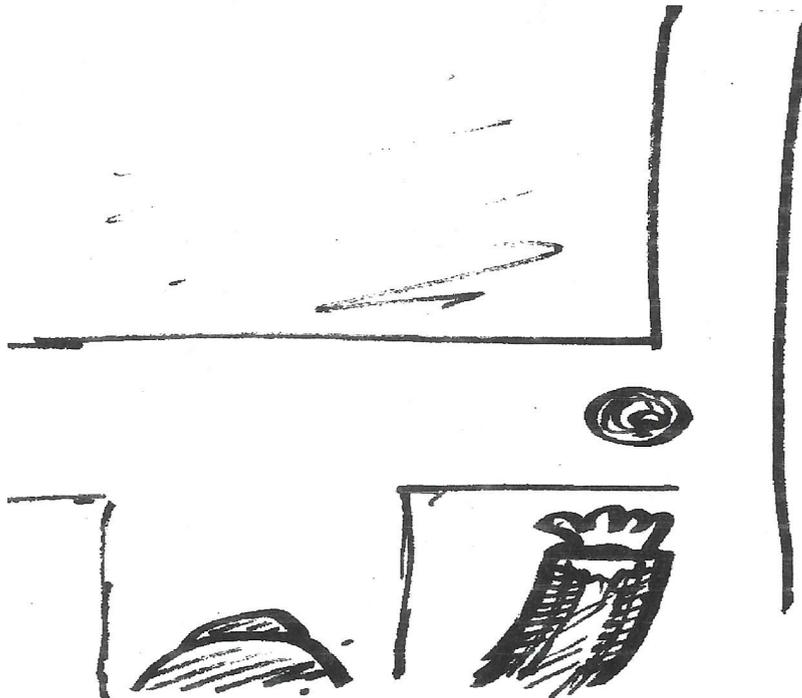


Tom and the Teenage Mutant Coastguard Life-Boats.

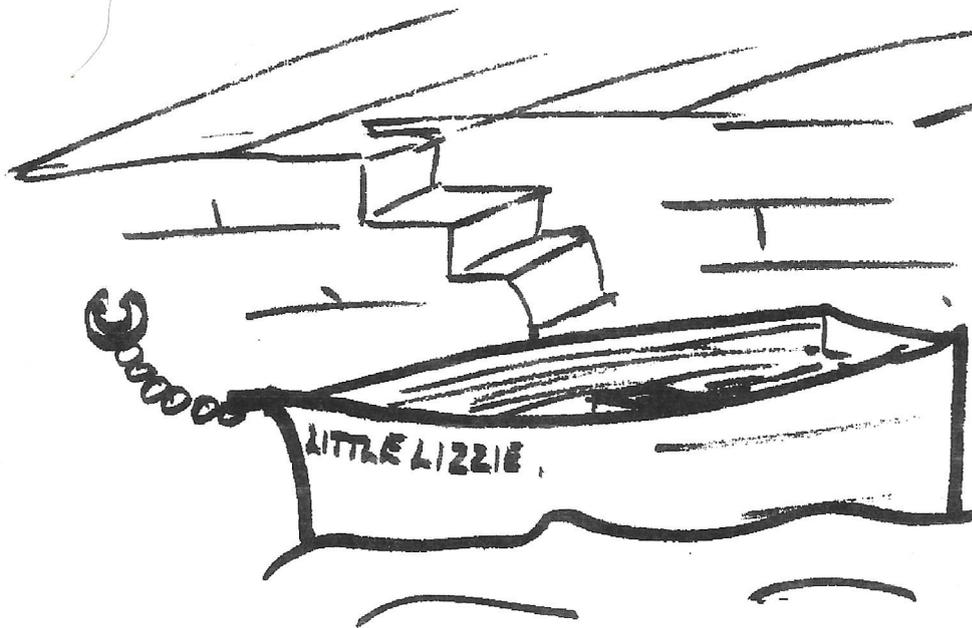
Tom was a coastguard. Not a real one, because he was a little bit small. In fact when he stretched up as high as he could manage, he could only just reach the back door handle.



Being small doesn't really matter when you are only three.

What does matter is that you have your own boat in the back garden.

Tom's boat was the Little Lizzie and Tom had already saved a thousand people from drowning. He thought it was a thousand, but numbers are a bit difficult when you can only count to ten.



Tom sailed the Little Lizzie through rain and storm. He sailed in the snow and the hail. He sailed when the tide was high, and the tide was low. (As long as mummy said that it was warm enough to play in the back garden.)

Through the dangerous waters all the way from the Heli's Kennel Harbour to the Sand Pit Straits, Tom would sail in search of the Evil-Windsurfers.

Cuthbert Coastguard was Tom's first Mate. He was normally rather quiet but he sat in the boat and only sometimes fell on his nose.



When this happened, Tom would say " Silly Cuthbert" and throw him over board. Cuthbert didn't mind. At least he never said that he minded.

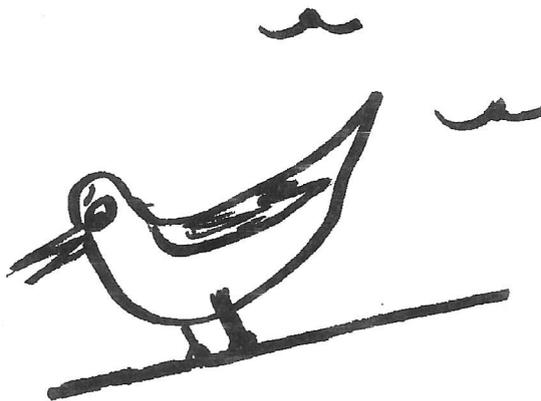
Sometimes Tom would go fishing. He didn't catch much. Once he thought that he caught a cold but it got away.

One day Tom sat Cuthbert at the front of the boat, and cast off from Heli's Kennel Harbour. The sea

was green, except for a muddy patch near the gate where Bronte the Dog-fish had been digging last week before the Boss-(Daddy)-Coastguard had shouted at him.

“All Aboard” shouted Tom. It was a little late to shout this as they had already left the shore.

“Hold Tight, Cuthbert” he said, but Cuthbert wasn’t listening. He was trying hard not to fall on his nose.



A steady breeze blew down the side of the house. The sea-gulls flew overhead or sat on the washing line.

“It’s good weather for the Evil-

Windsurfers. Keep your eyes open, Cuthbert” said Tom. Cuthbert nodded. He had to keep his eyes open. His eyes wouldn’t shut.

Suddenly on the horizon, Tom saw a sail.



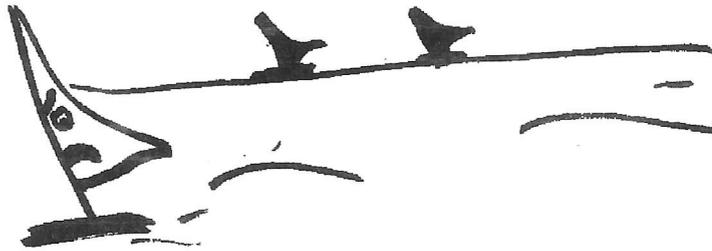
He saw another sail. That was two sails. He saw another sail. That was three sails. He saw another sail. That was more!

“A Ha!” said Tom.

Cuthbert thought it was ‘a sail’ but he wasn’t going to argue.

The sails were getting closer. They looked bigger. In fact they looked very big. Almost as big as the back door!

“It’s the whole fleet of Evil-Windsurfers”



said Tom.

“That was what I was thinking,” thought Cuthbert, and fell on his nose.

“Silly Cuthbert!” said Tom. “I haven’t got time to throw you in the water now! Get up at once!”

Tom looked back towards the shore. It was a long way away. Far too far to go back. He looked at Cuthbert.

“You put your jumper on back to front!”

said Tom. He sat Cuthbert up in the front of the boat. He sat him up looking backwards. "That way the Evil-Windsurfers will think that you are facing them" said Tom. Cuthbert did not disagree.



The Evil-Windsurfers came closer. They didn't look very friendly at all. One was frowning.



Another was shouting rude things like "I don't clean my teeth before I go to bed!" One looked very angry indeed. His sail had been torn and mended with another piece of material in a big cross. He was a real Cross Patch. Then a very big

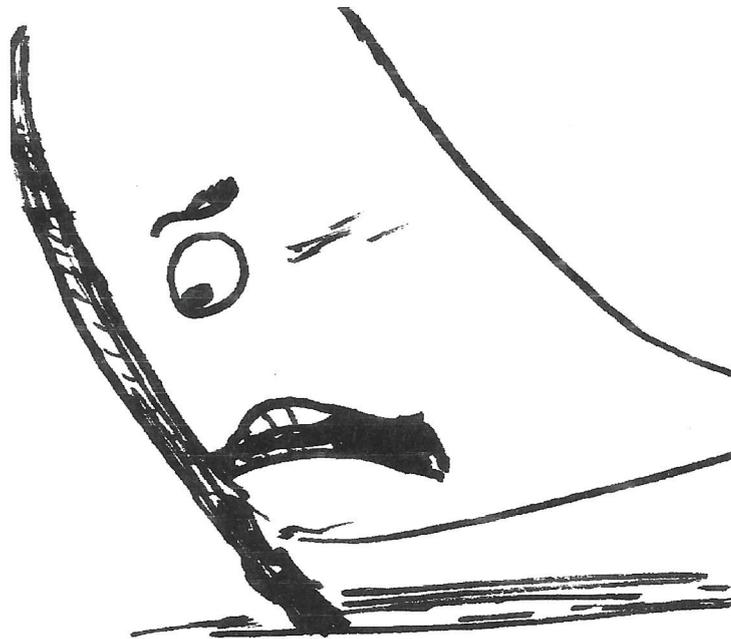
Windsurfer appeared.

“He must be the leader,” thought Tom. Sure enough, around his mast there was at least one dog lead, as well as the chain from the kennels.

“They all look very evil” thought Cuthbert. “I think I may be safer down here”. He slid off the seat onto his nose.

“It looks as though will have to deal with this on my own” thought Tom.

He looked around. The Evil-Windsurfers were circling slowly.



“I hate Coastguards,” said the first windsurfer.

“I am very cross” said Cross-Patch.

“I throw my dinner on the floor,” said Rude. “Sometimes I even spit!”

Even the Evil-Windsurfers all looked at Rude.

“Well, I think about spitting” said Rude.

The Evil-Windsurfers circled Tom again.

The Evil-Windsurfers waited for their leader to say something. They take their lead from him. He took it back, and held onto the kennel chain as well.

“You cannot get away from us” said the Evil-Windsurfer leader.

“I’m not afraid of you,” said Tom.

Just then Bronte the Dog-fish swam up the garden path.



“Ha! Ha! Got you!” said the Evil-Windsurfer leader. And sure enough he had put his lead

around Bronte's collar. "Now all I have to do is tie the kennel chain to the Little Lizzie and we can take you all back to our Evil-Windsurfer Boathouse"

Tom fought bravely, but there were lots of Evil-Windsurfers and he was only small. He soon found himself being towed towards Dustbin Cove.

"You may have captured me," he shouted to the Evil-Windsurfers, "but you will never beat a coastguard"

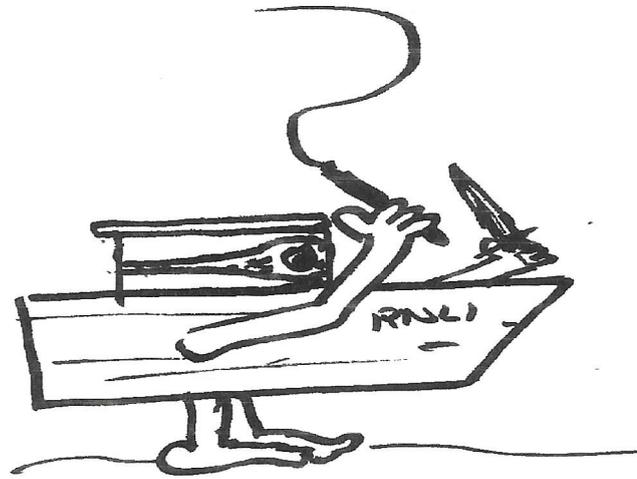


"I think we need a little bit of help," thought Cuthbert, as he bumped his nose again.

"Silly Cuthbert!" said Tom, but he didn't throw him overboard.

Meanwhile, deep within the deep green sea, somebody had heard Cuthbert's thoughts.

As the Little Lizzie neared Dustbin Cove, a small lifeboat popped out of the flower bed. It had the letters RNLi written on its side. It had a whip in one hand and a sword in the other. It was wearing a mask over its eyes on the cabin.



Just then, another life-boat popped up close by.

“Hello. I’m Li-Lo” said the first boat. “And I’m Water-Wings” said the other.

“I’m Life-Jacket” said a third who suddenly appeared from behind a water daffodil.

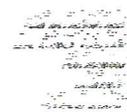
“And I’m late” said a fourth, who ran up out of breath.

“Oh No!” said the leader of the Evil-Windsurfers. “Not the Teenage Mutant Coastguard Life-Boats!”



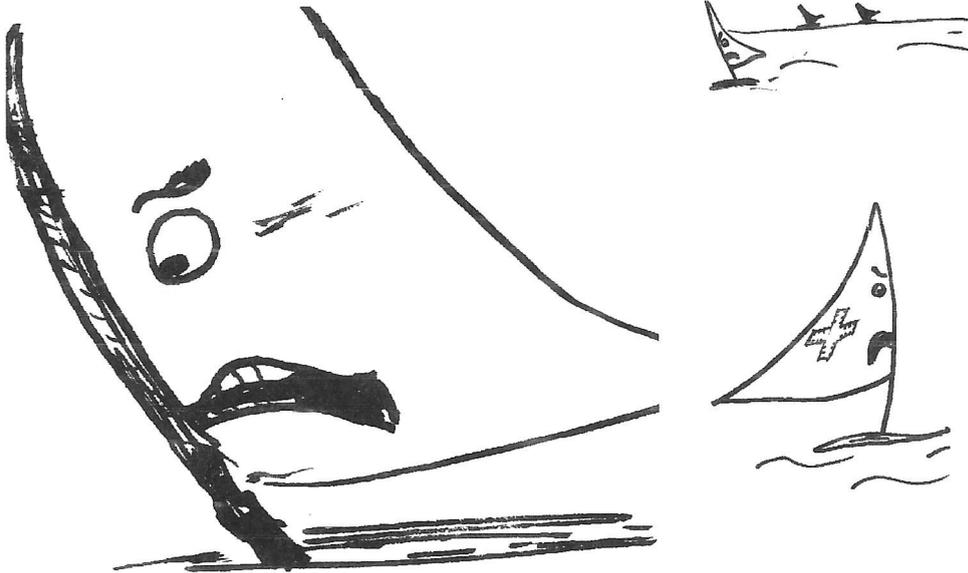
“Yes,” said the Life-boats together, “All for one and tea for two .”

“We may have to work on that one ” said Tom. “Now, all together. Lets chase



those Evil-Windsurfers and drop their sails.”

A mighty battle followed. Leader was no match for the Life-boats even with his lead. Rude shouted until his throat was sore, but his words just bounced off Li-Lo. “All that hot air won’t effect me” said Li-Lo. “I’m made of Rubber”. Bronte the Dog-Fish ran in circles and barked a lot.



One by one the sails of each Evil-Windsurfer were pulled down. Even Cross-patch finally had his torn sail removed.

“Help. We’ll sink” said the Evil-Windsurfers.

“Not while we are here” said Life-Jacket and Water-Wings. “It’s our job to keep you afloat.”

So Tom the Coastguard led the captured band of Evil-Windsurfers back to Heli's Kennel Harbour together with the Teenage Mutant Coastguard Life-Boats, and kept the sea safe forever.

"All for one and Tea for Two" shouted the lifeboats. "Hooray for Coastguard Tom".

"Well tea for me anyway, I hope" said Tom. He looked at Cuthbert still lying on his nose.

"Silly Cuthbert!" he said. And he threw him overboard.

