



## Munch and the Magic Munch Box

Once upon a Munch Time, there was cow called Munch.  
She woke early one morning, to make a picnic for lunch.  
She filled her munch box, and put on her rucksack.  
“Wait a moment” she said, “I’ve got blankets to pack”.

Munch trekked to her favourite meadow and had a look around.  
Before she took off her rucksack and placed the blankets on the ground.  
All around were golden buttercups and the buzzing of bees,  
And a subtle wind that blew the grasses and the leaves on the trees.

“Time for lunch I think”, Munch said out loud.  
As she opened her munch box, outburst a starry cloud.  
It sparkled and dazzled and glimmered and shone,  
Before it sucked Munch up, and with a ‘poof’ she was gone.

Munch swirled and twirled through the rainbow cloud,  
“This must be a magic Munch Box” she squealed out loud.  
Its contents floated by, as she drifted on her way.  
A Drinky +, a Squashums, and a Fromage Frais.

Then before Munch knew it, she was on the ground,  
And from a distance a voice shouted “look who I’ve found!”  
A huge rabbit and a meerkat came into view.  
The meerkat looked like a wizard, dressed in powder blue.

The meerkat was tall, and walked on hind legs.  
His cloak that swept the ground was buttoned up with wooden pegs.  
He wore a tall, very crooked and sparkly pointed hat.  
Then he looked down at the rabbit, and gave its head a little pat.

The rabbit was huge, and had ears that stood tall.  
Lucky they weren’t floppy, he could trip over and fall.  
He also had enormous, fluffy white feet.  
Munch thought “he’s the largest rabbit I’m sure, I’ll ever meet.”

“Hello” the meerkat said, helping Munch to her feet.  
“I’m Hocus-Munch-Pocus and you’re a pleasure to meet.  
This here rabbit, is my trusty sidekick and friend.  
He is Abra-Munch-Cadabra, and we have a problem you could mend.”

“You have been transported to the land of Wizz-Bang-Munch-Pots,  
Because the magic cows in the meadows, are losing their spots.  
Without their spots, the cows stop making milk.  
Which sparkles and is as smooth as delicate silk.”

“The residents of Wizz-Bang-Munch-Pots are running very low.  
Unable to make magic milk shakes or even cookie dough.  
So Munch please help, we think that you can.  
The guilty party in question is the ram, Ala-Munch-Cazam.”



**“We have written a spell to reverse this mess,  
Our now spotless cows, are under terrible stress.  
But only Ala-Munch-Cazam can undo what he has done.  
He must cast this reversing spell, on his idea of fun.”**

**“To make the spell work, we needed a cow with spots.  
So we brought you here, because we knew you had lots”.**  
Munch smiled **“So let’s make a start, before it’s too late.  
Ala-Munch-Cazam is sure to meet his fate.”**

Hocus said **“Ram’s favourite food is Squashum’s galore.  
But without magic milk, our Squashum’s are no more.”**  
**“Don’t panic”** Munch replied, **“There is no need to fear.”**  
She opened her bag and said **“I’ve plenty in here.”**

So the three set about, devising a plan,  
Using Squashum’s to capture the naughty ram.  
Then Ala-Munch-Cazam appeared from nowhere,  
Jumping straight at the Squashum’s like a bounding hare.

He slurped down the Squashum’s with almighty thirst,  
Drinking every last drip. Munch thought he might burst.  
He’d gulped down so much, he could barely walk.  
Munch was so surprised that he managed to talk.

When he realised he couldn’t move, the ram squealed **“Let me go!”**  
That was when Hocus-Munch-Pocus, bent down very low.  
**“We know it was you that put our cows under stress,  
So we’ve made a spell, that will undo your mess.”**

**“Just chant the words, whilst holding Munch’s hand,  
And the magic from the spell, will sweep over the land.”**  
So ram agreed to perform the spell.  
**“Has it worked?”** Munch asked. She was unable to tell.

Then out of the blue came paint brushes and pots.  
Enchanted, they painted the cows with spots.  
With a splish and a splosh, the job was soon done.  
The cows “mooed” happily, with ticklish fun.

The four of them cheered at the sight of success.  
Finally they had sorted the terrible mess.  
The ram promised never to be silly anymore,  
Then Munch saw clouds rising from the floor.

**“Thank you for your help”** the three told Munch.  
As she stepped into the cloud, she waved back at the bunch.  
Twirling back through her Munch Box, via the starry cloud,  
Munch returned to her picnic, feeling happy and proud.