



He laid in a mug of cocoa, on the table with The Queen again. By now he spoke fairly good English, and so the translator simply sat on the floor playing with his PSP.

Her Majesty was now accustomed to his drink-bathing, and was able to sip her tea without grimacing.

"So, Squeewee, you would like to move on?"

"Yesh, yourh majheshty."

"I understand. But, I do not believe I can cope without your exquisite lyrics each morning. And where shall you go?"

"Well, yourh mashestee, I have created quite secretly a CD, filled with my amazing shongsh. And, in ansher to yourh shecondh queshtion, wherever I lay my hat, ish my home."

The Queen attempted to abstain from laughing at this quite obviously inserted joke, that would only be funny to a small audience. She smiled instead.

"I would yike to travew."

"Ah, my friend! You can travel anytime!"

"But your Mashestee, when there is luxshoree, how can I reshisht shtaying?"

"You make a fair point. Please, play me your CD. After then, you are free to go."

So, the CD went on, and the translator turned up his headphones. After 45 minutes, it went off. Her Majesty wiped tears from her eyes.

"You're free to go."

Squeewee expressed his deepest gratitude for 10 minutes, and then got out his cocoa, leaving a trail of brown footprints. Along came the cushion, and he was escorted to his bedroom. Then, with his backpack, he was escorted to the car. Then, he was driven out the gates.

Then he was dropped off. And there he was, in real london.

By then, Squeebrews were a part of life. So he didn't have to walk in secrecy. He began to just walk. It felt good. He smiled, then tried imitating the tourists around him. He decided to stop after they glanced his way.

And then he spent the rest of the day being a tiny tourist. He saw Big Ben, the London Eye, and of course, the HMS Belfast. He still says it was the "biggest boat he's ever seen!".

However, particularly weird was going on a subway train. He remembers it as the most terrifying experience of his life. First he had to wade through hundreds upon thousands of tourist feet.

Then he encountered something truly frightening.

An escalator. For a sense of scale, imagine tens of 15-foot walls all rising out of seemingly nowhere, over and over. Then imagine 50-foot tourists constantly tramping all over them. Then imagine your wearing a backpack, say, 2/3 of your weight and height.

Combine all of these together, then add the roar of eternal chatter, trains and footsteps, all echoed from the subterreanean walls and and bounced into your miniature ears.

You can now imagine why this was so terrifying for him.

He couldn't just stand there. But he felt petrified at the thought of stepping on. But he did. He then felt extremely confident. Then he looked down. He didn't feel so confident.

When he reached the top of the escalator, he felt a little faint. He then only remembers blackness.

Then when he was woken up, he was on a train seat, next to a 10-year old boy named Finn.

"....squeeee...woo....eech.....ooch...Lon...don...eshcala...toor!"

"I think he's waking up!"

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