The Bridge by Darcy

Early one morning when the sun was raising in the sky there was a wibbly wobbly bridge. It sat 33 metres high in the Australian mountains. Along came a bear and a moose who both wanted to cross the bridge. So the bear and the moose could not cross the bridge because they were too big. They squeezed and squashed but they still could not cross the bridge.

After they squeezed and squashed, they started to argue. The bear said,

“Get out of my way!”

The moose said, “You get off the bridge now.”

Along came a raccoon behind the bear. He said politely, “I just want to get past.”

But the bear picked him up, hit him on the head and chucked him to the beginning of the bridge.

Then rabbit said politely, “Please my I just squeeze past?”

But then moose didn’t answer. He just help up rabbit, meanly kicked his bottom and then he nastily made rabbit get so sore!

Then rabbit started chewing the bridge! Then raccoon started untying the bridge. Bear and Moose fell down in the water! They were very soggy. Rabbit and raccoon were not furious anymore.

Once bear and moose fell in the river, rabbit and raccoon began to cross the bridge. Once they met they stared hard at one another. Then raccoon came up with an idea. Raccoon bent down and let rabbit cross the bridge and they said goodbye.

The End