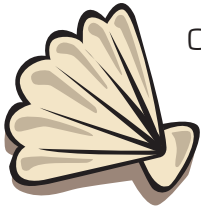


MARCEL MUSSEL

Growing up as a mussel larva near Exmouth was an unglamorous experience for Marcel. He began life with the name of Martin, but by the time he had moved with his family to a sock tied to a pole in the fast flowing waters of the Exe estuary he had had enough.

Overnight he reinvented himself as 'Marcel, the International Mussel of Mystery'.

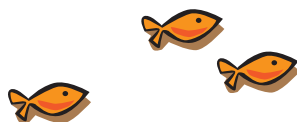


Now Marcel has a strong French accent and a moustache he can twirl.

He attends as many parties as he can, especially the ones thrown by Penny Plaice. He goes slowly, because mussels aren't really built for speed. Once there, he mingles with the other glittering fish, talking about garlic butter and humming the French national anthem. He's come a long way from his ordinary origins. If anyone asks about his past he has mastered the 'Gallic shrug', a non-committal and dismissive gesture, which is no mean feat for a creature who doesn't have any shoulders to shrug.



The other fish aren't fooled, but they are fond of Marcel and his made-up stories of how he used to drive the audience wild with his dance routines at the Moule-on Rouge in Paris. 'Marcel', Penny giggles, 'how did you dance without any legs?' But Marcel just shrugs without any shoulders, and they all fall about laughing.



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