

The Insideouters

No 9

'Peter the Penguin Saves the Day'



Written by Keith Hegarty

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For Charlie & Mollie

See - [www.http://www.insideouters.com](http://www.insideouters.com)

In the town of Connolly, at number 4 Whitewash Road, live the Ledbetters. There is Mrs. Ledbetter



and her husband

Eric,



along with their two children, the sometimes noisy Daisy, aged 5,



and the sometimes naughty Tom, aged 6

$\frac{3}{4}$. The Ledbetters have a lazy cat called Jess.



Now, Mrs. Ledbetter knows a secret. In her kitchen Mrs.

Ledbetter has a washing machine,



just like the one in your house, but the washing machine at number 4 Whitewash Road

is a very special washing machine, because it is the home of the Insideouters, who live in the door seal, along with their best friend the Sockeater. The Insideouters and Mr. Sockeater are very difficult to see, as they are smaller than the smallest thing that you can imagine, and if you do see them, you can almost see right through them!

There is Mr. Inside,



Mrs. Outer,



their children Fluff



and Lint,

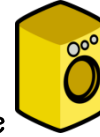


together with their very



good friend the Sockeater.

Mrs. Ledbetter knows the Insideouters live in the washing machine



because every

time she takes her washing out of the machine some of it is inside out



and every now and then a sock goes missing or

comes out of the machine with a little hole in it.

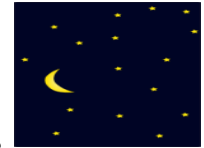


There is nothing the Insideouters enjoy more than pulling washing inside

out with their long arms, and then taking a spin, squealing in delight at the top of their voices, “Yum Yum, Spin My Tum!”



and there is nothing the Sockeater enjoys more than nibbling at a freshly washed cotton sock. Some nights,



Mrs.

Ledbetter leaves the washing machine door open and when it goes dark, and all is quiet in the kitchen, the Insideouters climb out

of the washing machine – yes, you’ve guessed it - looking for clothes to turn inside out. White wash, colour wash, delicates,

cottons, low temperature and woollen wash, the Insideouters love them all!



It was a very blustery day in Whitewash Road.



The red and gold autumnal leaves on the trees were dancing with

delight in the breeze. Jess



the cat jumped onto the lounge window sill just in time to see Bertie the Bassett hound



from number 10 Whitewash Road have his long floppy ears blown over his eyes, which made him walk into the lamp post



next to him. His owner, Mrs. Edgeware,



bent down to give him a pat on the head. "Oh dear," thought Jess



to

himself, "it is a very blustery day."



Mr. Inside was busy painting Lint's bedroom,



a job he had promised Mrs.

Inside he would do many times before. Mrs. Outer



spoke to the Sockeater. "Now, Sockeater, you know how every time

Mr. Inside gets a pot of paint



out, you cannot resist putting your hands in it and playing." "Yes," said the Sockeater, as

he looked down at his feet, a little embarrassed.



“Well,” said Mrs. Outer, “Please don’t do it today. I do not want paint



marks all over the house from your messy hands.” “Yes, Mrs. Outer,” the Sockeater



replied, “Of course not.”

and he walked sheepishly out of the kitchen. At that moment the doorbell rang ‘Ding Dong’.



“I will get it,” called out Fluff,

and she ran to the front door. “A visitor,” Mr. Inside said to himself. “I wonder who it can be?”



Fluff opened the front

door and there stood a little penguin



holding a red surfboard and a green towel. “Good morning,” said the penguin.



“Good morning,” replied Fluff.



“I am Peter Penguin, the Pool Person from Perfect Pools,” said the little penguin,

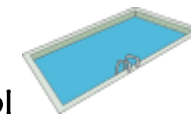


and

he handed Fluff his business card, which had a picture of a penguin



and a swimming pool



on it. “Oh,” said Fluff,

as she looked at the business card.

By this time, Mrs. Outer had arrived at the front door. “Good morning dear,” she said to Peter. “Good morning,” replied Peter,



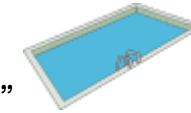
as he removed his hat in a respectful manner. “I am looking for Mr. and Mrs. Bobble,



the Tumble Dryer,

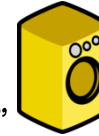


number 4 Whitewash Road; I believe you have reported a problem with your swimming pool?”



“Oh dear,” said Mrs.

Outer. “This is number 4 Whitewash Road, but this is the washing machine.”



“Oh dear,” said Fluff. “Oh dear,” said Peter,



rather sheepishly.” “And,” said Mrs. Outer, “To make matters worse, you cannot get to the Tumble Dryer



until it is

dark, as the Tumble Dryer



is a good long walk across the kitchen floor.” Fluff thought to herself, “Yes, and you will have to

walk past the scary General Waste, bin



who stands in the corner by the back door, and pass his hidden army




as well.”



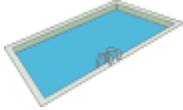
“You had better come in and have a cup of tea,”





said Mrs. Outer.

“Thank you,” said Peter, “That would be very kind.” And he stepped into the house.  As they all sat around the kitchen table

having a cup of tea,  the Sockeater asked Peter, “Is there a problem with the swimming pool in the Tumble Dryer?”

“A blocked filter, I believe,” replied Peter.  “The Bobbles  say their pool  has a lot of Fluff and Lint

floating on the surface.” Everybody laughed out loud. Peter  looked puzzled. “Was that funny?” he asked.

“Yes dear,” said Mrs. Outer. “Fluff  and Lint  are the names of these two,” and she pointed towards the

children. They all laughed out loud again and this time Peter  laughed as well. “Swimming pools  are very

technical things,” said Mr. Inside in a serious voice. “Yes,” replied Peter.  “The clever people at Perfect Pools tell me you have

to get the ph balance just right. “What is ph?” asked the Sockeater. “It stands for Perfect Holiday,”  replied Peter. 

“Oh,” said the Sockeater, “Of course it does.”

“Today must be your lucky day,” said Mrs. Outer.



“How so?” asked Peter.



“Well,” said Mrs. Outer, “Earlier, I

overheard Mrs. Ledbetter



tell Mr. Ledbetter she would be ready to leave the house in about thirty minutes as she has

to put a couple of her blouses on a rapid fourteen-minute wash -



a very rare event indeed in this house.”

“Ooooh!” they all cried out. “Oh,” said Peter.



“That means I can go surfing – yippee!” “Fluff and I have never been in a rapid

wash before,” said Lint.



“You must be very careful,” said Mr. Inside, sternly. “Not only must you watch out for Stain

Remover,



but you must also watch out for vortex currents. They appear suddenly from nowhere.



If you get sucked into

a vortex of water, it will tear you into little pieces. “What is a vortex?” asked Lint.



“A vortex,”



said Mr. Inside,

“Only occurs on a rapid wash. The water is spun around so fast it creates spinning water spouts called vortices.



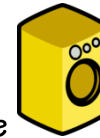
They are like little tornados but made of water.” “Oh no!” they all cried out at once. Everybody gave a little shudder.



They all lined up on the lip of the door seal, waiting for Mrs. Ledbetter to start the rapid wash. As the wash was only



fourteen minutes long, they all wanted to jump in at the start. Peter was particularly excited; it was a long time since he



had ridden his surfboard on the big waves and currents of a rapid wash. The washing machine burst into life. The



Sockeater ran up, panting for breath, and said, “I have checked very carefully; there is no Stain Remover being used.”




“Hurrah!” they all shouted, and dived into the wash. They laughed and played as the washing machine slowly built up its


speed, the waves and currents getting stronger and stronger. The Insideouters had lots of fun pulling the two blouses inside




out and then back again to the right way around. They enjoyed the ever-faster spin, spin spinning of the wash as the

washing machine  got faster and faster. Peter  kept whizzing past them all on his surfboard, grinning from ear to

ear and having the time of his life. When Peter  passed Mr. Inside for the umpteenth time, he had a serious face and

was furiously pointing behind him. Mr. Inside  looked around and saw the first of the vortices.  He was just about to tell the others to be careful when he heard a faint cry for help above the deafening noise of the water. He looked up and he saw

Fluff  being sucked into the biggest vortex he had ever seen.  Mr. Inside turned around to look for the others and he

saw Lint  moving towards his sister in an attempt to save her. “No!” shouted Mr. Inside, “You will be dragged in as well!” But Lint could not hear him above the deafening sound of the water.



Poor Fluff was sobbing and shouting louder and louder as she was sucked into the edge of the monster vortex. Mr.



Inside was just about to let go of a blouse and try to save Lint and Fluff, when he saw Mrs. Outer shoot past him and grab Lint's hand and, using all her strength, drag him away from the monster vortex. At the same time Mr. Inside thought he saw a red flash, a red blur, a red arrow that went past him, faster than the fastest thing he had ever seen. It was Peter



on his surfboard. Peter had seen Fluff getting into trouble as the monster vortex suddenly appeared next to her out of nowhere.





It was not Fluff's fault. Peter knew that to save Fluff and get her away from the iron grip of the vortex he had to






be faster than a fast thing, so he went around and around, building up speed, and when he was moving faster than a fast thing,

he let go and aimed himself straight towards the monster vortex. He went straight past Mr. Inside at the speed of an



arrow. As Peter  reached Fluff,  he turned his surfboard away from the vortex and grabbed hold tightly on

Fluff's arm, hoping he had built up enough speed to break away from the iron grip of this huge water monster.  The surfboard started to slow down as the vortex tried to pull them back inside its swirling water, but the surfboard had just about

enough speed to break free.  They all met up at the lip of the door seal. "Oh, my Fluff!" cried  Mrs. Outer, and

gave her a big hug. Mr. Inside  walked up to Peter  and said, "Thank you very much, Peter.  I don't know what I

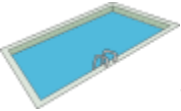


could have done; I thought my Fluff had gone forever." "My pleasure," said Peter.  "Perhaps you should wait until the children

are grown up before they go into a rapid wash again," he added. "Yes, definitely," said Mrs. Outer,  as she put her

enormously long arms around her children. “Hurrah!” they all cried out together. That evening after dinner, when it was dark, it

was time for Peter  to leave for the Tumble Dryer.  Mr. Inside gave him directions across the kitchen floor and told

Peter  he had telephoned Mr. and Mrs. Bobbles  to let them know he was coming to fix their swimming pool.

 Peter  thanked everybody for a lovely day and was just about to step into the cage  to be lowered

down to the kitchen floor to begin his long walk to the Tumble Dryer.  Mr. Inside said, “Thank you, Peter. I don’t know what

we would have done without you.” “Yes, thank you,” said Fluff,  and she gave Peter a big hug. “My pleasure,” replied Peter.

 “Thank you for an exciting day,” he added. “Don’t forget to hurry past General Waste  and do not disturb him or make

Him angry,” said the Sockeater.



Peter



laughed and replied, “I won’t,” and he stepped into the cage



and

the Sockeater lowered him slowly towards the kitchen floor. Ten minutes later, the Insideouters met up in the kitchen to

discuss the day’s adventure. The Sockeater



was telling Mrs. Outer



once again about how he had seen Peter

arrive on his surfboard like an arrow out of the sky to rescue Fluff from the monster vortex.



The Sockeater



was l

eaning with his hands flat on the kitchen table. As he raised his hands to his face, to demonstrate how frightened he was, Mrs. Outer



noticed two handprints in magnolia paint



on the kitchen table, and as the Sockeater lowered his hands, there

were two magnolia paint handprints on his face as well.





“Oh, Sockeater!” exclaimed Mrs. Outer in a loud voice. “You have been in the children’s bedrooms playing with Mr.



Inside’s paint, just when I told you not to!” and everybody laughed out loud. The Sockeater went all red in the face,

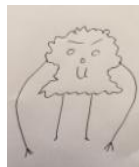
embarrassed by his antics. He apologised to Mrs. Outer. “I am very sorry,” he said. “I won’t do it again.” “Yes you will!” said Mr.



Inside, laughing. “Well, you can clean your face and this table right away,” Mrs. Outer said, laughing. “Let’s go to the lip on the door seal,” she said. “Of course,” replied the Sockeater,



sheepishly. “Oh well,” said Mrs. Outer.



“All’s well that ends well,” as she counted everybody back safely onto the lip of the door seal. “Let’s go!” called Mrs. Outer. “All



those who want a roll in the powder drawer,

follow me. It smells of Lotus Flowers today!"



said Mrs. Outer. "Yum

Yum, Spin My Tum!"



they all shouted together, as they ran off towards the powder drawer.

-The End-