

A Loopyloo story by Rena Davis.....and a little bit of Ros

Will you accept the quest or won't you?

(based on Mr Gum and the Goblins by Andy Stanton)

*"Hello Friday. How are you? I like your hat.
Oh, by the way, you must go on a brave quest and
sort out those goblins before things get worse."*

Alan Taylor had these words ringing in his ears as he watched Polly and Friday disappear up the mountainside. *"Will I ever see those two again?"*

The winter night was cold. Polly was shivering as she dragged Friday up the mountain.

"Oh Friday, stop being lazy, get up!" she yelled.

"Fine, bossy boots." Friday replied grumpily.

"This was your idea, why can't you carry me instead?"

It was then that Polly heard a rock fall down in front of her.

"Polly heard a rock come down,

Rock come down,

Rock come down,

Polly heard a rock come down,

Until it hit her foot!"

Friday sang happily, skipping along.

Polly started to moan but just then another rock fell from the top of the mountain.

"Right, if that's those goblins, I'm going to sort them out!"
Polly cried. And she hopped away into the distance.

"Wait for me!" shouted Friday, blowing his tuba as he wobbled along.

As they approached the Goblin Cave, where the Goblin River runs swift and blue, they smelt the unusual herbs that Mrs Lovely had come to collect that dreadful day.

"Mmmmm, that smells nice," remarked Polly *"and it tastes really good too. Look there's a lovely thick patch of them over there near that black doormat."*

She jogged over and started picking the herbs.

"Oi, get off our doormat - no shoes allowed - can't you read the sign?"

Polly jumped in fright.

"Who's there?" she cried.

Friday hadn't heard any of this as he was still playing his tuba and he wandered over towards Polly in a daydream.

Suddenly an alarm went off in the Goblin Cave.

"Alert, alert!"

"Yuck, what's that smell?" asked Polly.

In a flash, an armless army of gone-off goblins charged out of the cave and shouldered Polly and Friday onto the escalator which led them to a boney cage which hung from the ceiling.

"WHERE hath you appeared from?" Mr Gum called.

"We were caught by the armless army of gone-off goblins."

"So were we!" said Mr Gum

As they were swinging in the air Polly had a brain wave.

"We could use our walkie talkie" she thought "although we must make sure no one is watching."

She rang the Gingerbread Man up to get help but she didn't recognise the voice on the phone. It was deep, gloomy and dusty. It was the Goblin King!

"Oi, how did you get Gingerbread Man's walkie talkie?" she demanded.

"I bumped into him in town. I was just going shoe shopping. I was looking for some pink high heels," he said in a squeaky voice as he licked the crumbs around his mouth.

"Would you like a smartie?"

"Don't try and change the subject. I challenge you, King Goblin, against the Bogey Man. You have to walk through him with your pink high heels on!" Polly stated firmly.

"Wearing my pink high heels? No!Ok," he replied slyly "but I have to give you a challenge as well. Once I walk through him, you have to defeat him."

"Alright then, it's a deal, but if I complete my challenge you have to free us."

"Agreed, but you will fail. No one can defeat the slimy, slippery, sludgy Bogey Man."

"Why do you keep capturing people anyway?" she asked.

"Because everyone keeps on taking my delicious herbs which I need to make my food taste nice. I always find hairs in my food as my chef, Dillon the Mouse isn't a very good cook and keeps falling in the stew. The herbs help me forget about it!"

This piece of information got Polly thinking.....

Because he was such a show off, the goblin king wanted to go first.

As much as the goblin king fought the warm, green, grey bogey, he just could not get through. He was filled with fear and dread.

"There's just one thing for it," he thought, "I should eat my way through!"