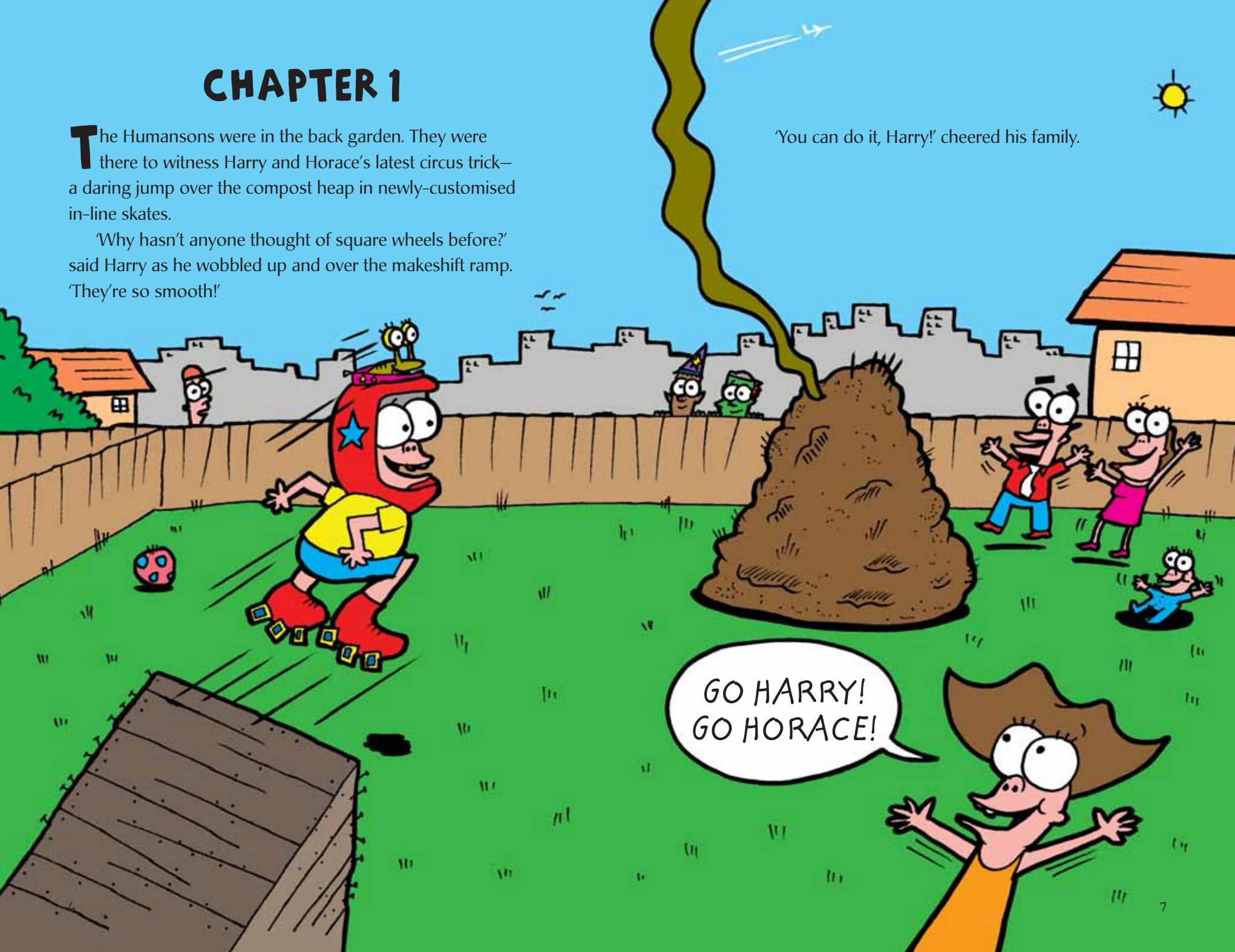


CHAPTER 1

The Humansons were in the back garden. They were there to witness Harry and Horace's latest circus trick—a daring jump over the compost heap in newly-customised in-line skates.

'Why hasn't anyone thought of square wheels before?' said Harry as he wobbled up and over the makeshift ramp. 'They're so smooth!'

'You can do it, Harry!' cheered his family.



GO HARRY!
GO HORACE!

In case you haven't already noticed, the Humansons are really, really, REALLY stupid. Mr Humanson had customised the in-line skates by adding square stunt wheels made out of a bit of TV aerial, some sticky tape and an old biscuit.

Humanson-designed, Humanson-built, Humanson-installed . . . and now ridden by a Humanson!

Harry did a 360-degree cartwheel into the sky (which wasn't planned), and then started plummeting down, at high speed, in the direction of the garden compost heap!

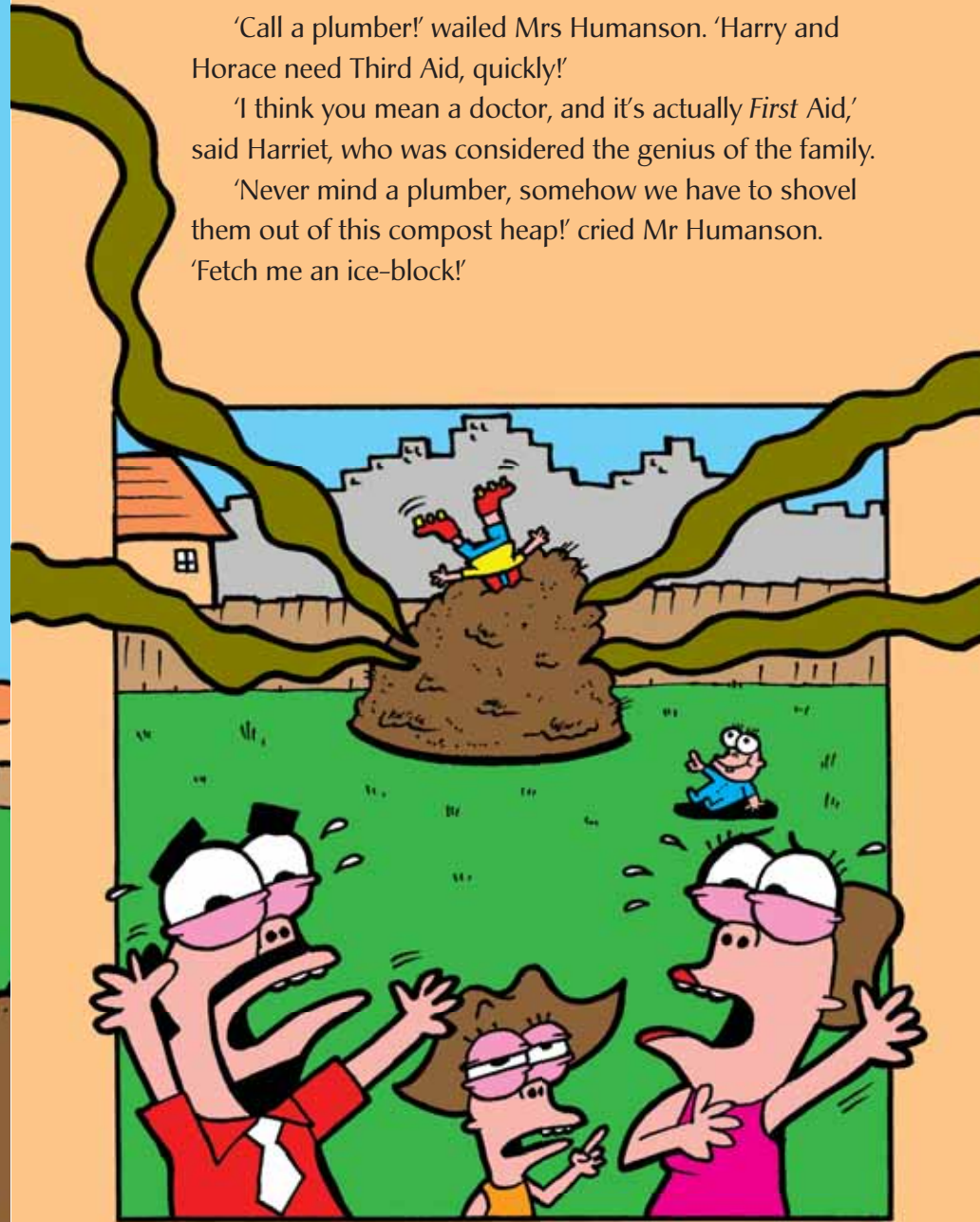
With a loud SQUELCH Harry and Horace landed head-first into the reeking pile of kitchen leftovers!



'Call a plumber!' wailed Mrs Humanson. 'Harry and Horace need Third Aid, quickly!'

'I think you mean a doctor, and it's actually *First Aid*,' said Harriet, who was considered the genius of the family.

'Never mind a plumber, somehow we have to shovel them out of this compost heap!' cried Mr Humanson. 'Fetch me an ice-block!'





Despite Mr and Mrs Humanson's frantic digging with melting ice-blocks, Harriet eventually found a garden spade and dug Harry out herself. The family were delighted he'd survived his ordeal.

'I'm perfectly fine,' he said, shaking off a rotten orange peel and examining his wrecked skates. 'I knew that a square was the wrong shape for a wheel—everyone knows that wheels should be triangular!'



'Of course!' said Mr Humanson. 'How stupid of me!
I'll make new ones for you right away!'

Then Harry suddenly remembered his co-rider.

