

DR XARGLE'S

BOOK OF

EARTH WEATHER

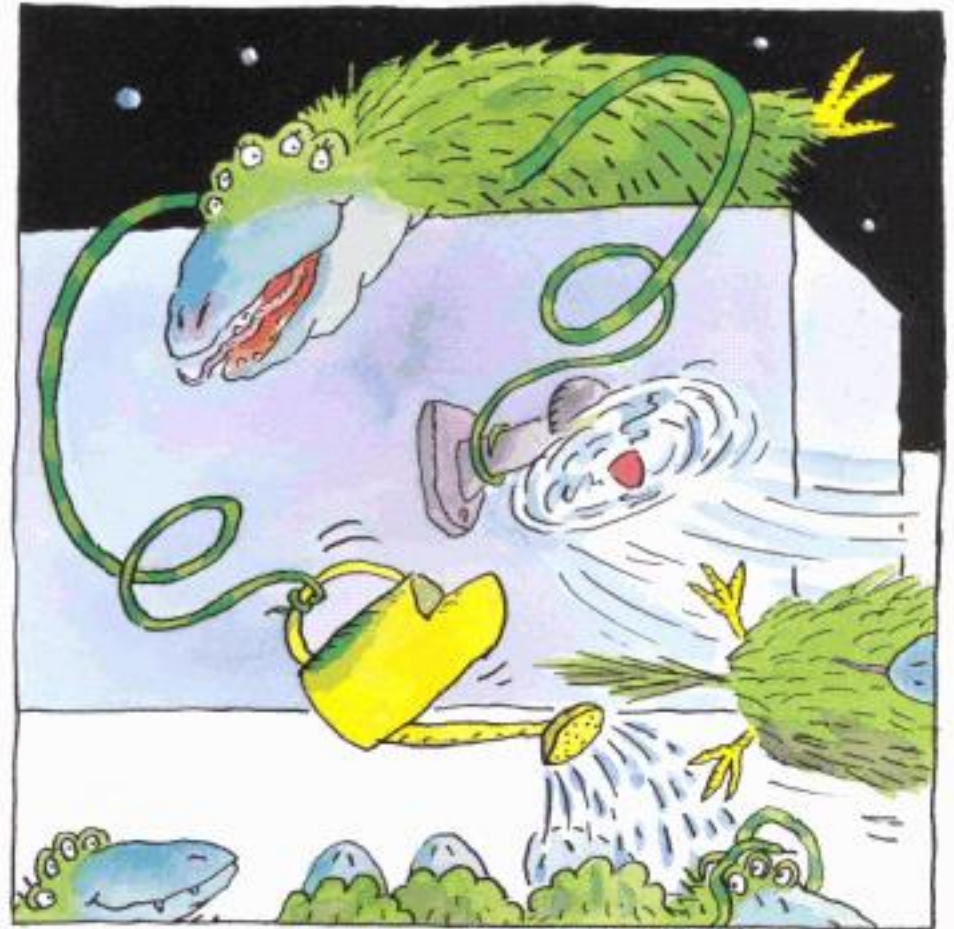


JEANNE WILLIS & TONY ROSS





Good morning, class.



Today we are going to learn about the weather on planet Earth.



There are four sorts.
 Too hot. Too cold. Too wet and too windy.



Unlike us, earthlets are not waterproof. They go soggy
 in the rainblob. They must put on a loose, plastic skin.



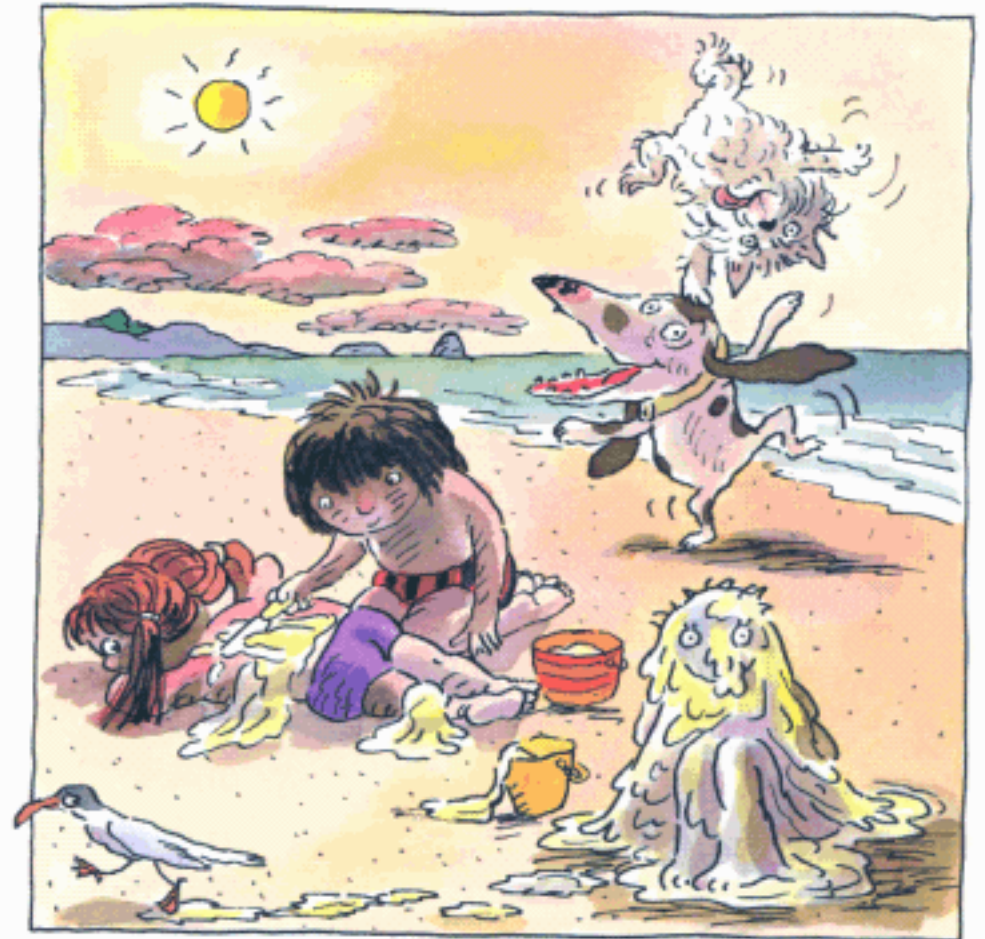
Some grow large rubber feet. These are impossible to remove.



To stop water getting into their one small brain they carry material on a pointed stick with sharp prongs. This is a dangerous weapon. Sometimes it attacks its owner.



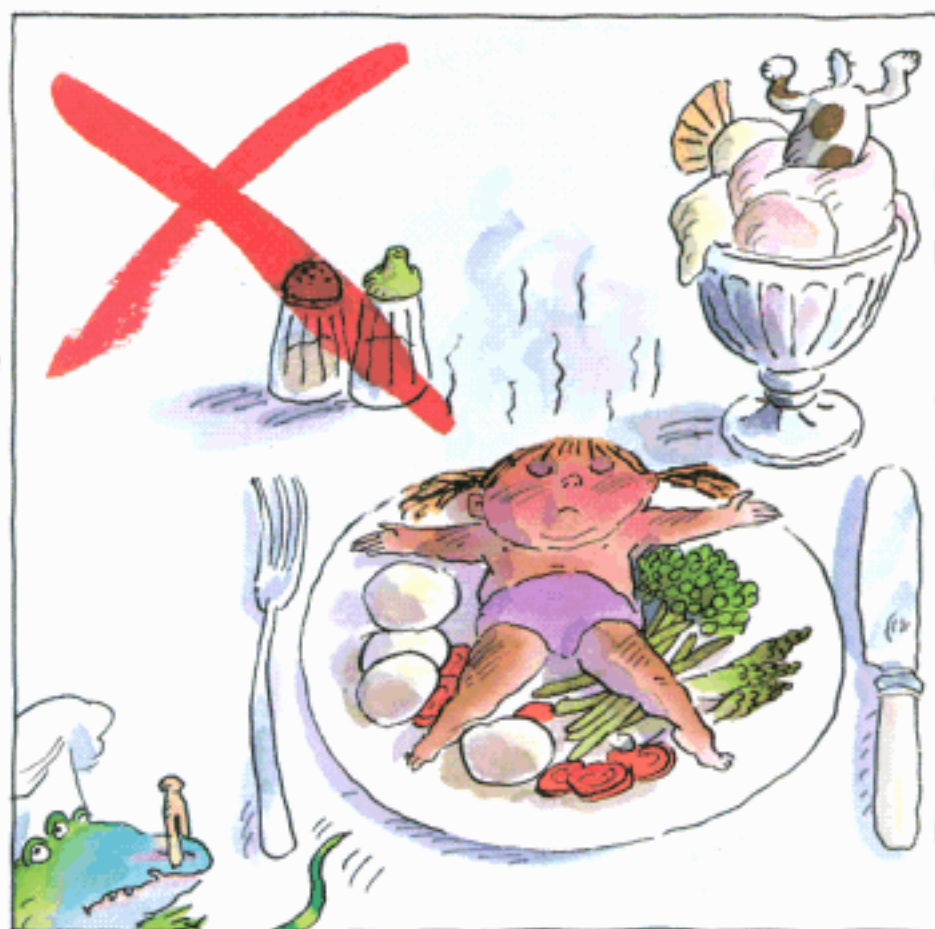
When many brollies get together they always go for the eyes.



Mad earthounds and earthlings go out in the mid-day sun. The earthlings strip to their underfrillies and rub each other with fat.



Then they lie on the floor in the shape of a star.
When they go brown it means they are cooked.



Never eat them.



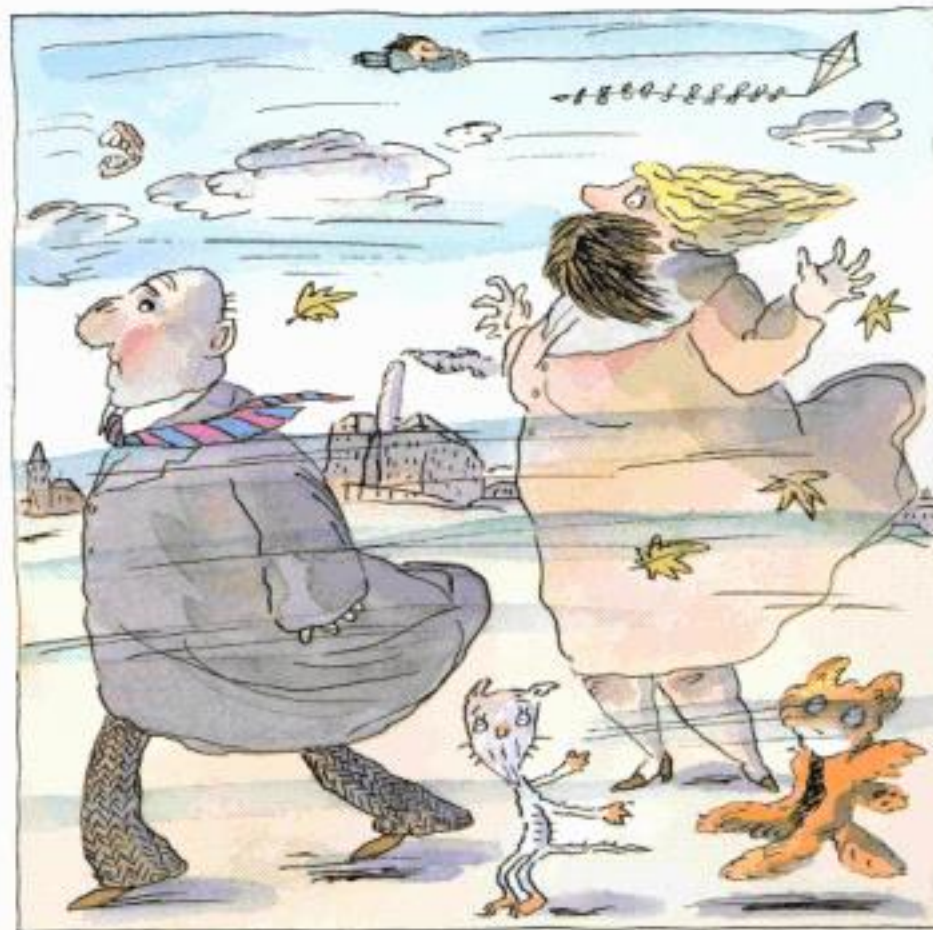
Sometimes an earthling cooks for too long. The only cure is to creep up and slap him on the back.



To avoid this, sensible earthlings put a nostril wiper on their heads, roll up their legs and stand in the briny ocean.



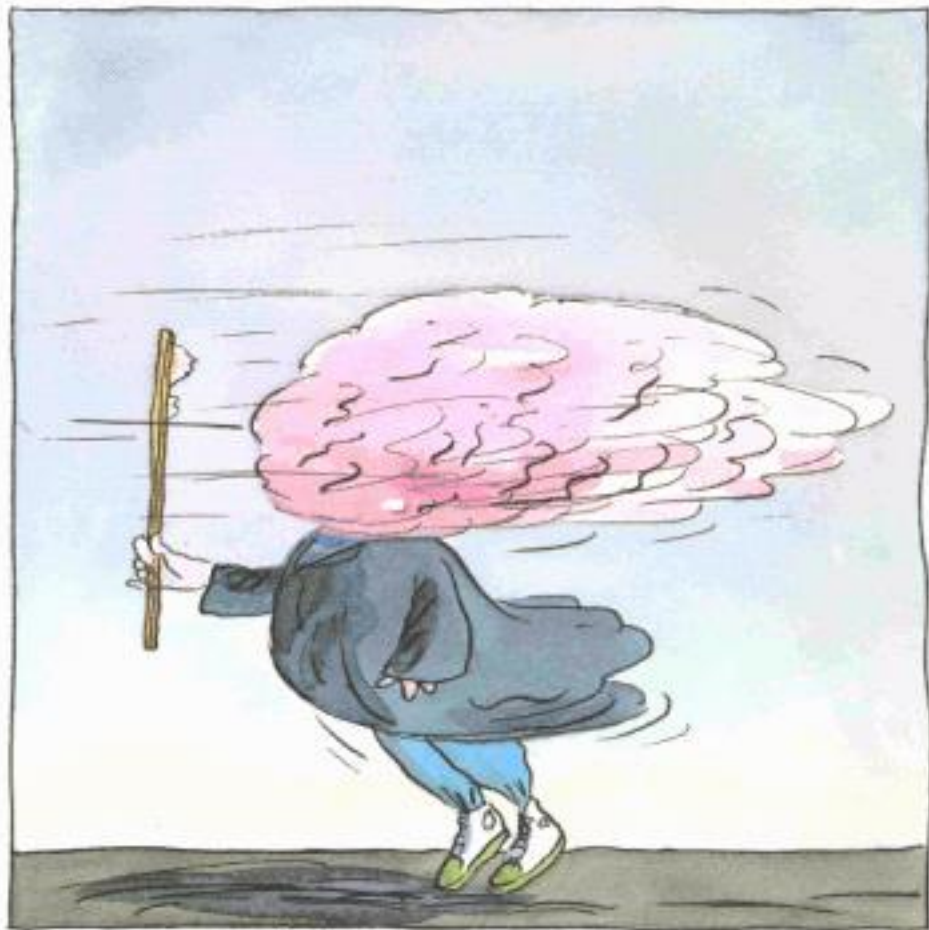
Earthlings suffer badly with the wind. Here are some things to avoid on breezy days.



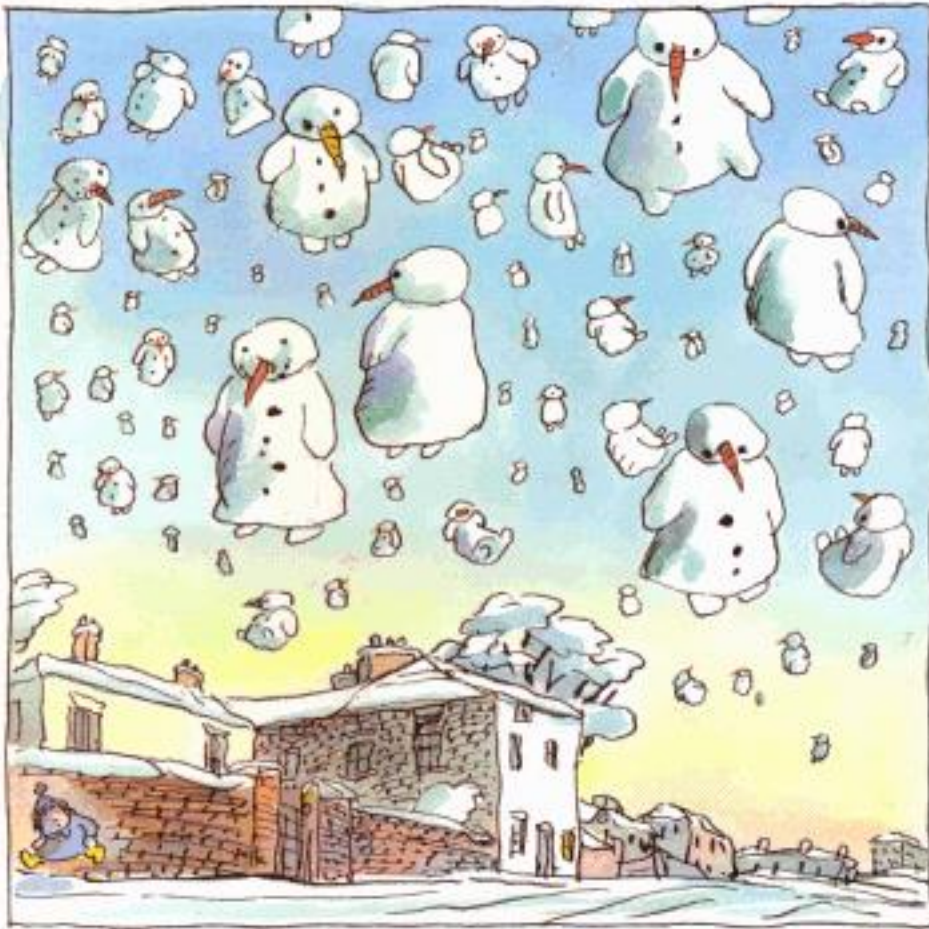
Wearing a pretend hairdo.



Wearing a big frock in public.



Eating pink knitted sugar on a stick.



In winter, the planet is invaded by strange white earthlings with black eyes and orange noses.



They hold brooms but refuse to do the sweeping. They stand still all day smoking their pipes.



Small earthlets find it hard to stand up and must be dragged around on a block of wood.



Warlike earthlets fling missiles of ice at the enemy.



To protect themselves they wear handcosies and a puffed garment called anorak. It must be knotted tightly around the gargle with two toggles.



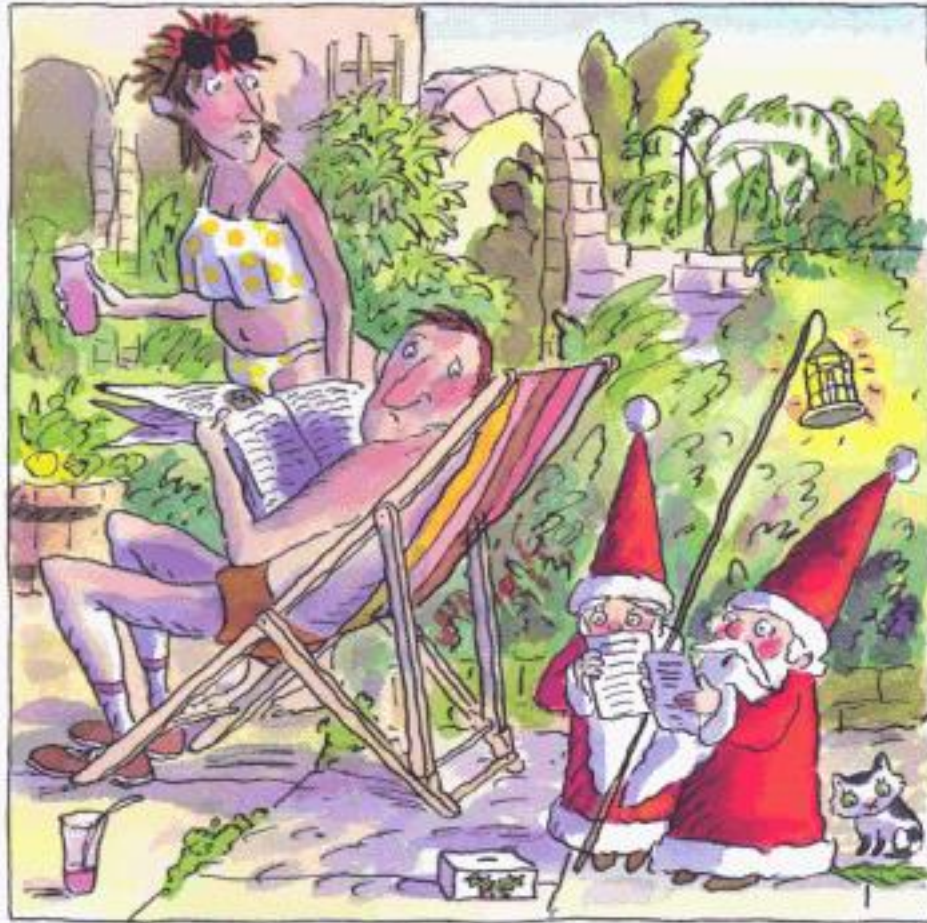
Failure to do so may result in the helmet being secretly stuffed with ice missiles by another earthlet.



That is the end of today's lesson. Put on your disguises and gather your carol sheets.



We are going to perform on the doorstep of the earthlings. Matron tells me it is the custom to do this in their month of July.



All together now, "Hark the horrid angels sing...."