

Mr Mets Episode 4: Prof Lockwood's Unfortunate Incident

Last time on the Mr Mets, King Simon made a speech announcing that Happy Met Land was officially rich. And everyone was happy. Part of his plan to use the money was to bring in the most eminent scientists the world had ever seen. So he gave Dr Methven a secret mission to fly around the world to acquire these scientists.

With his secret mission under his arm, Dr Methven headed up to the roof where his plane was parked. However, on the way something distracted him and, by the time he got to the roof, he decided to cycle home. Unsurprisingly, Dr Methven's bike was not aerodynamic enough to fly. "This doesn't feel like my house," said Dr Methven, as he laid on the ground. Then Dr Ambaum pointed out that flying is much easier in an aeroplane.

"Ah, I've got one of those on the roof," said Dr Methven.

"You're also meant to be flying around the world," said Dr Ambaum. "You could order my book in 15 different languages."

So Dr Methven went back to the roof and, this time, climbed into his aeroplane and took off in search of the scientists on King Simon's list.

Meanwhile, to make space for the new scientists, five members of Happy Met Land had been exiled to a distant place called Sugarland. They gathered outside Happy Met Land on the croquet lawn.

"I'm sure going to miss this place," said Dr Charlton-Perez. "Give me a second to tweet that."

"Well, I don't know how they will cope without us," said Prof Illingworth. "Everyone knows that radar is a crucial area of meteorological research. Where will Happy Met Land be without its D-to-the-six?"

"Not as crucial as clouds," said Prof Hogan. "They present one of the greatest uncertainties in climate modelling. Without me there, how can they ever hope to improve their climate models?"

"The radiation interactions are an important part too," said Prof Shine. "Without sunshine – or Keith Shine – the Land will be a dull place."

"Surely aerosol research is critical too," said Prof Highwood. "Without aerosols there can be no deodorant, and without deodorant... well, the results don't bear thinking about."

"What about the stratosphere?" said Dr Charlton-Perez. "....I'll tweet that too."

So they set off on their long, arduous journey through the Wilderness. Dr Charlton-Perez took the lead, as he had uploaded the map onto his tablet. "The journey looks easy enough," said Dr Charlton-Perez. "Follow me."

He led them into the depths of the Wilderness. Their first challenge was to brave the mud of the Mighty Swamp. Then, they had to cross the Lake of Botulism by the treacherously slippery Bridge of Broken Faces. And after that, they had to take on the dragons. Finally, muddy, bruised, battered, and with Prof Illingworth still smouldering, they arrived in Sugarland – their new home.

Meanwhile, back in the coffee room of Happy Met Land, Mr Blanchonnet was explaining to everyone how the new ticketing system worked for IT problems submitted by e-mail.

"It's simple, really," he said. "Any simple problems, I give you a red ticket and solve the problem myself. A more complicated problem, I give you a blue ticket and get Mr Cunningham to solve it instead while I play Pacman."

"Tis true," said Mr Cunningham, sporting his new beard that he may have grown to ensure his place in this year's Mr Mets.

Prof Lockwood spoke up. "But what if we have an ongoing problem that can't easily be solved? What then?"

"Ah – then I give you one of these tickets." He showed Prof Lockwood an orange ticket.

"That's a train ticket to Basingstoke," said Dr Ambaum.

"I can't even read that from up here," said Dr van Leeuwen.

"Exactly. You catch the train to Basingstoke, then however loudly you complain about the problem, we won't be able to hear you."

"Even me?" said Dr Woolnough.

Suddenly, there was a fanfare. "Ladies and gentlemen," called Prof Lockwood, "an announcement from King Simon. And I think it's important. But, whatever you do, don't anger him. He has been quite stressed out lately and could snap at any point."

King Simon walked into the room. He didn't appear to be his usual, cheery self. He began to speak.

"People of Happy Met Land, I am pleased to announce that Dr Methven is back with our new scientists!" Dr Methven paraded in triumphantly. "People, it gives me great pleasure to introduce you to Dr Ted Shepherd, Dr Michaela Hegglin and Mr Docteur Nicolas Bellouin! ... But there were five people on my list."

"Were there?" said Dr Methven. "Oh, yeah."

"You were meant to bring Dr Clare Watt."

"Dr What?"

"Yes, that's right, Dr Watt."

"Who is what?"

"No, Watt, not Who."

"Dr Who? Isn't he off in the Tardis?"

"Not Dr Who, Dr Watt?"

"What...?"

Having confused Dr Methven, he looked around the room, he saw a sight that made his eyes turn red with rage. "What is that?" he said through gritted teeth.

"Oh, that's the other person on your list," said Dr Methven.

"I asked you to bring the scientist, Prof Bill Collins. You have brought the singer, Phil Collins. And I hate 80s music. Go – fly! Bring back the real Prof Collins!" As his rage mounted, King Simon's face turned a lurid shade of green.

"No!" shouted Prof Lockwood. "Don't do it! It doesn't matter – we can still get the real Prof Collins!" But it was too late. A hideous metamorphosis was taking place right there in front of them. King Simon – or what used to be King Simon – was growing fangs and horns. He was turning into some hideous monster. It jumped up and down a few times, before charging off after Phil Collins. It devoured him whole, along with two of his drums and a cymbal.

"What happened to King Simon?" said Dr Woolnough.

"He's so green!" said Dr van Leeuwen."

"Help!" shouted Dr Ambaum.

Prof Lockwood howled, "This isn't the real King Simon! We have just unleashed a hideous power on this Land, of the magnitude no one has ever seen! It's name is REF! I have been trying to tame it for years – I even disguised it as King Simon. And now he's on the rampage. He has ruined me. Look – my guitar only has two and a half strings left. He'll come for me next."

With one almighty roar, the REF monster swallowed Prof Lockwood whole.