The Dims



Derek
Dad

Doris
Mum

Anna

Darren

Roy

Ray

Derek's Story

David Jaundrell

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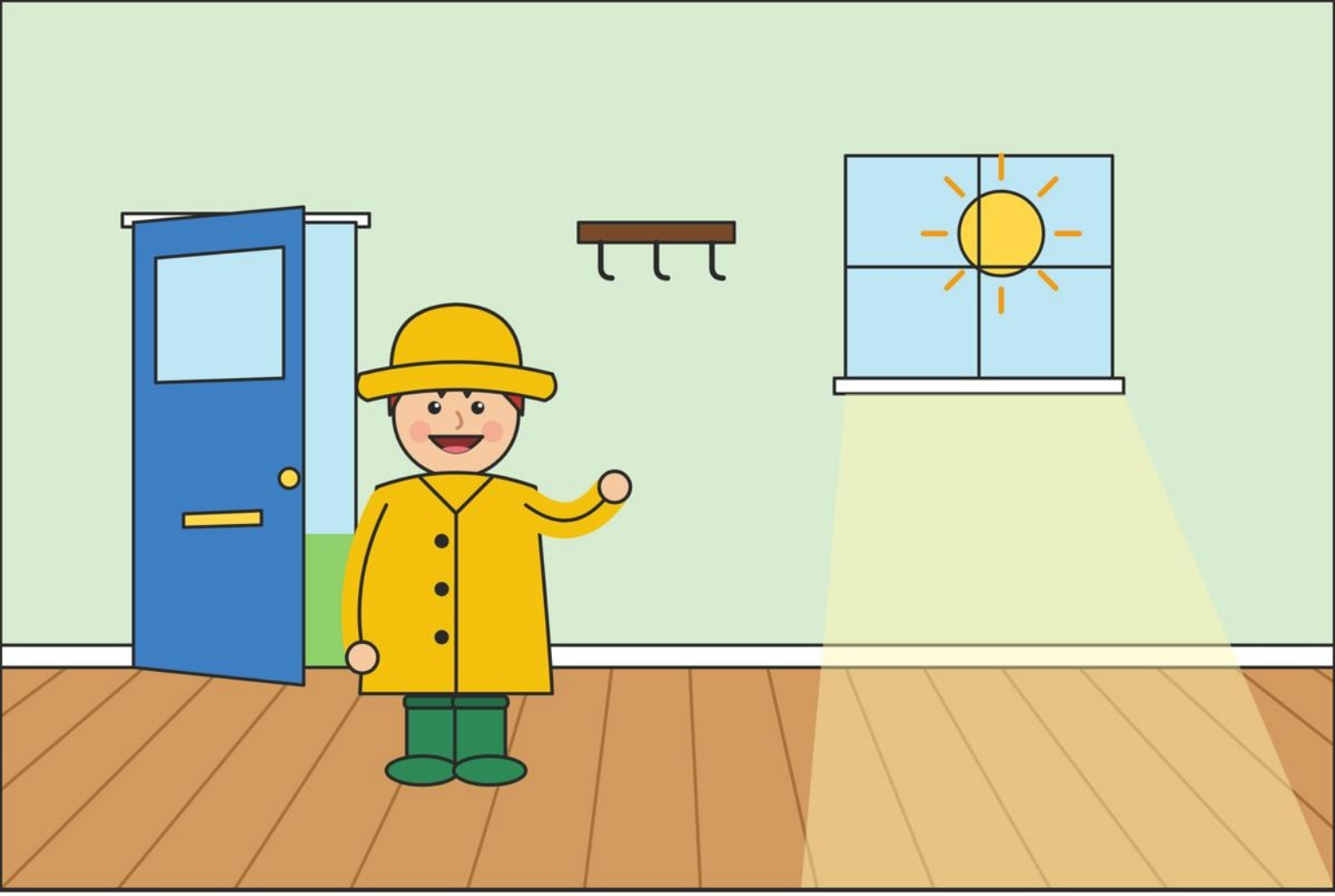
Derek was in the kitchen watching Doris cooking the Sunday meal.

‘Derek,’ said Doris, ‘go to the shop and get me some more potatoes, please.’

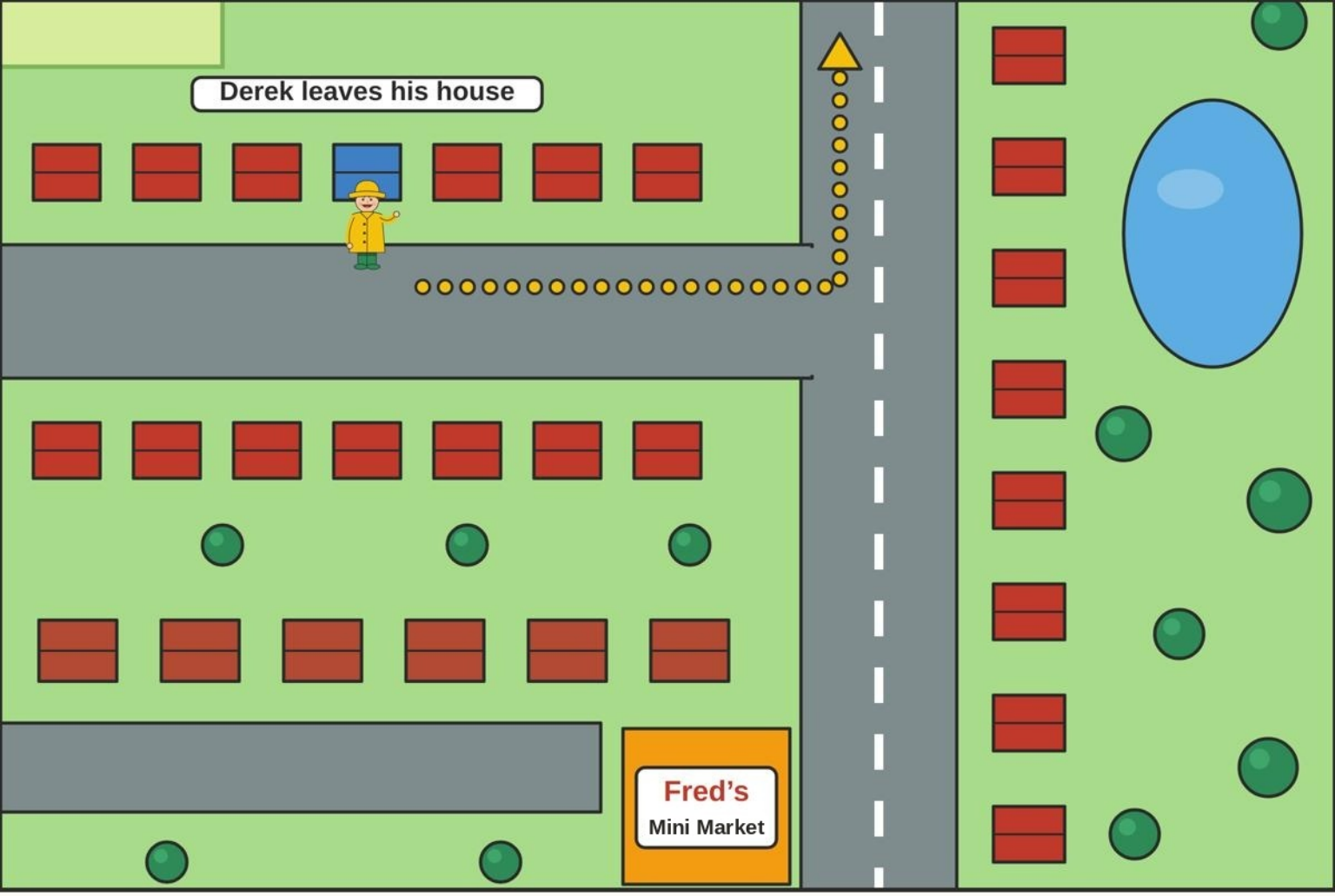
‘Which shop?’ said Derek.

‘Fred’s Mini Market at the end of the road,’ replied Doris.

‘Ok,’ said Derek.



‘Off we go then,’ said Derek. ‘Won’t take long.’



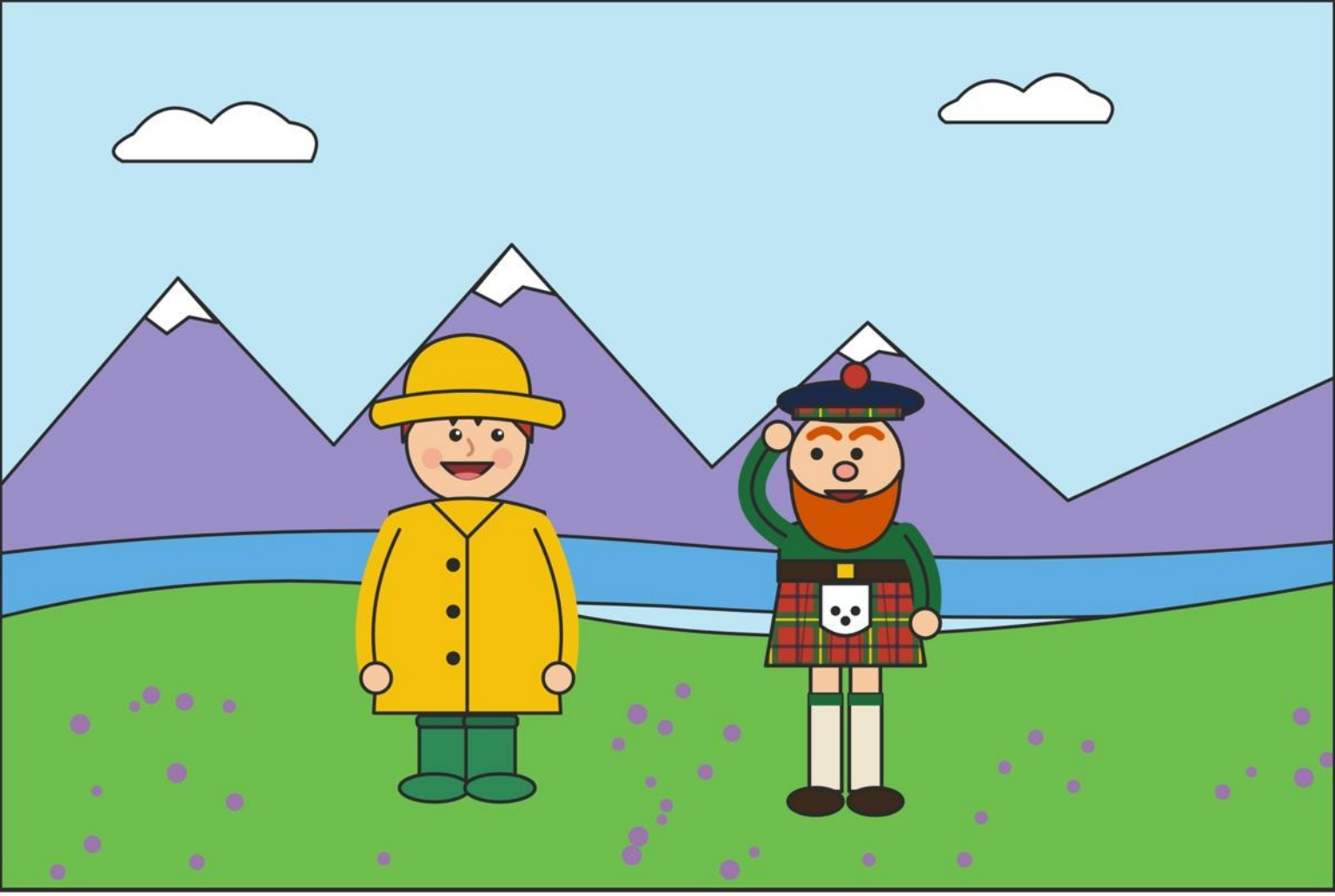
But instead of turning right to Fred's, Derek turned left…



And Derek walked, and walked, and walked…

looking for Fred’s Mini Market…

until he ended up in Scotland.



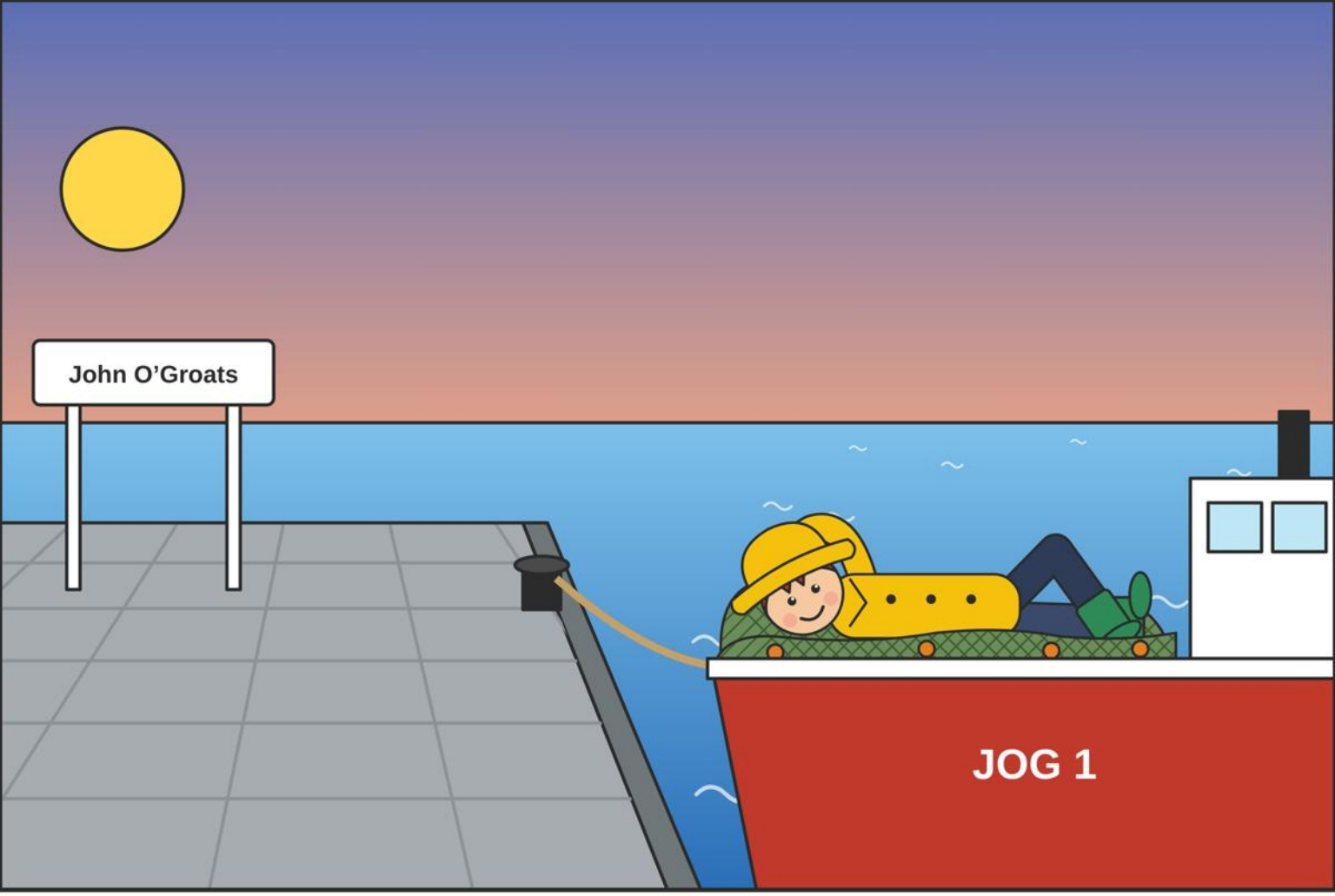
‘Excuse me,’ said Derek, ‘do you know where Fred’s Mini Market is?’

‘Eeeee, laddie,’ said the Scotsman, ‘I dinnaaaa knoooow.

Maybeee it’s farther ooooooon?’



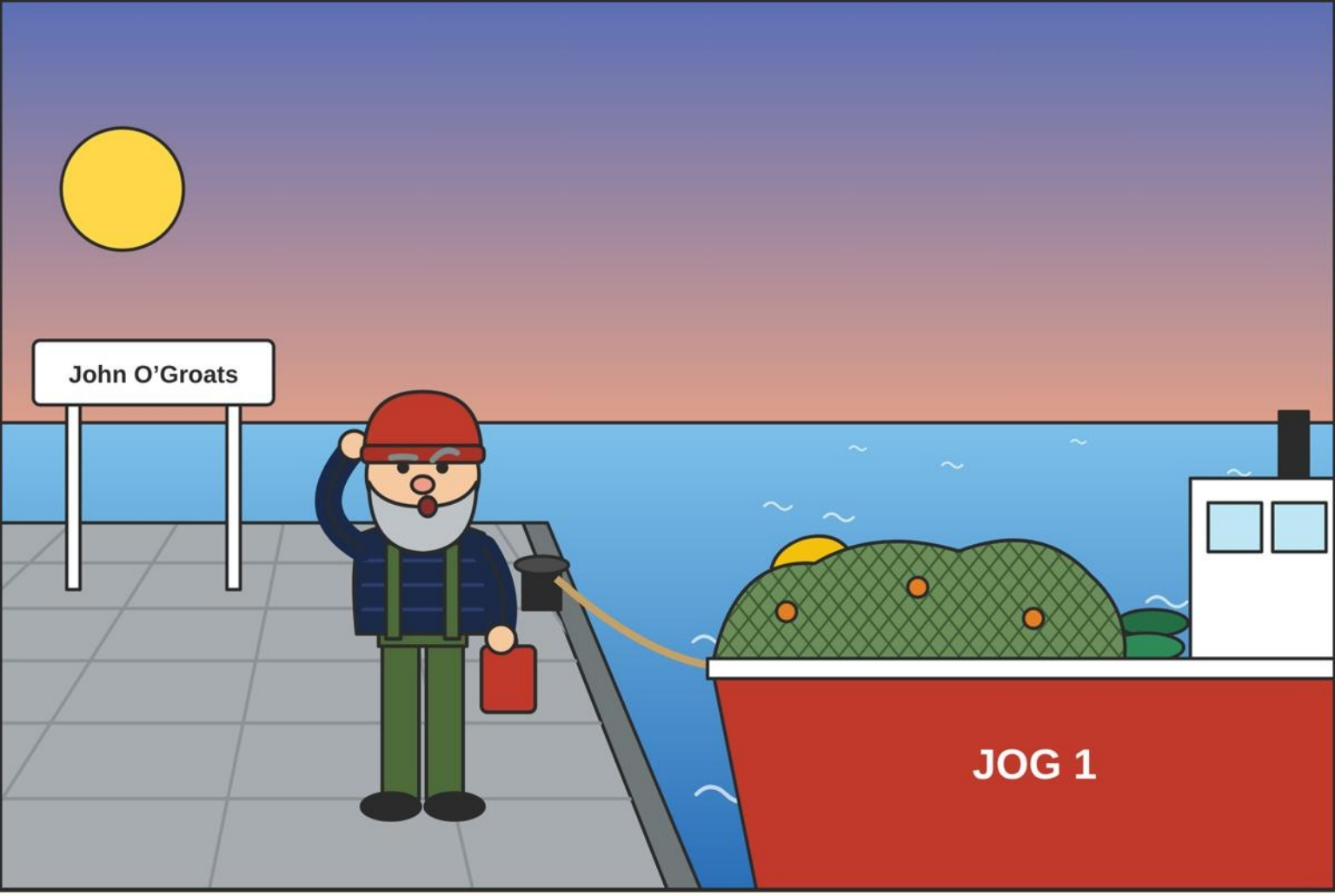
'I am looking for Fred's. Have you seen it?'
'Fred's?' said the fisherman. 'Fred's what?'
'Fred's Mini Market,' replied Derek.
'I only know John O'Groats Fish Market,' said the fisherman, 'if that will do.'
'I'm not sure,' said Derek. 'I'll think about it.'
And he sat thinking about it.
'You look tired,' said the fisherman, 'so while you're thinking, why don't you come on board and sit down for a bit, while I go and fill up with fuel?'



'I do feel a bit tired,' said Derek.

'I think I'll have a quick nap before I go to sleep.'

And he lay down on the soft nets and got comfortable.



'Where did the man go?

Ah well, time to go back to sea.'



‘Yawn. Mmmm, that’s better,’ said Derek.

‘There’s nothing better than a couple of minutes’ sleep.

I think I’d better find that shop quick,

otherwise Doris will give me a big telling off.’



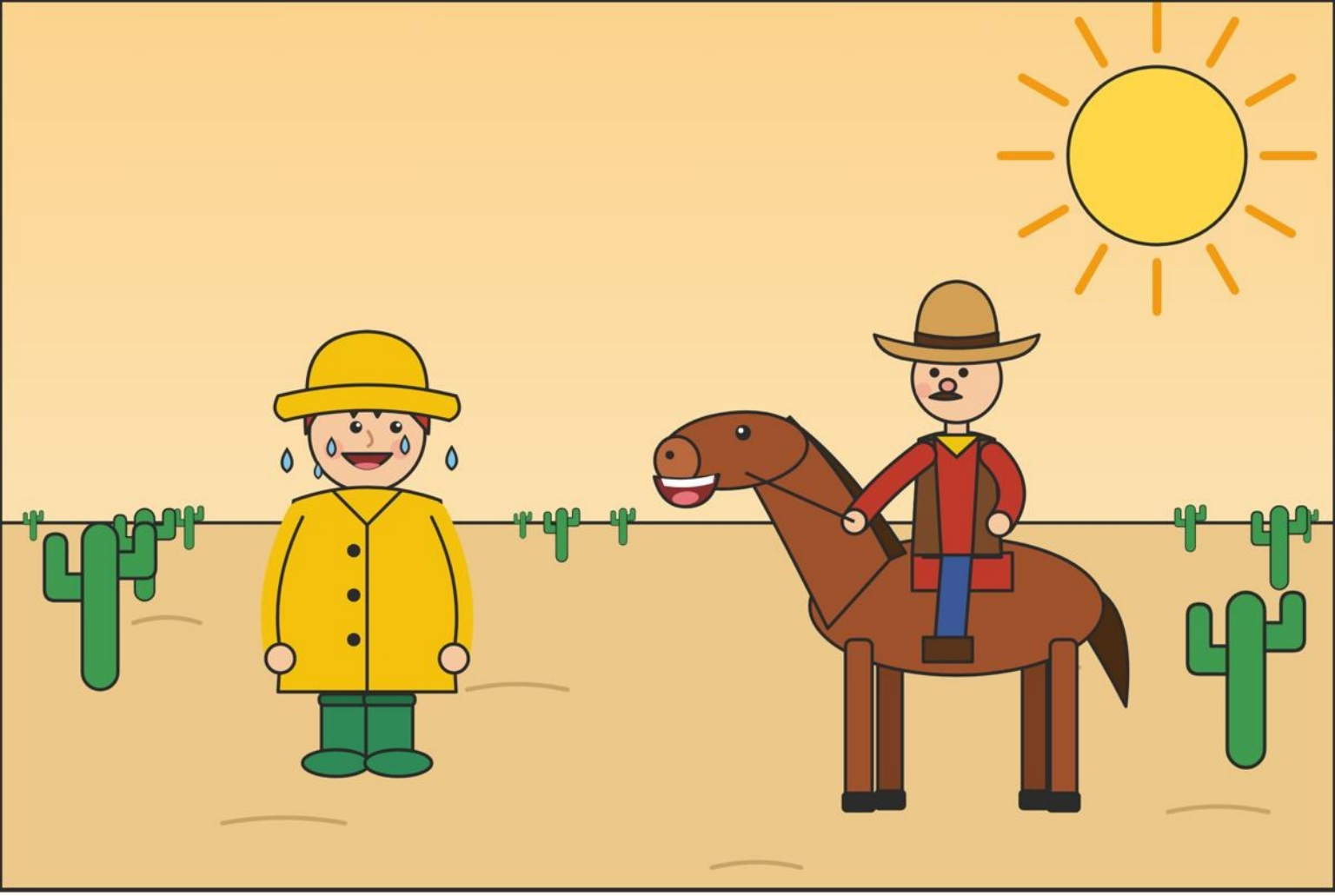
Confused, he got off the boat and walked into town.

He asked a policeman if he knew where Fred's Mini Market was.

'There's Mom and Pop's Delicious Hamburger Emporium up the street,'

said the policeman, and off Derek went.

But it wasn't Fred's Mini Market, so he started walking again.



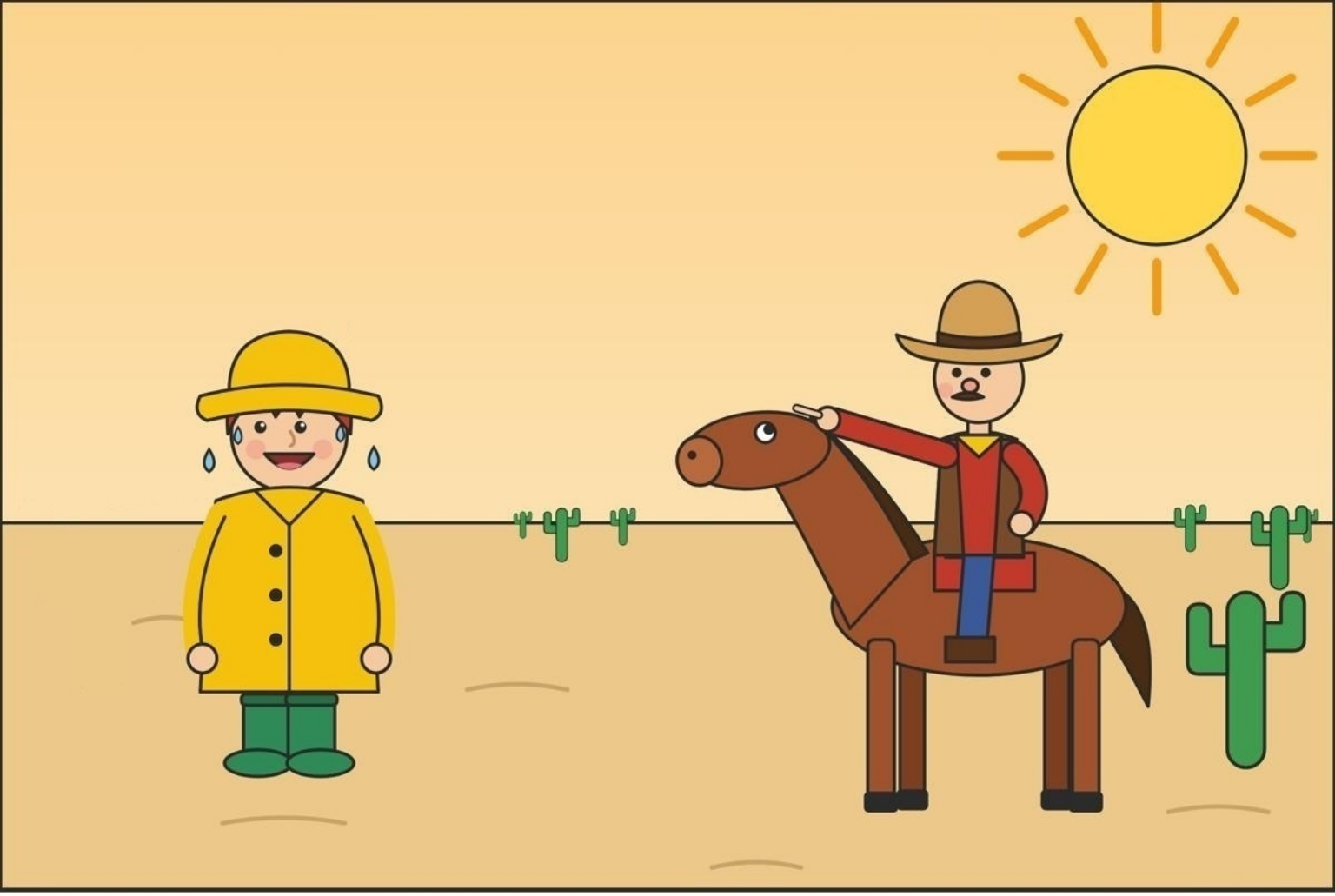
‘I’m sorry to be a nuisance,’ said Derek, ‘but I have got to get to Fred’s Mini Market very quickly and I’ve lost my way. Can you help me?’

The cowboy thought for a moment and then the horse said,

‘Do you mean Fred’s renowned Mini Market in Dimberly, England?’

‘That’s the one!’ said Derek excitedly.

The horse said, ‘No, I don’t think I’ve heard of it.’



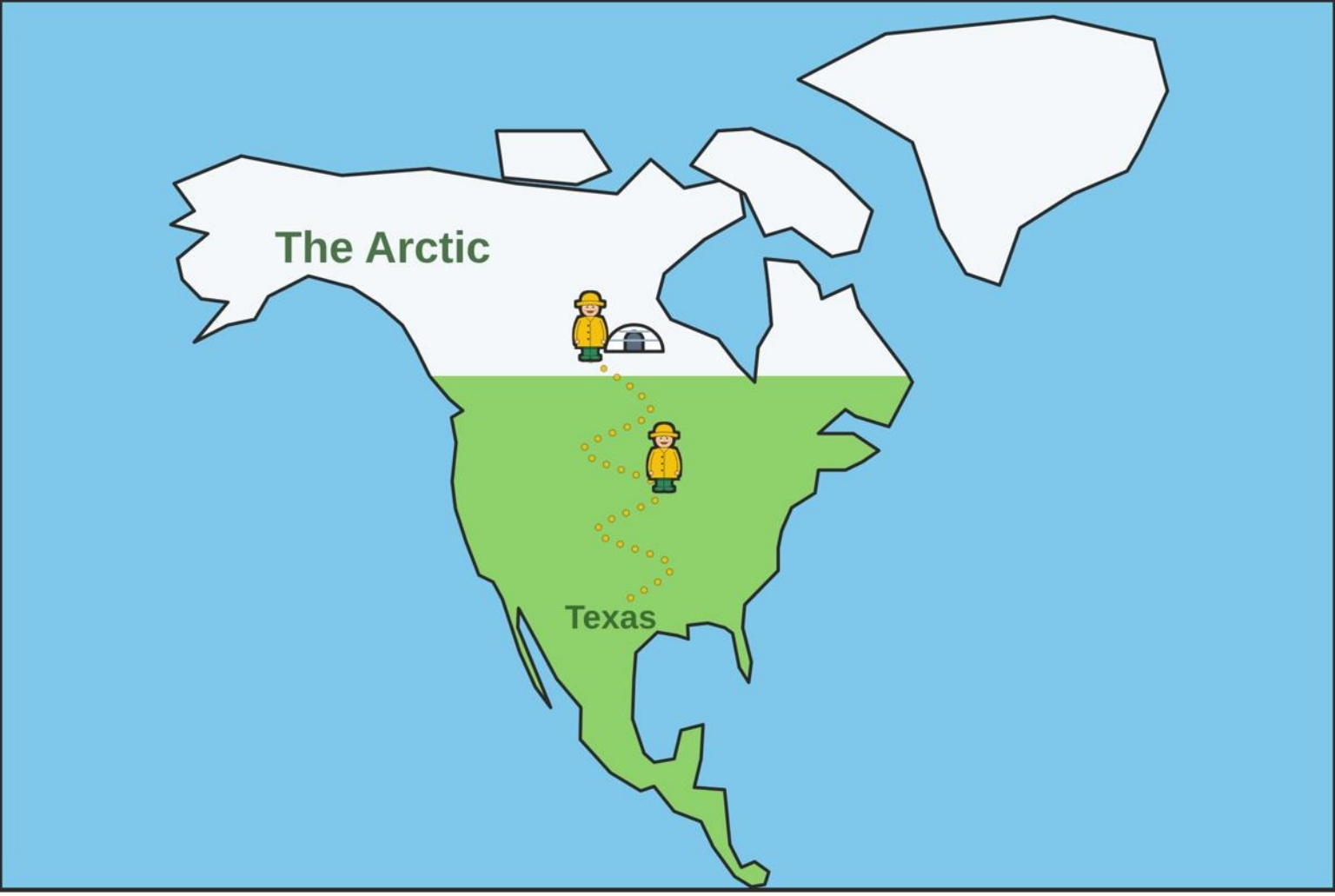
‘I’m sorry the horse couldn’t help,’ said the cowboy,

‘but he’s never been out of Texas.’

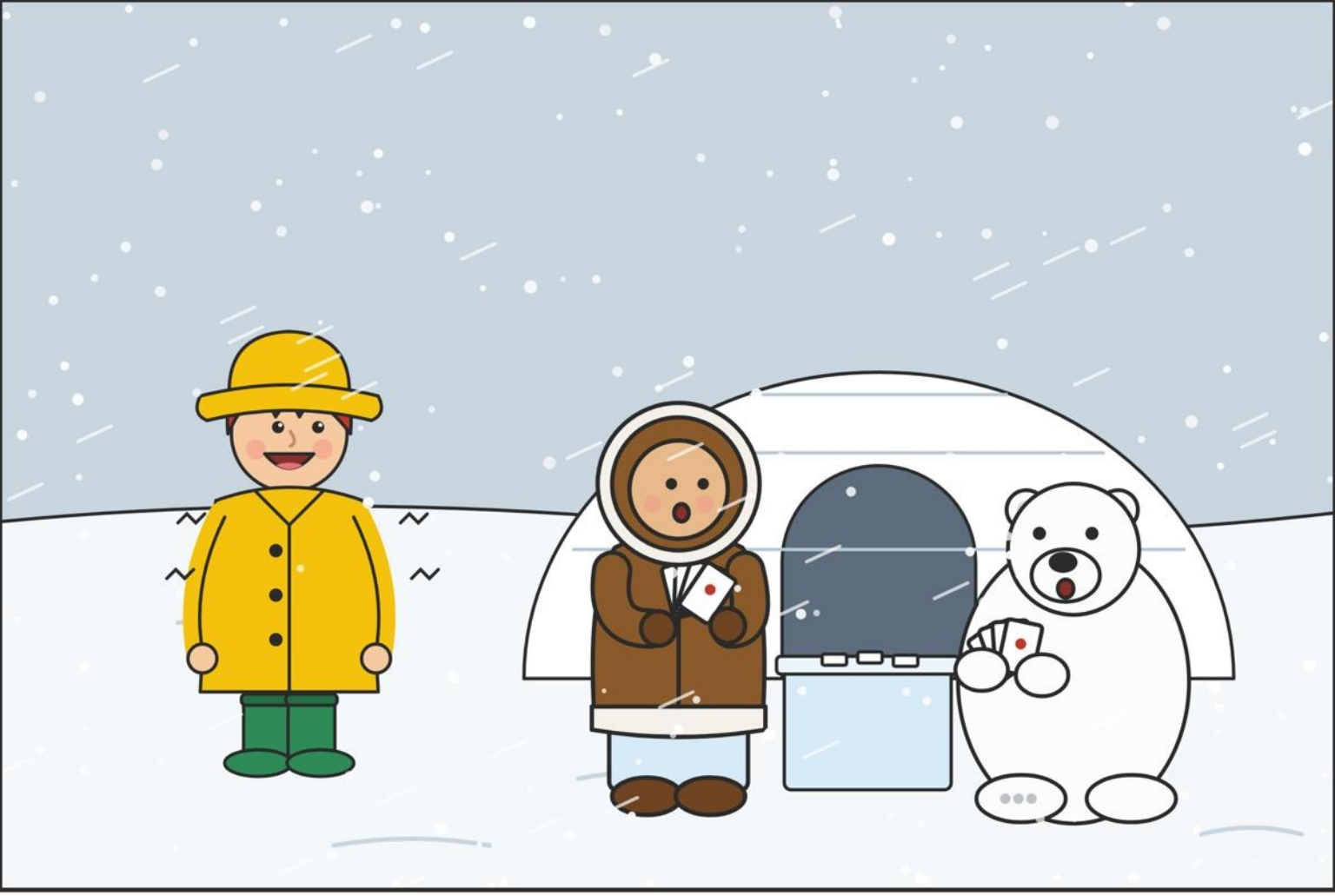
Derek had never heard of Texas.

‘Do you know where Fred’s Mini Market is?’ he asked the cowboy.

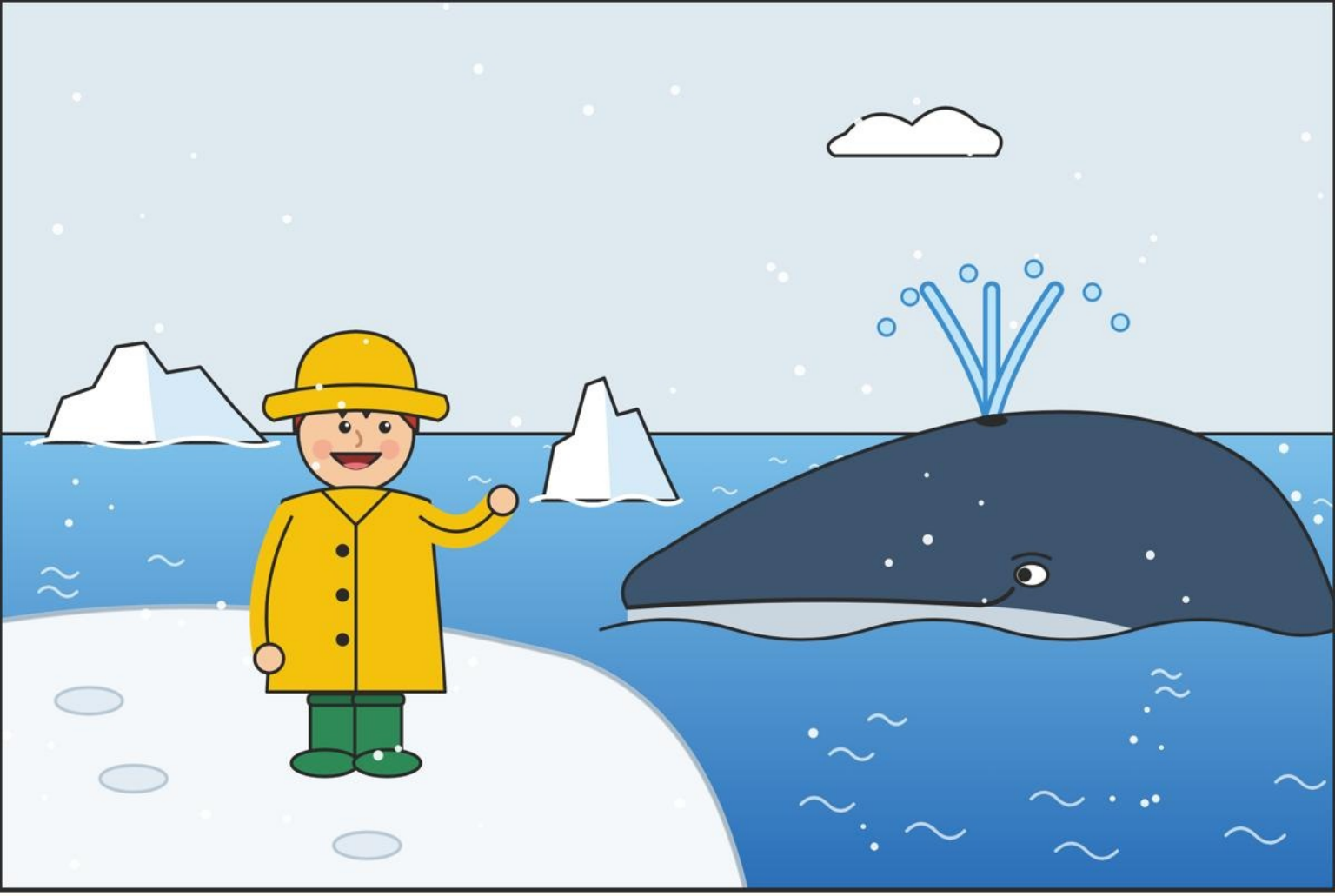
‘It may be in that direction,’ he said, pointing.



So Derek walked in the direction the cowboy had pointed.
He walked for days and days, with sweat pouring off him so much
that he actually wondered whether he should take off his mac.
But he decided against it, and walked and walked…
still looking for Fred's Mini Market…
And then it got very cold, and soon everything was covered in snow.



Derek came upon an Eskimo and a polar bear playing cards.
‘Do you.....’ Derek started to ask.
‘No,’ said the Eskimo.
‘No,’ said the polar bear.
And so Derek walked even farther, asking people along the way, but none had heard of Fred’s Mini Market, where he had to buy the potatoes.
Derek was now getting worried, as he knew the rest of the vegetables Doris was cooking would soon be ready and he would not have got the potatoes on time.
Doris would give him a big telling off!

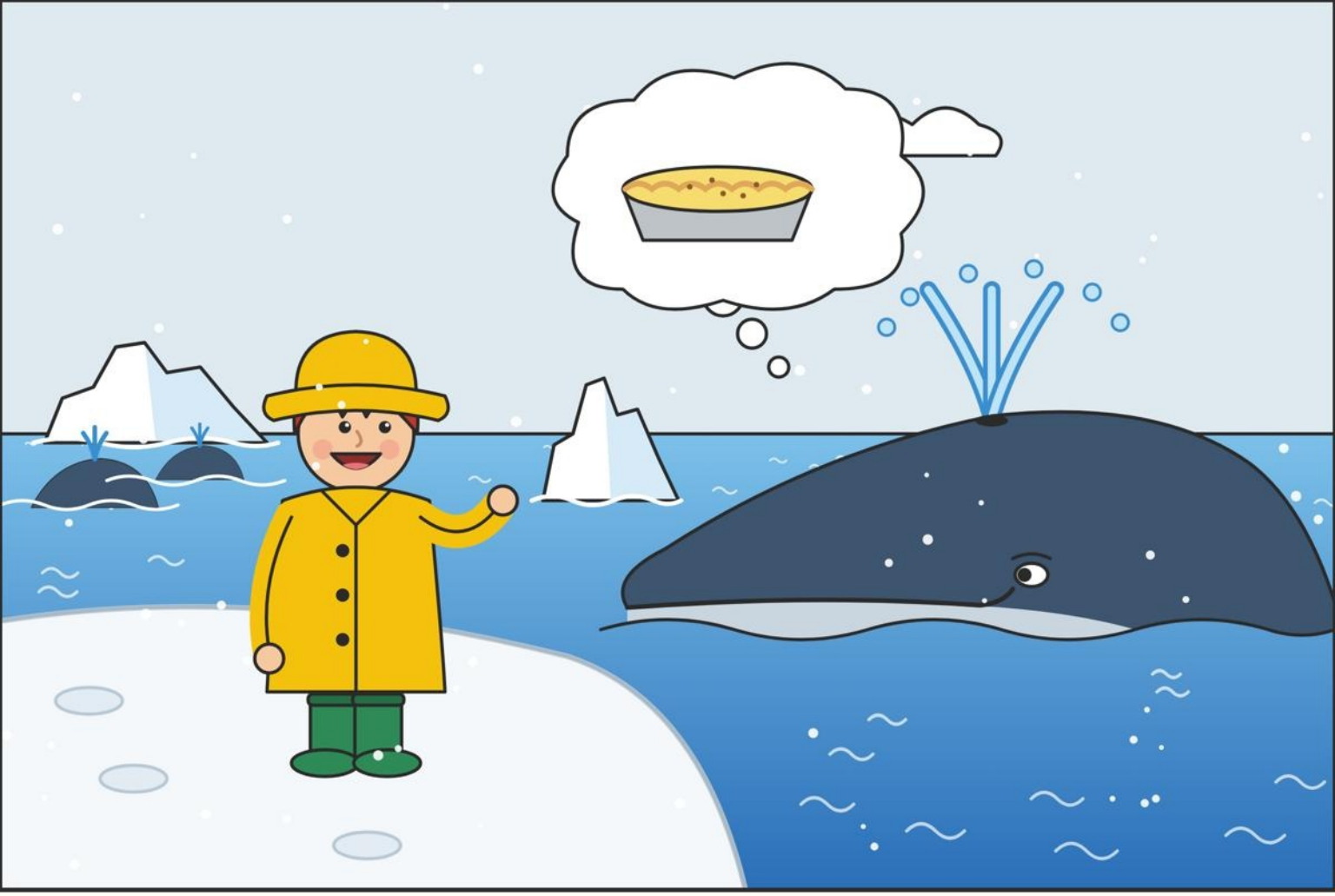


‘Hello,’ called Derek. ‘Do you know where Fred’s Mini Market is?’

‘Yes,’ spouted the whale. ‘Why?’

‘Because Doris has sent me for some potatoes, and I have got lost, and she will give me a big telling off if I don’t get home with them soon.’

‘It’s quite easy,’ said the whale. ‘It’s about four thousand miles that way and then turn right at the roundabout.’



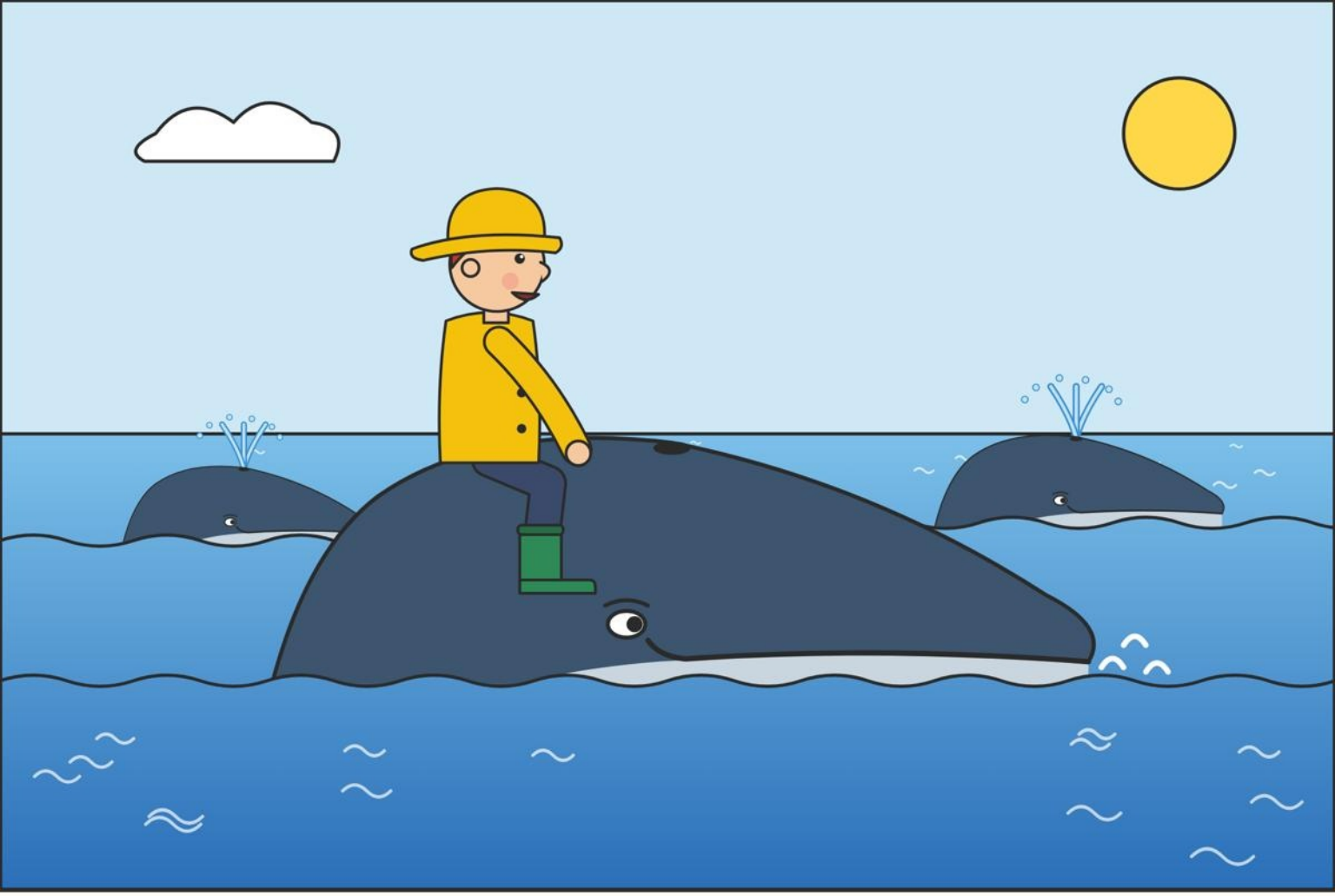
‘That seems a long way,’ said Derek. ‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes,’ said the whale. ‘Fred does a good custard pie, and we quite often stop off and buy a ton or two when we migrate south to warmer waters.’

‘Are you going south now?’ asked Derek.

‘As it happens, we are,’ said the whale. ‘Would you like a lift?’

‘Oh, would you, please?’ replied Derek. ‘I really must get those potatoes.’



And so Derek sat on his new friend’s back,

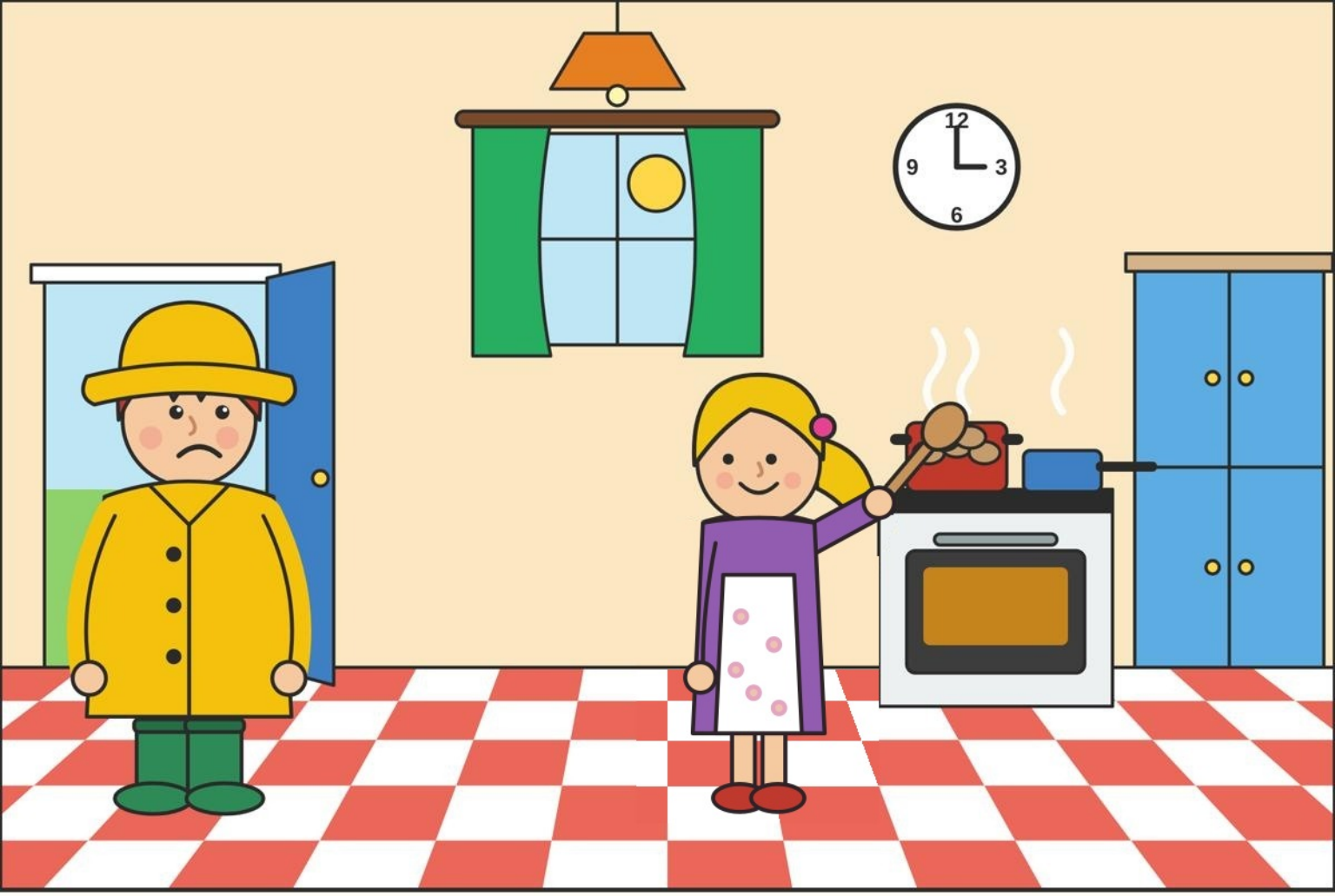
and the whale and his friends went south.



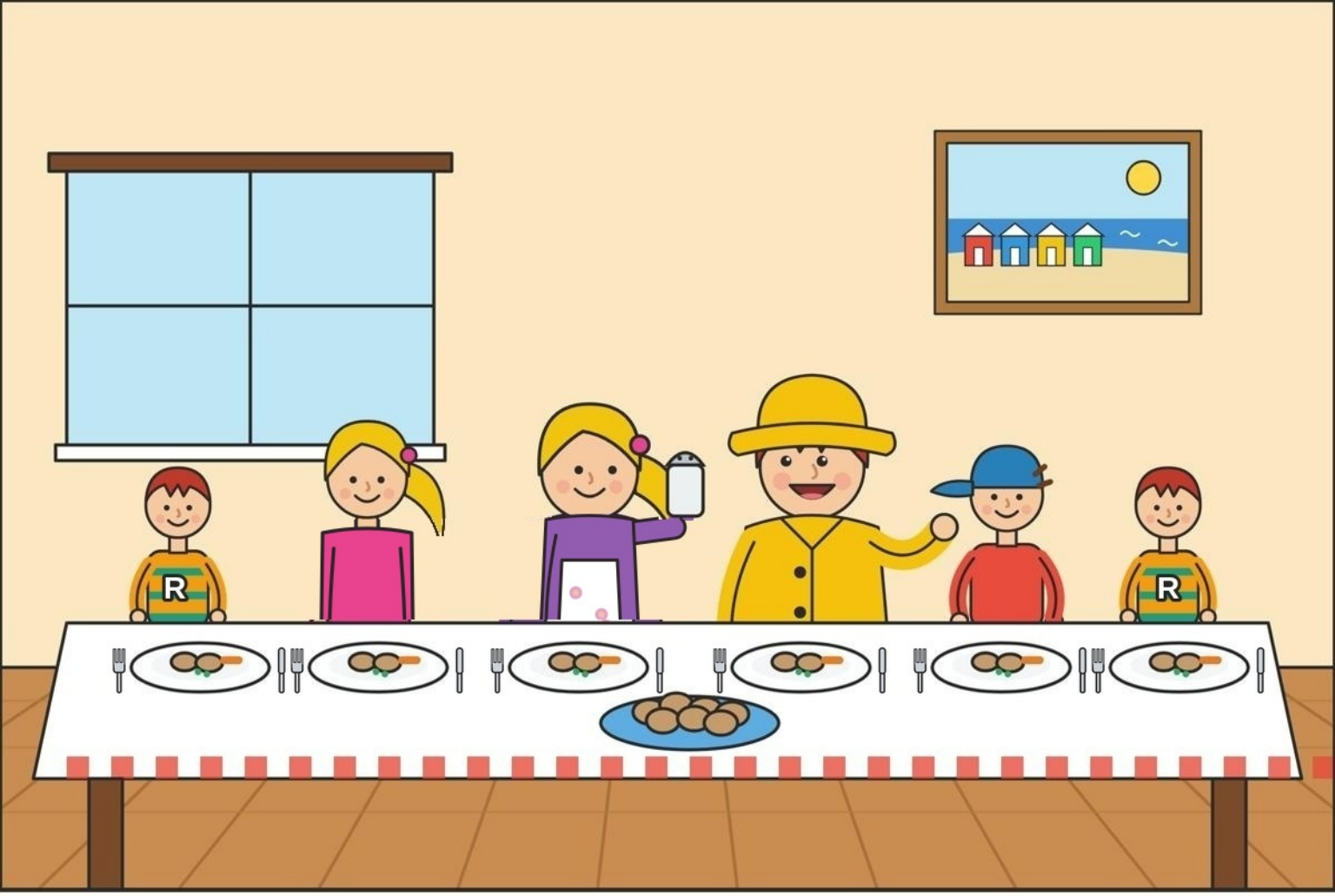
‘Thank you very much, whales. Are you coming to Fred’s Mini Market
to get some custard pies?’
‘I think we’ll call on the way back,’ said the whale.
‘We’re all a bit full on plankton at the moment. So you just go that way
and you’ll come to Fred’s Mini Market,’ called the whale as they moved away.
‘Thank you for all your help. Stop and say hello on your way back.
I live at Number 32!’ Derek called as the whales went out to sea
and carried on south to warmer seas.



Derek followed the directions the whales had given him, and he came to Fred’s Mini Market, but it was closed because it was half day closing. He wondered what to do, but decided he had no choice but to go home and apologise to Doris.



‘I’m sorry I’m late,’ said Derek, ‘but I got a bit lost. I did ask a Scotsman, and a fisherman,
and a policeman, and a cowboy, and a polar bear playing cards with an Eskimo.
And then I met a whale who gave me a lift home.
And then Fred’s was shut. I tried very hard.’
‘Of course you did, love,’ said Doris. ‘Anyhow, I don’t need any potatoes,
I found some not long after you had left.
So, lunch is ready now, so let’s all sit down to eat.’



As they started to eat, Doris picked up the salt cellar
and realised it had no salt in it.
‘There’s no salt,’ said Doris. ‘Who’s going to pop out and get some.....?’
‘I’ll go,’ said Derek.
And they all laughed.
The End