Tales of the Riverbank

By John Henderson
Ah. Tales of the riverbank.
Hello there. Sorry for flying in unannounced, but I'm sure I felt a drop of rain outside, so I thought I'd pop in and watch the film with you until the weather improves, if that's all right.

Hmm.
Looks peaceful enough now, doesn't it? It wasn't always like... oh! Oh, look! That's where I live.
Just on that oak tree there.
What?
So as... as... As I was saying, the river wasn't always like that, you know.
I shall now a tale unfold that will make your feathers curl.
I do realize that some of you don't have feathers.
It's just an expression;
I'm not stupid.
I've passed exams, you know.
Some.
This is a story of heroes and villains, battles and bravery, laughter and tears, explosions and romance, boats, cars, planes, even helicopters.
But above all, it's about never giving up, no matter what.
Well, now, it all started with a few spots of rain.
The spots became heavier and heavier,
until they seemed to join up
into one great blob of water.
Once it started,
it never stopped.
Day after day,
night after night,
rain, rain, rain.
The river
got deeper and deeper,
and overflowed its banks,
flooding everywhere.
The animals ran for the hills
as their homes were swept away
and crushed by
the onrushing water.
By the time the rain stopped,
not a living soul
remained on the riverbank.
Well, apart from
hammy the hamster.
He's very young,
and hamsters aren't
the brightest.
Got a lot to learn.
The first thing being
that if he doesn't
move very soon,
he's gonna be squashed
by a falling tree.
Oh, ferrets!
Sorry about the language.
So little hammy found himself
adrift and lost
with no food, shelter,
or hope of ever seeing
his home again.
Scared and alone on a vast...
ahoy there!
Well, perhaps
not totally alone.
Ahoy there!
This is a Guinea pig
called g.P.
G stands for Guinea,
and the p stands for...
Well, you can
work it out yourself.
He's a decent enough sort, g.P.
Likes to be in charge,
tell everyone what to do,
but then, show me
a Guinea pig who doesn't.
Hmm, hmm?
- Ahoy there.
- Hi.
Are you all right
there, youngster?
Yeah, yeah. No problem.
Just thought I'd take the log
here for a bit of a spin.
You don't need any help at all?
- No. No, I'm fine, thanks.
- Even though you're sinking?
Ooh, right.
So I am. Into the water.
Hop aboard, young hamster, before you drown.
Plenty of room.
- I'll be fine, thanks.
- Nonsense.
How long ago since
you ate something?
Um... what time is it now?
- Midday.
- A week then.
You must be starving!
Tuck in, fellow
rodent adventurer.
So hammy got some food.
But he was still
no nearer getting home.
Neither of them was.
Still, at least, now they were
lost with someone else.
Easy there, hammy,
save some for later.
Afraid there might be
lots and lots of later.
Especially now it looks
like it's just me and you.
- Just you and me?
- Could be, hammy.
Everything else
is gone in the flood.
What was that?
I thought you said, g.P.,
it was just two of us.
We do seem to have,
un, a visitor.
Ahoy there.
Obviously doesn't
speak English.
He doesn't look very friendly.
You don't think it might be...
What?
One of those kinds of
visitors who eats hamsters.
I doubt it. No, if you ask me,
it's probably more frightened
of us than we are of it.
I wish people wouldn't say that.
It is so untrue.
Where are you going?
It's just a pile of old junk.
Told you it was
nothing to worry about, hammy.
- Run for it!
- There's nowhere to run.
- Swim for it!
- I can't swim.
- Then panic!
- At last, something I can do.
Blow me! I thought I would
never get out of there.
One moment, I'm chattin' up
a pretty young dormouse,
and the next moment, whoosh!
Someone turns the taps on,
and I was best mates
with a scrap heap. Et cetera.
Nice to meet you, gents.
Life on the ocean waves, eh?
So, as they say,
all the nice girls
love a sailor, don't they?
That is roderick the rat.
He's a bit flashy,
but a good rodent to have along
in an emergency like this.
Oh, do I spy
nibbles, by any chance?
Be my guest... oh, you have.
Don't mind if I do.
And if you fancy a bit of
rubber tube, just tuck in.
So now,
there were three of them.
It was getting dark,
and all a bit scary.
G.P. Came up with a plan
to keep them busy,
so they wouldn't have any time
to think about
being frightened.
Everyone knows that,
in a crisis,
it's all hands to the pump.
This is a crisis,
so we need a pump.
Right. Good idea. Great.
What's a pump?
You're a hamster, aren't you?
Yes, yes, I'll
speak slowly then.
It's a machine that gets
water to come, then go away.
It seems a bit pointless.
I'm sure there's a pump
somewhere inside my head.
Hmm. Hmm.
It's not actually
in his head, hammy.
Right. I knew that.
It's just a question of...
Got it! I know how to do it.
Trial and error. Right, you
two, follow my instructions.
What's trial and error?
A lot of work.
So they started to make a pump to get rid of all the water. Every time they finished one, g.p. rejected it on some technicality or other, like, it didn't work, for example.

Who tossed the...
Can we have a break?
Ah, that's what I want.
You're standing on my paw.
But they didn't give up hope, and that was the most important thing of all.

Stop mucking about.
I need a little bit of help with this.
This went on and on and on, long into the night until they all fell asleep, totally exhausted. They were so tired that they didn't notice that the clouds had blown away, and the flood was dropping anyway.
Wake up, g.p.
Your pump's worked.
The water's gone down!
It has, yes.
The old mark 17 was the one.
Well, I never. I'd have put a week's worth of worms on that contraption not working.
It's a gift I have, roderick. It's only fair that I share it with the rest of the world. Good to feel a bit of solid ground again.
Hello, hello, what's this?
Hamster looks
down in the dumps.
Oh, dear.
Oh, dear, oh, dear.
I'm not sure we'll ever get
back to where we came from.
We will, my friend.
G.P. Will get you there
safe and sound.
Hello.
This is a bit tasty.
G.P., you don't know,
by any chance,
what it is, do you?
Unless I'm very much mistaken,
that is a... A chair.
- A chair.
- You sit there.
There seems to be a lot of
chair and not much seat.
Probably foreign.
Boat. That's it.
This... is a boat.
A boat? No, no, no.
Boats float on water.
That chair has been stuck in the
mud from the moment I saw it.
Look, it's one of those...
Et ceteras.
Oh, no. That chair
doesn't move at all.
It makes the right noise.
Hammy made the same noise
after eating beans last night.
He's not a boat either.
Sorry about that.
It was the slugs.
You don't think it could
be a sort of a chair boat?
- Chair boat?
- It's a boat. Right?
Just wait till
it gets in the water.
Look out!
For what? I'm sliding backwards
to my watery death.
Hello!
Oh, dear.
Can't this chair go any faster?
We'd go much faster if we went
the other way, with the river.
We didn't come from
the other way, though, did we?
No, but the world
is round, isn't it?
So if we kept going far enough,
we'd end up where we started.
It stands to reason.
Hammy, how do you dress
yourself in the morning?
- I don't dress.
- Course you don't.
It's a bit scary here, g.P.
Nonsense.

Hammy:
it might be better
if we did go back for a while.
No time for the faint-hearted.
I thought you wanted
to get home.
I do, but...
Ooh, we're going to hit a Mountain.
Stop the engine.
- It won't stop.
- Brace for impact.
Assume crash position.
Where are we?
If I'm not very much mistaken,
we're in a tunnel.
Nothing to worry about.
Just a tunnel.
Oh, I don't remember coming through
a tunnel when I was on that log.
We must've taken
the wrong fork.
Nonsense. I have
a perfect sense of direction.
Is that terrible noise normal
for a tunnel, do you think?
Oh, yes. All the best
 tunnels make groaning noises.
A bit of whistling now and
then, but mainly groaning.
What about rumbling?
Uh... that's less common.
- Bits falling off the roof?
- Unusual.
Roderick, it would be very good if you
would get the engine going again.
I'm trying.
That's done the trick.
Or maybe not.
Oh, dear.
Hate to hurry you,
but there's just a small chance
that we're about
to be buried under
a million tons of Mountain!
Hurry up, hurry up!
Well done, that rat.
Rodent know-how
is all it needed.
Well done, that rat.
No going back now.
So we press on,
my rodent chums.
They've done very well
to get this far,
but then, they don't know
what's waiting
around the next bend.
You know how it is.
You just get used to being
the last surviving animals
on the whole riverbank,
when suddenly,
a mouse wearing jewelry
and a load of ferrets
in a helicopter turn up.
Isn't it always the way?
Helicopter.
Yes, we all know
what it is, roderick.
Do we? Oh, right.
The question is,
what is it doing?
Pull over to the right.
Pull over to the right.
I'm pretty sure they want us
to pull over to the right.
You think?
Easy, boys.
They don't look like trouble.
Miss... ooh!
You just reeled us in
some tourists.
Tourists?
Excuse me, madam. We happen
to live on this river,
and we don't take too kindly
- to being attacked by your gang of thugs.
- They're not my thugs.
Keep away.
I don't want to have
to use force.
My paws are registered with
the police as lethal weapons.
- Ha!
- Ow.
I have to warn you,
I have a black collar in karate.
Back off, fellas. It's okay.
Consider yourselves lucky.
Sorry about the ferrets.
They're a little
overprotective of the talent.
We're the talent. Well, she's the talent.
I'm a comedian.
I'm Sonia.
Mistress of the microphone,
empress of the ears,
and the mouse with the most.
Now we've been hired
by the w.M.D.
To give a show at
their headquarters upriver.
And what or who
are this w.M.D.?
Why, it's the waffle, marmalade and
doughnut corporation, of course.
Where you been puttin' your
sweet tooth all these years?
I just had to get a break
from that noisy helicopter.
Did you hear about the blonde
hamster who crashed her helicopter?
When they asked her
what went wrong, she said,
she got to 1,000 feet,
she felt cold,
and turned off the big fan.
He's funny.
- I don't get it.
- No offense.
That's a funny joke.
Hey, hot rod.
- Me?
- Yeah, you, good-lookin'.
Good-looking?
You wanna show me how much chug you
got in that chug-chug boat of yours?
Sorry. I don't quite follow.
You folks around here
never do any water skiin'?
No. No.
Is that all the chug
you've got?
- We got a bit more.
- Oh.
Press the... et cetera.
Ooh! Now that's more like it.
You're my kind of rat, hot rod.
I can't. Oh!
Bye-bye, boys.
Write if you get work!
Bye!
That Sonia's
a bit special, isn't she?
She seemed very... nice.
I think they behaved
appallingly.
And as for those ferrets... never trust a ferret. They'll have your leg off as soon as look at you. The waffle, marmalade and doughnut corporation are welcome to the lot of them. Ha! Ha! Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily life is but a dream row, row, row your boat gently down the stream merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily life is but a dream row, row, row your boat gently down the stream merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily life is but a dream row, row, row your boat gently down the stream merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily life is but a dre-eee-eee-am! this is better. Yes, I feel as though I'm getting the old sea legs back. Sea legs, roderick? But we're... please don't say we're on the river and not the sea. No, right. I wasn't. Oh! Oh, my goodness. It's making me feel quite giddy. I thought you had the power, Betty, to see things coming before they came. I was right about needing an umbrella, miss much. Yes, but foolishly, I assumed it was to hold above our heads. This unlikely pair comprises miss much, the rabbit, and Betty, another hamster.
The one with the ears that could pick up satellite television is miss much.
She's a schoolteacher.
And Betty, well, Betty says she has a gift, and can see into the future.
Yes. Makes you wonder why she hasn't noticed she's going to crash into that boat.
Oh, no! I see a boat coming towards us.
Well done. Very clairvoyant.
Thank for the early warning, Betty.
Get out of the way.
We're coming through.
- Clear the channel, please.
- You clear the channel.
Downstream vessels give way to upstream vessels.
Oh, yes?
Got that out of a Christmas cracker, did you?
- Watch out!
- We're going to...
Lean to one side, Betty.
They're obviously stupid.
Pull over, roderick.
They're obviously stupid.

Miss much:
I told you to get out of the way.
Excuse me, madam. There was...
- it's miss, actually.
- Excuse me, miss.
It was you who hit us, not the other way round.
Nonsense. You're a menace.
- We're stuck, g.P.
- Oh, joy!
Would you mind going away, please?
We wish to leave.
- I'm trying!
- Really?
Oh, I'm getting a vision.
Not now, Betty dear.
I'm arguing.
Here it comes.
I see things
sorting themselves out
by themselves.
Just leave everything alone.
Some chance with this overgrown
pajama case getting in the way.
- What did you say?
- You heard me.
Oh, dear.
I mean... I mean,
listen to them.
Now you know why owls
only come out at night.
It's not until after those noisy
little furries have gone to bed
that we feathery types get
any peace and quiet at all.
- Very elegant.
- I shall choose to ignore that remark.
Look. The boat's
got free by itself.
Isn't that great?
Just like Betty said.
Shame no one's
in it, though, hammy.
That is a pity, yeah.
- Now look what you've done.
- I've done?!
Roderick, you and hammy run
back down the bank and get it.

- Roderick:
- How do you see all these things, Betty?
Betty fancies herself as
something of a fortune teller
and Fluffy healer.
Bit too touchy-feely
for my taste. 
You mean a beautiful girl like you 
knows how to kiss and make it better? 
Good grief, man, 
leave her alone. 
You're like a rat 
up a drainpipe. 
Yeah. 
Whoa! 
- There it is. 
- How do we get to it? 
Oh, what's this? 
Um, looks very much like, um...
- A chair. 
- With wheels? 
Yes. A wheelchair. 
Ooh, that sounds fun. 
Oh, and what's that? 
Now, that's a...
A chair with wheels and, um...
And things that stick out. 
It's an airplane. 
Some people call it that, yes. 
What do these do? 
Don't touch them, dear. You 
don't know where they've been. 
There is a chair there, yes. 
Typical. Not so much 
as a good-bye, 
or thank you for saving me. 
Oh. Is that what 
this is for? Oh. 
Ho-ho, look! No paws! 
It's not really as difficult 
as those birds make out. 
What does this do? 
There's hammy and roderick. 
- Hello, lads. 
- It's g.P. 
- So it is. 
- Hello. Hello, g.P. 
It's me, hammy. 
Is that an airplane? 
Either that, or g.P.'S
a very unusual Guinea pig.
I don't know why I bother.
Do you think we'll ever
see g.P. Again?
You can put
your last worms on it.
We'd better get the boat
before he gets back.
Talk of the devil,
checkin' up what we're doin'.
Hey, g.P. G.P., over here.
- Are you sure that's g.P.?
- Of course.
Oh, a falcon!
Run!
Hammy!
Ooh, it's very high.
Ooh, you're hurting me.
Let hammy go, you bully!
You hook-beaked buffoon!
Now I'm pretty certain
that this was the first time
this particular falcon
had ever encountered
an airplane flown by an angry,
slightly overweight Guinea pig.
The shock was so great,
he dropped hammy,
and flew away in a panic,
convinced he was seeing things.
Ah, ferrets! Ooh! Oh, oh!
Otters! Ow, ow!
Are you all right, hammy?
Yes, yes. I think so.
Bit winded.
He put the whole thing
down to the after-effects
of eating
a brightly colored frog
a few hours before,
which we've all done.
Whatever's that?
W-m-d.
Oh, that's no good.
Oh, I can't see how we can get to it, roderick.
Yeah, it's not just g.P. Who has ideas, hammy.
Is that a catapult?
Where am I?
They'll never find me.
Oh, dear. What's that noise?
And that one.
Who's that staring at me?
Come out of there, whoever you are.
If you don't come out, I'll stay here.
Help!
Help!!
They're after me, whoever they are.
I have to get away as fast as I can.
Ah, yes.
I don't seem to have got away at all.
Good grief. This forest is full of crashed airplanes.

- Hammy:
- Of course.
We just run backwards as fast as we can, and then, lift our legs. Easy.
Okay. You just keep thinking, roderick. That's what you're good at.
Now I have to warn you. Please do not try this at home.
Hamsters and rats are not, by nature, flying animals.
These two happen to be especially stupid, and deserve to get badly hurt for trying such a silly stunt.
Somehow, more by luck
than judgment,
they got away with it.
Many haven't.
I'm going to wake up
as someone's breakfast,
if I wake up at all.
What if they can't
wait for breakfast?
I... I could be supper.
A midnight feast.
Just a snack between meals.
Hold on. That sounds like...

**Hammy:**
little wheel you can run around...
Hammy!
That plant looks like g.P.
It is g.P.
There I was,
fly through the air
without a care in the world...
- there's a coincidence. So were we.
- What are you talking about?
Take no notice.
So what about the smoke then?
Well, the black smoke was
coming from the w.M.D. Factory.
Woobily... Mmmm...
Waffle, marmalade and doughnut.
It was deadly.
I couldn't breathe.
If you ask me,
that w.M.D. Is up to no good.
No good at all.
Poison of some kind.
I think I shall go there
and give them
a piece of my mind.
Can you afford
to lose any, g.P.?
- What?
- Nothing.
What was that noise?
Hammy:
I don't like this.
W.M.D., you see?
Wmd-ah...
What's a wall doing in a river?
It's not a wall, it's a dam.
It's a damn what?
Oh. You didn't realize
you'd made a joke.
A dam. It's a name for
a wall in a river.
We can't sail through a wall.
Oh, no.
- A pike.
- What's so bad about a pike?
It hates all creatures
great and small,
and it eats most of them.
- Not a Guinea pig, surely.
- Often dish of the day.
What can we do?
Well, we could start by
not falling in the water.
Sound advice.
Hammy!
- Hammy!
- Hamster overboard!
Hammy!
Are you all right?
Yes, I think so.
Can hamsters swim?
I have no idea.
My parents never
told me anything.
Oh, no. He's going to be eaten!
- Quick, hammy! Fast as you can.
- Hurry up, lad.
Why? Is there
something behind me.
- I wouldn't like?
- Yes.
Ah, right.
Oh, ferrets.
Where has he gone?
Where is he?
Bizarre.
Hello there.
Your friend looked like he could do with a bit of a leg up.
Thanks very much, Mr. Pike.
Ah, don't mention it.
The name's Lucius.
Fish superhero.
- So you don't want to eat us?
- Eat you?
No, no, no.
So many animals to rescue,
so little time.
If it wasn't underwater,
I'd wear a cape.
Is it a plane, is it a fish?
- Yes.
- Yes!
It's super-pike!
We're trying to get back to where we came from, upriver.
And now, the dam's in the way.
I have a bone to pick with that W.M.D. Mob.
More than one bone;
A whole skeleton.
You mean those fat cats that run the place?
Everything's gone to pot since they took over the factory.
Really?
One big dud after another.
And they've kidnapped that girl singer and the terrible comedian.
- We've got to rescue her.
- You sure?
I mean, she seems the sort who'd be perfectly capable of escaping by herself.
Leave it out, g.P.
Sonia needs our help.
- Let's go.
- Oh, all right then.
If we must.
Well, you can't get through the dam, so I'm afraid you're not going anywhere, unless you can get over that Mountain.
- What Mountain?
- That Mountain. I'm going through a small hole I found. See ya on the other side... 
If you get that boat over there. How can we...

- Hammy:
- Betty had a vision. She saw you coming. Think it was in a weasel's fur. Insisted I pick you up, against my better judgment,
- I might add.
- Great. The poor girl has this mad idea that you're going to sail your boat upstream to clean up some big dirt or something. Dread to think what she was talking about. Not sure there's enough room in here for everyone. It's good of you to volunteer to walk, miss much, but I won't hear it. We'll fit you in somehow. I meant no such... That's outrageous!

Roderick:
The closer we get, the bigger it seems. How are we gonna get our boat over that?
I've absolutely no idea. Where's that racket coming from? I'm afraid Betty's done something rather stupid. The circus! Ha ha! I can't believe it! The circus! Whoo hoo! Look at that. Roderick, can you see? It's a real circus! A circus! Wow. I always dreamt of running away to the circus. But a flea circus, Betty? How can you have a circus with fleas? Fleas. Ugh. It's enough to make one want to... no. No, stop. Please, signore. Have you not read the sign? No scribbling. No scratching! Scratching's the death of a flea circus. One clumsy scratch, and a star can be circus history. You understand? This here is one of my big attractions... the great nippy. A song, a scratch, and a dance on the high wire. Uh-huh. But I am always looking for new talent, so if you have any unwanted little companions... - I beg your pardon! - Your fleas, signora. Fleas?! I'm not staying here to be insulted.
But you must stay for the show.
It will be...
Magnifico!!
There's nothing better
than Al fresco's flea circus,
especially with
the beautiful Betty,
the best fortune teller
I've had since gypsy rose flea
had an unfortunate accident
with her crystal ball.
Rolled right over her.
Oh!
Betty can read paws and claws,
eyes and noses,
sees things in fur
that no one can see.
She sees everyone
coming to Al fresco.
Oh, here it comes.
I can see you buying a ticket
to see things you cannot see.
Ah!
Ladies and gentlemen,
put your paws together, please.
Show your appreciation now
for the incredible fleas.
Ha!

Al:
Lift. Ha!
You know, Betty also said
something very strange.
She says she sees
my fleas becoming so strong,
they could take a boat
over a Mountain.
I don't know what
she means by that.
Coraggio, nippy. Courage.
Hercules, you little big flea.
Come on now. Come on.
Come on! Come on, you can do it!
I know you can do it, my fleas.
Don't let me down!
Don't embarrass me
in front of everybody.
Hercules, you little big flea.
Come on now. Push, Fritz.
Push!! Push, samson.
That's it. You can do it.
Gosh, this is steep.

Al:
Come on. You must
carry on. Come on!
What's the matter
with you, conan?
Up the Mountain!
That's it. One more log,
and you will be there.
We've done it! Ya-ha!
Oh, nippy. Oh, nippy,
you make me so proud, nippy.
Yes, you do.
Ah, well done.
A boat, carried over
a Mountain by fleas.
That is not something
you see every day, is it?
It was just a question
of teamwork.
And what was your part
in the team, g.P.?
Reserve management,
on call, if needed.
Ready to step into the breach.
Anything that doesn't require
any physical effort, you mean.
I didn't notice you carrying
anything, miss much.
I am a lady.
We only have
your word for that.
That is so unnecessary.
How do we get the boat
down to the river again?
Simple. Our strong little friends here slowly let out the rope, and we gently slide down the slope. Can't we just drive upriver in the jeep there? Not enough fuel left.

- Did you put the jeep's brake on, hammy?
- Oh, yes.
Almost certainly.
Possibly.
- What's a brake again?

- Al:
Sorry about that.
Nippy! Don't do that!
It's tickling.
Who are you talking to, Betty?
Our friends who helped us.
- You mean the... fleas?
- Yes, of course, the fleas.
Get them out of here!
Oh, I can feel one on me.
For goodness sake, look what you're doing!

Hammy:
What's that? Al?
- Oh, no, it's the theatricals.
- Sonia!
Sonia!
Sonia! Are you all right?
- We were coming to rescue you.
- Oh, how sweet, hot rod.
Am I pleased to see you folks.
You just don't know what we've been through.
I do not wanna hear the words waffle, marmalade or doughnut ever again.
Oh, we managed to escape by hiding in the party food.
- What happened?
- Well, I was onstage.
The act was going really great.
Well, doctor, said the cow,  
I've been mooing a lot  
and eating grass...  
Well, said the doctor,  
any udder problems?  
Hey, do you mind?  
This is my best material.  
Taxi!  
The audience was  
with me all the way,  
but I managed to shake  
them off at the window.

Sonia:
able to lighten the load,  
we slipped away.  
They're real evil,  
those fat cats.  
I just had to escape and  
tell the whole wide world,  
they aren't making waffles,  
marmalade or doughnuts  
in that factory anymore.  
- No?  
- Nothin' sweet at all.  
- Not even jelly?  
- Jelly? Is that the best you could come up with?  
I like jelly.  
They're making money...  
Dirty money.  
And they don't care what  
they destroy to make it.  
Even the whole riverbank.  
They have gotta be stopped.  
Exactly. We must  
stop the fat cats.  
- Yeah, Sonia just said that, g.P.  
- I said it again,  
but with more  
emphasis and panache.  
And how are you going to do it?  
By using a well-thought out,  
properly researched plan, miss much.  
And what plan is that exactly?
It's not been well-thought out
or properly researched yet,
but when it is,
I'll let you know.
There's an army in there.
You can't do it by yourselves.
I'd fly somewhere
and get more help,
only my balloons are
kinda low on hot air.
If you want hot air,
g.P.'s your animal.
Thank you, miss much. I shall
ignore the obvious insult
and do what I can
to help the situation.
I suppose I could give them
a bit of a talking to.
Now, balloon,
enough of this slacking.
Off you get,
and blow yourself up.
Come on, we haven't
got all day.
Are you sure, g.P., this
is the way to blow it up?
Yes, hammy, it's just a question
of finding the right words.
You do know how to blow up a
balloon, don't you, honey?
You just open your mouth and...
There you go.
- Well done, lady.
- Botheration.
There you are. Botheration.
- Bother... botheration?
- The right word for blowing up balloons.
- Pathetic.
- Botheration.
- Pathetic.
- Botheration!
- Pathetic!
- Botheration.
Oh, hey, it's working. G.P.!
Hey, boys, easy
with the balloons.
Oh, goodness, g.P. I've never
been up in the air before.
No need to panic, hammy.
Everything's under control.
I'm quite experienced
at this kind of thing.
Now, how do we make it
move forward?
Look for a lever, hammy.
There's always a lever.
Something must work
this spinny propeller thing.
I don't think it's got a lever,
or a spinny propeller, g.P.
This is not like an airplane.
It's more like a lift.
It just goes up, and then,
it goes down again.
- What's the point in that?
- I've no idea.
Unless you can't reach something
on a very high shelf.
I would think the trick is
not to go too high, and definitely
not to come down too quick.
Wise words from
someone so young.
Well done, that hamster.
Then we should let
the air out slowly,
and regroup with the others.
- It sounds like one of those...
- Hello again.
Helicopters! Get away!
Move on!
Is he doing what
I think he's doing?
Take cover. We're under fire!
The earth was a long way
away, and now, it's not.
- Stand by for a crash landing.
- Stand by what?
You boys all right?
Right as rain.
Hammy broke my fall.
Bruises. I've got bruises.
Ouch. It was those ferrets.

**Sonia:**

have to make a run for it.
It's the ferrets again.
Oh, no, this is
the giddy limit.
Oh, my giddy aunt.

- **Sonia:**

- **Ferret:**
Sonia!
- Sonia!
- Help!
We've just got to
try and rescue Sonia.
I'm not leaving without her.

**Hammy:**

them making dirty money.
Listen, pal, if you think you're gonna
get past those ferocious ferrets,
and take Sonia away from them fat
cats, let alone their money,
you're living in a dream land.
Oh, darkness.
- What's with her?
- She's having a vision again.
Oh, right.

**Betty:**

I see darkness.
I hate to pick you up
on a technicality, dear,
but you can't actually
see darkness.

**Roderick:**

It's the middle of the day.
This is coming from that factory. Not good. We should...
- Uh, run?
- Exactly.
This is horrible!
Who's that? Is it a worm?
Dive, super-pike, dive!
Oh! Oh, I see the big dirt.
So do I, Betty.

**Hind legs:**
We're all going to...
friends, it's been
a privilege sailing together.
- I see us falling.
- Falling? Falling where?

**Computer voice:**
Rat. Pollution level six.
Keep away from all girls.
Ah-choo!
Guinea pig.
Pollution level nine.
Full of hot air.
Hamster. Pollution level seven.
Simple cell structure.
Please speak slowly.
Rabbit. Pollution level five.
Conversation causes earache.

**Owl:**
fallen into?
A secret underground community of some kind.
All very high tech, with doors that opened with an impressive... Whoosh.
Al fresco!
Si. It is I. It is good to see you, my friends.
How did you get here?
Well, the sky, she turned black,
and the ground,
she disappeared.
Then there was soap and
brushes and bubbles,
and then, we are here.
And where exactly is "here"?
The headquarters
of the brotherhood
of underground
resistance personnel.
- Burp.
- Excuse you.
- I'm sorry?
- It's their name, miss much.
B-u-r-p. Burp.
Yes, burp.
Our periscope spotted you
in a bit of bother up there,
so we thought you might
like to drop in.
- Thanks for that.

- Miss much:
Oh, think nothing of it.
We've lots of animals
hiding here from the big dirts.
Perhaps I could
show you around.
- Who are burp?
- I've heard of them before.
They're a legendary group
of freedom fighters
who strike against
oppression, injustice,
and anyone who wants
to harm animals.
- They're bound to help us rescue Sonia.
- Brilliant!
They're all highly trained
professionals.
Ruthless and totally fearless.
Oh!
- What is it?
- It's all right.
It was just my shadow. 
Gets me every time. 
I never really fully got used to it. 
Sorry. 
"Totally fearless." Huh! 
Airplanes. I know those.

Hammy: 
It's amazing!

Betty:

Miss much: 
Wow! Look at all this equipment.

Roderick: 
gettin' ready for a war. 
They don't keep it very clean. 
Look! The w.M.D. Factory. 
Indeed, yes. 
That's our eventual target. 
We're planning to attack it to stop them destroying the countryside. 
- Great. 
- Yeah. 
When's that happening? 
There's a lot of details still to be worked out. 
Anyway, let me show you the entertainment area. 
This way! Oh, no. 
No, sorry. This way. 
No, actually, no. 
I was right. This way. 
It was right the first time. 
No. Actually, no. 
It is this way. 
What an extraordinary place.

- Betty: 
- Don't get too close, Betty.
They may not be our sort.
Do you have a lot of parties?
Pretty much all the time.
We of the underground
movement must keep up morale
in case we ever
decide to do something.
One day, we will pounce,
and make those fat cats pay for
the damage they've caused.
What stopped you?
Oh, you can't hurry
into these things.
How long have you not been
hurrying into these things?
- Three years.
- That's terrible.
Is it? Oh, dear,
I thought it might be.
But our homemade ginger beer
is the talk of the riverbank.
You must try some.
Time for a little live entertainment.
Oh, no.
Is this thing on?
Okay, good evening.
My name is hind legs.
Um... okay.
My mother asked me how long
I was gonna be on this tour.
I said, the whole time.
Oh, dear, he's lost them.
Boy, tough crowd.
Okay, this reminds me
of a time when, uh...
Boy, it's hard to see...
Sonia?
... That's not screamin'
it's hard to breathe
when you're drowning
in what you're feeling
we have to save her if
it's the last thing we do.
Last thing? Oh, dear.
It's exactly that kind of talk that stops us doing anything. We mustn't be too hasty now. I don't care how ferocious the ferrets are.

- We've got to beat the fat cats.
- Good for you, brave hammy.
I suppose we could all have another vote on it. To be quite honest with you, I very much doubt that any decision will be made.
So we'll do it without your help,
- your chicken-ness.

- Hind legs:
It might surprise you folks, but before my career in show biz, I was a marine, sergeant first class, special rodent squad.
- Well done, that American.
What would you suggest as a starting point?
Well, in any military operation, you need soldiers, equipment, and a plan. We've got soldiers. All of us.
- Right.
- And I'll handle the plan.
So what about the equipment? Oh. Oh, you're all looking at me.
Hello.
Um... well, we do have a few things I suppose you could borrow. So a period of intense training and preparation began. The animals worked themselves into
the peak of physical condition. 
The air attack was readied. 
Pieces of equipment 
were clicked into each other 
with satisfying clunk noises. 
Meaningful looks 
were exchanged, 
and nets were crawled under 
for no obvious reason. 
Come on now. Come on. 
Come on! Come on, 
you can do it! 
Stirring music was played 
at every opportunity, 
and yet more meaningful 
looks were exchanged. 
Never in the field 
of animal conflict 
was so much 
to be attempted by so few 
with so little chance 
of success. 
But even so, 
nothing was going to make 
our brave band 
give up trying. 

**Hind legs:**
we're ever gonna be. 
We're going in at first light. 
Does it have to be first light? 
I'm not at my best 
in the morning. 
Uh... ah. 
First light it is then. 
Sorry. 
This is the w.M.D. Fact... 
as I was saying, 
this is the w.M.D. Factory. 
When they're just making waffles, 
marmalade and doughnuts, 
the waste pollution is kept 
within acceptable safety limits. 
But when turned into
a money-making machine,
it pollutes
the air and the river
with deadly poison...
The big dirt.
Worm reconnaissance
tells us that.
Sonia is being held
prisoner here in a cage
over a pit of
red-hot molten marmalade.
- Help!
- There she is.
- Sonia!
- Help.
I'll have
those little bleeders.
That's no way to treat a lady.
Poor Sonia.
Now here is the enemy.
This is what we're facing.
The fat cats.
The fat cats are protected
night and day
by an army of
ferocious ferrets.
They have built
underwater defenses here
to prevent surprise attack
from the river here.
Rockets have been placed
here on the roof
to deal with attacks
from the air here.
It's not gonna be a school run,
and we're gonna
have to hit them
where it hurts with
everything we got.
- Are you ready?

- All:
I'm not hearing you, people.
- Are you ready?
Yes!!
Is hind legs a little deaf?
And so it began.
Our small band of
brave, furry freedom fighters
taking on the might
of the fat cats
and the huge army
of ferocious ferrets.
it didn't look good.
- Come on.
- Oh, my.
I've been through a lot,
but this is the worst.

**Hind legs:**
The whole operation will fail
if that toothy son of a fish...
I hope I'm not late.
Spot of trouble with the alarm.
I haven't got one.
Ha ha ha! Super-pike humor.
Everyone to their positions.
It's a go.
Oh, this is never
going to work.
Is it going to work, Betty?
I can't see.
It's unclear and misty.
Fabulous, Betty.
This is not the time for misty.
Come in, barge, come in, barge.
Can you hear me?
Hind legs, can you hear me?
Loud and clear, g. P.
Sh!
Sorry. Nervoso.
Sh!
Sorry. I do it again, I know.
Hopefully, Lucius is dealing with
the underwater defenses now.
Yes! Huzzah!
He's done it! He's done it!
What a fantastic fish!
Well done, fish face.
Mission accomplished.
Okay, start the engine.
You start the engine!
That's it.
If I jump on that paddle wheel,
hopefully, it will take me
into the factory.
- Wish me luck, guys.
- Good luck.
Ha!
- Go on, get outta here.
- Right. Hold this. Going in. Here I go.
- That's it. Go on.
- Aaah!
Get out of here before
I rearrange your face.
Although looking at you, I'd say
someone's already beaten me to it.
That is so rude.
Now step aside.
You're not comin' in here.
I demand to see your superior,
although looking at you, that
doesn't exactly narrow things down.
- Go on.
- No need to push.
You just take
your paws off her.
Stay out of this, beautiful.
Oh.
I'll give you a kiss
if you leave her alone.
All right. Come here.
- Betty!
- Oi!
What about me?
All right. Here we go.
- Oh, stop it.
- Stop tickling.
Both of them, please.
Well done, Betty. It worked.
But did it have to involve fleas?
It's so degrading.
Oh, dear, I hope no one finds out.
Oh, stop tickling.
I told you, I'm not tickling.
- Come on, mate, you can do it.
- You think so?
Yeah. All you gotta do is do what your audiences told you for years.
- What's that?
- Take a running jump.
What?!
Was that necessary?
One, two...
Three!
I can't look.
It's locked.
Okay, we got a problem.
We need backup. Phase two.
Roger and out.
We're on, my Italian friend.
Santa Maria!
How are we going to get into the factory?
Here it comes.
Oh, I can see a wave.
This is not the time for relying on visions, Betty.
No, I can see a wave.
Look. There.
Got a little lock problem here.
No gate is locked for Al fresco's flea circus.
Wow! Open flea-same!
Come on, that's a great line.
I'm gonna work that in to my act.
Somehow, I...
That's... That's my line.

*Roderick:*
Sonia! Hot rod!
Hind legs, oh, am I pleased to see you.
- Are you okay?
- Been better.
Hey, hot rod, fancy saving
a damsel in distress
- facing a sticky end?
- I'll give it a try.
Let's go.
What do you think
comes down this pipe?
I'd rather not
think about it, dear.
I hope it's not
what my nose suggests it is.
Cover your nose, everybody.
Come on, Betty.
Disgusting.
Oh!
Oh, you're there.
Okay.

**Hind legs:**
oranges in here.
You can make it. You can make it.
Come to mommy.
Be careful.
Don't look down!
Don't look down.
Oh, come on.
Oh, you're nearly there.
Come to mommy.
Mind the face. Be
careful with the face.
- Apologies.
- Thank you, kind sir.
Oh, think nothing of it.

**Hind legs:**
Don't mind us.
Do you really think
you're going to get away
quite so easily?
Ha ha ha.
Oh, he's gonna drop 'em
in the marmalade.
Sonia:
- No!
- Sonia!
Sonia!
Don't let go.
What now, hot rod?

Hind legs:
Don't let go.
Yes, what now, hot rod?
Hey, guys, can't you
do something?
I'm a singer, not a gymnast.
Nippy, salome, Hercules,
bring me the net.
What?!
Look at those ants.
Fantastic! All right!
How did they do that?
Huh?

Hammy:
anyone a lift?
- Ha ha ha!
- The cavalry.
You'll never get away.
Hit the road, kid.
Okay, come on. Let's go.
Right. Not this way.
- Which way?
- Oh, do concentrate.
I know what I'm doing.
Everyone, just sh!
Everyone be quiet.

Fat cat:
That won't be nice.
Just put it
into reverse, hammy.
- I know, I know.

- Miss much:
- Get down!
- I don't like the look of that.
Put your foot down.

**Miss much:**
Oh, it's coming!
G.P., we need air support.
They're trying to wipe us out with their marmalade.
Delighted to help, old chap. Over and out.
Here we go.
I love the smell of marmalade in the morning.
Come on, get this gate shut.

**Hammy:**
they're shutting the gate.
Ah, that's it.
Bombs away!
Hang on.
Eh? Eh?
Okay, right. Let's just hope the boat's there.
Okay. Right, here we go.
Ouch! I want a new tail.
Goodness. Goodness.
Quite thrilling.
Really invigorating.
- Invigorating?!
- You are a weird lady.
Thank you very much.
Let's get this wreck outta here.
Ah, missed!
Oh, no!
Wait till we get our teeth into you.
Take that!
- Way to go, miss much!
- Go, me.
Come on, g.P., get a grip.
Almost out of ammo.
Isn't g.P. Magnificent?
I thought you said he was a pompous fool.
Uh, yes. Yes, I did.

Don't tell him
what I just said.

By my reckoning, he's only
got one more flare left
to blow up the place.
I don't think this aiming thing
is working properly.
I shall let my animal sense
be with me.
Sense the sense, g.P.
Come on, come on.
Tricky to see.
Oh, dear!
Oh!
Been hit. Going down.
All going dark.
Oh.
Oh, gosh.
Oh, I can't watch.
Oh, it's not fair.
I can't believe he's gone.
He was a brave Guinea pig.
The bravest.
I am proud to have known him.
So are we all.
My fleas would have thought
it an honor to crawl on him.
You know, underneath all that
British stiff upper lip doggy doo,
he was the man.
Amen to that.
So what happens now?
The factory's still there.
Yeah. I guess we've
got to admit we've lost.
This was our only chance,
and we...

huzzah!
Anyone lost a Guinea pig?

**Miss much:**
G.P., you're alive!
- You made it, big guy.
- Thanks to Lucius there.
  Super-pike.
- It is a miracle.
- I suppose it is, yes.
Everybody else
present and correct, hammy?
- Yes, very present and very correct, g.P.
- Good hamster.
Oh, g.P., come here.
Steady on, miss much.
The chaps are watching.

- Hind legs:
- Wow, indeed, hind legs.
I'll meet your "wow,"
and raise you a "gosh."
Your flares actually worked.

Al fresco:
she is no longer. Look! Ha ha!
You did it, g.P. You did it.
We all did, my friends.
We all did.
- So, can we go home now?
- Yes!
So there you are.
That was the story of how
the riverbank was saved
by the bravery of our fearless
band of little animals,
proving yet again
that even the smallest
amongst us
can have the largest say
in how things turn out.
Obviously, my role was pivotal
in the final victory.
Admittedly, you couldn't
quite see what I was doing,
but I expect
someone managed to film it,
and they'll probably make
another film about it later.
Lord of the owls, perhaps.
Or gone with the owl.
Something along those lines.
Well, um... Best be off.
Hopefully, the weather's
picked up by now.
Bye.
Raider of the lost owl.
The owl father.
Yes. Then of course, we'd have
the owl father part two.
And the owl father three,
which will be disappointing.