



Munch Saves the Royal Wedding Day

Once upon a Munch Time, there was a cow called Munch. One sunny day, Munch was walking through the village admiring all the brightly coloured flags fluttering in the breeze. The next day was going to be the wedding of Prince Rupert to Princess Amelia, and the village would be having a party. There were going to be cakes and sandwiches, and a big jelly in the shape of the castle. There was going to be music and dancing and in the evening there would be fireworks. The whole village would be there and everyone was very excited.

Munch was humming happily when she saw the policeman, PC Copper, putting up a poster on a wall.

“Hello, PC Copper,” said Munch. **“What’s the poster for?”**

“It’s very bad news,” he said. **“The Royal Wedding is cancelled.”**

“Cancelled!” exclaimed Munch. **“But why?”**

“The Princess’ wedding ring has been stolen. She is very upset. She can’t get married without it.”

“But who would steal it?” asked Munch.

“We don’t know,” said PC Copper. He pointed towards the castle up on the hill. **“You see the window at the top of the highest tower?”**

“Yes, I see it,” said Munch.

“The ring was locked in the room at the top of the tower. Castle guards were guarding it day and night. No one could have got in or out without being seen. We have searched everywhere. It is a mystery.”

“Is there anything I can do to help?” asked Munch.

“Yes, tell everybody the bad news and ask them to keep their eyes open for jewel thieves, or anyone wearing a shiny gold ring,” said PC Copper.

“Don’t worry,” said Munch. **“We’ll find the ring and Prince Rupert and Princess Amelia can be married. We’ll have our party and everyone will be happy again.”**

As she made her way back to Honeysuckle Farm, she stared up at the high walls and towers of the castle. How could anyone steal a ring from so high up?

Just then she saw something gold glittering in the hedge.

“It must be the ring,” said Munch, hurrying towards it.

Suddenly, a magpie swooped down and landed on the hedge. It began pulling out the gold with its beak.

“Hey,” exclaimed Munch.

Startled, the bird looked round. When it saw Munch it flew away carrying the glittering gold in its beak.

But it was not a gold ring the magpie was carrying, it was an old chocolate wrapper.



Then Munch remembered an old rhyme her Grandma had taught her about magpies.

"One for sorrow, two for joy;

Three for a girl, four for a boy;

Five for silver, six for gold;

Seven for a secret, never to be told;

Eight for a wish, nine for a kiss;

Ten for a bird that's best to miss."

Silver and gold, thought Munch. There was something else about magpies her Grandma had told her. Now what was it? Of course! Magpies liked shiny things!

"Hey, Magpie," shouted Munch, chasing after the magpie as it flew across the fields towards the wood. **"Wait a minute."**

The magpie didn't stop and Munch ran as fast as she could to catch up. Eventually she reached the wood but the magpie was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh no," said Munch. **"I will never find it now."**

There were so many trees and they had lots of branches and leaves. A bird could hide really easily and Munch might never find it. Especially if the bird was a jewel thief who didn't want to be found!

Then a voice said, **"Why are you following me?"**

Munch looked up at a nearby tree. There was the magpie, sitting on a branch watching Munch with its beady black eyes.

"I want to know if you took something from the castle?" said Munch.

"The castle?" said the magpie.

"Yes," said Munch. **"The princess' wedding ring was stolen and she can't get married without it and now everyone is sad."**

"A wedding ring?" said the magpie.

"Did you take the ring?" asked Munch.

He flapped his wings and flew away.

"No, don't go," shouted Munch.

But the magpie hadn't gone far. He reappeared with a gold ring in his beak and flew down to give it to Munch.

"I'm really sorry," he said. **"I didn't know it was important. It looked so pretty. I like shiny things. Will I get in trouble?"**



“No, you are not a horrible jewel thief, you just made a mistake,” said Munch. “But promise me you won’t do it again.”

“I promise,” said the magpie.

The next day, Munch was the guest of honour at the Royal Wedding. She had her photo taken with a very happy Prince and Princess, and they gave her lots of wedding cake to give to the villagers. Munch danced and watched the fireworks and thoroughly enjoyed the special Royal Wedding day.