



The dog that got the biscuit

He's sucking his thumb. He's been doing something naughty. It looks like the Pears advert. He's been eating something and he's cleaning his fingers off. He's been eating soap. Why's he been eating bleeding soap?! For Christ's sake! If you do it, you don't do it for bleeding long, do you! I think he's had away with some chocolate or something like that. I don't think he's been munching on anything. I think he's looking with mischief eyes. He's been up to something.

He's stolen one of the cakes that his mother's cooked. He's sucking his thumb to remind her that he's still a baby and he's giving her the eyes. If it was moving, I wouldn't be surprised if he was fluttering them because he's done something naughty. It could be that he's been making cakes and his sucking some mixture off, but looking at the sepia of the picture and thinking about the age of the picture, you didn't get many boys in them days making cakes. Or sucking on bleeding soap bars, you silly sod!

He's a bit mischievous. He's definitely keeping an eye out. It's his mannerisms, because he's looking one way and then looking another. He's called Andrew, but his friends call him Andy. His dad says, 'Come here you pest!'

He's in the kitchen, up against a white wall so they can get a clear picture of his face. He must be at home because his mum would have combed his hair otherwise. It's all ruffled, and quite curly. If that was a posed photo, his mother would have spit on her hanky and washed his face and combed his hair. It got ruffled when he was playing around. Over the course of the day his hair would fall about and what have you. It might have been combed in the morning, but then it goes its own way. He might be in the cadets, because of the collar. Bit loose isn't it? Wouldn't he be in a uniform. That's just rough-and-tumble stuff. He is in uniform, but he's just a bit scruffy. He aint in no uniform because of that hair.

Before he came here he was doing what cadets do: marching, going up and down the river, because he's a sea cadet. Do they have looser collars? He might have eased it off when he was on his way home. He might have been out with his mates. When I was younger and doing the RAF stuff, we used to go in a big gang.

He's been scrumping apples out the tree. I think he's got into trouble and now he's saying 'Mum...'. He's been scrumping in a local orchard. Yeah, that's what we used to do. He got caught and that's why he's doing the Mr Innocent eyes. 'Don't tell me off, mum, I brought you some apples back, for Christ's sake!' I got caught scrumping when I was on the cross-country. We used to go through this cherry orchard and I got caught up a tree. Got the whack for it and all. All your mates usually run away and leave you behind. The farmer caught about 5 of us and we all got the slipper. I thought it was worth it at the time because I didn't think we'd get caught!

His rosy cheeks are because he lives out in the countryside. All that healthy living has given him a ruddy glow. But if he's done a runner he would get red in the face.

[2nd part of picture revealed]

Look at his trousers! Is that his knee out of them? Tore them on a branch when he fell out of the tree. That's just what happens to boys. He's sat against a door, or it could be a cupboard. Is that a biscuit with some jam on? Or a strawberry. Don't like the wallpaper much. It's blackcurrant jam. No, it's read; blackcurrant would be black or dark brown. He can choose the flavour I just needed to tell him the bloody colour. You've got a choice: either strawberry, mixed fruit (which is normally apple with a bit of plum), or raspberry. I'll go for raspberry then. Scottish or English. I'll go for Irish. He's eating it on a digestive biscuit.

He's wearing dark blue dungarees. They're well used and worn. The shirt's too small for him in the arms but the collar is a bit big so I reckon this is a hand-me-down. He's from a lower socioeconomic group (how's that for you?!). he's obviously got a brother, or maybe it came from a charity shop. But if you get it from a charity shop, you'd pick one that fitted you a bit better. It definitely looks like it could do with a patch. He doesn't seem to have any injury to the knee so we'd have to say that it was an old tear. I think they're made of denim or some other hard-wearing material. I don't think they're corduroy because if you look at the other knee, it hasn't got that ridge. There's a patch on that knee. But the haven't done the other leg, have they? No, because he's been out that morning and come back looking like that.

He's one of those kids that gets into scrapes, although we're not talking shoplifting or anything like that. You know, playing Knock down ginger, knocking on someone's door and running off.

He's thinking, 'Where's my next biscuit?' He's feeling hungry. I think he's still looking for something, or trying to hide from someone. He doesn't want to get caught or found. He might be in trouble with his mum or dad and could get a clip around the ear.

[3rd part of picture revealed]

He's in the biscuit barrel! What did I say! He's got a pint down there by his side. That's Vimto, or Ribena. Unless we see the bottle, we're not going to know. Even Poirot couldn't work that one out. It's in the '30s. Well, he's got decent shoes on him so I don't think it's the '30s. and the beading on the door is done in the same colour as the wallpaper. The skirting board's pretty high so he's in a Victorian house. He's definitely in his own house because he's got himself comfy there. If it's the '60s, it could be a bomb site. And if you look at the dust, that's what used to happen to us. Because around me it was all bomb sites. They levelled it all and we used to go over there and have fights, throw bricks at each other, and they'd we'd come home and get a wallop because we were covered with all that concrete dust. He's got black leather boots on and that's why I reckon it's the '30s. no, in the '30s they'd have pawned the boots. Depends how rich he is. The biscuit tin's pretty, bloody full! And if you're in the lower socioeconomic group you're not going to have a full biscuit tin nor Ribena. The biscuit tin does not belong in the '30s. leave the '30s back there! It's one of those that's got a disc inside and you'd take it off and put it in the oven and it would keep your biscuits dry. You'd put it in the oven on a

Sunday after you'd done your roast, it would dry the crystals out and then you'd put it back in and screw the lid back on. Never bloody had those in the '30s! In the '30s you had the Depression. '50s then. Is that lino on the floor, so it must be '50s.

They're digestives. Nothing on the top of them, no icing or nothing. So he's obviously dipped his biscuit in his drink and that's the froth off the top. He's probably eaten more biscuits that he should have and he's going to spoil his dinner.

He's with his mum.

[4th part of picture revealed]

Oh, he's got a dog with him, and it's saying 'Where's mine?' Dogs and kids never think of anything beyond their stomachs. He's definitely going to give the dog a biscuit. He could be looking up at his mum to make sure she's not watching before he gives the dog a biscuit. He's going to drop it on the floor. The dog's called Rex. They're best mates. The dog follows him everywhere. They get up to mischief together: scrumping, playing in the yard. Can't tell if it's country or not because the shoes are so clean. That's what gets me: the trousers are covered in dust but the shoes are all clean. You'd think they'd be more scuffed. It's a bit perplexing.

They can't be poor because they've got a dog. It's what's called a long-haired retriever. The paws are big and the snout's long, but he's got long hairs on the chest and the ears. I think he definitely wants a biscuit. You can hear him growling and he's waiting for his mate. He's saying, 'Don't forget me'. And Andy's saying, 'I'll give you a bit in a minute when mum's not looking.'

If I was Andy, I'd give the dog the bloody biscuit to shut him up. I'd only give him two or you'd spoil his dinner. That's his mother in me. 1 for me, 1 for you. He should put the lid on the barrel quick before his mother sees how many they've eaten.

I reckon that the biscuit that's been dipped into the Ribena is going to fall off. Cos that's what happens when you dip your biscuit; it ends up all soggy and at the bottom of the cup. And the dog is going to run round to eat it. He's going to lick the floor to get any crumbs up. From the look on the old boy's face, he's crafty. So when the mother's looking away, he'll give him that bit and maybe another one too and they'll get away with it. They've done it before. He's not going to run away with his drink on the floor in front of the bleeding door. I reckon the dog's not only going to have the bit of biscuit that flops off, he's going to come round and put his muzzle in the biscuit barrel. He's waiting for his time. He's done it before. Dogs are opportunists. I've done it before. When I was a kid, I used to do it and slip the dog something when mother wasn't watching.