

*spotted in mill hill costa : lots of very tall people.*

At an extraordinary meeting of the allotment holders, Frank the manure man tried to explain himself. The gardeners, crammed into the village hall like runner beans, jostled to get a good view. Never before had any of them seen such startling growth in such a short space of time. Frank peered proudly up at his three lofty sons, who were stooping to avoid the slice of the ceiling fans, and gesticulated wildly with sweeping arms. "Who wouldn't want these guys in their volleyball team?" He threw back his head and laughed from somewhere deep down in his belly. His boys were head and shoulders above everyone else in the hall, as if they were standing on stilts. They'd shot up two feet in just over ten days. A round-faced doctor clambered up a stepladder and, fishing about in his waistcoat pockets, dropped a tape measure to the floor. A short Italian man pushed his way to the front, and knelt down to take the reading, trying not to crinkle his suit. All of a sudden he made a face like he'd crunched on a rotten egg. "Frank!" he spluttered nasally, as he pinched his nose between his fingers, "their feet bloody stink."