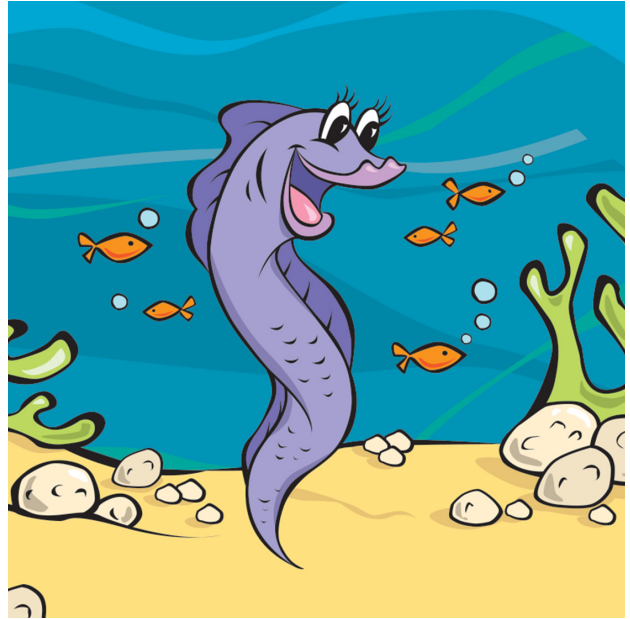
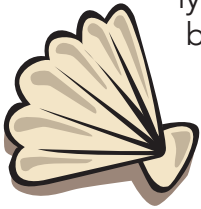




Edee Eel



Wotcha! 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 brown-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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