

MR. MEN at a Music Festival

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James Thomas

Have you ever been to a music festival?

Neither had the Mr Men.

So, one sunny weekend, they went to a music festival.

It was as simple as that.

None of them had anything on that weekend, except Mr Busy, but he took his work with him and went anyway.

That's the spirit!



They bought their tickets. Well, most of them did.

They packed their bags. Well, Little Miss Scatterbrain gave up halfway through and just brought a toilet brush in a fishbowl.

Mr Strong knew Mr Lazy wouldn't be ready in time, so he packed Mr Lazy.

They got on the bus. IN the bus, to be precise. Mr Silly actually got ON the bus.

Soon, they were there, wherever that was.

It was a field!

This was sure to be a weekend to remember!



It was a lovely field, to begin with.

Little Miss Wise had already worked out where they needed to be from one end of the weekend to the other. But Mr Messy got jam all over her timetable. Nobody was as surprised as him. He hadn't even brought any jam!

Mr Perfect pitched the perfect tent. Perfect for him, that was. Mr Rude pointed out that Mr Tall could never fit in it. Of course, Mr Clever pointed out that Mr Tall wouldn't need to, as he had a tent of his own.

Little Miss Tidy had already started tidying up, even though they'd only just arrived!

And in no time at all, Mr Greedy had flame-grilled fifteen sausages.

All for himself, of course.



They were having a jolly old time.

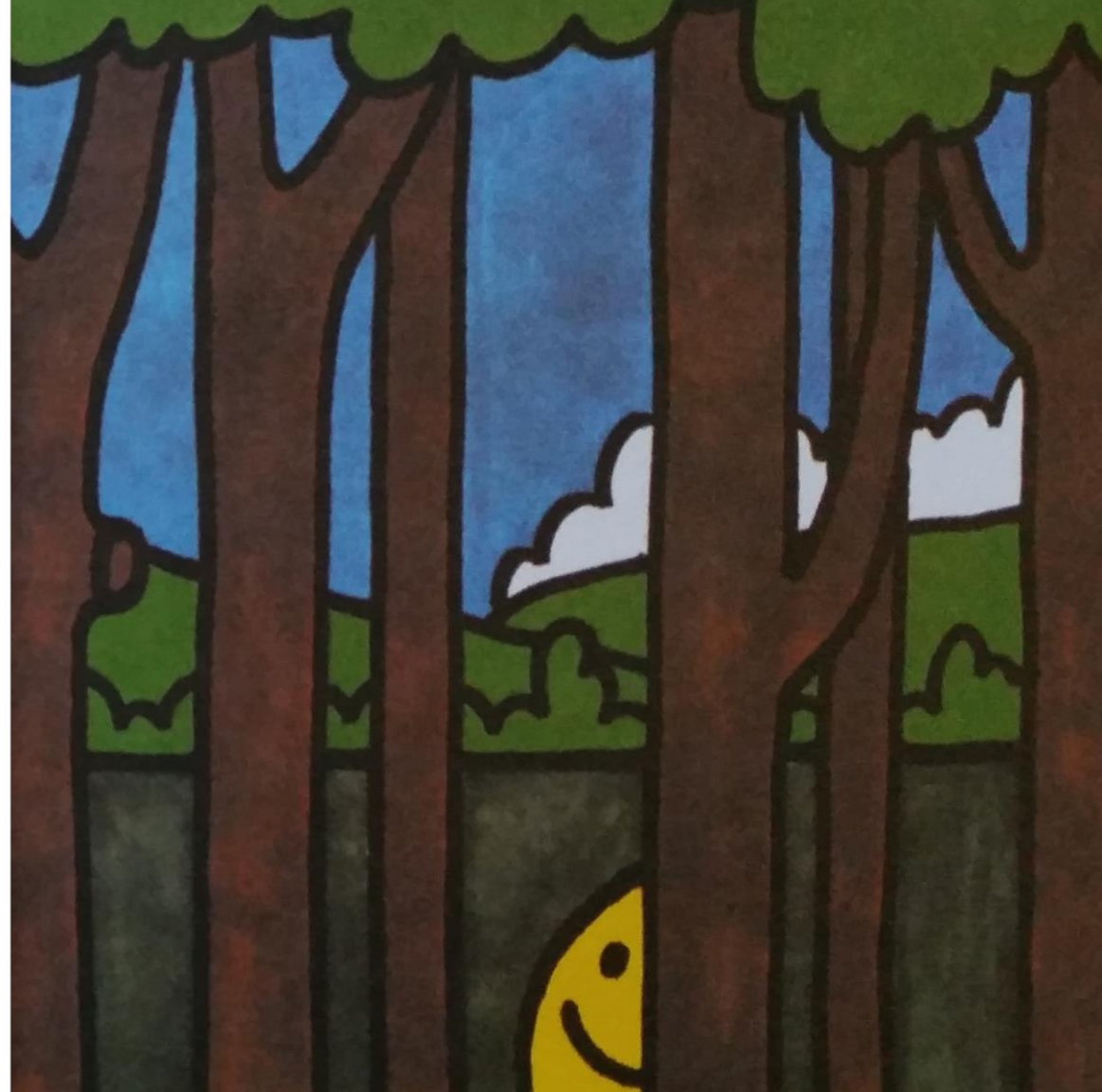
Little Miss Quick did three hundred laps of the field.

Mr Uppity was sure he had the most expensive sleeping bag in the world, which made him very smug indeed.

Mr Mischief hid everybody's luggage in a tree. Then Mr Bounce bounced up and got it back down!

As for Mr Grumpy, well, he had plenty to be grumpy about. The toilets. The food. Even the beautiful weather! So, in a way, he was happy.

And before they all got ready to head off and see the bands, Mr Happy decided to go for a walk in the woods.



Suddenly, Mr Muddle turned up.

"How did you get in?" asked Little Miss Curious.

"You didn't have a ticket!"

"Oh, I just walked in. When I walk in, it looks like I'm walking out! Nobody batted an eyelid."

What a clever plan that was. Good old Mr Muddle! (Mr Mean had something very different to say about him, but you wouldn't want to hear it.)

Mr Worry was sure they'd get in trouble.

He was right! They would get in trouble!

But not for that. Read on...



Little Miss Somersault arrived.

"How did you get in?" asked Mr Nosey. "You didn't have a ticket!"

"Easy! I jumped the fence."

How ingenious!

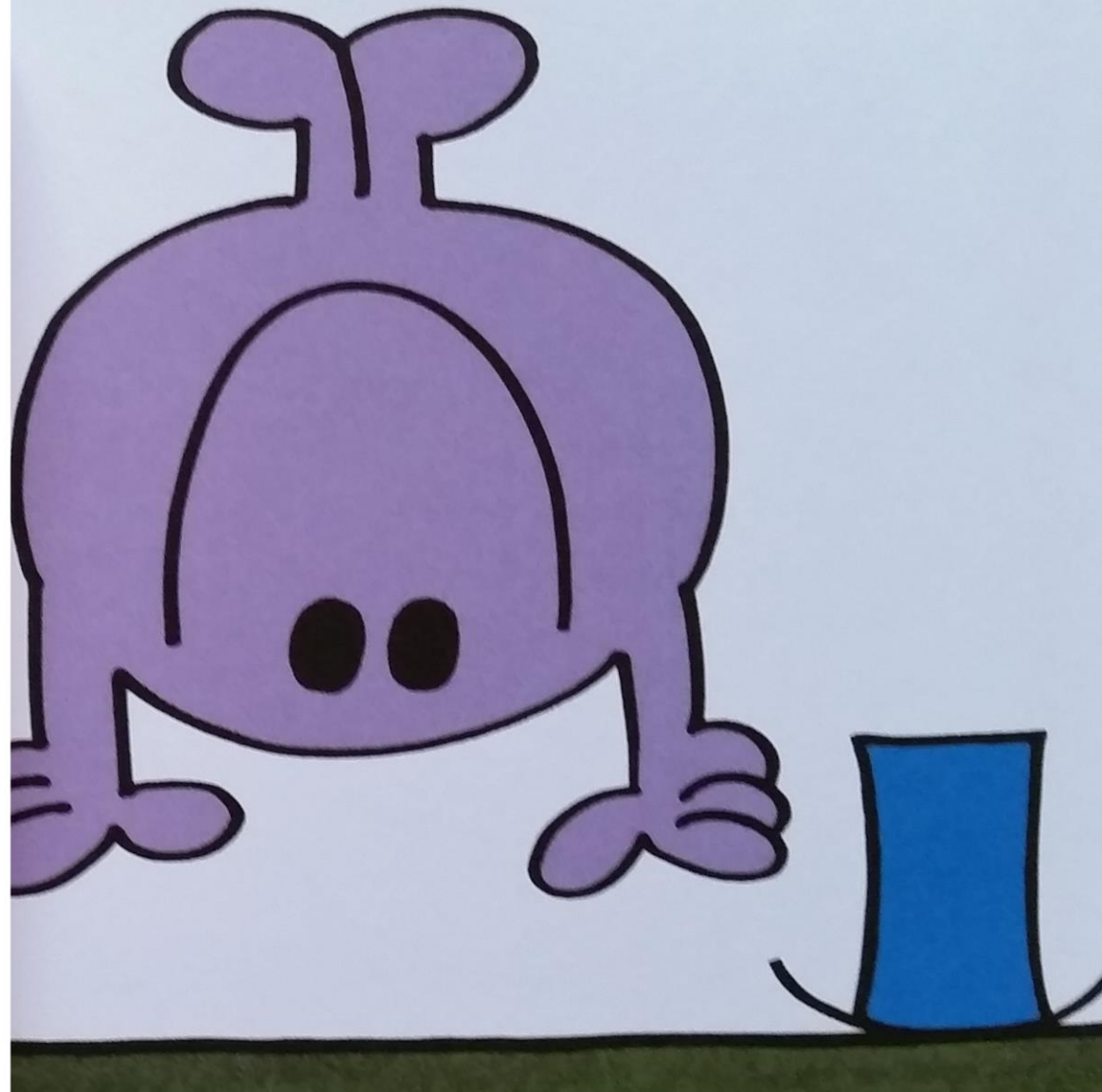
It dawned on Mr Bounce that he could have done the very same thing. He didn't feel ingenious at all.

Mr Impossible (who never seemed to have a ticket for anything) fell from the sky, landing in his own hat. Impossible, you say? Absolutely!

"Sorry!" he said, to his hat.

"I should think so!" the hat replied.

Even Mr Daydream was impressed.



When Mr Happy returned from his walk in the woods, he had tremendous news for everyone.

"Look at this!" he said. "I found a bag of little biscuits with my face on them!"

"YOU'RE FAMOUS!" shouted Mr Noisy.

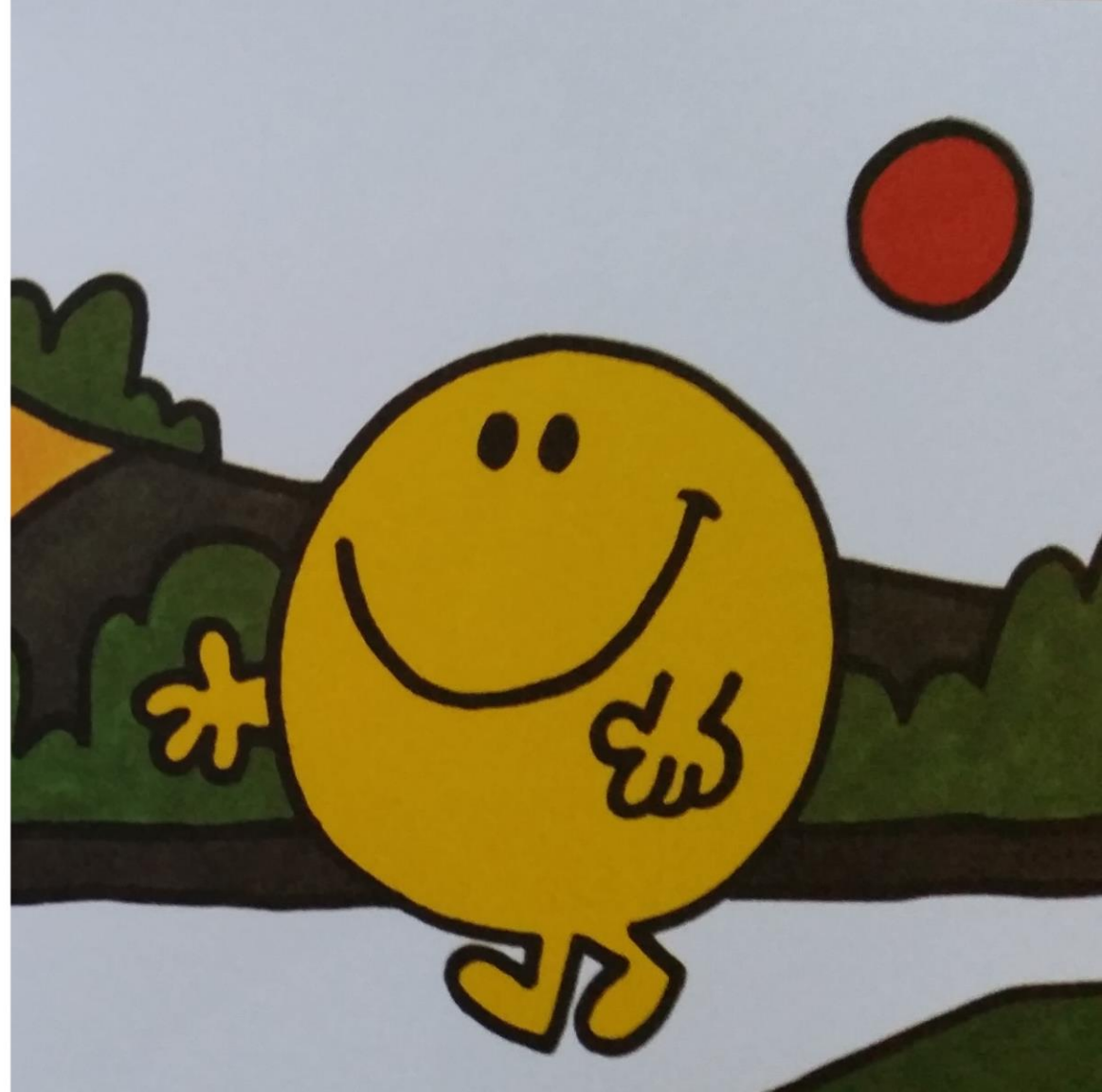
And Mr Happy shared them with all his friends.

Everybody got one.

Except Mr Greedy, who ate three, and Mr Small, who had a few crumbs.

They were, without a doubt, the most disgusting biscuits anyone had ever eaten. Nobody told Mr Happy, because it didn't seem right to complain.

They tasted like soap! Imagine that!



And do you know what? Everybody felt very odd.

It was a pleasant, tingly sort of odd.

They had a wonderful time, chewing their own faces and rolling their eyes and hugging their friends and lying on the ground and feeling the grass on their skin.

Everything and everyone, they all decided, was perfectly wonderful.

Oh yes - even Mr Grumble! Even Mr Mean! Even Little Miss Stubborn!

"Oh man," said Mr Grumpy, as he removed his hat and started touching the tents. "Oh. Man. "

Each and every one of them. They just felt... nice.



Nobody knew why everything felt so nice, but that didn't seem to bother anyone. Yes, even Mr Grumble.

But that wasn't even the strangest thing about it.

Before long, Mr Lazy began to behave like Mr Busy. Of all people!

Mr Quiet was acting like Little Miss Chatterbox. And there were plenty of Little Miss Sunshines about.

Mr Busy, meanwhile, had decided to cut the grass, over and over again. Little Miss Wise had all kinds of ridiculous things to say, none of which sounded particularly wise to anyone but herself. Mr Bump's pains went away, which was nice.

Mr Uppity let everyone touch his sleeping bag. They all agreed that it was softer than a cloud full of feathers.



Mr Rush wandered off in the direction of - well, anything at all, really. That's right. He became so fast that he actually slowed down! So he was able to enjoy all the music and meet new people and have his face painted, without dashing off on an errand!

Little Miss Star got up onstage, to sing along with a string quartet. It sounded atrocious, but at least she felt famous!

Little Miss Sunshine gave a speech about how everybody in the crowd was going to be her best friend in the world. She really meant it.

Even Little Miss Bad got up, beaming from ear to ear and bobbing her head.

"I love this song!" she yelled.

There was no song playing.



The best thing, Little Miss Fun concluded, was that there was music everywhere.

Somewhere, anyway.

You could blink your eyes to it. You could tap your toes to it. You could almost breathe it!

Take Mr Forgetful. He spent two hours sprawled on the path, mesmerized by the bleating of the sheep. Just wiggling his feet!

"Baa- baa- baa- baa," they kept saying. Whatever that means!

Not that it mattered.

You could probably wiggle your feet to the bleat right now, if you tried.

If there's a sheep nearby.



Mr Clumsy was dancing, too, and he only fell over once!

That's because he couldn't get up.

He had managed to trip over a briefcase, which really is very clumsy, as it was surely the only briefcase that had ever been left in a field!

It was Mr Busy's briefcase. He was still pushing that lawnmower about.



Everywhere you looked, there were stalls selling food. Burgers, pizzas, noodles, curries, pies, muffins... and a hundred other things.

Now you might think that this was Mr Greedy's idea of heaven. Normally, you'd be right. But this was no normal day.

It took him forty minutes to order a cake (his words weren't working) and another forty to take a bite (his chewing wasn't working either).

Elsewhere, there were all kinds of adventures.

Mr Tall got in everyone's way, though he couldn't tell. Little Miss Whoops kept bumping into strangers. Whoops!

Mr Tickle gave himself a shoulder rub. Little Miss Fabulous got sick in her designer wellington boots. Mr Forgetful hadn't the foggiest idea where his tent was, so he stayed up all night.



Later that night, they all talked and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked.

They talked about windows and geese and drums and leaves and milk and noses and Thursday and sheds and... well, everything!

When he was able to stand again, Mr. Clumsy told Mr. Fussy two hundred times how much he liked spaghetti. Mr. Clumsy agreed two hundred times that spaghetti was great.

Strangely enough, none of them felt hungry.

Just hot.

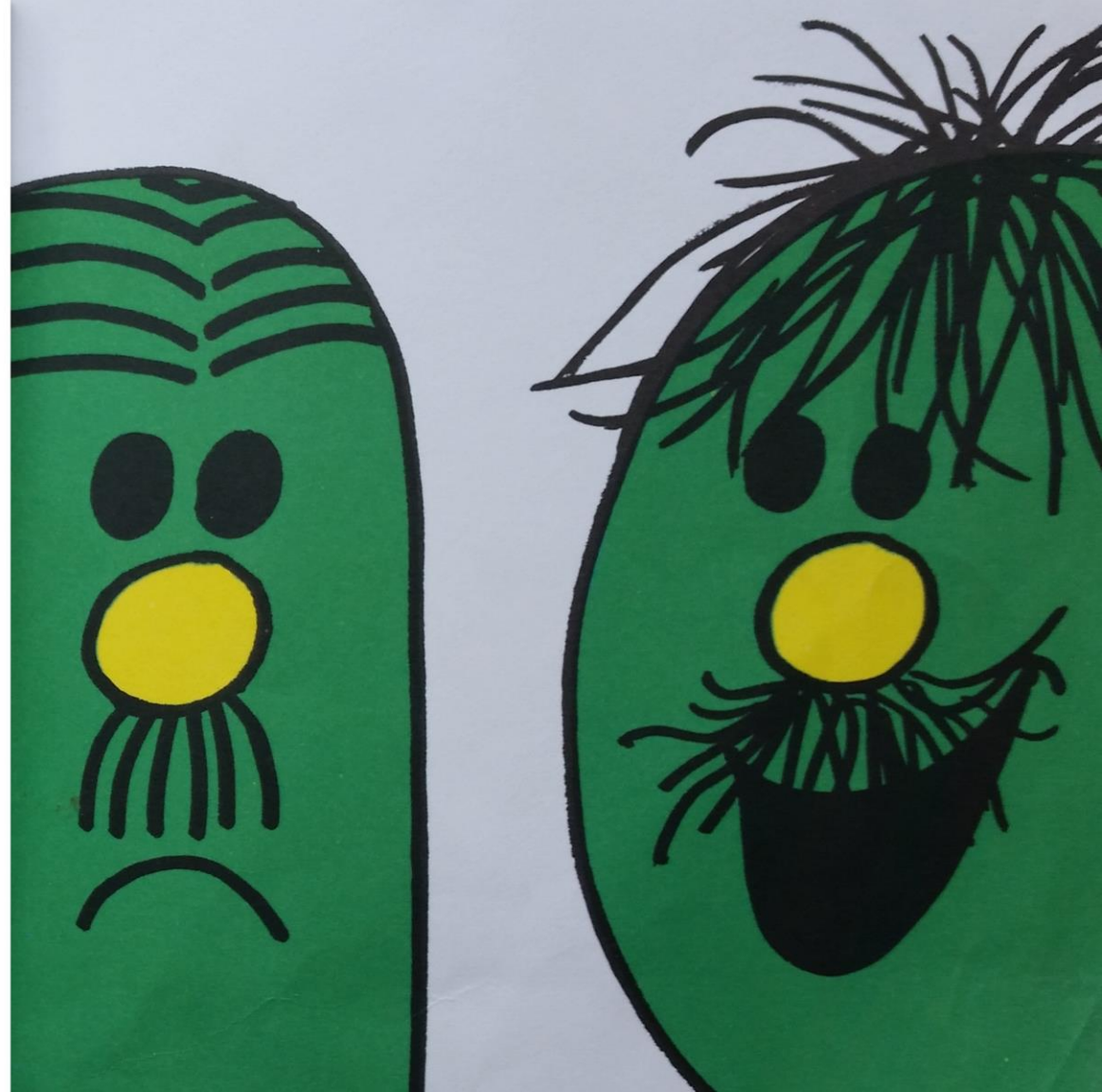


However, as the sun rose, things changed.
Mr Fussy wanted nothing more than to climb into his neatly-made bed, to feel the softness of his Egyptian cotton sheets, to smush his face into his perfectly-fluffed pillow.

How nice that would be!

But here he was, in a cold, wet field, still hearing about spaghetti.

It was horrible.



All of a sudden, they all felt bad.

Just awful.

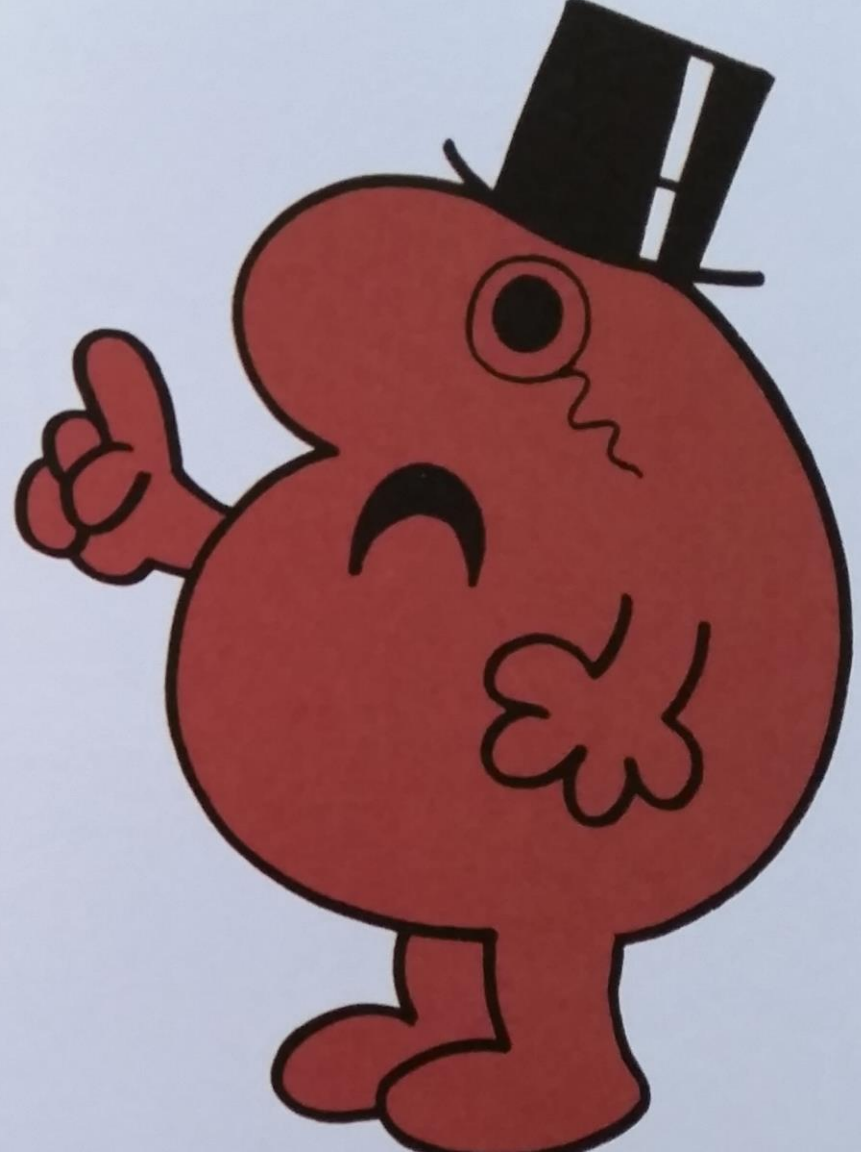
They were all turning into Mr Quiet.

“Weren’t we supposed to see a band?” asked Little Miss Curious, with her inside voice.

Mr Worry had seen Mr Greedy taken away in an ambulance. This worried Mr Worry so much, he just curled up into a ball.

Mr Strong's arms hurt. He couldn't remember why.

Mr Uppity couldn't think of anything to be uppity about. He felt like Mr Downity!



And that's not all!

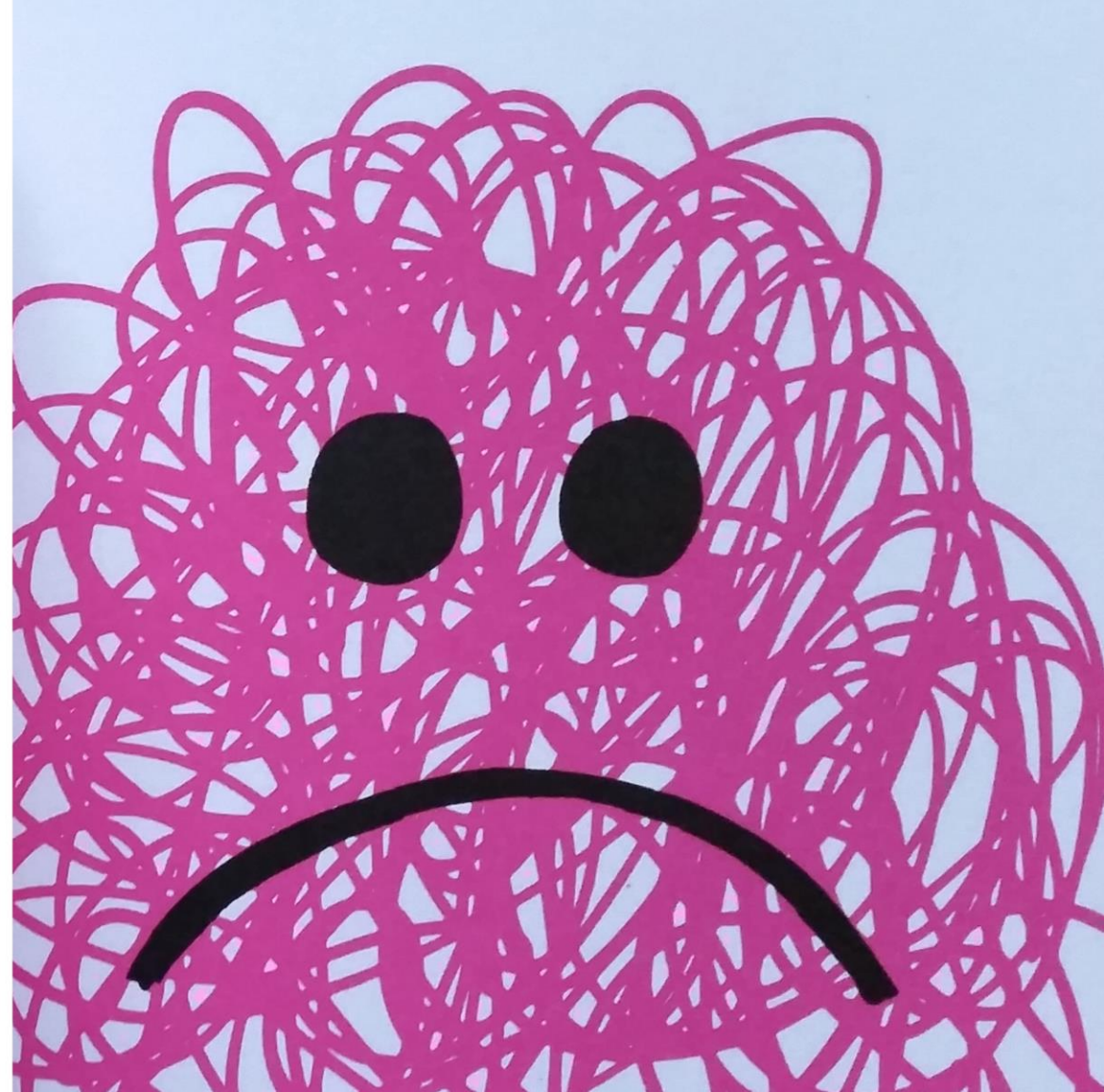
Mr Messy looked round. (Well, he looked like more of a squiggle, but never mind that.)

He was gobsmacked and flabbergasted.
Slobbermangled, even. The field was ruined!

“Even I think this is a bit much. It looks like nobody made it to the toilet last night!” he thought.

Little Miss Tidy couldn't bear to look at the mess.
She simply closed her eyes and wept.

You have never seen such a mess in your life!



Soon, a policeman arrived.

"Afternoon, everybody," he said.

"Agh!" shouted Mr Jelly, shaking with the cold and the fear. "No!"

Which, Mr Good thought, was probably not the right thing to say to a policeman.

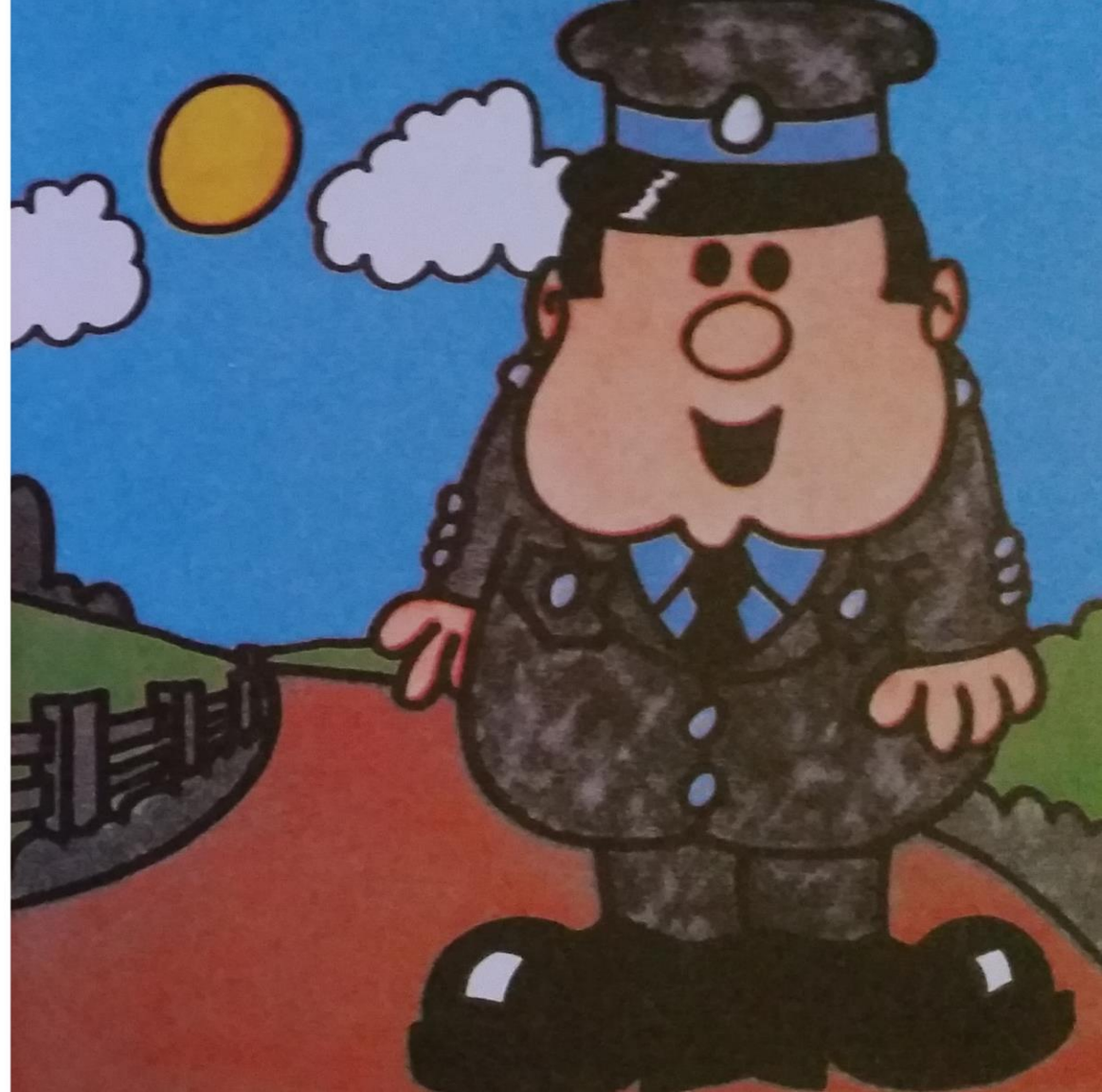
The policeman tutted and shook his head. He looked at everyone's upside-down faces.

"I'd like to have a word with Mr Happy. Has anyone seen him?" asked the policeman.

But nobody had.

"Little Miss Trouble says he was handing out little biscuits," he continued. "Would any of you know anything about that?"

Nobody seemed to know anything about that.



It was the afternoon, and things had gone from bad to worse.

"I think there might have been something wrong with those biscuits," said Mr Clever, who was still in his sleeping bag.

"I want to go home," cried Mr Lazy. "I miss my bed."

Little Miss Fickle agreed. "I miss my slippers. Or my socks. No - my dressing-gown."

Mr Dizzy had already left.



Mr Slow still hadn't gotten around to eating his little biscuit.

In fact, he was just about to pop it in his mouth, when the policeman came by.

You remember the policeman from earlier, don't you? Well, once he'd started asking questions, everyone had scattered. They knew there was trouble brewing, though they didn't know why!

First, Mr Rush ran off. Then Mr Busy. Then Little Miss Somersault, Mr Bounce, and all the others.

So now, the policeman was out of breath, and he had been outrun by almost everybody.

But not Mr Slow!

So the policeman brought him to the station for a chat. About his biscuit.



It was just as well that they'd run away, really, because everybody had had enough of the music festival.

So they all went home.

And, believe it or not, nobody said a word!

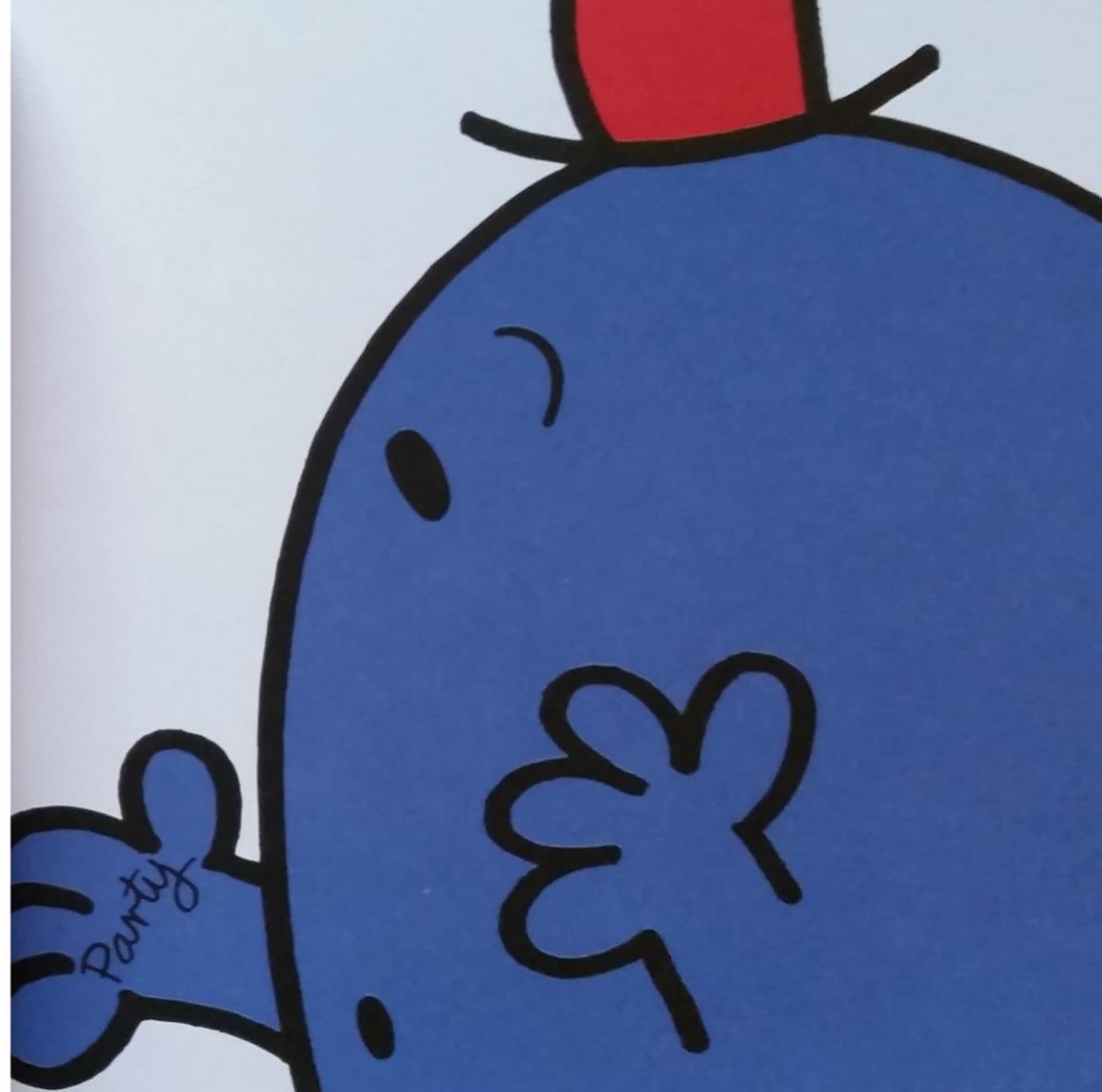
All they could hear was the sound of Mr Noisy's shoes, as he trudged home.

CLUMP! ...
CLUMP! ...
CLUMP!

Little Miss Chatterbox had a thousand thoughts, but none of them were coming out.

Mr Forgetful stared in confusion at something he had written on his hand.

Little Miss Magic felt like making herself disappear.



“Let’s do it all again next year!” Little Miss Fun
tried to say.

But instead, she just ground her teeth and shivered.

THANK YOU FOR READING

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