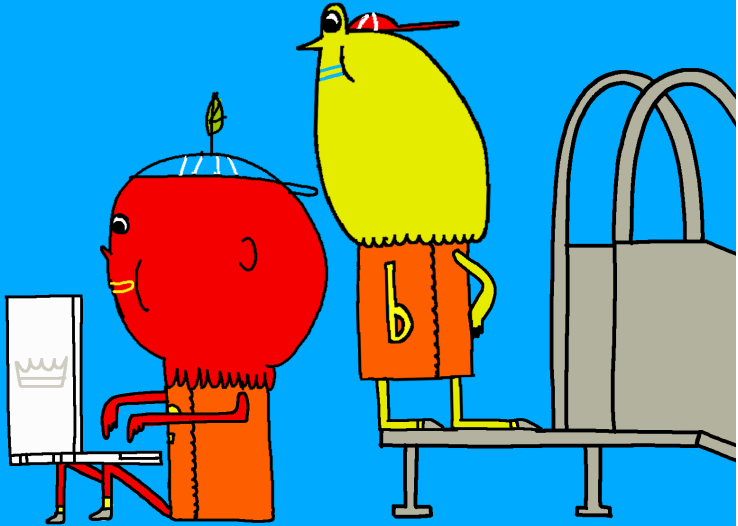
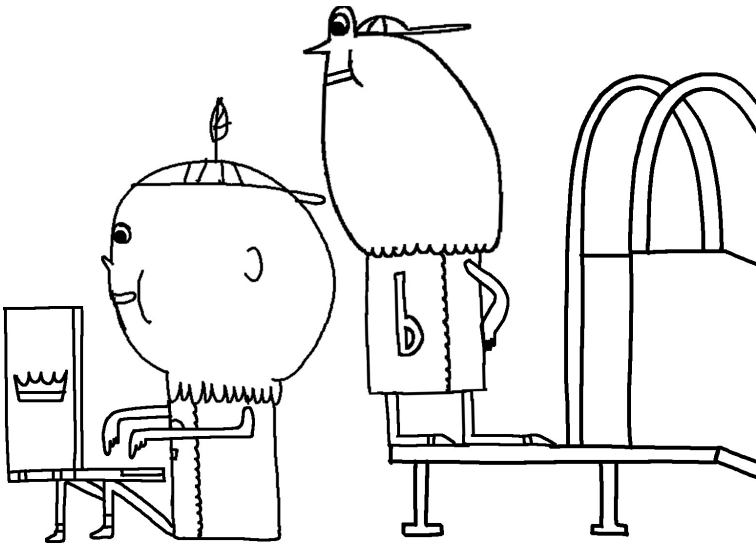


the
FUNNY
FISH FINGER
FRIENDS



third adventure -
the King's laptop
by Davey Ferguson

The funny fish finger friends' third adventure - the King's laptop



by Davey Ferguson
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Please note

This story follows straight on from the last one so if you want to know what's happened you'll need to read that one first.

they wake up

The next morning after they both woke up Francie had a new plan for getting out of the tree but he fell and landed in the pond and took Bertie with him and all the fish were laughing at them as usual. Then they got dried off by standing on the tree stump and shouting, 'Emergency,' like they learned in the last story. Then they went down into their house to have breakfast.

they get their breakfast

Francie and Bertie both fancied cereal for their breakfast so Francie asked the telly, 'Excuse me can you tell me what cereals you do?'

'I can do all sorts of healthy ones and reasonably healthy ones but none of the really sugary ones,' said the telly.

'But I'm wanting a really sugary one!' Francie whispered to Bertie.

'Me too, but it can only make us healthy meals or

give us raw ingredients to do our own cooking,' said Bertie and what he said gave him an idea. Bertie asked the telly, 'Could I please have a bowl of rice crispies in milk and a glass of orange juice and also a cup of sugar to use in some baking I want to do later on?' and then he turned round and did a wink at Francie. Francie knew what the wink was for and did a wink back.

Then the telly said, 'There is a a problem with your order,' and Bertie and Francie did a gulp because they thought it must have saw them winking and worked out what they were up to.

But then it said, 'Do you want blue top milk or green top milk in your cereal?' and they both went, 'Phew!'

'Green please!' said Bertie and then he went and collected his breakfast because it had appeared in the fridge. It came already with a spoon which he used to sprinkle some of the sugar on his rice crispies to make them taste nicer and either the telly didn't see him or it didn't care.

'I've got an even better idea,' said Francie.

Bertie put his breakfast on a tray and sat down at the table and said, 'What is it?'

Francie raised his hands and his eyebrows as if to say, 'Just wait and see...'

Then he said to the telly, 'Could I please have a bowl of rice crispies and a glass of orange juice and also some coca powder and cooking chocolate for a recipe I want to make later on?'

Bertie started laughing and put a hand over his mouth to stop it sounding so loud.

'And I'll have the rice crispies with green milk, but I'll be turning it brown! Ha ha ha!' said Francie and he turned to look at Bertie which made Bertie laugh even more.

'I don't understand *turning it brown*,' said the telly. 'Just my wee joke,' said Francie and he pulled a face at Bertie and then wandered over to the kitchen to collect his breakfast and then put it on a tray and took it to the table.

'I don't know if that's actually going to taste very nice,' said Bertie.

'I think you'll find it's going to taste amazing,' said Francie and he sprinkled loads of cocoa powder on his rice cripsies and then crumbled half a block of cooking chocolate on it. Then he mixed it a bit and ate a big spoonful and Bertie watched his face and

it didn't look like he was enjoying it.

'Let me try some of that sugar,' said Francie and he added a spoonful of Bertie's sugar to his breakfast. He took another mouthful and then he pushed it back onto the spoon with his tongue and said, 'It doesn't taste like I had in my mind.'

'Mine's is nice, why don't just order some fresh rice crispies and have the same as me?' said Bertie who was really enjoying his breakfast.

'Nah, I'm off them now,' said Francie. Then he shouted, 'Telly, can you make me some toast and butter please?' which he had instead.

Then they put their dirty dishes in the dishwasher which was so hi-tech it just burnt them away to nothing because new dishes would be printed with their next meals anyway. Then they both did the toilet and brushed their teeth and headed back up the lift to ground level.

they go to the swing park

'Right, do you want to head off and have a funny adventure and just get up to mischief! Ha ha ha!' said Francie.

'Sound's good Francie! Ha ha ha!' said Bertie, 'Let's try in that direction seeing as we've never been yet.' He was pointing North-East. So far they had been East and come back from the South.

'Right you are Bertie,' said Francie and they both headed North-East.

They went through some woods for a bit and then they saw that when the trees ran out there was a big swing park.

'Ha ha! That looks like fun!' said Francie.

'Ha ha! It sure does, Francie! Ha ha!' said Bertie.

'If there's a roundabout do you want a shot on it Bertie?' said Francie.

'Ha ha – only if you can promise you won't push too fast so we come flying off! Ha ha!' said Bertie.

'Well let's just see what happens! Ha ha!' said Francie.

But when they got closer they realised there was a big police barrier around the park that Duncan

the policeman was guarding and there was another policeman and a police van away at the other side.

'Sorry boys, the King's having the swing park all to himself at the moment so you'll have to wait til he's finished before I can let yous in,' said Duncan.

'Awwww whit?' said Francie and Bertie.

'Who are those other people, why are they allowed in?' Francie demanded to know.

'That's all the King's guards, they need to stay with him at all times,' said Duncan, 'And watch your tone, Francie.'

The King was sitting on a swing getting pushed off one of his guards. Another one was holding his cape for him. Another one was holding a bottle of fizzy juice and a goblet to drink it from for him.

Another one was holding a walkie talkie and looking about for anybody who might want to kill the King. Francie scowled and then had an idea and said, 'Ask him if he wants us to come in and play with him, it'll be much more fun!'

'I'll ask, but I wouldn't get your hopes up,' said

Duncan and he spoke to the guard with the walkie talkie on his own walkie talkie and the guard passed

on the message.

The King shouted over to them, 'No way!' and then they heard him do an obnoxious laugh.

'The King doesn't seem like a very nice person,' said Bertie.

'I'm not prepared to comment on that, Bertie,' said Duncan.

'He's a wee stupid looking idiot!' said Francie and Duncan clicked his fingers and pointed at Francie and said, 'That's enough!'

Francie and Bertie sat on the grass and waited for ages. A young mum with two wee boys turned up and waited to get in and then gave up and tutted and went away. Then a granny with a wee girl on a bike with stabilisers did the same.

Francie kept making huffing sounds and pulling out grass and saying, 'It's not fair!' but Bertie didn't because he's better behaved even though he was just as annoyed.

Eventually Duncan got a call on his police walkie talkie from the King's guard.

'OK boys, the King's going to have one more shot on the chute and then he's getting picked up,' he told Francie and Bertie.

They all watched the King have his one more shot on the chute and then a helicopter came and took him and all his guards back to the palace.

'Just give us 5 minutes to get the barrier tidied into the police van and then the park's all yours,' said Duncan, but Francie had already tore off under the barrier. Duncan just shook his head and didn't try to stop Francie so Bertie tore off under it as well.

First they had a shot on the roundabout and Francie pushed too fast so they came flying off laughing.

Then they came flying off the swings laughing.

Then they came flying off the see-saw laughing.

Then they fell off the monkey bars laughing.

Then they came flying off the rocket thing laughing.

Then they came flying off the thing that was like the rocket thing but had a horse's head on the front laughing.

There was a big chute that had a wee wooden watchtower bit at the top and they ran up the ladder and would have come flying off it laughing too if Bertie hadn't noticed a laptop with a crown

design on it just sitting there in the corner.

'Look - the King's gone away home and forgot his laptop!' said Bertie.

Francie and Bertie both went, 'Ohhhhhhhh!'

They peered out the watchtower to see if the police were still there but they had already gone back to the police station. There was nobody else about either.

'If we take this back to the palace we'll maybe get a big reward!' said Bertie.

Francie started to laugh and agree but suddenly he went quiet and just stood there thinking for a minute. Then he said, 'Or - I think I've got a much better idea. See how the King had the whole park to himself...'

There was space to sit down so he sat down and opened the laptop.

Bertie was worried and said, 'What are you up to Francie? If the King comes back we'll be in big trouble if he catches us messing about with his laptop.'

Francie ignored him and tried to guess the King's password. He looked at the crown design on the laptop and tried that as his first attempt but it

was wrong. 'It's not *crow*n,' he said.

'We'll get in even bigger trouble for being hackers Francie!' said Bertie and he was all jittery with nerves.

'Just let me try this. Trust me, you'll think its a brilliant idea,' said Francie.

Bertie sighed and had another look around to check there was still nobody in the park and no helicopters in the sky then he crouched down beside Francie and said, 'Try putting a number nothing in instead of the letter *o*'.

Francie said, 'Bingo!' because the password was *crOwn*. After the password screen went away he opened the King's email client.

'Don't be reading his emails Francie, they're private business!' said Bertie.

'I'm not his reading emails, I'm writing one...' said Francie.

they send an email

Francie was quite slow at typing but eventually he typed -

Dear everybody

I am the King and I want the whole land all to myself this afternoon so everyone must give me peace and just go home and hide in their houses until tomorrow morning and shut the curtains and not look out or there will be big trouble.

cheers
the King

Bertie was reading it out loud over Francie's shoulder and when he got the jist he said, 'Ha ha! Oh Francie, that's so naughty! Ha ha ha!' 'Imagine getting the whole land to ourselves for the afternoon? It'll be some laugh! Ha ha ha!' said Francie.

'Ha ha ha!' said Bertie.

Then Francie added everybody in the King's address book as a recipient which was everybody in the land with an email address including the King's guards. He was about to hit send when

Bertie said, 'Wait, put in something about people phoning anyone they know who doesn't have a computer to tell *them* to stay inside as well.'

'Good thinking,' said Francie and he started typing and while he did Bertie thought some more.

'Oh, and you'd better tell people to leave all the shops and amusements open otherwise we'll have nothing to do,' said Bertie. Then he thought some more and said, 'And we'll need to think of way of keeping the King...'

'God-sake Bertie, I'm still on the bit about phoning people!' shouted Francie.

'You're so slow at typing, Francie,' said Bertie.

'Gie's peace! You do it then,' said Francie so Bertie took over typing and he was a wee bit faster.

They both thought of other suggestions to put in the email to make sure the plan didn't go wrong and the email kept getting bigger and bigger.

Bertie kept checking for the King's helicopter but it didn't come back.

When they were finished Francie and Bertie read out the final draft of the email together -

Dear everybody

I am the King and I want the whole land all to myself this afternoon so everyone must give me peace and just go home and hide in their houses until tomorrow morning and shut the curtains and blinds and not look out or there will be big trouble (executions.)

If you know somebody who doesn't have a computer or an email address then hurry up and phone them and read them this message.

If you run the amusements or the go-carts or any other fun buildings then you must leave the doors open and with everything turned on.

Shops should be left open in case I want to help myself to sweets. I will leave pound coins to pay for them.

All security cameras and traffic cameras should be turned off, I don't want you watching me.

Important – to my staff - if I start going on about losing my laptop then I want to be locked in a dungeon for the rest of the day. You're allowed to be rough with me if I put up a fight and don't mention this message to me or I will deny sending it. You could get sacked or worse if you let me out.

cheers
the King

PS Please don't reply this email to ask questions, I have made myself clear.

'Send,' said Francie and he hit send.

'Wait!' said Bertie, 'oh, too late, never mind.'

'Did we miss something out?' said Francie.

'We didn't give people an exact time to be hidden by,' said Bertie.

'Lets go back and have lunch and then give them another half an hour,' said Francie because it had taken them til lunchtime to finish their email.

Francie shut the laptop without shutting it down properly and held it to his chest and they both slid down the chute very slowly and controlled and then giggled and did a sneaky run all the way home.

they lose confidence

Francie and Bertie sat in their living room area and were eating cheese sandwiches and apple slices for lunch. The laptop was sat on the coffee table.

'What will we do first, go to the shopping centre and see what its like with nobody else in it? Ha ha ha!' said Francie and he stuffed a cheese sandwich in his mouth.

Then he said, 'Then I want to go nuts at the

bowling alley and go and kick all the pins down and get all strikes! Ha ha ha!' and he pushed an apple slice into his mouth.

Bertie was quiet for a bit and then he said, 'Do you think it'll really work?'

Francie started to say, 'Of course it'll work,' but then Bertie talked over him. 'I mean, what if people don't believe for one minute that the email was from the King? Is that the sort of email the King would even send?'

Francie looked at the laptop and his face went a bit serious.

Then Bertie said, 'And what if we get in a lot of trouble, especially for the bit about putting the King in the dungeon.'

'That bit was your idea!' said Francie, 'Anyway, it's no big deal, it's only one afternoon. And nobody'll know its us if they don't look out and all the security cameras are off.'

'Maybe we should have sent the email from us and given everyone the choice to stay in or not,' said Bertie.

'Are you nuts Bertie? Only the King's got the authority, that's the whole point!' said Francie.

'Oh aye,' said Bertie, 'But what about all the boys and girls stuck inside on such a nice day?'

Francie did a big sigh and said, 'Look Bertie, I just thought it would be a funny adventure if we had the whole land to ourselves for the afternoon. What do you want to do, give the laptop back and say it was just a joke?'

'No, I've just lost confidence,' said Bertie.

'Let's just finish our lunch,' said Francie.

Francie and Bertie had both lost confidence and were depressed. They turned the telly on to take their minds off it and the news was on.

The man on the news was saying, 'and to recap, we must all stay in our houses for the rest of the day and not look outside, by order of the King. This channel will be showing family films to keep the children entertained.'

Francie and Bertie looked at each other and all their confidence came back. They kept choking on the rest of their cheese sandwiches they were laughing so much.

they have the land to themselves

Francie hid the laptop under his bed and then they both got some pound coins out the tap to pay for anything they took because they didn't want to be theifs.

Then they headed outside.

'What do you think then, shopping centre first?' said Francie.

'Its the only place we've ever really been so it makes sense to see what it's like empty,' said Bertie.

So that's where they headed.

It was quiet and eerie with nobody around and no cars and Francie and Bertie tried not to laugh too loud when they went past people's houses in case they heard it wasn't the King.

Everyone had shut their curtains like they were told and Bertie kept thinking he saw them twitching but he didn't because it was just in his mind.

A bird flew off a chimney and Francie said, 'Hoi, that bird's not checked it's email, get away back to

your nest! Ha ha ha!

'Ha ha ha!' said Bertie.

Then they heard a baby crying in a house somewhere and it was very creepy so they hurried up.

When they got to the shopping centre there was nobody there.

'Usually when we've been here there's been other people around, but now there's nobody!' said Francie.

'Yup,' said Bertie.

'Will we just run about daft for a bit?' said Francie.

'Ha ha! Ok!' said Bertie so they ran about daft inside the shopping centre and went in and out of shops and up and down the lifts and escalators which had been left on.

Then Francie got bored and said, 'Right, last time we were here I saw a poster about go-carts, lets try and find the go-carts.'

They found a map on a stand that showed them that the go-carts weren't actually in the shopping centre but were in an entertainment complex which was a different building.

They followed signs that took them outside and

realised that the entertainment complex was on the other side of the motorway, but there was a big tunnel walkway over it so it was easy enough to get to.

'There's no cars Bertie, we could just walk across the motorway!' said Francie.

'I'd rather use the walkway just in case Francie,' said Bertie and Francie rolled his eyes and ran across the motorway without him and waited outside the complex.

They walked in through the automatic doors and there was pop music playing and the tv screens were on but there was nobody about again as they planned.

They found the go-carts bit and there were a couple of go-carts all full of petrol that the owner must have prepared for the King because go-carting was specifically mentioned in the email.

They drove them around the track a few times and got bored so Francie said, 'Let's go off road!' so they lifted the go-carts off the track which were heavy and took both of them to do one at a time and then they drove them around outside in the carpark. Then Francie drove his up

and down a bit of the motorway a couple of times just to show off then they both drove through the tunnel walkway and back into the shopping centre.

Bertie drove his up to a can machine and got money out his sock to buy a can of juice. He tried to drink it and steer the go-cart with one hand but he wasn't experienced at driving and swerved into a clothes shop and crashed into a dummy wearing a ladies dress.

Francie pulled a skid beside him and said, 'Ha ha! That's what happens when you drink and drive Bertie! Ha ha!'

'Very funny Francie,' said Bertie and he used the dress to wipe up the juice he had spilled.

Then they both drove back to the entertainment complex and through the changing village of the swimming pool and Francie said, 'Let's drive down the flumes!' but it took them ages to lift just Francie's go-cart up the steps and they had to keep stopping for rests.

When they got to the top they decided to both go on Francie's cart because it had taken so long to get it up there. They positioned the cart at the

top of the flume and Bertie sat on Francie's lap which made them both feel uncomfortable. Then Francie hit the accelerator and they went flying down the the tunnel but it was too twisty and the cart got stuck at the first bend. Francie kept his foot on the peddle but the wheels just span round and then the engine must have got too wet because it stopped working so they had to bail out and just slide down the flume like you're supposed to.

When they looked up at the flume from the pool side they could see a dark bit that was the stuck go-cart. They dried off under a hand drier and drove away in Bertie's go-cart to a different part of the entertainment complex where you could do ten pin bowling.

They put on bowling shoes that fitted them and went to a lane that already had a game set up for the King.

Francie messed about and kicked over pins and pretended that his fingers were stuck in a ball and that it was dragging him down the lane but he was just crawling on his tummy like a commando and didn't fool anybody. Bertie took a lane to himself

to try and play properly but they both got bored and spent most of their pound coins on an arcade game where they had to walk along and fight lots of men out of the way.

Then they went to a restaurant and Bertie sat at a table while Francie pretended to be a waiter and a chef and went back and forward from the kitchen and said, 'Voila,' when he brought back 'speciality dishes' which were things like just a strawberry and a frozen chip on a plate which Bertie found very funny.

Then they went to the cinema part of the complex where all the films had been left playing on a loop for the King so they went from screen to screen and watched bits of films and had a popcorn fight.

Afterwards they went outside and it was dark because they hadn't realised how late it was.

'I think we'd better head home Francie, it's late,' said Bertie.

Francie made a face and was about to protest but then he realised he was quite tired so he said, 'Ok.'

They got as far as the shopping centre when they

realised they were still wearing the bowling shoes so they had to go and back and get their own shoes and they decided to leave their last two pound coins to pay for the wasted popcorn and 'specialty dishes.'

It was even creepier coming home in the dark and quiet especially because there were cats and foxes prowling around the streets so they were very happy when they were finally stood on the tree stump and going down the lift to their cozy house.

dinner and discussion

They'd thrown more popcorn than they'd ate and Francie's 'speciality dishes' weren't exactly filling so they both had sausage and mash for a late dinner. Then they were exhausted from all the excitement carrying go-carts around so they went back up to ground level to go to bed. Francie went up his tree and Bertie went on his lilly-pad. 'Ha ha! Remember when you knocked that dress over and spilled your juice Bertie!' said Francie.

'Ha ha! How could I forget, Francie!' said Bertie, 'Remember you were driving your go-cart on the motorway? I didn't like that one bit!'

'I was in no danger,' said Francie.

They were both quiet for a bit while they thought to themselves.

'We didn't really see much of the land, did we Francie? We would have been as well just asking people to give us the shopping centre and entertainment complex to ourselves!' said Bertie.

'Next time we'll get a car or a helicopter or something and go further afield,' said Francie.

'There's not going to be a next time, Francie!' said Bertie, 'It's far too risky and it was dead creepy with nobody about.'

'If we did it once we can do it again,' said Francie.

'Count me out,' said Bertie.

They were quiet again for a bit then Francie said, 'Next time I want to look at rude magazines in a newsagents,' but Bertie didn't hear him because he was asleep. Francie was glad because he felt embarrassed about what he had said.

the aftermath

The next morning they were woken up by the noise of Duncan the policeman coming to see them on his motorbike.

Francie and Bertie looked at each other and felt so guilty.

'Sorry to wake you boys, but there's been a major incident and I need to ask you a few questions,' said Duncan.

'A major incident?' asked Bertie but he knew fine well.

'Yes. Yesterday an email was sent from the King's laptop ordering everyone to stay indoors for the afternoon. You wouldn't have received it since you don't have an internet connection out here, do you?' said Duncan.

'Eh, nope,' said Francie.

'Well it transpired this morning that the King hadn't sent the email at all, somebody had stolen his laptop and impersonated him,' said Duncan.

Francie and Bertie looked at each other.

'Are you sure he didn't send it?' asked Francie.

'Very sure. And he's furious after being locked in a

dungeon overnight by his own guards. He wants these terrorists walled up alive in a tower,' said Duncan.

'Terrorists?' said Francie and Bertie at the same time and they both did a gulp.

'Was it not just somebody's wee joke?' said Bertie. 'Its no joke, Bertie, it's a serious offense. The email mentioned executions which makes it a death threat. A bank was robbed. People are out half a days pay because they had to come home early from their work. Flights in and out of airports were canceled. And we're just lucky there weren't any fires,' said Duncan.

'How come the robbers didn't stay in *their* houses?' asked Francie.

'Because robbers don't obey the rules, Francie, and for all we know the robbers were the ones that sent the email,' said Duncan.

'Have you found any clues yet?' asked Bertie.

'We found a couple of pound coins at the entertainment complex that we assume were left by vandals and not the main perpetrator, although strangely pound coins were specifically mentioned in the email,' said Duncan.

'Is that not good that somebody left money?' asked Francie.

'Good? Two pounds won't begin to cover the cost of removing a wrecked go-cart from a water chute, not to mention the tire marks all round the shopping centre and a dress stained with fizzy juice,' said Duncan, 'At least we can dust the coins and the go-carts steering wheels for prints.'

Francie nearly fell out his tree and Bertie was nearly sick in his pond.

'So the reason I'm here boys is that the King thinks he must have left the laptop at the swing park yesterday, and I was wondering if you spotted it or noticed anybody else milling around after I left?' said Duncan.

'Nope,' said Francie and Bertie together.

'How long did you stay playing in the park?' asked Duncan.

'Oh about 5 minutes,' said Francie.

'And what did you do for the rest of the afternoon?' asked Duncan.

'We just stayed here,' said Francie.

'All afternoon? I'm asking because if you didn't get the message to stay inside then you might be our

only witnesses who saw any terrorists or burglars or vandals,' said Duncan.

'Em, we did walk to the shopping centre but we came back when we realised there was nobody else about,' said Bertie, 'We thought everybody must have been at a special church service or something so we stayed here out of respect.'

'And you didn't notice anybody or anything suspicious?' asked Duncan.

'Nope,' said Francie.

'Only that there was nobody about, we thought that was suspicious,' said Bertie.

'Well you would,' said Duncan, 'Ok, well if you think of anything give me a call, I'd better get on with the investigation. We're going to start combing these fields for the stolen laptop.' He said cheerio and rode away on his bike.

Once he was far enough away Bertie said, 'Francie, we're the terrorist and the vandals!'

'Aye I know, but we're not the robbers, we didn't rob the bank!' said Francie.

'Aye but it was our fault! And they'll find our finger prints on the pound coins and the go-carts... and the bowling balls and the arcade machine and

everywhere else we touched! Gasp! Gasp!' said Bertie.

Francie thought for a second and said, 'Calm down, if they thought it was us Duncan would have taken our prints right away to compare them.'

'How can you be so blasé Francie? What if they get our prints another time and then they match because now we're on the database? What if we get walled up alive in a tower?' said Bertie.

'Easy, we'll just not commit any more crimes. And how about the next time the alien princess is here we ask her to go and tamper with the evidence or change our fingerprints?' said Francie.

'She might be fed up of saving our asses every five minutes! Anyway, first things first we need to get rid of that laptop pronto!' said Bertie.

'Why, its under my bed in our house that nobody even knows about?' said Francie.

'I want it out my life, Francie!' said Bertie.

'Right, just let me get down first,' said Francie, and then he ended up falling in the pond and taking Bertie with him.

They went down in the lift and didn't bother getting dried yet until Francie ran and got the

laptop from under his bed and threw it in the dishwasher to be burnt away to nothing but when they opened the front it was still there.

'Maybe it's because it's not dishes?' said Bertie.

Francie did a wee dance on the spot and said, 'I'm thinking fast, and on my feet...' Then he noticed that last night's dirty dinner dishes were still on the table. He ran over and scooped a handful of left over mash and gravy and then wiped it all over the laptop's screen and keyboard and flung it back in the dish washer and slammed the door shut. This time it worked so they both went, 'Yes!' and did a high five and then headed back up to ground level and got back into their usual positions.

Then Bertie said, 'Wait, I'll go and get the memory gun just in case!' Then Francie said, 'I'll come too...' and you guessed it he fell in the pond and took Bertie with him.

'Godsake, Francie, just get back up your tree, it doesn't take two of us!' said Bertie and he went down the lift on his own and got the memory gun from under his bed.

When he got back Francie was already back hanging on the end of his branch.

'Did you get it?' asked Francie.

Bertie pointed to his hat because that's where he'd hid it under.

When Duncan came through the field with other policemen looking for the laptop he found Francie and Bertie exactly as he'd left them.

'Any joy?' asked Francie.

'No laptop yet,' said Duncan, then he noticed something about Francie and said, 'Francie, why are you dripping wet?'

'Oh, I fell in the pond trying to get out the tree too quick,' said Francie and in his mind he thought bad for telling yet another lie but then he realised it wasn't a lie, it was exactly what had happened.

'You didn't notice a laptop down there did you?'

said Duncan and then gave the rest of the policeman a look as if to say, 'This could be it, guys.' He spoke in his walkie talkie to get a policeman in scuba gear to come and have a look in the pond which he did in about 15 mins.

Bertie took his lilly pad and stood beside Francie's tree to give the police scuba diver space to get in.

Francie and Bertie put on their best faces to pretend as if they were wondering if the scuba

diver would find anything but they needn't have bothered because nobody was taking them on, all the other policeman were watching the pond. Bertie whispered to Francie, 'I hope all those fish are getting a fright with a policeman in their pond, that'll serve them right for laughing at us all the time.'

When the scuba diver came out he said there was no laptop in the pond and all the policeman where disappointed.

'It was worth a try,' said Francie.

'Yep,' said Duncan and he headed off with the rest of the policeman to look in other places.

After they were well away Francie said, 'Do you think he's suspicious?'

'I don't think so, he didn't ask us too many questions and he didn't sound very angry with us,' said Bertie.

'Well it looks like we've got off scot-free then! Peeow! Peeow!' said Francie and he pretended his hands were six-shooters.

'Here! Let's just lie low for a couple of days and not get up to mischief til this blows over,' said Bertie.

'Nae bother,' said Francie and he pretended to blow smoke off his imaginary guns and put them in imaginary holsters.

epilogue

At some point in the future the alien princess turned up and changed their fingerprints for them with a ray gun that didn't hurt so they could never be linked to the crime.

The bank robbers got caught but Duncan never found out who sent the email and had to leave the case unsolved. After the King calmed down he decided that it was actually a great idea so he started sending official emails to everyone to stay in their houses a couple of times a year, but you might read about that in another story...

THE END

Other stories I still might write -

The funny fish finger friends' fourth adventure -
the climbing frame hotel

The funny fish finger friends' fifth adventure -
the King's got no pals



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