

TWO WORLDS LMO MOKED?

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Two Worlds

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Chapter One

Frisbee's World

“Frisbee, time to go home—it’s nearly biscuit time!” exclaimed Julia cheerily, glancing at her new 10th birthday red-and-yellow checked watch. Not noticing what Julia had said, Frisbee had his eyes focused on the ball, nearly going cross-eyed.

“Run, run- RUN!” he had in his mind, panting with his tongue dangling out.

Frisbee was the most positive and energetic animal you could have ever imagined. The only time he was whining was for a joke or when no one was playing with him. When he *was* playing, he would be very fair and aware of what was going on around him because the Robinsons were mostly busy, and Frisbee's mother needed to look after Splash, his younger sibling. Even though he didn't play very often, he had a whole box of toys: frisbees, rubber ducks, squeaky and stuffed toys and a variety of different balls including tennis balls,

footballs and squeaky balls *and..* the list goes on. Frisbees were really his very favourite. Frisbee was very friendly and funny too! He had a miniature – quite big in Frisbee's view – toy bookshelf from a giant doll house that Julia didn't play with anymore full of joke books (yes, he could read). He wasn't a perfect role-model star puppy though. He had a naughty side: mischievous, cheeky and teasing! He was more naughty than good but was still very sorry when he occupied the Robinsons in a bad way. Most of the smashed glass was broken by him.

He was very careless on the negative side. Meanwhile, on his positi—

PLOP! His favourite yellow and blue souvenir ball from Ukraine gradually rolled into a puddle.

“Hmmm,” Frisbee looked confused.

“That is weird... It was never ever raining— it was in the middle of Summer!

Frisbee looked around and was right. The field was a carpet of lush green grass with large beech trees spotted randomly here and there. There were sunflowers scattered around, sprouting out and swaying along to the gentle breeze. All around were people stepping on the unstable dusty tiles of the footpath. The majestic sun glistened and shone down at the calm relaxed town. Not a grey cloud could be seen, only the wispy white clouds drifting through the air.

“Whatever. Never mind,” he huffed. With that, he dived into the puddle and...

...found himself in a pile of fallen Autumn leaves.

Chapter Two The Other Side

“Mmmmm mmmm **MMMMMMMMMMMM!**”

Frisbee tried to say with a pile of leaves in his mouth. He urged his jaw open, reached in and brushed all the crispy leaves out of his outstretched mouth.

“Urgh urgh urgh,” he said in disgust, eyeing every single leaf as it fell out.

“Where *has* that ball gone?” He pawed the ground anxiously, touching every hole and leaf. He raised his deep blue twinkling eyes and looked around the sun-dappled forest.

“Where, where...?” Frisbee spluttered. He studied his body and checked if anything was different:

- . Scruffy toffee brown fur... “Check!”
- . Scratched floppy ears... “Check!”
- . Blunt claws from scratching doors... “Check!”

- . The yellow and blue souvenir collar and lead that came with the missing ball... “Check!”

So, his body was fine, but not his head. He had never felt like this. He whined not just because no one was playing with him, but because he felt alone. He whimpered and stared at the ground. Lying down on the dusty leaf mattress, he curled up in his favourite and most comfortable sleeping position. He realised he needed to have a rest. He worried about the biscuits and pondered about finding a way

home. He decided he did not like puddles even though it was one of his 'Ps': **Playtime, pudding, pats, puddles** and being **physical**. In the long silence, it wasn't long before he heard talking.

"Hiya!" came a voice behind him. It was cheerful and had a huge touch of enthusiasm. Frisbee turned around immediately, startled at the sudden sound.

"I'm Mcfluff, the world's best forest explorer! I'm a wonderfully amazing cat—a very clever-outsmart-you-cat."

Mcfluff was a fat, white and brown spotted cat with whiskers so short they were hardly visible. He wore a shabby dark green jacket with a matching hat. In his jacket, he had eight pockets, four on the inside and four on the outside. If you turned the hat inside-out, you would find another pocket! On his back, he had the most gigantic dark green backpack Frisbee

had ever seen in his life. There were so many things in the heavy bag that some of them were sticking out at the top. Dark green was obviously McFluff's favourite colour.

"Cats are stupid," Frisbee said, brightening up.

"No, they are definitely not."

"They are."

"No."

"Yes."

"Okay, I give up, call me 'stupid' then," Mcfluff grumbled. His face brightened. "Let's go explore then!"

"No, you don't even know my name *and* I have to find my ball," Frisbee said.

"Then what is your name?"

"Frisbee."

"Nice to meet you, my name is Mcfluff."

"You said that a *million* times already *and* we met ages ago."

“Who cares—at least you know my name. *But...* I will be helping you through the forest to find your ball.”

“Great.”

“Follow me. I was observing this bright red thing with spots on, which looked edible—”

“It’s poisonous!”

“—I saw something yellow and blue zoom across, whisked away from my nose.”

Frisbee was extremely excited. He began to start running. “Come on!”

Frisbee and Mcfluff ran as fast as they could. Everything they ran past was a total dizzying blur.

A few steps away from Frisbee, Mcfluff called out, “Aaaaah! We are going too fast!”

Frisbee missed what he said as he skimmed across the ground. As everything was unclear, he didn’t watch his step and stumbled on a pebble.

“Stop!” warned Frisbee. It was too late and Mcfluff didn’t see Frisbee as he was the same

colour as the soil. He tripped over his tired spread-out body. THUMP!

“Ouch!” cried Mcfluff and Frisbee in unison.

“Why don’t we do Plan B—B for Better?” sighed Mcfluff.

Instead, they sat down and there was an awkward silence between them.

“I have got two sandwiches—tuna and chicken,” Mcfluff offered.

“Chicken, thanks,” Frisbee mumbled, a little surprised.

Mcfluff caught a glimpse of something rolling — something yellow and blue —

“The ball!” he shouted at once. The pair quickly gulped down their sandwiches and rushed in the ball’s direction.

Chapter Three

Plan B—B for Bad?

After running for a while (more cautiously this time), the unfortunate pair approached mud. *Slimy, sticky mud.* Mcfluff noticed it at once as he had lots of funny memorable experiences of falling into the mud (once he managed to somersault *deep inside* it). He hated mud. “Mud!” he cried.

“Just run!” shouted Frisbee. However, while he was distracted by Mcfluff, he wasn’t looking in front of him and as he turned his head to assure Mcfluff, he fell into a deep pile of *rotten* leaves. Mcfluff slipped on the mud and landed headfirst into the *rotten* leaves with his legs sticking out, helplessly waving uncontrollably in the spacious gentle breeze.

“‘ELP ‘E, ‘ELP, ‘ELP, I ‘UCK!”

“I’m helping, at least trying!”

Eventually, Frisbee tugged the dazed Mcfluff out.

“Cats are more stupid than I expected— really stupid; they could win the ‘Stupidest Animal in the WHOLE UNIVERSE’ prize,” Frisbee muttered to himself. Mcfluff pretended to not hear and ignored him.

“Looks like Plan B didn’t work,” he said plainly.

Chapter Four Mcfluff’s Idea

They had another think-deep-time-out time. Mcfluff scanned the jumbled red, orange, golden, yellow, purple and brown leaves, to see if there was anything useful that could help.

“Ah HA!” he said proudly, delicately picking out a piece of paper.

“What *is* that?” Frisbee asked. “How on Ear— this world is that going to help us?”

“It’s a map!” Mcfluff said brightly.

“How is a *map* going to help?”

“It’s a *magic* map—interesting, right?” he responded. “Basically, it has a downhill trail that the ball has definitely gone on as it is marked down here,” he said, grinning triumphantly. Frisbee took a glance, then a look, then a stare at the special map.

“I thought you already had a map, with all those pockets and that huge backpack.”

“Well, I lost it.”

“Then, why don’t we go then?”

“Let’s go this way!” Mcfluff said, pointing in the opposite direction the ball had gone.

“What are you doing? We’re supposed to be following the ball!”

“Follow me, not the ball. If we go in the opposite direction, the ball will come back and we will catch it in front of us, which is much easier,” Mcfluff explained. “See, cats are *not* stupid. We use logic.”

“Totally,” muttered Frisbee, rolling his eyes and then sneakily transforming it into a blink. “So, we have to head more to the middle of the wood?” he asked slowly.

“Exactly. C’mon!”

Chapter Five BISCUITS!

After a time of waiting and planning — and another sandwich — the ball finally came. It did get across a few *uneven, bumpy* bits, some *muddy* bits and a lot of *pile-of-rotten-leaves* bits. “The ball!” Frisbee shouted instantly as he *just* caught a glimpse of the distinctly coloured ball. “It’s coming,” he murmured, rising from the ground. 3... 2... 1... They caught it! Frisbee yelped happily. His

favourite ball had returned. His thoughts came back to how he lost the ball, “The puddle,” he began suddenly, “I got sucked in by a puddle – the only puddle in the park – and came here. What if we go near it? Will it swallow us back to where we should be?”

“So, I will go back to New York?” Mcfluff questioned.

“Wait, you live in New York, the place where the Statue of Liberty is? I have a souvenir American joke book.”

“Don’t start drifting off about other stuff, come on, let’s go!” Frisbee and Mcfluff raced to the middle of the wood and placed a paw on the puddle... WHOOSH! He was back at the park again.

Frisbee held his ball tight. “Right.” he stopped, dazed. No time had passed! He gave a cheeky smile and sprinted back to Julia. “Good dog! For pudding, it’s your favourite!” Frisbee’s eyes twinkled and he wagged his tail so fast it was a blur. He felt relieved. Frisbee and Julia walked

home with Frisbee on the lead. His adventure had been so much fun! He had even made a new friend. His adventure had been totally

Biscuits...

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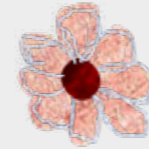
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Frisbee is a friendly, talkative puppy who likes nearly everything beginning with 'P'.

When his ball goes missing, he is whisked away to another world and with his new friend Mcfluff they are set on a fun and mad adventure.

