



# Krispies Fishy Friends

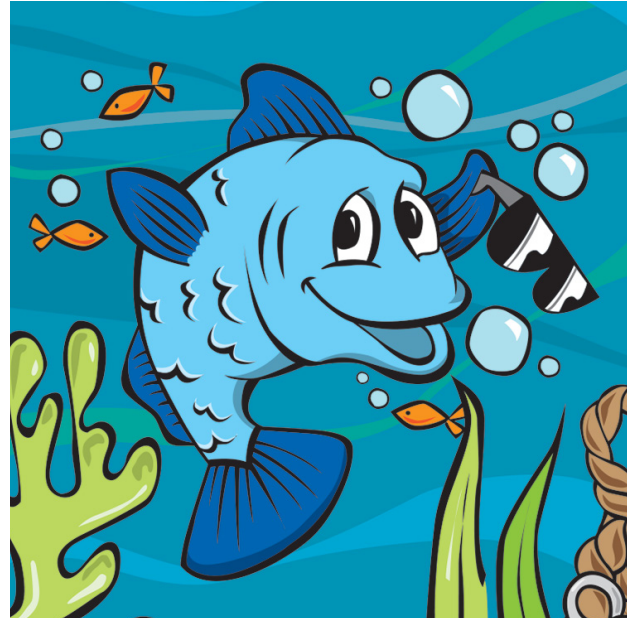
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# Charlie cod



Charlie is a smart young fish, who loves his 'school'. When he's not ace-ing maths tests in the classroom or explaining the finer points of thermodynamic oceanography to the tiddlers, he hangs out with his Kod Krew in the deep cold waters around Iceland. Here they cruise the coolest spots, making each other laugh by pulling fish faces and racing to see who's the fastest swimmer.



In fact, Charlie almost always wins in a straight sprint. At top speed he can swim at 25 miles per hour – only Hollie Haddock is faster. The winner of the race is always awarded the prize of a pair of designer sunglasses that were found on the sea bed by Hugo Huss before he moved from Iceland to Scotland. Hugo thought the fancy shades would look better on one of the younger fish.

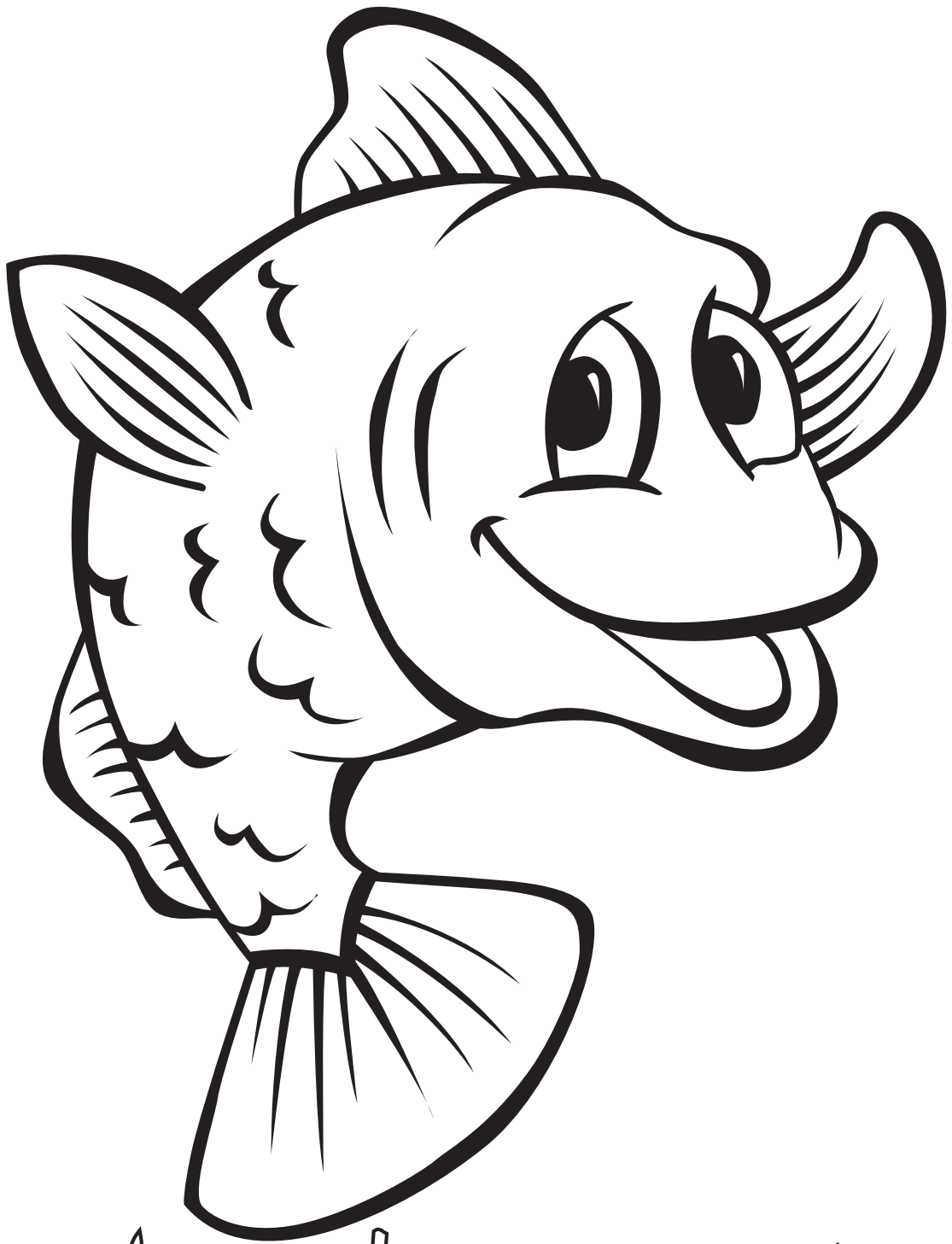


Hollie and Charlie are great rivals when it comes to swimming races, but when the competition is over they are still really good friends. After all, they like to hang out in the same sort of places. Lucky for Charlie that Hollie isn't always in the mood to race, so he gets to claim the prize more often than not.

Everywhere he goes, Charlie gathers a crowd of mates. That's why his gang is so large. He's not an exception – cod is a very popular fish – but it helps when you've won the 'Speed Swim Sunglasses' over 50 times, and you look completely brilliant wearing them.

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Charlie Cod

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# COCO CRAB



Coco lives under a boulder near Padstow, and sells her paintings and 'Cornish coastal collages' to tourists from London and abroad. She always has at least two artworks on the go, and often works on more than one at once.

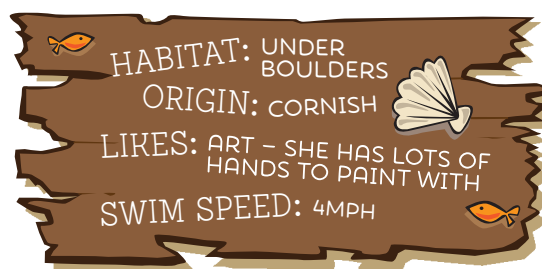
You see, she's blessed with lots of legs and a couple of pincers, and when the artistic urge washes over her she can't help herself but grab a few brushes, or a pot of glue, and scuttle off sideways to her studio.



When she hears a possible customer approaching, she pops out from her rocky home with a cheerful 'Wasson, me handsones?'. She'll give anyone a tour of her gallery. She can be very persuasive when explaining the authentic origins of the collage pictures she creates. They are really just random flotsam and jetsam glued onto a discarded boogie board, but to Coco they are an abstract expression of the chaos of the sea. You could have knocked her down with a pasty when a couple on vacation from Texas bought five of them!



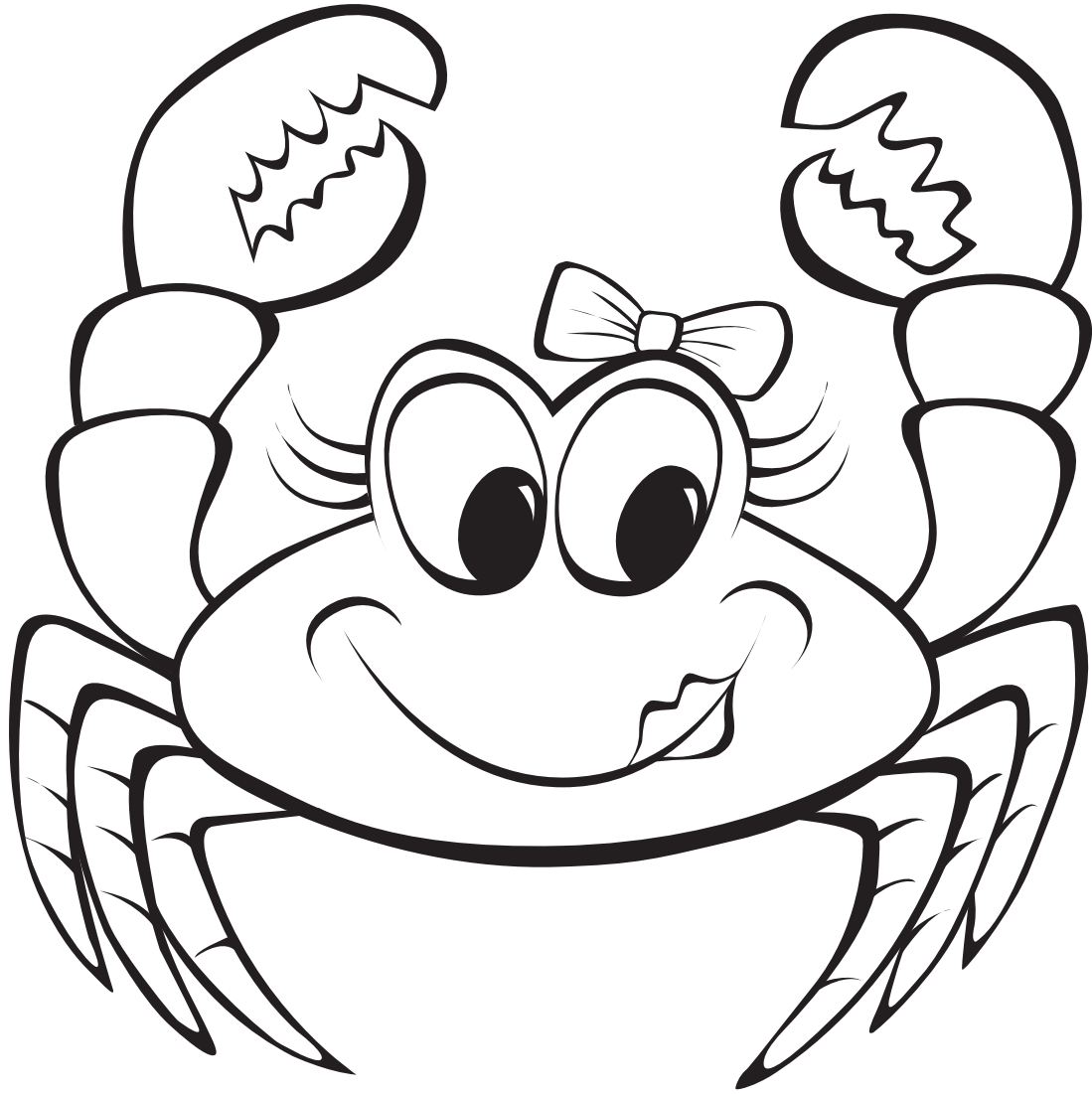
Coco's real talent lies in painting. Watercolours, of course. The trouble is, she loves her beautiful portraits of sunsets and colourful beach scenes so much that she can hardly bear to sell any of them. Because of this attachment, Coco will never be wealthy. She may long to be the Van Gogh of the crustacean art world, but instead she lives the life of a poor artist and has to 'do cream teas' to supplement her income.



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Coco Crab

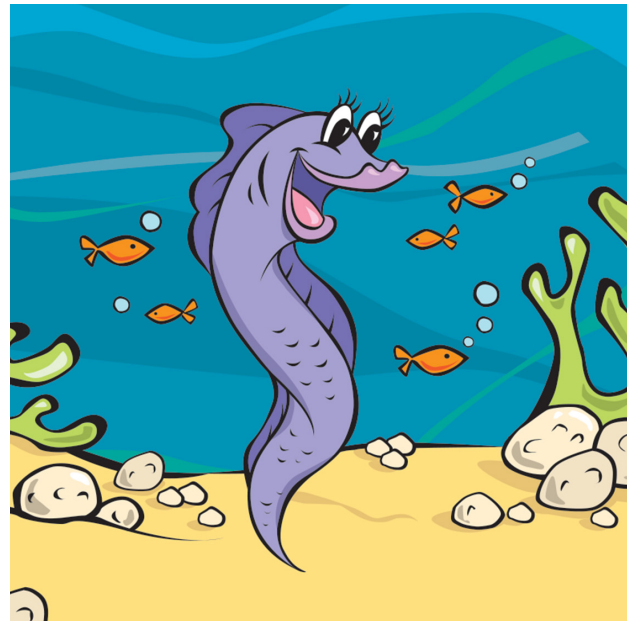
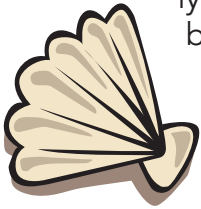
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# Edee Eel



**W**otcha! grins Edee and she ripples up to her friends, 'Check me out!'. She twirls excitedly and stirs up a cloud of sand from the riverbed. 'Let's 'ave a proper butchers...!' says her best pal Elsie. 'Ooh! Sparkly!'. Instead of her usual drab brownly-grey appearance, Edee is now covered in patterns of flashy pearls. 'I'm a Pearly Queen, ain't I?!' squeals Edee, swimming backwards to give the rest of the eels in the hole a better view. 'Are those buttons?' frowns Elsie. Actually they are polished pebbles because pearl buttons are hard to come by in the Thames, but Edee is still happy. The pebbles are already beginning to drop off, which sets all the eels off giggling.



Edee and friends began their lives in the ocean as larvae, then as they grew into so-called glass eels and then elvers, they made their way to the coasts of Europe, and as luck would have it ended up in the river Thames. They are proud of their marathon journey and as soon as reached the river enthusiastically adopted Cockney accents. 'Cor blimey! You 'avin a larf?!' shrieks Edee in a reasonable impression of Barbara Windsor.

Soon they will migrate back to sea to spawn, but until then Edee and friends will be having a right old knees up round the old Joanna.



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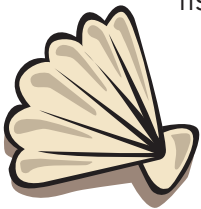
Edee Eel

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# George Guppy

There has been a secret meeting in the ornamental castle at the bottom of George's fish tank. Guppies only. No neon tetras allowed. He and his guppy mates are planning a 'flash mob' event that will blow the stripes off the rest of the fish in the tank.



It was George's idea, prompted by a peep at a YouTube video that someone left playing on their iPad within sight of the tank. It was a bit distorted by the water and the glass, but he

got the general gist and now he's so excited that he thinks he might burst! Guppies love doing things together – eating, swimming about, hiding from predators, whizzing away from predators when the hiding doesn't go so well... And they were born to dazzle, with their amazing colours and extravagant tails. In fact he was runner-up in FTGT (Fish Tank's Got Talent) as part of a guppy dance troupe. They were only pipped at the post by a fire mouth chichilid who could do ventriloquism.



For their surprise flash mob event, George and his friends have prepared a complicated swirl of a dance, that will only start when George himself gives a special flick of his tail. At that signal, every guppy will casually turn to face the front of the tank and sing 'Somewhere Over the Rainbow'. This is the guppy anthem, and the reason they are also known as 'rainbow fish'. Expert fish keepers will tell you they have this alternative name because of their bright colours, but it's actually because they are huge Judy Garland fans.

It's nearly time to start. All the guppies are in position and acting casual. The other fish won't know what to think! George does his special tail flick...

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HABITAT: ANYWHERE WARM

ORIGIN: ALL OVER THE WORLD

LIKES: SHOWING OFF

FACT: GUPPYS ARE ALSO CALLED RAINBOW





# GEORGE GUPPY

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# Hollie Haddock

Young Hollie is a fish with a big shoal of friends. She likes to chat, arrange sleepovers and find out what her mates are up to via her Fishbook account, but mostly she just loves to hang out with her bffs (best fish friends).



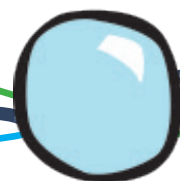
Hollie's home is in the deep North Atlantic. It's cool in every sense of the word – her friends all live there too so there's always someone to talk to, but she's a cold water fish so she also likes how chilled the water is.

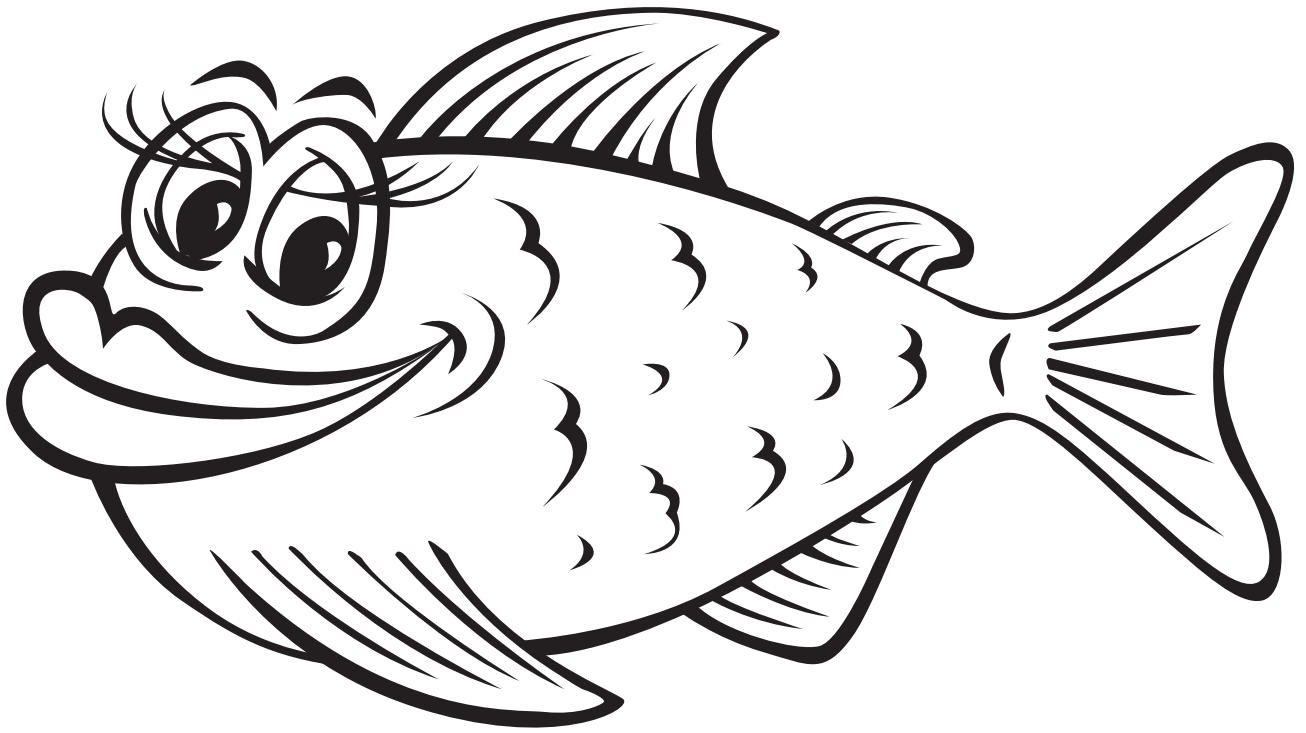
Hollie is a fast swimmer. Really fast. This is good because she can outswim even Charlie Cod (a fact she never lets him forget), but it also means she's never late for anything, even if she only sets off a few moments before she ought to be somewhere. Which is handy if you leave everything to the last minute!



When they get together, Hollie and her mates often swap make-up tips and paint each other's fins in crazy colours. They recently found a bargain batch of eye liner in an absolutely perfect colour, but it was a disaster when it turned out the stuff wasn't waterproof. Hollie's idea of a total nightmare is to have to go out without her usual Lash-tastic mascara and Perfect Pout lipstick. You have to tone it down a bit when you're at school, but if you know what you're doing you can get away with a flick colour here and there. Hollie's teacher doesn't seem to know that a young haddock doesn't have naturally Oh-Bouy Oyster Shell pink lips! You see, when you live in a shoal you never know who's looking, so it's important to look amazing all the time.

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Hollie Haddock

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# Hugo Huss



As a young fish, Hugo cut quite a dash. He was a hit with the ladies, whom he wowed with the mention that he was distantly related to sharks. He remembers the gasps of admiration he could draw, and chuckles to himself. Those were the days!



He grew up in the cold waters off Iceland, where he spent his time exploring the rocky seabed and finding treasures dropped by careless sailors and fishermen. One of the last items

he discovered was a pair of very fancy designer sunglasses, which he wore for a while. Then one morning he caught sight of his reflection and realised he looked like a fogie dressed as fry. He gave the shades to the young cod fish who hung about in groups, having swimming races, and they used it as first prize for their competitions. They reminded him of his own turn of speed as a youngster, but he wasn't as fast as them any more. It was time to move on.



The very same day, Hugo wrote to his long-standing friend, Sylvia Scampi, to say he was moving to Scotland to be nearer to her. Sylvia was vain, slightly snobbish, and a terrible cook, but she liked the finer things in life and they shared a love of early Baroque music. Hugo had decided that he would write his memoirs, and settle down to a life of telling younger fish about the Good Old Days, and gossiping with Sylvia.

**HABITAT:** ROUGH AND ROCKY SEABEDS

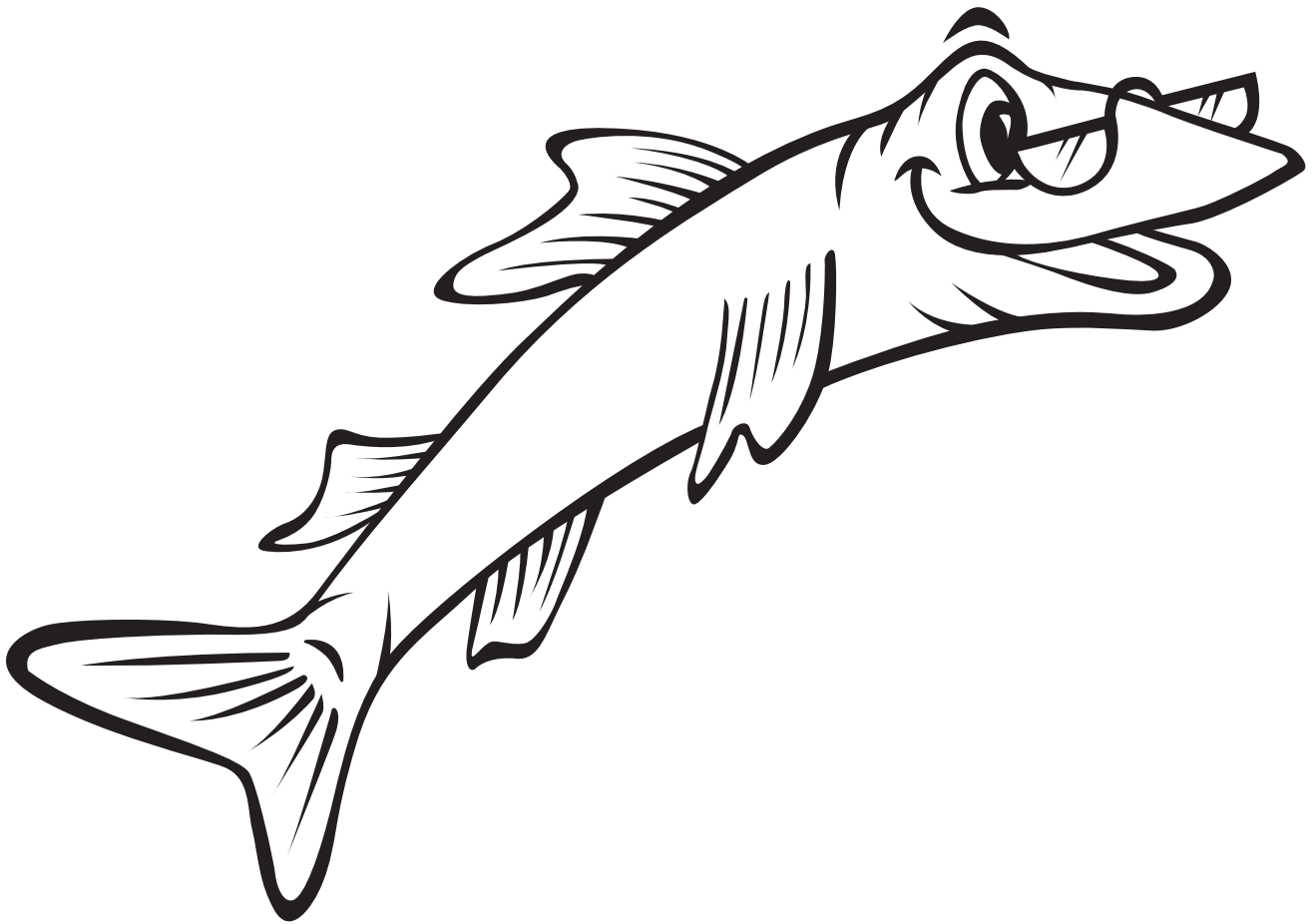
**ORIGIN:** ICELAND (BUT MOVED TO SCOTLAND TO BE WITH HIS FRIEND SYLVIA SCAMPI)

**LIKES:** TEACHING SWIMMING AND BEING WISE

**SWIM SPEED:** 19MPH

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Hugo Huss

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# Marcel Mussel

**G**rowing 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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Marcel Mussel

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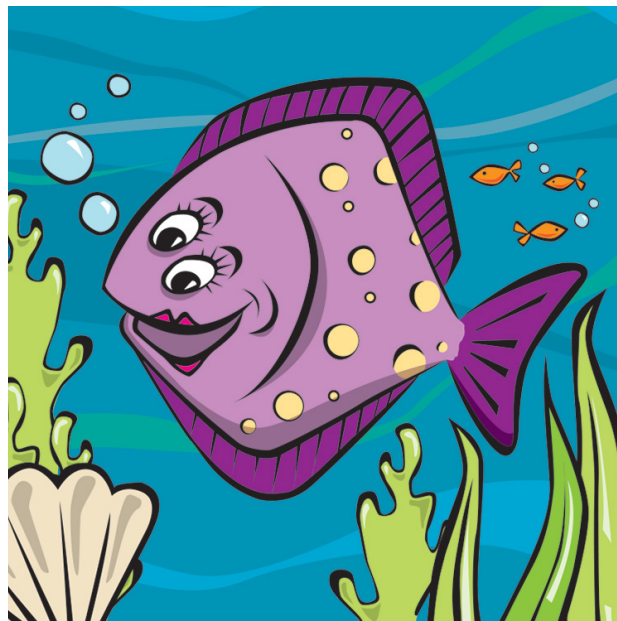


# Penny Plaice

Like many of the fish from her native Ireland, Penny has the gift of the gab and could talk the hind legs off a hermit crab. In fact the only time she can keep herself quiet is when she's playing her favourite game of hide and seek.



Penny's a natural at hiding. She waits until the other fish have covered their eyes with their fins and are counting before she sneaks off to the sandy sea bed. With a quick wriggle and flip she partly buries herself and has to hold in a bubbly giggle. She knows that by the time the others shout 'coming, ready or not!', she will have made herself nearly invisible. Once, after days of searching, they forgot all about her and she nearly missed Christmas!



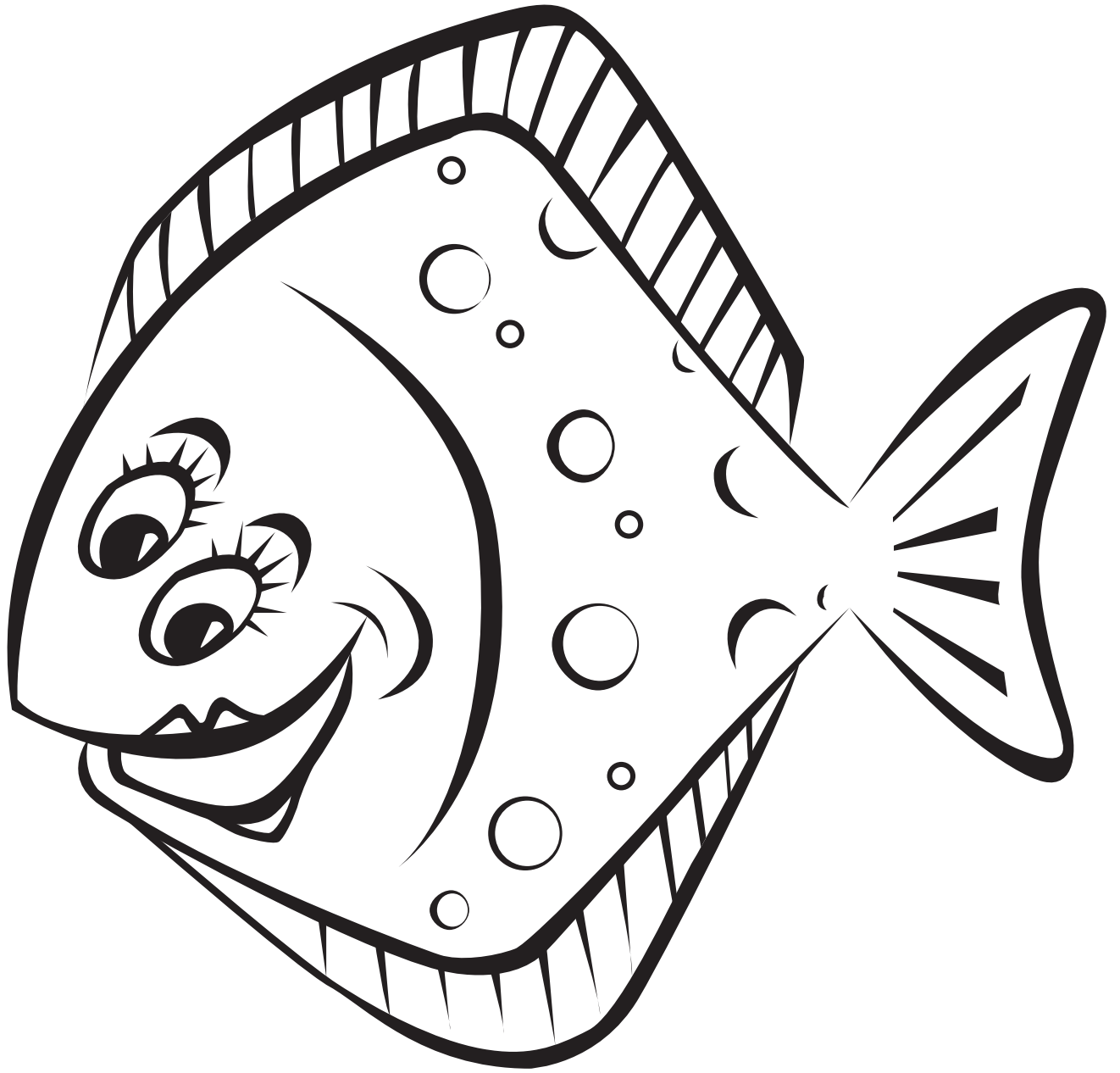
Although she's not the fastest fish at swimming, Penny has a very quick wit and she's a blast at parties where she is brilliant at spinning funny stories. She once told a joke about 'sandy bottoms' that made Sylvia Scampi choke on her sea cucumber sandwich.

On a Saturday night Penny's parties are the most popular event of the week. She likes to send out invitations featuring terrible puns like 'it's the plaice to be!' and 'sea you there!'. Penny is hilarious.



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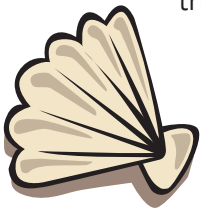
# Penny Plaice

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# Peter John Dory

**H**rumph! Pah! Pfft! Just three of the things Peter has been known to say by way of a greeting. Not that he does much socialising. On the whole Peter the John Dory prefers his own company, and hardly ever gets together with the other fish.



His home is the cold and lonely depths of the sea. And his hobby is being a bit miserable.

Peter has a special trick that he uses to keep the pestering younger fish at bay. He has a dark spot on each of his sides and he has spread the rumour that if you catch sight of his 'evil eye' all your scales will drop off. It's not true of course, but when Peter is feeling particularly grumpy he flashes his spot and the young fish all shriek and scatter in all directions. This cheers Peter up. Just a bit.



No one knows why Peter is such a misery – he's even forgotten himself. He thinks it might have something to do with his name. When he is introduced people look confused and end up calling him John. He tries to explain that he's named after St Peter, but he can see them glaze over and stop listening. No wonder he's a bit cross! And don't get Peter started on the subject of filling in forms.

**HABITAT:** COLD AND LONELY DEPTHS OF THE SEA



**ORIGIN:** WALES

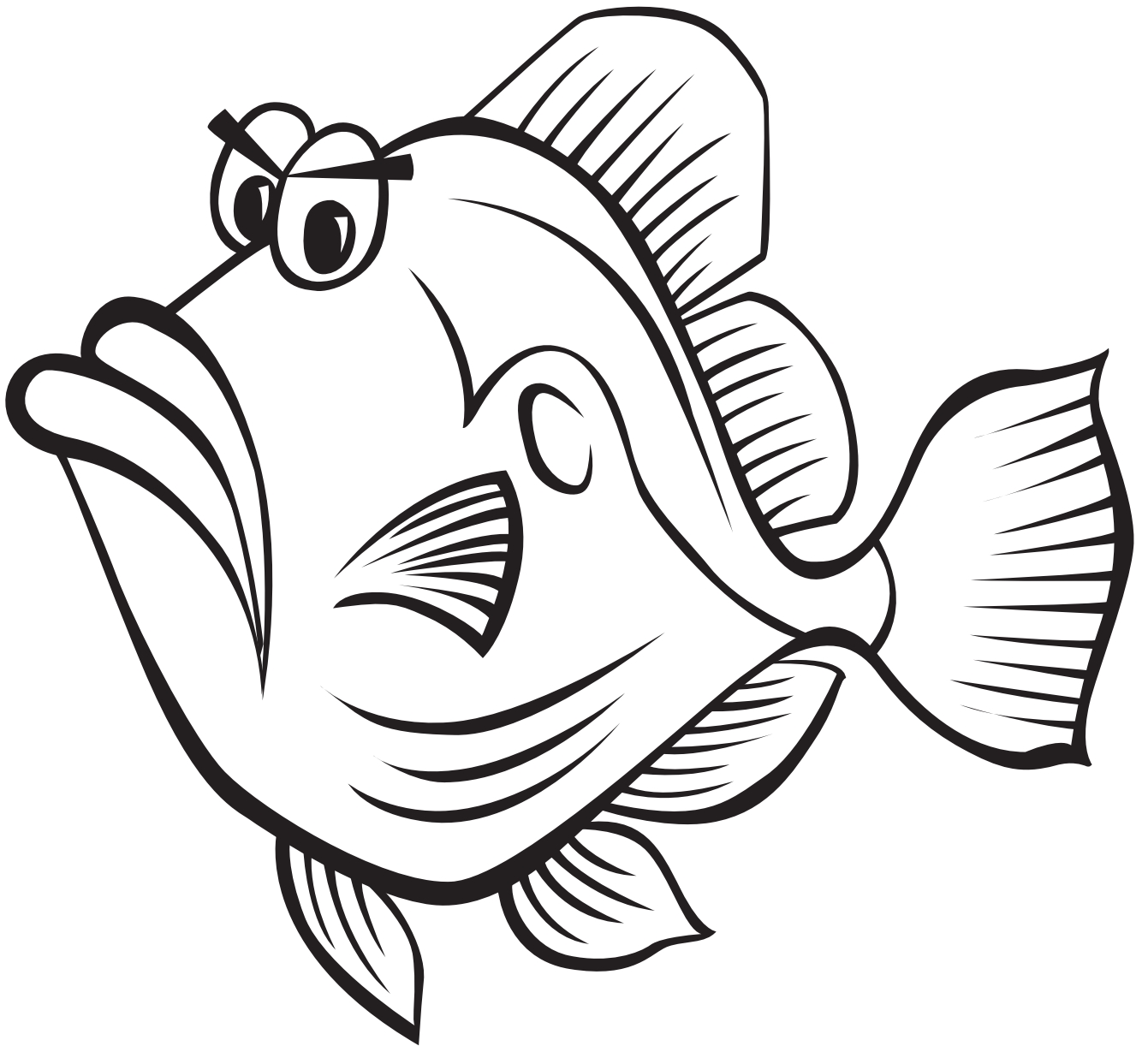
**LIKES:** BEING GRUMPY AND HIS OWN COMPANY

**SWIM SPEED:** 8MPH



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Peter John Dory

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# Sophie Seahorse

Sophie is ever so sweet, and a little bit vague. She spends her days happily drifting through the warm tropical waters of her coral reef home, fluttering her tiny fins and indulging in her favourite daydreams. Sometimes she pretends she's doing dressage in a packed arena – the hushed crowd amazed at her delicately prancing hooves. And then she remembers that she doesn't have hooves. Sometimes she imagines she is running in the Derby at Epsom, flashing past the other horses to win by a nose – but actually she can only move very slowly because her fins are so small and she swims upright in the water, in a rather ungainly way. 'Style over function', scoff some of the other fish, but Sophie doesn't hear them because she's off in her own fantasy world.

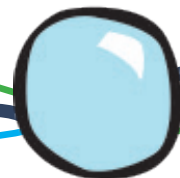


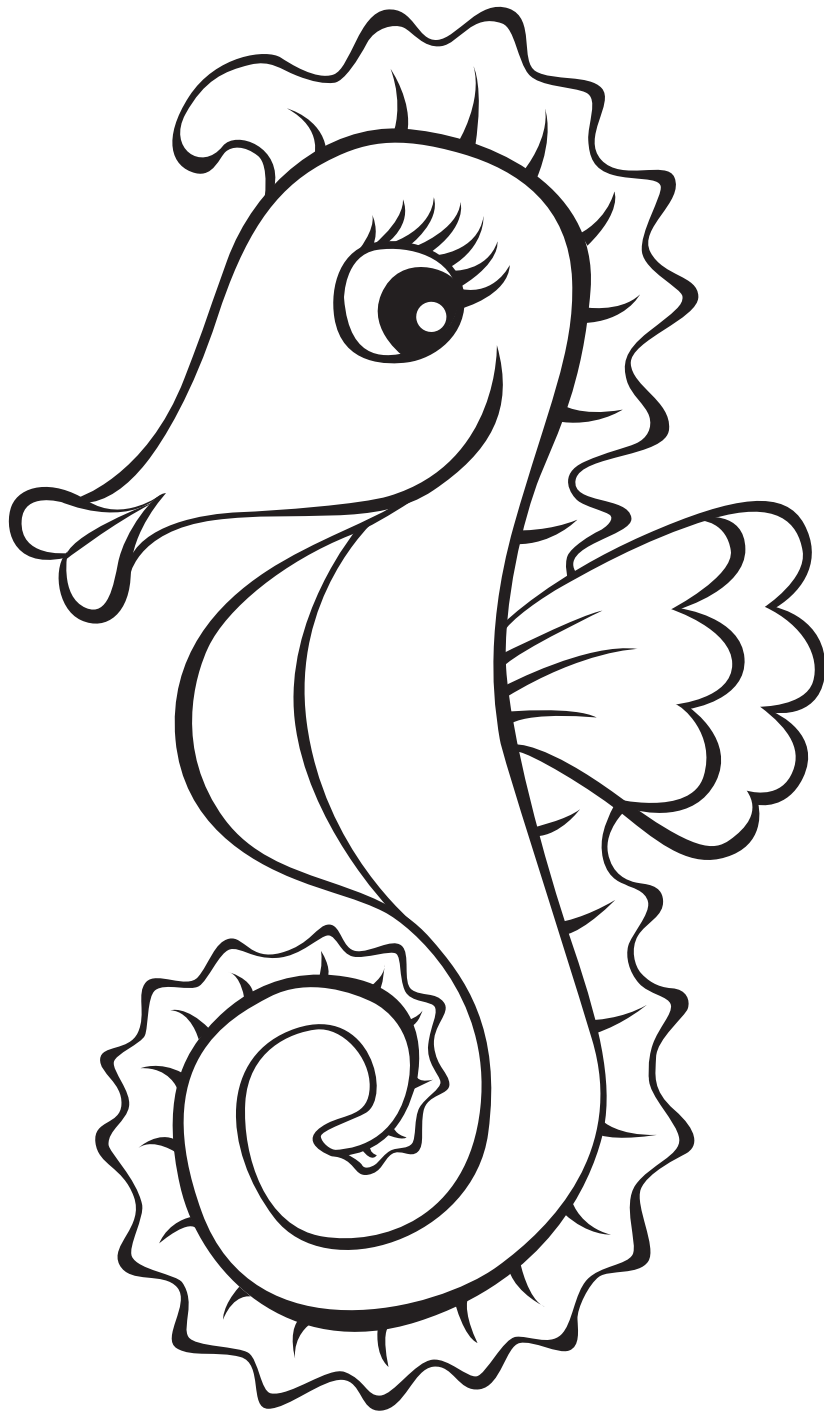
Her favourite dream of all is that she is one of the 'gallopers' on an old-fashioned merry-go-round. She would have a golden mane and tail and a pink saddle, and bob up and down on a barley twist pole while the pipe organ music filled the air.

With her head full of daydreams Sophie hasn't noticed that she's drifted out of the safety of the coral into open water. 'Oops!' With a little wobble she turns about and flutters back to shelter. She sits herself down on her tail for a rest, closes her eyes and thinks 'What if I was a unicorn...?'



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# Sophie Seahorse

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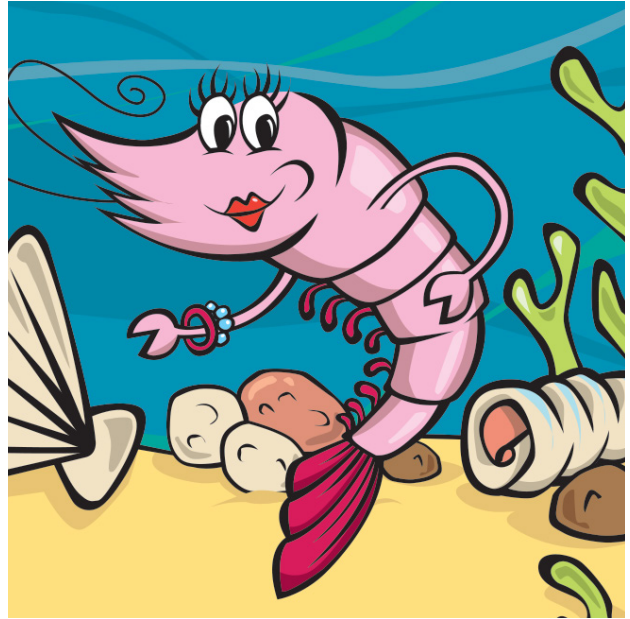


# Sylvia Scampi

**H**ouse-proud Sylvia loves nothing better than whisking a feather duster around her burrow and straightening the oyster-shell ornaments on her mantelpiece. As she does the house work in what she likes to call 'my little castle', she thinks slightly smugly about how special it is to have a home she can call her own. After all, none of the other fish have a postcode.



Her friend Hugo Huss lives nearby, but even though she's very fond of him he isn't quite in her class. In fact, as she has been known to whisper, Hugo is 'of no fixed abode'. Not that any of the other fish really understand what it means to be refined like Sylvia. And they will insist on calling her 'Scampi', even though she would prefer 'Lady Langoustine'.



Although she finds most of her fish friends exasperating, she couldn't do without her daily catch-ups with Penny Plaice and Coco Crab. They gather regularly at the same spot to have a good gossip about what everyone else is up to. Last week she discovered that Peter the John Dory had been seen with what Coco called 'almost a smile' on his face. 'Face like a slapped salmon!' Penny had added. They had discussed how they might cheer dear old Peter up, but no one had any suggestions that they hadn't tried before. After a good tittle tattle, Sylvia likes to go for a gentle stroll around the neighbourhood, making sure that everyone has noticed just how beautifully pink she is, and how smart her antennae are. Then it's home to 'chez Sylvia' for a nice cup of tea.

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HABITAT: IN A BURROW  
ON THE SEABED



ORIGIN: SCOTLAND

LIKES: GOSSIPING, SHOWING OFF  
AND BEING POSH

SWIM SPEED: 5MPH





Sylvia Scampi

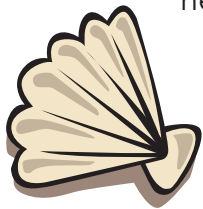
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# Taylor Tiger Shark

Maybe it's because he's nearly fully grown, or maybe it's because he's just really peckish, but Taylor can't wait to catch his first sea turtle. Nom nom. He was surprised to find that he's nearly four meters long now. No wonder he's so hungry – he's a growing lad.



When he was a youngster he usually only ate jelly fish and stuff but, like so many adolescent boys, he'll happily scoff pretty much anything now. Basically, if it moves he'll eat it. And often it it doesn't move too. Last week he ate a discarded tyre and two washing up bowls that he found while cruising through the warm seas of his Pacific home. Oops.



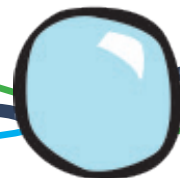
What he lacks in dietary sophistication, he more than makes up for in good looks. Sleek gym-fit body, tiger stripes down his sides, sleek white belly and a wide, wide toothy grin. He can't understand why the surfers don't stop to admire him. They shriek and paddle away terrified when he slips by in the shallow coastal waters, looking for a snack. He's never eaten a person – that would be rude – although his uncle Tony once bit a windsurfer quite badly. When asked about the flavour of humans, Tony had enthusiastically replied 'They're grrreat!'.



With eyesight that a fighter pilot would be proud of, Taylor thinks he may have spotted a slow-moving sea turtle a long way up ahead. He'll sneak up behind it, kind of casually, then put on a burst of speed and grab it. If it turns out to be yet another tyre, he'll probably just eat it anyway.



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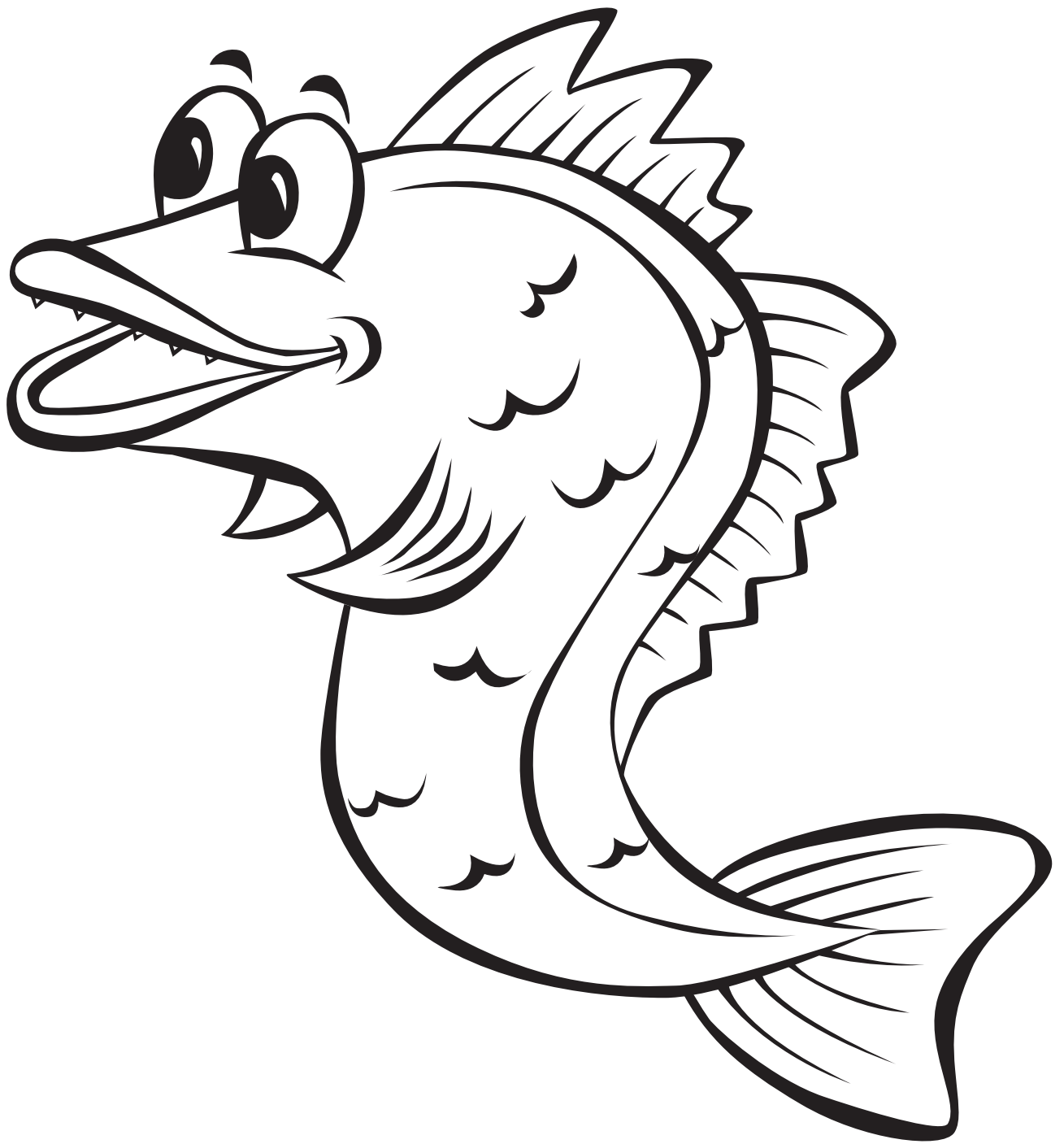




# Taylor Tiger Shark

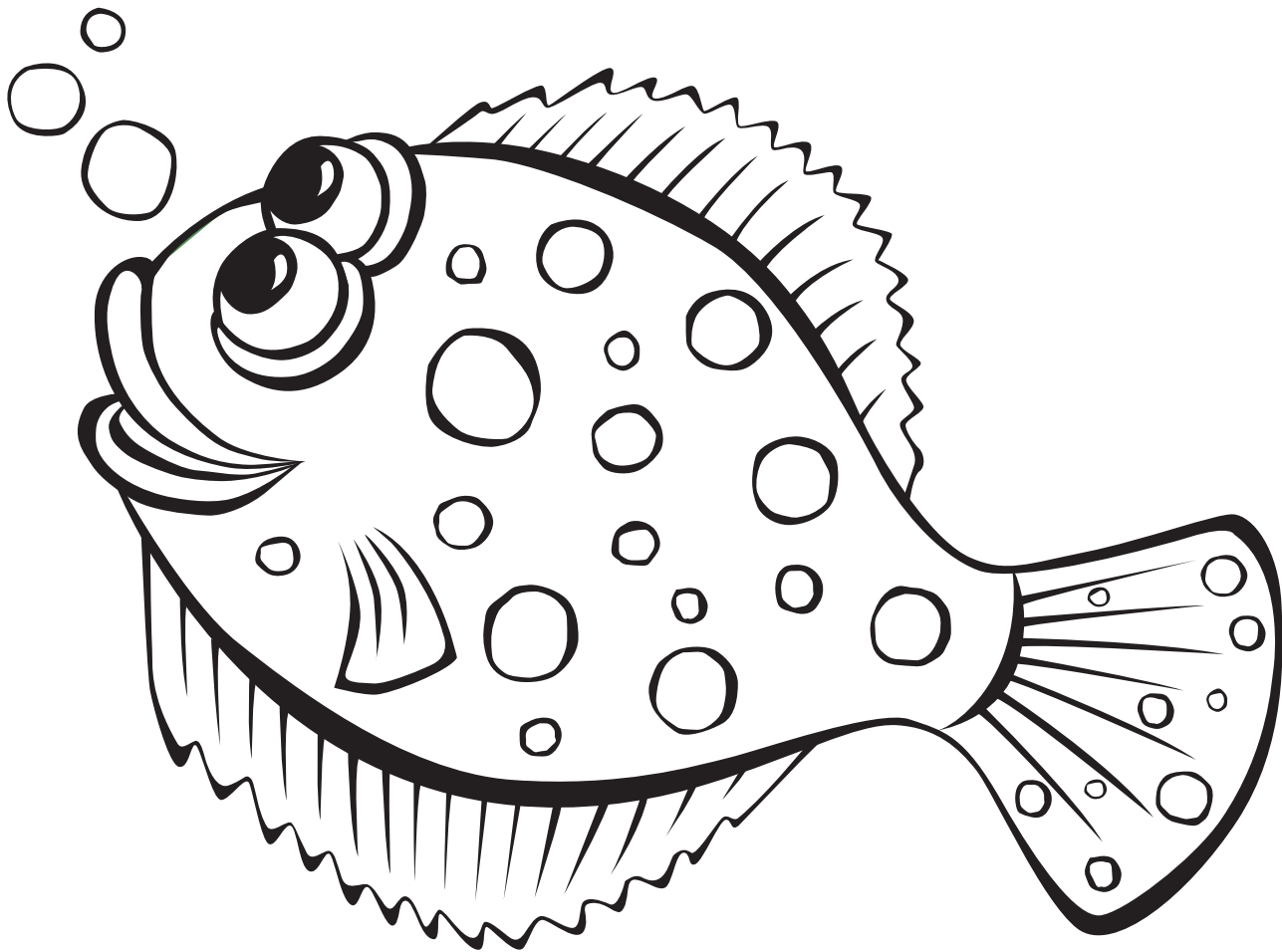
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Take Hake

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Billy Brill

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