

ARTHUR AND THE STEWPOT LID

by Skippy

I'm taken from the shelf, and put on a pot of warm stew, not minding being lifted as the contents are gently stirred. The ensuing aroma surrounds me. Aaahhhh – delicious!

Startled by the roars an ambulant elephant trying to catch a young buck about to steal away one of his harem, I am wrenched from my pot, and flung at warp speed towards a small furry creature exiting at even greater speed, followed by stentorian bellows.

And me? I gather more dents as I clang and clatter across the hard stone floor,

AARRRTHURRRRRRRRRR!!!!

Who would be a stewpot lid!!!