

LION LOVES OUR LOCAL!

Home isn't home without a fireside pet. Simba fills the bill for Maurice Sharpe and his family. Maurice is his keeper at Wellingboro' Zoo, and likes to bring the little chap home for the evening. Simba's only fifteen months old, but he's already quite a hearthrag-fall. Lions, of course, are easily house-trained. All the same, poor old Tibby prefers another room.

It's a lovely evening, how about a stroll? Both man and man's best friend think it's a good idea; stay in any longer and they'll get sleepy. Come on, Simba. For the sake of neighbours who're afraid that lions are dangerous, Maurice takes his pet on a lead, then drives, because they're off to the next village, named Isham. Simba's happy to be a passenger; none of the back-seat driver about him. Isham has a lion of its own, the Red Lion, and good heavens, that's just where they're going. What an entrance.

What were they afraid of? Mine Host Fred Noble looks on Simba as one of his best behaved customers. Never wild with his bitter. He's a jungle type; he knows that beer is best for you. A double Wellingboro's works wonders. Only one thing wrong with Simba, he drinks all he can get, but never stands a round himself.

If he has any more he'll imagine he's seeing pink men! Have another, Simba? I don't mind if I do!