

The Insideouters

No1

'Fluff has a Birthday Party'



Written by Keith Hegarty

For Charlie & Mollie

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 Ledbetter's 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 more 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 more the sockeater enjoys 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 quite 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 is a very blustery day  thought Jess, the Ledbetter’s cat  Jess was sat on the window sill looking out of the Ledbetters bedroom window. Just then, Jess looked up and saw a lot of umbrellas being blown over the roof at Number 4 Whitewash Road.



Mr. Ledbetter  had gone to work, Tom and Daisy had gone to school and Mrs. Ledbetter  had gone shopping

without putting any washing on. “Fluff, would you please come into the kitchen” called Mrs. Outer.  Fluff ran into the

kitchen  and said, “yes, Mrs. Outer?”  Mrs. Outer said, “as today is your 8th birthday and you are having a birthday party today, you will need choose your party games and the food and then choose the people from your class as school

that you would like to come to your party.”  

“Oh, no.... Boys”, Fluff said, in a loud voice, they are very rough she thought to herself. “Do we have to invite boys”, she asked Mrs. Outer. “Yes, of course”, said Mrs. Outer that is only fair.

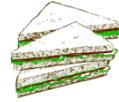
“What food would you like to give your guests?” asked Mrs. Outer. “Err..... Let me think” said Fluff and she put her hand over her

mouth to help her think hard.”  I would like egg sandwiches and birthday cake with jelly and ice cream, please”





said Fluff. “All right”, said Mrs. Outer “we will see what we can do. Now who would you like to invite”, she asked. Fluff put



her hand over her mouth again and said “now let me think, err.....” For girls, I would like my best friends, Hem and Seam, Button and Dress.” “Okay”, said Mrs. Outer. “Now, what about the boys?” she asked. “Do we have to?” moaned Fluff. “Yes we do”,



came the firm reply. “Okay”, said Fluff “then I will invite Zip, Turn-up, Pocket and Lapel.” “I think eight people for an 8th birthday party is enough”, said Mrs. Outer. “Yes”, said Fluff.



“Would you like to write out your party invitations now, here on the kitchen table?” asked Mrs. Outer. “Oh do I have to?” asked Fluff in an impatient voice. “I want to go and play.” “I am afraid so”, said Mrs. Outer, “no invitations, no party guests.”



So, Fluff sat at the kitchen table and wrote out her birthday party invitations, which read: *Dear friend, You are cordially invited to Fluff’s 8th Birthday Party held in the lip of the door seal at 3pm until 6pm today with jelly, ice cream and fun games.*



“Now, you have promised your guests games, what games would you like to play?” asked Mrs. Outer. Fluff



put her hand up to her mouth once more, she thought for a while and said “I would like a colouring corner, a Lego corner, bubbles machine and a chalk board to play with, musical chairs and pass the parcel.” 

“That’s a lot of games”, said Mrs. Outer, “we will see what we can do.” “Thank you”, said Fluff as she ran out of the kitchen with a huge smile on her face.



“Shake a leg”, Mrs. Outer said to the sockeater and Mr. Inside as they walked into the kitchen. “There is

work to do preparing for the party”, she announced. “Sockeater you are in charge of the decorations, balloons,  banners



and streamers



please and you, Mr. Inside, must organise the games.  Here is the list Fluff has made” and she passed Fluff’s list of games to him. “Oh”, said Mr. Inside, “that is a lot of work.” “Yes”, said Mrs.

Outer, “it’s a good job Mrs. Skirt, Hem’s mother, is coming to help me prepare the food.”



So off they went on their separate ways to complete their tasks.

There were one or two accidents along the way, the sockeater fell off the step ladders  when putting up the

'Happy 8th Birthday Fluff' banner and fell right on top of Mr. Inside who was setting up the colouring corner.



The sockeater also had a mishap blowing up the balloons. He filled the balloons with Helium gas from a cylinder. When he had filled the last balloon, he thought it needed a bit extra so he tried to blow into it and swallowed all the Helium.

This turned the sockeater from a sock shape to a balloon shape and he floated up to the ceiling. "Help", he cried. Mr. Inside

looked up and began laughing until tears rolled down his face.



Mr. Inside had to go and get the kitchen sweeping

broom to bring the sockeater down from the ceiling.



Once down from the ceiling, Mr. Inside had to stand behind the sockeater and press on the sockeater's tummy several times to get all the Helium gas out. "Poor sockeater", said Mrs. Outer



and Mrs. Skirt. Mr. Inside could not stop laughing.



Mr. Inside
sellotape.

had his own mishaps. He was preparing the parcel for the pass the parcel game when he covered himself in

So much so he could not move or speak. “Hmmm Hmmm”, he said with the sellotape over his mouth, “Hmmm... “



The sockeater had to find a pair of scissors to cut Mr. Inside free of the sellotape and it was then the sockeater’s turn to laugh

out loud.  Later on, in the lounge, Mr. Inside  slipped on some Lego  that Lint had left out on the floor.

Mr. Inside  fell to floor landing on his bottom upon a pin  the sockeater had accidently dropped. “Ouch”, he shouted as he leapt to his feet again. “Ouch” he cried again as the sockeater pulled the pin  out from his bottom. Tears of laughter rolled down the sockeater’s face.

“Right, that’s the food prepared”,  said Mrs. Outer to Mr. Inside. “Mrs. Skirt and I are taking Fluff and Hem shopping

for party dresses,  please stop playing around and finish these party preparations”, she said sternly. “Yes, dear”, said Mr. Inside, rather sheepishly.

At 2pm  all the preparations were finished. At 3pm  all the guests arrived and the party started. The noise in the kitchen was deafening as everybody was having a jolly good time. Fluff and Hem looked very nice in their new party dresses,

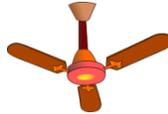


as did the other girls while all the boys had managed to wipe their hands on the front of their party clothes. They did look a mess!



The moment came for Mr. Inside to bring the magnificent birthday cake that Mrs. Outer had made into the kitchen for all to see

and taste. All eight candles were alight on top of the cake.  As Mr. Inside came rushing into the kitchen with the cake, he skidded forward on some jelly that Pocket had dropped onto the floor. The huge birthday cake left his hands, went up and

forward and hit the moving fan that was above the dining table.  The cake  went everywhere; and everyone

was covered in birthday cake. “Yum yum”, said the boys licking their lips. Mrs. Outer went very red and shouted  at the top of her voice, “Mr. Inside, that was a very bad thing to do.” Poor Mr. Inside sat down on his chair, which had a large piece of cake



on it, and put his head in his hands. “Oh my”, he said.

“What a mess”, said Mrs. Outer, “out of the kitchen, all of you”, she said, “while I clean up. “ If you want a job doing properly you must do it yourself”, she said. “Next year, I will bring the cake in”. “Yes”, said Mrs. Skirt, “let’s get the children cleaned up



and have a game of hide and seek.” So they all trooped off to the bathroom to get clean. Mr. Inside and the sockeater closed their eyes and counted to twenty as the children ran to hide. Mr. Inside and the sockeater had great fun for the next half an hour looking for all the children here there and everywhere and they found them all...at least they thought they



had found them all. As everybody stood in the kitchen having a drink of orange juice and waiting to collect their

party bags full of cake, sweets and toys, Mrs. Skirt suddenly asked, “where is Hem?” Everybody looked around, but they could not see Hem. “Goodness gracious”, said Mrs. Outer, “she must still be hiding.” “We must find her immediately”, said Mr. Inside.



They all left the kitchen shouting “HEM,HEM”, but there was no reply. Mrs. Skirt began to cry. “Oh my dear Hem, where is she?”, she cried.



The sockeater went to look once again in the bedrooms. As he entered Mr. Inside’s bedroom he heard a very quite snore-like noise... zzzzzz....zzzzzz. “What is that noise?” he asked himself, “it seems to be coming from the wardrobe.” He walked over to the wardrobe, opened the doors and there was Hem safe and sound, fast asleep in the corner. He picked up Hem in his short

arms and carried her into the kitchen.



“Oh Hem”, said Mrs. Skirt, “You gave us all a terrible fright.” “No harm done”,

said Mrs. Outer.



“Sorry”, said Hem, “I just fell asleep.” “Never mind”, said Mr. Inside, and a very relieved Mrs. Skirt gave Hem a very big motherly hug.

Once all the lip of the seal was tidy once more and the all the party guests had left, saying thank you for a wonderful party, the

Insideouters gathered together in the kitchen. “Oh well”, said Mrs. Outer,



“what a day. Still, all’s well that ends well.”

“It was a perfect 8th birthday”, said Fluff



“Thank you very much.”



They all laughed out aloud. Mr. Inside gave a

large smile, showing all his nibbly teeth.



“All those who want a roll in the powder draw,



follow me, it smells of

strawberries today”,



said Mrs. Outer. “Yum Yum Spin My Tum”,



they all shouted together as they ran off towards the powder draw.

-The End-

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