

THE BOGGIT

Bored Too



The Boggit

In a hole in the ground, there lived a Boggit. It was not a particularly nice hole, nor indeed, a particularly warm hole, but a hole it was, none the less, and to the little Boggits it was home.

The hole was in the Shire, a particularly retarded area with western muddle earth at the time of the third age*. The Boggit was called Bimbo, Bimbo Faggins, and he was a lazy, fat Boggit whose only purpose in life was to blow rings and watch the pretty Elven girls go swimming down at the old mill pond.

Being contented with his lot, he vowed never to become part of those adventures which seemed to be growing more fashionable. Thus when he began to notice bad omens - a black sunrise, a six-headed rabbit, and so, when he spotted Grandalf, the meddling old conjurer, crawling from bush to bush up his garden lawn, he bolted the door and decided to spend the day indoors.

But fate cannot so easily be cheated!

* Or somewhere thereabouts.

FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON THE REVERSE OF THIS INLAY

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Carpenters Road,
London E15 2HD.

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