

IMAGINE





A WALK IN THE PARK

Billy lives just down the road from Richmond Park and in his school holidays he likes nothing better than going for a walk in the park with his faithful dog, Gus.

The park is huge, over 2000 acres, so they have lots of exploring to do!

At the entrance to the park, Sheen Gate, Gus can be let off the lead. He is always quick to rush off and sniff out all the lovely new smells. This time is no exception and he scampers off with his nose to the ground, sniffing and smelling.

There are lots of deer in the park which often gather under the trees and by the lake; over the years Gus has learned that he must never chase them !

Well, they are bigger than him after all!

Billy follows Gus and wanders down the path towards the lake, happy that it is a sunny but cloudy day - no sign of rain. Good he thinks - that means I won't have to clean Gus on our return!

He reaches the lake in a few minutes and sits down to watch the deer. But he is a little worried that he hasn't seen Gus on his way down and cannot see him anywhere nearby. In fact he is nowhere to be seen and it is just not like him to go off for so long.

Billy calls Gus hoping he will see his faithful dog trotting back, but there is still no sign of him and he starts to get very anxious.

Where is he?

He hurriedly looks under bushes, in the ferns, under piles of logs, calling him again and again, each time Billy's voice gets more and more urgent.

Could Gus have got stuck down a rabbit hole? Or maybe he has fallen into the lake; or he could be tangled up in all the mucky undergrowth at the edge of the lake.

Oh Gus where are you?

Billy listens to see if he can hear a whimper or a bark, but all is quiet, just the buzzing of some bees pollinating the flowers. There is absolutely no sign or trace of Gus.

Help! Where are you Gus?



A photograph of a dense bamboo forest. The bamboo stalks are green and yellowish, with visible nodes. The leaves are dark green and dense. The word "BAMBOOZLED" is written across the center in a white, hand-drawn, brush-stroke font.

BAMBOOZLED



ESCAPING UNDER A FULL MOON

Under a full and bright Barley Moon the two sisters went into their back garden to feed and tuck their pet rabbits up for the night. Each evening they had the same routine, but tonight everything was different. They were not prepared for what they were about to discover.

Nibbles and Tiger were nowhere to be seen - their hutch ravaged and empty.

The wire on the side of their hutch had been ripped apart leaving a gaping hole large enough for the rabbits to escape. Straw was scattered all over the garden leaving a trail towards the fence.

There was no sign of Nibbles or Tiger, only a few tufts of fur clung to the broken wire - evidence of some awful catastrophe.

The sisters were distraught. They thought the rabbits were happy in their home - so could a fox or even a badger have ripped open their hutch and attacked them?

The two girls ran around the garden frantically looking under the bushes, around the plants, behind and under the trampoline (always a good hiding place), inside and outside the shed. They even managed to scramble under the bamboo, which in recent months had rather overtaken and invaded their back garden.

But not a sign of the rabbits, no more tufts of fur, no sign of paw prints in the mud and not even evidence of a poo!

Oh where are they?

The thick, strong and upright bamboo stems appeared like soldiers under the bright full moon, guarding and protecting their domain. The sisters were drawn closer and with their heads to the ground searching for any clues they suddenly got entangled in the dense twisted roots.

Their legs seem to give way under them and they both fell heavily cracking their heads together with an almighty crunch

Ouch

Everything seemed to go black and they had the feeling they were spiralling out of control and sinking deeper and deeper into the ground below.

Down and down they spiralled into a narrow passage which was getting darker and darker, damper and damper and colder and colder. It was so eerie that they could even hear their screams echoing.

