

MR SMITH



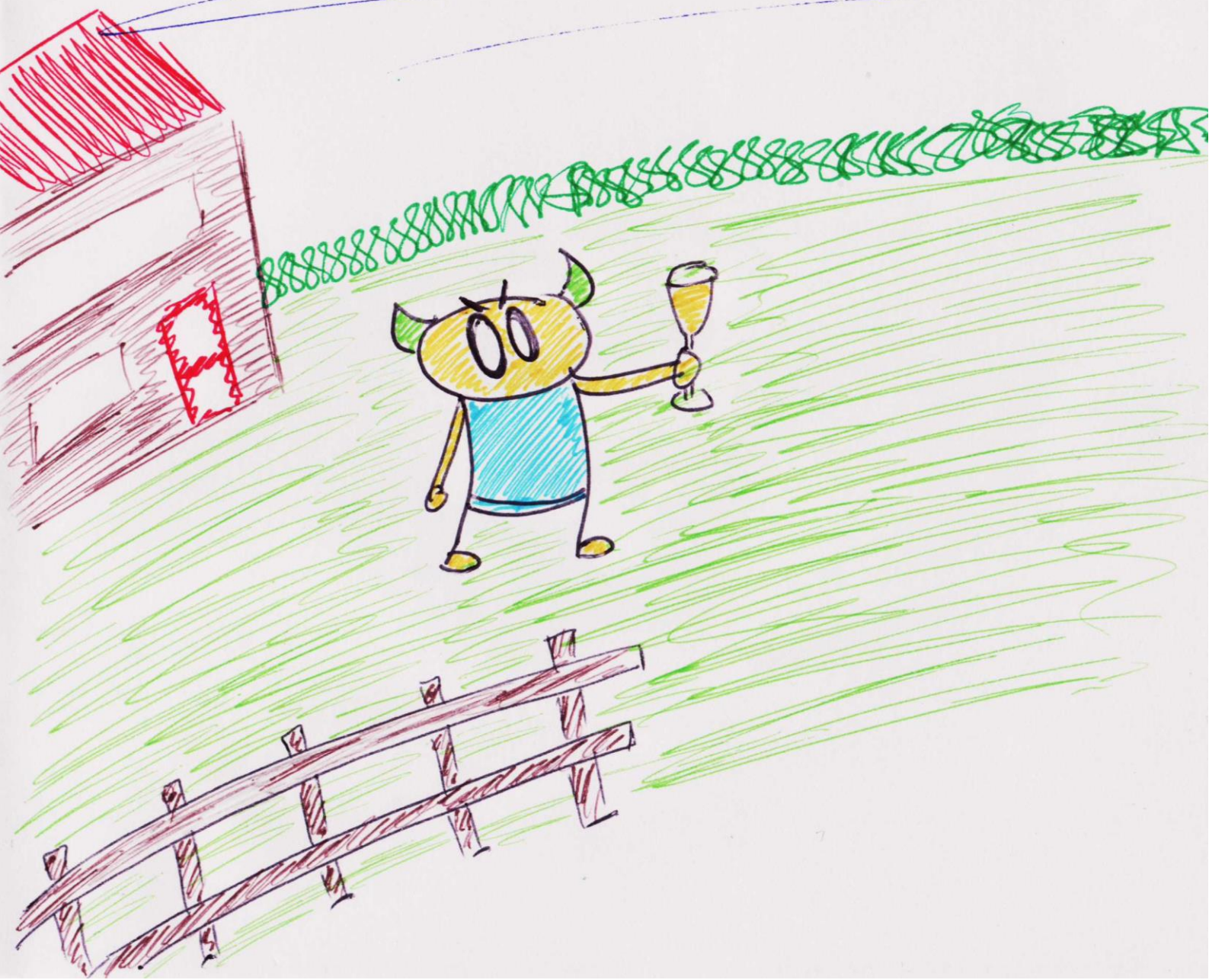
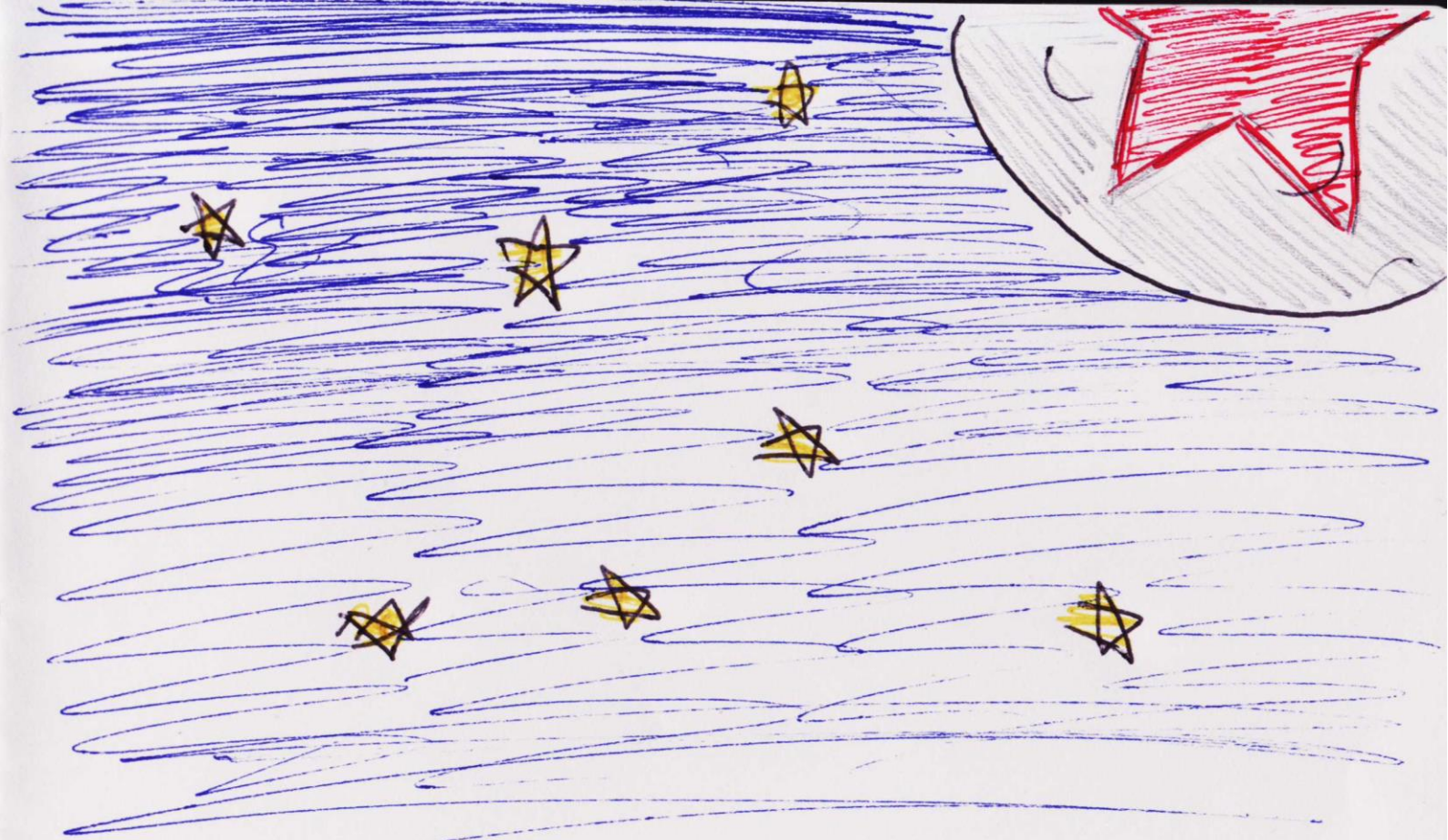
IN
SPACE

**Dedicated to
Nora**

One fine evening, Mr Smith took a glass of Chardonnay out on to the lawn to look at the stars.

He was horrified to see a huge red star painted on the moon.

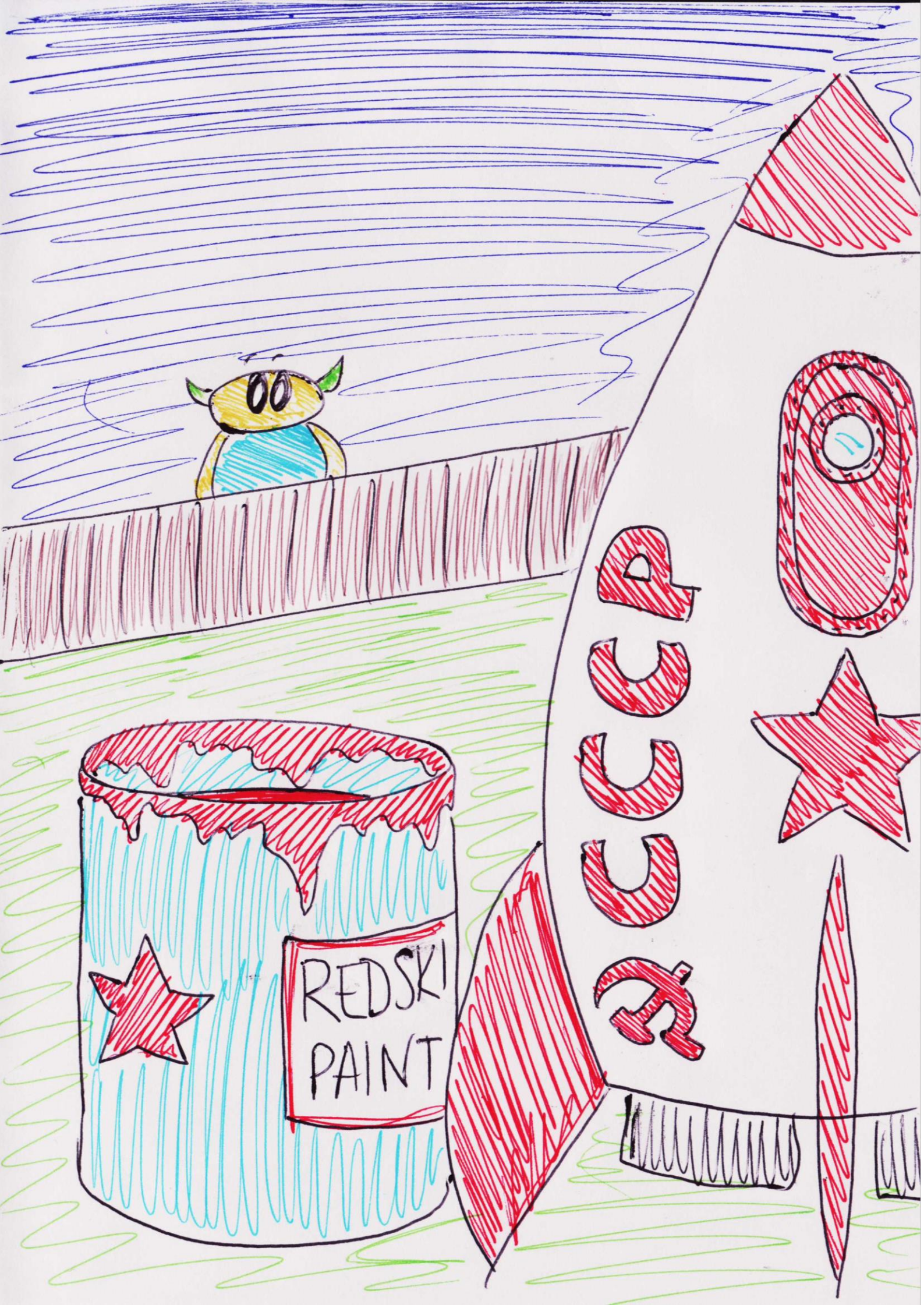
Mr Smith was very cross.



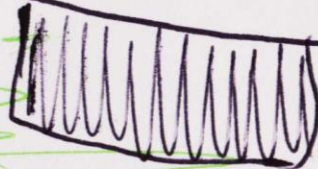
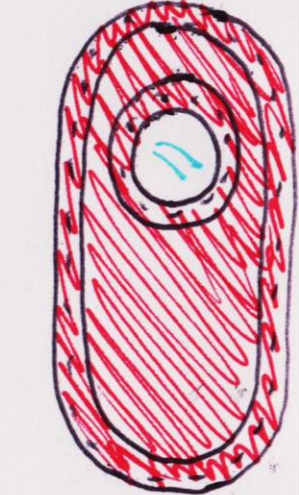
It had to be the bastards next door.

Mr Smith looked over his fence, and saw that Lenin (who was the first communist dictator of Russia) had a rocket and a big fuck off tin of red paint in his back garden.

It had to be him!



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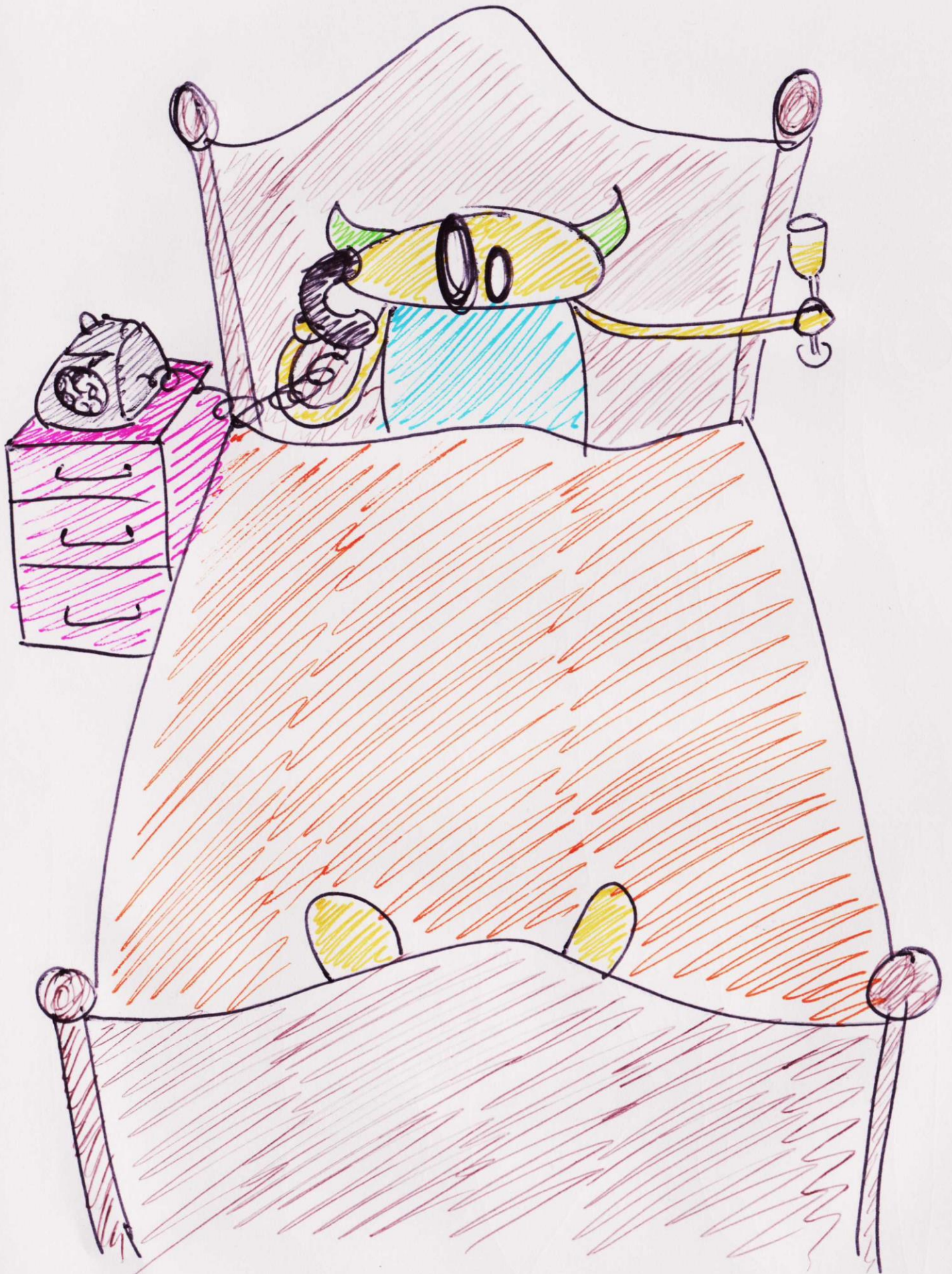
This would never do, now Mr Smith would have to go and fix the moon.

But the most important thing was to put an end to Lenin's space meddling once and for all.

Mr Smith took his favourite spade and battered the rocket into a crumpled heap.



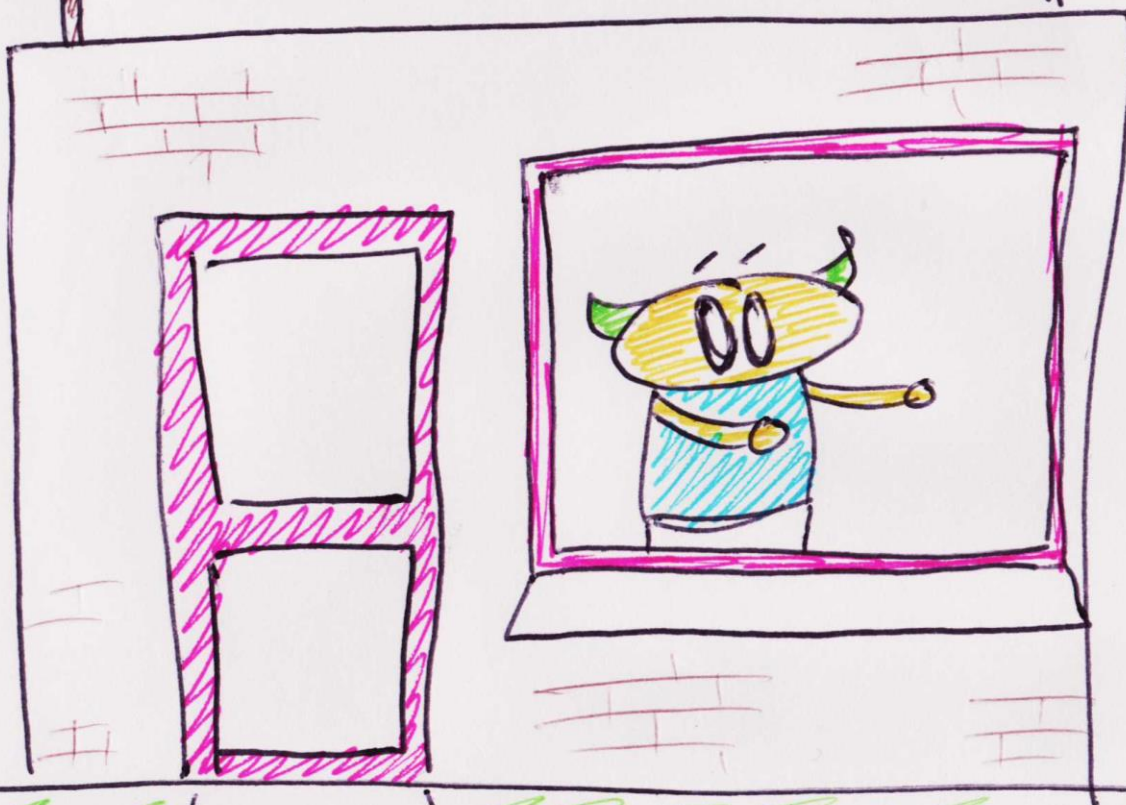
All that hard work made Mr Smith very tired indeed, but before retiring for the evening he phoned up Spaceships4U and reserved their shiniest model for the next day.



The next morning, on the way to collect his spaceship, Mr Smith called in at the flamethrower shop.

FLAMIN'

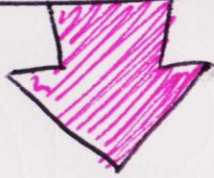
NORA ?



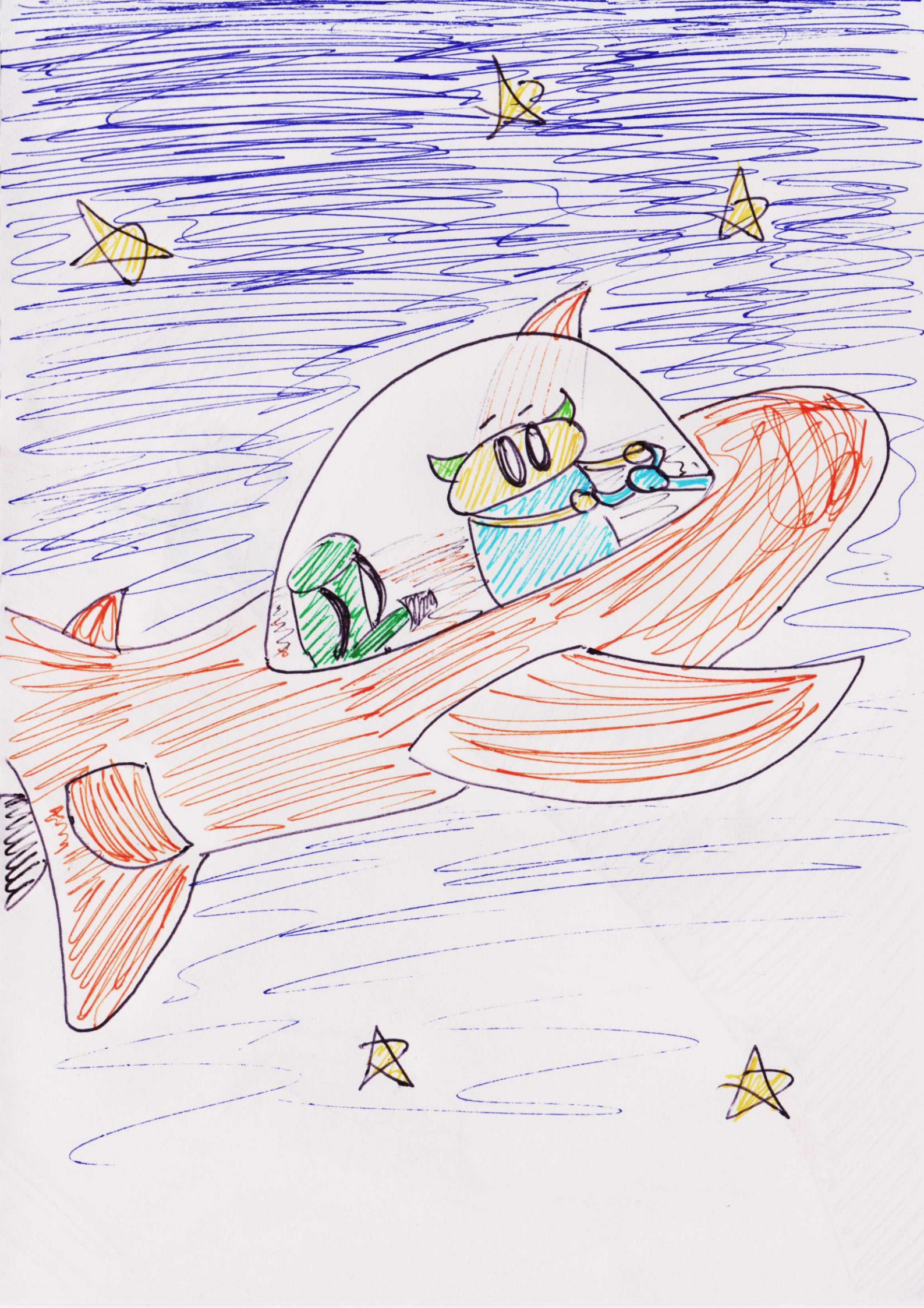
Nora, the owner of the flamethrower shop, was a lovely old lady with a violent streak.

She threatened Mr Smith with her cane until he gave up and purchased the very expensive “Flamethrower of the Week”.

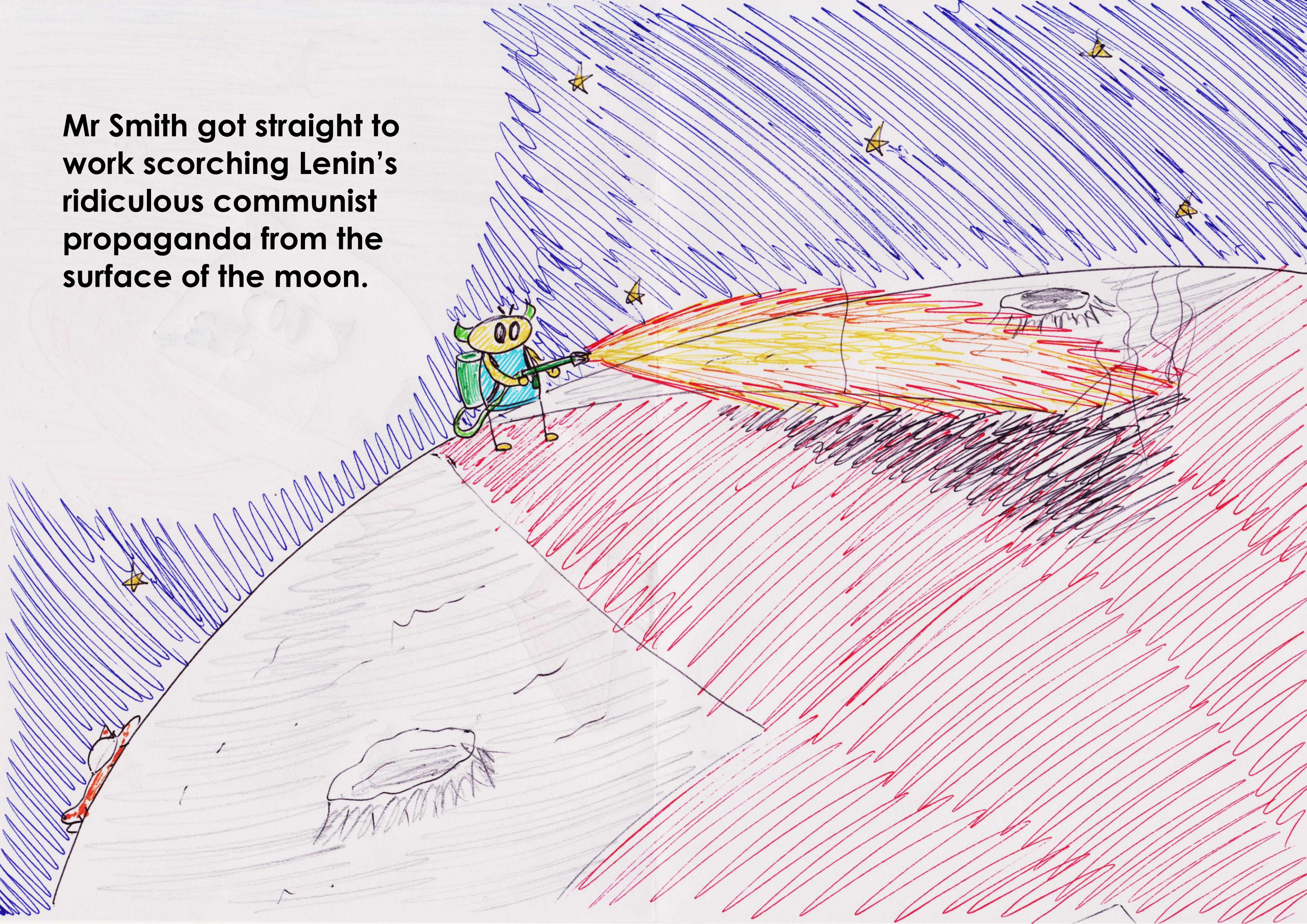
FLAMETHROWER OF THE WEEK



**Armed with his shiny new
flamethrower, Mr Smith picked
up his spaceship and flew into
space.**



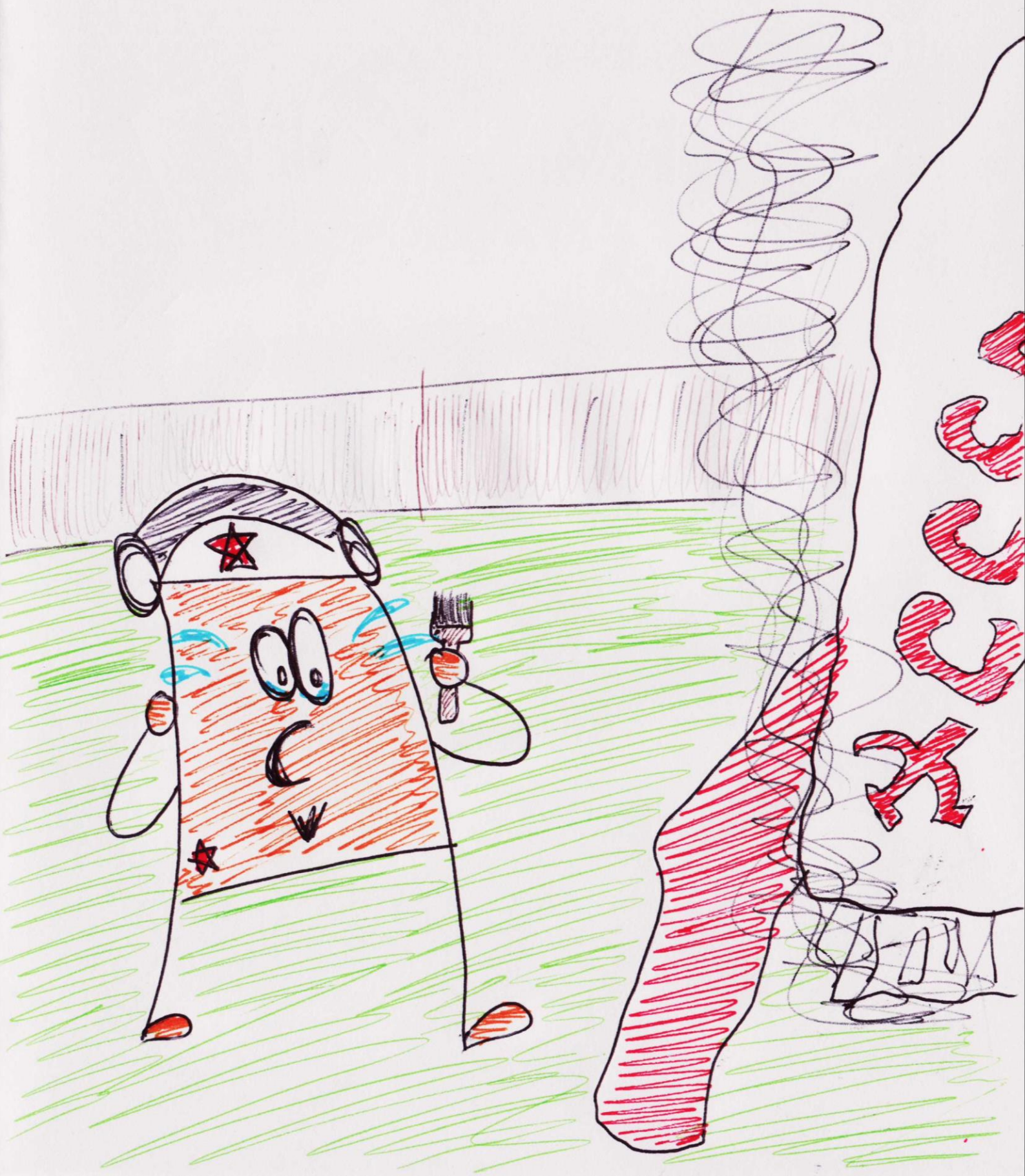
Mr Smith got straight to work scorching Lenin's ridiculous communist propoganda from the surface of the moon.



Meanwhile, Lenin was just coming out of his house with his lucky paintbrush.

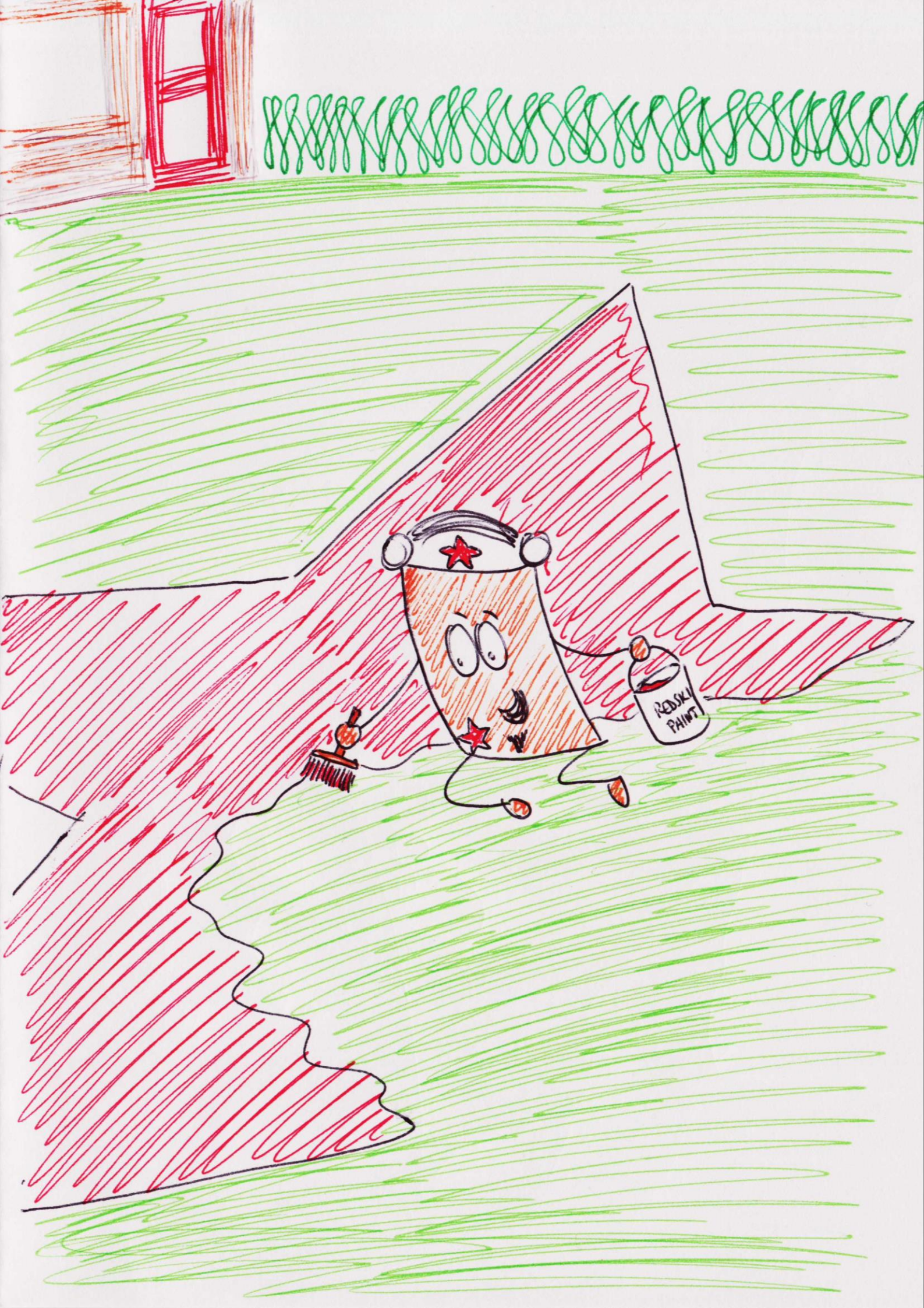
He was all set for another day of claiming things in the name of Mother Russia when he saw what had happened to his beloved rocket.

Lenin was very sad.



Lenin had his suspicions about who the culprit was.

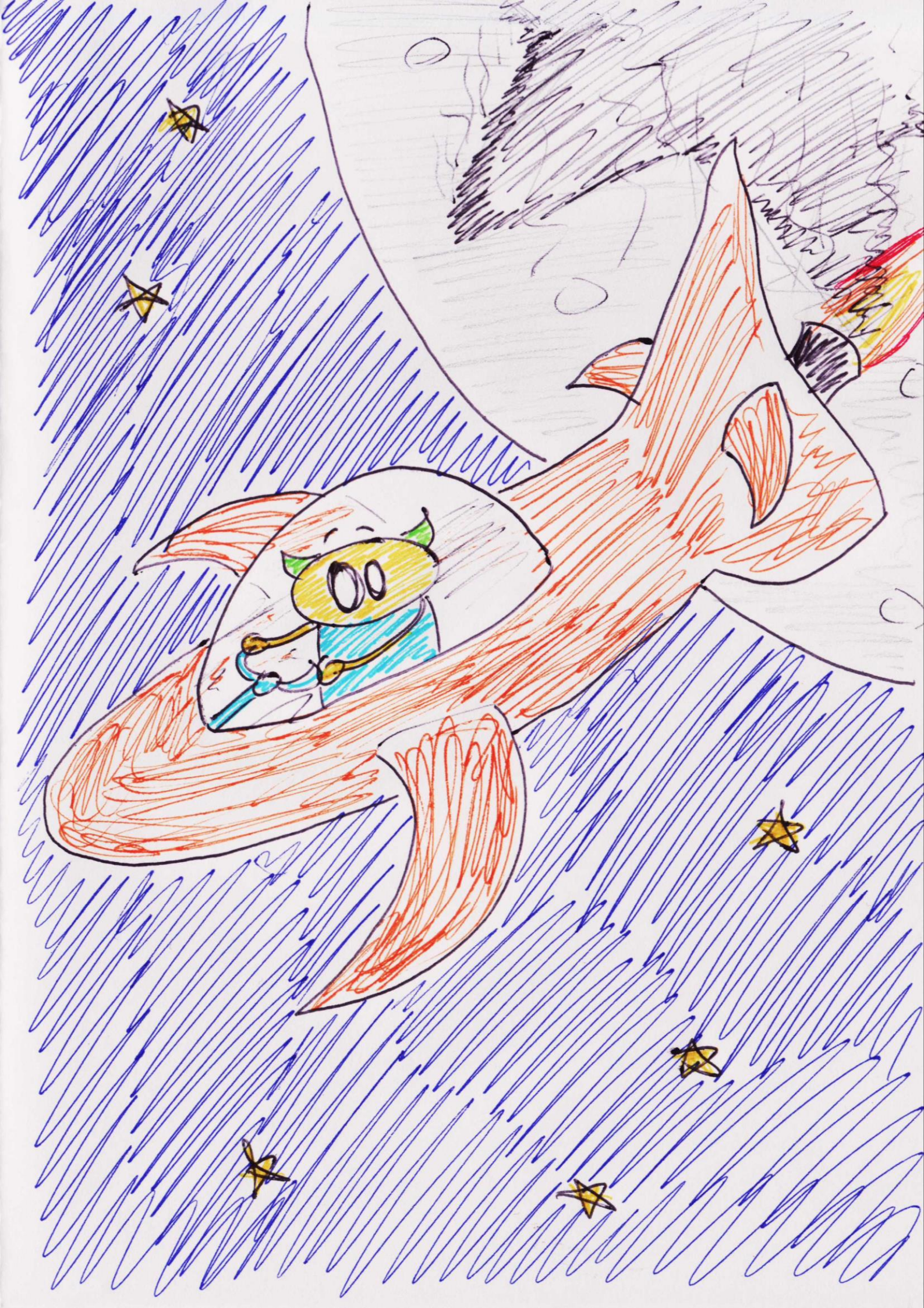
He decided to go next door and liberate Mr Smith's prize lawn in the name of socialism.



Mr Smith felt pleased with himself.

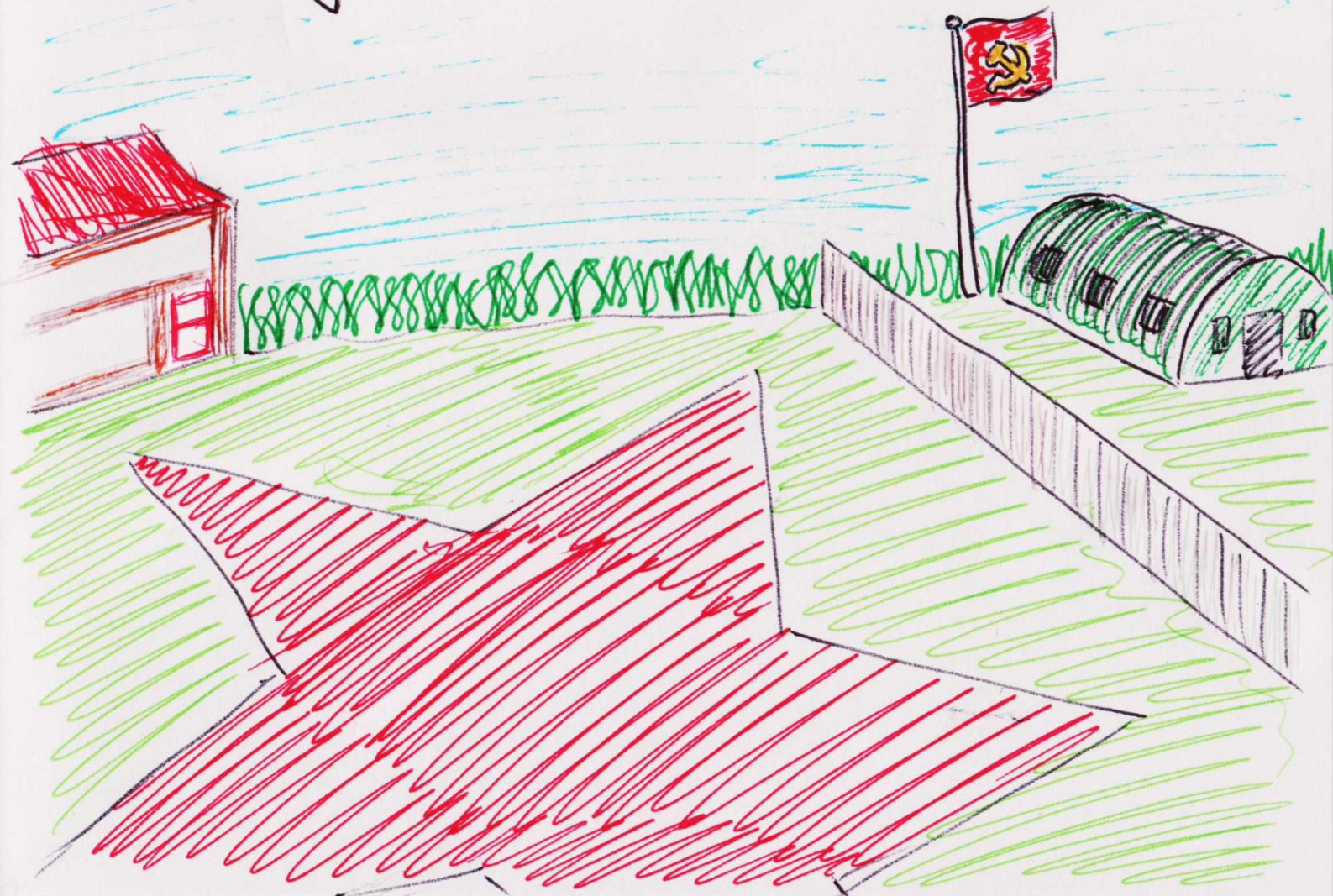
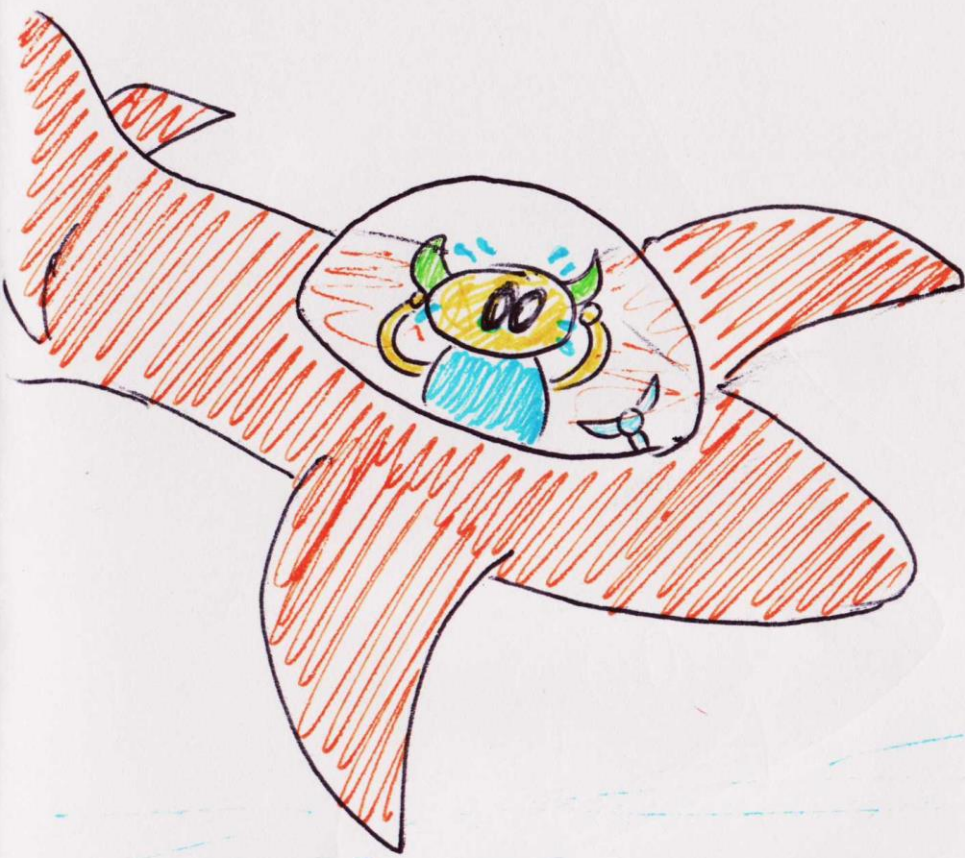
The moon was back to normal.

Once again he had tidied up the mess left behind by Lenin and his schemes.



When he arrived home, Mr Smith was very upset to find more of Lenin's handiwork all over his prized lawn.

Whatever would he do?



**Mr Smith decided that Lenin
had to learn not to be such a
dick.**



Mr Smith had been quite cross all day.

He was much too angry to fix his lawn, so he went to the seaside instead.

After having an ice cream on the beach, he went home feeling much happier.



The next day, Mr Smith tidied up all the mess and put his prize lawn back the way it was.

Well done, Mr Smith!



After all his work was done, Mr Smith didn't need the flamethrower any more.

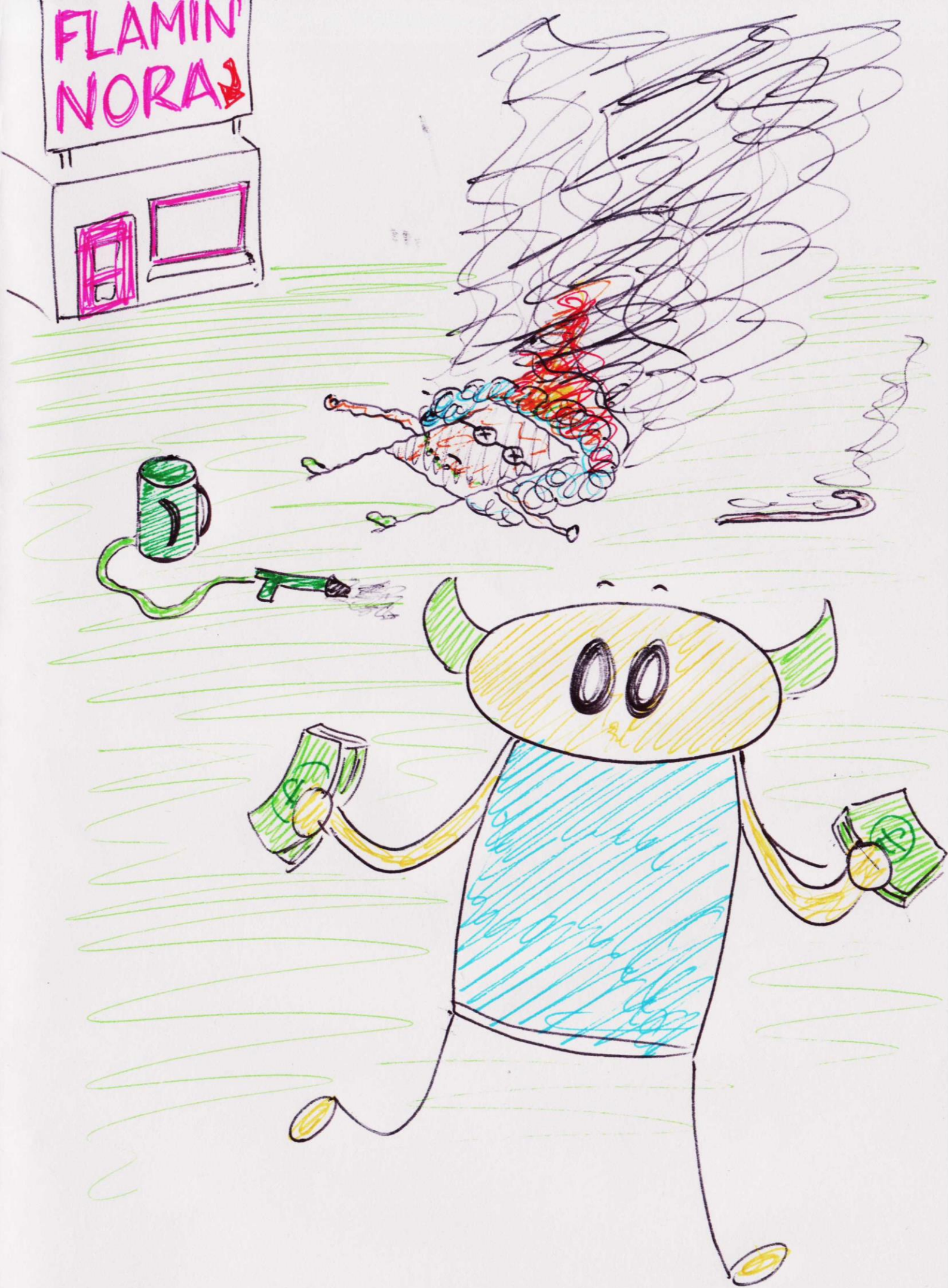
He took it back to the shop, and was very pleased to negotiate a full refund, despite it being lightly used.

He used his bid wedge of cash for a banging night out on the piss.

Have fun Mr Smith!

The end.

FLAMIN'
NORA!



OTHER TITLES IN THIS SERIES...

Mr Smith and the Drill

Mr Smith and the Cactus

Mr Smith eats a Banana

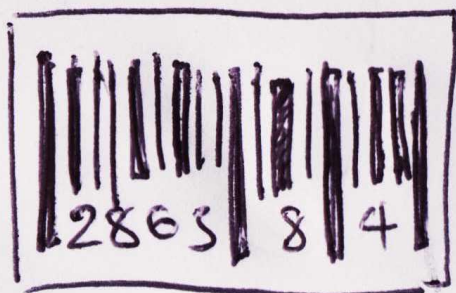
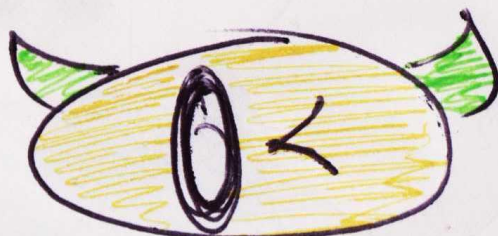
Mr Smith and the Big Fat Woman

Mr Smith at the Circus

Counting 1-2-3 with Mr Smith

Mr Smith Solves the Greek Debt Crisis

Cooking with Mr Smith



Pouring Beans (Publishing Division) 2017