**This is how the shirt machine works:**

Now, when he gets an idea for a new sort of shirt that he thinks will suit someone perfectly, he goes into the shirt machine room and first of all pulls the giant power switch down into the on position. CHUNK!

Then he sits down and eats a piece of chocolate - he says that he needs chocolate to help his brain work, and he always keeps a bar tucked into his hat band.

Then my uncle types in his idea on the keyboard of the computer at the front of the machine and tells it what to do. When all of the information is fed in, he stamps on the big green ‘GO’ button on the floor, by his foot. The shirt machine rumbles slightly at first and then it goes *vumperangachang, vumperangachang , vumperangachang* and then to finish it goes *zip, zip, zip, zip, zip, bop.* It’s quite quick really; it only takes a little while.

The new shirt comes from a slot in the side of the machine. It is neatly wrapped in spotted wrapping paper and all ready to be posted to the person it was made for.