

HARRY: Hey, new bug, are you awake?

PIP: Yes.

HARRY: Me too! The name's Biscuit, Harry Biscuit. What's your name?

PIP: Pip. Pip Bin.

HARRY: And tell me: how did you end up in St Bastard's, Pip Bin?

PIP: Well, my father died, my mother went insane ... and then my guardian sent me here.

HARRY: A familiar story. The same happened to me. And to Scroggins, Beastlington and Hurty-bottom minor. In fact to every boy here. I don't suppose you're set to inherit a lot of money when you turn eighteen?

PIP: As a matter of fact, yes.

HARRY: Me too.

PIP: You're not ...

HARRY: Yup, Harry Biscuit of the Warwickshire Biscuits.

PIP: Then your father invented the biscuit.

HARRY: He did. And there's a lot of money in biscuits. Now, tell me, Pip Bin: how long do you think you'll be at this school.

PIP: I assume until I am eighteen and can inherit my father's estate.

HARRY: Wrong! You see, Pip Bin, no boy has ever left this school alive. Apart from one, and he was dead. Because the day you reach eighteen ... wallop! That's your lot.

PIP: Surely not ...

HARRY: Remember Hakenham's eighteenth birthday?

PIP: Yes. The headmaster gave him a present. And because Hakenham was becoming a man, rather aptly it was a mantrap.

HARRY: And what happened when he tried it out?

PIP: Um ...

*PIP thinks – then there is a loud clang and a scream.*

PIP: Oh. But ... it could be just a coincidence.

HARRY: If it is, it's one so big it's a coincide-aurus rex. The thing is, I turn eighteen next week, and I don't want to die. So I need your help to escape, Pip Bin.

PIP: Why me?

HARRY: After so long here, everyone else is too weak and feeble to help. But the place hasn't got to you yet.

PIP: Well ... you still look pretty robust.

HARRY: That's because when I arrived I weighed four hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

PIP: That's ... quite a lot.

HARRY: You're the son of a big biscuit magnate, there's a lot of free biscuits around ... it happens. But a year here and I'm very nearly at my target weight. So: will you help me?

PIP: But of course.

HARRY: Harrumble!

PIP: What?

HARRY: As my father invented a new food, so I have invented a new word: 'harrumble'. It is to be used instead of words such as 'hurrah' and 'huzzah'. But not instead of words such as 'mattress' and 'cauliflower'.

PIP: Of course. Then harrumble to our new friendship, Harry Biscuit.

HARRY: Harrumble indeed, Pip Bin! Hug to seal it?

PIP: No, for we are British.

HARRY: Of course ...