

"Reg Scribble!" said Dribble, horrified.
"You're not a tour guide. You're a snozdigging rascal and a criminal!"

Reg was covered in tattoos from his time spent at sea, and always called everyone "matey" or "landlubber". Slugs were well known for being badly behaved, but Reg Scribble was particularly naughty. He was often in trouble with the police.

"I used to be a criminal," said Reg. "Although I'm still a rascal." He winked at Tilda again. "But I have changed my ways and started this new business with my matey Dom."



The bus horn tooted,
and Dribble and Dash could
see another slug sitting
in the bus's driving seat,
waving its slightly squashed tail
at them. Sure enough, it was Flattened



Dominic, another disreputable slug (who had
once been run over by an escaped courgette).

"Why don't you landlubbers give us a
chance?" said Reg. "Come on a tour with us.
Snacks are included – unsalted, of course! All
aboard now!"

Dribble and Dash looked at each other.

"Maybe we should give them the benefit of
the doubt," said Dash. "Perhaps they've changed
their ways and are trying to start a new life."

But he couldn't help being a little suspicious.
And when he saw who else was onboard, the
uneasy feeling in Dash's tummy only grew.

