



BRIAN'S BOOK OF INTERESTING BUILDINGS

A Ladybird "Culinary Bio-ethics" Book





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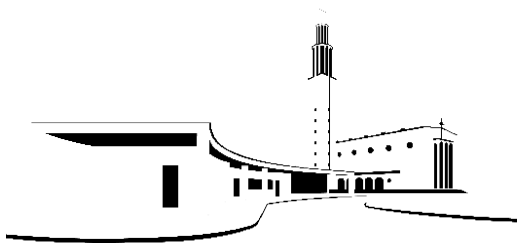
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Brian's Book of Interesting Buildings

by

Le-Corb Usier

after an idea by Lord Snowden



A Ladybone "Culinary Bio-ethics Book"

Brian had always been fascinated by buildings ever since he had watched them demolish his school whilst he was still inside it. He dreamt of it often.

His teacher Mrs Hardball told him she had rung the bell quite loudly and that all the other children had heard it.

Whilst it was true that Brian had been doing his Number 2s at the time and had had to deal with a particularly tricky new-fangled zip-fastener, he still wasn't convinced.

Yellow was never his favourite colour after that!



Brian's interest had been further piqued when his friend Amanda suggested he join her family on a trip to the local underground carpark.

He had agreed very readily, little knowing that he would be the passenger in the boot. "*There's simply not room for four inside*", Amanda's father had reassured him, "*Amanda's mummy says it's quite tight as it is*". Amanda's mummy blushed.

Whilst he felt sure that they would have let him out anyway, he was really relieved when he managed to attract the attention of the Car Park Attendant by banging on the boot lid.

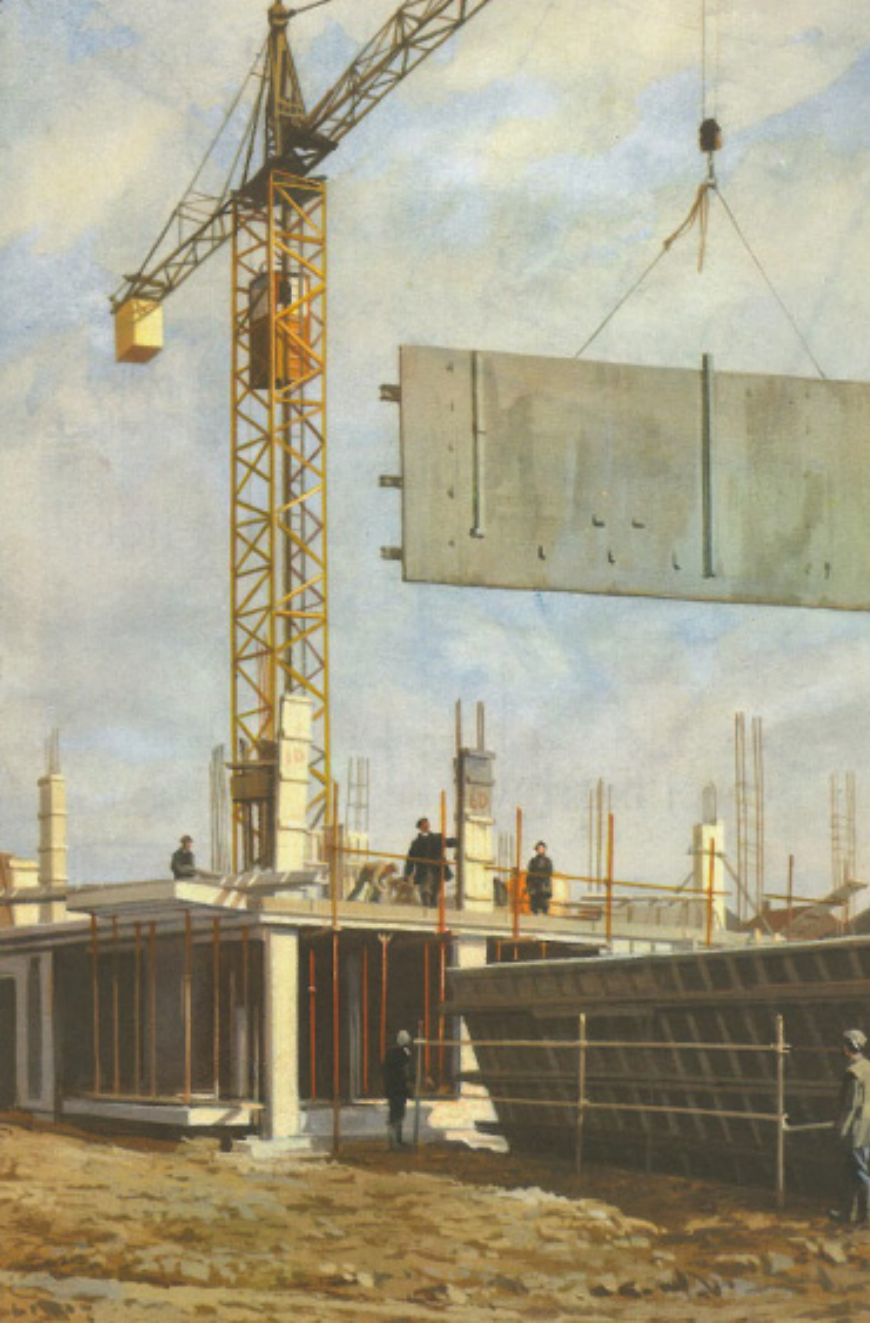
Brian dreamt about this too.



Brian couldn't remember whose idea it was to arrange for the school photograph to be taken at the construction site of the new shopping mall, though he liked to think it was his.

"I have all the best ideas" Brian told his classmates. They offered an idea of their own. *"Why don't you go and stand between those two nice men under that flying thing"*, they said, *"then we can take a special photograph of you all on your own"*.

Brian thought that was a very good idea until he heard a strange creaking noise above. Once out of a coma, two months in hospital proved an unexpected bonus: he had lots of time to think deep culinary bio-ethical thoughts. His friends really did have his best interests at heart!



Brian was surprised but not unhappy to discover he was being moved to another school. It meant moving home too, but the nice people at Batcombe District Council found them a luxury villa in an exclusive development on the outskirts of the town.

“Its fully functional with all mod cons and a pleasing physiognomy fully in harmony with the feng shui philosophy”, he reassured his family.
“Well its certainly petite”, his mother added.
“It’s fucking miniscule”, his father opined.

Brian wasn’t convinced he and his parents were wholly on the same page when it came to the move. He was inclined to blame them.



One day Brian's Mummy and Daddy took him on an exciting trip to see a car park at the nearby motorway.

"It's always busy and full of life and there's a really interesting building in the middle that sells chewing gum, sweets, ready meals, pornographic magazines, alcohol and occasionally petrol" his Daddy told him. *"I go there sometimes on my own or with Amanda's mummy's friend - the one who makes funny noises at night when the door is closed"*.

"Well as long as it's got a building, I'm in!" enthused Brian.

When they got there it was quieter than he had expected. *"Somebody probably said you were coming"*, his mother explained.

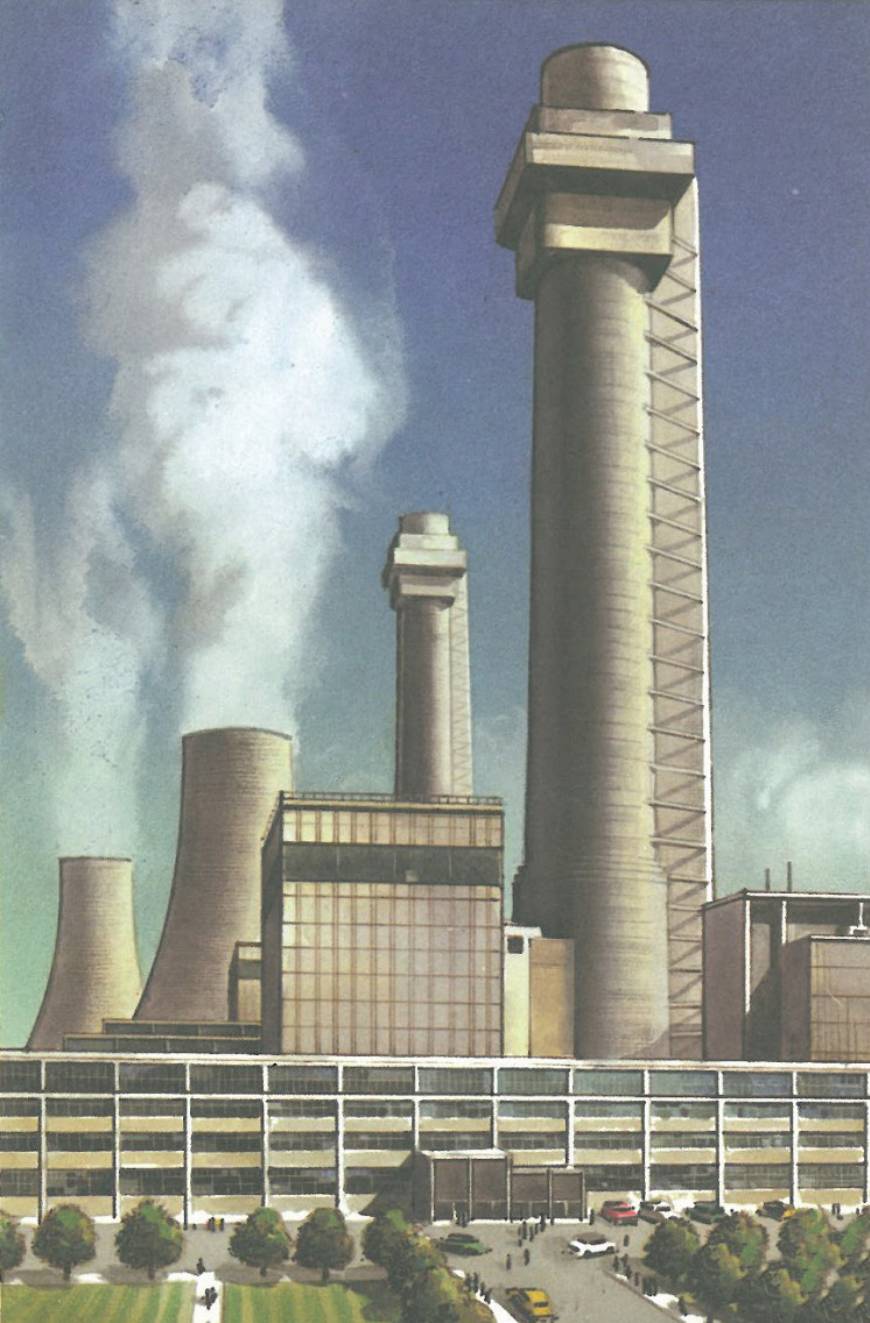


Knowing of his fascination with interesting buildings, Brian's new school arranged a trip to a place called Chernobyl. It had recently held a big fireworks display.

Brian was excited and wondered what he should pack. His teacher Mr Careless suggested the bare minimum. "*White vest and navy blue knickers for you young man*", he said with a wink. "*It could be hot!*" Brian trusted Mr Careless and had often felt his comforting hand.

Brian was surprised to discover on the day of the excursion that all the other children had letters from their parents excusing them from the trip.

He was disappointed, but Mr Careless seemed pleased. "*You shall have my very special attention all to yourself*", he beamed.



Brian missed Mr Careless who seemed to have disappeared shortly after their return. He was now teaching at a boarding school near Lyme Regis, Brian was told.

Still, Brian was cheered by the completion of the new shopping mall which was a very interesting building almost exactly rectangular and made from a new material called cancerous concrete. It was true that it emitted a funny smell and that the trees around it were all dead, but that was a small price to pay for a new facility which would transform the shopping experience of thousands of housewives, bringing a thorough-going sense of modernity into their hitherto humdrum lives.

Brian said all this to his Daddy. “*Bollocks*”, he fumed, “*It’ll cost me a bloody fortune*”.

Brian wondered if Daddy might not be getting it.



At the Mall you needed a ticket to enter. Brian was thrilled to get out of the underground car park. He'd never got further than that before.

Ahead of them in the queue Ludwig van Beethoven was having trouble hearing what the man was saying through the small hole in the glass panel. "*Speak up you idiot*" the great composer said, "*I have left my ear-trumpet in second class and symphonies don't just write themselves you know. How much to Dresden?*".

"*A week on Tuesday*", the Clerk replied.

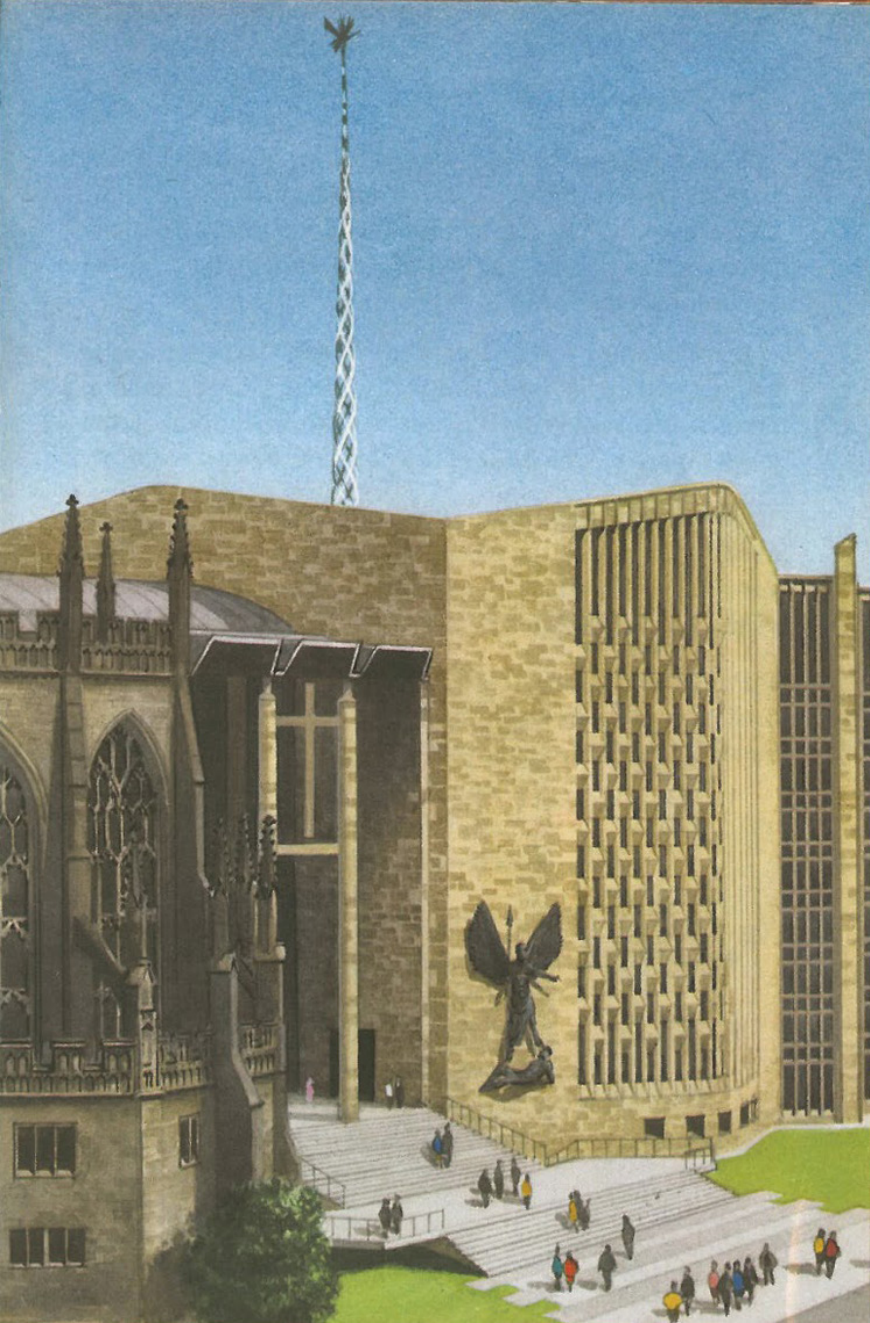


One of Brian's favourite buildings was the local cinema where he frequently attended matinees. He had seen *The Sound of Music* three times and was a big fan of the Singing Nun.

Once Mr Careless had taken him to a film called *Death in Venice* and had given him his first experience of a Pendleton's Twicer in the back row. Brian hadn't told his parents.

Brian wasn't sure why the cinema had a statue advertising *Batman Returns* hanging permanently on the walls. *Batman Returns* had only been on once and Batman hadn't looked a bit like he did in the advert outside.

Mr Careless said he hadn't been concentrating on the film enough to confirm or deny.



Brian's grandma was becoming difficult. She was old and bit whiffy and couldn't climb stairs well enough to bring everyone a cup of tea in bed in the mornings.

Brian's Mummy and Daddy were so worried they decided to move her out into a tower block very high up. "*It's a very interesting building and I like it*" Brian said. "*but it's a pity the lifts don't work*".

"*Isn't it*", his father replied with a peculiarly old-fashioned expression on his face.

As they left the building, his Mummy and Daddy appeared to do a little skip of delight. Brian thought he heard something about his grandma being "*done and dusted*", which he assumed was an extra community service his thoughtful parents had arranged for her.

That night he didn't dream of dark places or Mr Careless at all.



The decision to dig up all the allotments and build a new casino was dividing local opinion. Brian was in two minds himself.

On the onehand, he knew it was bio-ethically unwise to destroy nature in favour of a project based on the hedonistic desires of a fundamentally flawed humankind and that, if encouraged, this kind of behaviour could lead to mischief. On the otherhand, he was excited at the idea of an interesting new building so close to his Daddy's potting shed.

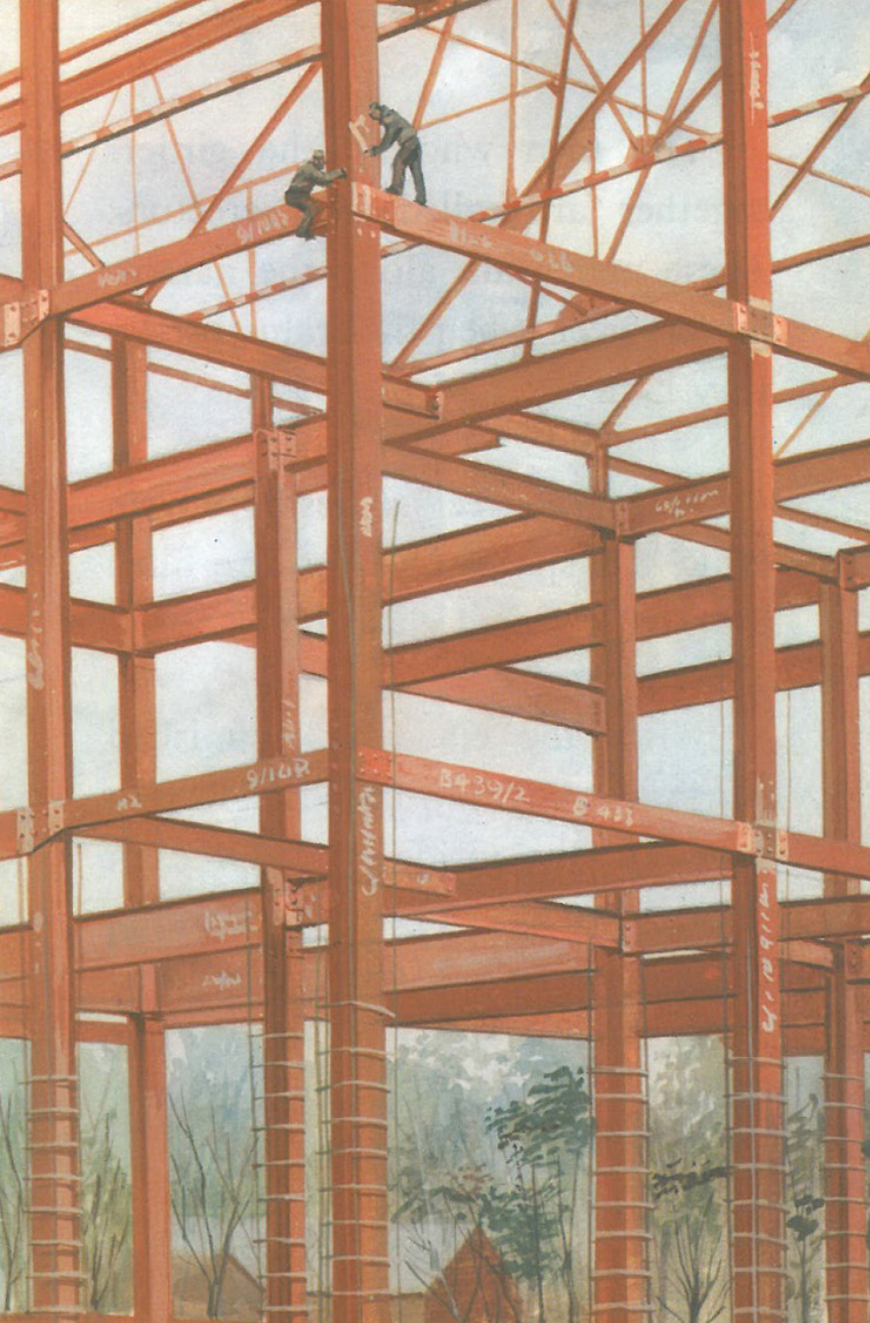
He asked his Daddy, who spent a lot of time in the shed, if it would interfere with his gardening arrangements. "No", he replied, *but I might have to move a few bottles and magazines*".



One day on his way to school, Brian decided to take a short detour to look at a very interesting building that was being constructed nearby. *“It uses very advanced prefabricated methods, bonding pre-formed spacer-sections to previously erected steel uprights and crossbeams”*, he had explained to his mother whilst she munched her cornflakes and anti-depressants. *“Well just think on if you decide to climb it”*, she warned him.

When he arrived at the site he was surprised to see Mr Careless clinging on to a girder with another gentleman trying to calm him down.

“Hi Mr Careless. it’s me .. Brian” would be the last words the troubled teacher would ever hear.



It was half-term and Brian was being treated to a trip to London. London is a big city with the most interesting buildings in the whole of Britain.

"I want to see the most interesting one of all", Brian announced.

Amanda and Edna were full of suggestions: *"The Tower of London"*, *"Buckingham Palace"*, *"The Post Office Tower"*, *"The Shard"*, they helpfully volunteered.

Brian smiled his funny smile; the one he kept for special moments when he wanted to delight his friends. *"You'll see"*, he offered mysteriously.

They tried not to look too disappointed when he took them to the London Transport underground interchange at Euston Station.

"I never want to go home", Brian sighed. *"Suits us"*, said Amanda and Edna heading for the platform.



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