The Insideouters

No 4

‘The Insideouters Take a Holiday’

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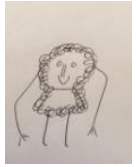
For Charlie & Mollie

See - www.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 ¾. 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!!!

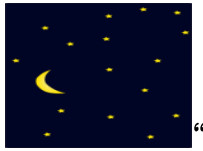
There is Mr. Inside, Mrs. Outer, their children Fluff  and Lint together with their very good friend the sockeater.

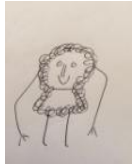
Mrs. Ledbetter knows the Insideouters live in the washing machine because every time she takes her washing out of the machine some of it is inside out and every now and then a sock goes missing or comes out of the machine with a little hole in it.

There is nothing 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!!!!

One dark morning, Mrs. Outer awoke and thought to herself, it is time for a holiday. Mrs. Outer knew this as the days were short and the nights were long.  "Mr. Inside", she announced, walking into the kitchen. "Yes", Mr. Inside replied as he looked up from eating his breakfast cereal. "It is time we had a holiday", she proclaimed in a grand voice.

"And when would you like to go on this holiday, Mrs. Outer?", Mr. Inside replied. "Today", replied Mrs. Outer in a matter of fact voice. Mr. Inside nearly choked on his breakfast cereal. "Today", he cried, "I will have to get organised". "Fluff and Lint", he shouted in his loudest voice, pack your bags, we are going on holiday". "Hurrah", shouted Fluff and Lint and ran to their bedrooms to pack as quickly as they could. 

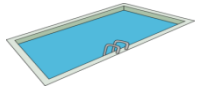
"Do not forget to tell the sockeater", said Mrs. Outer as she left the kitchen to pack her own holiday bags.

The Insideouters. –Take A Holiday

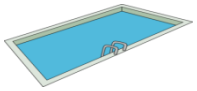
When the Insideouters go on holiday they visit the tumble dryer at the far end of the kitchen to see Mrs. Outer's cousin,

Mrs. Bobble, and her husband Mr. Bobble with their two children, a boy, named Blue thread and a girl named

Turquoise thread. The tumble dryer was the perfect holiday destination for the Insideouters. I was always warm at

this time of year and there was a swimming pool  at the bottom of the dryer. This was really the condensation tray where all the water from the air was collected.

The tumble dryer was also good because, if they became homesick, they could always go for a warm and spin tumble in the

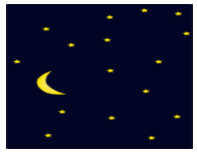
dryer. But you had to be careful when using the swimming pool  as Mr. Ledbetter would occasionally

come and open the dryer, remove the tray and pour the water down the kitchen sink. Some years ago, Mrs. Bobble's Great Uncle Fredrick was sadly lost in this manner, while taking his morning swim.

There was one part of the holiday that Mr. Inside and the sockeater were not too keen on. To reach the tumble dryer, they

had to wait for darkness, lower themselves to the kitchen floor in the cage they had made from cotton

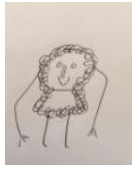
threads found in the door seal many years ago and make the long walk from the washing machine to the tumble dryer.

When you are the size of the Insideouters, this walk took at least four hours in the dark,  being exposed and out in the open on the kitchen floor. The most dangerous part of the journey, which would never be attempted if the Ledbetter's cat Jess was left in the kitchen overnight, was walking past the back door and the large black bin that stood next to it. If there was a strong draft coming through under the door, you could get blown away across the kitchen and easily be lost or hurt. The black bin had a grand name, 'General Waste'. They knew this was his name as it was on the front of the bin. Mr. Inside and the sockeater had many hours' discussion each year trying to figure out where the General's army was hidden. If the bin was General Waste, and clearly it was, then it would follow that the General must have an army and that army must be hidden away somewhere, as they could not see it. So they crept past the bin silently, not wishing to upset the General and, as such, he would not set his hidden army upon them on their way to and from the tumble dryer.

That night, when the Ledbetters had gone to bed and Jess the cat had been put out into the back garden, the Insideouters all met up on the door seal at the open front door of the washer, with their holiday bags.

The sockeater let Mr. Inside, Mrs. Outer, Fluff and Lint and his bag down to the kitchen floor in the cage. After pulling up the cage, he then joined them on the kitchen floor by sliding down the cage rope thread.

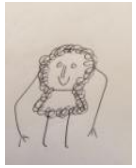
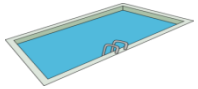
To get back into the washing machine, Mr. Inside would climb up the rope thread with his enormously long arms and then let down the cage and wind them all back up to the door seal at the open door of the washing machine.

The long journey to the tumble dryer proved uneventful apart from Fluff and Lint  continually asking "are we there yet? Are we there yet?" and there was a moment of terror for them all when they saw a light come on under the door to the lounge, but it went off a few minutes later with no one coming into the kitchen.

Walking past the back door, Fluff was blown off her feet twice and, when walking past the bin, Lint burst into tears, worried that the hidden army would suddenly appear and carry them all away.

The Insideouters where greeted as warmly as always by Mr. and Mrs. Bobble and their children Turquoise and Blue.

They enjoyed having visitors as they knew visitors meant FUN for all.

The holiday went splendidly; Fluff,  Lint and the threads were great friends and spent their days in and out of the swimming pool,  laughing and joking and eating ice cream and, when they were worn out and the tumble dryer was switched on, they all went for a sleep in the lip of the door seal. 'Heat Bathing', they called it. This is very similar to sun bathing; only you don't turn red or get burned. You just get very very hot.

The Bobbles, Mr. Inside, Mrs. Outer and the sockeater enjoyed lazy days eating good food, heat bathing, chatting about old times and times to come; occasionally, they went for swim, just to keep an eye on the children.

Every now and then, when the dryer was switched on, they would all meet up on the lip of the door seal and go for a nice warm tumble together.

At breakfast, on the morning of day fourteen, Mr. Inside stood up and announced in a sad voice, "I am sorry to

say that today is the last day, of our holiday, tomorrow we must return home to the washing machine." Everybody instantly felt sad.

"I know", said Mrs. Bobble, wanting to cheer everybody up, "let's have a picnic

in the fluff of the filter below the door." "Hurrah", they all cried.

Mrs. Bobble and Mrs. Outer

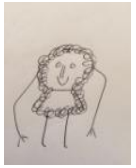
prepared the picnic

while Mr. Bobble,

Mr. Inside

and the sockeater

debated what was the safest route to the filter and whether it would it be full of fluff when they arrived or not. They all hoped so. One thing they had to be careful of was that they did not lose their daughter, Fluff,



as she would easily stick to fluff in the filter and get lost, possibly thrown away forever when Mrs. Ledbetter

came to clean the filter.

So, off they went for the filter picnic, happy as sunbeams. Everybody had a great day; they played and laughed and ate too much. Fluff only got stuck twice. What a brilliant day, they all thought.

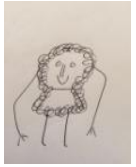
As night fell, they all watched from the lip of the open door seal of the tumble dryer as Jess the cat was put out into the back garden for the night and they waited a while longer. The house had been in silence for about an hour when Mr. Inside

said, "time to go children, say your goodbyes." There were some tears from the children at parting and Mrs. Outer

was also sad. "Never mind", said Mrs. Bobble with a tear in her eye. "You are all welcome back next time". Mr. Inside

formally thanked Mr. Bobble for a lovely holiday, then Mr. Bobble, with the help of Blue, lowered them all to the

kitchen floor in the cage. With a heavy heart, they started the long walk back to the washing machine. In silence,

they rushed past 'General Waste' and the back door without incident. Fluff  and Lint were silent, no

longer asking “are we there yet?” The party was about ten minutes from the washing machine when the sockeater broke the silence and said “I am sure I have just seen a glint of light in that corner.”

Sockeater pointed to the left-hand corner of the kitchen, which was in front of them. “Did I?” he thought to himself.

“We are nearly home now”, said Mr. Inside. "There it is again”, said the sockeater, and they all stopped and looked.

“Yes”, said Mrs. Outer, “I see it too.”

Out of the shadows and into the moonlight cast upon the kitchen floor appeared a spider. To you and I the spider was no bigger than a one pound coin. To the Insideouters it was HUGE; a monster that was headed in their direction.

The light the sockeater had seen was the moonlight glinting off the spider’s eight massive eyes. Eyes that all moved together as one,

and now they were looking directly at the Insideouters.

Mrs. Outer let out a shriek. “Oh my heavens”, she cried. Mr. Inside pushed the children forward and shouted “run, run for your lives.” They all ran as fast as they could, carrying their bags towards the washing machine and the spider just stood there staring at them with their reflections in all of his horrible eight gleaming eyes.

“I will run ahead and get the cage”, shouted Mr. Inside in a breathless manner. Nobody replied to him and he sped up to get ahead of the rest. As if the spider had heard him, it began to move very slowly towards them. “It’s…..coming … to…. get ….us…. run…. faster”, panted the sockeater and Fluff let out a little scream.

By this time, Mr. Inside had reached the washing machine and was halfway up the thread rope towards the cage.

The spider kept moving slowly but surely towards them as the Insideouters reached the washing machine. “Hurry”,

Mr. Inside called down to Mrs. Outer. “The Spider is nearly upon us.” Mr. Inside had reached the door seal and was winding the cage down towards them. Now, Lint had seen some breadcrumbs just under the washing machine and, to him, they were like rocks and stones. So, he picked up a handful and started throwing them at the spider.

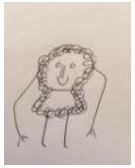
The others saw what he was doing and followed his example. A hail of rocks and stone fell upon the spider’s head and he stopped walking towards them.

“Keep on throwing”, cried the sockeater. The spider took a step backwards as the cage arrived on the kitchen floor.

“Get in”, called down Mr. Inside from the door seal, “I will wind you up.” . So they all jumped into the cage.

As the Insideouters all jumped into the cage, the rocks stopped hitting the spider, and it started moving

forward towards them again, this time at a faster pace, and Mr. Inside began to wind up the cage with his enormously long arms, upwards towards the door seal.

He wound the cage up faster than ever before. His enormously long arms where straining from the effort. The spider reached the bottom of the washing machine and Fluff  began to cry. "Oh my", said Mrs. Outer as the spider stood on its back legs and tried to reach the cage with its sharp pincers. Fortunately, the cage had been wound up far enough towards the door seal for the spider to just miss the bottom of it.

Mr. Inside did not like to say so, but he knew spiders could climb; so, he wound the cage up faster and faster.

The cage finally reached the door seal and they all got out and ran for the safety of the lip.

”The spider did not follow us”, said Mr. Inside as he looked back. “Thankfully, we are all safe now”, said sockeater. “Well done, Lint”, said Mrs. Outer. “if we had not thrown those stones, goodness knows what would have happened to us.” “Yes, well done, Lint”, the others all cried out. A big beaming smile came to Lint’s face.

“Well, that was a near miss and no mistake”, said Mrs. Outer. “Yes”, said Mr. Inside, “we will have to think about going on holiday again; the journey seems to be too dangerous”, he said.

The sockeater and Fluff nodded in agreement. “Never mind”, said Mrs. Outer, “all’s well that ends well.”

“All those who want a roll in the softener draw, follow me, it smells of lemons today”, said Mrs. Outer. “Yum Yum Spin My Tum”, they all shouted together as they ran off towards the softener draw.

-The End-

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