

THE GREAT ESCAPE

Of

MULBERRY FARM

By Lucy Chandler (age 9)

Chapter one

Mulberry Farm, where I used to live was a raggedy, squashed barn beside a decrepit, eerie looking barn house.

A huge, birch sign with the words **MULBERRY FARM** emblazoned in the middle stood at the entrance. The barn had a crimson roof with holes in the top and a birch plank floor riddled with rats and covered in low quality, scratchy, marigold yellow straw; it was made 83 years ago in 1805.

This is the diary of an adorable, taffy animal with bright, ebony eyes and peppercorn black lashes (I'm a piglet if you haven't realised). And before you think I am completely insane and try and arrange therapy for me because you can't write with hoofs, I'm writing this with my **tail not** my hoofs because you're right, I can't write with hoofs.

To answer your other questions, I'm writing this with a dead wood pigeon's feather, this is ink make from stinging nettles, my name is Josie and since I am mean I won't tell you where I live now and to find that out you will have to read on. I have two friends I'm here with at the moment – Summer, an intelligent sheep with a porcelain, white fluffy cloud of wool surrounding a pearly white animal who stares into space with butterscotch eyes and an obsidian, horizontal line for a pupil. May is the energetic, tawny Jersey calf with pearly white legs. May is beautiful and takes after her mother, Bessie with majestic, long lashes framing midnight black eyes with a button nose in front.

Chapter 2

It all started on 13th June 1888 when we overheard Mr. Davis saying, “Remember, get the pig nice and fat for Christmas or we’ll have a terrible Christmas dinner. So, make sure you feed the skinny thing every day,” he instructed the farm hand.

Suddenly I imagined being served as bacon and sausages at *Christmas*, the most wonderful time of the year. May and Summer are really lucky because they have wool and milk to give instead of themselves. Ever since then Summer, May and I have been planning to escape from the barn to see the world and its many beautiful habitats (well not the world, just Yorkshire but I'm trying to make it more exciting.)

And tonight, was that night.

The escape had gone great, in the dead of night, hours after evening fell and the sky turned marigold, apricot and fuchsia – we escaped when the sky was onyx black and only the silhouettes of trees were visible basking in the moon’s dimmed, lace white glow.

We were just about to disappear forever into the eerie woods, when a small, macaroon yellow light appeared.

We froze. Had we been well and truly **BUSTED** before our exciting adventure had even begun?

Luckily, the candle was blown out creating a silver gas that spread itself out into the small cramped room. We started to trot out and when we were finally miles deep in a pine wood I dared to ask, “Guys are we missing something with our plan?”

Summer replied, “Nope” seconds before May added playfully, “No way José” - at least that made me giggle but then we all got a horrible feeling...

“WHERE ARE WE GOING?!” we screamed in unison, creating an interrobang. “No chance of getting back now,” May muttered lifelessly. We all agreed. So, on and on we went through an enormous, juniper green wood until dawn finally fell and light flushed throughout the northern countryside of England. The sky turned into a beautiful, luminescent sunrise and the clouds turned candyfloss pink which were easily visible with a background of a vast, honey yellow sky.

We scavenged all morning and afternoon searching for food as each of us learned the world’s true wonderment for the first time. Although my usual carrot, apple and potato breakfast is quite nice, I much prefer nuts and berries. We soon entered a flowery

field just as dawn was breaking and lay there happily talking and playing.

Young adults regularly passed by enjoying the sunshine whilst feeding us cakes and biscuits (although they were pretty new inventions). May and Summer grazed quietly and calmly but since pigs don't eat grass, I ate from the strawberry plants nearby and when I had finished most of those, I even ate a few of the flowers!

As night fell, we dozed off in a patch of overgrown moss in front of another massive wood planning to set off there in the morning.

As the sun came up, we trekked further into the wood and carried off the remainders of what we had been fed the day before in a discarded top hat, so we could eat it later on in our journey when food was scarce and we were starving. Our trip through these woods was very similar to the one before and we saw a sign saying JUDY WOOD.

We slowly sauntered through Judy Wood but little did we know it would turn into our worst nightmare DUN, DUN, DUN!!! Time for the next chapter...

Chapter 3

Not long after we entered Judy Wood, the sun sank behind the trees, turning the sky into a blackened pit of darkness with hundreds of bright candles lighting the way. As soon as the sun disappeared, we were terror stricken and a once beautiful world turned into a horror story.

There was a harsh neigh in the distance and the thump that followed it was enough to paralyze us with fear.

The horse had died. May ran off screaming. Summer made a gesture to bite her wool; I bit as hard as I could and we took off.

After what seemed like hours, Summer came to a sudden halt as we saw a cow's corpse on the ground. It couldn't be.

Yes, it could. It was May. Tears stung my eyes.

When I could finally see again, two huge, glistening, sharp teeth were visible followed by a pair of beady red eyes which were watching my every move.

Could all of our lives come to an end?

Chapter 4

As the figure stepped out of the shadows, I realised what it was. It was a wolf.

Once again, I froze with fear. The wolf bared its teeth and opened his mouth wide. Then it all went black.

When my eyes were next open and my senses came back to me, I saw Summer shaking me wildly, obviously trying to wake me up from my deep sleep. I asked her how long I'd been there. "Um, like, three seconds. I lost May but I'm not going to lose you!" Summer replied.

After Summer told me this, I realised that what had been staring at me was still out there, out there very close. My thoughts were interrupted by a low growling sound and I stared at Summer as she stared at me. I grabbed onto her thick, woollen coat with my teeth and we fled from May

(I just hope she forgives us in the next life). As soon as Summer stopped (actually I did, like, 3 seconds before) we dropped on the floor – dead from exhaustion.

I'm just kidding!!! We were just really tired since we hadn't slept at all that night and the sky was getting lighter. We were cut and aching from running through thorns so rapidly.

When we were both awake, we sat about happily snacking on Victoria sponge and biscuit leftovers when Summer's eyes grew as big as saucers and she froze, trying to speak but all that came out was silence. Eventually, I picked up the courage to look behind me; it was the wolf!

I wanted to run but I was frozen. He bared his teeth. I was going to be dead. I couldn't escape. I was dead meat (literally). Sharp, pointed teeth were so close to my ear I could smell his minty breath.

"Ouch!" he said, "Those look nasty". I've got this cranberry juice - did you know cranberries have healing powers?" I gulped - was this just a dog?

“N-n-no, I d-d-didn’t,” I stammered nervously.

“Here! I’ll help! It might sting though.” It did sting but after a while, with the help of some rosemary, I was fine along with Summer.

“Hi I’m Adolpha, which means noble, kind she-wolf in German!” I know ~~he~~she was actually quite friendly and we didn’t have to run away from Adolpha, but would you stop to chat to a ~~wolf~~ she-wolf in the middle of a spooky forest?

I asked her what had killed May, and Adolpha said she watched May galloping off like she had mad cow disease and May harmlessly ran into a tree and blacked-out, but she is still there, probably asleep. After that interesting update I asked Adolpha a very personal, helpful question.

“Why is your breath so minty?” I asked curiously. “I put mint in my mouth to clean my teeth a bit,” was her reply.

Whilst we were on the way to check on May we found out that Adolpha was a very tame wolf and she gets fed by a local farmer-woman called Hazel

who loves animals and keeps and feeds them.
Adolpha is basically her dog!

We woke up May and once we told her about Adolpha she walked into view. We skipped off to Hazel's small cottage and as we were approaching her local field Adolpha told us about Charlotte (or Charlottie as she prefers to be called), Hazel's free-spirited, teenage granddaughter. We were also told Charlotte means free-spirited too! And apparently Hazel is pretty free-spirited herself - she tells off the local men and even broke up with her husband!!!

Unlike Mulberry farm, we weren't kept in pens and we were free to play in the huge field Hazel lives in.

Charlotte loves to dance too! But she doesn't bother with ballet like all the other girls, instead she does a more 'free-spirited' style and really puts the emotion into it.

I know that I'll live a longer, happier life than most pigs but what can I say? I'm a pig and I'm proud of it!



