



Munch and the Special Spots

Once upon a Munch Time, there was a cow called Munch. Munch was usually a very happy cow. She liked playing with her friends on the farm; she liked relaxing in her cowshed, and most of all, she liked munching on the yummy green grass in Mr. Brady's field.

In fact, there was just one thing that Munch didn't like, and that was the big round patches on her lovely white coat. Munch called them her "silly spots". She had one on her tummy, one on her side, and a rather large one on her back.

None of the other animals on the farm had spots and Munch didn't think it was fair. The goats were black, the horses were grey, the sheep were white, the hens were brown, the chicks were yellow, and the pigs were...well, Munch wasn't entirely sure what colour the pigs were. They were always covered in thick goeey mud, but Munch was pretty sure that *even* the pigs didn't have spots.

"Oh, I wish I didn't have these silly spots," Munch would say to her friends, **"they spoil my pretty white coat."**

One spring day, when watching the ducks, Munch suddenly had an idea. She dashed to the far side of the field and called to Ned the horse and Billy the goat.

"Watch me get rid of these silly spots," she said. And with that, Munch charged down the field shouting **"GERONIMO!"** and jumped straight over the hedge. She landed smack in the middle of the duck pond with an almighty SPLASH. In fact, with such a splash that two little ducks were whooshed right out of the pond on an enormous wave.

"M-U-N-C-H!" the ducks all quacked.

Munch said sorry and then began trying to wash off her spots. She splashed and paddled around and even ducked under the water. She didn't stop until she was completely worn out and had to call for Ned to come and help her out. Munch was wet and tired and, what was worse, she still had her "silly spots".

The next day, when watching the pigs, Munch had another idea. She dashed to the other side of the field and called to Ned and Billy.

"I'll get rid of my silly spots this time," she said. And with that, Munch charged up the field shouting **"GERONIMO!"** and jumped straight over the wall. She landed smack in the middle of the pig-pen with an almighty SPLAT. It was such a splat that a shower of goeey sludge shot straight into the pigs' trough.

"M-U-N-C-H!" the pigs all grunted.

Munch said sorry and then started covering herself with the thickest, yuckiest mud she could find. When she'd finished, she squelched out and saw that her spots were gone. Munch was delighted, and raced off to show her friends. But before long, the mud started to smell. It got smellier and smellier, and by lunchtime none of the other animals wanted to play.

"Blimey Munch," bleated the sheep, **"you need a shower."**



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“Bath-time, bath-time,” honked the geese.

Everyone made such a din that Mr. Brady had to come out and wash Munch down with his bucket and brush. Munch was wet and tired and, what was worse, her “silly spots” were back again.

Now Ned and Billy had been watching the action and thought it was time to help. So, after borrowing a book from Barney the owl, they called Munch into the barn for a chat.

“Munch,” neighed Ned, pretending to be cross, “**you really should be proud of your spots.**”

“That’s right,” agreed Billy. “**Lots of animals have spots, some have stripes, and others have all sorts of patterns.**”

“Well I’ve never seen any,” Munch said moo-dily. “**I just want a coat without spots like everyone else.**”

So Ned pulled out the book and pointed to the first picture.

“Look Munch,” said Ned, “**this cheetah has spots.**”

“Yes,” said Billy, “**cheetahs are good at running.**”

“And this giraffe has spots too,” said Ned.

“Giraffes are good at reaching high-up branches,” Billy added.

“And this zebra has stripes,” said Ned.

“Zebras are good at hiding from lions,” Billy added.

“And this snake has stripes too,” said Ned.

“Snakes are good at, er..., at slithering around,” Billy bluffed, not at all sure *what* snakes were good at.

“So you see,” said Ned, “**lots of different animals with lots of different coats.**”

“Yes,” said Munch, “**but all those animals have special gifts; they’re all good at something. I’m not good at anything special.**”

“You,” said Billy, “**are good at being a friend.**”

“Yes,” added Ned, “**and that’s the most special gift of all.**”

Munch grinned, “**I think...**” she said thoughtfully, “**that these ‘special spots’ of mine are just fine as they are,**” and everybody laughed.