

Silly Willy looks for Hungry Wungry

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A preposition tale.

Once upon a time Silly Willy went looking for Hungry Wungry. He looked under the carpet, he looked over the hill, he looked around the house, he looked everywhere. Hungry Wungry was not to be found.

By and by Silly Willy met Noggin Woggin.

"Noggin Woggin, have you seen Hungry Wungry?" asked Silly Willy. "I've looked everywhere."

"Have you looked beneath the bed?" asked Noggin Woggin.

"Yes," said Silly Willy.

"Have you looked between the blankets and beyond the barbecue?" asked Noggin Woggin.

"Yes," said Silly Willy.

"Have you looked under the cat, against the wall, and behind the tree beside the fence?"

"Yes," said Silly Willy.

"My goodness," said Noggin Woggin. "Hungry Wungry must be hiding. I will look for him too."

Noggin Woggin looked about the barn, by the broccoli and outside on the lawn.

Hungry Wungry was not there.

Noggin Woggin looked at the supermarket, across the river and down the stairs.

Hungry Wungry was still not there.

Noggin Woggin scratched his head.

"I can't find him," said Noggin Woggin to Silly Willy. "He's nowhere to be found."

Noggin Woggin and Silly Willy sat down. They didn't know what to do and they put their chins into their hands. They had been searching all morning.

Suddenly Silly Willy's tummy growled. "Growl, growl, growl," went Silly Willy's tummy.

"There you are, Hungry Wungry," cried Noggin Woggin, jumping up. "You were hiding in Silly Willy's tummy the whole time!"

Silly Willy didn't look happy. He had a long, long face.

"What's wrong with you?" asked Nogging Woggin. "We found Hungry Wungry. Why aren't you happy?"

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear," sighed Silly Willy. "Now I have to find Foodie Woodies."