

ANDERSON. Do I nick, Tibbut?

TIBBUT. You do.

ANDERSON. Get knotted.

MR FARTHING. All right, all right, I'm not interested in what he does, out of school hours as long as he doesn't come into class smoking a fag. Right then, now all these are facts about Anderson but they're not particularly interesting facts. Perhaps Anderson can tell us something about himself that is interesting. A *really* interesting fact.

PUPILS (*picking up on something sordid or sexual*). Woooo!

MR FARTHING. Quietly now. Quietly!

ANDERSON. I don't know owt, sir.

MR FARTHING. Anything at all, Anderson. *Something* that's happened to you, which sticks in your mind. *What* about when you were little?

ANDERSON. There's summat, but it's nowt *though*, sir.

MR FARTHING. It must be interesting if *you* remember it.

ANDERSON. It was a joke really.

MR FARTHING. Well tell us, and we'll *all* have a laugh, then.

ANDERSON. Well, it was when I was a *kid*. I was at Junior School, I think, or somewhere like *that*, and we went down to Fowler's Pond, me and this other *kid*. Reggie Clay they called him. He didn't come to this school. He and his family did a flit and went away somewhere. *Anyway*, it was Spring, tadpole time, and it was *swarming* with tadpoles there in the Spring. The edges of the Pond were black with 'em, and me and Reggie started to catch 'em. It was easy. All you did was put your hands together and scoop a handful of water and you'd got a *handful* of tadpoles.

Anyway we were mucking about with 'em, picking 'em up and chucking 'em back in t' pond and things, and we were on about taking some home, but we'd no jam jars. So this kid, Reggie, says, 'Take your wellingtons off and put some in there. They'll be all right till we get home.' So, I take 'em off and put water in 'em and I says to this kid 'Let's have a

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Pause

MR FAI
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competition, you have one wellington and I'll have t' other, and we'll see who can get most in.' So he starts to fill one wellington and I start to fill t' other. We must have been at it for hours, and they get thicker and thicker, until at the end there was no water left in 'em, they're just jam-packed with tadpoles:

You ought to have seen 'em, all black and shining, right up to t' top. When we'd finished we dipped our fingers into 'em and kept whipping 'em at each other, all shouting and excited like. Then this kid says to me 'I bet you daren't put one on.' And I says, 'I bet *you* daren't.' So, we say we'll *both* put one on. We wouldn't though. We kept reckoning to, then running away. So we toss a coin and him who lost has to do it first. And I lost. And, oh, and you'd to take your socks off as well. That were part of the dare. So, I take me socks off, and I'm looking at this wellington full of tadpoles, and this kid keeps saying 'Go on then. You're frightened. You're frightened.' I was an' all.

Anyway I shut my eyes and start to put one foot in t' live jelly. They're freezing cold. And my foot goes right down and they all come over t' top of my wellington and as I get my foot to t' bottom I can feel 'em all squashing about between my toes. Anyway, I've done it, and I says to this kid 'You put yourn on now.' But he won't. He's dead scared. So I put it on instead. I'd got used to it by then. It's all right after a bit. It sends your legs all exciting and tingly like. When I get 'em both on I walk up to this kid, waving my arms and making spook noises. And as I walk the tadpoles all come squelching over the tops again and run down t' sides. This kid looks frightened to death. He keeps looking down at my wellingtons so I run at him and they all spurt up my legs. You ought to see him. He just screams out and runs skriking home. When he'd gone it was the funniest feeling. Standing there, all quiet, with nobody else, up to my knees in tadpoles.

Pause.

MR FARTHING. Very good, Anderson. Thank you. Now has anyone else got anything interesting to tell us?