

# *The Adventures of Cecil the Discovery*



*Chris Southwood*

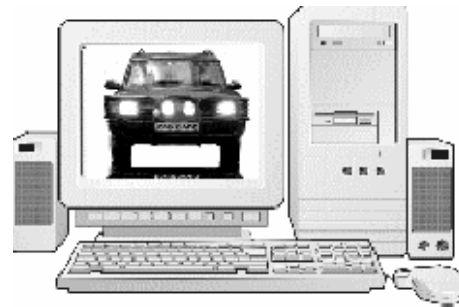


# The Adventures Of Cecil the Scovery

**Chris Southwood**

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## Grown-Ups only

This book was written by a man whose wife claims is only six years old – on a good day. Most of the time she claims he is only two.

This book is not just for children but for people who can see the world as a child does with openness and curiosity. It was not written as a 'Children's Book' – that's something quite different and limiting, both for the reader and the writer.

Who better qualified to write this than a man who is childlike and sees life and things as a child would see them and yet has the experience of in a chaotic and selfish society that often does not make any sense.

So if muddy cow poo, motor cycle flatulence or vulture puke offend yet the headline stories in our national newspapers of atrocities and deaths by the thousand are taken for granted simply because they happen so often; if what evils we do in the name of national defence goes without challenge because we believe them right; if you can't see the ridiculous homage we pay to the motor car on which this was a very easy parody to write - then poo to you and tough cam-belts and we hope a toffee apple pulls out one of your fillings.



...or better still enjoy this book. It's allowed.



The author reserves the right not to live in Watford, own a Labrador, have his photograph printed on the inside cover or drive a bright red CNX (mk3i GT twin cam)

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Any similarity between Cecil and any other vehicle, person or machine in this book with any other car, person or machine, whether or not still under warranty, living, dead or scrapped, with or without a current MOT, is unintentional and any offence this may cause is regretted.



## Adventure One Cecil and Maurice and Loads of Muddy Water

Let me tell you about a very special car I know. His name is Cecil and he is a Scovery. He is a very handsome vehicle. He is shiny blue with big round spotlights and running boards that you can stand on and a huge black bull bar that has badges which often fall off. He lives in Cornwall near a farm and he loves the mud, the snow, the rain and the sun. He is a brave and adventurous Scovery and has a painting of a Cheetah on his spare wheel because one day he wants to go to Africa.



He usually looks very smart, well mostly that is, because what he loves most is driving through huge muddy puddles and great heaps of squishy cow poo. 'Puddle Squishing' he calls it.... he has to be washed often.

One of his favourite treats is coming back home across the river on the car ferry, especially when one of his friends, who is the "Car-ferry-car-waver-on" person, puts him on first. He would sit at the very front edge of the ferry breathing in the salty air and making believe he was a big ship.

Cecil worked on diesel. That was a proper grown up fuel he thought - well mostly. He thought this because all the big machines ran on diesel: the monster trucks and the tractors and the combine harvesters – and the car ferries.

When his engine was running slowly it sounded very thumpy, and bangy. Cecil was at first worried about this. A lot of the other cars in the village used petrol in their engines and they were smoother and faster than Cecil. They would often say rude things and teased him as he drove past. He was not sure why he was made so thumpy and bangy.

'That's what it should sound like, young Cecil,' his Father would say. 'That's a real car sound. It makes you strong and reliable. You'll see as you grow up. Speed isn't everything. Any car can be made to go fast. Any car can have shiny paint and loads of money spent on advertising, but character, that's different. Character is so much more important than speed. You are different from most cars, even if your engine is a bit thumpy, so what! Be proud of that my son. As you get older you will realise that you're a special car. I'm proud of you.'

Cecil felt much better after talking with his father. The thumpy, bangy noises mostly happened when he was waiting at road junctions or when he first started in the mornings. It didn't worry him now. In fact he liked it. He sort of sounded - '*Scovery, thumpy, Scovery, thumpy*' in a strong, rattley, grown-up way. And when the road was clear, with a little puff of blue smoke he would zoom and his engine would buzz and he would be happy.

Cecil does have lots of secrets. One of them is his turbo-charger. His father explained that it was like a big fan that made his exhaust gases push more air into his engine and it made him go that bit faster when he needed to. Not all cars had one of those. It made Cecil feel very special and important.

When he went really fast he could hear his Turbo-Charger whistle. Then he would sing his favourite song. It went a bit like this - or on this day, exactly like this - because he generally made it up as he went along. You will see.



## Cecil's song



*What a lovely day for a drive  
 Scovery, thumpy, Scovery, thumpy  
 We wave to a tractor, his name is Clive  
 Scovery, Scovery thumpy...  
 Put my pedal down, here comes a hill*



*Scovery thumpy, Scovery thumpy...  
 And now there's a lane - go on until  
 Scovery thumpy, Scovery thumpy  
 Faster still and here's a ditch  
 Scovery thumpy, Scovery thumpy  
 Crunch, splat, sloop, I'm in a fix...oh cripes!*

And there was Cecil, on his first proper outing by himself, steaming and sitting up to his headlamps in muddy water with a very startled frog – who had previously been minding his own business on a lily pad eyeing up a dragonfly for lunch – and was now sitting on Cecil's bonnet!

'I say! I say! Hold on a mo!' croaked the frog in an indignant, amphibian voice.



'Jolly silly thing to do, what!' his eyes bulged and his throat rolled up in a ripple all the way to his great yellow chin.

'Awfully sorry,' said Cecil in an even smaller voice - and then blushed and gave an embarrassed flick of his windscreen wipers. But a tiny spurt of water from his screen washer hit the frog on his nose.



Cecil cringed all the way down to his camshafts. The frog, now very startled and about as miffed as a frog can get, jumped off Cecil's bonnet and landed in a clump of grass.

Cecil could hear him muttering as he walked away in a stretchy frog type walk. 'Damn silly things, vehicles, don't know what the world is coming to, I'll see my lawyer, my frog consultant, my MP...' and his voice got smaller and smaller until he had gone.

Cecil relaxed a bit now the complaining frog had left. He admitted later that he felt a bit daft, in a ditch, up to his running boards in muddy water, being told off by a frog. Added to that there was a funny bubbly noise. What was it? Then he realised his engine was still running! His exhaust pipe was under water and was blowing big fat bubbles that popped to the surface with a very whispery, muddy 'Scovery thumpy, Scovery thumpy...pop, pop, and pop.'

Cecil sat in the ditch feeling even sillier.

He had never been in a ditch before. This was a new experience. Cecil liked new experiences, but the water was definitely too cold to stay around – even for a strong and brave Scovery. A shiver ran all the way up Cecil's chassis and he knew he should go. But how to get out of the ditch?

Cecil, as I said, is a very special car. He has lots of gears and levers and all sorts of things and he can make all his wheels move at the same time. Not many people knew that. It was his secret, but he had never tried them out before.

It was definitely a good time to try them now. He had read his drivers manual and his father had shown him what to do. He pushed all his levers into the places that made all his wheels move together and then - just when he was ready to try them out...

'Beep! Beep! Beep!' it was Maurice the Poshmobile coming

down the lane.

'Damn and blast and rusty exhaust clips,' muttered Cecil under his fender. 'Oh no, not you. Not while I'm stuck in this ditch.'

Maurice swaggered to a halt flicking bits of gravel over Cecil. Maurice was a very smart looking car. He was silver grey with a brand new number plates and he never seemed to get dirty. He was not liked by the other cars because he was always very snooty and thought he was better than them.

'Ho, ho, ho, look at what the silly 'Sc-ovary has done!' guffawed Maurice, looking down his headlamps at Cecil and adding a conceited twiddle of his electric wing mirrors. 'Serves you right for thinking you can just be out on your own driving wherever you think...and singing that silly song of yours I bet,' he added.

'Well young Cecil, got yourself into a pickle...or should I say a ditch. Maybe it's a *pickle-ditch*. Yes, that what we will call it 'Cecil's Pickle ditch' ho, ho, ho,' he then started honking his horn and revving his engine in merriment.

'Would you like some water wings? Shall I get your Daddy? He, he, he, ho, ho, ho. Maybe he'll trade you in for a proper car - if you're worth anything!'

Cecil was very sad and just looked down at the muddy water flowing past him. Of all the cars to come past now it had to be Maurice!

'Well, you excuse for four wheels, I can't hang about all day, got to dash, more than you can of course...ho, ho, ho, beep, beep, beep.'

With that Maurice revved his engine and lurched forward - far too fast!

As luck would have it, or as bad luck for Maurice would have it, the road in front of him was very loose. It had recently been churned up by the big wheels of a tractor. As Maurice's back wheels hit the loose mud and gravel he was going far, far too fast. He spun sideways. He

panicked and braked, but the ground was very, very loose - he just kept right on spinning. He spun completely round till he was looking at Cecil. He blinked his sidelights in total surprise, stopped for a few seconds, lurched to his left and then slithered uncontrollably down the slope.

With a mighty 'whoosh' he hit the water just ahead of Cecil. He bobbed upright, floated for a few seconds, a great rush of bubbles came from underneath him, and then he sank.



At the very moment that Maurice fell into the ditch the frog was returning to further speak his mind to Cecil. He was rehearsing in a muttering sort of way what he was going to say and staring at the ground to concentrate. As he said the first words he looked up. All he saw was a huge wave of brown water flopping above him.

'Now look you, you.... agggghhh, rivet, rivet, mummy!' The water bowled him over and over leaving him panting and very, very angry.

'Right that does it!' he slapped his webbed foot on the ground. 'The Frog's Protection League shall hear of this, the worst thing that's happened to me since I was a tadpole.' Again he did his stretchy amphibious walk through the grass and back into the woods muttering as he went about writs and whether or not to see his cousin Nathan about that Scovery and that damn Poshmobile. (Nathan was a Great Crested Newt – and the head of the ditch Mafiosi.) 'Soon sort them out that will,' the frog muttered as he faded into the undergrowth.

So now Maurice was in the ditch just ahead of Cecil with some waterweed and a couple of dragon flies on his roof.

Maurice and Cecil just sat looking at each other without saying a word; but rumour has it around the campfire that the tiniest of chuckles could be heard from Cecil's fan belt.

Maurice broke the silence. 'Look, you Scovery thing, I ...' his voice

tailed off. He was going to give Cecil a lecture but he lost his pomposity as he suddenly sunk another two feet into the muddy water - right up to the middle of his windscreen.

You see, the ditch just ahead of where Cecil had fallen, and Maurice now was, had been dug over the day before by Clive (The Tractor) with his super, brand new, ditch digging implement and it was very, very deep. Clive was often excessive with his new-fangled attachments. Was it Clive who churned up the road with his wheels that caused Maurice to spin we dare ask? Maybe!



Regardless of that, the upshot of all this was that Maurice was slowly sinking and would soon be gone forever.

'I say old chap,' Maurice bubbled, now sounding quite frightened as he spat mud and wriggling things out of his grill. 'Er, crickey, oh, er, HELP! HELP! Splutter, gurgle.' He then slid further still until all that showed was the top of his roof and a rather silly little aerial.

Cecil knew he had to act quickly, for Maurice was in real trouble. Cecil's levers were already in the right places to make his wheels grip. He went into forward gear. He revved and revved his engine. Great bubbles of blue smoke came out of the muddy water. Slowly, slowly, he moved forward. His bull bar locked with the front of Maurice's grill. Then into reverse. Loads and loads of engine power. More smoke. Cecil's engine was roaring, Vroom, vroom, there was much swishing of mud.



'Please help,' Maurice pleaded underwater in a bubbly whimper. Actually it sounded more like '*bleeze elb*' because Maurice had loads of mud and water stuck in his air intake.

Cecil was revving and revving.

'*Cecil the Great, Cecil the Great, Cecil the brave*

*Scovery thumpy, Scovery thumpy.'*

Cecil sang under his fender. He always sang that when he needed courage.

Cecil held his breath and revved and revved even more. Slowly they both started to move backwards. At first a jerk, then a bit more, then a bit more. Then with one last vroom and a - *Scovery thumpy, Scovery thumpy, bubbly, bubbly – wheeee!* They both hurtled up the bank of the ditch with an enormous sucking sound and a whooshing of mud.

'Keep going!' beeped Cecil out loud. With one last tug he pulled himself and Maurice clear onto the road.

Just at that very moment the frog had come back with a small group of legal toads. They sat and pontificated. They looked at the two cars covered with thick mud and waterweed. They blinked in disbelief. The toads decided that this was not precisely within their instruction. Instead, they concurred, looking for lunchtime insects was much more fun. Besides, long lunch breaks were more in keeping with being proper lawyers; so they left.

'Thank you Cecil, you saved my life. Well, got to go,' Maurice beeped rather ungratefully.

'Cheerio!' He tried to start his engine.

Click!

Clickerty, Clickerty, Clickerty

Clickerty, Clickerty, Clickerty

Maurice's starting motor worked harder and harder. And slower and slower.

Click. Clickerty, C-l-i-c-k-e-r-t-y, C-l-i-c-k-e-r-t-y wump, wuuummmeeeeerrrrppp **clonk!** Then silence. His engine was flooded and now his battery was flat.

Maurice just stood there with water still dribbling out of his door seals and feeling most wretched.

## Cecil and Maurice and Loads of Muddy Water

'My, er, engine won't start now,' said Maurice meekly.

'Gosh!' Cecil thought, 'that was a really an obvious understatement, you shiny petrol cars are so sensitive to a dash of water. Father was right.' Cecil was feeling first-rate and rather pleased with himself.

'Could you er, give me a tow...please?' Maurice continued in an even smaller voice.

'Sorry - can't hear you,' beeped Cecil wagging his mirrors.

'Pretty please,' said Maurice, his voice getting even smaller. 'This is so embarrassing.'

'A tow? - Maaaybeeee!' beeped Cecil, in a loud clear beep, toying with his sun visors and looking up into the trees. 'Let - me - think,' he continued slowly, now twiddling with his indicator switch...he was enjoying this.

'Please,' whimpered Maurice in a small voice.

'Okay!' beeped Cecil, and wagged his wipers. 'First condition, you must promise to sing my song.'

'Yes, of course, but soon please, I'm very cold and this mud does not suit a Poshmobile, I feel terrible, and please don't let the other cars see me like this.'

Cecil actually felt quite sorry for Maurice now. It wasn't his fault he was built 'all petrol and shiny' and was now 'all stopped and muddy.'

'Okay, I'll take you back through the lanes so you won't be seen...you will sing my song though?'

'Yes, yes, thank you,' replied Maurice.



'Goody,' beeped Cecil.

So Cecil turned round and coupled his tow-hitch to Maurice's and towed him backwards to his home.

'Come on sing,' hooted Cecil over his fender; and they both sang together, louder and louder, over and over.



*What a lovely day for a drive  
Scovery, thumpy, Scovery, thumpy*

*We wave to a tractor, his name is Clive  
Scovery thumpy, Scovery thumpy...*



*Put my foot down, I'm towing Maurice  
He is muddy and dirty and needs a wash-ish!*

You know, to this day Cecil was sure that Maurice was smiling.



### Footnote

The frog returned late in the afternoon with his cousin Nathan and his gang of amphibian ditch mobsters. They looked at the empty ditch and then back at the frog. They looked at each other then gathered round to discuss the situation. Don Nathan the Newt had a very raspy voice.

The frog started to feel very little and stood alone looking nervously at the ground.

The muttering finished and the frog could hear Nathan rasp to one of the gang.

'Okay, Razor, I'll deal with this personally.' There was more muttering. 'Do I make myself clear on this, Razor, you say out loud that you understand so I can hear you,' rasped Nathan.

'Understood boss, you're the governor, you deal with him... or I will,' croaked Razor his anger rising.

'I said that's enough!' Nathan was not a newt to be trifled with. He went over to the little frog. He stared very hard at him and shook his head. Then he rasped to his henchmen, 'Come here and stand him up.' They held the frog roughly by each arm and stood him up. Nathan

moved up very close and looked, face to face, at the frog.

'You come to me on my daughter's Wedding Day and ask a favour you know I can't refuse. You say "come now, its urgent", and we did. You tell me there are cars in our ditch, and I believed you. You tell me these cars are trying to muscle in on our ditch activities, and I believed you. You tell me that they are tough cars to be dealt with immediately and I believed you. So we leave my daughter's wedding and here we are. So - where are these wise guy cars?'

The gang laughed and Razor came towards the little frog with a bad look on his face.

'I said I'll deal with this Razor...get back!' Nathan rasped very coldly and impatiently.

He then put his webbed feet on the little frog's shoulders and held him tight. The little frog quivered with fear and wished the day had not happened. Nathan had a bad reputation for doing horrible things to animals who upset him.

Nathan took a deep breath and looked into the little frog's eyes. In a very quiet whispery voice he said, 'Farquarson, you're family and I love you – just don't ever tell me such porky-pies again!'

With that he kissed Farquarson the frog on the head and they all left.

