



Oxford
Reading
Tree

The Litter Queen



Roderick Hunt
Alex Brychta



Wilf and Wilma's mum and dad took some of the children for a picnic. They went to a place called White Horse Hill.

It was a warm summer's day and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. It was a perfect day for a picnic in the country.



Wilma's mum had brought lots of food so everyone had something to carry. 'We'll have our picnic at the bottom of the hill,' she said. 'I know a good place to sit.'

Wilma's dad spread out a rug and everyone sat down.



‘This is a great picnic,’ said Biff. ‘These sandwiches are really good.’

‘And this is a great place on a day like this,’ said Wilma. ‘I can see for miles.’

‘You can see even more from the top of the hill,’ said Wilma’s dad.



After the picnic, the children wanted to walk up the hill. Biff and Wilf began to run ahead. They both wanted to be first to get to the top.

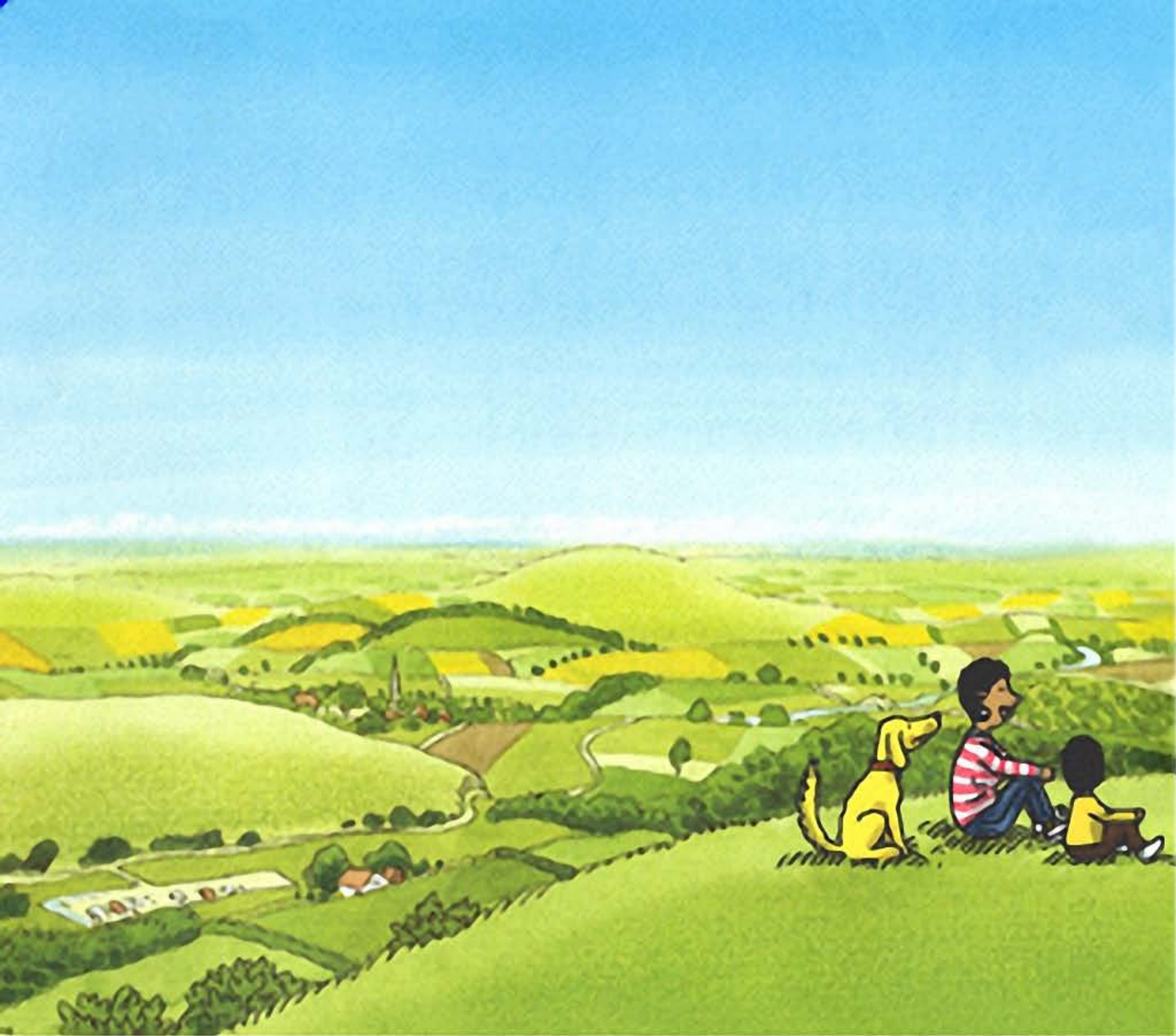
‘I’ll race you up there,’ called Biff.

Wilma’s mum called everyone back. ‘Look at all the litter you’ve left behind,’ she said.



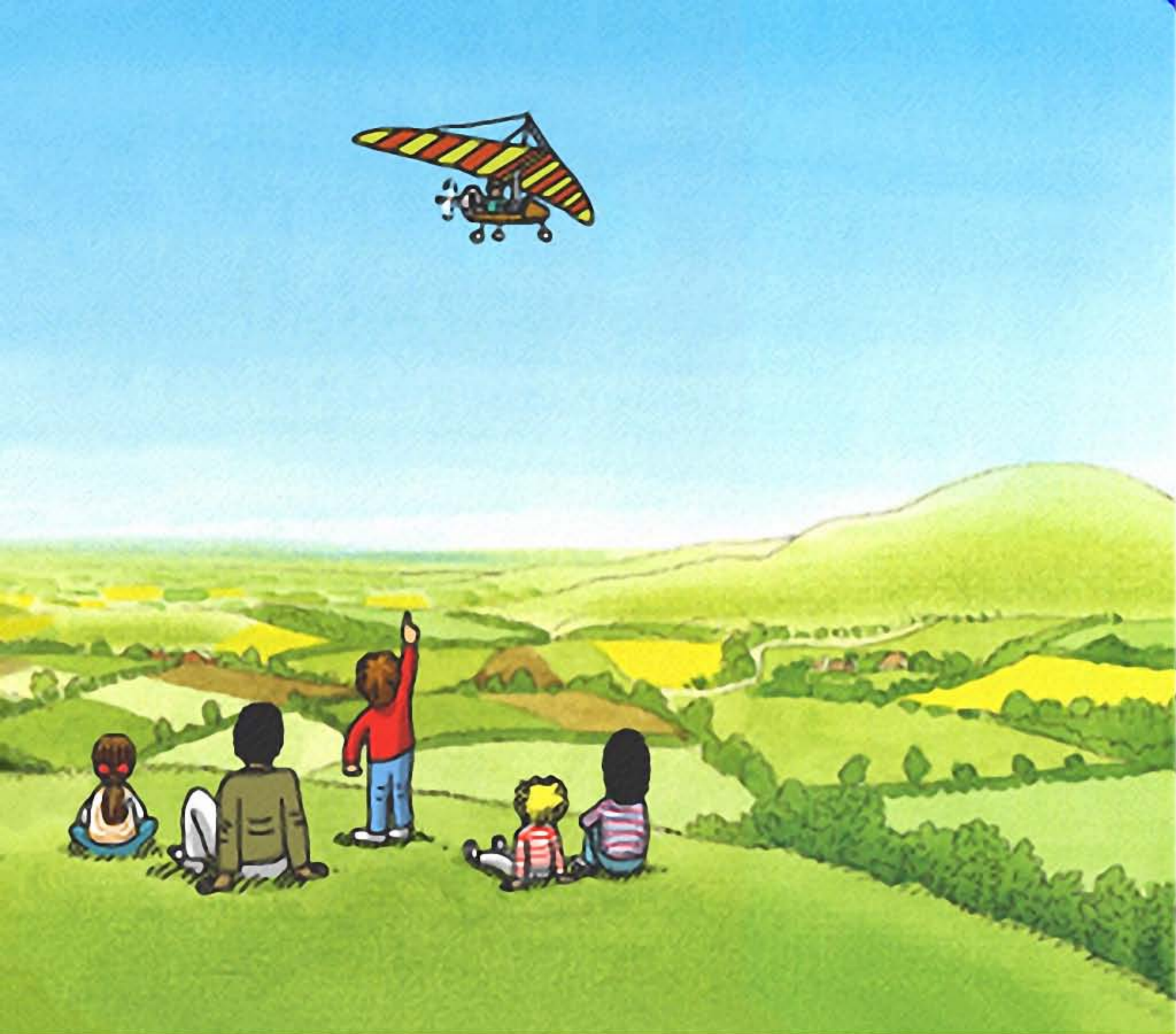
Wilma's mum made the children pick up the litter. She told them to put it in a bag.

'We'll take the litter back to the car with the picnic things,' she said. 'This place would look terrible if everyone left cans and packets behind.'



They took the picnic things back to the car, then they walked up the hill. It took quite a long time to get to the top. Everyone sat down for a rest.

‘Dad’s right,’ said Wilma. ‘I can see for miles and miles. The houses and cars look really small.’



A strange-looking aircraft flew past. 'What's that?' asked Chip. 'It looks like a flying chair.'

'It's a microlight,' said Wilma's dad.

'I suppose it is a bit like a chair with wings.'

'I'd love to fly in one,' said Biff.

'I wouldn't,' said Chip. 'It doesn't look safe.'



They walked back through a wood. Floppy ran in and out of the trees. Suddenly he yelped.

‘Oh no!’ said Chip. ‘Look at Floppy. I think he’s hurt himself.’

Floppy couldn’t walk properly. He started to limp. His paw was bleeding.

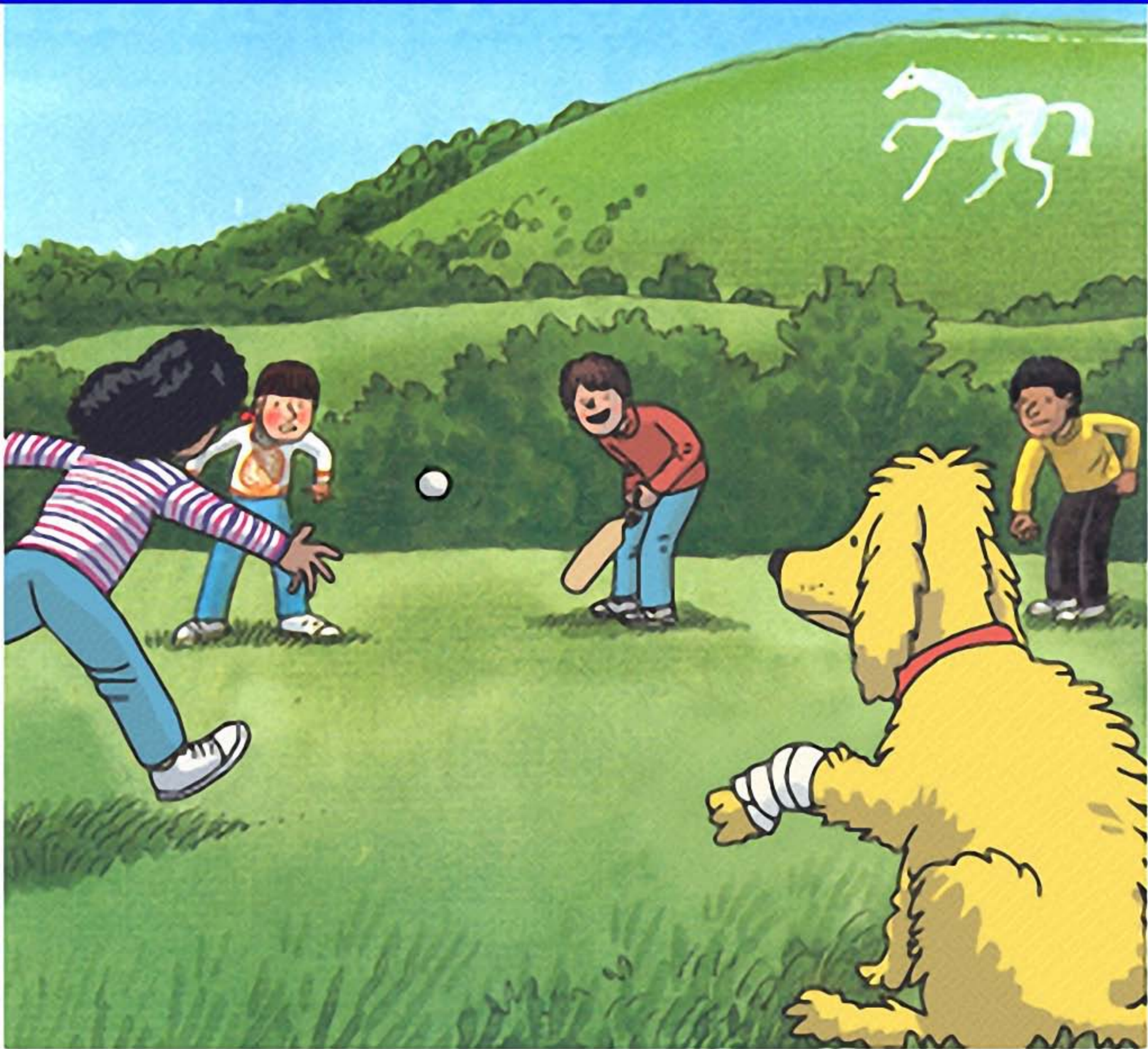


Wilma's mum looked at Floppy's paw.

'It looks as if he's cut it,' she said.

Wilf found a broken bottle. 'He must have cut it on this,' he said.

Wilma's mum was angry. 'It's so dangerous to leave broken bottles lying about,' she said.



The children wanted to play cricket, so they had a game before they went home.

Floppy tried to join in, but he couldn't because his paw was too sore.

'Poor old Floppy!' said Biff. 'Just his luck to step on some broken glass!'



At last, it was time to go home.

‘Thank you for taking us,’ said the children.

‘All this fresh air has made me hungry,’ said Wilma’s dad. ‘Maybe we can stop for something to eat on the way home.’

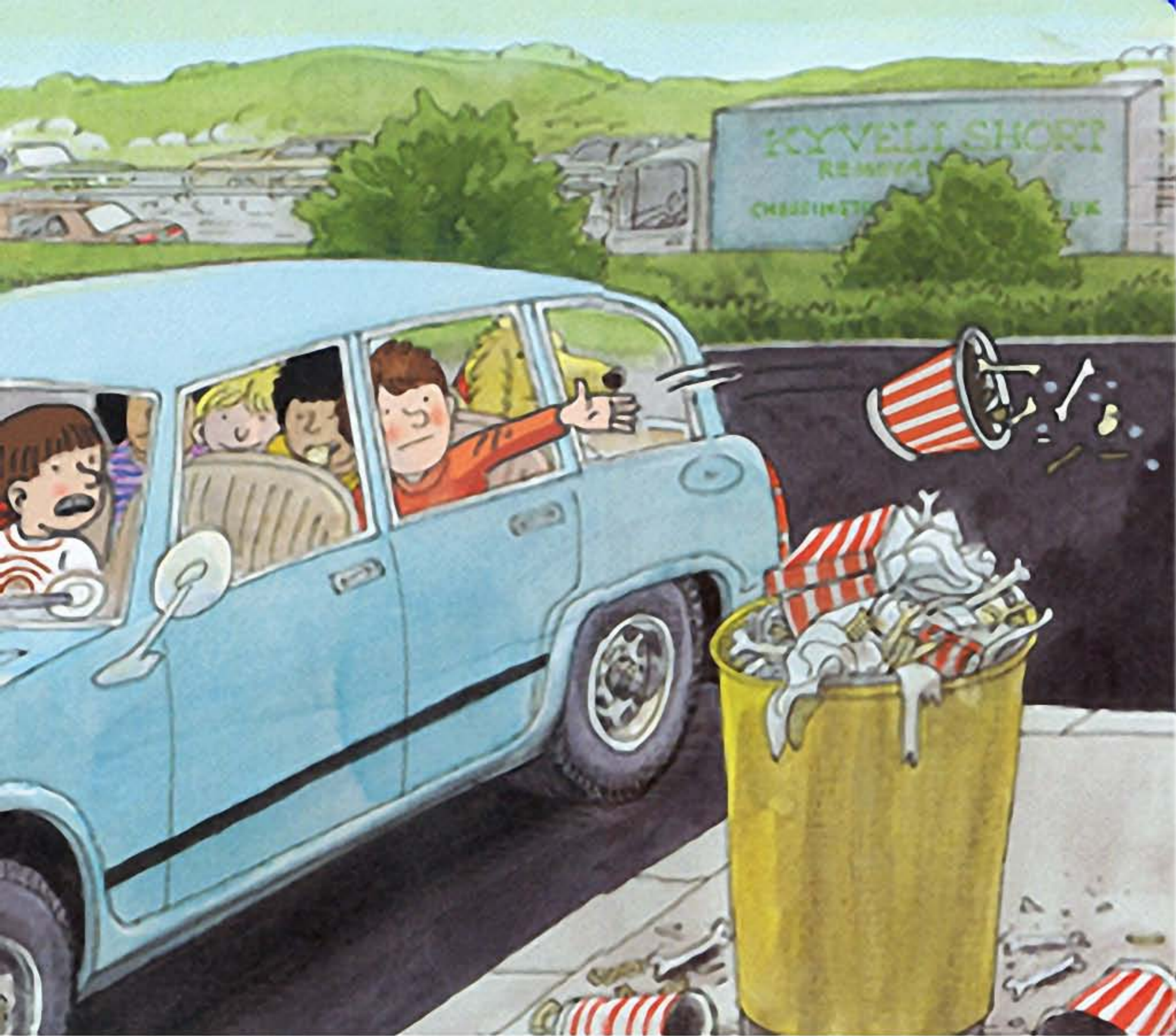
‘Hooray!’ said everyone.



Everyone wanted chicken and chips, so Wilma's dad stopped to get some.

'I wonder why food tastes better when you eat it outside,' said Wilf.

'It tastes good because we're all hungry,' said Wilma's dad.



When they had finished, Chip and Wilf looked for the litter bin. There was only one bin and it was full. Chip threw his litter on the ground.

‘I don’t think we should do that,’ said Biff.

‘Well, what else can we do?’ said Wilf. ‘The litter bin is full, so what does it matter?’



The children were tired after the picnic. Chip was glad to get into bed. The magic key was in the box next to Chip's bed. Suddenly the key began to glow.

'Oh no!' gasped Chip. 'This means a magic adventure, and I'm on my own. Kipper's asleep, and Biff is still downstairs.'



The magic whisked Chip through the door of the little house. He felt himself spinning round and round.

‘Help! Help!’ called Chip. He knew that he was not going to enjoy this adventure. ‘I wish Biff was here,’ he thought.



The magic took Chip to the Litter Queen's palace. It was a horrible place. There was litter and junk everywhere. The Litter Queen was sitting on her throne. She had two giant rats by her side.

'I knew this was going to be a bad adventure,' thought Chip.



‘Welcome to my kingdom,’ said the Litter Queen. ‘You can start work right away.’

‘Start work?’ gasped Chip. ‘What do you mean?’

‘Your job is to help me spread litter and junk everywhere. There are still plenty of pretty places to spoil.’



The Litter Queen took Chip to her Litter Centre. There were piles of litter and junk everywhere.

‘It looks horrid,’ said Chip. ‘And it smells.’

‘Horrid? Horrid?’ snapped the Litter Queen. She stamped her foot crossly. ‘It’s lovely. And it’s time for you to do some work.’



The Litter Queen gave Chip a uniform to put on.

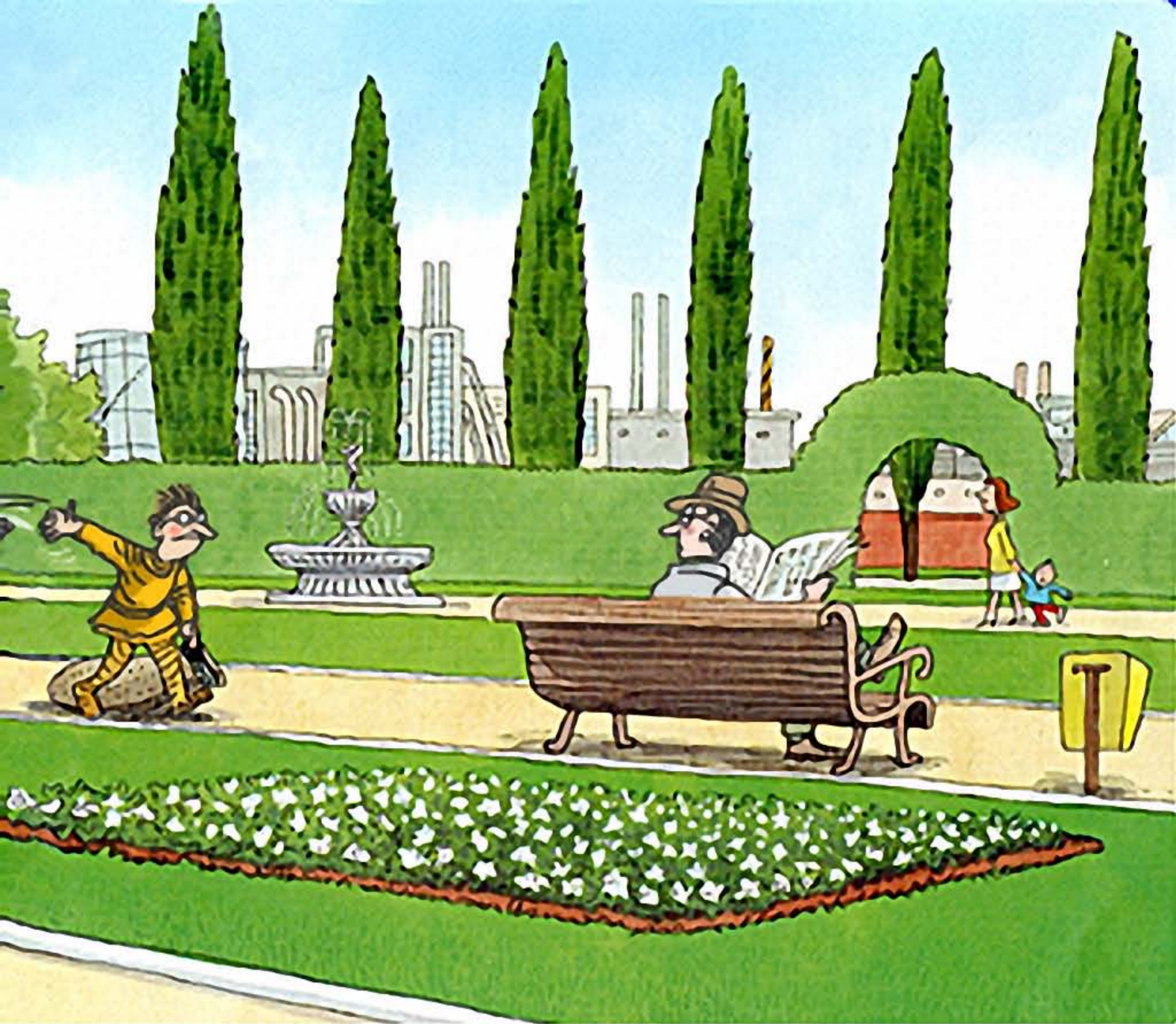
'Take a large bag and fill it with litter,' she ordered. 'You can start by making a mess of a few parks and playgrounds. If you don't make a good job of it, I'll get very angry.'

'Oh, I don't like this,' thought Chip, unhappily.



The Litter Queen took Chip to a park. She told him to start spreading litter. The park looked tidy, but soon it was covered with cans and paper.

Chip didn't want to spoil the park. 'It looked good before we came,' he thought. 'But now it looks horrid.'



The Litter Queen watched Chip. 'Come on! Come on!' she shouted crossly. 'I want this park to look a complete mess.'

Chip wanted to throw all his litter in a bin, but he was afraid of the Litter Queen.

'This is a horrid adventure,' he thought.



'These are my microlights,' said the Litter Queen. 'I use them to spread litter all over the countryside. You will fly in this microlight,' she said.

'I don't want to,' said Chip. 'I don't want to throw litter all over the countryside.'



‘How dare you!’ screamed the Litter Queen. ‘Do as you’re told. If you don’t, I will lock you up with my giant rats.’

Chip was so frightened of the Litter Queen that he climbed on to the microlight.

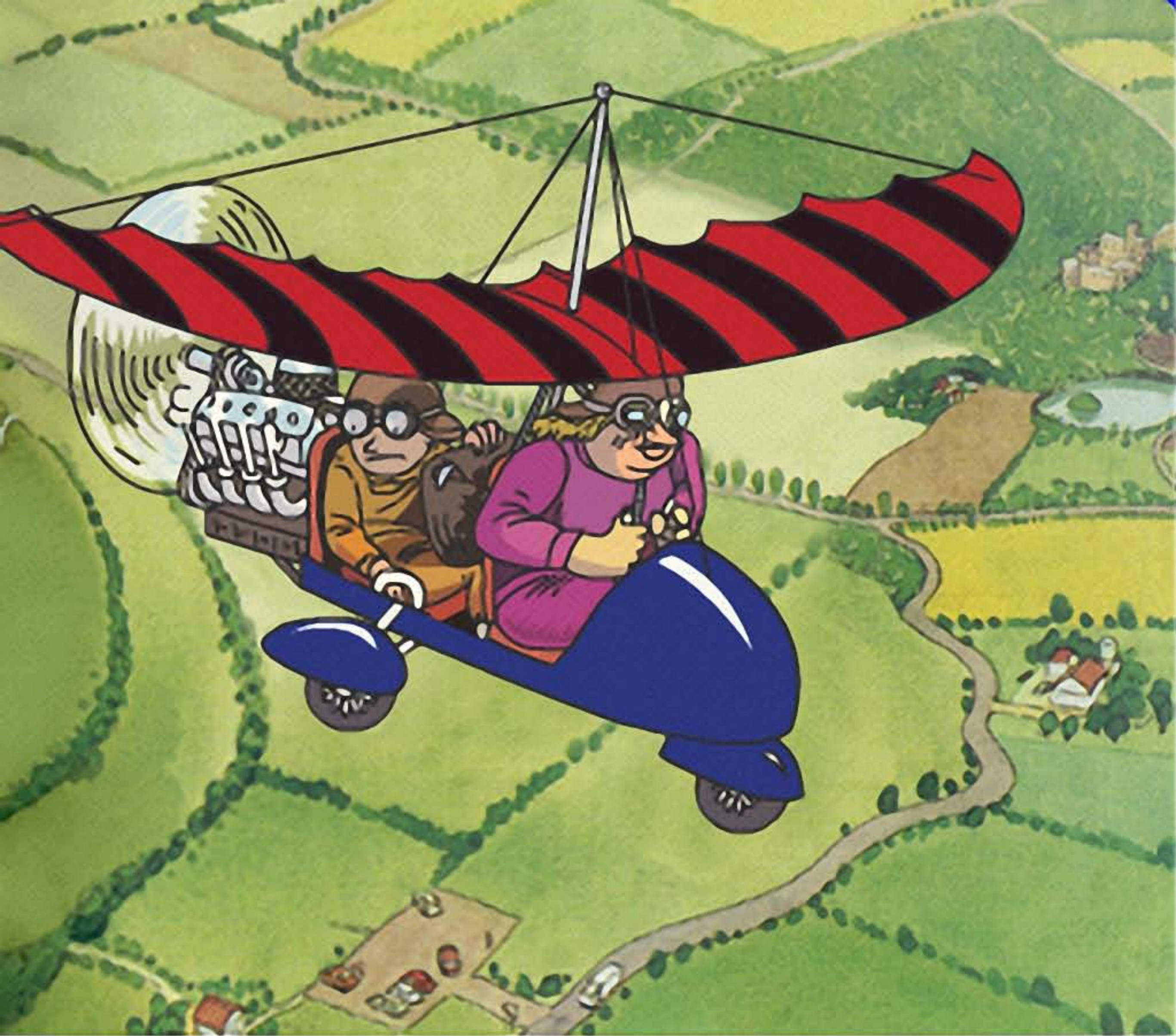
‘I wish this adventure was over,’ he thought.



The microlight took off. Soon it was flying over the countryside.

Chip held on tight. Below him he could see meadows and fields. He could see streams and tiny houses. He could see woods and green hills.

'The countryside looks so pretty,' he thought.



‘Oh no!’ gasped Chip. ‘That looks like the place where we had our picnic. I can see the wood where Floppy cut his paw.’

The microlight began to fly lower. This was the place he had to drop the litter.

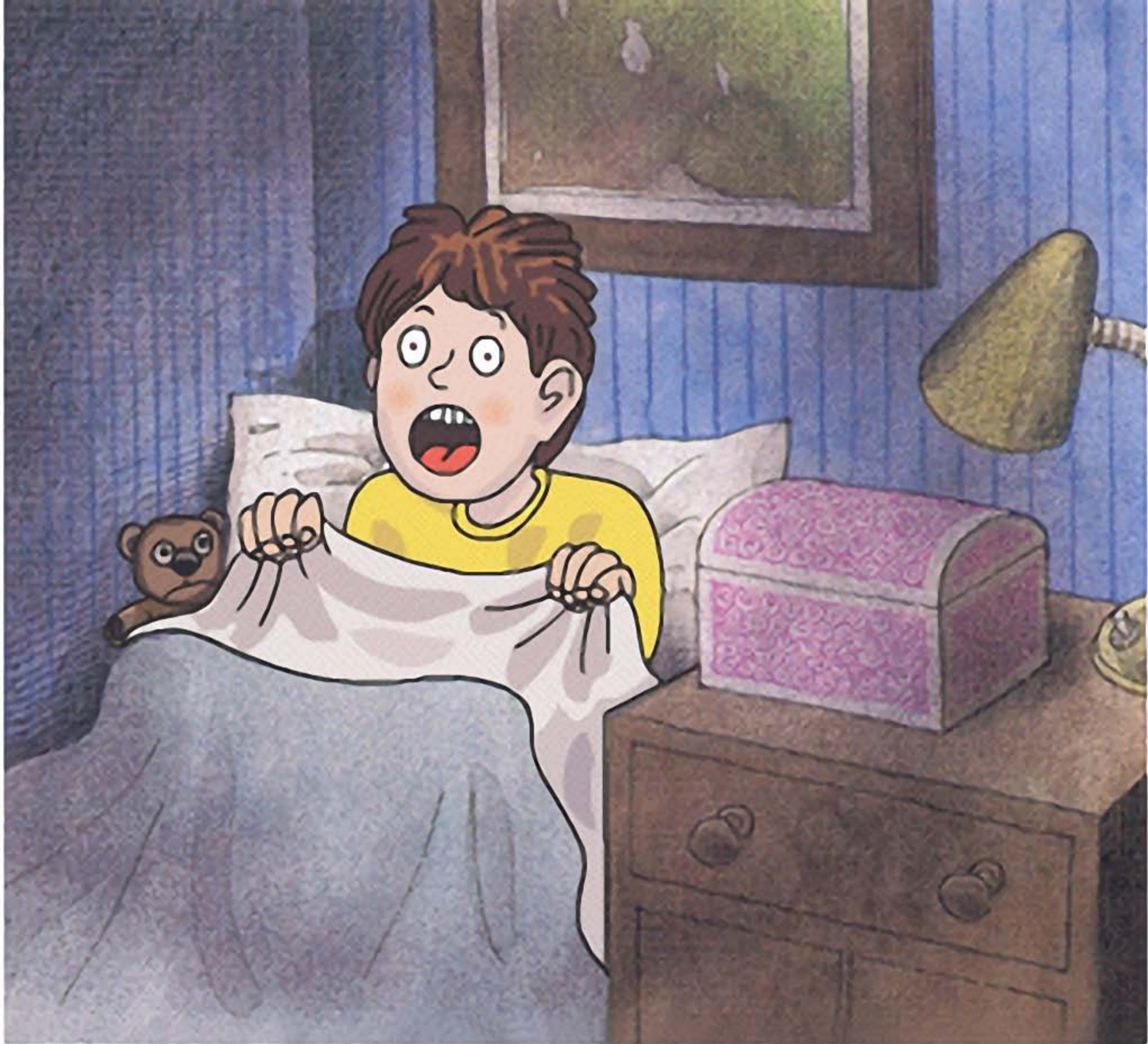
‘I don’t want to drop litter here,’ he thought.



‘I hate the magic key,’ said Chip. ‘I don’t like this adventure, and I wish it was over.’

Suddenly, the microlight went out of control. It began to spin. It went round and round, getting faster and faster.

Chip’s bag of litter burst open.

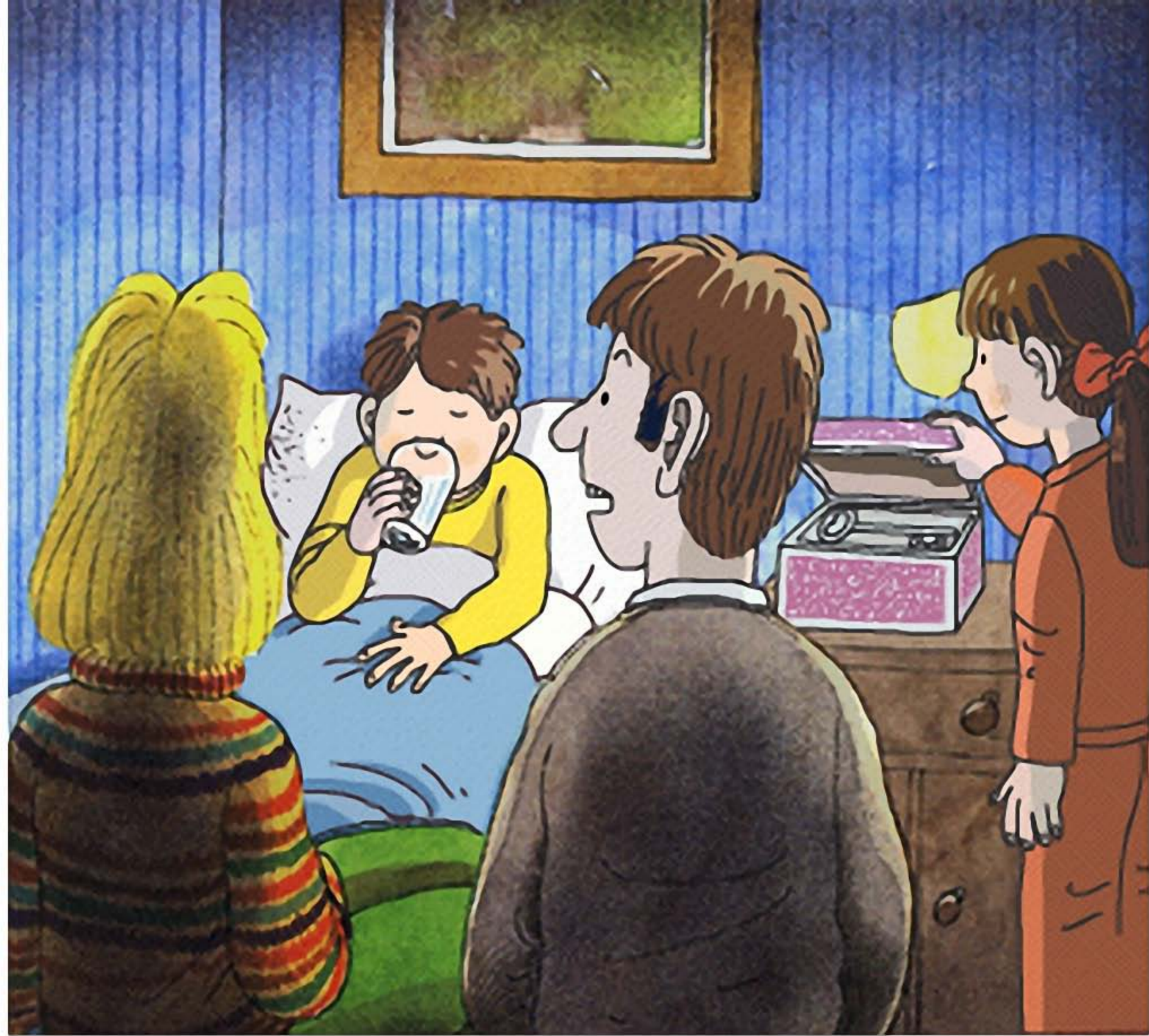


‘Where’s the magic key?’ shouted Chip.

‘I must find the magic key!’

Chip was in bed. The adventure was over. But was it a magic adventure or just a bad dream?

Mum and Dad heard Chip shouting. They came into his room to see what was wrong.



‘You were having a bad dream,’ said Mum. ‘I expect you ate too much at the picnic.’

‘It was a magic adventure,’ said Chip. ‘But I lost the key.’

Dad looked at Mum. ‘Perhaps he’s not well,’ he said. ‘Perhaps he’s got a temperature.’



The next day, Chip was at school. He spoke to Mr Johnson in the playground. 'Look at all the litter,' he said. 'There are crisp packets and wrappers all over the ground.' 'Yes,' said Mr Johnson. 'But how do we stop everyone from throwing litter on the ground?'



'Let's do a litter project,' Chip said. The children in Mr Johnson's class picked up all the litter around the school. Then they made posters and wrote stories. Mr Johnson put the project in the 'Save our Countryside' competition.



Mr Johnson's class won the competition. Chip won a special prize for his story called 'The Litter Queen'. An important person came to give out the prizes.

'That was a very good story, Chip,' she said.
'It was a nightmare!' said Chip.