Munch Goes on Holiday

Once upon a Munch Time, there was a cow called Munch. She lived in a field where the daisies grew, and ate a few for lunch. Munch loved living at Munchly Farm, but sometimes, just sometimes, she got a little bored, and wished she could do something or go somewhere more exciting.

One warm summer evening Munch and her friends Pansy, Pebble and Pip were sat in Munch's field.

Pebble was a small black and white dog who never sat still for long, and was now running around chasing butterflies. She always looked like she'd been dragged through a hedge backwards, unlike her older sister Pip, who was brown and white, and perfectly groomed. Pip didn't see the point in running anywhere if you didn't have to.

Pansy Pig was of much the same opinion, and unlike most pigs, Pansy was extremely well presented. She particularly liked hats, and today was wearing a very striking emerald green straw hat that matched her beaded necklace perfectly.

"I've been thinking," said Munch, as Pebble bounded back from across the field. **"Why don't we go on holiday together? It's been ages since we've been out of Munchly Farm and it would do us all good to have a change of scenery."**

"What a splendid idea!" said Pansy. **"Shall we go to a tropical island?"**

"Ooh, let's go to the jungle and see monkeys swinging through the trees," said Pebble.

"I wouldn't mind going on a cruise," muttered Pip.

Munch tilted her head to one side, as she often did when she was thinking. **"Why don't we just go for some days out, starting with the seaside? We could get the train to Munchton-on-Sea."**

They had never been on a train, and all agreed that this was the best idea. They would leave the very next day.

After breakfast, Munch led the way, as they headed off for Munchly Station. They boarded the train with great excitement. Munch looked out of the window as they whizzed past all the fields, villages and towns, until they arrived at Munchton-on-Sea.

As Munch, Pansy, Pebble and Pip stepped off the train, they breathed in the seaside air. It was very different to the farmyard smell they were used to. Munchton-on-Sea smelled like a mixture of fish and chips and sun cream. They could see the sea sparkling in the distance and eagerly walked towards it. Pip was slowly plodding behind. **"Are we nearly there yet?"** she asked, to no one in particular.

On the way, they came to Munchton Park with swings and slides and a roundabout. Pebble had run ahead and was already on the swings, going as high as she could. **"Look at me!"** she yelled. The others followed, and Pip plonked herself down on a bench, while Munch and Pansy made themselves dizzy going round and round on the roundabout.

Eventually they left the park, and as they got nearer, they saw the sandy beach. It was covered in brightly coloured deck chairs and sun shades. They were red and green, and yellow and blue, and all the colours of the rainbow. The noisy seagulls were swooping overhead, and Munch noticed one perched on a big sign that read 'Boat tours to Munchton Bay here'. Munch, Pansy, Pebble and Pip carefully climbed aboard the little blue boat and watched the fish as they sailed to Munchton Bay. The sea air made them hungry, so when they returned, they had a fish and chip lunch on the pier, and

then spent the rest of the afternoon on the beach, building sandcastles and paddling in the sea. Pebble had jumped in the sea and then rolled on the beach, and was now covered in sand with bits of seaweed dangling from each ear. Her tail was wagging so much that sand was flying everywhere.

When the sun went in, it was time to go home.

Munch's friends were so tired after their day at the seaside, that the train had rocked them to sleep. Munch was still too excited to sleep, already planning the next part of their holiday. She thought perhaps tomorrow they might go to the Zoo.

Pansy hadn't been to a tropical island, but she had basked in the sun on the beach. Pebble hadn't seen monkeys swinging from trees in the jungle, but she had been on the swings in the park. Pip hadn't been on a cruise, but she had been on a lovely boat trip to Munchton Bay.

Munch knew that holidays weren't always about where or how far you go. Holidays were about who you go with, and the fun you have together, and Munch thought that she had the best friends, and was having the best time, and the best holiday ever.