darlings have become quite so untidy.



Nothing unusual has happened since Little Twink came home on that starry night, and no one has been on an adventure, except someone I'm sure many of you would not expect as he so likes his gentle routine; The man With the Flying Feet went on an adventure by mistake! This is what happened.

It was a particularly lovely autumn afternoon, and The Man With The Flying Feet was enjoying himself enormously, flying and swooping over the river where The River Slouch Sling was enjoying an afternoon nap. He flew over Little Twink's tower and the willow tree where The Willow Tree Choirboy sat playing tiddlywinks. He flew over the little pea green house where The Chameleon catcher was lining up his chameleons at feeding time, and the mountain where The Electric Volcano guardian was having a competition all by himself, spitting cherry stones as far as he could, eagerly waiting for winter.

The Man With The Flying Feet was so happy waving down to all his friends and watching the beautiful view, that as he flew, he didn't notice that the wind was stirring and the leaves were starting to fall. Before he knew it, a sharp wind had started up and **WINTER** was upon him, with thick snow falling thick and fast.

"Drat! I never fly in winter," he muttered. "Dear me, I'll have to walk home."

But he couldn't possibly walk home dear friends, because he couldn't possibly LAND. The snow was so dense, and the fog was so deep, he couldn't see one foot in front of him, or even his nose for that matter. He had stayed up on his autumn flying spree just a few minutes too long, and now he was stuck in the air, with no hope of getting down to the ground gently.

"Botheration, what on earth shall I do?" he thought, but just as he was wondering whether The Guardian of The Electric Volcano might help by sending some fireflies up to show him the way, he was jolted by a huge gust of wind that took him far away to the other side of the Island, and beyond.

It pushed him this way and that, forwards, backwards, high, then lower, then higher again, until he was sailing over the ocean leaving his beloved Land Of Sometimes far behind him.

“Oh dear, this is not a good end to the day!” he cried out, even though absolutely no one could hear him.

On and on he flew, pushed by the wind, rocketing this way and that, forwards, sideways, backwards, not knowing where he was, or indeed where he was heading.

After what seemed like a lifetime of being bossed about by an angry wind, the air seemed to grow calmer, and the warm light of dawn could be seen in the distance. The Man With The Flying Feet began to feel his feet slowing down, and with a huge sigh of relief, he saw the earth beneath him.

“Well I may not know where I am, but at least there seems to be a ground for me to land on and pavements too, and even a nice hot cup of sweet tea if I’m lucky! I’ll venture down there right away as that big clock says it is a quarter to ten, which is my favourite time for breakfast!” he said, pointing at a rather beautiful tower with a clock at the top of it.

We all know that when we are extremely peckish we do the oddest things, and as The Man With The Flying Feet gathered himself up and gently circled the area, deciding with pleasure which café might give him the best breakfast, he accidentally opened his briefcase and all his papers tumbled out in the air. The papers were completely blank so it didn’t matter losing them, he just liked the idea of having lots of paper in his briefcase in case he needed to feel important or wanted to write something. However as these empty pieces of paper floated to the ground, they started to attract attention, and the people below began to look up, wondering where they had come from. All at once he heard a wild scream, and peering down, he saw a little girl pointing up at him with her eyes popping out on stalks. Her parents joined in, and soon there was a small crowd staring up at him pointing and shouting in amazement.

“Don’t any of these folk know me?” he thought, rather bemused, after all, his feet were well known in The Land Of Sometimes, and he was not at all used to all this fuss!

A tall thick set man had joined the crowd, and seemed to have put himself in charge.

“You there, come down here if you please! We would like to know the secret of how you manage to stay in the air!”

The Man With The Flying Feet was a good natured fellow, and was happy to comply. He flew down to the ground and told the ever expanding crowd that his feet had been flying since he was two years old, and he was very happy for it. It made it a lot quicker running errands, and he had never had to wait in a traffic jam in his whole life! He also happened to mention he was very peckish and asked them all if they would recommend a nice little spot for him to have his breakfast.

“I’ll give you breakfast all right, if you will spare a minute. I have a proposition for you!” the large gentleman said. “You can earn a few bob for yourself over the summer by giving rides to children over the river Thames. A sixpence a go, what do you say?”



The Man With The Flying Feet pondered over this as he tucked into muffins and strawberry jam provided by a small café next to the clock tower.

After a while he said, “I don’t mind if I do! I have been saving up for a new pair of shoes, and a few extra bob might come in handy!”

So that is how a new arrangement began. An arrangement with no middle and no end, an arrangement that just carried on, hour after hour, day after day, with just a small break for lunch. The shop fronts that lay dotted around the huge clock were transformed into booths for taking money, and cues of excited hopeful flyers lined the streets. For months and months our friendly man from ‘The Land Of Sometimes’ took children on his back, flying up into the air with the power from his magic feet, whizzing them over The River Thames. To begin with he made friends with them, and enjoyed meeting all the little faces lit up with glee, but after weeks and weeks of the same thing, The Man With The Flying Feet became sadder and sadder, and missed his precious land beyond belief. He started refusing his food, and all the goodies that were offered to him by all the families who had come to town especially to meet him and ‘have a little fly!’ People began to notice he was getting thinner, and was starting to look really rather sad.

“If you don’t perk up, you won’t be strong enough to carry the kids, and then where shall we be!” piped the tall man who was now the boss, and spent his time in a dark blue suit, counting up the money given to him by the men in the booths.

Back in The Land Of Sometimes there had been a great amount of concern over why The Man With The Flying Feet had gone missing, and there were at least five conferences to discuss where he could possibly be. It had been decided by Mrs Blip (who was tremendously bossy as you can imagine), that everyone should go on the lookout, especially those who lived in high places, and those on the ground should start looking for clues.

And so it was, one day at lunch time in the middle of summer, The Willow Tree Choirboy was staring through his binoculars high up in the branches of the willow tree, when he spotted The Man With The Flying Feet with what seemed like a child clinging to his back, swooping around a large clock on top of a tower. He called a conference straight away to share the news. Little Twink shouted out, saying she knew exactly where that clock was as she had zoomed past it on her way home from St Paul’s Cathedral, and it was decided (you guessed it, by Mrs Blip), that Twink should fly back there, unseen, and deliver a map to The Man With The Flying Feet so he could find his way home.

She left early the next morning, and even though she couldn’t find HIM as he was busy taking a couple of large twins across the Thames, she left a note with the map on the spike of the clock tower. As The Man With The Flying Feet passed the tower he saw the note flapping in the wind, and scooped it up out of curiosity.

“My goodness, it’s for me!” he cried out with joy, with a warm feeling creeping all over him, that all this time his friends in The Land Of Sometimes had been wondering where he was, and had been clever enough to write him a map so he could re trace the path his flying feet took on that stormy winter evening so many months ago.

As soon as the first light of day crept over the river the next morning, The Man With The Flying Feet started his flight back home, holding the map in front of him. He didn’t take a single penny of the money he had earned all those months. It was too heavy to carry, and besides, he had grown fond of his old shoes, and had plenty of everything he wanted back home in The Land Of Sometimes!



"Yippee"

"I'll be home in time for breakfast!" he shouted, as the edge of the land came into view.

In no time at all he was sitting at his breakfast table, and word got out that he was back. One by one his dear old friends marched into his humble home and demanded an explanation of what had happened. Clearing away the cobwebs and opening the shutters, they fell on banana and blue cheese pies bought over by Mrs Blip, washed down by The River Slouch Sling's own apple juice, and followed by Little Twink's lemon pancakes sprinkled with raspberries grown by Mr Small. There they sat tucking in and chattering on for the most part of the day; all except for The Frosty Fish of course, he had to leave a little early as he had left his cream and spice at home!

