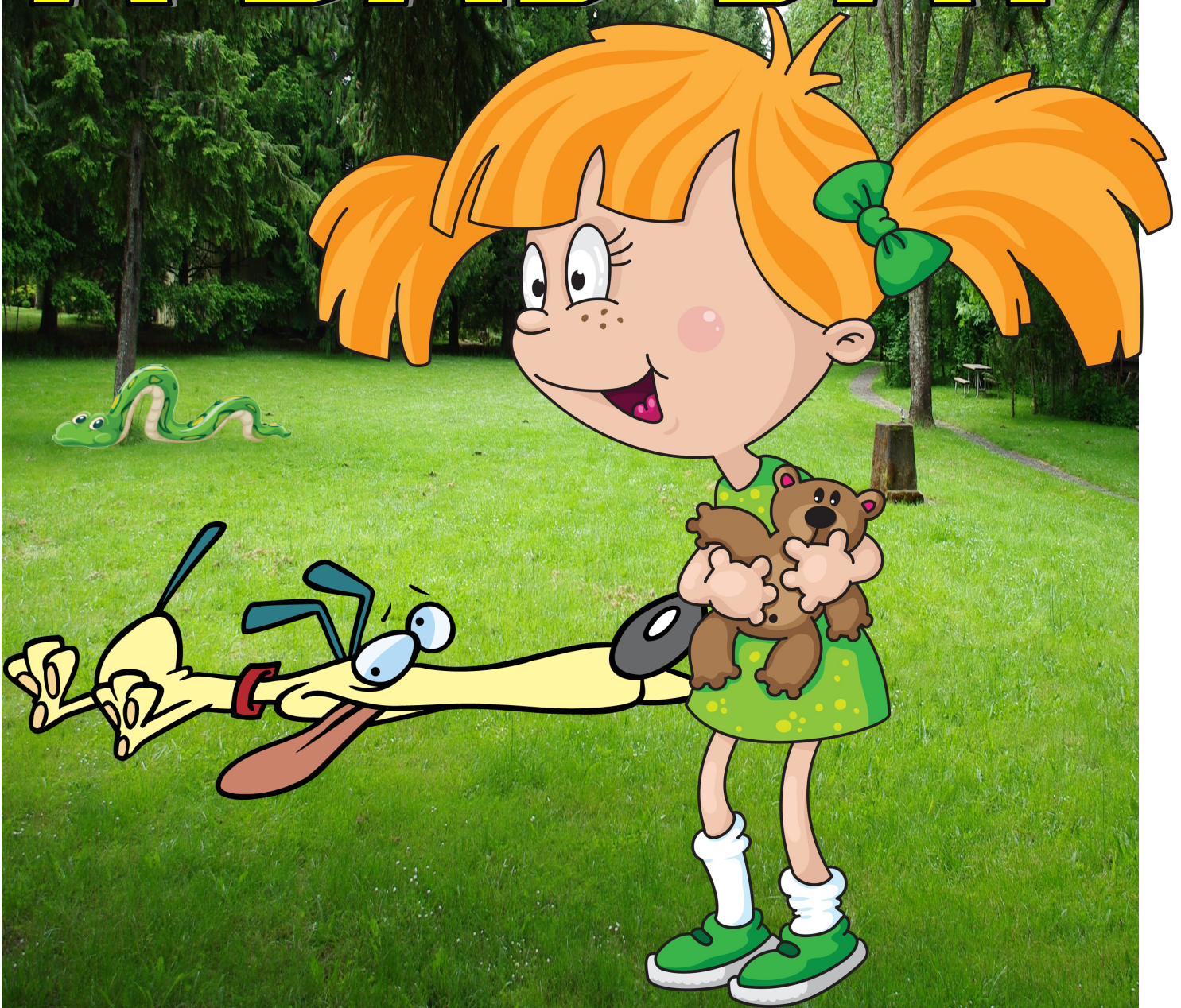


Fairytales Collection

A BAD DAY



Olivia Manzin

LEGEND
Enterprises

**Narrator:**

One day, a girl named Olivia and her dog Winnie, went down to a field. It had long, green grass that reached Olivia's knees. The pair of them played in that field for hours; that is until

Snakey the evil Snake slithered along....

Me:

I grab a stick. 'Come on Winnie! Go fetch!' I throw the stick as far as I can. Winnie chases after it, bouncing her head above the grass so that she could see.

I wait and wait, but Winnie still doesn't come back. Then I hear a small whimper out in the distance. I chase the sound. It feels like I'm chasing the wind, getting nowhere.

I run through the grass, as fast as my legs would carry me, while screaming, "Winnie! Winnie, where are you?" Then, I hear the whimper again.

I push the long grass aside and see my dog lying on the soft green grass. I could tell who did this, a snake.

I see a brown tail slithering soundlessly away. I lunge for it, screaming, "you bit my dog, you stupid snake!"

The snake turns around and almost bites me, as well! "Hiss!" It

hisses. "I am SSnakey, leader of all sssnakes."

"You bit my dog!" I scream.

"Tut, tut, tut." Replies the ugly reptile. "It was only a girl. The ones that deserve to live are the big, tough ones. Like males. Not females, like this one.

He lunges at me, but I dodge his powerful bite. "How dare you say that about my dog?" I yell at him. "All dogs are allowed to live! Are you stupid snakes going to wipe out the whole species of dogs?"

"Watch who you're calling stupid, Stupid," he says in an annoying voice.

This time, he has done it. I lunge for him, but he is too quick for me. "I will have REVENGE!!!" Then he slithers away.

I pull Winnie into my arms and lay there in the field, holding her for the last time that I ever will.

I dig a hole, and gently put the sheet in that's got her inside. "Goodbye Winnie," I manage to squeak through the hole in my throat. I try to blink back my tears but it is no use.

I shovel the dirt back into it's place, and I make a sign for her grave, so that I will never forget her. I stab the sign into a place in front of where she is buried, and slowly walk home. "It sure is a bad day," I whisper to myself.

The next day I make a promise to myself that I would find that snake and kill it. Even if it's the last thing I do.

I set off to go and look for him. He will be in the forest. I grab my bag and head off out into the forest, haunted by trees that lean over

you, and with sounds that will make the strongest man cry. But I still step on.

Before leaving however, I make a note to my parents that I might not be back for a while. Or ever.

Narrator:

So the girl set off on a new adventure, with her bag that has almost everything in it, including weapons that she keeps close at hand. She has a trident called Tridey, a bomby knocker called Bomby, a hammer called Hammy, a whip called Whippy, a chainsaw called Chainy, a laser called Lasey, a knife called Knifey and a blower called Jeff. She also took her pet skink with her. His name is Skinky.

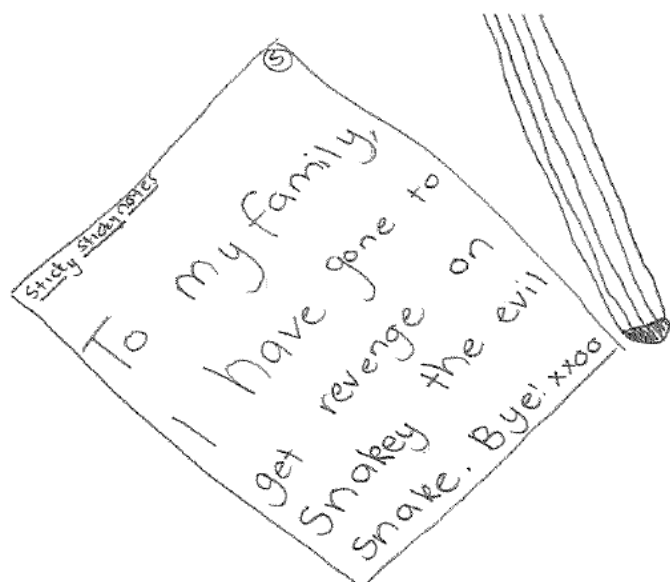
"Come on Skinky!" Skinky was being very slow. "We need to find Snakey!"

"Did you say Snakey?...As in, the vilest snake in the world?" Asked an unfamiliar voice.

"Um yes...." I say nervously. "He killed my dog so I'm going to get him"

"Well," says the voice. "I know where you can find him."

"Where?" I blurt out.



"I can only tell you if you do a few tasks for me," Exclaimed the voice, which had materialised into a frog. I see him sitting in a puddle.

"What are they?" I ask hastily.

"Well," said the frog. "The first thing you need to do is fill this

jar with poisonous fog."

He held out a glass jar. "Once you have finished this task, meet me back here."

Narrator:

So, Olivia set off once again, but this time to get poisonous fog.

Me:

I walk for about half an hour, and I come across a massive cloud of purple fog. I run towards it, but very cautiously. If I get this stuff on me, I can get blisters all over, where I get stung.

I pull the jar out of my bag and try to get the fog inside it. "OOOOWWW!!!" I scream. The fog has reached my hand. I need a different approach.

I grab Jeff the blower out of my bag and put it in reverse so it sucks in, not out.

I turn him on, and he starts sucking.

Once I have enough in the tank, I empty the fog out into the jar. There is still a little bit left, so I keep it just in case of an emergency.



I run back to where I met the frog. He is sitting on a large rock. I exclaim to him, "I have your poisonous fog." I show him the jar, and hold out my blistered hand, from where I was touched by the fog. I hand

him the jar. "Now, tell me where Snakey's lair is."

"Uh, uh, ah," says the frog. "You still have two more things you need to do for me."

"Well, hurry up, already!" I say hastily.

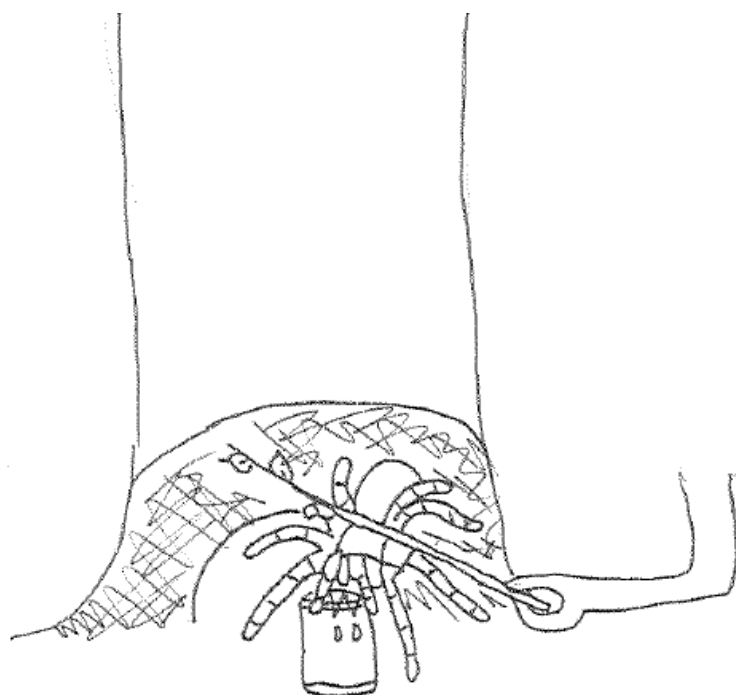
"I want spider venom." He says very quickly. "There is a nest over by that tree full of tarantulas. But I can't get it because I don't have thumbs. But you do. I have the anti-venom here, so if you get bitten, you can come over here, and I will give it to you. I also have some stuff for your blistered hand."

He hands me a jar with a yellowish liquid inside that looks like beeswax. I twist the cap open. It smells like crushed eucalyptus and lavender.

I rub it onto my hand. It stings for a little bit and then the pain is gone. And so are the blisters. "Thank you," I tell him.

"I wonder what the last task will be?" I ask myself, as I walk towards the tree with the tarantulas.

I get to the nest and ask the frog what to do first. He tells me to



grab a stick and start tapping lightly on the outside of the spider's cave. "When the spider comes out of the nest, with its body fully out, get the stick that you used for tapping, and press it lightly on its abdomen."

I do what he says. "Now

what?" I turn to him. Or, where he is supposed to be. He is now swimming in a small pond, lazily. "You need to get the new jar that I gave you. You know, the one with the plastic on the top."

I grab the jar with my left hand, and my right hand still on the spider.

"Now," he says, "You need to get a new stick and start lightly tapping the spider's mouth. When the fangs come out, force them into the plastic on top of the jar, and the venom should start dripping out."

I do what he tells me, and when I'm done, I have about 1cm of venom in the jar.

"Good," says the frog, as I give the venom to him. "Now for your last task."

I take a deep breath. Inside me, I feel like he wants me to get the head of Snakey.

"The last task is....." he pauses. "Can you get me some food? I'm starving!"

I unzip my backpack and hand him a piece of bread. He takes a bite and then spits it back out. "YUCK!!" he splutters. "What kind of food

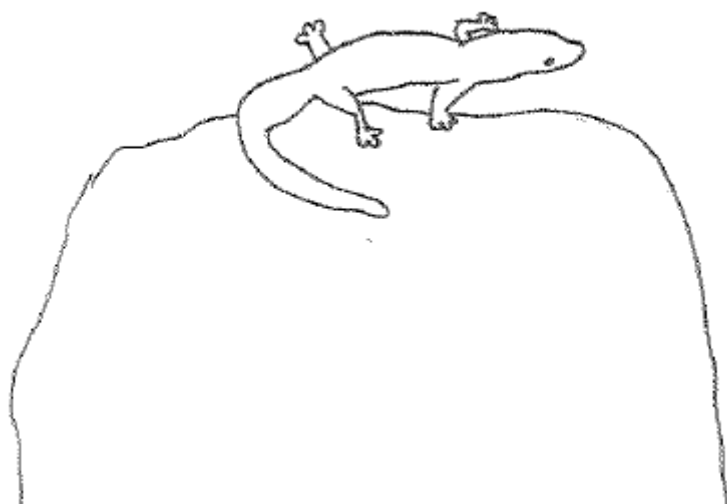
is that? That's not even food! I want a fly! Or a beetle! Or a..... Skink."

Did he seriously just say that! He wanted to eat MY skink!

"NO way!!" I shout at him.

"How dare you say that!"

"Oh well." He says calmly. "I



guess that I can't tell you where Snakey's lair is."

"No way!! Not after all I've been through. But I'll have to discuss it with Skinky." I stammer.

I walk over to Skinky, who is sitting on a hot rock, sunbaking. "Skinky," I ask with a trembling voice. "I need a massive favour. I need you to call a meeting for all of the skinks nearby."

Skinky starts to give out this quaking sound, and suddenly a lot of skinks start galloping towards the rock that Skinky is on.

Then, I call to all of the skinks, "OK! This may be hard for all of your friends and family, but I need one volunteer to get eaten by this frog. If one of you don't, I will never get revenge on Snakey for killing my dog...Who, out of all of you would like to die?-But, not die in vain! To die being proud."

I wait until a few heads shoot up through the wave of skinks. Then, one scuttles forward. I pick him up and whisper to him, "if it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be able to get my revenge on the snake who killed my dog."

I hand him gently to the frog. "Thank you skink!"

Then the frog gobbles him up.

"Skinky, call all of the skinks to get outta here." I yell. Skinky did his weird call and all of the skinks ran away.

"Now frog?" I say, turning to the green creature. "Where can I find Snakey's lair?"

"Well," he says. "First of all you can call me, Sir Cosmo the Third."

"Ok, Sir Cosmo the Third," I say in a posh and royal voice. "Where may I find sir Snakey's lair?"

"I'm pretty sure that's not Snakey's real name," Cosmo protests. "We are wasting time. Do you want to know where Snakey's lair is or not?"

"Yes I do," I reply. "I'm very sorry. Where can I find Snakey?"

The frog pauses for a moment, as if he's forgotten everything. Then he says slowly, "you will find that Snakey's lair is right underneath us."

"Sorry," I say calmly, "you are meaning to tell me that he was under this rock, THE WHOLE TIME!!!" I yell at him. "I could have found him by myself instead of risking my life for your stupid things! And, watching one of Skinky's friends being gobbled up by you!" I am screaming at him now.

"I'm really sorry," says Cosmo. But now, he is speaking in a sorrowful voice, and he looks like he is sorry. "But I needed those things, and running into you was just a piece of my luck. I am truly sorry."

I think about what he said and decide to forgive him. "Ok," I say calmly. "Forgive and forget, right?"

"Right," he replies. "So, are you going to kill this snake or what?"

It's Sir Cosmo
the third!

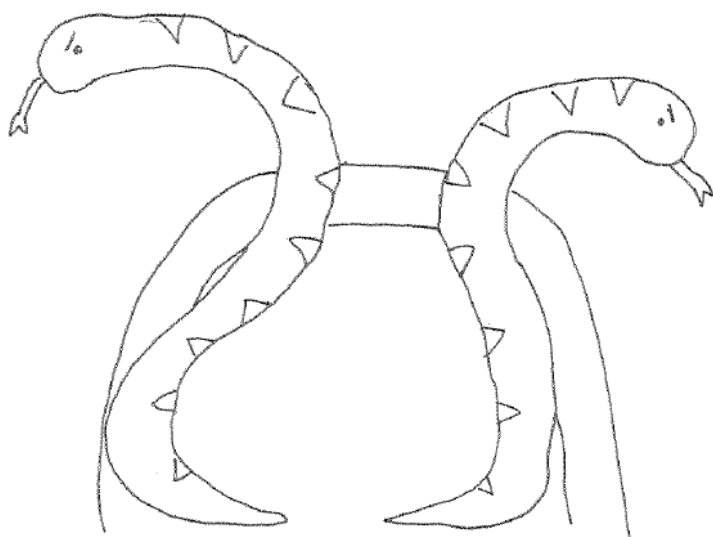


Narrator:

So the girl set off once again, but this time, she only had to walk a few steps to get to the entrance of Snakey's lair.

Me:

"Ok, Tridey," I say to my trident, pulling him out of my



bag. "You're the lucky one ,that's going to kill this stupid snake."

I poke my head into the entrance of the cave to check if the coast is clear. Two large boa constrictors are guarding the door to get in. Luckily,

they don't see me.

I quickly get Hammy the hammer, and Bomby the Bombyknocker out of my bag. "One for each hand," I tell myself. I get them into a comfortable position, getting ready to smash. I jump into the entrance and pulp the two boas. Job done.

I crawl my way to the first door. There is a slight crack in the door. I look through....

"You imbecile!" Someone shouts. "It's supposed to be painted Black! Not Pink!"

It's Snakey. Except I have no idea what he is talking about, but even so, I don't dare move. Snakey keeps shouting. "A laser ray is NOT

supposed to be pink! It's supposed to be black! Laser rays are not pink!"

"He is building a laser ray," I say to myself. "I have to stop him,"

I get my trident in a comfortable position and



then jump out from behind the wall. Before I can stab him, he says to me, "I've been expecting you,"

"Obviously," I reply to him. "I told you; when you bite my dog that I was going to get revenge on you. Geez!"

"Well, umm, ah, never mind! Let's get to the point."

Then, suddenly everything went black. I could hear faint voices, "you were supposed to wait until I got to the point..... You imbecile!"

I wake up. I am strapped down on a large table. Snakey the evil Snake and his associate are leaning over me. "Ahhh." He says, while he takes a few steps back. "I've been waiting for you to wake up. My silly associate must have hit you on the head a little too hard."

I stare at him, not blinking. He stares at me, not blinking. "I feel like 'It'," I say to myself.

"I've been meaning to tell you," Snakey starts. "That I will be testing my laser ray on you."

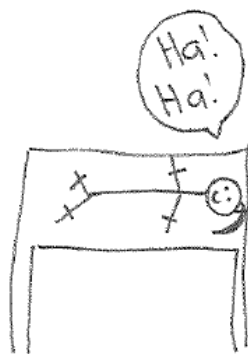
"Good luck with that one," I say in a very chilled voice. "You won't get very far."

"Oh really," replies Snakey. He wipes a fake tear away, from his scaly, ugly, evil face. "Well guess what.....?"

"Dinner time! Your lord Snakey the Third, the evillest snake in the whole entire world." Someone calls from behind the door.

"Shut up!" Snakey calls back. "I'm busy lasering someone with my new, fantastic toy!"

"Coming!" Snakey calls back. "I'll just go get my baby Snakey bib."



As if he were in a trance, Snakey waddles off to go get his 'baby Snakey bib'.

When he gets back, I ask him, "You have a baby Snakey bib?"

"What!" he says, as if forgetting I was ever there. "Ummm.... No! What are you talking about!" Snakey stutters.

"You said that you had a baby Snakey bib." I answer, really getting on his nerve. "I heard you."

"Well, you must have heard wrong!" He replies.

"I heard you say it, master," says a little green tree snake. "You said that you needed to go and get your baby Snakey bib."

"I know that, you useless little brat! It's for ummm.... my associate. Yes! My associate!"

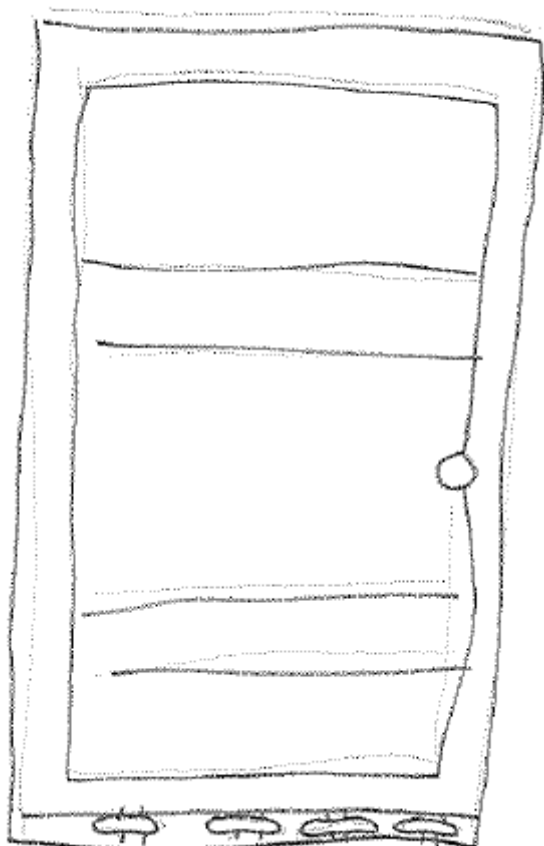
"What's HIS name?" I ask him curiously.

"His name?...." Snakey replies. "Oh! Um.... Bob! No! Um.... Billy! Um.... No! Jerry!"

"Ha!" I laugh at him. "You use a baby bib!"

"Ahhh! Never mind that you imbecile! When I get back, you had better still be strapped down on that table!"

Then, he turns around and slithers out of the room; the little green tree snake following close behind; too close for Snakey's liking. "Move back! You useless stupid snake!" He groans.



"Sorry master," the green snake replies.

Suddenly, something moves underneath the door. "Back already," I say, but there is no answer. It moves again. "You gonna come in or not!" I shout angrily. Still, no answer. But it's not Snakey. "Must be baby snakes." I tell myself.

But as they come closer, I see that they have legs. "Skinks!"

It's Skinky to the rescue! And he's brought his skink friends! They all run over to me and crawl up my straps. As they do, I laugh. "Sorry!" I tell them. "I'm ticklish!"

Skinky lets out an order and all the skinks get to work. About fifty skinks get on each strap, and start nibbling on them. In about five minutes, two straps are gone and there are only two to go.

Just then, I hear Snakey's voice at the door. "Can you please save the left-over lasagne for my lunch tomorrow? I don't feel too well and I won't be fit to kill anymore dogs. Especially the girl ones."

"Yes master" says a scrawny voice. I think it might be the little green tree snake.

"Quickly!" I whisper to the skinks, who are still nibbling away, for what seems like forever, on the straps. And, they do start nibbling faster.



The door handle begins moving down. It seems to be moving in slow motion. The skinks are taking forever to get the straps off, and

Snakey is taking forever to get the door open. (That last bit about how Snakey was taking forever to get the door open was a good thing though.)

Finally, the straps give way and I scramble off the table, as fast as I can and hide behind the laser ray. Just in time.

"AHHHHHHH!!!" Snakey screams. "She has ESCAPED!"

"Shall we go look for her?" asks the green tree snake.

"Of COURSE!!" yells Snakey, at the scrawny snake. "Do you really think that I, Lord Snakey the Third, ruler of all snakes, would go look for a stupid, little girl! YOU GO FIND HER!!!" And with that, Snakey slithers out of the room.



I must have been distracted because I only just see in the corner of my eye, a green snake slither under the laser ray . My reflexes are swift, and I grab the tree snake by the throat. "I'm not afraid of you," I tell him. "You're only a green tree snake. You have no venom." He

is trying to speak. I loosen my grip on him. He whispers back to me, "Lord Snakey is always saying I'm useless, and it's all because I have no venom."

"Are you trying to trick me into trusting you, so you can bring me to Snakey and let him kill me?" I ask him suspiciously.

"No!" he answers. "Nothing like that! He really thinks I'm useless! You must have heard him!" And indeed, I have heard him, so I decide to trust this little fella.

"If you promise not to tell Snakey that I'm here, and show me a way out of this place, I will let you go."

"Oh, thank you!" He yells. Thank you! Thank you!"

"Quiet!" I whisper to him. "You'll get all the other snakes in here."

"Sorry!" He whispers back.

"Now," I say to him. "Can you check if the coast is clear?"

"Sure thing!" He answers. "By the way, you can call me Freddie Boomba! Or just Freddie for short."

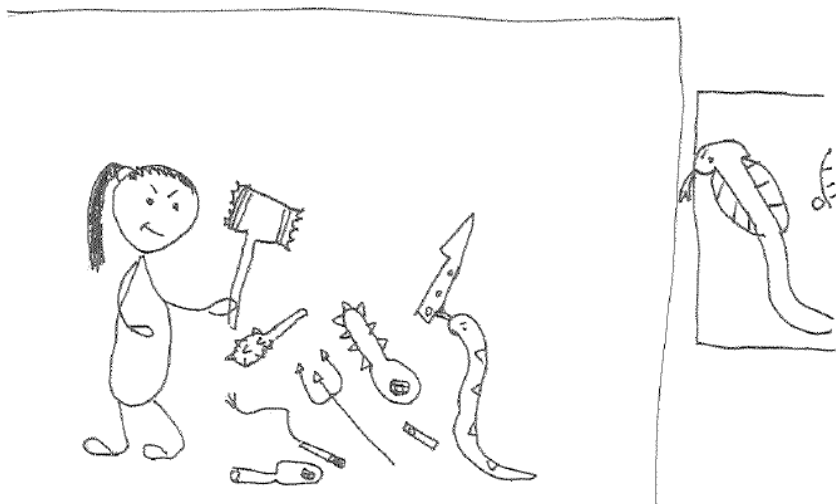
He slithers back under the laser ray and checks if the coast is clear. He gives me a signal to come over. And I do. "I'm trusting this snake way too much!" I tell myself. But I keep going. I stop at the doorway next to him. "What's up?"

"There are two cobras guarding the entrance to the common room. Do you have any weapons?"

"Is that even a question?" I reply, and I spill out all my weapons.

"Choose your pick!"

"Wow!" He wows. "That's a lot of weapons."



"Yep," I answer him. He picks Knifey the knife, and I pick Hammy the hammer. We both glide out from behind the door, and hammer and stab the two cobras. "Nice job,"

comments Freddie.

"Thanks," I answer. "I practice on my sisters."

As we head on, I ask Freddie where Snakey is.

"Yes, I know where Snakey is," he says. "He would be in his throne room. Probably eating off a gold platter and being fanned by his apprentice."

"Some leader!" I exclaim.

We walk through the door where the cobras were guarding, walk along a few passage ways, and we end up in the eating room.

"This is the dining room. Or should I say, 'Mess hall.'" Says Freddie.

"He is absolutely right," I say to myself. "There is food everywhere! Food on the floor, food on the walls, even food on the ceiling!"

"I know," Freddie says, as if reading my mind. "The janitor here isn't very good."

"So, where's Snakey's throne room?" I ask him.

"Just down this hall," Freddie exclaims.

We walk down the dark, damp, empty hall, and end up at a dead end.

"Where's Snakey's throne room?" I ask him.



"I'll show you," says Freddie.

He presses a button on the side of the wall and the door opens, ever so soundlessly that you could hear a pin drop. It is dark. So dark, the only thing I see are two red eyes staring back at me.

Something behind me pushes my back. I land face first onto the hard, dirt floor. I graze my elbow

and my knee. Although I can't see it, I can feel the blood dripping down from my hand to the ground.

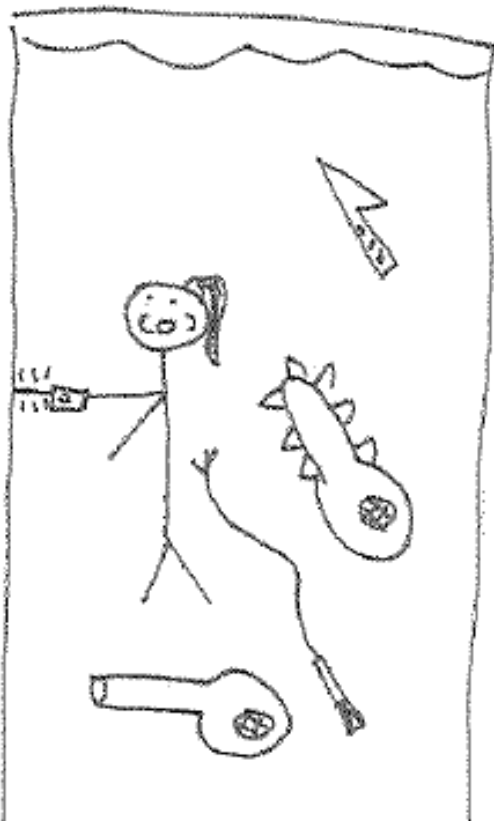
"As they say," says a disturbing voice. "Blood is thicker than water."

There is only one word floating in my head. Traitor. Freddie Boomba is a traitor. A big fat liar. A massive, dirt-faced liar. And what did Snakey say about how blood is thicker than water?

Suddenly, the floor drops underneath me and I plop into a large, clear container, filled with water. I can see now. Someone has turned the lights back on. I swim up to the top of the container to take a breath, but Snakey has put a lid on it. I'm not sure how long I can hold my breath for.

Out of the shadows, slithers a long ugly snake, followed by Freddie, and a few other snakes. I can hardly tread water. My back pack is weighing me down. Aha! My back pack!

I quickly throw my bag off my back and literally rip it open. All of my weapons and stuff fall out and spread all over the tank I am in. It is giving me great cover so I can laser my way out of this mess.



As all my stuff spreads around the tank, Snakey starts to yell, "get all that stuff out of there!"

I need to hurry. Luckily, Lasey is an underwater laser. I turn him on and he starts lasering. I have to make a big hole for me to fit through. The air inside the tank is running out.

I'm almost there. Ten centimetres to go.

Before I can get there, I pass out.....

I wake up. "I'm still alive!" I yell. I try to sit up, but I'm too weak.

"You must rest," someone says. I can't recognise their voice because my ears are blocked with water.

"Who are you?" I ask.

"Why?" He exclaims. "It's just your own friend, Freddie Boomba!"

"Traitor!" I yell, and try to grab him by the throat, but he dodges me because I'm so slow and weak.

"Calm down!" He says. "It's not what you think it is! You need to rest. I had to resuscitate you."

"Ewww!" I cry. "I kissed a snake!"

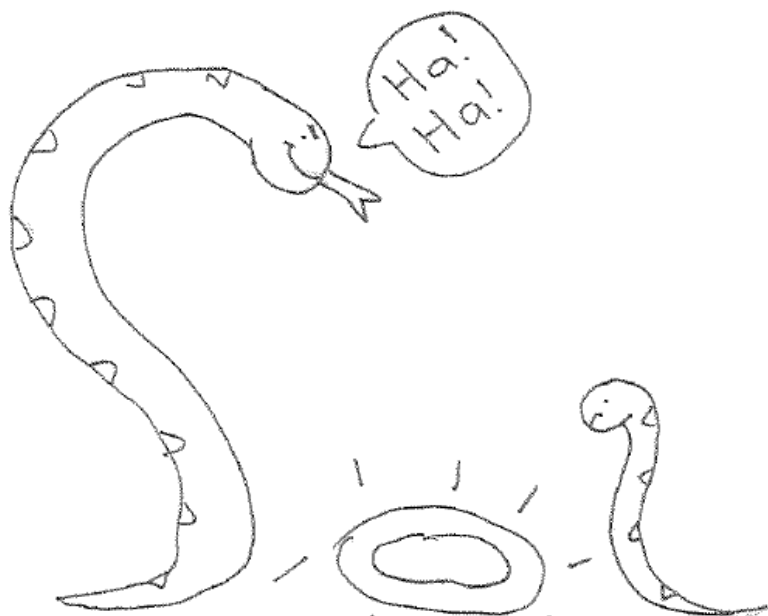
"Ewww!" Freddie cries. "I kissed a human!"

When I have rested, Freddie tells me what had happened. He says that he needed to get a reward for getting me. He was so useless to Snakey that he didn't think that he deserved to live. So, Snakey said

that he could starve to death.

"That's terrible!" I exclaim.

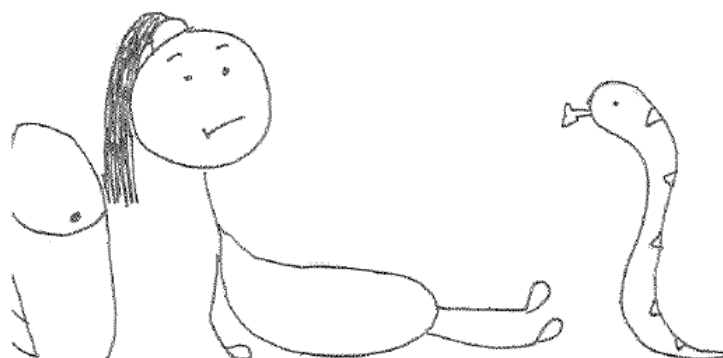
"I know." Says Freddie. "But I had it all planned out, don't you worry. I would have never have winged it. You're my one and only friend."



"That's so sweet!" I say. "But can I ever trust you again?"

"Of course, you can!" Says Freddie.

"Ok," I say. "But where's Snakey?"



"Oh," Says Freddie. "Well he kind of.... Got away."

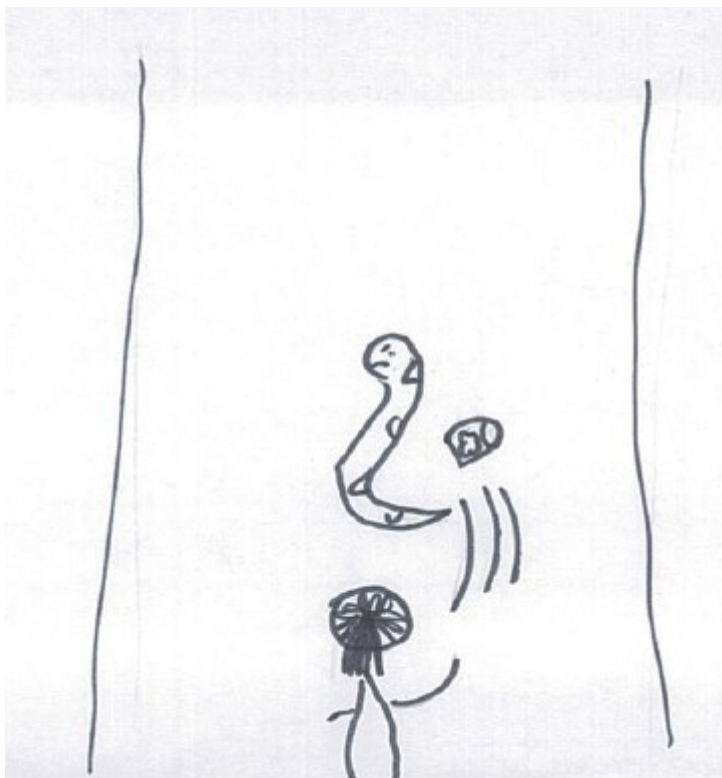
"Which way did he go?" I shout at him hastily. "I need to kill him!"

"I think he went that way," he says, pointing down a long dark tunnel.

"Thanks!" I say as I start running down the passageway. I grab my bag too. Luckily, Freddie had kindly fetched out of the water and put all my stuff back into it, and it had now dried.

As I run, I figure out a plan. But, before I get too far, I see Snakey, slowly slithering along.

As silently as I can, I carefully unzip my bag, and take out the spare jar of poisonous fog I had kept from when the frog asked me to get some for him. I was going to use this thing as a bomb.



I carefully line the fog up with Snakey and throw. The jar zooms through the air and lands straight in front of Snakey, and smashes. It's a good thing to that I was a fair way back, because the fog would have got to me to. Job done.

I race back to Freddie. He looks kind of bored because he is playing solitaire.

"When he finally notices me, he shouts, "You're alive!"

"Sure am," I reply. "I killed Snakey too."

"Do you want to get out of this place or what?" Freddie asks.

"Not even a question," I say, as Freddie leads the way out of the cave.

When I see sunlight, I run to it (well, crawl to it). I emerge out of the tunnel and take my shoes off, smothering them in the long, soft green grass. Freddie looks at me funny.

"What!" I say. "I've been running around on hard floor all day and my feet are sore!"

Then, in front of me, I see Cosmo the frog, standing in a puddle. "I've been expecting you," he says to me. "Because you killed Snakey, every snake, and every other thing, is far away from his grasp. So, in all of the forest's honour, we grant you three wishes. I made them with the supplies you gave me. I used to have five, but I used two of them on making more supplies for more wishes. But you still have



three left."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" I scream excitedly.

"You're welcome!" Says the frog. "What is your first wish?"

"Well," I say, scratching my

chin. "Firstly, I would like to be back home, next to a warm fire, all clean and fresh, with a bowl of mint slices and a glass of milk."

"Your wish is my command," says the frog. He clicks his fingers and I'm back home in front of a warm fire, all fresh and clean, with a bowl of mint slices and a glass of warm milk beside me.

"Wow," I say to him. "Thank you."

"You still have two wishes left," Cosmo says. "What do you wish for?"

I think for a moment. "I would like to have Snakey's head plastered onto my wall, but all stuffed and not smelly."

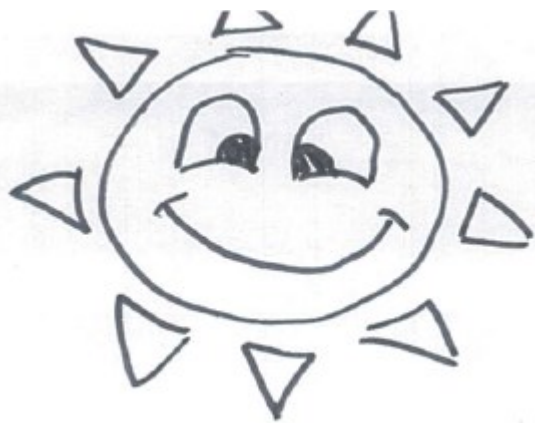
"Your wish is my command." He answers. He clicks his fingers and I go into my bedroom. There, on top of my bed, is Snakey's head.

"Could need an air freshener in here though," I say to myself. "I think he forgot the smelly part."

"What is your last wish?" He asks me, as we walk, and hop, back to the warm fire.

I think for a moment. How did I even get into this mess? Because Snakey bit my dog..... "My dog!" I yell.

"Excuse me?" asks Cosmo.



"Can you bring things back to life?" I say to him.

"Well, I guess I can try," he says. "I'm guessing, you want Winnie back."

"Yes please!" I answer.

"Your wish...." He pauses. "Is my command."



He clicks his fingers, but nothing happens. "Whoops!" he says. "Clicked it with the wrong hand!" He clicks it with his other hand and I hear a yapping

noise coming from outside. Cosmo looks disappointed.

"What's wrong?" I ask him.

"That was supposed to be cool!" He answers, now with a smirk on his face. "Go and look outside," he says to me. So I do.

I run out the door, and Winnie is sitting there, wagging her tail, as if nothing happened. "Winnie!" I scream excitedly. I run to her and she leaps up on my body, licking my face. "I promise, that you will never leave my side again, and I will never leave yours!"

Narrator:

So, the girl and her dog lived happily ever after, and they both kept their promises; never leaving each other again.

By Olivia Manzin

A photograph of a lush green landscape. In the foreground, there is a wide, grassy field. To the left, a tall, dark green evergreen tree stands prominently. To the right, a path leads through more trees, including a tall, thin tree with a small table and chairs nearby. The background is filled with a dense forest of tall evergreen trees under a bright sky.

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