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Opening extract from

The Giggler Treatment

Written by

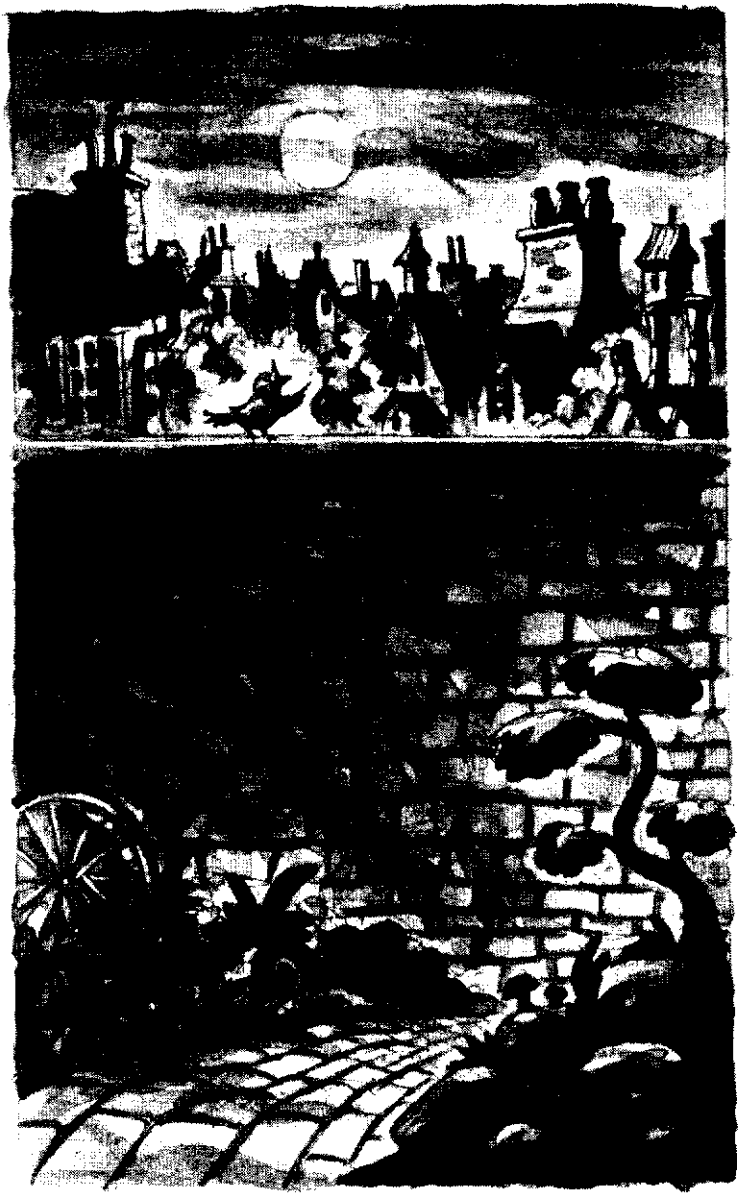
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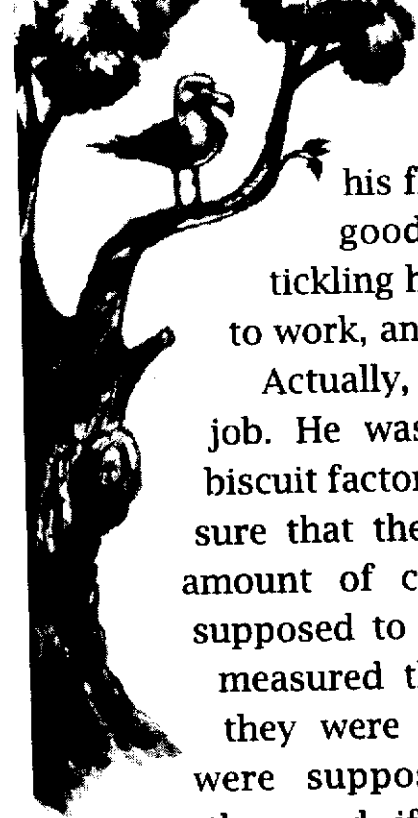
CHAPTER ONE



Mister Mack was walking to the train station. It was a nice, sunny morning. The birds in the trees were singing their favourite songs. And the breeze that blew was full of breakfast smells - bacon, eggs, frog's legs and cabbage.

"Yum," said Mister Mack to himself.

Mister Mack was feeling happy. Mister Mack was feeling very happy. He had a nice lunch in his lunch box - and a surprise in



his flask - and his children's goodbye kisses were still tickling his cheeks. He was going to work, and he liked his job.

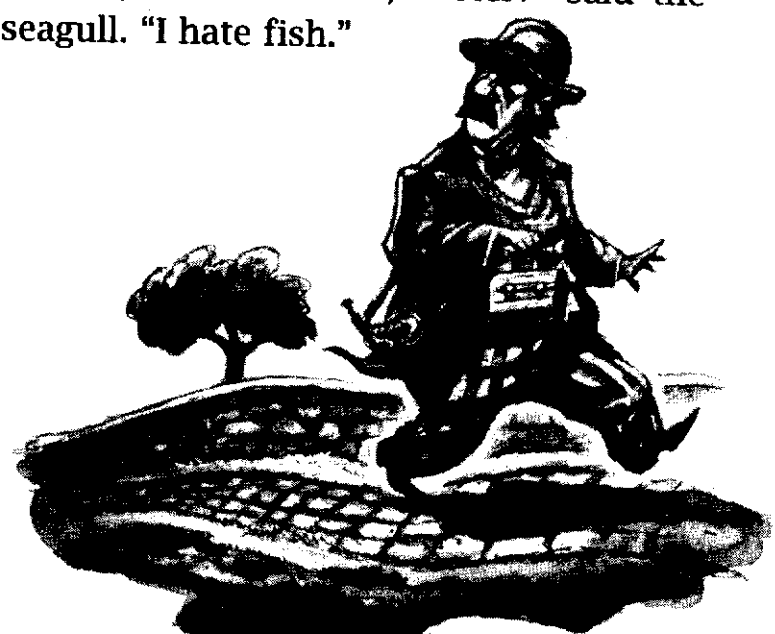
Actually, Mister Mack loved his job. He was a biscuit tester in a biscuit factory. It was his job to make sure that the biscuits had the right amount of chocolate, if they were supposed to have chocolate. And he measured them to make sure that they were exactly square, if they were supposed to be square, or exactly round, if they were supposed to be round. Best of all, he tasted them. Not all of them. He tasted three in the morning and four in the afternoon, to make sure that they tasted exactly right.

He was looking forward to work because, today, he was going to be testing his favourite biscuits of all time, fig-rolls. The factory made 365 types of biscuits, a different biscuit for every day of the

year. Mister Mack liked most of these biscuits, and he loved some of them. But fig-rolls always came top of his list. He loved their shape. He loved their smell. He loved their intelligence. They were such clever biscuits. They were delicious without needing any help from chocolate. And today was a fig-roll-testing day. So Mister Mack was one happy man.

But on his way to the station, just after he'd turned the corner, he saw a seagull sitting on the branch of a tree.

"Do you know what, Mister?" said the seagull. "I hate fish."



"I didn't know seagulls could perch in trees," said Mister Mack.

He kept walking, but he looked back to have another look at the seagull.

And this was a pity, because he didn't see the dog poo right in front of him, on the footpath.

Poor Mister Mack.

His shoe was heading straight for that poo.



CHAPTER TWO



So what?

So what?

Yes. So what? People stand on dog poo all the time. Even dogs stand on dog poo now and again.

But it was huge. It was a big pile of wet, fresh dog poo. It was probably the biggest pile of poo in the world.

Big dog, big poo. So what? I'm bored.

I'm going to skip a few pages and see if there's any more about biscuits.

Wait. Wait! The story isn't about biscuits. And it isn't about the poo. The story is about the people who put the poo on the path so that Mister Mack would stand on it.

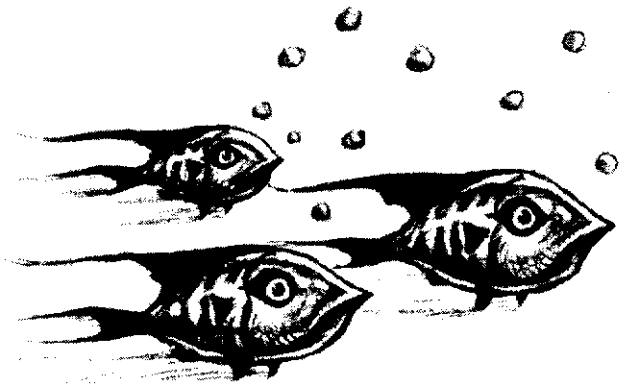
The people who put it there? It was dog poo, so it came out of a dog. Right?

Right.

So a dog stopped on the path outside the train station. He stayed there for a little while and left the poo before he ran away. Right?

Wrong. It was dog poo, but it wasn't a dog that put it there. And this story is about the little people who did put it there, just ten seconds before Mister Mack turned the corner.

CHAPTER THREE



Four steps, three steps, two steps.

Mister Mack had seen enough of the seagull. He was going to turn around - in plenty of time to see the poo - but the seagull spoke again.

"Fish," said the seagull. "Don't talk to me about fish."

Four steps, three steps, two steps, one.

Mister Mack's left foot was right over the dog stuff. The bottom of his shoe was exactly sixteen and a half inches from the peak of the poo.

And Mister Mack thought he heard giggles.

And he was right. He had heard giggles.

Like these:

"Giggle giggle giggle."

The poo was in the middle of the path. The path was beside a garden wall. And the Gigglers were on the other side of the wall, hidden behind it.

There were three of them. They were all standing on the crossbar of a rusty old bike that had been leaning against the wall for more than twenty years. The bike was so old, it had almost become part of the wall.

The Gigglers had watched Mister Mack as he got nearer to the poo. They had counted the steps.

"How many?"

"Four."

"How many now?"

"Three."

"How many now?"

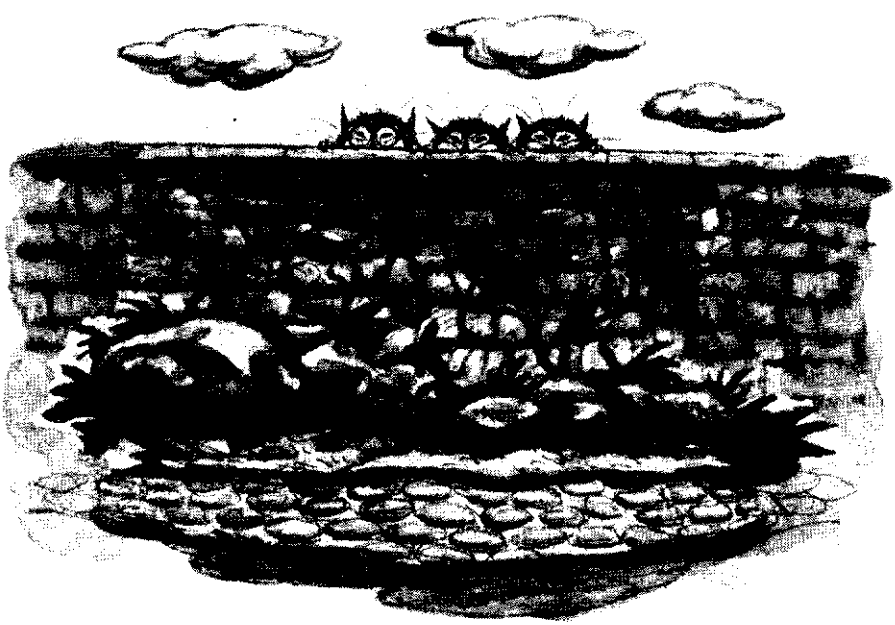
"Two."

They heard the seagull talking to Mister Mack. And they ducked behind the wall as Mister Mack walked right up to the poo.

"How many now?"

"One."

They waited.



A CHAPTER THAT ISN'T REALLY
A CHAPTER BECAUSE NOTHING REALLY
HAPPENS IN IT BUT WE'LL CALL IT

CHAPTER FOUR



Nothing happens in this chapter. But some of the questions that are probably hopping about in your heads get answered. Like this one:

Why?

Why what?

Why did the Gigglers put the poo on the path?

Good question. They did it because of

something Mister Mack had done the night before he was walking to the train station. But I'll tell you all about it later because these chapters where nothing happens get boring very quickly.

Now, back to the story.

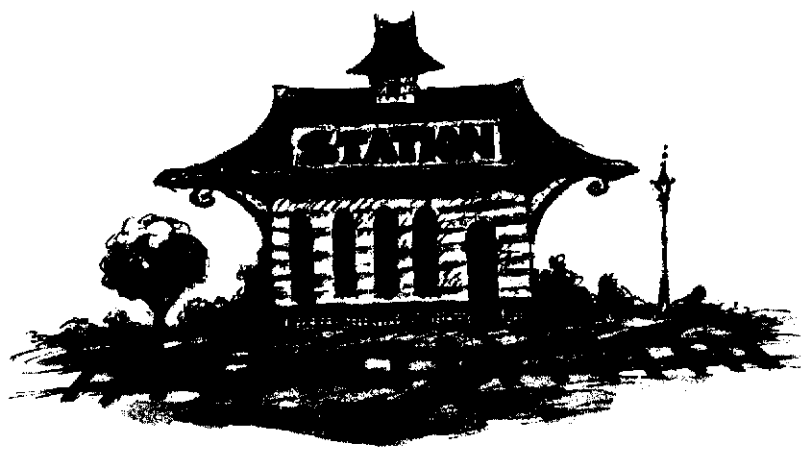
CHAPTER FIVE

WHICH SHOULD PROBABLY BE CALLED

CHAPTER FOUR

BUT LET'S JUST CALL IT

CHAPTER FIVE



Back at the train station, the Gigglers waited.

They waited for the wallop - Mister Mack hitting the poo.

They waited for the squelch - Mister Mack stepping down on the poo.

They waited for the gasp - Mister Mack seeing the poo for the first time.

They waited for the groan - Mister Mack seeing that most of the poo was now on his shoe.

His shoe was now very, very close to the you-know-what.

"How close?" said the smallest Giggler.

"Fourteen and three-quarter inches," said the biggest Giggler.

"That's very close," said the middle-sized one.

And she shoved her fist into her mouth to trap her giggles.

And they waited.