

Winnie's Big Day Out

By Heledd Bianchi

One bitterly cold morning, in the gigantic and drafty kitchen at the Longsbottom Family House, sat Winnie the fluffy caramel coloured guinea pig trembling in the corner of her damp and dusty cage, longing for a friendly face to peer through the bars, just to say hello

“Wi wi”

Aha! Winnie hears the creak of the kitchen door opening.

“Whoopee, at last some company”

Winnie squeals as she piroettes and jettes across to the cage door with delight. After all, it's been a long night for poor Winnie, all on her lonesome, in her damp and dusty cage at the gigantic and drafty kitchen at Longsbottom.

In shuffles a tired and miserable Peter who's far too busy groaning and blowing his nose in to his weathered hanky to acknowledge poor Winnie.

Winnie slumps disappointingly back to her damp and dusty corner.

But then Winnie hears the click clacking of heels getting closer and closer. She perks up her snout and waddles cautiously back to the bars

In skips an excitable Victoria who's far too busy singing sweet melodies to say hello.

“Please can somebody see me”

“Why doesn't anybody speak to me?”

“My name is Winnie and I'm ever so lonely”

Winnie clutches on to the cage bars and freezes.