When I saw the Minpin, I was completed puzzled because he was as small as an ant. Even though I tried to talk quietly, the Minpin (called Don Mini) kept getting blown away. I found it really funny when I heard his name. Was he really the ‘don’ of this forest? He wore extremely old clothes that belonged in the past. He even had suction-boots! Anyway, he told me all about this horrible creature that lurked around the forest. This ‘Red-Hot Smoke- Belching Gruncher’ would breathe out venomous smoke and devoured any living thing that walked in the forest. Oh blimey, I’m sure glad I escaped from that in time. Before I even had time to ask more questions, something ***even more*** peculiar began to happen. All around me, not only on the huge main trunk of the tree but also on all the big branches that grew out of it, other tiny windows were opening and tiny faces were peering out. Heads of men and women stared out. They were silent, unmoving, almost ghost-like. Moreover, the children’s heads were as small as a matchsticks .

I realised the sun began to set yet I had to find a way to get home so I devised a plan. It was clever and mind-blowingly amazing because I always created the best plans (obviously). I had the help of a truly magnificent swan, who was as white as snow. It was so thrilling to be flying on the back of this great swan! Despite the fact we were flying in the air, it was very difficult spotting the Gruncher because the smoke enveloped the beast completely. Eventually as we got extremely close, I noticed an enormous black shadow which belonged to the hairy monster. Someone should give him wax strips that’s how bad his hair was. Then we teased the monster to follow us as it leapt up and down in a frenzy of hunger and desire.

A spectacular feeling overcame me when we finally trapped the greedy Gruncher in the forest. Kaboom. Bish. Bash. Job done. I felt like I was a specially trained MI5 agent who could do the impossible. Hmm, maybe I should be a special agent when I grow up. Anyway, to my surprise, the Minpins rewarded me with a swan to help me arrive at the forest during my nightly visits. You heard that right. I don’t need an aeroplane or Baguetti because I’ve got my own personal swan so I can go to the forest whenever I want.

Well that was my day. Mom is calling me for supper now. She’s made chicken and I think I can make a good guess about what she’ll warn me not to do. “Beware! Beware! The Forest of Sin. None come out, but many go in!” she will warn. But I know the truth. They do come out. But that’s a secret. Our little secret.

Billy.