



"Aaagh..." said Squeewee 25, sipping a glass of pineapple juice. The glass was in the shape of a bow tie, his favourite. The smell of pizza was wafting from the new pizza oven, manned and built by the industrious and petite Squeewee 62.

Life seemed a little bit of paradise. Apart from the Lab Rador accident a few weeks ago, which caused the

numbers of Squeewee clones to go up to 98,050, all was good.

There was now a hamster in the home also. Having taken classes with Halimah (the hamster), many Squeewees had learned to climb and left to practice on larger and larger cages.

Life was pretty perfect for the Squeewees now. The countries of Portugal and Greece had allowed beetroot farms, manned by Squeewees, and Squish boats were ferrying to and fro from these.

Squish-created beetroot juice was also being served in tiny bottles throughout the world. A new city had sprung up in every country across the world, all with the same name; Squeesham.

A refuge for the Squish community of each country, one had popped up pretty much everywhere. One had developed in Siberia, another one in the deserts of Egypt. All were celebrations of Squish culture.

Each year, on July 1st, beetroot juice would be poured through the streets. The grounds ran so thick with this purple fluid that the Children Of Isqueel could play with their boats on it's surface.

Sometimes these cities were situated upon the coast. Then, the juice would run into the ocean, turning it a deep purple. Frustrated sailors would then polish their boats for days upon days.

As these cities filled with the extra Squeewees, however,

these cities became louder, and filled with the sounds of "SQUUEEESH!" and all that Squeewee madness. As such, many people who lived on towns bordering on Isqueel began to move away.

This gave more room for Squeewees of course.

Squeewee 27 sighed. Squiglet then sighed, and put down his Squish Daily. As the sun rose higher and warmed them, they laid back, and listened to the gentle sounds of ping pong.