

Obediently, the poor monkeys stood on their hands and clambered one on top of the other, with Muggle-Wump at the bottom and the smallest child at the very top.

‘Now stay there till we come back!’ Mr Twit ordered. ‘Don’t you dare to move! And don’t overbalance! When we return in two or three hours’ time, I shall expect to find you all in exactly the same position as you are now! You understand?’

With that, Mr Twit marched away. Mrs Twit went with him. And the monkeys were left alone with the birds.

