

## Bobby and the chocolate bunnies

Bobby stared hungrily at the chocolate bunnies. Saliva dripped down his face onto his pristine waistcoat.

"Mmmmmmm" he drooled, "so much chocolate."

"You will never make it," scoffed his friend Marty, the rubber yellow duck. They both lived on the same brown, tidy shelf, way above the floor.

"I will," snapped Bobby; he loved chocolate and all he could think of was taking a giant bite out of the bunnies' ears.

"Ha," the duck replied, whilst smirking at Bobby, "you won't even make it halfway."

"We will see," replied Bobby, trying to sound confident.

However, despite all of his bravado, Bobby knew he was only a small bear, with small grey fluffy legs. Worst of all, he thought to himself, was that he only had one hand as he always had a top hat to hold on to. Nervously, Bobby lowered himself down the bookshelf using the bright white headphone rope available. Halfway down, he started to feel more cocky, then a small draught of wind hit him blowing him wildly around. Panicking, he let go and fell towards the ground at lightning speed.

Wmyfff. "Ouch - Where am?" I he stuttered. "What is that awful smell?" Alarmed, he realised he had fallen in the evil Mr Denton's sports shoes. I should explain the smell of these shoes was horrendous and the shoes took great pleasure in trapping small flies and spiders with its stench. The best way to describe these shoes is to imagine putting your head into an old washing basket full of underwear and throwing some rotten blue cheese in for luck. Frantically, Bobby jumped out of the shoe gasping for breath. The shoe sat there laughing.

Determined to get away, Bobby stood up again; he had never been on the floor before. It was a shambles, a wreck, a mess and it was full of traps and obstacles - not like his nice, clean shelf. Nevertheless, he could not give in and the bunnies would be so tasty. Determined, he set off. Waddling forward, he weaved round the green mountain (green jumper), and avoided the tunnel of horrors (the vacuum cleaner nozzle), until he could go no further. In front of him was the pillow of dreams. To you and me this sounds delightful, but to Bobby it was terrifying. As he waded his way over it he sung out loud, like his dad had told him back in the toy factory.

"If you go down to the pillow today,  
You're in for a big sleep,  
If you go down to the pillow today,  
You'd better not think of the sheep,  
For every bear that ever there was,  
Will dream for hours and then get squashed,  
By evil Mr Denton when he heads to sleep."

With great relief, he made it across the pillow and stared at his prize, the chocolate bunnies standing there ready to be eaten.