

Forgive me keeping you waiting...
We've run into a spot of bother...
Nothing too alarming...
..(I hope)...

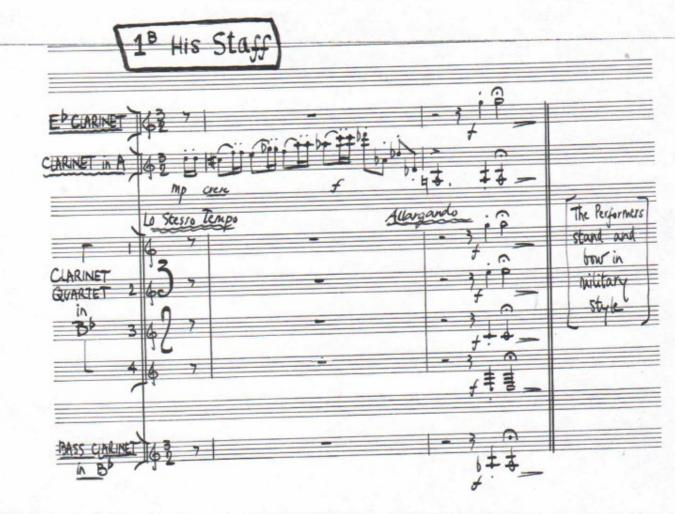
The name's Weatherall...

General Weatherall...

A pleasure to see you all...

I'm in charge here, by the way.

So I'll quickly introduce myself and my staff, and then we'll get cracking...



(aside to the performers): Thank you. At ease.

(to audience): Well. The first I knew anything was wrong was when the lights started flickering in the mess one evening last week.

Damned annoying, and it rapidly got worse.

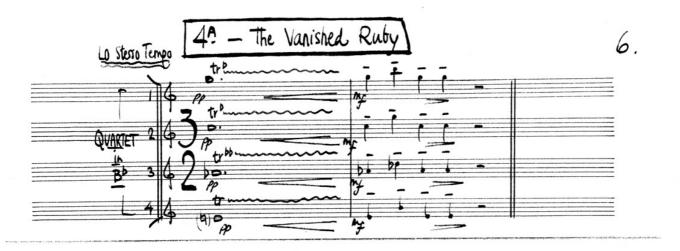


A nation-wide blackout, and NOT a strike: PLO? IRA? SNP?

Who'd put the spanner in the works this time?...
"Not a spanner, General", says my batman, "but a spider..."
A SPIDER?
"Yes; a great, big, bloated, Flack Widow Spider.."

## 3 - The Menace





In other words, the computerized nerve-cell at the core of the country's energy programme had been filched by this hideous thing.....



...and had been secreted in a deep vault fastened with an advanced type of Combination Lock.

I immediately called in my hand-picked strategic commando unit: The FIREFLIES.





I don't mind admitting I was at my wits end.

But the Fireflies were in sparkling form, and came up with a PLAN. Brilliant! A tame RED SPIDER MITE...

... (swarms of the blighters in my greenhouse)...

But this one was different - utterly different!

They brought him along in a matchbox to the War Office, and put him through his paces on my blotter.

