

Through the Forest by Heidi Simpson

Early one morning, when my story begins, my mother set me a task.

“Take this basket to Grandpa’s house,” she said, “and fetch some crusty bread rolls from him for our lunch.”

Now, the way to Grandpa’s house was through the forest and the weather was chilly, **so** I put on my red coat and set off with the basket.

I tiptoed through the forest and the leaves went crunch. My tummy gave a rumble. When will it be time for lunch?

After a while, I came to a den. A booming voice bellowed, “Who’s there? Go away! Come through the forest another day!”

And I thought to myself, ‘Oh my goodness. Fiddle de dee. Somebody’s going to try and stop me!’

Out of the den stepped a fox.

“Please may I get past?” I pleaded. “I need to get to Grandpa’s house to fetch some crusty bread rolls for lunch.”

“Oh...okay,” said the fox. “That’s tickety-boo.”

So I tiptoed through the forest and the leaves went crunch. My tummy gave a rumble. When will it be time for lunch?

After a while, I came to a camp fire. A mysterious voice hissed, “Who’s there? Go away! Come through the forest another day!”

And I thought to myself, ‘Oh my goodness. Fiddle de dee. Somebody’s going to try and stop me!’

Out of the shadows slid a snake.

“Please may I get past?” I begged. “I need to get to Grandpa’s house to fetch some crusty bread rolls for lunch.”

“Oh...okay,” said the snake. “That’s simply splendid.”

So I tiptoed through the forest and the leaves went crunch. My tummy gave a rumble. When will it be time for lunch?

After a while, I came to a gate. A sly voice purred, “Who’s there? Go away! Come through the forest another day!”

And I thought to myself, ‘Oh my goodness. Fiddle de dee. Somebody’s going to try and stop me!’

From behind the gate stepped a cat.



“Please may I get past?” I grovelled. “I need to get to Grandpa’s house to fetch some crusty bread rolls for lunch.”

“Oh...okay,” said the cat. “That’s fine and fabulous.”

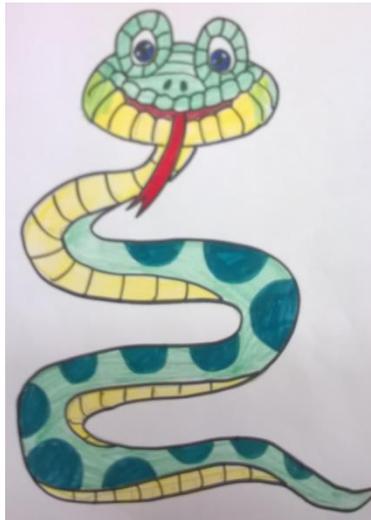
So I tiptoed through the forest and the leaves went crunch. My tummy gave a rumble. When will it be time for lunch?

After a while, I came to a clearing where there was a twisting, winding stone pathway. I followed the stone path way until I came to... Grandpa’s house.

And there was Grandpa waiting in the doorway to greet me with the crusty bread rolls.

Maybe I had more adventures on the way home, **but** for now we shall say that is the end of my story about the bread rolls and my journey through the forest.

By hook or by crook, we’d better shut the book.



Writer’s note: This story was written used for a Year 2 class