

The Chocolate Village

By Charlie

In a secret city lived a boy made out of chocolate. Everything was chocolate except the Queen. The boy's name was James.

One day, he ate lots of things and grew fat. He ate his hand! On that day, the Queen said quite quickly "You have a mission".

"But why?" he moaned.

"So everything that you ate will come back to life but just one question chum..." she got shyer and shyer, "Your voice!".

"Oh that, I sound like Justin Bieber. It's because I ate too much chocolate."

So, he set off through the forest. It was so dark no light shone through. Three hours later... "Coo, coo, coo, coo."

"What was that?" He was scared, lonely and afraid. As quick as a flash he turned his head. He saw a house, a haunted house. He crept in and had a look around. James went up the stairs. Creak... he had nearly got up to the top but something tapped his back!

"Ahhh! Who's there?! He screamed. His watch had broken! He needed power from his brain. Ah ha... the giant has a brain!

Half an hour later he jumped onto the hair close to the Giant's ear. "Hey giant, can I have some power from your brain? First, carry me to the trophy of chocolate." He agreed so that is what they did. He got his trophy and later he went through the forest. He saw something move but he ignored it and kept walking. "Ow," he fell into a tree! He was unconscious. Soon he got up and he got to the secret village and gave the trophy to the Queen.

"Don't be silly, you have to eat it!" she said, so he ate it! Everything came back to life, even his hand but then he ate it again and it kept coming back and he ate it again and again.

"Hey, you have another mission!"

"Not again!" he replied.

"Sit ups!"

"One, two, three... ninety-nine, one hundred - done!" James went to bed and slept for nine hours and got a new thing - sweets! He ate six packets of them night and day. He felt sick then went back to bed and snoozed a lot. Then he got up and did some gardening. James said to the Queen, "Have I got another mission?"

"No but can you make that new thing that you were eating?"

"Sweets?"

"Yes please," she replied.

"Of course." He smiled as he presented the sweets joyfully to the Queen. He smiled as she gobbled them up and then she wanted more. It was a relief that she was not sick!

"Oh dear, I spoke too soon! You need a tissue!" The Queen had some medicine and James became King and they lived happily ever after.