

The Adventures of the Mr Mets, Episode 6: Mr Gill's Strange Challenge

[1] Before we begin this episode of the Mr Mets, we need to issue an apology. In episode 5, the implication was made that, during lunch breaks, all Prof Clark does is ever talk about himself. This is not true. Prof Clark does not spend all lunchtimes talking about himself. Apart from when he told me at lunchtime that he didn't talk about himself, thereby talking about himself. The makers of Mr Mets wish to apologise for any offence caused and assure that Prof Clark will not be parodied at all in any way in this episode of the Mr Mets.

[2] Now – time for The Adventures of the Mr Mets.

[3] Episode 6 – Mr Gill's Strange Challenge.

[4] It was another fine day in Happy Met Land. Since King Simon was chased away by a Dalek, the mood in the Land was much happier. At coffee break time, some of the Happy Met Landers were standing around, [5] listening to Dr Amezcua telling the entire life story of tropical meteorologist Roland Madden. He had just got the point where Madden met Paul Julian in a meeting of minds that generated a pressure wave in the tropics that has been propagating eastwards ever since, [6] when Mr Gill – health and safety man – arrived, looking troubled.

"Guys, I really need your help," said Mr Gill.

[7] "What's wrong, Mr Gill?" said Dr Ambaum. "You look troubled. You should read my book."

"Have more people been e-mailing you asking for Pharos accounts?" asked Dr Woolnough, quietly as usual.

"I always thought that was a lighthouse," said Prof Clark.

[8] "No – worse," said Mr Gill. "The University Inquisitors have challenged me again. I must take on some printers in a range of challenges. I am in significant trouble."

[9] The Mr Mets burst out in laughter. How silly, they thought. Being challenged by printers indeed! Dr van Leeuwen laughed so loudly, he fell over.

[10] "The first trial," began Mr Gill, "was to defeat a printer in a running race. [11] Naturally, I won, because printers cannot run. [12] The second trial was to take on a printer at a penalty shoot-out. [13] Naturally, I won this too, as printers aren't very good at goalkeeping. [14] Finally, the third trial was to reproduce the entirety of Hoskins, McIntyre and Robertson's 1985 paper on PV faster than a printer. You'd think the printer would have the edge here. [15] But seven hours and one massive paper jam later – [16] I was victorious here too. After this, I had the title of Print Champion dropped on me."

[17] "There's nothing wrong with being a champion," said Dr Woolnough, holding up his croquet mallet proudly. "I'm a champion at croquet."

"I'm a champion at writing books about entropy," said Dr Ambaum.

"I'm a champion at not talking about myself at lunchtime," said Prof Clark.

[18] "And I'm a champion at cycling," said Dr Thompson. "Getting fit is the name, calorie counting is the game. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm off for a 100-mile cycle ride. Once I've changed into my Lycra, of course."

[19] “But I’m not a champion of printers,” said Mr Gill. “Have you ever tried to get managed printers to work? Look over there at how many printers we have been sent from our colleagues in Konica Minolta Land. [20] None of them work.” [21]

[22] “So, what can we do to help?” said Dr Amezcua, looking slightly amused at the whole situation.

[23] Mr Gill sighed. “I am being challenged by the University Inquisitors again to retain my title of Print Champion. I need you to help me lose all three trials!”

[24] There was a moment of silence in the coffee room as they pondered ways of making sure Mr Gill lost. “Hmmm... hmmm... hmmm...” [25]

[26] “Right,” said Dr Harrison. “I have a plan to help the printer beat you in the running race. I have a stash of rocketsondes in the labs.”

[27] “I have an idea on how to make a printer save a goal -- it's very clever,” said Dr Amezcua.

[28] “And I will make sure the printer doesn’t jam,” said Mr Blanchonnet. “I may have been shipped off to Central IT Services Land, but I can still solve people’s computer issues! Even if no one else there can.”

[29] “You cannot win.” Prof Clark cackled evilly, then covered up his embarrassment in a way only he could.

[30] The Happy Met Landers dispersed to put their various plans into operation. [31] They reconvened on the croquet lawn outside Happy Met Land for the first of the trials. Mr Gill took his position at the start line and the race began. [32] Prof Harrison put his plan into operation. [33]

[34] The Inquisitors looked at one another and ticked the form. One victory to the printers.

[35] On the sports field, Mr Gill stepped up to the ball to take his penalty past a printer that looked strangely like [36] Dr Amezcua. [37] [38] Dr Amezcua’s plan worked perfectly. [39] The Inquistors looked at one another again and ticked the form. Two—nil to the printers.

[40] In the print room, Mr Gill took his place next to the printer with a stack of paper to begin to transcribe Hoskins, McIntyre and Robertson. Mr Blanchonnet used a Central IT Services method of getting printers to work. The printer produced page after page. Mr Gill knew that he had lost – and he was ecstatic. For the first time ever in the history of the Mr Mets, Mr Gill smiled.

[41] The Inquistors looked at one another. Happy Met Land needed a new Print Champion. With a grin, they knew exactly who to hand the title to...

[42] “Noooo.....!”

[43] THE END.