

Susan Snuffle Vs The Tourists

By Franny, aged 8

One hundred years ago, Susan Snuffle woke up at her happy house at Stonehenge. She had just woken up from daydreaming. Susan Snuffle was a bunny. She was a small, caramel brown bunny. She was a home bunny who liked to play with her many brothers and sisters, especially double-dutch skipping.

Her home was in the grass beside one of the large stones. The tourist bunnies came every year, but this year they seem particularly annoying and there were a lot of them too. They hopped around and were very noisy and they peered into Susan Snuffle's hole. Susan Snuffle didn't like them at all. They made her annoyed and angry. Then she had an idea!!!...

Susan Snuffle got out her favourite book, '*The Mythology of Stonehenge: A Bunny's Point of View.*' She sat in her hole and read it awhile. Half an hour later, Susan Snuffle left her home... ready. She stood at the entrance and yelled, "Tour starting here, right now!" All the bunnies flocked over. Then she said, "This, as you know, is Stonehenge. I am going to tell you a couple of ideas of how and why it was made. One myth is that Mer-Lop the Wizard made it. Other bunnies think that it was ancient bunnies." As she was saying this, she was slowing leading them out of Stonehenge and slowing leading them to the juiciest patch of grass across the field. Susan Snuffle hoped this would keep them away. And it worked... for ten minutes.

Susan Snuffle was usually very friendly and playful and liked being around other bunnies, but she was fed up! She knew that bunnies were easy to scare so she stood up as high as she could and shrieked, "PLEASE GET OUT OF HERE!"

All of the tourist bunnies were so startled and so surprised, they hopped away as fast as they could. Susan Snuffle thought she had gotten rid of them

but then they started cautiously coming back into the circle of stones. “Ew, I thought I had got it this time.”

Susan Snuffle asked, “Is there any way to get rid of these tourist bunnies?”

Susan snuffle sadly hopped back into her hole. She sat down, too depressed to even eat carrots. She rested her eyes on her calendar. She noticed the day it was on. She felt her heart start to race. Her ears started to quiver. She blinked a couple of times, not believing what she was seeing.

The day was marked with a big red star and, beside it, it said: **End of Tourist Season**. Susan happily hopped up and down! Then she ran out of her hole and saw that all the tourist bunnies were hopping away. She ran back into her hole and made a sign that said: **Private Property. Do Not Disturb**. She hopped out of her hole and posted it beside one of the large stones.

The next morning, Susan Snuffle woke up at her happy house at Stonehenge. She was looking forward to double-dutch skipping with her many brothers and sisters, with no tourist bunnies in sight.

The End

Eight-year-old Franny enjoys developing entertaining characters for her stories. She also loves reading books by Polly Horvath and playing with her own bunny, Fennel. She hopes to be a professional author one day, as well as a bunny agility trainer.