



# THE Sometimes SOCIETY



To all our very precious and beloved  
members of The Land Of Sometimes "Sometimes Society"!

You will be glad to know all has been quiet and peaceful just lately in The Land Of Sometimes, with very little bickering, and much chat and laughter rippling through the valleys and the daily seasons.

Mr Smaller than Smaller than Smaller Small Thing has not had his pink socks singed at bedtime by the Electric Volcano for quite some time now, and The Willow Tree Choirboy is quite sure he spotted a new star from the top of the willow tree.

There has been one incident to report however. As many of you know, The River Slouch Sling has a tendency to feel a little lonesome at times.

One day, about two weeks ago, he had just finished his favourite lunch of moss mud pies with fried bull-rush roots. He washed it down nicely with a violet cream from his largest sugar jar on the window sill, and, as he does every day, he snuggled into the corner of his cozy hole in the river bank to have his afternoon nap. Just as he was nodding off, he heard, or at least he is absolutely sure he heard, the tinkling laughter of boys and girls playing in the distance.

Now, after two or three lonely days this was more than he could bear, so he said to himself... "That sounds so spiffing and splendid, I just cant help it, I'm going to have to follow that laughter all the way to London Town and see for myself what the fun is all about."

And there we are... for the first time in thirty years, he decided to miss his nap and go on an adventure instead. He packed a few lumps of sugar, a handkerchief, one and a half artichoke pies with five red apples, and set off on his way, slithering gently along.

It took him two days and one night to reach the edge of our world, and when he got there, he followed the signs to London. He travelled at night so he wouldn't be seen, understanding that not all the boys and girls in the world knew who he was, and might worry if they saw a large scaly slimy creature like him next to them on the pavement, not knowing he was friendly or anything.

And after he arrived in London, after all that effort, can you believe what happened next?

Before he had even managed to meet the children whose tinkling laughter he had craved so deeply, he became desperately, unbearably homesick. Homesick for his river, for Spring in the morning and Autumn in the afternoon, for his friends the toads and the musty old smell of his muddy old home. Homesick for... yes that's it, The Land Of Sometimes.



He had one apple and two sugar lumps left, and he turned straight around, tired and hungry and longing for home, to start the road back. But just as he began on his way he was stopped dead in his tracks by something in the distance that caught his attention.

“Now thats a jolly familiar sight” he said to himself, “yes I’ve seen that river bank before, and if I’m right, its a very important River bank indeed.”

And before he could stop himself, he had slithered down the path and was rolling around on the bank of the River Thames, just so that he'd been there if you know what I mean.

And while he was there, having a delightful taste of London river air, someone must have secretly whipped out their camera and taken a picture of him, because here’s what arrived on our desk on Monday morning!



**River Slouch Sling**  
on the bank of the River Thames