

NO MORE **SLIME**
and I mean it!



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They dumped and poured and improvised.

Sloppy and sticky this gunk was gross.

They added extra ingredients and tried to repair the goopy goo for the remainder of the evening.

Margot dripped some of the slick slime on the floor and slipped. The blob she was holding flew out of her hands, through the air and SPLAT hit Mortimer right in the chest. Flabbergasted, Mortimer gasped, then he shrieked, "SLIME FIGHT!"

He flung his pea green glop at his sister. She ducked. It missed. It hit the box they had been hiding their mess in, knocking it off the table. It plummeted to the floor the contents spilling out.

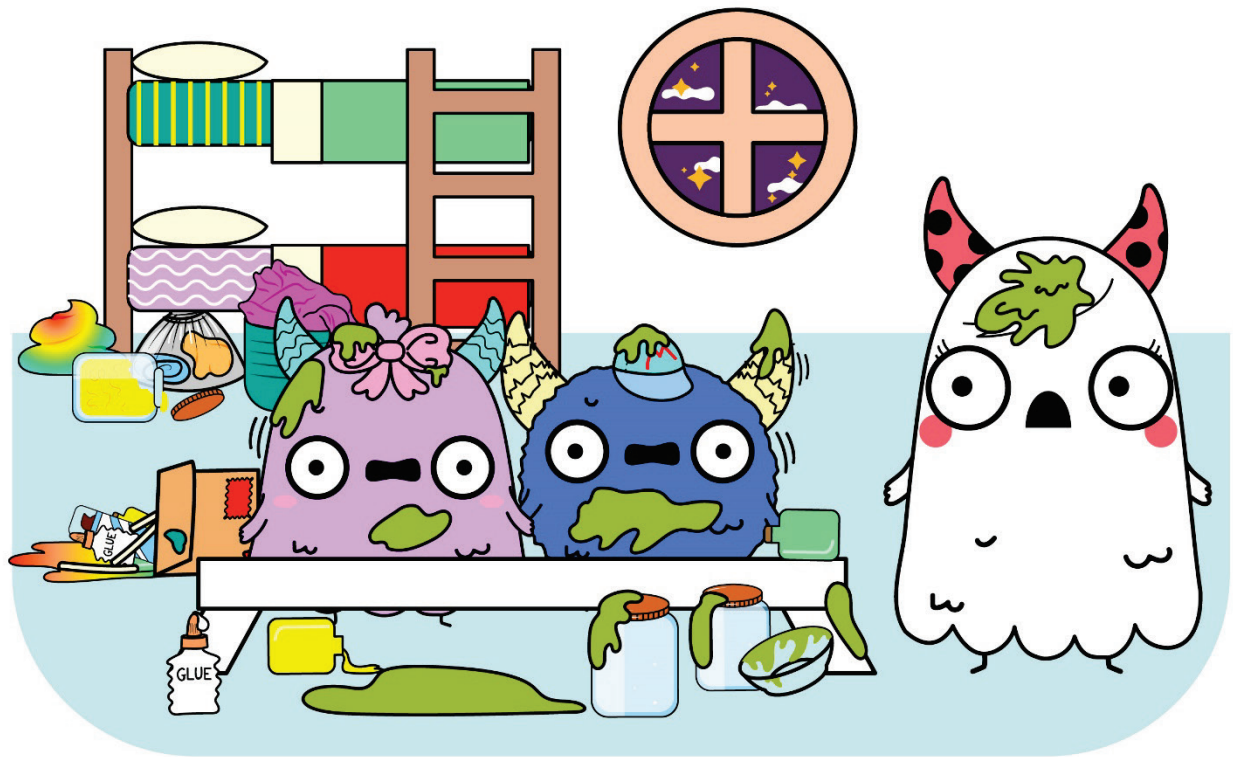
"Look what you did!" Margot accused and flung another fistful of slime at her brother.

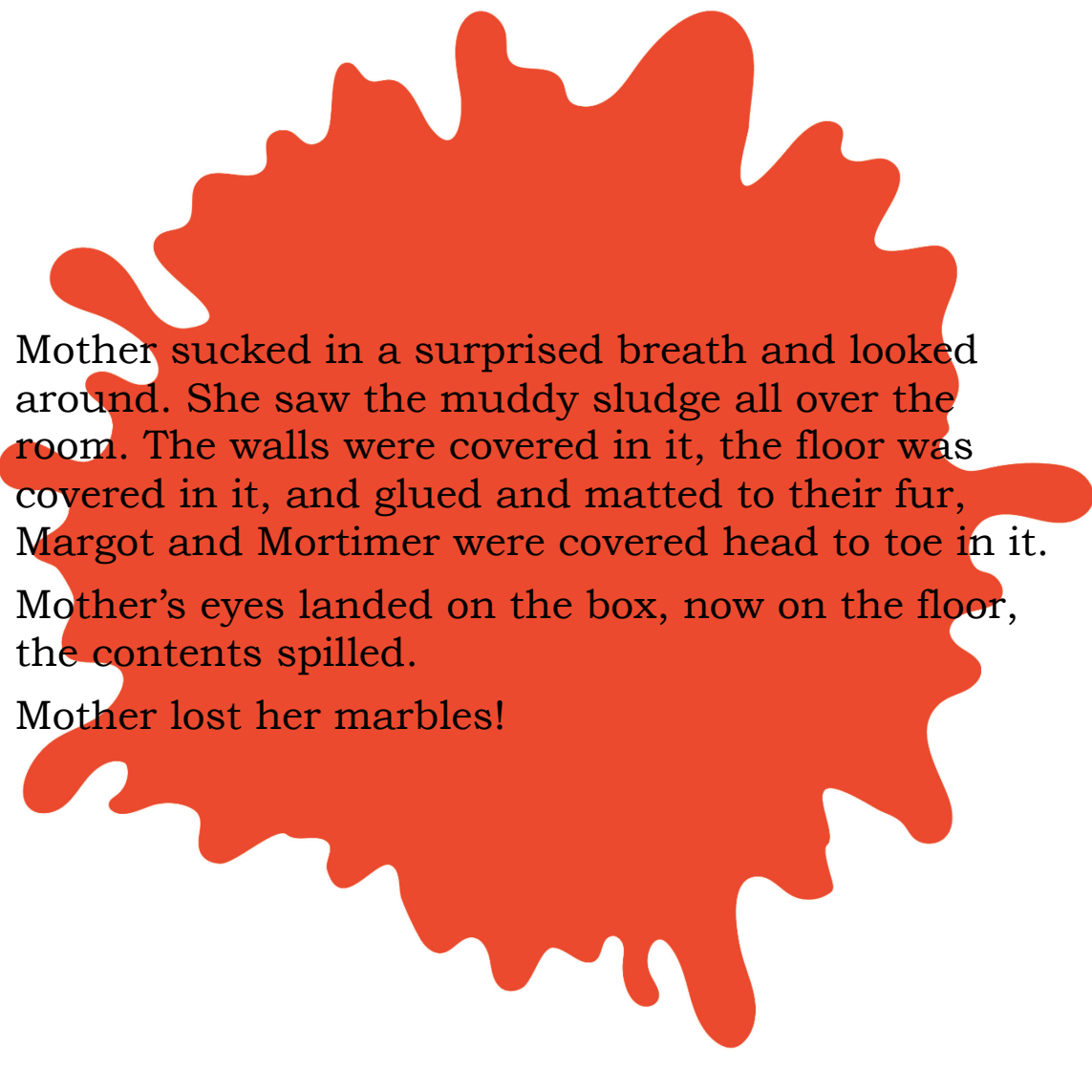
Now, they were both slinging slime at each other. It was a full-on slime fight.

In walked Mother. Margot and Mortimer, you know I ...”

Mother stopped talking when gunky green goo landed on her face.

SPLAT.





Mother sucked in a surprised breath and looked around. She saw the muddy sludge all over the room. The walls were covered in it, the floor was covered in it, and glued and matted to their fur, Margot and Mortimer were covered head to toe in it.

Mother's eyes landed on the box, now on the floor, the contents spilled.

Mother lost her marbles!

“NO MORE SLIME AND I MEAN IT!!!”

