Times Tables and Their Many Applications in the Worlds of Business, Commerce, Enterprise and Governance







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8th Edition

With an updated appendix on the uses of the seventeen times table in the herring industry.



Chapter One

The times tables have many applications, but first and foremost they are useful in generating inventories and in the cataloguing of items required in large quantities, within administrative departments of governments or corporations, whereby the quantities reach a threshold





Pssst.

I say, badgers, have they gone?

Are you *SURE?*

Phew. Bless my whiskers, that was close.

RIGHTO, then let's get jolly well *ON WITH IT*, by jove!

Badgers ARE GO, what-what!





Chapter One

It was a new term at the Rumpington Academy of Badgering, and Major Musty Rumpington was terrifically excited. More excited than little Lulu Whifferton-Rear, and all the other Badgering for Beginners students, had *ever* seen him. He was practically jubilant.

The Major trotted briskly about. He raised and lowered his eyebrows. He even bared his teeth in what appeared to be a smile. (No one was sure because he hadn't ever done it before.)

And it was no wonder. He had a very exciting announcement to make.

'I have very exciting announcement to make!' he roared at the assembled class.

All his students, every single one, were there.


A.
B.

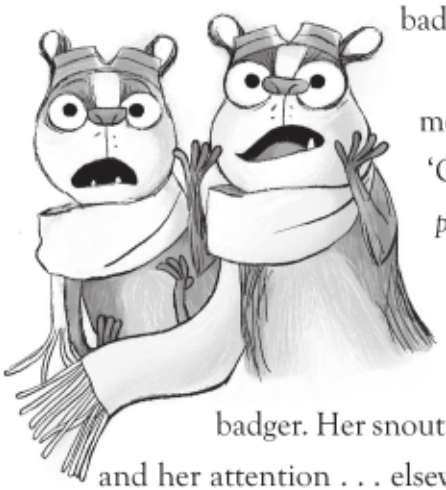
Horace Snufflesberg, Enid O'Flea, Betty Bristlegrass, Gilbert and Gilberta Rufflesnoot, Wilfred C. Crumblepaw and Lulu Whifferton-Rear. The full sett, as it were.

Naturally, there were resounding squeaks of enthusiasm all round (mostly). Lulu, however, was doing her best to steady her trembling nerves. Why had she decided to stay at the Academy? Despite her surprise success of last term, there was something about the Major that simply set her whiskers *on edge*.

Perhaps it was the way he barked orders at you when you were least expecting it. So loud and so very growly. It made her want to jump out of her own bristles sometimes. But orders *were* orders, and the Rumpington Academy of Badgering had an awful lot of them. It thrived on schedules, efficiency and order. None of which were exactly Lulu's strong points. But nevertheless they had *work* to do, by jove, and by jove, they were going to do it! And Lulu was going to, well . . . try her best, she supposed.

'Our work is going from strength to bally strength!' the Major continued. 'Why, as you know, for millennia, we badgers have had QUITE a problem on our paws, what with all these Human Persons bumbling about the place, with only thoughts of cheese and crackers in their silly little heads!'

'And general befuddlement!' cried out all the badgers.

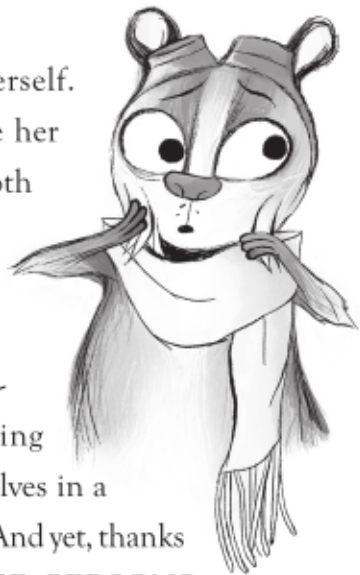


'*And* general befuddlement! *Precisely!*' he beamed. 'Glad to see you were all *paying attention* last term!'

Well. Not all, exactly. Lulu was, as you know, a daydreamy sort of badger. Her snout was usually in the clouds, and her attention . . . elsewhere. *If only I could learn to pay attention to the* right *things*, she thought . . . but then something curious would catch her eye, and her mind would wander off, quite of its own accord.

Always straying, just like her wonky whiskers. Or her steering, come to think of it . . . Oh no, it was happening again . . .

'*Focus*, Lulu,' she told herself. 'Just *focus*.' She blinked, gave her whiskers a little pat to smooth them down, and tried to tune back in to the sound of the Major's voice.



'Oh yes, those troublesome humans. Always causing chaos and conducting themselves in a generally undignified fashion. And yet, thanks to our BADGER OPERATED PERSONS, we have managed to SORT THINGS OUT and get things JOLLY WELL DONE! I have always said, and I shall say it again, if something is worth doing it is worth doing PROPERLY! And if that means it takes a badger to get it done, then that is what we will *jolly well do*. This term shall be no different!'

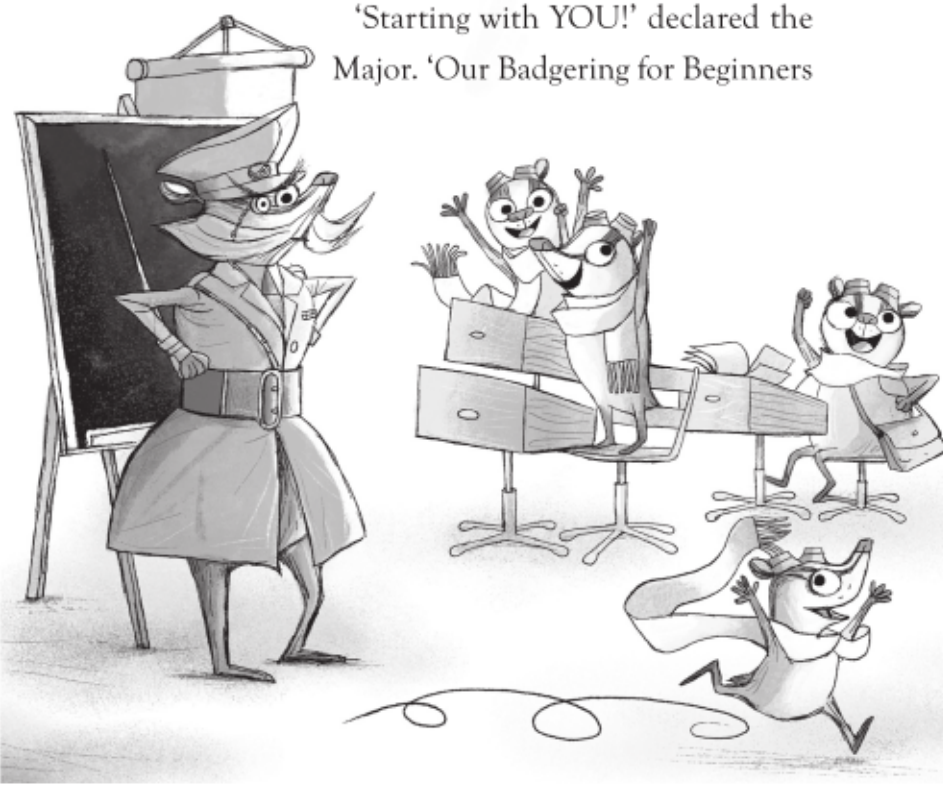
'Hooray!' cheered Betty, jumping out of her chair and waving her paws in the air.

'My word, sir!' squeaked Wilf.

'GOSH, sir!' added Enid, scampering around in several little circles.

Yes, I don't need to remind you, this is how ALL young and excitable badgers speak. All that is, except Lulu.

'Starting with YOU!' declared the Major. 'Our Badgering for Beginners



students – who, let us not forget, are a vital part of the team!

'Now that you have all covered the basic training of "fitting in" as an undetected, undercover badger operative – which, as you know, is *vital* for our work to succeed, and something that *every badger worth their stripes* must master . . .'

He trailed off for moment, and a troubled, far-away look crossed his face, remembering how Lulu, piloting the Prime Minister, had failed to fit in on such a grand scale last term. A *very*





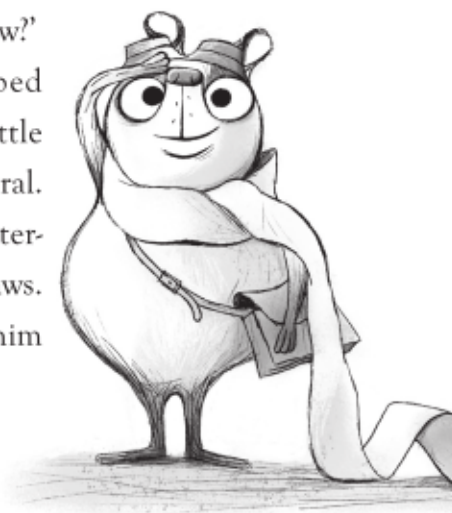
grand scale for *such* a small badger . . . goodness me, but she *had* been conspicuous, growling at the King of Switzerland, causing an international incident with a cheese and tomato sandwich, and ever so slightly reversing the Prime Minister's rump directly onto the launch button of a huge rocket, which proceeded to hurtle towards Earth, threatening the future of humankind, not to mention all of badgerdom . . . a huge rocket that happened to have her best friend, Wilfred C. Crumblepaw, tied to it.

The Major tutted a little to himself. Yes. It was a most

unfortunate business. But still . . . Lulu had *somehow* managed to save the day, *and* achieve WORLD PEACE, nevertheless . . . so there *was that*. He coughed, adjusted his monocle and resumed his talk.

'As I was saying, we have a VERY busy term ahead! Your missions will step up a level. You will now begin setting an example of *achievement* and *excellence* for all the small persons of the world, when the Human Person mind is thankfully at its most impressionable, and the "herd mentality" at its strongest. SO, you will want to hear about your missions?! Let us see now . . . Wilfred C. Crumblepaw?'

'Yes, sir!' Wilf jumped up and gave a solemn little salute. He was such a natural. Dapper, dashing, and determined down to his very paws. Lulu was so proud to call him her friend.



'You, young badger! You are to pilot BOP model 294 . . . otherwise known as Miss Veronica Bagpipes, winner of the Junior International Championship for Politeness, Table Manners and Poise, thrice over!'

'Is there really a competition for such a thing?' whispered Lulu.

'Of COURSE there bally well is!!' bellowed the Major. 'And *we* should know! We established it ourselves, naturally, to set an example to the small persons worldwide! Miss Bagpipes has everything it takes to be a polite and well-behaved young human!'

'Except that she isn't, sir, I mean a human . . .' Lulu ventured.

'*EXACTLY*!' cried the Major, beaming. 'It takes a BADGER to lead the way! And for the final round, Poise, we knew we needed a badger with speed, agility and, most importantly, a very low centre of gravity. We knew at once that young Crumblepaw would be *perfect* for the job!'

Lulu understood the Major had a vehement

passion for 'getting things done', but she couldn't help wondering if *all* these things needed, well . . . 'doing' in the first place. Still, it didn't do to question such things, not at the Rumpington Academy.

'What else?' the Major said, clawing quickly through the papers on his clipboard. 'Ah yes, young Horace Snuffleberg is scheduled to complete grade nine on the recorder . . . setting a great example to all the little Human Person girls and boys of the village wood-wind orchestra . . . Enid O'Flea will be spelling "biscuits" at her school



spelling bee, *correctly first time*, mind you . . . Betty Bristlegrass and both the Rufflesnoots twins will be starring in a Reception assembly production of *Hamlet* by William Shakespeare. One of the best BOPs we ever had, that Shakespeare. If there is one thing we badgers excel in, it is writing a *dashed good* play!'

'But wait! What about Lulu, sir?' asked Enid. 'Our hero! Lulu!'

'Yes! Lulu! You didn't mention Lulu?' squeaked Gilbert, looking puzzled.



'Surely *she* has got a mission, sir?' asked Wilf.

Lulu felt herself cringe and blush bright red beneath her bristles. She hated being in the spotlight.

'Erm . . .' the Major muttered, shuffling his claw back through the papers.



'Well . . . let's see now . . .'

Lulu looked down at her paws. She may have received an Expert Level Badgering certificate last term, but it was clear the Major didn't trust her with another mission. Not that she really trusted herself with one, either. No wonder she was back in Badgering for Beginners.

'That is to say,' he concluded, putting down his clipboard, 'we thought we would give her a chance to put her paws up and . . . recoup, and what have you . . . after the events of last term which were, erm . . . eventful.'

Lulu wasn't quite sure whether to be disappointed or relieved. In fact, after the initial giddiness had worn off, it felt completely unreal to her now, her having saved the world and all that. But then, the line between reality and dreams had always been a little on the blurry side for her.

'However, after a chance for a little *revision* . . . on the correct use of the reverse pedal, and, erm . . . perhaps all the *other* pedals . . . on how to operate the growl transmuter and so forth . . . we will have her back up and piloting in no time! Practice makes perfect, after all!'

Here the Major looked at Lulu, and she could see, despite being the formidable character that he was, with his famous whiskers of steel, there *was* a fondness twinkling somewhere in his eyes. Maybe he meant it. Practice makes perfect. And this term, Lulu found herself determined to prove him right.

'Why, I do declare! NOTHING can stop us now!' the Major said, turning back to address the other

badgers, holding his baton aloft.

'Not even the moles, sir?' Wilf piped up.

'Not even *those* scoundrels, the *moles*!' barked the Major, wrinkling his snout as though the very word 'moles' tasted bitter in his mouth. 'But let us not make mountains out of molehills! I can assure you, that Albert Diggerson–'

'Don't you mean The Velvet Claw, sir?' squeaked Lulu.



Last term The Velvet Claw, an undercover mole agent who was every millimetre a scoundrel, a cad and a bounder, had really pulled the wool over the Major's whiskers. And Lulu's too, for that matter, by pretending to be eager new recruit Albert Diggerson, whilst actually secretly plotting a *wide-scale mole take-over of the planet*. The very thought of him sent cold shudders through Lulu, from the tip of her snout right down to the ends of her paws.



'Ah yes, yes . . . *well* . . .' continued the Major. 'Of course, it goes without saying that one cannot trust those *little blighters* as far as one can throw them! But *The Velvet Claw,* as he likes to be known, has gone home to Mole HQ *humbled* by humiliation, with his tail well and truly between his legs!'

'Do moles *have* tails?' Lulu whispered to Wilf.

'We have taught *him* a lesson he won't forget! *He* won't be back in a hurry, I can assure you!' bellowed the Major, puffing out his chest.

'But I'm pretty sure he said something like "You haven't seen the last of me!" sir?' ventured Lulu, tentatively.

'Yes, and then something *a bit like* "AH MWA HA HA HA HA MWA HA HA HA HA HA!"' added Gilbert.

'FLUFF AND NONSENSE!' barked the Major. 'Those moles are all hot air and no whiskers! What could they possibly do to us? What do *THEY* have that we don't?'

'An acute sense of cunning, sir?'

'*BESIDES* their acute sense of cunning . . . what then?'

'And their psychopathic thirst for revenge?'

'Besides *THAT*, what?'

'Their obsessive desire for a wide-scale mole take-over of the planet?'

'YES, BUT!' the Major declared, trailing his baton through the air as if to draw out their thoughts. 'Beyond *THAT*? Anyone?'

Lulu had run out of ideas, it was true.

'EXACTLY! *NOTHING*! They have NOTHING!' he roared, his monocle sparkling with pride.

'Whereas what, on the other paw, do WE have? Ey? WELL! *WE* have the BADGER OPERATED PERSONS! And what is more! They now come *new and improved* with INGENIOUS INVENTIONS!'

The young badgers all clapped their paws to their snouts in shock.

'GOSH!' yelped Gilbert and Gilberta, jumping



up together.

'Why! I *DO* say!' squeaked Enid.

'Hurrah for us!!' squealed Horace, waving his paws high in the air.

'I say, sir! Did you say INVENTIONS?' cried Wilf, the fur on his ears pricking up.

'I DID indeed, young Crumblepaw! I did indeed! The paws of progress have been marching forward! *May* I introduce to you to our newest member of staff! Inventor, and all-round jolly good fellow, *Professor Archibald Briskwhiskers!*'