

SHENANIGANS AT FAMENARD TOWERS

Prologue

The scene is set at the famously fanciful Famenard School. A school that specialises in performing arts, dancing, singing and general loveliness. Miss Ida Dunit, the Head teacher, is in her office.

Now

Miss Dunit

I hear him before I see him. Heavy footed and breathless. I look up as he literally bursts into my office. Mr. Juicemore, the Health and Fitness teacher, is surprisingly breathless. He sweeps back his quiff with one sweaty palm and adjusts his gold lamé hot pants with the other.

“What is it I say?”

“It’s been found. The missing trophy!”

“Well that’s wonderful” I say closing my laptop. “Who the heck stole it?”

He shakes his head. All the colour has drained from his face and I can’t work out if he’s anxious about his discovery or it’s just the shake he’s holding in his hand.

“Ew, what’s in that?” I ask.

“Grass mainly” he replies. “It’s vegan and organic though”. My stomach retches a bit but I can’t compute what he says next. I lift my hand to dramatically mop my brow.

Three days earlier...

Mr. Hubbard

“Right girls, time for our Tik Tok video competition piece. We have to show those other schools we are the best.” He punches his fist up to the sky and lifts his knee as he does so. “Ok, now will the Year 7s roll their kilts back to their knees and I do believe, Year 10s, that those are not regulation blue socks you have on there and Is that a pink hair band Ma...” He doesn’t finish before Mr. Smirnoff enters the room and in a slightly shaky voice asks if anyone has seen Miss Dunit.

“No!” Snaps Mr. Hubbard “now be off with you.”

The girls perform their routine with immaculate precision and Mr. Hubbard beams from his cherry red lips and flicks back his long blonde hair in pride as Mrs. Belladrama theatrically presses send on her tablet to the competition coordinator.

"That's a wrap," squeals Mr. Hubbard and he minces off for his shamanic journey session with Mr. Juicemore.

Two days earlier...

It comes as no surprise to anyone that the Famenard wins the Tik Tok competition. Miss Dunit is teary and bursts with pride that 'The Famenard School of Performing Absolutely Everything' has once again won.

Just then Miss Fab-i-lous launches in, cartwheeling splendidly across the room. Her *Gym Shark* leggings a blur of colour as she finishes with a high back flip and lands after a perfect somersault at Miss Dunit's feet. "I have something for you" she pronounces in her sing songy voice and produces the tired looking, prestigious plastic golden statue of Believa the Diva. "Come on everybody, let's sing!"

As if from nowhere Miss Bachwell slides onto her piano stool, draped in a gold Lurex cloak and sporting enormous Elton John star shades.

"I don't know this song," she confesses, "in fact, I've never heard it before, never mind performed it - but let's all sing it!" The girls all cheer and leap about, their fluorescent leg warmers moving in time to the music. "Don't stop believing, Famenard, you keep dreamin'!" Miss Bachwell is in full swing her, fingers sweeping furiously up and down the keyboard as the Famenard girls are all dancing and singing harmoniously and word perfectly the song that they've never, ever heard before.

"Ok, girls." Miss Dunit stamps her sceptre on the floor. "Time to get to your yoga trance dance now." Exulted, the girls disappear. Miss Dunit turns to Mr. Tentorstabb.

"Mr. Tentorstabb, I do believe your name is longer than the hikes you take the girls on. Would you mind placing the golden Believa the Diva trophy in the Cabinet next to the other four million awards?" At that point they all look down to the place where the trophy had been placed by Miss Fab-i-lous. Nothing but a large empty space.

"Agggghh," Miss Dunit looks on in horror. "Who, who, who has taken Believa the Diva. Who Dunit? Nobody leave the school until it's discovered." Every one suddenly looks very suspicious. Mr. Smirnoff stumbles off hiccupping out of the room.

"Don't know what all the fussyssiss abouuuuuut" he mutters. Mr. Juicemore and Mr. Hubbard link arms and march purposefully out of the room, Mr. Hubbard's high heels clattering on the wooden floor as Mr. Juicemore's gold lamé hot pants show signs of perspiration. Miss Fab-i-lous does another back flip out an open window whilst singing,

"she's a maniac, a maniac on the floor!!!"

Back in her office Miss Dunit sinks her worried face into her hands. Her trusty hound rests her head on her knee.

“Oh Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore. Where has the trophy gone?” Toto looks blankly at her and slinks down into her bed. All this drama is just too much. Miss Dunit turns to her, “If I don't get the trophy back Toto, we won't get awarded *‘the top ranking performing school in absolutely everything in the universe’*.” She starts to cry.

The next day

Mr. Friendship is meeting up with his friends; Mr. Tall, the Physics teacher, and Mr. Small, the Biology teacher.

“Have you seen Little Miss Stylish the Textiles teacher?” they ask.

“Yes, here she comes with Little Miss Lovely, the Food and Nutrition teacher, carrying a delicious plate of hot buttered scones.”

“Here you are my lovely friends,” she says.

“Oh, you are just such a lovely friend, little Miss Lovely,” says Mr. Friendship. “But we need to get our heads together. The golden Believe the Diva trophy has gone missing and I am going to use my previous experience as a computer hacker to find it. I'm only a lowly teacher now, but I have contacts. Now all just clamber into my Porsche and let's get to my home where I have the equipment all set up. We also need the help of my dastardly old partner in crime, Mr. Ridler. He used to work with Batman as a baddie but now he has seen the light.”

Back at Mr. Friendship's bat cave he works tirelessly on his keyboard. His fingers dancing frenetically on the keyboard like a maestro conducting his orchestra. “Eureka!” he finally shouts. “I think I've discovered it!” All the Mr. Men and Little Misses look up from the floor.

“How long have we been here?” they yawn.

“Never mind that,” exults Mr. Friendship. “Back to the Famenard.” They whizz off again in his Porsche and before you know it they are back, heading for the lost property shed.

Carefully they ease open the padlock. The door creaks and a million spiders run for cover from their previously undisturbed webs. Inside the friends see a slight movement. It's as if someone is watching them. The stale stench of 400 years of old uniform surrounds them. An enormous pile of jumpers, some with and some without names. Kilts, hockey socks and old water bottles.

“There must be hundreds of thousands of items!” the friends gasp. From the centre of the pile comes a groan. The friends all freeze. They slowly see a slumped figure emerge. Surrounded by empty bottles, it's Mr. Smirnoff holding the trophy.

“What are you doing in here?” the friends cry.

“Oh, please don't shout. My head hurts. How did you find me?”

Mr. Friendship steps forward. "I hacked into your eBay account and found you selling all this old uniform and I thought, I wonder if you're trying to sell the trophy too?"

"Drat and double drat" says Mr. Smirnoff. "It's a fair cop. I was looking for Miss Dunit earlier to return it."

The next day the trophy was restored to its secure place in the cabinet in the Reception of Famenard Towers. All the teachers and pupils got together and sang another song they had never heard before and lived happily ever after.

The End.

Epilogue.

Miss Dunit went off with Toto for a relaxing weekend in her camper van climbing Tors and walking hundreds of miles.

Mr. Juicemore and Mr. Hubbard joined up with Little Miss Lovely and Little Miss Stylish and went on a silent retreat to practise Shamanic journeying.

All the Mr Men had a lovely afternoon tea and wrote another little square book featuring themselves that Mr. Friendship said he knew a publisher that could make them all a fortune.

Mr. Smirnoff was let off with a warning because he simply is the nicest teacher ever.

By Trudi Goodridge