



A Ladybone Bio-ethics Book

Dear  
Bursa

# Brian Goes to Switzerland





The Publishers gratefully acknowledge the kind assistance provided by the DHRA and the RSCBE in the production of this book. They have also benefitted greatly from the consummate skills and unfailingly patient understanding of Mrs Amanda J Threadbone.

Publishers: Ladybone Books Ltd, Great Heaving, Dorset  
*Printed in The West Country*

# Brian Goes to Switzerland



by

**Gen Eva Suisse**

*after an idea by Brenda Oats*

A Ladybone “Cuiinary-Ethical Travel Book”

Brian had been confined to the garden all day and was tired of undertaking complex bio-ethical experiments with Edna.

Edna was changing.

These days, she often tried to look up his trousers when he was climbing trees and was starting to grow strange lumps on her chest a bit like mummy's. Brian wondered if the experiments might be responsible.



*"I need an adventure"*, he told himself one day, whilst he and Edna were making a lemon and battery acid cocktail. It tasted odd but made the day go a whole lot faster.

*"Has your tongue gone all funny?"* Edna asked. Brian had to admit it had. *"Well you shouldn't have asked me to let you do that to me in the first place"*, she replied.

*"Uncle Donald says mummy likes it"*, Brian added quickly, feeling just a tad ethically challenged, *"I think that's why she makes funny noises"*.

*"Can I stop tugging now"*, Edna asked, *"It doesn't seem to be coming off anyway!"*





*“I’m going to go on an adventure far away”,*  
Brian announced.

*“In last week’s edition of the Young Culinary Bio-ethicist they said there was a jamboree in a place called Switzerland and I am going to go there and tell them all about ethically-derived beta proteins in genetically-modified rhubarb”.*

*“Your mummy won’t let you go on your own you silly goose”,* Edna warned him, thinking privately that he was a selfish, arrogant little twat.

*“She won’t even know”,* Brian replied confidently, *“she’s upstairs playing Hunt the Cherry with her friends from the Bridge Club”.*



In the end Brian persuaded his mummy to let him go to Switzerland. She wasn't sure at first that he would be safe, but Brian patiently explained that Switzerland was home to something called *The Geneva Convention* so nothing could possibly go wrong.

*"Well if you're sure", she agreed, "but don't expect me to pick you up when you get back. The boys from the Bridge Club are taking me on active manoeuvres tonight and I have to source a rubber sheet."*

Brian suspected mummy was secretly pleased she would have the house to herself.



On the train to Switzerland Brian and his friend Shelley-Lulette, who had come along for a ride, found themselves in a carriage with some other people. *“Would you care to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil wherein lies mankind’s original sin?”* asked a kindly old gentleman with a hat.

*“Yes please”*, Shelley-Lulette replied, *“I’m well up for a bit of that.”* Being abroad was so exciting.

Brian wasn’t sure. He was so much more a creature of scruple than Shelley-Lulette and besides, he was hoping the kindly old man’s dog would start sniffing his crotch again.



The Young Culinary Bio-ethicists Jamboree was to take place at a nice hotel called the Cornavin.

Brian was very pleased. His friend Shelley-Lulette had stayed there before and had told him all about something called “*room service*” as well as the hotel’s multi-channel TV system. She told him to be sure to order the “*Extra Package*” but not to use his own name or credit card number as Uncle Donald once had. Mummy had been very cross and hadn’t made any noises for a whole week!





Brian's room was wonderful and contained many of his favourite things. There was the TV Shelley-Lulette had told him all about, the Tin Man's Hat from *The Wizard of Oz*, a bottle of *Chateaux Corfe Mullen* from The Threadbone Winery, some strange brown "sniffing" powder and a copy of *Bio éthique culinaire pour les jeunes (Editions Suisse)*. There was even a giant piece of conchiglie suspended from the ceiling in case of an attack of night starvation.

Brian quickly unpacked his toiletries bag, placed his nasal clippers in the bathroom, left a note for Shelley-Lulette and prepared to explore the city.



Brian had never been in a Swiss hotel lift before and didn't realise they were on the outside of the hotel. "*What an odd country*", he mused.

The first lift that came along already had two people in it and Brian hesitated. His mummy had warned him about touching foreigners who were often smelly, untrustworthy, poorly educated, almost certainly "*homosexual*", and generally racist.

Brian decided to wait for the next lift.



Reaching the lobby, Brian found himself amongst a group of people who were from an organisation called FIFA. Brian wasn't sure what they did but felt certain it wasn't bio-ethically sound.

Their rubicund leader, whose name was Sepp, told Brian that if he was willing to pretend he hadn't seen him touch his friend's large wage, he could get him lots of money, tickets to the Culinary Bio-Ethical Olympics and a football signed by his friend Mr Putin.

*“Do you have a credit card and a local bank account?”*, Mr Sepp asked, Brian explained that his card was only for buying sweets.

# MOUNTING EQUIPMENT



Mr Sepp and his friends then took Brian to a place Mr Sepp liked to visit with people whose credit cards were only for buying sweets.

*“How would you like to come here for a long holiday?”* Mr Sepp asked.

Brian wasn't sure. He was missing Edna and wondered whether he might not soon be missing himself. After all, as Uncle Donald had said. *“Switzerland is quite a big country when you iron it out!”*





Back at the hotel, Shelley-Lulette was making friends.

*“I wonder what’s happened to Brian?”*, she mused, though not for long. In the giant sized pool Jean-Claude and his friend Henri were showing her their amazing lengths. She’d never seen one this big and was determined to test their breadths as well.



The author would like to thank the illustrator Dierdre Eastman-Kodakawzcki for bringing her tale so beautifully to life. She would also like to thank Peter Rough-Guide for his advice on tourist destinations suitable for the young.

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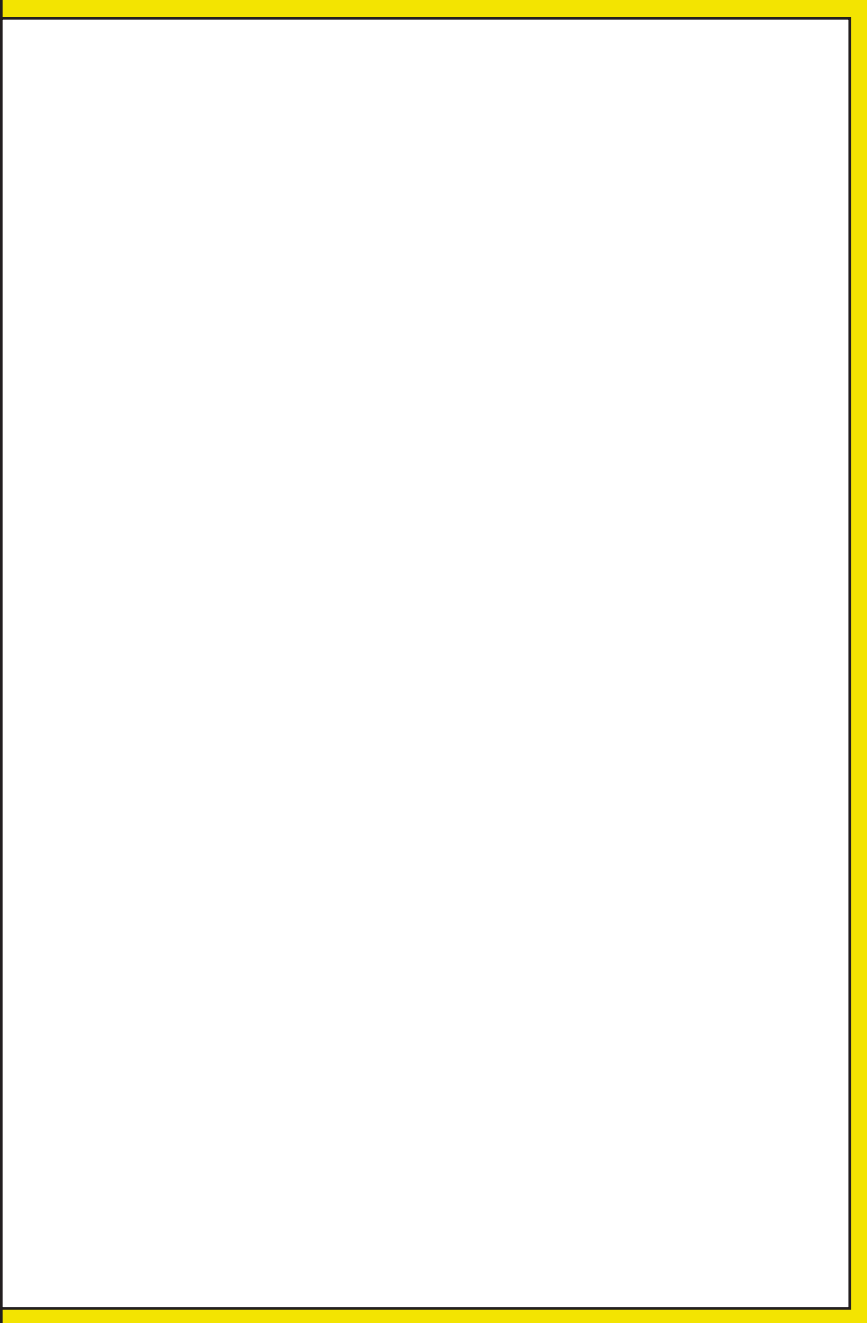


First published 2016

Printed in the West Country  
at threadbone **craft**print ltd.

ISBN: 985-0-632-187654-3

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