



So, here it was. The day every Squeewee had been waiting for, all year. The Annual Mudskiing Competition.

A sport invented by Squeewee 12 whilst staying in Heybridge, it demanded winter gear, skis, agility, strength, and a passion for mud.

Anywhere where there was mud, it could be performed. All year. But the true test of willpower, skill, and greed, was the

SqueeSki competition of June 7th.

Now already in Heybridge, the now 600 Squeewees were in the free house of the Jolly Sailor, in winter gear. The Lab Rador was now back in action, and they had cloned themselves so that there was 601 Squeewees. Of course, the King was in Isqueel, so he could not join the fun.

They were not divided into teams. It was a free-for-all.

Basically, beginning when the tide was out, a cheesecake would be placed at the end of the Blackwater mud, sealed so that it could not become muddy. The aim was to ski there, grab the cheesecake and bring it back.

Whilst sounding simple, it involved great willpower. The seal could be opened at anytime, allowing the cheesecake to be eaten by the Squeewee. This meant the competition could go on for hours, only interrupted by the tide.

The traditional dress for this sport was full, crocheted winter gear, no matter what weather. This made it even more of a challenge, as the competition was in June.

Reading books on Mud, studying tide-tables, polishing their skis, all Squeewees were preparing for their ultimate experience. Squiglet prepared his camera, as he would be capturing the experience.

Squoobloo and Squinjamin sat there, not quite sure what to do. There were not, in fact, invited. But, they had simply followed on their bicycles.

"Here comes the mud..." hummed Squeewee 16

"Che-ese-cake..." continued Squeewee 42

"Here comes the mud..." murmured Squeewee 22.

"And I ski..." whistled out Squeewee 3.

"It'sh tashe-ty!" sang Squeewee 14.

And with that, they resumed their activities.

An hour later, Squiglet rushed back from the window. "THE TIDE'SH OUT! THE TIDE'SH OUT!"

"Shtop repeating yourshelfh!" sarcastically yelled Squeewee 16. The rest of the Squeewees, however, simply picked up their skis and ran for the door.

Several of them tripped over each other, causing all of them to roll down the stairs and out the door. Spilling out, they stumbled up and began running towards the shore. As it was only about 10 metres, they were there very soon.

Clomping down the stairs, they all gathered in position at the foot, waiting for a non-skiing Squeewee to arrive at the end in a motorboat, and place the cheesecake.

When they saw the boat coming back, closer and closer, they became more and more excited. When the boat finally stopped, there was a crowd gathered at the sea-wall, along with Squiglet.

"BEGIN!" called the Squeebrew, and they wooshed off, scattering mud as they went. Squiglet snapped several

pictures of them setting off, then hopped onto the boat, hoping to capture more.

Sliding off, Squeewees 2-28 began to rush forward ahead of the others, before one of them losing his slipper. Turning back to grab it, a few other Squeewees slid past, sending him spinning in the mud. He caught a few others on the way, so there was now about a dozen spinning in the mud.

The youthful Squeewee 600 sped ahead. New to the game however, he was distracted by the boat, and went way off the course, allowing the others to spurt forwards. He was then quickly coated in mud by the spray of the skis.

The motorboat trundled alongside, shot after shot being taken of the intense game. A few Squeewees flipped for the camera, only to end of landing face-first in mud.

The sound of mud-skiing is unusual. It is a strange sliding WOOSH, with scattered SPLATS afterwards from the displaced mud hitting the other mud. Or other Squeewees.

After about 20 minutes, the cheesecake was grabbed by Squeewee 222. Spinning around and grabbing it, the other Squeewees caught up, careening into him. They slid several metres, eventually Squeewee 302 making off with it.

While going faster and faster, with not one Squeewee catching up to him, he was compelled to stare at the cheesecake. Looking lush. And tasty. His favourite.

He stopped, and tore open the seal. He began to munch. Five Squeewees caught up to him, and tumbled over, trying

to catch the cheesecake. After a minute or so, the cheesecake was destroyed, only existing within Squeebrew stomachs.

The cheesecake was then replaced.

This would carry on for hours... and hours... and hours...

Eventually, as the tide was about to reach the shore, a Squeewee emerged with an intact cheesecake. The other Squeewees emerged, and applauded.

It was Squeewee 599. Newly cloned. Inexperienced. But he had brought the cheesecake back.

And now, as he had won, Squiglet snapped a few pictures of him holding the cheesecake in the air. It was then eaten, so that the victory could never expand his pride.

End.