



## Munch and the Magical Maze

Once upon a Munch Time, there was a cow called Munch and a very curious cow she was. For a long time Munch had wondered what was in the field next to the one she lived in with her brothers and sisters, the field she had grown up in and called home.

One sunny day, curiosity got the better of Munch and she decided to go and investigate. She took her best friend Mousey, a little brown field-mouse, and the two of them set off to see what they could find.

They walked together through the long grass, they stopped and grazed together on the short grass, until they came to the edge of their field and the beginning of the next.

**“Do you think we should go in Mousey?”** Munch asked - her eyes wide with excitement at what they might find.

**“Definitely!”** said Mousey, twitching her whiskers.

So they jumped across the sty and into the next field and before they knew it had stumbled upon what looked like the entrance to a big green maze.

Munch had never been to a maze before, but she was very excited to see what it might be like inside so she took Mousey’s paw and in they went.

**“Welcome, welcome,”** said a loud booming voice.

Munch and Mousey both stopped still. **“Who said that?”** asked Munch, as Mousey quivered beside her.

**“Why? It was me. There’s no need to be afraid. You have entered the marvellous, magical, maze!”** and suddenly, there appeared before them, a large badger with a big shiny black nose wearing small round spectacles and carrying a big top hat.

**“Good day to you, allow me to welcome you once again to the marvellous, magical, maze,”** he said. **“I can take you on a journey that will delight you and excite you. Come!”** he said excitedly as he began to run through the grassy pathways.

Munch and Mousey chased after the badger, eager to see what the maze might reveal. As they turned the first corner they stopped in their tracks. There was Mr. Badger, dressed in a stripy black and white t-shirt and beret, twirling a big moustache!

**“Bonjour, bonjour!”** he said and there he was, standing in front of the Eiffel Tower! Right there in the middle of the maze, it was all very peculiar!

**“I’ve always wanted to go to Paris,”** said Munch. **“Well then,”** said the badger, **“that is precisely why we are here! You see, the magical maze brings you to whatever your heart desires. Can I offer you some smelly French cheese?”**

**“Yuk, no thank you,”** said Munch. **“Yum, yes please,”** said Mousey, who nibbled on the cheese as Munch held her nose.



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**“Onwards!”** said Mr. Badger as he threw off his beret and darted off through the maze. **“Come on!”** said Munch, **“no time for eating cheese now!”** and she scooped Mousey into her hands and ran after the mysterious badger.

Round and round the maze they went, chasing after Mr. Badger, when suddenly, as they turned the next corner, they saw a huge pyramid... a huge golden pyramid.... that glistened in the sunlight.... and was made of cheese!

**“Mousey,”** said Munch, **“is this perhaps what your heart desires?”**

**“Well, I have always wanted to see the pyramids in Egypt,”** said Mousey, **“and I do really like cheese!”**

Just then a door in the pyramid flew open, and out jumped Mr. Badger. **“You see, I told you, the maze will reveal your heart’s desire, whatever that may be.”**

**“Come,”** he said, **“we are not yet at the centre of the maze, follow me!”** and off he dashed clutching his spectacles as he ran.

Following closely behind him, Munch and Mousey arrived at the centre of the maze and what did they see? **“Well, if it’s not our very own field”** they said.

It was true, there before them was the field they recognised as home, the long-grass and the short, Munch’s brothers and sisters grazing happily and Mousey’s friends snoozing in the sun.

**“Well my friends,”** said Mr. Badger, **“it would seem that despite your love of curious adventures, what your heart really desires is home!”**

Munch and Mousey smiled, **“it’s true,”** they said, **“perhaps there really is no place like home”.**