

Piggy and Woof and the Conker Bully

This week, Piggy had been collecting conkers. Piggy loves conkers. He'd put them in a bowl and gazed at them. They were so smooth and shiny. He'd chosen his favourite one to show to his friends, but Billy the Bulldog had snatched it and wouldn't give it back.

Back at home Woof heard Piggy snuffling. "What's wrong Piggy?" asked Woof.

"Billy the Bulldog stole my best conker and he won't give it back," Piggy said between sobs.

"Oh dear," said Woof. "That wasn't very kind of him."

"No. He's not very kind. He's a Bully-dog," said Piggy crossly. "Everyone's scared of him."

"Then he must be a very lonely dog," said Woof.

"What do you mean?" asked Piggy. "Everyone does what he says."

"But do they like him?" asked Woof.

Piggy pondered. He didn't like Billy Bulldog. He was mean and scary. "I don't think they do," replied Piggy.

"I know," said Woof. "Let's go on an adventure and find the best conkers in the whole world! That'll show Billy the Bully-dog."

"OK," said Piggy. "Let me just pack the back-pack, because this sounds like hungry work!"

So the two friends set off on their adventure; they waded through streams, crossed deserts and climbed a huge mountain. At the top of the mountain was the biggest conker tree that Piggy had ever seen.

"Wow! This is amazing," puffed Piggy when they got to the top. "Look at all the conkers!"

"I thought you'd like it here Piggy," replied Woof with a sparkle in her eye.

"Look at the view!" cried Piggy, sitting down for a rest. "This is the nicest place in the world. Let's have a picnic!"

So Piggy opened his back-pack and got out their drink and snack. The two friends sat happily side by side and Piggy said a little thank you prayer. After a while he said, "I feel sorry for Billy the Bulldog."

"Do you Piggy?" asked Woof.

"Yes," replied Piggy, taking his friend's paw. "Billy may have the best conker, but I've got the best friend."