

The Very Sticky Problem

There was a girl just lazing around. Her name was Stella Vella. She was very tall but not tall enough to reach that very high shelf. She smelt some delicious honey. She had a dog named Fluffy that was very unusual. Now Stella could remember that her mum said yelling in her face “If you touch the three jars you are in big, big trouble!” Then mum went to the shops to buy some groceries.

She hauled the stool right beneath the shelf. She was first on both feet, then one, then tip-toe. Stella was hoping it was good, otherwise what was the point of trying to get it? Fluffy was hoping it was food.

BANG! “What was that?” She questioned herself. The dog just zoomed off like a train at full speed. Stella knocked the jar and the nice smelling stuff oozed out of the jar. She fell with a BOOM! “Ouch!” she screamed.

Nearly the whole world could hear her!

Stella was covered with ooey, gooey honey. It was all over her face, hands, hair and clothes. She regretted what she did. She was very angry because she had to clean it up. Mum just got home from the shops. Stella tried to blame it on the dog... . but it didn't work.

By Rylee Bowden

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