**The Incident**

“Well the Daisy, looks like we’re on vacation for the weekend.” Mentioned Poshington in a posh accent.

“Raf, raf, raf” growled Daisy viciously.

“This beach isn’t what I was expecting, I is as smelly as a sweaty gym sock after three years of kicking someone’s rear end.” The place is a dump. “Oh well, this will have to make do.”

“Hey Poshington,” echoed Sam.

 “My gosh you’ve gotten… wider”

“Why thank you for noticing, I’ve been on a strict diet.” Said Sam.

“That gives me an idea. How about you go and dig a hole for Daisy while I go and clean my monocle?” suggested Poshington.

One hour later, Sam is digging a hole and shoving poor old Daisy into it. “What are you doing?” Shouted Poshington.

“What you to me to do.” Said Sam.

“I said dig a hole **for** Daisy, and on the dry part too. Do I have to do everything myself? Urgh, posh people shouldn’t be doing this!”